

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2500 COPIES

A marvelous week-end.—Your Editor was only at Camp Fortune, and one would need to be everywhere at the same time to give a faithful picture of the Club's activities during the week-end of Feb. 3rd and 4th, but he thinks he had the Lion's share. He saw that vast amphitheatre of lofty hills slowly emerging out of the darkness of the winter night, and the rising sun gradually flooding the valley with light, the Night Riders going around unconcernedly in bathing suits, the calm and quiet of the wilderness suddenly giving way to intense animation when the army of skiers, like an incoming tide, dashed in through wooded avenues and trails from all points of the compass. He stayed to see the outgoing tide, the valley slowly emptying and the sun disappearing below the western hills—and he wished he had not stayed so long because he found it difficult to manage the slopes in the darkness, but he could not tear himself away from that wonderful sight. A marvelous week-end!

A slump in Guests' Stock.—There have been many slumps in the stock market in the past, but nothing ever quite so disastrous as the great slump in the Guests' Stock that happened after the new regulations were put into force. From a high of 250 at the Dome hill for the previous week-end, the guests went down to 5; they dropped to 19 at Camp Fortune as against 125 the previous week and to 5 at Pink Lake as compared with 127. In other words, whereas over 500 free guests were received at the various lodges during the week-end of Jan. 26th and 27th only 29 were seen during the week-end of Feb. 2nd and 3rd. Strange to say no one in the lodges appeared to be particularly downcast; quite the opposite in fact. The only gloomy ones were those that were left outside. Morality.—If you want to enjoy the privileges of the Ottawa Ski Club, join the Ottawa Ski Club.

The Ontario Championships.—Folks, you will come to see the Ontario Jumping Championships next Saturday (Feb. 9th) won't you? We know you will be up to see the Race on Sunday, at Camp Fortune but we want to make sure of your presence on Saturday at Rockcliffe as well, because our jumpers need your cheers and because we need your fifty cents to pay for the Tower. The ski jump has been greatly improved lately, with the help of a grant from the City, obtained through the kindly intervention of Controller McElroy, another grant from your Club and a great deal of hard work from Sigurd Lockeberg and others. So please come along, however tempting the other trails might be on that day. After the meet there will still be plenty of time for you to take your little jaunt to the Dome Hill Lodge by the river trail, which is not quite so bumpy as the trails through the fields perhaps, but which you will enjoy just as much we are sure, through the knowledge of having done your duty to your Club and the men who are competing for your Club. Everybody to Rockcliffe next Saturday!

Events this Week.—On Thursday, Feb. 7th, night hike to the Dome Hill. Free admission, for members, 50 cents for guests. As you come in the lodge, please advise the checker as to whether you will ski back or take the bus, as we want to order just the required number of buses, so that the fare may be kept down at 15 cents.—On Saturday, Feb. 9th, Ontario Ski Jumping Championships at Rockcliffe Park, 3 p.m. Admission 50 cents.—Competitors from all ski Clubs of Eastern Canada.—On Sunday, Feb. 10th Ontario Ski Running Championships at Camp Fortune, in the presence of Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon. A sleigh will be in attendance at Old Chelsea to take the Competitors to Camp Fortune at the arrival of the bus leaving the City at 9 a.m.—Night Riders please be on hand on Saturday to blaze the race course, and on Sunday morning to escort Their Excellencies.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

—*Rip Van Winkle.*

Last Sunday I returned to the trails after an absence of I hesitate to say how many years. Long ago, when a trip to Fairy Lake was an adventure and Kingsmere was a howling wilderness, I occasionally made one of the group of intrepid pioneers who instituted the sport in these parts,—the good old days when Mort roamed largely on the Black Lake Slopes, Sigurd dreamed of a jumping tower on the top of King's Mountain, George scared the horses off Lariat's Hill, and Joe talked Norwegian. Then, business called me away from the city, and I have had no opportunity to follow the ski-ing game in the interval, being engaged like a certain notorious Scriptural character in "going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down it."

Going up on the bus to Old Chelsea I listened in open mouthed astonishment to the chatter around. A foreign jargon; ski-ing had indeed changed when it had come to include canyons and dippers, kicking horses and petticoats, humdingers and ogopogos. What, in the name of Odin, had these things to do with it? In my day all we talked of was hills and snow.

"I'm going to Little Switzerland" announced one gay young voice. "Good," thought I, "there should be snow there at least." But "Aw, no!" remonstrated another, "let's do the Canyon and go on the Merry-Go-Round after." Good heavens, was Camp Fortune a circus ground? Visions of toasted peanuts and dancing monkeys, shrieking calliopes and wooden horses? What else could a merry-go-round mean to an old duffer like me? Was it for this I had forsaken my quiet fireside?

I turned to my nearest neighbour for enlightenment. This was a rather charming young person, presumably a female of the species, as she wore a badge marked "Lady" and answered to the name of Cynthia. Otherwise her costume and manner were non-committal. "Tell me what all this means," I begged, adding that I had been absent for some time. She looked at me as she might have looked at Noah coming out of the Ark and asking the way to the nearest vendor's, but she was kind. She gave me a line on the network of trails leading into Camp Fortune, giving each its due in the way of thrills, scenic effects and pitfalls. And signified that I might follow her trail if I could keep up to her. Which I did. I was amazed at the progress which had been made in the trails. No longer is it necessary to meander through the bush like a jack-rabbit. These avenues are as broad and clear as city streets, signposted and measured, swept and garnished. It is not for me to expatiate here on the individual attractions of the various trails. Their praises—and their blame—have been celebrated in song and story by abler pens than mine. Sufficient it is to say that after shooting the Speedway with as much abandon as my grey hairs and cautious disposition would permit, riding the Grand Allee on one ski, the other meanwhile describing a graceful arc over my left ear, missing the creek by a fraction of an inch, I concluded to leave well enough alone. The Big Dipper and the Little Dipper would wait for me another day. While I contentedly munched my bread and cheese near a comfortable stove in the lodge, I meditated on the indefatigable efforts of the Old Guard and their new recruits, whose unremitting toil with hatchet and machete had wrested this splendid ski ground from the primeval wilderness. I knew something of Old Man Joe in the old days; and was not surprised at the persuasive eloquence with which he marshalled his forces, manicuring treacherous ravines and sheer drops into "nice, undulating slopes." I who had seen the bush in its original state could appreciate the extent of their work better than the youngsters who, coming upon it all prepared, take it for granted. Wherefore, I am moved to pay this tribute to the trail makers, even though I cannot promise, in view of my grey hairs and rheumatic joints, to take all their hazards on high.

Doings at the Lodges.—Aren't we getting classy? We now have an Orthophonic and a Grand Piano at the Dome Hill Lodge! This is what comes of having young and reckless chaps like Alex West on the Executive. By the way if you are getting up a big party to go to the Lodge some night, be sure to notify the caretaker the day before, giving number in party.—Five tables taken by bridge players at Camp Fortune, while a poor hungry soul was eating out of a frying pan standing up. When you want to play bridge after eating, please go upstairs in the Club Room, which has been renovated for the purpose.—There are now three boilers at Camp Fortune—one hundred and eighty gallons of water boiling at all times.—The East-Side Lodge has not been heard from yet. About time a wail should come from across the river.—Has anyone seen F. G. Semple, the Chairman of the Lodge Committee, on any trail yet?

Just as a reminder, lest some of us might forget:—A guest can only come **once** in a season. He must be accompanied and introduced by a bona fide member. Guests may be brought **free** on week-days (except Saturday). On Saturday and Sunday, anyone bringing a non member must purchase a visitor's permit (\$1.00) which entitles the guest to the use of our trails and lodges during the week-end. If the visitor in favour of whom the permit has been issued presents the same within ten days of date of purchase at the Ottawa Ski Club Office, McGiffin's Store, Sparks St., and joins the Club, a rebate of \$1 will be allowed on his or her membership fee, provided his or her application is accepted.—McGiffins' Store on Sparks St. (near Royal Bank) is still open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. to receive membership fees. Is there any way by which we could reach the conscience of our members in arrears, or have they got any conscience?

Results of the Jumping Competition for the Club Championship—**Seniors**—Rolf Andersen and W. Poitras. **Intermediate**, Bob Wallace and J. Landry. **Juniors**, K. Mackenzie and J. Ewart. **Combined**, Howard Bagguley (141.60) K. Saunders (139.90) B. Clarke (136).

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The Club Championship Race was staged on the heights of Camp Fortune last Sunday. The course, which included the Merry-Go-Round, the Black Lake Slopes, Grime's Hill, Kingsmere Heights and Little Switzerland, does great credit to Louis Grimes who planned it, to Captain Joe Morin who originated the trails and to Ye Ed. who cut a million and a half shrubs. The exact length is not known, but seeing that it took Bryce Gillis an hour and twenty-three minutes to cover it, we judge that it must be at least ten miles. Those who did not win had plenty of alibis but being good sportsmen, they said nothing about them. There was Clark for instance who got a bigger kick than he expected in the Kicking Horse Pass, and Currie who had to jump over so many dead bodies of skiers that his nerve failed him in the end. **Bryce Gillis** came first of the Seniors in 1h. 23m. 34s. and **J. Taylor** first of the Juniors in 1h. 24m. 54s. Currie, Saunders and Douglas were only seconds apart (1h. 27m. 27s., 1h. 27m. 28s. and 1h. 27m. 41s. Heggveit and Clark came in in 1h. 30m. 49s. and 1h. 31m. 31s. Bagguley and Logan did very well for Juniors (1h. 31m. 49s. and 1h. 31m. 59s.). Veit, Orrell, Potter, Anderson, Sibbit and Ryan also ran and made creditable time. Altogether a very good race.

The Gatineau Girls made their weekly trip on Saturday last to Pink Lake. We were supposed to leave by bus for Old Chelsea at 10 a.m.; the fact that we actually got away at 10.20 merely shows that as girls we maintained our reputation. Only one boy was kept waiting (the bus driver), so the usual kick was not coming. One and all pronounced the trails "peachy." Some of the unlucky ones forgot to stay on their feet going around curves on the slopes, but what did that matter, we had a whale of a time. We took the trail for Pink Lake via Kingsmere, and it is said that within a few minutes after our arrival at the Lodge the appetizing odour of our domestic science could be heard throughout the Gatineau district. The weather was perfect. On the trail a day seems altogether too short, and someone wondered why Saturday could not be the same length as a day at the Collegiate. However we had a wonderful outing, and by the time we reached Wrightville we had sufficient happy thrills to laugh and talk about for the rest of the week.

The next excursion will be to Camp Fortune, Saturday, Feb. 9th. We meet at 10 o'clock a.m. sharp, at the Gatineau Bus terminus, corner of York and Sussex Streets. For further information phone Miss Belle Roger, Q. 936.

Trails.—Your Editor sent a number of people by the Little Switzerland trail on Sunday last and caught them at the other end to get their opinions. Comments were generally very favorable and even wildly enthusiastic. Opinions were divided as to the Hum-Dinger ravine, some calling it a devilish contrivance, others a grand thrill. It all depends what kind of luck you have, of course. Everyone raved, however, about the Gatineau Look-out and the swift slopes of the Petticoat Lane. All agreed in stating that the "Little Switzerland" is now one of the best trails of our system. The trail that bore that name last year was only a crude beginning. The Little Switzerland of 1929 is as different from its predecessor as day is from night. It includes more hills, and magnificent scenery. Try it next time. It starts from the first log shack on the Canyon.—The inauguration of the Merry-Go-Round was rather a mess. That bad man Louis Grimes switched off the end of the trail for his own selfish purposes—the Club Championship—and those who followed the bunting found it rather a long way round. Will try to improve matters next Sunday. That Big Dipper may have scared you the first time, but there is really nothing in it; just a hole, that's all.—Your Editor took Chisholm's "easy way" around the "Top of the World" last week-end, and found it a delightful little trail, splendid for beginners and those whose nerves need soothing—just the thing you would want to take for instance after shooting the Canyon. If anyone gives you the "ha ha" when you are starting on that trail, just go ahead and pay no attention to them. Those people, always ready to laugh at others, check hard all the way down the Canyon.—Has anyone tried Tiny's new trail from Chelsea station to the foot of the Canyon and will they please report?

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Tid-Bits—Dr. Dieffendorf and party, from New-Haven, Conn., were guests at the President's lodge at Camp Fortune on Sunday. Dr. Dieffendorf stated that if we could cure two or three of his millionaire patients, so that he would have more time to devote to ski-ing, he could extract sufficient money from them to purchase the whole of the Gatineau hills, within a ten mile radius from Camp Fortune. Send them over, Doctor, Joe will cure them!—This business of strolling around Camp Fortune in bathing suits is getting overdone, and people who prowl around in such scant attire in the future will get but scant notice in this circular. A party of one, ready for a swim, came over from the Plant Lodge to the President's Lodge in the early hours of Sunday. He appeared to be comfortable but looked rather pinky.—Our inquiry about "machettes" elicited four letters: the first from a learned gentleman who points out that machete is spelt with one "t". This is interesting, but not practical. (2) The second recommends the "Army Machete Bolo," which can be had in New York for \$1.50. Thanks, we sent for a sample. (3) The third says that real machetes can only be had in Kingston, Jamaica, and warns us against the "American Bolo" which is only a cheap imitation. We shall see. (4) The fourth says that machetes can be had from the Ordnance, where they are called "bill-hooks." A bill-hook is not a machete. In the meantime Ye Ed. wishes that machetes and the man who made him use one in the darkness were at the bottom of the sea, because he has made big gashes in his new skis while hacking at shrubs.—Ted Burpee is going to put his dog on skis. It will be interesting to see how a Christiana can be made on four legs. We find it hard enough to make it on two. That Ogopogo does not look so fierce on your map, says Mabel. Is he really so very bad? (We would advise you Mabel to leave Ogopogos and all persons with such sounding names severely alone).—Quite distinguished a little gathering took the Little Switzerland trail last Sunday: The Prince of Pocahontas, the Queen of Norway (in such a dainty little blue suit!) and a few other foreign potentates like Geo. Audette and Jerry Loa.

Ski Exchange.—Found on work bench at Camp Fortune a knife; Ye Ed. would like to keep it but if owner must have it, let him phone Q. 3000 Ext. 730.—Found a lighter at Dome Hill Lodge. Apply Caretaker.—Found on Pink Lake trail a leather lined glove, Acme make. Phone R. 5562.—Found on Pink Lake-Wrightville trail a pair of leather mitts (two weeks ago). Phone C. 1229-W—Lost a pair of mitts on Wrightville car. Finder please phone C. 5894.—For Sale, Hickory skis, 7 ft., Hagen fittings and poles, practically new. Phone Q. 6300 Local 237.—Lost Senior badges Nos. 5, 8, 109, 367, 107. Junior badges Nos. 4, 5, 507, 695. Lady badges Nos. 59, 257, 395, 381, 487. Finders please phone C. 1229-W.—Lost, on Pink Lake Trail, one navy blue velvet ski cap. Please phone Q. 4499.—Mitts handed by racer to give to Lodge keeper at Pink Lake. Call at McGiffin's for same.

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Edition No. 6

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