

where it could be used without difficulties. It has also been said that Schneider has forbidden his pupils the use of the Telemark. This is greatly exaggerated. Schneider has simply found that the Telemark is too dangerous to be employed, without risks, on hard ground, and he therefore recommends to his pupils to learn first, and before anything else, the technique of "Stemmbogen." And this is perfectly right. If we recall the time that an average person needs to become an average skier by the old method, it is really astonishing to see with what rapidity the Arlberg school takes to make of a novice a skier-tourist. The Arlberg method, methodically taught, permits one in a very short time to ski anywhere, without exception, and this is its enormous advantage over the ancient method, the application of which on difficult terrain necessitates long experience and practice.

This does not mean, however, that an excellent skier of the ancient method would not be superior to a mediocre skier practicing the Schneider method; but if we have two perfect skiers, each taught after the two different methods, we will see, without doubt, that the one who uses the Arlberg method will be the more expert, and this has been proved by an examination of the films which clearly show that the actors, all experienced skiers of a superior class, representing the ancient method, could not follow the speed the "Arlberg" skiers were making on the hard descents and when they tried did so at the price of numerous dangerous falls.

The writers of this article have personally followed a course of the Arlberg school at Saint-Anton, and afterwards taught this method in the Vosges. If they recommend it and recognize its superiority over the old methods, it is on account of the favourable experiences which they have been able to make, as students and monitors.

ALBERT MORITZ,
CHARLES DIEBOLD.

"ALL OUT" WITH THE NIGHT RIDERS

By ONE OF THEM

THERE is a certain little-known group of members of the Ottawa Ski Club who take their skiing so seriously that they regularly spend their Saturday nights right on the ground, and who even, on occasion, make Camp Fortune their headquarters from Friday evening to Monday morning. The official name of these extremists is "The Night Riders of the Canyon."

The Night Riders are junior members of the Club who occupy bunks in the Southam and Plant Lodges, named for their donors, Mr. H. S. Southam and Mr. F. Plant, respectively. These are two neat, compact bunkhouses with room for nine occupants each. They stand to the rear of the main lodge of Camp Fortune and are of the same simple style of architecture.

Previous to the donations of the above-named gentlemen, the only quarters available for sleeping accommodation at the Camp consisted of the topmost storey of the main lodge. This was not entirely suitable for the purpose, owing to the fact that it had not been built for this, and to heat it sufficiently during the night was to run the risk of fire. In consequence, the action of Messrs. Plant and Southam was a great and much appreciated boon to all concerned.

By understanding with the donors, occupants of the Plant and Southam Lodges must be juniors, i.e., High School students. In addition to this requirement, holders of bunks must work for the Club when called upon, and must keep their lodges clean and tidy.

This accommodation is supplemented by the hospitality of the President, Mr. C. E. Mortureux, whose private lodge is built at the top of "Mort's Hill," above Camp Fortune, about a quarter of a mile away from the other buildings. Here Captain Joe Morin, the "Slavedriver," and his lieutenants, who do not qualify as juniors, are put up by the President.

Consider, as an example of the work of the Night Riders, their activities on the Canyon one Saturday night in February under a full moon.

The Canyon Trail, main artery of the Club's system, serves to carry, every Sunday, more than a thousand skiers into Fortune. The downhill portion of this trail is usually groomed weekly in readiness for this pilgrimage, since some of the steepest hills are actually dangerous for any but a proficient skier when the snow is packed hard and rutted. At this particular time, however, it had gone almost untouched for some three weeks, there had been little snowfall, and the shorter skiers who used it were complaining that they lost their way in the ruts.

Although their leader, Joe Morin, was not in evidence that night, a locum tenens turned out the Riders about 8.30.

Determined to make a job of the trail which would reflect credit on their training, they climbed to the "Top of the World," half a mile away, and worked their way down the hills, turning over the hard surface of the snow as one spades a garden, breaking up the lumps, raking the top smooth, and packing it firmly by cross-checking down after the rakes.

Down the "Speedway" and round "Hospital Corner" they laboured, and if work on the two lower hills, "P. B." and the "Grand Allee," was confined to smoothing the bad spots and filling in the ruts, there was ample excuse in the fact that it was now 11.30 and they had promised themselves one run to celebrate the finest manicuring the trail had ever had.

Such a prepared surface makes better ski-ing than either new snow or snow packed by skis, and, since it was as smooth as a billiard table for the greater part of its length, there were fewer falls than usual, and it was torn up much less than is generally the case.

A variation in the evening's programme is provided when a race trail must be laid for the next day. The trail for the Province of Ontario Race last winter was broken on a night as black as pitch, under the supervision of Joe Morin, whose particular province this is.

Soon after eight, the squad from the President's lodge slide down, and, with the call of "All out" marshal the Night Riders in file. Equipment for this duty consists of machetes for clearing away brush, red bunting to mark the trail, and head lights (electric lights on the cap with the batteries in the pocket) or, as a less convenient substitute, electric flashes.

The crocodile winds its way across Fortune Lake to the foot of the Cork-screw Slopes. Up here progress is slow, for the trail is indistinct and must be found, if possible, without making false leads which will confuse the racers. Once found, it is clearly marked with bunting, an awkward corner is cut off, boughs that would catch the racers' clothing are cut out with the machetes, and any false trails are blocked with brush.

Then down "Cote du Nord," which is a series of right angles joined by short straight stretches. A fine test of a good ski runner, to make the alternate right and left turns without losing way, but no bargain in pitch darkness to one who does not know it. The easiest way to manage it we found was to stop at each corner. The stop usually consisted of a fall, for the trail is too narrow for much else. This is, of course, "breaking" the trail with a vengeance, and is not conducive to good temper on the part of the racers on the morrow.

Up at seven is the rule at Mort's Lodge, for there are still one or two connecting links of trail to be laid. Therefore, three of us are off before sunrise to make the connection between the foot of "Cote du Nord," where we left off last night, and "Petticoat Lane," a section of the "Little Switzerland" trail. Only a few minutes work is required, putting up bunting and cross-checking, so that the main squad can find it easily when they make their final round before the race.

Just at dawn we turn back, and oh! the glory of that ride down "Petticoat Lane," nearly a mile long and all downhill, in the keen, frosty, morning air, with the sun, just risen over the edge of the hills, gilding the naked trees and throwing a network of faint shadows over the new snow. Never was there such an hour's ski-ing. If every member of the Club could have made that

run that morning, there would have been a boom in alarm clocks and a demand for earlier buses next Sunday.

Then, after breakfast, a three and one-half mile hike takes the spiritually-minded to church in Chelsea, and the remainder set out to look for a hill that has been lost and has evaded its pursuers yesterday, but must be found in time for the race.

P. S. It was.

The formal ritual of the Night Riders consists of picking a frosty morning in January to climb the hill to the President's lodge clad in nothing but caps and boots, there to parade for inspection, ante-breakfast swims after breaking the ice in the creek, the noon bathing suit parade when the Sunday crowd arrives from the city, and similar playful exhibitions of hardihood and foolhardihood.

They also form the official escort on the occasions of the formal visits to the Camp of Their Excellencies, and of the Prime Minister, the patrons of the Club.

Indeed, the Night Riders are a unique band, and their work, which must be its own reward, is invaluable. They carry on the spirit of those fathers of the Club whose energy has given our two thousand members the marvellous system of trails and lodges they now enjoy.



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Directeur Général

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