

evening star," said Joe, who is, in his own way, a poet, "hung above the amber after-glow so soft, so brilliant that she seemed to bathe in her own silver light." But moon and star and after-glow were not enough to guide them to the cabin, which, as they afterwards discovered, lay hidden in the bush. However, knowing that there was another cabin, another ten miles on, they pressed forward, weary, but making the most of the moonlight in the snow.

Twenty-eight hours of steady going, day and night, made Warden Bowlin's cabin at Sunwapta doubly a haven. "And I cannot remember a better meal in my life!" said Joe. "The advice of our host to take a day's rest was obeyed, and it was there—in the Sunwapta cabin—that I made the acquaintance of Elinor Glyn."

After a side trip down the Sunwapta River and up the Athabaska to the branch of the Chaba, where they gazed on more marvellous pictures of what Joe had no hesitation in calling "God's masterwork, the mountains," they turned back to the cabin, rested, and pushed out on their skis to do the final lap of the strenuous journey.

"Athabaska Falls cabin was to be our next stop. Either the Athabaska River itself or the telephone line was our guide. The sun was still good for several views of supreme splendor at the Falls, so I decided to take advantage and expose what was left of my film material.

"Athabaska Falls cabin was equipped with a radio set, and it was a fascinating experience to be away up there in the snowy mountains listening to an orchestra in Nebraska, or a band in Seattle. Everything could be heard as clearly as if I was sitting at the elbows of the players. It may have taken days for Ernie Niederer and I to conquer the strongholds of the mountains in winter, but how easily that music leapt over the earth!

"We reached Jasper on the twenty-fourth of March—having left Maligne Lake chalet on the eighth. We enjoyed fine weather on the rest of the way, but for the last three miles, there was no snow at all. The skis had to be carried on our shoulders. Strange to be on skis for 200 to 250 miles and not to be able to finish the last lap on them!"

"Well, Joe, all I can say is, I envy you," said I, as I studied a photograph of the snowy trail leading off through the heavy-laden white woods to the distant high passes that looked down over miles of tossed and gleaming mountains.

"Any average ski-runner would be able to undertake such a tour," Joe replied. "Ski-ing," he said, as he gathered up his photographs, "is simple and subtle. It is simple, because the movement owes nothing to machinery; between the ski-runner and the hillside there is nothing but the sensitive ash, which responds to every change of rhythm in the slope. It is subtle, because the snow is subtle; the hills are never the same, and the snow is never the same. Every run is a new discovery, every snowfall a new creation."

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## OUR LADY SKI RUNNERS OF THE WEST

AN APPRECIATION by RUDOLPH J. VERNE

THE many ski clubs all over the vast western territory are indeed justly proud over the splendid response of the fair sex when the ski clarion echoes down from the snow-covered mountains. In several clubs the ladies are numerically on even terms with the men and they show as keen an interest in the sport. Way up north near the Yukon-Alaska border at beautiful Burns Lake, we got some great thrills when watching the splendid performances of Gertie Wahman, the pride of the Omineca Ski Club, who won both the jumping and the racing events in great style at the local ski club British Columbia championship carnival. Isabel Marshal, Ella Sorli, Jean Linton, Irene Smith, Marjorie Stanyer, Myrtle Gerow, 12 to 15 years' youngsters, were all proud prize winners of the Club members, showing great talent, thanks to the able coaching of their popular club captain and Western title holder, Pete Sandnes.

Diminutive Mia Schjelderup in the 9-12 girls' class, and Olive Gerow, winning respectively first and second, gave some wonderful performances that aroused enthusiasm among the sport-loving citizens of the Omineca district.

And further down the long-stretched mountain provinces of British Columbia, at the city of Vancouver, where skiing territory can only be reached after hours of mountain climbing, the ladies are very much to the fore when tournament bugles ring out their welcome signals. Line-ups of fifteen to twenty well-trained girl skiers are feature events in the activities of the local ski clubs. After a great many keen contests, Daisy Bourdon acquitted herself as the undisputed Lady Champion skier of both the Hollyburn Pacific Ski Club as well as of the Vancouver district. The Grouse Mountain Ski Club and the Vancouver Winter Sports Club are well to the front with an ever increasing number of keen lady ski enthusiasts.

In the interior of British Columbia, Revelstoke have a number of first rank lady skiers, some of whom have learned their skiing back in Norway, and these are yet too good for the Coast girls to beat, as was shown at last year's tournament, when the Coast Champion, Daisy Bourdon, went down to defeat against Mrs. A. Turnroos. Mrs. A. Gunnarson is also a prominent ski competitor from across the seas and has won many a ski race in the West since back in 1912, when the Revelstoke Ski Club was in the making. Although this persistent pioneer sportswoman is around forty-eight, she can still hold her own against anyone of the younger set. In this respect she stands out as the most remarkable lady skier in the Dominion, a fact that Revelstoke Ski Club justly can be proud of. This surely does not coincide with the statement of Mr. Arnold Lunn of London, England, who in the last Ski Annual made the startling remark that "there are no first-class lady ski runners in Norway." Anyone that is at all familiar with ski conditions in that country will take exception to such an absolutely erroneous statement, which has caused unfavourable comment among the entire skiing fraternity of the West, both Scandinavian and Canadian sportsmen. We take off our hats gallantly for our splendid Western lady skiers without forgetting to bow to the ladies of the land that taught the rest of the world to ski.

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## AN IMPRESSION OF THE SKI TOURNAMENTS HELD IN THE WEST LAST WINTER

By FRED FINCKENHAGEN and O. B. OMMUNSDEN

**T**HIS article has been written with the thought that a few remarks on the ski hills and competitions of the West might be of interest to our skiing friends in the East. The competitions staged by the interior clubs are held at a time to take advantage of the best weather and also in conjunction with one another to allow the competitors from a distance to get to them all. So for the past three winters a party of from ten to fifteen skiers from the local clubs has left Vancouver for the interior for a little friendly competition and a two weeks' holiday.

We started out from Vancouver on January 28 at 8 p.m. by C.P.R. bound for Princeton which is about two hundred miles to the east in the Cascade Mountains. We arrived at 4 a.m. the next morning and in spite of the early hour there was someone to meet us and escort us to the hotel. As this was our first visit and the first open competition held by the Princeton Ski Club, whose hill we had heard a lot about, we were up bright and early to look it over. We had expected a good sized hill but found it to be one of the largest and steepest any of us had ever seen in Canada. Most of it is natural with the exception of a twenty-five foot trestle and a small bridge under the take-off to give it a hump. The distance from the bottom to the take-off is about