

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2400 COPIES

March is here, and likely to stay with us for thirty-one days unless there is a convulsion of nature. With five or six feet of snow in the bush as there is now, there should be good ski-ing well into April, at least on the northern slopes of the mountain, but you may have to get up a little earlier in the morning or stay a bit later in the evening to take advantage of the crust. Do not go by the slushy condition of the streets in the city; there is wonderful ski-ing in the bush even when the pavements of Sparks street are bare.

The last of the Ski-News for this winter—There was no issue of the Ski-News last week because your Editor was kidnapped by the Midnight Riders of the Canyon, who kept him going up and down that famous trail, on waxed skis, until he had apologized for the few disparaging remarks he had published, from time to time, about that honorable Company in this circular. And there will we no further issue until another summer has passed away, and the slopes of Camp Fortune are again white. Ye Editor's contract called for ten circulars; they are all here with this one, and there is no more ink in the bottle. Furthermore, the March crust and the March Sun look highly tempting to one who has been chained to his desk all winter, trying to induce you to come out on the trail. To all those who have helped us in filling these pages, many, many thanks. Ye Editor's only regret is that he was unable to publish all the contributions received. For this, please blame our grasping advertising manager, who has been trying to cut out all the text because there is no money in it. Here's hoping that you may all be there at the first clarion call for the winter of 1927-28!

The Week-End.—Of the week-end of the 6th of March, it may be said that it was not nearly so bad as those people who stayed at home imagined it was. A bit soft and slushy of course, but with the help of good wax one could develop quite a surprising amount of speed.—**Jack Bourgault** gave a brilliant demonstration of the fact by again winning the Club Championship over a ten mile course in 1 hr. 26 min. 19 sec. Other competitors came in as follows: Ls. Grimes, 1.28.28; Ls. Audette, 1.35.13; Frank Amyot, 1.38.04; John Blair, 1.42.39; John Currie, 1.45.22; E. Frazer 1.47.29; B. Clarke, 1.48.51; H. Douglas, B. Grayson-Bell and A. Gordon, having the wrong wax, slid back into the camp.—While the men were following the long trail over the dizzy summits of "Little Switzerland" the ladies were having their own race around Camp Fortune, over a course somewhat shorter, but a great deal more tricky, with the following results: **Alice Heggteit**, 1st, 34.32; K. West, 36.07; Sonia Marsh, 36.16; E. O'Connor, 36.44; S. Amyot, 41.27; M. Rainboth, 42.34; Pearl Garrow, 54.29.—The ski-jumping Championships were run off at Rockcliffe on Saturday. **Alex Olsen** was first, W. Poitras, second, C. Denis, D. Powers, C. Clark, A. Bambrick. **Intermediates**, H. Bagguley, E. Fillman, **Juniors**, E. Bertrand, H. Garland, K. McKenzie, A. Bélanger, Billie Burke, J. Landry and many others. The longest jumps of the day were as follows: A. Olsen 115 feet, C. Denis, 111 feet, D. Powers 110. Poitras and Denis have shown remarkable form of late.—**Their Excellencies** the Governor General and Lady Willingdon honoured us with a surprise visit at the Dome Hill Lodge on Sunday, and were received by Vice-President and Mrs. Allen Snowdon, Vice-President and Mrs. J. A. Wilson and Directors A. West and A. Haultain, the President being held up by non-slip wax on the heights of Camp Fortune. Their Excellencies took the liveliest interest in the Lodge System of the Club; Lady Willingdon who is a first-rate skier, made Dome Hill successfully twice, and said on parting: "Camp Fortune and George's trail for me next time."

The Ski Championships.—A violent gale, with blinding snow, played havoc with the ski-jumping meet in Montreal, and although the best facilities had been provided for taking care of the injured, such as an ambulance at the bottom of the landing and a grave-yard across the road, only twenty-eight out of the fifty-eight competitors could be coaxed to try the jump. It was a day for heavy weights, not for light weights, and even the first were tossed about by the wind like snow-flakes. Alex Olsen, W. Poitras and C. Denis of our Club were sixth, eleventh and twenty-first respectively. They deserve credit for their bravery.—At Shaw-bridge, on the 27th, sticky snow interfered with the race and a poor choice of wax spoiled the chances of many competitors. Our Louis Grimes came fourth, four minutes behind Bob Reid of Nansen Ski Club, who was first, and eighteen seconds behind the third man. Grayson Bell, Wood, Olsen, Bourgault, Blair, Audette, Gordon, and Amyot filled the list pretty well from No. 7 to No. 15. Bilodeau and Bertrand also made a good showing. Alex Olsen was second in the class for best "all round skiers."

Coming Events.—The race for the City Championship at Camp Fortune on Sunday, March 13, weather permitting. Competitors are requested to report to Alex. West on arriving at Old Chelsea; the sleigh will leave Old Chelsea for Camp Fortune at 9.45 a.m. sharp. Competitors arriving after 9.45 a.m. will have to ski up.—On Thursday of this week (March 10) usual night hike to the Chaudiere. As the season is drawing to a close, each member will be allowed to bring not more than **on guest**. The **Hostesses**, Mrs. R. Kennedy, Mrs. T. Rankin.

The Annual Banquet and the Annual Dance of the Ottawa Ski Club will both be held this year on **Thursday, March 31st** at the Chateau Laurier. Dinner at 6.30 p.m. sharp; Dance at 9 p.m. Single tickets for the Dance \$2.00, Couple \$3.50. Banquet \$1.50 a plate. Any one purchasing a ticket for the Dance will be entitled to purchase a ticket for the banquet for \$1.00. Tickets may be procured on and after Monday, March 14th, at Hollbrook's, Office (above McGiffin's) and Wilmot's (Sparks St.). The number of tickets is strictly limited. First come, first served.

Lodge Improvement.—Suggestions from our members re lodge improvement will be thankfully received. We might as well tell you what we are planning to do, and if you can improve on it, kindly let us know before the cares and worries of summer make you forget all about ski-ing.—We are planning to enlarge the boiler room at Camp Fortune, to provide a place for repairing skis, with all facilities, such as vice, anvil, etc., as well as a separate room for lockers. Arrangements are also being made for the construction of a small lodge at the Western end of the ridge, near the top of McClosky's hill. It is also expected that the East Side Lodge, which was practically inaccessible this year on account of the steady rise of the water in the Gatineau river, will come into its own. Wonderful trails have been made from New Chelsea to Kirk's Ferry, and others will be cut from Cascades.

Can you help us? Our expenditure, on account of construction, has been very heavy this year and on the top of it a part of our loan, contracted three years ago, has now to be refunded. Could any of our members step into the breach, if necessary, by purchasing a few of the Club Treasury Notes bearing interest at 6 p. c. and redeemable in three years. Any money invested with us is safe. Kindly write the Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 65, Ottawa.

Our advertisers.—Herewith a list of the men who have made the publication of this circular possible by advertising in its pages. They are all thoroughly reliable. Please see to it that they get your trade, not only for the balance of the winter, but also for the summer. One good turn deserves another.

Masson (Fine Shoes) 73 Sparks St.—**Geo. Bourne** (Sporting Clubs outfitters) 149 Rideau—**Devlin** (Hats and clothes) Sparks St.—**A. H. Jarvis** (The Book Store) 157 Bank St.—**Langley**, (Cleaners and Dyers) 200 Bay St. and 281 Elgin St.—**J. Hackett** (Boot and Shoe Repairs) 196 Bank St.—**Plaunt Hardware**, 187 Sparks St.—**The Ottawa Electric Co.**, 35 Sparks St.—**Sigurd Lockberg** (skis and electric fittings) 542 Wellington St.—**Ottawa Boot & Moccasin Co.**, 519 Sussex St.

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The Canadian Ski Annual.—President Douglas of the Canadian Ski Association, Editor of the Canadian Ski Annual, has written Ye Editor asking for contributions for the next issue of the Annual. The invitation is extended to all our members. Let all those who can write endeavour to prepare a story or an article, while last winter's events are still fresh in their minds, and address it to the Editor of the News (P. O. Box 65, Ottawa). The intention is to issue the Annual much earlier this year, so that it may be ready for distribution at the opening of the season. And by the way, there are still about 50 copies that may be had for the sum of 25c each at Holbrook's (Sparks St.) or Byshe's (223 Bank St.).

About the use of snow for thawing out.—Ye Editor's comments on an "Old Timer's" letter published in the last issue of the "News" have raised quite a controversy, and several letters have been received, of which the following is a fair sample:

Sir,

In this week's Ski News "Old Timer" quotes Steffanson's book on the method of thawing frost bites with the bare hand rather than with snow. I do not wish to start a controversy nor do I hold a brief for Steffanson, many of whose theories are distinctly wild, but in this case I think his method is not only backed by experience but sound in theory. On an extremely cold day the temperature of the snow is about the same as that of the atmosphere, much colder than a newly frozen ear for example, Holding snow against the ear in this case will lower its temperature very rapidly and cause the frozen area to spread. Most frost bites, however, are not due to extremely low temperature so much as to high winds, which blow away the surface cushion of warm air next the skin faster than the heat of the body can replace it. Under these conditions (as they existed on Sunday, Feb. 23rd) the ears may freeze when the temperature of the rest of the body is very high and that of the air very little below freezing. Holding a handful of snow against the ear under these circumstances will cause the snow to melt and in doing so it will actually draw heat from the ear just as melting ice draws heat from the cream in the freeze. Holding the warm, dry bare hand against the ear, no matter if it has

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been frozen stiff, will gradually raise its temperature to normal and it will not swell, become painful, blister, fester or peel which seems to be the almost inevitable result of the snow thawing method.

I object most strenuously to being compared to a hot house plant and I do not think your horticultural methods apply at all to the tissues of the body. If I get another ear frozen on the Top-of-the-World in a forty mile gale and anyone comes around sprinkling it with ice water his corpse will be found in the depths of the Canyon next Spring. The thawing of plants with ice water can be done indoors or after the temperature is well above freezing. Badly frozen hands and feet can be thawed by putting them in very cold water and allowing them to thaw out gradually but this cannot be done on the trail.

This is really too important a question to be settled didactically. Could you not secure expressions of opinion on the subject from some of the medical members of the Club?—IKE O'NICLAST.

In accordance with the wish expressed above, the matter was referred to a gentleman who has made a special study of the subject, and he gave his views as follows:

Re Your Discussion on Thawing Out.—Some say thaw out a frozen ear with snow, others say use a warm hand at the incipient stage. Both are right, and if you understand the process and theory you can use the proper method at the time.

Freezing solidifies the water and oil in bodily tissues, hence blood and lymph circulation cease immediately. During the time any membrane is frozen or very near the freezing point there is no decay and hence no harm takes place further, providing the tissue is not bent or twisted and hence mechanically injured as would be done by rubbing. There is of course on freezing a cellular change inside the membrane which does harm and which takes a long time to become rectified by natural blood circulation—indicated often by swelling for days afterwards.

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Actual rubbing improves circulation by mechanically keeping the blood in motion, but once frost takes hold there is no circulation and the rubbing will injure the tissue.

If a frost bite can be taken at the start the warmth of the hand is the best and does no harm, but if the freezing covers any considerable area, warmth then tends to thaw out the outside of the frozen part and leaves a part still frozen that prevents the circulation of the blood to the newly thawed part, this thus being without nourishment from the blood and without means of carrying off waste and decay matter, suffers much more in the meantime by being warm—thus it is much better in this case to hold on the snow on the outside to keep this part cold just near the freezing point until the inner part can get thawed so that the blood can again resume normal circulation throughout and carry away the fresh decay occasioned by the freezing, and supply fresh nourishment to renew the destroyed cells.

By all means get thawed out as quickly as possible but make sure that either all thaws out at the same time or else that the thawing takes place from the inside as fast as from the outside.—J.P.

(Ye Editor's comments were based on the following experience: On one occasion, while crossing the wind-swept plains of East Templeton, he got an ear frozen—as stiff and as hard as an ear can be frozen. He took shelter in an old barn and thawed it out with snow, and the ear never gave any trouble, save for some considerable swelling. On another occasion, and on the same nefarious plains, he had two fingers badly frozen and never noticed them until he had boarded the Rockliffe car. He tried Steffanson's method that time and suffered a great deal of pain afterwards).

Believe it or not—"You go back along the trail, and you will find them every fifty feet," said the fair ski-debutante to the sympathetic young man, who was asking for her "impressions".—For sheer pluck, good luck and bad luck combined the case of Marquis de Albizzi, the Director of Sports at Lake Placid stands un-



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equalled in the annals of sport: The Marquis had a bad fall while taking a curve at high speed striking the back of his neck on a post. He walked unaided to a farm house a mile away, drove to the hotel and had his neck massaged. Later on it was discovered that the neck was clean broken. The Marquis will recover.—A young man who gets bed and lodgings at Camp Fortune every week of the season for the munificent sum of one dollar a year, representing a junior fee, had the nerve to ask for a partial refund of fees because there was no issue of the circular last week.

A Club Park at Camp Fortune.—Your Club has purchased some sixty additional acres of wooded land around Camp Fortune for the purpose of having a wood reserve and so that hiking and ski-ing rights, in the fall or in the winter, may never be interfered with. This is more than Club work; it is Community work. Could not this be paid out of Life-memberships? There are at least one hundred members in our Club who could well afford to take a fifty dollar Life membership. Let us hear from them. By purchasing a life membership they would save themselves the bother of paying their fees every year, and would render great assistance to their Club in the carrying out of a worthy project. We have so far six life members; we should have at least fifty. I invite every member who can do so to purchase a life membership to help us to pay off our debt.—PRES. C. E. MORTUREUX.

The Dome Hill Juniors.—Says Mrs. Semple, the Godmother of the Dome-Hill Juniors: "You cannot speak too highly of the ladies who have helped me to carry on this work. They have all done magnificently." The best Ye Editor can do is to put this appreciation on record and give the young ladies' names:

Convenor: Irene Guppy. Assistants: Mrs. T. Rankin, Mrs. Morierty; the Misses Marshall, D. Symes, M. Falconer, G. Coffey, Q. Robertson, B. Roger, G. Ferguson and B. Gutteridge. It is by such disinterested and enthusiastic work that the Ottawa Ski Club has reached such a position of eminence in the ski-world. May it long continue!—There will be another turn out this coming Saturday, Ted Reid will be the instructor.

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J. HACKETT, 196 Bank St. Q. 752

Remember—The feeling of the feet is reflected in the face

For he is a jolly good scout.—And while praise is being passed around, Ye Editor thinks Captain T. J. Morin should come in for a share of it, not only for the splendid shape in which he has kept the Canyon Trail throughout the season by hard and tireless work, done mostly around the Midnight hour, but also for the excellence of the courses which he laid for the Championship races. Others may have discovered new hills in the mountains, Joe has discovered new worlds. If the amount of careful thought and painstaking labour that are required for the laying of a course were better understood, every one of our members would enter the races. Hail to Joe Morin, the Captain of the Midnight Riders of the Canyon!

Dear Editor,—Once upon a time two fair members of your famous Club begged leave of absence from their respective offices, for a day's ski-ing.

The day was perfect and they blithely stepped off the train at Kirk's Ferry. Coming to where the trail should have been, they discovered the tracks were completely obliterated by the recent storm. Nothing daunted they turned their skis in the direction of their native heath, and set forth.

After hours of hard travelling, in what seemed to be foreign land, they decided to climb the highest peak, and scan the country side for Camp Fortune nestling in the hills. Which they did. Spying what seemed to be smoke, about three mountains away, they again set forth (let us draw a veil over the torturous journey and blistering words) only to discover what seemed to be smoke was a drift of snow swirling around in the wind.

Like Moses of old they descended from Mount Sinai with heavy hearts. Many more hours of travelling on the flat, uninteresting country, without a hill, brought them to the main highway. Spying a lonely farmer, driving along, they hailed him with joy, and inquired where they were—"Cascades" says he. What a jolt!

Downhearted, and weary, they sold their morning's ambition for a few pieces of silver, and bargained with the man to drive them to Wrightville. Which he did.

Later, on a home-bound car, frozen, fagged out, ravenously devouring their neglected luncheon, the two fair ones decided they should go to Night School, and take a Course in Geography.

A Wax recipe that never fails.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ sq. inch of paraffine, $\frac{3}{4}$ sq. in of Osby's medium; $\frac{1}{2}$ sq. in. of Osby's mixed; $\frac{1}{2}$ of big rubber hand, ignited with a match; one small tin of pine tar; boil the whole thing together, slap it on your skis and rub it in. Just put one ski ahead of the other, and the wax will do the rest. (By courtesy of Louis Grimes.)

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Rock-a-bye baby
On the hill top;
When the wind blows
You'll freeze if you stop;
Where the track turns
The baby will fall,
Down will some baby
Poles, skis, and all.

The North wind doth blow,
An we shall have snow,
And what will the skeeter do then?

Poor thing!
She'll get out her skis,
Give her boots lots of greese,
And take the train to Cascades,
Poor thing!

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander;
East side, West side,
In the great tall timber.
There I met an old man,
Who'd ski-ed for forty years;
He saw my nice new "breaker"
His eyes were full of tears.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Gentle slopes did bore him;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill jumped neatly o'er him.

Solomon Grundy
Ski-ed on Monday
Farm on Tuesday
Ironsides Wednesday
Pink Lake Thursday
Fortune on Friday
Meach Lake Saturday
Died on Sunday
And that was the last of
Poor Old Solomon Grundy,
Ski-ed on Monday,
etc.

I had some lovely new ash skis,
They were my joy and pride;
I lent them to a lady,
To go out for a slide.
She scratched them,
She scraped them,
She stood them near the fire,
I wouldn't lend my skis again,
For all the lady's hire.

Bye, baby Viking,
Father's gone a-hiking,
Mother's trying stemming,
Sister's Telemarking,
Brother's gone to buy a pack
To tote the baby on his back.

—Contributed by Father Gander.

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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
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
Barington Hall Coffee (ready to use) in glasses, each	65c
Reindeer Prepared Coffee, contains milk and sugar (only boiling water required)	35c tin
Golden Tipped Ceylon Black Tea, a rich flavoured tea	90c per lb.
Dargeeling Black Tea, a mountain Indian tea of the finest grade	\$1.00 lb.
Ceylon Orange Pekoe Black Tea, a good family brand	65c per lb.

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"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

By EDITH O'CONNOR

Spring in the air—with lengthened days of revivifying sunshine and balmy nights of brilliant starshine; caressing breezes from the southland and gentle zephyrs from the west; daffodils and tulips flaunting their gay beauty in the windows of the florist shop and miniature Mississippi flooding the city streets; the first robin impudently hopping about on the melting snow and the strains of of the street piano once more assailing open windows optimistically marrying the Girl from Barcelona or dolefully grinding out the perennial Miserere—indubitable signs of Winter's passing, which, if we can believe the spring poets, should inspire only joy in every heart.

But these happy harbingers are not untinged with sadness for the brethren of the ski, whose thoughts, as they view Nature's ruthless dismantling of their playgrounds, incline rather towards the sentiments of the mournful poet who sings "the melancholy days are come, the saddest of all the year". The regretful ones may be discovered by their failure to respond heartily to such greetings as "Nice and warm, eh? At this rate the snow will all be gone in a week or two." There is a marked lack of enthusiasm in their acknowledgment of this inevitable fact. Wherefore they are apt to be looked upon as singular malcontents by the rest of the community to whom the winter has been a season for patient endurance rather than enjoyment and who, in their eager welcome of its defeat by the forces of spring, have scant sympathy to waste upon lamenting skiers. Yet the hesitancy of the skier to put his skis finally aside and call it a season is not so entirely founded upon selfishness as may appear superficially. There is in his inevitable regret something broader—an impersonal realization of fleeting time and human limitations, a humble sense of inadequate accomplishment, of opportunities neglected through laziness or procrastination, and a desperate urge to repair his sins of omission or

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commission (in a ski-ing sense) before it is too late. No matter how many days have been devoted to the trails nor how many times we have sandwiched in that stimulating short run which was to be a daily habit, there are tantalizing memories of the new trails we meant to follow, the hills we intended to conquer, the style we were firmly resolved to practice, and we wonder how the weeks have flown so swiftly by. It seems that we have just got nicely started and now the season is over. We reproach ourselves with the thought of evenings devoted to bridge and gossip when the perfection of moonlight and fresh snow should have drawn up away from the fireside, and we resolve that next year there shall be no such waste of precious time.

Happily for the ski-ing fraternity however the spirit of the trails does not depend wholly upon atmospheric conditions nor need it vanish with the melting of the snow. Camp Fortune stands ready to welcome the wearer of the Red Badge at all times and trails still lead to its door through all seasons and in all weather. Substitute stout walking boots for the slender blades and practically any of the trails may be negotiated from the passing of the last vestige of snow to the eagerly awaited re-appearance of the first new flakes. It is interesting to study the contours of our ski country in its undress uniform. Where then are the smooth slopes of the Canyon or the winding waves of George's? How did we cross that mountain torrent or glide over these rocky ledges? We discover that the long avenues and open spaces, the swift inclines and the gradual ascents, did not just grow, like Topsy, and we appreciate the energy and ingenuity manifested by our indefatigable trail makers who have converted and revised the face of Nature for our convenience.

We wander through the forest aisles,—familiar as city streets when the snow is on them and yet strange in their unaccustomed guise of tender spring leafage or gorgeous autumn colouring—drinking in the fragrant pine laden air and refreshing our minds with new vistas of the unchanging hills. Instead of the thousands scattered over the land as in winter, perhaps only a handful of comrades may be

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encountered on the trails and there is a haunting stillness in the forest depths. But it is a friendly silence and we swing along contentedly, guided by cheerful ghosts of reminiscence or hopeful spirits of anticipation. At the Lodge we will surely find other trailers, who perhaps have essayed different routes, and over the leisurely disposal of the contents of the same old haversacks by the same old methods we happily swap tales of past prowess or advance projects of future daring. Not quite as convincing as a winter trail, perhaps, but serving excellently to bridge the chasm from snow to snow, and keeping alive the cherished spark of camaraderie until Nature takes us back into her favour again.

Ski Exchange—Will the person who received badge No. 1500 from Byshe's kindly telephone or write Miss Ashfield (C. 1229-W)—Found, Feb. 28, near Birch Valley Lodge, a white tuque (Q. 2524).—**Lost**, between Camp Fortune and Pink Lake, a ski-baand, Phone Q. 4231 or Q. 5112.—**Found**, Lady's silk scarf, lady's blue belt, man's grey cap, pipe. Call C. 6187-W.

Lockers. Members having lockers at Camp Fortune are requested to take the contents out and, take them home, or put them in a small bag and hand them to the caretaker who will put them away safely. Lockers should be left open.

OFFICERS OF THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB

President—C. E. Mortureux.

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Secretary Treasurer—R. M. Stewart, P. O. Box 65, Ottawa.

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Ottawa Ski Club News

Edition No. 11

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