See 6 April

Peg Had One Wood Pin and Ten-Pin Skittles in Quaint Sport Set-up of Yesteryear Here

—:★:—

PRINCETON had a bowling league long ago. It fitted the picturesqueness of the times.

In the teeth of the depression alleys were laid in the basement of an uptown cafe building, with other even more picturesque games in attendance.

That the fifth-hand alleys had to be sawed off to fit and undulated with the foundation did not detract from the colorfulness.

The proprietorship enhanced the color. Promotor was Peg White, in the film tradition of his type that graced the frontier camps. His sundry artificial appendages of person made it quite appropriate that he profit from wooden pins.

There was a six team league, ten pin, with some notable performances both of trundling and keeping score.

Among the pioneer enthusiasts were Charlie Phillips, famed for his raw steaks in the bandbox L.D. Cafe, next the Wilson block, Frank Caruso, Tom Hooper (who appropriately officially opened the new alleys) and, oddly, Alderman Albert Ernest Bloom.

The disease subsided well before the epidemic stage.

Frankie Pesut at that time was hardly even an articulate ambiton, and Ted Mullin a minor member of the original Tunnel Rats, a juvenile foreign legion of assorted Schullis, Mullinses and Kovaches, who played any and all sports any and always, aided and abetted by Hugh McDonald and Davie Wallace and who still stick together as a team in their present posh enterprise.

★ STRIKE THREE—There is a rumor that a chap called Frankie Drake had to do with the game before Frankie Pesut. In England they still call it skittles (damfoolishness it has also been called). and the alleys are attached to the pubs. But here indeed you might say it is not all beer and skittles. Under Peg—

For The Latest in Capital Entertainment
CAPITOL THEATRE
Every Week Night

The SIMILKAMEEN STAR

Fifty-Third Year; No. 5. PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 22nd JANUARY, 1953 COPY 5c ☆ YEAR $2.00 [Foreign $2.50]

CAMERON'S GROCERY
THE MODERN STORE
PHONE 137
— See Our Advert —

Star Sports Yarn ROUND THE HOT STOVE

FIFTY YEARS OF SIMILKAMEEN SPORT

★ Draw up and let's talk old times, hot times, in sport . . .

☆ SIMILKAMEEN was not without sport glory in the good old days. Relative to its size and opportunities, its head was high. What can match their drilling contests, and their champions of double jack, for instance?

Sometimes they went afield—and cleaned up. And this is to note that in Algie Scholefield and Ron Campbell we had in bygone nether times sprinters who with proper facilities might have done just as well. We had hockey teams that got into more than one provincial final. When we bred race horses, Luke Gibson had a near-champion. And once we played the world champion lacrosse Salmonbellies — though mostly under false pretenses. We had in Jack Coles an Interior golf champion at 17. And once—believe it or not — we had a provincial basketball title.

Hockey was first played on the river near the Garrison place, with a pint-sized rink later in the Garrison barn. Billy McLean and the Freeman boys loom large on the first photo (look at it when you pay your subscription (!!)

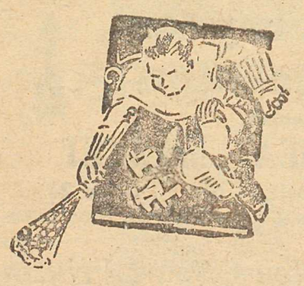
From obscure beginnings grew a school sports meet which stands as a challenge to this richly endowed era. And we had Frank Wykoff running here fresh from his Olympic triumph. W. A. McKenzie, Similkameen M.L.A., put up a cup for a 440-relay between Keremeos and Princeton boys, and out of that grew a track meet that for organization can never be beaten.

—:★:—

☆ OF COURSE they could beat that yet in the real old days when the kloochmen raced their cayuses between the tall timbers on the trail that is now Vermilion Avenue. The Indians used to gather from all round for the white man's potlatches and their campfires circled the basin with enchantment on the eve.

Far more partisan were the rock drilling contests which had place opposite the court house, with intense rivalry between the various camps. Brawny champions dripped rhythmic sweat and blows in their unnershirts and if they struck a niggerhead their perfervid backers were minus even that all-woolen all-weather indispensible.

Once a brawny Adonis swaggered in to the Jackson House to make his in the other fashion of the times—the side stake. He was a big city star making the rounds. The locals were never swere to make a buck—or to lose one if it meant a "sporting attraction." Many were from Phoenix and the West Kootenay camps where they played hockey games for stakes of thousands, with special trains — which the resourceful Patricks moulded into the original professional league.



So any rounder could count on local pride and the yen to bet a buck. But the Jackson visitor should have seen a glint in the accepting eye. For a broth of a kid had just blown in to work at the drug store. It was said he could run and the effervescence of the little fellow was proof of pedigree in them frontier times.

And of course Horatio Alger Johnny Campbell beat the city slicker in front of the hotel where one of our invisible monuments dots the majestic sweep of Bridge Street. Another is to Bobby Carmichael, of the same ilk, who also graduated to Keremeos with Johnny.

This sort of thing has a golden twilight and in a tavern still as the hour grows late in contentious reminiscence you will see exasperated octogenarians swing their crutches—and their challenges to come out and prove they can sprint the century in ten flat.

—BACK PAGE, PLEASE

★ PILLARS OF SIMILKAMEEN SPORT

Bobby Carmichael, Roy Curran: Hockey Greats

SIX-FOOT DEFENCE MAN OF THE RUGGED ERA AND A STRATEGIST OUT OF HIS TIME

★

FOR two men who have figured a lot in these columns of Similkameen's chronicle for much of its half century, comes the time for summary and box score. In the truer sense the score is in other and better hands. But we can, and surely without protest, index their averages and transfer their "pix" from our "morgue" to Similkameen's sport hall of fame.

For Bobby Carmichael and Roy Curran did not merely take their chance to win or lose; they made a real and vital contribution to the proud character of Similkameen, by the sport trail.

RUGGED

Carving Similkameen's sportsgraph in formative times, their contribution was much more than throwing a ball around. Yet their sporting outlook, as their sportsmanship, colored all they did. It was a characteristic of Similkameen's grass roots that served us proud in less specious times, that we can ill afford to lose.

Individualism is the essence of achievement, and Roy and Bobby were very different. But this real essential they had in common. It made them, in rivalry, friends, and of all of us leal to leal Similkameen. For each in his own way, loyalty was virtue and passion, as to every sportsman and sodlier worth the name.

Superficially too they had a alike.

Both came from the early Boundary country to Similkameen to write a sport saga in two chapters.

Bobby was a banker; but Roy might better have fitted into the conventional pattern of that calculating craft.

Bobby was wee and jolly and open as the sun; a favored few knew it was largely self-effacement. The serious Bobby never said much. But he came a long way to say it; and you knew as left through fire. Yet Bobby was spontaneity personified—engine size to his beam.

Roy was the strategist. His private loyalties were no less loyal. The born administrator, he had a friendly reserve. But Roy was always the planner, the engineer. Bobby gave it all he had, content that the box score would spell victory. Roy ran his teams like he kept his ledgers. We never saw him at his best. We shall never know what he could have done for us. He would only work one way. He was probably wasted here. Perhaps he was born 30 years too soon. If his time had synchronized with present day time bench hockey . . .

But who, in the box scores of such Similkameen classics as Bobby and Roy, would change anything?

Both were friends and favorites of the Partick's in the days when Phoenix was the cradle of their hockey fame. Bobby, little over five feet, was a defenceman in the toughest of schools. A serious smelter injury cut short Roy's playing hopes. Lester Patrick once called him the greatest coach in amateur hockey.

PIONEERS

Those were the halcyon—and hectic days of the Boundary and Kootenay camps, when every game meant a special train and men wagered more in a night than they made in the mines in a month, and a sport star outrated a smelter super. Modestly, much of the same spirit moved with the crews to successor Similkameen.

As player and fan, Bobby was into everything. He played lacrosse and hockey in a picturesque page of Similkameen's saga. Roy did one thing well, or not at all. Both carved a niche in the Similkameen sport totem no sportsmanship could deny them; and all should honor.

★

BOBBY - -

Robert Henry Carmichael was born in Hamilton, Ont., in February, 1882. He gravitated to the Boundary camp in the roaring 90's, clerked in a hardware store in Grand Forks, moved over to the bank. He opened branches of the Eastern Townships and British North America Banks in Keremeos and Princeton in 1909 and 1910, returning to Keremeos as manager when the Commerce took over.

Bobby's sprirt, and his service, was not confined by the conventions of even those bandbox frontier banks. He would do business at all times, all places, unorthodox ways, but neither head office nor client ever had reason but to be grateful to him.

THE EXCISEMAN

He was one of a noted Keremeos contingent to serve in France in the '14-18 war. On return he took up a fruit ranch at Keremeos in 1920 but in 1926 he became customs collector at Similkameen and served with all his customary color and conscientiousness till retired in 1942.

He took a ranch east of Keremeos on the Green Mtn. road; the winters he usually spent in Victoria. His passings through breathed reminiscence and reunion. He died in Victoria 27th January, aged 72.

As athlete and prince of men Bobby was a local legend. But he had authority. He was for some years organizer for the Conservatives, an active member of the Church of England.

Besides his wife he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. B. G. Fraser of Vancouver, one son, Harvey, of Portage la Prairie, Sask., and four grand-children.

Funeral was held — unknown to too many—at Keremeos. Pallbearers, old-timers J. C. Clarke, E. C. Armstrong, J. E. East, L. S. Coleman, E. Sadow, R. Minshull. God rest you, Bobby.

ROY - -

Roy Brunswick Curran was born in Richibucto, N.B., in 1886, came to B.C. when 11, grew up in Grand Forks, went into the smelter. There an accident left him with a crippled right arm.

Sport-keen, adversity was opportunity. He became a brilliant hockey coach.

Like many others, with the Boundary's decline he came to Similkameen, took office work at Allenby, turned out its proudest teams. Then he took the desk job at the Hotel Princeton where for many years he was a fixture. He had less luck with the puck.

THE MANAGER

When the hotel was sold in 1945 he operated the Osprey Lake Lodge. When it was sold last year, he returned to Princeton, in failing health.

He died 7th February, aged 66. He was unmarried. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Edna Quinn and Miss Ethel Curran, both of Vancouver.

The funeral was held in Princeton Tuesday.

★

HONEST, JOHN

We wouldn't know who parked Jack Coles' yellow sportster in a notorious street, tossed keys away

—BACK PAGE PLEASE

ALLAN HAD A BRIGHT IDEA

And the Old 'Uns Were Willing from Afar, put the $ Gym Had No Team

—:★:—

A big strapping fellow with a musical drawl pokes you in what hopes to be a chest and says, long time no see, no savvy? Army, Essondale, Okalla? Well after all they is occasionally as many as a dozen guys in such outfits and what's the pitch in remembering the males? And Al himself was out on his vital statistics. It seems now we won TWO provincial basketball championships then. That would be the coNFounded interest.

Yes, it was little Alleyne Dodd, the gangling kid of 14 who was on Princeton's first soccer team—along with Jack Collins, fat and fifty—in 1928, when little Stan Garrison got into the picture as mascot.

Allan was all steamed up with a great idea—it was hardly new, but never mind. He wants to reassemble the old gang that brought glory to Princeton by popping light bulbs and tumbling over hot stoves in the old band box Orange (Elks-Bloom's) Hall; to strut them in the new half-million dollar school gym. The only sticker is of course that progressive Princeton can't raise a basketball team any more.

But the loyalty of the village alumli warms the cockles of your heart. Educators, executives, they proudly (mis)remember the hungry undrgraduate day pals. The other, cultured college Princeton would envy it. Al's ambitions for the homecoming extended as far as Toronto. Every one jumped at it. Inspector Lucas of the I.I.I.; Ralph Thomas, now a big mind in muscle training back East; gentleman Cec Ritchie, modestly content in Oliver.

Heroic Harry Campbell, who a Canadian champion used to snow shag in from Jura, practice pot shots alone in the unheated hall, snooze under the press; now a virtual invalid but still smiling.

HI-MEN

Jolting Joe Gibson and Al himself, always long on altitude, now up in the aircraft game. Jake Lancaster, a longer Longfellow. T. Campbell McAlpine, suave Scrooge of Walnut Street and the only keyhole loafer of the lot.

Hon. Algernon (sic) Scholefield, screwball aristocrat, who went over the big jump first time he had skis on, and whom unadoring Frenchy Madore bumped off the red hot slab stove.

Wilf himself and minute man Mack Gregory and the Printer's Imp, all back after a bit of wandering—and one or two who must await reunion on a more distant shore, God rest 'em.

Doc Lee Smith, the best friend Princeton ever had, who still keeps his hand in hereabouts. Doc—golf, hockey, baseball, track school and any sport—is a generation ahead and has been pretty sick; but when Al suggested he might coach the team he bellowed, "Coach nothing; I'll play." Rev. Ashford, the missionary, who strangely found more scope

—BACK PAGE PLEASE

● FLEET FEET FIXED THE FOUR-FLUSHER

When Johnny Campbell Ran Into Local Legend-in His Sox

Famed Salmonbellies Played Here Masquerading as Band of Hope, But Keremeos Still Had Hopes — Byplays of Yesteryear Recalled by Old Sodliers of Sport

★

ON a summer day in 1904 a couple of city slickers climbed down from the stage coach at Jim Wallace's Princeton Hotel, sluiced down the dust, picked up their carpet bags, and settled down for the night.

Princeton was a lively little town in those days, just four years old, and progressive, if not incorporated.

Oddly enough, there was a black jack game in the hotel that night and—you guessed it—the visitors from Chilliwack made quite a killing. Mine host Jim Wallace was taken for $400 which was a considerable acreage of potatoes in those days.

Moreveover, they rubbed it in, for one of the swashbucklers waved lush greenbacks and taunted that there was $500 there to say he could beat any man in Princeton at a foot race.

Princeton was, as ever, loyal, and the atmosphere was gloom and resentment. Moved by that no doubt, eftsoons a stranger sidled up to the dejected Jim

He's Your Man

"I see you've got a young fellow called Campbell here," he said. Jim mechanically agreed

A J. R. Campbell had just arrived to open a drug store. He was a model young man, quiet and diffident, and wore the immaculate celluloid collar that stamps him to-day. He was small, if self-possessed, and the sort of chap who told you nothing, but you could believe anything good of. He had been in bed for hours.

"Well, if you'd like to get that money back, he's your man," said the knowing stranger. "I coached him in Nelson, and if there is anyone here who can beat him, he must be pretty good."

The effect was electric. The drooping miners and cattle men perked up like flowers in a summer shower, and no nerves could rest that night until their champion had accepted.

So a rough, exhilirated posse marched up to his room. It was 4 a.m.

J. R. roused courteously, albeit not without a touch of resentment, sat up in immaculate nightshirt, listened dutifully to their excited plea. Weighed it judiciously, said, "Yes, gentlemen, I will run," and went back to sleep.

We must leave you to reconstruct for yourself the scene of grim tension as rough men and coy women lined the stump-bordered main street of Princeton less than 12 hours later.

De-feet

But they had little need to fear. Their unknown champion was one of the best sprinters of his day in B.C., and could do the century in ten seconds flat. The unsuspecting braggart had, in Princeton's embryo half acre, taken in a little too much territory, trapped by coincidence. The race was obviously not timed, but J. R. won easily, as he would have against a much better man.

For 50 Years
an issue on file for every week since 1900
—The Star has treasured local lore. Recording, researching, we preserve the record of Similkamean
This is your service.
We invite your help.

So Jim Wallace retrieved his $400, and, if there are no Olympic officials looking, J. R. made his first hundred in Princeton for ten seconds' effort.

"Johnny" Campbel', one of Similkameen's model citizens, had quite a spel in Princeton before moving to the big city of Keremeos, where he continued to nurse his yen for sport, and figures prominently in these reminiscences. Though he has now retired utterly, turning the mantle of business as formerly of sport over to J.R. Jr., thankfully known as Ronnie.

A propos, we have a story to tell about Ronnie, but first one even more a propos.

This came much later, about 1932. A big fellow came to keep books for Charlie Hunter's Tulameen mine. He was very big in more ways than one, and very English. His name was Bloor, and he was really pretty good.

In those days Charlie Armstrong, one of the Keremeos old guard who run through and all over this story, used to truck fruit to Princeton and carry general cargo back. This was one of those noted Princeton Saturdays, and after Charlie had changed loads, he ran into a few of the boys

Inhuman Race

It was at this time that Ronnie, who had been sweeping all before him in the school sports was due to run a challenge race, of which more in turn. Naturally this was a dominant topic, and Mr. Bloor was no blushing violet, and, good though he was, was best of all at being provocative. Charlie was one of those slow-quick men, and Mr. Bloor's blah exasperated him in the first round. So it was a hundred dollars that Charlie could beat Harry then and

—BACK PAGE PLEASE

★

THIS MacDONALD HAD A YARN

—:★:—

FOR a quarter century Hugh MacDonald was just about Princeton's No. 1 sports fan. A quaretr before that he might've been a Similkameen Jim Thorpe.

This we dunno, for Mac's golden days were in Golden, or may be before Blue Nosa Scotia.

But he did do some great sport feats in the Legion. His gouts with Charlie Armstrong, Harry Bloor and Tom Hooper on how good we used to wuz invariably put the gang in hysterics—and Wag to sleep.

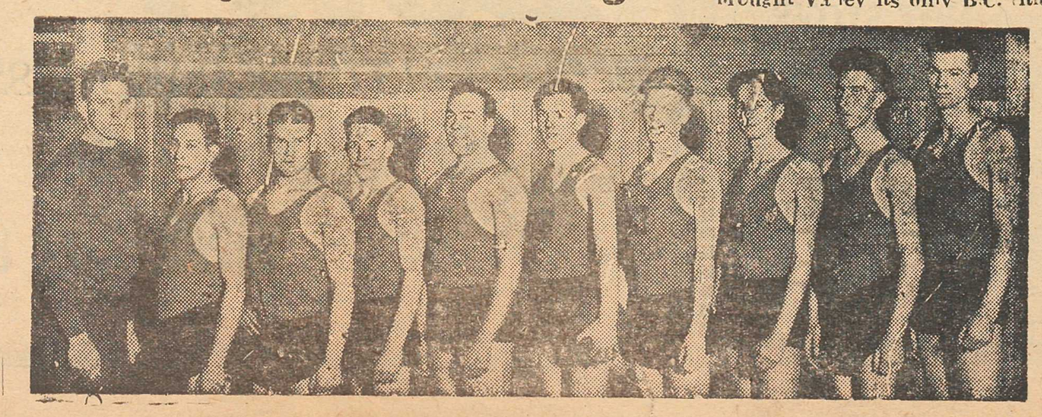
Mac the athlete, we dunno. Mac the fan was nonpariel. He was particularly the fairy godfather of the notorious Tunnel Rats. He was good hearted—Kozak clerked at his Keremeshop for years.

Chipper as ever, rigged up with earphone and artificial heart, Mac—now 71—has been renewing old intimacies here—and pining for yesteryear. He has gotten over that fall up a tree at Gibson's Landing. Outraged by estimate for a brick wall at his Vancouver home, he took up bricklaying—at 71. Kozak, however, he has never quite managed to get over.

Mrs. Mac—fine; Davie Wallace—no sae guid. Gene, wrecking hospitals in Penticton; and Peg—in Buffalo, brand new athlete.

Some Boys of the Old Brigade

Senior C basketballers in 1937 brought Valley its only B.C. title.



SPORT — Back Page

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With more than three million of our women bowling this winter, it had to happen; there had to be a controversy over fashion. It was skirts versus shorts — until the International Bowling Congress stepped inned and officially banned exterior abbreviations. So this is what they're wearing officially. M'Gillicuddy's comment has been tactfully expunged from this paid advertisement.

But remember, no trip is too long—or too short— for

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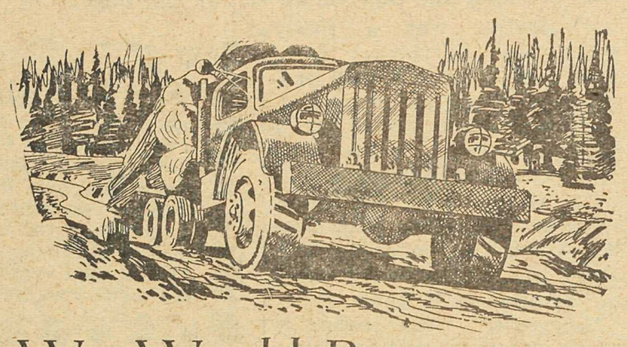

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It's quite PLAIN—you SAW how we can CHOP 'em down; we take a TREmendous delight in FLOORING 'em.
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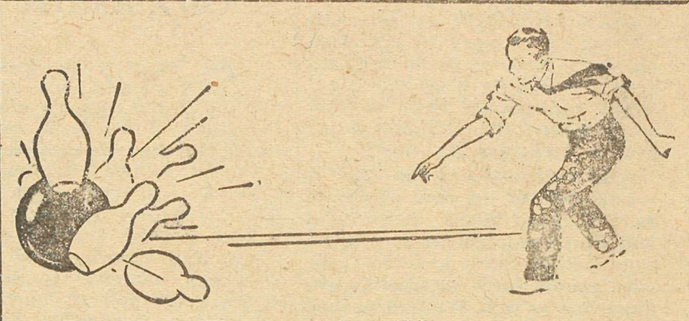
TAYLOR LUMBER COMPANY LIMITED
— J. J. TAYLOR, President —



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Best Wishes to our bowlers from
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Not this?

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Watch
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Bowl 'Em Over

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YOUR LUCKY STRIKE!
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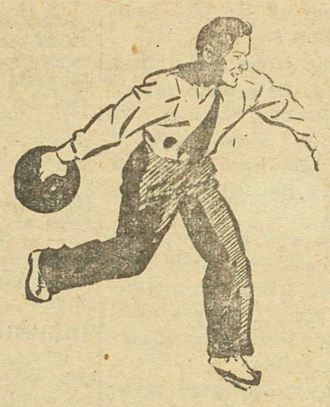

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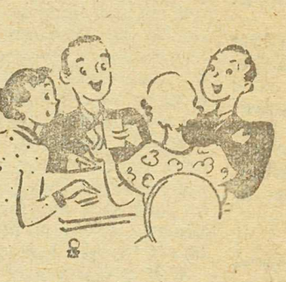
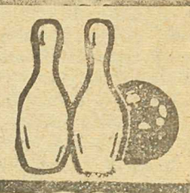
— LIMITED —
BRIDGE ST.-RUSS FOSTER Mgr.



We don't mind who(m) we beat, say our bowlers
And like our team, you'll find our quality,
our service and our prices hard to beat
COSMOPOLITAN RED & WHITE STORE
PHONE 85—VERMILION AVENUE



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SOUP, PORRIDGE, MIXING
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★ CAPITOL THEATRE
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We Feel Sorry for the Opposition
[All in the spirit of sport, of course.
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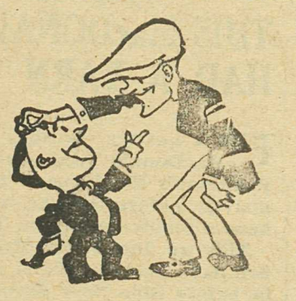

and your cooking will have 'em licking the bowls clean WHEN YOU SHOP AT

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South Bridge Street—We Deliver

The Star for Sport News, Sport Printing

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HOT STOVE LEAGUE
Will Be a Glowing Success with
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Bowl
For HEALTH and HAPPINESS

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—ED. MULLIN.
FRANK PESUT,
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SIMILKAMEEN OFFERS SUPERB ATTRACTIONS FOR WINTER SPORTS

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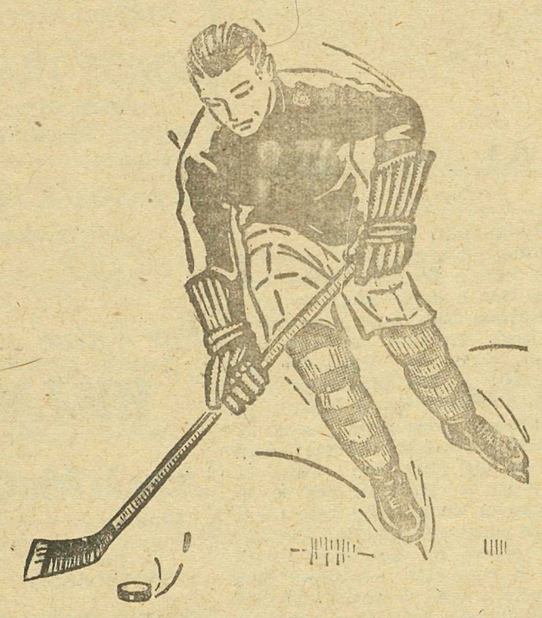
For WINTER



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HOSPITALITY plus LUXURY

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WINTER SPORTS WEAR

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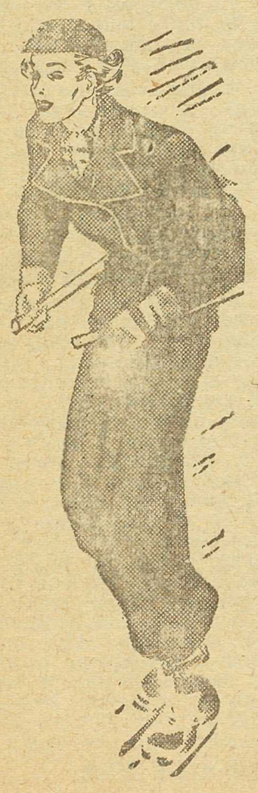

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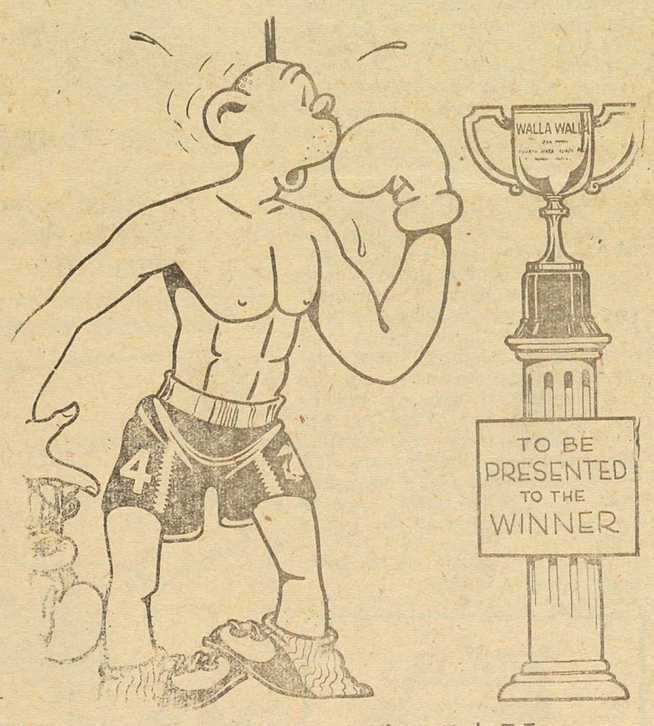
Vermilion Ave.

PRINCETON

Trophies, Medals *and* Fine Watches



STEVE OSMAK

The Popular Jeweller

PRINCETON'S MAIN CORNER—BRIDGE at VERMILION

▼ GRESVIG ▼

SKI EQUIPMENT

— *See* —

JOHN & ANDY KASSA

AGENT FOR ALL GRESVIG OF NORWAY

SKI SUPPLIES

PRINCETON—PHONE 168-R

PRINCETON CURLING CLUB

NATURAL ICE—FOUR SHEETS

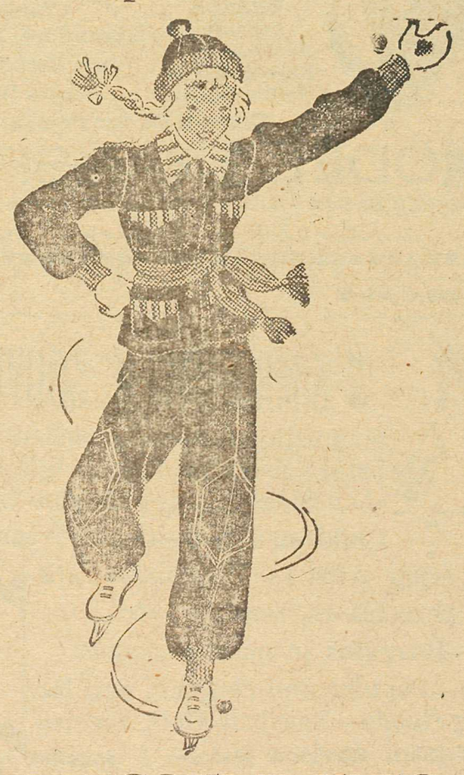
ALPINE ATMOSPHERE —☆— CHEERY HOSPITALITY

PRIZE BONSPIEL IN JANUARY

—— For Information write Secretary

WINTER

Sports Wear



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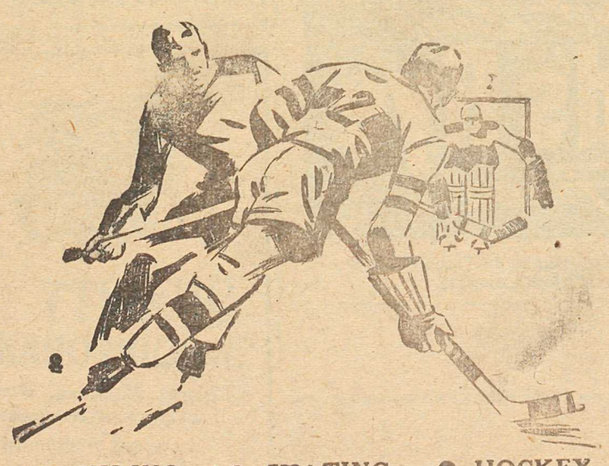

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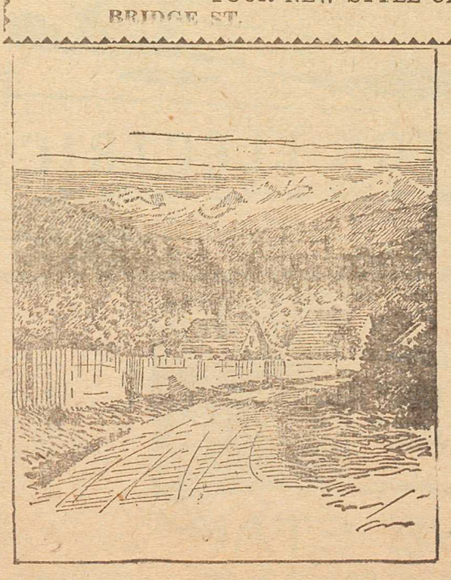

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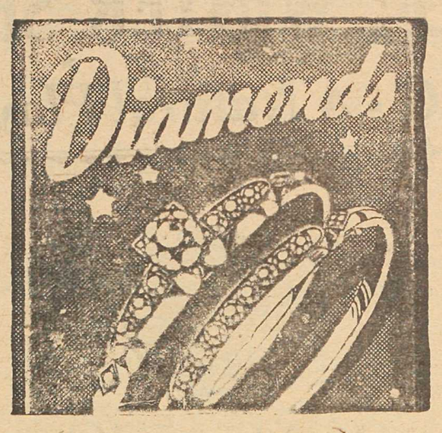

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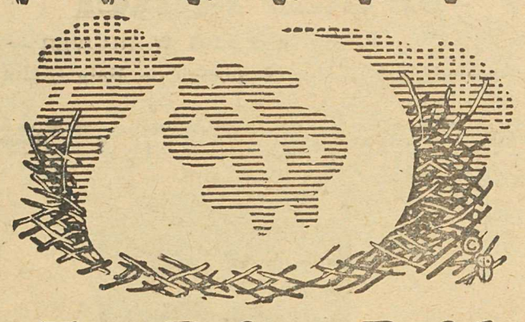

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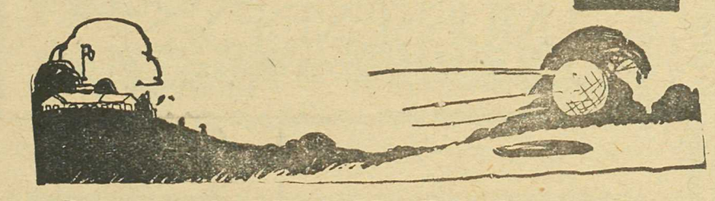

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Are you thinking about YOUR NEXT JOB?
PRINTING and BOOKBINDING
THE STAR

John R's Speed Pills

(FROM PAGE ONE)

there Well, Harry had said too much to back down without leaving town and he still had a pretty good opinion of himself So it was on.

You'll have to reconstruct that picture, too Princeton by then was quite grown up. This time there was no fanfare, and no gallery—except the small knot —and none wanted. It was in the nature of a duel, fought out grimly, silently, on the main street at 1:30 on a Sabbath morning.

Of the result, we had best say nowt, as it is still too recent not to rankle.

All this time Charlie's laden truck had stood aside, a dumb witness. Until 11 its sealed cargo was sacrosanct, but thereafter Charlie made cheerful of necessity . .

Cold Fury

It was about the same time that one of Princeton's most fantastic contests took place at high noon, on a Saturday, outside that same main hotel. It was no sudden brawl, but slow dead reckoning duelling.

A line crew was here stringing the provincial telephone wires. Two of the men fell out One was a burly young giant, the other sixty-ish, but upstanding as a forest king.

By pre-arrangement the foes squared up at the busiest hour, at the busiest place Scores looked on; no one interfered.

It looked a pitiful match But who could guess what that old man could take—and give out?

For nearly an hour they stood toe to toe; then the young man's strength wore out, and that man of iron cut him to ribbons before he shook hands and gave in. Dreadful, but grand.

But back to the Campbells: Ronnie, a sapling, was something of a schoolboy sensation. To these parts came a bank clerk, one G H I. etc. Scholefield. His father was the noted historian. "Algie" was a private school boy, and by choice a bit of a screwball, but no pansy He'd turn a handspring in church if it occurred to him. He went over the big jump the first time he was on skis. But he was good, and he was game, and a slogger.

'Planted' Fish

He was a good runner too. He was years older than Ronnie, and all the speculation was on who would win if they met So why not try it and see? It was about the same time that we had inveigled Frank Wykoff, the Olympic sensation, into running here.

Well, Ronnie tried hard, but Algie was good, and that time Keremeos had to take it.

You have to go 'way back for the next sporting sensation.

Were you aware that Keremeos once beat the world champion Salmonbellies—for one period?

That was back in 1913. For Princeton's Dominion Day celebration a $200 prize was put up for lacrosse. They hoped that might bring an outsider, and were rewarded when Hope filed an entry.

That, of course, was before the Kettle Valley Railway, and the Hope boys would come in by horse over the Dewdney trail.

The locals naturally gathered to greet them.

They looked young and happy enough, astride their pintos.

Then K. C. Brown, the lawyer, who had come up from the Coast and introduced the Indian game, suddenly exploded. "Hell, that ain't Hope. There's young Stoddart—"

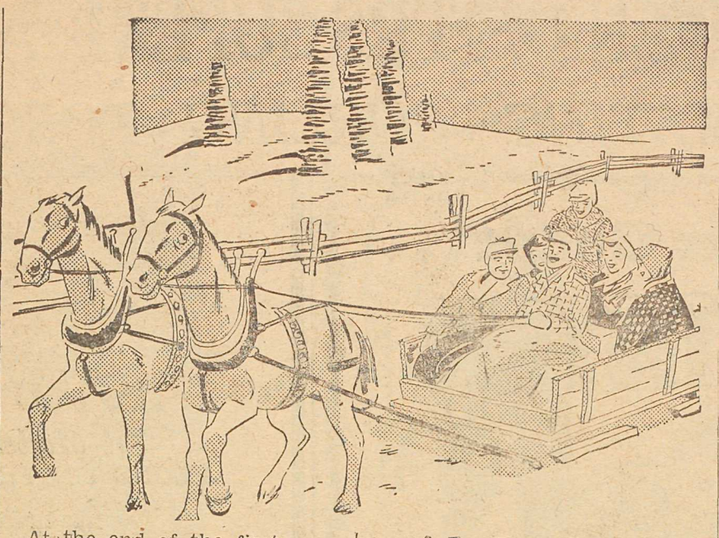
The lawyer was right It was the Salmonbellies, lock, stock and barrel.

It was this way. Bob Springer, the Hope manager, was an old Coast player, and he figured he could swing it, and he did. The 'Bellies, then in their hey-day, were holders of the Mann Cup Princeton, of course, never hoped to beat them, but welcomed the attraction. Keremeos, who never figured on leaving their orchards for the ride, had other ideas.

In the morning game, at the Race Track, the champs beat Princeton graciously, 6-3.

They would probably have been as easy on Keremeos. But the Keremeos tradition is win and they had none of Princeton's coyness. They were going to liven it up a bit. Princeton, they said, had let them play too pretty.

They brought the game down to the school grounds, and the crowd, with plenty of Keremeos fans, was tensed for a showdown They got it.



At the end of the first quarter Keremeos were up 2-1, but got it the hard way. "Hope", of course, handed it back, and there was a steady stream to the penalty box.

At the interval everybody squawked, so Harry Avery handed the referee's job over to K C. Brown. Oddly enough, they stopped the rough stuff, and "Hope" ran out winners 19-2

The sequel came when the Salmonbellies were expelled from the Mann cup race as professionals for having taken money at Princeton.

That was about the time that lacrosse was introduced here.

It was of course the 12-man 12-man field game, and the tremendous 'Bellv passing undid the locals. Among the Princeton players were K. C Brown, Mr. Avery and Mr. Waddell Bobby Carmichael captained the Keremeos team, whose players included Charlie Armstrong and J. A. Brown. goalie

Cause Celebre

(The Star of 1913 supports Mr Avery as far as it goes, even to the scores, but misses the famous trick, simply referring to "Hope." And the purse was $150. Luke Gibson won $150 in the free-for-all horse race At baseball Copper Mtn. beat Hedley 23-10 and Tulameen 13-10 "Yorkie" Meher and Jim Beam were second in the drilling. "Judge" Murphy was one of the judges and Joe Wigmore was clerk of course

Sport really started with the arrival of J. R. —and the fire brigade too The Tulameen Hotel fire brought out the need for fire protection.

They got in some hose. It was brand new, looked so nice they decided it would be best to leave it that way till they needed it. Then there was a fire. They got out the hose — and found there was no nozzle.

But sport in Similkameen goes back farther yet, and The Star of 1900 (first year) reports Dominion Day at Keremeos, well patronized by Princeton folk. Alongside "Terrible News in Pekin and Tsin Tsin" The Star records B. Erwin winning the sack race, with the Richter horses prominent.

In the same year the Princeton Lacrosse Club is throwing out a challenge to Kamloops and Ashcroft, with a special taunt to Keremeos.

In May, 1901, the Princeton Racing and Athletic Assn. was formed, with E Watermam as president and George Aldous on the committee, and it is decided

Star Dusters Busy

A period of vigorous meteor activity is in progress over the North American continent. Sit in on the celestial extravaganza, visible in our western sky from about 10 o'clock these nights.

Al. Dodders

(FROM PAGE ONE)

in India than Princeton.

It was no love match' and the town had a frontier flavor. But there was a band and two rival orchestras, and there were hockey and baseball and soccer leagues with the same idea of fraternity as the League of Nations. Yet there was a fraternity; no alumni more loyal, and by no means confined to sport. Run into an old Princeton hand in the plush of Wall Street or on Vancouver docks, and you are a prince when you mention Princeton. Could be something to do with it that the educators and inspectors who bounced off hot stoves to give Princeton her first and only major honor can't find a team to help them honor a half million dollar auditorium.

Could spirit count?

SPORT LORE - -

(FROM PAGE ONE)

Back in our favorite early 30's Charlie Armstrong, a Keremeos countryman of Bobby's—of opposite dimensions but the same spirit didn't say much. Nobody else had a chance. Till at last the strong man from Keremeos smashed down his flagon, told Mr. Brag what he thought of his brand or versimilitude and though he was no runner and 15 years older, undertook for the applauding assemblage to answer brag in the honored Similkameen tradition.

Now Charlie was trucking a considerable cargo, under due seal, of the spirit of empire to vendor at Keremeos, and it came as a sizeable shock to the less sporting of us to discover that he had deserted so precious a cargo — parked through the night—for the small beer of palavar. Nonetheless Charlie was in the mood to be a generous and somewhat reckless host to the honor of Similkameen, and a seal is surprisingly more sentimental than real when you try

Altogether it was an expensive evening for Charles but (and) there were extenuating circumstances. Charlie sprawled, lost honor, stake and a considerable yardage of skin, not to mention the value of the paper seals.

They raced it off on the main street after midnight.

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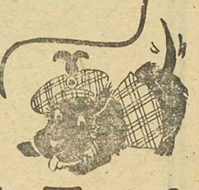

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