

Ottawa Ski Club News

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Come to the Hills of Youth.—Our prayer has been heard; steadily the snow is piling up and there is not a stone, a log or a stump left uncovered in the mountain; very soon if this keeps up the trees themselves will have disappeared. Come to the hills of youth and make the best of the two short months of winter that are left!

No More Free Guests—Over five hundred guests were received at the Ottawa Ski Club Lodges during the past week-end. This number is so much in excess of anticipation and the accommodation problem has again become so acute that your Directors have decided to suspend for some time the privilege of bringing guests without charge on Saturday and Sunday.

From now on, guests will be charged \$1.00 for a week-end. The member introducing a guest must fill in and sign a card which will remain on file; the guest will receive a permit, good for one week end, to be checked at each lodge. The same guest may receive a week-end permit only once during a season. Free admittance to properly introduced guests will be granted **only during week-days**, exclusive of Saturdays, and only once for the same guest. Guest cards may be had at McGiffin's (Sparks St.) or at the lodges.

The above rule will apply to all guests, whether city or out-of-town residents.

It does not apply to members still wearing the 1928 badge, who cannot be taken in as guests, and who must pay their fees or stay out.

Guests will be admitted at the Dome Hill Lodge on Thursday night hikes for the sum of 50c.

Good value for the money—And a very cheap show they are getting for their money, your Editor would feel like saying if he was asked for his opinion about the matter. Just think: the privileges of all the lodges of the club and the run of some thirty miles of well laid out trails during the whole week-end for a paltry dollar! Guests have been allowed to enter our lodges freely since there was snow on the ground, that is since the 24th of November. They are still allowed to come, when properly accompanied and introduced, any day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday, because these are the two days when most of our 2000 active members turn out and if guests choose to come during these two days, they must pay a small charge. Could anything be fairer? If we are to continue to be "guest ridden" as we have been so far, then we must at once spend three or four thousand dollars on enlarging our lodges. Would any one of our members in his sane mind advocate this? We will enlarge our lodges when our membership increases, but so long as the increase is made up of guests, then we will keep the number of guests down by taxing them, so that our paid up members may have the lodges to themselves. The whole situation may be summed up as follows: Our members have the privilege of bringing guests free of charge on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. On Saturdays and Sundays they must pay a tax of \$1 a head for their guests. The guest coupon will be good at any lodge from Saturday morning until Sunday night.

Coming events—Thursday, Jan. 31st, Night hike to Dome-Hill Lodge. Guests, 50c admission. First class orchestra.—Saturday, Feb. 3rd, Dome-Hill Juniors' excursion (Call up Mrs. F. Semple Q. 6747); Gatineau Girls' excursion to Pink Lake (Apply Miss Roger Q. 936).—Sunday, Feb. 4th, **Club Championship Race** at Camp Fortune. Phone Louis Grimes for entry (Q. 1443). The same classification (Seniors and Juniors) will apply for this race as for the Preliminaries—Inauguration of the **Merry-Go-Round** trail, and of the **Sunrise trail** (to little Switzerland).—**Night Riders** are requested to be on hand good and early Saturday night to blaze the trail for the Club Championship.

Sir,

The Editor, Ottawa Ski Club News,

May I add my bit of evidence to the investigation which I understand is being made into the sweat shop methods used by the person called "Old Man Joe" in the making of his shameful trails?

On Thursday, being on the verge of nervous collapse from overwork, sleeplessness and other causes, I was ordered home by the Faculty for a complete rest. Having two homes, like all good members of the O.S.C., I chose the Camp Fortune one, where I had visions of quietly sitting by a red hot stove until fully recovered.

I reached the first log shack on the Canyon by 9 a.m., where I met Old Man Joe loaded with axes and murderous looking knives. The Old man was affable as usual, inquiring about folks at home and the condition of my health, about which I gave him full details. "Look here, my boy," he said with a twinkling in his eye, after listening to me sympathetically, "I don't think you are in a fit shape to take the Canyon this morning, it is a bit jazzy as the teachers have been holding their convention at Camp Fortune—they used to hold it in the city, but now they have it at Camp Fortune on account of the bus service being so regular and the skiing so good—and you know what a lot of women will do to a trail. Come along with me, I am blazing a new trail. It is a dandy, not an inch longer than the Canyon and a lot easier. You get in a lot of magnificent scenery too, all thrown in with the sliding." The easy going and the beautiful scenery appealed to me and I followed Old Man Joe who went round and round in the bush for over an hour, over the roughest country imaginable, crossing and recrossing his own tracks several times. Then he stopped and inquired: "Do you know where you are now, and do you think you could go back to Camp Fortune?" I hastened to tell him that I could not by any stretch of imagination, see myself retracing my tracks to Camp Fortune. The Old Man's manner changed suddenly. "Very well," he said, "Here is an axe, now get busy and cut some shrubs." I reminded him of my illness and the doctor's orders. "Hell, man," he said roughly, "I am not interested in your ailment or in your doctor. Quit talking about yourself. Get to work there and cut them low or you won't see Camp Fortune to-night. And see that your trail is at least twelve feet wide or you will hear from me." To make a long and distressing story short, let me say, Mr. Editor, that I, a sick man, sentenced to complete rest by the Faculty, was kept at this work—the hardest kind of work, stooping down and hacking at saplings deep in the snow, with every sapling coming back and hitting you a stinging blow in the face if you don't cut it clean off the first time—from 10 a.m. until 11.30p.m., with only half an hour's intermission to eat a hunk of pork with a slice of crusty bread that the old man fished out of the depths of his pocket. I am not mentioning the volleys of abuse I got if a single shrub was left standing or if the trail was not twelve feet to an inch everywhere. With legs tottering under me, teeth chattering with fever and eyes heavy with sleep, I was dragged down in to the appalling depths of the Hum-Dinger ravine, from which we emerged to climb an endless ascent to a point high above the clouds, called the Gatineau Look-out, at the foot of which the whole valley of the Gatineau stretched, bathed in the soft light of the moon. "Mark this spot," said my guide, "we will be back here to-morrow morning to see the sun rise." And after this threat, which I took for a facetious remark at the time, we shot a series of six slopes, called the "Petticoat Lane," every one as steep, as long and as bumpy as the Canyon.

At 5 a.m. when I was just getting into my second sleep, the Old Tyrant was around again. "Get up, and let us go and see the sunrise from the Gatineau look-out." I saw the sun rise Mr. Editor—what else could I do—and a glorious sight it was, but the light of the sun brought out a whole lot of shrubs that had remained uncut, and on which the whole day was again spent.

I appeal to you Mr. Editor, is there no escape from this slave-driver? I was happy with my little illness and the sympathies of my friends, and now can I get anyone's sympathy after two days' and practically two nights bush work which makes me sleep like a log?

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Cleaning trails.—The removal of shrubs and vines from trails is a tedious but very necessary operation. It should be done in the fall, of course, but it is never done in the fall, because the weather is always "too wet" or "too dry;" in other words the skiers have other things to think about at that time. The use of proper tools for this work is a very important consideration. It is very difficult to cut twigs with an axe, especially when the cutting has to be done below the snow line. The brush scythe is only good for tender vines. The sickle requires too much stooping and is very hard on the back. The so called "brush hook" is only good for alders and such stuff, quite useless on maple or ash twigs. Only one instrument has found favour with the trail cleaners but it is ideal for the purpose: this is the "machette" also called "cane cutter," which is used in South America to cut a way through the dense vegetation of the Tropics, or for sugar cane cutting in the Barbadoes. The machette is a long and sharp blade, slightly curved and enclosed in a sheath. It carries nicely attached to the belt and is light and easy to handle. Unfortunately there are only two machettes now in the Club's possession and they are being worked day and night. All inquiries as to dealers in machettes have remained fruitless. Does any of our members know where they could be had? Twenty or thirty men armed with machettes could easily clean all the undergrowth from several acres of wooded land in a day, and this undergrowth once removed, our members could shoot anywhere through the bush instead of following Indian file in a single track as they do now. There is always plenty of space between big trees, but this space is now filled by thousands of twigs, and anyone who has received a stinging blow in the face from one of these twigs is not likely to try again. We need "machettes" or "cane cutters" in the worst way, and any information regarding their whereabouts will be thankfully received by your Editor (P.O. Box 65) who will pass the same on to the Chairman of the Trail Committee.

Please Use the Opening and Leave the Fences Alone.—Mr. Murtagh at the foot of Pine Hill is complaining that his fence at the top of the hill is being broken down. Skiers returning from Dome Hill, after they cross the Hootchi-Kootchi gully, are heading for the top of the hill and crossing the fence where no openings have been provided. If they will keep to the regular trail along the foot of the hill and pass through the first fence where an opening has been made they can then head for the top of the hill. Please help your club to maintain friendly relations with the people through whose fences our trails pass.

Trails and hills—The trail to Little Switzerland has been re-opened and thoroughly cleaned by Capt. T. J. Morin and his squad. The course has been altered to include a number of new and magnificent slopes as well as a high look-out from which a splendid view of the Gatineau valley may be had. Your Editor was over it some five or six times during the week-end and he cannot urge you too strongly to try it. Just as good as the Canyon, every bit, and a good deal more of it. It starts from the first log shack on the Canyon trail, just before coming to the "Top of the World." Try it next time. You may possibly arrive at Camp Fortune fifteen minutes later than you intended but what is that?—For the benefit of those who would go by train to New Chelsea rather than take the overcrowded bus to Old Chelsea, but who hate the drudgery of ski-ing a mile and a half over an icy road, dodging the cars and buses, our friend Tiny Sutherland has been cutting a new trail through the low range of hills paralleling the road. Tiny says it is not long and it is very good. It finishes just at the beginning of the Canyon. To get to it, make the Gatineau road from the station, then go up the road and turn into the field at first gateway to the left (marked with bunting). From there on, the trail is well marked. Train riders are advised to try it. "Tiny" has been accused of making his trails too long, but this one is only reasonably long, a great deal better than the travelled road at any rate.—The trail from Burnet station is opened every week by Mr. J. D. Holbrook and party, and it is a great deal better than the old Cascade trail ever was. To get to the trail, go up the Gatineau road from Burnet station and turn in at first gateway to the left (about ten minutes up the road).—After passing Hope's hill, you are advised to follow the road on the left side of Meache's Lake, as far as Freiman's house, then go up Dunlop's or Alexander's.—Travelers' hill, to the west of Camp Fortune has been cleared of all its undergrowth by our friend D. Chisholm who worked on it, early and late, for two whole days. It should afford splendid practice ground for turns and stops.

Tid-Bits—Does any of our members know that the first bus for Old Chelsea leaves the City at 6 a.m.? Anyone taking it would almost have time to see the sun rise from the Gatineau look-out on the Little Switzerland trail. Tiny Sutherland discovered it the other day and was the first and only passenger.—A rumour was current last week that the Southam Lodge had been stolen, stock, lock and barrel, and your Editor was besieged by calls from bunk occupants who wanted to know "if it was true." The old lodge is still there.—Another rumour had it that eight night riders shot down the Canyon in bathing suits on Saturday night, said bathing suits consisting mostly of boots and caps, with nothing between. Referred to Director Lawrence Burpee, Supervisor of the Plant and Southam Lodges.—Could anyone tell us what time John Veit got to school on Monday morning? Was his face washed?—A young man who accepted a lift in Sigurd's motor car, and who found that he had to lift the car out of the ditch in the first place says "The bus for me next time."

Results of competitions.—Third Preliminary Race—(Jan. 26) **Senior:** 1st B. Gillies, 30 minutes 15 seconds; 2nd K. Saunders, 30 minutes 35 seconds. **Junior:** L. Lagimodiere, 33 minutes 37 seconds; M. Tremblay, 35 minutes 5 seconds. **Novice:** J. Veit, 34 minutes 36 seconds; W. Tuttle, 35 minutes. **Jumping—Senior:** Rolf Anderson, C. A. Bambrick, C. Clarke. **Intermediate:** Bob Wallace, J. Landry. **Junior:** A. McKenzie, J. Ewart. **Club Championships** next week end: Jumping at Rockliffe, running at Camp Fortune. Competitors in both events must wear the Club badges. A combination prize will be given to competitor scoring the highest number of points in both events.

Crests.—Handsome winged crests of the Ottawa Ski Club have just been received from the manufacturer and are on sale at McGiffin's, Sparks Street, for 50c each.

Ski Exchange—For sale, man's ski suit—Size 38, Call S. 243.

Lost on Sunday afternoon, near Wrightville, one leather helmet; please return to 141 Sparks St.

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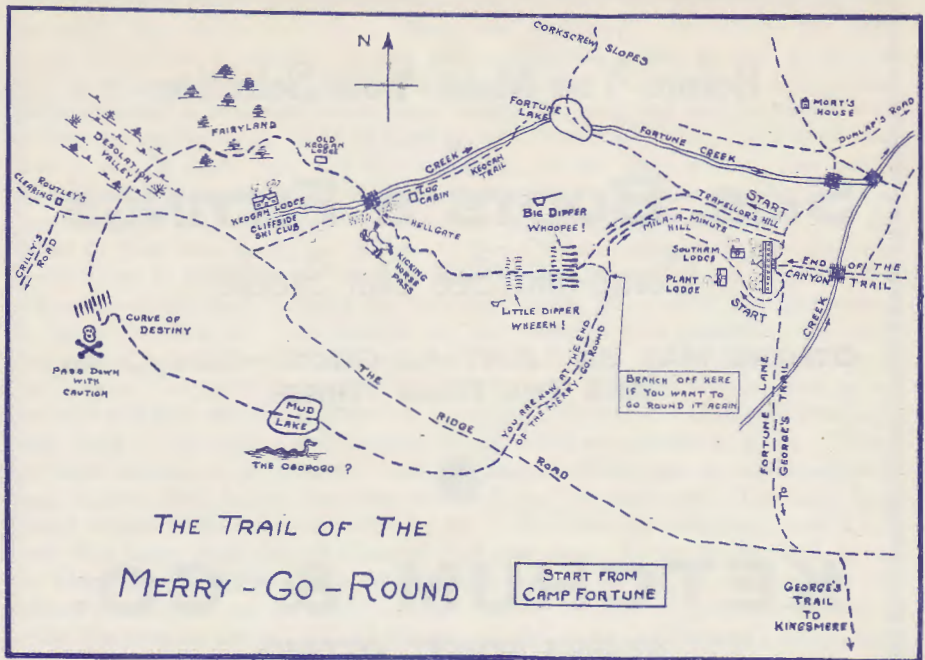


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The Trail of the Merry-Go-Round—Just climb to the top of traveller's hill, to the west of Camp Fortune, and you are started on your thrilling ride. A few gentle slopes steady your nerves, and then—Whoopie!—the “Big Dipper” is ahead of you. But have no fear—the trail is wide and the snow is soft. A hundred yards farther—Wheeh,—another one—the “Little Dipper,” a little brother of the one you have already been introduced to. You now must climb a little, and then have a long gentle slide. As you climb another rise you can see a clearing far below you—Keogan's Clearing—The “Kicking Horse Pass” will take you down to the lower levels, and if your eyes can work fast enough you will notice a forest, a clearing, a log-cabin, a wild cherry hedge, and a bridge all rushing past you. Be sure to keep your eye on the bridge, or you will land in the creek, look to your left and you will see Keogan's Lodge, the stronghold of the Cliffside—Pass by an old board shack and you come to wonderful country filled with pine trees, a veritable “FAIRYLAND.” After two gentle slopes, you find yourself in a desolate valley, devastated by the woodsman's axe, through which you must pass to start on the homeward journey. CAUTION! DANGER! GO SLOW! else ye come to grief. More gentle slopes both up and down, and you will reach Mud Lake—beware the OGOPOGO. The trail of the the Merry-go-round will be officially inaugurated next Sunday. Order of ceremonies: (1) Officers, Directors and their wives; (2) Ambulance; (3) Rank and file of members.

MOWAT & MacGILLIVRAY

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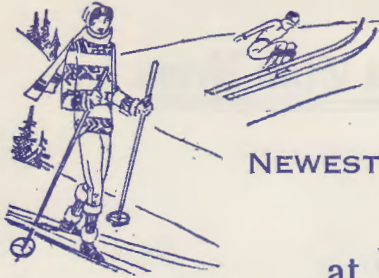
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