

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
CIRCULATION 2200 COPIES

Snow conditions.—Very good last week-end for those who stood; bad for those—and they were many—who fell. Dozens of broken poles at Camp Fortune bore mute testimony to the fact that skiers had been “riding” rather heavily on the Canyon. There were many foot prints on Murphy’s hill, suggesting that quite a few must have been walking down. As to George’s the prints recorded there showed all parts of the anatomy. As a matter of fact, the speed was terrific, shattering all records, due to the heavy crust covered, here and there, with only an inch of powdery snow. The safest and most pleasant trail of the day was undoubtedly the one stretching from Old Chelsea to Tenaga, over the rolling fields; the trail from the East Side Lodge to the Dome Hill was a revelation. Altogether a great week-end!

Results of Saturday’s Race, Jan. 22, 1927.—1st, B. Clarke, 30.43; G. Woods, 30.50; J. Blair, 31.18; K. Saunders, 31.55; J. Currie, F. Amyot, L. Audette, J. Oliver, L. B. Skinner, F. C. Ellis, C. Robertson, C. Church, S. Wedd, McDermid, B. Martin, K. Davidson, McDougall, G. Glass, W. Richards, A. Grant, J. Sutherland, A. Lambart, L. Lagimodière.

Ladies: 1st, S. Amyot, 45.55; W. McKinnon, 50.46; G. Jost, 51. Let us recall here that, for the purpose of these preliminary races, a “**Novice**” is one who never entered a race, a “**Junior**” is one who never won a prize, a “**Senior**” is one who has already won prizes.—Are there any “Juniors” or “novices” among the contestants? Kindly notify Geo. Audette (R. 40) as there is a prize for each class.

Coming Events.—Thursday, Jan. 27, usual hike to the Chaudiere. Hostesses, Mrs. M. Johnston, Mrs. T. Green. **No Guests**, please—**Saturday**, fifth preliminary race for Seniors, Juniors and Novices, boys and girls. Please be at Wrightville, ready to draw numbers by 2.45 sharp.—Instructions for boys (14 to 17) on Dome Hill by E. Condon.—Adult class by B. Plisky.—Dome Hill Junior Parade as usual, with B. Grayson Bell as instructor.—On **Sunday** special excursion to the Fast-Side Lodge, over much shorter trail than last week-end. Splendid trail from Tenaga to City.—Inauguration of new addition at Camp Fortune.—On Feb. 12, Ontario Championships, held by your Club.

Guest card.—The guest card will be found on page 11 of this issue. Please use it or make one up like it when bringing a guest. We have no time to register your guests at the lodges. The idea of the guest card is to save time.

Changes at Camp Fortune. Mid-week parties going to Camp Fortune after this week-end will find the upstairs room door locked. This room will be reserved for racers, visitors and workers in the future.—The lodge itself is being divided by movable partitions into smaller rooms, which will prove very convenient.

Doings at the Dome Hill Lodge.—Please note that no one besides the helpers will be allowed behind the counter or in the kitchen in the future. If the lodge with its 3000 feet of floor space is not big enough for you, there is the hill with the whole outdoors. Only racers will be allowed in the dressing room.—When you are through with your trays and dishes, please take them back **yourself** to the left end of the counter. We have no waiters.

Last call for fees.—Quite a few of our members are still in arrears and have been trespassing on their 1926 badges and on our good nature. This is getting past the joke. They have had two months of excellent ski-ing and five circulars including this one; thousands of dollars have been spent on enlarging and improving our lodges in the expectation of their coming. Please pay your fees! Let there be no talk of resigning at this late date. Members who did not resign before

the fifteen of January, when they were invited to do so, must in fairness pay their fees now. Fees may be paid to **Miss Ashfield** (150 Third Avenue) or at **Holbrook's** (2nd floor above McGiffin's, Sparks St.) **Byshe's**, 223 Bank St.; the **Dominion Bank** (Corner Sparks and Bank) the **Royal Bank**, Sparks St.; the **Bank of Toronto**, Union Station.

The Great Adventure. An adventure it was, this trip to the East Side Lodge, for those whose weekly rounds had always been the hard tracks of the Mica Mine's or of the Hermit's! The trail from Old Chelsea was found a bit long, though extremely good, and the descent by McAllister's hill a bit risky. The trail will be shortened by a couple of miles, and McAllister's hill cut out next time. Some, including Fred Baillie turned back within sight of the promised land, at McAllister's. Quite a lot of time was lost at Kirk's Ferry, on account of the complete change of scenery. Industrial concerns should not do these things without consulting ski clubs. From the Lodge on to the Dome Hill, the trail was simply magnificent, except for a few unfortunates who followed the road from Farmer's Rapids on, instead of taking the trail across the pine bush. The thanks of the Club are due to Jack Bourgault who cut the trail from Old Chelsea, and to J. R. Dickson who made the trail from Tenaga to Dome Hill.

Tid-bits.—"I missed a perfectly good bus this morning while perusing the "Ski News" on the street corner," writes "Alice" who adds a few words by way of comment on the wretched ski-ing in Montreal. (We feel flattered, but you want to watch, Alice; when this circular is real interesting you will get run over and we will be blamed for it).—Johnny reports the finding of a big chip of wood in a piece of apple pie at Ironsides and wants an investigation. (We always thought our wood was disappearing altogether too quickly. So that is where it goes! The price of pie will have to go up.)—"You don't know the half of it" said a young man to a sympathetic stranger at the Chaudiere Club after his fair companion had poured the usual tale of woe about the loose fittings, the wandering trail and the missing lanterns. "This is my first time on skis." And on being asked where he got the array of badges, from 1920 up, that adorned his manly chest, he candidly answered "Oh this shirt was lent to me by a friend of mine." The sympathetic stranger by the way, was the officer in charge of checking!—"Why is it that my fittings never seem to fit," says Mabel (Probably because they don't Mabel).—Our friend C. E. McRae, from Hawkesbury with a strong party, was here over the week-end and took in all the lodges of the system. "Mac" raved particularly over the East-side Lodge and wonders why it is not more patronized.

The tribulations of the Workers at Camp Fortune.—The following is a true diary of your workers' doings from 1 p.m. on Saturday:—Skied up to Old Chelsea by Dome Hill and Mine Road, arriving at Chelsea at 3 p.m. Blazed East Side trail on Jack Bourgault's tracks, as far as the top of McAllister's hill, returning to Chelsea at 7 p.m.—Up to Camp Fortune by the Canyon's and the light of the missing stars, over crusty snows, arriving at 9 p.m.—Cleaning the lodge and dishes left filthy by the mid-week parties, lighting fires, hasty stand-up supper—10 p.m. An hour's work over the Canyon, fixing bad spot, where Joe had seen a girl sitting down the previous week-end.—12 p.m. Return to the Lodge. Rest over a cup of tea. Reminiscences by old man Joe Morin: Ski-ing in the early 40's. How ski towers go up and why they come down. Why bridges collapse. Why people fall on the Canyon. Collegiate reminiscences by George C. His sensations when he carried his first hip flask filled with lemonade—1 a.m. George is told to shut up by the Censor, and ordered to bring water for breakfast. He comes back scared white. The water is frozen! Visions of 1200 feet of bursting pipe! A short hour's work on the pipe with boiling water brings the cold water back.—2 a.m. Wood and water fatigue.—3 a.m. to bed.—4 a.m. A noise down stairs. Is this the long lost Percy with the message? False hope. Only a squirrel upsetting a bench.—7 a.m. Up and breakfast.—8 a.m. A squad leaves for blazing a trail to Creely's. Another squad leaves for Old Chelsea and the East-side lodge.

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Let us all chip in something.—A tumble on an icy hill, when practising on barrel staves skis, has sent Joe Laverdure's son to the hospital, with a fractured hip. The best of medical attendance is required if the boy is not to remain a cripple for life. Joe has served the club faithfully for two years as a caretaker at Camp Fortune; he has no bank account, and there are many mouths to feed in the family. Let us all give something. You will find a collection box on the first table as you enter the camp this Sunday.

The New Camp Fortune. The roof is on as we pen these lines, and the whole building will be complete and the stoves installed when this circular reaches you. Nearly three hundred more will find elbow and frying space in the new addition—just the number required to pay for the cost of the building. Let us get them and wipe off that debt a once' Let us get in three hundred more senior members before the first of February, and then we will hoist the flag and celebrate at Camp Fortune!

Echoes of last Thursday's night hike.—The course was made by that bad man of the seven leagues skis, "Tiny" Sutherland, and this explains why the lanterns were so far apart, and the trail so long. Just by taking half a dozen more slides, Tiny added a couple of miles to the length of the trail. However, the moon being bright, the atmosphere bracing and the sliding perfect, no one complained, save the management of the Chaudiere Club, which had to serve some 200 rations to satisfy one hundred and forty hikers.—Your Editor was there and he noticed that "unaccompanied" young men were a bit shy in coming forward to offer their services as waiters. This should not be so. If you have no lady to attend to, or if your young lady can exist for fifteen minutes or so without you bright remarks, please step forward and offer your services to Alex. West, whom you will know by his Committe badge. Don't let the same ones do it every time. It is not fair. The waiting is like George's trail. The same ones are always getting killed.—A few plates were broken, through no one's fault in particular, but this should not happen. It is our boast that not a piece of china was dropped last year. Watch you step—take off your mits and remove your boots. This applies particularly to the President who forgot to take off his.—Few took advantage of the special street car leaving the station at 11.30. It will be tried again next time, then if it is not patronized, it will be cut out. This car arrives in Ottawa at 11.50.—There were fifteen guests, exactly fifteen more than the allotted quota. They were allowed in because the crowd was small and the lady-checkers happened to be good natured, but things may be different next time, so don't be a guest. That's all we have to say. Do not expose you friends to the humiliation of being refused admittance at the door.

"WHAT SHALL WE EAT?"

By EDITH O'CONNOR

Our respected Editor, who is a very busy man, recently conferred upon your humble servant the title of "Printer's Devil" with all the glory, emoluments and responsibilities incident to that high office. The g. and e. have not yet risen to the top, but the duties are many and various. Chief among them is filling in odd space in this darn circular with grandmotherly advice on such mundane topics as clothes and food. Aesthetic subjects, like manners, morals, style and Joe Morin are reserved for his own master pen.

Answering a summons to the august presence the other day, several dusty and formidable tomes were fired at me as I opened the hoor. Not being so adept in the art of dodging as friend George, the heaviest hit its mark—yes, my left eye—Hutchinson on "Dietetics: Principles of Scientific Feeding"—no wonder it left a purple shadow for a week! "Take these volumes" commanded the boss "and make me some notes on appropriate dieting for our members. We can't let them go on resigning on account of surplus pulchritude (see letters to Miss Ashfield, Circular No. 2) or breaking down whole fences because their girth has expanded beyond the width of legal openings."

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Meekly I obeyed, departing with what looked like half the stock of the public library under my arm. Far into the night I burned the midnight oil, wandering in a maze of vitamins, carbohydrates, calories and proteins, gleaning many important facts. There was a red, green and yellow checkerboard chart that looked like the new mackinaws but really was intended to indicate the respective number of calories consumed per day by a Chinese dentist, a Trappist monk and a Dublin lawyer. The dentist and the lawyer broke about even; apparently toothache in China and legal processes in Ireland place an equal tax on human energy. The gastronomic feats of a students' club in Finland were cited with admiration. This was interesting, but not helpful. Turning over a few pages I came on what I hopefully took for a picture of the short broad ski which is so strongly advocated in some quarters just now—but the footnote labelled it the percentage composition of a banana. I lingered long and lovingly over the section devoted to liquid refreshments—what matter that from champagne to potheen they have practically no food value? The very names are sufficient to tantalize a sober Ontario palate. Then came the thrilling discovery that molluscs run 220 calories to the pound and codfish 315. Let 'em run, said I disgustedly, and snapped off the light. We aren't staging races for molluscs and codfish at Camp Fortune.

The volumes were fired back at their owner the next day. He is an accomplished dodger so there was no casualty. "They're no good at all "I protested "There's nothing about skiers in any of them." "Then you'll have to make up something" he decreed, adding pessimistically "Nobody will pay much attention to what you say anyway". In which chastened spirit I bent to the task.

What we eat on a ski trip depends chiefly upon what we carry with us, and this should be carefully planned with a view to bulk, weight and convenient preparation as well as appetizing and nutritive values. Food is primarily a necessity, it may also be a luxury but should never be allowed to become a burden out of proportion to its use. The general tendency is to carry too much; it is difficult to

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guage before hand probable capacity for tomorrow's dinner and if we err it will almost surely be on the side of repletion. We are inclined to exaggerate the possible pangs of hunger and the distance from a base of supply, so all sorts of extras are crammed into our haversacks until every crevice is full and the result approximates a ton of coal in weight. Then, when you have toted a pack of good things over hill and dale for a couple of hours you just naturally refuse to take any of it home again. It must all be consumed. So your lunch becomes a double burden—on your back all forenoon and in your inner man the rest of the day, and you wonder why your skis seem heavier, the hills steeper and the trail longer in the afternoon. And if you have indulged in a full course dinner (more or less) with the necessary dishes and cooking utensils, the absence of the mere food won't make an appreciable difference in your pack for the return trip.

Sandwiches undoubtedly are the most compact and at the same time satisfying form of food yet devised for travelling purposes and they may be developed in infinite variety. Thick slices of bread liberally buttered, with generous filling of meat, eggs, cheese, fish, nuts, combined with lettuce, celery, onions or other "greens", well seasoned, form a well balanced ration of carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, etc. (we must work in somehow all those nice terms learned from Ye Ed's books) and one or two of these will run up into a very respectable proportion of the 4,000 odd calories requisite for a hard day's work. If you must have something hot, such sandwiches can be toasted in the oven or on top of the stove without disrupting their internal economy, and the flavour of the stove polish used in our lodges won't affect them in the least. They can still be manipulated on the "fingers were made before forks" principle. Bread, cooked meats, sausage rolls (the kind that Mother used to make which are quite different from the ordinary hot dog) individual meat pies and such may be managed with the minimum of implements. Chocolate, raisins, dates, figs, fruit cake, nuts, apples, oranges,

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grapefruit, may be added. The cup that cheers—tea, instant coffee, prepared chocolate or cocoa, which require only the addition of boiling water and can be made in the cup if a pot is not available—will provide warmth and round off a very satisfying collation.

Tinned goods, such as soup, pork and beans, steak and onions, "boiled dinner" (which is a variation of the well known "mulligan" motif) are good, but even they are a step away from the absolute essentials, as they add the weight of the tins and involve carrying some accessories in the way of utensils. Steaks, chops, roasts with regulation trimmings are of course very nice, but it is no great hardship to forego them in favour of simpler food while you are actually on the trail. The prospect of a good hot dinner waiting at the end of the trip is a wonderful incentive to good ski-ing on the home run, especially if the edge of your appetite has not been dulled by too much food en route; and you will enjoy your dinner much better at leisure in appropriate surroundings, with the serene consciousness of a good day well spent behind you, than in the hurly-burly of the lodge at mid-day where you must watch your step in the frying pan scramble like a cat watching a mouse and are lucky if, after you succeed in getting your food cooked, sufficient elbow room can be found to ply a knife and fork.

It is a physiological fact that rest can be substituted for food, to some extent, with very beneficial results to the system. In fact, food should not be taken in large quantities under any undue physical or nervous strain. Stock up body fuel by hearty meals beforehand, and repair the energy dissipated in strenuous exercise by extra rations afterwards; but while actually on the march let moderation be the watchword. When you reach a halting point—whether you are dead tired or still glowing with unspent vitality, overheated or just comfortably warm, glad to stop or eager to press on—don't commence to eat immediately. Take a deliberate rest until pulse, breathing and body temperature are quite normal; after which you will likely find that you are not nearly so hungry as you anticipated. Another short rest after eating, and you are ready to carry on in the pink of condition. It

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is a good idea to divide both halts and rations into two or three short periods (depending perhaps on the number of lodges you take in along the line of march) rather than one prolonged rest and heavy meal, with unremitting labour the rest of the way. The common sense of gradual feeding during steady action is illustrated by the prowess of channel swimmers whose plan is the absorption of nourishment in small quantities at frequent intervals all the time they are in the water.

These notes apply to the average all day trip and are presented for consideration by those whose trip begins after breakfast and ends in the early evening. Sun worshippers who go forth to greet the dawn (I met a couple of them at Fortune not long ago) midnight prowlers and week-end trailers, of course require more comprehensive supplies and if it is their pride to tote a pack that looks as if they had been turned out of house and home with the kitchen stove, the piano and grandma's patchwork quilt on their backs, we lazier mortals should not presume to criticize. And if any energetic skier is foolish—er, I mean kind-hearted—enough to bring along roast chicken and invite you to share it, do not say him nay. It may be his Boy Scout act of kindness for the day, so don't discourage him.

One more gleaning from Ye Ed's book may be of interest. It is stated on credible authority that the Green Turtle is the only edible reptile on this continent. So if the Boa Alba crosses your path before lunch don't waste time trying to bag him. Better let him lie.

Mr. Ted Devlin, of the Cliffside Ski Club, who sustained a painful accident on Sunday, would like to know the names of the two Ottawa Ski Club men who helped him in reaching the nearest farm house, so that he may thank them personally.

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Oxo Cubes, 4 cubes in a tin	15c. 10 cubes in a tin 30c
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George Washington Coffee (all ready to use)	50c, \$1.00, and \$1.55 tin
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FOR THE INFORMATION OF OUR MEMBERS

The President,
Ottawa Ski Club.

Dear Sir:

Further to our phone conversation a few days ago, in connection with having a car run past the Chaudiere Station on the Hull Electric Company Line, at about 11.15 P.M. Thursday, January 20th. The following is the report received in connection with this car:

Car arrived at this station at 11.15 P.M. and left this point at 11.30 P.M., arriving in Ottawa at 11.50 P.M. There were 20 passengers who got on this car at the Chaudiere Station and 8 at Val-Tetreau, making a total of 28, amount collected \$2.55.

You will see that if these conditions do not improve in the future that it would not be profitable for the Company to run this car.

We wish to co-operate with the Club in every way possible.

Yours truly,

The Hull Electric Co.

This car will be supplied again this Thursday.—(The Editor.)

Ski-Exchange.—Lost at Camp Fortune Lodge on Jan. 19th (Wednesday) an O.S. Crest sewed to arm-band of black elastic. Finder please call C. 497.—Lost, badge No. 229. Please call R. 4263, between 7 and 8 p.m.—Lost, on Sunday Jan. 16th, Ironsides trail a grey knitted mitt. Phone S. 6374.—Left, at Wrightville, on Saturday, a pair of ski poles. Finder please phone C. 2011.—Lost, vanity case on Ironsides trail, R. 5433-W.—Fole Sale, ash skis 6' 6", semi-racers, practically new, Hagen fittings. Phone S. 4873.—For Sale. 7½' hickory jumping skis, Hagen fittings, S. 4553-J.—For Sale, Ski poles and Ladies' ski-boots, size 5½, cheap, Q. 7921.—For Sale, skis, semi racers, 7' 3" with poles and boots, size 10. Carling 2695-W.—Left, Short Ski Pole when taking care at Wrightville. Phone R. 98.—Will the person who found a ski band on the Kirk's Ferry trail please phone C. 1214.

All communications regarding this circular to be addressed to The Editor O.S.C. News, P.O. Box 65.

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