

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

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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.