



Hail to Kenneth Fosbery, Champion Skier of the City of Ottawa—a city of skiers.

Results of the race for the City Championship, Sunday March 2nd:—

1. K. Fosbery, O., 1-18-41 $3/5$; 2. E. Condon, O., 1-20-55 $3/5$; 3. J. Bourgault, O., 1-24-25 $3/5$; 4. K. West, O., 1-26-32 $4/5$; 5. Ted Reid, O., 1-27-32¹; 6. Dick Reynolds, C., 1-28-18¹; 7. B. Grayson-Bell, O., 1-31-55¹; 8. T. Peat, O., 1-32-13²; 9. Geo. Hamilton, C., 1-32-29³; 10. J. Roughsedge, O., 1-33-46.

On Saturday, **Consolation Race** for all members who have not classed higher than fifth in any event this year and **Special race** for the Glebe Collegiate. Start from Wrightville car line at 3 p.m. Sharp. Enter before Friday noon, to Geo. Audette (R. 40). No post entries accepted.

Sorry the running competition for Ladies could not take place last Sunday. If conditions are at all favorable, will have one next week end.

No one can tell how many more days of skiing are in store, but whether the winter dies of sudden death or lingers in the lap of the spring, there are two more events of which our members will be duly notified in time, and **every-one** should make it his duty to be there. They are: the Annual Dance and the Annual Banquet. Meanwhile, circular or no circular, there will be Saturday hikes to Ironsides and Sunday hikes to Camp Fortune so long as the snow lasts. See the papers

A thousand dollar fund for a Lodge at Pink Lake. A new and spacious Lodge at Pink Lake is very badly needed. It would help a great deal in relieving the congestion at Camp Fortune in the first place, as a great many veteran skiers who only take an hour and a half or so covering the five miles from Kirk's Ferry and arrive too early for lunch would never stop at Camp Fortune but would keep on to Pink Lake. It would also relieve the congestion at Ironsides by attracting many skiers from the city. It was on our building programme this year but money was lacking. **There are also several important purchases** that we have in mind that would immensely improve our position as a club and enable us to save a great deal of money in future years. There are possibly a hundred among you who intended to buy a life membership (\$50) or a Treasury Note (\$10) or a gold nail (\$5) but who kept putting it off—as most of us do. We need your money now, so that we may plan for next year. Do not come to us some day saying "You lacked foresight", No! but we lack money. Invest your money with us. You will have no cause to regret it.

My it is awful to be a girl! Ladies in breeks are now barred from churches, and they say St. Peter won't let them pass through the gates of heavens in that attire, badge or no badge, but a test case has yet to be made. That girls will find a way to get around the difficulty, we have not the slightest doubt, although the problem would baffle most men if the same decree was applied to them. One could carry a very light skirt in a knapsack, but how on earth could one get into it quickly, when occasion demands, on the trail, or on the high road? Skirts "caches" in the mountain or skirts renting stores at convenient points are a possibility of the future. But why not carry a light silk skirt wound around the waist, as a belt, and that could be let down and tucked up again, just like a window blind. The very best solution however would be to come back to the crinoline of old, which allows full leg action without offending any one. It might be a bit awkward going through the trees in places, but nay! would it not be grand on a windy day "Sailing over the bumps"! Who will be the first to come out in a crinoline?

And by the way, something more than a crinoline or a pair of breeks will be required to let you into our lodges from now on. You will need a 1924 badge, and one that will be your own, not a borrowed one. No less than a score of our members—paid up members, stockholders and gold nail purchasers at that—could not get into the Ironside Lodge last Saturday because the place was crowded with visitors—visitors who, by the way, have been visiting all winter and intend to keep on visiting for ever because it is cheaper than paying fees. **Non-members will in future be turned back at the door** until all our regular members have been served. This is final. Please tell your friends about it. We do not want to see anyone starving or freezing to death outside but if anyone has to starve or freeze, well, it is not going to be any one of our family. Charity begins at home.

Of all susceptible people in this world, trail blazers are the worst, we believe. Just because they go around the bush in circles, falling all over the lot where they expect others to stand, and bumping against trees which they expect others to avoid, they look upon themselves as regular geniuses and take offence at the mildest criticism. For instance,

(over)

A lot of skiers using the Bergendahl Fittings have had trouble getting boots that will stand the severe strain on the sole and many of them have asked me to import the Norwegian hand sewn ski boots which are made from especially tanned leather for the purpose as tough and is as the beef steak served in certain restaurants. If there is sufficient demand for these boots I will import them, so give me your order now should you require a pair for next year.

Orders for Norwegian hickory skis are coming in fast. Give me yours now and save 10%

those who laid the Club Championship course three weeks ago were very much offended because we quoted a competitor as saying that they should be hanged and whipped. Those who laid the Dominion Championship course were incensed because some other competitor was quoted as saying that they should be passed under a steam roller to be made to realize how it feels to be flat. Those who laid the City Championship course have lodged a protest in anticipation of what we might say. There is no pleasing these trail blazers. They have no sense of humour. They're a poor lot. Why don't they mix with the competitors "after the race is over" and hear what others think of them.

Need we explain also that when we published a suggestion from correspondent to the effect "that members in arrears should be made to wear a yellow badge because they are yellow", no offence was meant to any of the half dozen or so of ski clubs or snow shoe clubs in Canada who have gold, light brown or some other shade of that colour in the make-up of this badge or crest? Some people are as touchy as trail blazers in this respect.

The present system of heating water at Camp Fortune is inadequate for the large crowds we are having, and unless some one of our members with engineering ability comes forward with a better suggestion, we plan to have a one hundred gallon boiler next year; the fires would be lighted in time to have the water at boiling point by about say 11.30 a.m., meanwhile, and until this plan is carried out, will our members kindly refrain from **putting tea pots in the fires?** It is bad for the fires, and worse for the tea pots. They are made to hold tea, but they are not supposed to come in contact with the flame, and we do not want to spend another fifty dollars buying tea pots for next year just because our members want to save a few minutes time.

Found—at Camp Fortune, a light blue handkerchief, clean; Phone Q. 6747.—A pipe, phone R. 4263.—

At Ironsides, a leather purse with a small amount of change, phone Hunter 336.—

On George's trail, a woollen grey muffler. Phone.—S. 323 R—33.

Extract of letter from Harold Seman, Cairo, Egypt.

"I can assure you that I did not need any such reminder to turn my thoughts back to the old Ottawa Ski Club. Hardly a day passes but I sigh for a couple of feet of snow and a pair of skis. There is no place under the sun like the old Gatineau hills in their winter garb, and I can tell you that Ottawa hasn't seen the last of me and that I intend to have a squint at the new Camp Fortune lodge (or should I say palace?) before I die. No member of the O.S.C. who has been on those long week-end hikes to Meach Lake, Cascades, Wakefield, and remembers the steep and exciting Black Lake slopes and McCloskey's Hill, can possibly wish to withdraw his Membership of the Club, unless starvation is at his door. I therefore enclose my cheque for \$9.00, \$4.00 for annual membership fee, and \$5.00 for a gold nail (whatever gold nails can be). I would be delighted if you would occasionally send me some of the weekly circulars of the Club, should it not be too much trouble. And please remember me to my skier friends when you meet them on the trail next Sunday.

It is a fiendish trail, says a correspondent. "An abomination, a crime, and a disgrace. I would be ashamed to have my name connected with it. Why don't you cut it out." Guess he must be talking about George's, eh? We will let George answer the charge.

If King George Knew. I have come all the way down King George's trail, said a young lady, quite proud of herself.

A long grind. Says a contemporary in reporting the City Championship race. Nothing of the sort. This is the very last word one that would think of using in connection with a ski race. Every inch of the course should be interesting. Competitors are kept continually wondering as to what will happen next and they have no time to think of themselves. There may be a bit of tumbling, tearing and splitting here and there, but no grinding. A ten mile ski race over broken country is infinitely less hard on one than a road race of the same length.

They sometimes happen. There is an error in Mr. S. R. Lockeberg's add—the printer's devil offers his apologies.



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