

# Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB  
CIRCULATION 2400 COPIES

**Scribbled on a Camp Fortune table.**—The big race for the Ontario Championship is over; one by one with drawn faces and heavy footsteps the competitors have staggered up the stairs to their dressing quarters, which they trod down so lightly this morning. The last straggler has come home, and the last broken pole has been flung on the door of this lodge with a word of blessing. So many mishaps, so many falls, so many terrible climbs, such treacherous slopes, and such a long course! No, they will never, never race again! An hour from now, when refreshed and rested, they will begin talking about the next race, just as confident of winning it as they were of winning this one.

Of the twenty young men who stood on this knoll this morning, facing the Great Adventure with a smile on their lips and laughter in their hearts, waiting for the order to go, there was not one who was lacking in courage, not one who shrank at the sight of the Swift Death ravine, the Cork-screw slopes, or the Mill Race. All had brave hearts, but not all were skilful in the same degree. A ski race requires courage—and this is what puts cross-country ski running so much above many other athletic pastimes—but it also requires skill. Courage without the ability to handle one's skis in difficult places does not go far. One bad fall is sufficient to put a man out of a race.

All competitors who finished the course deserve the warmest congratulations, but specially our old friend Bob Reid of the Nansen Ski Club, who made such good use of his tremendous strength and skill that there was a gap of eleven minutes between him and the next man. There is no shame in being beaten by such a veteran skier as "Bob," however, and Bryce Grayson Bell who came second, and R. P. Wright third, may be proud of their standing. The course was blazed by Eric Roy and T. J. Morin. Gordie Wood, a junior, barely in his teens, who covered the course in one hour and fifty minutes, deserves special mention.

**The Ski-jumping.**—Graced by the presence of Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon, the ski-jumping meet was a very pleasant and very successful affair. The high north wind interfered somewhat with the jumping and cut down the distances, but the style of most of the competitors was excellent. We wish more of our members had been there, but we understand they were busy keeping the Dome Hill down.

**Results of Lisgar Collegiate race, Saturday Feb. 12.**—There were twenty-four competitors; the first ten are as follows:—Currie 32.32; Clark 32.45; Jost 33.46; York 34.49; Reid 34.45; Cawdron 35.49; Stevenson 37.29; Skinner 37.35; Richards 37.49; Bonner 39.08.—Results of the race for the **Championship of Ontario**, held at Camp Fortune on Sunday Feb. 13:—1st Bob Reid, Nansen Ski Club, Berlin Mills, 1.30.33; Bryce Grayson Bell, O.S.C., 1.41.31; R. P. Wright, Cliffside S.C., 1.43.45; L. Grimes, O.S.C., 1.44.30; J. Bourgault, O.S.C., 1.46.15; L. Audette, O.S.C., 1.48.12; Gordon Wood, O.S.C., 1.50.43; B. Oliver, O.S.C., 1.51.35; Herman Ritter, O.S.C., 1.54.38; J. Amyot, O.S.C., 1.54.59; S. Bruce, C., 1.59.33; H. Douglas, O., 2.06.05.—Results of the **Ski-jumping** competitions for the Championship of Ontario, held in Rockliffe Park, on Saturday Feb. 12:—1st L. Lehan, M.; 2nd D. Powers, O.; 3rd A. Gravel, M.; D. Milne, M; Alex Olsen, O.; A. Tiffin, M.; F. Vincent, M; P. Knowlton, M.; W. Poitras, O.; C. Denis, O.; C. Sproule, M.; T. Hogan, M.; G. Dupuis, C.; C. Clark, O.; P. Miller, M.; L. Poirier, M.; I. Labelle, H.; C. Bambrick, O.; T. Peat, C.; R. Vincent, C. **Intermediates.**—H.

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**Events this week.**—On Thursday, Feb. 17, usual night hike to Chaudiere Club, starting from end of Wrightville Car line. Hostesses this week: Mrs. Herbert Marshall and Mrs. Gordon Wrong. On Saturday, Feb. 19.—Usual Dome-Hill Juniors turn out. Please note that the hour of departure is 10.15 a.m. (not 10.30). Be at the Hull Electric Station, foot of Chateau Laurier, ready to leave, at 10.15 a.m. Instructor this week, John Blair.—On Saturday, Feb. 19, **Intercollegiate race for the Southam Trophy.** Report to Eric Roy at Wrightville at 2.45 p.m.—On Saturday, Feb. 19, **Michel Strogoff race**, over usual racing trail, to Dome Hill, Senior, Junior and girl classes.—On Sunday, Feb. 20, **Slalom race** at Camp Fortune.—On Sat. and Sunday Feb. 26 & 27, Dominion Ski-Jumping and ski-running championships in Montreal and Shawbridge.

**Those Dome Hill Juniors.**—There were fifty seven this week, and the "57 kinds" had no more variety than they. In the unavoidable absence of Wally Reid, there stepped into the breach, as instructor, a major-general in the shape of Fred Brown, who lined up his forces and put them through united exercises and stunts, to practise on for weeks ahead. All onlookers are invited to join these work outs.

**A Michel Strogoff race!** Who has not read Jules Verne's story of Michel Strogoff, the undaunted courier of the Czar who went through fire and snow to deliver his message? A film of this immortal story will be shown at the Imperial this week, and in order to re-awaken the interest of the young generation in the books of Jules Verne, the Manager of the **Imperial Theatre**, where the film will be displayed next week, has offered fifteen tickets, worth one dollar each, as prizes for a "Michel Strogoff" race. The race will be staged this coming Saturday on the Dome Hill racing trail. There will be three classes: "Senior," "Junior" and "Girls." For the purposes of this race, Juniors are boys **under 17**. Seniors are **over 17**, and girls are girls. There will be five prizes for each class. Report to Geo. Audette, at Wrightville, at 2.45 p.m. sharp.



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**For your information.**—First aid equipment for **skis** and **skiers** may be obtained from the caretaker at the different lodges. Kindly return tools, medicine chest, etc., to caretaker as promptly as possible. Others may be waiting.—Miss Ashfield (150 Third Ave.) has a supply of badges going as far back as the year 1919 that she will gladly supply, in consideration of a small fee, to those who have maintained their membership in the Club since that year or any other year, and who take a very legitimate pride in advertising the fact on their persons.—The dormitory at Camp Fortune is **now locked during the week**. Those who may have a legitimate reason for desiring to use it must secure permission and the key from Capt. T. J. Morin, (Q. 5607). Trespassers who break in through doors and windows and tamper with locks will be severely dealt with.

**First aid for skis and skiers.**—A donation of five dollars from Major Chapman as a "grateful contribution to the first-aid fund for skis and skiers, from one who was enabled to continue his glorious journey from Pink Lake to Dome Hill, thanks to the equipment found at the Pink Lake Lodge," is thankfully acknowledged. With regard to the matter, Frank Semple, the chairman of the Lodge Committee, writes as follows:—All lodges have first aid kits which include Iodine, bandages, adhesive tape, etc. A limited amount of material for patching up broken skis is also on hand at all lodges, with the possible exception of the East Side Lodge. Strips of tin, assorted nails, hammer, etc., may be obtained from the caretakers of these lodges, and Mr. Wetmore, in charge of Pink Lake, who is a very handy man, and the doorman, Major Chearnley, who is a carpenter by trade, are always ready to give every assistance in mending skis. Four broken skis were mended at Pink Lake last Sunday and a greater number the previous Sunday, including one that was badly shattered at the tip and was split from end to end.—While no one who has reported a broken ski at Pink Lake has, as yet, had to walk home, it is possible that some who have had accidents during the midweek have been less fortunate.



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Not having a caretaker on duty during the week makes it difficult to provide material as it is stolen as fast as supplied and it is therefore necessary to keep it under lock and key. A great many of us have therefore found it necessary to carry in our packs a small emergency kit which will be of some assistance in effecting repairs on the trail should an accident be experienced. Lockers are also available at both Fortune and Pink Lake for those who desire to make certain of having the necessary remedies when required.

**That night hike Trail.** Last week's night hike trail was by long odds the best we have had this season, and Ye Editor was kept busy for the better part of Friday morning receiving congratulations over the phone. He takes pleasure in extending these congratulations to the man who blazed the trail, and who has the reputation of being one of the best scouts in the Ottawa Ski Club—Ian Sutherland, better known among his circle of friends as "Tiny" because he is only 6'6".

**Tid-bits.**—The second issue of the Toronto Ski Club Circular has been received and eagerly scanned. There is nothing very bad in it yet, except that President Sam Cliff, speaking of his recent visit to Ottawa, says that the Gatineau Hills are "Miniature Swiss Alps." Now why could he not have left the "Miniature" out of it? He also warns Torontonians visiting the Ottawa Ski Club for the first time to be careful of Cliff Herbert's pancakes. We always thought Cliff put a bit too much grit in his pancakes.—"Why do I always sit down on a bumpy trail," wails Mabel, "Something seems to be tugging at me from behind, and pulls me down. Why is that?" (The reason why you fall Mabel is that you lose your center of gravity. You do not stay with your skis as you should. They run away from you when the pace increases, because you keep your body backward instead of forward, and you come sitting, which is a disgrace. Try to keep the upper part of your body forward and low, not by leaning forward with you knees straight, but by bending the knees and forcing them forward, till the plane of the upper body is parallel to the shin bones. In other words, stay with the slope and stay with your skis. And keep saying to yourself "I will not fall.")—"You advice practising stemming," says Alice, "and it is stated in the Canadian Ski Annual that stemming is the very



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best way of starting an avalanche. If your 2,500 members start stemming together, the first thing you know there will be a big avalanche from the mountains, and the Sweeneys, the Murphys and all those good people down in the flats will be buried." (Gosh! but you are thoughtful, Alice. The possibility of that calamity had not occurred to us. We will have to call off stemming until the snow is gone.)—"Do you want to see the works on the Gatineau?" a Montreal visitor was asked. "Sure, lead me to the Canyon Trail," he promptly answered.

**Bobbed hair vs. long hair bandits.**—Just because "An Old Timer" in the article entitled "A Suspended Sentence," published in an earlier issue of this circular, used such endearing terms as "A Bobbed Hair Bandit" in speaking of a girl who had passed him on the trail, a correspondent who poses as "Paterfamilias" but who bears all the earmarks of "one of 'em," praises her own sweet self sky high, bob, breeks, powder, cigarettes et al—in a four page letter, and vigorously proceeds to knock the girl of 1900, whom she denounces as a "swooning artist," a "snow-shoe fiend," a good-for-nothing long skirter," and a "monument of hypocrisy. She kissed in the dark too, this correspondent tells us. For the love of Pete, were the girls of 1900 as bad as all that? Ye Editor always thought some of them were crooked, seeing that he was jilted by a few, but he never believed their souls were quite so black. Rise up, ye of the extinct long skirt and long hair generation and answer these charges if you can. In the first place, why did not you ski? And what made you wear skirts?

**Please clean your frying pans.**—When you are through with your frying pan, don't leave it dirty under the stove; give the inside a good rubbing with paper or scrape it until it is clean and hang it up. Some one will do the same for you some day.

**The Penguin trail.**—The lazy skiers who cut in from the Kingsmere road to the Canyon instead of starting, as they should from the Meache's Lake road, may have been wondering why that short cut has been baptised "The Penguin Trail." The story is that Captain T. J. Morin found there a strange wounded bird which he said

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“while seating appeared to be standing.” The bird was identified as a penguin by Kenneth Chipman who knows all about wild life, from grizzly bears up and down, and this identification was confirmed by various agricultural experts. Penguins generally live in the Southern Hemisphere but this one may have been lured to the Northland by a copy of the O.S.C. News and the reports of food wasted around Camp Fortune. And this is how this trail came to be named “the Penguin Trail.”

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### A BRAIN ANTI-FREEZE

Upon a frosty day,  
Out on the great White Way,  
Heroine and hero, at twenty b. zero,  
Were ski-ing their homeward way.

And Percy said to Pat,  
Just to start a chat,  
“A girl, I hear, has lost an ear,  
Through ski-ing without a hat.”

And Patrick said to Bill,  
“That girl has caught a chill,  
Her teeth are decaying and people  
are saying,  
She’s really most frightfully ill.”

And Billie said to Jack,  
“Her skull’s begun to crack,  
The story goes, she’s lost her nose  
And her face has turned all black.”

And Jack then said to Mort,  
“Have you heard the last report?  
Her cheeks are peeling, her brain is  
congealing,

The poor girl’s quite distraught.

Then Morty up and cried,  
“Oh! Lord with me abide!  
I heard today, she’s passed away  
And I’m terribly mortified.”

Which only goes to show,  
That it’s fatal, don’t you know,  
For nice young girls to expose their  
curls

When it’s twenty degrees below.

So be warned by this girl’s pain,  
When it’s twenty below again,  
And try this wheeze: get some anti-  
freeze,

And squirt it into your brain.



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## “OUR LITTLE MORALS”

by EDYTH O'CONNOR.

Fortune Lodge at eleven A.M.—how inviting it looks! The vast floors thoroughly swept, the bare tables cleanly brushed, the benches straightly set in their proper places, frying pans and teapots in orderly array ready for use; fires burning merrily in all the stoves, the great cauldrons of water comfortably steaming—everything in readiness for the hungry hordes now scattered over the landscape but whose trails will presently converge upon what my friend the Philosopher has aptly dubbed “The Metropolis of the Snows.”

The same scene a few hours later—but what a difference in detail! The hungry hordes have come and gone and the cyclonic effect of their passing is evident on every side. The incessant tread of countless heavy boots has ground crumbs, ashes, waste paper and other carelessly scattered débris into the wet floor, completely effacing the earlier impression of vast cleanliness; frying pans in which depressing remnants of meat, beans, soup, etc., are coagulating are scattered far and wide; teapots whose lids have been lost in the shuffle have been used apparently as general garbage receptacles; empty milk bottles, pickle jars, jam pots, wrapping paper, boxes, string, crusts, orange peelings, apple cores, forgotten and unwashed bits of cutlery or dishes are strewn about; dishpans are coated with thick rims or grease or half filled with a liquid of soupy consistency which once was plain honest dishwater but since the immersion in its depths of insufficiently cleaned dishes had taken on doubtful properties of sanitation—Not so confidently would we invite inspection at this juncture.

Wandering through this abomination I came upon the Philosopher contentedly puffing his pipe in a quiet corner. He had initiated his rotund form and grey hairs into the mysteries of the Canyon that morning, with some degree of skill considering his far from sylph-like contours, and now, after countless sausages and sandwiches, washed down with innumerable cups of tea, I found him in a state of expansive reflection. I suggested that the surroundings were not exactly conducive to reflection,—and that started him. He always has a theory or two and likes nothing better than an opportunity to expound them.

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"I've been watching the Big Parade for the past hour or two and I could tell you just exactly who were the occupants of each table. You'd rather not know about some of them? Right-o—I'd rather not tell while you wear that disapproving expression."

"Strange" I remarked "that such attractive people as our members should leave such unlovely souvenirs of their visit."

"It's simple enough" he replied "merely an instance of mob behaviour being on a lower plane than individual action." He paused for a moment, but noting that I was endeavouring to register the expression of intelligent interest that he delights to evoke, he continued "Human beings are very much like lesser beings when it comes to collective conduct. They follow each other like sheep and in unusual or irregular activities the easiest way will be adopted. People that couldn't possibly be guilty of uncleanness or untidiness in their personal affairs will sometimes drop their standard in a place like this. They are in a hurry, must get ahead of the other fellow, the result won't be identified with them individually and so they forego the little extra trouble necessary to keep up to the mark."

"By the way, I was reading something along this line the other day—an old French chap—I forget his name but anyway he was one of the tallest highbrows of his day—and he harped considerably on the value of good manners and good breeding. He made quite a case for 'les petites morales' as he called them. Courtesy, consideration for others, cleanliness, neatness, tact, etc., advocated their constant cultivation with as much fervour as a preacher on the Ten Commandments—a sort of 'save your pennies and your pounds will take care of themselves' idea applied to human habits. Not a bad idea, either; it would fit in quite well here for instance. If each one that passed through the Lodge today fully realized his or her own private share of responsibility for its condition after the fray and if they each just cleaned up their own débris but did that completely—why, the result would leave the place looking pretty much as they found it this morning."

By this time his pipe had gone out and he collected his duds to push on.

"Everything you have said will be used against you," I warned him.

"Go ahead, if it's any use. You might write it up and head it 'The Principles



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Shipman's English Meat and Fish Paste, glass jars .. . . .	30c each	
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Campbell's Soups, all flavours .. . . .	15c tin. 7 tins for \$1.00	
Oxo Cubes, 4 cubes in a tin .. . . .	15c. 10 cubes in a tin .. . . .	30c
Bovril .. . . .	25c, 45c, 80c and \$1.50	
Harris Wiltshire Pork Sausages (ready for use) 1 lb. tins, each .. . . .	40c	
George Washington Coffee (all ready to use) .. . . .	50c, \$1.00, and \$1.55 tin	
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of Potwalloping' or 'The Morality of Dishwashing.' Anybody that doesn't shy at a page with that heading deserves what he gets." With which cryptic remark he vanished towards George's, where no doubt the bumps would loosen a few more odd theories from the fastness of his mind.

As usual when the Philosopher talks, there was a grain of wheat in his bushel of chaff; and possibly the reminder that our Lodges belong to each and every one of us in a personal as well as a collective sense is not amiss. We should deal with our club as we deal with our home; and the manner in which we take care of the one should be reflected in our attitude towards the other. Not one of us would leave our dining room at home in the state of disarray in which we often find our lodges. It is not difficult to absolutely clear up the space we have occupied. Washing our dishes may be greatly simplified by careful attention to scraping and wiping off grease with papers (which can be burned) before they reach the dishwasher. Then we do not require such a large supply of hot water and can dispense with the extra rinsing pans which of course all good housekeepers use; frying pans and teapots (if we do not feel adequate to washing them) should at least be placed near the stoves for the caretaker and not left on the tables; all food refuse should of course be burned or put in the garbage receptacles; waste paper, string, empty bottles, tins removed, the tables finally brushed down just before we leave. The work of a few minutes individually, and yet what a difference in the whole effect!

Let's keep our "little morals" on the job at all times, and the next time our kindly critic lectures on behaviour we shall be able to show him that our club spirit is far in advance of our alleged mob movement.

**Latest news.** A splendid new trail from Chelsea Station.—"Tiny" Sutherland just hailed in Ye Editor's office stating that he has completed a magnificent trail from Chelsea Station to Camp Fortune, or to the East Side Lodge. As the water in the Gatineau is being raised, it is just possible that the river may not be crossed this week-end, but skiers taking this trail may branch off half-way to go to Camp Fortune. There are slopes in it as good as the Canyon and George's combined. Let us try it next Sunday. **Get off at Chelsea.** Tiny will be there to show you the way!



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**Skiers wishing to take the Cascades' trail**, you will save a good mile and a half and a lot of unpleasant country by getting off at Burnet's Station instead of Cascades. Cross over from the station to the new Highway, then turn to right and follow this highway for about ten minutes, then turn to left, in a lane that will take you right to Baldwin's, on the old Cascades' trail, a mile or so from Cowden's. This suggestion is made by Mr. Barrow, who knows every inch of the country.

**Where ski-ing ability counts.**—"The few practices I have had under Mr. Pliske's tuition have improved my ski-ing wonderfully," writes a correspondent. "Whereas, on former occasions, I used to come down the Canyon my heart in my mouth and my skis generally ahead of me. I had perfect control of my blades all the way this time: I managed to check my speed by a series of half Christianias and half stems, and at no time was my speed beyond control. I felt that I could have stopped dead any time I wanted to, on the steepest slopes. I realized for the first time that there is no real enjoyment in ski-ing unless one has complete mastery of one's skis. I might say that the Canyon was particularly wicked on that day; there were no less than eight pairs of skis broken. I believe all this breakage was due to poor ski-manship. To all I would say: practice checking, learn the short, quick Christiania, combined with the jumping turn; learn stemming. There is nothing difficult in these things. It is only a matter of practise."

**Lost**, on Feb. 10, on the Sunset trail, a black velour hat. Finder please call S. 498.—**Lost**, on Sat. Feb. 5, between Pink Lake and Wrightville, a ski-band. Phone Q. 8193-W.—**For Sale**, Ladies' Navy Blue Serge Suit, size 36; phone Q. 6257-W.—**Watch found** on George's trail, on Sunday, Phone S. 6273-J.—**Lost**, Wednesday, on trail from Tenaga to Camp Fortune, Ladies Waltham gold wrist watch, initials L.M.C. Reward, Phone R. 6851. **Lost**. Will the person who took a ski pole by mistake from Cascades on Sunday please communicate with R. 354.—**Lost**. A pair of Persian Lamb gauntlets (mits) between Old Chelsea and Kingsmere last Saturday. Phone C. 2289.—Will the young lady who kindly tore her handkerchief for a bandage on the Tenaga trail a week ago Sunday, please communicate with Miss Ashfield.

*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. 9

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### Imported Norwegian Skis at Reduced Prices

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