

Ottawa Ski Club News

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Watchman, what of the winter? The winter is staying with us and all is well! For the first time since the 1st of December the sun gathered sufficient strength at the noon hour on Sunday to make the snow a bit sticky but no trouble was experienced on the well packed trails. A disquieting bit of news is that some countries are getting more than their share of cold weather. We hear for instance that they have been ski-ing on the hills of St. Cloud, near Paris, France, that Englishmen are forsaking the Alps for the hills of Scotland. Whether this means that our own supply will be curtailed, we do not know, but we hope and trust that the winter will extend, as it did last year, well into April.

Results of Competitions.—At Three Rivers, on Saturday, Feb. 16th our **Bud Clark** won the Quebec Championships, defeating Grayson-Bell of the McGill Ski Club by 21 seconds. **Bryce Gillis**, also of Ottawa Ski Club came third, only two minutes behind Clark. **Poitras** came 4th, in the jumping. Our men cannot speak too highly of the hospitality of the Three Rivers Ski Club, a young but very efficient organization.—At Lake Placid, on Monday Feb. 11, **Saunders** came 9th in the 18 Kilometer race among some thirty of the best ski-runners in the world. **Bagguley** was tenth.—At Camp Fortune, on Sunday Feb. 17th, **Alice Heggveit** again won the Club Championship for the Ladies, Edith O'Connor was second. Most of the other fair contestants took the wrong trail on Lake Fortune. The Club will try to arrange for a consolation race some time later—At the Dome Hill Lodge on Saturday Feb. 16th, the **Lisgar Collegiate** team won the Southam Trophy for the Intercollegiate Race in the remarkable time of 3 h. 31 min. 11 sec. defeating the first Ottawa College team by nearly 16 min. the Glebe Collegiate by nearly 17 min. and the second Ottawa College team by over 59 min. The winning team including H. Worden, J. Currie, D. Beresford, C. Darch. Fastest time of all, H. Worden, 49 min. 20 sec. The course was laid by Louis Grimes who also acted as time keeper.

Coming events: Usual Thursday night hike to the Dome Hill (with the moon out this time). Arrangements have been made with the bus Company for a **straight fare of 15c**, the Club to make good the difference if the total receipts are less than \$4. a bus. There will be no more provoking delays at the start of the bus.—On Saturday and Sunday Dominion Ski Championships in Montreal and Shawbridge.

The Canadian Championships—The biggest event of the year in the Ski World will take place in Montreal and Shawbridge this week end, under the auspices of the Montreal Ski Club. The Ski-jumping Tournament for the Championship of Canada will be held on Côte-des-Neiges Hill, Montreal on Saturday, commencing at 3 p.m. (Competitors must report on the Hill no later than 2 p.m.) and the Cross-Country Race at Shawbridge (one hour and forty minutes from Montreal) at 12.30 p.m.

The City of Montreal may be reached (1) by ski (Better start now) (2) By air (Our Second Vice-President, J. A. Wilson being also Director of Civil Aviation will probably put planes at the disposal of those of our members who can handle them) (3) By train. There are two railways the C.P.R. (5.20 a.m., 8.35 a.m., 3.35 p.m., and 4.15 p.m.) and the C.N.R. (5.25 a.m., 8.30 a.m., 3.30, p.m., and 4.45 p.m.) Reduced rates to Montreal (\$5.90 return fare) are granted by both railways to parties of ten or more traveling together. Most of our competitors are going to Montreal by way of C.N.R.

All those going to Montreal will, of course, want to push on as far as Shawbridge on Sunday to see the race and the Great Ski Land North of the Metropolis. The train service to Shawbridge is as follows: C.P.R. Windsor Station, 8.35 a.m. and C.N.R. Tunnel Station 9 a.m. Returning trains arrive Montreal at 8.30 and 8.45 respectively. Regular Return Fare to Shawbridge \$2.25 (Inquire about special excursion rate).

The Committee of the Montreal Ski Club will be glad to meet competitors and visitors on their arrival and will also reserve hotel accommodation on request. The Windsor Hotel will be the official headquarters in Montreal. Write or wire G. B. Arnaud, Secretary, Room 25, 377 St. James Street, Montreal.

The best thing in the whole show is the Dinner-Dance which is given by the Montreal Ski Club at the Windsor Hotel following the Jumping Tournament, on Saturday. The Circular says "that all visitors will be entertained by the Club at the Dinner-Dance" but this sounds too good to be true. The best that can be hoped for is that Competitors will be admitted free, and visitors will have to pay a nominal charge.

All aboard for Montreal and Shawbridge this coming Saturday!

(Since the above was sent to press your Editor was informed by wire that the charge for non-competitors would be \$2 a head).

Visitors—"We have read and heard so much about your trip down the Gatineau Valley to Ottawa that we have decided to come up this week-end and make the acquaintance of this run. There will be about fifteen of us." The party made up of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, all first-rate skiers, were welcomed at the station and piloted over the trails by Director Alex West, Secretary Marshall, and Messrs Wetmore and McHugh. They appeared to enjoy the trip hugely.—Maynard Hayzen of Hartford, Conn. is another one of this ever-growing number of Americans who spend their holidays in winter, with our lady of the snow. He was here a week and took in every known run and many others in company with F. H. Lambert.—Having taken a course of lessons from a famous ski expert, Hyacinth Lambert came up over the week-end to "show us up." My, that girl is getting clever! She talks in such a nonchalant manner about "Christies" and "half Christies" and "Gelander sprung" and all that. We just call them "Jelly springs" here.

Tid Bits and Comments.—All known records for eating were broken last week-end when a party of some fifteen Montrealers consumed at one sitting ten pounds of bacon, six pounds of sausage, six loaves of bread and two five pound tins of jam with a few cakes thrown in. They then climbed up to the President's Lodge for an ice cream and being short of supplies, returned by way of Old Chelsea instead of taking the Pink Lake and Dome Hill run as had originally been intended.—The ideal machet has been found. It is a carving knife with a beautiful ebony handle brought up by Vice-President Snowdon to cut the roast at the dinner served to Their Excellencies, and now used on the underbrush by Old Man Joe and his gang who at once discovered its real purpose. The fork may have to be returned as no special use has been found for it.—It is rumoured that Captain T. J. Morin, being lost in a maze of tracks on the Curve of Destiny was led out of the bush by a kind stranger with the help of a map taken out of this circular—the same map that was prepared by L. Burpee under Joe's directions. And Joe followed the map and found Creely's Hill, Mud Lake, the Opopogo and a lot of things he had suspected but never seen.—The thanks of a thousand skiers are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. W. Reilly at whose house on the Mine Road a table was set out with a pail of fresh water with dipper and glasses for the enjoyment of the thirsty army who passed through, on Sunday. This is another instance of that warm hearted Irish hospitality which our members have so often received in the Gatineau.

Found—In lane at Wrightville end of Pink Lake Trail, ladies wool-lined tan glove with fur cuff. May be had at McGiffin's Store, Sparks St. Apply Mrs. McDonald.—One pair Lady's ski boots size 7, practically new. Phone Q. 1530 .

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THE SPIRIT OF THE MACHETE

by A. J. Thomas, Night Rider.

I am the Spirit of the Machete, I roam
Where'er Slave Driver Joseph calls his home.
My hold on the Night Riders never fails
As all those know, who run their well-cut trails.

When I possess the soul of "Old Man Joe"
Most evil influence over him I throw;
I hold his very will in hands of steel.
I make of him a heartless, driving de'il.

With raucous voice disturbing Nature's peace
At my will he destroys his Riders' ease;
To turn them out into the dead of night
And set them toiling by the stars' dim light.

"Come out," he cries "and take the trails with me."
And leads them forth again with fiendish glee.
They follow, turning, twisting through the night
Up hill and down, that fitful feeble light.

Although rebellion touch the hearts of some
They can but follow when he murmurs "Come;"
For so his devilish purpose he contrives
They could not find the camp now for their lives.

And so throughout the night I hold my sway.
His will is mine till midnight, for my play.
Then ceases my short reign over his heart;
I leave him with his victim, and depart.

Freed from my nauseous presence he resumes
His normal nature and no demon looms
Within him till next week my time of power
Arrives, and,—how I relish that short hour!!

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HOW THE LITTLE SWITZERLAND TRAIL CAME TO BE REOPENED

Said the President to Captain T. J. Morin over the phone one Saturday morning: "Joe they are all asking about that trail to Little Switzerland. They all want to know when it will be reopened. I have received no less than nineteen written requests and I am held up every day on Sparks Street about it.

The President was slightly exaggerating. There had not been a single request for the Little Switzerland trail, save a casual remark from a passer-by about as follows: "Is not that where that fool jack-rabbit trail went through last year." But the President liked the trail imperfect as it was, and was aware of its possibilities. Presidents and many others say "They" when they mean "I", just as Kings say "We" when they mean "My wife."

"If they feel so badly as all that about it, why don't they reopen it themselves" said Joe. "Last year's bunting is still there and all they have to do is to follow it."

"Oh, but if we leave it to them, Joe, you know what a mess they are going to make of it. They will wander all over the country and leave out the best parts of the trail. Then we want to improve it. It can be improved a lot, you know. With a few minutes work we can make it a real spectacular trail, with gorgeous scenic effects."

"I know what your few minutes mean" said Joe. "I have been out with you before. I am busy just now with the Merry-Go-Round and I want to finish it. One trail at a time is enough for me. And as to your scenic effects, you should know by now that our members do not care a hang for scenery. I am not so sure that they care about thrills either. All they want is to get there as quickly as they can. If a tunnel could be dug through the mountain to Camp Fortune, I believe they would all take it if they could save two minutes by so doing. Why, the other day, at Old Chelsea, out of one hundred people who landed by the first three buses I counted seventy who took the Kingsmere road and the Penguin. They could go through a real fairy land of "Murmuring Pine and Hemlock" by picking up the beginning of the trail on Meache's Lake Road but they would rather take the flat monotonous sleigh road to save five minutes. I tried to argue with some of them "To h—— with the murmuring hemlocks," they said. "The trail that gets us there quickest is the trail for us." Those people are not skiers. They are Lodge loungers. Why they go out on skis I can't understand. Probably it is because they have no coal to burn at home and they cannot keep the place warm. Don't talk scenery to me! I won't touch Little Switzerland."

"Well, Joe the Canyon is getting overcrowded. Let us get an other trail. We will just spend one hour on it—Just one hour. This means that instead of shooting down the Canyon to-night we will go by way of Little Switzerland. That's all."

Joe weakened, the President had his way and little Switzerland trail was reopened. But instead of spending one hour on it, the trail blazers spent nearly seventy-five in three weeks' time, with the assistance of all the Night-Riders. The possibilities of the trail revealed themselves as they went, many changes were made and from the twisting Jack Rabbit track that it was in 1928, the trail to Little Switzerland has now become a run of wondrous beauty, with open vista on the Gatineau Land from look-outs one thousand feet high, and magnificent series of thrilling descents into Camp Fortune. It is becoming more popular every day, and while the cavernous jaws of the Canyon will never be entirely forsaken, yet it is believed that a good portion of the visitors to Camp Fortune will turn off to the right in the future from the first log shack on the Canyon Trail. Half an hour is all it takes, and the majority of cautious skiers take almost half an hour to run the descent of the Canyon.

Members in arrears.—Should there be any members who still owe their fees, (and we are told there are quite a few) they are respectfully urged to look at their calendar, when they will observe that they are just three months in arrears. Of course no self respecting person would want to resign at this late date, after receiving eight issues of the "News". Please forward your fees to McGiffin's, Sparks St. (Near Royal Bank.)

Please write something on wax and waxing says a correspondent. Here goes: The use of wax is a bad habit, only excusable on fresh snow, in soft weather, or on slippery snow, late in March. Experienced skiers seldom use wax, and when they do, they make their own. Your Editor called up Sigurd "Can you give me a recipe for a good home made wax, Sigurd?"—"Why do you want to make wax" said Sigurd "when you can buy it ready made, in convenient tubes, for all sorts of snow conditions?" He then called Jack Bourgault who has the reputation of making a good wax with a pinch of salt, and this is what Jack said: "I can make just as good wax as any that is sold, for one tenth the cost. Take a small tin of pine tar, burn in two heavy rubber bands (Set fire to the rubber let it drip into the tar). Add 1 sq. inch of paraffine and $\frac{1}{2}$ sq. inch of rosin, well sliced, a little pinch of salt, and heat over slow fire until dissolved, stirring all the time. Apply hot, with paint brush, over dry ski, and cool off. Slap it on thick for crusty snow, thin for wet snow. This wax does not slip back. Try it." From past experience Ye Ed. might add: Be careful not to let the tar boil over, or there will be a big flare up.

The Daughters of the hills, the "Gatineau girls", were out on parade on Saturday, February 16th.—Twenty of us met at the Waiting Room of the Gatineau Bus Line to make the fifth excursion.—From Old Chelsea we started to climb to Kingsmere. We were rather bored because there are no hills to run on the way. We waited at the top of Dunn's Hill for our lovable and enthusiastic leader, who was bringing up the rear. Then we crossed the lake and refreshed ourselves at the Harris' pump.

The hills were rather slow. I know you will forgive the holes in the trail—signs of the losses of dignity among our ranks when one's body, going at a spiffy rate down hill and, alas! the ski sticks. At the bottom of the hill (where, if you take the left turn you make a "dive" into a stream) the snow became disgustingly sticky. We made vain attempts to unstick and then in exasperation we took off our skis, shouldered our burden and, singing walked the rest of the way to Pink Lake Lodge. Some of us, however, possessing unbendable wills made their skis take them to its friendly portals. Once at Pink Lake, liberal application of the wax which Dot had thoughtfully brought, combined with a considerable fall in the temperature in the late afternoon, ended our difficulties.

We remained at Pink Lake about two hours and a half during which time the skilful members of the party jumped from the top of the hill, the not so skilful scaled a precipice whence a wonderful view was had, and those with a domestic turn of mind busied themselves with elaborate culinary arrangements within the lodge.

Some of you may have said: "Look at the water on Bank Street. Thank Goodness I didn't go out." But you don't know what you missed. It was a magnificent Spring day and the most pleasant of our trips.

Next excursion to Camp Fortune by special bus at 10 a.m. Saturday.

MOWAT & MacGILLIVRAY

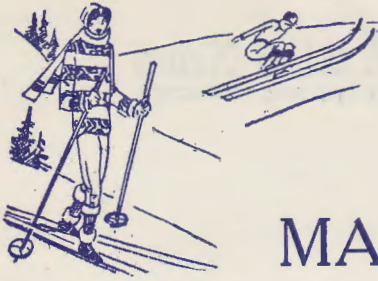
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