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OTTAWA SKI CLUB NEWS

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To Our Members

The sum of \$1200 is required, in addition to the amount of our insurance, to complete our objective, which includes the proper finishing of the Lodge at Camp Fortune, the building of a fire place in the Lounge room, and the installation of a ski tow on the Slalom hill. We might as well finish the clubhouse, with fire place complete, while we are at it, otherwise it may never be finished. The hauling of the material for the fire place should be done now, while there is snow on the ground; hauling at any other season would cost twice or three times as much. Four hundred dollars have already been subscribed in amounts varying from \$100 to 50 cents by friends or members of the Club; eight hundred more are needed. There should be no difficulty in raising this amount if every member will subscribe something—be it ever so little. Please don't wait till you are asked. Send your subscription at once to Secretary J. C. Leslie, 11 Somerset St. West, City. Make it as large as you can; you may be sure that your money will be put to good use. The names of all subscribers will be recorded on a permanent list in the clubhouse, but the amount given will not be shown.

Hail to Howard Bagguley, Champion Ski Jumper of Ontario, and to Bruce Heggveit, Downhill Champion!

The Official Opening of the Camp Fortune Lodge

At 3.15 P.M. on Sunday, February 12, in the presence of practically the whole ski population of Ottawa, His Excellency the Governor General touched a match to the inflammable material that had been packed with tender care by George Brittain in the big stove of the Lounge room of the new Camp Fortune lodge, and the stove at once reddened with heat and pride. It is not every day that a stove is lighted by a representative of His Majesty the King in person, and the news was at once broadcast over the whole of Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver. Thus was the new lodge of Camp Fortune officially opened to the public, barely three weeks after its foundations had been laid.

His Excellency came on foot, from Dunlop's Farm, accompanied by an aide-de-camp and his secretary, and followed by a number of officials on ski, President, Vice-Presidents, Directors and what nots, and two horses dragging an empty sleigh in case . . . But there was no such case. Lord Tweedsmuir walked at such a

brisk pace, through snow filled roads, that his escort, including the horses, had their tongues hanging out long before the knoll of Camp Fortune was in sight. In the twinkling of an eye, the throng of skiers that was scattered over the hills gathered in the Lounge room until not an inch of space remained. After a few words of welcome by the President, Lord Tweedsmuir expressed his satisfaction at being again at Camp Fortune where he had his first walk on Canadian soil, a week after landing on our shores. He paid an eloquent tribute to the sport of skiing, stressing its democracy, inexpensiveness, health and strength giving properties, the bounds of friendship that unite skiers in one great brotherhood; he spoke admiringly of the Gatineau land and kindly of the achievements of the Ottawa Ski Club, warmly congratulating the Executive on rebuilding the historic lodge in such a short space of time, and Architect Henri J. Morin who designed it. Then His Excellency took the match that was offered to him by the President and lighted the fire in the stove that will be known henceforth as the

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"Governor General's stove". The fire was declared "well and truly lighted".

After partaking of refreshments served by the President of the Ladies' Executive, Kay Larocque, Lord Tweedsmuir witnessed a demonstration of speed skiing and turns on the slopes of the hill across the creek and started on the return trip—again followed by the empty sleigh, drawn at a jog-trot behind him.

Echoes of the inauguration.—"Will the Governor General know how to strike a match" said one young skier to another, "I'll bet he never had to". "Of course he will" came the reply, "he has been a boy scout." When informed of this conversation, overheard around the knoll of Camp Fortune, Lord Tweedsmuir said "No, I never was a boy scout. They came after my time. But I can build and light a fire as well as the best of them, match or no match." What a pity we did not think of asking his Excellency to light the fire without a match! The whole ceremony came near being spoiled through the thoughtless action of an irrepressible Scotch youth who, apparently unaware of the plans, tried to beat the Governor General to it. The wretch had struck a match and was just on the point of applying it to the shavings in the stove when a roar from the crowd made him drop it. He was busy looking for a hiding place after this faux pas.— And so was George B., when the auto in which he was returning to the city caught fire on Laurier Avenue, blazing so merrily for a while that someone gave a general fire alarm and the whole fire brigade turned out, reels and

all. Had George kept any of the kindling material as a souvenir in his pockets? "Now you go straight home, young fellow, said the Chief of the Fire Brigade and if you start another fire on the way, you will hear from me!"

A fresh track to the Western Lodge.—Possibly the Western Lodge would be more popular if the trail was broken every week-end. No one likes to be the first to make a fresh track in deep snow. We will try to have some one go over the trail every week-end on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday morning and an announcement to this effect will be given in the newspapers as well as on the bulletin board of Camp Fortune. By the way, it should be pointed out here that the map of our trails does not show the beginning of the Western trail, which starts half way up Traveler's hill.

The Canadian Ski Championships for men.—We are informed by the C.P.R. that the train for Fort William, where the Canadian Championships will be staged on Feb. 24, 25 and 26, leaves at 10.10 p.m. daily, arriving at 10.20 p.m. the next day (exactly 24 hours and 10 minutes train ride). There are three ways of travelling: (1) by Coach or Colonist car, (bring your own blankets) return fare \$20.90; (2) by Tourist car, \$25.60, berth \$4.10 each way; (3) by Parlor car, \$30.20, berth \$6.85 each way. Better check this information.

The Women's Canadian Ski Championships at the Seignior Club.—It was feared for a while that the scene of these championships would have, to be shifted to Camp Fortune, owing to the presence of a heavy, unbreakable crust at Montebello, but conditions have been greatly improved of late by several falls of snow. The Downhill competition will take place on Saturday Feb. 18 at 1.30 p.m., at Valley Farm, five miles from the Seignior Club; the Slalom race will be held on Sunday Feb. 19 on the slopes behind the jump, about 3½ miles from the club house. If there is a large entry list, there will be two runs on Sunday, one at 10 a.m. and the other one at 1.30 p.m.; otherwise there will be only one run at 1 p.m. Return fare

to Montebello \$1.15; hotel rates \$5.50 American plan (room and meals) and 75c. for each additional meal.

The Snow Conditions.—We cannot foresee any disturbance, atmospheric or otherwise, that may happen between 11 p.m. Saturday and 9 a.m. Sunday, but our hindsight is always very fair, and we want our members to understand that our broadcast on snow conditions, given at about 10.40 p.m. on Saturday by CKCO (we said 10.45 in the last Ski News, but it is sometimes given a few minutes earlier; better tune in at 10.30 and make sure) is absolutely correct. Now, last Saturday (Feb. 11), the announcer stated that the snow conditions were ideal at Camp Fortune and they were ideal although there was a crust in the city. A good many doubting Thomases did not turn out on account of that crust, and they missed one of the best days of winter. The worst instance perhaps is that of **Walter Gilhooly**—of all men!—famed sports editor, who, after actually printing our favorable report in his paper, **came out on foot** because he expected a crust! Oh, Walter!—Our Saturday night report is based on actual information, received from our trained weather observer at Kingsmere and can be trusted entirely.

The ski-tow that we propose to install on the Slalom hill, if the money can be raised, would be especially useful to the people who, in ever increasing numbers, come by way of Dunlop's. These people could go direct to the foot of the Slalom hill, ski-tow up to the top, and from there take Switzerland, the Canyon, the Lane or Bunny Brae, or any swift descent they have a mind to. When the day is over, all

they would have to do would be to shoot down Dunlop's, taking the Sunrise trail, to find their car, a matter of a few minutes' pleasant sliding. It would also be used by many of the people who park their car at Kingsmere, who would thus be spared the long climb up the Canyon or the Lane. Lastly it would be a God send to those who want to practice jumping on Sigurd's hill, or perfect their turns on the Slalom. Let us have a ski-tow by all means!

"Why did you not build a dormitory in the new Lodge?" someone asks. Because the lodge is no place to have a dormitory, but we plan, in the near future, to have a number of small, inexpensive and warm bunk-houses, designed by our good friend, Architect Henri J. Morin, with accommodation for four people, clean beds, clean sheets and warm blankets. Beds would be rented at a nominal charge. It is estimated that these bunk-houses would cost about \$150. If any one wants to send us the amount, we will have one built now.

Call for George! Now that the round of competitions is about over, we hope that our trail makers, John Pringle Graham, Tod Laflamme, Huby Douglas and others, may tear themselves away for a day or so from their dear Slalom hill to investigate the possibilities of the slopes known as Crilly's hills, about 1½ miles west of Camp Fortune. We believe that a marvelous Downhill course could be developed there, at little expense. What about George Brittain taking a party over there next Sunday? And what about the same George Brittain arranging for a party to Wakefield over the Macdonald hill or the McCloskey's hill.

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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Controlled Downhill

MY FIRST recollection of ski-ing was when I must have been about four years old. I can just remember sliding on a pair of skis, down a small hill in a field near our home, when I came to a dip in the hill, which stopped me from going further on down. Evidently, I was very content to stay in this dip because my mother found me, about an hour afterwards, in a crouched position—sound asleep—with my skis still on. (What an enthusiastic skier!) However, as years went on, I did not like sleeping so much on my skis and found that all kinds of fun could be had by using them for ski-ing.

In downhill running, do not stop at the first dip and go to sleep, like I did. In a competition, no matter what happens (barring accidents, of course) keep on going and continue your race—and you must remember that in order to get to the finish line, it is necessary to ski for safety.

There is no point in taking more speed than you can handle and then having a crack-up, which might keep you out for the rest of the season, or even longer.

One point I would like to bring out, very strongly, is the uselessness of going to the top of a hill, schussing it straight, and then falling at the bottom. You might make it a couple of times out of ten—and brag about making it straight, but you haven't learned a thing. What you should have done would be to come down this hill, ski-ing under control, making as many turns as necessary to check your speed, but being sure to ski the whole hill each time under perfect control—and without a fall. If you use this principle, you will finally be able to take that same hill, with plenty of speed and still you will have the confidence that you are master of your body and skis.

There is, of course, in some instances, a little criticism due the course setters on some downhill races. In order to keep some of the more break-neck skiers under control, great care should be taken in placing control gates. The course setter should take into consideration the ranking of the skiers who are competing on his course. For instance, at Mt. Baker and Mt. Hood, last year, there were really only about a dozen skiers who were competent enough to take the courses as flagged, which was

evidenced by the fact that at Mt. Hood only about one-third of those who entered were able to finish the race, and on Mt. Baker only a very few made the course without a fall. On the other hand, competitors should not enter races that are too tough for them. It is like learning to walk. You don't start to run and "yump" first; you start to crawl.

In ending, may I quote Peter Lunn:

"The more one skis, the greater happiness does one draw from dominion over one's body, and the less pleasure does one get from the purely physical thrill of speed."

(By GUS JOHNSON, in "HIKER AND SKIER").

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FOR SLALOM FLAGKEEPERS

Flags.—It will eliminate a lot of doubt and possible hard feeling if the flags used are heavy six-foot high poles, which will trip a runner up unless he gets both feet and ski inside. There can thus be no doubt about penalties and straddled flags.

The position of the flags in the snow should be marked with blue dye, so that when knocked down they will be replaced in their correct holes.

Flag-Keepers.—Should be well instructed beforehand, and provided with pencil and paper.

The flag-keeper should watch only the competitor's feet, and should call "back" without hesitation if the runner misses. One foot outside is a single penalty. If both feet are outside, the runner should be called back or disqualified.

When watching a pair of flags, the flag-keeper should not be at right angles to the line of descent, but should be in as near as possible the same line as that followed by the competitor in going through the flags. In such a position it is much easier to notice if a competitor's feet go inside or outside the flags.

He should also keep the course in good condition by cross-checking, so that the late runners will not be at a disadvantage. —(CANADIAN SKI YEAR BOOK).

Roving in Europe

By HERBERT MARSHALL

HAVING IN A weak moment promised Mr. Mortureaux that I would write him an account of our recent European trip for the "Ski News" my conscience now moves me to perform the task. At the end of August my wife and myself set forth for Europe partly on business and partly on pleasure bent. We were to attend a meeting of the International Institute of Statistics in Prague (of all places!) commencing September 12th. Afterwards, I had a lot of accumulated holidays to use up.

We crossed the Atlantic in a freighter which we found a most pleasant and interesting experience. Our course was the most Northerly, passing at one point only 200 miles south of Greenland and it was not surprising that we saw two huge icebergs. At the end of ten days we sailed around the north of Scotland and on the 11th were in port at Newcastle, England. From there we went to the Lake Country and found it quite as enchanting as it had been painted. Our instincts, fostered in the Gatineau hills, led us to attempt mountain climbing immediately, but our efforts to ascend one of the really high ones were foiled by mist, which is of frequent occurrence in those parts. On that occasion we witnessed an interesting phenomenon. We were up on top of Brandreth with the mist entirely obscuring everything in front of us. Suddenly, as I gazed ahead, a round opening like a huge window, appeared in the mist wall through which we saw in the distance the mountain which was our objective. In a few seconds the opening closed up. After this mockery of the elements we turned homeward. However, we had some good climbs and a delightful trip around the eleven lakes.

London was our next objective, but we had only time to sample a little of its interest because we were soon due in Prague. The news was not good, but not so bad as it became later. I tried to persuade my wife to remain in London but she said, "I am going with you to Prague." So that was that. We went via Ostend and Cologne. It was night when we reached Germany and very much night time when we had to leave the train at the border station to have our passports examined,

our money counted and declared and our baggage passed. However, everything was pleasantly done and we proceeded on our way. We awakened to a view of the Rhine and castle-crowned hills in the morning. As we travelled toward Czechoslovakia our impression was of a clean and neat Germany with every possible acre intensively cultivated. At noon we came to Nuremberg where Hitler's great Nazi meetings were in progress. One could hardly see the buildings for Nazi banners and flags. We had to change trains at Nuremberg and were somewhat apprehensive about a station filled with Nazi soldiers. However, everything went off pleasantly; indeed a German officer helped us to make the connection.

At last we were in Czechoslovakia, the country which was a focus of world interest. We passed through the hilly country of the Sudeten areas—a most defensible region—and in the evening were in Prague. In this city Wenceslaus Square

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with its wide boulevards, modern stores, well-dressed people, side-walk cafes, re-minded one of the great thoroughfares of London, New York or Paris. Wider acquaintance with the city revealed its mediaeval background, and furnished endless interest in quaint architecture, customs and even costumes. There was naturally a tenseness in the atmosphere. But we liked the people immensely and there was a resoluteness about them which was impressive. It was obvious, too, that their outlook on life was thoroughly democratic, and there were many evidences of devotion to their great statesman leader, Masaryk.

Hitler made his famous speech on Monday, September 12th. This was followed by trouble in the Sudeten areas and martial law was established. Because of the growing trouble, delegates from some of the countries represented at the Institute were ordered home so the meetings had to be ended prematurely. We had no trouble going out and did not see any large troop movements.

After passing through Germany we went to Belgium and stopped at Brussels. Now we were on holiday, though the threat of war was casting some shadows. We commenced our tour of cathedrals, museums, art galleries, and so forth, and began our liberal education in art, architecture customs, handicrafts, history and what not. Of course, our love of hills led us to the Ardennes. We toured the battlefields but I couldn't recognize any of the places where I am supposed to have done my bit in the war to end war. The ravages of the last war are almost, though not quite, obliterated. One saw how hard the Belgians work for a living, whole families being

engaged in the intensive cultivation of every inch of land.

Holland was fascinating. It is decidedly not a ski-country. The favourite sport seemed to be cycling, which is indulged in by all ages and sexes. In crossing streets one has to be on the alert for cyclists instead of motor cars. Holland is a paradise for the cigar-smoker. Instead of reaching for a "Lucky" or some other brand of cigarette, the Dutchman reaches for a cigar. The country, of course, is flat and interlaced with innumerable canals, ditches, dykes, rivers and streams. It produces food in abundance which may help to explain the enormous meals which are served. It is marvellously neat and has a profusion of flowers. Quaint windmills and interesting haystacks meet one everywhere in the country. In some places the people still wear regional costumes including sabots. They even cycle with these wooden shoes. We visited many places in Holland and got one of our greatest thrills when we sailed across the Zuider Zee, saw the work of reclaiming thousands of acres of land from the water, and took a trip on the great dyke which separates the North from the Zuider Zee.

We were in Holland while the crisis was on and were ready to run for Scandinavian countries preparatory to sailing home if the worst came to pass. After Munich we were free to proceed southward and left the kindly and likeable people of Holland with regret.

In France we spent some happy days in Paris and then were off to Switzerland. We found it a paradise for the lover of the out of doors. Here, of course, we got out our packsacks and had two memorable hiking trips. One was from Interlaken up to Scheidegg, from which we had an unforgettable view of the Jungfrau and then down to Grindelwald. The other was from Andermatt over the Furka Pass to the Rhone Glacier and then down to Oberwald. In each case we were up some 6,500 feet, though electric trains and motor helped us part of the way. One interesting episode was a visit to a cavern hewn out of the Rhone Glacier in which we were surrounded by ice which was a brilliant blue. During these trips we were in the midst of some of the best Swiss ski terrain. We were much impressed and resolved to

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work hard at our ski-technique (which we would greatly need) in case fortune should ever permit us to visit Switzerland in the skiing season. Other points of interest we saw in this marvellous country were Lake Lucerne, Bern, Lausanne, the Castle of Chillon, Montreux. At Sierre we had the luck to be present at a wine festival.

Our next country was Italy into which we went via the Simplon Pass. Of course we saw more ski country en route but gradually descended into the sunny plains. Now we were in a land of olive trees, cypress, oranges and lemons, and abundant grapes. It, too, was intensively cultivated and in many cases with primitive implements. Italy abounds in ruins and treasures of immense interest. Venice is a magnificent wreck in some respects, but its canals, ancient palaces, priceless paintings and its St. Mark's Square cried out for a longer stay. Florence and Rome, though lacking canals, had an even greater abundance of treasures. Space does not permit any enumeration, but one might spend years in Rome and not exhaust its interest. Whether from an ancient, mediaeval or modern point of view, it is fascinating. We tried to follow in the footsteps of the Caesars in the ancient Forum and along the Appian Way and to imagine the sanguinary games in the coliseum. We developed stiff necks gazing at the masterpieces of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. We saw Mussolini's efforts to recapture the spirit and atmosphere of ancient Rome in his new stadium. These and many other sights were ours, but we felt that we had only touched the fringe of things. Even then we had seen many of the greatest achievements of man.

At Naples we revelled in the beauty of the Bay, got the outward atmosphere of an ancient Roman city in the Excavations of Pompeii, were up on Mount Vesuvius and saw its red hot lava, and visited the Isle of Capri. I didn't see anything of the romantic episode celebrated in the popular song, though, of course, my wife was with

me. But we found Capri a dream of beauty and were at Axel Munthe's famous mansion many hundred of feet above the blue Mediterranean.

Our next visit was to the Riviera and having seen it we understood its fascination as a winter resort. It is a sunsoaked paradise of blue seas, blue skies, bathing beaches, mountain roads, flowers, palms, and innumerable hotels. We took the Grand Corniche trip, visited Monte Carlo (but didn't lose any money), Nice, Mentone, Cannes and Grasse where we went through a perfume factory in which the famous Chanel perfume is made.

But again we had to be on the move. This time we stayed briefly in Marseilles where one wouldn't linger anyway, and then on to Paris again. We saw our second performance in the Paris Opera House and visited the Sorbonne area in which student and Bohemian life creates an atmosphere all its own. Then we went to London.

We were fortunate to arrive in time for the opening of Parliament and saw the procession in which the King and Queen drove in the golden coach. Fortune favour-

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Norwegian Poles, from . . .	\$2.49
Garnesch Ski Boots . . .	\$13.50

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ed us again because we managed to get admission to a performance at the Coliseum, when their Majesties were present. There was also the Lord Mayor's procession, another picturesque affair. We had a week of warm, sunny weather and enjoyed many of London's attractions but left a greater number for our next visit. At Chester we saw the famous "rows", the numerous mediaeval houses and then walked around the ancient wall which completely surrounds the centre of the city.

In Scotland we visited Edinburgh, Glasgow and the Trossachs. Of course, we saw the Castle, the Royal Mile, Holyrood, the Tolbooth and many other places which are saturated with the glory, the tragedy, and even the comedy of Scottish history. In this land of Scott and Burns we found unending interest.

After a brief visit to Belfast where between rain storms we climbed the Cave Hill and secured a wonderful view, we went to Greenock and boarded the Duchess of York. The elements which had favoured us during nearly the whole of three months now turned against us. The ship's log made bad reading: "Mountainous seas. Frequent hurricane squalls. Wind Velocity 55 miles." This was very stormy

weather and one day we could only make 126 miles.

Early in December we were back in Ottawa and as we gazed up at the Gatineau hills realized that we had still great pleasures within easy reach. Moreover, we concluded that while other countries offered a wealth of interest and education to the tourist, it was good to have a permanent home in such a country as Canada.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by some four hundred members of the Ottawa Ski Club at the Chateau Laurier on Thursday, Feb. 9th, when Hans Falkner gave his lecture. The lecture was highly instructive and interesting and the films were excellent and very well shown by our friend, Col. W. A. Steel, to whom the Club is very grateful for his co-operation. It is hoped that our friend Hans may find time to come to Camp Fortune to give us a practical demonstration of his skill, but in the meantime, a good many of us will likely go and see him in action at the Grey Rocks Inn, at St. Jovite, where he manages a ski-school that will soon be as famous as the one he had in Austria. It is also hoped that our devoted Secretary, Jim Leslie, may give us another movie evening before the season is over.

Coming Events

February 18 and 19—Women's Canadian Championship at Seignory Club.

February 24, 25 and 26—Men's Canadian Championship at Fort William.

February 26—Gatineau Zone Combined Downhill and Slalom Championship at Skiskule.

March 5—Novelty Slalom Race for men and women at Camp Fortune.

ARE YOU AIR-MINDED?

DO YOU WISH TO SAVE TIME?

A PLANE with accommodation for four passengers, with skis and light luggage, may be chartered at any time from the Laurentian Air Services at the following rates: St. Jovite, return trip, two days (say, leaving on Saturday and coming back Sunday) \$60; one day (leaving and coming back same day) \$52—Mont Tremblant \$62 and \$54—Ste Marguerite \$60—Lake Placid \$85 and \$77—Seignory Club \$38 and \$30. The trip to St. Jovite takes about 45 minutes; the Lake Placid trip about 1½ hour.

PAST EVENTS

SOUTHAM TROPHY

HIGH SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RACE—JANUARY 28

Winning Team—Glebe Collegiate—John Fripp, Eugene Heggveit, Norris Hunt and Dave Price.

Best Individual Time—Eugene Heggveit.

ALEC WEST TROPHY

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP—MEN—JANUARY 29

COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM

1. Eugene Heggveit	131.4
2. Bruce Heggveit	131.8
3. Joe Oliver	131.9

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP—WOMEN—JANUARY 29

COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM

1. Gypsy Parr	241.0
2. Phyllis Wright	248.2

JOURNAL TROPHY

GATINEAU ZONE CHAMPIONSHIP—MEN—FEBRUARY 5

COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM

1. Bruce Heggveit	156.6
2. Pete O'Connor	160.0

Class B

1. Art Ault	174.0
2. Grant Crabtree	174.9

Class C

1. Les Thatcher	197.8
2. George McMartin	201.4

Junior

1. John Fripp	158.2
2. Andy Davies	201.4

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO CHAMPIONSHIP—FEBRUARY 11 and 12

Howard Bagguley won Jumping. Bruce Heggveit won Downhill and placed second in Combined Downhill and Slalom.

DR. BAIRD TROPHY

HIGH SCHOOL COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM—FEBRUARY 11

Winning Team—Glebe Collegiate—Pete Code, John Fripp, Julian Mears, Dave Price and Tom Rettie.

Best Individual Time—John Fripp.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM—FEBRUARY 12

Class B

1. Julian Mears	118.2
2. Hans Kihl	119.8
3. Tom Davies	126.2

Class C

1. Les Thatcher	117.6
2. E. Cooper	119.8
3. Bob Smith	121.3

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

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