



VIEW FROM FRONT OF HOTEL KOSCIUSKO LOOKING OVER THE LAKE.

Photo: Dr. C. W. Mansfield.

## The Summit Trophy

The competition, Hotel Kosciusko-Summit and return, for the trophy presented by Dr. Schlink and Mr. Arthur Davies, provided some most interesting running last year. The record is the coveted blue riband of our winter sport. It stood at 8 hours 10 minutes, and has now been placed at the remarkable figure of 6 hours 55 minutes, this extraordinary run having been made by Dr. Lorimer Dods and Mr. Arnold Moulden in the early hours of Tuesday, August 6. They had a good moon and perfect running conditions. It is a record that should stand for some time, unless our ski-ing standard improves considerably.

The attack on the record was opened by Mr. Cam McFadyen and Mr. George Aalberg on 22nd July. They had no moon and broke the previous record held by Dr. Ashleigh Davy and Mr. Arnold Moulden, by 13 minutes, doing the journey in 7 hours 57 minutes. This in the circumstances was a splendid performance. But the record did not stand long. On Monday, August 5, Dr. Davy and Mr. W. A. Gordon did the journey in 7 hours 30 minutes, breaking the McFadyen-Aalberg record by 27 minutes, and then followed on the next day the wonderful performance of Dr. Dods and Mr. Moulden. This stands.

Here follows an account of each record trip by one of the participants:—

### THE FIRST SUMMIT TRIP, JULY, 1928.

(By C. L. McFadyen.)

A good fall of snow, followed by several days of fine weather, very little wind, frosts, and a rising barometer, decided the first party to make an attempt on the record, to leave the Hotel at 3.15 a.m. the morning of the 22nd July. The party, consisting of G. Aalberg, S. T. Over and C. L. McFadyen were timed out by P. W. Pearson, official time-keeper, and other hardy well-wishers, who must have stayed up all night in their enthusiasm to see their comrades properly clothed and fed for their long trip.

The life of a long distance record breaker is a hard one, but the hardest part is climbing out of a warm bed and getting ready for the journey at an unearthly hour of the morning. It takes some doing, and many are the longing glances cast at the tumbled clothes of the warm bed before you can finally make up your mind that there is work to be done, and it is almost time you were leaving.

The stars were shining when we left and it was very cold, but the hard frost made the snow fast and easy, and



we made good time up the road to Dainer's Gap, at a steady pace, reaching the top in about 22 minutes.

From there, however, the fun started, as it was impossible to distinguish the small drifts and mounds from flat and down hill running, and all members of the party were continually tripping and falling over. It was a very nasty sensation to be sliding gently (but not gracefully) down hill, and to suddenly find yourself biting hard frozen snow, to all intents and purposes having tripped over your own shadow.

Progress was slow owing to these mishaps, but the Smiggins Holes were eventually reached in an hour. Stan Over had been having great difficulty with his skis, as they were continually slipping back and were waxed too much for the fast snow conditions, and he refused to go any further, insisting that he was only holding the party back. After some time spent in argument, we eventually agreed to accept his very sporting offer to leave him at the hut, and pushed on for Betts's Camp. Owing to the darkness and the impossibility of seeing creeks or snow drifts, we followed the road the whole way to Betts's, reaching there in about 2½ hours.

We had not made any arrangements to have anything to drink, so pushed on as fast as possible for Charlotte's Pass, which we reached (after experiencing some wonderful snow) at 6.15—three hours from the Hotel. Some idea of the snow may be given when it is realised that we only made one traverse going up the side of Mount Stilwell. From here we had our first glimmering of light, and with renewed heart we pushed on to the Snowy River crossing, and commenced a long climb straight over Etheridge.

This climb was heart-breaking, and we were thankful when we could look down from the heights and think that it would be ever so much easier and faster coming home. A run down to Rawson Pass and the final climb of Kosciusko saw us together on the Summit at 7.55. Aalberg reached there first by about 10 minutes, and had already fastened Mr. Speet's whistle to the pole.

We had a drink, an orange, and five minutes' rest, and then off again on the run home, with a possibility of taking a few minutes off the existing figures.

It was most difficult snow running down, as the wind had blown it into ridges and corrugations like iron with ice hummocks, and it could not be taken straight with any safety. After a series of traverses and a long stem run down to the foot of Etheridge, you felt as though you had been riding on a bouncing buck-jumper, and if you were a bad sailor the rocking would have the effect of a heavy sea, and you would be sick.

One of the most astonishing impressions from the top of Etheridge was to be talking to Aalberg one moment and the next to see him disappearing in the distant valley far below, like a rapidly moving little dot. It was a wonderful demonstration of the ability of a good ski runner to descend great heights and distances at a remarkable speed, in a flash. Luckily he waited at the crossing, otherwise he would never have been seen again this side of the Hotel.

The sun was out by this doing its work, and we were beginning to feel the strain. Good time was made to Charlotte's Pass, in spite of the heat, and the run down to Betts's Plain was a wonderful reviver. From here to Betts's Camp it was a very long weary tramp, and our task looked hopeless at Betts's, reached at 9.35. A cup of hot soup and a five minutes' breather worked wonders, and we left the camp, having 1½ hours left in which to equal the record.

That trip from Betts's will never be forgotten, and it seemed to our tired and hot bodies that Dainer's Gap would never be reached. We stuck to our task, and Aalberg kept on encouraging me to renewed efforts, and he can still be heard stating it was only another 200 yards to the top when we both knew it was two miles, and it seemed like 200 before we eventually reached it at 11 a.m.

After a slow run down the road, pushing as much as our weary arms could, we reached the Hotel at 11.12, having done the journey in 7 hours 57 minutes, and just managing to beat the record by 13 minutes. This time has since been beaten twice, and the last effort has brought the record down to a wonderfully low figure, which it is going to be very hard to beat.

It will only be beaten by team work and the generous assistance of public-spirited members working to a fixed plan and schedule. The runner will have to train hard and be in very good condition, and will need to strike ideal snow conditions, and a full moon, as it is useless to hope to travel fast enough, either in the dark or in daylight. Starting from the Hotel about 2 o'clock on a moonlight night, the Summit should be reached at 6 a.m., and the runner must then hope and try to be back in time for breakfast.

I cannot close without a tribute to G. Aalberg; his guidance in the dark was simply marvellous; his leadership and ability enabled me to reach the Summit, and his patience, courage and great spirit got me back again. Any lesser man of his ability would have discarded his burden and raced ahead to capture a record himself and get home from the discomforts of the run and a tired ski runner, but he stuck to his task, and, be it recorded, we finished at his wish absolutely together. He is a good comrade, as well as a great runner.



## THE SECOND RECORD.

(By Dr. Ashleigh Davy.)

"Follow the Tram Tracks, They'll Take You Home" was the song that Bill Gordon and I might have carolled during our somewhat hurried visit to the Summit on August 5, last season, had we had the necessary breath to spare. The whole way was marked by "tram lines" made by previous Summit trippers. But, alas! the tram was missing; we took 7½ hours for the journey, and held the record for something under one day!

The two outstanding features of the trip were:—

1. The effects of a tot of "Port" which we heard was unrivalled to those in a hurry on the snow, but after which we lost each other when running off Etheridge in a cloud, both atmospheric and mental; and
2. The characteristic Gordonian fashion in which my companion rushed up the far side of Dainer's on the homeward journey.

As I was not feeling particularly bright at the moment, I can't swear to the exact time of that horrible mile and a half climb, but I should say it was roughly two minutes.

Our congratulations to Dods and Moulden, who promptly knocked 35 minutes off our time, and good luck to anyone who tries to beat them. I won't.

## THE THIRD AND PRESENT RECORD.

(By Arnold Moulden.)

On the 22nd July, 1928, Messrs. Cam McFadyen and George Aalberg accomplished the distance of 34 miles from the Hotel to the Summit and back in 7 hours 57 minutes—beating the previous best time established last year by Dr. Ashleigh Davy and myself by 13 minutes—a very creditable performance under the by no means perfect conditions which they encountered.

On Monday, 5th August, Dr. Davy and Mr. W. A. Gordon astounded everybody by beating this by the large margin of 27 minutes, doing the trip in 7 hours 30 minutes.

Dr. Lorimer Dods and I had returned to the Hotel the previous evening after five days at Betts's Camp and on the Mount Jagungal trip. We were feeling pretty fit, and

decided to take advantage of the perfect conditions prevailing, and make an attempt the following morning to beat this formidable time.

We duly made the necessary preparations, including the working out of a careful time schedule. Dr. Thomas was kind enough to go to Betts's Camp for us and arrange for hot coffee, and incidentally he returned with reports of a very unpleasant trip back in the pitch darkness before the moon rose.

It may be of interest to know what we took in the way of kit and food. We each took in the pockets of our wind-proof coats a compass, a box of matches, a spare binding, bootlaces, wire, a knife, a watch, and our schedule; and for food two oranges and a cake of chocolate. Previous experience had shown us that solid food was useless, as it could not be masticated, and as things turned out neither of us could manage the chocolate, and we both did the trip on the coffee at Betts's Camp and our oranges.

We decided to start at 2 a.m., the same time that Davy and Gordon had picked. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might say that the trip is done as far as possible by night and for two reasons: Firstly, to avoid the extreme exhaustion caused by the heat of the sun; and, secondly, because at night the snow is faster for down hill running, and yet very good for climbing, giving an excellent grip. It must, of course, be a moonlight night. Two o'clock is chosen so as to enable the run off the Summit to be done just after daylight; the extra light for this, the most difficult part of the running, being invaluable. This time also enables the trip to be completed while the snow is still fast and before the morning sun has gained much strength.

We both went to bed early, but owing to the fact that the entire Hotel seemed to choose the spot outside my bedroom door to bid noisy and/or affectionate good-nights to one another, I only slept for about an hour altogether, and at 1 a.m. we were roused by that rare old enthusiast, Tom, who gave us an excellent breakfast of poached eggs and coffee. Tom has unbounded faith in the value of "his" poached eggs as a "vis a tergo."

We started off punctually at 2 a.m. We had previously agreed that, although we were to go as a team and therefore finish together, we were to travel more or less independently of each other, because Dods was faster than I uphill, and I was expected to make this up on the down grade. The result was that Dods started off up the road at a great pace, and I lost sight of him round a corner in the first 500 yards, and didn't see him again until almost at the Summit—17 miles.

Betts's Camp is roughly 800 feet higher than the Hotel, and Dods did the intervening 8½ miles of rolling country in



1 hour 45 minutes, beating me there by 8 minutes—a truly remarkable time for the start of a 34 mile race.

I felt so unequal to him that had I not been ahead of schedule I would have given up. However, while I was having my coffee at Betts's, "Mac" assured me that he was "only just round the corner," so on I went and reached Charlotte's Pass, 3 miles further on, and a 400 ft. climb, well ahead of schedule. From there the run down to the Snowy River was soon over, the snow on this slope being frozen hard and very fast. After crossing the Snowy came the part of the trip that puts the runner's conditions to the test—the long 4 mile pull up to the Summit, via Dead Horse Range and Rawson Pass, a 2,000 ft. climb. I was very tired doing this part, and the pace got slower and slower. However, about half-way up, while taking a breather, I was relieved to hear the stamp of Dods' skis on the snow, apparently not far ahead. This bucked me up a bit, and then, as Rawson Pass drew near, the dawn began to break, and the increasing light helped to lift my depressed spirits. Rawson Pass is about half a mile from the Summit, and this is where I first saw Dods, after losing sight of him near the Hotel. He was greatly amused when I asked him whether he was coming or going. I cannot help feeling that he must have loafed a bit coming up from the Snowy, although he swears he went as hard as he could. The last climb from Rawson Pass is steep and was very tiring. However, it was eventually accomplished, Dods beating me to the top by three minutes.

I hastily tied the token I had brought as proof of reaching our objective to the nearest snow-pole, and then turned round and chased Dods down the slope. As I left I took a hasty look at the view which was marvellous. The sun had not yet risen, but the light in the east had tinted the whole of the Main Range a deep pink, and I could have indeed enjoyed a five minutes' spell to take it all in.

We timed our arrival at the Summit to perfection—there was just enough light to enable us to run off in comfort. Dods may disagree with the word "comfort," as at Rawson Pass, the bottom of the steepest part of the whole run, he took a most beautiful toss—head and trunk partially subneiged—jettisoned stocks 20 yards to the rear and a temporarily ominous lack of ornamented and forceful comment. The mile along Dead Horse Range from Rawson Pass was frozen hard but smooth and comparatively easy—and by jove it can be rough. In fact, in my experience the snow along this part is usually whipped up by the wind into sharp crested waves and scollops which freeze as hard as a bitumen road and make the ground almost unskiable. We

were lucky indeed to strike such good conditions here. The rest of the run down to the Snowy was on perfect snow, and a delightful rest after all the climbing. It so freshened me that I was able to do the next bit, the steep climb to Charlotte's Pass, at a pretty good pace, whereas in my previous attempts I have always found this a most tiring part of the trip.

The faithful "Mac" had coffee ready for us at Betts's—and it tasted good—so good that I had another cup and watched Dods streaking for home across Betts's Plain. We had a splendid run home from Betts's. We were a long way ahead of schedule and in great spirits and lots of punch left. On the way we noticed that if we kept the pressure on we had a chance of breaking seven hours—so the pressure was duly kept on. Bert Barrett met us with a drink at the bottom of the last climb to Dainer's Gap, which we very ungratefully declined owing to pressure of business, and up went Dods at a great pace and beat me to the top by a hundred yards. What a relief it was to know that the last climb was finished and that the remaining mile and a quarter was all down hill. We ran comfortably down the road, which was still quite fast, despite the increasing heat of the sun, and finished up at the Hotel at five to nine—6 hours 55 minutes—35 minutes ahead of schedule.

We were very lucky in striking such wonderful conditions—the snow was perfect for almost the whole distance. The weather also was ideal—hardly a breath of wind, but very cold—so cold that the orange I took out of my pocket to eat near the Summit was partially frozen. We were also fortunate in having tracks to follow the whole way—made by Davy a few days before in a reconnaissance and subsequently used by him and Gordon on their trip—no looking about and wondering whether you were taking the best route—just head down all the time.

Although our time was considered good it should have been better. We were too slow between the Snowy and the Summit, and should have saved about ten minutes in that part. We also might have saved about five minutes on the run down to the Snowy, but we did the rest of the trip as fast as I, at any rate, could expect to do it. But I prophesy that it won't be long before an Australian amateur skier accomplishes the journey in 6½ hours, and it wouldn't in the least surprise me if his name was Dods. But I shall not be with him on that trip—at any rate, not at the finish.

# Open Records

## CHAMPIONSHIP OF AUSTRALIA.

1919—R. M. Scott .. . . 1	1925—R. J. Furley .. . . 1
C. Mack Walter .. . . 2	G. A. Doran .. . . 2
1920—Harold Damm .. . . 1	1926—Race abandoned.
Gordon Munro .. . . 2	1927—G. Aalberg .. . . 1
1923—J. Osterman .. . . 1	W. H. Patrick .. . . 2
M. J. Wurcker .. . . 2	1928—G. Aalberg .. . . 1
	R. Larsen .. . . 2

## SUMMIT COMPETITION.

- 1914—Dr. Shorney, Dr. Schlink, and Mr. J. Jacobson. Time: 15 hr. 15 min.
- 1915—Mr. A. G. M. Pitt, Mr. P. W. Pearson, Dr. Teece, and Mr. C. D. Maclurcan. Time: 14 hr. 15 min.
- 1917—Dr. Schlink, Mr. A. G. M. Pitt, and Mr. R. M. Scott. Time: 14 hr. 5 min.
- 1918—Dr. Schlink and Dr. Fisher. Time: 11 hr. 12 min.
- 1919—Dr. Schlink and Miss M. Allen. Time: 11 hr. 15 min.
- 1920—Mr. A. G. M. Pitt, Mr. R. M. Scott, Mr. C. L. McFadyen, and Miss D. Pitt. Time: 11 hr. 15 min.
- 1921—Dr. Schlink and Mr. N. Storaker. Time: 10 hr. 19 min.
- 1923—Dr. Schlink, Dr. Teece, and Mr. H. Baillieu. Time: 10 hr. 13½ min.
- 1924—Dr. Ashleigh Davy. Time: 9 hr. 46 min.
- 1926—Mr. M. J. Wurcker. Time: 10 hr. 42 min.
- 1927—Dr. Ashleigh Davy and Mr. Arnold Moulden. Time: 8 hr. 10 min.
- 1928—Dr. Lorimer Dods and Mr. Arnold Moulden. Time: 6 hr. 55 min.