

Games at Lake Placid, took eleventh place.

The Moosilauke down-mountain course is maintained by the Dartmouth Outing Club and follows a winding abandoned carriage road which drops 2,330 feet in 2.7 miles. The start is made just below the summit at a point approximately 4,000 feet above sea level. While the course has no particularly steep pitches—in the Alpine sense, at least—it furnishes a good test of controlled trail running, for the runner is confined constantly by thick brush and forest growth, and the trail itself, with its many switch-backs and right angle turns, varies from occasionally less than six feet to seldom more than fifteen feet in width.

It is the only course in the United States on which downhill races have been held over a period of years, and thus serves as a yardstick to measure the steady improvement in downhill technique that has been made since the sport first attained a measure of popularity with American runners. The best time over the course was made by Fritz Steuri, the Swiss, who spent the winter of 1931-32 in New Hampshire as instructor for the Woodstock Ski-runners Club. Steuri ran the course in 1932 in 7 min. .06 sec., but his performance was not considered an official record as he shortened the course somewhat by a beautiful bit of woods running through a cut-off. Officials had failed to inform him that no short cuts were to be permitted from the established trail. The first race held over the present course was in 1928. Since

then representative times have been as follows:—

1928—12:24.4	—T. N. Brittan, Dartmouth
1929—11:59.4	—Charles N. Proctor, Dartmouth
1930—11:29.	—Charles No. Proctor } Special Class
10:59.	—Guido Reuge } Event
10:23.	—H. N. Sander, Dartmouth
1931— 9:54.	—Robert Livermore, Havard
1932— 8:29.	—Harry Hillman, Jr. (Official Record)
8:12.	—C. N. Proctor (Hors Concours)
7:06.	—Fritz Steuri
1933— 8:00.8	—H. S. Woods (Official Record)
7:22.	—C. N. Proctor (Hors Concours)

The race was run under F.I.S. rules, and proved to be a model for future events of its kind in the United States, where the organization and conduct of downhill events is decidedly a new innovation. All competitors were given their numbers, starting times, and general instructions at the finish line and then sent up the trail in a body in ample time to reach the start without fatigue. The trail was then closed to late comers or spectators whose presence on so narrow a course would have interfered with the runners. The race committee had the assistance of a small and enthusiastic army of undergraduate members of the Outing Club to police the course and attend to the innumerable small details which contribute to the success of a meeting.

The race committee of the Dartmouth Outing Club consisted of R. C. Syvertsen, Chairman; J. W. McCrillis, Referee; C. N. Proctor, Chief of Course; and L. F. Murch, Chief Timer.

## BACK IN 1759

CLIFFORD WILSON

THE following description of an old type of ski is taken from the journal of a British officer at the Siege of Quebec. After describing the Canadian snowshoe, he goes on to say:—

"This invention which I have delineated seems to be a great improvement upon the kind used by the Russians and Calmuc Tartars in Siberia; one of their travellers thus describes them:—

"They are made of a very thin piece of light wood, about five feet long, and five or six inches broad, inclining to a point before, and square behind; in the middle is fixed a thong, through which the feet are put: on these shoes a person may walk over the deepest snow, for a man's weight will not sink him above an inch; these, however, can only be used on plains. They have a different sort for ascending hills, with the skins of seals glued to their boards, having the hair inclined backwards, which prevents

the sliding of the shoes, so that they can ascend a hill very easily; and in descending they slide downwards at a great rate."

This idea does not appeal to the diarist, Captain Knox, in the very least degree, for he proceeds to point out that:—

"In America they have only one kind of snow-shoe, both for hill and dale, and, by their central part being worked, as I have observed before, racket-fashion, they cannot slip backwards or forward, in going up or down a precipice; besides, a board seems to be a rude discovery; for, when the snow clots to the under parts, it must render them heavy and troublesome; and I am inclined to think the tightness, that seems requisite in fastening on a boarded shoe of such an unwieldy length, must incommode the foot considerably."

One must not, however, gather from this that the gallant captain was not a winter

sports enthusiast, for on more than one occasion, that winter of 1759-60, he speaks of the excellence of the skating between Quebec and the south shore. And it is to be doubted if even our most expert langlauf champions would exactly cherish the idea of hurtling down one of the well-wooded slopes

of the Quebec plateau, with all the impedimenta of a British Regular of that day strapped to his person, while Canadian marksmen were potting at him from behind the trees. Given those circumstances, one can easily understand the soldier's predilection for the snowshoe.

## SPRING AND SUMMER SKIING AT GROUSE MOUNTAIN

By LINDSAY LOUET

*President Grouse Mountain Ski Club*

WHEN the word "ski-ing" is heard, one usually associates it with winter—a time of cold weather and blizzards—particularly the months of December, January and February. In Vancouver, however, where the snows lie in the mountains late in the Spring, on the ski-ing grounds of Grouse Mountain it may mean March and April and perhaps even as late as the beginning of May.

It is not customary though to think of ski-ing in such summer months as June and July. By June the last traces of snow have disappeared from the more accessible ski-ing grounds, and only on the higher peaks such as Cathedral Mountain and The Lions may patches of white be seen.

An exception to the rule was the last ski-ing season. So heavy were the snowfalls on Grouse Mountain during the winter that there still remained ten feet of snow on the Plateau in early June. An hour's travel further into the mountains and there was as much as eighteen feet! Small wonder then that each week-end a group of skiers could be seen sporting themselves in the snows. Each Saturday they would vow it would be their last trip of the season, and each Sunday night they would agree that the ski-ing was so excellent that they simply must return for just one more week-end.

As early as April signs of "springtime ski-ing" were to be seen. On sunny days the more venturesome skiers would discard the conventional warm windbreakers and ski slacks, and would appear clad in bathing suits or shorts. Every bright day they appeared in this attire, so that by the time the outdoor swimming season started on the Vancouver beaches these skiers had already acquired a deep coat of tan.

Swimming and ski-ing the same week-end became quite the thing. On Saturday afternoons all would gather at one of Vancouver's many popular beaches. After a swim, an hour's drive would take them to the ski-ing grounds on Grouse Mountain. There they would partake of a hearty supper, then an

hour or two of ski-ing before darkness set in. Some would favour the slalom course, others the jumping hill, still others would be content to do a little leisurely ski-ing around the Plateau.

On Sundays lunches would be made up and all would set off to spend the day on Thunderbird Ridge, about an hour's trip into the mountains from the Clubhouse. Here were to be found a variety of slopes to suit the abilities of every skier. Long, steep runs for the experts. Shorter and easier ones for the beginners. The day would pass all too quickly, and soon it would be time to return to the Clubhouse for supper. After supper, more jumping in the cool of the evening, for then the snow on the jumping hill would be lightning-fast and record jumps would be possible.

All through May and June these happy week-ends continued. Slowly but surely, however, the warm winds and the summer sun were winning the battle. By the end of June it was only a matter of days until the snow would disappear altogether. It had held out remarkably well, but bare spots were beginning to appear on the jumping hill. Nothing daunted, the persistent skiers shovelled snow onto the take-off and landing hill from what remained of drifts at the sides. On this renovated hill one skier on July 2 made as many as seventeen jumps.

The grand finale was written when, just before dusk on July 4, two skiers drove up after work from Vancouver for their last jump of the season. Each made two perfect leaps, leaving a take-off just two feet wide, soaring through the air high above a jumbled mass of boards, roots and rocks, and landing on a narrow track of snow barely eight feet wide and just deep enough to prevent the skis from sinking through to the rocks underneath. Reluctantly it was agreed that summer had won out at last, and it was time to forsake the mountains and return to sea level for the more seasonable sports of tennis and swimming.