

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
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A crowded week-end.—Of the week-end of Feb. 19 Ye Editor kept only a confused and blurred memory. He went over the "Tiny" trail from New Chelsea to Camp Fortune with Joe Morin and helped to put in a few more blazes and jazzy slopes, returning to Old Chelsea at 7 p.m. to pick up the Canyon trail, which was followed with the help of Cliff Herbert's powerful search light. From 10 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. the party levelled bumps and put fresh snow on the Canyon trail in anticipation of a crowd of clumsy skiers. From 9.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Sunday Ye Editor and our friend Barrow, well loaded with Cliff's pancakes, made their way to the top of McClosky's hill, blazing as they went. The Canyon was again taken on the return trip, and it was found in such glorious condition that the party were almost unable to tear themselves away from it. They took it three times from top to bottom. When back in the lonely streets of the City, Ye Editor noticed for the first time that a strong blizzard was raging. He froze one ear going home, in the wilderness of Ottawa. Altogether, a glorious week-end—in the hills.

About those Dominion Championships.—Some of our members will need to stay home to watch the Gatineau hills and see that no one runs away with them, but for the few hundreds who are planning to go, the following information is offered: The regular return fare to Montreal is \$7.05; to Shawbridge \$9.65 by C.P.R. or C.N.R. If ten or more are going, the fares will be \$5.90 and \$8.15 respectively, tickets good to return within ten days. Trains leave Ottawa as follows: C.P.R.: 5.15 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 8.35 a.m., 3.35 p.m., 6.20 p.m.; C.N.R.: 5.20 a.m., 8.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 5 p.m. Special trains leave Montreal for Shawbridge on Sunday morning as follows: C.P.R. Windsor Station 8.35 a.m., C.N.R. 8.45 a.m.

Returning trains arrive in Montreal about 9 p.m. giving ample time to catch the 10.15 p.m. C.N.R., or the 10.15 p.m. C.P.R. for Ottawa. The jumping will be held on Cote des Neiges hill, starting at 3 p.m. sharp. Cross country run at Shawbridge, on arrival of trains.

When in Montreal, you had better put up at a hotel; we understand the parks are draughty. Special rates for ski-ing visitors have been arranged at the Windsor hotel. Just say that you are from Ottawa and you will get an extra helping of beans.

A quiet dinner (Our friend St. Pierre who is the big Manitou in the Montreal Ski Club underlines the word "quiet"; we take it to mean that the ladies are excluded) will be given **free** to the competitors and visiting officers in the **Oak Room, Windsor Hotel**, at 7 p.m. on Saturday. Things will loosen up at the dance (where ladies will be admitted) which will be held at the **Rose Room, Windsor Hotel**, from 9 p.m. to 6.30 a.m. There is no obligation, however, to stay after 4 a.m. For the dance, everybody will be charged at the rate of **\$3.50 a couple**, including refreshments. Any one purchasing a ticket for the dance will have the privilege of buying a ticket for the dinner for \$1.00.

Judging by past experience and a lot of rumours, Ye Editor would advise you to take a hearty breakfast before leaving Montreal for Shawbridge, and stuff a few buns in your pocket if the waiter is not watching too closely. The crops have again been poor this year in the Shawbridge district, and they do not raise much of anything except hay on those steep hillsides at any time.

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Should you prefer to leave Friday night by sleeper, phone Alex. West (R. 2227 or Q. 3277) who is trying to make up a car load, and who will gladly supply any further information that may be desired about the trip.

Note:—Since the above was set up, we have heard, on what appears to be good authority, that Ladies will be admitted to the banquet, and that we took the wrong interpretation of the word "Quiet."

Events this week:—Dome Hill Junior Parade as usual on Saturday, leaving the Hull Electric Station at 10.15 a.m.. Instructor this week, Alice Heggveit.—On Thursday, Feb. 24, usual night hike to the Chaudiere Club, from the end of the car line at Wrightville. Hostesses: Mrs. F. G. Semple and Mrs. K. G. Chipman.—On Saturday, Feb. 26, usual ski-ing classes on the Dome Hill by B. Pliske and A. Barne.—On Sunday, Feb. 27, Slalom race and Treasure Hunt at Camp Fortune.

On Saturday (Feb. 26) Ski Jumping Championships in Montreal, and on Sunday (Feb. 27) Cross Country Race for the Dominion Championships at Shaw-bridge. Your Club is sending ten competitors.

Results of races:—Some thirty contestants ran for the much coveted passes to Michael Strogoff's film, at the Imperial on Saturday, and the first fifteen received tickets—And after one of the fiercest contests that was ever fought around Dome Hill and the Houtchi Koutchi ravine, the beautiful Southam Trophy, that had been in the possession of Lisgar Collegiate since it was donated, passed over to the University of Ottawa. The times and standing of the teams were as follows:—U. of O., 55.23; Lisgar, 55.50; Glebe, 56.55. Louis Audette of the U. of O. made the fastest time of all (52.34) followed by Bud Clarke (L.) 53.41 and Geo. Jost (L.) 53.54. Names of the winning team: Louis Audette, Ed. Connolly, V. Hogan and C. Connolly.—The Slalom race did not take place on account of the blizzard. It will be held next Sunday, weather permitting, under Pliske's direction.—Starting **first** in a blizzard over a heavy track at Lake Placid our Gordon Wood (16 years of age) came eighth in the ten mile race, defeating several Norwegian veterans, Eddie Condon came fourth and Bryce Grayson Bell ninth. Well done boys!

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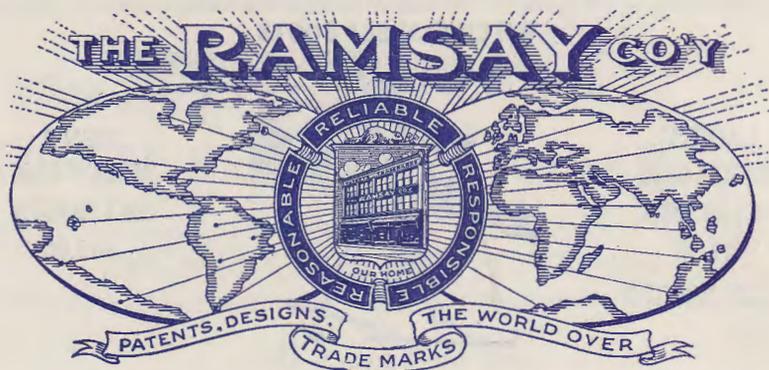
Tid-bits.—On several occasions, Ye Editor had the unpleasant duty of reminding our members of the necessity of greater cleanliness at the lodges. It gives him great pleasure to be able to state that the twenty pupils of the Collegiate who spent an extended week-end at Camp Fortune, from Thursday to Sunday morning, have been most exemplary in this respect. They kept the place spotlessly clean.—Two members of Parliament, Messrs. E. J. Garland and H. E. Spencer, both from Sunny Alberta, visited the Dome Hill Lodge on Saturday, and forthwith joined the Club. They were at Pink Lake on Sunday, and will make Camp Fortune next week-end. What a lot of sane legislation we would have if every M.P. took to ski-ing!—The Consul-General of Czescho-Slovakia and Mrs. Kvetnor were the guests of B. Pliske at Camp Fortune on Sunday, and expressed themselves as delighted with the Canyon trail.—Pliske's Saturday's ski-ing classes on the Dome Hill are declared by all to be one of the most useful activities of the Club. Pliske has a gift for teaching that few possess, and many of those who have attended his classes regularly have already improved their technique to such an extent that the worst passes of the mountains hold no more terrors for them.

THE SKI GIRL

The Ski Girl, in the shining snow,
Is rather dangerous to know.
Observe her cheerfully embark
Upon the mystic Telemark.

Her bodyguard of brave young men
Are used as cushions now and then.
They only gasp; they don't complain,
But struggle up and start again.

—The By Stander).



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The Tiny Trail.—On Wednesday, Tiny Sutherland sent us word that his new trail from Chelsea Station to Camp Fortune, with a branch oriented towards the East Side, was ready. President Mortureux slid over it on Friday and declared it very good. It remained for the Chairman of the Trail Committee, Captain T. J. Morin, to put his official seal of approval on it, before it could be opened to the public, which he did on Saturday. This does not mean that Joe sat down anywhere on it—he never does that—in spite of the tricky turns designed by Tiny. On Sunday the crowd came, some ahead of Tiny, and some behind him, and was very emphatic in its approval. The verdict was unanimous:—A new and splendid trail has been added to the network of trails of the Ottawa Ski Club.

The advantages of the Tiny Trail are many:—a saving of time in the first place, as we count as wasted the time spent in riding on bus or train when we might be in the open; a saving of money, as the trail is picked up at the second station on the road—Chelsea; in the third place, more comfort in getting there. Our readers who have had the experience will readily admit that it is a great deal more comfortable travelling by train, on a seat, than in a packed bus, on a heap of skis.

The trail itself is extremely varied and interesting and goes through beautiful country. It affords possibilities for development into several branches—one might follow the knoll in its ups and downs as far as the Canyon trail on the Meache's Lake Road, for the convenience of those who would not forego the pleasure of "shooting the Canyon"; another one could go to the East Side Iodge, while the main trail will go to Camp Fortune, by some other climb than Dunlop's. The Tiny trail is not long. People who took it on Sunday arrived at the same time as the crowd that had left from Tenaga.

Weekly Hints by our ski expert.—A day or so after a snow storm, the same wail is heard from our members: "My, but the tracks are hard and bumpy! We need more snow." Are they not themselves to a great extent responsible for this state of things? I stood at the bottom of the Speedway on the Canyon, on Sunday morning, and saw at least one hundred and fifty all coming down on the same track, while five could easily have ridden abreast on the slope, and no bumps would

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have been made. Why do they persist in following one another like a flock of sheep until the track gets so frightfully cut up that some one gets hurt or breaks a ski? Bumps will perhaps, like the poor, always be with us, but need they be so big? A standing rule in all skiing circles outside of ours is for each man to make his own track on a hill. Here we seem to make it a point of pride to follow in each other's footsteps, each one making a little bigger hole. If one should display so much originality as to cut a path for himself, the rest seems to think he is not playing the game and calls him a shirker. The very opposite should be the case, and skiers who show sufficient individuality to cut their own trail should be praised instead of being laughed at. If nothing more than a harmless spill would result from these bad bumps, it would not be so bad, but ankles have been sprained, legs broken, and as to the broken skis no count could be kept of them. Choose your own track, in the fresh snow if possible; you may not go quite so fast, but you will make it safer for yourself and safer for the next man.

A great many also seem to scorn all ideas of style, judging by the wide extent of territory they encompass between their skis, and their drunken sailor's gait. Here it should be noted that good style makes for safety. The man who keeps his skis wide apart not only looks very sloppy, but his position is strained, and he is never there when it comes to checking, stemming, or swinging. His checking ski is too far away. Before he has had time to bring it back to make the necessary manoeuvre, he has had a spill—generally forward—or has bumped against a tree. **Keep you skis close together and your knees locked**—one knee pressed into the hollow of the other knee—so as to make only one track on the snow, instead of two tracks three feet apart, sometimes with a third one in the centre, showing the imprint of the posterior extremity of the skier. You are much less likely to fall when your skis are close together, and if you do, you will lurch sideways, not forward, which is always dangerous. You are also ready for any manoeuvre of which there may be instant need: Telemark, Christiana, stemming, snow plowing, etc.

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Ottawa Hockey Association Ticket Office.

Another thing is the way they hold their poles when coming down hill. Never carry your poles in front of you. You may get a toss and land on one of them. I believe the only fatality that has ever occurred in ski-ing—outside of skiers being buried by avalanches in the Alps—was caused in this fashion. Let your poles drag behind you, on the snow, and **never leave the straps around your wrists** when coming down a shrubby trail. The ring of one of your poles may catch in a shrub and you will get a bad wrench. The writer wrenched his arm just in this manner once, and he had a sore muscle for several months afterwards. Take the straps off your wrists, and grab your poles by the tops, letting them drag behind you. The worst that can happen is that they may stay behind, but this is better than a sprained wrist or a stretched ligament.

Lastly, don't stay glued to the snow; practice ski-ing on one ski as much as you can, ready to lift the other one to carry it forward for stemming if necessary. Ski-ing on one ski will greatly improve your steadiness.

Letters to the Editor.—Sir—The following is quoted from Steffanson's book "My Life among the Esquimaux." It might be of interest to many of the Ottawa Ski Club Members who had noses and ears frozen in the blizzard of Sunday the Twentieth and who tried the time-honored method of thawing them out by rubbing them briskly with handfulls of snow. Steffanson claims that the snow tends to spread the frozen area and that the rubbing is likely to cause injury to the skin of the frozen part which has lost its sensibility to pain.

"It is curious how many an Arctic explorer has carried with him through lengthy experience in the North, superstitions about cold which have grown up among his ancestry in warm climates. One of these superstitions is that when your face or any part of your body begins to freeze you must thaw it out with an application of snow. Few things could be more absurd. The whole secret of dealing with frost bites is to keep your hands warm, and (when the weather is severe) to run your hand over your face every few minutes to see if any part of it be frozen. Usually you can also keep yourself fairly well informed of the condition of your face by continually wrinkling it. If a spot the size of a twenty-five cent piece becomes stiff you can always detect it. Then all you have to do is to take your warm hand out of your mitten and press it on the frozen spot for a moment until the whiteness and stiffness is gone. A frozen cheek or nose is no more serious than a sunburn if you thaw it out with your warm bare hand promptly so soon as it begins to freeze."—"An Old Timer."

(This appears to be sound, at least as a frost preventive, but what if the cold steals a march on you, in spite of your precautions, and you have an ear frozen stiff? Would an "Old timer" advise to thaw it out with one's warm hand? Applications of snow—firmly held on, not rubbed on—until the ear thaws out, have always succeeded very well with us. When plants have been frozen every gardener knows that they may be saved by sprinkling with ice cold water, not hot water! Does not the same apply to the tissues of the body.—(The Editor).

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THE SENSATIONS OF A SUNDAY SKIER

by LUKE McLUKE

Dawn, the rosy-fingered. The springing lightly from the couch. The dash to the verandah to verify the satisfactory sub-zero mark of the mercury. The mad assembling of neglected necessities. The bolted breakfast. The rotten car service. The Central Station with its punctual impatient skiers and their procrastinating respective skeeties. The Ski Special with its forest-like vistas of skis and poles. The departure and the inevitable last man dashing through the concourse to flatten his nose against the closed gate.

The smell of smoke and orange peelings. The profiteering news-butcher. The women and children who leave the train at Ironsides and Chelsea. Kirk's Ferry where men are men and the women dress like them. The drag up McAllister's. The piffing hill down to Dunlop's. The tiresome trail through the brush. The enchanting odor of wood smoke on the frosty air. That last heartbreaking hill up to the Lodge.

The delicious odors of sausages, steak and onions and baked beans. The actual sight of food. The dearth of frying pans and tea pots. The hounding of the lucky possessor thereof. The actual taste of food. The surreptitious unbuckling of the belt. The inevitable loss of appetite. The gradual glazing of the eyes. The subsequent serpent-like state of coma. The sudden realisation of the passage of time and the decision to move on. The disgusting spectacle of intelligent people deliberately over eating. The sickening smell of cooking food.

The open air, the tang of the frost and the crunching of the snow underfoot. The mad exhilaration of George's Hill. The sudden curve and the girl sprawling across the narrow trail waiting for sympathy. The mad stemming and snow-plowing and the successful swerve. The utter lack of sympathy, felt or expressed. The resultant dirty look.

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The cold sweep of the wind across Kingsmere. The interesting curves and dips of the Mica Mine Trail. The cold austerity of the tyler at Pink Lake and Wetmore's cheerful smile as an antidote. The reviving second pot of tea. The flash of yellow representing Birch Valley Lodge, *en passant*. The Hill and Dale. The long drag across the open into Wrightville. The final, definite decision to give up ski-ing.

The helpful but not entirely disinterested kids at the Wrightville terminus. The remarks of the Early Victorian lady on the car: "A lot of bold hussies gallivanting around on a Sunday in men's pants." The cold and clammy waiting at transfer points. The confirmation of the decision concerning giving up ski-ing. Home.

The generous jolt of Jamaica. The tingling at the tips of the toes. The changed outlook on life in general and the reconsideration of the decision regarding giving up ski-ing. The hot bath—chin deep. The old dressing gown and the slippers. The smell of cooking. The changed attitude toward food and eating it. The plans for next Sunday. The Ostermoor. The arms of Morpheus.

A WRECK ON THE CANYON TRAIL

(With apologies to the immortal Longfellow)

by RUTH CAMPBELL.

It was the dauntless Algernon

Who trod the Canyon Trail,
And he had taken his "little pal"

The snowy heights to scale.

Round were her eyes in wild surprise,

Her red lips blanched forlorn;

White were her cheeks as the woolly cap

Her bobbed head did adorn.

Algie, he stood upon the heights,

His sturdy poles in hand,

And watched how many a valiant youth

Upon all-fours did land.

Then up and spake an old skier,

Had skied full many a year,

"I pray thee, lead the maiden home,

A frightful spill I fear."

"Last night it rained and then it froze,

Today glare ice we see."

Algie, he twirled his poles in air

And a scornful laugh laughed he.

"Come hither, come hither, my little pal,

And do not tremble so,

For I can stand on the iciest trail

That ever skis did know."

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

He led her up the glittering hill—
Gaspings, she dared not stop,
He toiled with her to the mountain's brow
And pushed her from its top.

"Oh, Algie! I hear a crackling sound,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some skier's head has cracked the ice,"
And he steered her past a tree.

"Oh, Algie! I hear the sound of groans,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But Algie answered never a word,
He cursed a broken ski.

He tried to slide on the stattered blade,
Head-first through the air he toss'd—
He bounced from the ice to the drifted
snow,
And lay like a skier lost.

Then the maiden clasped her hand and prayed
That spared she might be.
And she thought of home and the cosy
fire,

And muffins hot for tea.
And fast, so fast, down the icy track,
Her well-waxed skis now sped.
Anon she wobbled in her flight,
Anon stood on her head.

And ever the icy hills among
A sound rose on the gale;
It was the sound of the hapless horde
Who writhed on the Canyon Trail.

The scoop-holes lay beneath her now;
She wavered, she plunged again,
She clasped the aid in a mad embrace,
She charlestoned a bit, and then—

She struck where the white and gleaming
ice
Rose to meet her wavering knees,
And the cruel trees, they smote her hard
As they broke her frantic skis.

At noontime, on the Canyon Trail,
A skier stood agast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Blocking his passage past.

Weary and worn and black and blue,
A woeful wreck was she,
Who clutched, as lothe to part with it,
The point of a broken ski.

Such was the wreck of the Canyon Trail—
Algernon and the maid laid low.
Oh, save us all from a fate like this
When ski-ing bold we go!

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Ski Exchange.—Left on Gatineau train, Sunday, Feb. 13th, a cap with Club
crest. Phone C. 2150.—Lost at Camp Fortune, Sunday, Feb. 13th, a pair of
yellow horsehide pullover mitts. Phone R. 1042.—Found near Rockcliffe Ski
Jump, a fountain pen. Phone R. 4372.—Lost, tan scarf, at Camp Fortune, Phone
Q. 6747.—Lost, on Friday, on Wrightville street car or Ironsides trail, a small purse
containing money. Phone Q. 8184.—Found on trail, a bunch of keys, Phone
Q. 634.

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Edition No. 10

Ottawa Ski Club News

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