

Ottawa Ski Club News

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A Happy New Year to All



THEY ARE ALL OUT—WHERE ARE YOU?

*Come, ye maids of the vanity-box,
Come, ye men of the stifling air:
The white wind waits at your door and knocks;
The white snow calls you everywhere.
Come, ye lads of the lounge and chair,
And gird your feet with the valiant skis,
And mount the steed of the winter air
And hold the reins of the winter breeze.*

—WILSON MACDONALD, in "Out of the Wilderness".

Before skis came to Ottawa the Gatineau hills were but a summer resort, closing down at the first snow flurry and inaccessible till spring. Now it lies open the year round, and winter has lost most of its sting. Let the asters fade and the leaves fall, the fires of autumn burn down to a grey ash, the dancing waters go into their icy shell and the cold and silence of outer space descend upon the roofs of man, there is still gladness and rare expectation in the lure of the winter trails, their white magic and their stark simplicity.

—LLOYD ROBERTS.

Present snow conditions.—Good on all the trails since Dec. 1st. Only fair now, but still good enough and bound to improve very soon. A "Not-Out" Party will be given next week-end at Dome hill and Camp Fortune for all those who have not been out yet this year. Please be there.

GENERAL INFORMATION

about Advertising, Badges, Bunks, Crests, Dome hill Juniors, Fees, Guests, Lockers, Lodges, Medical Supplies, Night hikes, Ski repairs, Weekly circular.

Advertising—Notices of skis and ski equipment offered for sale or lost on trails will be published free of charge, for members only, in this circular. Tradesmen wishing to advertise are referred to Secretary-Treasurer H. Marshall, 56 Strathcona Ave.—**Badges** may be replaced, when lost, only at the cost of another membership fee. Soiled or torn badges will be exchanged for 25c. **Bunks**—For information re sleeping privileges in Southam and Plant Lodges, apply to Lawrence H. Burpee (R. 356). See also article in this issue.—**Crests** have been ordered and should soon be available.—**Dome Hill Juniors'** excursions for boys and girls under 15, under proper supervision, are run every Saturday. Inquire Mrs. F. G. Semple, Q. 6747.—**Fees** are now due and may be paid at McGiffin's Store, on Sparks St. (next door to Royal Bank). Please remit at once. **Guests**.—The same person may be brought as a guest **only once** during the season. Guest must write his name and address on a card which will be supplied at lodge and introducer must sign card. Repeaters will be refused admittance. **Lockers**—A limited number of lockers 12" square and 12" deep are available at Camp Fortune, at the rate of \$1 for the season. They are allotted by H. A. Whetmore. First come, first served. Lockers rented last year and not paid for before the 15th of January will be allotted to new applicants. Applicants for lockers must supply their own padlocks and hand a duplicate key to the caretaker, so that the contents may be taken out and stored away at the end of the season if owners should forget to do so. **Lodges**—The Dome hill Lodge has a resident caretaker and is open until 10.30 p.m. Cafeteria Systems. Parties of ten or more desiring supper at night should notify caretaker by letter addressed: The Caretaker, Ottawa Ski Club, Ironsides, Que. The cooking and heating facilities have been improved this year. The floor has been painted. **CAMP FORTUNE LODGE** will have a day caretaker, if snow conditions are good, from Jan. 15th. **PINK LAKE LODGE**, only attended at wee-ends. **EAST SIDE LODGE**, will not be open until the Gatineau river freezes over.—**Medical Supplies**.—An endeavour is made to maintain medical supplies at all lodges, but our members are strongly advised to take a small first-aid kit with them. They will never get hurt if they do. **Night Hikes**—Information about night hikes will be given in the next issue of this circular.—**Ski Repairs**—Nails, rivets, stove-bolts, pieces of galvanized iron and tools will be found at Camp Fortune. Ask the caretaker. **SKIS ARE TO BE WAXED ONLY IN THE BOILER ROOM**—**Weekly Circular**.—The Editor of the O. S. C. News will gladly welcome articles on ski topics and suggestions from members. Your co-operation is earnestly solicited.

Ski Exchange—For Sale—Black handmade ski boots, size 8, with steel reinforced soles, slightly used, with specially made M. & E. fittings to fit. Apply Rideau 882 or Queen 3000, Local 388.—**For Sale**—Grey Tweed Suit, size 16, \$5. Call Carling 198.—Small haversack found at Pink Lake Lodge at close of last season. Call Q. 3000 Local 730.

The Canadian Ski Annual, the organ of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association has just been received from the printer and is on sale at 25 cents a copy at McGiffin's, Sparks Street and Byshe's, 223 Bank Street. This year's number is particularly good and does great credit to the Editor, H. P. Douglas, President of the C. A. S. A. A few copies of past Annuals (1926-7, 1925-26, 1924-25) are still available and will be sold for 10 cents a copy to the purchasers of this year's Annual. These Annuals are replete with information about skiing and should occupy a prominent part in the library of every one of our members. Be sure to get all past copies.

Season's Greetings!

May you enjoy in full measure
Health, Happiness and Prosperity
in the coming year

Bingham Furs
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REGENT

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SPEAKS

HAVE YOU HEARD THE MAGIC
MOVIETONE

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"Street Angel"

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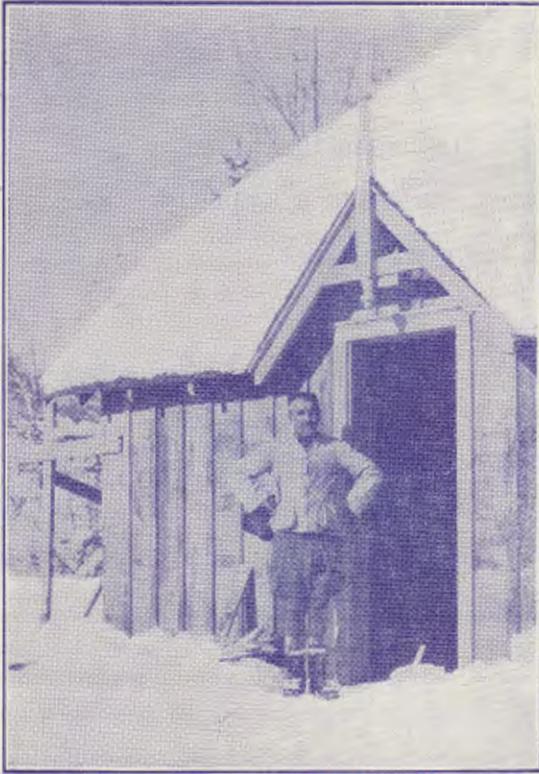
Beautiful Singing and Wonderful Music by Roxy's 10-Piece Orchestra

ALSO SEE AND HEAR

The First All-Talking Fox Movietone News and First All-Talking
Comedy

THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE

THE SOUTHAM LODGE AND THE PLANT LODGE



Although no place perhaps ever was more unsuited for the purpose, the large upstairs room at Camp Fortune was long used as a Dormitory by the workers of the Club. Assuredly the word "Dormitory" was a misnomer: insulated by air spaces miles wide, open to all winds, the place was little better than a barn, and whenever the thermometer took a dip below the zero mark, the chaps who did not happen to have eiderdown sleeping bags had to keep the stove and stove pipes red hot all night to save themselves from freezing to death. As the stove pipes ran out of view through the attic, where bedding equipment was often carelessly thrown, there was constant danger of setting the whole place on fire. All these considerations impelled the

directors to remove the stoves and close the room, and the decision was wise. However, the announcement that this room could no longer be available for "Sleeping parties" caused somewhat of a consternation among the Junior element of the Club and delegation after delegation called on the President:

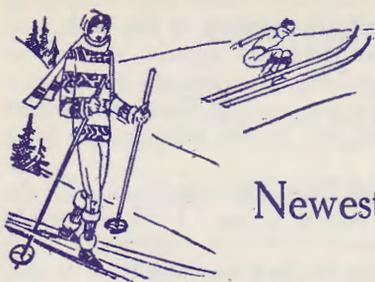
"We fix your trails," they said, "you know very well you can't do without us. The Club must provide a place for us to sleep in."

"I am not so sure that we need you so badly as all that," said the President, "and as to sleeping, you always complained that you did not sleep, so what's the difference?"

The President knew however that in addition to laying the racing trails, the boys who enjoyed the so called "Sleeping privileges" at Camp Fortune did much useful work at times by cross-checking the slopes and filling up the holes of the dangerous Canyon in preparation for the Sunday throngs. But he knew also that the Treasury of the Club was empty and that the building of separate bunk houses was entirely out of the question for this year.

The President called on Mr. Harry Southam and spoke to him in this fashion:

"We have quite a few adventurous young souls in our Club who take delight in lugging blankets all the way from the City to Camp Fortune, work half the night on the trail, and spend the rest shivering in a cold draughty place which they call the "Dormitory." They burn such a lot of wood in trying to keep warm and came near setting the camp on fire so many times that my Directors have decided they must not be allowed to use the place any longer. I have to deprive them of this privilege and would like to build small separate bunk houses for them but we have no money. Will you help us?"



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"I know the kind," said Mr. Southam, "they will carry fifty pounds of blankets on their backs ten miles for the novelty of sleeping in the bush, and they would think they are killed if they had to carry one upstairs at home at the call of their mother. My advice to you is to keep them freezing if you want any work out of them. However, if you think you can manage them, and promise to keep the place under proper supervision, I will pay for the building of a bunk house up to the sum of \$500."

The President next called on Controller Frank Plant who simply said: "If the thing is good enough for Mr. Southam it is good enough for me. I will help you to the same extent."

And so, thanks to these two generous public spirited men, the Club is now the possessor of two very pretty and very comfortable bunk houses containing together eighteen folding bunks provided with good mattresses, and space for a few additional cots. The "Southam Lodge" and the "Plant Lodge" are situated on a level plateau, 300 feet or so from the main Club house, not far from the wood and water supply. Thoroughly insulated, they can be kept warm and comfortable with one tenth of the fuel that was consumed into the huge box stoves of the old Dormitory. They were designed by Mr. Morin, of the firm of Noffke, Morin and Sylvester, architects, who wrote his bill on a "cake of ice" as he said, and to whom the Club and the Club workers owe a deep debt of gratitude.

The condition under which these bunks will be made available are as follows: Applicants must pledge themselves to work for the Club whenever called upon to do so. They must provide their own blankets and their own padlocks for the bunks and leave a duplicate key with the Director in charge. Lodges must, at all times, be kept spotlessly clean. The use of intoxicating liquor in any form will be cause for immediate cancellation of sleeping privileges. A nominal charge of \$2.00 a bunk for the season plus 35 cents for a key to the lodge will be made. The bunks will be reserved for Juniors until January 5th. Bunks that have not been applied for on that date will be given to other applicants on the same terms. All applications are to be sent in to Lawrence H. Burpee, 22 Rideau Terrace (Phone R. 356). Application must give name, address, age of applicant, and school attended.

TWO BAFFLING MYSTERIES

(1) On the 23rd of April 1928, Captain T. J. Morin returning from a long exploration tour over the Western trail took off his trusted skis, and after giving them a parting kiss, hid them in a cache at Camp Fortune in the presence of a few personal friends. The cache was of such a nature that no stranger could ever have suspected its existence; the friends were, of course, above suspicion.

Then, throughout the long and rainy summer Joe whiled away the time, as usual, by catching such fish as inhabit the muddy waters of the Upper Ottawa where he keeps his little boat—chubs, suckers, catfish, barbottes, eels and crapets—while his friends were pulling bass, trout, sturgeon and maskinonge out of the clear waters of the Lower Ottawa.

On the 1st of December 1928 Captain T. J. Morin, after a long and painful trudge from the end of the buss line, through two feet of snow, opened the cache and found it empty.

The skis had disappeared.

(2) On Sunday, Dec. 23rd, President C. E. Mortureux went to the Big Dipper on the Western trail to retrieve a sweater he had left there the week before. He found his sweater and the Big Dipper has disappeared. On returning to his shack, which he had left securely locked, he found on a table, inside the shack, a package marked "Not to be opened before Christmas." The missing sweater was in the package but the Big Dipper was not there.

A reward will be given for a correct answer to the following:—

- (1) Who took Joe's skis?
- (2) Who brought Mort's sweater?
- (3) Where is the Big Dipper?

THE NEW TRAILS

Much was said at the General Meeting about the new trails that the Trails Committee is opening under the direction and supervision of Captain T. J. Morin and more will likely be said and written about them later, when they have been tried. In the meantime, and in order to remove any misconceptions, your Editor has been instructed to write as follows:

Throughout that vast stretch of hilly and broken country extending in a North West direction from the gates of the Capital, there are a great many skiing oases as yet little known, some of which, within easy distance from Camp Fortune, are the Creely's slopes, McClosky's hill and the Blanchette's slopes. Beyond are also the "Grands Brulis" (Burnt lands), about which little is known. To connect some of these nearer points with Camp Fortune by more interesting trails than the old flat and sleigh-travelled bush road which goes along the top of the ridge has been for some time the aim of the Trails Committee. Some day, not far distant it is hoped, the Club will have a permanent Western lodge in the direction of McClosky's, about three miles from Camp Fortune, which will be used as a stop-over for skiers coming from Cascades and also by those more energetic beings, who find that the ascent from Old Chelsea to the Canyon is hardly sufficient to develop an appetite for lunch time, and who will push on right through to the Western lodge.

The first of these points is Creely's slopes. A trail is now being cut through the bush from Camp Fortune to Creely's. It will include four very good hills in addition to Creely's thrilling slopes, and a lot of rolling country in between. These four hills are "The Big Dipper," "The Little Dipper," "The Kicking Horse Pass" and the "Curve of Destiny." From half way down Creely's, the skiers may come back to Camp Fortune by Mud Lake and Travellers' Hill, or keep straight on to Kingsmere by our old Black Lake slopes (now part of the Cliffside's Sunset Trail). The whole trip, starting from Camp Fortune and back to Camp should not exceed three miles,—about an hour's easy journey. This Trail will be called the "Merry-Go-Round." Your Editor had suggested the name of "The trail of the Wet Feet" because the snow happened to be soft every time he worked on it and he got his feet wet, but the Committee felt that such name might act as a deterrent and that "Merry-Go-Round" would be more attractive. It is hoped that the Merry-Go-Round trail may be inaugurated early in January.

The Western trail, connecting with McClosky's famous hill and the great Blanchette's slopes, will branch off from the Merry-Go-Round just past Keogan's clearing, going straight West for a couple of miles or so and crossing several interesting and fairly high ridges. It will certainly prove a much more interesting trail than the old bush road at the top of the ridge, and be also quite a bit shorter. A lot of work remains to be done on the Western trail, and it is not expected that it will be ready for traffic before the end of January.

Trails into Camp Fortune.—Those wishing to avoid the descent of the Canyon, always tricky and sometimes ugly, and who do not care to take the lane on account of possible collisions with skiers coming up, are advised to circle to the left at the foot of the Top of the World where they will find a gentle descent joining Camp Fortune lane at the foot of the second big hill. It may be stated here, however, that our friend K. Chisholm has widened the lane considerably in places, giving more chance for turning and stopping.

For those who just want a short trip before or after lunch, let us recommend again the "Cork-screw slopes" and the "Côtes du Nord," the latter however requiring considerable skiing ability and a good depth of snow.

Indications about other trails will be given from time to time in this circular.

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OUR HONORED GUESTS

The word "guest" is a much misused word. It covers a few respectable persons and a multitude of sinners. A definition of the real meaning of the word will be attempted here for the information of our members, always ready, we feel sure, to co-operate with the Club towards the suppression of any evil that threatens the welfare of the Club. This question was discussed from all angles at the last annual general meeting.

Properly speaking, a guest is a person who has never been to one of our lodges and who comes upon the invitation of a bona fide member, who accompanies and introduces him or her, by signing a guest-card. Guests of this kind are always welcome. The privilege of bringing guests goes with the membership fee. The object of bringing guests is, of course, to recruit new members for the Club. It is understood that if the guest likes our lodges and trails, he will join; if he does not, he will stay home.

Some guests, however, are not satisfied with one visit. They come back, generally re-introduced by some one else. They always have many unsuspecting friends.

Others again—the enthusiastic kind—keep coming so long as there is snow on the ground and so long as they are not kicked out. Like the Irishman who claimed free passage on the railway "because the trains were running anyway, and they were never full," these guests, when caught, generally say: "Oh well, your lodges are heated anyway and there is always room for one more by squeezing a bit." Quite so, but our regular members, who pay fees, object, and rightly so, to being made uncomfortable by people who never intended to join the Club. These undesirable guests are known by the name of "Repeaters" at their second visit, and of "Spongers," "Dead-beats," "Parasites" or "Pests" after that.

There are also old members, who, having paid their fees once, back in the 90's, keep on coming as guests year after year. This is the lowest class of guests.

This guest problem for the Ottawa Ski Club is like the weeds problem for the farmer. At the slightest relaxation on our part, they increase and multiply beyond all bounds. Over nineteen hundred guests were recorded last year, and as the checking was only done in a desultory manner at Camp Fortune, it may be safely assumed that the total number would be nearer 2,500. Out of this total, quite a large proportion were repeaters and dead-beats. The worst of it is that these spongers are the ones who are the most open in their criticisms of the Club. They would like to squeeze out every one else and have the lodges all to themselves.

A determined effort will be made this year to cut out this evil.

All guests coming in at any lodge will be required to sign their name on a special card, and their introducer must also sign on the same card. A careful check will be kept of these cards, and repeaters of any kind will positively be refused admittance by the checker. A list of guests and of paid up members will be kept at every lodge for the guidance of the checker. Before bringing a guest, our members will do well therefore to inquire if he has not been at a lodge before, to save themselves the humiliation of seeing him or her refused admittance at the door.

A circular, outlining the objects and advantages of the Club, will be forwarded to every guest, as soon as his name and address are recorded.

As regards the Ironsides trail to the Dome-hill lodge, it should in fairness be stated that the Club is paying for the maintenance of this trail, and has purchased the ski-ing rights on Dome hill. Any one therefore who starts on the Ironsides trail, whether he enters the Dome hill lodge or not, is a guest of the Club.

The Club fees are so small that any one who can afford to purchase a ski-ing outfit can well afford to join the Club.

Tid-bits—Mabel is getting reckless.—“My one big ambition in life,” she says, “is to take the Canyon on ‘high’—to let go full speed and ride straight, without a stop or fall, from top to bottom. My! would not that be grand!” (It would, Mabel, and your ambition is very praiseworthy. In the meantime, and until there are two more feet of snow on the trail and your little ski legs have become quite steady, keep on checking or tacking, whether on the Canyon or anywhere else. To take any bush trail full speed ahead so early in the season is to court disaster. Many who ride on “high” in December lay low in January.—Emmy Seaner and Ninegar claim to have discovered a cute little trail straight from Old Chelsea to Dome Hill. They are not taking anybody along with them yet because the blooming trail won’t stay “put”. It led them to New Chelsea station on the first attempt after two hours’ wanderings, and to Pink Lake the second time. They will get there yet. As soon as they hit square on Dome Hill they will let us know.—To lose one’s girl, one’s skis and one’s watch all in a day was the sad fate of a young man who spent the week-end at Camp Fortune, and whose name your Editor will not reveal because he does not want any sympathy.—Six foot-six is all there is between the floor and the ceiling of the new porch at amp Fortune, but only one man has registered a protest so far. His name is Tiny.

HOW NEWS TRAVELS

In the early morning of Sunday, December 9th, a small group of workers, including Lawrence Burpee, Geo. Brittain, Balmer Payne and President Mortureux were busy building a bridge over the creek at the foot of Camp Fortune hill, under the direction of Captain T. J. Morin, chairman of the Trails Committee, to provide for a continuous slide from the top of the great hill, when a skier, crashing through the alders, breathlessly announced “that there was a big hole in the Canyon bridge and quite a few had tripped there or passed through already.”

“You had better go up, George,” said Old Man Joe, “and fix that hole, or some one will get hurt.”

Little George strapped on his skis, picked up an axe and wearily climbed the Canyon. On the way up he met a distracted young man who told him “that a poor little chap was lying across the trail with his leg broken; that another one appeared to be dead, and that two more had dropped through the bridge and had not been heard from since. He had better hurry.”

Little George kept on undisturbed. He met a boy with a wobbling knee who was being helped down, but did not see any corpse on the trail. He took a good look down into the Canyon, through the hole in the bridge before closing it, but did not see any one there. Probably their remains had been carried away by the swift water. The hole was so small anyway that only a girl of the ultra-reducing sect of the present generation could have passed through, and who would mind the loss of such a skinny thing, thought George. With a few dexterous blows of the axe, Little George cut two saplings, placed them over the hole, covered them with boughs and kicked a little snow over the boughs, interrupting the traffic for fully five minutes by these proceedings and causing an indignant crowd of skiers to gather around him and ask repeatedly “Why was not this done last night?” What have the workers of Camp Fortune been doing all this time?”

His task being done, and traffic being resumed, Little George walked down the hill, meeting, as he went, a whole crowd of people coming up to help or carry the man with the broken leg, the man with the crushed thigh, the girl with the broken arm and the other injured, dead or dying persons, but George said he had not seen them, and they were all very indignant at his carelessness and heartlessness. How could he not have seen them? They were right on the trail.

Two hours later, when the President passed through Chelsea on his way home, Old Man T. greeted him as follows: “What kind of a slaughter house have you got up there? I am told that sleighs loaded with injured people have been passing through here all afternoon.”

The truth is that two young men got slightly hurt by tripping on shrubs, not at the bridge, but above or below it, and this teaches us that no one should take the Canyon on high before the snow is deep and the trail checked; it teaches us also that stories of wholesale killing should generally be discredited, and that the workers of Camp Fortune are deserving of every consideration,—when they do their work. Perhaps, when other things are requiring their attention and they have not been able to attend to the slopes of the Canyon, would it not be too much to expect that the first few who are coming down do a little cross-checking and repairing themselves to make the hills safe for those who follow? If they did that, they would be looked upon as “Workers” and entitled to the same pay and the same privileges as other regular workers.

FOUNDATION MEMBERS AND LIFE MEMBERS

A campaign for Foundation members at \$100 and Life members at \$50 was launched this year in order to raise sufficient funds to pay our indebtedness and provide for our expansion programme. The following results have so far been obtained. The progress of the campaign will be reported from time to time in this Circular.

FOUNDATION MEMBERS

Sir George H. Perley,
Brigadier-General C. H. MacLaren

LIFE MEMBERS

C. W. Ogilvy (Chas. Ogilvy Ltd.)
S. S. Holden (Pres. Grant-Holden-Graham)
Fred Bronson, C. H. Pinhey, Miss Edyth Wilson,
T. D'Arcy McGee, Miss Dorothy P. Hardy.

For this generous response to our call, and this kind appreciation of our efforts, the Club again extends to the above its warmest thanks.

What your Club is doing for you.—Early in the season, we were informed that the Gatineau Bus Company, operating between Ottawa and Old Chelsea had decided to raise its winter fare from 30 cents to 40 cents. The Manager of the Company, Mr. Aubry, was at once approached by the Club officials, who pointed out to him that this increase in fares would be a serious handicap for the majority of our junior members and that it would certainly hurt long distance ski-ing. Mr. Aubry retorted that many of the skiers were not as careful as they might be with their skis, that many panes of glass in the buses were broken during the year, but on the assurance given to him that greater care would be taken in the future, he finally consented to restore the old 30 cent rate. As the Company transports some 10,000 skiers during the season, this means a saving of about a thousand dollars to the ski-ing population of Ottawa, thanks to the intervention of the Ottawa Ski Club. Please watch you step and your skis now!

MOWAT & MacGILLIVRAY

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Edition No. 1

Ottawa Ski Club News

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