



# DAILY NEWS Sunday Edition

January 26, 1936 ~ Reported by Jimmy Powers, North Creek, NY

**A bright sun, knee-deep blanket of powdery drifts and a thermometer that registered exactly zero greeted Photographer Stan Brown and me as we piled out of the snow train early this morning. It was our first trip to this miniature St. Moritz and it was something of a new experience for many of the three hundred New Yorkers who tumbled out of their Pullman to find the village chimneys smoking and clean white clouds over Gore Mountain.**

**“Leave your skis and snowshoes at the end of the platform and look for the bus bearing your number,” shouted C.L.Topping, a brisk gent in a navy blue parka.”**

**It is his job to see that skiers in the number of 3,000 or more are bedded down in a town that has only 600 population. Every spare bedroom is numbered and outlying farmhouses are pressed into service. Stan and I drew house number 11 which belongs to John Cole, a rugged ex-lumberman whose white house stands on a beautiful pine ridge one mile from the depot.**

**Oil lamps, Currier Ives prints, a beagle puppy, and the faint mooing of Betsy, the family Jersey cow, were refreshing sights and sounds to our city eyes and ears. Ten other skiers were assigned to the Cole farmhouse and soon all were sitting about the breakfast table eating vast quantities of griddle cakes, maple syrup, sausage and hot biscuits. Three delicious meals and a feather bed for the night were to cost us \$3.00 each, we discovered. Our round-trip railroad ticket, including the lower berth, costs us \$10.50 each.**

**Breakfast over, we pulled on every sweater and sock we owned and walked to find our skis and poles awaiting us. These cost \$1.50 a day rental. The baggage car on the train carried 500 pairs of skis, 300 pairs of boots, dozens of varieties of wax and assorted incidentals...**

A ten mile ride up to the top of the mountain in the bus cost us 25 cents, and we got out to find ourselves in a winter fairyland. Each cedar, spruce and balsam sagged under a mantle of snow. The sun was bright and far down the valley, distant farms and fields of virgin white were crystal clear in the rare air. Our elevation was 3,000 feet. We found the trails wide and safe and the snow fast...

We slid down to a valley where an anchored automobile vintage 1926 chugged away pulling a continuous rope slide up a 300 foot hill. Skiers grabbed the constantly moving rope and were whisked to the top. Ten tickets sold for 25 cents.

On the other side of the ridge was a toboggan slide which sent its cargos of screaming girls sliding across the surface of North Creek. The creek empties into the Hudson River, which is a solid chunk of ice up here.

The skiers on our train were comprised of men and women of all ages and occupations. In our Pullman last night we heard conversations in French, German and Norwegian. Everyone, it seems has rosy cheeks and clear eyes. They all talk about their pet formulas for ski wax, and the difficulty of shifting body weight to make Christina, Telemark and Stem Turns.