

Ottawa Ski Club News

Behind the rain is the Snow still gathering.—Some one again blundered and let in a gust of warm wind from the south, and our scant stock of snow is again rapidly diminishing under the effect of a drizzling rain. (Monday). A never failing instinct tells us, however, that a snow storm is gathering somewhere in the East and will break loose upon us before the week is over, bringing a new lease of life to our much worn out and icy trails. Let every one of our 1600 members think hard of an old fashioned snow storm, of the kind that we used to get, and it will come. Meanwhile do not forget that there is still plenty snow in the bush and that the 200 or so who went to Camp Fortune last Sunday had the time of their lives.

Let us go to the Chaudiere Club tonight (Thursday 26th) snow or rain, moon or no moon. Our two hostesses for the week will be Mrs. Muir-Edwards and Mrs. H. G. Barber. If the trails are not yet in shape when you get this circular, make up your mind to take the car or the bus and come! Nothing keeps one in shape like dancing and there is no place where you can have as good a time nor as good a supper for the money. If you must have the exercise, why don't you walk from Eddy's corner? It is only $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles. If there is fresh snow, watch this morning's paper for announcement regarding the trail. Members will be allowed to bring one guest each.

Coming events. The Intercollegiate race for the Southam Trophy may be held this coming Saturday if there is a fresh fall of snow. Watch the papers. Collegiates will be represented by teams of four each.—The city championship race, will be held as soon as weather permits, probably on March 8th, on the heights of Camp Fortune. A ladies' race will be staged on the same day. No definite announcement can be made on account of the uncertainty of the weather.—It is hoped that our friends of the Cliffside may be able to stage the Ontario championship this week-end, weather permitting.

What our men got at the Championships. Nothing but experience—nor was it expected that they would do much on account of the entire lack of jumping facilities in the Capital for the last three or four weeks. They tried bravely however, and we have every reason to be proud of them. Our ski jumpers, and particularly Powers, Clark and Pasch, leaped for all they were worth, and had they not been unfortunate in jumping first and landing in a sticky track they might have ranked very much higher. Fortunes of war, and fortunes of ski jumping! They did not play safe—not they! They soared as far and as high as they knew how. Powers made 116 feet and Pasch 106. To be classed at all, among such giants of the blade as Berger, Hansen and Lehan who practically live and sleep on their tower, is a great honor, and our friends Poitras, Clark, Denis and Peat who came within the first twenty, out of fifty competitors, deserve special mention. Watch John Pasch, the "school-boy jumper"; he has the makings of a world champion.

At Shawbridge, over an icy and perilous course, Fred Taylor ran a magnificent race, coming fourth; Ted Reid was sixth and Ken West ninth. Bourgault, Grimes and Blair were also within the first fifteen. It was a splendid experience for all of them. We should have done better in the race however, but luck again was against us.

Of things seen in Montreal.—Your Editor sauntered over to Montreal for the week-end and he met a great many old friends there whom he had no seen or heard of for the previous twelve hours, and who all wished to be remembered to the Ottawa Ski Club. There were Captain T. J. Morin, all wrapped up in his nice blue coat and his cute little breeches, and Allen Snowdon and Sigurd Lockeberg, towering like giants in their coon coats over the Montreal crowd; Vivian Reid, Mildred Ashfield, Muriel Whalley, Marje Dillon, Mrs. J. R. Dickson, all dressed up, looking pretty as pictures, and having no place to go to, being generally refused admittance to dining places, and about one hundred and fifty-six others whom one occasionally met in past weeks in and around Camp Fortune. Your Editor had no idea that so many of our members lived in Montreal. They were all looking very happy although they seemed to be out of work. They followed the trail to the ski-jump, which seemed to be almost as crowded as one of the Kirk's Ferry trails on a cold and sunny day. And they swamped the Montreal Ski Club house. And when the train to Shawbridge pulled out on Sunday morning, it looked just like a regular Gatineau train:—red badges everywhere, with a few Montreal guests thrown in. Your Club is thinking of building a lodge in Montreal next year, somewhere between the Mount Royal and the Windsor Hotel, so that these two shacks may be used as an overflow, on a real good day.

Of things seen at the Ski-jump.—Your Editor being admitted as a guest there does not feel at liberty to criticize. If he had paid fifty cents like the rest he would feel inclined to say that the Montreal Ski Club showed great lack of foresight and poor business acumen by not providing for the renting of umbrellas. However, although the jumping was a bit splashy, it was of the real thrilling kind, and no one minded the rain coming down while the competition fasted. A good ski-jumping show is worth seeing, rain or shine, and this was a real show. A thing that particularly pleased your Editor is the fact that the floor of the pretty Montreal Ski Club house, after 2000 people had passed over it was just as wet and as black as the floor of any of our lodges on a sloppy day. He had long been wondering if this was a specialty of our lodges, but he knows now that others have nothing on us.

Of things seen at the banquet.—The ladies would like to know what happened at the banquet, but your Editor is pledged to secrecy. He understands that a millionaire woman hater, once left a large sum of money to the Montreal Ski Club for the purpose of holding an annual banquet, on condition that no women would ever be admitted. Such, at any rate, is the story that he heard from St. Pierre, the organizing genius of the Montreal Ski Club, who stood at the gate to keep out all females, and who has an almost uncanny instinct for distinguishing one sex from another among skiers. Many is the woman in breeks who tried to crawl in, but they never got farther than St. Pierre. He is almost as adamant in this respect as our own ladies are in barring entrance to guests. Wait till St. Pierre comes to Ottawa!—But the banquet!! Your Editor thought he had a good time once or twice before at some little Chink shop in Ottawa, or at a swell cafe in Gay Paree, but it was as nothing compared to the dinner of the Montreal Ski Club. They had everything from frogs legs to doughnuts—and from coon songs to Grand Opera. With St. Pierre at the gate, with a big bunch of keys, it felt just like heaven. Too bad the ladies could not come in.

Of things seen at the Club-house. But the banquet was cut short, because the ladies were waiting at the Club house, and at 10 p.m. an army of taxies took the diners over to Cote des Neiges. The toast to the ladies was proposed and responded to there, and then they took the pictures off the walls and there was dancing, fast and furious, until the wee hours of the morning, and that fellow St. Pierre was almost forgiven. They know how to entertain visitors in Montreal!

Of things seen at Shawbridge.—Your Editor was not at Shawbridge because he missed his train. In Ottawa there is usually a late train for those who miss the first one—not so in Montreal. He heard from Jos. Morin, however, that they can “put it all over us there, like a tent.” The hills are so constructed, it appears that you can slide up or down, either way, and there is no end to them. The racers did not seem to think so, but they are always contrary. There are only two trees left, in the whole country, and Allen Snowdon started to shoot between the two, just to show them how we do it at Camp Fortune, but he got in cross ways and damaged a part of his anatomy. Hazel Reid saved our reputation however, by doing some quick turning stunts that made the Montrealers sit up and take notice, including President Douglas.

Of things heard at the Ski Association Meet.—As usual, last year's decisions were reversed, and the enforcing of new decisions was left over until next year, when they will likely be reversed again. But President Douglas was re-elected, and the championships were awarded to our club for next year, and all is well! A tower will have to be built, but that is only a matter of detail. The suggestion was made, as usual, that we should follow Norway's example in making a joint championship of ski-running and ski-jumping; in other words, that the champion of Canada should be proficient in both. No definite action was taken in this regard, but as a step leading to it, it was agreed that some one should be asked to give a special cup to the competitor winning the highest combined number of points. Who will donate the cup? We would like to see someone in Ottawa making the offer.

(over)



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Ottawa Ski Club News



Edition No. 7

How About Skis Made in Canada?

All the good skis that are made, practically the world over, are made of AMERICAN wood, grown on AMERICAN soil.

Is it necessary that our wood should be shipped thousands of miles away from our shores to be made into skis? Is it necessary to add all this extra expense—freight both way and Custom duties—to the cost of skis.—In short, is it necessary to import skis?

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Ottawa Ski Club News--Continued

More about that stag party:—Reference has been made to the fact that the ladies of our Club were excluded from the Montreal Ski Club dinner. Our Society Editress has the following to say about the matter:—

We are happy to say that any feeling of disappointment which the ladies may have felt was immediately dissipated upon receiving the invitation of the Ladies' Committee of the Montreal Ski Club to dinner in their splendid new clubhouse at Cote des Neiges, after the jumping competition. Our lady members who attended this event were more than consoled for the loss of mere masculine society, when they were afforded instead the privilege of becoming really acquainted with the very charming and gracious ladies who were their hostesses. Your Society Editress was eligible to attend his reception and can therefore bear witness to its charm. We are happy to say that the delicious dinner prepared by Mrs. Wendt and her assistants and the social hour or so of bridge and gossip which followed, have created an entente cordiale between the lady members of the Montreal and Otatwa Ski Clubs which we earnestly hope will be cemented upon future occasions.

Items of interest. A correspondent who styles himself "G. Lavender Ross, C.M., etc." (cave man) suggests that in recognition of the splendid ski achievement of Messrs Baillie, Jolliffe and J. Snowdon, the name of the Pink Lake Lodge be changed to one of the following: "Baillie's Bungalow", Jolliffe's Rest", "Snowdon's Chalet." He also wishes to deprecate a rumor that has been current, to the effect that Mr. Baillie is interested financially in the stage line from Chelsea station. Mr. Baillie patronizes the sleigh solely with the view of helping the thing along, and because a little practice in sitting is good for a debutant skier.—One of the Toronto delegates in Montreal said: "By far the best skier we have in Toronto is a girl, K. West is her name." Does any of our members know her?—The thanks of the Club are extended to Mr. Reece, city passenger agent, C.N.R., who showed much kindness towards our lady members travelling to Montreal.

We think the following appreciation of ski-ing, which appeared in a Toronto paper, deserves to be recorded in this circular:

Skiing owes its fascination to the fact that machinery is eliminated, whereas the difficulty of keeping your balance increases in geometrical progression with every additional mile per hour that you add to your pace. Nerve, a good balance and unflinching watchfulness are essential. If your determination falters for an instant a fall is certain. Every fast run is a dramatic contest between human weakness and human will.

Again, with the elimination of human machinery, comes a keen sense of personal control. Nothing could be simpler than the straight, slender, tapering planks of ash which carry us down the hill. The motorist imposes his will through an elaborate mechanism of pedals and clutches, but the skis seem part of one's own body, so intimate is the connection, so instantaneous the response that they make to the slightest movement of muscle. Between the ski-runner and the hillsled there is nothing but an inch of sensitive ash, which responds to every change of rhythm of the slope. As the skis rise and fall, leaping over hillocks and diving into dips, they seem living and vital things with a will that is all their own. They borrow their motion, not from petrol or steam, but from the mother earth herself. In their simplicity they approach as near wings as anything we are likely to find this side of the grave.

THEY ARE HERE AT LAST—One hundred pairs of hickory racing and semi-racing skis, made by Johansen-Neilsen, and imported direct from Norway—Skis that are skis! Offered at reduced prices to members of the Ottawa Ski Club.

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