

STEAL CIGARETTES IN NORVAL GARAGE BREAK-IN

The Ontario Provincial Police are investigating a break-in at the new Cities Service station at Norval last Thursday in which about \$70 in cigarettes and other miscellaneous items were taken. The thieves entered the building by breaking in a window at the rear of the building.

The break in was discovered and reported to police the following morning by the proprietor.

Chatting

M. H. B.

LET'S SEE, where were we now — Oh yes, on our way back to the Banff Springs Hotel after the barbecue. The balance of the evening was uneventful — I went straight to bed. My body was exhausted, but apparently my brain wasn't, because I lay there for a long long time before I went to sleep, reliving again the excitement of the day . . .

WHAT KEPT ME awake longest was the ride on the chair-lift. Try as I would, I could not keep my mind from forming pictures of how it looked and felt during that longest, most terrifying twenty minutes of my life. Ten minutes up the mountain and ten minutes coming down . . .

You people, lucky souls, who are not affected by height will no doubt read this and wonder how a person could possibly feel the way I did. To my fellow sufferers who are only happy when firmly attached to the earth by some very visible, non-tippy means, I need offer no explanation. Probably both groups would find it interesting to hear about the ride on the chair lift, however — For that I will grant you, it was interesting . . .

This lift is at Mount Norquay, a ten minute ride by car from Banff over a road which snakes up the mountainside in stalem-like curves. After ascending for about a mile, we came to Mt. Norquay Lodge, and the chair lift. And that is where the fun begins. Just to give you a better mental picture of the heights involved I might mention they claim the Mount Norquay lift is the steepest in the world. It rises through a vertical distance of more than 1,300 feet, after a steep ascent up 1940 feet, bringing sight-seers to the 7,000 foot level in 10 minutes . . .

THIS IS THE WAY the publicity folder describes the Ride of Rides! — "Now step on to the take-off platform near Mt. Norquay Lodge, sit in the first empty chair that comes along, relax — and you're off on a thrilling ride. Your first few minutes in the chair will probably be spent in wonder at the feeling of climbing effortlessly through the air. Then the unparalleled beauty of the surrounding panorama will hold your complete attention . . .

"You'll see snow-capped peaks thrilling upward to the azure sky

and sun-reflecting mountain streams dropping arrow-like to the serene lakes. Off in the blue depth of the sky you may see an eagle wheeling in slow, majestic circles. Below, on the mountain slopes, you'll certainly see sheep, moose, mountain goats, deer and other monarchs of the slopes and peaks . . .

When your chair arrives at the top of the lift you step off and look around. Feel like a king as you survey the breathtaking splendour around, above and below you. Then take a walk over to the Memorial Cabin where each winter some of the world's greatest skiers pause a moment before dropping down Mount Norquay's famous Giant Stair and Downhill runs . . .

AND THAT, apparently, is the normal reaction to this phenomenal ride . . . To my mind, they leave off the description just before the frightening part really begins . . . the ride down . . .

Mind you, for a person who won't go beyond the first step on a stepladder and has never been able to climb a fence in her life — just climbing in that open-sided chair, with nothing to strap you in, and nothing solid to hang onto but the upright pole attaching the chair to the cable, and being swung off the leading platform into forty feet of pure uncluttered mountain air, was a big enough thrill. I would gladly have got off right then and there. But once on, you stay on. At least you hope you do, and have to hope harder and harder as the chair climbs higher and higher. Coming down couldn't possibly be worse than this, I thought, as tense as a ramrod, I concentrated on the relatively safe-looking tree tops whizzing by underneath my precarious perch . . .

YOU CAN SEE that the "unparalleled beauty of the surrounding panorama" did not hold my complete attention. One quick squint thru cringing eyelids was enough. Last I sound too alarming, I must admit that there were some casual types who relaxed to the point of hanging their feet over the foot rest as they lounged back in the chair apparently abandoning themselves with complete enjoyment to the sensation of flying. Some people actually do enjoy the thrill . . .

But to return to my reactions which I must admit worried me a little, they were so completely opposite to what the publicity pamphlet said they should be . . .

I WAS JUST mildly terrified going up the lift, that is until I neared the top and saw the descending victims being given a good push to send their chairs swinging out about 150 feet at a ninety degree angle to the practically perpendicular mountainside. That didn't panic me, my blood to see water just before my chair swung into position at the top platform. "I'll never be able to go down," I quavered to the attendant, as he helped me off. "Well, I guess you'll just have to stay up here," was his sympathetic rejoinder . . .

Knees buckling beneath me, I tottered over to the sight seeing platform. Blurrily I stared down at all that magnificence, feeling anything but "kinglike" as the pamphlet assured me I should. If I hadn't been thinking so much about the ride down, as I watched my companions swinging off into what looked like infinity to say nothing of eternity, I will concede that I might have enjoyed standing there on the summit. As long as I have the good earth right under me, I don't care how high up I am . . .

A calculated look down the mountainside reminded me it would probably take several hours to walk, slide or roll down to the Lodge again. Besides the disgrace of letting everyone know what a big coward I was, old ladies and young children had not even hesitated about taking the ride. Surely I could do likewise. Besides, I had commuted with another fellow-sufferer at the summit with eyes glazed and body shaking at thoughts of the ordeal ahead. We knew we had to go thru' with it, and the longer we delayed the harder the terror gripped us. So up I marched to the chopping block. I'm sure Marie Antoinette couldn't have felt worse . . .

THE NEXT EMPTY chair bouncing along the cable was for me. There's only one way to endure it and this I do as soon as the attendant gave me the starting push. As the chair swayed out into space, I simply shut my eyes tightly, and resolved to keep them that way until I reached the bottom. I held on to that side shaft for dear life. After the chair had steadied down a little, curiosity compelled me to open my eyes for a quick squint. The swift flare of fright from the tips of my toes to the top of my head put an end to such experiments — Talk about a height sensation! It seemed I was even higher than the mountains spread out in all directions around me. I was all alone and plummeting straight down into the valley which looked miles below. I think I must feel like that to drop in a parachute . . .

Closing my eyes tighter than . . .

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Ladies' Council Has Opening Fall Meeting

The Local Council of Women held their first meeting of the new season at Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Paul's cabin on Friday, Sept. 27th. After a very delectable lunch convened by Mrs. Floria Nodwell and her able assistants the meeting got under way.

Mrs. Jack Kerr opened it with a silent prayer. Miss Hettie Lawson read a very interesting report from the International Council of Women who held their triannual meeting in Montreal last June. There were over 500 delegates from all over the world. To name a few, Japan, India, South Africa, Nigeria, Israel, Philippines, Thailand and Haiti. Many in national dress, each carrying their national flag.

Mrs. Kerr thanked Mrs. Paul for her hospitality and also Mrs. Nodwell for arranging the lunch. The next meeting will be on October 18. Further details at a later date. At the November meeting there will be an apron and bake sale.

ever, the darkness of my solo flight was punctuated at regular intervals by remarks of friends ascending the cable . . . One joker remarked that I was the picture of dignity (due no doubt to my frozen countenance and dark glasses) — and another relayed the information that friend husband in the chair ahead, wondered if I was still hanging on — All of which made me giggle a little in spite of myself. The tension . . .

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