

Ottawa Ski Club News

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A fast week-end.—Bumpy and terribly fast did you say? It was that all right for those who must stick to the regular trails, but those who kept out in the untrodden paths, raved about the condition of the snow—granular and firm as it is generally in March. The weather weakened for a few hours on Saturday, spoiling the ski-jumping championships and making it very hard for the race track layers, who, caught without wax, carried tons of snow stuck to their skis for miles. However the weather rallied about 5 p.m. with a touch of the north wind, and Sunday came in with the mercury at zero and a blazing sun, bringing thousands of visitors to all the lodges including Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Willingdon, who made Camp Fortune. It had been arranged that Their Excellencies should take luncheon at the President's lodge and visit the main camp afterwards, but in spite of the calls of hunger, they insisted upon visiting the main lodge first where they mingled with the skiers, displaying the keenest interest in their activities. Their Excellencies came back to the main lodge after luncheon to present the cups to the winners. Then Lady Willingdon strapped on her skis, shot fearlessly the icy slope leading to the bridge, came down all the meanders of Dunlop's hill without a fall, and never stopped until she reached Old Chelsea!

Hail to Bryce Grayson-Bell the new Champion of the Ski-runners of Ontario, and congratulations to Odegaard and Saunders, all of Ottawa Ski Club, who came second and third respectively. If you want to know whether the course was hard and fast, ask President Mortureux and Lawrence Burpee who came over it between 6 and 8 a.m. on Sunday morning. If you think it was too hard, blame Joe Morin, who laid it, with all the cunning of an old veteran at the game, but give him credit for the blazing, the tracking, the checking, which made it one of the best courses that was ever laid, and which kept him busy, with his squad of night riders from 3 p.m. on Saturday until the wee hours of the morning on Sunday! Two of Joe's lieutenants deserve special mention: Eric Cawdron and Geo. Hurdman. Let it be recorded that the course included George's, with its thousand bumps, the "Little Switzerland trail" with its appalling "Hum-dinger ravine," the Côte-du-Nord, where snow lies so thick that it never quite disappears, the Cork-screw Slopes, requiring a dozen Christianias, and lastly, Traveler's hill, which accident insurance companies now refuse to include in their policies. Altogether seven good miles of hills and precipices.

Events this Week—On Thursday, night hike to the Chaudiere Golf Club, from end of Wrightville car line. Hostesses, Mrs. A. Ayles and Mrs. J. T. Jansen.—On Saturday, preliminary race from Wrightville.—On Sunday, Club Championship race at Camp Fortune. Joe has got a killer this time.

About the night hikes.—Please note that the price of the guests' tickets (50c), which may be procured at McGiffin's (Sparks St.), is in addition to the price of admission (60c).

The Dome Hill Juniors.—Seventy-four there were last Saturday—a record—and the blue tuques of the vanguard could already be seen slowly creeping up the slopes of Pine hill when those of the rear were just being engulfed in the depths of the first ravine, half a mile away. The snow was a bit slow in the afternoon, but that made it all the better for practising the turns under the able tuition of Fred Brown. A ski club crest, donated by Arthur Pinault of ski-jumping fame, was drawn for and won by Herval Thomas, who is now proudly wearing it. Any prospective members from 8 years to 14, who have their red badge, may obtain their blue one by phoning Miss D. Symes, Q. 1183.

Tid-Bits.—In Villars, Switzerland, Lettie Wilson, daughter of Vice-President J. A. Wilson, competed in two Slalom races under the colours of the Ottawa Ski Club, coming second in one and first in the other. Congratulations!—And the daughter of our first Vice-President C. A. Snowdon has not even been seen out on the trail yet! What is the matter?—Our sympathies are extended to our good friend Geo. Purvis who broke two ribs by a fall on an over-waxed floor, and to Mrs. Purvis who badly sprained her ankle on a badminton court. You will play dangerous games, will you?—Do you find Camp Fortune congested at times, and would you rather be alone with your best girl? Here is an unfailing recipe. It is called "Shrimps à la Cliff":—Place a frozen tin of shrimps in a hot oven; get busy with the young lady and forget about the shrimps; in half an hour or so they will explode with a loud bang, exhaling a such suave and delicate aroma that the lodge will empty as by magic.—Some people are always complaining about the bumps on the trails and do nothing to get rid of them. Not so with Louis Coté. He levels them as he goes, two at a time.—A young man who collapsed on the trail, probably on account of lack of solid nourishment, desires us to extend his most cordial thanks to those who came to his assistance.—And a young lady who had the misfortune of breaking her ski "en route" desires us to thank our friends of the Cliffside who repaired it for her at Birch Valley Lodge. This has been done, lady.—The young lady who, in the goodness of her heart, gave his Excellency the Governor-General a can of beans at Camp Fortune Lodge on Sunday will be pleased to know that His Excellency insisted that the contents of the can be warmed up and served as a special course at the luncheon given at the President's lodge on Sunday.—Cliff Herbert and Lawrence Burpee claim that they made the C.P.R. Station at Chelsea in 40 minutes from Camp Fortune. Got your papers, boys?

About membership fees, locker fees and lost badges.—Please pay your fees, all of you who are still in arrears and save your poor Editor from further abuse. We know that nearly all of our members in arrears intend to pay; otherwise they would have resigned long ago. The fact that they have not paid simply shows that, in common with a good many other mortals, they are afflicted by that terrible disease called "procrastination," which makes us put off things until life becomes a burden almost too heavy to bear. Shake off that burden; first do the things that are easiest to do. What easier thing could there be than paying your fees? Drop a cheque by mail to our Membership Secretary (150 Third Avenue), or if you are strolling along Sparks St., stop at McGiffin's or at any of three banks—Dominion, Royal or Toronto (Union Station), or again at Hosterman's Drug Store, 781 Bank St.—And while you are at it, you might also pay for your locker (\$1) at Camp Fortune, to F. G. Semple, at the lodge or at 56 Lisgar St.—And please have your badge sewn on your cap or your shirt! Too many badges are being lost in this Club.

New trails.—Doug. Chisholm is working on a new trail from Kingsmere straight to the Dome Hill. He says it will be a revelation. It is hoped that it may be in running order this week-end. If so, announcement to that effect will be made at Camp Fortune at noon Sunday.—Fred Brown is also at work on a new trail from Old Chelsea to the Dome Hill, which would enable skiers to come down by the Canyon to Old Chelsea and keep right on to Ironsides. Every one knows or should know that the Canyon is quite as good, if not better going back to Old Chelsea than coming to Camp Fortune, and there are also some glorious open hills between Chelsea and Ironsides.—Tiny Sutherland complains that some one got off the Tiny trail, leaving out the very best hills and making it much longer. Try it again next time, and do it right.—The entrance to the Little Switzerland trail is marked with red bunting from the first log shack at Kingsmere heights, and the trail is blazed all the way. Try it next week-end, and when you come to the Hum-dinger ravine, if you do not like it, jump over it.—Men have been sent to level the bumps on George's to save your slacks.—Volunteers are required to help

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Ontario Ski-jumping Championships (Held on Feb. 4th)—**Senior**—1. A Foster (M); 2. Rolf Andersen (O); 3. E. O. Sundberg (P); 4. O. Odegarrrd (O); 5. P. Miller (M); 6. W. Poitras (O); 7. L. Nelson (M); 8. E. Fillman (O); 9. T. Peat (C); 10. C. Clarke (O); 11. L. Gagne (M); 12. F. Vincent (M); 13. C. Bambrick (O); 14. C. Denis (O); 15. G. Steele (O); 16. H. Bagguley (O). **Intermediate**.—1. E. Bertrand (O); 2. E. Belanger (O); 3. L. Galarneau (O); 4. V. Belcourt (O). **Junior**.—1. A. Sherman (O); 2. J. Landry (O); 3. J. Leng (P); 4. B. Wallace (O); 5. Lefebvre (C); 6. C. Williams (O); 7. D. Fillman (O); 8. H. Garland (O). **Ontario Ski-running Championships**.—1. Bryce Grayson-Bell, (O), 55:02; 2. O. Odegaard, (O), 55:26; 3. K. Saunders, (O), 56:19; 4. Gordon Woods (C), 56:53; 5. B. Oliver, (O), 57:05; 6. R. Goranson, (P), 57:21; 7. Rolf Andersen, (O), 57:24; 8. Ted Ashton, (O), 1:00:41; 9. John Blair, (O), 1:01:05; 10. Phil. Wright, (C), 1:02:40; 11. H. Douglas, (O), 1:04:09; 12. George Hamilton, (C), 1:04:21; 13. Frank Amyot, (C), 1:05:53; 14. B. Gillies, (O), 1:08:17; 15. Stewart Bruce, (O), 1:08:58; 16. J. Leng, (P), 1:09:10; 17. C. Clarke, (O), 1:20:26.

The attention of our readers is called to the pathetic letter from the East Side Lodge, next page. Can't we do anything? Let us go there next Sunday by the Tiny trail.

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Letters to the Editor:—

DEAR SIR:—I am the East Side Lodge, one of the four lodges of the Ottawa Ski Club, across the Gatineau River. Two years ago, when I sprang into existence, you were kind enough to give me prominence, stating that I was in the midst of a country abounding in hills of all sorts and descriptions, which is perfectly true, and that a thrilling trail led from my door to the door of my sister of the Dome hill, which is also quite true.

Many visitors came at first and raved over the beauty of my surroundings. They stopped coming because wicked men, with sordid souls, cut all the trees along the banks of the river, blocking the trails with the slash. I was told that these visitors would come back the following year, as soon as the trail would be restored.

The following year, someone played pranks with the water of the Gatineau river, raising it and lowering it and the ice was never safe. Of course it was not to be expected that anyone would attempt crossing the river under these conditions at Kirk's Ferry or Ironsides, although if they had really cared for me, they might have crossed at Cascades.

All these troubles are now over. The trails are clear, and the dark waters of the Gatineau are imprisoned under two feet of ice. A good friend of mine, Tiny, has laid a very good trail, starting from Chelsea Station, passing through splendid rolling country and connecting with the Kirk's Ferry trail, at the top of the hill. The station at Kirk's Ferry is only half a mile away. The old trail to the Dome hill—one of the most picturesque of all trails, I am told—has been blazed by another good friend, J. R. Dickson. But no one comes, save a little boy on snowshoes who lights my fires every Sunday morning and cuts a nick into one of the studs in the walls. At the end of the season, he counts the nicks and sends a bill to the Club.

Why won't they come, Mr. Editor?

They complain about Camp Fortune being so packed that no one can get in after 12 a.m.; they say that two men are required at the Dome Hill to check visitors, that the Pink Lake Lodge is much too small, and here I am, with 1,500 feet of floor space and not a single visitor. Oh, I am not jealous, but why won't they come to me?

They say that George's trail with its bumps and icy slopes is a dastardly crime, that McAllister's and Cooper's trails are nothing but a steady climb; as to the Canyon and Old Man Joe, I would not care to put into print what I have heard about them. But why don't they take McAllister's and Cooper's the reverse way and come to me, when they would find that they go down instead of climbing up?

Now last Sunday, there were over one hundred who took the Tiny trail at Chelsea. When they came to the junction of the trails—the left going to Camp Fortune and the right to me—ninety-seven turned to the left and only three came to me, and out of the three one turned back at once to return to Camp Fortune—to be with the crowd, he said! Why, judging by the way they avoid me, you would think I am a haunted lodge, or a tax collector's place.

Are skiers like sheep that they must follow each other in the same track, always grumbling and yet always following? Why don't they display a little individuality.

Please, Mr. Editor, send me some one soon, or I shall die of ennui.

Yours ever,

The East-Side Lodge.

(This letter was referred to Captain T. J. Morin, chairman of the Trail Committee and to Geo. Audette, chairman of the Racing Committee and it was decided that the Club Championship race, next Sunday, would start at Camp Fortune and finish at the East Side Lodge, to give the younger element of the Club a chance to see the lodge and the hills around it.)

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It was on Creeley's. I took Clarice for a whizz around there last Sunday to improve her style. Clarice is my current girl, one of these 1928 models that's wearing her hair longer and her skirt shorter and a sweetly serious expression like the maiden's prayer. But it doesn't mean anything. She's like the new Ford—new lines but the same old Lizzie underneath. You've got to hop some to keep up with her.

She zipped round the turns in great shape and I began to think I had her trained. She's got to be a good skier, you know, to keep up with me. My last girl ran over the Canyon bridge right in front of the lads with the shovels. I felt so disgraced at her bad form that I let her stay there and they piled the snow in on top of her. I'll dig her out in the spring, maybe. Well, Clarice was going good when suddenly, at the place where the trail goes along a precipice, what does she do but take a flying leap over the edge. She landed in a creek, too, just like my other girl, but this was different. Clarice did it on purpose. So I went after her to find out why. Luckily she had landed soft and she looked more mad than hurt. Her lipstick and powder and stuff were scattered all around where they had flipped out of her pocket.

"What's the big idea?" I opens the argument, beating her to it. She always gets the last word so I might as well have the first.

"That b-b-book of y-y-yours," she gasps with her mouth full of snow. "It's a f-f-fake."

"What book?"

"That one about the jelly springs." "Jelly springs?" Had she bumped her head? It didn't show but she sure was raving. "Never mind, darling," says I soothingly, "you'll be all right after a while."

"I do so mind," she comes back real snappy. "This is the first time I ever tried to learn ski-ing out of a book and it will be the last."

"But what's jelly springs got to do with it?"

"Well, maybe that's not the way to say it but I guess it's good enough. You know, that book you lent me, the one you pinched from the Editor's desk when you were dusting, with all the highbrow stuff about the way they ski in Switzerland and swell places like that. It had whole pages about this jelly spring thing. How it's a jump over an impromptu obstacle and a joyous gambol and all the skiers in the movies do it ——"

"Oh!" I cuts in seeing the light. "You mean like that fellow in the picture that took a standing jump over a bull with a red shirt on? On the chap, I mean, not the bull. Why, that's not jelly spring; it's 'Gelandesprung' which is German for land jump."

"Well, you needn't show off. I knew it was something like that and I guess jelly spring is good enough in English."

"Well, of all the ——" but what's the use of saying it? Isn't that just a woman, to pick on the one thing in the book that wasn't any of her business? I'd lent her the book all right. It's a swell one, full of good stuff by some of the best skiers in the world. I thought it would do her good to read it. Look what it did for me! But she had to strike that "gelandesprung" stuff,—Women are funny.

This "gelandesprung" means an impromptu jump over an unforeseen obstacle encountered in cross country trailing. They say it doesn't really count for style; it's more of a frolic, a joy-skip, just to show how tickled you are to be ski-ing. the chaps that ski for pictures like "The Chase" use it to jump over chalets and railway trains and cows and such, but at that it's not so impromptu. They practice careful first. Take that picture of the chap going over the bull, for instance. The first ten that tried that got grand funerals. The next one got his picture taken. Anyway, it was never intended for little girls like Clarice.

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Well, I hauled her out of the creek and retrieved her scenic effects. While she was wielding the lipstick—Kissproof, crème-de-menthe flavour, oh, boy!—I warned her to lay off jelly springing or at least to practice it nearer home. It would be awkward getting an ambulance into the Black Lake slopes and she can't expect to have fool's luck all the time.

"But it looked so interesting" she insisted. "I thought I'd practice it first at quiet places like this and then when I've got it down pat spring it on the crowd. Coming down the Dome on Saturday afternoon, for instance, with all the people at the bottom. Wouldn't they be surprised if I just jumped over their heads instead of yelling for them to get out of the way."

"They would," I agreed, "but they mightn't co-operate. You'd be up for assault and battery and when you'd say 'gelandesprung' they'd say 'tell it to the judge.' No, Clarice, skiers here aren't educated up to that yet. You stick to stemming and jump turns and leave the jelly springs to the Teutons. Unless you want to try it on George's. If the bumps there aren't impromptu obstacles and going over them a joyous gamble, then I don't know what is."

Joyous gambol! I should snicker. One more like that and she'd be gambling with St. Peter for a pass through the Perley Gates. Well, she took my lecture like a lamb, didn't even talk back. But I'm not fooled. I'll censor any books I give her in future and if ever I take her around Creeley's again I'll lead her on a string.

Ski-Exchange.—For Sale, a pair of lady's ski poles, apply Q. 7835.—Lost, a vanity case, at Camp Fortune or Pink Lake Lodge. Finder please phone R. 872.—Lost, a silver drinking cup on trail from Old Chelsea, along Penguin trail and Fortune lane. Call Q. 7691.—For Sale, ladies' hickory skis, 6'9". Call Queen 6734.—Found on Dome Hill trail, junior leather mitt, phone Q. 6747.—Lost, at Dome hill Lodge or on trail, Sunday, a gold watch. Please phone Q. 3578.

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