

"THE LONE HAND"

This was the name of a monthly magazine once published by the "Bulletin." Our copy, which was lent from the library of the late Mr. Geoffrey Hughes, is that of June, 1909. The cover—in colour and by Norman Lindsay—purports to show Borre Winther making the Australian record jump of 77 feet. We have not heard of Mr. Winther or his jump before, but are quite prepared to believe that 77 feet was a record and, indeed, it probably remained so until Sverre Kaaten's day. Certainly, from the angle of Mr. Winther's ski, his position in the air and the look of premonition on his face and that of the fair spectator underneath, it is not improbable that he never had a chance of creating another one! (This is, of course, purely technical criticism and does not touch the ability of the artist.)

That month saw the opening of the Kosciusko Hotel, an event heralded by a long article on Australian ski-ing from the able pen of the then Director of the Tourist Bureau, Mr. Percy Hunter. "It (ski-ing) is the nearest possible approach to flying, the ambition of all mortals." "It (the Kiandra Course) lets you down from the clouds to the level of the plain as a sea-bird with cuddled wing drops plump into deep water for a fish." Thus Mr. Hunter in lyric mood. His advertisement for the Hotel had a somewhat more modern type of appeal, for there the public's attention is drawn to the Germless Air of the Snowfields and it is exhorted to Renew its Youth and Build up New Tissue by a Holiday on Snow-clad Kosciusko.

Another article by one of Wragge's meteorological assistants, Mr. Jensen, D.Sc.,

describes conditions on the Summit of Kosciusko during the winter of 1898. Among other interesting phenomena he describes a projection of the observers' figures by the setting sun on cloud over Ethridge with all the detail accorded to the famous Spectre of the Brocken in Europe. The following is his account of an expedition on ski to Mt. Townsend:

"On June 19 we again had a fine day, and after the mid-day readings we undertook an expedition to Mount Townsend. This was the first ascent of that peak ever made in winter. The precipitous nature of the mountain, as already outlined in Strzlecki's description, is sufficient to show that a winter ascent is not without perils. We had to zig-zag, following the brink of one precipice with another towering above us, and loose snowdrifts ready to avalanche down upon us at any moment. On the way I had a narrow escape, through snow-shoeing down a slope bestrewn with glaciated granite boulders. All the soft snow was blown off and my brake-stick was therefore useless. The steepness of the slope and hardness of the ice gave me terrific speed and I was only saved from being smashed upon the granite boulders by throwing myself down in a heap of soft snow, which I entered at the rate of probably 100 miles per hour. As it was, I got my arms and back scratched on sharp icicles and my snow-shoes proceeded on their own account a couple of miles further down."

THE ABOMINABLE SNOW MEN

Those who do not ski, particularly when forced to listen to people who do, are not