

Ottawa Ski Club News

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Snow conditions.—Never better, 4 feet of snow at Camp Fortune, as well as on all the trails leading to or from it. At the Dome hill the caretaker, John Kritsch, had to shovel himself out every morning. **Lodges' condition.**—Splendid. Fresh linoleum on all the tables at Camp Fortune. Big roomy new boiler room with tool shop for repairs.—Good food may be had at the **Dome Hill Lodge** from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Kritsch pies and Kritsch beans.—The **East Side Lodge** will be open this coming week-end. Get off the bus or the train at **New Chelsea**. Go up the road a bit and follow the bunting past the station. A splendid trail, made by Tiny Sutherland. The trail from the East-Side Lodge to the Dome Hill has been opened and blazed, every foot of the way, by J. R. Dickson.

There were all out but you.—All records were shattered when fifteen buses and thirty taxis brought some eight hundred people to Old Chelsea, not including those who came by train, the majority of whom went to Camp Fortune by various ways, on Sunday, Jan. 22nd. The Dome Hill Lodge and Pink Lake were also taxed to their full capacity and a little over. On Saturday, Jan. 21st, three bus loads of people got stalled on the way to the hills, but the majority of the occupants made the rest of the trip on skis.

And the Dome-Hill juniors came out at last forty-strong, and pushed bravely through their long postponed hike to Ironside, despite 10° below and a furious west wind that made many full grown people turn back in their tracks. Six devoted ladies chased away prospective bites, stopping here and there at kindly farm houses along the way until everybody had got thawed out, and marshalled their forces with entire success.

The return trip, with the wind gone down, was glorious, and many new faces showed up under leather helmets. These Dome-Hill junior hikes take place, weather permitting, every Saturday morning. They are open to boys and girls from 8 to 14 years of age. Parents and friends of intending participants are requested to phone early in the week to Mrs. F. G. Semple, Q. 6747, and they will receive by mail detailed information as to what to wear, when to start, etc. No child should be sent without Mrs. Semple first being notified. The Dome-Hill juniors wear special blue badges, which will be sent to all those who have paid one dollar fee and who will telephone to Miss Dorothy Symmes, Q. 1183.

Fred Brown, of racing renown, and the rare possessor of Saturday morning leisure has agreed to superintend the instruction of the juniors. The young men who conducted the ski demonstrations last season will hear from Fred, who will again look to them for assistance.

Coming events.—Preliminary races every Saturday starting at 2.45 p.m. from end of Wrightville car line, for boys and girls (Seniors, Juniors and Novices). The schedule of Club and Championship races will be given in the newspapers before the next issue of the News. Watch the papers.—Night hikes every Thursday

over lighted trail from end of car line at Wrightville. Take Wrightville car, at Chateau Laurier Station at 7.30 p.m.—Proficiency classes under the direction of Bret. Pliske every Saturday afternoon at 4 p.m., at the Dome Hill.

About the Night Hikes to the Chaudiere.—Not much luck so far, but things are going to improve. The Directors have decided that you may be allowed to bring guests in the future at the rate of 50c a head. Get your guests' cards at McGiffin's (Sparks St.) writing your name and the name of your guest on the card.

Results of first preliminary race—1 J. Curry (junior), 21.28; 2 G. Woods (senior), 21.40; 3 K. Saunders (junior), 22.39; 4 H. Douglas (junior), 22.55; 5 P. O'Keefe (junior), 23.06; 6 H. Logan (junior), 24.17. Geo. Audette was starter and Ivor Tesky timer.

Results of open ski-jumping competition, Rockliffe, Jan. 21, 1928—**Senior:** Ralf Andersen, H. Bagguley, W. Poitras, E. Fillman, L. Lefebvre, O. Odegaard, C. A. Bambrick, C. Clarke, R. Vincent—**Intermediate:**—E. Bertrand, A. Bélanger, A. Cousineau, P. Lefebvre, V. Belcourt.—**Junior:**—J. Landry, A. McKenzie, L. Gagnon.

What we lack most is faith.—"Bredren," said the colored preacher, "you have come to pray for snow. Bredren, the foundation of religion am faith. Whar is yo' faith? You comes to pray foh snow and not one of you brings his skis." If you had faith—the real faith—you would have had your skis and fittings ready on the night of Saturday, Jan. 15th, even though water was running in the streets of the City as late as 12 p.m., and you would not have missed one of the most glorious ski-ing days that it has been our lot to enjoy. But your faith was shaken by prophecies of woe and disaster, and you said, "There is not going to be any winter this year." Had not old Jean Baptiste at Maniwaki observed that the wasps' nests were hanging very low in the bush last fall, and was not that an unfailing indication of scanty snows? Had not old Johnny Larouche of Blue Sea said that a wet and muggy fall was always followed by a mild, open and snowless winter? And old Larouche never made a mistake!—What we had was simply a combination of the January, February and March thaws melted into one, and what we are going to have now is steady cold weather until the end of April. A parallel can be found in the winter of 1898—let the young ladies of the Club correct me if I am wrong in this particular—which, coming in early, blustery and cold, suddenly weakened towards the middle of December and gave way to an almost summer like temperature which prevailed until the 2nd of January, melting all the snow and freeing the lakes and rivers of their covering of ice. People actually went canoeing with straw hats on Christmas day. As usual, prophets arose from far and near and talked nonsense about the climate changing and a cycle of mild winters commencing. The writer skied (on snow shoes) on the 1st of May of that year, and so you will this year. "Bredren, whar is yo' faith?"

Please give them a rap, says our Membership Secretary. They are not paying as they should.—Oh come now, why don't you pay? Are you sore because you lost a week in January? Why, you will get it back in March or April with three or four more added. A good week of ski-ing in March is worth three in January anyway. Judging by the way some of you hang back to see if we will "deliver the goods" one would think we are a commercial organization, paying big salaries and dividends. Nothing of the kind; we are a sporting club, poor as all

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honest sporting clubs are, organized for your sole benefit; we have a big debt and we are trying to pay it off. We need your help. When you joined the Club it was with the understanding that you would pay your fees if you had not resigned by the first of the year. The first of the year is past long ago. Be honest with yourselves now, and pay your fees.

Where fees may be paid. Early in November, each one of you received an envelope addressed to the Membership Secretary (150 Third Avenue). Stick a cheque into it with your name and address and mail it. That is the quickest way. If you do not trust the mail, you may pay in cash at any of the following places, and get your badge and card as you pay: McGiffin's, Sparks St.; Byshe's, 223 Bank St.; Dominion Bank, corner of Sparks and Bank Streets; Royal Bank, Sparks St. (third teller); Bank of Toronto, Union Station; Hosterman's Drug Store, 781 Bank Street (between 2nd and 3rd Avenues).

Montrez patte blanche—This means that you must show a 1928 badge fully displayed from now on if you wish to be admitted at any one of our lodges, or a guest coupon. You will find a guest coupon for your friend on the last page of this circular.

On to three thousand! And we have not lost hope of getting three thousand members yet, in spite of the knock-out blow the New Year has tried to administer us,—not by a long shot. Get after new members; explain to them that the winter never fails us, that it is the only honest season of the year, that what we lose in January, we regain in March or April. Tell them they have three good months of ski-ing ahead of them yet. Take them out on the trail. Use compulsion and physical strength if necessary, gentle of course, but bring them out. Remember that your chances for admission into the Skiers' Paradise, when you leave this land of short winters, will be in proportion to the number of unfortunates that you have regenerated by bringing them out on the trail. And let us make it three thousand!

About medical tape, red tape and black tape.—There were the usual minor accidents at Camp Fortune last week-end, and a frantic and fruitless search for medical tape, the supplies having vanished with last year's snow. They are being replenished, and a complete first aid kit should be on hand next week-end. The delay was caused by a bit of red tape—the Chairman of the Lodge Committee and the President had to be consulted. The objection was raised by the Chairman that our members put this medical tape to all sorts of uses such as repairing poles as well as ankles, and it is too expensive for that purpose. In any case, as the demand on our stores may, at any time, be greater than the supply, it is suggested that our members make a habit of carrying medical tape in their packs. If they do, they will never have an accident.—And while we are talking about repairs, we might as well let you know that you will find a carpenter's bench at Camp Fortune with vice, anvil and a complete assortment of tools.

Tid-bits. It is rumoured that our Secretary Treasurer is the best dressed man in the Ottawa Ski Club; his suit, real "swanky," comes straight from the best cutter in London, England, and costs £——. They say Cliff takes it off before shooting the Canyon; he does not wear it when he is looking for nipples at Camp Fortune either.—Two little girls in blue breeks bravely set out of Chelsea for Camp Fortune at 2 p.m. one day this week, first making reservations by phone at Murphy's for the night. Then they disappeared until 9 a.m. the following

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- 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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morning when they were seen crossing Kingsmere Lake, which they kept crossing and recrossing until 11 a.m., apparently in search of the loose end of the Mica Mine Trail, or any other trail for that matter. They finally made the Kingsmere road and the bus with the assistance of a guide. Morality—Girls, do not go into the bush alone after a fresh fall of snow. But the thing that is worrying your Editor is "Where did these poor little girls spend the night?" There is no record of their passage in the log book of Camp Fortune. Would they please send us the story of their experience?—This reminds us that John Ryan, of Old Chelsea, a good looking lad and a good bushman, is willing and ready to act as guide, for a small consideration, for any party that does not know the way. Call up F. Aubin, at Old Chelsea, and leave a message for John Ryan, Jr. He will meet you at the bus. Sleeping out is rather uncomfortable these nights.—"You have spoiled my fun," writes Mabel, "with all your admonitions and recommendations about checking, stemming and snow plowing. Before you started your efficiency campaign, I never stopped at any hill, and if I fell on the way or at the bottom, well I fell, and that's all there was to it. Is not that what the snow is for—to fall on? Now you have made me feel that falling or sitting down is a disgrace, and I go along like a lame duck, checking and stemming all the way. (Why, bless me Mabel, if you want to fall, go to it, and have all the tumbles and the spills you like. Don't forget to cover up the holes you make though.)—And Johnny writes, "Your expert, Pliske, claims that one should learn to swim before attempting to swim across the Atlantic. In my opinion it would be better not to be able to swim a single stroke, because you are bound to get drowned anyway, so why prolong the agony?" (Sorry I can't advise you Johnny, this circular deals with snow, not with water, which is miserable stuff at any time).—The Toronto Ski Club Bulletin cheerfully reports that golf and ski-ing were enjoyed on the same day on their grounds, fifteen miles out of Toronto, and that hundreds of fees were paid on that day. Wish we had more of the spirit of the Toronto Ski Club here!

Please buy the proper badge, and display it.—Some young ladies who will never see twenty again are in the habit of buying junior badges, we are told, not for the purpose of saving money—such a sordid thought never entered their heads—but because they foolishly imagine such badges make them look younger and more attractive. There would be no harm in it if these young ladies were to pay the senior fee for a junior badge, but when the Club is being defrauded by such youthful aspirations, we think it is time to call a halt.—And as to those "clever" young men who try to sponge on the Club as juniors by concealing the lower part of their badge, we would say that our checkers at the various lodges have received positive orders not to allow in any one who does not display the entire badge. This junior business is being overdone altogether. The junior age limit is seventeen, and this Club cannot be run on junior fees.

Distinguished guests at Camp Fortune.—Colonel Amery, British Secretary of State for the Dominion, and party, including Miss Feiling and Captain Jarvis, were the guests of the Club at Camp Fortune on Sunday and were received by President Mortureux, Vice-President Allan Snowdon, Director Alex. Haultain and Secretary Cliff Herbert. On the return trip the party took George's trail and the Canyon from Kingsmere Heights to Old Chelsea. Colonel Amery, who is an accomplished skier, expressed astonishment that so many skiers should follow in

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the same track, and, putting theory into practice, he dived through the trees right and left of the track, telemarking with consummate ease. Only six weeks ago, Colonel Amery was enjoying skiing in the mountains of New Zealand.—Congratulations to Alderman Ed. McVeigh, who made the Canyon without a fall on Sunday.

A word of explanation about the Olympics.—Regret has been expressed in many quarters that the Ottawa Ski Club was not to be represented at the Olympic games in Switzerland, and perhaps a word of explanation in this respect will not be amiss. There was no lack of men in our Club who could have made a creditable showing, not that any one was expected to come in first against seventy Scandinavian competitors and under strange conditions, but it is not the habit of the Ottawa Ski Club to refrain from competing because the chances of winning are slim. The cost was the biggest consideration. No one seemed to know definitely what this cost would be. The first letters of the Canadian Ski Association officials on the subject hinted that the trip might cost over \$700, and that possibly the Olympic Committee might contribute \$300 of that amount. There was also a talk of elimination trials which might be held on the 21st of January in Montreal. On the other hand the suggestion that the trip would not cost over \$700 was ridiculed by apparently well informed ski editors who claimed that the expenses would amount to at least \$1300, pointing out that the members of the American Team were financed to the extent of \$1000 by their respective organizations. It was decided to wait for further and more definite information. The Directors did not feel justified in authorizing what might prove to be a very heavy expenditure when the Club treasury was empty, and when money had to be borrowed from the banks to cover necessary improvements and repairs, nor did they feel that subscriptions should be asked from the members. Towards the end of the year, we were advised by the President of the Canadian Ski Association that a team had been selected, including one man from Toronto, one from Ottawa and two from Montreal. A few days later another letter was received from Mr. Douglas stating that he was recommending the sending of a fifth man, that first chance would be given to the Ottawa Ski Club, and that it was definitely understood that the trip would not cost over \$700, the Olympic Committee contributing about half the amount. A meeting of the Board of Directors was called and the sending of a delegate approved; this delegate voluntarily offered to pay half his expenses. Mr. Douglas was notified by telegram. Four days later a reply was received to the effect that a very pressing request had been received from the West, where a branch of the Canadian Ski Association has recently been formed, and that, as the East was already represented by four delegates, it only seemed fair that the West should be given a chance to send one competitor. Under these circumstances, our application was not pressed, and the West was allowed to send a delegate.

A TALK BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE RACING COMMITTEE

The President:—Well George, I suppose you are anxious to get those races started after this long delay?

George:—That is just what I have come to see you about, Mr. President. I am fed up with the races. I have been hoping and praying that this soft weather would continue every Saturday this year until next winter so that there would be

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no competitions. I want to be relieved of my duties, and I would ask you to have some one appointed in my place who is keener about racing than I am.

The President:—Why, George, you, of all men! What on earth is the matter?

George:—Simply that I am fed up, tired of doing all the work. Do you know that, with the Preliminaries, the Glebe race, the Lisgar race, the Inter-collegiate, the Michael Strogoff, and the Ladies' races and what not, I started over twelve races last year? Do you know that in some of these races there were as many as sixty-seven competitors? Two hours at the start, two hours at the finish to make up the report and record the complaints and the alibis—every one who does not come in first has some explanation to give, you know,—and it was never before seven p.m. every Saturday when I could take the trail to Kingsmere, to be on hand at Camp Fortune early Sunday morning. A nice trip, all alone in the dark! I am telling you, it is no fun! I am fed up!

The President:—Why George, can't you get help? Surely no one is expecting you to do it all yourself.

George:—I have called for volunteers from the "gang" at Wrightville several times, but they were all busy, a girl to escort or something. They said they would be along next week and next week they did not turn up. I could not even get help to carry the coats over. My name is George, you now. They say "Leave it to George!"

The President:—What do you mean when you say "carrying the coats over"?

George:—Why don't you know the competitors strip off at the start, and expect to find their clothing at the lodge when they finish?

The President:—You don't mean to say you have been doing that too?

George:—Who has been doing it, I would like to know? Do you now that after starting 42 competitors one day, at one minute intervals, I carried over on my back in one pack, 42 coats, 42 sweaters, 42 shirts and 42 pairs of mitts? Why, you would have thought Pine hill was moving along the trail! And I got hail Columbia because one little mitt was missing when I arrived at the Lodge.

The President (*visibly moved*):—George, this must not be. We have been trespassing too long on your good nature. We will get you a horse and rig next time to carry the clothing. Will that be satisfactory?

George:—That will be something. But what about the starting. Can you relieve me of that also?

The President:—As chairman of the Racing Committee, you should not have to do any of that work yourself. Get others to do it and show them how to do it. Surely plenty of volunteers can be found among the eight hundred senior members of the Club. I will tell the Editor to state the facts in the circular, and I feel sure that at least one hundred will offer their services. No better work can be done by the officials of this Club than by training others to work for the Club, by making them feel responsible. We have done our share, let us pass the torch along! To begin with all organizations like the Glebe and the Lisgar Collegiates, the Technical School, etc., should appoint their own officials and handle their own races. We are doing enough by providing prizes. Only the Club races proper should be managed by the Club.

George:—In that case, I think we should draw some standard regulations, to be followed at all races.

Regulations were drawn forthwith and will be submitted in next issue.

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MISADVENTURES OF SAINTE MARGUERITE

by G.H.

As it has become the fashion in polite literature to blame somebody or something, I take opportunity, at the outset, to place the whole responsibility for my misadventure on that old fraud, Santa Claus. You see, I had quite made up my mind to go to the Tropics. I would cross the Line. And then Ah, yes, and Then! A dazzling sun glows over a sea of deepest blue. Palm trees wave languidly in the dreamy breeze of a thousand perfumes. Strange craft dart hither and thither. And in the ceaseless murmur of the surf as it beats in rhythmic cadence on the coral strand, there is infinite contentment and peace

Yes, I had it all arranged so nicely and so comfortably when Santa appeared with a pair of Norwegian skis. Now, I am no wizard on sticks. On occasion, I have picked myself up, bruised and broken, at the foot of the Canyon trail and staggered into Camp Fortune. I have struggled over Telemarks and Christianas but somehow or other any old stump on the hillside always seems to get in the way. Yet those Norwegian skis held a strange fascination. I looked at them, wondered and pondered and the more I wondered, the more I thought of snow. Palm trees nodded their heads in cloudless blue, surf boomed dreamily over the cor— . . . I felt strange misgivings, misgivings what The President would think of it all as he sat there in his lonely Hermitage above the corkscrew trail. His scorn, his contumely, yea, even his withering contempt that I should dare to venture south when glorious blizzards and arctic winds called to the open trail! Even those confounded Norwegian skis seemed to nod their heads in profound reproof. I looked, lingered, and, lingering, was lost.

And that was how my journey ended before it began. That was how I. and J. came to wander aimlessly and sometimes painfully over the snow-clad hills about Ste. Marguerite.

Nor were first impressions exactly favorable. We splashed through Montreal in a thaw that would have brought the North Pole to tears. We meandered towards the Highlands in doubt and despair. We looked at our skis. We looked at each other. We bought newspapers—all the newspapers we could find—just to see if there might not be some encouraging little difference of opinion on the weather probs. They were all exactly and dismally the same. Mild, mild, mild!

"It's all your fault," said J.

"Naturally," I said, sarcastically as I could.

A few faint flickers of snow swept through the spruce as we bore onward

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Such a slide as ski-runner's dreams are made on and our little life wasn't even rounded with a sleep.

But the hour of reckoning was to come. Without compass or map or anything of a trail we tried to make our way straight across country. We tried what seemed like a road and found its end in a jungle of bush and fallen trees. We slid among long grass and went down to the waist. We tried some newfangled turn and got into such a tangle that we could only unravel ourselves by taking off each other's skis. Then, with a shout of relief we were through the bush and in the open again.

It was cutting across the end of a lake when I hear a frantic shout and a sort of gurgling groan. I looked round but could see nothing of J. Again the groan and again I looked. I saw J. at last

She had gone through the ice.

I hurried back. She had one ski out. The other, caught grotesquely, flopped around in the water.

"Paddling back," I enquired.

I thought I at least ought to take a cheerful view.

"Paddling back," said J. "If you'd only ——" But perhaps I'd better not repeat the rest.

We pulled and tugged at the drowning ski until we finally brought it safely to shore. Why on earth we didn't both crash through the ice, I have never to this day been able to fathom. But we didn't. I endeavored afterwards to extend to J. a few words of kindly congratulation. Nor did I omit to lay some proper emphasis on the meritorious part I had played in the episode.

It was received with scorn and disdain.

"It was all your fault. I've told you that before."

That was all she said but she meant a great deal more.

THE TRAILS!

What about Cooper's trail? The Cooper's trail used to be and still is one of the most enjoyable trails of our system, but the younger generation of skiers does not appear to know about it and the older generation appears to have forsaken it for the Canyon. It does not deserve this neglect. Try it. Someone will be there to show you the way next Sunday. If taking 10 a.m. bus, ask the driver to let you off a mile beyond Read's store at Kirk's Ferry, right at a gate in fence, leading directly to trail entrance into woods. If from train, get off at La Charité, follow summer road up to main Gatineau highway, go south on it about 200 yards to actual entrance to trail.

Take the Canyon trail from the beginning at Old Chelsea.—Do not miss the best part of the Canyon trail by starting, as too many do, along the uninteresting and hard road to Kingsmere. When you come to the junction of the Kingsmere and Meach Lake roads, after passing the bridge at Old Chelsea, turn to the right and follow along the Meache's Lake road about a hundred yards; you will see the trail to your left.

The Tiny Trail.—Are you not tired of climbing up to Camp Fortune every inch of the way, to be swallowed up finally in the gaping hole of the Canyon? Would you not like to enjoy a dozen good thrilling slides on the way, with a short climb at the finish? Try the Tiny trail, starting from the railway station at

Chelsea. It is well blazed and well tracked. The advantage of the Tiny trail is that you can take the train, which is vastly more comfortable than the bus, and if you miss the train you can still get there by the bus. You may find it a little long at first—all new trails appear to be long, but it is in fact not an inch longer than the Kirk's Ferry trail and it passes through beautiful land. At one point the Tiny trail divides, the left branch going to Camp Fortune, the right, to the East Side Lodge. Take your choice and go where you like, but we would like to have you try the East Side Lodge once. In any case, try the Tiny trail, and if you do not like it, blame Tiny Sutherland who made it.

The Trail to Little Switzerland has been reopened by Jack Bourgault. It starts from the first log shack you come to after passing Kingsmere Heights. You will see a sign there "To Little Switzerland." Try it. It is only fifteen minutes longer to get to camp Fortune that way, but it is much more interesting.

The Corkscrew Slopes.—If a track can be made next Sunday, an announcement to that effect will appear on the bulletin board at Camp Fortune. Watch the bulletin board and come along.

Take George's and Kingsmere Heights.—Here is a good trip for those who desire to go home by bus:—Go up the lane from Camp Fortune, shoot down George's, turn to left where there is bunting, just before the last hill out of the bush, go through Kingsmere Heights field and down the western part of the Canyon trail to Old Chelsea.

Many comments on the splendid condition of the Canyon trail were heard on Sunday. Credit for this is due to Harold Collins, Eric Cawdron, and Bryce Grayson-Bell, all pupils of Captain T. J. Morin—alias "Old Man Joe," who took charge in the absence of their chief and did the work in a most thorough manner.—Captain Morin came back on skis to his old haunts last week, exactly one month and one day after undergoing a serious operation in the hospital. Look out for traps now!

Ski Exchange.—Lost somewhere, two weeks ago, on road between Kirk's Ferry and La Charité, a gentlemen's silver wrist watch. Finder please phone C. 1229-W—Found in Pink Lake Lodge on Sunday, Jan. 15th, a pipe. Owner please call at Hosterman's Drug Store, on Bank St. between 2nd and 3rd avenues.—For Sale, pair of 6 foot birch skis and Hagan fittings, with poles. Phone Q. 5537-W, after 5.30 p.m.—Found at Dome Hill Lodge, two purses. Apply to Caretaker.

GUEST "COUPON"

Date ----- 1928.

M-----
name of member introducing

introduces M-----
name of guest

Address of guest -----

If the party desires to stop at more than one lodge the checker at the first lodge will initial this coupon and hand it back to the guest.



Ottawa Ski Club News

Edition No. 3

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