

Ottawa Ski Club News

March Snows are always good.—You should know this by now and never waste any time in the city so long as there is sufficient snow to carry you in the bush. When in doubt as to the weather in March, take a chance and come out! You will never regret it. Do not forget that Camp Fortune is a good 800 feet higher than the city and that it can boast of almost dry snow when there are puddles of water in the streets of lower town. A mixture of pine tar and a little bit of paraffin will take you through any snow anyhow.—Your Editor was one of the 200 wise ones who went to Camp Fortune and he had a most enjoyable day. He left the Camp just as the moon was being turned on and had a glorious descent over frozen trails, shedding tears on the way over the other 300 "habitues" of Camp Fortune who stayed at home.

That Ladies' race.—**Hazel Reid** again carried off the honours of the day in the Ladies' race for the championship of the Ottawa Ski Club at Camp Fortune on Sunday last. It was bit soft, but the ladies' skis had been well waxed by an expert—so well in fact that two of the fair contestants, not being sure whether they were going backward or forward, decided to return to the camp at the first hill. Seven finished as follows: H. Reid, 47.23, M. Bourgeault, 55.25; M. Rainboth, 1 hr. 02.53; M. Knechtel, 1 hr. 07.48; M. Amyot, 1 hr. 13.15; D. Weston 1 hr. 17.24; M. Benedict, 1 hr. 21.14.

The Southam Trophy again went to the Lisgar Collegiate, after a hard fought contest over a six mile course of rolling and sticky country around Ironsides. The winning team included **Ken West, Fred Taylor, Louis Grimes and G. B. Jost.** Glebe Collegiate was second, Ottawa College third and Ashbury fourth. In fairness to the last two teams, it should be stated that one and two of their men respectively stopped to revive one of the Glebe contestants who was in distress, owing to insufficient training. **Ken West** made the fastest time of all. The times of the contestants are as follows: 1st, Ken West (L) 58 m. 26 sec.; 2nd, F. Taylor, (L) 1 hr. 01 m. 23 sec.; 3rd, L. Grimes (L) 1 hr. 03 m. 10 sec.; F. C. Ellis (G) 1 hr. 07 m. 46 sec.; G. B. Jost (L) 1 hr. 11 m. 15 sec.; L. Audette (O) 1 hr. 12 m. 14 sec.; B. Greyson Bell (G) 1 hr. 14 m. 11 sec.; H. C. Milien (A) 1 hr. 20 m. 21 sec.; P. Marchand (O) 1 hr. 20 m. 56 sec.; C. McCordick (G) 1 hr. 22 m.; B. Scott (O) 1 hr. 24 m. 15 sec.; H. C. Cann (A) 1 hr. 25 m. 44 sec.—A. Belanger of Ottawa College, C. Camsell and K. Cousens of Ashbury are the men who dropped out of the race to help K. Campbell, (Glebe) who needed assistance. The average time per man of the fastest team (Lisgar) is about 63 min. against 72 min. for the Glebe team, 79 for the Ottawa College team and 83 for Ashbury.

Coming Events. An "event" at this stage would be a snow storm and zero weather, but that we cannot promise, although anything is likely in March. The race for the City Championship will be held on the heights of Camp Fortune on **Sunday, March 15th**, if at all possible, and you are all invited to come for the occasion. **To-night** (Thursday, March 12) one more hike to the Chaudiere Golf Club. Take the car to **Eddy's Corner** and follow our friend Tiny Sutherland (He of the 6 ft 6 in.) who has made a very good trail over the ridge and through woods to the Club house. Please be at Eddy's corner by **7.30 p.m.** and walk along Aylmer road as far as the top of the ridge. A few lanterns will be showing. Consult this morning's papers for further news on the subject, as with quakes and the sun's rays, the configuration of the earth is rapidly changing. Do not forget in any case that the Aylmer car and the Aylmer bus land you very near the Club house. Hostesses for to-night: Mrs. H. Marshall and Mrs. A. R. M. Lower.

Blessing the wax and "Jerry"—We have often been told that a good command of both languages is a most valuable asset, but never realized it quite so much as during the ladies' race, when the wax, and "Jerry" who slapped the wax on, came in for some pointed comments. What a relief it must be! Why the girls who just knew English appeared to be dumb as compared with the French girls, who could express themselves in two vocabularies.

A new trail. Do you want a new trail and a good one? Stop at Chelsea, go along the Chelsea road in the direction of Kirk's Ferry for half a mile or so, then turn to the left, heading toward the highest hill to the west, and you will go through rolling and open country, with many good hills. You should hit the Meach's Lake road very near Camp Fortune hill.

The Annual Dance is Coming! Once more you are reminded that the Annual dance of the Ottawa Ski Club takes place at the Chateau Laurier, on **Friday, the 27th inst.** Please look up your last circular to see who to phone to in order to reserve tickets. On Monday, March 23rd, the remainder of the tickets will be placed on sale at Ketchum's. The number of the tickets is limited to 350, and caller No. 351 will be "out of luck." The ladies who have kindly consented to act as chaperons are Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Mrs. A. Haultain, Mrs. A. D. Watson, and Mrs. H. Kennedy. If you cannot dance you still have two weeks to learn, quite enough for anyone who can make a jump turn on skis.—Your Editor asked the ladies whether the dance was formal or informal, and he was told not to say anything about it. He has not said anything, has he? It is not a sock dance, anyway.

Queer pranks of the March Sun.—A party sallied forth in each of Black Lake from Kingsmere, on Sunday morning and not finding it at the foot of Lariot's hill, where it never was, climbed up the face of the cliff to the top of King's Mount, behind which Black Lake used to be. Once in possession of the lake, they did not seem to be able to get rid of it, as several attempts to get away in a straight line toward Camp Fortune, again brought them back to the shores of the lake which looked different every time. Is this right George?—Another party coming from Cascades over Creely's hill got into Black Lake but could find no way out of it, until they hit the first party's trail over King's Mount. They made good use of it until they struck the foot of Lariot's by 8 p.m. They will never do it again. Is this right Jack?—Another party starting from McClosky's has been vainly endeavoring on two or three different occasions to get to a certain shack in the mountain, and, judging by their tracks, appear to have covered in circles, an enormous amount of country. The last circle however was coming a bit closer to the shack.

Items of Interest.—No more pies, doughnuts or rolls will be available at Ironsides in the future, owing to high cost of delivery, but soup, beans, tea, milk and biscuits will be served until stocks are exhausted.—A boy, first time out to Ironsides, found the doughnuts so good that he purchased a dozen for his mother, to show her "how much better the Ottawa Ski Club doughnuts were than the city ones."—Grave charges have been laid against two members, better known in intimate circles by the names of "The Laird of Pink Lake Lodge" and "Old Mocassin". Although having no dependents, they refused to leave their "quarts" and wait upon others at the Chaudiere Club, raised a fuss because the food was not coming their way fast enough, and when it did come, helped themselves to double portions. An inquiry will be held.—Raundrop likes the first edition of the "Canadian Ski Annual" so well that she suggests that future editions be made to appear on the 15th of March while the events of the year are still fresh in our minds. Oh! Raundrop, give us a chance to do a little ski-ing in winter won't you?

Your Editorial Board generally objects to poetry because it takes up valuable space in the circular or in the basket. However, the two following poems appear to be worthy of insertion.

"Song of the Ski"

Swish, Swish, Swish,
O'er the cold white snow, O Ski,
And I would that my heart could forever hold,
The joys that you give to me;
As my gleaming skis shoot forth,
From the wooded crest of the hill,
And the rush of the wind is the song in my ears,
And the will o' the wind is my will.
Swish, Swish, Swish,
On thy carefree course, O Ski,
For the day of the snows will be passing short,
Tho' it last till eternity.

"Georges"

Oh! Georges, Georges, Georges,
You take your toll each year,
Of skis, and skin and temper,
Of poles and running gear.
But Georges, Grumpy Georges,
Tho' sulky, 'neath your snow,
You're just as tame as "Lovers' Lane"
If one could only know.

Letters to the Editor—Sir,—"A pair of patched brown trousers, one white sock, turned down, one grey sock turned up, a shirt that once was blue, a red old Mackinaw coat on a cold day and a smile any day—That's me.

"Though bits of them have deserted me here and there on the trail, torn off by shrubs or crust, these garments have, as a whole, been loyal and faithful to me for at least five short years, and they are good, I hope for another five and may be ten if George improves his trail. I am asked to discard them for a golfer's outfit, costing a trifle of some fifty dollars or so, just to look neat and prosperous. But would I be any happier, or would I be as happy? Would I feel free to try any hill and take any tumble if I went around clad in expensive clothes? Would I feel free to go out in any sort of weather? I am afraid the fear of damaging my pretty clothes would induce me to pick out my outing days cautiously and join the crowd of "classy" skiers who go by stage to Kingsmere and come down by easy slopes to Pink Lake. The clothes might keep their freshness, but would not the smile wear off?

"I have been free and happy all these years, and I want to continue to be free and happy, though I might not be "so good to look upon" as others. When out of the bush, I can wear a "soup and fish" or a "swallow tail" as well as any waiter in a high class hotel and look quite as decorous—but when on the trail, and in the bush, please give me bushman's clothes.

George Bourne, 149--151 Rideau Street, Ottawa. R. 753

Geo. Bourne's Patented Ski Poles \$1.98 Nett
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Ottawa Ski Club News



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How About Skis Made in Canada?

All the good skis that are made, practically the world over, are made of AMERICAN wood, grown on AMERICAN soil.

Is it necessary that our wood should be shipped thousands of miles away from our shores to be made into skis? Is it necessary to add all this extra expense—freight both way and Custom duties—to the cost of skis.—In short, is it necessary to import skis?

We do not think so. In fact, we know—and many of you know by this time—that the Ketchum Canadian Ski, made in Canada, is the equal of any imported ski. Save the freight, save the Custom duties, and get a good ski—a real ski—made in Canada.

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SKIS: Hickory, Birch, Ash.—High grade ski poles with cane rings, \$3.30 to \$4.00 a pair.

(Poles that are Poles)

The Monsen boot, made by John Palmer, THE BEST SKI BOOT ON THE MARKET.

Ottawa Ski Club News--Continued

"Me for the brown pants, the white sock, the grey sock, the faded shirt, the old mackinaw—and the smile that won't come off!—YOURS FOR FREEDOM.

Sir—Listen to my sad tale of woe:—I once had a suit in which I was "good to look on", as your "fair" critic puts it—nice fawn coloured breeches, immaculate white sweater and blue coat. One by one these things disappeared from my wardrobe when my sisters took to ski-ing, and shreds of them can still be seen hanging on the shrubs of George's, where they took their first sittings. I went through their own wardrobe but could not find anything there that would suit me. In desperation, I ransacked the cellar and the attic for old clothes, and now I am not perhaps so good to look on, but I feel safe from thieves. I know that my clothing won't be stripped from me if I should collapse on the trail.

"I am now told "Get a golfer's suit" Not for me, thank you! I have observed that women now wear bloomers very much like golfer's pants, and I know too well where mine would go."—YOURS FOR OLD CLOTHES.

The following "traffic regulations" for the Ironsides cafeteria have been submitted by a poor nut who evidently knows more about parking than pork-and-beans and is more familiar with cars than he is with cafeterias. He must have landed on his head at the foot of Dome hill

Ottawa Ski Club Pieway—Keep in line and observe feed limit.—Soup-bound traffic only.—Stop at Haultain's Garbage and filling station.—Special accommodation for large appetites.—Hot and cold storage.—Parking space provided (outside).—Replacement parts at standard rates for worn-out dinners.—Try Marathon Soup—More miles per gargle.—Doughnut tires aren't in it with our special Domehill Doughnuts.—Holesome and nutritious.—If feel punk polish off a piece of our perfect pie for puny people.—There's a raison.—A Rolls-Royce has nothing on our rolls for that famished feeling.—Try our "Milk from contented cows.—It will make you feel the same(?)—Destruction under way.—Take detour and watch out for mud and sinkers.—Use Lockeberg's anti-skid ski wax and avoid accidents.—Bad curve ahead.—slow Telemark to right.

Lost on trail, Pink Lake to Wrightville, a silver wrist watch, 17 jewel, Swiss movement, Phone S. 345 Ring 14.—Found, Woolen mitt, on Pink Lake trail, phone Q. 3123—Left at Camp Fortune, a scout knife. Finder please phone C. 4594.

THEY ARE HERE AT LAST—One hundred pairs of hickory racing and semi-racing skis, made by Johansen-Neilsen, and imported direct from Norway—Skis that are skis! Offered at reduced prices to members of the Ottawa Ski Club.

Also fifty pairs of Marius-Ericksen fittings—the last word in fittings.

Ski poles, \$1.75 a pair :: :: Fittings of all descriptions, at lowest prices.

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