

rural landscape of England. In these quaint villages are shelter and a degree of comfort satisfactory to any sportsman. Not many Tyrolese villages boast grand hotels as in Switzerland but this is a development which is bound to come in time. Unfortunately—for at present jazz bands and lounge-lizards are not prevalent outside of Kitzbuehl.

The Tyrolese themselves are a race of simple mountaineers. Their lives are frugal and they must work hard to scratch a meagre living from a scant and rocky soil. In Soelden and Vent in the Oetztal, I have seen peasants carrying soil in baskets on their backs up to the higher pastures from where every year avalanches carry it down again in spring. Nevertheless in summer the indefatigable peasants restore the soil and actually succeed in raising crops. Such conditions breed men, and the Bavarian and Tyrolese Highlanders have in them many of the sturdy qualities of the hardy Scotch Highlanders whose intrepidity and hardihood conquered the furthest recesses of the Canadian wilderness. The Tyrolese are not only a sturdy people, they are essentially a kindly people, albeit slow and conservative, as is the case of every people shut off from the greater world by mountain barriers. These people are not as yet spoiled, as are the Swiss, by a stream of easy money and gold of foreign tourists. The Tyrolese are Catholic and as deeply religious as are the French-Canadian Habitants. Their shining virtues are cleanliness and fortitude combined with a rough gayety. Among a people of this sort in a country where glittering mountains grasp the sky, any Canadian ski-runner will quickly feel at home.

A SKI JUMP

By GEORGE MARVIN, in "The Outlook"

YOU see him first away up in the afternoon sky, above the snowladen pine-tree tops, a lonely figure suddenly silhouetted against the blue—a brother of the crescent moon, unacquainted with fear. Over the edge of the platform he hobbles, then, transfigured, drops eastward, swooping towards the take-off. At that fraction of a second when, at fifty miles an hour, his long skis leave the "lip," his crouching figure springs into full stature as he gives himself on outspread wings, like a great sea-bird, to the air.

Thus seen it is not a jump. It is a flight, a triumph. A man in spiked shoes has jumped twenty-four feet over cinders, and a horse can leap less than ten feet farther over hurdles or pasteboard boxes. On skis men soar through the air one hundred feet, one hundred and fifty feet, sometimes two hundred feet over the snow, picking up white terra firma again at a speed even greater than when they left it.

Down swoops this big bird out of the sky, and "ke-flum" his two skis close together slap the steep surface of the landing slope as, in a cloud of snow-dust, he is hurled away out of your latitude into the valley below. For less than two seconds—it seems half a minute—he is in the air over you, standing forward beyond the perpendicular like a flying vengeance, greater than man's size, passing through your neighborhood with a rush as of wings. In less than two seconds more, there, far away, he reappears, reduced ten diameters, gliding erect through a white land made of black Lilliputian spectators, to turn at the end of the "run-out" with a graceful "Telemark" swing and stand motionless.

A moment's hush of all that life, in tune with the breathless enchantment of winter. Then, with the applause of the spectators warming his cold ears, he slips back to the foot of the hill.