

PERISHER HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Issue 12 Winter 2014

Life above the Snowline: *Penny and Peter Abbott at Sponars Chalet*

By Penny Abbott

I went to live in Perisher Valley at the end of the 1979 ski season with my first husband, Doug Miller, who had taken the job of chief accountant with Perisher ski resort. It was a massive change for a couple of Londoners (he is Australian but had lived in London for 6 years). We lived in what was then Gumtrees, a tiny two bedroom cabin. There was no radio reception and even today there is a big gap (the eighties) in my music knowledge. It was a long drive to get milk and newspapers and a very long drive to get weekly groceries. My parents lived on the Isle of Man then. It is 30 miles long and 12 miles wide and their neighbours travelled from the north of the island to the south for their annual holidays. They could not believe that we had to drive 60 miles to do the shopping!



Sponars Chalet (photo by Dave Woods).



Contents

- Life Above the Snowline
- Perisher Historical Society Book Wins International Skade Award
- Vale – Sasha Nekvapil
- Dates for your Diary
 - Hello in the Snow
 - Perisher Cup
- PHS 7th Annual Dinner
- The Crackenback or Thredbo
- Charles (Chas) E. Skinner – Ski History Collection
- Kiandra Butter-pat Skis
- Sydney to the Snow 1938

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Life above the Snowline ~ cont.

There were some upsides – I became an expert at ‘making do’, adapting recipes to allow for ingredients we didn’t have or weren’t available in the small supermarkets of Cooma. We also had a wonderful social life. There were lots of young people living in Perisher and Smiggins in those days: we had dinner parties, moving meals, picnics, hobie-cat sailing on Lake Jindabyne, ladies lunches and generally a lot of fun. I had a part time job doing the wages for Kell and Rigby who were building the Perisher Centre. They only had about 12 employees (the rest being sub-contracted labour) but it took a day and a half to calculate wages as the award was so complicated.

Ironically, as it would turn out, I got the job as manager of the Sponars Chicken shop in the new Perisher Centre. It was owned by the new owner of Sponars Chalet. After the June long week end, with rather underwhelming takings, I was called down to Sponars and sacked. I did find a ‘staff procedures’ notebook sometime after we moved into Sponars that included the instruction “do not employ a female manager” in relation to the chicken shop!

In our second season, the amazing 1981, I worked for Ken Baxter and Peter Thompson in their new cross-country ski shop. We couldn’t keep stock on the shelves, the cash register rang continually and the money flowed. After the season Peter Thompson wanted to move on to the next project, so I bought his half of the business. We all know

what happened in 1982 – hardly a flake of snow fell and Ken and I sat twiddling our thumbs for 4 months and we barely covered the rent!

Over the next few years my two daughters were born. There was a flurry of babies arriving in the mountains, so new mothers had plenty of company. In 1986 we moved to Jindabyne, it was great to be able to park at the door and not have to carry infants and shopping uphill in the snow. I also opened up the souvenir shop in the new Skitube building with my neighbour, Diana Klemm. Unfortunately the train wasn’t ready and access was, surprisingly, allowed by bus through the tunnel. Shoppers were few and far between. We had planned on staffing the shop mid-week but that was out of the question, so I had to bring the baby and toddler up to spend the day in the shop with me. One time when a friend from Bowen was visiting, he urged me to go out for lunch with the ladies while he looked after the shop and children. I wasn’t confident but the girls survived and the takings that day were the best for weeks. No doubt people felt sorry for the poor bloke!

In 1988 Doug transferred to head office in Sydney. Ken and I had sold the cross country ski shop and I sold my share of the souvenir shop. I enjoyed being in Sydney but Doug was not enjoying the rather cutthroat corporate world. He and Colin Rae were looking for a business to buy. I wasn’t thrilled about coming back to the mountains but agreed on the condition that

we could spend half the year in Sydney. The other ‘selling point’ for me was that Sponars had a large and comfortable manager’s flat.

The Sydney part of the year didn’t work out as our older daughter didn’t cope well with moving school. We did, however, have 5 or 6 happy years at Sponars while the girls went to Jindabyne primary school. Also we were able to take long holidays, often back to England and Europe. We tried to develop a summer business but it was not successful. The lodge is large and if we only had a handful of guests it was difficult to create a good atmosphere. In 1998 we decided that we should have one parent in Sydney with the girls so they wouldn’t have to be boarders. By 2000 I was running the lodge on my own and the following year Doug and I separated and I kept the lodge.

Peter joined me early in 2002. He had no background in hospitality and his friends were amused. When told that ‘the customer is always right’ he would say “No they are not!” However, over the years he has become something of a handyman and a charming host. We bought an apartment in Jindabyne where we spend most of the summer. We continue to take long holidays around the world (mostly in warm places) and Sponars Chalet gives us a lifestyle which is envied by many. In the next couple of years some lucky person/people will be able to take over ‘ownership’ of this lovely old building and the next phase of its long life will begin.

Perisher Historical Society Book Wins International Skade Award

Last December the Perisher Historical Society (PHS) was delighted to learn that the book we had published on the development of the resorts along the Kosciuszko Road was to be presented with the International Skiing History Association's (ISHA) Skade Award.

The book titled *Highway to Heaven – A History of Perisher and the Ski Resorts Along the Kosciuszko Road* written by Peter Southwell-Keely and published in June 2013 has been a runaway success.

The Skade Award is presented for "an outstanding work in regional ski history" and the presentation is made during International Skiing History Week, which this year was held at Park City, Utah,

coinciding with the resort's 50 year celebrations.

An opportunity to be part of this five day party and to ski Park City proved very tempting, so PHS President Philip Woodman, Pam Woodman (Secretary) and Judy Thomson (Vice-President) joined the author Peter Southwell-Keely and his wife Didi in Park City in late March to attend the festivities and receive the award.

Skiers love a party – as well as the Awards Dinner, this most congenial gathering included a welcome event at the Alf Engen Museum at Olympic Park, a ski-in/out lunch and talk on the mountain, a festival of classic and new ski films and an evening of mountain reminiscences. The week culminated in a grand

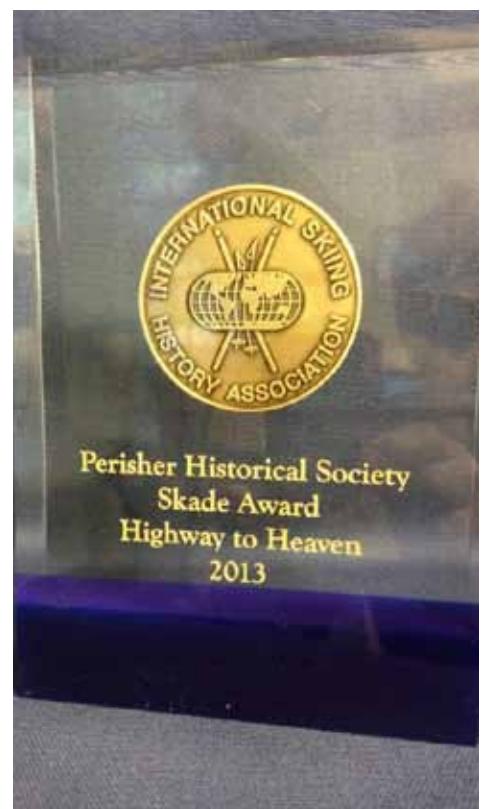
dinner of over 500 people to mark the induction of six ski and snowboard identities into the U.S. Ski and Snowboard Hall of Fame.

The core History Week attendees, approximately 250, made us very welcome and also included past Australian Ski Federation President, Andrew Ramsey.

Skiing History Week is open to all and we would heartily recommend it to any who may wish to have a marvellous week and rub shoulders (or ski tips) with the skiing world, past and present. We shared tables with ISHA Board members, Olympian and World Cup downhill racer Billy Kidd, Greg Stump (director of breakthrough film "Blizzard of Aahhs"), and many other skiing luminaries.



PHS Committee Members flank author, Peter Southwell-Keely, at Park City, Utah, after winning the international Skade Award for 'Highway to Heaven – A History of Perisher and the Ski Resorts Along the Kosciuszko Road' (left to right: Judy Thomson, Peter Southwell-Keely, Philip Woodman and Pam Woodman).



Skade plaque.

Vale - Sasha Nekvapil (nee Prihoda) (1919 – 2014)

by Chrissi Webb

This obituary was originally prepared for The Monaro Post and Snowpost by Chrissi Webb. The PHS gratefully acknowledges permission to reproduce this tribute in full. We would like to extend sympathy to Sasha's family and friends, and to the wider skiing community for the loss of this remarkable person.

The much loved and admired, past Czech Winter Olympian, Sasha Nekvapil died peacefully at the age of 94, in Canberra on June 10th 2014.

Born on October 5th 1919, in Prague, Sasha was christened Alexandra Maria, daughter of Frantisek and Emma (nee Skrivanek) Prihoda.

Skiing holidays together with her parents, brother Frank, uncles, aunts and cousins were a regular feature in the family calendar, although Sasha says that she didn't begin skiing properly until she was fifteen when she went with friends during school holidays to the Krkonose Mountains, three times a year. Sasha began racing at the age of sixteen and in her first race placed third in the Juniors division, much to her disappointment as she was sure she would win.

When World War II came, the group skied in the smaller mountains in the north of Moravia where the championships were held. Due to restrictions on travel by train and no petrol, opportunities to ski during the War were limited.

In 1945, Sasha married Karel Nekvapil, son of a restaurant and nightclub /cafe proprietor. Karel was a keen skier and he was very keen for her to race, so he supported her during her ski racing career.

After the War, the first international ski race was held in Zermatt, Switzerland, in 1946. A

Czechoslovakian team was sent and Sasha was with them. She placed second in two races. Following that she competed with the Czechoslovakian team in 1947 and 1948. Up until just before the 1948 Winter Olympic Games in St Anton, Sasha had never received formal ski tuition. Then a week before the competition, Toni Mart from St Anton was appointed as the team trainer.

Life changed for the Nekvapils following the political upheaval known as the "Putsch" in Czechoslovakia in 1948. As a result of the Communist takeover, a lot of people emigrated. Some walked out over the border which was difficult and dangerous, but many succeeded.

After many plans to leave Czechoslovakia failing, during the winter of 1948, it was planned that Sasha should defect after her ski races in Grindelwald in Switzerland with the Czechoslovakian Women's Team. When the racers were returning home, they boarded the train in Zurich in Switzerland, but Sasha left the train and she stayed in Switzerland. A couple of her friends knew of her intentions and they threw her luggage out of the train on the other side so the team manager couldn't see and Sasha kept well away from her so she couldn't pull Sasha back into the train. For two months Sasha stayed with a girlfriend in Zurich whilst she was trying to get her husband Karel and brother Frank to join her.

In the meantime Karel and Frank skied out of Czechoslovakia on cross country skis across the border and made their way to Vienna in Austria where a contact gave them false passports and papers. From there they made it to St Anton am Arlberg, where the two men joined Tony Sponar and operated a portable ski lift powered by an old army jeep belonging to Frank Prihoda, in nearby St Christoph. Sasha joined the men there because she couldn't get visas for them into Switzerland. At the end of winter, the lift was packed up and Karel and Sasha headed to Belgium where they spent two years waiting to emigrate somewhere. Australia was the first to offer them a place in which to live.

In 1950, Sasha and Karel landed in Melbourne where her brother Frank was already living and they were based at his residence for eight years. Six months after their arrival, Sasha and her husband found themselves caretakers of the Australian Postal Institute club lodge at Mt Buller, Victoria, where they also had a ski school called the Arlberg Ski School.

Sasha accepted a ski instructor's position at the Chalet at Charlotte Pass in the winter of 1952 whilst for the next two or three winters, Karel ran the Arlberg Ski School and a cafe. Sasha instructed at the Chalet for seven winters. When her Czech friend and head instructor at the Charlotte Pass Ski School, Tony Sponar became ill during her second year, she took over the running of the

ski school. During the winters, Sasha and Karel's son Michael stayed with friends in Melbourne. When Michael was bigger, he went to boarding school.

In 1959, Sasha and Karel built a ski lodge at the new ski resort of Thredbo. Called Sasha's Lodge, it was designed by Viennese Otto Ernegg and build by Hungarians Bela Raczko and Steve Scelocski. Sasha and her husband operated the ski lodge for twelve years, after which they sold it and built apartments next door. With a talent for style, Sasha opened a fashionable ski wear boutique in the apartment building in 1971.

Sasha's love of skiing continued. When the lodge was sold, she was able resume recreational skiing and loved participating in seniors' ski racing both in Australia and overseas especially in the company of her brother Frank who represented Australia at the Winter Olympics in 1956. Sasha's race times often put much younger women to shame. She and Karel were very supportive of children's ski racing and organised a race every year for the Thredbo children. Sasha was a founding member of the Thredbo Ski Racing Club which was established in 1976.

In 1980 Sasha and Karel moved to a farm on the Alpine Way and Sasha ran a little shop called the Snow Crystal in Jindabyne. Following Karel's death in 1992, after a long illness, Sasha moved to Canberra where her son Michael, lived. There she adapted herself to a new life, took up new interests and made new friends.

Sasha returned to Thredbo for a two week ski holiday every year. She stayed with her brother Frank who has been a Thredbo resident since 1974. At the age of 92,

when conditions were good, Sasha was still making first tracks on Merits ski trails and skiing for a couple of hours before the crowds arrived.

A large gathering of over 280 people including family and friends, many from inter-state and the Snowy Mountains, farewelled Sasha at a funeral service at the Chapel of The Christian Community, in Hackett on Monday, June 16th. She is survived by her brother Frank, son Michael, daughter-in-law Cheryl, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Sasha Nekvapil was, indeed, a legend. Known as "The Angel of Thredbo", this wonderful woman touched so many people with her enthusiasm with her love of the mountains and life. Her important contribution to Australian skiing including (of course) Australian women's ski fashion will long be remembered.



Sasha Nekvapil at Elisabeth Sponar's memorial gathering at Sponars Inn, July 2013 (photo by Rick Walkom).

Dates for your Diary

Hello in the Snow

For drinks and chats

When: 4.00 pm Tuesday 12 August, 2014

Where: Marritz Hotel, Perisher Valley

For enquiries, please contact Pam Woodman 0417 887 475 or phsadmin@iprimus.com.au

Perisher Cup – Are You Ready?

If not, get your club organised and form a team or perhaps join a composite team.

RACE DAY

Saturday 20 September, 2014

Contact Philip Woodman for details on 0488 159 888

Entry will be on-line via the PHS website.

PHS Annual Dinner – Number 7 and getting better!

A combination of good food, fine company and wonderful guest speaker(s) has been the formula for the success of previous PHS Annual Dinners. The format for this year's Annual Dinner was no different, and the evening lived up to everyone's expectations. After experiencing the outstanding hospitality of Simone Beilicz and her staff at Marritz last year, the choice of venue was easy. This year's guest speaker Ron Webb, currently employed by

Perisher Resort, was responsible for installing Doppelmayr lifts across the NSW and Victorian ski fields. Ron's richly illustrated presentation traced the development of lift construction and installation in the Perisher area from the late 1960s through to the recently built Guthega Freedom Chair. His talk covered each of the Perisher Resort areas: Perisher Valley, Smiggin Holes, Guthega and Blue Cow.

The early years required a mix

of local ingenuity, brawn and bravado to raise stanchions and elevate cables, often without the occupational health and safety requirements that are part-and-parcel of today's operations. The use of cranes and helicopters would come later.

Ron's long-time passion for photography has provided a valuable historical record of resort development and we all enjoyed sharing his detailed knowledge and passion at the dinner.



Ron Webb discussing lift development in Perisher, Smiggin Holes, Guthega and Blue Cow (photo by Dave Woods).



Nan Adler and Gary Abbottsmith were amongst the 85 guests at the dinner (photo by Chrissie Webb).



Perisher Resort Chief Executive Officer Peter Brulisauer and Olympian Zali Stegall were amongst the guests (photo by Chrissie Webb).



Ron Webb (second from the right) with his son Brett, Marguerite Tierney and his daughter Trudie (photo by Chrissie Webb).



PHS Secretary - Pamela Woodman (left), chats with Anneke Kunz (middle) and PHS Vice President - Judy Thomson (photo by Chrissie Webb).



Olympian Jenny Owens (left) dined with her father Arthur and his wife Jan (photo by Chrissie Webb).

The Crackenback or Thredbo

By "Samford" (G.W. Kenyon)

Article from *INTO THE BLUE*

Coast and Mountain Walkers of NSW No 26, July 1943

This article was transcribed by Jan Glover, daughter of Bill Kenyon, and kindly provided by Jan for reprinting in this newsletter. At a time when the world was at war, when few roads penetrated what was to become Kosciusko State Park and when summer grazing was still practiced across the highest peaks, two bushwalkers inadvertently tramped over and past what would become the ski resorts of Thredbo, Guthega, Blue Cow, Perisher Valley and Smiggin Holes.

One blazing hot afternoon two cattlemen, sitting cross-legged on the cool verandah of their shack, were astonished to see two footsloggers raising the dust on the Wollondibby Road. We may forgive them, however, for not knowing that there are folk, even clubs of them, who like to walk and even carry their house and a week's supply of food on their back, for in cattle country no man walks unless he has lost his horse. The specks enlarged until two perspiring red faces, escorted by a cloud of flies happy over a change from the eternal cattle, looked over the gate. The faces were offered shade and tea, but a dusty voice merely wanted to know the short cut to the river, and how much longer it was than the long way.

Long white roads are so depressing as to give rise to evil thoughts such as wishing that one had a motor car. Thus it was a relief to turn on to the track and set to work on the ridges. The route wandered aimlessly, but one can forgive even a track for being in no hurry in this green country rich in grass from regular rains and winter snow; and a rabbits' Paradise judging from the hundreds of bobbing white tails.

Boots were removed for crossing the Little Thredbo which noisily scampered over the boulders, seeming excited over the nearness of his union with his big brother. In an evening warmed

and stilled by an approaching storm, we thankfully dropped packs on to a soft patch under some snow gums on the Thredbo bank. Nearly two thousand feet above were the Rams Head Peaks, tipped by black swirling clouds which clutched at the granite crags. We secured the tent hard down with extra wooden pegs driven through loops of the wire pegs at an angle, closed up the flaps and prepared for what the gods of alpine weather were about to serve for the evening.

The Performance opened with a tympanic toll along the Ram's Head, followed by a flood of light and without further introduction the storm orchestra in tutti; bass drum and cymbals in tumultuous announcements; a fury of strings as the rain and wind lashed at the trees and our straining tent; a multitude of trumpets echoing the thunder in the lower gorge. The drenched and worn rocks stood out clearly in the almost continuous light. Nothing alive was out in this weather, when the forces of Nature took control of the Crackenback country. Its energy abated towards morning when we looked out on to a grey subdued world, the mists still swirling over the rocks and snow drifts far overhead. Owing to the more compact grass of the lower alps, we did not have a flood in the floor of our tent. In the higher country the grass tufts are separated by earth channels

along which the water-races, and camping in a thunderstorm is a nerve-racking affair.

With the faithful tent tucked away, a start was made up the river, through the thick and almost tangled snow gums. It has a rough bank, this young and energetic stream which leaps and sparkles over the boulders and has only short rests in its few quiet pools. The cattle too are taken up here, but their route must be well back from the water's edge which is no place to take stock. A great trout stream too, rivalling the Gungarlin and its neighbour, the Mowamba (with whom it begins its career south of Dead Horse Gap.) There are a few small open flats, one with a tumbledown shack – a home for foxes now. A lively little creek crossed the flat here with the usual boulders inviting 'rock hopping'. Hitching up my pack and gripping firmly the billy of beans which were soaking in preparation for the evening meal, I sprang on to the first boulder, then the second, then the third but only for an instant as hobnails failed to grip. With a sickening splash down went billy and Billy into the thick black mud. The lid flew off the former billy and shining beans rolled gracefully into the mire or made a quick journey to the Thredbo. I believe that this looked very funny.

A camp was made on a broad high flat opposite Gore's Ridge,

The Crackenback or Thredbo ~ cont.

some four miles below Friday Flat. From the tent one could look right down the Thredbo, which, notwithstanding its numerous twists and turns, generally follows an amazingly straight course, with the Ram's Head range running parallel to it. In the evening and following morning the range was bathed in lights of indescribable beauty.

In the early morning the icy stream was crossed – an agonizing process requiring many minutes of frantic leaping and slapping to restore life to our lower limbs, and persuade them to take boots and socks ready for the climb up. The lower slopes of the ridge were covered in a forest of tall mountain ash and among them we saw two foxes, or maybe a fox and a vixen (an assumption which is the result of long experience in the bush). I tried to imitate the rabbit whistle which Tom used with great success during our ski trip to the Bogong, never failing to

bring up at a gallop any fox within earshot. Our fox could not make up his mind over my version of a trapped bunny, but nevertheless it did not run away. Both of them strolled around at barely thirty yard's distance without any evident concern. Higher up was a tangle of snow gums broken down by heavy snow, and which was a problem to negotiate. Beyond were soft grassy slopes covered in snow daisies which curved right up to the summit. A large snow drift had to be crossed before the final pull, from which we gazed enthralled at a view covering the Thredbo gorge, the great range which separates the Thredbo from the Mowamba, and the plains beyond Jindabyne. With reluctance we left the scene behind to walk over the soft wet alps towards Mt Stilwell, and passed the Chalet where we saw the husky dog team still in their yard and no doubt earnestly wishing for winter to come.

From the Kosciusko Summit, Hotham, Feathertop and Mt Bogong could be seen clearly each having large snow patches. The icy wind drove us around to Carruthers – with snow all along the route. Heavy scouring here indicated the danger of removing grass for track making where rain is heavy – one track was four foot deep! The Murray plains – yellow among the blue hills, were an enchanting sight. The Blue Lake had snow drifts down to the water's edge.

Our footsteps were directed homeward down the Snowy to Pound's Creek, and then across the Perisher and Blue Cow to Piper's gap. A long road walk from there was shortened by a lift from some road workers in a utility truck, who were bound for the Creel to collect their pay. The last night was spent at Jindabyne – a glorious spot under great pines with the river and its spurwing plovers to charm our rest.

Charles (Chas) E. Skinner Ski History Collection

As the Thredbo and Perisher Historical Societies slowly accumulate a wealth of historical memorabilia, we should also recognise the passion of Charles E. Skinner, life-time collector of all things ski related. Chas, a former resident of Sponars Chalet, now resides in Cooma with his array of photographs, posters, skis, ornaments and other collectables associated with Australian ski pioneers and early snow hospitality. By appointment only, an invitation is extended to interested skiers and boarders to view this private collection displayed at his home in Cooma.

If you are interested, please call Chas on 0418 761 220.

Kiandra Butter-pat Skis

Another historian and long-time collector of regional memorabilia is Neville Locker of Adaminaby. Neville is loaning to the PHS a pair of 'butter-pat' skis that had previously been on display at the Melbourne Museum for a number of years. Butter-pats are the acknowledged design of the early Kiandra ski, so called because the wooden groove at the base of the ski that left a striated pattern in the snow, resembled the hand-held butter-pat tools used to shape blocks of butter.

The skis and an explanation will be placed in the PHS display cabinet in the Perisher Skitube building. PHS would like to thank Neville for the loan and Wendy Cross for her role in facilitating the transfer.

Sydney to the Snow 1938

By Olive Cann (2002)

This article is drawn from a memoir written by Olive Cann in 2002. Olive died in 2011. The next newsletter will include Olive's experiences at the Hotel Kosciusko.

Excitement was noticeable as we steamed along big Central station. I was one of this happy group about to board the 'Friday Night Ski Special'. You'd have known immediately our destination, had you seen us all prettied up in the closest things we owned to ski clothes. Those who were lucky enough to have ski boots wore them, and did look the part; they were made of leather then and could be walked in. Lots of woollies had to be worn on the train because the only heating consisted of two barrel-looking footrests which had been pre-heated and placed in each separate compartment.

These separate sections were designed to seat about eight people. Skiers were always friendly I found, and it was nice to get acquainted with some before reaching the snow. Exchange of experiences on the snow, of course, was the main topic for conversation.

It was time now to leave Sydney. Yes, the big engine stood, edgily waiting, breathing heavy, restless breaths of steam. We were about to be off. We'd armed ourselves with a few interesting eats, because the first stop was Goulburn, at midnight. The train usually stopped for 20 minutes, and there on the counter was an enormous pot of tea, cups, and coffee, of course. But to actually get some of this hot liquid stuff you had to have a well organised plan, so that you were in the right spot on the train to be able to be first off and make a dive for the counter. Yet while your drink was being poured you'd be hemmed in, and even to get away from the counter was a problem.

(I tried it only once.) Suddenly the whistle blew – 'All aboard, all aboard'. Very few had managed to drink anything and there was a wild rush to board the train, with hot liquid splashing everywhere!

This was my first trip to the snow, along with a lot of others, so it seemed, for while we steamed on and the sharp night air crept frostily in, there came a voice along the corridor – a man's voice – "Ten minutes to Cooma. Ten minutes to Cooma" he called. We all stirred, thinking drowsily, well that didn't take so long. The voice continued along the train. People struggled from their drowsiness to make an effort to be ready to alight. Peering into the blackness we watched for lights, but none came, and on we travelled. Much, much later we came to Queanbeyan. Of course, someone had played a joke on us. It was cold enough to be there anyway.

Then by about 5 a.m. we did arrive at Cooma. The nice log fire in the railway waiting room comforted us until the bus decided to turn up. It was the funniest old bus (Balmain Brothers), an old red bus with doors all along each side, each with a seat that went right across the bus.

From the station we were driven to Dodds Hotel for breakfast. That porridge and eggs was a delight, I still remember! Sometime after breakfast the bus arrived back, no rush or bustle, and then we began the long ride on that rough and winding untarred road to the mountains. Naturally we looked for snow around each bend. The bus stopped awhile at the old Jindabyne Hotel (now under the lake). Tea and scones were ready

for us. Then, while waiting to get mobile again, we tried skimming little flat stones across the Snowy River.

Not long afterwards, someone sighted the first patch of snow, magic stuff, and then still more! Excitement was growing and around each bend the cover was thicker. We were all exhilarated at the sight; then suddenly, we looked down from Rennit's Gap and there was the big old Kosciusko Hotel, sitting majestically amongst all this powdery, sparkling white and looking like the 'Fairy Queen'! This hotel was run by the NSW Railways and Tourist Bureau. It opened in 1909 and survived till 1951. Sadly it was burnt to the ground before the winter of that year.

After my first visit to Hotel Kosciusko I spent a couple more snow holidays there and it became my favourite place. Then the war set in and we were all very busy for a few years.



Olive Cann (photo by Gil Boehm).



This photograph of the Hotel Kosciusko was presented to the PHS by Bill Foster. The original, which belonged to Bill's mother, was hand-coloured. Subsequently it has been substantially photo-shopped, as it had a missing corner and some other damage. Hand-colouring of black and white photographs had its golden-age in the western hemisphere between 1900 and 1940.