



LOUIS COCHAND
Second, 1936 Quebec Kandahar

Hampshire. The three representatives, A. Lazure, R. Camagna and H. Couture, placed 40th, 43rd and 48th respectively in the downhill.

The following are the official scores. (Abbreviations used for the various ski club affiliations are as follows:—L.C.C., *Laurentian Cross-Country*; M., *Marabou*; McG., *McGill*; M.T., *Mont Tremblant*; N., *Nansen*; O., *Ottawa*; P., *Park Toboggan and Ski*; R.B., *Red Birds*; St.J., *St. Jovite*; St.M., *St. Margarets*; St. S., *St. Sauteur*; T., *Toronto*; V., *Viking*.)

COMBINED

1st, V. Cousineau, L.C.C., 573.1; 2nd, L. Cochand, L.C.C., 567.1; 3rd, D. Mann, T., 555.2; 4th, F. C. Moore, P., 551.5; 5th, G. B. Jost, R.B., 548.0; 6th, J. S. Houghton, McG., 529.5; 7th, H. B. Carnall, T., 528.0; 8th, F. Hofer, St. M., 525.3; 9th, A. L. Gravel, St. J., 524.2; 10th, R. S. Johannsen, McG., 522.4; 11th, R. Sommerfelt, V., 521.9; 12th, R. D. Baldwin,

St. M., 505.7; 13th, A. Casgrain, St. S., 503.5; 14th, T. Casgrain, St. S., 498.8; 15th, M. Outhet, McG., 475.0; 16th, J. E. Pidcock, R.B., 472.5; 17th, L. Grenon, St. J., 470.2; 18th, R. G. Townsend, McG., 468.8; 19th, R. Lecompte, M.T., 460.1; 20th, A. R. Gillespie, M., 340.5.

DOWNHILL

1st, V. Cousineau, I.C.C., 3.31.4; 2nd, G. B. Jost, R.B., 3.34.0; 3rd, A. Gravel, St. J., 3.39.0; 4th, D. Mann, T., 3.41.8; 5th, H. B. Carnall, T., 3.44.0; 6th, R. Sommerfelt, V., 3.44.0; 7th, J. E. Pidcock, R.B., 3.46.0; 8th, L. Cochand, L.C.C., 3.46.2; 9th, R. S. Johannsen, McG., 3.46.8; 10th, F. Hofer, St. M., 3.47.8; 11th, J. S. Houghton, McG., 3.52.6; 12th, F. C. Moore, P., 3.54.2; 13th, T. Casgrain, St. S., 3.54.8; 14th, M. Outhet, McG., 3.55.0; 15th, R. D. Baldwin, St. M., 3.56.0; 16th, A. Casgrain, St. S., 4.00.2; 17th, R. Townsend, McG., 4.05.2; 18th, R. Lecompte, M.T., 4.06.4; 19th, L. Grenon, St. J., 4.06.6; 20th, A. R. Gillespie, M., 4.08.0; 21st, G. W. Bernier, St. M., 4.09.2; 22nd, T. O'Dell, St. M., 4.09.6; 23rd, F. Baadsvik, V., 4.10.4; 23rd, W. Dorkin, R.B., 4.10.4; 25th, A. R. Ball, R.B., 4.16.2; 26th, K. Sproule, McG., 4.20.0; 27th, L. Dubois, M.T., 4.20.6; 28th, R. Dubois, M.T., 4.20.8; 29th, T. Moore, P., 4.21.2; 30th, W. B. Thompson, R.B., 4.21.6; 31st, D. Tirrell, McG., 4.23.4; 32nd, C. Melville, T., 4.26.8; 33rd, R. P. Gilday, St. M., 4.27.8; 34th, W. D. Taylor, R.B., 4.28.6; 35th, W. Ryan, St. M., 4.28.6; 36th, G. Moore, P., 4.31.0; 37th, W. Trower, S.C.M., 4.31.0; 38th, T. P. Gilday, St. M., 4.32.4; 39th, M. Savage, R.B., 4.33.0; 40th, A. Lazure, N., 4.36.6; 41st, J. R. Houghton, R.B., 4.35.0; 42nd, R. Campagna, N., 4.35.8; 43rd, H. H. Marcou, R.B., 4.36.4; 44th, K. Evensen, V., 4.43.6; 45th, A. D. Nesbitt, St. M., 4.48.0; 46th, R. Haggtvelt, O., 4.57.4; 47th, V. Gagne, Ski-To, 5.05.0; 48th, H. Couture, N., 5.06.0; 49th, F. Olsen, St. M., 5.08.6; 50th, J. L. Smith, McG., 5.14.2; 51st, G. R. MacLeod, McG., 5.18.4; 52nd, T. W. Houghton, R.B., 5.51.0; 53rd, W. J. Veitch, St. M., 6.06.2; 54th, K. Baadsvik, V., 6.08.8; 55th, A. M. Gilday, McG., 6.10.8; 56th, G. Baker, R.B., 6.23.6.

SLALOM

1st, L. Cochand, L.C.C., 193.5; 2nd, F. C. Moore, P., 191.0; 3rd, D. Mann, T., 174.2; 4th, V. Cousineau, L.C.C., 173.1; 5th, J. S. Houghton, McG., 165.6; 6th, F. Hofer, St. M., 155.9; 7th, G. B. Jost, R.B., 153.5; 8th, A. Casgrain, St. S., 151.5; 9th, H. B. Carnall, T., 150.9; 10th, R. S. Johannsen, McG., 150.0; 11th, C. W. Bernier, St. M., 148.4; 12th, R. D. Baldwin, St. M., 147.7; 13th, R. Sommerfelt, V., 145.9; 14th, T. Casgrain, St. S., 139.0; 15th, A. L. Gravel, St. J., 138.4; 16th, L. Grenon, St. J., 128.0; 17th, R. Townsend, McG., 124.3; 18th, R. Lecompte, M.T., 117.3; 19th, M. Outhet, McG., 115.4; 20th, W. Dorkin, R.B., 105.4; 21st, J. E. Pidcock, R.B., 98.5.

The Art of Ski-Waxing

By Marion Sturges-Jones in "The New Yorker"

MR. PRESTON began to feel a little lightheaded with excitement. He had never seen so much snow in his life. The Green Mountains were magnificent under a heavy blanket of white, and as the train pulled with painful slowness up the steep grades into northern Vermont, more snow came from the handsomely leaden sky. He hoped there would not be so heavy a fall that it would spoil the cross-country ski race which the Fritzes had planned for the next day. This was to be the high spot of a weekend of winter sports, and

Mr. Preston looked forward to it with a faint, agreeable terror.

"Someone asked me recently," Cecily Fritz had written him, "if we had to erect any artificial obstacles on our ski trails. It made me laugh. I replied that in New England one could always rely upon Nature to supply the obstacles! We boast that there is no greater test of pluck and daring than the ten-mile course we will mark out in red bunting strips before the arrival of our guests."

Mr. Preston looked at his skis, slung jauntily

on the luggage rack overhead, and his spirits leapt in anticipation. He believed he could still do a Telemark turn with the best of them.

His glance wandered, and he noticed for the first time another pair of skis in the rack across the aisle. There were few passengers left on the train, and it was not difficult to place the skis as property of the ruddy youth who had been napping for over an hour. Mr. Preston looked at him wonderingly. He could not understand how a young man could settle himself for sleep in the midst of such majesty of Nature.

There was a muffled, sucking sound as the car door opened and closed, admitting the conductor, come to turn on the lights. A dim brightness spread over the occupants of the coach. It was difficult now to see out of the window, but by putting his cheek against the glass Mr. Preston could hear the soft beating of the snow.

"Hello, there, skis! Are you by any chance bound for the Fritze's house-party, too?" It was the young man across the aisle, his sleep disturbed by the lights, and Mr. Preston turned to him eagerly. He had seldom had more good humor to share.

"As a matter of fact," he said, smiling, "I am."

"Glad to know you, sir," said the young man.

"My name's Hunter. Are you keen on ski-ing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Preston. He introduced himself, and then added, "I lived in Canada as a boy."

"Oh," said young Hunter, "I expect you're good. I'm not, myself. Just fool around a bit, but I *am* keen. I did the Austrian Tyrol last winter."

"That must have been splendid," said Mr. Preston with enthusiasm.

"It was," said Hunter. "I met up with a Norwegian who was simply a mine of information on waxing. I began spouting a little Proctor to him at first, but I soon found he knew everything Proctor has written and tons besides. America has always been a bit backward, of course, in the art of waxing, but I think we've made real strides in the last few years, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm sure we have," said Mr. Preston. Wax, he realized, was the one thing he had failed to buy with his fine new ski-ing outfit. But then, wax had never played much of a part in his boyhood ski-ing memories. In those days a little furniture polish or some pork fat rubbed on the running surface had been enough to send one flying ecstatically down the steepest grades. Apparently one not only waxed nowadays, one knew of many variations of wax. Mr. Preston found himself reluctant to admit his ignorance.

He thought of a good leading question. "What brand of wax do you prefer?" he asked.

"If you mean foundation wax," said young Hunter with some hesitation, "I have my own formula, of course."

Mr. Preston nodded his understanding. "But what are its ingredients?" he inquired.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then young Hunter made a noise that resembled a cough. "Very sorry, you know," he said, "but I couldn't possibly tell you that. The competition in ski-waxing is very keen, and so much depends upon a good formula that one guards it very jealously. What I mean is, it's like expecting an enemy captain in battle to reveal his military secrets, don't you think?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way," said Mr. Preston.

He looked so wretched that the young man took pity. "There's a Finnish formula for foundation wax that's quite good," he said. "It's two and a half parts pine tar by weight to one part tallow. Have you ever tried that? Of course you've got to heat it with a blow-torch, and you don't want to apply it until you've seasoned the skis with linseed oil and dried them for several days in the sun. This foundation wax gives a swell surface to which your other waxes will adhere."

"Other waxes?" echoed Mr. Preston. "What other waxes do you recommend? I mean, of course, the kind one can buy," he added hastily.

"Why don't you let the Fritzes fix you up?" asked young Hunter indulgently. "Charlie keeps over forty different kinds of wax, already mixed, out in his ski shed. He likes Tento as a jumping wax, if I remember rightly. You might prefer Findals, though. This Norwegian fellow thought that as good as any of the ready-made waxes. It all depends on the weather conditions. If you have dry powder snow at a moderate temperature, you could use Fyk with a little paraffin rubbed on lightly before each jump. Of course you realize you can't climb *back* with this on your skis."

Nothing was left of the high spirits which had arisen in Mr. Preston with the approach of the ski country. He could no longer remember with what zest he had considered tackling the most dangerous jumps. Sharp corners, ice mounds, steep ravines, narrow ledges—these had faded as romantic hazards of the ski trail. Instead, they had become problems to be solved with forty different kinds of wax. He pressed his face against the window disconsolately.

"The snow seems to have stopped," he said.

Young Hunter nodded. "I wouldn't wonder if there'd be a bit of a frozen crust on the surface tomorrow," he said. "Ostbye Skare is a very decent preparation for that."