

Y. M. C. A. SKI CLUB ROMPS OVER HOOD

Snowshoe Tramps to Points of Interest and Slides on Toboggan Entertain.

EIGHT BECOMES MEMBERS

A. M. Grilley Is Elected President and Plans Are Laid for Erection of Cabin on Peak for Other Winter Excursions.

BY O. W. MIELKE.

Historian Alpine Ski Club. Nineteen members of the Portland Young Men's Christian Association Alpine Ski Club enjoyed a trip to the Mount Hood region, leaving here February 2 and returning Saturday night. They departed at 7 P. M. February 2, going by rail to Hood River, and stopping at the apple city that night. They left for Parkdale the following morning via the Mount Hood Railway.

The trip to Parkdale is only a matter of two hours and a half. They were met there by bobsleds drawn by horses and driven by men from the Lodge, arriving there at 1 P. M. on Saturday. After dinner lessons were immediately started in scientific skiing.

Expert Trains in Sport.

A. M. Grilley, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who was at the head of the party, sent in advance of the departure an expert skier, Egon Ritter, of Kreuzberg, Austria, with a skiing record in Switzerland and Japan. He is now located at Mount Hood Lodge.

Saturday afternoon was spent in the snow and the previous evening in the brand new toboggan obtained from St. Paul, Minn., 11 feet long and accommodating eight persons, afforded pleasure. That evening initiation of new members was carried out.

The following day "snowed" into the club: Chris Betz, A. L. Fish, Harold Gilbert, E. J. Jaeger, C. R. Miller, J. Arthur Norman, George F. Scott, and O. W. Mielke.

East Fork Is Visited.

Sunday afternoon trip to Beaver Dam and the East Fork of Hood River provided a good day, covering a distance of two miles each way over trails and through canyons.

On Monday a trip to Fall Creek, five and one-half miles from town, was made. The trip took the company along Cloud Cap Inn road for about one mile from where they branched off through the Government forest reservation. Tomale Falls were visited en route.

Last night the party returned to all is on what is now the proposed Loop Around the mountains. There is a desire among the residents there to create enthusiasm throughout the two or three counties with a view to ultimately having a permanent road built.

A. M. Grilley, President.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year Monday night: A. M. Grilley, president; Fred H. Kiser, vice-president; R. H. Atkinson, secretary; Morris Barnes, treasurer; O. W. Mielke, historian.

The club was thoroughly organized and the following committee appointed to look into the advisability of establishing permanent home in the mountains: A. M. Grilley, J. P. Plagemann, M. Ringler, George F. Scott and J. E. "Ed" Werlein.

Many comical incidents came up during the trip and nearly every member of the party seemed for the last part of more than one joke. Because of his expert ability to wax skis, A. L. Fish will henceforth travel under the nom de plume of the "Skil Waver." J. Arthur Norman was "dubbed" the "Yawk strop Kid."

School Classes Attended.

On the return trip Tuesday the Valley Crest School between Mount Hood Lodge and Parkdale was stormed by the bunch. All took seats as they did down stairs in their own grammar school days. A big package of cakes and cookies was presented to the scholars by J. P. Jaeger.

Mrs. McNamara, of Portland, the teacher in charge, attended the visit of the skiers and upon learning every child received some small change.

We were met at Hood River on our return trip by a delegation from the Hood River Commercial Club, consisting of Messrs. Blanchard, Moe, Mitchell, Sims and Thomas. They escort us through the Hood River Apple Growers' plant and we saw them shipping apples to different parts of the country.

To the party was given the courses of the Commercial Club, where the bunch spent an hour in training. The Hood River Apple Growers' Association did not forget us, but sent down a box of apples, most of them being enjoyed on the way to Portland.

Snow baths by all members were taken every morning of the vacation. J. P. Plagemann nearly caused the skiers to be wiped out on the return trip. Going up Tuesday noon he challenged the Parkdale folk to a snowball fight, and they accepted the challenge. He told the station agent at Parkdale that the battle could be staged on the way home.

The agents promptly "ribbed up" the whole community. The home guards prepared countless weapons of snow and were ready for the foe.

Surprise Quickly Made.

Just before the Portland delegation was ready to leave Mount Hood Lodge, the station agent became alarmed at the situation, thinking that some of the town sharpshooters might injure a few good-looking skiers. He therefore telephoned Homer Rogers, proprietor of the lodge, advising him to tell Mr. Plagemann to surrender. The well-known Portland furrier did so unconditionally.

Sore necks are still bothering members of the party. All during the trip and especially while the party was being hauled from Parkdale to Mount Hood Lodge the celebrants were continually snowballing each other. All were sharing the slight discomfort, three or four times going and coming and snow crawled down everybody's collar, no matter how well protected.

If you see any of the adventures of the party, just pinch one of his ears. He'll still holler for he was pelted a lot with good wet snow and his ears are still tender.

Caldwell Nears Championship.

CALDWELL, Idaho, Feb. 10.—(Special)—Caldwell High advanced a step nearer the Southwestern Idaho basketball championship, defeating Weiser High in a fast, snappy game, 27 to 26. Wilson and Conners shone brilliantly for Caldwell, while Kiser featured for Weiser.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ALPINE SKI CLUB ENJOYED FOUR DAYS OF EXHILARATING SPORT NEAR MOUNT HOOD LODGE, RETURNING TO PORTLAND LAST TUESDAY NIGHT.



TITLE PLAY IS TOPIC

Billiard Champion Should Invoke "No-Decision" Scheme.

IDEA IS PORTUS BAXTER'S

Discussion Leads to Boxing Game and Story of Knockout of Jim Jeffries by Jack Johnson Is Told Again.

BY PORTUS BAXTER.

SEATTLE, Feb. 10.—(Special)—Too bad that George Moore could not invoke the "no decision" scheme, so popular with Freddie Welsh, in his recent contest with Charles McCourt, of Cleveland, for the three-cushion billiard championship. It would have been mighty handy to cling onto the title, even if McCourt did win 150 to 122 in three nights' play.

The idea is inwards, irrespective of whether it is or is not run by a trust, appears to be to make the title-holder defend his laurels before his contemporaries have reached the age of applying for a defense pension. So it was that poor George listened to the challenge of McCourt and went down to defeat.

We have not heard complaints that the referee failed to take into account the fact that Moore had to give himself justice. Strange that he did not offer such an alibi, but lack of such details shows how much George has missed by failure to study the life of Mr. Welsh, as revealed in the sports column of the daily newspapers.

Methods Not Concealed.

So far as the general public is concerned, the secret is to be found in the methods of Mr. Welsh. He came to strong when he was in British Columbia, squabbling over the finishing touches of the negotiations for a scrap with Willie Ritchie, he has stirred up another until he has stirred up another in New York, Minnesota, Colorado, Pennsylvania, or Wisconsin. Freddie, however, is still the world's lightweight champion, and getting the money. Truly a marvelous condition of affairs.

Moore would probably say that he could not apply Welsh's tactics to billiards, even if he had the inclination, because he would be stripped of his title if he did. Therefore he had reached the high school period. For that matter, Welsh would too, were it not for the peculiar conditions that obtain.

Great Crowd is Silent.

What held that crowd of 20,000 people silent and speechless was the thought that Jim Jeffries, the hitherto undefeated, "hope of the white race," had collapsed, that he had gone to defeat before the black man much as one does in a sack of oats out of a lumber wagon.

Johnson played the game fair. He waited until Jim got something resembling a balance and then he toppled him over again. From a technical viewpoint the fight and the battle was anything but spectacular.

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