

days late in the season there was practically no snow left in the city and people looked as if they thought you were balmy to be carryin' ski. But I didn't mind; they didn't know what they were missin' and if it amused them to be superior why should I care? Some of the trips late in the spring were really the best of all.

I felt quite sad when I finally had to put my ski away and almost right away I began to count the days until there'd be snow again. However, I ran into quite a few of the ski-in' crowd durin' the summer, one way or another, and we always seemed to enjoy a chat about the good old trails.

Now, I suppose you've been wonderin' all this time where the romance comes in. It really has been there all through but I was sort of shy about mentionin' it. As I said at the beginnin', I'm a plain sort of chap, and I'm not much on the Romeo stuff, at least not to write about it. But—well—you remember that girl I spoke of, the one that giggled in the red tam-o'-shanter? She was along on a lot of the hikes and really she turned out to be quite a good sort after all. As things went on we got a bit chummy, and what with cookin' our grub in the same fryin' pan and usin' the same brand of ski wax and moonlight hikes and all—well, we've decided we could use a double membership ticket this year. Her first name's Mabel; the other one really doesn't matter because she's promised to change it to Blatherskite soon. So now you see why I'm so frightfully keen on the Ottawa Ski Club and regard it as a highly beneficial and romantic institution.

Oh, by the way, I met a chap from my old home the other day. He had just arrived in Ottawa and hadn't quite got his bearings. After asking about all the old folk, I said to him, "Do you ski?" and he said "No." So I said, "Oh, but you must take it up." And I went on to tell him all about it, Fortune and Ironsides and the Canyon and Mort and Joe and all. He bein' new in the city I thought it was only friendly to put him on to it. We chatted for nearly an hour, right there on the corner of Bank and Sparks. He seemed frightfully interested, although he didn't say much and didn't stay to hear it all; said he had an appointment somewhere and had to get away. But I assured him that Mabel and I would be delighted to teach him and I'm sure he's goin' to take it up.

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## THE SKI-RUNNER

The sparkling mountains glint and glow  
Against the paling azure sky,  
My skis run smooth o'er virgin snow  
On passes high.

One second balanced on the crest,  
Before the swift unswerving run  
Skims to the burning crimson west,  
And sinking sun.

My solitary track I see,  
As throbbing from the rushing flight,  
I pause beneath a whispering tree,  
For sheer delight.

For sheer delight of frozen spray  
That scatters at each turn I take,  
And leaves behind a ribboned way,  
A snowy wake.

A path that points to magic days,  
And tempts my ardent soul to roam;  
Or else a track, by beaten ways,  
To call me home.

—Beryl M. Booker.