

to fifteen. They had had a difficult trip up the road in the snow, but after drying out they were in better spirits. On the next morning the weather cleared at last and snow glasses and grease paint was the order of the day. Some of the more adventurous spirits built a jump near the lodge and tried it out on their cross-country skis, while others left on exploring trips in different directions.

All good times, however, must come to an end and Sunday noon found us enjoying a farewell chicken dinner with our chef, and shortly afterwards we were assembled with our packs all ready for our trek back to our cars.

Our stay had been a most enjoyable one, and it was with real regrets that we turned our backs on our home of the last few happy days and commenced our trip back to Vancouver.

We are all looking forward to our next visit here, and intend to make it an annual affair for the Grouse Mountain Ski Club.

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## SKI-ING ON HOLLYBURN

ON HOLLYBURN we have our own peculiar snow conditions—wet and sticky in the middle of the day, with an icy crust early in the morning and late in the evening, making very fast running in the early and later part of the day, and waxing necessary. The snow begins to fall about the middle of November, lasting until the latter part of June, with a depth of from nine to twenty feet and even deeper on the Peaks.

Hollyburn Ridge is a plateau, two miles wide by five miles long, sparsely wooded and with gentle rises, an ideal ski country.

The Club members start out from Vancouver in the late afternoon with a good two hours' hike before them, but the time passes quickly and before we know it we are at the Camp, three thousand feet above sea level. Some spend the evening dancing, a crowd gather around the piano for close harmony, while other fix their skis for an early morning run.

The girl members show keen interest in the sport, taking part in all cross-country runs, the more ambitious making long trips to Mount Strahan and Hollyburn Peak—true sportswomen all. The boys of the Club also have shown sportmanship of the highest order.

“Winning with smiling face:  
Losing with good grace.”

In the crisp morning air, any time between March and June, you will see parties of from five to twenty boys and girls starting for Hollyburn Peak or Mount Strahan.

On the way to the Peak we first encounter the morning mists, these giving place to the bright sunlight which comes stealing through the trees. When we arrive at the Peak we find a wondrous beauty of sunlit snow hanging from the trees in sparkling crystals. We are now forty-eight hundred feet above sea level, with the Fraser River winding to the south, Howe Sound and Vancouver Island to the south-west, and majestic snow-clad peaks stretching as far as the eye can see to the north and north-east.

Dropping down fifteen hundred feet into the valley between Hollyburn Ridge and Mount Strahan we approach Strahan Meadows, an ideal spot for ski-ing, open and rolling country. Next we encounter more wooded areas, soon arriving at our destination—the top of Mount Strahan, a snow-clad plateau.

From here a magnificent view of Howe Sound with its many islands is obtained. We rest for a while, awed into silence by the grandeur of the scene. Then comes the return journey. Speeding with the flight of a bird we reach the valley between Mount Strahan and Hollyburn in about three minutes. From here we climb fifteen hundred feet to the plateau of Hollyburn, with a swift descent from there to the cabin.

Arriving safely at the cabin we put away our skis until the next week-end. After enjoying a mug of Oscar Pearson's famous coffee we gather our belongings and light our bugs (old cans with holes punched in the bottoms in which we stick our candles), groups of which, like fireflies, are soon twinkling down the trail.

A short trip on the ferry takes us back to Vancouver and to the duties of everyday life, which we attack with fervor, feeling very fit after our healthy, invigorating week-end trip.

CLARKE W. HOFFMAN.

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## PIONEER DAYS OF SKI-ING IN WESTERN CANADA

By RUDOLPH J. VERNE

THE EARLY mining booms of British Columbia are surrounded by a colorful romantic glamour of which stalwart pioneers give graphic accounts, if they are in the right mood and you refer to some little incident that happened in days gone by when men were men with hobnail boots and sinews of steel.

On a beautiful winter day back in 1913 we ran across the king of them all, Olav Gjeldnes; he was a grand old man whom you could not help taking a real liking to and admire. He had come all the way from Rossland, that picturesque mountain top mining town, to take in the thrills of a Revelstoke ski meet. He was sorry that the sport of the modern Vikings had faded away in his home town where it once was the centre of attraction at the historically famous old Rossland Winter Carnivals.

But he liked Revelstoke all right, and the big hill seemed just to catch his fancy. If we remember right, he was one of the judges. Among the many competitors was another well-known figure in ski circles, J. Engen from Penticton. He was an exponent of the old style and created a great sensation among the many spectators as he made his landing in the telemark position and holding it to the end of the runway. When the other judges, to whom this was something new, seemed somewhat undecided about giving him full points for style, Mr. Gjeldnes strongly contended that there was no docking to be made.

Messrs. Gjeldnes and Engen became the most popular men in this ski-loving little railroad town, for Revelstoke had put heart and soul in the sport and therefore fully appreciated these two ski pioneers. Gjeldnes, who had made and lost fortunes in mining at Rossland, was the originator and backer of the far-famed Rossland Winter Carnivals; Engen, the first to introduce ski-ing to the American Continent. So to him may be attributed the honour of being the father of ski-ing in the New World.

In those days the elite of ski riders was represented by Anders Haugen, Lars Haugen, Carl Hall, Henry Hall, "Daredevil" Hansen, Sigfried Steinwall, and last but not least, the idol of the West, our own Nels Nelsen. Revelstoke justly claims the honour of being the birthplace of competitive ski-ing in the West and has been holding its leading position ever since 1914. Its magnificent hill has been developed till it at last reached such proportions that 200 feet jumps were looked upon as commonplace and from the point of projection no hill in the world can compete with it. If you are fortunate enough to be able to take in their great ski tournament, you will be heartily welcomed. Dave Orr, the energetic Club secretary, Drennan Holten, the popular president, and Nels Nelsen, the famous Club captain, with a great bunch of followers, will meet the visiting skiers at the train, put you up at the best hotel in town and make you feel right at home.