

# Ottawa Ski Club News

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**A DANCE AT THE CHATEAU, ON THURSDAY OF EASTER WEEK.** The President of the Ladies' Executive, Miss Mabel Rainboth, announces that all arrangements have been made to hold the **ANNUAL BALL** of the Ottawa Ski Club at the **CHATEAU LAURIER** on **THURSDAY, APRIL 9** (Thursday of Easter Week) Tickets are now on sale at McGiffin's. Double tickets \$4.00, Single tickets \$2.25. The number is strictly limited; get yours at once or you may be too late. If you break your neck on a bump in the meantime, the money will be refunded to your legal heirs. This Dance is going to be the event of the season. Ski boots are not allowed; leave them at the door of the Chateau and they will be polished while you dance. **Remember: Thursday of Easter Week!**

**What happened to the Ski News last week**—Your Editor went out Ski-ing for a change, leaving the copy on his desk, where the Printer's devil generally picks it up, but the Printer's devil was out plank hopping too and the copy stuck fast to the desk. It is all coming out in this issue, with your Editor's apologies. We do not suppose any one ever noticed that there was no Ski-News, anyway.

**La Journée des dupes—The Week end of Feb. 14-15**—It is strange how wild the imagination of the best people may run at times. A few drops of warm rain fell over By-town on Friday, Feb. 13, and at once the rumour spread that a crust had formed. They saw crust and they smelt crust. From one alarmist and from one telephone to another, the thickness of the crust increased from one to six inches by Saturday. Even old Man Joe took alarm and went out by the 6 a.m. bus on Saturday to see what havoc that supposed sleet storm at Camp Fortune had done to his trails. He reported later that the whole thing was a hoax: nothing but good dry snow had fallen on the heights. "Let our members know the truth" he added, but how are you going to let two thousand people know about the truth at 5 p.m. Saturday? The evil rumour would not down, and as a result there was only a mere handful of people out on Sunday when the snow conditions were perhaps the best they had ever been in a season of marvelous week-ends. What a pity it was!

**Broadcasting Snow Conditions.** A way has been thought of of giving our members exact information to prevent the recurrence of such distressing incidents and misunderstandings. Arrangements have been made to have, in the future, first hand news about snow conditions broadcast by the CNRO Broadcasting station between the hours of 5 and 6 p.m. every Saturday afternoon. Tune up your radio, and if you hear that the ski-ing is good do not hesitate to come out. We have no desire to see you break your neck.

**The week-end of Feb. 20-21**—But they were not to be fooled the next week-end; the forest of skis got on the move at 8 a.m. on Sunday and by 10 a.m. Ottawa was practically a deserted city. In spite of this immense turn out, the trails remained in wonderful shape. With so many splendid avenues in and out of Camp Fortune no one trail is ever over-crowded now. What a tremendous improvement this is as compared with only three or four years ago when no other exit but George's was available! The general absence of bumps was particularly noted, but it should be explained here that Captain T. J. Morin, our energetic trail maker, was out early and remained late Saturday, checking and smoothing out the bottoms of all the hills. Let George Audette do the same to his own devilish trail and every body will be happy!

**The Committee** appointed to investigate into the charges laid by one "Skeezicks" or "Ski-sick" in the last issue of the "News" begs to report as follows:—

"There does not appear to be the slightest foundation for any of those charges. Our Juniors and Intermediates behave at all times in a most exemplary manner, always taking their caps off to Seniors on the trail and standing lined up against the wall in a lodge until the Seniors are through eating. No one has ever been seen standing on a bench. No one has ever been known to drop even an orange peel on the floor, and their frying pans are kept so clean that they are used as mirrors by the girls. They all show the influence of the wonderful training they received, as Dome Hill Juniors, under Mrs. Sample." This apparently closes the incident.

**The night hikes** have not been at all successful this year. Too cold in January, they say, and too mild in February. We, however, do not think the weather had anything whatever to do with it. What the night hikes want is a good lively organizing Committee, they are going to get it next year and you will see the hikers turning out by hundreds as they did in the old days.

**The sun is getting strong.** There is a bit of slush on the streets and already the old pessimist is at work "It is all ice now." "The snow has no bottom this year and it will all go in a few days." "Time to put the skis away, boys!" If you meet any those old dotards, just give him a withering glance, or better still, hit him hard, below the belt. Any treatment is fair with those joy killers. The snow lies so thick and is packed so hard on all our trails, at least around Camp Fortune, that no matter what Old Sol does, the ski-ing will be good until nearly the end of April. Any one wants to bet on it? There will be ski-ing in the bush when the last vestige of snow has disappeared from the City.

**Steel edges—one of the few recent improvement in skis.**—The steel edges are strips of non-rusting nickel steel, about a centimetre broad (the normal width of a lady's wristlet watch band) and 1½ millimetres thick (about the size of the middle of the back of an ordinary table knife.) These strips are let in on the inner and outer edge of the running surface, reaching from the middle of the curved front of the ski to within about 3 to 4 centimetres from the back end. The steel is not applied in one long strip, but in sections ranging from 20 to 40 centimeters in length. This division of the steel strip into sections is necessary, first because of the curve of the ski, and secondly to preserve the ski's original elasticity, seeing that steel and wood are materials which react differently in this respect.

So far as I know, the steel edges were invented by the Austrians. The advantages of them are manifold. In the first place, the edges of the ski remain always sharp. The fact is very advantageous in traversing hard snow or icy slopes. The sharp edges enable the skier to maintain a firm grip in ski-ing downhill on hard snow. One can, without skidding, complete a turn to the very end, not deviating an inch; and one can also, by deliberately side-slipping, produce a useful braking effect. Moreover, these steel edges have the advantage of making the ski last much longer. The snow does not stick to the edges, be it wet or dry, either in winter or in spring. The hard beaten snow resulting from excessive ski traffic is roughened up on the top by steel-edged ski, and a specially agreeable surface is produced.

(From British Ski Year Book).

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**If the cap fits you**—The Ottawa Ski Club stands for the promotion of ski-ing in all its branches, and one of the best ways it has found to promote ski-ing is to open up trails and improve them. This work of opening up and improving trails has necessitated the expenditure of over \$5,000 during the last three years. Let those who sponge on our trails and refuse to pay fees on the pretext that they are not making use of our lodges, remember this fact: Whether you take shelter or not in one of our camps, you are benefitting by our work, by our expenditure, and you should, in all fairness, pay the nominal fee that the Ottawa Ski Club is charging.



## PEPYS GOES A-SKI-ING

February fifteen (Lord's Day) Lay long in bed, my wife having complained that with five skiers in the house she doth get less sleep in the morning on the Day of Rest than on any other morning of the week. Planning to catch the later coach did break my fast at home on a dish of buttered eggs, a slice or so off a good ham of English bacon, some sausages and a bowl or two of strong coffee, all well dressed and handsomely served to table and the best breakfast that I ever eat on—that is, of a ski-ing morning. Did then leisurely shift myself into my riding-cloth suit with close knees and after this done, I to the New Market and thence at 11 by coach in one stage to the King's Mere, a vast improvement over the tiresome trip a-ski-ing by road from Old Chelsey. Left Captain Wattsford's Inn at the King's Mere at noon and thence by trail to the Fortunate Encampment. On the way in I did let two coach-loads of both Hikers and Riders pass me by, all going at such a pace as I did admire how they were able to go. Albeit in no great chafe myself, did arrive in less than a half hour at the lodging where a great store of company at dinner. Ate naught but a pullet hashed, a barrel of oysters and several bowls of India tea, strong. Sat at table with Dean Annan, who, not satisfied with proving his status as a veteran skier, did also acquit himself livelyly as a squire of fayre dames. Lingered here gossiping with this one and that and listened to much pretty discourse. Myself, I take pleasure in the exuberance of youth, its honest rudeness, its frank and often ribald jibes, its endless search for thrills and even its impatient untidiness. Had I a child that suddenly became polite, discrete, cautious and tidy, I would take him to an alienist, forthwith.

Did overhear a high argument concerning the speaking of my own name by a company who knew me not by sight. One did call it Papps, one Pepps, one Papes and another Peppis. Methinks they all did make an ugly shift of it, albeit, the name is spoken exactly as it is spelled. Did hear much mention of Hikers and Riders and the writing of one, Skeezeicks, who resented this classification. Methinks there is another class who are both Hikers and Riders and are not restricted by age, sex or experience, but only by lack of discretion. With or without skill they dash down our most difficult hills depending for a safe descent on naught else but God and gravity. The Grace of God is all that guides them and the force of gravity is all that determines their speed. With feet wide apart, legs rigid and bowed like the merry-thought of a goose, they plunge down, falling on well nigh every turn and dip and ruining our best-made trails.

Did leave here early and descended George Audette's ever-popular hill, meeting my Lord coming in from the Highland trail with diplomattick company and as usual with him, youth and beauty did form a large part thereof. Did return to Captain Wattsford's Inn at the King's Mere and mine host did invite us in to share the comforts of his fireside. In discourse I did find him a most kind and hospitable host and on looking discretely about did find his inn the prettiest contrived house I ever did see in the Gatineau and most worthy of further patronage by skiers. The coach did arrive promptly on the even hour and we took our leave and away and were reminded that this luxurious extended service is due to the efforts of mine host Oldman Joe. Did see that several rude fellows of the baser sort still do leave their private coaches standing on mine host's roadway thus letting and hindering the publick carrier. Home to a steaming bath and a light collacion of a brace of stewed carps, a jowl of salmon, a few slices of a Westphalian ham, a hot shoulder of mutton with a few vegetables and finishing with a salat, a tansy and cheese. Which reminds me that I must to my doctor's to-morrow for a tonique, albeit my appetite seems to be failing a little in spite of the exercise I do take a-ski-ing. And so to writing in my journall and did note with pleasure the favorable mention made of my efforts by my cozen the illustrious Sam'y Peppy whose journall is printed weekly in the Citizen. And so to bed, comfortably tired and utterly indifferent as to which I be called, Hiker, Rider or what-not.

(Would like to know what Pepys eats when his appetite is normal. We are not interested in an invalid's diet.—**The Editor**).

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**What your Editor did.**—You may not be particularly interested in the doings of your Editor, but he likes to write about them. With Bruce MacCallum in front and Bill Sargent in the rear, between the hours of 5 p.m. on Saturday and 12 p.m. (noon) on Sunday, he went four times over that much discussed trail, offered as a pasture to ski hikers—Cooper's trail—between Camp Fortune and La Charité Station. The train was expected to disgorge a huge crowd of ski hikers at La Charité on Sunday, and your Editor had received instructions "to put that trail in perfect shape." Ten people got off, all seasoned skiers, who had been over Cooper's in the early 40's, and were coming for the sake of old memories. Two "ski-riders" refused to follow the party and went off by themselves on a quest for the Western Lodge, arriving on the shores of Meache's Lake by 3 p.m. (Were you there J.P.H.?). The others made Camp Fortune by noon. The old "habitué's" of Cooper's did not recognize their trail. The old "mumuring pines and the hemlocks" were still there, but the hills seemed to have disappeared. Would it be because they have become used to steeper trails? However, your Editor begs to report (1) That Cooper's, with its evergreens, its clearings and windings is very pretty (2) That it is quite thrilling when taken from the President's hill over the Cotes-du-Nord, to La Charité. (3) That even when taken from La Charité to Camp Fortune, there are a few long and smooth runs that are quite enjoyable, making it a splendid trail for people who may have been sitting up very late on Saturday, and are not feeling very steady—or rather for those who care more for scenery than for acrobatic stunts. The trail is now well marked. From the station, strike across the golf links to the road, and continue south until you come to a gate adorned with red bunting. The climbing of Dunlop's hill, after crossing the Meach Lake Road, is a bit tiresome, but it is quickly over.

**Those new Signs.** Very pretty and effective "talking" signs are being placed over all our trails. Just look at them and they will tell you where you are. A few of these signs had already disappeared on Saturday, a few hours after being nailed on the trees. They are probably adorning the walls of some skiers' dens by now—likely some juniors who have not even paid this year's fees. We wish to re-



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mind our members who have an eye for beauty that we will be pleased to let them have some of these signs **at cost, fifty cents apiece**. If you want one, be man enough to purchase it; do not steal it; to steal a sign is equivalent to stealing fifty cents from the Club's funds. Give your name at McGiffin's and a sign will be reserved for you.—Others have the stupid habit of "registering" that is, of punching a hole in the sign with their ski pole every time they pass over a trail. This is nothing but stupid vandalism. Have a little more of the Club spirit, please, and respect the Club's property. If you cannot do any work for the Club yourself, at least do not destroy our work.

**Results of competitions.** We should all be very proud of the achievements of our men at Lucerne and Lake Placid. At Lucerne (Quebec Championships) **Currie, Heggveit** and **Bud Clark** came second, third and fourth respectively in the race and Taylor, Douglas and Veit, seventh, eighth and tenth. In the jumping, **Landry, Halverson** and **Vincent** were second, fourth and fifth.—At Lake Placid, on Feb. 21, running in competition with some of the foremost ski-runners in the world, such as the Saatre brothers, and Ludwig Boeck, our **Heggveit** finished sixth, only 37 seconds behind Boeck, an Olympic Champion, while **W. G. Clark** came ninth, defeating the famous Bob Reid, of the Nansen Ski Club. Our **Douglas**, who started No. 1 came eleventh, defeating Rolf Monsen, member of the 1928 American Olympic Team. Well done, boys!—At Three Rivers, our J. Veit finished nineteen minutes ahead of the second competitor but was disqualified because he was going so fast that a patrol failed to see him. They should wear glasses, those Three River chaps when our men are racing.

**At Dome Hill**, over a course laid by Geo. Brittain and Art. Day, the Ottawa University Team won the Southam Trophy for the second time in eight years. Glebe No. 1 Team came second, Glebe No. 2 Team third and Lisgar No. 1 fourth; seven full teams competing. E. Connolly (O.U.) made the best time.

**The Eastern Canada Championships** will be held under the auspices of the Montreal Ski Club this week-end (Feb. 28). The jumping will be held on Cote-des-Neiges hill on Saturday, and the race at Shawbridge on Sunday, March 1st. For further particulars, call up Ottawa Ski Club, phone (Q. 2298).

## THE TWO PATHS

Two perfect paths, I know, one is by the sea, the other on the hills. Each is calm and solitary, each has an irresistible lure for the traveller; each is thirty feet wide or so. There the similarity ends.

The one is beaten on by an almost tropical sun, and lashed by the spray of the most treacherous sea of the Eastern Atlantic. It is bereft of shadow, for no trees and few shrubs can resist the implacable wind of the ocean. It starts just past San Sebastian, near the French frontier, in Northern Spain. Along the Spanish coast it goes past Lequieto, past Ondarroa, Deva, and Zumaya, to where Guetaria rises, a white winged figure against the dawn. For sixty miles the rocky cliffs skirt the turbulent Bay of Biscay. The road is wedged in between the rocks which keep out the sea, and the mountains which press down from above. It is the most spectacular road in a spectacular country. It has breath taking curves where the implacable surf has bitten into the shore. Now and then around these dashes a high powered car of a rich South American on his way to Biarritz. Swift foot on brake and the curve is manoeuvred—perhaps! All is accompanied by the sad and superb cadence of the ocean, so that the comings and goings of men leave it still, its solitary air.

The other is a whimsical, a kind of vagabond path whose course is fixed not by the struggle of the elements. Its sinuous slopes, 30 feet wide like the Spanish one, with sharp narrowings here and there, are not traversed by ennuied pleasure seekers from South America. But still the pace is swift.

"Little Switzerland" is the trail made to satisfy a ski-mad capital. Instead of the ceaseless cadence of the Sea, here is the austere silence of the snow jungle. It isolates and hems in the skier as completely as if he were a thousand miles from civilization.

An open trail through maple slashen leads you from the Meach Lake road to a refuge of pines. This is the kind of forest where occurs the opening scene of fairy tales. Here the little boy and girl have been warned not to go. Chance or their own perversity inevitably leads them here however. Then the bad fairy appears and all the machinations of magic are off to a good start. It is a kind of enclosure on rising ground filled with pines than which there can be none more beautiful in the world. They go cowled with great hoods of snow, standing about silently like monks, their arms folded in great flowing sleeves of white.

From here you cross a splendid glistening stretch of open snow protected by an encircling rim of bells from intruding winds. You make your devious way gradually over to Bald Hill.

Having laboriously encircled its bulging side, the blue and gold panorama of the Ottawa lies stretched for hazy miles for your inspection, the Capital but a mottled shadow at your extreme left. Satiated with scenery, you climb higher.

By a tricky hill you reach the top of the ridge. I have suggested that here, the point of exhaustion for the lazy, a stand for cool drinks, for ice cream, coca-cola, iced lemonade, or more sustaining beverages be set up. Here the poor perspiring skier, weary with the heat of the journey might pause to refresh himself, while pretending to enjoy the scenery. For it is the heat that oppresses you, rarely the cold. It is too bad that everything is organized here for the ambitious and energetic and so little for the lazy.

At the top of the Ridge the trail divides and "Little Switzerland" proper begins. You plunge immediately into the forest. In the serene moonlight this must be indeed the Enchanted Woodland of fairy lore. In the dazzling light of noonday sun it is resplendent. Even the shadows are brilliant and radiate a golden light. In this glorious retreat the outside world seems out—a distant mirage.

Following out from here, a broad and easy path leads on the outskirts of the ridge which gives upon the Gatineau. Far below stretches a sea of hills, dark with pines in endless repetition. The winds of March sweeping on this upland blow as if there were nothing to stop them between here and the Arctic circle. Nevertheless, with that engaging inconsequentiality which marks this irresponsible kingdom of the ski the winds that blow on this rampart are often astonishingly mild in January.



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The officers of the Club assert that the descent from here into Camp Fortune is the easiest of all ways of entrance. They say that as a matter of fact about the way back, these wily trail makers say that the descent is easy.

There are indeed some deceitfully gentle runs, some beguiling slopes. They end, most of them, in dastard declivities, taken in split seconds, so fast that you lose your own shadow.

There is, however, a hill on the way back, a spot on the top of some hill, whose name I do not know. Descending to this from the ridge above where trees and snow hem you in, you suddenly arrive here, when light and shade are struggling over far horizons, turning all into a shimmering sea of light. The semi-circle of the river flowing down to the Capital, which was outlined by a far-off line of gold and blue at noon now shimmers in a magic of opal, gold and hyacinth.

Then on your skis you run, bound, or fall to the plain below with nothing to stop you. Happily at the end there is the haven of pines.

What have these two perfect paths in common, and why, when thinking of the one does the other come to mind? Both lead more or less reasonably from one place to another and are in their way utilitarian and ordinary paths. Yet both swing out on an orbit which gives on the open universe. From each you can spy the stars rising over limitless horizons and having seen one or the other, you carry in your heart the feeling of an exile until you find yourself on the old path again.

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**About that Kingsmere Bus.**—Appearances are sometimes deceiving, and a good many buses that carry the Kingsmere sign only go to Young's (about half way) and the fare is the same. When taking a bus, always inquire whether it goes to Kingsmere or to Young's, and save yourself a disappointment. Quite a few buses of course intend to go the whole way, but they get stuck somewhere on the hills. These are the fortunes of war.



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## Ottawa Ski Club News

Membership fees are paid at Ottawa Ski Club Office,  
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