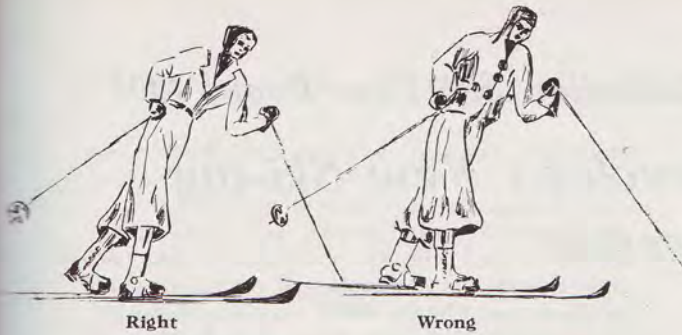


# Ski Silhouettes

By Phonsine Paré

Sketches Courtesy Jaeger House



**H**OW OFTEN have I heard people say: "If I could only see myself on skis." If they only could! They are anxious to cut a graceful figure, and wonder how they appear as they swing downhill.

"If I could only see myself on skis"—how often have I wished that myself. Yet it is probably just as well we can't—for one would get a frightful shock.

What is beyond my comprehension is the fact that some of us—average skiers, others quite adept—lose technique, style, everything that goes to make up a graceful streamline silhouette beneath a mountain of badly cut clothes, because of our absolute lack of clothes sense.

Take the individual who wears too baggy plus-fours . . . what happens to him as he skis? I will tell you. He looks like a fat turkey about to take off. His trousers flap in the air as he passes—flap—flap—flap—he goes—very disconcerting for the poor skier he is

overtaking, if he is overtaking anybody, as the wind resistance caused by his baggy trousers would impede his speed greatly.

What a relief, then, to turn one's eyes away and rest them on the well-cut plus-fours, as they move downhill in a graceful series of Christianas.

Talking about mountains of clothes . . . Why will people insist on loading themselves with loosely fitting jackets and coats. Is it because they find them more practical? It cannot be because they find them more attractive! How much nicer is the well tailored garment, which can be made just as comfortable and workmanlike.

Then there is the person who appears for skiing in a pair of trousers, he calls, "Vorlage," "the latest thing from Europe," and who looks like a cross between a trapeze artist and Charles Boyer as Napoleon. There is no excuse why this should be, for Vorlage trousers, although new to our continent, can be made to suit anybody, but must be extremely well cut to give the right effect. Undoubtedly, they will become the most popular trouser for ski-

ing, as they are serviceable and accentuate one's forward lean . . . if one has any.

Ski-ing is a difficult, exhilarating sport, and one should dress sensibly for it, but with taste, and not make it more difficult by loading oneself up with "doo-dabs" and "what-nots"—bits of fluff and fur that collect snow—"ducky wucky" hats that blow off at the slightest provocation—"cunning" scarves streaming in the breeze, to blind one just as one hits a bump.

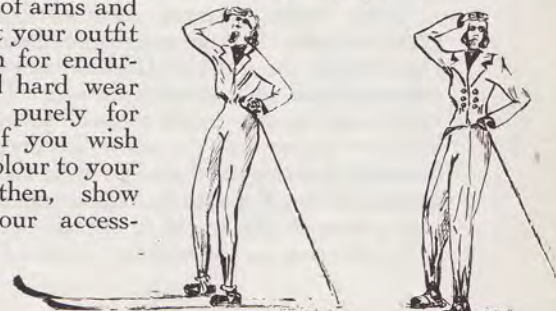
Ski designers today on this continent are studying the question—"Of what to wear ski-ing," very thoroughly. Our winter's climate being so much more severe, and where in Europe one can sport short sleeve ski blouses, and brightly decorated woollen mitts,

and find them adequate—it would be out of the question over here.

On a very dull day last February we all took trains northward for St. Margaret's, where the Zone downhill and slalom meet was to take place on Mount Baldy. How well I remember it!

During the morning the rain came down in buckets. It was a pitiful sight to see a group of comfortably dressed, enthusiastic skiers change into a shivering, motley mass of "clinging" clothes, stringy hair, apparitions, who looked as if they had nothing to live for. That was a day when the right clothes told a story. There was there a young lady who sported a beautifully cut grey flannel suit; she looked drenched, and we all sympathized with her, but she merely smiled, and told us we were wasting our sympathy. Not a drop had penetrated her flannel suit, for the flannel had undergone a special water-proofing process.

Don't buy your ski clothes because you like the "cute" little pockets, colourful buttons, or fascinating sleeves. Always make sure that you are going to be comfortable, with perfect freedom of arms and legs, that your outfit is chosen for endurance and hard wear and not purely for show. If you wish to add colour to your outfit, then, show it in your accessories.



Right

Wrong

Wrong

Right