

# Ottawa Ski Club News

Hail to Louis Grimes, champion skier of the City of Ottawa!

Many a thrilling race has been run over the mountain of Kingsmere, since the Ottawa Ski Club planted its flag on the now historic heights of Camp Fortune, but none perhaps was as keenly contested as the one which took place last Sunday and in which eighteen competitors—the pick of the country—took part. It was an Ottawa Ski Club Course—under Ottawa Ski Club weather—the first, taking in all the tricky slopes and ravines that could be found within a radius of ten miles of countryside—the second, all the snow and sunshine that March could spare. There were our old friends the Swift Death Ravine, where none stood but one,—the Grand Slide, from the very top of the ridge down to the Meache's Lake road and other hills and bumps of local fame, too numerous to mention. Louis Grimes came first, and his victory was a surprise for many, except for those who knew how faithfully he had trained. Between the first and the fourth men there were only 51 seconds interval. It was a course that demanded courage, skill and strength of a high order and all those who finished deserve the highest praise. Names and times of competitors are as follows:—1st, L. Grimes, 1.13.55—2nd, J. Bourgault, 1.14.14½—3rd, O. Moore, (C) 1.14.31—4th K. West, 1.14.64½—5th, T. Reid, 1.16.23—6th, L. Moore, (C) 1.16.59—7th, G. Hamilton, (C) 1.17.33½—8th, C. L. Clark, 1.22.03—9th, C. Herbert, 1.23.09—10th, E. Roy, 1.23.26—11th, L. Brault, 1.26.42—12th, L. Bishop, 1.29.22½—13th, P. Wright (C) 1.30.32—14th, I. Roy, 1.32.17—15th, J. Ryan 1.36.47.—Dupuis (C), Vincent (C) and Desormeaux (C) also ran.

With a fresh snow fall over the firm crust, and a decided drop in the temperature last Sunday, another God-given week-end was granted to us that will long remain in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to enjoy the swift descents from Camp Fortune to the City. Many, who had not been out since "that awful rain" in February came once more out of their "summering" quarters, and all the lodges teemed all day with visitors, who returned home with a good coat of March tan on their cheeks. March never does things by half. We may have another week-end like it—but not more than one. Do not let it pass!

**Coming Events.** The spring—and may be one more week-end of ski-ing. If there is snow on the ground and if it is cold enough for ski-ing when you read these lines (Thursday, March 19) there will be one more hike to-night to the Chaudiere Club. (See this morning's papers). There is no use arranging for a hike if there is no ski-ing as our members do not turn out just for the sake of dancing, and this is as it should be. Meet at Eddy's corner at 7.30 and walk along the Aylmer road to the top of the ridge, where Tiny Sutherland and lanterns will show you the way. The trail will be shorter than last time and there will be more lights.

**Remember the date of the Dance: Friday, March 27th,** and purchase or reserve your tickets in good time. Over 250 are already sold and only 100 more are available. After the 23rd inst. the remaining tickets—if any are left,—will be placed at Ketchum's where you may secure them on presentation of your membership card. And if there are any left on the day before the dance, we will imitate this good man in the Good Book who sent his servants on the highways to gather the poor and bring them to his banquet, which his relatives and friends did not care to attend. This dance is staged for the members of the Club and the tickets are sold at cost, but we will not see them wasted.—Notice will be given in due time of the banquet, where the prizes will be presented.

**And when the snow is gone**—it has to go, you know—and before the time has come to spade your garden or varnish your canoe, what are you going to do with yourselves? Why not come to Camp Fortune and help us to split the wood, of which there are some thirty odd cords waiting for experts like you, stain the new part of the lodge, nail the battens over the joints, and do a thousand odd jobs of this kind. Come along, you need the exercise, and we need you!

**Of the pessimism of the non skier.** The "late" date which had been set for the City Championship drew much wailing and lamenting from those arm-chair skiers who write the ski news in the local papers. "How injudicious" they said "How could there be any snow left when we are down to hard crust and stones now." Such pessimism is the lot of those who go by the weather reports and the condition of the side walks in the city. But the men in charge of the race had put their trust in old March, well knowing that it had a snow storm and a cold spell up its sleeve and that both would be delivered in good time. Why don't those ski editors get out on the trail once in a while to work out their gloomy feeling of impending disaster? Your old skier's instinct never fails him. He can tell a snow storm coming a week ahead.

**Leave George's alone.**—And by the way, if you go out again, please leave George's trail severely alone, or walk down the icy part near the bottom. A young lady again got seriously hurt last week-end on that icy spot where so many came to grief this year. The bumps are bad enough, but the ice is deadly. Don't risk getting hurt for a thrill. It is not worth it.

**Now is your chance, lady.** Will the sweet young lady who wrote that venomous letter about Old Clothes, Apes and Old Bills, please send her name and address, by another anonymous letter if she likes, to the Editor of this News, and she will get a box of ginger with some fifty-nine more answers to her letter. We refuse to publish them, considering the incident as closed, now that Billy has discarded the brown suit he had been wearing since he was that high, and now that our President has stuck a pin in his tie. And, by the way, there has been a lot of comment over the fact that our Vice-President has not been seen on the trail since the letter was published. Let us see—did he wear a brown suit also?

**Echoes of the Great Race.**—Jack Bourgault is the only man who rode the Swift Death Ravine, at top speed, from top to bottom, without a fall.—Some of the competitors who came in pretty groggy admitted to having breakfasted with the inside of a grape-nut and a cup of coffee before leaving the City. No, they were not among the first five.—The course was laid by three men and Captain Morin takes credit for the nice open hills, with fences at the bottom, President Mortureux for all the dirty bush work and Colonel Hill for the short cuts to farm houses, where the trail blazers stopped for refreshments.—The first four men all came in within an interval of 51 seconds, and none of them knew where they stood in the race, except Louis Grimes, who, being close on the heels of Orville, had a suspicion that he was not last.—Watch Jack Ryan, that fourteen year old boy; when he gets a pair of real skis and a few more inches in height, he will be heard from.

**Plans for a Gigantic Steel Tower** for ski jumping, in Rockcliffe Park, have been prepared by your Club, and laid before Mayor Balharrie, who has promised to take action on them, and who, by so doing, will earn the everlasting gratitude of the 1600 members of the Ottawa Ski Club and of the ten thousand skiers of Ottawa.

**Fair Weather Friends.**—Scared away by the first rain in February, and unable to make up their minds whether to pay or not pay their fees, our members in arrears are like fair weather friends. They might have resigned, and relieved us of the worry and expense of keeping them on our list, but they could not make up their minds to do that, either. They are not bad at bottom, only they can't make up their minds, that's all. Yes, they were up at a lodge, but only two or three times and they did not burn any wood—others burnt it for them. Yes, they received the circular, and "kind of liked" reading it, although it was not always very interesting. Poor hesitating creatures! Well here is a sporting proposition, if your conscience will allow you to take it: Toss a copper, and pay your fees whatever turns up, heads or tail!

**Items of Interest.**—Our sympathies and best wishes are extended to Kenneth Fosbery—a great skier, a splendid worker and a good sport—who left this city to take a position in Toronto.—Alex. Haultain desires to apologize for the lack of Cafeteria facilities at the Dome Hill last Saturday. The help he had arranged for did not turn up.—Judging by the enthusiastic reports of the parties who visited the East Side of the Gatineau under the leadership of Alex. Haultain, a lodge there seems to be a foregone conclusion for next year.—Three visitors from Montreal, including McLaren Ashfield signed the book at Camp Fortune on Sunday, and asked for permission to take a little bit of snow with them to show it to those poor dust ridden people in the Metropolis.—Our anonymous poetical friend whose pretty poems on "Ski-ing" and "George's" were published in the last circular, will doubtless be pleased to know that we were offered one million dollars in cold cash for permission to reproduce them in other papers. We refused the money as we did not want to professionalize our friend, but gave the permission. Is this alright?—From torrid Lima, in the sun burnt mountains of Peru, our friend H. S. Ashdown sends a thought to the Ottawa Ski Club and the snow clad Gatineau hills, which he misses very much.—A member wants to know if we will have better material for the 1925-26 badge than those "darned near-silk things that look like 5 cents when you go to wear them." (Will the Membership Committee please take notice, and if one "darned" is not enough to make them sit up, add one from us, as "them are exactly our sentiments.")—A few copies of the Canadian Ski Annual are still available for distribution to our members, at Ketchum's. Why don't you come and get yours?

**Found:** Ski poles left on corner of Bridge and Main Streets, Hull, about two weeks ago; may be reclaimed by owner at Bank Hotel, Hull.—Found, at Camp Fortune, a Suede glove. Phone Q. 3000, Local 730.

**Lost** on taking car at Wrightville, a woolen leather lined glove. Phone Q. 25.—Lost, on the "Whip" (Last descent from Pink Lake lodge to first clearing) a few gentlemen's ribs, during the season. Will the ladies please pick them up.

**Aurevoir, for this year.** With this circular which will be the last of the "regular" series of the season, your Editor desires to apologize for his many shortcomings, of which none is better aware than himself. He trusts he may have induced some of you, who might otherwise have remained all winter brooding by their fireside, to come out in the open and enjoy to the full that wonderful heritage of ours: the snow and the Gatineau hills. If he has succeeded in so doing, he feels amply repaid for the hours of his spare time that he has given to these "bits of news." Aurevoir!

Geo. Bourne's Patented Ski Poles \$1.98 Nett  
Hagen fittings \$1.98 Nett  
10% off Skis and Boots

Club Outfitter of the famous C.C. & M. Skates. McPherson Fancy and Hockey Boots. Skate Sharpener to Ottawa Hockey Club

The summer will soon be here and you will forget all about skiing until the snow comes agin.

Make sure that you are properly equipped for next winter and order a pair of

REAL NORWEGIAN HICKORY SKIS  
with M. E. FITTINGS

now for delivery before Christmas.

You save 10% of the cost, but perhaps what is more important to a good skier is the opportunity to have a large assortment to select from.

SKI POLES, SKI WAX, Etc.

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## Ottawa Ski Club News



MASTER R. G. LOCKEBERG,  
542 WELLINGTON ST., CITY.

## How About Skis Made in Canada?

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

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

We do not think so. In fact, we know—and many of you know by this time—that the Ketchum Canadian Ski, made in Canada, is the equal of any imported ski. Save the freight, save the Custom duties, and get a good ski—a real ski—made in Canada.

KETCHUM & CO., Sparks St.

SKIS: Hickory, Birch, Ash.—High grade ski poles with cane rings, \$3.30 to \$4.00 a pair. (Poles that are Poles)

The Mosen boot, made by John Palmer, THE BEST SKI BOOT ON THE MARKET.

## Ottawa Ski Club News--Continued

For much valuable service, cheerfully given, the Club is indebted to Captain A. Haultain, who ran the Ironsides cafeteria in masterly fashion; to Kenneth Chipman, Jos. Bernier and Colonel Hill, in charge of Ironsides, Pink Lake and Camp Fortune lodges, respectively, under Frank Semple; to Geo. Audette, ever ready to open up the trails on Sunday morning; to A. West, in charge of the splendid night hikes and his lieutenants G. W. Ross and Mrs. F. Semple; to Ian Sutherland and L. Brault, who lighted the night trails; to Captain Morin, who secured the "ads" for the circular, to Eric Roy, who took charge of the races, and to Sigurd Lockeberg, who found jumping hills, and to many others, too numerous to mention, who willingly gave help and assistance whenever required. To all, the Club is deeply grateful. It is the spirit that has built the Ottawa Ski Club, and it is this spirit that will keep it up.

Another appreciation of ski-ing, by one of our members this time:—

Those who have never tried to ski often wonder what there is about it that can lure hundreds of people, young and old, to leave their cozy homes early in the morning to start off for what, to them, sounds like a day of hard toil. Just ask the skiers themselves what it is that is so alluring. Many of them, perhaps, will not be able to quite put it in words, but each knows in his heart. It is not necessarily proficiency at the sport itself, for the majority, possibly, are not good skiers; but there is a joy and happiness, and a feeling of freedom on the ski trail to be found nowhere else. Possibly the reason for this is the inaccessibility of it all. In summer it is comparatively easy for everyone, with the aid of the ubiquitous Ford, to delve right into the heart of the wilds; but in winter with all but a few roads blocked by snow, it is only the cross-country skier who really knows anything about the dazzling beauty of Nature in her winter garb.

I can shut my eyes now and see the beautiful snow glistening in the clear brilliance of the sun against a turquoise sky, the green pines forming a restful background with their message of hope; I can sniff the clear crisp air, and hear the merry chatter of the long line of skiers as they glide swiftly over the frozen trail. Merriment and a care-free spirit are evident in all their faces. Nobody brings their troubles with them while ski-ing—you leave those behind in the city. I do not recollect ever to have seen a glum or disagreeable expression on any face on the ski trail. You simply cannot be unhappy there. You may start out from home feeling just as grouchy and at-odds-with-the-world as you can be, and after half an hour on the trail you will have completely forgotten the existence of those ogres, Worry and Trouble;—It is such a joy to be alive, and to know that it is because you are healthy and vigorous that you are able to reach this beauty which is a closed book to many.

Arrived at the Club House, so enchantingly perched on the hill-side, what fun unpacking the knapsacks and producing all the good things for lunch; and what appetites the keen air and exercise has produced! And what a curious mixture of odors—the crackling birch-logs in the huge fire place, the steaming sweaters and mitts hung around the fire to dry, and the appetising smell from the sizzling frying pans! And by the way, have you ever noticed what a gay sound frying is? Surely no other mode of cooking would be so appropriate on the ski trail?

Then, rested and refreshed, off they go again on the return trip—a few tumbles on the way, perhaps, but that is all part of the fun—and then home, healthy, happy and pleasantly tired. No wonder they have to put on extra trains to carry the ever-increasing number of those who have learned to love the winter on the ski trail!—*Winefride M. P. Raye.*

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

Also fifty pairs of Marius-Ericksen fittings—the last word in fittings.

Ski poles, \$1.75 a pair :: :: Fittings of all descriptions, at lowest prices.

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