

bouillonnante, puis gravissant les torrents déchainés, nous nous éloignerons de ces bruyantes cataractes et traverserons un bois profond tout pénétré de l'haleine embaumée qui sort des sources et où le refuge de l'étang perdu, nous offrira un salutaire repos.

Un impressionnant silence courbera nos épaules, peut-être ouïra-t-on de temps en temps la chanson brève et légère d'une petite mésange, ou d'un troglodyte à la recherche d'une proie dans les buissons. La montée reprendra plus haletante encore, car nous sommes à près de 5,000 pieds d'altitude, et l'air se rarefie; de temps à autre, une pause à travers les méandres ralliera les retardataires, car dans la haute montagne, on ne laisse personne isolé.

Maintenant, le long de l'interminable défilé, tout nous accable, le poids toujours plus lourd des skis, l'atroce chaleur, et la soif dévorante.

Puis soudainement, on frappe l'orée du bois et l'on reste pétrifié de surprise. Devant nous s'étale dans toute son effroyable splendeur, le bol cyclopéen de "Tuckerman Ravine," prodigieuse falaise étagée en amphithéâtre, dont les extrémités, l'Eperon, et la tête de Lion, sont un chaotique amoncellement de blocs granitiques superposés et de pics décharnés, s'élevant à une fantastique hauteur, et dont le centre est un étincelant champ de neige, alimenté l'hiver durant par les mortelles avalanches qui descendent des cimes.

L'admiration se fait religieuse en de telles minutes devant ce décor d'apothéose et de grandeur sauvage. Nous palpons à pleines mains cette matière blanche qui s'étale à nos pieds, de la neige, c'est bien de la neige, et nous sommes en juin. Cette merveilleuse vision rétablit l'équilibre de l'esprit et du corps; on

chausse les skis et l'on attaque la suprême falaise, on foule enfin le faite du cirque et la cime est vaincue. Maintenant, ce sont les plaisirs de ces descentes vertigineuses par-dessus la crête de cet amphithéâtre, véritables plongées dans la coulée pour aboutir sur le champ de neige qui nous confronte, et les glissades enivrantes se succèdent sans arrêt sur ce terrain grandiose. Pour varier les plaisirs, on laisse les skis sur la cime du cirque. En haut de la falaise apparaît le jardin suspendu, délicieusement blotti dans ses arbustes et ses buissons touffus, l'on se guide par les cairns ou pyramides de pierres, la neige maintenant fait place aux grenats et rubis du jardin alpin, et parmi les menhirs les fleurs enchanteresses aux couleurs ardentes s'épanouissent innombrables comme les étoiles, et l'on respire le suave et pénétrant parfum de la résine.

Le soleil, enchassé dans un bleu de turquoise, prodigue partout son or, et la fraîcheur des cimes emplit et délecte les poumons.

Voyage de découvertes avec tous les plaisirs inoubliables de l'inconnu: on gravit des pics vertigineux, on contourne des corniches au bord du rougeoyant précipice dont les tournants sont le vide du gouffre. Les montagnes lointaines se découpent en guirlandes alternées, et les deux sommets du Chat Sauvage qui nous font vis-à-vis, sont imprégnés d'une ensorceillante sérénité.

Laissons ces murailles granitiques et déchiquetées aux perspectives déconcertantes, et songeons au retour.

Le soleil déjà, descend vers la brume diffuse qui se forme à l'horizon. Le crépuscule submerge de poudres d'or les crêtes et les forêts indéfinies et l'ombre des cairns s'allonge sur le bleu des gentianes.

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Ski Days of Earlier Years

By W. F. C. (Ted) Devlin

THE SKI days I remember best were of the time when this grand winter activity first caught the fancy of thousands who swarmed to the hills and clogged the narrow trails in the mountain country north of Ottawa.

Ironsides and Fairy Lake were the close by rendezvous, with Rockcliffe the kindergarden for the uninitiated. Then, the great trek of the week was to clamber aboard the Sunday skitrain. Two or three trains with long lines of coaches were jammed to the doors with skiers—for to miss the "9.30" was to miss the whole day. Skis were piled in the baggage cars, and a hectic scramble ensued at each station to locate your own—at the bottom of the heap.

Of the passengers, some hundreds went on to Wakefield to play on the sunny slopes and sip

their tea in light dalliance at the "Inn," later taking the train for home. But the main battalions never saw mechanical transport again. For them the long upland Kirk's Ferry trail to Camp Fortune and other lodges was the real morning's work-out, with a frost-bitten lunch in a partially heated shelter, and a fifteen-mile run down to Wrightville in prospect. Bumping down George's or the Sunset Trail, across Kingsmere to the lovely Mica Mine descent, we slid into Pink's Lake or Birch Valley Lodges still fresh, until the last four miles over the flats to Fairy Lake slowed us down at the end of the day.

I have travelled this route with "youths" of seventy and youngsters of twelve or fourteen in the crowd, and all were glowing with the health

of it. I travelled it behind Rolf Monsen once, from Cascades to Drysdale Holbrook's, McCloskey's, Black Lake, and Wrightville—and felt about ninety at the time—but have since recovered.

The Ottawa Ski Club had some three thousand members, with Cliffside and other hundreds in addition. "42nd" Street and "Fifth Avenue" claimed only minor traffic jams compared to the corners and pitfalls of George's descent to Kingsmere. The "Sunset" relieved a bit, and then the "Canyon" was opened. Following came development of the marvellous trail system through myriads of hills and valleys north of Kingsmere, when miles of scenically beautiful country were opened for the throngs who flash over them today, and the creaky clink of ski on snow is heard over hill and dale.

To Captain "Joe" Morin, C. E. Mortureux, the ever-growing-younger President of the Ottawa Ski Club, and the lads who worked with them, goes credit for the vision and hard work freely given to complete this grand job.

So too, came the better winter roads, bringing busses, automobiles and "flivers" into the heart of the skiing country. Many more came to the hills, but in individual groups, and the days of solid lines of hikers, miles long, making their way over the single trail were gone—like the days of "'49" and "'98."

Hundreds still visit famous Camp Fortune on a good day, now from a score of approaches, or play on the Prime Minister's domain and Captain Wattsford's pleasant slopes at Kingsmere; others call at Paul Horsdal's lovely Mountain Lodge, Bud Clarke's Sky-erie, or make use of summer cottages and private winter lodges which cheerily dot the landscape. The slalom hill and Sigurd's tower at Fortune draw their hundreds, and reminiscent of that earlier day is the new tower at Fairy Lake, and the packed thousands who crowd those hills of a Sunday afternoon. Swarming up and down, with the ability of skaters on a rink, they risk a hundred collisions, but never collide, truly an active and colorful scene.

Needless to say, the ability, technique and knowledge of the sport today, of thousands of our young people, is far in advance of those times, especially in slalom and downhill work, where speed and precision are required. There were many outstanding cross-country men then, but now both girls and men excel, in greater numbers.

Ski Jumping—Now, if you are still with me, let us swing down to the scenes of many an exhibition of skill and daring in another branch of the sport, which today, strangely enough, holds lesser interest for the spectator public here.

Ski jumping was then still a novelty. Drysdale Holbrook and C. E. Mortureux, with the skilled assistance of Sigurd Lockeberg and others of "Viking" stock, had built and rebuilt

ski towers in Rockcliffe Park to give the public a close hand sight of this spectacular part of a great sport. Crowds had attended, and keen regret was felt when authorities ruled against its continuance in the locality.

Meanwhile, a small but active group had organized the Cliffside Club, with base of operations at Fairy Lake. An arrival from Norway who joined the ranks was Gunnar Schjelderup, mining engineer and skier *par excellence*. On his advice a steep incline south of the Lake was chosen, cleaned of brush and a tower erected. The hill "gave no more distance" than Rockcliffe, but the contour and landing angle were so ideal, that falls were infrequent.

As operation of the Fairy Lake tower commenced before the Rockcliffe jump was dismantled, competitive spirit between clubs, and to our delight the public, rose to a high pitch.

Scheduled "meets" were held at both towers, renowned exponents came from far and near, and the great sport of ski jumping seemed strongly established here as elsewhere.

Tournaments and Crowds—Following are some of the highlights of these contests, which many will remember.

At the opening of the Fairy Lake tower, competitors as far away as the U.S. Middle-West were invited, expenses guaranteed, though Canadian clubs supported gratis. The Montreal Ski Club, headed by H. P. Douglas, President of the C.A.S.A., and other dignitaries. The colorful John Carlton of Dartmouth was there. Johnny sometimes did a "flip" in mid-air, to add to general interest, and so his entry was highly welcome. From Norge Ski Club of Chicago, and St. Paul in the West, Berlin Mills, Vermont, New Hampshire, in the East; and from Montreal and other Canadian points, competitors swarmed in, until station and hotels were alive with husky lads in smooth looking ski garb, each toting much highly waxed lumber across the shoulders.

The day broke fair, a crowd of some four thousand trudged the trail to Fairy Lake, and an entry of thirty to forty expert "air-riders" provided a competition rarely equalled. As the sun bent low, and the last jump went over, the crowd began to move homeward—but not all! "What about the flip?" they called; "the flip—we want the flip!"

We looked around for Carlton. Presently he came up the hill—he had jumped well that afternoon. Johnny they want the flip, what about it?"

Carlton said he could do it, but had hurt his shoulder in Montreal the day before, and was bound up in a harness. "But if you want me to, O.K." We told him, "not today," and turned to still the "rising tumult" which stormed about us!

No, that's not the end of the story. One year later John Carlton came back to jump at

Fairy Lake, and with him his side-kick, Dick Bowler. They did a tandem ski-jump flip from the tower, sailed through the air and landed right side up, to glide safely and grinning to the finish, amid prolonged cheers. A newspaper next day declared that such "acrobatic performances" had no place in ski-ing! In the words of the immortal somebody - or - other, "You cannot please all of the people—all of the time!"

Next over to Rockcliffe, where late in February the Ottawa Ski Club were holding the Canadian Championships—a fine meet well handled—the Great Omtvedt, young Rolph Monsen, and a score of others, mostly big names. Omtvedt won—a heavy man, not young—by co-ordinating skill, experience and strength. One time he jumped at Rockcliffe one hundred and forty-two feet and landed on the "flat"—impact enough to telescope an ordinary frame. Monsen was, of course, to win in later years, and did.

Back again to Fairy Lake—another season—and we had Nels Nelsen and brother Ivan competing with imported stars and native sons. Nels had "startled the world" by soaring two hundred and forty-one feet at Revelstoke (a world record then, though far out-distanced now), and was a stellar attraction. Curiously enough other jumpers did better at Fairy Lake, and Nels placed rather down on the list. Undoubtedly he had exceptional ability to retain balance in the air longer than most, which enabled him to land steadily after a long flight. Otherwise our shorter hills did not give him full chance to show his prowess.

An estimated eight thousand people came to a banner meet held the following year. A great difficulty of course was to get such crowds to pay admission, as the event held on a high hill could be seen from the surrounding countryside.

An enthusiastic supporter of the Club, one William Blenkarn, and some lively friends volunteered services as ticket sellers. The main approach, on foot or horse, was via Montcalm Street. Posted at a strategic spot, they "persuaded" all and sundry to purchase tickets. With the luck that seemed to hold in those days, we had a fair sunny afternoon, and the floundering thousands soon had the roadway in a mess.

The Duke of Devonshire, then Governor-General, and party were scheduled to arrive, which they did after an understandable delay. Warm suns and winds often melted the snow from the tower; also the creek at the bottom of the hill was apt to open up. This time it did, and a bridge was rushed across to provide the necessary runway for the jumpers. The hot dog stand went through the ice, with the writer's wife and helpers inside. Such were the unforeseen events of running a tournament, and such was the state of affairs encountered

when distinguished guests from Government House arrived.

The jumping commenced, and with bated breath the crowd watched as star performers went over. Then someone rushed up the hill and said, "You must meet His Excellency," who was then at the bottom of the slope. Down hurried this correspondent, and arriving in the Vice-Regal presence—sank up to the arm-pits in snow. From this awkward stance, welcoming handshakes were exchanged, and the event went on. Presently a beautiful jump went over which pleased the Government House party, and they turned to ask who it was. Not having the slightest idea (though learning later it was C.A.S.A. Champion, Norman Berger), your narrator called up the hill, "Who made the last jump?"—no answer. Again, "Who made the last jump?" The announcer's megaphone from the top of the hill turned towards us, but only said, "What" in an impatient tone. Once again, in higher pitch, the question went up, the megaphone again trained upon us, and in clear and unforgettable words roared down, "Whoever you are down there, pull in your neck; you're holding up the whole competition!"

The announcer, and I hope he shrivels with chagrin, if he reads this painful account, was Mr. David P. Kirby, "whose stentorian tones echoed over the entire valley" on occasions of this sort.

Trudging home along the completely pulverized roadway, the story is told of someone discovering a hat, apparently reposing on the surface. Stooping to pick it up, a voice from underneath said, "Here, leggo my hat!" The owner was alleged to have been sitting on the top of a returning cab!

Now, I wonder what has since happened to public interest in ski jumping here—to those brave days of Omtvedt—Monsen—Berger—Sundberg—Carlton—Nelsen—Frank McKinnon who jumped like Frank McGee played hockey, with only one eye, and using explosive language in the excitement—and to the days of local stars like Quesnel and Dupuis.

Anyway they are memories—and of the best.

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Concentrated Ski Technique

Messrs. Daoust, Lalonde & Cie, Montreal, makers of fine quality ski boots, are sponsoring a new handbook on modern ski technique by Eddie Huber. This firm last year sponsored Huber's useful Ski Chart which was so well received. The handbook is just the right size to slip conveniently in the pocket and is valuable to the beginner and expert. Copies may be had at all stores or direct from the sponsor. Price for this really valuable little book is 25 cents.