

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.