

# Ottawa Ski Club News

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## THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIPS

The **Dominion Ski Jumping and Ski Running Championships** will be held in Ottawa, under the auspices of the Ottawa Ski Club, on Saturday Feb. 22nd and Sunday Feb. 23rd.

The Jumping for the Dominion Championships will be staged in Rockcliffe Park, on the Rockcliffe Ski Tower, starting at 3 p.m. sharp on Saturday. The race will be run on the hills surrounding Camp Fortune, starting at 11.30 a.m. on Sunday.

On Saturday, Feb. 22nd, the Ottawa Ski Club will entertain the visiting Officials and competitors at a Banquet in the Jasper Room of the Chateau Laurier. A dance will be held after the Banquet. A limited number of tickets (\$2.50 each) will be available for members of our own and outside clubs. **You are advised to make your reservations now.** Phone Q. 2501.

**The Ski Jumping Championship**—With scores of entries already received, including some of the most famous Ski-Riders in America, and with the great improvements that have been made in our hill (Practice jumps of nearly 150 feet have already been recorded this year) it is confidently expected that the 1930 Championships will be among the most spectacular ever held in Eastern Canada. It is expected also that **every one of our members will be there**, no matter how inviting the snow conditions might be on other trails. It would indeed be a mighty queer state of affairs if our own members were seen sneaking away to the hills when hundreds of visiting members of other clubs are here to attend the Meet. They will be at the foot of the Tower in Rockcliffe Park, ready to cheer for the men who are competing for one of the highest titles in the whole field of athletics: the Champion Ski Jumper of the Dominion.

**Sale of tickets now on**—And every one of our members, we feel sure, will buy his ticket in advance, so as to facilitate the work of the Lady Taggers on the day of the Great Tournament, and encourage their Club, who is going to a great deal of expense in staging this meet. Tickets may now be procured for 50c a piece at the Ottawa Ski Club Office, McGiffin's or at every one of our lodges. Be a sport and buy your ticket **now**. We guarantee the weather will be good.

**Help wanted.** Men are needed to blaze and track the fifteen mile course for the Dominion Championship Race on Sunday. The track will be divided in sections, two or three miles each, and a squad will be put in charge of each section. If you still have holidays coming and do not mind spending a day or two in the bush, during the week starting on Feb. 16, please get in touch with Louis Grimes (Q. 1443) and offer your assistance.

**Coming Events.**—To-day, Thursday at 3 p.m. **Gala Ski Jumping Meet**, with International entries, in Rockcliffe Park, in the presence of Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon—Also Ski-joring on Ottawa River at 4 p.m. **Night hike** to Glen Lea Club House, from Wrightville. Take Wrightville car at Chateau Laurier.—On Saturday Feb. 8, **Intercollegiate Race** for Southam Trophy—Start at 3 p.m. Start and finish at the Dome Hill Lodge.—On Sunday Feb. 9, **Ladies' Club Championship** at Camp Fortune, and **Second Class Proficiency Tests**. A sleigh will be in attendance at the arrival of the nine o'clock bus at Old Chelsea, if the number of entries warrant it. Please phone your entries before Friday noon to Mabel Rainboth (Q. 119).

## JAZZING UP THE CANYON

We have had for several years now a trail with a terribly wicked reputation but otherwise as innocent and gentle as a lamb: The Canyon Trail. There were two ways of access to it: by the "Penguin short cut" on the Kingsmere road and by "Sweeney's Springs" on the Meach Lake Road, and the crowd of skiers, as they dropped off the buses every fair Sunday morning automatically divided themselves into two groups, the "Penguins" who laboriously climbed up the wind swept and hard packed Kingsmere Road to get into the trail by the Penguin cut off, thereby saving all of twenty-five or maybe twenty-six yards, and the "Piners" who took the trail from its original starting point on the Meach Lake Road and wandered through a beautiful land of fragrant pines and hemlocks. Both groups generally met at the top of the Bald Hill and spent a little time abusing each other, the Penguins calling the Piners "Star gazers" and "Scenery mad" and the Piners calling the Penguins "Speed Devils", the Penguins raving about the distance they had saved and the Piners talking incessantly of the natural beauties of their course. They never could agree but they were happy in their disagreement. Then both groups would climb up by slow degrees to the edge of a big hole, one mile deep, full of the smoke and rumbling noises of Camp Fortune, and the Penguins, always wild and reckless creatures, would throw themselves headlong into the abyss with many distressing cries, while the peaceful Piners worked their way gently to the bottom by Chisholm's Easy way or by the lane and arrived whole. It was the same every Sunday and everybody was happy. With the exception of that hole, which no one ever needed to fall into, there was not a dip in the whole Canyon, going or coming, that could have awakened a good skier if he had ever gone to sleep on the trail.

Things might have been going on that way till the end of time if Old Man Joe had not happened to pass through the Pine land one bright morning. The Old Man was heard muttering to himself several times: "Too flat; this can't go on that way. I'll jazz it up. I will give them a jolt!" This caused some alarm even among the wild Penguins, but it did not seem possible however that even Old Man Joe, with his fiendish ability, could do anything to alter the course of the Peaceful Canyon, and no one worried particularly.

On Sunday afternoon, however, a party retracing the Canyon Trail to Chelsea suddenly saw a new sign on a freshly cut trail, branching off the main one above the Chelsea Ridge. The sign read "The Scare Crow Lane." What could that be? Had the Old Man been up to some mischief? The party would probably never have ventured into the mysterious lane if there had not been a woman among them. Always inquisitive, Eve led the way, and Adam meekly followed . . . . Yes, they got a jazz all right! Heavens what a shake up! "Sixteen spills on the way" said one of them "and probably one hundred more to come if we had not stopped and climbed back. I call it sheer murder!"

So much for Joe's little joke. But it was not to be the only one. Some one else coming up the trail early in the afternoon of Sunday saw another new sign on the left "The Ridgeview". The unsuspecting skier climbed up half a mile up to "Ridgeview Trail, and suddenly dropped into a hole, when, after regaining consciousness he suddenly found himself at the bottom of the Chelsea Ridge. He then realized that he might have got there in two minutes by the ordinary trail, and that he had taken twenty to climb up. Of course the descent hardly took more than half a second.

After all the rumours and reports had been sifted on Sunday night, Old Man Joe was called up and he admitted his guilt. "Sure" he said "I told you many a time I would jazz up the old thing some day, and I did jazz it up good. You can't allow people to go to sleep on a trail, you know. Got to wake them up. You have got three hills now where it was before as flat as a pancake, "The Ridge View", "The Chelsea Rapids" and the "Scare Crow". The last one I cannot really recommend until I have been over it myself. I was just looking at the hill from the top and it looked fairly good. If, as you say, people went over it



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without quite killing themselves, then it must have the making of a real good hill. I hope to have it in shape for next Sunday."

So there you are. Our peaceful life is no more. We will be dancing now on the way up to Camp Fortune as much as on the way down. Me for the old trail, so long as it is not blocked!

#### AFFLICTUS

(With apologies to W. E. Henley), Dedicated to those people who go around tearing up the crust with their heads.

Out of the crust that covered me,  
Sharp as a knife, I rose and bled:  
And thanked whatever gods might be  
For my unshatterable head.

The thought assailed me as I rose  
That I was of a clumsy crowd,  
And the recording angel knows  
My bloody head in shame I bowed.

I saw ahead the pain and tears  
With every crust that I should meet;  
And vowed that the approaching years,  
Should find me always on my feet;

I'd learn to ski with grace and ease  
And then could say as time unrolls,  
"I am the master of my skis,  
I am the captain of my poles."

—Alex. J. Thomas.

**Ski Exchange.**—Somebody took a pair of Norwegian hickory skis by mistake from the 6 p.m. Chelsea bus on Sunday. Will he please call up owner, Q. 2742—Local 28.—Sweater, found near Keogan's. Owner please phone Q. 2501.

**Th week-end of Feb. 1st and 2nd.**—There have been many good week-ends since the first fall of snow came over the Gatineau hills on November 23rd, but none perhaps quite as satisfactory as the one just past. If ever the "infinite joy" of ski-ing was experienced to the full, it was on those two days by the thousands of people who thronged the trails and lodges of the Ottawa Ski Club. The Little Switzerland trail was a great favorite and received perhaps as many visitors as the descent of the Canyon.

**Results of Competitions.**—J. Taylor and H. Heggveit came second and third respectively in the Ontario Ski Championship Race. J. Currie was only a few seconds behind the third man. H. Bambrick and R. Vincent came fifth and seventh respectively in the jumping.

**Third Class Proficiency Tests.**—Sixteen men out of twenty-six entries passed with honours in the Third Class Proficiency Tests held at Camp Fortune on Sunday. The list of the successful competitors is as follows: Bryce Gillis, Jack Taylor, Howard Worden, Edwin Connelley, R. Coleman, D. Fluker, J. Veit, A. Fairburn, W. Webber, H. Halliday, L. Ross, P. Quinn, E. Cooper, J. McKenna.

The judging was done by Gerhard Loa and Ken. West.

The Second Class Test will be held on the same hill, at 1.30 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 9, in the presence of Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon.

The Second Class include the following:

1. Four continuous Lifted Stemming Turns on hard snow.
2. Four continuous Tellemark Turns on soft snow at good speed.
3. Two Stop Christiania Swings—Right and Left—on hard snow, from a direct descent, at good speed,
4. Four continuous downhill Jump Turns finished by a Stop Jump Turn at end of run.
5. Finishing within a specified time a one mile cross-country course, a large proportion of which must be downhill running in the open and through woods and bush.

**General Information & Tid Bits.**—"How much of our dollar do you get for taking us out?" asked Mrs. Semple a tot of the Dome Hill Juniors. Mrs. Semple might have answered "One cent, to pay the postage on the circular of instructions which was sent you." It is difficult for some people to realize that all the work done by the officers of the Ottawa Ski Club is work of love—that no one, from the President down, ever got as much as a free trip anywhere and much less a salary. If this was better understood, perhaps we would have less people trying to beat the Club and avoiding paying fees.—One of the worst cases of shamelessness came to light recently: A young lady non-member, having borrowed a senior badge from her boy friend and lost it, came to the Ottawa Ski Club office to ask for a duplicate. Of course no duplicate was given, and the boy who lent his badge will have to pay another Senior fee.—Mrs. Semple has arranged for a toboggan to be left at the farm at the foot of Pine hill, for the people who get hurt there. Of course there will be no more accidents now.

**The Ridge View, the Chelsea Rapids and the Scare-crow.**—With the kind permission of the owners of the land, who realize the usefulness of the work done by the Ottawa Ski Club, three new and wonderful new hills, bearing the above names, have been added to the lower part of the Canyon Trail, between the Meach Lake road and the Chelsea Ridge. The owners are Messrs. J. Hendrick, R. Ryan, and J. Sheffield, to whom the Club extends here its heartiest thanks.—Eric's trail, along George's has been re-opened by our friend Chisholm, and bump shy skiers are advised to take it.

## ANOTHER BAFFLE PROBLEM

By "Skeezicks"

One day last winter I arrived painfully and pantingly at the "Top-of-the-World" or some such point on the Canyon—the Last Gasp would be an appropriate name for it. After my eyes had cleared and both the top and all the rest of the

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world had ceased to revolve quite so violently, so that surrounding objects resumed some semblance of individuality, I noticed a nearby tree adorned with something, a pink something, which seemed rather out of accord with its environment. At first glance I took it for some new-fangled device for preventing caterpillars from climbing the tree and dining upon its foliage. Closer inspection proved my mistake. What banded that stately old trunk—I'm referring to the tree—so neatly and decoratively, was nothing more or less than a pair of corsets. At least, I was assured by an elderly and apparently reliable member of the party that that was what it was, (or they were—the Editor may take his choice).

To nerves and brain exhausted and beclouded from the arduous climb just experienced, this discovery was startling and disconcerting to say the least. Instinctively one's gaze fell, prompted, doubtless, by the subconscious feeling that privacy was being intruded upon, and that a speedy and unobtrusive withdrawal would be in order. One almost expected to see a pair of pink arms waving gracefully above this ghostly garment, as deft fingers plucked hairpins from a tempting mouth, while below—But a further glance as we were on the point of executing the aforesaid withdrawal was more reassuring; the only limbs in evidence were those of the stately old tree itself, and they, though admittedly bare, were too crooked, too knurled, too spindly, to occasion a blush on even the most sensitive countenance.

The startling discovery to which I have just referred gave rise to some earnest speculation. Where had this feminine accessory come from, and why was it thus exhibited to the rude and critical gaze of every passerby? Was it the sole remaining evidence of a ghastly disaster? A close inspection of the territory immediately surrounding revealed no other indication of sudden or violent dismantling, or gruesome tragedy. Had it, then, been discarded by someone in a frantic and desperate effort to regain unrestricted control of her breathing faculties? Or had it been shed with the object of permitting that freedom of movement and relaxation which is supposed to minimize shock and the danger of serious injury

when one comes in abrupt and violent contact with some solid and immovable object? Personally, if I had had any such article of armour in my equipment when about to surrender my soul and body to the perilous breath-taking descent down the Canyon's perilous slopes I should have clung to it with the greatest of tenacity. But that would not be sufficient to give me any confidence that I would reach the lodge intact, or at all. I am planning to equip myself with bumpers and hydraulic shock absorbers, and if that does not render me sufficiently immune to disaster I shall get one of those padded casks like the guy used in his dive over Niagara Falls. If anyone has a cask he cares to donate for such a valuable scientific purpose it will be gratefully received. A beer cask would be suitable—it need not be empty).

On our next trip down the Canyon no discordant apparition smote the eye; our old friend the tree had regained its natural dignity; the sacrilegious corset had vanished like the snows of spring. Had it been retrieved by its original owner upon her homeward trip, or had it fallen into the eager clutches of some collector of antiques? Conjecture proved in vain. And as it was not altogether an appropriate subject for direct inquiry or definite investigation, the great corset mystery remains unsolved to this day.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I rejoiced in the stirring letter of "Old Timer" apropos the Western Lodge in your issue of the 22nd. What wonder he should reflect in wistful regret that the times and skiing fraternity are not just as they used to be when everyone went a-roving! Surely, **the trail's the thing**, and in view of the fact that so many skiers now arrive at Camp Fortune shortly after 11 o'clock and simply loaf or beef around till 3.00 ere starting back, makes it very evident that the "One-day-zone" might easily and profitably stand a little expansion. But "Old Timer" in his fascinating and intriguing list of suggested peregrinations to take due advantage of the promised Western Lodge, still, to my way of thinking, leaves out the very best bag o' tricks.

With the train leaving Ottawa at 9.30, the best use of time is essential if the Western Lodge trip is to be made truly popular and enjoyable, and here's how: Detrain at Burnet station at 10.15, from where a short and easy pass connects with the Meach Creek valley at Cowden's, and so on to flash down a pretty winding run onto Meach Lake at Doctor Nagle's (a direct new trail to connect Lacharite station with Cowden's is projected for next winter, with a swift winding descent en route into Meach Creek ravine). Almost directly across the lake from Nagle's is the opening of the famous "Blanchett Trail" which carries the skier by cunning stages to his lofty objective—the formidable crest of the King's Mountain ridge, about 2 miles S.E. of McKinstry Mountain. From here the ski-trail runs for a mile or so to the south east through high rolling park country, to the door of the Western Lodge, which the skier should reach about a quarter to one. Then, after "eats", will come the cry: "Where do we go from here?"

Mr. Editor, I truly do believe the Hermit stands in deadly fear of the wild beasts in that neck of the woods lying directly between your sh—I mean chalet, and the proposed site of the new Western Lodge. Otherwise would he not long ere this, have had a direct 3-mile trail put through, instead of leaving us to wander like the lost tribes through that interminable 5 miles of time-consuming, round about, wilderness trail, that now serves as an alleged connection?

Once that much-needed cut-off is made through the fearsome wolf country, one will be able to don his trusty blades at the Western Lodge about 3.00 P.M. and be in the city shortly after 5.00; picking up a few gloats (and maybe other things as well) adown "Georges" and the delightful "Mica Mine" as he flashes home.

J. R. D.

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# Ottawa Ski Club News

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Edition No. 6

Night hike to  
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