

# Ottawa Ski Club News

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**The week-end** of Feb. 23-24 will pass down in history as the Bumpy Week-End. With the exception of the Canyon that had been shovelled, raked and cross-checked from top to bottom on Saturday night by some fifteen Night Riders under the able leadership of George Brittain, all the other runs were more or less chaotic, and the bumps in some of them reached gigantic proportions, requiring expert knowledge in jumping. There had been another teachers' convention on Friday, and teachers' conventions spell ruin to the ski trails. Steps will be taken to have this condition remedied for next week-end and squads of men are now at work filling in the craters and taking the top off the ridges. With an inch or two more of fresh snow over the top, every one of the white ways should be in perfect condition.—The Club was honoured by another visit of Her Excellency Lady Willingdon, who climbed up to the top of Excelsior, starting from the Meach's Lake road, and stopped for a cup of tea at Wm. Murphy's at Kingsmere. It was fitting that the house of Murphy's, that has sheltered so many skiers during the last twenty years, should receive the visit of the first Lady skier in the land.

**Results of Dominion Championships.**—Our congratulations are extended to the Cliffside Ski Club for the magnificent showing made by Gerald Dupuis, who created a new record for the Montreal Ski Club Hill, winning thereby the Championship of Canada. Our Rolf Anderson came third, only four points behind the winner. C. Denis came seventh.—In the Cross Country race, in the most formidable field of ski-riders that had perhaps ever assembled at any ski meet, Bud Clarke and K. Saunders came fifth and sixth respectively; Gillis and Grimes were eighth and ninth. Bud was the first of the Canadian competitors. He was also second in the Slalom race while Gillis was third. Altogether a glorious day for the Ottawa Ski Club, which was represented by twenty-two men, eight runners and fourteen jumpers.

Bud Clark's time in the great race was 1:35:44, (not 1:38 as given in the newspaper reports) just 55 seconds behind Nordmoe. Clark was also second in the combined championship while Bagguley and Saunders were 4th and 5th respectively.

**A long ski-hike.**—Somewhere through the rolling fields of Ontario, Clair Severt, Captain of the Porcupine Ski Club, who left Timmins on Thursday, February 21st, at 8.25 a.m. is making his way on skis to the Capital. He expects to cover the four hundred odd miles between Timmins and Ottawa in fourteen days and should be here, weather and snow permitting, on Wednesday, March 6th, or perhaps earlier. Let the members of the Ottawa Ski Club turn out "en masse" to greet this valiant ski-rider on the outskirts of the City. Notice of exact time of arrival will be given in the newspapers.

**Coming events.**—On Thursday, usual Night Hike to Dome Hill Lodge. Many of our members still appear to be unaware of the fact that music is provided on these nights by a first class orchestra. The return fare by bus, from Ironsides is only 15 cents. There is no admission fee except for guests who are charged 50 cents a head.—On Sunday, March 3rd, **Race for the City Championship** and Lady Willingdon's trophy at Camp Fortune.—Another coming event is the month of March which promises to be cold from beginning to end. Make the best of the few week-ends that are left!

**Tid Bits and Comments.**—"Seeing that most of the holes and bumps in our trails are made by the Gatineau Girls (according to their own confession) during their Saturday outing, would it not be fair on their part to organize a fatigue party among themselves to relieve our poor Night Devils (not Night Devils, Mabel! Night Riders) of a part of their duty? I notice those Gatineau girls are always very apologetic in their weekly letter about the holes they make, but they do not appear to do anything to repair the damage." (Your Ed. does not think the Gatineau girls are as poor skiers as they would make us believe; the only difference between them and the other skiers is that they are profuse in their apologies while others are not.)—We all know that ingratitude is a common trait in mankind, but no ingratitude so black was ever recorded perhaps as that shown by a Montreal girl (an erstwhile Ottawa girl too!) who has this to say, after being given the free run of our best bumps; "Anybody in Montreal who has skied up north could show up your best trail experts. No one could possibly turn on your trails if they wanted to. Why, the ruts are sometimes over 6 inches deep. Nobody but a grasshopper could leap out of them. You will never have good skiers till you take out the ruts and teach them to keep their feet together and give them a chance to try the turns. I felt as if I had been riding one of these Merry-Go-Round horses at the Exhibition after doing George's last Sunday. (Ogeegosh, but the young lady must be sore! Must have had quite a few spills, eh, what! Easy to see she is no grasshopper, not on to the jelly-springs yet, that's sure. Used to these easy hills of Shawbridge you know, where you have fifteen minutes to make up your mind about "which shall it be," a Christie, a Tele or a Stem, at the frightful rate of ten miles an hour! Come on over Hike, we will give you a shovel and you can fill in the ruts).—Judging by the persistent way these Montrealers talk about that "Mile and a half hill" up Shawbridge way, your Ed. has come to the conclusion that there must be a hill in that country and he plans to organize an excursion sometime in March to go and see it. Who is coming along? We will wire ahead to the Montrealers to put in some bumps along the course, because it would not feel like home without them.—Some of our Scotch members have found a way of enjoying the Club privileges without paying fees: They leave by the first bus and ski home over the Canyon, the Dippers, George's and the Mica Mine without stopping at any lodge. To do this requires a contractile stomach and an elastic conscience, knowing that the money of the Club and the sweat of the Club's workers have been poured over those trails of ours. You would think they might send us a letter of thanks once in a while for the privilege of passing through our grounds, but we realize of course that ink and paper cost money.—One dollar conscience money was received by Your Ed. from a gentleman who had attended the ski-jumping Tournament and had found no one to pay his admission to. Many thanks.—Your verses are good Marge, but there are too many of them. Sorry we cannot publish them this time.

**Overheard at Camp Fortune.**—What on earth are the Night Riders doing these days? The trails are in a shameful condition! My girl sprained her ankle coming down the Canyon on Saturday afternoon.

"Why does not she take the 'Easy Way' or the Lane?"

"You go and tell her that! That girl is a good skier, and I reckon she has as good a right to take the Canyon as any one else."

"Well let her take an easier trail when the Canyon looks bad and she won't get hurt."

"That girl of mine is not looking for an easy trail, I am telling you. She is not afraid of bumps either and she can ride them as well as any one. In fact she likes them."

"I thought you were just saying she sprained her ankle."

"So she did. What has that got to do with it?"

"I am afraid I don't understand you. You say you want the bumps removed, and yet you say your girl likes the bumps."

"No, you don't understand me and you don't understand my girl either. Who has been asking you for advice anyway?"

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# SKI SONG

By A. H. S.

You and I, and a winter day,  
Bright the blue sky o'er us,  
And eager skis that point the way  
To the hills before us.

With happy hearts, and pack on back,  
For what the trail may show us,  
Nothing, nothing, do we lack,  
All the world's below us.

All the world for you and I,  
Purple shadows, silent trees,  
By darkened pines against the sky,  
We flash on slender skis.

White the trails before us lie,  
O'er hill and dale and river.  
This is the life for you and I,  
Let us ski on for ever.

**An S Turn Squad.**—Six junior members of the Ottawa Ski Club have formed a section known as the "S turn squad" and wear distinguishing badges. Last Friday and Saturday they met and skied to Ironsides where they practised turns and jumping and held a Slalom contest. Hares and Hounds is another activity of the Squad. Several members visited Camp Fortune, Pink Lake and Ironsides on Sunday. Any junior member wishing to qualify for membership should see Hubert Halliday, phone Sherwood 4873.

**Ski Exchange.**—Lost one leather mitt, size 10 on Canyon trail. Please phone R. 3480-J—Found around Dome Hill Lodge, a purse containing small amount of money. Call C. 1229-W.—Orange sweater lost, at Camp Fortune or Wrightville, on Feb. 10th. Finder please call R. 285.

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## A FULL DAY

Nine enthusiastic skiers who believe in occasionally venturing far afield made Wakefield their objective last Sunday. Ed., Morris, and Jim, who had never gone the route before, started off at racer's speed from Old Chelsea but slowed up noticeably before reaching the end of the journey. One member of the party after toiling upward towards the "Top of the World" finally decided to remove the previous Sunday's over dose of wax. The Canyon was in excellent condition, due to the work of George Brittain and other expert Night Riders, but one member of the party, bewildered by the terrific speed, left the beaten trail and finished in a sitting posture just over the brink. Scorning the comforts of Camp Fortune the party made for the Merry-Go-Round. Came the dippers! Ye Gods, what utensils are used up among the constellations. A prominent member of the Club was observed to sneak surreptitiously down the side among the trees. Shame on you H.W.!

One member who sat down on the edge of the Big Dipper acquired a liberal plastering of snow which melted with the subsequent exertion of climbing, George's explanation was that there was water in the dipper and that he had sat down in it. From this point on George developed a grouch which became more acute and only subsided after the objective was reached. While congratulating ourselves that the worst was over, Hell Gate suddenly burst upon our vision. The least said about it the better but we wish someone would smooth out the convolutions in the Ogopogo's back.

Keogan's, Routley's clearing and then on to McCloskey's. Last year's experience of ski-ing round in a circle was not repeated because of the excellent blazing done by some benefactor (Mr. Holbrook). McCloskey's and then the inevitable question, where shall we eat? Down Blanchette's we discovered the woodland chateau with the coloured glass windows, obviously put there by some big-hearted woodsman for hungry skiers. Nine men and a stove in a hut 6 feet x 6 feet gave George a good opportunity to give vent to his grouch. Nevertheless the party, fortified by tea and food were soon ready to conquer the remaining distance. Up the road by the lakes and then into a woodland country where the snow was piled higher than we have seen it this year; grand slides for those at the rear of the party but hard work for the trail-breakers. Some members were lost for an interval but finally came along licking their lips and telling stories of a friend-of-man who had invited them in and ladelled out home brew. The Rockhurst road at last but there was still sufficient vigor in the party to take the trail to the left running up over the hills and descending precipitately to the fields leading to Earl's hill or MacLaren's Road. Wakefield at 5.45, and a hungry nine in Diotte's who rose to the occasion with a chicken dinner, and an offer of a second helping. O.R. and Ed. took it. Oh boy! how we enjoyed that meal! In the luxurious comfort of the train nine hardy skiers declared it had been a great trip,

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but that they had had enough for one day. The reactions of the party to the trip are well seen in their individual estimates of the distance covered. O.R. thought it was 30 miles, George 40, Dick and Percy said about 20. The rest were non-committal.

**The Gatineau Girls** had one of their "big" trips of the season on Saturday, February 23rd. About twenty girls turned out. We took the bus a few minutes after ten. Kingsmere Road led us up the Penguin Trail. Nothing happened of any consequence until the girls parted, half going down the Canyon and half over the Easy Way. We had lunch at Camp Fortune and were on the trail again by 2.15. We took the Lane and eventually struck George's. We started down with great misgivings as to how we should finish. These misgivings were fully realized. For, at the beginning we were calm, but at the bottom we had to be collected. One of our members, however, took it all as a matter of course and peacefully declared it "a little rough" having not fallen once. Oh! that we could all be as good skiers as that. Although we had a wild time of it, none of us would have missed it for anything. After descending Grime's Hill we landed at Pink Lake from the Mica Mine Trail without further mishap other than a twisted leg (still usable) a million bruises, and some useful experience in tumbling.—We followed our own sweet wills, then, as to when and how we arrived at Wrightville, but the majority didn't get in till nearly six o'clock. Nothing was lost but a few tempers and nothing found but a shoelace.—The next excursion will be to Pink Lake from Wrightville.

**Stemming** is the art of regulating speed by forming a half snow plough with the ski. It is, according to Rickmers, "the most useful of all ski-ing movements—the open Sesame to the mountain world."

**Going.**—"By an outward-downward twist of leg and heel gently press down the tail of the lower ski (called the '**braker**') which must softly brush the snow, its point being kept up near the bend of the upper ski (called the '**glider**'). The main weight of the skier must be kept on the glider . . . Try with all your might to keep the glider flat on the slope and let it point in the direction in which you wish to go. The outstretched lower ski—the helm put down—is the characteristic feature of the position; with it you are stemming the tide of the slope which rushes up against you. Stemming enables one to run at all kinds of speed. The pace depends upon the angle between the two skis, the dip of one's track, the amount of edge on the braker and the pressure or weight (very little) applied to the braker.

**"Stop!** Throw the full weight back on the lower leg and heel, that is to say on the tail of the braker, entirely relieving the glider. This causes immediate standstill, provided that the stemming position was correct. This will not succeed if the tail is not pressed down far enough to get the ski horizontally across the dip of the slope.

**To Finish.** Draw (not lift or pull) the glider down to the braker."

Bilgeri describes it as follows: First take the weight off that ski which is to produce the stemming action (the braker) by swinging the hips slightly over to the opposite side. Then move the heel and point of the braker outward and let it slide forwards and sideways on the snow, with the knee slightly bent. The ankle joint is kept quite straight so that the ski lies on its inner edge during the movement. The glider (upper ski) with its surface flat on the snow carries the whole weight of the body, which must be perpendicular to it so that the braking ski can be displaced or raised without disturbing the body or balance. The lifting of the braker is a good test of the distribution of weight. To stop running in the stemming position transfer your weight suddenly to the "braker" and pull the glider alongside of it. You will at once change direction (right or left) to the exact number of degrees contained in the angle formed by your ski points. If this happens while you are in motion you have performed what is known as the "Stem Turn."

Your Editor has found the stemming very useful going down Excelsior or Traveler's hill, and in fact on any trail of sufficient width, and he strongly advises you to practice it.



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