

# Ottawa Ski Club News

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**The Dominion Ski Championships.**—You have not forgotten them, of course. They are coming off this week-end: the Jumping on **Saturday at 3 p.m. in Rockliffe Park**; the running on the heights of Camp Fortune on Sunday Feb. 23rd. With 50 competitors from all parts of the American Continent—the U.S. included—including **Nordmoe** who is coming all the way from the Western Coast to try to regain the title which he lost to G. Dupuis last year, this meet should easily be the greatest and most spectacular ever held in Canada. If any of you are afraid of getting cold feet by standing in the snow, please remember that some of us have been standing around in it now for three years and never had cold feet. We have spent \$2000 dollars on this tower and never had yet a paying competition. Please help us, come along, every one of you and bring all your friends and acquaintances. Pass the word around, and see that every one in the City is in Rockliffe Park by 3 p.m. on Saturday. We are charging 50c; anywhere else they are charging from \$1 to \$5, and yet our meet will be as good as any that could be seen anywhere in any part of this continent, whether on real snow slides or on boracic acid slides as we are told they have in Paris.

**The Week-end** of Feb. 15-16 was marked by glorious sunshine, hard packed trails and a bitterly cold wind—so cold in fact that people all dressed up in their ski-togs were seen making a right about turn on their door-step and go back to their fire-place. If there had been a warm place to go to, your Editor would have been sorely tempted to do the same, when, after turning the hill on the Meach Lake road, on his way to the Canyon Trail, he suddenly faced a gale at 25° below, making him think he had forgotten to put his clothes on. Once in the Pine Land however, the hardships of the first quarter mile were soon forgotten and no one regretted having come out. The trails were hard frozen everywhere, merciless, relentless. Very few fell however. They could not afford to.

**Snow coming.**—On Thursday last, the snow looked hard from a distance, and much harder from a close-up. It felt hard too, more like concrete than snow, and prospects were bad for the week-end. Secretary Marshall at once wired for a fresh supply to weather headquarters. They gave us what they could, but that was not much, only a couple of inches. Their stock was getting low. They have been manufacturing some since however, and we are told that ample supply will be available for the next week-end. Let us hope for the best.

**Results of competitions.**—H. Bagguley of our Club won the combined competition in Montreal and Shawbridge, on Feb. 15 & 16 with 290.45 points out of a possible 320. Bud Clark came second with 268 points.—H. Heggtveit came fourth in the race, H. Douglas fifth and J. Currie sixth.—Bryce Gillis came second in the Slalom race.

## THEY WILL GET HURT !

“This business of getting hurt” said the Chairman of the Trails Committee “is getting overdone. It is all very well to boast that skiing is a dangerous sport, and that we are living dangerously, but I do not see the necessity of giving practical demonstrations of the fact all the time. This is getting overdone, I am telling you, and we should stop it.”

“But don’t you think Joe, the lack of snow is mainly responsible for this epidemic of accidents? That Scotchman in charge of the Weather Bureau is of

the most niggardly type. Never did he send us more than two or three inches at one time, and then he would seal them up with crust. With one or two exceptions the trails have always been very hard."

"Snow or no snow, there is no excuse for this continual falling. We have got to stop it. I would make it a crime to fall, and court-martial every one who takes a spill on any of my trails."

"Aren't they punished enough already, with scratches, sprained knees, twisted ankles, broken ribs, and what not."

"Punished nothing. They go around proudly displaying their wounds, glorying in them, like battle scarred soldiers. For instance, there is Peanut Saunders walking around with a swollen and scratched nose. Fancy a skier like him, falling on his face! That fellow should be in jail. He should have the decency to stay home, at any rate, not advertise his clumsiness. There is Herbert Marshall wrenching his knee on my Canyon, after I had all the bumps removed. What business had he to get hurt, he, the Secretary of the Club? There is the whole Heggveit family out of the game, and Geo. Audette knocking himself out on Dome Hill, in front of the Juniors, and George Brittain, boasting of a sore back! This is a conspiracy, I am telling you. There is a purpose behind all this."

"Then what do you suggest?"

"We should catch somebody and make an example of him, or better still, fine them all. There is no excuse, for instance, for falling forward. Any one who does it is guilty of gross carelessness. All one has to do to avoid being pitched at the bottom of a hill, when running into fresh snow, is to thrust one ski well forward and sink on one's heels. Fine him twenty-five dollars for the first offence. He won't be likely to do it again."

"But is it not just as bad to sit down and hit the bottom of one's spine? It may not show so much, but it is mighty sore."

"Who wants to sit down? Any one who sits down to stop his skis should have his license cancelled for a whole year, or else go round with a couple of cushions on his seat. He would soon be branded as a 'sitter'."

"You must admit however that it is not always easy to keep one's balance on a bumpy trail."

"Check your speed at the top, then, by snow plowing or stemming if the bumps are bad, but once on the way stay with your skis, or better still, keep a little ahead of them, by crouching forward to keep the center of gravity where it should be. Then you are in a position to jump around or stem if anything should happen. If you are trailing behind your skis, you will sit hard at the first jolt. Did you ever see one crouching forward properly fall on one's face or back? He might fall on his side if he loses his balance, but if he does he won't get hurt."

"What about that chap who broke his rib?"

"Nine times out of ten the chap who breaks a rib breaks it by falling on one of his poles, and he fall on his poles because he carries them in front of him instead of dragging them behind. There is no excuse for such carelessness. I would send him to the penitentiary."

"And what about the girl who was dragging her poles just the way you say, and the ring of one pole caught somewhere and she sprained her wrist?"

"That's because she left the straps around her wrists. And when the strap does not break, then something has to go. Who was the girl?"

"Never mind the girl. She won't do it again."

"There you are. You are trying to shield them. I think summonses should be issued to all those people. It is unfair to our sport of skiing that they should be allowed to carry on that way. The least we can do is to report them to the Technical Board of the Canadian Ski Association. They will get a withering letter like our President got when he attempted to run a show without consulting the Association."



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## TRAILS AND DISTANCES

**The Scarecrow Lane** is simply a half circle joining the Canyon Trail, above and below the Chelsea Ridge. It is 550 yards long and contains the highest and steepest hill in our whole system of trails. This hill should not under any consideration be taken by those who are not "the master of their skis and captain of their poles".

**The Underground Railway** is 850 yards long and is the newest acquisition to our network of racing trails. The descent starts at the junction of the Ridgeview Trail and Chelsea Rapids through a narrow gorge walled in by projecting rocks, particularly around Nappoo Corner, where right and left turns must be made at great speed. Any kind of a fall around this vicinity would bring disaster to the skier. Before attempting this run the wise ones will make the climb from Old Chelsea and familiarize themselves with the terrain. This will bring them up to the Chelsea Rapids and that run in itself should be a compensation for the climb.

**The Ridgeview Trail** is another half circle 1100 yards long beginning and ending on the Canyon Trail. It provides exceptional good skiing ground, either going up or coming back from Fortune. The first climb is Meditation Hill, a gradual rise of 400 yards which gives a very fine view of the Chelsea Ridge, which in the distance looks like an impassable barrier. If you have time for meditation try and visualize the amount of surveying your Committee performed before a practical passage could be found. If you are just burning up the trail forget about sentiment but don't forget to drag your poles behind, keep your feet together, look to your front, the Chelsea Rapids are there (700 yards long). They should leaving a lasting impression in your mind or elsewhere.

**The Penguin Trail vs. Canyon.** At last the great riddle is solved. The measured distance from Trudeau's Grocery store at Old Chelsea via Kingsmere Road to the

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The Competitors' sleigh for Camp Fortune will leave Old Chelsea at 10 a.m. sharp on Sunday, Feb. 23.

bridge at the bottom of the coulee is a little over one mile, to be exact 1790 yards. From the Bridge up the coulee across Young's Field up the Penguin to the top of the Bald Hill, and the first big tree in the Field is 1200 yards. A total distance of 2290 yards. From Trudeau's Grocery Store over the Meach Lake Road to the gate on the Canyon Trail is 550 yards. From this point through the Pines across the clearing up the Chelsea Ridge to the big tree on top of the Bald Hill is a distance of 2550 yards, or a total of 3100 yards. The Penguin chasers win over the Pine Gazers by 110 yards. If the shortness of the route is the main object to certain skiers it is suggested that they climb the Underground Railway (850 yards) go down the Chelsea Rapids (700 yards) follow the Canyon Trail up the Bald Hill to the big tree (1340 yards) and they will score a victory. This course will find great favour with Old Man Joe and others who can climb hills like little goats.

## THE PLIGHT OF THE HELPLESS SKIER

By H. Reginald Hardy.

(Almost anyone, after a little practice, can take a steep hill at full speed; only the trained skier can take it leisurely, checking his speed as he goes with a series of stemming turns or half Christianias, watching for obstacles, and releasing his skis only when the danger point is past.)—Extract from Ottawa Ski News.

Here is how the author imagines the immortal Tennyson might have described the plight of the helpless skier:

I come from out the Gatineau Hills  
Upon my way careening;  
With half a dozen nasty spills  
And tumbles most demeaning.  
I wind about, and in and out,  
Embracing trees and boulders;  
I fall with many a lusty shout  
And bruise my head and shoulders.  
I sweep along the winding trail . . .  
Alas! I am not clever!  
I cannot stem, I cannot turn,  
I just go on for ever.  
And as I sit and ease my pain  
With poltice and with plaster,  
I glare upon my skis again  
And vow to be their master.

In his own inimitable style Lewis Carroll probably would have approached the subject as follows:

"You are young, my poor fellow," the doctor said,  
"And I hope that you'll quickly pull through it;  
You say you were skiing and pitched on your head . . . .  
Believe me, you oughtn't to do it!  
It's madness to swoop like some swift shooting star  
If unable to slacken your speed, Sir;  
You're lucky, indeed, you're as well as you are,  
In the future be sure to take heed, Sir."

And perhaps Mr. Kipling would have selected the following metre had he been asked to express himself:

If you can only learn to be the master,  
Nor let your runners take you where they will;  
To take the downward stretches slow or faster,  
To stem and turn upon the tree-strewn hill;  
If you are one whose heart is set on winning,  
Who laughs at failure, scorns the quitter's creed,  
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## THE BEST TRAIL YET

"Tournez! Tournez! chevaux de bois!" chants the French showman cracking his whip with a flourish; and "Here we go round the merry-go-round!" shouts his English brother, while the huge wheel turns to the shrieking strains of the calliope. Proudly we sit our gayly caparisoned wooden steeds, rocking gently at first, then furiously jolting as we twirl faster and faster round the ring, until at last we are clinging breathlessly to their impassive necks, praying that the darn thing will soon stop. Very similar are the sensations which attend one's introduction to the Merry-Go-Round trail; all that's missing is the calliope.

Fortified—or perhaps I should say ballasted—by a hefty lunch at Fortune Lodge, one climbs to the top of the Great Divide, commends one's soul to the whistling wind, and lets go. Szip! down a slope smooth as silk. Delightful—who says this is fact? Already you are on the level—or are you? One bump, two bumps, three bumps, and you skyrocket half way up the Mile-a-Minute. That is, you do if you are lucky. If you are not, better wear an air cushion where it will do most good on your next attempt. Climbing by the easy way to the left of the main track, you come into the trail just before you run the Horse Race. Here you find a smooth track, with a clear descent and a gradual rise that brings you along to the top of the Big Dipper. A straight swoop down, with a lift at the bottom. It is rather like one of those bottles—you know—that has a hump in the bottom and you always reach the hump sooner than you expect to. However, the slope is steady as well as steep and in good snow conditions it should present no difficulty to the average skier. A few quiet yards in which to collect your wits and dignity before you encounter the Little Dipper, which is like the *enfant terrible*—small but tricky and you never know what to expect of it.

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Night hike to Glen Lea to-night, Thursday, leaving Wrightville at 8 p.m.

Then on through a pleasant avenue of pines with a gentle winding run that brings you to the Kicking Horse. If the snow is fresh and not too speedy, you may mount and ride him for in such conditions he is gentle as a lamb; but if it is crusty or windswept, beware! Then he kicks in all directions, like a mule, and one is well advised to give his rampageous hoofs a wide berth. You descend somehow, and strike the trail into Fairyland where the evergreens stand quaintly snow-flaked, like Christmas trees still decked with gifts; through Desolation Valley where the woodsmen's axe has cleared the timber, into quiet bush land that leads by winding slops to the Curve of Destiny. A splendid descent here, cut wide between overhanging trees and landing in an open clearing; then through the Whispering Pines where the trail plays hide-and-seek with the ravine until you find that you are gradually mounting a high knoll, where the trail swings along the brow in a semi-circle and—"the valley lies smiling before you." You are on the Riviera. This is a marvellous niche between the hills, discovered only last week by that indefatigable explorer, Old Man Joe, and already his Macheteers have laid low the brush to give a clear approach. The long sweep of the Ottawa River is unrolled to view; intervening farms and crossroads stand out in clear relief, and the town of Aylmer emerges like a toy village against the broad horizon. Almost within a stone's throw of Camp Fortune, buried in the depths of the bush, yet there is no finer lookout in the whole range of hills. It is a mystery how it has eluded discovery for so many years. It is a fitting climax to a noble trail.

Turning back into the woods you presently encounter the fearsome Ogoogo. This is a steep descent, to be run with caution, as tradition has it that fabulous monster lurks around the bend at the bottom, with gaping jaws ready to engulf any luckless skier who fails to make the grade. Then the dancing Mud Lake Ripples speed you on your way to Journey's End.

From Journey's End, you can either turn back along the Ridge Road to Fortune Junction and striking into George's for the homeward trail; or you can complete the round to Fortune Lodge. In the latter case, you come to the top of the Mile-a-Minute which you can run straight through, if you still hanker for thrills; or you can take a circuitous slope to the left upon which you can check and turn at will and which brings you out half way down the hill opposite the Lodge. Then you have completed the most ingenious trail which has yet been devised, four miles packed with thrills—and spills—unequaled in the whole length of our playground from Fortune to Wrightville.

And you really don't miss the calliope after all. What with your teeth chattering and your knees shaking as you contemplate the major slides, you have a very good castenet accompaniment that supplies the musical deficiency of the ride.  
E. O'C.

**The dogs are lucky.**—In the last issue of the Ski-News it was stated that the City had spent \$7000 on a Dog Derby, but it was since pointed out to us by one of the Winter Carnival Officials that this money did not come from the City Treasury, as might have been inferred from that statement, but from the Business Men's Association. Hurrah for the Business Men's Association! It was a good Derby. If they can do so much for dogs, what will they not do for us skiers, when we go to them for money to make new trails and minimize the risk of accident? All we ask for is a dog's life, with gold cups to drink from and thousand dollar prizes to play with.

**Ski Exchange.**—Found at Ironsides, 1 pair leather mitts, also 1 woolen fawn coloured mitt. Call Q. 6747.—Lost 1 pair white Jaeger gloves. Call Q. 6747.—Lost 1 small ski pole. Call Q. 6747.—Lost on Sunset trail, or left at McCloskey's house, surveyor's compass in heavy gun metal case. Call F. L. Barrow, C. 6750 or Q. 924.—Lost on Ironsides trail, signet ring, on Feb. 2nd. Call Q. 7356 W.—Would the person who took skis from rack at Ironsides on Feb. 2nd kindly return same. Call R. 3844.—Spectacles with case left at Camp Fortune. Finder please phone C. 3142.—Will the person who took the hickory skis at Camp Fortune please phone R. 45.

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# Ottawa Ski Club News

Membership fees are paid at Ottawa Ski Club Office,  
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Night hike to  
Glen Lea Club House  
from Wrightville  
Thursday  
Feb. 20,  
8 p.m.

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