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January 15, 1939



# OTTAWA SKI CLUB NEWS

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# Ottawa Ski Club News

VOL. 19, NO. 2

JANUARY 15, 1939

Published by the  
Ottawa Ski Club

**Six Transit** . . . At 6 p.m. on Tuesday, Dec. 27, a lone skier who had been basking all day in the luxurious splendour of the renovated lodge of Camp Fortune, called the President of the Ottawa Ski Club over the phone, to express, at great length, his enthusiastic appreciation of the splendid work done by the architect and Executive and to suggest a formal inauguration of the new camp, in the presence of all the Powers in the land, including Their Majesties the King and the Queen, provided a little snow could be saved for May . . . At 7 a.m. on Wednesday, the President was called out of bed by another phone call, relayed from Old Chelsea. This time the message was short, conveying in so many words and no more the information that Camp Fortune had burned down during the night.

An hour later, at 8 a.m., through badly drifted roads, Secretary Jim Leslie, Director Louis Grimes, President Mortu-reux and Donald Runge, accompanied by the insurance adjuster, were on their way to the scene of the disaster. As the phone message had been somewhat indistinct, there still was a faint hope that perhaps only one of the minor camps scattered around the big lodge had been destroyed. The party stopped at Bilodeau's store, at Old Chelsea, for fresh news. "Non, non, non, vigorously ejaculated Monsieur Bilodeau, c'est pas le petit, c'est le gros camp qui a brûlé!" Practical, if not sympathetic, Madame Bilodeau added: "Après tout, ça donnera de l'ouvrage au pauvre monde". (After all, it will make work for poor people!) A mile from Old Chelsea, black cinders scattered along the white expanse of the road bore mute evidence of the tragedy. Climbing up Dunlop's the party was soon in sight of Camp Fortune knoll. A group of skiers who had come down the Canyon from Kingsmere stood there, rubbing their eyes, asking "What happened? Where is the lodge?" Only a heap

of ashes was left of the camp which for nearly twenty years had sheltered generations of skiers.

**How it happened.**—No one knows and probably no one will ever know. Only one stove had been kept going on Tuesday in the new mid-week room, and not a stick of wood had been added since 4 p.m. At 5 p.m. Dave Penman, the caretaker, made his round of the stoves as usual, and found only a few smouldering embers. The carpenters had left the place at 4.30 p.m., after setting up the new big shanty range. Their work was done. They debated whether they would go down to Chelsea the same night; on second thought, they decided to wait until the morning, leaving their tools and tool chest in the big camp. They slept in the Plant lodge, 300 yards away from the main camp. At 10 p.m. came the two cafeteria boys, Fred Dixon and Douglas Parker, hauling one hundred dollars' worth of equipment and supplies on a hand sleigh. Tired and weary, they were at first inclined to leave their load at the foot of the knoll; on second thought, however, they decided to take it up into the camp "where it would be safe". A strong high wind was blowing from the North in fierce gusts and the thermometer stood at 10 below. As the boys entered the lodge, they found it so cold that one of them remarked "Surely no fire has been kept going to-day". Both these boys are none smokers, and they used a flash light. At 11 p.m. just before going to sleep, head carpenter, Cecil Brooks, remarked: "This would be a bad night for a fire, boys". He was thinking of his wife and bairns in their frame house, in far off Chelsea. At 3 a.m. Dave Penman, who slept in his room, at the north end of the lodge, was awakened by smoke and a crackling sound. Opening the door, he was driven back by a wall of flame. He barely had time to jump out of the window in his night attire.

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—MONTHLY TERMS—

**Quick action.**—The Executive met on Thursday night, Dec. 29, and laid plans for the building of a temporary shelter. Some 7,000 feet of lumber were rushed up to Camp Fortune during the night of Friday and all day Saturday. Under the direction of Bob O'Neil of Old Chelsea, in twelve hours, ten carpenters put up a very comfortable shelter 25 x 40, with seating accommodation for about one hundred people and standing room for a hundred more. Two stoves were installed, and on New Year's day and the following day, this temporary camp was used by over 500 boys and girls who had come to see the ruins of Camp Fortune and enjoy the skiing, which, by the way, was of the very best.

**A New Lodge.**—Architect Henry J. Morin offered to prepare the plans of a new lodge, and his offer was gratefully accepted. Tentative plans were shown at Thursday's meeting. Exactly one week later, on Thursday Jan. 5, the final plans were approved, the list of materials was prepared and tenders were called. It is expected that the sills of the building will be laid as this issue of the Ski News reaches our readers, and that in two weeks' time, with the help of some twenty carpenters, at least part of the new lodge will be ready for occupancy.

Coming as it did at the opening of the season, and after some two thousand dollars had been spent finishing and renovating, this loss is a severe blow to the Ottawa Ski Club, but the many offers of assistance that have come to us from past and present members give us the assurance that our club will emerge from this trial

stronger and more prosperous than ever. Donations will be gratefully accepted. We want to help our carpenters who lost nearly \$75 worth of tools, and our cafeteria boys who lost their entire equipment and supplies. We would also ask every one of our present members to recruit at least one new member at once, and if this is done, we will be able to meet all our obligations.

Wonder has been expressed that we should chose to build now instead of waiting for the spring or fall. There are several advantages in building now; the building trade is slack at present and more carpenters are available than would be the case in the spring or fall. Lumber prices are down, and there is a strong possibility that they may rise before long. Hauling lumber is much easier and less expensive over snow roads in the hills that at any other season. As the knoll of Camp Fortune is practically all rock and gravel no heaving of the soil is to be feared; as a proof of this it may be stated that the south wing of Camp Fortune—the sun room as it was called—was built in January, and when levels were taken in the fall preparatory to putting on the wainscoting, it was found that it had not settled more than an inch or two over its entire length.

**Lodges now open.**—The Dome hill lodge at Ironsides is open at week-ends, under the care of a resident caretaker. The Pink Lake lodge is also open on Saturdays and Sundays. The Western lodge will be ready for occupancy next week-end (Jan. 14). Do not forget the temporary hut at Camp Fortune, at the foot of Travelers' hill, which affords ample accommodation for a couple of hundred. There will be a cafeteria there this coming week-end.

**Features of the new lodge.**—The old lodge had grown like Topsy, without much regard for esthetics or comfort. It extended from North to South, each section, as it was added, cutting off the light from the previous wing. The whole of the new lodge will face the south; the main part will be divided in three wings, each 40 x 26, the two outside wings being laid at an angle of 45 degrees from the center wing, all facing south, a fourth wing extending north from the main section will accommodate the cafeteria, checkers' room, wash room, care-

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taker's quarters, etc. There will be an abundance of light, and provision will be made for the building of a large fire place in the center wing. Plans will be published in the next issue of the Ski News.

**Present conditions.**—With a thaw, a return to cold weather and a fresh fall of snow (still to come, but on the way) the winter is getting on nicely. Two feet of well-packed snow are very much better than three or four feet of loose stuff. Conditions after the thaw were very good on Jan. 8th and will be ideal after the next snowfall.

**The article** entitled "The Consolation of a Dub Skier" which appeared in the last issue of the Ottawa Ski Club News, elicited many favourable comments which the editor desires to pass on to J. S. Patrick of the Archives Department, who

wrote the article and forgot to sign his name. And by the way, we met J. S. Patrick on the Mica Mine Trail the other day and he did not appear to be such a dub skier either.

**The Canadian Ski Annual.**—Our friend H. P. Douglas, the veteran editor of the Canadian Ski Annual, used to send us a complimentary copy of his book in the past, and we always gave him a great write up. Somehow this courtesy has been stopped, and we have to pay fifteen cents for our Annual at McGiffin's, the same as every one else, so we feel that we should be more critical. The worst we can say however is that the price charged is absolutely ridiculous, fifteen cents would hardly pay for the cover; the book should sell for two dollars. The contents of the Annual will be reviewed in the next issue.

## A French Tribute to the Ski

**F**AIRE DU SKI c'est monter, descendre, aimer, hair, tomber, se relever, rire pleurer, chanter, désespérer, lâcher prise pour recommencer ensuite, se voir vaincu, mais essayer encore; c'est mourir aussi parfois douloureusement; mais même alors, c'est faire monter vers le ciel, en un hymne déchirant, le chant de sa jeunesse et de sa vie.

Tous ceux qui ont fait du ski, beaucoup de ski et du ski en solitaire surtout le comprennent bien, et ils savent se reconnaître les uns les autres parmi la foule des êtres qui rampent, se poussent et font semblant de vivre sur la terre.

Partir seul à skis, ou en compagnie de deux ou trois camarades, c'est réaliser le

meilleur de soi-même; c'est mettre en action dans une harmonie unique, tous les leviers physiques ou moraux de sa personnalité; c'est découvrir ces leviers qui s'ignorent et que l'on ignore, qui s'opposent ou se contrarient la plupart du temps et qu'il est divinement bon de sentir une bonne fois jouer tous en un ensemble parfait et remarquablement accordé. Faire du ski, c'est vivre, c'est s'épanouir; c'est se retrouver, c'est se récréer, c'est s'augmenter jusqu'à l'exaltation, jusqu' aux limites les plus lointaines ou l'homme, retrempé au creuset à recueillir l'âme dont parlent les vieux sages, reconquiert les pouvoirs de la divinité et redevient un dieu.—LES FILS DE LA NEIGE, par Jacques Dieterlen.

**You hope you don't! We hope you won't!**

**BUT . . .** if you do have to get a body support (sprains, strains, weakened muscles, etc.) remember the "**CHAMPION**" line (protective or corrective) is made and sold in Ottawa by the manufacturers.

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## A Day in the Alps

by J. F. BOOTH

**C**AN YOU imagine anyone who has ever been on skis visiting Switzerland and Austria in the height of the winter sports season having but one day's skiing? Well, incredible as it may seem, that is what happened to the writer. That one day, however, was really worth while and a description of it may interest other members of the Ottawa Ski Club. Then, to be perfectly honest, more skiing was planned and not even business was to interfere—but why finish the narrative at this point!

The story really begins about two years ago when a young German University instructor, doing graduate work at the University of Toronto, spent some weeks in Ottawa on a research project. During his visit I had the pleasure of introducing him to the trails about Camp Fortune and it was agreed that if ever I should visit Europe during the skiing season, we would meet in either Switzerland or the Austrian Tyrol for a week or two of our favorite

pastime. And so before leaving Ottawa last winter on a trip to Geneva I wrote to my friend to say that I was looking forward to the fulfillment of our agreement.

His reply addressed to me at Geneva expressed regret that he could not join me in Switzerland at that time but suggested a meeting at Kitzbuhel toward the end of February. So I resigned myself to a week or so of heavy sessions at the Conference I had gone to Geneva to attend, hopeful that when the week-end came I could slip away with someone whose acquaintance I should make during the week. Every day I looked longingly at the mountains that come down to the edge of the city and prayed that the Conference would end on Saturday and that I might prolong the week-end into a few extra days; but no such luck. When Saturday came after a week of continuous meetings and entertainment, it was decided to "sit" the following Monday and Tuesday. In the meantime, however, Dr. Mack Eastman, a Canadian on the staff of the League of Nations in Geneva, and Mr. Paul E. Renaud of the Canadian Advisory Office, asked me to join their party on a Sunday trip into the Alps.

Bright and early Sunday morning Dr. Eastman began gathering his charges together, just as one does in Ottawa when assembling a party to go up to Chelsea or Kingsmere. When finally the car was filled we headed toward our destination, the lesser slopes at the foot of 14,600 foot Mont Blanc. Enroute we passed through the neutral zone that separates France and Switzerland, at each side of which customs officers are located. In our case the examination consisted of polite acknowledgment of greetings by Dr. Eastman.

The first part of the 50 mile run was through attractive country-side dotted with beautiful farm homes. We did not encounter snow until approaching Megève at an altitude of 3,000 feet. From this point we climbed a narrow twisting snow covered road to the base of a low tree covered mountain. There we stopped and while some of us devoted our attention to getting the car parked in snow that was now two feet deep, one of the party

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hurried on ahead to secure tickets for the male members of the party who were to ascend to higher levels on a cable car known locally as a téléférique. This being a popular starting point for higher levels, there was a waiting list for space in the car. While awaiting our turn we had coffee in the restaurant located in the building that housed the terminus of the téléférique. Eventually our numbers were called and we took our place in the car along with some 22 others, the ladies of our party meanwhile having departed to explore the hills in the neighborhood of our base. The ascent of probably 1,000 feet was made in a few minutes during which we passed the "down car", which comprises the other half of the system. Arrived at the top we put on our skis and climbed in true Gatineau fashion for another 500 feet, part of which required some herringbone technique. Having been informed that beyond the top of our immediate objective there was a descent of 2,000 feet in one long run I was filled with fear and trepidation. I thought of the hills about Camp Fortune and remembering that even on these slopes I seldom get around the Canyon trail and Georges without several good tumbles (and once a fractured arm) I wondered how many of my nether extremities would be intact when I reached or was carried to the bottom.

Fortunately, the long descent was preceded by one of lesser proportions and another sharp climb. This proved a life saver for it enabled me to get my sense of balance, some confidence and my second wind. The long descent was made without incident but in a style of running that must have shocked the natives. Fortunately, the slope was wide open so it was possible to descend in a series of wide (but not graceful!) swings.

From the base of this mountain we climbed a short distance to another téléférique where it had been decided that we should have lunch. Here just as we arrived my host waived to a gentleman just entering the cage for the ascent who turned out to be a friend of our President, C. E. Mortureux, and to whom Mort had given me a card of introduction.

We dined on sandwiches and fruit that we had brought with us and supplemented the menu with coffee and dessert. Then off via cable car to the summit of Mont

d'Arbois some 3,000 feet above. The journey up was made in two stages which required a transfer from one car to another. A thousand feet from the top we ran into a blinding snow-storm which seemed to thicken as we descended. In a frame building provided for shelter at the top, we debated our further course. We had intended to proceed some little distance overland—or over snow that was now 6 feet deep—to Mont Joux, from the top of which some additional 1,000 feet up, we expected to obtain a good view of Mont Blanc. Unless the storm abated, however, this departure from the beaten path would be difficult and dangerous. We decided, therefore, to seek a chalet not far away and await a favorable turn in the weather. At this stage visibility was cut to about 20 yards by a combination of heavy snow and fog.

This chalet "Chez La Tante" was the turning point in a circuit that led back to Megève, and there were probably 75 skiers there awaiting a break in the weather before starting the long descent. When finally an hour of waiting brought no relief, and realizing that beyond the storm the

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sun must be approaching the horizon over distant mountain peaks, we reluctantly abandoned our objective and followed the dwindling crowd down the long slope toward our original point of departure, the téléferique above Megève.

The first 1,000 feet or so of the drop was through the same blinding snow that had plagued our afternoon. The stinging bite of the flakes brought tears to the eyes and obscured what little vision remained. Added to the excitement was the uncertainty ahead. Have you ever dropped at breakneck speed down an unknown mountain side with your vision all but cut off? My companions being better skiers and familiar with the terrain had gone on ahead. I finally resorted to the technique of going down hill until I was about to lose control and then winding up in a badly executed turn that usually left me buried in loose soft snow. On one of these turns I drew up within 20 feet of a ledge that crowned an almost perpendicular descent.

Finally, streaks of light began to appear through the snowy haze and suddenly I emerged into the golden rays of the setting sun. Glancing ahead, and a long way down, I made out the figures of my companions, resting and awaiting my belated arrival. The balance of the descent probably 1,500 feet over a distance of a mile and a half was most deceiving. Have you ever wondered why your car was stalling on a climb which, as you looked ahead, seemed but a moderate slope, or even level ground, only to find to your amazement when you looked back that you were still climbing a

very steep hill? Well its much the same skiing several miles down a mountain side. Eventually the slope ahead appears level, and a little less slope appears as a hill that you think will surely bring you to a stop. When finally you reach it and find your speed only slightly checked you realize that you have lost your perspective and looking back (as soon as you dare!) you are surprised to see the height from which you have just come.

And so the descent was made—not gracefully and not without some good tumbles—but with limbs intact, a little satisfaction and a wholesome regard for skiing in the Alps.

The return journey to Geneva was made without incident except for a very pleasant stop in Megève where shops were inspected and some light refreshments obtained.

This introduction to European skiing served but to whet my desire for more and I consoled myself with the thought that at Kitzbuhel, in company with my German friend, an exciting holiday was in prospect. Imagine my regret when upon reaching Vienna two weeks later I found a telegram from my friend saying that he was unable to obtain Austrian Exchange, and consequently could not leave Germany. I debated whether to go alone to Kitzbuhel or to ask him to meet me later at some nearby German resort.

The latter course was decided upon and I proceeded to Czechoslovakia and Poland for hurried visits. Meanwhile von Schuschnig had met Hitler at Berchtesgaden and the political situation had become tense. I watched a political demonstration in the heart of Vienna on Sunday night. On my return from Poland the situation had become acute and tourists were beginning to leave the winter resorts. My friend met me in Berlin and we held our own Council of war. The decision was to abandon our objective and retreat. The retreat coincided with the advance of German troops into Austria and thus ended my hopes of a skiing holiday in the Tyrol. After all my plans I was returning with but one day in the Alps.

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LOST—A black leather covered note book at Camp Fortune, Sunday, January 8th. Finder please return to Louis Grimes or McGiffin's Store, 80 Sparks Street.

## Competitive Skiing

**C**OMPETITIVE SKIING may be divided into four classes: (1) Cross country race, (2) Slalom, (3) Down hill and (4) Jumping.

### The Cross Country

(1) Calling as it does for a good amount of skill and plenty of strength, pluck and daring, the old, time honoured Cross-country race deserves assuredly first mention. On a well laid out course, unknown to the contestants, all the fundamental principles of skiing are called into play, and there is also the element of surprise which is entirely lacking in other competitions. A good cross country man needs to know all the tricks of the game—turns, stems, stops, jumps, etc. He knows that a fall may jeopardize his chances, may mean the difference between success and failure, and he needs therefore all the skill he can muster. He also needs to be in perfect physical condition, the result of months of strenuous training. No one can go into a race on the spur of the moment with any chance of success.

In Canada, Championship Cross country races are limited to a length of ten miles, but the Olympic Championships include a fifty kilometer race. Short races are called "Langrenn" in Norwegian, "Langlauf" in German, "Course de demi fond" in French. The Long race (50 kilometers) is called "Dauerlauf" in Norwegian, "Course de fond" in French. Latterly in America, and even in England, the German word "Langlauf" has been applied indiscriminately by some writers to all ski races, whether long or short, without any justification it seems. If used at all the word Langlauf should be reserved to the short ten mile race, but there appears to be no reason why it should be used in any case. "Langrenns" were the rage in Lapland and Norway many, many years before they were introduced in Central Europe under the name of "Langlaufs". The word Cross-country, which is used in the regulations of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association fits the case very much better—a race "across country", taking the country as it comes, with its ups and downs and natural obstacles. It may be a 5, 10 or 50 mile cross-country, but always a "cross-country race".

The cross-country race is run over a course plainly marked out with plenty of red bunting all along the way, so as to avoid any possibility of the contestants going wrong; the contestants are numbered and run off consecutively, generally at one minute's intervals. On call of "track" a contestant must immediately give the overtaking skier one half of the track. In a well organized race, patrol men are stationed at strategic points all along the course to render assistance if necessary, and each one of these men goes over his section of the course at regular intervals so that a contestant meeting with a mishap may be discovered within a few minutes and at once taken to the nearest shelter or a first aid station. An example will illustrate the necessity of such precautions: During the 1938 Championship race at Camp Fortune, a contestant of the Dartmouth team developed stomach cramps and lost consciousness after a fall on the Côte du Nord. He was picked up a few minutes after by two men of the patrol squad, revived and assisted back to the Camp. If proper precautions had not been taken, the consequences of such accident might have been serious.

The longest race perhaps that was ever run in the Gatineau zone was one staged by the Ottawa Ski Club, for the Canadian Championships of 1929. The course went by devious ways from Camp Fortune to Old Chelsea, and from there, by a much round about way, across the broken country north of the Meach Lake Road and through the whole length of the lake, to McClosky's hill, and from McClosky's hill—a one mile rise—across seven more miles of up and down country back to Camp Fortune. It had been laid by three enthusiastic men, each one trying to outdo the other, and the result was a twenty or twenty-two mile course for which the con-

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testants were wholly unprepared. The day was also very cold, greatly adding to the strain. The unreasonable length of the race aroused a strong protest from the President of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association,

and this was the last of the "long cross-country races". The ten mile limit has never been exceeded since that time.

The Slalom will be discussed in the next issue.

## Stay with Your Skis

**T**HE MAJORITY of falls are due to the fact that we do not stay with our skis. How can we expect to stand up if we hang backward while our skis go forward? They run away from us, leaving us behind; in other words we fall backwards. This is a common fault not only with beginners but also with good skiers who unconsciously get into wrong habits. It is a long time from one winter to another, and we are apt to forget the old precept: "Knees forward, body forward, hands forward". Possibly the knees are not bent sufficiently, the body is not in line with the knees or the hands and poles are dragging behind. Bad habits creep on, unknown to us. If you find yourself falling backward oftener than you should, you may be sure that something is wrong with your position and you should hasten to rectify it before you become a confirmed "sit downer".

Hanging backward is not going to check our speed. It will increase it, if anything. There is only one way to check the speed—by stemming. Staying with one's skis requires courage and determination, without which one always remains a poor skier. Courage is nothing but intelligence; a sitting down fall is bad because it denotes a lack of intelligence, a lack of courage on the part of the skier. He refuses to face the issue; he shrinks before what he imagines is danger, whereas the danger is in staying behind. He surrenders, and every surrender robs us of confidence in ourselves and leaves us weaker and ready for further concessions, that is, more and more falls backwards. It would not perhaps be so bad if a sitting down fall was a harmless sort of fall, but it is not; it is a dangerous fall. The end of the spine is a particularly weak part of our anatomy, and he who sits down once too often may have to stand or lie down for weeks.

Why do we fall backward? Simply because we are unwilling to follow our skis or because we feel that we cannot control



them, but we will never be able to control them unless we stay with them. A good skier leans ahead of his skis—knees forward, body forward, in line with the knees, hands forward—and in that perfect position of balance and poise, he is ready for any swing or turn that the trail may call for. He appears to say to his skis: "Go as fast as you like, you devils, I will go faster still". A half hearted skier, leaning backward instinctively because he is afraid, because he does not understand the situation, loses his center of gravity; he is helpless, unable to swing with the trail; his skis shoot ahead of him and he sprawls on his back.

Putting the brakes on by stemming—either the one stem or the double stem—at the start of a hill to reduce the speed is not cowardice; it is good discretion. To start at full speed and let go half way down the slope by sitting down is showing more valor than discretion.

Stay with your skis if you want to exercise due control over them. Bend your knees forward—don't forget the knees, that is the most essential part; keep your body in line with the knees, just as though you wanted to get ahead of your skis; to go faster than they do. Don't let your hands and poles drag behind you; bring them forward also. Everything forward, in line with or ahead of the skis—knees, body, hands. Practise that position on level ground or on a small slope until you are sure you have it and you won't fall backward any more, and will derive a great deal more enjoyment out of your skiing.

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REPAIRED, WATERPROOFED and  
ALTERED for KANDAHAR  
BINDINGS

## HACKETT'S

TWO STORES

82 Bank St. at Queen

Dial 2-3709

428 Bank St. at Gladstone

Dial 2-4700

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## Announcements

### PROGRAMME OF LOCAL EVENTS, 1939

- JAN. 14—Slalom race—Women—at Dome Hill.  
JAN. 21—Ault Trophy—Downhill and slalom—High schools—at Skiskule.  
JAN. 22—Alec West Trophy—Ottawa Ski Club downhill and slalom championship—Men—at Camp Fortune.  
JAN. 28—Southam Trophy—Cross country—High schools—at Camp Fortune.  
JAN. 29—Ottawa Ski Club downhill and slalom championship—Women.  
FEB. 4—Gatineau Ski Zone Championship—Jumping—at Fairy Lake.  
FEB. 5—Gatineau Ski Zone Championship—Downhill and slalom—Men—at Camp Fortune.  
FEB. 11—Dr. Baird Trophy—Downhill and Slalom—High schools—at Camp Fortune.  
FEB. 12—Ottawa Ski Club class "C" downhill and slalom—Men—at Camp Fortune.  
FEB. 18—Kirby and Grey Cups—Cross country—High schools.  
FEB. 19—Ottawa Ski Club class "B" downhill and slalom—Men—at Camp Fortune.  
FEB. 25—Ottawa City Championship—Jumping—at Fairy Lake.  
FEB. 26—Gatineau Ski Zone Championship—Downhill and slalom—Women—at Skiskule.  
MAR. 4—Inter-city high school meet—at Seignior Club and City of Hull jumping championship—at Fairy Lake.  
MAR. 5—Novelty slalom—Men and women—at Camp Fortune.

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### TO THE LADIES

With but five weeks to go for the Women's Dominion Championships in Slalom and Downhill at the Seignior Club, we find ourselves faced with the task of selecting a team to represent our club at this outstanding event. It is feared that last year's four representatives will be among those "hors de combat" when February 18 and 19 roll along. What with sprained ankles, rheumatic knees, bursitis of the wrists, etc., etc., (these damages not sustained while skiing, mind you) they are a pretty sad looking lot. What we want is new material. Surely the trails are alive with eager young skiers who would take keen interest in the competitive side of skiing. Possibly the fascination of slalom racing has not yet become apparent to a great number of our fair exponents of the art of skiing, but let them get a little coaching in the technique of zig-zagging through tricky arrangements of brightly coloured flags and they will soon thrill to the joys of this delightful recreation. Our own Dome Hill at Ironsides is the ideal spot for this type of controlled skiing. Competitions among women are becoming increasingly popular across Canada and the U.S.A. Why should Ottawa be an exception? So let us turn out in large numbers at Dome Hill—every Saturday—at 2.30. We will have several competent instructors on hand.

KAY LAROCQUE

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### NEW CAFETERIA

A small cafeteria has been set up in the temporary lodge at Camp Fortune serving sandwiches, pie, hot and cold drinks, etc.

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This little magazine is published solely in the interests of skiing 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, skiing 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.