

*President*

# THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 5.

OCTOBER, 1930

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IT is seven years since the Ladies' Ski Club was formed and the membership now stands at eighty-six. Sixteen members were elected this year and there has been one resignation.

The L.S.C. Championship, which was held at the Scheidegg, was won by Mrs. Haines, in excellent time, from a field of nine. Mrs. Haines was only a candidate at the time and she has since been elected to the Club.

Miss Esmé Mackinnon was successful in the British Ladies' Ski Championship at Mürren, while Miss Carrol was runner-up. It is a matter for regret that no account of the race has materialized, but we should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Mackinnon on her victory.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of the season (in the Club annals) was the winning of the Swiss Ladies' Ski Championship at Engelberg by Miss Doreen Elliott from thirty-four competitors. This is the first time that an international ski competition has been carried off by Great Britain.

The Anglo-Swiss Ladies' Race was held for the third time at Mürren and resulted in a narrow win for the British. Owing to some most unfortunate misunderstandings in connection with this year's race it has been decided to discontinue the event. A complete account is published in the *Year Book* and the Editor considers it unnecessary to duplicate this account in the BULLETIN.

The Annual Lunch and General Meeting took place in a private room at the Florence Restaurant on November 7th, 1929, and the L.S.C. Championship Cup was presented to Miss Elliott. There were twenty-two members present.

In response to pressure from many quarters the Committee has issued a special badge to be worn by those members who have represented Great Britain in any international ski competition. The design of the original badge is maintained, but with the addition of a narrow border of red, white and blue running along the top edge. The price is six shillings and sixpence, and badges can be obtained on application to: Miss H. J. Heaver, 11, Coltingham Gardens, London, S.W.5.

Dark blue sweaters, with a V neck, embroidered in front with the Club monogram in pale blue, were worn this year by some members. An experiment, they proved a great success, as they are both useful and becoming. The financial resources of the L.S.C. do not justify a large order of these sweaters without previously ascertaining the wishes of members. Consequently, members are requested to send a postcard to the Hon. Secretary, 1, Camp View, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19, stating whether they want:—

- (a) A sleeveless monogram sweater at twenty-one shillings and sixpence, post free; or
- (b) A monogram sweater *with* sleeves at twenty-five shillings and sixpence, post free.

These orders must be placed by November 11th, so as to allow the manufacturers sufficient time to produce the goods before the winter season begins. Anyone wishing to see a sleeveless sweater may apply to the Hon. Secretary, who has one in her possession.

Members are requested to inform the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or name. Recently, some letters sent out by the Club were returned by the Dead Letter Office.

The date for the Ladies' Ski Club Championship has been fixed for February 3rd, 1931.

Members of the Club who wish to propose candidates may apply for proposal forms to the Hon. Secretary.

The L.S.C. is glad of this occasion to thank all who have helped in organizing the Club events. Such help is greatly appreciated.

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## THE LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

By A COMPETITOR.

ON Sunday, February 9th, the Ladies' Ski Club Championship was held at the Scheidegg. Unfortunately, the holder was unable to take part, as she had gone, with several other members of the Club, to compete in the Swiss Championships at Engelberg.

The arrangements had been entrusted to the members of the Club who were at Wengen and Grindelwald, and everything was admirably organized. Mrs. Caulfeild, Mrs. Weyand-Fox, and Mrs. Upton left nothing to chance and earned the most grateful thanks of the competitors.

The slalom was held before lunch. The course was set by Mr. Fox, who wisely left for the Männlichen before the competitors arrived. It was a skilfully set course, on which snags abounded. From the start one had an excellent view of a straight

flush on a steep slope, a fence and sunk road, followed by a deep dip with a high bank on the far side over which most of the competitors lost their feet to shoot through the next pair of flags in most ungainly attitudes. Next came three or four pairs of flags in an open field of moderate gradient. Encouraged by the hope that the worst was over, competitors rounded a sharp corner and found themselves in a narrow gully with hairpin bend right-handed and then a left-handed turn on to a short, very steep slope which led to the finish.

As the slalom started very shortly after the arrival of the train, there was no possibility of studying the course, which made the race an excellent test of ski-ing. The snow was interesting—very tracked and somewhat icy at the top, beaten hard in the middle and untracked powder for the last part of the race.

Nine people entered. Mrs. Haines went first and ran under perfect control with only one fall until she disappeared into the unknown. Miss Finnigan ran a well-judged race and finished second to Mrs. Haines. Mrs. Somerville also ran very well.

The straight race was run after lunch. It started about 200 feet above the top of Tschuggen glade and finished near the bob-run. The course was very clearly flagged and included *Mac's Leap*, which was an impressive sight with its patches of glistening ice. The glade was perfect snow—four days old powder about four inches deep on beaten snow. The fields after *Mac's Leap* were in quite good condition—four days old rain on hard snow.

The competitors went off at half-minute intervals. They numbered seven, as two had dropped out after the morning's work. It was decided to send them off alternate Wengen and Mürren, so as to give the Mürrenites less chance of getting off the course.

Again Mrs. Haines led the way, followed by Miss Heaver, Miss Finnigan, Mrs. Somerville, in that order. Mrs. Haines got away quickly and was soon out of sight. It is rumoured that she went for *Mac's Leap* straight, but this has not been officially confirmed. Anyhow, she ran a magnificent race and finished an easy first. She is to be heartily congratulated on winning the combined event as she was only a candidate at the time of race. The Club welcomes her as a plucky racer. Miss Finnigan ran a good race under splendid control and it was evident that she had carefully studied the course. Mrs. Somerville, who finished third, ran very well indeed. Miss Fernandes had a nasty fall just before the winning post which cost her several seconds. She had been going well until then.

The finish, as usual, resembled a battlefield: prostrate figures all around, and indeed it was a most exhausting day. In spite of a few minor casualties, all were agreed that the organization was admirable and everything had been done to make it as pleasant as possible for the competitors.

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

Entries 9.

SLALOM.

1st.	Mrs. Haines	...	1 min. 30.6 sec.	100 points.
2nd.	Miss Finnigan	...	1 min. 40.2 sec.	90.42 "
3rd.	Miss Heaver	...	1 min. 52.8 sec.	80.34 "
4th.	Mrs. Somerville	...	2 min. 6.4 sec.	71.66 "
5th.	Miss Allen ...	...	2 min. 8 sec.	70.78 "
6th.	Miss Fernandes	...	2 min. 9 sec.	70.23 "
7th.	Miss Peech...	...	2 min. 27.6 sec.	61.38 "
8th.	Miss Wolseley	...	2 min. 42.4 sec.	55.78 "
9th.	Mrs. Goodyear	...	2 min. 55.2 sec.	51.71 "

STRAIGHT RACE.

1st.	Mrs. Haines	...	8 min. 54.2 sec.	100 points.
2nd.	Miss Finnigan	...	9 min. 15.4 sec.	96.08 "
3rd.	Mrs. Somerville	...	9 min. 59.8 sec.	89.06 "
4th.	Miss Fernandes	...	10 min. 23.6 sec.	85.67 "
5th.	Miss Heaver	...	11 min. 12.2 sec.	79.47 "
6th.	Miss Allen ...	...	12 min. 5.4 sec.	73.65 "
7th.	Miss Wolseley	...	14 min. 55 sec.	59.69 "

COMBINED.

1st.	Mrs. Haines	...	...	100 points.
2nd.	Miss Finnigan	...	...	93.3 "
3rd.	Mrs. Somerville	...	...	80.36 "
4th.	Miss Heaver	...	...	79.9 "
5th.	Miss Fernandes	...	...	77.95 "
6th.	Miss Allen ...	...	...	72.22 "
7th.	Miss Wolseley	...	...	57.74 "

THE SWISS LADIES' SKI CHAMPIONSHIP  
AT ENGELBERG.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE Swiss Ski Championship, unlike our own, is an open event, and the women's race was held on February 8th. The British entries were Misses Sale-Barker, Carrol, Elliott, Maxwell, Walter and Crewdson, but the latter did not compete owing to an injury.

Snow was scarce this winter, but a heavy fall before the race made conditions excellent for the occasion.

On February 7th Mr. Kenneth Stoker and Frau Odermatt most kindly conducted the British contingent twice over the course, which started near by the Trübsee and finished some 1,500 feet lower down. On each occasion the mist was so thick that visibility never exceeded ten yards, and it was impossible to get any bearings as the falling snow obliterated all old tracks.

Things looked serious and an early run was decided on for the next morning. Mist still hung densely in Engelberg, but on arriving at the Trübsee, which is reached by a cable railway,

visibility improved and the competitors obtained a slight idea of the course.

To begin with, for about one-third of the way the gradient was negligible and the racers had to punt. Once off the path there was a steep drop and then a bridge over a stream and a sharp climb up. The flags, which until now had indicated the most direct line, were here placed in a curve forming the apex of a triangle so as not to make the descent too difficult for the women. A mistaken theory.

It was best to ignore these guiding flags: a few tail-wags, a straight *schuss* over the bridge and enough impetus to carry the skier well on. Arrived at the top of the climb, there next appeared a steep field with a narrow path at the bottom.

Miss Elliott and Miss Sale-Barker both turned this corner so fast that they were unable to avoid some spectators ambling along the path. They shot over a gully and much valuable time was lost climbing out. Miss Elliott broke her fall on a spectator, scrambled out and took the next field, which was steep and bumpy, straight, and shot a wood path with such speed that she nearly destroyed another spectator. Then came the last, rock-strewn field in which the only safe line was to follow the flags, which were admirably set, while at the finish there was ample room in which to pull up.

Fraülein Rominga and Mlle. Maillart skied well, but Miss Sale-Barker's and Miss Carrol's performance was disappointing. There were thirty-four competitors and the British all finished within the first twelve.

We have one criticism of this otherwise well organized event, and it is a serious one: the inefficient policing of the course. Fraülein Zogg was badly hurt by colliding with a spectator on the wood path.

No doubt this evil will be remedied in future.

THE SWISS LADIES' SKI CHAMPIONSHIP.

Engelberg, February 8th, 1930. Entries 34.

1st.	Miss Doreen Elliott	...	L.S.C.	...	4 min. 48 sec.
2nd.	Frl. Rosa Rominga	...	St. Moritz	...	5 min. 4 sec.
3rd.	Mlle. Maillart	...	Geneva	...	5 min. 20 sec.
4th.	Frl. Hofstetter	...	Gais	...	5 min. 28 sec.
5th.	Mlle. Meyer	...	Geneva	...	6 min. 3 sec.
6th.	Miss Sale-Barker	...	L.S.C.	...	6 min. 6.6 sec.
7th.	Mrs. Smith	...	S.C.G.B.	...	6 min. 8 sec.
8th.	Miss Carrol	...	L.S.C.	...	6 min. 12.8 sec.
9th.	Frl. Björnstad	...	Berne	...	6 min. 13.8 sec.
10th.	Frl. Ablanalp	...	Grindelwald	...	6 min. 14 sec.
11th.	{Miss Walter	...	S.C.G.B.	...	6 min. 24 sec.
	{Hon. Verena Maxwell	...	L.S.C.	...	6 min. 24 sec.

## THE ARLBERG-KANDAHAR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE Ladies' Arlberg-Kandahar race was run over the usual course from the Galzig down to St. Anton, finishing near the road above the village. The course was the same for the men and women.

For a whole week before the race the weather was very bad indeed: continual snowfalls accompanied by gales of wind, and as the whole course had a good foundation of ice, the prospects of good conditions for the race were small. However, on the 15th, the day of the straight race, the weather became more settled, and the numbers of people who went up and down the course before the start made the snow very good, except for the long stretch of path, which was all ice. But as most of the competitors had steel edges on their ski this was not difficult. All the English competitors in the ladies' race had them fitted, after much cogitation, a day or two before the event, and I believe they all found them a success; undoubtedly they are an advantage in a slalom.

The race committee thought it necessary to place four pairs of control flags on the steepest slope to prevent competitors taking it straight, and these were not so conveniently set, nor so easy to see as last year (when they were placed by Hannes Schneider and Arnold Lunn), which may explain Miss Sale-Barker's unfortunate mishap.

The ladies' race was run first: there were eighteen entries but only three English runners.

Fraülein Inge Lantschner, the Austrian lady champion, was the winner, her time being 5 minutes 50 seconds—which was magnificent, as the time of the winning man was 4 minutes 37 seconds. Miss Sale-Barker came in second, but was disqualified for missing a pair of control flags. Miss Carrol skied steadily and came in next with 6 minutes 31 seconds; Miss Crewdson had an unfortunate fall and lost her sticks, and so was not in the first ten.

The straight race counted as an eliminating heat for the slalom, so that only the first ten women, and the first forty men, were allowed to enter for it. It was run on the following day under perfect conditions: good hard snow, and warm sun, for which the many spectators must have been grateful.

The slalom set was on the steepest slope of the Galzig course and was neither difficult nor exceptionally long.

Fraülein Inge Lantschner went down first, and gave a superb exhibition of ski-ing, taking all the flags perfectly. Her time was 1 minute 11.2 seconds. Miss Carrol well deserved to be second, her time being 1 minute 18 seconds. The second time down the course made no change in the order; Fraülein Lantschner made a good descent, though not quite such a brilliant one as her first. She won the combined result easily.

It was a pity that neither Miss Elliott nor Miss Sale-Barker were competing in the slalom, for, apart from Fraülein Lantschner, who is as good a skier as one may ever hope to see, the standard of the women's ski-ing was not high. There were many good skiers among the competitors, but the foreign women do not know how to tackle a slalom, owing, no doubt, to lack of practice; almost any of our good lady runners might have raised the standard. It is to be hoped that next year more good English women runners will enter for this race, which is admirably organized for the comfort and advantage of the competitors.

## THE PARSENN DERBY, 1930.

BY N. LAVALLIN-PUXLEY.

THIS popular race was run on March 2nd over the usual course (from below the Parsenn Furka to Küblis), which is nearly seven miles in length and has a descent of about 4,500 feet.

The snow was fast and easy as far as Conters village, but below that point it had been softened by the sun and was slow.

There was a record entry of one hundred and ninety-two, including twenty-four women, who were divided equally into two classes: a Visitors' class and a General class. Mrs. Pennington, an American, won the former in 30 minutes 17 seconds. She is an enthusiastic exponent of the Arlberg technique.

Of the three British competitors, Miss Aichison came in fourth (33 minutes 36 seconds), Miss Barter was sixth (35 minutes 15 seconds), and Mrs. Cox was seventh (35 minutes 31 seconds).

Everyone hoped that Miss Evelyn Bland would be able to compete in the race, but she was unfortunately prevented from doing so at the last moment.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Pennington's time is just sixteen seconds longer than Miss Gossage's winning time in the Visitors' class the year before.

The General class was won by Fraülein Irma Schmidegg, of Innsbruck, in the excellent time of 24 minutes 43 seconds, while Fraülein Lantschner, of Innsbruck, was second, having taken 25 minutes 40 seconds for the course.

As usual, the race was extremely well organized by the Ski Club of Davos, the competitors leaving at half-minute intervals. The prizes were presented the same evening at the Fluela Post Hotel in Davos Dorf.

## RACING AGAINST SENORITA DE ALVAREZ.

BY FRED A GOSSAGE.

Is there anything, I wonder, that De Alvarez cannot do well? Everyone knows of her as a first-class tennis player, skater, linguist bridge-player, etc., etc., and she has certainly shown herself to be a strong and courageous ski-runner.

The occasion on which I raced against her was during a meeting organized by the Ski Club Alpina of St. Moritz, and, as usual, the course for the ladies' race was very short. It was a descent of about 500 feet, first down a steep slope, then a more gradual descent, and another steep slope to the finish.

As we collected at the start De Alvarez was talking about five different languages in as many minutes to her various friends and the other competitors. She told me that she always did her best when she was nervous and as she certainly appeared to be so, I did not feel at all cheered, having drawn No. 1. I decided that one fall would certainly put me out of the race and ran much too cautiously, doing a bad time.

De Alvarez ran third, and her policy was definitely "neck or nothing"! She turned twice on the first slope, kept a good pace on the gradual part, and after one turn at the top of the last slope, she pointed her ski straight downhill—and stood.

It was a fine performance, which one or two others tried to copy, but they fell, and De Alvarez scored yet another victory.

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## GRINDELWALD.

BY ENID M. L. FERNANDES.

It is nearly twenty years since my parents first let loose four small children in Grindelwald for winter sports. Since then we have often revisited the place, which has changed greatly since those early days.

There was no sports train running then, but a number of enterprising skiers climbed regularly to the Männlichen, the Little Scheidegg and the Lauberhorn. It must have been strenuous, as I do not ever remember seeing a pair of skins; rope tied round the ski made heavy going.

The Männlichen Hotel was shut, but the one on the Faulhorn was open and quite a number of people spent the night there in order to see the sun rise and eventually to ski back to Grindelwald. The *patronne* was an enormously fat old lady from *The Spotted Cat*, and rumour had it that every autumn two mules and four men were requisitioned to get her up to the hotel.

It was quite a usual thing for the Wetterhorn to be climbed. Nowadays the ski-ing visitors rarely seem to go far afield, though Grindelwald, situated as it is at the head of a valley, offers ski tours, both large and small, on all sides. It is true there is only a sports train on one side, but a longish climb is not so terrible. It has ample reward: the views are varied, there are chamois to be seen and from the summits the panorama is really magnificent. Besides all this there is a great deal to be learned from the study of snowcraft and, above all, there is the joy of the run down on the return journey.

One of the best long ski-runs I ever had on the glaciers was from the Schwarzhorn down to Meiringen in February, 1923. There were three of us and we left Grindelwald at 5 a.m., carried our ski to Hertenbühl, continued on skins to within half-an-hour of the summit, and finished the climb on foot. It was a hot day and it took us just over six hours from Grindelwald.

We had lunch, picked up our ski and set off by way of the Grosse Krinne pass down to Schwarzwald and Rosenlauri and on to Meiringen, which we reached early in the afternoon, in perfect conditions. "It is a great pity that this fine tour is so seldom attempted," as Mr. Arnold Lunn writes in *The Bernese Oberland, Vol. II.* (Alpine Ski Guides).

Grindelwald offers infinite facilities for glacier ski-ing and an excellent run can be had from the Eismeer station down to the Lower Grindelwald glacier. This is just a day's run.

I should like to suggest your reading descriptions of the longer ski-runs, under the heading of *Grindelwald* in Mr. Lunn's *Alpine Ski Guides*, and that you should attempt some of them next winter on this comparatively untracked country.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into details of these runs, which Mr. Lunn describes fully in his books.

I have been to a good many winter sports centres in Switzerland and I can honestly say that I have never met a better place for good ski-ing, in all its varieties, than Grindelwald.

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## VILLARS, 1929-30.

BY ETHEL LEVERSON.

Villars enjoyed a good season, in spite of only fair snow conditions.

It is becoming a keen racing centre and fifteen challenge cups were competed for during the season, three being for ladies only, *i.e.*, the Witches' Cauldron, a straight race of some 2,700 feet, the Montesano Cup (no-fall) and the Callias Cup, a slalom.

Ladies competed for all the other cups and also in thirty-two other races organized by the Villars (Visitors) Ski Club.

A new team race for the Rhone Valley Shield was held at Villars, open to teams of affiliated clubs in the Rhone Valley. Three teams entered: the Corbeau Ski Club, Morgins, the Dôle Ski Club, St. Cergue, and the Villars (Visitors) Ski Club. The teams were composed of four men and two women. There was a member of the L.S.C. in each team: Miss Cavendish-Clarke, Corbeau Ski Club, Miss E. Allen, Dôle Ski Club, and Miss H. Blane, V.V.S.C. The shield was won by the V.V.S.C., Miss Blane being fourth in the straight race and fifth in the slalom.

The entries for the ladies' cups are not as yet large, but the *young idea* is coming along well and several junior members passed some of the S.C.G.B. Tests this year and also five ladies of riper years passed Q2.

Towards the end of the season touring became more general, both far and near.

We hope that there will be more Ladies' Cups next season.

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## FINSE FASHIONS.

BY T.M. AND H.M.

ON my first visit to Finse, I had barely got outside the door when an apparition shot out of the mist screaming shrilly and looking for all the world like a witch on a broomstick. This was followed by three more of these atavisms.\* They were clad in long cloaks, which were one-piece, with a high peaked steeple hood tied tightly round the face. Below these appeared the folds of voluminous skirts which in no way prevented the owners from straddling their sticks.

Until two seasons ago this was considered the correct attire, and anyone who wore trousers was referred to scornfully as *bukser damen* (trousers lady). Now trousers have fully come into their own, either of the long or the plus-four variety, more commonly the latter. A wind jacket and a gay coloured woollen cap complete the outfit. White stockings are generally worn with the plus-fours and a red veil and sun goggles added, the former for complexion, the latter for sight. The sun is far worse at Finse than in Switzerland, and blistered faces and snow blindness are quite common.

This last season some of the ladies, who wore black or blue, had the fronts of the jacket relieved with panels of bright coloured woven wool work, with cap tops and garters to match. This

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\* Resemblance to remote ancestor.—ED.

seems pleasantly to relieve the monotony. Plus-four trousers are usually in waterproof colouring.

The style of women's ski-ing follows that of the men, *i.e.*, good along the flat or uphill, but poor downhill. The average Norwegian lady skier could not pass the Q3 test, though she may have been on ski since childhood. They are also enthusiastic stick-riders.

Women's ski competitions receive little encouragement in Norway, as *langlauf* and jumping are considered too strenuous for them. The Norwegian opinion, as expressed by Thor Tangvald, is that it is just as bad for a man out of training to compete in long runs as it is for a woman to do so, although she may have trained. "The constitution of a woman is not fitted for either the training or the competition. It is not æsthetic, is misunderstood, and it is dangerous."

He goes on to say that "for their own sakes women must appreciate that the only forms of competition for them are swimming, tennis, golf, figure-skating, etc., and the *descend* on ski."

He ends with "the ideal form of competition on ski for both women and untrained men is the *descend*."

We often wonder how much longer Norwegian women will acquiesce in this view.

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## ESSENCE OF SKI-ING.

BY C. B. FRY.

*Extract from Pears' Shilling Cyclopaedia.*

SKI-RUNNING is a sport peculiar to snowy and hilly regions, and the Norwegians and Finns are adept thereat. The ski are elongated snow shoes, eight to ten feet long, of smoothed, tough wood, up-turned at the front. With feet tightly strapped to the centre of these, the ski-runner slips down a snow-covered or frozen incline, and, with the impetus gained, slides up a fronting hill, at the summit, when possible, leaping forward in the air to gain further glacial progress. Ski-runners in "full go" have been known to leap a hundred feet at a bound.

## LETTERS FROM NORWAY, MARCH, 1930.

By J.M.

### Oslo. \*Vettakollen Hotel.

. . . M.G. had a letter of introduction to a Bank in Oslo, and they interpreted the words "show her every courtesy" by detailing one of the staff to take us ski-ing. A talk with the hotel keeper rather alarmed us, as he said that no English people ever came to Oslo because the ski-ing was too difficult for them; and anyhow our ski were too short. . . . Well, feeling rather nervous (and having put on much thick underwear in order to be prepared for the rigours of the climate at latitude 61 degrees), we started off by carrying our ski for about twenty minutes up a steep road; after that we trailed along through pine and birch woods, in some places quite steep, with no skins; as a matter of fact we got along quite well without them, and the country looked lovely in the spring sun, but how we cursed those *winter woollies*. Presently we came to the Skjennungs ski hut, where we had coffee and admired the view of wooded precipices, until our *guide* asked if we'd like to go on and see some more of the country.

Cocking a doubtful eye at the precipices, we said "Yes."

We then pursued him down some wood paths which looked very steep, but which actually were not very fast, and then rambled on through birch woods and across lakes and frozen swamps until eventually we reached a hill whose name appeared to be "Coppernob" (Kobberhaugene). The mountain is 1,800 feet high and commands a fine view of country, very like Dartmoor looking over Torbay, if you imagine all the tors wooded, and the deep combs filled up with lakes.

Here our *guide* lost himself a little, and we asked how far we were from home, and he said just over a mile—most disappointing, until we discovered that a Norwegian mile is about 10 kilometres. However, we eventually fetched up at a place called Blankvandsbraaten, where we got some beer, which unfortunately was non-alcoholic and tasted like toffee, which was another disappointment!

We set off again, plodding on up and down, and I got very tired (I'd been waiting for my run down ever since we'd reached "Coppernob"), and at last we came to a railway and went home by train.

Our *guide* said we were very good and had covered 22 kilometres, as the crow flies, though we don't know how far that is as the Norwegian goes.

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\* Vettakollen is half-way up the railway which runs past the jumping hill to Frogneraeter, the station for the Nordmarka ski-ing ground.

It wasn't ski-ing, of course, but very pleasant to go through delightful country full of sun and colour. . . . We realised, when we had bought a map, that this wretched man, not knowing, I suppose, whether we could ski or not, had taken us the wrong way round, as it were, from Kublis to Wolfgang, *via* the Parsenn Hut.

So the next day we went *up* in the railway, determined to make our tour the other way round.

The woodpaths were well marked with coloured ribbons on the trees; but the Norwegians seem to be a colour-loving race, and the trees are hung indiscriminately with red, green, yellow and blue strings, leading in all directions. However, we got along fairly well until we met an old gentleman on foot (carrying a mackintosh and wearing spats). He was "a stranger here myself," but gave us some misleading advice in German, though eventually, being much quicker over the country than we were, he found us a path which brought us to the Skjennungs hut again.

Then we set off *down* the path we had come *up* on the previous day. Presently we saw a path marked Vettakollen and away we went. . . . It was a gentle little path, beaten, with grooves in it, but it ran, and wasn't difficult if you were fairly agile in avoiding rocks. Well, it was very pleasant with warm sun and a splendid view on one side and the gradient improving as we went; so we streaked along until presently it dawned on us that there were no more coloured strings on the trees, and that the snow was getting scarce, and that we were off the map. So we followed the next path at right-angles to ours, and came to a farm where the people spoke no English; I pulled myself together and said: "Vuor langet ar det Vettakollen Hotel?" (a phrase which I had learnt on the boat). Unfortunately I couldn't understand the answer. But we soon found ourselves on the road, though we were three or four hundred feet below the Hotel. Still, we'd had our bit of downhill running.

### Part II.

#### \*Fefor.

The hotel—which is all there is of Fefor—is about 100 feet above the lake; behind it is the Fefor Kampen (3,833 ft.), which takes about an hour to climb, and provides you with a splendid view and amusing practice slopes. Opposite, to the south, is a ridge of hills, the highest of which is the Ruten (4,866 ft.), which is the only rocky one. The rest all have flat, snow-covered tops.

It takes about three-quarters of an hour to get across the lake and over two or three small intervening humps, and then another three-quarters of an hour, easy going, to the hut, where, if you are the first comer, you light the fire!

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\* About eight hours by train north of Oslo, and three hours by sleigh from the station.



From there you can ramble about all day, climbing over ridges and running down valleys where the snow looks good, and scrambling over small passes to find more and better valleys; the country is open and not steep—in fact, the running is very like glacier ski-ing and everywhere the view is marvellous. Instead of the cup-like effect you get in Switzerland, where, however high you are, other mountains always look higher, you seem to be on the rim of a saucer and quite a small hill gives you the feeling of being on top of the world. . . .

We spent ten days at Fefor, and used up most of the runs, covering about 20 to 25 kilometres a day, and then decided to ski on to Bessheim and explore the country there.

We took a guide with us, intending him to carry some of our stuff; but when he arrived (*a*) he could speak no English, and (*b*) he had no rucksack; so to cope with the first difficulty a kindly Norwegian wrote out a few useful phrases, such as "I am hungry and tired," "Please go more slowly"—also some of the best tours for us to do. (We only hoped that we wouldn't point to "tired and hungry" when we meant the longest tour, or *vice versa*.)

The second difficulty we overcame (after invoking the spirit of our Swiss guide, who, on the shortest tour, carries a rucksack, which I can hardly lift from the ground when empty) with the help of a linen bag, of an elegant shade of sky blue, tastefully embroidered with a chaste design of white marguerites. This we filled to bursting point and lashed to the back of "Sandy Siegfried" with a laphong and a quantity of string.

It took us about three hours, with heavy rucksacks, to the top of the Dalsæter pass, and the guide left us badly uphill and along the flat. . . . We reached the top at about five o'clock, with a marvellous view straight into the sunset, of a huge expanse of lakes and forests and waves of mountains—completely desolate with no signs of houses or animals or people. Here we just put our ski together and stood on them for half-an-hour, and then we were at Dalsæter. Here they were very apologetic because the hotel was not officially opened and they could only give us salmon trout freshly caught in the lake, and some local berries with cream by the gallon—and very good it was.

Unfortunately we never got to Bessheim as we were recalled home, but that one stage of our journey and the pictures we saw of *The Gates of the Jotunhei* determined us to come back another year to a country whose great merit is that if you see three people within hailing distance during the day, you say that it is really disgraceful that the mountains are getting so overcrowded.

## FOUR DAYS AROUND THE ALETSCHE.

By E. M. JACKSON.

TEN out of fifteen days' holiday at Kleine Scheidegg had passed without any signs of settled weather and we were champing to get away from a life of catching trains.

On the morning of the 6th April, however, every hour showed improvement; finally the clouds rose and our party of three and the guides A. Rubi and F. Steuri went by the eleven o'clock train to the Jungfrauoch with the Mönch as our objective.

After arranging for beds and dinner at the Jungfrauoch Hotel, we put on our skins and ploughed up through deep soft snow under a blazing sun to the Obermönchjoch. We left ski, some sacs and one stick apiece here and, roping in two parties, started the climb. A scramble over snow and easy rocks brought us to the ice ridge that leads to the summit of the Mönch. The ridge looked steep and the sides steeper still. The guides and I had crampons but the other two had to trust to a few nails. About eighteen inches of fresh snow covered the ridge and it would have been impossible to get to the top and back comfortably before evening had not Rubi found and enlarged some steps that had been cut the week before by Steuri; as it was we reached the top fairly quickly and somewhat breathlessly. The view was magnificent, all the valleys were filled with golden clouds, the long blue shadows of the late afternoon cut coldly against the sunny peaks, wraiths of cloud hung about the mountains, but every peak for miles around was clear. We did not wait long as it was getting cold. After sampling most of the provisions in the guides' sacs, we descended to the Obermönchjoch, carefully over the most difficult part by way of the steps, but later by a series of glissades. Here we were met by a crowd from the Jungfrauoch. The swift run down the slopes to the tunnel mouth in the then frozen trough of our upward track was an exhilarating finish of a glorious day. It is difficult to judge just how good the dinner and beds were that evening, for everything was bound to be good after such a day. In addition to these delights our guides entertained us after dinner with tales of income tax worries.

The following morning the sun was shining everywhere except on the glacier. We got away in good time and set off for Mörel. We considered the snow at the beginning unmentionably vile—but we had yet to meet the snow on the Ebnefluh—very much tracked, thick, hard, unbreakable crust with feet of soft snow underneath. This improved before reaching the junction of the Ewig schneefeld, and was good until a short distance before the junction of the Mittel Aletsch glacier, which appeared to have been rained on and was wind swept. Here the light became very poor; Rubi's tracks were almost invisible and as we went up and down amongst

the crevasses it was difficult to keep an eye on him and at the same time enjoy the marvellous panorama of mountains from the Weismies to the Matterhorn. Having crossed the glacier and got some way towards the Rieder Furka path, we halted for a meal. After a short rest Rubi urged us on. The snow was very thin until we joined the wood path through the Aletschwald. Some of us were persuaded to go up to Rieder Furka without skins, as it was said to be only ten minutes' climb; whoever timed it did so equipped with best quality skins. After an orange and passing the time of day with another party at the Furka we started our descent to Mörel. The snow petered out after two fields and the run down the wood path was over two or three ski-lengths of snow alternating with one or two lengths of mud and slush—this surface required great skill. When we reached a clearing in the wood path we basked in the sunshine on a carpet of crocuses. During the walk down through the pastures we collected about a dozen different flowers and finished a fine day with a very long drink of beer at Mörel. Two cars took us to the train at Brig and the night was spent at an hotel at Interlaken.

After a day's rest we started off again from the Jungfrauoch and ran down the glacier to the Grosser Aletsch Firn, up which we went to the Egon von Steiger hut. The snow was very easy and the sun scorchingly hot, but a breeze cooled us whilst going up. We had the hut to ourselves and so spent a very comfortable night with heaps of blankets to lie on and on top of us. The views and lights at sunset and in the moonlight were wonderful. At 6.30 the next morning we set off for the Ebnefluh. It was very cold and the gradient was not enough to make us warm. At the top it was worse and we were glad to turn back at once into a sheltered combe for our second breakfast. The run down the steep part was very tiring; the snow was most humiliating and painful to fall through, having a very treacherous thick crust. Gradually it improved and became nice and fast just in time for the long gradual straight run to about 200 feet above the hut. Here it was in shadow still and was not nice. After a meal in the hut we started down the Lötschenlücke. On the first pitch the snow was much the same as on the Ebnefluh and our spirits dropped to zero, nor were they helped by the party of students who appeared to jeer at us from below as they came up. As soon as we came out of the shadow we struck spring snow and thereafter followed mile after mile of perfect going on easy gradients, with enough changes of direction to make it most exhilarating; turns came off at a hitherto undreamt of speed and the result of weeks of practice and thought suddenly bore fruit in that snow. The memory of the bad snow of the early morning was obliterated. All good things, however, have to come to an end at some time and the snow was no good after Faffler Alp. In spite of this, Rubi insisted on ski-ing to the bitter end, and we continued with an arduous

langlauf in blazing sunshine in and out of gullies over avalanche tracks and streams and through and over young fir trees on the left of the valley, until we reached Blatten. Here a lad was persuaded to carry four pairs of ski and two rucksacks down to Goppenstein. Promise of beer lured us on to Ried, but it was false. The village turned out to gaze at us and conversation was impossible, as they were unable to understand our German and their *patois* was beyond our ken. A carriage was obtained for some of us, the others preferred to walk down the last few miles to Goppenstein. The station restaurant found our appetites a severe strain and Madame must have been pleased when the train relieved her of our presence and took us back to Interlaken, tired but content.

## ITINERARY.

## MÖNCH.

Jungfrauoch to Obermönchjoch	...	...	1 hour.
Obermönchjoch to summit	...	...	3 hours.
Summit to Obermönchjoch	...	...	1½ hours.
Obermönchjoch to Jungfrauoch	...	...	20 minutes.

## ALETSCH.

Jungfrauoch to Rieder Furke	...	...	5½ hours.
Rieder Furke to Mörel (walk)	...	...	2 hours.

## EGON VON STEIGER.

Jungfrauoch via Aletsch Firn to Hut	...	...	4 hours.
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## EBNEFLUH AND LÖTSCHENLÜCKE.

Hut to top	...	...	...	2 hours 50 minutes.
Top to hut	...	...	...	1 hour.
Hut to opposite Faffleralp	...	...	...	1 hour 15 minutes.
Faffleralp to Blatten	...	...	...	1 hour.
Blatten to Goppenstein (walk)	...	...	...	2 hours.

## SKI TOURS FROM THE BETEMPS HUT.

By BETTY SPRING-RICE.

July 7th, 2 p.m. Our party, consisting of three of us and the guides Otto Furrer and Peter Aufdenblatten, left Zermatt by train for Roten Boden. The hotel had provided us with to-morrow's lunch, but the rest of the provisions we had to buy. As it was a very hot day we caused a great deal of amusement among the casual onlookers as we made our way down the village complete with ski.

3 p.m. Left Roten Boden and civilisation for the Bétémps hut, which we reached by walking down a cliff and across the Gorner Gletscher in 1½ hours. We were alone there, except for the local goat, and, after an excellent meal provided by the guides, waxing and putting skins on the ski and indulging in ecstasies over the sunset on the Matterhorn, we retired for the night.

*July 8th.* Owing to bad weather we did not leave the hut until 5.30 (to the great relief of at least one member). Ski had to be carried for the best part of an hour, first over rock and then up a steep snow slope in which we had to kick steps. From here we climbed till 10.30, when we succumbed for want of food and oxygen, chiefly the latter. Slightly revived by breakfast, we struggled painfully up the last steep slope of 150 metres and then left our ski by a *bergschrand* and climbed the last few yards to the saddle.

The height was 14,150 feet (too high for comfort). Unfortunately we had no view, owing to the mist.

11.15 *a.m.* We started to descend, unroped, on the most perfect untracked powder snow. The mist, which had nobly played its part in keeping the sun off the snow, now disappeared, and all the mountains came into view: Lyskamm, Breithorn, Matterhorn, Obergabelhorn, Weisshorn, etc. At times care had to be taken to avoid crevasses, but on the whole we enjoyed free ski-ing in perfect conditions: steep wide slopes with long outruns and no obstacles. Even the guides were excited and said they had seldom met such snow in July, and that this was the best run in Switzerland. As they were both Olympic runners, they were more than pleasant to watch, and we received some much-needed instruction in the Arlberg technique. Towards the end the snow became slightly sticky, but the last slopes were very steep, and by ski-ing on pockets of snow on the side of the moraine of the Grenzgletscher we were able to reach a point within ten minutes of the hut, very hot and tired, at 12.30 p.m. (*N.B.*—It was fortunate for us that it had snowed hard the night before we started, and that the mist had kept the sun off the new snow).

*Necessities*:—(1) Dark glasses; (2) a peaked cap or shady hat; (3) cream to put on the face and neck if you wish to return with the same top skin you started with; (4) a flask of brandy.

Having consumed five cups of chocolate each, we retired to bed for the rest of the day, to obviate the necessity of having a meal, owing to a slight miscalculation on the part of the caterer! Fortunately, we managed to scrounge something from the next day's lunch for our evening meal, and, after giving voice to a few appropriate adjectives on the glorious sunset, we again retired to our Swiss horse blankets. Sleep was delayed owing to a German invasion.

*July 9th.* Left the hut at 5.30, having finished off all the provisions, and set out for Cima di Jazzi. Ski had to be carried over the rocks at the back of the hut and we then put them on and walked across the Monte Rosa glacier. Then we climbed across the moraine and after two hours reached the Gorner Gletscher. There followed two hours' very dull walk. The snow was glacier powder snow, with a night's frost on it, and promised fast running.

From the top we had a fine panoramic view of Switzerland, but Italy was veiled in clouds. There was a strong wind blowing, and the cold was so intense that the sun did not affect the snow.

11 *o'clock.* The first slopes of the descent were sheer ice, with many crevasses, on the Cima di Jazzi itself; then we had free ski-ing on really perfect light powder snow on the Findelen Glacier. After this it was necessary to go carefully in the guides' tracks at spaced intervals, and towards the end the snow rather resembled the *witching waves*. The end of the snow was reached at 11.40. This was the left-hand tongue of the glacier. From here we walked back to Zermatt, with interludes for refreshment, arriving at 3.15, where we provided more amusement for the locals. . . . Followed hot baths, tea under the palms to the strains of the inevitable orchestra . . . repose. . . .

### IF TANGVALD HAD HIS WAY.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM Oslo comes the fearful news  
Of what Herr Tangvald wrought:  
"To go on ski," he grandly states,  
"Is not a woman's sport."

No more will Greta Raeburn go  
Straight down the Lone Tree Hill;  
The good old ski-ing trousers must  
Give way to fold and frill.

The slalom's slope no more resounds  
To Durell's graceful glide,  
And Doreen's hard at binding books,  
Her good planks laid aside.

For Di: her knitting reigns supreme  
Where ski sticks did before,  
And Muffie's playing with her dolls  
Upon the nursery floor.

Verena M. and Geraldine  
Are combing hard their locks;  
Instead of ski-ing Mabel is  
Just darning Arnie's socks.

No more we'd see the graceful forms  
Speed o'er the snowy spray . . .  
What would old Mürren then be like  
If Tangvald had his way?

For references to Tangvald see the *British Ski Year Book*, pp. 119-141.—Ed.

## ANOTHER ROMANCE OF THE SNOWS.

It was evening at Mürren. Outside the setting sun burnished the snows with gold and tipped the towering peaks with rose and crimson (*vide* Travel Guide). Within, the bar echoed to the clink of glasses and the clamour of tongues. The air was thick with smoke and the mingled odour of expensive scent and cheap tobacco. A little apart, one well-kept hand toying with his glass and the other caressing his admirably trimmed moustache, stood the Hon. Rudolf Juan. Richly endowed by nature and circumstance, he was one of those to whom it seems that the gods have denied no gift. His lithe grace made him paramount alike as skier and dancer. Of all Silver Q.s he was the most silver. There was no hotel in Europe that would not welcome him as gigolo and pay him what he asked. And yet, as he looked and listened, the smile that twisted his well-cut mouth had something in it of cynicism; there was a hint of pity and disillusionment in his inscrutable eyes. He knew it all so well. The same races and the same people; the same arguments; the same jokes; the same banter. He tossed off his sixth cocktail with a gesture of contempt and impatience when, suddenly, SHE swam into his vision. Divinely tall, flat-hipped, high-waisted, as fashion decrees that women shall be to-day (*vide Daily Mirror, May 11th, 1930*), she had also the more time-honoured attributes of a milk-and-roses skin, eyes that were reed-fringed pools, and hair in which the sunbeams of eternity were trapped.

"By all the gods, a goddess!" he exulted, and thanked his stars that 1930 had equipped her with a skirt over which he could trip. Even the most aloof goddess cannot ignore the presence of a man who has just ripped three yards of lace out of her dress. The brilliant impetuosity that had made him a major at twenty and a champion skier at ten stood him in good stead now. His gaze sought hers, caught, and held it, deflecting only for a moment to signal to a passing waiter. They dined together, to an accompaniment of shrill whisperings and hurtling breadcrusts. But with the coffee she left him, for she was a wise woman. Besides, her face prickled, and she wanted to get a glass and a good light, and see why. She smiled a thought wryly at her reflection, and more so at the doctor's verdict: measles is an unromantic disease.

But Rudolf was no craven to be dismayed by trifles. All day the stairs leading to her room trembled under the tread of stolid Swiss maids bearing notes and messages from him, and when night fell, with the usual rainbow accompaniments, he came himself. Unlike the chamber-maids, he ignored the stairs and chose a more complicated entry *via* the wall and a ladder, partly to give her the sensation of unconventionality he knew she craved, partly to demonstrate his potentialities as a cat-burglar should taxation become super-excessive, and partly to show how lightly £18 18s.

worth of Saville Row suiting weighed in the balance against his devotion.

"Are you *sure* you love *me*," she said, "even with my face all speckly like this?"

"Light of my eyes, can you doubt it? Would anything but devotion bordering on imbecility nerve me to sit for hours on anything as uncomfortable as this adverbially adjectived window-sill?"

To which Aphrodite, from whom romance had not entirely eliminated reason:

"If it comes to that, there are two sides to the sill, and there's a perfectly good chair in the room."

So he came in, and was rejected in comparative comfort. And when he had gone his lady burnt the first of a long line of masculine snapshots that hung over her mirror.

\* \* \* \*

So sped the days, all too short for Aphrodite and her Rudolf. The ardour of his devotion quickened even his genius as a skier and disclosed in him unsuspected talents as a mentor. With him as her guide she rushed the slopes to fame, climbed by most so painfully. In a bare twelve hours she was bruised from head to foot, but a certified Third Class skier. In six more she had gained the giddy eminence of a broken arm and two Silver Q.s. Each night, when the moon turned the snow to silver and the stars lit their lamps in the azure canopy of the night (again *vide* Travel Guide), he marvelled anew at her charm and sweetness and beauty, and at the resistance which a clever synthetic complexion can offer to Alpine cold. Each night his parting words were in terms of the same interrogation and hers of the same negation. Each night she burnt another photograph from the row.

So the month drew to its allotted end (Aphrodite had always resented the hide-bound mathematics that cut February down to a bare twenty-eight days), shifting the scene to England, where, with a change of bluebells and nightingales for snow and jodelling action continued as before. The moment came when even Rudolf's erudition balked at the thought of finding new words to express his slightly threadbare meaning. If Aphrodite insisted on being recalcitrant she could be recalcitrant alone. He'd take to some pastime that offered greater chance of progress. Meanwhile, with a hasty reperusal of the "Sheik" to restock his bankrupt vocabulary, he nerved himself for a final appeal and repaired as usual to Aphrodite's garden. At his first words she capitulated so completely that he had some ado to keep the 5 feet 10 inches of her on her feet.

"Oh, my dear," she sobbed, her eyes orthodoxly glowing and softening (or it may have been measles that left them weak and

watering). "Can't you see? Don't you know? I only lived when I realised that I loved you!"

"Then why the devil," said he, with pardonable irritation, "couldn't you have said so without all this mucking about?"

Aphrodite tore the last photograph into very small pieces and smiled meditatively.

"Balancing accounts. I swore that for every man I tried to catch and missed I'd register a rejection as a counter score. You put me square last night."

"But, my dear, had you such poor hunting? I've proposed at least a hundred times."

"Not quite," said Aphrodite, accurate and properly shocked. "I've kept strict tally. It's only 92."

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