

# Ottawa Ski Club News

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## NEW HILLS AND NEW TRAILS

Although it is true that a trail is never quite the same from week to week or even from day to day, on account of the everlasting changes caused by new bumps and pitfalls, the condition of the snow, or the condition in which we find ourselves, yet there are many among us who crave for new territories to explore and new hills to conquer, and who would fain be relieved of the obligation of following the same route, week in and week out.

These adventurous souls might well be directed in the first place to the East side of the Gatineau, as yet known only by a few, and where the open country, the magnificent scenery and the many hills along the river shore, in the midst of which stands the Tenaga Lodge, offer unrivaled opportunities for the laying of new trails. These new trails are now being made, starting from Cascades, La Charité and Kirk's Ferry, and it is hoped they will attract many visitors.

For those who will not tear themselves away from Camp Fortune, unwilling to forego, even for a single week-end, the thrills of George's or the velvety slopes of the Mica Mines or the Hermit trails, we would specially recommend, for the up trip, the splendid trail of the "Kingsmere Heights" recently blazed by Captain T. J. Morin. Starting from the Meach Lake road about one quarter mile from Old Chelsea, and winding up by slow degrees to the top of the ridge, to end in a glorious descent by the Canyon trail or the Camp Fortune lane, this trail is certainly infinitely better than the hard Dunlop road, and should soon become very popular. Specific instructions are given in another part of this bulletin.

Camp Fortune may also be reached from Chelsea station through what is known as the "Dome hill country." A new trail is now being blazed through there and complete instructions will be given in the next circular.

But the new stop-over of the Ottawa Ski Club, at the extreme end of the ridge (the old Bradley house, now called "The Western lodge") also offers wonderful opportunities. The whole side of the mountain, between Meach Lake and the new lodge, abounds in hills of all descriptions, the best of which perhaps is the series of swift slopes known as the "Blanchette's trail." The Western lodge may be reached from Cascades, by climbing the McCloskey's hill or the Blanchette trail, and splendid ski-ing may be had from there over the ridge to Pink Lake, taking the famous Creely's hill and the Black Lake slopes on the way, if desired. It may also be reached from Kingsmere by those who desire to go down the Blanchette slopes and take the train at Cascades or Kirk's Ferry.

Closer to us, across the Ottawa river, opposite the old Rockliffe Rifle ranges, lies a staunch little group of hills known as the "East Templeton hills" which used to be very popular with skiers years ago. The only objection to them is the two or three mile ride across the flats to get there, but the wealth of slopes which these hills afford makes ample compensation for the monotony of the trip and there is no doubt that they would receive many visitors if some means of transportation could be arranged.

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Among other ski-ing grounds, within easy reach, there are also the shores of the Ottawa river as far as Duck Island, the best parts of which perhaps are the slopes on each side of the old Skead's road, the first road beyond the stone quarries, on the Montreal highway, about one mile past the terminus of the bus line. The elevation from the Montreal road to the river is nearly three hundred feet, over a distance of about one and a half miles.

If some of our members should be induced by these few notes to try some of these new ski-ing grounds, they will confer a favour upon the Editor of the "News" by reporting the success of their venture.

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## OVER THE CANYON TRAIL

by G.H.

It all happened by accident. When we left our wondering children at dawn, B.J. and I had not the faintest idea of making adventurous flights over the Canyon trail. We had thought that, as the snow was nice and soft and deep, it might not be a bad day to fall down George's. You see B.J. had always been anxious to do George's. I had gone into extasies over Pink Lake and Fairy Lake and Ironsides and all the rest of it. But it was useless. She always came back to George's in the end. And, as you know, no good ever came of trying to argue with a woman. In the long run, you just follow her trail.

So off to George's we started. Our plan (at least so I thought) was to follow the Meach Lake road from Old Chelsea quite sedately and then turn in for Fortune by the Kirk's Ferry trail. Quite a simple enterprise, you see! But as Burns or Tennyson or some fellow of that sort wrote—"the best-laid schemes o' men and mice . . ." I forget the rest of it. And on the Chelsea bus we met the President and a charming young friend of his with a wicked-looking pair of skis. We mentioned quite modestly that we were heading for Camp Fortune.

"Excellent! Excellent!" laughed the President. "But come with us. We are breaking the Canyon trail. You will enjoy it. It will be wonderful! Wonderful!"

I looked at them. I looked at their toothpick skis. My heart sank. I was about to stammer out a muttered "Thank you, so much, but we etc. etc.", when B.J. decided right away that it would be a pleasure . . .

We waited a little for the President at Old Chelsea. We didn't have to wait for him anywhere else. For the rest of the time, he was usually swirling gallantly back to pick up the remains. But at Old Chelsea he had "just a few" purchases to make. Just a few! He looked like a new Atlas with the world strapped across his shoulders. I thought for a moment he was bringing the whole store along. And on the top of all, perched in calm disdain of everything, were a quart bottle of milk and a five-pound tin of jam.

I smiled sardonically . . . and hopefully!

On we went blithely up the Kingsmere road to the head of the Canyon trail, then, up, up, up, winding round hill, looking all the time for the red markers which somehow or other always seemed to be somewhere else. We panted bravely up a long, long hill, the charming young friend breaking the trail, the President following along behind, always ready with a helping hand, chivalry itself! At the top, our trail-maker straightened himself, swung round to point out the glorious view over the Ottawa valley . . . and suddenly disappeared!

We caught a flash of him as he streaked around a tree a quarter of a mile below and gave a wonderful display of the Telemark turn, standing on his head, with both skis waving in the air.

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**FEES**—Have you paid yours? Unusual facilities have been provided this year for the payment of fees and it is hoped that our members will promptly avail themselves of them. Fees may be paid and application forms may be secured at the Dominion Bank (Corner Sparks and Bank St.), the Royal Bank, Sparks St., (Third teller's wicket), the Bank of Toronto (Union Station), J. A. D. Holbrook's office (2nd floor above McGiffin's store, Sparks St.), Miss Mildred Ashfield, 150 Third Ave. Out of town membership, \$1.00.

**Positively no guests at High Lea and no unaccompanied guest at any lodge from now on.**

If you are not receiving this circular regularly, or if you want your address changed, please write to Miss Vilda Wetherup, National Research Council, West Block.

"En avant," I pressed with sinking spirit and a strenuous effort to look facetious.

On again, climbing, climbing, pausing now and then to look back at the world below, overwhelmed by the wonder of it.

Now we were gliding among the rows and rows of Christmas trees along the top of the ridge. The trail-maker swerved off again. We were beyond the top of Murphy's Hill, heading away for Fortune. The trail was a switch-back, up and down, up and down with one last up again.

"Here we are on the top of the world," said the President jovially. "It is a mile and a quarter slide right down to Camp Fortune."

We peeped over the edge and saw something that looked like a valley so far below we could hardly distinguish anything.

I looked at B.J. and B.J. looked at me. We felt like commending our souls to Heaven. The President had vanished in a swirl. We never saw him on that trail again.

"Perhaps I'd better try it," I said weakly.

"I guess so," she said grimly.

I went down the first stretch like a falling rocket and ended up hugging a tree. B.J. had a little better luck. She missed the tree.

That was only the beginning. I blazed a tree on every turn. I skimmed them and barked them all the way until I finally collapsed with my legs hanging over a canyon and a horrible feeling of a vacuum beneath. I lay there for a second or two that seemed like an eternity until B.J.'s skis wound affectionately round mine.

"I hope they will be good to the children," I murmured.

"Oh, get up, for goodness' sake," said B.J.

When we got to Fortune, the President had the fire lit and was deftly turning a steak that looked like the side of an ox.

"I was just about to come back for you. You didn't fall into the canyon?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no, not exactly," we said in chorus.

"You are the first woman to come down the canyon trail," said the President to B.J., waving his fork.

She looked at me and whispered hoarsely, "I shall also be the last if you write the truth about it. But you won't write the truth. You never do!"

I looked around wearily. The President had gone into the wilds again.

On the table were the five-pound tin of jam and the quart bottle of milk. I never hated anything so much in my life. They looked as smug and complacent as if they had been delivered in a waggon by the grocer's boy.

Not a drop of the milk had been spilled!

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**Results of Last Saturday's Race:—Seniors**, 1st B. Grayson Bell, 35 min.; J. Bourgault, 35 m. 15 sec.; L. Grimes 36.15; F. Amyot, 36.30; L. Audette, 37.30; Ivan Roy, 37.45; Walley Reid, 38.30; L. Bishop, 39; F. Brown, 39; Ted Reid 39.35. **Juniors** (A Junior is one who has never won a prize) G. Kerr, 41.30. **Novices** (A novice is one who has never competed before) Jos. Amyot, 41.40; B. Martin, 42.50; W. Blatchley, 43.30; J. Murray, 46.40; R. G. Waugh, 46.45. **Girls** (same course) Marjorie Dillon, 44.30; Mabel Rainboth, 46.30; Marie Amyot, 48.05; Sophie Amyot, 54.55; Norah West Donnelly, 55.

**Winners' Times Compared**, over same course, first three races: **Seniors**: L. Grimes, 38.09; Ken West, 35.25, B. Grayson Bell, 35. **Juniors**: A. Gordon, 46.22; G. Kerr, 41.30 (No junior entered in second race.)

**Coming Events:** Fourth Preliminary races for Seniors, Juniors, Novices and Girls, Wrightville to Ironsides, on Saturday Jan. 30th. Report to Geo. Audette at 3 p.m. sharp. Short Girls' race for **Style** and **Speed** at Camp Fortune on Sunday, Jan. 31st. Contestants must enter with Muriel Whalley before Saturday noon. Take bus to old Chelsea and come to Camp Fortune by the short trail (Kingsmere heights). The race will be held before lunch. It is expected that a movies' operator will be there.—Usual **night hike** to the High Lea on Thursday. Take Wrightville car and get off at Corner Montcalm and St. Joseph. Follow the crowd and the lanterns. Hostesses for the week: Mrs. K. Chipman and Mrs. F. Lambart.

**Dome Hill Lodge, Ironsides.**—Do not forget that the Dome Hill Lodge is open every Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday, and that you can get the use of it any other day or night by arranging with the officer in charge, K. G. Chipman R. 3440. Arrangements for night parties must be made 48 hours in advance.

**The same party** who grouched last year about that diabolical side-gouging part of the trail to Ironsides, with a barbed wire fence on one side and a snow wall on the other, is at it again this winter, and the worst of it is that he is right. We will do what we can to have this improved before Saturday. Watch the signs along the trail.

**Tid-Bits.**—"Have you any snow in Ottawa," said a voice over the long distance phone. "We came all the way from New York to Montreal for a week's ski-ing and find nothing but slush here." The assurance being given that there was snow, Messrs. George Bijur and Robert Ewing, of the New York Indoor Ski Club, as they styled themselves, landed in Ottawa three hours later. During the next two days they covered some forty odd miles along the trails of the Ottawa Ski Club, refusing to be shaken off at any stage of the proceedings, whether it was down the Canyon trail, or the McCloskey's hill or up Sudden Death Ravine. When at the foot of George's they declared that if more direct train connections could be had with Old Gotham, some five hundred New Yorkers would spend the week-end ski-ing here.—"Sigurd" Baillie went in the creek up to the waist last Thursday. Serves him right. One should never take one's skis off, except when one strikes a narrow bed and cannot sleep any way but on one's back.—"How comes our Editor to speak so feelingly about the need of skill and daring" says Mabel "Would he feel the lack of it, perchance? (Never mind Mabel, I will take any hill that you will take).—Has anyone heard from a party led by Emerson and Archie and who mysteriously disappeared somewhere on the McCloskey's trail? Fortunately they had medical attendance with them, but had they any food?—"What was that bugle tooting for along the trail last Sunday?" asks Alice (Possibly to scare the mad dog away, my dear).

**The trail of the Kingsmere Heights.**—Some seventy-five members bound for Camp Fortune took this trail last Sunday and expressed their enthusiastic approval of it, as well as of the Canyon trail, with which it connects at Pine Clearing. Try it next week end. Take the bus to Old Chelsea (Three busses will be reserved next Sunday.) From Old Chelsea go about one quarter mile up the Meach Lake road, then turn left through a gateway well marked with bunting and follow trail through enchanting country of pine and hemlock. There is a bit of climbing along the way, but Camp Fortune is not in a hole you know.

**The Bedard Trophy.** Our old friend Frank Bedard, one of the original chartered members of the Ottawa Ski Club, who gave more hours of his time with the pick and snow shovel on the Rockliffe hill—when he was not holding the drill for Sigurd—than any other man, hailed into the President's Office the other day and offered to give a challenge Trophy Cup for the longest standing jump made on the Rockliffe hill during the season. The offer was accepted, and our Club is now the proud possessor of a magnificent trophy, some three feet high, one of the handsomest cups ever offered for competition. Further particulars about this cup and the condition of its acceptance will be given in the next circular.

**Another Challenge Cup Required.**—Miss Muriel Whalley, the President of the Ladies' Executive wants someone to donate a Challenge Trophy Cup for a girl's race. Who is next?

**Doings at Lodges.** The Western Lodge (at the top of McCloskey's) was opened on Sunday by Alex. Haultain, followed by a party of seventeen. They found it very nice and "comfy". The well was not found, but perhaps the party did not look very hard for water. A thorough search will likely reveal its existence before next week end. It would now be necessary to connect this lodge with the Blanchette's trail. Will Captain T. J. Morin please note.—Under the skilful and painstaking management of Dick Guy, the officer in charge, the East Side Lodge (Tenaga) is proving to be an unqualified success. The number of visitors is steadily increasing, from week to week.

**Ski Exchange.**—Someone left a ski pole at the High Lea last Thursday, and it was picked up by G. W. Ross. If the owner wants it back, let him produce the mate at room 101 Langevin Block.—Would you care to exchange a pair of good ski poles for a pair of boots, size 8, and skates? Call up C. 6132-W. and see if you can make a bargain.—**For Sale.**—Anyone wanting a pair of good ski boots, cheap, please phone Q. 6747 after 6 P.M.—Has anyone found a blue enameled vanity case on Ironsides trail or in the lodge? Please phone S. 3140-W.

**An invitation** has been received to attend the New York State Championship Tournament at Lake Placid on Feb. 22nd and 23rd.

**An appreciation.**—I wish to take this opportunity of telling you how much I appreciate the privilege of receiving weekly the current copies of the Ottawa Ski Club News. Every number is full of interest, bright humour, and good cheer, and more, for some of its pages attain almost the sublime heights of the Gatineau hills in their literary merit and inspire a love for the king of winter sports with the very ardour of their ringing enthusiasm. For who could read your first page in issue number one, or "Snow Colour" in number three without feeling the call of the great, white hills, and long for the swish of the skimming ski down the spruce-bordered trail?

Hail, all hail, to our Lady of the Snows. I am afraid, my dear Editor, that if you or I had the ordering of these things, our winters would be ten months long, (with two months of fishing) and friend William S. would have to recall his line, "now is the winter of our discontent." A. C. HARLOW, President, Montreal Ski Club.

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Edition No. 5

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