

Ottawa Ski Club News

FEBRUARY 13TH, 1924

SEASON 1923-24 No. 9



Last week events. Ottawa Ski Club Championship race at Camp Fortune, won by Kenneth Fosbery (1-36' 28"), 2nd, Jos. McCloskey (1-43'41"), 3rd, E. Condon (1-43'48"), 4th E. Roy (1-43'57"), 5th, J. Bourgeault (1-49'18"), 6th, T. Reid (1-55'47"). 7th, T. Grayson Bell (1-56'51"), 8th, Alf. Morin (1-58'37"), 9th, Jack Roughsedge (2-03'39"), 10th, Fred. Amyot (2-04'13"), 11th, Louis Grimes, (2-04'50"), 12th, W. Merrifield (2-05'54"), 13th, Louis Audette (2-12'39"), 14th, B. Peat (2-13'55"), 15th, K. West (sprained ankle) (2-21'30"), 16th, Ted. Peat (2-27'10"). **T. Grayson Bell** and Alf. Morin are first and second of the juniors. Estimated length of course, 12 miles.

This week's events. **Thursday, Feb. 14th, 5 p.m.,** Night hikes (1) to **Homestead Inn** by Long Trail (Take Wrightville car at 7 p.m.) or short trail (Take Wrightville car at 7.45 p.m.) (2) to **Fairy Lake Cafe** by Rockcliffe Trail (meet at Buena Vista Station at 7.15 p.m.) and by the **Ridge Trail** (meet at Eddy's corner, Hull, at 7.45 p.m.). **Saturday, Feb. 16th,** usual excursion to Ironsides. At 3 p.m. start of Inter-College Race at Wrightville, over 5-mile course to Ironsides (Ashbury College, Lisgar St. Collegiate and Glebe Collegiate). Over thirty entries. **Sunday, Feb. 17.** Usual excursion to Camp Fortune by Cascades and Kirk's Ferry and **Ladies' Race** over five-mile course, start and finish at Camp Fortune.

Apologies are due to J. E. Fagan whose name was left by mistake out of the list of competitors in Geo. Audette's race last week end. Fagan came third, covering the course in 50 minutes flat.

The Quebec Ski Championships will be held in Montreal (Jumping) and Shawbridge (Running) this week-end (Feb. 16th and 17th). The Club will be represented at these events.

More about members in arrears. There are still two or three scores of members who are waiting just to see what more nasty things we can say to them. They need not wait any longer. Our vocabulary is exhausted. Their names are up now at every one of our Lodges anyhow, and they speak for themselves. There are also those who intend to resign, but who put off their resignation because they like to receive this circular. They will come forward at the end of the season with the usual excuse: "Illness," "Not out much," etc. Come now; we have given you a good winter; we have worked for you; show your appreciation of our efforts by paying your fees.

You will have to behave now. Lady Chaperones will in future attend the proceedings at the Homestead Inn every Thursday. The Chaperones for to-night (Thursday, 14th), are Mrs. A. G. West and Mrs. K. Chipman. They will leave at 11.30 p.m., just too late to catch the last car, and the whole floor must be vacated when they go. The waiter service will be arranged by our friend, Chas. Parkinson, who will also see that **no one enters the room unless he wears a badge.** The top floor of the Homestead Inn is reserved for the Ottawa Ski Club on Thursday nights and those who want to share in the privileges of the Club must pay fees to the Club.

Items of interest. A new batch of crests has been received and they are now on sale at Holbrook's for \$1.00 apiece. Be sure you get one before the Dominion Championships.—When you go up to Camp Fortune, why not take the **new racers' trail**, instead of the monotonous and much sleigh-travelled Dunlop road. This course will be marked next Sunday. Take it and you will enjoy it. It is shorter than the Dunlop road.—A bucket-brigade will be arranged next week-end to fill up the two new 30-gallon water tanks at Camp Fortune. If you are chosen, say good-bye quickly to your friend and relatives and go. Twenty men standing in a line from the creek can fill these tanks in five minutes. More buckets will be available next Sunday.—In addition to the twenty new benches available at Camp Fortune last week-end a seat is being built all around the building (yes, inside) providing seating accommodation for 100 more people, and there will be ten more tables.—The Cafeteria Committee desires to apologize for turning away so many hungry people at Ironsides last Saturday. The crowd broke all records, and the supplies ran short.

Members leaving the City are reminded that they can keep their affiliation with the Club by paying the nominal sum of one dollar (\$1.00) and they will receive their circular, telling them of what they are missing. There are now members of the Ottawa Ski Club in nearly every country of the Globe and many cities of America.

Yielding to the requests of the "Old Timers" Geo. Audette will arrange to re-open the old trail along the ridge to Fairy Lake (See above) to-night. This will also relieve the congestion at the Hull Electric Station. Take the
(over)

Be Prepared. I am sure you expect snow next winter and that you will continue skiing. If your skis are not good for another seasons wear, place your order with me now for a real pair of imported Norwegian hickory skis. You will save 10% on the price besides having first choice when the skis arrive.

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We wish to thank you for the very generous support you have given us this year in the matter of the purchase of Ketchum's Canadian Made Skis, Ski Boots and Ski Poles and for the many unsolicited testimonials we have received as to their good quality and the general satisfaction they have given. We wish to announce that we will have for next year a more complete line and of even better quality. Our motto is Buy Canadian Made Goods especially so when you can get such goods as **Ketchum's Canadian Skis**

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Hull car, and get off at Eddy's corner. It is not a long run, and you may come back to the Homestead Inn after a stop at Fairy Lake Café if you care.

Our Pink Lake Lodge, being dreadfully overcrowded on Sundays, arrangements have been made with Mrs. Brown's at Fairy Lake for the use of her place as a Club-house. You can eat your lunch there and supplement it with something hot if you wish. There will be a sign showing you where to turn off the Pink Lake trail for Fairy Lake, only five hundred yards from this point.

A very good trail for shy skiers, who do not enjoy being one among one thousand at Camp Fortune: Get off at Cascades, follow the Cascades trail as far as Cowden's, turn off to right then, at sign, go up Blanchette's trail to McCloskey's lodge for lunch, follow the ridge as far as Routley's camp, go down Crilley's hill (the best slopes in the country) up to Black Lake and down to Pink Lake. No hard climbing, no road work, and a magnificent trail, perhaps the best of them all.

More about night trails. The ever-widening sand pit at the foot of the hill on the long trail having become a menace to night hikers, a new course has been laid, through the courtesy of Mr. K. Wright, turning to the left above the sand pit. This is a safer and better run. As usual there will be two lanterns at this point, where skiers with "the tired feeling" may turn off to the left and go to Brown's. There is also a slight change in the short trail, but that need not worry you, follow the lanterns. The "Debutantes" who want a wee wee short trail can go as far as Fairy Lake by the short trail and go up the hill to Brown's. There will be a torch light showing at the top of the hill. Watch for it.

The Diary of a Competitor in the Last Ski Race.—12 p.m.—Am standing, one of seventeen, at the door of Camp Fortune, waiting for my name to be called. Skis waxed, two raw eggs inside of me—feeling fine. The trail is awful, they say, none of the patrols, trackers or trail blazers sent out since 7 a.m. have returned as yet. They must have got lost in their own tracks. Sounds encouraging. Snowing hard. 12.14. GO! I am off, just missed the water hole at the creek by a hair's breadth, now for a long climb up Camp Fortune hill, a short turn through the bush, then the earth suddenly opens up and I drop a thousand feet through space. Have I stumbled into an old mica mine pit? Feel something moving and groaning under me. Hope it is one of the trail blazers! 12.30. Out of the hole, guess it was the "Sure Death Ravine". That man under me must have been Eric, judging by the language he used; now going down stream, 50 miles an hour. Glorious feeling. 12.35. Climbing again, must have been climbing for six hours now, a dark trail between two steep hills. 12.55. Summit reached at last, six feet of flat ground. This is Lake Fortune. Wish there was more of it. 12.56. In the bush again. Going around in circles, searching for bumps and ravines. Not a single one will be spared to us. Heavens! Do I have to pass between those two trees at the bottom of that boulder? What kind of a crazy guy was it that laid this trail, anyhow? Must be shaped like a razor. More holes, more hills, now through twigs, every one hits me a stinging blow across the face as I go by. A fitting punishment for the trail blazers would be five hundred lashes on those on their bare backs. My shirt is gone, my trousers are going, my skin is nearly worn, my eyes are smarting. A fellow ahead of me calls, "Georgette, Georgette". He must have gone mad. There are no girls in this race, surely! Am feeling a bit queer myself. Shall we never get out of this bush, and where on earth are we going and where am I in the race? Must be near six o'clock. Let me see, who did I pass . . . Bang! a fifty foot drop and one ski broken! No, false alarm, just a twig broken. One more steep rise, oh, joy! we are on the top of the ridge. 1.30. Going down Crilley's hill at a hundred miles an hour. Shall I make that turn? Yes, it's made. Were those skiers or boulders I passed? Never mind. 1.35. More bush trail. On to Black Lake. A horrible fear creeps into me that they are going to send us down the chasm to the Mountain road, then up Lario's hill. If they do, and if the others feel like me, there will be a few of those trail pests hanging on the trees of Camp Fortune to-night. 1.50. No! We are going up Black Lake. Thank heavens! 1.55. On George's trail and still going strong. The seat of my trousers is still intact but all the rest is gone. Heavens! Is this a tea party? What are all these people doing in fine clothes on the trail gazing at us. 1.56. Sorry for George, but he'll have to hang, too. This trail of his is crazy. 2 o'clock. Last stretch, a steep one. One last tumble. Home at last! Why, hello Eric, was that you under me in the ravine? ?!!! Yes, "them" are just my sentiments.

Lost, strayed or stolen. A lady having a pair of 6-foot skis desires to exchange them for longer ones. Phone Q. 8534W. Someone took one of Ted Reid's poles by mistake at Camp Fortune. Please return, Phone R. 3225. Sigurd Lockeberg found a grey woollen mitt on the Camp Fortune trail, Phone S. 3160. For sale, a Ladies' ski suit, well tailored, \$12.00. Phone, R. 1569.

Contributions received. TREASURY NOTES.—Colonel Matthews, \$50.00; Stanley Lewis, \$50.00; GOLD NAIL.—Dorothy Weston, \$5.00.

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