

as they can be dried much more easily than the permanent type. The unlined outer mitt is often used for ski-ing in warmer weather. To make your own mitt covers, cut down an old pair of mitts for a pattern and alter this to suit your needs, making the sleeve longer so it will come above the wrist. Insert elastic at the wrist and at the end of the sleeve. Use this mitt cover with a good woolen lining and your fingers will seldom get cold. Soft leather can be sewn by machine provided the stitches are kept wide, otherwise the seams will split.

Gaiters are serviceable, but not absolutely necessary. They are particularly useful in deep snow, keeping the upper part of the boot and lower section of the leg dry. They are used with both long trousers and plus-fours. A home-made gaiter pattern may be made from an old spat allowing extra material for the longer leg. Open-end zippers are easily fitted to gaiters, while

cotton tape or leather may be used to bind the edges of the canvas. Do not make the gaiter too tight as the canvas will shrink somewhat from the snow.

If you intend to buy your outfit do your shopping early. The best choice is in the beginning of the season. If you are going to make part of your outfit, allow yourself plenty of time. Making your own equipment is great fun only so long as you can do it leisurely.

This winter get out and ski-tour. Make a real effort the first month. Soon you will have become an enthusiast. Your technique and confidence will improve rapidly. By mid-season you will be mastering the turns, and when spring arrives every hill will be a challenge. Best of all, you will have graduated from the tender-foot class, learned to enjoy a new, invigorating sport, and have spent a winter season in the great out-of-doors.

## The New Camp Fortune Lodge

By C. E. Mortureux

A REFUGE for tired skiers and a challenge to architects, the old lodge of Camp Fortune, the largest of the four shelters maintained by the Ottawa Ski Club in the Gatineau hills, stood for some twenty years on the top of a knoll, just where the valley of Camp Fortune comes to an end and rises into the steep slopes of Traveller's Hill, ten miles, as the crow flies, from the city of Ottawa. A pleasant little knoll, framed with clumps of white birches and pines, and surrounded on two sides by swift running creeks, the outlets of Mud Lake and Lake Fortune. One does not have to go far for slopes here; they are all round, within a stone's throw. To the north, just across the Lake Fortune creek are the Great Divide, as steep as it looks: Mort's Hill, not quite so bad; the Côte du Nord, a mile long; Casse-cou, meaning exactly what it says, and Corkscrew; to the south and west are Mile-a-Minute also called Traveller's, the Dippers and Bonny Brae; to the east, across the Mud Lake creek, the famous descent of the Canyon, the hill of the Morning After, Joe Morin's great Slalom hill and Sigurd's Jumping hill, which is gradually creeping nearer the 300-foot mark, the ambition of the man who cleared it. All these slopes are the starting or finishing points of many highly interesting trails extending over miles and miles of country, to the Western Lodge, the farthestmost station of the Ottawa Ski Club, to Kingsmere, Old Chelsea, Pink Lake and as far as the gates of the Capital. Altogether a pleasant ski country, conquered on the bush and maintained out of the bush through incessant labour by the

members of the Ottawa Ski Club. There are still trees, of course, plenty of them, but no one would want them cut because they provide shelter against the cold winds. I know the Editor of the CANADIAN SKI ANNUAL, who is a well-known tree-hater, will not agree with me on this point, but if he lived with us long enough, he would agree, I am sure, that trees are useful things.

On the knoll, first occupied some seventy-five years ago by John Dunlop, a hardy Irish pioneer, who, at the turn of the century, gave up the fight against bears, trees and shrubs and moved his house and wares down the valley, the first camp of the Ottawa Ski Club was erected some twenty years ago. It was a foolish venture, condemned as such by wise people, but it proved to be an amazing foresight when the dozen or so of skiers who deserted the slopes of Rockcliffe became two thousand in a few years' time. Other wings had to be added to the original structure, at the rate of one every three years, until it stretched and straggled shed like in a straight and monotonous line only broken by a dozen stove pipes arising through the roof, over two hundred and fifty feet of ground, some on the knoll and some out of it. It could not by any stretch of the imagination have been classed among the architectural wonders of the world, and as a shelter it did not have very much to commend it either; as all the additions had been built toward the south, none of the wings except the front one ever received the light of the sun; in very cold weather the inside of the camp was only a little warmer than the outside, in spite

of its sixteen stoves. Yet with all its faults, the old lodge of Camp Fortune stood very close to the heart of the skiers, and whenever anyone suggested improvements, some one was sure to protest: "Don't touch it; you will spoil it."

Improving the lodge, by rearranging this chaos of buildings, would have been quite a problem in any case. The only possible solution would have been to tear it down and rebuild it, but the taking down of a hundred thousand feet of lumber would have been a very expensive task. If only a fire . . . but the old lodge always refused to burn down. The lightning struck all around it, destroying one of the smaller camps, but never touching the main building. It looked as though the old lodge would have to be endured to the end of time.

However, in the fall of 1938, Architect Henri Morin, a staunch supporter of the Club, came out with a plan which met with the approval of the majority. It included the sheeting of the inside of the lodge with white pine, the tearing down of a number of partitions and ceilings, and the building of quarters for the caretaker and a cafeteria—only a beginning of course, but such as it was involving an expenditure of a couple of thousand dollars, exactly the amount that was in the Club's treasury after a successful

season. This work was done . . . and as the last nail was being driven in the remodelled structure, the old lodge which had defied all fire hazards successfully for twenty years, took fire and went up into smoke!

Coming as it did at the beginning of the winter season, and before the improvements had been covered by insurance, this fire was little short of a disaster. The executive, however, was equal to the occasion. Temporary shelters, large enough to accommodate a couple of hundred skiers were at once put up. A call for subscriptions brought in sufficient funds to start the building, and on February 12 the new Lodge of Camp Fortune was inaugurated by the Governor-General.

The new lodge, planned by Architect Henri Morin, is of a very pleasing design. It includes four wings, each from fifty to seventy feet long, every wing being fully exposed to the sun. Practically half the wall space is in windows. There is a waxing and repair room, a cafeteria, quarters for the caretaker and the cafeteria crew, and enough space to accommodate at one time nearly four hundred skiers, some of whom buy their meals at the cafeteria while others—still a majority—prepare to do their own cooking on the camp stoves.

#### ROCKCLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA, 1895



Left to right—J. A. D. Holbrook, Capt. W. T. Lawless, Jackson Booth (of J. R. Booth Ltd.), J. M. Bate, H. Y. Complin, John Armstrong, "Pinky" Merritt (not sure of his proper first name). The two fellows in the background are onlookers.