

Miss Hjertholm was unfortunate in breaking her leg, the only accident, but I am happy to say that she has now entirely recovered and ready for another try next winter.

The Holt-Wilson Trophy is for Dominion wide competition; this first holding was per force limited to but a small section of Eastern Canada. In the future some plan must be evolved, extremely difficult in this vast Dominion, whereby Western as well as Eastern women will compete and make the Holt-Wilson Trophy, as intended by its donor, truly representative of Canadian Women Skiers.

The official results follow:—

Place	Name	Club	Slalom		Downhill		Total Pts.
			Place	Time	Place	Time	
1	M. McNichols	P.S.C.	2nd	48½	45.3	2nd*	4.50 99.0 144.3
2	P. Johannsen	P.S.C.	1st	44	50.0	5th	5.10 92.6 142.6
3	D. Michaels	M.S.C.	3rd	54½	40.1	1st	4.47 100.0 140.1
4	E. McKenna	M.S.C.	6th*	60	39.6	2nd*	4.50 99.0 135.6
5	P. McKenna	M.S.C.	4th	57	38.6	4th	5.08 93.2 131.8
6	A. Macfarlane	M.S.C.	13th	90	24.4	6th	5.15 91.1 115.5
7	H. McNichols	P.S.C.	8th	65	33.8	8th	6.11 77.3 111.1
8	B. Meagher	P.S.C.	9th	75	29.3	7th	6.04 78.8 108.1
9	A. Paré	P.S.C.	11th	78	28.2	9th	7.16 65.8 94.0
10	E. Benning	M.S.C.	6th*	60	36.6	12th	10.08 47.2 83.8
11	M. Russel	P.S.C.	12th	88½	24.8	11th	10.00 47.8 72.6
12	B. Kemp	P.S.C.	15th*	128	17.2	10th	9.21 51.2 68.4
13	D. Blair	P.S.C.	10th*	76	28.9	14th	13.48 34.7 63.6
14	A. Michaels	M.S.C.	15th*	128	17.2	13th	12.06 39.5 56.7
15	F. McNichols	P.S.C.	5th	59	37.3		Did not finish
16	I. Hjertholm	V.S.C.	14th	104	21.1		Did not finish

*Denotes Tie.

Reflections of a Zone Committee Chairman

By N. C. D. Mactaggart, Vice-President in charge of Zones

IF ANYONE wants a job which will put him in an early grave, ruin his nervous system or make him lose his hair, I can strongly recommend that of a "Zone Chairman." I can imagine my children, if any, in years to come whispering one to another—

"Don't tell Papa his nose is red as any rosebud or geranium,

Forbear to eye his hairless head or criticize his coot-like cranium;

One year of Zone Committee chair

Has made his head come through his hair."

The C.A.S.A. was, I believe, founded many years ago. I don't know how many but I understand that it was just after, or just before, the war. I'm not quite sure whether it was the Great War or the Crimean War. I don't know very much about ancient ski history. The first time I ever had skis on my feet was less than seven years ago, and I knew so little about the sport then that I carried my best cigarette case in my hip pocket. When I first heard of the C.A.S.A. I was mildly curious as to what it did. Gradually, I elicited that it had an annual meeting. In the early days when there was but one club in each ski centre, an annual meeting was about all that was required. But in recent years so many new clubs had been springing up all over the map that it was apparent that something had to be done about organizing the C.A.S.A. to hold all these clubs together.

The 1934 annual meeting gave the Executive power to try out "Zone" organization. The "Laurentian Zone" was selected as the "dog" upon which to try it. It seems that I had been one of the loudest in saying that "something ought to be done" for in October, 1934, the clubs of the Laurentian Zone had a meeting, elected me "Chairman of the Zone Committee" and told me to go ahead and do something, although no one, including myself, knew just exactly what I was supposed to do. So I formed my committee, keeping it as small as possible for I knew that the

smaller the committee, the less time would be wasted in argument. Skiing is undoubtedly the most argumentative sport in existence. Whether we are argumentative because we are skiers, or skiers because we are argumentative, I haven't quite decided yet. We were only "authorized by the C.A.S.A." and there was nothing in the Constitution about Zone Committees. We were constantly reminded of this fact. But our main difficulty was that almost everything we did was new, it hadn't been done before, and our innovations came in for much loud and prolonged abuse from all sides. I suppose this was only to be expected. Such abuse was to us as is water to a duck's back. We started our weekly meetings early in November and held them every Monday evening until April. They began at 5.30 p.m. and lasted until the cows came home. Our hardworking honorary secretary sent out minutes of all these meetings to all clubs in the Zone. About ninety per cent of the things we discussed never appeared in the minutes. Our secretary's typist was much too well brought up to print it all. After the regular committee meeting, the "Rating Subcommittee" usually held a session and frequently thereafter the chairman and secretary would argue far into the night. The secretary sometimes just beat the milk home by a short head.

What did we do? Well, first we drew up a program of competitions for the season. In the course of this job we proved the truth of the old adage that "two into one won't go." Then we made up a list of "rules and regulations" for the conduct of these competitions, which we thought would cover all eventualities. Of course we soon found that they were just about as incomplete and full of flaws as the average Act of Parliament. However, we revised them as we went along and when the time for the annual meeting of the C.A.S.A. arrived, we had a fairly workable set, and they are now incorporated in



N. C. D. Mactaggart, Vice-President in charge of Zones

the C.A.S.A. "Rules and Regulations." Next, we busied ourselves with the issue of registration cards to intending competitors and collection of the twenty-five per cent fee per card. We issued two hundred and three cards and out of the proceeds amounting to \$50.75 we just broke even. Had it not been for the handsome silverware we presented as prizes for the fifty-kilometre race, we should have shown a profit. If you don't believe me, see our audited statement on the President's file. Then the classification of competitors gave us lots of fun. We were besieged with numerous requests as to why A was in Class 2 when he was a much better skier than B who was in Class 1 and vice versa.

I could write a long story of the successes, and otherwise, of the various Zone Competitions which we supervised or which we were not allowed to supervise. In fact, I have written quite a booklet about them, but it couldn't be reproduced in a respectable publication like our Year Book. Much was learnt about how to run and how not to run competitions. I can't say I was sorry when I handed our report of the season to the President, and staggered off to the nearest sanatorium.

Pine Needle Ski-ing

By Barbara Meagher

A SHORT notice in the "Star" caught the attention of some ski fanatics in Montreal: "It may be June in January to the romancers, but it's January in August in Newport, N.H."

After some telephoning to verify the notice, much confusion in gathering fragments of equipment from summer hide-outs, we set out early on Sunday, August 24, amid a battery of humorous comments from the uninitiated. Approaching Hanover, we were disappointed at not finding any signs of ski-activity. No Dartmouth enthusiasts were seen bearing their skis and poles, and we felt more and more foolish as the hundred and sixty-mile mark was passed. However, nearing Newport, a farmer by the roadside told us, showing no trace of surprise at our strange enquiry, that the Pine Needle Ski Meet was being held in a park a few miles down the road.

On a pine covered knoll, naturally well covered with needles, a slope had been cleared of branches and stones, and pine needles had been raked three or four inches deep to form a chute with a small jump. We put on our skis to try some practice runs. It was impossible to move at all without a thick coating of paraffin being applied for every descent, when a normal speed was attained. Turning was possible, though not easy, as the skis skidded badly and pushed away the layer of needles. Jumping and landing were quite the same as on snow, but unhappily the outrun ended over a sandy road and onto a field, and presented painful difficulties.

But the most spectacular feature was the dirt! Dust from under the needles flew up at every step, and found its way into eyes, nose and mouth. Faces were dirty gray, and hair was gritty with sand and earth and needles. A hood, mask and goggles should be standard equipment for this sport.

The meet was held on a somewhat steeper slope, where a larger jump had been built. The Downhill course started at the top of the jumping slope, turned left and right, then came in under the jump and used the same finish. Truck loads of needles had been dumped, raising dense clouds of dust that made the air almost impossible to breathe, but filling the course to six or eight inches deep. However, much stemming on the part of the non-expert racers soon cleared out ruts and exposed tree roots.

There were thirty entries for the downhill, and over a thousand spectators had gathered in unbelieving surprise to witness this final form of ski mania. The course was approximately one hundred yards long, and was won by William Hinton, of Putney, Vt., in 8.9 seconds. Jean Hinton won the women's race in 15 seconds, and Jack Holden of Bowdoin College won the jumping with leaps of 28 and 31 feet.

The consensus of opinion after much scrubbing and cleaning was that we were glad to be able to boast that we had been pine needle ski-ing, and had enjoyed the pre-season gathering of kindred souls and the excellent meal at the Dartmouth Outing Club . . . but we wonder if anyone ever does it twice!

