

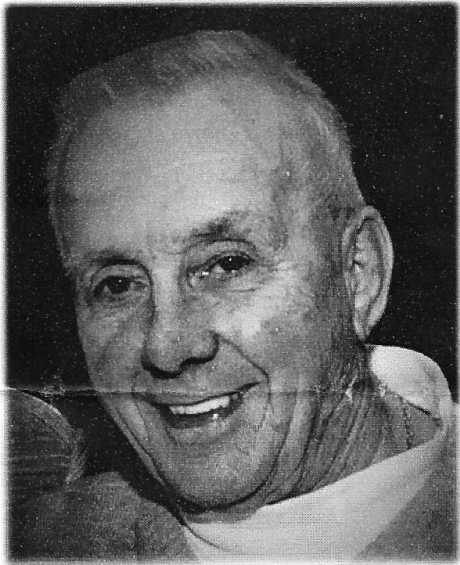
## Wally Wakefield

Wally Wakefield was a life-long member of the St. Paul Ski Club. He is the author of the book, "On Wings of Wood," the history of the St. Paul Ski Club – the oldest continuously-operating organized ski club in America, founded in 1885.

Wally was a staunch supporter of the introduction of youth to ski jumping. His interest in the inclusion of girls dates back to the early 1960s, and camps he organized in St Paul included both girls and boys.

In the early 1970's he organized the Sparky ski-jump-athon, a ski jump tournament dedicated to raising money for individuals with physical and cognitive disabilities. Skiers collected a pledge form and a donor would pledge a specific amount for each foot jumped (example 10 cents a foot) combined over 2 rounds. The event raised over 200K in the nearly two decades it was run. Wally jumped in the Sparky event every year, leading off the tournament well into his late 50's.

He was co-founder of the American Ski Jumping Hall of Fame in 2007. Until his passing in May of 2017, he served as selection committee chair and always refused his nomination to the HOF. He was too humble! But now, it's time for him to receive this well-deserved honor.



*In Loving Memory*

**WALLACE PETER WAKEFIELD**

*June 30, 1930 ~ May 2, 2017*

Son, Brother, Friend, Uncle, Husband,  
Father, Grandfather

### Where the Sidewalk Ends

By Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
And before the street begins,  
And there the grass grows soft and white,  
And there the sun burns crimson bright,  
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
And the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know  
The place where the sidewalk ends.