

ragamuffin and turn into the smartest of Londoners overnight. Diminutive "Pip" (Phillipa Harison) is the owner of minute skis that have forced their way with sheer grit to lots of victories. "Nigs," of Palmer-Tompkinson family fame, was bred on Parsenn ground, takes the straightest line every time and what's more holds it. "Saus" Roe brought new hope to British ski-ing when, as a newcomer, (one of "Bill's" finds), she came tenth in an FIS and fifth in her first AK.

L'Equipe de France: Nicole Vilan, Françoise Matussiere, Crik de la Frésange and Louis Agnel's sister, Cecile—such decorative young sprites for all their twittering that it is indeed hard to realise that they rank among our best racers. Wait 'till you see them ski: it is grace balanced by perfect precision. Much of the credit is due René Laforgue.

Mai Nielson, under the blue and yellow Swedish flag, is a real elf of the woods, a glint of reddish gold curls and the tiniest of freckled noses peeping out 'neath a pointed cap, and the

happiest giggle you have ever heard. According to many who should know, Mai has one of the very next World Championships in her pocket. She evolved first from the Arlberg school.

Last, but certainly not least, our Polish hostesses, wiry children of the mountains with a fighting gleam in their eyes and enviable competence in dealing with "polish ice." One of them, the gentle sixteen-year-old Djulka, is an equally good runner but perhaps lacks some of the fire and fight of the Tatras born girls. What is to be the fate of these Polish friends we may never see again?

Names and names, not all the best women skiers of today, but many more than came to Zakopane in 1929. When, ten years hence, some of these names will recall to mind individual achievements and others merely women skiers I feel that Doreen Elliot and Durel Sale-Barker will still be remembered as the first great women ski racers and perhaps the World Championships of 1939 will have gone down in ski-ing history as the "Battle of Zakopane."

The Habitant learns to Ski

By Louis Baxter in the "St. Sauveur Year Book"

W'en I was young boy on de ferme
Dat's many year ago,
I wear racquettes on bot' my feets
For walk upon de snow.
Dat's mos' bes' way for travel roun'
On montagne an' prairie
For hunt de rabbit on de hill
Or visit les amies.

But now, de whole beezness is change,
De snowshoe she's partie,
An' everyone on mv village
Was travel on de ski.
De leetle boy, jus' four year ole
An' same, de ole grand père,
I see dem slide on mountain side
For danger, dey don' care!

De ski, dat's funny kin' of 'ting,
Two piece of board, voila!
You feex dat on de feets an' push
Wit' bamboo pole, comme ça.
Dat's moche more faster dan racquette
For walk on top de snow,
An' w'en you're passin' on de hill
Sapré tonnerre, you go!

I try for ski firse tam las' year,
I'm tak de lesson too
An' I can tole you dees ma fren'
De ski, she can fool you!
Dey start for teach me snow plow turn,
I try de bes' I know,
An' everybody laugh lak H—
For see me eat de snow.

I am surprise w'en I fin' out
How moche dere is for learn,
Swing de shoulder an' change de weight
For do de Christie turn,
An' all de 'tings dats happen w'en
You do not bend de knee,
Its tak a lot of what you got
For learnin' how to ski.

But purty soon, I am improve
Not scare for go too fas'
De body-swing, dat's funny 'ting,
She's come to me at las'.
So affer dat, I'm leffer go
Dey pu t me in de race,
An' sapristi, now w'at you 'tink
I finish on firse place.

An' all de fellow on ma Club
Was very moche excite,
Dey pay de treat so many tam
I very near come tight.
W'en I go home my wife she say:
"You look lak sapré fou
"Firse 'ting you know, you crazy mans
"Tu vas le casser l'cou."

I say to her: "Ecoute chérie,
"An' try for onnerstan,
"Your husbum, he jus' win ski race
"An' now he's famous man."
So now, ma fren', I say to you,
I'm ole man, sapristi,
An' dat bagosh, she's prove for sure
You're not too ole for ski!