

President

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 7

OCTOBER, 1932

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EDITORIAL.

IN last year's Editorial Miss Mavrogordato complained of the fact that any tours which may have been done by the members of the L.S.C. must have been done in "strict secrecy." This year the new Editor is in a position to appreciate this little remark; being new at the job she waited for months for the arrival of some promised contributions, and then when autumn was upon us was told from various directions that there had been plenty of sun but *no* snow! This conjures up endless possibilities: one sees, for instance, members of the British ladies' team in training with their bicycles on the Bumps while Arnold Lunn and Bill Bracken, resting in the shade, urge the Arlberg position.

We welcome one new member to the L.S.C. this year, Mrs. L. Cadbury, and we offer our congratulations to Lady Myrtle Jellicoe on her marriage to Mr. Lionel Balfour.

The death of Mrs. Hordern has made a sad gap and she will be greatly missed by her many friends.

The British Championships and the L.S.C. Championship were not held this year, and the Arlberg-Kandahar race, from the women's point of view, was of no interest.

It was very regrettable that Miss J. Kessler could not race at Cortina; her excellent technique and good performance made her a most valuable asset to the team, and she deserves much condolence in the bad luck she sustained in crashing her knee three days before the F.I.S. Meeting began. Mrs. Butler, who went out as reserve, took her place in the team. It was also most unfortunate that Miss Esmé Mackinnon, who was so successful last year, was unable to turn up at Cortina.

The date of the L.S.C. Championship has been fixed for January 25th at Mürren.

Members are reminded that they can buy the following Club sweaters, by ordering from the Hon. Secretary:—

- (a) V neck monogram sweater, sleeveless. 21s. 6d. post free.
- (b) V neck monogram sweater, with sleeves. 25s. 6d. post free.
- (c) Polo collar monogram sweater, with sleeves. 26s. 6d. post free.

As the Club has not sufficient funds to enable it to keep a large stock of these sweaters, members are requested to place their orders by November 15th (stating size required), so as to give the manufacturers time to execute these orders before the winter season begins. People are apt to delay their orders, with the result that it is impossible to get the sweaters out in time, and the Club begs for consideration from its members in this matter. Badges may also be obtained from the Hon. Secretary; the ordinary L.S.C. badge and the special badge which may be worn by those members who have represented Great Britain in an international competition. This badge is like the other, but has the addition of a narrow border of red, white and blue, running along the top edge. Price 6s. 6d.

Members are requested to inform the Hon. Secretary of changes of address or name, and any members wishing to propose likely candidates they may meet at various centres can apply to her or Miss Williams, Palace Hotel, Mürren, for the necessary forms.

HATE.

(With apologies to J. K. Stephen.)

Will there ever come a season which shall rid us of the curse

Of endless competitions or "testites" which is worse,
Of the all-pervading spirit, that it simply isn't done

To treat one's ski-ing holiday as a pleasure or as fun?

There's sure some place of torment, perhaps beyond the stars,

Well fortified with dungeons and impenetrable bars,
Where interfering bodies of every shape and hue

Shall stand before a counter and at last receive their due.

The snow will be perfection, far swifter be our skis,

When this curse is taken from us and we wander where we
please;

When ski-ing is delivered from the organising bore,

When there ain't no class distinctions and the telemark's no more.

THE F.I.S. MEETING AT CORTINA.

By JEANETTE KESSLER.

THE F.I.S. Meeting was held this year at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites, and in marked contrast with that of last year suffered from a shortage of snow. The weather, however, was perfect, and there was a good turn out, six countries being represented in the ladies' races as against last year's four. The teams selected by Mr. Arnold Lunn and Miss Elliott to represent Great Britain underwent their preliminary training at Mürren. It had originally been intended to transfer their quarters to Cortina shortly after the middle of January, so that the runners might have ample time in which to familiarise themselves with the course. But, when it was learnt that the Dolomites had in this very abnormal winter been provided with even less snow than the Oberland, the move was postponed, and it was not until the 31st of January, four days before the opening of the meeting, that the competitors first saw the terrain over which they were to race. This same scarcity of snow, which delayed the arrival of our teams, had as a more serious consequence the abandonment of the Cortina course for one higher up—and, alas, further away. To reach the scene of action was quite a journey in itself. One had to cross the valley, either by a hair-raising rope railway or by motoring over steep and winding cliff roads to Pocol, whence an hour's sleigh drive or a rather longer trudge brought one to the winning post. From there the climb to the starting point had to be undertaken on ski, up the actual course all the way. It took two and a half to three hours, and our teams found it a bit of a grind after the less arduous methods of ascent practised at Mürren.

The start was just below the Falzarego Pass, and though the course was nowhere very steep, it was a fairly long one, the descent being about 2,500 to 3,000 feet. The top part ran over undulating open country which needed careful study to enable the runner to keep up sufficient impetus to carry on. It had one steep *Schuss* leading on to a narrow icy path, round two awe-inspiring rocks. These had mercifully been padded with straw, and the corners round them banked sufficiently to save most people (though not all) from an unpremeditated descent into the craggy depths below. The snow on this top portion was windswept but the well beaten track, to which it was advisable to keep, was wide enough to allow skiers a certain amount of scope in choosing their own lines. The middle part of the course was tricky, there being a choice of several ways down, all of which, after threading ditches, rocks and tree stumps, converged on the main path through the wood below, for the final 800 or 1,000 feet. This path was not very steep—indeed runners had to punt in places—but it contained one or two bad corners and was narrow enough to make overtaking difficult and exciting. To avoid the necessity for this so far as

possible, the runners were started at two-minute intervals. The whole course was really a kind of glorified bob-run, there being few parts where the skier had space enough to choose his own line.

The straight races, both for men and ladies, took place on February 4th. The men ran first and, by the time they were all down the wood path had become rather slow. On February 5th the men's slalom was held, and on the following day the ladies' slalom. Again it was a three hours' journey to the course from Pocol. The course was set by Walter Amstutz. It was a long one, and was a real test of the technique of skiing, necessitating great control and judgment. It was electrically timed.

Miss Elliott, the captain, did not do very well in the straight race, but she easily made up for this by a brilliant performance in the slalom. She made two excellent descents, but unfortunately received a penalty at the last flag in her second run, which would otherwise have been the fastest of the day.

In the straight race Miss Sale-Barker ran very steadily, and completed the course without a fall, but she was hardly up to her usual brilliant standard. The slalom she did exceedingly well in her usual fluent style.

Miss Tarbutt skied well, and put up a good time in the straight race; she did not do quite so well in the slalom. Miss Crewdson also skied well, but did not really do herself justice in either event.

Mrs. Boughton-Leigh ran very steadily in both races, and Mrs. Butler, though she did not do as well as usual in the straight race, slalomed most competently.

DOWNHILL RACE.

Cortina. February 4th, 1932.

Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
1st. Sna. Wiesinger	Italy	7	13.8
2nd. Frl. Wersin Lantschner	Austria	7	17.8
3rd. Frl. Lantschner	Austria	7	25
4th. Miss Sale-Barker	Great Britain	7	40.6
5th. Miss Tarbutt	Great Britain	7	49.6
6th. Mlle. Maillart	Switzerland	8	1
7th. Frl. Paumgarten	Austria	8	1.6
8th. Frl. Streiff	Switzerland	8	6.4
9th. Frl. M. Schmidt	Germany	8	7.2
10th. Frl. Schmidegg	Austria	8	15
11th. Miss Elliott	Great Britain	8	21
12th. Frl. Matousek	Germany	8	35
13th. Mlle. Stopkowna	Poland	8	40
14th. Frl. Resch	Germany	9	1
15th. Mlle. Polankowa	Poland	9	4.6
16th. Miss Crewdson	Great Britain	9	6.2
17th. Frl. Zingg	Switzerland	9	6.6
18th. Frl. Kopp	Germany	9	20.4
19th. Sna. Schott	Italy	9	26.4
20th. Mrs. Butler	Great Britain	9	28
21st. Frl. Von Herwarth	Germany	9	34
22nd. Frl. Ripper	Austria	9	37.6
23rd. Mrs. Boughton-Leigh	Great Britain	9	42.2
24th. Frl. F. Schmidt	Germany	10	0

Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
25th. Sra. Bertolini	Italy	10	10.2
26th. Sna. Velo	Italy	10	40.4
27th. Contessa Szapary	Hungary	10	48.2
28th. Frl. Lettner	Austria	11	34.4
29th. Sna. Crivelli	Italy	13	25
30th. Mlle. Zietkiewicz	Poland	14	13.6
<i>m. s.</i>			
1st. Austria	30	59
2nd. Great Britain	32	57
3rd. Germany	35	3
4th. Italy	37	30
5th. Switzerland	41	19

SLALOM.

Cortina. February 6th, 1932.

Name.	Slalom		Penalties.	Total.
	I.	II.		
	m.	s.	s.	m. s.
1st. Frl. Streiff	1	2.5	—	2 2.9
2nd. Miss Sale-Barker	1	6.3	—	2 13
3rd. Miss Elliott	1	1.7	6	2 13.5
4th. Frl. Lantschner	1	11.9	—	2 16.6
5th. Mrs. Butler	1	9.2	—	2 17
6th. Frl. Wersin Lantschner	1	9.3	6	2 17.7
7th. Mrs. Boughton-Leigh	1	9.4	6	2 21.1
8th. Frl. Schmidegg	1	13.2	—	2 23.6
9th. Frl. M. Schmidt	1	12.6	—	2 27
10th. Frl. Ripper	1	16.8	—	2 30.6
11th. Frl. Paumgarten	1	15.3	12	2 34.3
12th. Miss Tarbutt	1	17.2	—	2 35.6
13th. Sna. Wiesinger	1	22.2	6	2 38.1
14th. Mlle. Polankowa	1	21.6	—	2 40.6
15th. Sna. Schott	1	2.6	—	2 45.4
16th. Frl. Von Allmen	1	27.2	—	2 46.3
17th. Sra. Bertolini	1	25.2	—	2 46.7
18th. Miss Crewdson	1	21.4	—	2 55.2
19th. Frl. Kopp	1	18.4	—	2 59.3
20th. Frl. Zingg	1	29.2	18	3 1.8
21st. Frl. Von Herwarth	1	26.8	6	3 2.8
22nd. Mlle. Stopkowna	1	36.5	—	3 8.2
23rd. Mlle. Maillard	1	38.4	—	3 10.9
24th. Frl. Lettner	1	33.2	12	3 20.7
25th. Frl. Resch	1	58.4	6	3 23.5
26th. Mlle. Zietkiewicz	1	50.3	—	3 30.3
27th. Frl. F. Schmidt	2	2.3	—	3 52.2
28th. Sna. Velo	2	8.6	—	4 9.7
29th. Contessa Szapary	2	23.8	—	4 23.4
30th. Frl. Matousek	2	35.9	12	4 27.5

1st. Great Britain	361.16	points.
2nd. Austria	346.31	"
3rd. Switzerland	305.82	"
4th. Germany	279.68	"

COMBINED RESULTS.

Name.	Nationality.	Downhill.	Slalom.	Com- bined.
		Points.	Points.	Points.
1st. Frl. Streiff	Switzerland...	89.17	100.00	94.588
2nd. Frl. Wersin Lantschner	Austria	99.08	89.23	94.155
3rd. Frl. H. Lantschner	Austria	97.47	89.93	93.70

Name.	Nationality.	Downhill.	Slalom.	Com- bined.
		Points.	Points.	Points.
4th. Miss Sale-Barker ...	Great Britain	94.17	92.37	93.27
5th. Miss Elliott ...	Great Britain	86.58	92.02	89.30
6th. Sna. Wiesinger ...	Italy	100.00	77.71	88.855
7th. Fr. Schmidegg ...	Austria	87.63	85.57	86.595
8th. Fr. M. Schmidt ...	Germany	89.02	83.58	86.30
9th. Miss Tarbutt ...	Great Britain	92.37	78.98	85.675
10th. Fr. Paumgarten ...	Austria	90.05	79.64	84.845
11th. Mrs. Butler ...	Great Britain	76.37	89.71	83.04
12th. Mrs. Boughton-Leigh ...	Great Britain	74.50	87.06	80.78
13th. Fr. Ripper ...	Austria	75.09	81.58	78.335
14th. Mlle. Polankowa ...	Poland	79.66	76.50	78.08
15th. Mlle. Maillart ...	Switzerland	90.18	64.36	77.27
16th. Sna. Schott ...	Italy	76.58	74.29	75.435
17th. Miss Crewdson ...	Great Britain	79.43	70.13	74.78
18th. Mlle. Stopkowna ...	Poland	83.41	65.28	74.345
19th. Fr. Zingg ...	Switzerland	78.93	67.59	73.26
20th. Fr. Kopp ...	Germany	77.41	68.53	72.97
21st. Sra. Bertolini ...	Italy	71.11	73.70	72.405
22nd. Fr. Von Herwarth ...	Germany	75.56	67.20	71.38
23rd. Fr. Resch ...	Germany	80.19	60.37	70.28
24th. Fr. Matousek ...	Germany	84.22	45.23	65.075
25th. Fr. F. Schmidt ...	Germany	72.30	52.91	62.605
26th. Fr. Lettner ...	Austria	62.48	61.24	61.86
27th. Sna. Delly ...	Italy	67.75	48.20	58.475
28th. Contessa Szapary ...	Hungary	66.94	46.65	56.795
29th. Mlle. Zietkiewicz ...	Poland	50.81	58.42	54.615

1st. Austria. 3rd. Germany.
2nd. Great Britain. 4th. Switzerland.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CHARLES HORDERN.

IN Cecil Hordern the Ladies' Ski Club has lost an invaluable member, and her death, after a long illness, was a great blow to her many friends and has left a void which can never be filled. She always identified herself with the Club and her enthusiasm in all things was infectious and made her a delightful and stimulating companion.

Cecil Hordern enjoyed skiing in all its branches, and raced, toured, and taught beginners with equal pleasure. Her kindness to all and sundry was a by-word, and in Klosters, where she spent most of her skiing time, her name will never be forgotten. She had a rare capacity for making friends.

Besides her skiing she possessed other talents; she was a good tennis player and horsewoman, and sang and painted extraordinarily well. Two years before her death she took up a business career, and made a great success of this. She faced life with an indomitable courage and nothing could mar her unflinching cheerfulness and love of beauty.

As a skier Cecil Hordern attained her second class and seemed likely to reach still higher distinction. Her technique was good; she studied snowcraft, and was a sound and knowledgeable person with whom to go touring, besides being an excellent companion at all times. In the late autumn of 1931 she fell ill from an obscure illness called Hodgkin's disease, for which no cure is known; and though she had been hoping to visit Switzerland in the winter she was never heard to utter one word of self-pity or complaint at the ill-fortune which had overtaken her; her courage was indomitable.

The sympathy of all members of the Ladies' Ski Club goes out to her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hordern, R.E., and to her son and daughter.

THE BREITHORN IN FEBRUARY.

BY M. GREENLAND.

A REQUEST from an Editor to write an article is a fearsome thing, and I fear the Breithorn is a rather hackneyed tour to describe; however, the fact remains that, for the High Alps, it provides as good and safe skiing as any mountain of equal altitude (4,171 metres). It is a far finer experience, for instance, than punting down the Aletsch from the Jungfrauoch, and compared with other long tours of the Zermatt district it is perhaps the best. Some, such as the Monte Rosa, are more interesting from a skiing point of view, but once when under apparently safe condition we were running unroped on the Monte Rosa, one of our party fell into a 15-metre crevasse, so perhaps unroped descents are not really advisable. The Breithorn permits unroped running nearly every month of the year with safety.

The snow in Zermatt this year was extremely thin; a small fall on January 8th was followed by a gale of wind. From Zermatt the Breithorn could be seen smoking more like a factory chimney than a respectable ski mountain; and then instead of winter, summer arrived. It remained with us for six solid weeks, and mountaineers made winter ascents under summer conditions. The glaciers for skiing were believed impossible, but on investigation in the case of the Breithorn this proved to be wrong. The wind had certainly blown most of the winter snow away, but in any case with the exception of a short piece at the top, it had left a hard smooth surface which gave excellent running. It was not winter snow nor was it spring snow. Very exceptional conditions had given us an exceptional surface, straight running was delightful and swings were easy.

On February 6th Miss D. V. H. and myself left Zermatt with a guide (Hugo Lehner) and a porter; the heat was excessive and

we wandered slowly up to Schwarzsee where we spent the night.* Leaving about 6.45 a.m. the following morning we were soon longing for the sun to rise and warm us. An earlier start in winter is not practical owing to the extreme cold, which is augmented by a cold glacier wind in the neighbourhood of the Théodule Pass at sunrise. We carried out the usual practice of roping when level with the Théodule Pass, and about this time the sun came out, and from then onwards it was nearly as hot as when I did the Breithorn in June.

The ascent from Schwarzsee took us seven hours. The first two hours is very gradual climbing, and from then on, roughly speaking, it gradually steepens until you get to the foot of the last slope where ski are parked and a certain amount of step cutting is necessary.

There are two ways up this last slope; by keeping to the right the slope is not so steep but this way necessitates walking along a snow arrete for several hundred yards. There are two disadvantages to this route, one being that if there is any wind you have the full benefit of it for some quarter of an hour; the other is that for people like myself who dislike giddy heights it is most unpleasant. The only disadvantage of the other way is the extreme steepness of the slope and possibly a little extra care is needed in crossing the wide crevasse which traverses the whole south face of the Breithorn. Under unstable snow conditions this slope would also have a greater avalanche danger.

We spent about fifteen minutes on the summit, and it was warm enough to be able thoroughly to enjoy the wonderful panorama.

From Mont Blanc in the west to the Silvretta group in the east every peak was silhouetted against a cloudless sky. We looked down upon the plains of Italy in the south, and in the north, almost at our feet nestled the picturesque village of Zermatt, with the Matterhorn towering over it, while the Dom, the Weiss-horn and other familiar peaks glistened all round.

We made a free descent with Hugo Lehner leading. The first part needed care and we were unable to do the wonderful two-kilometre *Schuss* which was so perfect on my previous descent. This, however, was fully compensated for by the even longer fast straight run from the Théodule Pass to Schwarzsee, most of which after a spring snow descent has to be punted, but under these snow conditions was delightfully fast.

In many descriptions of tours food plays a rather prominent part, and for those who think some mention of this necessary article should not be omitted let me conclude by saying that the guides carried it, we paid for it, and we all consumed it at suitable intervals.

NOTE.—In summer when the Théodule Hut is open it is much better to spend the night there. One can also stay at the Gandegg, but this is a miserable hut, and cold even in summer.

A DAY NEAR BEN LAWERS.

BY GRETA M. A. RAEBURN.

BEING, like many others, forced to abandon our annual Christmas in Switzerland, and living within reasonable reach of the Highlands, we decided last winter to put to the test the much-boasted Scottish ski-ing. On the Wednesday before the New Year, we set out for Ben Lawers, fifty-seven miles away to spend the day on ski. The snow lay thick and lay on the road, and we had to drive fairly slowly, but this only served to increase our expectations.

The day was very clear with a light air from the north, after a day and night of strong wind and heavy snowfall.

To get to our proposed starting point we had to motor up a steep and narrow mountain road literally sprinkled with gates and snowdrifts, in more than one of which we wasted valuable time. We had intended to make for the nearest of the only two turning places on the road, a point at 1,300 feet on the map, but unfortunately could not find it on account of heavy drifting and finally ran into a big drift; in our endeavours to back out of this we ran the front wheels over the edge of the road and completely jammed the car. The cold was intense, in spite of the sun and a cloudless sky, and the snow, as we tried to dig out the car with our hands, trickled through them like sand. This put an end to all possibility of climbing Ben Lawers, a great disappointment as the running looked perfect. We therefore ate a hurried lunch, and after covering the car with several rugs, as the temperature was well below zero, we set out to ski down to the village of Killin, about six miles.

Our start was adventurous as we had to cross several burns on which the ice was not thick enough to bear our weight, and one of the broader ones had to be crossed on a decrepit sheep fence, not very easy when carrying ski-sticks. Then followed a long period of walking with occasional short descents.

The snow was fairly good and very fast in the hollows but windswept on the steeper faces. It was not deep enough at this altitude to cover the heather entirely, but this did not spoil the running as heather "slides" remarkably well. Finally we came to a steep descent from the moor down to the fields, which provided quite enjoyable, though very tricky running, as the wind-slab here held numerous pockets of powder snow. We then skied down a couple of fields, in one of which we met a suspicious and very hostile ram which chased us until scared off by wild brandishing of ski sticks. We then came to the main road at last and partly skied, partly walked, the last two miles to Killin.

The best bit of running came at the end on the local 9-hole golf course which provided a nice straight run with a steep turn

at the bottom. After a marvellous tea at the most comfortable Bridge of Lochay Hotel we got a lorry to tow out the car. A long delay ensued owing to its arriving without spades or chains, and on our return to the garage we found that the chains were all broken and had to be repaired. It was sunset when we reached the car again, and I have never known a colder evening, even in Switzerland.

Although the day's running had not come up to our expectations, that was our own fault for attempting to force our way up the moor road, and we were lucky to get the only good day for ski-ing until March. The next afternoon and for the whole of the New Year week-end it rained in torrents, washing away all vestiges of snow and disappointing all those optimists, who in spite of some very plain speaking from the Scottish Ski Club, had come up for the greatly over-advertised "Scottish Winter Sports."

The opportunities for ski-ing in Scotland are few and far between, the snowfall seldom comes until March, and conditions are always arduous and often extremely unpleasant. Wind is almost always with us on the hills and lowlying mists and cloud are a real danger.

A map, compass and plenty of spare clothing and an emergency ration should always be carried in our uncertain climate. It is safer to be lost on a Swiss mountain than on a Scottish hill where, in many districts, one can wander for many miles, without seeing a single human habitation. Two other days stand out, one day in March at the end of a week of perfect conditions of which we were not able to take advantage, and another which was dismal; it was thawing and the snow lay in white lines on a black hillside.

About forty people, chiefly members of the Scottish Ski Club, met that Sunday in the Lawers district, but it was amusing, too, ski-ing on alternate patches of snow and heather and crossing burns in spate; and another wonderful day in April in the Campsie Hills. We were motoring up from Lennoxton and suddenly turning the highest corner, we came from early spring into winter. Dazzling snow, hot sunshine, and half a dozen skiers practising on the hillside a few hundred feet above us. Good days can be had in Scotland but one must live in that country and not come to her for them.

ON SKI IN NORWAY.

BY M. E. POWELL.

AFTER a fruitless search for snow in Scotland during two months last winter we left for Norway.

It was difficult to get any information in London about places

other than Fefor or Finse and centres on the Bergen mountain railway, so we decided to try Geilo on that line. We arrived there early in February. The ski-ing there was little attraction for a good runner of the modern sort but is pleasant for the skier of pre-war days. There are one or two short runs on steep slopes, one fine mountain Hallingskarvet, and the rest of the ski-ing is over easy gradients or down staked runs that any beginner could manage. The snow was very hard and windswept which made the gentle gradients a little less uninteresting and the weather gave us some entertainment; never before have we been reduced by wind to crawling on hands and knees, pushing our ski before us; if we tried to stand up we were promptly blown down again, and it was impossible to hold ski in the hands, but on the whole the weather was good though cold.

From Geilo we went to Bessheim in the Jotunheim. This was a distinct improvement. Here there are a number of mountain runs of varying degrees of difficulty, Bessho and Nautgartstind being perhaps the most interesting of the one-day runs. Absence of fresh snow rather spoilt the ski-ing and everyone was groaning.

There is no hotel at Bessheim but a cluster of log cabins forms the sleeping accommodation, all comfortably furnished and heated, and a large log hut contains a dining room and sitting room. The place is crowded with skiers at Easter and during the previous week, and it would be useless for a party to turn up expecting to get rooms at that time, though it is nearly empty again on the Tuesday after Easter.

We moved on for the last two days left to us to Raysheim on the other side of the Jotunheim. "What fools we were not to come here first," was our moan.

The little old hotel (12th century) was empty and very comfortable in a simple way. The country was attractive, the finest of the Jotunheim mountains lay on one side of the valley, on the other a steep climb rose to tableland and glaciers. Our luck was out as during our two days we had bad weather, fog and snow storms, but we had a few clear intervals when we climbed to a high point on the tableland and looked across to Glittertind and Galdhoppigen, with their alluring climbs and ski-runs. It is impossible to describe Norwegian ski-ing country in a few words because we had been in three places each as different from the others as, say, Gstaad, St. Anton and Saas Fee, while the ski-ing round Oslo is comparable with that in the Jura Mountains.

We were much impressed by the easy climbing of the Norwegian women, and horribly jealous. At the time we said it must be due to the amount of milk consumed, but some day we shall go back to try to learn the art.

THE MARRIAGE OF LADY MYRTLE JELlicOE.

By R. H.-H.

I HAVE to draw attention in this issue to an event which took place this summer that must have caused no little pleasure and interest to the many skiers and winter visitors who are frequenters of the Bernese Oberland—I speak of the marriage which took place at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, on Saturday, June 20th, between Lady Myrtle Jellicoe and Mr. Lionel Balfour. As a fellow skier, I was lucky enough to be invited.

Both bride and bridegroom have for two or three years past been well known figures on the slopes and ski runs around and above Grindelwald and Wengen. Lady Myrtle, who is the daughter of Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Jellicoe, has lately become a member of the Ladies' Ski Club, and both she and Mr. Balfour belong to the Ski Club of Great Britain. It was in Grindelwald, two years ago, that they first met.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very lovely in a dress of ivory satin, she was attended up the aisle by her three sisters, Lady Gwendoline, Lady Norah and Lady Prudence Jellicoe, and by her cousin, Miss Heather Kayser, and as a younger bridesmaid by Miss Maureen Upton. The church was beautifully decorated with madonna lilies, the service was an impressive one and there was a large and distinguished congregation.

The Honourable Mountjoy Upton, another well-known figure of the ski-ing world, acted as best man. After a reception held in Cadogan Square, where the Countess of Jellicoe had taken a house for the season, the bride and bridegroom went off on a flying honeymoon across Europe—they particularly mentioned to me before starting that they intended to take a bird's eye view of the Jungfrau and Eiger on the way!

The plane they flew was a Puss Moth owned and piloted by Mr. Balfour, who, for some time now has been making quite a name for himself among the denizens of the air. Despite this last fact, it might be as well to add here for the benefit and peace of mind of their friends and well-wishers that they have reached home again quite safely!

In wishing luck and all good fortune, therefore, to Mr. Lionel and Lady Myrtle Balfour we would also express a wish that they do not confine themselves too strictly in future to such exalted and birdlike views of what have once been familiar scenes, so that we, their more humble friends, who are forced to confine ourselves to, and seek for amusement on, a lower though not always securer sphere, may have the pleasure of often meeting them again on the shoulder of the Mänlichen or over the "Bumps" above Wengen.

HER FIRST RACE.

By EVELYN BLAND.

FOR weeks before the race (the only one in the season at this benighted spot) a small girl might be seen practising from morn till eve on the nursery slopes, turning, crashing, cursing, and taking it straight in a perfect frenzy of anticipation. "Beat them up," said the family. All very well, but in her mind's eye she saw a serried rank of female Amazons, hardened, fleet of ski, and tough of wind. How could *she* hope to beat them up?

It would be held on the Palace slopes on a Sunday; a cold blooded affair to the wild "I'll race you" type of thing to which she was accustomed. There would be a crowd of idle, mocking villagers, of bored sanatorium folk only too anxious to be amused; and amused no doubt they would be.

At 3 p.m. punctually the competitors were lined up on the road that divides the Palace slope into two unequal halves. Their ski were pointed towards the wood that terminates the lower, shorter half at a distance of not more than 50 yards. The ground below the points of their ski dropped steeply for a few yards and then levelled out into a stretch of flat till it rose again gently into the wood. The wood itself was dark and seemingly impenetrable. What traps for the unwary might not lie within? The point at which the competitors were to enter was marked by an official, while another was apparently clearing a passage through to the accompaniment of cracking twigs and crisp imprecations. A veritable game of hide and seek with a touch of the Hampton Court maze thrown in.

Competitors were to hurl themselves down the slope into the wood; find the point of exit about 100 yards further to the right, and return smartly to the starting point.

One, two, three, go; the Dutch lady in the check breeks at once crossed her ski—one suspects that she forgot to uncross them at the start—and soon a mountain of corpses had piled itself neatly on her prostrate form.

Our heroine was now well away; had dived into the wood and, at last, emerged glancing apprehensively behind.

Reassured she finished the course (uphill) in perfect style. A cheer burst from the crowd. It failed, however, to drown the cries of distress now rising from the wood. Five minutes elapsed without a sign of human life anywhere on the course.

And so began a search. Some were found sadly embracing sapling pines, their boards entangled in their roots. Others more supine, appeared to be holding communion with the lesser denizens of the earth while all around were rabbits claiming their kin and frisking mocking tails.

COMPARISON BETWEEN ENGLAND IN SEPTEMBER, 1931, AND A 1st CLASS SKI-RUNNER APPROACHING HIS ?th BIRTHDAY.

AT first sight this may seem far fetched, but in reality the positions are analogous. Both are struggling to maintain the gold standard. Let us compare the symptoms.

The skier's balance fails. So did England's balance of trade. He falls more. So did England's exports.

He suffers from shortness of wind, as did England from shortness of credit abroad.

His increasing adipose may be compared to England's increasing unemployment figures.

His nerve fails him, as did the nerve of the British bankers begin to fail at the increased foreign withdrawals during July and August.

Ski-ing fast begins to overtax his strength, just as the Chancellor of the Exchequer overtaxed the taxpayer.

For some years now he has been trying to look his rivals in the face, and hide his obvious signs of decay. So did our politicians ever brag that the £ should look the dollar in the face.

But the crisis cannot be postponed for ever. Even as a firstclass power cannot keep her head buried in the sand, neither can a firstclass skier keep his buried in the snow and refuse to recognise these obvious signs of decay. Each must seek a remedy.

Both will wisely rule out inflation as unthinkable.

Bimetallism finds favour with some experts, who wear both gold and silver badges.

Credit is exhausted. Of what avail to brag of erstwhile deeds of valour, when the sight of Lone Tree Slope turns our hero's senile knees to water and sends him slinking to the downward bubble?

No. There is but one solution. England has led the way.
COME OFF GOLD.

(See Kandahar Ski Club Rules. No. 44.)

SMALL BEER FROM THE ENGADINE.

By AUGUSTA LONG.

MÜRREN is the centre to which nearly all the members of the Ladies' Ski Club resort, and there each year add fresh laurels to those they have already won. Small companies of emigrants have, however, from time to time deserted their Alma Mater, and infiltrated into regions of Switzerland, especially the Engadine, where they are scattered throughout Pontresina, Maloja and Sils Maria.

In these outlandish parts the blue and silver badge, especially

when accompanied by the rather nautical looking jumper, has often created a wholly false impression in the minds of unsophisticated winter sportsmen, owing, no doubt, to the great similarity between the L.S.C. jumper and that worn by the kind old gentleman who rows up and down the Serpentine, warning adventurous bathers to "go back behind the buoys"; someone was once heard to remark how kind it was of Mr. Lansbury to have the interest of the British public so near his heart that he even looked after them when they went to disport themselves abroad.

Misled by her appearance, some aspiring novices, once asked a member of the Ladies' Ski Club, to shepherd them upon a tour into the High Alps. The run finally decided upon was the ascent of the Fourcla Surlej, by way of the Grialetch, one of the easier half-day tours mapped out by the Eagle Ski Club!

Early one morning, a party consisting of about eight people left the Fex Valley and started up the summer path towards the Grialetch. While plodding on wearily, the vanguard of our party was suddenly mown down by a posse of Germans who were careering down the narrow path in wild abandon. With great dignity, but in doubtful German, they requested the aggressors to be so kind in future, as to respect British nationals, and after collecting themselves and the fragments of their lunch, they pursued their upward way.

Emerging from the summer path and after a heated argument as to the proper course to take, the party next traversed an avalanche slope, which creaked in an ominous manner, and left a track of unpleasant looking little cracks behind them. Arrived at the top of the slope, they then found themselves at the foot of a rocky ridge. They scrambled over this, carrying their ski upon their shoulders, amid much suppressed muttering from the rear of the party. A short climb then brought them to the top of the Grialetch, where they found another party from the same hotel, who had started some time later than themselves, but who had come by the proper route.

Their confidence in their leader somewhat shaken by this time, half the party decided to descend directly to Silverplana, while the rest continued on towards the Fourcla Surlej. Near the top they met a large party, conducted by a guide, who were coming down in skins, leaving a little furry trail behind them, as their skins moulted by the wayside.

The party had no more than time to glance at the marvellous display of the peaks of the Bernina and Roseg ranges before turning to hurry down, so as to reach Silverplana before dark. On the way down they passed the skin party, most of whom were in tears by this time, and straggled into Silverplana just as the 'bus was leaving.

As one member of the party afterwards remarked, "those badges you wear, they don't mean much, do they?"

"Ah! It just depends on who wears them," I replied.

MÜRREN DURING THE WAR.

BY MABEL LUNN.

IN summer the skating rink a football field. Khaki clad soldiers everywhere. A scattering of soldiers' wives and sheds full of soldiers' shops, clock repairers, boot makers, etc. In the post office an orderly room and in the basement of the Regina a military store for uniforms, etc. Mürren was a queer place during the war.

We welcomed the first batch of exchanged British prisoners from Germany in the early autumn of 1916. The station was decorated with flags and we stood impatiently waiting for the first batch to arrive. As the small train drew in we raised a cheer and were soon busy helping the Tommies to alight. It was heart-rending work for, though we knew that for the time being their troubles were over, they were all either badly wounded men or suffering from shell shock. They were white and emaciated after several months' imprisonment and hard times, and they had all had a long and tiring journey from the frontier.

We escorted them to the different hotels. One half of the Palace was given up to privates and non-commissioned men. A few officers occupied the other half. One of the first men I showed into a bedroom stood staring stupidly at the bed. Then he moved over to it and gently rubbed the sheets between his fingers before sinking wearily down. "Sheets," he said, "I haven't known the feel of them since August, '14."

At first it was heaven to these men to be more or less at liberty and in decent surroundings and comfort, but gradually the smallness of the place and the monotony of their lives began to bore them and it was hard work to find amusements and interests to occupy their minds.

A large Y.M.C.A. hut stood on the Jungfrau rink and we all took turns in selling endless shag, cigarettes, chocolates and cups of tea. Theatricals and debates were organised, and we had a cinema twice a week. As the films were in French (those were the days of silent films) I had to translate the captions and I became very familiar with a Pearl somebody or other who went through incredible adventures with a clutching hand, but who always came through her troubles triumphantly to the cheers and satisfaction of the Tommies.

The less wounded men played football but not much cricket. I suppose that was because too many boundaries were sent down to Lauterbrunnen.

As soon as the snow arrived we organised ski-ing and the men took to it keenly. Some of them passed the first tests and some went on one or two mountaineering expeditions.

The soldiers were full of ingenuity over Mürren and its place names. The Jungfrau was christened "Flossie" the first week they were there, and it was the soldiers who started the intricate names for all the runs: The Menin Gate, Menin Road, Kitchener's Crash, Regulars' Ramble, Khaki Cairn, Maulerhubel (so called because we used to have moonlight ski-ing expeditions and take bottles of Mauler with us, which we generally regaled ourselves with at that particular place before running down), Drunkard's Drop (it was a fateful evening when that name originated itself—an all-male affair—of which I never knew the true account, though various recitals were told about it!), Parson's Shoulder (a certain padre had great difficulty in descending that part of the Schiltgrat one winter afternoon), and the Nose Dive are all relics of the interned.

One morning, too, we woke up to find that during the night some enterprising Tommies had been round Mürren with signposts and every path and corner had been named. One near the Regina was labelled "Lover's Lane," and at the station one rather pathetic board reminded us that it was the way "To Blighty."

I organised a dancing class in the Palace ballroom, which was very popular. The difficulty was to find enough ladies to make partners for the men, but those evenings were very well attended.

A few of the married men had their wives out and some their fiancées. We had weddings in the little church, complete with rice and confetti. One or two of the men married Swiss girls and one, I remember, married a girl who could speak no English. When their first infant arrived we had a great baptismal ceremony and the chaplain made a short speech about the child becoming a "Soldier of Christ." The worried mother pulled his sleeve, "Kein Soldat," she told him firmly, "nein, kein Soldat."

The time passed slowly. Sometimes, we heard a faint mutter of the guns. Rumours, endless rumours of the invasion of Switzerland and plans of how to escape if this contingency occurred, food cards, shortage of luxuries, especially butter, gave us plenty to worry about. Mürren was sometimes like a bad dream. But then, at last, the Armistice and wildly excited men rushing to ring the church bell. The commandant of the camp, Dr. Woppart, wanted to stop them. "It might over-excite the inhabitants," he said, but the picture of the Mürren peasants ever becoming over-excited over anything appealed to his sense of humour and the bells rang wildly on.

Some weeks later, the soldiers and all of us English left Mürren. It was good to go back to "Blighty" but a memory of Swiss hospitality and friendship always remains and we can never forget what those months of freedom and peace meant to those war wearied men.

THE NEW PARSENN RAILWAY.

BY JOAN ROBERTSON.

MEMBERS who have not recently visited Davos or Klosters may be interested to hear something about the new Parsenn funicular.

It starts from Davos Dorf, opposite the Scaletta Hotel (now called the Parsenn Hotel) and about three minutes' walk from the Dorf station.

It runs up the east side of the Dorf-Täli to the shelter of the Wasserscheide col, at the very top; thus forming a direct approach to the Weissfluh and the Parsenn ski-ing fields from the south.

The vertical height ascended is 3,000 feet, and takes about twenty minutes. The distance and change of gradient necessitate the ascent being made in two stages and a change of trains is made at the halfway station (as in the Corviglia Bahn at St. Moritz).

In the first section the gradient is steep and variable, the second is gentle and even.

The first section was completed and running last winter, the second section has been completed this summer, and the restaurant and attached rooms at the top station alone remain to be constructed before the winter season begins.

The cars are similar to those used on the Almendhubel railway at Mürren, except that they are closed, and they hold about sixty passengers.

In the rush hours of the morning trains run every ten minutes, and later in the day about every hour, unless there are six passengers waiting to ascend, when a train will be run immediately.

Old visitors to the Parsenn are familiar with the views obtained from the Weissfluh. The same views, except those directly northward, masked by the summit of the Weissfluh itself, can be seen from the top station, with Piz Kesch, Roseg, Vadret, Sassura and the Pischahorn breaking the rugged outline of the far distant horizon.

Sunbathing or a rest day in the sun can thus be had for the minimum of labour.

A telephone line, by which enquiries as to what the weather is like "up there" has been installed, and though the valley itself be shrouded in mist, one may often find the sunlight up above, and thus be prevented from losing a good day, which the local conditions at Davos or Klosters might suggest.

No preliminary climbing is now necessary for any of the ordinary Parsenn runs, except for the Weissfluh itself, which can be reached in about forty-five minutes from the top station door. Thus the whole of the Parsenn ski-ing fields are now thrown open to those who find climbing more irksome than amusing, and it is quite possible, by catching the trains in the Landquart valley at

Jenaz, Fideris, Kublis, Serneus or Klosters to ascend the new funicular three times in the day and get 15,000 feet of good downhill running.

Last winter the Parsenn Derby was started from the top and the admirable organisation prevented any congestion or hanging about at the start, by detailing the two hundred and fifty odd competitors each to a certain train and reserving places in the carriage.

A further note of interest to racers is that as a result of this funicular, the Dorf Täli itself has become a really first class race course, and though it is on a south slope, it would be hard to find a better.

Many members will remember this run as steep, difficult, and at times unpleasant, either from the sun crust or the sog.

Now, with so much traffic, it is beaten hard from the first fall of snow, and though it is still steep and in parts difficult, it is no longer unpleasant, but intensely interesting.

The vertical descent is approximately 1,000 metres, and the horizontal distance 3,000 metres, making an average gradient of 1 in 3.

The first part is a series of steepish *Schuss*, followed by a steep and narrow gully, which requires great skill to manoeuvre at any speed. The lower portion of the course consists of very steep open meadows, which again brings out good technique.

The finish can be brought right down to the main Davos street, if desired, making the most spectacular ending to any race.

On the whole it would be difficult to find a more interesting and exacting race course, and being not so "blind" as some others it gives less advantage to the "locals."

It is a course, which requires both dash and skill, its length compels one to be really fit and well trained, but not so long as to give the advantage to extra strength over technique, and there is the added advantage of not having to climb a step to reach the start.

At the Davos Ski Club meeting last winter, Zogg's time for the descent was 5 mins. 32 secs., and Prager's 5 mins. 42 secs.

This railway and race course should put a new complexion on Parsenn ski-ing. It will no longer be looked upon as a touring centre only, but should now produce fresh blood of all nationalities to swell the ranks of the alpha standard.

Marden's Club, working from Klosters, is already taking every advantage of these great facilities, and is arranging a programme of races for the coming season.

If times get better and we are once again able to visit the snow I am sure that many skiers will be surprised to find such a perfect natural race course where none was known before.

SOME NORWEGIAN EXPERIENCES.

By JULIA MAVROGORDATO.

THE real mountains of Norway are very difficult to get into, and still more difficult to get out of, at least for the ordinary person. Of course, if you are a native your idea of a good week-end is to take a night train which puts you out at dawn, where you probably walk for at least four hours up an icy road to a hut where you breakfast. For this meal you eat everything that you have ever imagined for any meal—porridge, bacon and eggs, *hors d'oeuvres variées*, beef steak and onions, stewed fruit and cream, black coffee, biscuits and cheese, bread and jam, and anything else that takes your fancy, or that you have room for. Immediately after this you do a tremendous scurry of 30 or 40 kilometres (or 50 or 60 if you are strong) to another hut where you spend the night, and repeat this for the next day or two, and if everything goes well, you will have run rapidly through the mountains and can catch another train to get you back to town in time for work on Monday morning.

The other school of thought takes sleeping sacks and dog sleighs, but as the latter make travelling rather slow, they are usually only used for carrying the drinks, and the party is usually found encamped about two hours' climb from the nearest hut.

Neither of these methods appealed to our party very much, and we decided to approach the mountains by "autobus."

But we thought we might as well do all the ski-ing we could, and instead of getting the 'bus at the terminus, we decided to cut across country and pick it up at a little village on the shores of a lake. Unfortunately I cannot divulge the name of this place, as it was just off our map, and as we descended to the lake we found that none of us had the vaguest recollection of what it was called, and we have never discovered from that day to this, where we were supposed to be going to. On the road by the lake were several little log houses, but no signs of a village, so we went to the nearest and enquired in our best Norwegian for "autobus" and "post office," and got absolutely no response. The linguist of the party then stood in the middle of the yard and recited the word post office in every language he could think of, including Russian and broad Scots. This turn was greatly appreciated by the large crowd of men, women, children, cows and goats, but not understood. The phrase book was then brought into play, but unfortunately the first phrase which caught the reader's eye meant "I have lost my motor horn," and he was unable to resist the temptation of reading it out slowly and clearly; in the ensuing confusion there was a clatter on the road below, and the "autobus" passed at great speed and vanished into the dusk! However, we did eventually reach our destination—Roisheim—

in a sort of goods lorry which toured the outlying farms dropping and picking up parcels as it went.

The next day we took our letter of introduction along to the guide, whose name appeared to be Ola-Vola, and who spoke no English. This had long ceased to worry us, and we gathered (quite correctly) that we could go with him on the following day when he went up to Juvvashytte to get it ready for Easter. He took three reindeer sleighs and his aged mother with him and we walked behind. The mother and her bearskin rug must have weighed about thirteen stone, but the reindeer didn't mind a bit when she suddenly got tired of walking, and decided she'd like a ride.

The hut had not been opened since the summer and was full of snow, especially the beds in the rooms facing north, but we had a great stove going, and lots to eat, and didn't find it too uncomfortable. From there we wandered from hut to hut, gradually getting farther west, until at last we fell in with some Norwegians who said they had just skied over from Finse and that we simply must do the tour, as it was the finest running in Norway. They had taken six days over it, going easily, and said that you climbed all the morning and ran down all the afternoon. We were intrigued, but said that we had no maps. "Oh," they said, "take ours and send them back when you arrive, and you must also have our spade, as no one should do long tours in Norway without a spade to dig themselves in with when the blizzard blows." So we gratefully accepted their offer, although the spade was frequently referred to as the "bloody shovel" by the person who had to carry it.

Unfortunately the tour was not a great success, as we were disappointed in our first day, and then the weather broke on us and we had to abandon the idea of getting to Finse and get out of the mountains as best we could as all the huts were closing down after their brief Easter season. The only satisfaction we had out of the first day's tour was that we covered 62 kilometres, and as we'd done a deal of punting on the downhill portions we felt that we'd certainly had a proper Norwegian day of it.

After this, when the weather broke we had to give our serious attention to getting out of the mountains. We studied the local time-tables and found a convenient fjord running well up into the country with a town where steamers called once a week, and after much calculation, we decided we had enough money for second class accommodation and first class food, and, just in time we discovered that the boat we were trying to catch was going north, probably to Iceland, and the Bergen boat left at one in the morning, which wasn't so good especially as we had to walk for a mile in pitch darkness to find the jetty, which we found in great confusion owing to the unwillingness of a small black bull to be embarked!

However, we eventually reached Bergen safely with exactly 6d. between us, and it was all very good fun, though rather a lot of time and energy were expended for the amount of skiing done. And, though they didn't say so, I think that the phrase, "We have not had such weather for fifty years," which one hears so often, would truthfully apply here, as I think it is unusual to have what we had, i.e., quite a lot of sun, very little wind and a fair amount of good snow, which was very fortunate, as it would have been maddening to have gone to so much trouble to get to the huts and then to be cooped up there by bad weather until their brief season of ten days was over.

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