

Vancouver Ski-ing

VANCOUVER is the centre of ski-ing in the far west, as it contains by far the greatest number of skiers, and there are numerous clubs whose activities mainly take place on either of the three mountain ski terrains available, namely the Hollyburn Ridge, Grouse Mountain, or in the Seymour Range.

The ski-ing season in Vancouver usually commences early in December and lasts until the end of May. This at first seems rather strange for a city at sea-level, but when one considers that the ski-ing territory lies at an altitude of between three and five thousand feet, and that there is heavy precipitation on the west coast, it is reconcilable. The depth of snow varies from 12 feet and more around the cabins to 40 feet at the peaks.

The Grouse Mountain ski terrain is situated on the mountain of that name, about one hour by motor from the centre of the city, at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The beautiful chalet at the top of the road is the point of assembly for all skiers in this area, and commands a magnificent view of the city, especially at night. Some of the skiers have private lodges, while each club has its own cabin, operated by the members on a co-operative basis. There are well-equipped kitchens and each person brings up his own food for the duration of his stay.

The first slalom race ever held in British Columbia was run at Grouse Mountain during the season of 1931-32, and since then the "Grouzers" have more or less specialized in downhill and slalom racing. The courses have been steadily improved and extended, until they now test the ability of the most expert racer.

Hollyburn Ridge is distant about two and a half hours from the centre of Vancouver, and the camp is at an altitude of 3,000 feet, the ski-ing slopes going as high as 5,000 feet. There

is also a main lodge here, but more of the skiers have private cabins scattered among the trees. After a dance in the lodge, it is a pretty sight to see the lights carried by the skiers flickering among the trees like glow worms, as they wend their way home.

The terrain naturally lends itself to splendid slalom and downhill racing, but championship jumps and langlauf courses have been laid out. Hollyburn was the site of the "B.C." four-event championships last year; possibly the largest and best tournament ever held at Vancouver.

A strong group of Vancouver and Western Clubs are members of the C.A.S.A. They hold their local tournaments and number some of the ablest skiers in Canada. The ladies are coming on fast and improving rapidly in technique and they hope the day will soon come when they can prove their skill in an all Canada Holt-Wilson Competition. Rudolph J. Verne is the pioneer who first explored and found the present ski terrain, he also organized the ski-ing, and was the first Western Vice-President of the C.A.S.A. Nels Nelsen has also been a tremendous worker and factor in Pacific Coast ski-ing, one of the great jumpers of Canada with a record on the Revelstoke hill that stood for years, his chief interest was the promotion of the sport among the schools. He had the honour of serving as President of the Western Ski Association, and his name will ever be linked with the earlier days. Kennington Hague, to mention just another of the many, was largely instrumental in bringing about the amalgamation of the Eastern and Western C.A.S.A. branches, which has resulted in one great Association from coast to coast all working in harmony for the promotion and control of this greatest of winter sports.

A Ski Jump

YOU see him first away up in the afternoon sky, above the snowladen pine-tree tops, a lonely figure suddenly silhouetted against the blue—a brother of the crescent moon, unacquainted with fear. Over the edge of the platform he hobbles, then, transfigured, drops eastward, swooping towards the take-off. At that fraction of a second when, at fifty miles an hour, his long skis leave the "lip," his crouching figure springs into full stature as he gives himself on outspread wings, like a great seabird, to the air.

Down swoops this big bird out of the sky, and "ke-flum" his two skis close together slap the steep surface of the landing slope as, in a cloud of snow-dust, he is hurled away into

the valley below. For less than two seconds—he is in the air over you, standing forward beyond the perpendicular like a flying vengeance, greater than man's size, passing through your neighborhood with a rush as of wings. In less than two seconds more, there, far away, he reappears, reduced ten diameters, gliding erect through a white land made of black Lilliputian spectators, to turn at the end of the "run-out" with a graceful "Telemark" swing and stand motionless.

A moment's hush of all that life, in tune with the breathless enchantment of winter. Then, with the applause of the spectators warming his cold ears, he slips back to the foot of the hill.