



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!

