

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2500 COPIES

A perfect week-end.—Your Editor is aware that many readers of this circular are waiting to see what epithets he will apply to the last week-end, after calling the previous one "marvelous" and "glorious." All he can say is that he hopes every one of our members enjoyed it as much as he did. Of all the week-ends that he has spent in the hills, none perhaps has left him happier memories than the one of Feb. 10.-11. But why talk about the past, think of the ten more week-ends that are coming between now and the first of May!

Visitors—Many were the visitors of note at Camp Fortune on the 11th. Chief among them were their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon, attended by Captain Fiennes, Captain Raynor, Captain Streatfield and Captain Scott. The Vice-Regal Party had lunch at the President's Lodge with President C. E. Mortureux, Vice Presidents Allen C. Snowdon and J. A. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Semple. Although three head cooks had been at work—the Misses R. Burns, P. Camsell and B. McDougall—the broth was not spoiled and every course was excellent.—Her Excellency showed herself a fearless skier and a good sport, never refusing to take a hill for fear of a possible tumble. She enjoyed the day thoroughly and so did all those who were with her. On the return trip the Party took George's trail and the Kingsmere road to Chelsea.—President Dunn, E. St. Pierre and other officers of the Montreal Club, with that splendid skier Johansen, were entertained at the Club house by Secretary Marshall.

Results of the Ontario Championships.—Poitras, Andersen, Bambrick, Filman, Denis, Bagguley, C. Clark, all of Ottawa Ski Club, came first in the order named, in the jumping competition. A Montreal man came eighth and the four next places were again captured by Ottawa, (Landry, Mackenzie, Wallace, Belanger).—In the race at Camp Fortune **Bud Clark**, (1 h. 37 m. 59 s.) Taylor (1 h. 38 m. 56 s.) Gillis (1 h. 39 m. 23 s.) Heggveit (1 hr. 39 m. 53 s.) Douglas (1 h. 41 m. 14 s.) and Currie 1 h. 41 m. 20 s.) all O. S. C. were the first six. Estimated length of course 11 miles.

The Chairman of the Membership Committee Says:—Again this last week-end the lodges were for our members rather than the spongers. Instead of one hundred and fifty non members at Camp Fortune two weeks ago, we had sixteen this week end; at Dome Hill the two hundred and fifty was reduced to ten; and at Pink Lake the reduction was from over one hundred to ten. There was comfortable room for our members and the coffers of the Ski Club were enriched by thirty-six dollars. From our most enthusiastic members come many words of appreciation for the policy of reserving club privileges for those who pay fees. The only criticism is that it should have been done long ago.

Checking has come to stay.—The success of the last two week-ends makes this certain. The checkers will be there every week-end and they have positive instructions that all persons must show their badges or else come in as the guest of a member at one dollar, and as such only once during a season. **Please Sew your Badge on.** The story of badge lost or left at home may not be accepted by checker. There were several cases over the week-end of people having to pay the dollar when they told the checker that they had forgotten their badge. It is easier and means less delay for the member, other members, and the checker if your badge is permanently and prominently attached.

The Quebec Championships will be held in Three Rivers this week-end (Feb. 16 & 17) and the Dominion Championships in Montreal and Shawbridge on Feb. 23-24. Who is coming?

The Gatineau Girls visited both Fortune and Pink Lake Lodges last week. We left at 10.20 a.m. by bus for Old Chelsea, but owing to a tie up, for which the Collegiate Buses are responsible, we were quite late in reaching Old Chelsea. As it was our first time over the "Fortune Trail" we were very glad to follow a very reliable leader. Everyone pronounced the trail "great". The number behaving themselves on the Canyon however were in the minority but no one was hurt. George's was great but one unfortunate person fell in the creek. Then we sure did hear a "yell." Please don't blame us for all the holes in the trail as we filled in a great many made by others last Saturday. We all reached Wrightville O.K. but what happened after that I don't know. I'm afraid though that there were a great many stiff limbs on Sunday as this was our first long hike.

A moonlight hike has been planned to Dome Hill, Thursday, Feb. 14th, so please everybody make use of the "Members Prayer."

Our next excursion will be to Pink Lake by Kingsmere (Saturday, Feb. 16th).

Answers to correspondents.—The distance to Camp Fortune from Old Chelsea is a little over $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles by the Canyon trail starting from Meach's Lake road. It would be a little shorter by the Penguin. But why take the Kingsmere road, Abigail? From Camp Fortune to Wrightville by the Mica Mine trail is not far from 10 miles.—Thanks for kind appreciations of technical articles Sophrinesba. Your Editor has been rather pressed for time lately, but he will have the stemming thoroughly discussed in next issue.—Thank for the interesting clipping about the discovery of a dead ogopogo thirty feet long in the Trent river, A.B. That must have been a young one. The one in Mud Lake is much larger, and it is alive too.

One of our members writes.—My congratulations to the trail committee on Little Switzerland. Whoever laid that out certainly has an appreciation of what makes an enjoyable trail. Never have I had a more delightful run than on this week end when I went to Camp Fortune by this new way. Frankly I liked the many very pleasant and not too difficult runs of the Little Switzerland trail rather than the one big thrill of the Canyon. The longer trip through the snow laden trees and the absolutely glorious view over the Gatineau Valley make this, to me, the most delightful of all our splendid trails.—Also a word of appreciation for the trail from Pink Lake to Dome Hill. I have always hated to miss the Birch Valley slide and when this loss was combined with the long, flat and out of the way road trip from the foot of Pink Lake, it made the whole trip an uninteresting one. On Sunday we found a pleasant trail direct from near the Birch Valley lodge to the Ironsides road. For the first time in my experience I found this part of the trip enjoyable.

This much for Tiny's Trail.—I am writing in answer to your request for an opinion concerning Tiny Sutherland's Trail from Chelsea Station to its junction with the Canyon Trail. I think it is excellent! It hasn't any particularly exciting thrills at the start but then of course there are no good hills there. We (my sister and I) found it all interesting and new, and the last few hills were especially delightful both in scenery and ski-ing. No doubt Tiny realizes that the "Machete" could be used to advantage on various parts of his trail and I suppose he is awaiting assistance. Last Sunday we saw only one other couple on the new trail and we hope that more train riders will discover it soon.—V.K.

(The gate through which one enters the Tiny trail is right across the Gatineau road, from the Station (not up the road.) There is bunting at the gate. Pass a high elm, an old barn and an old shack on your left and a log cabin on the right, and make for the hills.)

Dear Mr. President,

Hospital, February 11, 1929.

I deeply regret to advise you that I, with certain of my family, fear that we should tender our resignations from the O.S.C. as a protest against the nefarious schemes of the Chairman of the Trails Committee to rid your organization of its less proficient members. I was rather up in the air, yesterday.

In the days when ski-ing in this locality was safe for democracy, I think I may say that the general membership of the Ottawa Ski Club was able to disregard to some extent the slight exaggeration of the so-called terrors of the Canyon Trail appearing in the columns of the official organ. But I scarcely think it befits the dignity of your office, Mr. President, to require the Editor of the Ski News to recommend unoffending members to travel the trail known as the Merry-Go-Round. The whole plot stands revealed to the mind of the intelligent member—the false lulling of suspicion by misleading description of the Canyon—the discovery by a person named Joe of a Big Dip in the Earth—the cowardly blazing of a trail when the snow, doubtless, was three feet deep and soft—the swearing to secrecy of an iniquitous band who prepared the pit under cover of night—finally, the invoking of the power of the Press to bring sheep to the slaughter.

I used to be,

Yours respectfully,

FRED.

Coming Events.—On **Thursday, Feb. 14**, usual Night Hike to the Dome Hill Lodge, leaving by Wrightville car any time after 7 p.m. Admission charge for guests 50c.—On **Saturday, Feb. 16**, Inter-collegiate race for Southam Challenge Cup. Start from Dome-Hill Lodge at 3 p.m.—On **Sunday Feb. 17**, Ladies Race for Club Championship at Camp Fortune. A sleigh will be in attendance at Old Chelsea to take the competitors to Camp Fortune at the arrival of the bus leaving the city at 9 a.m.—Treasure hunt at 2 p.m. at Camp Fortune.

Ski Exchange—Found, near Old Chelsea, on Feb. 3rd, a fur wrist-band. Call Q. 3000 Local 730.—Found, pair of mitts on bus. Call Q. 6747.—Lost, at Camp Fortune, one grey glove, Call S. 1146-W.—Mr. Ferrier borrowed a ski two weeks ago from a young lady who having broken one of hers' was going home by sleigh and wants to return same. Will the young lady please call Q. 4260 Local 243.—Black leather helmet left at Pink Lake. Finder please phone C. 4916.

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To Reporter No. 23.—You are instructed to proceed to Camp Fortune by the 9 p.m. bus, Saturday, and write an account of Their Excellencies' visit, the race and general activities of the Ottawa Ski Club. Report to the President's Lodge for the night.—The Editor.

The Editor, O.S.C. News—In compliance with instructions received, your reporter No. 23 was at the Gatineau bus station for 9 p.m. Endowed with keen powers of observation, he was not long in discovering that there was no bus at 9 p.m. There was one at 11 p.m., however, into which he managed to squeeze. In the meantime he had also found that the bus does not go directly to Camp Fortune but stops at Old Chelsea, which, he was told, was some little distance from the Camp, but where he might possibly get a guide. He landed at Old Chelsea at 12 a.m. in a rather dark and foggy night, and with the help of his flash light made out three buildings on the right hand side—a church, a store and a hall—and four houses on the left, none of which however opened its doors in answer to his knocking. He came back to the bus and elicited from the driver the information that Camp Fortune was “up in the bush, that way” accompanied with a sweeping gesture that seemed to take in the whole of the Gatineau Land.

Your reporter strapped on his skis and went “that way” for a few minutes until he came to the junction of two roads. He took the left one, simply because it had seemed to him that the gesture of the bus driver included more of the Western hemisphere than of the Eastern one. He plodded along through fresh snow on this road which appeared to be quite hilly until he came to a big hole in the earth. (He learnt later that this was Lariot's hill). Then, knowing that Camp Fortune was not in the valley, he turned to the right and ascended the mountain by an untravelled bush road, in ever deepening snow. When at the top, he found that he had been travelling right alongside a very good ski-track which he had not noticed on account of the darkness. He slid into this track, hoping and trusting that it would take him in the right direction. It apparently did, because, some thirty minutes later, he heard a faint “Whoopel!” and soon, to his intense relief, fell in with some twenty Night Riders led by Old Man Joe, just returning home at 1.30 a.m. after blazing the track for the race. Contrary to current rumours, no one in the party was in a bathing suit. Joe took your reporter in tow and led him up an almost interminable hill to the President's Lodge where he was given a comfortable bed and heaps of blankets. Your reporter is now convinced that the Night Riders are a highly useful and efficient organization. Had he not met them he might still be roaming in the bush.

Your reporter did not sleep long. A 6.30 a.m. he was awakened by a violent discussion between Old Man Joe and Geo. Audette, the first claiming, in very emphatic language, that there was no such hill as Creely's hill or that it had been wiped off the map if there ever was one, while George was just as emphatic in asserting that the hill had not moved. Your reporter gathered from this animated discussion that the Eastern and Western sections of the course were to be joined by this hill and that Joe had been wandering all day Saturday trying unsuccessfully to find it. Finally, after a summary breakfast, half the crowd of track blazers went with George to rediscover Creely's hill, while the rest followed Joe on the eastern section of the trail, all being loaded up to the hilt with machetes, knives, axes and bunting. Your reporter remained alone with Ted Burpee and the President who at once commandeered his services to clean and decorate the cabin for Their Excellencies' visit. There was a good deal of menial work to be done, including the washing of dishes of two or three days' standing as it appeared that Ted's dog, being afflicted with a slight attack of indigestion, had been unequal to the task. Three young ladies who were supposed to arrive at 10 a. m. to help in this work only turned up at 11 a. m., causing Ted to wail incessantly about the faithlessness of woman and to vow that he never would have anything more to do with them. At 11.30 President Mortureux happened to look at his watch and gave a cry of dismay. He was to meet the Vice-Regal party at Kingsmere at noon and had only half an hour to do it in. The President at once jumped into the Official Court Costume of the Ottawa Ski Club—a black sweater with the winged crest, red topped mitts and red topped stockings, very pretty—jumped on

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his skis and was off in a cloud of snow taking with him in his excitement the broom he had been working with and leaving a pole behind. "I reckon he wants to sweep the trail in front of Their Excellencies" said Ted, dryly.

Your Reporter followed in the President's tracks, and arrived at Camp Fortune in the short time that it takes to make a half dozen tumbles. He found there a million and a half people, with more arriving every second, all jabbering away at a fast clip about their luck on the Canyon, the Humdinger, the Dipper, the Kicking horse and what not. Among them were Sigurd Lockeberg the race starter, who was tearing his hair in Norwegian because no one had left any information with him as to where the course started from or where it went, and thirty competitors chewing their bit. Your reporter was able to help by offering the information that the course went west and came back west, and upon this meagre bit of news the thirty runners were sent on their perilous twelve miles journey. As luck would have it, the track they went on happened to be the right one, but it would appear that a great deal is left to luck in the management of these races.

Your reporter was told that the Vice-Regal Party would arrive by Camp Fortune Lane, and up the lane he went, expecting to hear the tinkling of sleigh bells and the tramp of horses of the mounted guard. He was painfully herring-boning a steep part when a sharp call for "Track" made him jump aside and a lady skier in an olive green suit shot past him, like a streak of lightning. She was followed by two young men who did not have the same luck or the same skill, as they sat down rather hard. A little later a tall and distinguished looking gentleman came leisurely along on snow shoes and asked your reporter "Have you seen my wife. My name is Willingdon." Your reporter then suddenly realized that the show was over. The lady in the green suit was Her Excellency Lady Willingdon and the two young men were her A.D.C.'s. It was all so delightfully informal! Just a skier's party! President Mortureux followed on one pole, while Vice President Snowdon and another A.D.C. came down the Canyon, but they must have encountered a snow storm on the top of the World because they were covered with snow from head to foot.

There was a bit of a discussion as to whether the party would wait to see the finish of the race but Lady Willingdon settled it by declaring that she was hungry and up the hill the visitors trekked followed by pretty nearly every one in or around the Camp because the rumour had spread that a big can of ice cream meant for the Dome Hill Cafeteria had surreptitiously found its way up to the President's Lodge and that there was to be a free distribution. There was not nearly enough to go around, though, and your reporter only had two bricks. The lunch was a quick affair, and very soon the party was out again, disporting themselves on the hill, with Ted acting as instructor. You reporter can vouch for the fact that Her Excellency took the hill four times, that she made George's trail, even in the bumpiest parts, and skied all the way from Kingsmere to Old Chelsea, while Vice-President Snowdon drove down Murphy's hill on a sleigh, wrapped up in a fur coat!—Your reporter begs to be assigned to lighter duties next time as he finds these O.S.C. week-ends very wearing.

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