

Lodge the trail was rather badly cut up as a result of the moose traffic, but as we were running down a steady grade on good crisp snow, we managed to make the Lodge by 1.00 p.m. After a light lunch we were away on the final thirteen mile hike, commencing with a four mile stretch across Medicine Lake, followed by mile on mile down a forest path through lodge-pole pine. Need I say that it was a tired group who accepted Warden Mathew's invitation to tea at the end of the trail on the Maligne Canyon road.

The winter season of 1937-38 saw the debut of Jasper as a winter sports centre. It was also the turning point in the history of the Jasper Ski Club, as indicated by the membership being more than trebled. With such natural assets as are available at Jasper, the success of Jasper as a ski-ing centre is assured under the able guidance of genial Fred Brewster, President of the Jasper Ski Club. Already the club has undertaken the clearance of a wide swath down

from timber line on the Whistler Mountain Range. Then too, the completion of the Jasper-Lake Louise highway will throw open some of the finest ski-ing country in the world and it is hoped will assist in the establishment of a chain of ski chalets at regular hiking distance for the entire route, possible under the sponsorship of the Canadian Youth Hostel Association, which movement is now gaining great impetus throughout Canada.

Favourable snow conditions will be found at Jasper from November until late Spring, in fact many are now interested in ski-ing on the glaciers throughout the summer months. Possibly travellers passing through Jasper during these months would be prone to question this information but the writer recalls one instance during his last visit where the town was sweltering in temperature of seventy above (early in March) while perfect ski-ing conditions prevailed in the Alplands within easy hiking distance.

Ski Adventures

By Patricia Paré

LAST winter, it was my good fortune to ski both in the East and the West, within a few short weeks, at Lake Placid, Mount Mansfield in the Green Mountains, Mont Tremblant in the Laurentians, Mount Norquay in the Rockies and Mounts Hood and Ranier in the U.S.A., all under widely different conditions. From too little to, strange as it may seem, too much snow. It was a season so thrilling that I am glad of the opportunity of briefly telling you some of my experiences, and also to thank, for my sister and myself, our western friends for the delightful hospitality extended to us.

The days preceding the Taschereau Meet were anxious ones indeed, the two mile Tremblant course coated with ice; but when Sunday finally arrived we woke to find entirely different conditions. A typical Laurentian ski day, clear and cold, brilliant sunshine, four inches of powder snow over the old ice and crust, absolutely plu-perfect conditions. As to the race, my wax was good and luck was with me.

The following week at Lake Placid, Erling Strom showed us marvelous pictures of his camp in the Canadian Rockies. We were so impressed with the magnificent ski country that my sister Phonsine and myself vowed we would make the trip as soon as possible.

The day following we were at St. Margarets for the Ladies Provincial and met Tom Mitchell, the Australian Champion, and his attractive wife, who were on a world ski tour,

Banff their next stop; and we expressed to them our envy and hopes of the trip ourselves some day. On February 26 Tom telephoned at three o'clock; "We are catching the 7.50 train to-night for Banff, better come along with us." Well, we were a bit rushed but Phonsine and I did just make it.

At the station we met the German Ski Team on their way to Ottawa for the Dominion Championships; a jolly lot of boys, we were so glad to meet them again in the Rockies. The long journey West quickly passed, much singing and Mrs. Mitchell's accordion a great asset.

Our memories of Banff are so happy, all we met so kind and friendly, a real ski-ing atmosphere permeating everywhere. The first glimpse of the downhill course and the surrounding gigantic peaks quite overpowered us, terribly long and steep compared with the other Holt-Wilson courses we had run.

May I say here that Banff had by far the best snow conditions and is my first choice for ski-ing; but may I offer one little criticism, accommodations are rather primitive. But this will be quickly rectified I am sure. Gertrude Wepsala of Vancouver won the Holt-Wilson Trophy emblematic of the Ladies Dominion Championship. I was fortunate to place second. Strength is the key-note of her ability, and it is this, so necessary on these Western mountain courses, that has carried her to the top of Canadian Ladies Ski-ing.

Sunshine Lodge, sixteen miles in from Banff,

will ever remain the bright spot in our memory. To reach it you travel eight miles by motor, two by snowmobile and six on skis, up seven thousand feet, the way winding mid towering peaks, captivating to the spirit that loves to explore new places. Situated above timberline it is a veritable seventh heaven for skiers, high enough to insure good snow at all times, and offering a complete and endless variety of slopes. Some day in the not too distant future we will return to the ski paradise that is Sunshine.

Sun Valley, Idaho, was our next adventure. Having heard so much about it we were prepared for anything, but we were agreeably surprised to find it was not the extravagant place as commonly supposed, and while everything is on a super-scale the price range dips low enough to suit those who ski as well as those who only bathe in the sun. Sun Valley may be summed up in a few words; they do everything for you but ski, and with their wonderful open slopes, chair tows and expert teachers, anyone should learn to ski within ten days, and suffer no pain doing it. When tired of ski-ing there are attractive outdoor swimming pools with 90-degree water, dancing, movies and such enticing bars—in short everything.

The day before the downhill I sprained my ankle in practice on Durrance Mountain, taking a bad spill high up on the trail, being rescued by Dick himself and Walter Prager. They strapped my legs on a toboggan and then began the wildest ride I ever hope to take, I would have felt so much more secure on skis even with both legs broken. However like everything else it came to an end and I found myself still alive. In view of my sad plight I was unable to race in the slalom the next day, but everything is delightfully possible at that wonderful place. Along came a sleigh to take me to the course, then a chair-tow carrying me up in comfort to the start, and down again, arriving with the competitors at the finish and seeing the entire race.

From Sun Valley we journeyed on to Mount Hood, fifty miles from Portland, Oregon, where we stayed at Timberline Lodge, six thousand

feet above sea level. We were amazed at the great depth of snow, and arriving in a blizzard were disappointed at not seeing the snow peak of Mount Hood we had heard so much about. While we were there five feet of snow fell in one night. The lodge was drifted up to the third storey windows, cars that had arrived the evening before entirely covered up, great confusion everywhere; but to us such a new experience we had to take it as a joke. We were completely snowed in for three days, the only exit a tunnel through a young mountain of wind-packed snow. Not until our fourth evening did the sky clear, and the glorious beauty of Mount Hood appear with the moon shining on its white cap. We were in a castle in the clouds, and difficult to believe that six miles below in Government Camp, where the ski clubs are, they could not see the cloudless skies above us. The following day we ascended Mount Hood under ideal ski-ing conditions, finding such gorgeous open country, where the skier can pick his own track, whether a beginner, average or expert. Most regretfully we left for the "Silver Skis" downhill at Mount Ranier, in Washington, a hundred miles from Seattle. After ski-ing in the East on our average snow depth, we found here entirely different conditions, the snow so deep and heavy, requiring an entirely different technique, little vorlage, skis well apart, the Telemark turn an absolute essential as I found to my sorrow after nose-diving into depths of snow. Unfortunately the "Silver Skis" race had to be cancelled on account of a bad blizzard up above, but we had good sport and a most enjoyable experience.

Alas, we realized we had overstayed our time by two weeks, and so had to leave, but not before three final days of perfect ski-ing on the lower slopes of Mount Ranier. Again on our way with the happiest recollections, a perfect finish to a perfect trip. Home once more, but the winter not yet over, we hurried down to Mount Mansfield, my season coming to an ignominious abrupt ending on a schuss of the "Nose Dive" trail, within sight of the finish line, two broken skis, and a head full of scratches and memories of one grand winter.

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Ski Jumping

IN THE last issue of the "Year Book" mention was made of the apparent lack of interest in Ski Jumping. In Montreal, thanks to the generosity of the Tourist Bureau, the Hotels and Railways, sufficient money was guaranteed to ensure jumping on the famous Cote des Neiges Hill for the next few years. This last season

they enjoyed one of the best seasons on record, particular interest being shown by the juniors. The tower has been rebuilt and changes made that should increase distances considerably on this well known old hill. Reports from all over Canada indicate a return of interest to the most spectacular sport in the world.