

Jones's." This erroneous impression of hard work must not even be allowed to enter his head. He must be taught from the very beginning that ski-ing is not hard work but a game of skill and that after a few fundamentals have been mastered he will derive great pleasure and satisfaction from this sport. Therefore, in loyalty to your club and our association and, shall I say, your own interest, help the novice. You will very often gain an influential friend and, what's more, you may even find someone who is willing to share your joys and troubles for the rest of your life. Well, we have seen it happen more than once!

For many years the clubs in Western Canada have sent their best skiers to the Western United States, there to introduce the sport and assist in formation of ski clubs, with the result that ski-ing received a great impetus, not only in the North-western States but in California as well. Our friends across the imaginary boundary were quick to see the benefits to be derived from this sport, and now we have to step lively to even keep up with those go-getters down south. Mutual goodwill and a desire to be of help to each other is the natural consequence of this missionary work of our ski-ing ambassadors in Uncle Sam's domain.

In the last few years we have witnessed a great improvement in the desire for touring and the facilities necessary for this type of ski-ing. With touring I mean climbing up hill and down dale,

swinging along the ski trails alone or in company with people of our ilk, running down shady lanes or along a logging road, camping under a tree or in a well appointed ski camp of some deserving club. Touring is an activity wherein you forget your cares and where such mysterious things as ski waxes, maps, weather charts, the contents of your rucksack, and not to mention your "Mickey," become all important. The moon, even, seems to have a queer magic affect on these journeys and has been known to assert its mischievous influence on certain unsuspecting individuals, and with dire results, if frequent lamentations by once free, but now bound and tagged, skiers can be vouched for.

And now, you skiers from Quebec and British Columbia, and also you from intermediate points, gather under the banner of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association and assist us in promoting this sport of the Vikings. Help us, that we may be better equipped to cope with the many difficulties confronting us at this time. With your valued assistance we may give Canadian ski-ing the place it deserves in the sun, so that when you and I grow old we can, with pride, say to our youngsters, "This, my son, is the sport I have helped to create and nurse through thick and thin, through growing pains and difficulties, so that you may enjoy it freely," and he with chesty pride can say "My dad did all this for us. Hail to his memory!"

## Mountain Ski-ing near Vancouver

*By Pollough Pogue*

WITH the advantage of convenient mountain country having a moderate winter with a heavy snowfall, the development of ski-ing in the west has been rapid and healthy.

In the mountains physical features and laws of nature combine to make ski-ing magnificent and spectacular, such a sport as the Norse gods might have loved in silver-glittering Asgard, their bright abode.

Leaving the mild and snowless city of Vancouver on a winter morning, skiers cross the fiord-like harbor on a ferry. The farther shore is backed by the mighty bulwark of the coast range, enormous mountain masses matted with dark timber lifting grandly to high forests wrapped in snow, and big peaks hugely carved and hooded with shining white.

From the top of a suburban street a trail climbs the mountain. For half a mile it winds through second-growth timber, red alder and broad-leaved maple, Douglas fir, western hemlock and western red cedar, dense and green among big stumps, the still erect bones of tree giants left by old fires. The lower slopes were logged off and

burnt over many years back. At about two thousand feet above sea level the trail enters first-growth timber, all coniferous, the ancient coast mountain forest where there has never been a bush fire and no lumbering has ever been done.

Here the snow begins. A pounded and gouged boot-track begriming the white now heads upward through a vast temple, still and solemn, with a lofty roof supported by the columns of great trees. Through a few interstices lances of sunlight flash down upon the ivory floor.

The snow deepens as the trail mounts. Here and there near the trail are small dark cabins of logs, snuggling close to the ground. As it perseveres upward the cabins become more numerous, and the snow, deepening with the increasing elevation, rises around their walls like a slow white tide. Hiking doggedly in single file up the path, by now a narrow trench ploughed out by thousands of trudging boots, the skiers finally reach a sprawling ski-camp with a scramble of cabins sunk to their eaves in snow in a big clearing on the shore of a snow-buried lake. The trip from the city has been made in two hours.



Cut courtesy Toronto Ski Runner

Scented wood-smoke is rising from the cabin chimneys. There is an appetizing smell of cookery. The air at this elevation of three thousand feet is crisp. This is the Hollyburn ski-camp, the oldest on the Pacific coast, a true caravansary of the snows, whose *piece de resistance* is Swedish coffee, a powerful stimulant also efficacious as an embrocation or liniment if you have muscular cramps or aches!

The place is swarming with cheery skiers enjoying a scintillating day. Most of the skiers are heading upward toward the high plateaus, after a mid-day meal eaten with devastating appetite. They pole through a forest wrapped in white. The great evergreens have folded their wing-like boughs, weighed down with pads of snow, close to their trunks. Some of the younger trees stoop low under heavy packs of snow which has molded itself over their bowed backs and bent tips so that they look like shrouded gargoyles. Tall and slender sapling pines have bent under their loads until they touch their toes as if to show how supple they are. The snow has filled the forest with shapes modelled on bent hemlocks, firs and cypresses. Rampikes and snags, broken stubs of dead and moldering trees, have become obelisks and monoliths of white. There are grotesque shapes akin to totemic animals and birds. There are nuns in white habits, kneeling as if in prayer.

Presently the skiers reach the upper country, nearly a mile in air and several square miles in extent, a magnificent ski-ing ground. From these plateaus you can look down and see the city of Vancouver below: in daylight a map in pastel colors, at night cross-hatched lines of gold stitching. In clear weather the view extends in every direction for at least a hundred miles.

These superlative ski-ing grounds are the summit areas and tablelands of Mounts Hollyburn and Strachan. It was here that a few Swedish and Norwegian skiers twelve years ago prepared the way for the wonderful development of ski-ing which has taken place within the last few winters. It was here that the pioneer ski club on the Pacific coast, the Hollyburn Ski Club, was founded in 1926 by Mr. Rudolf Verne. The Hollyburn club's first combined ski competition was the first ever held on the west coast. The Vancouver Ski Club, a younger but active and vigorous club, also has its home on Hollyburn.

Skimming down long slopes through the stillness and white beauty of the sidehill woods, skiers come to another camp community of big log cabins almost submerged in snow, suggesting a herd of huge creatures snugly bedded down in the sheltering forest. This is the West lake ski camp, located on the southeastern slope of Hollyburn. Its hospitable doors first opened to hikers and skiers three winters back. Its owner has introduced on the mountain real beds with springs and mattresses, where only bunks filled with hemlock boughs had been known before.

Vancouver skiers who don't feel healthy enough to hike three miles up a mountain trail, or who don't get a kick out of hiking, can drive their cars up the Grouse mountain highway.

There is fine ski-ing country on Grouse, which is the haunt of the Grouse Mountain Ski Club, the Vancouver Winter Sports Club and the Fuji Ski Club. There is a very good motor road up to the 3,800-foot level, where a colorful chalet of logs crouches amidst shadowing firs and hemlocks on the edge of an alpine meadow and lake.

Driving through snow canyons carved out by a power plough's fan blades you reach the ski-ing grounds from the city in a little more than an hour. Of course there is a hiking trail up Grouse too.

Here on Grouse are also cabin communities, ski-camps and club houses, as well as the less informal chalet, really an alpine inn. Grouse has a jumping hill and a really fine slalom course. Grouse is mostly sidehill, physically a great country for downhill running.

The Seymour mountain country, reached, like Hollyburn, by hiking, is a wonderful place for cross-country ski-ing. Seymour's partisans, some of Vancouver's best skiers, claim their high country is the best ski-ing ground in the Vancouver mountains. Vancouver, you will understand, has on the north side of its great harbor, opposite to the city, a huge chain of mountains all easy of access, all big winter sports playgrounds because, though the city has a mild winter climate, the big hills, above the 2,500-foot levels, have unbelievably heavy snowfalls and moderately cold winter. Not arctic, the mercury only occasionally sinks below zero, averaging about 10 degrees below freezing. Ski-ing lasts from the middle of December until the middle of May, also a supplementary summer ski-ing season which continues often until the middle of June.