

pairs—in harness; and Florida's once-aristocratic sharks have had to apply to Washington for a sea C.C.C.

Look North; the wild enthusiasm for ski trail building, together with the tremendous destruction to vegetation due to over-ardent novices that hurtle like crazed projectiles down the mountain sides, have greatly imperiled our mountain forests. Snow trains are snatching victims from the noisy metropoli. And the crooner or the authority on the Townsend Plan moan alike through the mike into empty air.

This is New England—now, and there can be no doubt that Otto's hand has moulded much of it. Yet perhaps even more important than the material manifestations of the ski religion is the presence of a new element in the atmosphere—the intoxicating spirit of fellowship which is as easy to breathe and still as inescapable as the air itself. Wherever skiers collect,—on the trail, in the magnificent bowl of Tuckerman's Ravine, or around a cabin stove to repair a steel edge or thaw out a toe, or just to drink beer, talk ski-ing and try to speak German—wherever skiers are, there will be found that "*gemutliche stimmung*" which still seems foreign to our self-concerned, business-bound America. Perhaps such a spirit is the inseparable partner of ski-ing, but the reflection is so like Otto himself that no one would deny the affinity.

The number of Otto's friends is as boundless as his warmhearted *kameradschaft*. It includes everyone from the ablest tempo demon to the

beginner whose repertoire of turns consists only of a spectacular "*sitztmark*", and many of his best friends are found among the ranks of teams competing against his own. He doesn't hesitate to give advice to them, and after the race is over, laughs and says, "Vell, you schood hev Sohms vex und other dinks, you know, inscht of dis glue."

It seems almost as if a section of the fancied Happy Hunting Ground had broken off of some celestial cliff and avalanched down upon us. This is ours, oh bored and smoke-sick city dwellers—companionship, the snow-steeped forests, the shaggy mountains, and the cold armoured winds.

At the zenith of his success in leading Dartmouth skiers, having, in addition to capturing his usual string of ski meet scalps, placed four of his protegés on the Olympic Team, Otto has decided to resign his position and transfer his talents to his ski business and ski school. His contacts have become too large and his home too important. It is merely the end of another brilliant chapter, and we are all more than happy for having been able to help in its writing—for the world, but more, for ourselves.

So it's, "Well, Otto, I hear there are two feet of snow on Hell's Highway. I'm going up this week-end; will you be up there? Great! I'll probably see you there—but remember, scthem like Hell on the Rock Garden—Ski Heil!"

Ski-ing in the Tropics

AT LAST the ski-ing craze has reached the tropical shores of Hawaii.

Parties climb the snow-covered slopes of Mauna Kea (13,825 feet high) to indulge in a sport that was entirely foreign to the Islands until last year. They reported excellent ski-ing at the 12,000-foot level, although the bright Hawaiian sun on the tropical snow caused a few cases of temporary snow blindness.

Several globe trotters who have been on the expeditions claimed that the ski-ing was as good as that experienced in any part of the world. Islanders among the group reported that their experience in sliding down the crests of Waikiki waves on surfboards was of little help to them in handling the skis, and they were pretty certain that ski-ing, while a grand novelty, is not likely to supplant surfing as a sport in Hawaii.

The pioneer winter sportsmen reached the ski runs by horseback, as the snow belt is far off

the beaten track on this, the largest island in the archipelago.

Mauna Kea means "white mountain" and is snow-capped the year around. Its sister peak Mauna Loa, is the scene of occasional outpouring of volcanic fire—the last flow having been a little over a year ago.

Ski-ing has finally come to Jamaica, too, but, in lieu of snow, they take to the waters of beautiful Montego Bay, which makes a happy substitute for the snow of northern winters.

Major Colin Cooper, British sportsman, was the adventurous soul who started it all. "Water ski-ing," they call it. All you have to do is to put on the long boards, seize the ropes and stay on while a speed-boat whizzes around the bay with you in tow, if you're lucky.

Outside of swallowing a gallon or so of good Montego Bay sea water, there's not much that can happen to you, but swimming with the skis on is not recommended.