

I was fortunate in seeing Miss Sale-Barker in several races. Her form is beautiful to watch. Those who saw her take the corner at the foot of "Lone Tree Slope" on January 5th, going more than thirty miles an hour, her steel edges ripping up the hard crust as she "christied" perfectly, her body at an angle of forty-five degrees to the snow and arms just right, will never forget it. Miss Doreen Elliott, a famous downhill expert, was, unfortunately, nursing a bad ankle at the time of my visit and I did not see her ski.

The renowned "Inferno," or "Hell-Fire," race, said to be the hardest of them all, and I can well believe it, having seen the course, took place after I left Mürren. I was there long enough, however, to have gained the greatest admiration and respect for British ski-ing, an increased admiration and envy of British sporting ability and sportsmanship and to become convinced that downhill racing is the highest form of competitive ski-ing.

This expression of some of my impressions gained during my fortnight in the Bernese-Oberland and herewith presented should not be interpreted as typical of conditions generally in Switzerland, far from it. I can only write of what I saw, actually of only a small part of all I saw—of a comparatively small, though the most important, group of the English skiers in the Alps—the "specialists" and expert downhill skiers.

Some day the Rockies, like the Alps, may be exploited and made generally accessible for winter sport. Let us hope so. Until such a time as we have advantageously utilized our own training ground we will not be able to compete successfully with the British in downhill ski-ing. When the Rockies are opened up and we learn to slide in "the grand manner" we will be able to do as d'Egville advised, using the words of the Kandahar war cry, as his train pulled out of Mürren, "Keep them pointed down hill and go like Hell!"

Before I close let me tell you of "Ski Heil," pronounced "She Hile," the "bon mot" wherever ski are used in Europe. It is the universal cry amongst those who know how to enjoy them; about as easy to explain as the word "Hello," it is used on as many, if not more, occasions, and in as many different senses. I fling it back across the sea, up to those peaks where I first heard it, to the gallant band who do keep them pointed downhill and who DO go like Hell, "Ski Heil!"

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## The Omineca Ski Club, Burns Lake, B.C.

The Omineca Ski Club had a most successful season. Although handicapped by the transfer of the club captain, Pete Sanders, to the Prince George Ski Club, Kaare Engstad, who was elected in his place, took up his new duties with enthusiasm and met with unparalleled success in drilling the juniors. His own record for the season especially, and also in the past, is admirable. He won the 50 kilometre race at the Burns Lake tournament, and the Class A jump. In the combined he was second to Jorstad of Winnipeg. His performance alone,



to say nothing of what the other members did, leaves the Omineca Ski Club extremely satisfied with the season.

The MacDonald's Landing Branch of the Club was active. Jointly with the settlers of that district, they built a splendid hall, which was used as a meeting place for skiers in the weekly cross-country runs. These meetings included jumping, training classes and the inevitable dance with music by the club orchestra. For next winter they are arranging a trip to the salt water, the route for which is as follows:

From Burns Lake to MacDonald's Landing, 28 miles.

MacDonald's Landing to Ootsa Lake Camp, 20 miles.

Ootsa Lake to Sinclair Lake, 25 miles.

Sinclair Lake to Pondosy Camp, 30 miles.

Pondosy Camp to the salt water, 40 miles.

The Pondosy Camp is in the heart of the coast range, among the glacier-clad mountains, but the Secumtha Pass is comparatively easy. The object of the trip will be to establish a ski route, otherwise untravelled, from the Central Interior to the coast, the route for more than seventy miles is uninhabited except by a few trappers.

## The Banff Ski Club

*[We are indebted to Mr. G. C. Stockand, of the B.S.C., for the following article.]*

WHILE the Banff Ski Club has been in existence for over 15 years, it is only recently that it has assumed a position of relative importance in Western Canada ski-ing circles.

In its formative years the club's active ski-ing was presided over by a very estimable Swedish gentleman, Gus Johnson by name, now deceased, and, as may be expected, its activities consisted almost solely of jumping training for the younger members, combined with a certain amount of flat racing tutelage. As a result, some of our schoolboy enthusiasts could jump well over 100 feet with ease and in excellent form, but were virtually helpless in traversing difficult country on ski, and downhill running technique was a closed book to all of them. Among local adults there was no interest shown in the sport, as the general impression existed that it was too dangerous for any but daring and athletic youths, or the Scandinavian professionals who visited the town to give exhibitions of jumping. Which supposition was caused entirely by the disproportionate stress placed in Canada, as a whole, upon jumping as the major phase of ski-ing.

However, the last three years have brought phenomenal changes in the sport of ski-ing in Banff, largely through the enthusiasm and whole-hearted efforts of our club president, Mr. Clifford White, combined with the fact that interest in ski-ing has been increasing from coast to coast.

We are, of course, affiliated with the Canadian Amateur Ski Association's Western Branch, and to date under its auspices have held successfully three tournaments—a Western Canadian, an Alberta, and a Rocky Mountain Park Championship.