

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2200 COPIES

Snow is coming. Cheer Up!—The winter has been misbehaving very badly so far, there is no doubt of it, but it is going to improve very soon. A snow storm is on the way; will it come from the East or from the West? We do not know, but it is coming from somewhere, and before these lines are printed winter conditions will have been restored.

Present conditions.—Nothing to boast of, but nothing to complain of very much either. There are nearly 2 feet of snow at Camp Fortune and the thaw which laid bare the pavements of the city hardly made any impression up there. The thirty odd skiers who made Camp Fortune on Sunday, Jan. 8, had a splendid time, especially on the return trip. Most of them of course took the bus back at Old Chelsea, but why could not you do the same? There is no charge for skis now; it has been cut off at the request of the Club, so the fare to Old Chelsea is 30c straight.—The trail to Ironsides is fair.

Come out and look for snow where there is snow! "When are we going to get snow" is the question uppermost in the minds of some ten thousand people in this city—a mournful form of greeting among skiers. There is snow and plenty of it, if you know where to look for it, not along the banks of the Canal or on the pavements of Sparks Street, but on the Gatineau hills, on all the slopes lying around Camp Fortune. Do you know that while it poured rain in the city all night of Saturday December 31st, it was snowing hard on the top of the world? Do you know that on the night of Sunday the gale from the West, which turned the water into ice in the streets of Bytown, brought another three inches of snow on the slopes of the Canyon, making a total depth of some 24 inches in the mountain. Parties out over the week-end reported marvelous skiing—a hard crusty bottom with a covering of some five inches of loose snow. And this is not surprising. Between the Top of the World and the level of the Ottawa River there is a difference of almost one thousand feet in elevation, which explains the difference in temperature and in the form of the precipitation. Some day when our organization is perfected, we hope to be able to broadcast the snow conditions at Camp Fortune every Saturday night, but in the meantime, our members will do well to stop judging the condition of the hills by the condition of the streets in the City. All the trails are safe and very enjoyable with the possible exception of the Canyon, which should not be taken on "high" until there is a real good old time snow storm. As to that old time snow storm that we all wish for, we do not generally get it until some fifteen hundred of our members have paid their fees, and we are a long, long way from that figure yet. So hurry up and pay and you will have snow up to your necks.

Races and hikes.—Weather permitting, that is if there is snow, and if the thermometer stands below 32°, there will be a night hike to the Chaudiere Golf Club **every Thursday**, leaving Wrightville station at about 8 p.m. (This means that you should take the Wrightville car at the foot of Chateau Laurier at about 7.30 p.m.) There will also be a preliminary race for Seniors, Juniors and Novices, boys and girls, (**Seniors**, i.e., those who have already won a race, **Juniors**, i.e., those who have never won a race and **Novices** i.e. those who have never competed in a race) **every Saturday** afternoon, starting from Wrightville station at 2.30 p.m.

The President of the Ladies' Executive, Miss Muriel Whalley, introduces her executive, composed of the following: Mrs. K. G. Chipman, Mrs. H. Marshall, Hazel Reid, Irene Guppy, Florence Partridge, Mabel Rainboth, Mildred Ashfield (ex-officio) Vilda Whetherup, Secretary.

The passing of the old year at Camp Fortune.—According to an old tradition, the skiers who ascend the slopes of the Canyon during the last hour of the New Year's eve, and stand reverently on the Top of the World, where East meets West, listening to the tolling out of the Old Year, will never have a fall during the entire season. Only two skiers out of the twelve or so who spent the New Year at Camp Fortune sought this special blessing—our worthy secretary-treasurer Cliff Herbert and "little" Ken Fosbery from Toronto, who used to be a famous runner in his young days, when he belonged to this Club—not that they needed the blessing more than the rest, but because they thought they might as well have it. After seeing the new year in they might have come down the Canyon on "high" in the darkness of night without any fear of a tumble, but they preferred to come down the lane, not because they were afraid of a spill but because So marvelous were the skiing conditions on the morning of the first day of 1928 that the whole squad of the Night Riders, turning for once to menial duties, lent their assistance in cleaning the camp, in the expectation of huge throngs. Alas, the throngs were very slim. At 10.30 J. P. Henderson arrived with his dog, reporting a rainy night in the City, and at 12.30 another party of two more straggled in. Two thousand others, after taking a peep at the icy pavements from their window went back to bed, and mournfully called upon one another in the afternoon, asking "When are we going to get snow?"

Enters a new Secretary-Treasurer for the Ottawa Ski Club in the person of Clifford Ralph Herbert already well known to many of our members, by the excellent services he has rendered during the past two years as Advertising Manager for the Ski-News and in several other capacities. "Cliff" excels in two lines—building and ski-ing, the two main activities of the Club. He is also a cost accountant by trade, which will serve him in good stead in his new duties, and enable him to understand perhaps just what our auditors want as they have been writing long letters of late, bristling with strange book-keeping terms. With all his efficiency however, Cliff is human, he falls on the trail at times.

The Club has always been very fortunate in the choice of its Secretary-treasurers. The first was T. J. Morin, now the bad man of the Canyon, who founded the Club then almost exclusively a ski-jumping organization, built the first ski towers and communicated his burning enthusiasm and energy to all those who came in contact with him. "Joe" was practically the the whole Club from 1910 to 1915 when he resigned to enlist as a private and came back a full fledged captain in 1918.

Geo. Audette took the Secretaryship when he Club was reorganized in 1919, and did splendid work for nearly two years, after which he resigned because his duties as secretary interfered with his racing activities.

R. David Evans, now a promising young lawyer in Cobalt, held the secretaryship for one short year, when he made many friends for the Club by his genial manner. He left us to enter the Toronto University.

Then came W. R. Stevenson who was to keep the secretaryship for four short years and a bit. No praise could be too high for the work done by "Steve". During his term of office the membership rose from some 400 to 1500. When Steve was not actually ski-ing or organizing races, he secured advertisements for the circular, got volunteer help every week for folding and mailing the circular and was always the most active of volunteers. Steve had an unflinching fund of good humour and a tireless energy. He was also a writer of note, and his articles always commanded attention. He is now in Hartford, Connecticut, but we hope that he may soon come back to his native land.

Leigh Bishop was the fifth secretary, but only for a few months as he left this city for Montreal shortly after his appointment. Then came R. McLean Stewart who was perhaps the most systematic and business like secretary that the Club ever had. The Club had then reached such tremendous growth that the adoption of strictly business methods was imperative and Stewart, with

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his splendid training and infinite capacity for work, was the man for the occasion. His resignation, caused by his leaving the service, was accepted with deep regret.

In 1923 the Secretary was relieved of a great deal of work by the appointment of a Membership Secretary in the person of Miss Mildred Ashfield, whose enthusiastic and tireless work accounts for a great deal of success of our Club.

Tid-Bits—"Please Sir could you tell me if it is going to turn colder" inquired a little voice over the phone. Your Editor hastened to give the assurance that it was going to turn much colder and that there would be lots of snow very soon. "Oh thank you very much" she said, "I don't care so much about the snow but we are very anxious about the cold, you see, because mother bought a whole quarter of beef and it is going to spoil if this thaw continues much longer." Your Editor felt flattered.—"I would like to suggest" says Kenneth, "that a branch line be run from Ironsides Station to the Dome to take care of our friends from the Glebe who persist in punching holes in the Dome Hill with their ears." Pretty tough ears those Glebe kids must have Ken. The Lisgar kids never fall, do they?—Watch Gordie in the third preliminary!—The Editor of the Citizen thinks our winters are changing. It is not, rather that the attitude of the people towards the winter has changed? Twenty years ago a spell of soft weather was considered a blessing; to-day it is looked upon as an abomination and we take notice of such breaks much more than we used to—not because we purchase our beef whole, but because we ski more.—Our friends of the Toronto Ski Club claim that the Summit Golf Club, their headquarters for this year, is a thousand feet above sea level. Some of us will have to revise our ideas about the Queen City. Meanwhile congratulations to the Toronto Ski Club for their very bright and attractive weekly "The Ski Runner."—"I think I have found the lost inch" writes Mabel" will Old Man Joe give me a reward?" (You will get your reward in 1977, Mabel. Just hang on to that last inch)—It will surely interest many of our male members who have been carrying all the grub so far, to know that after much scientific investigation, the Industrial Fatigue Research Board of England, reports that the suitable load for continuous carriage, for the average adult woman, is 45 lbs., but that 50 lbs. would not strain the body. Let us take turns about carrying the pack next time, and add a few bricks to make it 45 lbs. when the lady's turn comes.

Artificial Snow.—A correspondent submits the following clipping, adding "Shall we have to come to this?"

Berlin, March 27.—Artificial snow will be made here throughout the coming Summer and ski-ing and tobogganing will be added to Berlin's indoor sports. Berlin Fair officials yesterday signed a contract with an English inventor who has discovered a chemical process of making artificial snow on a large scale.

The product has the same properties as real snow as far as sporting use is concerned. About 400,000 pounds of it will be used during the coming week-end for an exhibition. A toboggan slide will be constructed 45 feet high at the top, 400 feet long and 100 feet wide. The German capital will be the first city in the world to have such sports by artificial means in the Summer time.

LITTLE TRIPS AROUND CAMP FORTUNE

Unless they tarry a bit on the way to admire the scenery from the top of Welche's hill, or to practise swings and turns, which they seldom do, the majority of people who go to Camp Fortune by way of Old Chelsea arrive there very early. It is generally about 11 o'clock when they disappear into the "Cavernous jaws of the Canyon"; the rest is a matter of luck and skill, mostly skill, but the leaders generally make the lodge a few minutes after eleven. Those who take the trail at the corner of the Meache's Lake Road, in order to enjoy the beautiful evergreen land, may be a few minutes behind those who take the short cut at the Penquin's; again the wise ones, mindful of the Canyon's temper, who

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- Straight Line Ski Jackets—For girls, in the new "Doeskin" cloth -----\$6.50
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- Ski Jackets for Men—Of windproof Canvas in the bloused windbreaker style \$5.50
- Ski Jackets for Men—In fine quality Suede Leather -----\$15.00
- Ski Slacks—Of fine quality Fox's serge, for men -----\$5.50
- Ski Slacks—Of fine quality Fox's serge, for girls -----\$4.50
- Ski Shirts—At -----\$2.50
- Ski Caps—Of many types, knitted caps with tassel, jaunty little fur trimmed hats, Norwegian caps in bright colours, from -----\$1.95
- Basque Berets—In bright reds, blues, greens, navys and fawns -----\$1.00
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take the "Lane" at the finish may get there a few minutes after the Canyon riders, but as a rule the six or seven buss loads of people who strap their skis on at Old Chelsea on a bright winter day are found sitting around the tables of Camp Fortune shortly after eleven o'clock.

There they sit, and there they talk until dinner time comes, some with their elbows on the table, and some with their feet on the benches, which is not so good. They are not hungry, most of them having had a late breakfast; it is so nice in the lodge, with the heat from the stoves and the light from the sun, streaming in through the many windows. Judging by the time they spend there, many apparently think that this sun bath in the lodge is as beneficial as on the trail, with this advantage that it does not require any exertion.

This is just where they make the mistake. Sunlight through panes of glass has very little beneficial effect, save for the warmth that it communicates. Chickens reared in poultry houses, no matter how well lighted these houses are, get leg weakness, pine away and finally die. They must have free range and the open air. If you had attended the meetings of the World's Poultry Congress as assiduously as the writer has, you would know all about it.

True, many skiers are no chickens, but the laws of health are the same for men or animals. If we want to make the most of our ski trips and avoid leg weakness with its attendant evils, we should spend as little time as possible in the lodge and as much as possible out, on the trail.

There are wonderful little trips around Camp Fortune, almost within the precincts of the Club's property, and we are going to organize some of these trips, under proper guidance, for early arrivals, so that you may learn of the ski-ing possibilities of the Camp Fortune district, and so that you may spend more time on the trail, and less in the stuffy atmosphere of the lodge.

Did any of you ever go to "Little Switzerland"? There are magnificent clean slopes there that are well worth a visit. The trail leading to it starts from the first log shack after the Kingsmere heights are passed. It should not take more than thirty or forty-five minutes longer to reach Camp Fortune by that route than by the Canyon, and it is a great deal more enjoyable. The workers of the Club will endeavour to reopen this trail very soon, and as soon as it is ready, blazed, tracked and marked with red flags all the way, a sign reading "To Little Switzerland" will be put up on the log shack on the Canyon Trail. Do not be afraid to take it.

Around Camp Fortune proper are the Cork-Screw slopes, landing on Lake Fortune, which every one should know, and the Racers' trail, a glorious descent from the top of the hill, across the creek, to the valley below. Trips over either of those should not take more than three-quarters of an hour—an hour at the outside. Some one will call upon you, next week-end, when you are sitting by the window, and offer to guide you. Be game and come along. You will not regret it!

HINTS TO OUR SKIERS.

by Bret Pliske

There was a tendency in Ottawa for several years to use unnecessarily long skis. Everybody wanted narrow "toothpicks"—and of course, since they had to carry them **on top** of the snow, they had to be longer in proportion.

Such equipment is very inadequate for our trails—and is directly responsible for the bad form of some of our most ardent skiers. It stands to reason: a narrow ski has to be long and a longer ski is harder to manage. Besides, a narrow ski, not getting the resistance at the point, cuts deep in the snow and will not turn.

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A proper "telemark" (touring) ski should be of the following width:—

Length	Width (at the irons)
6'	2½ inches
6'6	2⅝ "
7'	2¾ "
7'6	2⅞ "

Each ski should be at least an additional inch wider at the point as well as half an inch wider at the rear end. Any wider skis than the above ones would be too clumsy and wholly unnecessary, and narrower skis are useless for touring over our trails.

Of course, there are "racers" sometime only 2 inches wide and also "jumpers" 4 inches in width, but they should be used only for **special purposes**, namely racing and jumping.

Although the so called "semi-racers" seem to have gained on popularity, they are really the **worst type** for our hills. While they are too wide for actual racing, they are still too narrow for touring—that is, if the skier wants to enjoy touring, turning and making his own track as well.

We have a wonderful "army" of skiers who, with their daring, could favourably compare with any in the world. We also have in the immediate vicinity of Ottawa, perfect, alluring trails surrounded by beautiful scenery. Yet, every visitor who is an experienced skier remarks upon the bad condition of our trails, upon the bad habit of our skiers who follow in each other's track rather than make their own, and who thus help to ruin our otherwise ideal trails.

The whole trouble is that our skiers do not practice enough before venturing on these trails.

You cannot climb Mt. Everest before you learn how to walk; you would not swim the Atlantic before you know how to swim; you cannot fly to the South Pole until you learn to fly—AND YOU SHOULD NOT GO OVER OUR TRAILS UNTIL YOU KNOW HOW TO SKI (checking your speed and stem-turning).

Be conscientious and help those who are plucky enough to try to get the 100 per cent out of ski-ing. A ratty trail is inexcusable. You may fall and make a hole and you may not feel like getting up and covering it. To neglect to cover a hole is bad enough, but you are hurting the trail far more by following some one else's track.

Why does **everybody** enjoy the Canyon Trail? Because we have a few wide awake members under the able direction of "dear old Joe (1977)" who take great care of this trail and keep it in perfect condition. Couldn't some good soul keep the other trails in trim?

Going down hill you should balance yourself **on one foot only**, which is possible if you keep your skis together—but, how can you for instance over the last stretch of George's?

We are talking, while speaking to non-skiers, of the "wide open spaces." Let us make them wide! Those in charge of the trails do all they can to keep them wide, why wouldn't you help them? We are all one big family and, if everyone does his bit, **ours will be the success gained.**

THE BRITISH SKI YEAR BOOK

Somewhere I have read that one of the most excruciating forms of torture in store for the damned is an occasional sharp and ironical reminder of departed joys. This idea emerged vaguely from the magpie heap of memory last Saturday when, instead of the snowstorm so confidently expected, the only sign of ski-ing that came my way was a copy of the British Ski Year Book in the morning mail. Excruciating, indeed, to be forced by unprecedented weather conditions to sit at home over a January week-end and read about ski-ing in

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other lands! Gorgeous views of snow-capped mountains with which the volume is illustrated added insult to injury. Looking out the window I reflected sadly that "Our Lady of the Snows" evidently is no longer the weather man's favorite daughter, when he leaves her to wear such draggled and woebegone winter garments as have clothed our streets so far in this year of grace. Possibly it is because of the ever-increasing interest in ski-ing throughout the world that he is becoming so niggardly with snow. Ski sport has spread so widely that he may fear he won't have enough to go round this season; and, miserfashion, is hoarding the precious commodity for the highest bidder. If this be the case, we can only pray that he will soon repent the error of profiteering ways, and reverting to the generous spirit of past seasons, unload his surplus stock before we perish in chagrin.

However, time spent in reading the British Ski Year Book for 1927 is not wasted, even at the expense of a week-end trail. Its three hundred pages (more or less) are full of entertainment and instruction. It creates a contact with universal skiers that greatly broadens one's conception of ski-ing possibilities. Published under the auspices of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Alpine Ski Club, it also includes notes on practically all the ski clubs of the world. Ski-ing activities in Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Italy, France, even Australia and India, as well as our own continent, are vividly described, and it is both interesting and salutary to study and compare the various conditions presented. Probably no other sport is so closely affected by environment or so dependent upon natural facilities. The details of ski-ing in different locations reflect both the national and characteristics of its exponents and the topographical features of the country.

Ski-ing in Scandinavian countries is traditional. Somewhere in the dim shadows antedating history, in heroic times of demi-gods and sagas, primitive ingenuity devised the ski as a means of locomotion over snowy wastes. Its legendary fame is connected with mighty hunters and tireless warriors. For centuries its use was confined to practical ends; in fact it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that its sporting potentialities were recognized. So far as can be discovered the first ski competitions were held in Norway and Sweden about the year 1880. Subsequently British sportsmen who had become acquainted with ski-ing in Norway introduced it into Switzerland. Ski clubs were formed in the Alpine resorts and drew into their ranks sportsmen of many nationalities who eagerly welcomed this new phase of mountaineering. Thence it spread to other European countries where climatic conditions rendered it possible.

Ski sport therefore is still in its infancy, in comparison with most international games, although its expansion has been rapid, particularly since the war. Various schools of ski technique have developed; indeed a superficial reading of the Year Book creates an impression that European skiers are unduly controversial over method and inclined to subordinate simple enjoyment to technical precision. Closer attention, however, qualifies this suspicion. It is a quality—perhaps a perversity—of human nature that we set most value upon what is most difficult to attain; and upon this basis it is natural that skiers who are obliged to leave their usual habitat to find a suitable arena should regard the sport more seriously than those who have ski-ing facilities at their door. British skiers must travel to their playground and this necessarily confines the sport to a limited class whose circumstances permit migration when occasion demands. Their ski-ing is intensive and conscious perfecting of style follows upon concentration. Scandinavians, on the other hand, are at home on skis and their skiers are recruited from all ranks. Ski-ing ability with them is a matter of heredity or instinct rather than deliberate cultivation. These distinctions, slight though they seem, are fundamental, and in conjunction with the different contours of respective practice grounds, they produce different types of skiers.

Canadian ski-ing is more akin to the Scandinavian type. The snowshoe of our pioneer ancestors—not so far removed from the present generation—was the forerunner of the ski; and we have an inborn appreciation of forest and snow to match the heroic traditions of the Norsemen. A British skier, accustomed to the open altitudes of Switzerland, probably would consider our bush trails barbarous; while many of us who can blithely run up hill and down for fifteen or twenty miles without turning a hair would cut a very poor figure on steep Alpine slopes. We are, however, in a favourable position to acquire a combination of the European styles, and when style supplements stamina there is no reason why Canadians should not take their place in the foremost ranks of world skiers. It must be admitted, at least by the present writer, that the lengthy discussions of turns, jumps, racing arrangements, local routes, etc. in the Year Book, fail to hold attention at this distance. The average amateur is not likely to sit up nights worrying over the respective claims of the Arlberg School and the Zdarsky System, or to shed tears over the passing of the Telemark in favour of the Pure-Stem-Christiania. After skimming through these learned disquisitions by experts I felt a bit like the unlucky centipede, who

“was happy until the toad, in fun,
Inquired: ‘Which leg comes after which?’
Then he lay exhausted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.”

Manoeuvres with impressive nomenclature executed on paper awaken awe in me but not comprehension. I'm a Missourian when it comes to ski technique; you have to show me. However, their perusal revived humble realization of my stylistic deficiencies and engendered new resolution to get out and practice on the Dome as soon as the weather man sends down the needful.

There are charming bits of description in the Year Book which must appeal to every Nature lover. Skiers seem to possess the faculty of blending with their gallant sport a keen appreciation of its lovely setting. An article on snowcraft and mountaineering proved intensely interesting, furnishing much useful information on variable snow conditions. Reviews of books on ski-ing recently published, quotations from Arnold Lunn's "History of Ski-ing" and cartoons by Caulfeild are included. The latter apparently possesses, in addition to ski-ing prowess, a facile pencil and a nice sense of humour. The extracts from Lunn's book create an Oliver Twist appetite; if the whole sustains the attraction of these portions the book should find a place in every skier's library. Last, but not least, mention may be made of the Canadian Letter and the Lake Placid Report by Mr. H. P. Douglas. The Canadian Amateur Ski Association became affiliated with the Ski Club of Great Britain last year and the contributions by Mr. Douglas form a very worthy introduction on our behalf.

Altogether, it is stimulating to learn of the doings of fellow-skiers in the four corners of the earth; and skiers in general are indebted to the British Clubs for the publication of so comprehensive a record of ski-ing activities.

E. O'C.
Jan. 9th, 1928.

Ski-Exchange.—For Sale 1 pair 7 ft. ash skis Haagen fittings, \$7. Q. 3488.
—For sale, one pair Norwegian hickory skis 6'6" semi racers, M. S. fittings, splendid condition, new last year. R. 1005-J.



Edition No. 2

Ottawa Ski Club News

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