

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB

THIS WEEK-END: THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Canadian Ski Championships.—To plan for an All-Canada Ski Meet in the face of such appalling and destructive weather conditions as we have been experiencing lately, required a great deal of faith, optimism and courage, but those are the very qualities that have carried the Ottawa Ski Club through these years of slush and depression. Fortune favours the brave! We now get our reward. It will be "Ottawa Ski Club weather" for the Championships this week-end and every other week-end until May 1st.

The Jumping Competition.—Let therefore, everyone, of either sex, who receives this circular or reads it by stealth, take due notice that on Saturday of this week (February 25th) starting at 3 p.m. sharp, in Rockliffe Park, the **Canadian Ski Jumping Championships** will be staged in all their old-time glory, on the old Ski Tower, with flags waving in the breeze, bugles playing, and in the presence of ten thousand spectators, of which you are requested to be one.

And that at 11 a.m. on Sunday, on the Heights of Camp Fortune, the **twelve-mile Cross Country Race** for the Championship of Canada will get under way, and, although we don't want to boast, we have the men to win it too.

And that a **Slalom Race**, the very first in the history of this Club will be staged later in the afternoon, probably on the snow Slalom Hill, if the Snow Gods favour us.

And let everyone coming to watch the jumping contest on Saturday provide himself with the sum of **twenty-five cents** (yes, only 25c) which will be collected at the gate by the ladies of the Club. Never in the history of skiing, in Canada or elsewhere, has such a low fee been charged for a National Ski Meet. Everyone will have a chance of seeing this wonderful meet. Three years ago, at Holmenkollan, Norway, seventy thousand spectators cheerfully paid two dollars a head to see a Championship. We are charging 25 cents!

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Tid-bits.—Just as we were all set to start for Shawbridge, with stout umbrellas, to see those flocks of flying cows advertised by the "Montreal Skier," comes the news that they are not cows at all but "crows." The dropping of an "r" by the printer (oh, those terrible printers!) made all the difference. Shucks! having crows is nothing to "crow" about. We have got them too, by Jingoe, and scare-crows as well. Ask Joe!—That notorious stump at the foot of the Gulch, on the Western Trail, where at least one knee and one ankle are known to have come to grief, has since claimed a couple of axe handles. It is badly chewed up on one side though, and may disappear in a month or two if Art Burpee keeps on chopping and if the supply of axe handles holds out.—"What would I not give for a day on the Ottawa Ski Club Trails, with zero weather and three feet of snow," writes Henri Coursier, now in French Morocco. We would give a whole lot too, Henri, for the same thing! The trouble is, Canada is getting to be more and more like Morocco.—"Beagling" is the name of a new sport indulged in by our ex-Vice President Allen Snowden, now living in exile in the good city of Toronto. The requisites of the game are: (1) a pack of Beagle hounds (Allen keeps 20); (2) a hare! there is one left in the suburbs of Toronto; they call it "the hare"; (3) an infinite dose of patience. The "beagler" lets the dogs loose in a place where "the hare" has recently been seen; he then sits on a high spot or climbs a tree and breathlessly watches the mosquito hounds chase "the hare" round and round as fast as their little legs can carry them. When "the hare" has had enough fun, he puts on a spurt and disappears. The Toronto papers are full of it; they call it a marvelous sport. Alas! that a once brilliant skier should be reduced to such tame pastimes!—The following treatment for a frozen ear is given in the "Toronto Ski Runner": Go back to where you first felt your ear getting cold, and put on your cap and ear flaps. A dashed good way, by Jove! Funny no one thought of it before.—A little girl, who was erroneously recorded as "Master" on our addressing list, threatens to wreck your Editor's office if she is not at once restored to her rightful sex. This will be done, Francis, and we apologize, but how were we to know that Francis is a girl's name?

Results of competitions.—At the Ontario Championships, held at Lucerne-in-Quebec, on Feb. 12, J. Veit, H. Heggtveit, Bud Clarke, J. Taylor, H. Bagguley, J. Oliver and B. Grayson Bell, all Ottawa Ski Club men, came second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth respectively in the twelve-mile race. Veit was only three minutes behind Pentilla (Montreal Ski Club).—In the jumping competition, Bagguley and Vincent came third and fourth. **H. Bagguley** won the **combined championship** (303 points) over Baadswick (M. 301.5 points). Gerald Dupuis made a new record for the hill by jumping 218 feet, but failed to hold it.—At the Quebec Championships, held in Montreal and Shawbridge on Feb. 18-19, our Heggtveit came second in the race, only 2 minutes behind Pentilla (M.). Veit was third and Taylor sixth. The Jumping was won by Baadswick (M.) and the combined by G. Taylor (M.). Our Bagguley was fifth in the jumping and Landry, seventh.

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THE FORLORN SKIER

The Editor of the Toronto Ski Runner, the official organ of the Toronto Ski Club, having stated that over five hundred members of the club had expressed themselves, in their reply to a questionnaire, as very much opposed to going to Quebec for their week-ends, and in favour of opening new ski centres in Ontario, our poet implores them, in the following verses, to take compassion on themselves and come back to the "land of the snows."

He stands on The Summit with bended head
And his skis are buckled fast;
But the hills are green with a Spring-like sheen
And the warm winds wander past!

He stands alone, and he fondly dreams
Of the day when the storm shall sweep,
And the snows whip forth from the frosty North
Till the hills are white and deep.

Then he thinks of the times in Old Quebec
He skirted the snow-clad hills,
And dropped through space in the breathless race
By canyons and frozen rills.

But now today his wistful heart
Is loyal to his native ground,
And he stands and waits for the heedless fates
To scatter their wealth around.

"Come back, come back, to Old Quebec!"
A whispering murmur comes;
"Come back to the hills where Nature thrills
To the sound of the Snow Gods' drums!"

But still he stands on the Summit green
Unheeding the magic call,
And he kicks the dust as his fittings rust,
And broods as the shadows fall.

O Luckless skier! O loyal son
Of Toronto's fair domain!
Oh, blushing hide your infinite pride
And visit our halls again!

For the fields are carpets of shimmering white,
And the hills are swift and steep;
Come leave for a day your Summery way
And come where the Snow Gods keep!

—H.R.H.

Lost and found.—Lost, on the Kingsmere road, a kodak with black leather case. Reward. Phone S. 3465.—Lost on bus, corner Wellington and Bank or on street car, pocket book with small sum of money and driver's license. Phone C. 2466-F.—Found, on the Highland Fling, a watch. Phone Q. 2170, business hours, ask for Geo. Ross.

This little magazine is published solely in the interests of ski-ing in general and of the Ottawa Ski Club in particular. Contributions in the shape of articles, stories, etc., will be gladly received by the Editor. One line notices about articles, lost or found, ski-ing equipment for sale or exchange will be published free of charge for our members. Address all communications to "THE EDITOR, OTTAWA SKI CLUB NEWS, 37 MARLBOROUGH AVE., OTTAWA."

A WEEK-END AT LUCERNE-IN-QUEBEC

by Herbert Marshall

During the week-end of February 17th to 19th, the Inter-collegiate Winter Sports Union, an international organization, held its annual tournament at Lucerne-in-Quebec.

The lure of good skiing contests and the opportunity to try out Lucerne facilities for our favourite winter sport induced J. C. Leslie and myself to be "among those present."

Lucerne has been a little more fortunate than ourselves in the matter of snow and as the weather was ideal we skied until our legs were weary. The trails were quite interesting, but inferior to our own. There is a good slalom hill, but with minor improvements ours will surpass it. The Rockliffe Jump, however, is a miniature compared with that at Lucerne.

Ottawa and St. Patrick Colleges were represented by a contingent of skiers who gave an excellent account of themselves. Our own Bud Clarke carried off the combined championship. E. C. Connolly was second in the downhill race, placing ahead of the Red Bird skiers who earlier in the year had brought signal honour to Canada by their performances in Switzerland. Bryan Burke was second in the 18-Kilometer race, diminutive Billy Burke placed third in the jump, and the slalom was won by F. B. Campbell of the Red Birds. In this department of skiing our men were outclassed, but not through any want of ski-technique. It was obvious that they lacked experience. Leslie and myself came away with the conviction that the Ottawa Ski Club has failed to keep pace with this development of the sport. Successful slalom racing is dependent upon a fine balance between speed and skill in turning. Our men possess both, but they have not developed the judgment which will enable them to put forth just the right amount of speed to permit the safe exercise of their turning skill. Every Ottawa contestant, by using too much speed, lost control at difficult turns among the flags. We must no longer neglect this phase of skiing. It is one in which Club members could take part, and because of the control which would be gained over one's skis would add vastly to the skill and enjoyment of our ski-ing.

Staying in the Log Lodge was most delightful. Its facilities were all made available at special moderate rates and were taken advantage of by about three hundred, the majority from McGill University, although there was a large representation from Dartmouth and New Hampshire. It was a pleasure to meet Captain D'Eggville, a fine sportsman and charming host, who is doing much for the advancement of skiing in Canada. Mingling with the hundreds of happy enthusiasts in the beautiful and luxurious lodge was an inspiration. Listening to the excellent orchestra, watching moving pictures on ski-technique, visiting the manor, swimming in the bathing pool, viewing the fancy dress carnival and fancy skating on the rink, talking ski-ing with experts from other Clubs, are among the delightful memories of the tournament.

I shall look forward to another visit to Lucerne and shall endeavour to persuade Leslie to come with me again in the hope of reversing those thrashings which he gave me in the game of ping-pong or table tennis.

(Mr. Marshall has observed that the Lucerne jump is much bigger than ours, which is quite true, but he might have added that distance in jumping is not everything; the height at which the jumper is thrown from the take-off is also a great factor, making the jump more or less spectacular, and on that score the Rockliffe Ski Jump is superior perhaps to any other ski jump this side of the Rockies. A "jump" of 120 feet on our hill has more thrills for the spectator than a 200 feet "drop" at other places.—As to the indifferent showing made by our men in the Slalom Race, while they may have been out of form on this occasion, yet it might be pointed out that they won first place in two of the three Slalom races held at Shawbridge in the past, which is not bad for a club that never held a Slalom race owing to the lack of a Slalom hill—but we have the hill now.—**The Editor.**

Past and present conditions.—Not having been able to go out for the past two weeks, it grieves us much to report that the going was very fair on both occasions, in fact splendid on Feb. 12, and good, although a wee bit firm, last Sunday. As to the future, who should worry, a snow storm is now raging, and the old Almanac predicts "snow and cold" for every day of this week.—The pessimistic tone of the first page may be explained by the fact that it was written on Monday while it was raining.

A Perfect Ski Jump.—The sharp notes of the bugle rise through the frosty air All faces in the immense throng of spectators turn toward the top of the huge tower where a competitor stands erect beside the Union Jack, clearly defined against the blue sky, his skis half way over the edge of the platform, while the announcer broadcasts his name, his titles and the name of his club. The signal he drops, as it were, into space, crouching to offset wind resistance, going at a mad speed over the icy incline. The take-off is reached Without any apparent effort he soars high above the pines, gracefully unfolding as he goes, coming down, bird like, on the steep landing in perfect Telemark position, knees bent, skis together, one ski slightly ahead of the other; with vertiginous speed he rushes through the dark lines of spectators, suddenly stopping himself, long before the end of the run, by a scientific Christiania. From the moment the competitor appears on the platform and until his final swing at the end of the run, he is under the scrutiny of the judges. The confidence and poise he displays, the manner in which he leaps from the take-off, the way he stands in the air, graceful or otherwise, the distance he makes, his style on landing and after; everything is recorded. A perfect ski jump is a thing worth going a long way to see. Spectators at the Canadian Ski Championships this coming Saturday will see many good jumps, and perhaps a perfect one, for a quarter (25 cents).

Checking at our lodges is now going on Saturdays as well as Sundays. Please be warned.

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Cut out the sobbing stuff.—A kind-hearted gentleman walked across the street yesterday, getting his feet wet in so doing, to offer us his deep sympathy. "for the miserable winter we are having, and which, I am sure, must be awfully hard on the Ski Club." We wish people would stop doing that sort of thing, not because they get their feet wet, but because it does not do any good. In the first place a winter like this one, that has managed to carry on a thaw almost continuously from the first day of January to the present day and still provide very fair skiing, is anything but a "miserable" winter. And a club that can provide a territory, within half an hour by bus from the capital, where sixty miles of perfect skiing can be had while pools of water stand over the car tracks of the city, deserves congratulations, not sympathy. Ask any one of the five hundred who were up again last Sunday! What we want to hear in the future is more of this stuff: "What wonderful foresight you people have shown by opening up the Camp Fortune country. If it had not been for the Ottawa Ski Club, there would have been no skiing at all this winter. You have my congratulations, and here is my membership fees." No use getting your feet wet if you can't say that. Sob away on the other side of the street.

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