

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2000 COPIES

ON TO A MEMBERSHIP OF 2500 !

Twenty-five hundred is our objective this year, and we will get them if every one lends a hand. We must have twenty-five hundred people in this city wearing the badge of the Ottawa Ski Club. This simply means that every one of our members must bring a friend into the Club. This is your share in the good work—recruiting members. Others are spending the best of their time and thought in providing increased comfort and accommodation, in the shape of better trails, better and bigger lodges. All we ask you to do is to bring new recruits to the Army of skiers. Please do not fail us. We are counting on you. Illustrated literature will be mailed at your request to all those whose names will be sent to us. Write to the Secretary-Treasurer P. O. Box 65, Ottawa.

Results of the first Preliminary Race, (Jan. 8) Seniors, 1st G. Jost, 34 m.; F. Amyot, 35.50; B. Oliver, 36.07; G. B. Skinner, 38; B. Martin, 40.25. Juniors, 1st E. Connolly, 34.29; G. Woods, 34.44; G. Roe, 36.40; B. Gilles, 39.27; G. Glass 40; S. Webb, 42.30.

Events this week.—Night hike to the Chaudiere Golf Club on Thursday 13th, leaving Wrightville car at foot of Chateau, after 7 p.m. Get off at the corner of Montcalm St. and Boulevard St. Joseph and follow the crowd. Hostesses, Mrs. L. P. Whyte, Mrs. H. G. Barber.—Saturday, Jan. 15, **Second Preliminary Race**, Wrightville to Dome Hill, for Seniors, Juniors, Novices and girls. Report to George Audette sharp at 3 p.m. at Wrightville.—Jumping competition at Rockcliffe, open to all under auspices of O.S.C. Phone Sigurd Lockeberg, S. 3160.

Members who have not paid their fees are now in arrears. Kindly remit at once in any of the following places:

By cheque to **Miss Mildred Ashfield**, 150 Third Ave.

Holbrook's Office, 2nd floor above McGiffin's, Sparks St.

Byshe's Sporting Goods Store, 223 Bank St.

The Dominion Bank, Corner Sparks and Bank Sts.

The Royal Bank, Sparks St.

The Bank of Toronto, Union Station.

Forty-four tots made up the Dome Hill Junior Parade and responded to the call of Mrs. Semple's whistle on Saturday. To watch the line swing along the trail was worth a great deal. This is getting to be one of the most important of the Club's activities.—Instructor for coming Saturday: Jerry Loa.

A Morning train on the C.P.R.—And by the way did you know that the C.P.R. Company now have a train going up the Gatineau every morning at 9.05 a.m.? They had it all summer it appears and no one knew about it, but they are going to keep it up all winter until it gets to be known. This is not an ad. and we don't expect any pay for it, because the Company is too poor to advertise. They promised your Editor a free pass some years ago and he has not got it yet. However, we thought we would tell you about this 9.05 a.m. train; it will come in useful in case you should miss the bus.

That illustrated folder. Great praise has been received from points near and far, for our illustrated folder, which is the first comprehensive review ever issued of the progress of ski-ing in Ottawa. You can get copies for yourself and friends by dropping a note to the Ottawa Ski Club, P.O. box 65, Ottawa, or by calling at Holbrook's office (Two floors above McGiffin's.)

Skiers going to the Dome Hill please keep to the left of the first fence and you will find an opening. Do not try to pass over the fence.

HOW I GOT ROPED IN THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB

By PRESIDENT C. E. MORTUREUX

A Monday morning in November 1913. A grey and cheerless morning, with snow or sleet not far.

Pushed by a strong hand through the slot in the door, a card fluttered through the air like a dead leaf and fell noiselessly on the floor. I rose grudgingly from the breakfast table to pick it up, weary from a twenty mile ramble after the elusive partridge the day before. It was an invitation to attend a "General meeting" of the skiers of Ottawa at the O.A.A.C. building and was signed "T. J. Morin". The name was quite unknown to me. My own name looked strange, as it was spelled "a la Scandinavian" with a "k" in the centre and a "g" at the end. Some one had evidently taken me for a Norwegian. What was the idea of having a skiers' meeting in the fall anyhow? I dropped the card in the fire where it was reduced to ashes in the twinkling of an eyelid, and thought no more of it.

What made me go out on the following Thursday to attend the meeting? I have been wondering ever since. Are we really the masters of our fate, or are not all our actions controlled and governed by some unknown destiny? I really believe they are.

When I entered the hall, a dark little man, very boyish looking, standing in the midst of a score or so of dark featured and foreign looking gentlemen, was delivering an impassioned oration. He was singing the praise of the President who had come to the rescue of the Ottawa Ski Club,—it was the first time I heard the name,—by paying off the deficit on the year's operations, which amounted to some six dollars and seventy-five cents, if I remember right—quite a respectable amount in these days. I noticed everyone kept their hands in their pockets while Joe was standing and unconsciously I did likewise.

After the thanks of the audience had been expressed to the President by thunderous hand clapping, "Joe" again rose and looked hard at me. "We have with us to-night, gentlemen, a great skier, a skier great among the greatest, a man who, while we take our little jumps in Rockcliffe Park, thinks nothing of— and "Joe" went on describing in florid language, the achievements of a superman. I listened in sheer amazement, and looked around. Everyone in the audience was looking around, while "Joe" was going on, telling of marvelous feats of skill and endurance. Finally like a bolt from the blue, something that sounded like my name, pronounced a la Scandinavian, was uttered, and Joe's finger was pointed at me. There could no longer be any doubt. I was the superman.

Oh the power of flattery on the poor weak human mind! Slap it on, daub it on as thick as you like and they will all fall for it. I rose, with shaking knees, and caught myself in the act of offering my services in any capacity to the cause of ski-ing and of the Ottawa Ski Club. Before the evening was over, I had been duly elected a director of the Club, and on the following day I sat around a long table with seven gentlemen with fair hair and rugged features, whose names ended in "son", "sen" or "erg".

In a heart to heart talk, Joe at once tried to impress upon me the necessity of recruiting members for the Club. There were not enough members. In fact most of the members were there, around the table, and practically all of them honorary. If the people of the City only knew the privileges of membership they would all join in a body. Just think—a two dollar ticket not only gave them the freedom of the wilds, but also a free seat on the Grand Stand for every ski jumping tournament. I wonder how many of our present members would consent to sit there on a cold day and watch the jumping even if they were paid two dollars for it. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.* The members of 1913 were an orderly crowd; they did not ramp all over the country tearing down fences, not they; they were

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good rooters. However, I got out and secured a couple score members for the Club and "Joe" said I was a tower of strength to him. Joe spoke of everything in terms of tower in these days. His standard is now the Canyon trail.

The tower—the ski-jumping tower—was indeed a very live topic, and everlasting subject of discussion at the directors meeting. Around it centered the life of the whole Club. It was mostly a jumping Club. The Secretary and Directors did the jumping, while the President, Vice-President and the two dozen or so of members looked on. The question was how high the tower should go up. At the beginning of every meeting Joe announced that the maximum height had been reached, and at the end of every meeting it had been decided to add another fifteen feet to it. As the meeting seemed despondent so long as the increase had not been voted, I made it a point to move at once, as the Directors sat down, that the tower be put up another fifteen feet, and up went the tower and everybody was happy. Had I seen the tower, I might not have been so reckless.

So far my duties had been fairly simple. They were soon to become more complicated. One day I received a four page letter from Joe, urging me to organize the cross-country end of ski-ing, far too much neglected in the past. I was asked to refer in my answer to letter No. 879. I sent post cards around, at Joe's suggestion, and had a huge crowd—at least twelve, including the President, the Vice-presidents and the seven directors—on the Hermit's trail. The next day no one could jump more than half the usual distance, so I received another letter from Joe asking me to limit my activities to Rockliffe Park in the future. Any course for a cross-country hike should be laid so as to circle several times around the tower, which should always be the centre of all our activities. The letter was No. 972. Joe must have had the whole clerical staff of the Immigration branch at his command.

Then a gust of March wind blew the tower down . . . that gigantic tower that rose 145 feet into the skies. A meeting of the Directors was called for the purpose of fixing the responsibilities and try to get money to pay for the defunct tower, but the directors happened to be very busy that night, and a quorum could not be secured. I got a bill for the cost of salvaging the lumber and paid my share.

Then the war came. Joe left suddenly, forgetting to collect the members tickets, but he had other worries. We heard from him occasionally. Private Morin had organized a Ski Club and was building a tower in Bermuda. Later on it was reported that a Lieutenant Morin had a battalion on skis on the muds of Flanders, and we surmised it was our "Joe". That man would have skied on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius!

One Monday morning in November 1919,—a cold and grey morning,—George Audette ambled in my my office. "What about reorganizing that ski-club" he said "You will be president and I will be secretary." I threw a book at him. George is not tall, so he dodged it easily. "Look" he said, "don't be foolish, all we want is to have a little fun. We are not going to build any tower or anything like that. Just have a nice exclusive little Club of a dozen members or so." Then Joe came back from Siberia

That was in 1919. The Club now has nearly 2000 members. Ten thousand dollars have been spent on ski towers, most of which have been laid low by the March winds; fifteen thousand dollars have been spent on ski-lodges. Where will it end?

Morality: Beware of the Canyon trail. Joe made it. It will get you sooner or later.

What about the East-side Lodge.—The lodge at Tenaga, on the East Side of the Gatineau river, has not been patronized in the past to the extent that it should have been, mainly for three reasons (1) The lack of good trails leading to it.

Items--

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ski Jackets and Windbreakers
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The new blue straightline Canvas Windbreaker for Girls
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This may be trimmed with a neat collar
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The New Ski Socks

This clever imported item has specially woven turnover
to show colored decoration on outside.

Skiers, not knowing the country generally, got off the train at Kirk's Ferry or Tenaga, made the Lodge in about three quarters of an hour and did not know what to do with themselves to work up an appetite when they got there, except by sliding up and down the hill, but no good cross-country hikers take the same hill twice. (2) The wretched condition of the trail from the Lodge to Ironsides, owing to the accumulation of slash, resulting from extensive tree cutting along the area that was to be submerged. (3) The poor cooking facilities, only two small box stoves having been installed, hardly big enough to accommodate more than two frying pans each. There is a fourth handicap this year: for some unaccountable reason,—possibly the lack of very cold weather—the Gatineau river is not frozen over yet, and swimming with skis on is rather awkward. However, all these defects have been or are being remedied. Teams are expected to cross the Gatineau at Kirk's Ferry by the end of the week, at the latest. (Watch the papers.) Our friend **Jack Bourgault** has cut a very pleasant trail from Old Chelsea through the rolling fields stretching across the Meach Lake Road. He will be ready to show you the way at the first opportunity, probably this coming Sunday (Watch the papers again.) Starting from the end of the bus line at Old Chelsea, this trail goes for two or four hundred yards in the direction of Kirk's Ferry, along the road, then swings left over a bridge, on the creek, goes in a general western direction through the fields for a couple of miles, then swings north in the direction of Kirk's Ferry. Good cross-country going, all through, with many pleasant hills, and a magnificent one at the finish. **Louis Grimes** is also at work, or should be, making a trail from Cascades and hopes to have it in shape very soon. As to the trail from Tenaga home, it is now in good condition. It should land you, if you stick to it, to the bottom of the Lady Like Hill, opposite the Dome Hill Lodge where you may stop for a cup of tea. We are going to ask friend J. R. Dickson to blaze that part of the trail, because no one knows it better than he does. Lastly the two measly box stoves have been replaced by two splendid kitchen ranges, of

five ten inch lids each. By the way, let us know what you think of these ranges, as we are contemplating using them to replace all our box-stoves, at Camp Fortune and elsewhere, if they are satisfactory. All aboard for the East-side Lodge—as soon as the Gatineau river freezes over!

About those lockers at Camp Fortune. A reward of twenty-five dollars (\$25) will be given for information leading to the arrest and conviction of parties who have been breaking into the lockers at Camp Fortune.—The lockers are now repaired and ready for occupancy. You may secure one by paying the sum of one dollar to F. G. Semple (Q. 6747). All the articles that were in the lockers last year will be found in a box in the Dormitory. Pick out yours. You are advised to put all your stuff in a linen bag at the end of the season. Put a label on the bag, with your name on, and the caretaker will stow it away safely until the next season.

Tid-bits. A special meeting of the Board of Directors has been called to consider the case of Director A. G. Haultain, who was seen on Saturday, making a detour of half a mile over the level fields to avoid the little dip of the Houtchi-Kouchi ravine on the Dome Hill trail. Skiers are not supposed to avoid dips or hills. If they find the side-going painful along the slope of the hill leading to the Houtchi-Kouchi, or the wire fence across the slope uncomfortably near, why don't they climb up on top of the hill, and enjoy the scenery and the descent further?—And the same meeting will also consider the case of those skiers who show gross lack of tact and appreciation by getting hurt on the Canyon. Now the Canyon is as fool proof as any human invention can be made, and to get hurt or killed on it is an insinuation that something is wrong and it is painfully resented by kind hearted Director Joe Morin, the author and creator of the Canyon. Joe does not mind so much seeing them fall; in fact he rather likes it, but he hates to see them coming out of the cavernous jaws of the Canyon with sore backs, broken ribs or gouged out eyes. He considers it a woeful lack of tact. Please try to mend your manners and save your bones and Joe's feelings.—Your Editor got a jolt the other day when he was calling Old Chelsea by phone to inquire about a rumour that snow snakes had appeared in the vicinity. Central answered that the connection would cost him \$25 a minute. Central had understood "Old Country."—If any one wants to know about the running time of the East side Gatineau Bus (you know the bus that goes to Wakefield on the east-side of the Gatineau River), ask Dick Lewis.—Rank insubordination was shown by Eddie Condon, who had been detailed to blaze a trail from Cascades to Tenaga and balked at crossing the river at Cascades because there was a bit of open water in the centre.—Are there really snow-snakes, says Mabel, or are you just spoofing us? (My dear girl, if you had seen them as I have, on New Year's morning, swarming all over the trail, you would not think I am "spoofing.") The snow-snake (*Boa alba*) is the original snake that induced Mother Eve to drop the fig leaf for the breeks and bob her hair, just to look more masculine, and after that she began to fall all over the trail. (See Edith O'Connor's article in last issue). Of course, as you know, our first parents were born with skis on; the Garden of Eden was under perpetual snows; the temperature never rose above zero, and they had resident caretakers with free soup and pork and beans at all their camps. The venomous snow snake has upset all that.

One dollar a minute lessons.—This is what they charge in Old Quebec to the poor rich from across the line who come to learn to ski. An eye-witness tells us it goes about in this fashion: The Instructor (to an American who faces the snowy wilds of Quebec for the first time in a \$40 suede coat and a \$30 pair of skis) "Strap on your skis, one on the right foot and one on the left. Now get your feet as wide apart as you can and go down that hill. Oh! you fell. That's because you lost your equilibrium. Come up now; put one ski ahead of the other and don't step all over them. Now stand; I'll take your photo. Your five minutes are up. Five dollars please, and one dollar tip. Next!" And the line of those who want to be taught extends almost from the Chateau Frontenac to Sillery cove!

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Remember—The feeling of the feet is reflected in the face

Send us a few at Camp Fortune, please. We will take them up and down the Canyon as many times as they like for fifty cents a minute. We are not after money like these Quebecquers. What we want is company. When shall we have a live publicity Bureau in this City to let our American friends know of the wonderful instruction we could give them?

More about "Service Stripes".—Your Editor made a very clumsy attempt last week to sum up a letter he had received on the question. The letter was not published because it had been mislaid. It has since been dug up, somewhere at the bottom of Dome Hill, and we are very glad indeed to reproduce it. It is hardly necessary to say that we agree entirely with the views of the writer. A sporting Club is not a hostel, even though it provides pies and doughnuts at a lodge and sleeping cots at another one. It has a purpose to accomplish, and those who have the real Club spirit, and who keep on paying their fees from year to year to help their Club to carry on, even though the snow might not be just right for their enjoyment, are deserving of some form of recognition. Here is the letter:

"The writer, being a returned soldier, and knowing the success which crowned the efforts of those who conveyed the idea of "wounded stripes", and "service chevrons" for those who served during the Great War, and with what enthusiasm the boys received that innovation and the pride with which they wore these marks of service and distinction, has suddenly been affected by a brain wave—or possibly mental aberration—and makes bold to suggest that a similar practice be adopted by the Ottawa Ski Club to enable the members to show the length of time they have been connected with the Club and skied.

"It will readily be seen that there has already arisen a demand or desire for such a system inasmuch as for some time past some skiers in the Club have been in the habit of wearing all their badges since enrolment, thereby eventually wearing them out and consequently not having them in their ripe old age—if they ever do become senile—to comfort them and proudly exhibit to their children, grandchildren, and, let us hope, great-grandchildren

"It would be an incentive to the members to keep their membership active in the club, and incidentally their fees paid up each year, as delinquency would break continuity and forfeit one or all "stripes" depending on existing rules.

"Of course the regulations governing the issuing of these meritorious badges could not be arrived at hurriedly and without some thought.

"There are, of course, other points in favour of such a system.

"The writer would suggest that say a red stripe, or possibly a small ski cut from red cloth, be given those members who were in the Club prior to say 1918, or whatever year the Club came from oblivion into the limelight, and a sky-blue stripe, or miniature ski, for each year to them and also to those who were members from that or any subsequent date on.

"Of course the badges would have to be issued entirely under the jurisdiction of the Club.

"The above is respectfully submitted for your consideration."

An Interested Member.

The discussion is opened and we will be glad to hear from our members. May we also remind them, in the meantime, that we have a few more life-memberships for sale? Just pay \$50 and you can sit back for the rest of your life time and laugh at all the abuse that is being poured on members in arrears.

Support our advertisers. They support our Club. Read their ads carefully and buy from them. They are entirely reliable. Here is the list in alphabetical order:

Bourne's 149-151 Rideau, skis and supplies.

Byshe's 223 Bank, skis and clothes.

Devlin's, Spark's St., ski garments, bands and ruck sacks.

Hackett's, 196 Bank, footwear and shoe repairs.

Hall & Merrill, Elgin & Sparks, slacks, breeks and sweaters.

Langley's, 200 Bay St., cleaners.

Lockeberg's, 542 Wellington, imported skis.

Masson's, 73 Sparks, fine shoes and ski boots.

Ottawa Boot & Moccasin Co., 519 Sussex for Palmer McLellan Ski Boots.

Ottawa Gas & Electric Co., Sparks St.

Plaunt's for Northland Skis and Boots.

The Regent for good shows.

Misguided Enthusiasm? or should we call it thoughtlessness? It appears that some skiers—who, we trust, do not belong to our Club—are in the habit of carrying wire-nippers, for the purpose of cutting through any wire fence interfering with their pleasure. Others, we are told, carry axes in the fall and cut down trees on which they have come to grief the previous winter. In this way, we are gradually making the world safe for a ski-ing autocracy, but the farmers—the kind and considerate farmers who allow us to pass through their fields—the farmers who own the land, who own the trees and the fences, will soon rise in arms if this sort of vandalism goes on much longer; they will put up seven-strand barbed wire fences and compel us to go to the high roads for our ski-ing. We fancy that those clever and “broadminded” persons, who cut trees and fences, and talk everlastingly about the “intolerance of the farmer” would raise an awful howl if any one passed through their private lawn or garden in the city. For the enlightenment of those wire-nipper and axe fiends, we may say here that we came very near losing the right-of-way through one of our best and most essential trails, just on account

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of such inconsiderate acts. We have undertaken to police the grounds through which our trails pass—some one has to be responsible you know—and every time some one foolishly cuts a fence or chops a tree, we are called upon to pay a heavy indemnity.

It cannot be too often stated that we are entirely dependent on the good-will of the owners of lands for our ski-ing. We have done our best to secure this good will, but we are in danger of losing it through the misguided enthusiasm—or shall we say the selfishness—of a few. Please leave your wire-nippers and axes at home in the future; if you think a fence should be opened or a tree cut somewhere for the good of ski-ing, come to use, and we may arrange to have this done; it will cost us a great deal less than if we had to pay for it after it was done by you. If you want to help in cutting “approved” trails, please report to the chairman of the Trails Committee, Captain T. J. Morin, and he will give you all the work you want to do.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS

By “SKIZICKS”

Don't be too ambitious and undertake too much at the start. A trip that is beyond your endurance will do you more harm than good and exhaust your vitality instead of filling you full of pep, as it should. Don't attempt a long trip just because Jennie coaxes you or because somebody else has done it. What does it matter if you don't get to Camp Fortune at all the first year. You can have a whole lot of fun and improve your ski-ing much more rapidly by taking short trips, say, to Pine Hill, Ironsides, or, when your time is limited, to Rockliffe or the

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Experimental Farm—anywhere there are some hills. And they don't have to be big ones; the smaller they are the oftener you can take them and the greater opportunity they give for practising stops and turns. And your chief aim at first should be not endurance but proficiency. The ability to take long trips will come of itself.

It is difficult to describe in writing the correct manner of making Telemarks, Christianias and other stops and turns, but if you do not know some one who can give you a few pointers you are almost certain to see on any ski-ing ground a few experts who are performing the most marvellous stunts, and who will be only too glad to instruct you if you will but ask them. If you are too bashful to ask them, you will learn much from simply watching how they do it. No, they do not mind in the least being watched. Some of them, I believe, rather like it.

Don't be disappointed if your first attempt at a Telemark lands you on your west ear. It will take a short time to get the hang of the thing; after that all you needs is practice, and the first thing you know you will be doing all sorts of stops and turns. And your enjoyment of ski-ing will increase in proportion to your proficiency. Furthermore, the more proficient you become, the less liable you are to get hurt. Did you ever consider why the majority of accidents happen to beginners? It is largely, of course, because they are not skilled, but it is also due to the fact that the experienced skier, while he may do hair-raising stunts, does not take unnecessary risks. He does not start down a hill without having some knowledge of what lies before him, or full assurance of his ability to avoid by a quick jump, turn or stop, any obstacle which may unexpectedly confront him. And should he fall—and accidents do happen to the best regulated skiers—he is likely to injure nothing more serious than his dignity, simply because he knows how to fall. He endeavours to fall backward; he lets himself relax; he holds the points of his skis up so they wont dig into the snow and break or twist his legs; and he carries his poles properly, i.e.: grasped by the ends and held at his side or slightly behind, so that when he falls there is no danger of their putting out an eye or causing other damage. Carrying your poles in front is a most dangerous practice, and grasping them by the middle is almost certain to result in breaking them in the event of a tumble.

So practise falling, too. I don't mean to suggest that you should sit down every time you feel a bit wobbly, because if you do that you will be a long time in acquiring steadiness. And that is the main thing to aim at, for, after all, ski-ing is largely a matter of balance. But when you have to fall, try and do it as safely as you can.

As for correct style in ski-ing—of which you hear so much—the principal points to remember are to keep your skis close together both in sliding and in travelling on the level. When sliding, one foot should be slightly advanced. This tends to brace you both forward and backward. The greater part of your weight should be placed on the rear foot, the knees should not be too stiff, and the body should be slightly relaxed. This, you will find, improves both your balance and your gracefulness. And remember, above all, that practice makes perfect.

Ski Exchange.—Will the owner of a pair of 6 foot. maple skis, taken by mistake at Wrightville, telephone S. 4220-W and he will get his skis back.—Skis and poles were exchanged by mistake at Dome Hill Lodge on Thursday, Jan. 6th, about the noon hour. Will party who made the mistake please communicate with Miss Hazel Lewis, 122 Lewis St.—**Wanted**, pair 6½ skis, phone R. 882 after 6 p.m. **For Sale**, Lady's Ski Suit, knickers and coat. Bargain. Phone R. 6709-W.

All communications regarding this circular to be addressed to The Editor O.S.C. News, P.O. Box 65.



Ottawa Ski Club News

Edition No. 4

Norwegian Hickory Skis, per pair ----- \$11.50 to \$18.50
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