

*Afternoon*— 2.15 Arena—Men's figure skating. School figures.  
2.15 Stadium—Hockey.  
3.45 Stadium—Hockey.  
*Evening* — 8.15 Arena—Men's figure skating. Free figures.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

*Morning* — 9.30 Mount Van Hoevenberg—Bob-Run. 2-man bob races. Heats 3 and 4.  
9.30 Arena — Women's figure skating. School figures.  
*Afternoon*— 2.15 Arena — Women's figure skating. School figures.  
2.15 Stadium—Hockey.  
*Evening* — 8.15 Arena — Women's figure skating. Free figures.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

*Morning* — 9.30 Start and finish at Stadium—18 kilometre ski race.  
10.30 Stadium—Hockey.  
*Afternoon*— 2.15 Stadium—Hockey.  
3.45 Stadium—Hockey.

*Evening* — 8.15 Arena—Figure skating Couples.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

*Morning* — 9.30 Mount Van Hoevenberg—Bob-Run. 4-man bob races. Heats 1 and 2.  
*Afternoon*— 2.15 Olympic Ski Hill—Ski jump. Combined event.  
*Evening* — 8.15 Arena—Hockey.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12

*Morning* — 9.30 Mount Van Hoevenberg—Bob-Run. 4-man bob races. Heats 3 and 4.  
*Afternoon*— 2.15 Olympic Ski Hill—Ski jump.  
2.15 Stadium—Hockey.  
*Evening* — 8.15 Arena—Hockey.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

*Morning* — 8.00 Start and finish at Stadium—50 kilometre ski race.  
*Afternoon*— 3.45 Closing Ceremonies—Award of prizes and diplomas.

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## MY SKI-ING HOLIDAY IN CANADA

By A. H. d'EGVILLE

*Kandahar Ski Club, Ski Club of Great Britain, University Ski Club,  
Swiss University Ski Club, Alpine Ski Club*

LEAVING snowless New York city in the evening about seven, I awoke early on Christmas morning to the realization that I was passing through Canada. I dressed excitedly and proceeded to eat the largest breakfast I have ever seen. There was snow everywhere and the crisp tang in the air sent a familiar thrill through my body. It was not long before we reached Montreal and turned west towards Ottawa. The train was nearly empty and I paced the parlour car alone devouring the winter landscape outside.

At 11 a.m. we drew into Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and there on the station platform was Miss Diana Kingsmill waiting with her car, and in due course we arrived at Ballybeg, wig-wam of the Kingsmills, haven of complete rest and comfort.

We had passed the Admiral on the road. His greeting was characteristic. It consisted of a handshake and a statement to the effect that he would about turn and prepare cocktails. A few moments later he arrived and mixed one of the finest I have ever tasted, and remembering the statement of another famous admiral that "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," I sank three of the enemy, who, however, scored a powerful hit amidships.

I had arrived without any skis or boots, as my own had been held up in the New York customs, but Diana gave me a pair of her skis and borrowed a pair of boots for me which fitted perfectly, and at 2.30 I was arrayed completely.

For years I had heard of the terraces in the Kingsmill's garden, and let me tell you that those terraces are quite upsetting on your first day. I ought to know. I upset. But after a few runs down I began to find my feet—I had had them all the time and never noticed them—and mounting once more the trusty Ford, we went full steam ahead, with the decks cleared for action to the golf course, where we had a couple of hours first rate ski practice on the long open slopes there and met some runners against whose ski-ing I have no complaints whatever.

As this is meant to be chiefly a description of a ski-ing holiday in Canada, I will pass over the round of hospitality, teas, dinners, Christmas presents, lunches and what not and pass on to a visit to Rockliffe Park on the following day. It is here that the Ottawans have their ski jump and a very fearsome one it is to look at. I looked at it and excused myself from actually trying it whereupon we went into the Gatineau hills to see the young and old Canadians enjoying themselves. This place is great fun and on holidays and week-ends hundreds of people turn out and the woods fairly clatter to the sound of whizzing bodies, snapping skis and grinding teeth. The wood running here is interesting and not too difficult, and he who can turn at will avoids many a contretemps with an immovable tree. On the top of one of the hills is a splendid hut where we had coffee and sandwiches.

It is great fun ski-ing down some of the trails through the woods. You get up a great speed, and we leapt and shouted after the manner of the better skiers. At sunset we skied home through the woods. The scenery was lovely and it seemed impossible that only three days ago I had been in the roar of New York city. A day or so of this made me feel ten years younger. The Admiral not only looks younger, but is actually losing age every month.



TIMBER WOLVES

Over the week-end, Diana had arranged a splendid party of G. Y. T.'s, or Gay Young Things, at a place called Wakefield, about an hour and a half up the Gatineau River. The train was packed with skiers and it was quite like the old Halfway House train at Murren which I know so well. The party, about twenty, occupied the entire hotel, a splendid little place with two helpings of everything. The Admiral had provided me with the world's largest flask in case of accidents, and I had a couple of big accidents the moment I arrived. Besides in the inn was a certain Major, with bottles and bottles of De Kuyper's gin. God rest his soul—the Major's I mean, not so much De Kuyper, though I helped the Major out of a great difficulty by drinking nearly a whole bottle to prevent it going mildewed. After dinner we played charades. I was rotten. I must take a course in "How to become a 100 per cent charader and earn big dough on the side. Be popular! Be the life and soul of the party. Send no money! Merely pay the postman three hundred dollars and a few cents postage. The College of Charades. Olikaboof. Wash."

That night we sallied forth to try a bit of road ski-ing by moonlight.

Unfortunately there was no moon, but that made no difference till you hit an electric light post or a wandering cow.

Next morning we set out to ski about the hills and woods behind the inn. Most of the morning was spent slaloming on a first rate hill and the afternoon attempting suicide among some jolly bumps among the trees. Someone found a narrow run down a steep hill among the fir trees and the idea was to get down without hitting any of them. I apparently misunderstood the instructions. There are now hardly any trees in that area. Incidentally, I noticed that Diana had improved about one hundred per cent in her running.

After a dinner which would have pleased an elephant we went out and skied down the aforesaid steep road again. There were one or two lights here and there, but mostly *here* if you were *there* and *there* if you were *here*. Most of us felt neither here nor there the next morning. I still bear the imprint of a five-barred gate in the small of my back, which may be viewed for a few cents.

That evening late we returned to Ottawa and on the following day I departed for the Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay. I was sad to have to leave the Kingsmills. They did give me such a bully good time.

It is at Murray Bay that the Canada Steamship Lines have opened a new winter sport resort. The hotel is quite one of the very finest I have ever seen, looking over the St. Lawrence and containing one of the most complete collections of Canadian historical prints extant.

The first person I met was Miss Emily Yates, a member of the Lone Tree Club of Murren, and downstairs in no less a place than the café I met for the first time Mr. H. P. Douglas, President of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, known to the fraternity at large as H.P. It is at once evident to anyone who meets "H.P." that he is quite obviously the man for the job. He is certainly one of the most kind and genial men I ever met with a tremendous sense of humour.

It was New Year's Eve and the hotel was gay. I personally attended 97 cocktail parties before and after dinner and, as far as I am able to find out, dined at three quite distinct tables, with the perfectly natural result that I was not quite so keen on the 9.30 ski-ing party which had seemed such a good idea the night before. Nobody knew where anybody was. Most of us did not quite know where we were ourselves. Cliff of the Toronto Ski Club was wandering around in a state of semi-coma and the remainder of the party could only open their eyes with the aid of a jimmy. Nevertheless, at 10.30 the party finally got itself outside the hotel, fell into a sleigh and a deep sleep and rumbled off up the hill to the ski club hut which in summer is the golf club hut. At about 12.30 we arrived and after being stood on our feet by an amiable French Canadian driver who said "Voila!" by way of reassurance, we decided that we *must* ski before lunch to sop that sinking feeling. This we proceeded to do and it did not take long to discover that H. P. had skied before and that Cliff is better than ever and still maintains an excellent style.

Lunch consisted of bacon and eggs and coffee and cakes, and after allowing full time for the digestive organs to fulfill their destiny, we set off to the slopes above the hut. This is indeed admirable ski country in character and reminding me strongly of Murren, the lower part being through thick woods with broad winding trails running down to the Manoir. Anyone who can run this country fast and stand is doing very nicely. The trail ski-ing is most exciting and it is better if you can turn well and fast if necessary. There are, of course, many ways down to the Manoir and there will be still more next year as they are clearing trails during the summer. But in this particular season, the most popular was by way of the "lumber trail," a long, winding, steep path which enters the woods about half a mile below the club hut. The country is lovely. As you stand outside the hut, with the green blue sky overhead and crystal snow sparkling all round you, you look down upon the silver grey ribbon of the St. Lawrence about sixteen miles wide at this point, dotted with huge blocks of snow covered ice moving up and down stream with the tide. Far above the hut are big open fields like those we know so well on the lower portion of the Schneidegg-Grindelwald run. Then you enter some woods where the trees

are spread just so you can see ahead and turn in comfort. Then follow the slopes on either side of the clubhouse and these are fast and varied and long. I know of no nicer stretch than that from the golf house to the top of the wood that leads to the Manoir. And then the wood trails, which I found the greatest fun.

There is a good ski jumping hill at the Manoir, an admirable bob run, a splendid skating rink, ski-joring, dog-sledding, curling, and for indoor exercise badminton and a splendid orchestra for dancing.

We founded a ski club almost immediately and it is going like smoke. You badge hunters will have no end of a job finding a better badge than that of the "Timber Wolves." Its rules and its objects are, of course, based upon the particular type of country in the Murray Bay area. There are three grades within the Club. On passing the Club test (a time descent over a marked course) the runner becomes a Timber Wolf, a member of the pack. To become a Pack Leader he must show that he can move at a fair pace over country under differing conditions and deal satisfactorily with the trails. To gain the gold badge of the Lone Wolf, a runner must be self-reliant and able to look after himself, and to run fast and continuously over country under all conditions.

On my return to Montreal I met again H. P., lunched with him at his Club, of which he kindly made me a temporary member. The thing that strikes you about these Canadian clubs is that they are so like the old ones we are so used to seeing in St. James Street and Pall Mall, and consequently there is a familiar atmosphere the moment you get inside them. Next day I lunched with him at his house and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Douglas who was tremendously kind. H. P. and I then went up on foot, but a short walk, to Mount Royal, only a few hundred yards away from his house. We put on our skis and climbed to the top. H. P. is a terrific man up hill and kept me very busy indeed.

Mount Royal is a big wide terrain about 700 feet high and several thousand acres in area, covered with wide-spaced trees and long wide glades. On Saturdays and Sundays it is a marvelous sight. The snow is literally covered with flying figures of all sizes and shapes dashing down through the trees and yelping with delight. Everybody tries a bit of jumping and all have a first class balance. In addition to Mount Royal proper, there are two other mountains, Westmount and Outremont, of about the same size, so that there is really a vast area upon which one may spend a splendid day's ski-ing among really varied surroundings and ever-changing ground. It was to one of these much less frequented hills that H. P. conducted me. On the way we passed the famous ice toboggan slide and watched a few brave people hurtling down like thunderbolts. The toboggan, which is flat, fits into the groove exactly, and as the run has no bends whatever there is no danger of an upset and the speed is terrific. The ski-ing on this second hill was delightful and we seemed to be the only people who had ever discovered it. On reaching the bottom of the far slope we came in view of the Montreal Ski Club house and jumping hill. It is an admirable jump and there was plenty of jumping going on. The club house was packed with ski runners from all over, and the atmosphere reminded one of certain huts and inns known to us in Switzerland.

On the following day, H. P. took Miss Yates and myself to Shawbridge, a well-known ski-ing centre about an hour and a half north of Montreal. My watch being slow I appeared on the platform as the train was leaving, but a charming conductor espied me and brought the train to a standstill so that I might not be left behind. The train was really a sight. There seemed to be at least three million ski runners, each having six pairs of skis, to say nothing of a couple of rucksacks, and a very jolly party it was.

Shawbridge has without doubt one of the finest slalom hills I have ever seen. This is most decidedly the place to have the 1932 Olympic Slalom, if we could only persuade the Americans to let us off Lake Placid. But I feel that that is too much to ask. The country is very like the Black Forest of Germany with a touch of parts of the Arlberg. H. P. took us for an excellent cross-country run and showed us another big hill that filled our hearts with joy. It is most

amusing and interesting running, through woods, down trails, across lakes and fields, and down long slopes that remind one of the lower part of Tschuggen Glade, and I begin to think it is a bit unfair that the confounded Montrealers should have all this to themselves just outside the city walls, so to speak. On the way back we called in at the house of some people who have built a huge wooden house in the Norwegian style, perched on the edge of a lake in the woods. I loved it. The whiskey was excellent and very warming, and I noticed that my technique improved about ten per cent after a couple of glasses had been poured down. At about six we reached one of the other huts belonging to the Montreal Ski Club where there was a roaring fire going, and after a few minutes rest, we descended to the Laurentian Club via the excellent slalom hill aforementioned, and very thrilling it was.

A few days later I was invited by the Canadian Pacific Railway to go and visit Quebec. It is a most interesting and beautiful place, mostly French and therefore extremely comfortable to live in. The Chateau Frontenac, the C.P.R. Hotel overlooking the St. Lawrence, is a veritable palace and I must say I was treated like a king. I had a very good day's ski-ing with the Quebec Ski Club who were making one of their periodical visits to Lac St. Charles. The sun was bright and the snow in perfect condition, and I suppose we did about sixteen or seventeen miles altogether and I never felt better in my life. The party was almost entirely composed of French Canadians, everyone of whom wore the Habitant Sash, which is a charming custom of the country. They can all jump a bit and will career over anything whether they have jumped before or not. There is good ski country round Quebec, especially in the region of Beaupre. No one who gets as far as Montreal should fail to visit Quebec which is only a few hours away.

On the following Sunday I again visited Shawbridge with a Canadian friend of mine, Alastair Grant, who very kindly invited me to accompany him. He is a very good runner indeed and being an official of the Montreal Ski Club was a most useful person in every way. I did not come away from Canada without learning something. One in particular was watching Mr. Johannsen ski-ing through the trees. As his name indicates, he is a Norwegian and a most charming person in every way. He has also a son and a daughter who can make you sit up and take notice on skis.

On this particular day there was a Langlauf over a course of about eighteen miles, and Grant and myself followed the race at a respectful distance. The country was lovely and during the course of the day I had good opportunities of seeing many varieties of it—and all in brilliant sunlight. It is of the "up-and-down" variety, that is to say, you climb a few hundred feet and then go down a few hundred feet and then amble along till you come to the next hill. This kind of running has one great advantage, and that is you do not tire yourself out with one long climb. You climb the first hill fresh and run down the other side fresh. You climb the last hill slowly, because you are tired, and you run down the other side quietly for the same reason. We reached the club house in the dark and instead of running down by the big slalom hill, we descended by the lumber trail which is not quite so steep, but it is a splendid run and I would like to do it by day. It is fast but never dangerous, even in the dark.

Two days later I had to return to New York, carrying with me memories I am never likely to forget. Ski Heil.