



(Photo: Hudson's Bay Company)

The Canadian Olympic Ski Team, uniformed in Hudson's Bay Parkas, lines up for the photographer before sailing for Germany. Left to right—Harry Pangman, Montreal, manager of the ski team; Tormod Mobraaten, Vancouver; Norman Gagne and Bill Ball, Montreal; Bud Clark, Ottawa; Karl Baadsvik, Montreal.

Canada's 1936 Olympic Ski Team

By A. H. Pangman, Honorary Manager

CANADA'S 1936 Olympic Ski Team, after a farewell luncheon at the Park Toboggan and Ski Club, entrained from Montreal on January 3 for Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, with two full crate loads of skis, and accompanied by a multitude of good wishes.

Arriving at Saint John the next day we boarded the *Duchess of Atholl*. Only five out of the six enjoyed supper that first night, as we rounded the cape and headed up towards Halifax. Arriving there on Saturday we were entertained at a luncheon at the Halifax Club by Mr. Cyril Stairs, and afterwards by members of the Maple Leaf Ski Club. Unfortunately the proposed ski exhibition had to be cancelled due to the lack of snow. The mild weather seemed to portend what we were to experience in Europe.

The voyage over was uneventful, fairly heavy seas as usual at that season. Gym attendance was planned for one hour per day, but after the first day only two of the team were at all regular in attendance, the others a bit indisposed. We sighted Scotland late on Friday

evening, January 10, and steamed up the Clyde by moonlight.

As the ship was twenty-four hours late we had to disembark at Greenock in order to make connections across the North Sea. Aroused at a quarter to five we were bundled into a trawler, rushed through the customs, and driven madly on the wrong side of the road in a Deisel engined bus through wet slippery streets to Glasgow, where we just caught the express train to Edinburgh. We travelled across Scotland and down the East coast of England, and after a number of changes made Grimbsy that night. The sight of Ben Lomond with snow covered peaks that glistened in the distance caused the first signs of unrest amongst the team.

We embarked from Grimbsy at once in a two thousand ton steamer, the *Accrington*, heading for Hamburg. We were treated to a view of the shipping of the old world that night, as in a full moon the sea was alive with the passing lights of ships in the distance. A heavy North Sea swell made sleep almost impossible for

the next twenty-four hours, and we were glad to reach the placid waters of the mouth of the Elbe the next evening. At Hamburg, where we disembarked next morning, we made our first contact with the heavily officiated shaven-headed German authority, but it was almost the first and last that we saw of this type. We spent that day in driving around the city, and were duly impressed with the tremendous number of Swastika flags that decorated the streets, the large number of men in uniform, the way in which the pedestrians were trained to await the green light at street intersections, and the hundreds on bicycles pedalling to and from their work. We boarded the train that night for Munchen in company with Mr. Richardson of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Our first continental breakfast was experienced in Munchen the next morning, also our first sight of snow, wet and dirty. After leaving the city hungry, we got on the train for Garmisch-Partenkirchen, arriving there on the morning of the 14th at eleven o'clock. Heavy wet snow lay on the streets and the mountains were hidden by low lying clouds and clammy fog. Our first impressions of Haus am Reid, where we were to spend the next few weeks, were most favourable, and further strengthened as time went on; immaculately clean, very quiet, tasty food and congenial company. Here we said good-bye to Mr. Richardson who had looked after us so well for the past few days.

The day following our arrival we were invited down to the Olympic headquarters, and officially welcomed by Dr. Karl Von Ritter and members of the German Olympic Committee. Also as one of the first teams to arrive we were eagerly sought after by members of the press, they having little else to do as yet, and there was always the possibility of one of our members turning out to be a star performer, when the team had a number of photographs taken, usually in our Hudson Bay parkas, which made quite an impression.

Our first view of the surrounding country was not obtained for a couple of days due to the low clouds, but when we did see the snow covered peaks towering to a clear azure sky some eight thousand feet above us, their lower sides heavily robed in a dark green blanket of firs, the sight was one of restfulness and peacefulness. Artillery practice which was occasionally heard far off in the hills was the only sign that all might not be at peace in the future in this quiet valley. Our first impression of the snow conditions were not too favourable, as what snow there was, about a foot, had no foundation and was very sticky, due to the temperature during the day being seldom below freezing.

The first couple of days after arrival no skiing was indulged in, in order that we could get a good rest from our trip, and also get acclimatized. We spent our time in unpacking our skis, fixing them up, inspecting the ski jumps,

and wandering around the village admiring the frescoed houses with their colored saints painted on the walls. Definite training rules were decided on, such as breakfast at eight, bed at ten. As four of the team were taking part in four different events, time had to be apportioned out for each event. Thus in general we practiced on the downhill courses or slalom, three mornings a week, cross-country running another three, and jumping every afternoon. Sunday was generally a day of rest, or some of the team used to do a bit of sun bathing atop some high peak. By the end of the first week we were all in serious hard training.

There were in all five jumping hills around the village, all controlled by the Olympic Committee. None of these was more than about fifteen minutes walk from our quarters. A small sixty-foot hill was where the team did its first practicing in order to get the feel of their skis, and as it was quite flat, to get especially practice in landing. The larger jumps were used alternately by the jumpers, and were at all times kept in shape by brigades of uniformed recruits, but the weather was so mild most of the time, that even with the best attention the landing was very hard and slippery after a few jumps had been taken, with the result that there were few days when jumping was really a pleasure. In general the combined hill was not liked due to the uplift of the take-off and the flatness of the landing; the large jump on the other hand was enthusiastically praised. Of the first lot of invaders Birger Rudd and the Japanese were a pleasure to watch. We noticed that most of the jumpers used the Kandahar binding and our team were equipped with these as soon as possible. Of our own men Tom Mobraaten at once showed that he could be as good as any of them with a little practice. Karl Baadsvik was also showing up well and getting good distance. The others had not yet got their ski-ing legs after the long trip over.

First impressions of the downhill courses were not very propitious. To get to them required a twenty-minute taxi ride, then an eight-minute trip up the funicular cable railway, followed by a thirty-minute jaunt along the level and then five hundred feet of climbing to reach the start. There were in all three downhill trails, all having the same start and the same finish, and called the Standard, the Kremp, and the Neuner. One of these was to be used for the Olympic race, but which one was not to be announced until four days ahead, hence in the meanwhile one had to practice down them all in order to know them as well as possible. Contrary to all our expectations none of these were above the tree line. They were all wooded trails, very similar to the Quebec-Kandahar course on Mont Tremblant, except that their average width was much narrower. Most of the time they were glazed

ice on the lower two-thirds while the upper third was deep powder snow. Trouble was experienced at once in handling these runs as they were not only very steep, but dreadfully bumpy, and this plus the bad snow conditions made us realize that other nationalities, more accustomed to this type of ski-ing than ourselves, had a decided advantage right at the start. But there was no doubt that the trails were a real test of ski-ing, and certainly very much faster and tougher than anything we had been used to in Canada. We noticed that the downhill skis used were all fairly long and wide, and of course nothing but downpull bindings. Edges as worn were almost entirely steel and of the Lettner design, and were kept very sharp. Skis were found to be cheap, the best the equivalent of nine Canadian dollars, and excellent ski boots for about the same price, hence it was not long before our whole team was re-equipped with both boots and skis.

For the cross-country runners well marked courses were laid out each week by the organizing committee. Starting with about a five-kilometre trail, these were lengthened out each week, and the type of country gone over was similar to that to be covered in the actual race. As these courses were all in the valley, they were most of the time scarce in snow, and were down to the grass in some places, despite the efforts of the uniformed recruits who were continually piling spruce boughs over the open creeks, and covering the same with snow. Downhill they were sharp and treacherous due to the lack of snow and the icy crust covering most of the shaded areas.

A bit of practice was required to accustom our landlady to the Canadian breakfast, and the seemingly large quantities of butter, fresh fruit, and vegetables that we demanded, and of which there was rather a shortage in Germany. The cooking was in general good and appetizing, although we seldom had real good steak or beef. The language difficulty was not so noticeable as most of the townspeople spoke a bit of English and we soon learned a few words of German. Most of the members of the German Olympic Committee could speak good English as well as French, and a few days after our arrival each nation was given a "sport helper" or interpreter who acted as a contact man between the Organizing Committee and the teams.

Although it had not been our intention to enter any competitions before the actual games themselves, yet a small invitation meet with a strong international flavour on one of the local jumps attracted our jumpers, and to give them a bit of actual competition practice Mobraaten, Baadsvik and Gagne entered. Unfortunately, due to the mild weather, the take-off became very icy, and on their second jumps both Mobraaten and Baadsvik slipped as they sprung and took heavy falls, the latter being completely laid out for some time, while

Mobraaten badly sprained his wrist and knee as well as bruising his heel. Gagne took two jumps in excellent style, each time receiving applause from the spectators, but due to a misunderstanding did not take his third jump and hence was not shown in the final results.

I left shortly after this to meet the Canadian ladies team at Murren, where they had been in training. Everywhere I found the snow conditions the same, that is, very little and what there was usually wet. At the Kleine Schiedegg opposite Murren I witnessed a downhill race, featuring some of the best of the Swiss runners, at an altitude of eight thousand feet, the upper sections laid between bare rocks and tufts of grass, while the lower parts were just plain mud mixed with snow. Due to this lack of snow I found that the ladies team had only had four days of actual practice together, before they had been rained out of Grindelwald. To cheer me up I found that Mrs. Chamier had her foot in a cast and Mrs. Gordon-Lennox had a broken hand. Met Sam Cliff at Murren, and also Arnold Lunn whom I had often corresponded with but never seen. Had two runs down the Roberts of Kandahar course on difficult crusty snow, and left that night for Garmish in company with Mrs. Chamier and Miss Miller.

Returned to Garmisch to find even worse news. Gagne had taken a bad fall on the jump and twisted his ankle, leg and wrist. The bone in his leg was at first thought to be cracked, but X-rays showed it to be all right, except that it meant no more jumping for at least two weeks. It was now January 28 and the games were fast approaching. With Mobraaten still limping around, Ball and Baadsvik both stiffened up and shaken due to a bad fall on the downhill, two of the ladies team with broken bones, and with Mr. Sidney Dawes, who had done so much to make the trip possible, lying over at Kitsbuhel with a broken leg, I began to think that it was not Canada's year and even began to fear I would have to get out and run myself. The only consolation we had was that the casualties in the other teams were just as heavy, only most of them had a large number of spares on whom to draw. The American team for instance at one time had as many as ten men, a third of their ski team, under the doctor's care for various minor or major injuries. Luckily the thoroughness and efficiency of the German Organizing Committee had provided a most up to date hospital at the foot of the jumps, solely for the use of competitors. The Canadian ski team made full use of it, as a total of seventeen X-ray pictures were taken inside of two weeks, and at least two dozen visits from the doctor and a number of massage treatments. They even had a dentist and one of our men had some free fillings put in. It was lucky that all these first aid treatments were looked after by the German Government, as otherwise our

finances would have been badly depleted. The excessive number of injuries to all teams was entirely due to the poor snow conditions, which made the downhill trails icy as well as exposing many rocks, and the jumps slippery and hard. And even with the strenuous care that was given them, the hundreds of competitors that used the jumps and the downhill trails made it practically impossible to keep the snow in even fair condition.

On February 2 Mobraaten and Baadsvik again took part in a local jumping meet on the large Olympic jump, as it was one of the few chances to use the big jump, since it was but seldom open for practice. In an International field, with the exception of the Norwegian team who had not yet arrived, Mobraaten placed eleventh. It was the first time he had jumped since his bad fall ten days before, and his style and distance again showed that he could be equal to the best. Baadsvik also jumped well but his style did not carry him as far down the hill as the "jack-knived" lean of the leaders.

Waxing for the cross-country we found was a bit tricky, as the snow was always just on the freezing point, and it depended on whether the trail was in the sun or the shade for it to be wet or dry. Waxing for the downhill did not bother us, as we had all the speed we could handle on the soft snow of the steep upper slopes, or on the icy bumps of the lower sections, and any ordinary downhill wax sufficed.

On Monday, February 3, the downhill course was announced as the Neuner. This was the one we had expected as it was by far the toughest and steepest of them all, and also as it had always, except on two occasions, been closed in order to keep what snow there was in good condition. So on February 4 the whole team, both ladies and men, were up early to catch the first car up the funicular. But the other twenty-six teams had the same idea, as the course was to open for two days only, after which it was to be closed to be put in condition for the race. Hence every runner tried to get as many runs down the trail as possible, the result—a steady stream of racers, mostly wild, roaring down and around every curve. This effect of hundreds of skis, plus the warm sun, soon turned the whole of the lower sections into almost pure ice. Speed in ski-ing has seldom actually awed me, but that day I saw ski-ing that definitely did. I remember Birger Rudd, his head still bound up from a fall ten days before, when he had laid himself out cold, one of the French team, and Fox of the English team, as they literally snapped past me on a narrow part of the trail; running so close that there seemed little more than a ski length between them, and bouncing from knoll to knoll at what seemed an unstopable pace, their steel edged skis clattering over the ice. As might be expected the injuries

were many that day and the next, and the first aid stations that were scattered every few hundred yards along the course were kept busy.

Numbers for the downhill race were drawn that evening under the International system. That is the runners were divided into first, second and third class according to past performances, only the cracks being allowed in the first class, and not more than two from any one nation in the second class. On the draw the nation was first drawn, and then the individual men of that country, thus eliminating any chance of two men of the same nationality being drawn together. A similar method was used for the cross-country and the jumping events, except that here there was no classification.

On Wednesday the day before the games opened it started to snow. One could almost feel the sigh of relief from the German Olympic Committee. The valley was by now quite bare of snow and even the high hills that faced the south were devoid of any white on their lower slopes. That day the Canadian hockey team arrived, the officials complaining bitterly about their accommodation, not realizing that all that was necessary was a polite cable as to how many to expect a few weeks in advance. That evening the leaders of the various sections met and decided on details of the parade and on the manner in which to salute Chancellor Hitler.

Thursday, the opening day, it was still snowing heavily, as after a bit of a struggle we got into our newly pressed uniforms, maple leaf on pocket, and by ten a.m. were in line waiting for the parade of nations to begin, but it was not long before our blue uniforms looked white. Six burly officials led the Canadian section, followed by the skiers, then the fancy skaters, and last of all the hockey players. This order was the same for all teams, and it was cognizant of the fact that ski-ing is still the principle attraction of the Winter Olympics, far outclassing hockey as far as interest to spectators is concerned. While ice hockey is thrilling to a large number of Europeans and is increasing in interest, it cannot be practiced by many, and hence in countries that are making a cult of physical training, it has not got the same personal interest that ski-ing has, whose followers are numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

At eleven o'clock marching orders were given and we started towards the stadium, led by our porter and flag bearer. The nations were in alphabetical order except that Greece, as the home of the first Olympics, led the parade and the host country Germany was last in line. We were about the middle, as Canada was spelled with a K. As we marched slowly towards the gates the music from the massed bands of four hundred pieces could be heard playing the national hymns, and the applause of the populace, that greeted each nation as it filed past, rose or fell in proportion to the

smartness of the marchers, or to their nationality. Next to the German team, the Austrians and the French got the best reception, I believe. The latter team were given a marvellous hand clapping, due to their smart appearance, despite the fact that feeling was rather high between the two nations at that time, but mainly to the fact that they saluted Hitler like all good Germans with up-raised arm. The Canadians were given a good reception and our team looked smart and business-like in their ski uniforms.

Once in we took up our position facing the balcony where Hitler stood, and when the last nation, Germany, had filed in the ceremony began. The President, Dr. Karl von Ritter, made a few introductory remarks, then the Chancellor of the Reich spoke into the microphone, and raising his right hand said in German "I declare the IV Winter Olympic Games open." As his hand dropped there came the roar of guns from the heights above as a battery fired a salute; the Olympic flame burst into life atop its high tower, and glowed dimly through the still heavily falling snow; the Olympic flag with its five rings was raised aloft and spread out lazily in the slight breeze; the music bands merged into the Olympic hymn, and yet, even as its volume swelled to fill the stadium, the church bells in Garmisch-Partenkirchen could be heard as they tolled the opening chords.

And now the serious part began. The following day, Friday, scheduled for the downhill race, dawned clear and cool. The snow had stopped and the whole valley glistened with its foot of newly fallen whiteness. Our ladies' and men's teams were up early, and after a short preparatory rest in the hut at the top of the funicular, made their way to the start of the race. The same course was to be used for both ladies and men, except that the ladies did not have to run the first five hundred vertical feet, which was very steep through open spruce woods, with a 120-degree turn at the bottom. The total vertical drop of the men's course was 3,116 feet and the ladies 2,665 feet. After the turn, there was a bit of flat, and it was on this that the ladies started, but they had very little time to warm up, as almost immediately the trail dropped over the edge again for another five hundred vertical feet, where it wound back and forth on a 38-degree slope in narrow "S" turns. Then into an opening where one had to pick one's way through a number of large trees on a gently falling slope. Then it steepened a bit but was so twisty, narrow, and bumpy, that there was no relief or time to get ready for the next drop at the 1,200-foot level. This was the famous "steilhang" or in English "hanging precipice," a very steep drop of some 300 vertical feet with a narrow bridge at the bottom. The trail proper opened suddenly on to this and it required nerve to drop over the edge. From

here to the finish the course was less steep, changing from narrow trail to wide open fields, but was always bumpy and hard to hold at high speed. The finish was down a short but sharp hill followed by a hundred yards of flat before crossing the electric tape.

The course was in perfect shape, as two days of snow tramped in as it fell by a brigade of khaki shirted recruits, had covered all rocks and most of the ice. It was in fact deceptive, as most of the runners were a bit careful after visions of the icy patches from their last run down. There was little noise at the start, except an encouraging cheer as each racer left and dropped over the edge, and perhaps a breathless—ah—as she was seen to take the first turn, that lost her to sight in the woods. Our Canadian ladies skied excellently, considering the condition some of them were in, and certainly none put up a gamer attempt than Mrs. Gordon-Lennox and Mrs. Chamier, the sinews of whose foot were still not yet healed from her break, and for whom every pressure on that foot on a turn meant pain. Badly swollen as it was every night after practice, she had persisted in going on, and finished in 25th place in 7.21. The winning time was 5.04 minutes. Mrs. Gordon-Lennox, with her fingers still in a cast, skied with one arm tied to her body, and finished in 31st position in 8.03. Miss Miller was 28th in 7.30 and skied carefully to place. Mrs. Butler, though also indisposed, skied brilliantly to place 17th in 6.20. I am not offering alibis for our Canadian team, but the above facts should be considered when comparisons are made with other countries. It was Canada's first International Ladies' Ski Team, and they performed nobly.

The Canadian men skied creditably if not brilliantly. Baadsvik was the best and finished in 26th position. He skied the whole course without a fall, but his time of 5.55 minutes was a minute and eight seconds behind the winner, Birger Rudd. Heavy falls in practice on some of the hills, added to my own constant admonition to ski carefully, no doubt, made him more cautious than the course necessitated on that day. Ball was 39th in 6.40 and was going well until the "steilhang" when he fell on the icy slope and rolled down below the control flags, losing valuable time in climbing up to them again. Clark was 47th in 7.29, having the ill luck to get tangled up in a spruce tree after a fast turn near the beginning of the race.

Out of a total of seventy runners we did not do too badly, but there was no doubt that as yet in technique and smoothness, we still have a long way to go before we can hope to equal the good downhill runners of Europe. I watched the men's race from the bottom of the "steilhang" where some ten thousand spectators had gathered, practically all of them on skis. This was the most spectacular part of the course to watch, and one could almost place

the runners according to the manner in which they negotiated this difficult descent. Three hundred and fifty feet above us the trail opened suddenly on to the open drop. A hundred feet below this was a pair of control flags, which were staggered out of line of a direct descent, and necessitated a slight traverse on an icy 38-degree slope. Once through these the course led straight over a large bump and then on to the flat of the bridge, which sent many of the unsteady skiers into a nose dive. I saw such aces as Rudd, Lanschner, Pfnur, literally shoot out of the woods, traverse high, then turn above the flags with the slightest puff of snow from their skis, and point them straight down. They crossed that bridge with its difficult change of pace without the slightest jar, and disappeared down a double lane of spectators over the next hill. The second class runners skied well out of the woods, then either fell before reaching the flags, rolling below them, or else skied safely through but fell below when they hit the deep soft snow at the edge of the trail. The others practically crawled out of the woods and then fell two or three times before reaching the bridge, and usually again on it. Out of the first ten to finish, four were Norwegians and four Germans. The remarkable showing of the former, both men and ladies, was attributed partly to the condition of the course, as on the icy trail which was expected the central Europeans were overwhelming favourites, as they apparently revelled in that type of going.

On Friday, February 8, some thirty thousand people turned out to witness the ladies slalom. This was set on a narrow icy course, under a half inch of powder snow. The total drop was 600 vertical feet and the length was 1,800 feet, or a third of a mile. The course as set was tricky and fast, flags being set in tricky places, on a knoll or in a gully, where turning was most difficult. Mrs. Butler was again first for the Canadians, making two steady runs to finish 19th. Mrs. Gordon-Lennox, still ski-ing with one hand, was 28th; Miss Millar 29th, and Mrs. Chamier, whose foot had not been improved by the downhill race, was 31st. Some idea of the speed of the winner, Chriffl Cranz, can be imagined from her two runs of 72.0 and 70.1 seconds which equaled an average speed of slightly over twenty miles per hour. The smoothness of the first class lady skiers was delightful to watch, and I'd have no hesitation in saying that any one of those who finished in the first half dozen could trim the best male slalom runner in Canada by a long way. To substantiate this, on the day of the men's slalom, Chriffl Cranz ran an exhibition down the course in 78 seconds, while the winner's time, Franz Pfnur, was 72.1 seconds, and the best Canadian was over the hundred mark.

On Sunday, February 9, the men's slalom took place before a holiday crowd of fifty-five thousand persons. The same hill was used as

for the ladies, except that the course was, perhaps, a bit more difficult with more turns, there being thirty-three pairs of flags. Baadsvik was the best of the Canadians, followed by Ball and then Clark. As with the ladies, all seemed to have difficulty with the icy turns, sliding below the flags. I watched the slalom from a vantage point above the start, from which the whole course was visible directly below me. The good runners, the Germans were the best example, used a technique which was quite different from anything we are accustomed to in Canada, although we had heard of the so-called "tempo turn," and seen mediocre exponents of it in practice. As used over there all the jerks and visible weighting of the skis was absent. The runner made no sudden stops and very rarely used a stem, but took everything without a change of pace. On a turn they did very little edging, but instead lowered their bodies as the turn progressed to keep the weight off the skis, thus there was no tendency to side slip. The actual turn itself was started by an almost imperceptible lift upwards, but the only notice of it was the click of their heels as they came down on the skis. They take their turns wide so as always to keep a continuous pace throughout without losing speed by changing direction. I can think of no more fitting way to describe one of those crack runners than that of a rope lying on the ground that is flicked by the wrist, and as he weaves in and out amongst the flags without apparent effort, like the wave travelling down the rope, smooth, powerful, unstopable.

Monday, February 10, witnessed the 40-kilometre, four men per team, relay race, and as we were not entered we took a much needed rest. In an exciting finish the Finns came from behind to defeat the Norwegians. The next day, Tuesday, was also a day of rest and we spent some time preparing our skis for the 18-kilometre race the following day. Conditions of the snow had us a bit worried as it was unseasonably mild.

Wednesday, February 12, dawned clear and cool, the bright sky warning us it would not be long before the temperature rose. I was up early and managed to go over the course before the race, hoping thus to be of some assistance to the team. It was a full eighteen kilometres, starting off over easy rolling country for the first four kilometres, then gradual climbing for the next four, rolling country again up to the eleven mark. Then a steep ascent of one kilometre, when it reached its highest point at nine hundred feet elevation. A bit of almost flat running, with the last five kilometres all downhill. It was an easy course, in fact too smooth for our team, who were more accustomed to steeper climbs and descents. But it suited the Scandinavian racers who could maintain a tremendous speed over the rolling trail. The Canadians finished in about the order expected. Clark was the best in 48th

place in 1 hour 30 minutes 20 seconds; Ball was 55th in 1 hour 32 minutes 46 seconds; Mobraaten was 58th in 1 hour 33 minutes 28 seconds; and Baadsvik 64th in 1 hour 39 minutes 30 seconds. The winning time was 1 hour 14 minutes 38 seconds. The Canadians ran well, but were outclassed not so much in time, as in technique. Our whole team ran closer to the winning time than the best man of the Canadians in the 1932 Olympics which goes to show that competition in these races is getting keener every year.

I saw the race as the runners reached the highest point. Here the course led through the back yard of a monastery which reared its head over a few old houses, the whole nestling on a plateau overlooking Garmisch Partenkirchen which lay far below in the valley. For almost a mile the track lay in the blazing sun, and the runners as they passed were all wet through with sweat. I noticed, particularly, that the Canadians were all running with their legs, and did not use their arms to the same extent as the others. Again it was smoothness that counted, no time lost anywhere, every little knoll being utilized for an extra push.

Thursday, February 13, was mild and rather dull, but it did not deter a tremendous crowd of some ninety thousand people turning out to view the combined jumping, which was the high light of the official Olympic ski events. Tom Mobraaten, jumping against the best combined men in the world, had two tremendous leaps of 49 and 52 metres, and was only beaten by four others for distance, the best jump being 54.5 metres. He placed 6th out of 48 competitors. Baadsvik was next with his first jump of 49 metres right up with the leaders, but his second dropped back to 46 metres, which placed him 14th in the final standing. Clark was 38th; and Ball, who had a fall on his second jump, was 45th. Unfortunately both Mobraaten's and Baadsvik's score for the combined was averaged down by their time in the cross-country, Mobraaten placing 30th, Baadsvik 40th, while Clark was 38th and Ball 45th. Although the Norwegians got the first three places as usual, other nations are coming to the fore, especially the Czecho-Slovakians and the Germans.

Friday, February 14, featured the military patrol race, a demonstration event, consisting of a forty-kilometre race by a team of four. About half way around the competitors had to throw themselves on the ground and fire a number of rounds of ammunition at long range targets. Not only the time counted, but also the score made on the targets. This was won by Italy. On Saturday, February 15, the fifty-kilometre cross-country race was run off without any Canadian entries. The Swedes took the first four places to the surprise of the Finns, and to the disgust of the Norwegians who only placed one runner in the first ten.

Sunday, February 16, was dull and well above freezing, but it did not stop a record crowd of one hundred and forty thousand persons from turning out to witness the open jumping. Inside, the stands were packed, the hills around were black with people, and thousands more stood outside the gates. Hordes of school children, both boys and girls, dressed all in brown, came up from Munchen and were lined up in formation near the foot of the hill; elderly Germans sat on their cane stools and munched their mid-day meal of bread and sausage; Hitler and his entourage arrived and were given a great reception by the massed patriots who stood on tip toe to get a glimpse of him.

It was raining slightly as the first jumpers came down the chute, with the result that the snow was wet and slow, and the distances obtained not as hoped for. I have never before seen, and never expect to see again, an exhibition such as that was. Jumper after jumper came down in perfect style with hardly a fraction of a point to choose between them, and out of fifty jumpers forty of them all landed within a distance of nine metres of one another. For Canada Tom Mobraaten was again the outstanding star with a perfect jump on his first of 71.5 metres, which was only bettered by seven others. But on his second jump he took a new track and his distance dropped to 66.5 metres. Nor was he the only one fooled by the tricky snow, as fully one-third of the competitors dropped back on their second try, including Kongsgaard, crack of the Norwegian team, who had 74.5 on his first, and 66 metres only on his second. Baadsvik jumped well with leaps of 63.5 and 59 metres, while Gagne with only three days of actual practice on the large jump, leaned in perfect style for distances of 58 and 57 metres. Greatest spectacle of the meet, however, was the jumping of the Norwegian team, and the duel between Birger Rudd and Erikson for first place. The four Norwegians, with two jumps each, all landed between the 72.5 and the 75 metre mark, with the one exception of Kongsgaard's shorter jump. But while the applause they got was loud, it was nothing compared to the roar that greeted Rudd when he tipped the snow at 75 metres and Erikson when he landed at 76 metres. The battle was on. Rudd on his second jump sacrificed half a metre for style, but I have never seen a jump like it. As he left the take-off he gave one swing of his arms, then motionless, seemed to drift down like a feather until he landed without a sound. The crowd went wild. Erikson again jumped 76 metres, but his style was strained, and not nearly as spectacular as Rudd's. And so it proved when the results came out, as Rudd had retained his 1932 Olympic Championship.

We left Garmisch on the 17th after official closing ceremonies as fully impressive as the opening one. At Munchen, all com-

petitors and officials were entertained at the Olympic Ball that evening and then the team disbanded, Mobraaten and Clark going straight to Norway where they took part in the Norwegian Championships at Holmenkollen; Ball took part in the F.I.S. championships at Innsbruck, afterwards going up to Norway for the Holmenkollen races, but had the ill luck to break his ankle in practice the first day out; while Baadsvik went to the Czechoslovakian championships, and was 6th in the jumping.

While the Canadian Olympic Ski Team did not bring back any championships, I believe that the main object of our trip was accomplished, namely instruction. We learned a lot, a tremendous amount about downhill and slalom ski-ing; we saw, and I believe brought back with us an almost entirely new technique of downhill racing. It remains to be seen if we can transfer this knowledge to others. In cross-country our runners are not very far behind, they have practically the right technique; what they need more than anything

is smoothness, more use of their arms, and hard strenuous training the year around. Similarly with our jumpers, what they lack is practice and still more practice, and what the great majority of Canadians do not realize, condition, that is keeping in shape all year. Jumping depends a lot on a clear eye and co-ordination between the different muscles. Birger Rudd, as an example, keeps himself the year around in perfect physical shape by high diving in the summer months, and by gymnastics on the high bar at other times.

To those that criticized the sending of a team over that did not have a chance, all I can say is, wait and see—the next few years will tell. To those others who so generously assisted in making this trip possible, I feel positive that their interest in Canadian ski-ing will be rewarded, and that the ideas that the team as a whole and individually brought back with them will tend toward the improvement of ski-ing in general, and also help to increase this wonderful winter sport amongst Canadians.