



# Jacked on Jackson

ONE OF THE BEST FALL-LINE-SKIING MOUNTAINS IN THE WORLD HAS 1,200 METRES OF VERTICAL AND A WHOLE LOT MORE TO LOVE.

BY LESLIE WOIT

Of course we can drink beer in the street," says the nice man. "It's Wyoming." It doesn't stop there. Stepping outside onto the streets of downtown Jackson, he hands me another golden benefit of life in the great state of Wyoming. A giant glittering axe.

From the right to bear arms, the freedom to crack a cool one anywhere, to the chance to roam wild in the Tetons' beautiful backcountry, Jackson Hole is a freeskier's white dream. My first-ever

visit to the legendary mountain had been a long time coming, but I'd had a good run of it: skiing for decades in all the great resorts and many of the tiny hidden gems of the Alps and the Dolomites, as well as more exotic high-peak destinations including Serbia, Bulgaria, Slovakia, Japan, Chile, Argentina, Turkey and even Iran. But there was still a hole in my repertoire—the one called Jackson.

I arrived on a sunny afternoon last April, the last few days of Jackson Hole's second-busiest ski season ever. (Jackson Hole Mountain Resort and the slopeside Teton Village are both about 20 minutes from the town of Jackson.) Skiers from around the world were understandably attracted even to what constitutes an average snow season here: more than 10 metres and still falling. Flying on an easy five-hour connecting flight from Calgary (Toronto and Vancouver are also

PHOTO: JACKSON HOLE MOUNTAIN RESORT