



Oh, Say, this is past the joke. Nearly three weeks of ideal skiing weather, with a bit of crust here and there to relieve the monotony, and you have not paid your fees yet. What are you waiting for? And when you take that pen in hand to write out your cheque see that you make it big enough to include the price of a Treasury Note or a gold nail or a silver nail, or a contribution of some sort.

Three trails will be available to the night hikers this Thursday (Jan. 17), a long one, a medium one and a short one. We would rather make it all one but orders must be obeyed. The long one and the short one will end as usual at the top floor of the Homestead Inn, the management of which, we are told, are anxious to show that they can feed several hundred skiers, even if they did fall somewhat short on the job last week. The medium trail, in charge of Mrs. Dickson, ends at Brown's Tea House (Fairy Lake Café) at Fairy Lake. Take Wrightville care at 7 p.m. for long trail, at 7.30 for medium one and at 7.45 for short one. Long and medium trailers start together and branch off near the gravel pit at a point where four lanterns are to be seen, two to the right, two to the left. Take the left to Fairy Lake, the right to the Homestead Inn. If you see more than four lanterns, go back home. You are not to be trusted on the trail. When you get off the car at Wrightville, you will see Mr. Dickson standing there, looking cheerful as usual please tell him: "I am short, medium or long" according to where you are going, and he will size you up and direct you.

It is essential that the exact number of skiers going to each place be known, so that the proper quantity of food may be prepared

And there shall be no more lanterns. On account of the dizzy rise in the price of lanterns resulting from the insufficiency in the delivery of paper from Japan, the poor catch of walrus in the Southern seas and the failure of the whale crop in Bermuda, it has been decided to cut out the lanterns on the night trails of the Club except at really strategic and vital points, as for instance at the Homestead Inn, or other stopping places where young couples must not be left too long in the dark. Instead of going from lantern to lantern as you have done in the past and getting lost and frantic when the lanterns went out, stay on the track and, when in doubt, pull out your flash light. (Every skier should have one.) Learn to read a track at night.

And if you must have lanterns—well, come and hang them yourself and see what a pleasant job it is to light and hang sixty lanterns over a four mile trail with a north wind blowing. There is another thing you can do if you want to help yourself and help the crowd: make yourself a torch light out of an old can filled with cotton waste soaked in sea oil and bring it along. A strong light will be showing at the top of the Homestead Inn.

"A false bit of news, obviously written by a lazy man," said Mrs. Dickson to which the above was submitted. "There will be lanterns on dark nights so long as I am in charge of night hikes.")

Sigurd Lockeberg says: I have no more of the imported Norwegian Hickory Skis, except a few pairs, 3 grooved, Jumping Skis (all that is missing is a good hill to try them on) nor have I any more M. E. Fittings, except one pair reserved for myself (I expect to be held up on the trails at the point of a gun for these in the manner that Frank Semple converted to his own use my Hansen Treking Skis last spring) but I have a few cakes of Cats Paw Ski Wax left and plenty of other ski fittings and ski poles. More than a hundred skiers the majority of whom judging by the smile they wore coming in, must have been members in good standing of the O. S. C., had to go home without that good pair of skis they were looking for, some murmuring words unfit for publication and others just thinking "a lot of things." It is impossible for me to tell just how many will buy the better skis (quite a number will, but cannot for Christmas comes at the wrong end of the skiing season) but **safety first**, place your order with me before the snow is gone, while you still think of skiing and have a real pair for next season. Bring your broken skis, fittings, or poles to me for repairs. (For broken necks see the undertaker.) Sigurd R. Lockeberg, 542 Wellington St., Sher. 3160.

(advt.)



FIRST
PRIZE

WINTER PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

Twenty prizes offered for winter landscape photographs on ANSCO Films.



SECOND
PRIZE

Entry blanks and particulars can be obtained at all ANSCO dealers or at our store.

No entry fee is charged and the competition is open to all amateur photographers.



THIRD
PRIZE

PHOTOGRAPHIC STORES

65 SPARKS STREET

Ottawa, Ont.



Yes, it was a bit crusty last week, but not so bad after all, and if you stayed home for fear of getting your face scratched, you made a mistake and missed a splendid outing. Remember, when the fields are icy, the roads are not bad skiing and the bush trails are generally fair. There were over 75 at Camp Fortune on Sunday, the majority of whom went home by the Mine road and they were all highly pleased, with the exception of a few who were too lazy to take off their skis and walk down the steep parts of Murphy's hill or Dunlop's road. The crust never did stop a real skier. It makes him more careful. That's all.

The Beginners' Day at Ironsides last week end was a rank failure on account of the crust, and the Preliminary race was not held for this same reason. But the reason was not good. Both beginners and racers might very well have gone up the Chelsea road, on which the skiing was very good, instead of going back home by car with a long face. Your publicist and fifty more went up the road and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Let us have it all over again next Saturday, and be sure to go there this time. Miss Dorothy Weston will be there, all dressed up, with a big black book and spectacles. A committee of three will investigate into the complaints of the beginners, and a box of candies will be offered to the first genuine lady beginner making Ironsides. **A beginner is one who** has never been on skis more than a couple times, and who has never been to Ironsides. **The Preliminary Race** for Junior and Senior will start from the end of the car line, Wrightville, at 3 p.m. It will be called **Eric Roy's race**, to do honour to an old skier who always kept the fear of God and wire fences in his heart, and because Eric gives a medal for it. We will try to get a prize out of Geo. Audette next time.

Help us to break the Crust! Let us not forget that it is part of our programme to promote "Social intercourse among Skiers," and that if we fail in that, we have little right to exist as a Club. There are many new members among us who joined the Club just to make friends and to get acquainted. Let us go to them and introduce them to our circle of friends. For the convenience of these new members, several of the Reception Committee will wear ribbons of the Club colour (red, white and black) next Thursday. If you are a new member and if you know people go to them. They will help you. Anyhow, if you wear the 1924 badge, you can go to any girl in the Club and say: "My name is so and so. May I introduce myself." If you are not wearing the 1924 badge, you are only a four-flusher and girls will have nothing to do with four-flushers.

The box of candies offered by the President to the Lady arriving first at Camp Fortune from Kirk's Ferry was won by Miss Hazel Reid. Another box of candies will be offered next Sunday to the lady taking the best two slides out of three down Camp Fortune Hill. We have to develop proficiency in this Club, you know.

We are sorry to report that Jumbo has been acting in a most unruly manner at Camp Fortune. He will smoke, in spite of the anti-smoking regulation. It has been decided to have him replaced by another "nigger" with 36-in. fire box. Jumbo will be put in the centre with chimney of his own. That will make six stoves at Camp Fortune. We are still far behind that lodge at Lake Placid where sixty stoves we are told are going night and day, but are getting there.

"I hope it is blood," said Billy as he felt warm drops trickling from his hip down his leg, after a "Sudden stop" on Murphy's hill. No, but it was tea. Who would have thought that big flask on Billy's hip was filled with tea?

"Why are you asking for contributions and donations," said a young Scotch lady, "Are not our fees sufficient and are you not afraid of being called a 'begging Club'?" Well, be it so, a good active sporting club was always a "begging club". We are not ashamed of our poverty. The rich clubs, the millionaires' clubs are dead ones. There are cob webs in their lodges. There are no cob webs on the trails or in the lodges of the Otatwa Ski Club. Here is the situation in a nut shell: We need money to improve our lodges. We have spent two thousand dollars already on Camp Fortune and Ironsides and we propose to spend one thousand more on Pink Lake. We want to give our members warm, clean and comfortable lodges.

Our members may be divided into two classes. Those who can afford to give more than their fees, and those who cannot. Let the first come to our help, so that the fees may be left as they are, and so that no one may be barred from our trails and lodges. We remind once more our wealthy members that they can come to our assistance in several ways: (1) by purchasing a life membership (\$50); (2) by purchasing a Treasury Note (\$10 paying 6 p.c. interest); (3) by purchasing a gold nail (\$5) or a silver nail (\$3) a wire nail (\$1). Every one can, in addition, get a new member. Let us try to raise that thousand dollars still required this week. Send your fees and contributions to Miss Mildred Ashfield, 107 Pretoria, or leave them at Holbrooks' (Sparks St.) or at the Bank of Toronto, Union Station.

Capt. Jos. Morin having discovered a stove pipe in his pillow and bits of Bologna sausage in his bed, now stands with a club at the door of the dormitory on Sunday, and all persons with bulging pockets and smelling of garlic are turned back. The dormitory may be used as a rest room by ladies only on Sunday, and only by ladies who are really in need of a rest.

We beg to remind our members once more, but not for the last time, that they must bring their own cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons at Camp Fortune and Pink Lake.

Montrez patte blanche. That's French; it means show your badge. The Ironsides Lodge, in charge of a caretaker, is open on Sundays from 11 to 6 to members in good standing. There is no cafeteria on Sunday.

A Special trip from Cascades to Camp Fortune will be arranged on Sunday, in addition to the regular trip from Kirk's Ferry, and there will be a trip in the afternoon down Crilley's hill and the Black Lake Slopes.

Our little colony of week-end residents at Camp Fortune is increasing. They were seven there last week who kept hammering until the small hours of the morning and slept soundly the rest of the night. If you want to join us, 'phone Colonel Hill (R. 3875) and bring your blankets. A "night resident" is expected to purchase a gold nail for this year, or invest in some "Treasury Notes".

Skis Wanted. P. R. Robinson, 129 Third Ave. Phone C. 598-W.

B. C. Stevenson, Phones:—Office Q. 3000, L. 468; Res. C. 3942-W.

Lost, a fountain pen at Ironsides Lodge. Finder please remit Mr. Dick Guy, Phone C. 803.

Lost. Pair leather mitts at Homestead Inn. Call F. C. Baillie, Q. 2335-W.

Found. One mitt. Ask for it at Cafeteria, Ironsides.