

# Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB  
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## A TAG DAY FOR OTTAWA SKI CLUB

On Saturday and Sunday of this week, at every one of our lodges, you will be asked to purchase a tag—a blue tag at Ironsides, red at Camp Fortune, pink at Pink Lake, white at the East Side Lodge and buff at the Western Lodge.

The proceeds of this tag-day will be applied to the **improvement** and **extension** of our Lodge Scheme — to provide more room and more comfort for the ever increasing number of skiers. With the building of a Ski-tower and the holding of the Dominion Championships, this year's expenditure has been very heavy, and our lodge improvement fund is at a rather low ebb. We thought our members would cheerfully contribute something toward a scheme by which they will be the first to benefit. A great many did not come to the Ski Jumping Tournament because snow conditions were too tempting that day and the north wind a bit cold, and most of them have expressed sorrow that they could not contribute towards the expense of the meet. They will now have this opportunity.

There is no set price for these tags. Give what you can. Remember that in giving you are helping yourself as well as your Club.

Unauthorized and unaccompanied guests, i.e., trespassers, must purchase a **special dollar tag**. If you know of any one coming to the lodges to "sign the book" on those two days, please warn them that they will be refused admittance unless they are prepared to purchase a dollar tag.

Should the weather be unfavorable, the tagging will be postponed until the next week-end.

**Guests' cards.** Please note that **from now on** starting on Saturday March 13, members bringing guests must procure a **guest card** from Miss McIntyre (Holbrook's office, two floors above McGiffin's, Sparks St.). Strangers without cards must pay the sum of one dollar. This rule will be strictly enforced. A stranger is one who has not got the 1926 badge or a guest card, properly filled in.

**The Dance is coming.**—The Dance will be held at the Chateau Laurier on Thursday of Easter Week (April 8th). The number of tickets is strictly limited to 350, and you had better make sure of yours by purchasing them **now**. They are on sale at Holbrook's office, two floors above McGiffin's, (Q. 1037.) As this dance has always been held at a loss in the past and as your Club is in no condition to lose money this year, the Ladies' Executive has decided to charge **\$2. a ticket**.—The **Banquet** for the presentation of prizes will be held at the Chateau on Thursday, April 22nd. Please remember these two dates.

**The last issue of the News.**—The "News" will suspend its publication with this issue, although it is hoped there will be no suspension of ski-ing until mid-April. The warmest thanks of your Editor are extended to all those who have helped him in making these pages brighter and more useful. He deeply regrets that he was not able to publish all the contributions that he received. It is hoped that next year's "News" may be made still more complete and more useful, including illustrated accounts of trips beyond the limits of our present wanderings, and technical pages on the handling of skis. In the meantime, au revoir, and thank you.

*All communications regarding this circular to be addressed to "The Editor, O.S.C. News, P.O.B. 65, City."*

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# TO SKI OR NOT TO SKI

By EDITH O'CONNOR

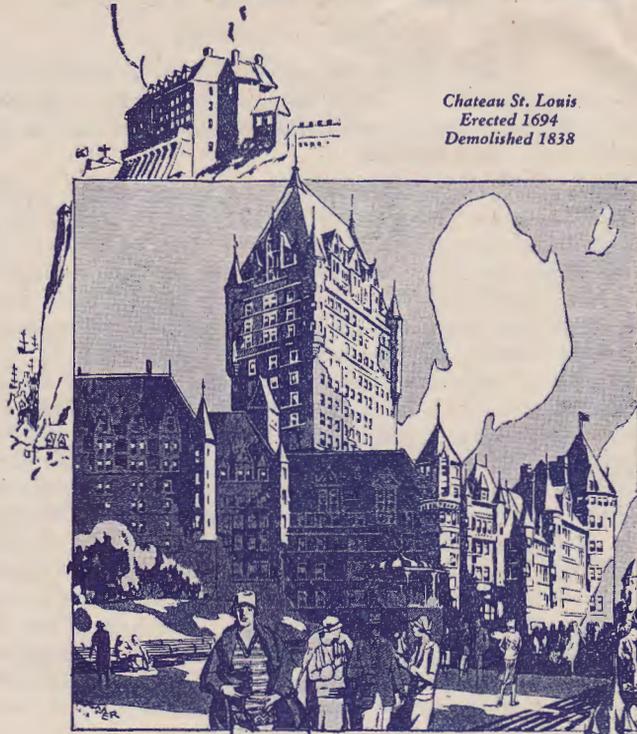
"To Ski or not Ski—that is the question"—to paraphrase the melancholy Dane, who perhaps would have found life considerably less melancholy if he had occasionally forsaken morbid speculation to indulge in the spirited game in which his countrymen have since excelled.

To the stranger in our midst, surveying the passing show from the Plaza these days, it would seem that this question has been answered affirmatively by every member of the community, more or less, between the ages of eight and eighty who has been able to purchase, beg, borrow or steal the necessary equipment. A recent visitor from the Sunny South who spent a week-end in Ottawa has taken home with him the firm conviction that ski-ing is the only form of pedestrianism tolerated here at this season. He professes to have found ski trails on every street, leading into private residences, public edifices, even churches and hospitals, and to have observed in addition to the hordes boarding trains, street cars, taxies en route to the tall timbers, dignified groups of parents and children decorously sliding along on the shining blades, evidently adapting their time honoured weekly constitutional en famille to the new mode. Even the traffic policeman whom he approached for direction to the Parliament Buildings, the Rockliffe Jump, Hull and other points of interest, began: "Take the Wellington trail till you come to a big gate marked with red bunting—er, beg pardon sir, I mean go up Wellington Street to Metcalfe."—The only space immune from the grooved tracks appeared to be the approach to the Legislative Chambers. And after a few hours spent in those sacred precincts striving to fix an attentive ear upon the ponderous eloquence of the maiden speech of the Honourable Member for "The Land of Afternoon" he came away wondering why we neglected to also put the skids under our noble legislators!

This aspect of ski-ing—its versatility, or might one say its universality?—is not only the most striking but also the most valuable development of the sport in the past few years. A royal sport in its high demands upon courage, skill, endurance, ingenuity, daring, courtesy and general sportsmanship—and at the same time, because of these very qualities, a most fitting recreation for a democratic race. In no other sport is there such wide scope for individual achievement. Each skier develops according to his own measure of the necessary qualifications—fast or slow, daring or cautious, lazy or energetic—but all who don the snow blades are bound to derive benefit even from the first moment of trail. And every skier who prevails upon snow-shy friends to come into the game thereby does a double service,—shares with them his own enjoyment of the trail's infinite variety, and helps to popularize our much maligned winter climate.

It sometimes requires perseverance to get started. When the imperious tinkle of your bedside alarm wakens you in what is surely still the wee sma' hours of the night, and you reluctantly open an eye upon inky darkness,—aren't you sorely tempted to smother the pesky thing and snuggle closer into the warm depths of down blankets? Perhaps you have just dreamed yourself down the Canyon with never a fall, the tricky turns and swift descents negotiated with as skillful grace as even their devilishly ingenious discoverer himself could show. What a jolt to come back from this blissful accomplishment of dreamland to anticipate the painful reality of your first attempt to brave the Canyon's cavernous jaws! You stick a cautious finger out to test the atmosphere. Ugh! that's a cold breeze blowing in the window. It must be thirty below at least. You were up so late—that last game was prolonged unduly—and wouldn't it be great just to lie here and loaf all day. Who would miss you among the thousand odd skiers scattered over the landscape today? This settles it. As soon as you decide that you wouldn't be missed, your soliloquy comes to a sudden termination. You are out of bed in a bound. That train simply mustn't go without you. A wild struggle into your togs, a hurried raid on the pantry for steak, onions, pie, etc. (the people left at home may have to go on slim rations as you play safe and take the lion's

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share) a mad rush for the street car, and presently you find yourself in line before the ticket agent automatically murmuring "one way Kirk's Ferry, please." By the time "All Aboard" is sounded you are thoroughly imbued with geniality—the early sunshine, the stimulating cold, the happy throng,—when the train pulls out you suddenly remember that in the mad rush morning prayer was neglected and your spirit repairs the omission in a single heartfelt ejaculation, quoted vaguely but fervently: "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"

So it goes, every week-end from January to April, so long as the old timers continue their hopeful assurance (though the city streets be running rivers) that "There's lots of snow in the bush."

## A DAY-DREAM AT PINK LAKE.

I had devoured all the eatable contents of my haversack with no little satisfaction and benefit to the internal part of me which, I find, develops a most ungovernable craving for nourishment after an hour or two on the trail. I had bolted the last crumb and drained the teapot to the very dregs; in fact I believe I drained some of the dregs also. Then, after making sure that no vestige of edible substance remained, I sank luxuriously into the chesterfield—or that was what the seating accommodation felt like in the state of contentment which my food had induced in me.

That condition of enjoyable tiredness which succeeds exercise and a meal descended on me, and that portion of me which extends upwards from the shoulders began doing what is, for it, an almost unknown experience, namely; it started to take note of certain phenomena and indulge in meditation.

What brought the subject to my mind I could not at first imagine, but the fact remained that my brain-centres began thinking about those celebrated farm-yard quadrupeds which are so essential to the manufacture of bacon and those white, fatty cubes which nestle so revoltingly at the top of a can of beans. It

is generally said that these animals are scrupulously particular about what they eat and I can quite well believe this because, after the poor creatures have been slain and disintegrated, the resulting chops, sausages, feet, and ~~meats~~ <sup>meats</sup> are remarkably wholesome and attractive to the senses of sight and taste. But during life this animal, for some inexplicable reason, lays itself open to the suspicion that it does not care a tinker's expletive about cleanliness. In fact, the disorderly condition of this animal's habitat has so damaged its reputation that the people of at least one nation—of no fixed abode—have been misled into definitely branding the animal as "unclean." I went on to reflect how thoughtless this animal must be to have so little heed for its own character and comfort, to say nothing of the character and comforts of its fellows.

Of course, I thought of excuses for the animal. For instance, its intelligence is not anything like so high as the average human intelligence, and far below that of any member of the Ottawa Ski Club. The high standard of intelligence of the latter is proved by the mere fact that they are members of that club. Moreover, the unfortunate animals' mothers probably never took the trouble to inculcate methods of cleanliness and tidiness in their offspring. And again, cans for the reception of garbage and slops do not find a place in farm-yards, and even if they did, the poor dumb animals could not be taught to understand what these things were intended for.

By this time the food I had eaten had begun to assimilate and the drowsiness was passing off, and it suddenly flashed on me what had started me thinking of such a curious subject. It could only have been started by a mental process involving the association of contrasting ideas. Here around me, everything was immaculately clean, tidy and orderly. Every person entering, no matter how tired he or she might be, carefully brushed the ice and snow from his or her boots, with the result that the floor of the lodge was as dry and spotless as the deck of a battleship ready for inspection. All members preparing to leave gathered up every particle of orange peel, apple core, egg shell and other waste and wrapped it up in their waste paper to make a bundle which was dropped into a stove or garbage can as they passed out of the lodge.

A girl was actually scrubbing down a table with hot water and Dutch Cleanser, and a man sprang with such alacrity to her assistance that he forgot a burning cigarette that he had left. When he returned to his seat and found that this lapse on his part had procured a black scar on his own table, I was amazed at his behaviour. For some seconds he stared with a frenzied expression at what seemed to me to be slight damage, and then burst into tears and abandoned himself to a grief that was truly astounding. Merely to witness the incident was enough to rend one to the core, and I felt that I was in the presence of a passion stronger than any that have hitherto stirred the human emotions. This devotee of the new passion was quite inconsolable until one of his friends, who was evidently prepared for such an emergency, produced a piece of sand-paper and by a little brisk rubbing removed the offending stain.

Such conscientiousness I could not appreciate, as my own ideas of cleanliness (in such conditions as exist at the lodges) are strictly moderate, and merely call for the removal of the larger portions of ice and snow from the boots on entering, and the destruction or disposal of the main part of one's waste before leaving, but as the victim of the cigarette said to me while washing the tear stains from his weather beaten face, "We have a noble principle and nothing is too much trouble that enables us to live up to it. We realize that the rubbish left by one person would be insignificant but if several hundred persons all left their small individual quotas of rubbish, the result would be a scene of indescribable confusion and most unattractive appearance." He also said "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" and, after a pause, he added, "At least it used to be, though I'm not sure that it takes second place any longer." Having listened reverently to this simple confession of faith, I deposited my bundle of paper and scraps in the garbage can and left him, for the poor fellow was still visibly shaken by his recent trying experience, and I was more than a little agitated myself.

You must have observed this unremitting pursuit of cleanliness, and may consider it an impertinence on my part to bother you with a letter on the subject, but I thought it might possibly interest you to hear how one extreme set me thinking about the other.—JOHN TRAILSMASHER.

P.S.—Do you not think it may be that the exceptional people I dreamed about at Pink Lake Lodge are not members of the club at all, but those scabs and black-heads—I might almost say parasites or malignant growths—that shamelessly use our lodges without having the decency to pay the small fee required to join the club.

**Results of the Intercollegiate Race for the Southam Trophy.**—Out of a possible 54 points, the **Lisgar** team won 41 and is declared winner for the third time. The **Glebe** team secured 33 points; the **Technical School** team 29 points and the **Ottawa University** team (with 3 entries only) 17 points. The times are as follows:—**Lisgar**—Geo. Jost, 53.20; Allan Gordon, 56.16; Frank Bennett, 56.37; Wm. Clark, 56.46. **Glebe**—B. Grayson-Bell, 52.27; Fred Ellis, 57.27; Gordon Wood, 58.41; B. Oliver, 58.56. **Technical**—Louis Grimes, 53.30; Ken. West, 54.20; C. Murphy, 62.28; B. Bush, 65.41. **Ottawa**—L. Audette, 55.05; C. Connelly, 60.16; E. Connelly, 63.08.—Grayson-Bell made the fastest time (52.27) and wins the pair of Palmer McLellan boots offered by Alex. West; Geo. Jost came second (53.20); L. Grimes, third (53.30). The course was laid by Eric Roy and Ian Sutherland.

**The Ladies' race** for the Championship of the Club was staged on the heights of Camp Fortune on Sunday March 7. It was won by Edith O'Connor who covered the four miles and a bit in 43 min. 44 sec. The times of the other fair contestants were as follows: M. Dillon, 43.47; M. Aust, 46.04; K. West, 46.14; M. Amyot, 46.35; D. Weston, 49.29; S. Amyot, 50.31; M. Benedict, 53.35; A. Smith, 59.12. The course, one of the most difficult that had ever been laid for girls, included the Camp Fortune hill, the cork-screw slopes down to Lake Fortune, the Travelers' hill, part of the Grand Slide, and the racers' trail. The patrolling was in charge of Jack Snowden.

**Ski Exchange.**—Lost, a grey woolen mitt, on Ironsides trail, Saturday, R. 3440. —Lost powder compact, on Saturday last, Ironsides, Q. 1812-W.

**Coming Events.**—Thursday, March 11, usual night hike to High Lea. Last week's attendance was very much better. Let us see if we cannot make it 300 this time. **Hostesses:**—Mrs. B. Pliskey and Mrs. Melville Taylor.—On **Saturday**, March 13 there will be a Consolation race, from Wrightville to Dome Hill, for all those who have never won a prize in any race. Report to Eric Roy at 3 p.m.—On Saturday and Sunday, **tag day** at all our lodges for the Lodge Improvement Fund. Be sure you have five dollars in your pocket when you leave home, and don't worry if you have nothing left when you get home.

**The Guest question.**—Guests, real guests, properly introduced by members in good standing, guests who want to be shown before joining, are always welcome, provided the introduction of the same guest does not become a weekly habit, but people who come unaccompanied in the lodges are not guests but **trespassers**, and will be dealt with as such in the future. Your directors have decided that members who wish to bring guests must, in the future, procure a **guest card** (see first page) and that trespassers, must, from now on, pay **one dollar** before entering any lodge. This rule will be strictly enforced. Please govern yourselves accordingly. No guests or trespassers at High Lea.

**Tid-Bits.** Fred Lambert, of Mount Logan fame, came to Old Chelsea by the Kingsmere Heights trail on Sunday, and he says "Mount Logan for me, next time"—Captain T. J. Morin, who gave us, at the cost of many week-ends of hard work, that magnificent trail of the Kingsmere Heights, deserves a monument; for the wicked descent of the Canyon, he deserves to be hung.—Your Editor stood at the top of the Canyon last Sunday, and his heart stood still while people disappeared in its sinister depths. He invited them to join him on the Camp Fortune lane, but he was told roughly to keep his safe trails for clumsy skiers like himself. What can you do with people who persist on killing themselves?



Ottawa Ski Club News

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Edition No. 11

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