



Hail to Eddie Condon, the new ski-running champion of Canada! May he long hold the title!

**Standing of the Ottawa Ski Club men in the big race:** 1st, Eddie Condon, 1 hr. 24'56 2-5"; 4th, K. Fosbery, 1 hr. 30'45"; J. McCloskey, 1 hr. 32'16"; J. Bourgault, 1 hr. 38'06"; T. Reid, 1 hr. 38'18"; G. MacCormac, 1 hr. 39' 58"; J. Roughsedge, 1 hr. 40'27"; A. Morin, 1 hr. 46' 03"; W. Merrifield, T. Grayson Bell, C. Skuce, J. Pagan, J. Ingersoll, also finished.

**Jumping:** C. Clark and D. Powers were second and third in the City Championship events.

**Events this week.** The last event of the season, the race for the **Championship of the City of Ottawa**, will be held on the heights of Camp Fortune on **Sunday, March 2nd**. Competitors must enter before Friday noon. Phone Geo. Audette (R. 40 or Q. 6400—Local 766). Sleigh will be reserved for competitors at Chelsea Station. On the same day (March 2nd), proficiency tests for Ladies on Camp Fortune Hill. Please enter your name for this event on list near door, as you come in Camp Fortune.

**On Thursday, Feb. 28**, night hike to Homestead Inn by long and short trail and hike to Fairy Lake by Rockcliffe trail, (start from Buena Vista at 8 p.m.). The Ironsides Lodge will be open as usual **Saturday (March 1st)** with cafeteria and **Sunday (March 2nd)** without cafeteria.

**The Lady Chaperones** at the Homestead Inn to-night (Thursday) are Mrs. H. A. Wetmore and Mrs. C. R. Doney. It would be a nice thing if the young men would introduce their girls or sisters to the Chaperones between dances. Let us be sociable.

**The March sun and the March winds** will soon be here—the "wild March winds that toss our skirts so high", but despite the prophecies of "an early break up," we hope it will be quite a while yet before the "dest blows in the bad man's eyes." Old Sol and the Gatineau Chircocks will be kept busy for a few weeks melting the thirty odd feet of snow that are piled up around Camp Fortune, and good skiing should be had on the northern slopes of the mountain well into April. Cheer up!

Honours have been well divided so far this year: Kenneth Fosbery won the Ottawa Ski Club Championship; Rolf Mosen, the Quebec Championship, and Eddie Condon the Canadian Championship. Who will win the City Championship, the biggest event of the year?

The Canadian Ski Running and Ski Jumping Championships have been awarded to our Club for next year. This means that we must get busy and get a jumping hill in Ottawa and of easy access to the public. Let every one of our members give his best thought to this matter.

**Not the kind of a break-up she meant.** "I am afraid we are going to have an early break-up," said the wise young thing, as she stepped out of Camp Fortune and listened to the water dripping off the roof, and a solitary crow calling for his mate over the hills. Thirty minutes later she smashed both skis on the first bump of George's. Now, how did she know?

**The fifteen-odd visitors** from Montreal Ski Club whom we had the pleasure of entertaining at Camp Fortune on Sunday, including President Douglas (C.A.S.A.), President Harlow (M.S.C.) and that tireless man, Howard Bird, were guilty of a very serious breach of manners when they went over George's trail without leaving their card or back print. The trail had just been nicely put in shape for them; the bumps were a little bumpier than usual and the hollows at the bottom a bit sharper, with plenty of twisty curves around the trees. Both sides of the trail were lined up by young ladies anxious to see how the Montrealers would take the tosses. Well, they took them "a la Louis XIV," with a most nonchalant air of supreme indifference, and when at the bottom they had the nerve to inquire, "Where is that George's trail that everybody speaks about?" Too bad it was such a slow day!

Well, it was a consolation anyway, to see one of the Montreal visitors carried on a stretcher from the Chalet to his pullman car on Sunday night, not that he had anything broken in particular, but he was just "kind of tired." He applied for two lady skiers on arriving in Ottawa, and he got them! They worked in shifts and kept him on his feet from 11 a.m. Saturday to 10 p.m. Sunday, with an hour's intermission for Church service at 6 a.m. They had a "hard" of a time, believe me!

**You broke your skis** on a bump and you cut down and called blessings on George's head, or the man from whom you purchased your skis and on every one in particular. But did you have to take the bump? The sensation is great, to be sure, but there is an awful risk, as witnessed by the dozen or so of skis that are broken there every week end. Do not take chances; take the wide turn to the left and you will save your temper and your skis.

(over)

**Be Prepared** I am sure you expect snow next winter and that you will continue skiing. If your skis are not good for another seasons wear, place your order with me now for a real pair of imperted Norwegian hickory skis. You will save 10% on the price besides having first choice when the skis arrive.

**Conditions at Camp Fortune** were very bad last week end, through no one's fault in particular. The snow had blocked some of the stove pipes, which partly explains the vicious outburst of smoke from Jumbo and the dripping. The Loys who attend to the Camp were late in coming owing to the roads being impassable. Of course such things must happen, but steps are being taken to prevent their repetition. A committee of six grouchers is being formed and they shall be made responsible, so that you may have some one to hang. The great trouble is that old-fashioned kitchen ranges appear to be a mystery for modern boys and girls, used to gas and electricity. No one seemed to know for instance, that the lids should be kept on the stove, at least until the fire is well started, and that the back draft should be kept open. The lack of boiling water is another trouble. It was thought, at the beginning of the year, that a sixteen gallon tank would solve the difficulty, but it did not—far from it. Next year we will have a special boiler and sixty gallons of boiling water at all times.

**Another thing** that most young people do not appear to know is that a garbage pail can be emptied and used again. Instead of piling stuff all around the pail, for the edification of visitors, take the pail out and empty it. If you wait for some one else to do it, it won't be done; if you do it yourself, some one else will follow your example later. Energy breeds energy. You are not half so tired as you think you are when arriving at a lodge. What a wonderful organization this would be if every one would do his bit for the Club. Burn everything that will burn—paper plates, boxes, orange peelings, meat, crumbs, etc. Nothing but tea leaves and empty cans should go into the garbage pails, and if this is done, the latter will never be offensive.

**Echoes of the Great Race.** Take a pancake, roll it well until quite flat, sit down on top of it, turn it over and sit on top of the other side, then you will have an idea of what the course was like.—When I was told to go up the road five miles, I had a "hunch" the course would be kind of flat and when, at the end of the five miles, I got word to turn around and come back over my tracks, I was almost sure it would be flat.—They say the two hours' delay in starting was due to the fact that the trail blazers found a hill on the way and tried to remove the blooming thing. Not being able to do so they went around it.—Eddy overtook the trail blazers three miles from the finish, but they gave him his directions. "Follow in a flat line and keep on the flat," they said.—There was only one hill on it and I had to straddle it because there was not enough of it.—At every step, my skis and my poles kept repeating, "flat, flat, flat, flat" until I got nearly crazy.—Why was not Eric there, he missed the chance of a lifetime!

Some one—and there are many of them—wants to know the distances on our trails, and Chairman of the Trail Committee—Alec Haultain, has supplied us with the following figures. He does not state, though, by what denominator they should be multiplied to get the exact distances, which, as every beginner knows, must be very much in excess of the following:—Kirk's Ferry to Camp Fortune,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile (McAllister's trail); Cascades-Camp Fortune,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Cascades-McCloskey's, 6 miles; McCloskey's-Pink Lake (via Crifley's and Black Lake) 8 miles; Camp Fortune-Pink Lake (via George's), 5 miles; Pink Lake-car line,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles.—According to this, if you come from Cascades to Wrightville via Black Lake you covered  $18\frac{1}{2}$  miles, exactly 20 miles less than a beginner's estimation.

The sympathy of the entire Club is extended to our friend and Secretary-Treasurer, W. R. Stevenson, in his recent bereavement.

**Lost**—A fur lined helmet, at Camp Fortune. Phone C. 4216.

**Contribution**—Harold Eman, from far away Cairo in Egypt, sends his fees (\$4.00) and a gold nail (\$5.00).



To the Members of the Ottawa Ski Club--

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