

his teeth and fought all the harder. When they came to the downhill he began to gain, taking all the hills at full speed and when they reached the flat he continued to gain. When the results of the race were posted Art was well down on the list. But the next day when the jumps were held he jumped as I had never seen him jump before. This time, when the results were posted, he was twenty-fourth in the Combined. Considering the field that he was up against and the handicap he was under in the race, this was a wonderful showing. Had the Swedes given him the points he earned in the jumps he would have been in the first fifteen. However, after his plucky uphill fight, I was proud to call him my buddy.

"The week after we left Stockholm we were invited to jump in an exhibition jump at Gjavik. After some inquiries we decided to accept. Attired in our ski togs we boarded the train for Gjavik and wondered what was in store for us on the coming week-end. The train arrived there about eleven o'clock on a bitterly cold night. When we got off the train I noticed that there were a great many people at the station. Before we could get our bearings, a crowd of officials descended on us and led us through the throng. After our greetings were exchanged they told us that they would escort us to our hotel. We walked for some little time before I noticed a sound of tramping feet behind us. I looked back and discovered that we were at the head of a parade! That one glance almost unnerved me. However, I pulled myself together and gave Art a dig in the ribs to make him look back. His face was a study when he saw our exalted position. After we were safe and sound inside our hotel the crowd waited outside for the best part of an hour. I do not know yet what they were waiting for. That night the officials had a fine supper ready for us and talked to us until 1.50 a.m. The next day after the race we were guests at the banquet for the officials. A few nights later we were guests of honor at a huge banquet given to the competitors and three hundred girls that the Club had invited to dance with the boys.

"At Fluberg I was given a reception that was perhaps even a little more hearty.

"Taking the Norwegians as a whole, I found them to be royal entertainers, thorough sports and gentlemen."

SKI-ING IN SWITZERLAND

By H. T. CLIFF

IN THE winter of 1925 it was my good fortune to spend a few weeks a-ski-ing in Switzerland, and the editor of THE ANNUAL has asked me to jot down a few impressions of my all too brief trip.

At last the boat train pulled out of the London station, its coaches packed to overflowing with sportsmen on their annual visit to the Swiss Alps. My fellow travellers represent the very pick of the best class of Britisher, civilian and soldier, leaders in all branches of commercial and professional life, doctors, lawyers, university students in their teens, children with their parents, many on their first visit to this great out-door winter playground, where sport and frivolity reign supreme.

This exodus of the Britisher to Switzerland commences with the closing of the schools for the Christmas holidays, which start about a week before Christmas, and this period seems to have now become the time to pack up the ski gear in the old kit bag and off to the snowy slopes of the Alps. As I pass up and down the corridor train, the holiday spirit and the reckless excitement which permeates every nook and corner of the carriages recalls the memories of the leave train from the front years ago, these merry travellers lacking only the khaki of the Tommies of the old war days.

The crossing of the Channel was a happening of fearful import to some poor souls, to others but an incident; the next excitement was the changing from steam to electric engines, a sure sign we were now well on our way, as

we cautiously mount the ever-increasing grades which are leading us to our mountain destination.

Our train pulls into the little station of Lauterbrunnen, the last stop on the Bernese Oberland line that serves Murren and Wengen. Our ski and baggage are quickly transferred to the rack and pinion funicular railway, and as we start on up the incline which ascends to a height of two thousand feet to the plateau above, we realize that we are on the last short lap of our journey.

Never can I forget the first impression these majestic overpowering mountains made on me that evening. Sitting perched on the top of the luggage as our train crept up and up, just about 8 o'clock, Christmas Eve, the silhouette of these endless ranges spread before me, and in the quiet of the night the mystic spell of the mountains caught and held me. The dark of the heavens, dimly lighted by the twinkling stars and the milky way, the lights in the chalet windows in the valleys, a scene so beautiful that it will last forever in my memory.

Murren at last, the skier's paradise it may well be described, surrounded by precipitous snow slopes of all grades and heights. The upper ski terrain reached by the funicular, a thousand feet above the little village itself, and from there start the countless ski runs down into the valleys. Oh, my sometimes lazy ski friends, just imagine it.

It is a recognized fact throughout Switzerland that "Murren," in organization for the wants of skiers, excels all the other centres. It supports a very active branch of the Ski Club of Great Britain and also the famous Kandahar Ski Club. This latter Club has recently been formed for the main object of encouraging racing among the British ski-runners.

Mr. Arnold Lunn, author, mountaineer and ski enthusiast, makes his headquarters here and is a prominent figure in all matters of organization. May I pay a tribute to this man, who I think has done more to improve the standard of British ski-running than any other. The untiring efforts he has always shown will never be forgotten by anyone who knows him. He is also worthy of particular mention for the way he has fathered the Ski Tests, which are a new development in British ski-ing.

Much has been written in earlier ski articles about the regrettable exhibition that the Britisher formerly made on the snows of Switzerland. It is gratifying to-day, however, to note that a Britisher may enter international competitions and hold his place with the other nations. This is a remarkable fact, as he only spends a few weeks of the year on the snows. A graphic description of a race between a team from the Swiss universities and a team from British universities is described in this year's Annual of the Ski Club of Great Britain. This race has only been held the past two seasons. The Swiss were successful on the first occasion, but the British triumphed last year. It was a great pleasure for me to see this race, which was held at Murren.

The adaptation of ski tests is a question which is coming very much to the fore recently, and I hope we may look forward to the time in Canada when we will have a standard set of Ski Tests modelled on the lines of the British Ski Tests and fostered by the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, which will be the means, I feel sure, of improving the technique of our Canadian ski-runners.

Slalom racing is a recent development on the continent. This was evolved by Mr. Arnold Lunn and was brought out principally to interest and encourage the racing spirit among British runners. This branch had previously been neglected in their training. It has accomplished such good results that to-day a British runner is respected wherever he may enter into competition with other skiers.

Slalom racing could be well adapted to our country for two main reasons: (1) the topography of our country does not permit the holding of long downhill races; (2) snow conditions in Canada cannot be depended on at certain periods during the year.

In Switzerland last year it was sometimes necessary to cancel important downhill races on account of snow conditions being avalanchy and in some

cases during rainy weather. I did not hear of a slalom that was ever cancelled for any reason. It makes no difference how bad the conditions are, a slalom can always be held. If there is insufficient snow to hold a soft snow slalom, you may replace this and hold two hard snow slaloms, and it is indeed rare that this can not be arranged.

At the British Championship at Gstaad this year, owing to unfavorable conditions existing, it was necessary to hold two hard snow slaloms, while the downhill race was transferred to the Lauberhorn, where snow conditions were considerably better.

The International University Ski-ing Meet was held at St. Moritz on January 18-19. I was very happy to accompany Mr. Walter Amstutz from Murren, one of the Swiss representatives. He made an excellent showing there, winning the downhill race, the hard snow slalom, and was fourth in the soft snow slalom, while on the combined results he was second, which is a very credible showing.

Mackintosh, the crack British runner, came second to Amstutz in the downhill race and seventh and sixth in the hard and soft snow slaloms respectively, and in the combined result, sixth. R. B. McConnell, a former resident of Ottawa, running under the colors of McGill University, came tenth in the race and seventh and eighth in the slaloms and eighth on the combined results.

There were eight different countries represented and twenty-three entries in each event.

The return to Murren after the Championship at St. Moritz was planned so that I could spend the last of my trip there, the place I enjoyed most of all in Switzerland. It is very hard to summarize the pleasant memories which will remain with me to the last days of my life, that glorious trip to the top of the world. The friendships made there convinced me that wherever skiers get together there exists a bond of friendship which is universal, and I hope I may have the pleasure of welcoming some of those British skiers to Canada in the near future. The badge of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the "K" of the Kandahar Ski Club will be worn by me always with pride and in memory of the many happy days I spent with our British ski cousins.

As the train pulled out from Murren my heart was full as I realized that the curtain was closing down on this memorable trip and though my mountain romance was finished, the memories of it will linger ever in the years to come.

HOW FAST DO WE SKI?

In the last issue of the "British Ski Year Book" there is an interesting account of the speed of an expert ski-runner. Various guesses have been made from time to time as to the speeds attained in ski-ing. Last winter an attempt was made to estimate the speed at which a ski-runner travels down a steep slope. A starting mark was placed near the top of what is known as Lone Tree Slope at Murren, and a measured distance of about seventy-five metres down the steep slope marked out by flags. The observers, with carefully synchronized stop watches stationed at the pairs of flags, did the timing. Walter Amstutz, a famous runner, was chosen for the experiment and made a flying start, but probably did not attain his maximum speed until twenty metres below the first flag, and probably began to decrease some distance before he passed the finishing flags. Two descents were made and the result arrived at agreed very closely. The snow was about average fast, but not particularly keen. The average speed worked out just a shade under forty miles per hour, from which it seems a fair deduction that ski-runners might conceivably touch fifty miles an hour under exceptional circumstances.