

1922-1923 Season Review...

RECORD-SIZED SQUAD REPORTS FOR CAGE WORK

The prospects for a corking good basketball team at Fremont high school this season are more brilliant than they have been for several years. Coach Charles Taylor issued the call to arms Wednesday evening and they had to extend the walls of the gym and open the doors to accommodate the crowd of athletes that turned out to try for a position on the team. In all 65 men reported for practice and the turn out is the greatest in the history of the local high school. Just imagine material enough for 13 basketball teams turning out for one coach to look over and you can figure just the kind of a job the clever Mr. Taylor has had cut out for him. Among the stars who have signed the cage roster and will try for the team are: Louis Gabel, Tim McCarthy, "Hootch" Fox, Thatcher, Lee, Siler, "Blondy" Miller, Hank Bauman, "High Tower" Clark, Zink, Gust, Nickles, Schneider, Herbert (Whitey) Krellick, and so many others that they have to keep track of 'em with an adding machine and five sets of drill masters. When the best material in this big squad gets all worked up into a team, there'll be some cute cage didos cut up in the L. B. S. or somebody will miss their conjecture.

ed and they gave a game exhibition of caging, going down to defeat 11 to 1 after a struggle that consumed every minute of play.

F. H. S. CAGERS TRIM ST. JOE IN TERRIFIC BATTLE

For quite a spell of time in the high school gym Friday evening there was considerable conjecture as to which team would win the basketball decision, St. Joseph's high or Fremont high. The first meeting between the two athletic representations of the big Croghan street seats of learning, was a hang-up bout in every respect, and the edge went to the purple and white of the F. H. S., but never let it be said that the purple and gold was disgraced by being trailed in defeat.

There was all kinds of color in this game as well, black and blue being the chosen hue as the going was awful fast and quite rough. The cage sport is a regular he-man's game and you can't play it by wearing a stand-up collar and holding a cup of tea in one hand and a tea biscuit in the other. The count was 18 to 11, which is going some for a battle within the confines of the high school gym where there are more dangerous angles in nooks and corners than there are quills on a porcupine.

Coach Taylor's selections towered over the St. Joe battlers but the wons gave the big wons a sample of ring-around-the-rosey and crack the whip and the roddess of victory was flirting with both sides until she finally selected the stern visage of Capt. Louis Gabel of Fremont high and shunned the smiling features of Captain Eddie Gabel of St. Joe's high and a brother of the famous Louis, and slipped him home with the well earned and well known bacon.

Brother vs. Brother

It was a battle of brother against brother when Louis and Eddie Gabel led their cohorts on the floor. The famous Callahans of Yale and Princeton fame, had nothing on this pair. Louis is a veteran of several years in high school football and basketball, while his brother Eddie is one of the coming athletes of the city. Even Louis himself had to say, "Very good, Eddie" after the game as the latter was the high point setter of the evening's melee, taking down 7 points for his share of his team's 11 score.

Right off the spring board Eddie Gabel sent his team into the mixture by shooting a pair of felders in quick succession and immediately there was a sound by night and a guard's waist went out after the leader of the St. Joe crew. They watched him like a hawk for the rest of the evening and at that he swooped down every once in a while and came near jinning up the proceedings.

Ralph Gust, rangy center for the high school clan, hoisted the egg into the basket for his side and when the first period went into history the invaders were in the lead 4 and 2 and their rosters were in a frenzy of glee. The crowd on hand packed the seating capacity of the hall, as has been said before, but there were at least 150 on the outside that were unable to shoe horn in and they had to enjoy the game via the wig wag system or rubber neck radio and the world old gossip route.

In the initial portion of the second period "Whitney" Krellick, destined to be a bear in the cage this season, eased the leather apple into the croquet work and the count was knotted just like a comforter at a quilting bee. A few seconds later this same mat working Krellick happened another one with one hand and this shot was flatted with the horseshoes of the season. Some St. Joe rooster remarked at this time that if the clever "Whitney" should happen to fall into a vat of sugar beet pulp that he would come out with a sack of cream puffs in one hand and a bouquet of violets in the other.

The works of "Whitney" set the F. H. S. rosters into a nutty state and even "Hank" Baumann and "Still Bill" Flegelst pepped up and started to cheer after the others had finished. Eddie Gabel got a shot at the hoop via the free toss and he bent the pill

into the sack. This quarter went into the score books 6 and 5 in favor of the F. H. S.

The game was fast and furious and fouls were plentiful as fly specks on a backwoods restaurant menu card. "Jumping Joe" Hurley, Walter Krupp and some of the other queen bees in the hive of activity couldn't get started up to this time but the patter of their feet on the slippery floor sounded like the dumping of a peck of buckshot on a tin room. All hands were in the game and even Amos Boyer, sheik of Lindsay, who officiated, was busier than a peg legged rope walker trying to escape a raid of woodpeckers.

Hammer and Tongs

In the third section of the evening journey the minions tutored by Charley Taylor, who learned his stuff at Martin's Ferry and O. S. U., and Dr. C. I. Kuntz who formed the athletic habit at Tiffin, Western Reserve and Heidelberg, were still stopping like quarter horses. Coach Taylor was giving most all the men on his squad a shot at the doings and it was this hammering tactics with brand new material that had quite a bit to do with the victory. The St. Joe crew only made one substitution during the fray and this was in the fog end of the proceedings when "Toque" Bablione, one of the cleverest cagers for his size in the city, went down and out with a hip injury and was relieved by Mike Measle, another player who garners points with action that would make a frightened grasshopper blush for shame.

"Mick" McGraw was eased into the plot for Louis Gabel at the start of the third quarter and he immediately made himself a candidate for gaseator of the third ward when he coaxed the fauned-hog cuticle into the mesh right off the reel.

"Raphael" Gust burnt the ozone with an offering that helped greatly, but Walter Krupp, star center for the "Joe" crew, broke into the spotter's glare right here when he inserted the bloater into the hoop for as pretty a colder as ever scored two points, and repeated a moment later with another one that made Joe Lauer, the gold mouse "clear bee" gym was packed and banked with humanity that was clustered about on the bleachers like swallows on the telegraph wires. The rooting on both sides was great and the trained cheering chorus had some grand operas checked for noise and volume of vocal discord.

They called the count 10 and 9 when they pulled the scorekeeper out from under a heap of rosters who were trying to read the scorebook. In the final strains of a very interesting story, the work of McGraw and Louis Gabel joined in with the performance of Overmyer, another shifty cager who earned his spurs in the same battle which gave Amos Boyer to F. H. S. won the old ball game and caused a sigh of relief to settle over the high school contingent. Eddie Gabel made St. Joe's final points when he shot a pair of free selections.

The game was rough because it was fast and the crews of both outfits played as if the outcome would decide some national issue. In times of tense physical effort, boys as well as men are wont to forget their table manners and pull a little rough stuff. If the officials had called all the fouls made on the floor last evening he would have staged a whistle solo that would make the piccolo player in Sousa's band give forth a sound that resembles the tear stained effort of the noise that comes from the peanut roaster on the corner.

The St. Joe team is to be complimented for its mighty effort for they made the purple and white open up the gas throttle and the next meeting between the pair of live wire crews will take place in Educational hall where the purple and gold will have the advantage and where their team work will connect.

In looking over the Taylor team last night it would appear that the well known coach has selected a squad of boys that when moulded into form will make a rangy, veteran crew that will cause a lot of trouble in the L. B. S. The line-up and summary:

F. H. S., 18	G. F. P.
Hurley, H.	0 3 0
Gabel, rf	2 0 4
Gust, c	2 1 5
Krellick, rg	2 0 4
Schneider, lg	0 0 0
McGraw, lf	2 0 4
Johnson, rf	0 0 0
Lease, lf	0 0 0
Overmyer, rg	0 1 1
Totals	8 2 18
S. J. H., 11	G. F. P.
E. Gabel, rf	2 3 7
Bablione, lf	0 0 0
Krupp, c	2 0 4
Winters, rg	0 0 0
Wursel, lf	0 0 0
Measle, lf	0 0 0
Totals	4 3 11

Referee and umpire alternating, Amos Boyer, F. H. S., and Binsack, S. J. H.

PATIENT CLYDE HI GETS SWEET REVENGE FRIDAY

"And they covered them over with flowers!" Is what the student body sang as it watched the good ship "Hesperus" hit the rocks and go to pieces on the lee shore in the rock bound confines of the high school gym that has more dangerous angles than had Nat Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables." Imagine the following and then sit down to ponder: Clyde high school's basketball five appeared in local circles Friday evening and for the first time since the world was young or since basketball was introduced in this city, over a score of years ago, knocked off a victory and did it with all kinds of ease, class and the soundest of determination. It was a long time coming, but revenge is sweet no matter when it comes and the Clyde athletes surely bestowed the trimming with complete decorations. The count was 29 and 10 and it could have been more.

Year in and year out Fremont high's second and even the Freshmen team have been walking to fame over the prone forms of Clyde high's cage varsity. The worm has turned in this case, however, and the rout of Capt. Gabel's outfit was the big surprise of the basketball season in Fremont.

Years ago Clyde used to trim Fremont high in football once in a while but in the cage sport never. No wonder the Clyde team, its coach and a loyal band of footers were happier than a boy with new red top boots. They were so pleased that they forgot to cheer and their big victory will be the topic of conversation in the town east of us for many a day to come. It was like a small college team stepping out to down Yale or Harvard on the gridiron and it left the same kind of a jolt.

The Fremont high team and its followers can take their share of comfort in the fact that the local outfit went into the game minus a few important cogs. Leach, Dan Reardon, Fox, Krelick and Nickloy could not play on account of scholastic troubles, while Gust and Lease were also among the absent. "Whitey" Krelick, a promising star, was taken out of the running a short time before the game started.

The efforts of the team that tried to beat Clyde, were lacking team work and the finished play, but it showed a lot of the old zip and pep in wasted effort. The work of the Taylor machine, minus several principal cogs, was like the labor of a hod carrier trying to climb a greasy pole with 52 bricks on his back. It could not be done.

There was nothing to the game but Clyde high. This outfit started practicing basketball right after the fatal football accident of last fall and with a veteran outfit Coach Wolf has molded himself an organization that has already knocked off Green Springs and Fremont and will go far before the balmy air of spring checks in.

Jim Clapp was the Clyde star last evening. He pegged six fielders and shot seven free throws, but Jim had lots of help from his teammates and they presented a front that was unbeatable. A lad named Wineland copied four fielders and then there were such floor cruisers as Whittaker, Taylor, Hizer and Huber floating about. These boys play their basketball with as much determination as "Goldie" Goldstein and George Welker play pinocle and if there is anything more determined than this it is a section hand going after a pay car.

Louis Gabel tried to pull his outfit away from the rut but he only got one fielder and three foul shots while "Mugsey" McGraw hooked the other field shot and picked off three free shots. Somebody will have to do a little "cramming" in the think box or a lot of other things or Coach Taylor's brilliant early season basketball prospects will be entirely ruined and the high school basketball team will mingle with the cobwebs in the cellar of the L. B. S.

Two Crack High School Teams Mingle Tonight

The talk of the town in the circle of sport is the basketball joust between the student team from St. Joseph's high school and the outfit that Coach Charles Taylor is whipping together at Fremont high school. The session is billed for Educational hall and will probably be witnessed by one of the largest crowds that ever saw a basketball game in that spacious building. The F. H. S. team won in a gale at the "gym" two weeks ago and the St. Joe team expects to check the rush tonight and even matters up. Dr. Kuntz, coach for St. Joseph's high will pick his team from the following galaxy of stars. Babione, Wurzel, Measle, Krupp, Koch, Winters, Giebel and Capt. Eddie Gabel.

Coach Taylor will select his talent from the following dozen candidates who are out trying to make the outfit: "Jumping Joe" Hurley, "Gusty" Gust, Overmyer, Schneider, Huber, Bloom, "Whitey" Kreilick, "Shorty" Johnson, Engler, "Watta" Lease, "Judy" Lerch and Captain Louis Gabel. Wendal Love and Bernard Hughes will alternate as referee and umpire.

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col." Albert O'Farrell

ST. JOE FIVE WINS IN GREAT GAME OF SEASON

St. Joseph's high 17, Fremont high 16.

In the famous words of the immortal Abe Skinner, "Them's the figgers that tells the tale." Those that saw this terrific melee of athletic effort, would perhaps refrain from seeing another, on account of heart strain and physical usage, but they wouldn't take 1000 smackings for what they did see. Taking it from one who knows and has seen high school basketball efforts of the past in this city, the Friday evening combat between the cage five representing Fremont's two big high school aggregations, was the greatest affair of its kind ever played in Fremont.

It was one of those seething, terrific, straining, rending and tearing games of the kind that polishes the seats where the spectators sit and on the order of the debate that made the Smith brothers wealthy from the sale of cough drops and throat tablets. It was a nightmare of speed, whirl, dash and mix that was on the order of a whirlpool that had but ten colored waves whipping about. The action was so fast that the players milling around the bubble on the floor were reminders of a big centrifugal that works in a laundry or a sugar plant and tosses out from the center.

It was the second game of a series that has left the outfits standing 50-50 and the appetites of the fans whetted for the deciding battle to settle the scholastic championship of the city.

The game was anyone's up to the last 20 seconds when Mike Measle, fopped one into the bucket from the center of the patch and made himself famous. Over 500 fans saw the game and completely taxed the seating and standing capacity of the big hall. The rooting from both sides of the issue was wonderful and the noise during the entire run of the game was continuous and of a volume that bent in ear drums and made a person's head buzz like a keg of cider that is about to be despoiled by its "mother."

Brother vs. Brother

The game was a contest of brother against brother when Capt. Louis Gabel of the F. H. S. lined up his cohorts against the crew led by Eddie Gabel, leader of the S. J. H.

Eddie Gabel started the ball to rolling after about 4 minutes of scoreless play when he cocked the pill into the bucket from a free toss. Louis Gabel made the count 2 and 1 when he threw the first fielder of the evening from a sharp angle. The Gabel brothers act continued when Eddie went Louis one better and made it 3 and 2 with a nicely tossed shot from the arena of action.

The boys sped up as they grew warm and despite the fact that they were greatly outwitted, the St. Joe crew was holding its own and started to forge ahead when Walter Krupp, star middle man of the St. Joe contingent, unlimbered his artillery and started shooting baskets. A free toss by "Eddie the Edger," made it 4 and 2 in his favor and along came the long-geared Mr. Krupp with an assortment of shots that sent the thermometer up to 8 and 2 at the time the ring blew the salvo for the first period.

"Red" Johnson Goes In

Coach Taylor inserted his bundle of pent up energy into the action and the pepper pot's name is "Red" Johnson, who is small but mighty. "Red" went in for McGraw and "Watta" Lease took the place of the big and steady plodder, Herman Schneider at guard. The action grew more violent and speedier. Krupp took the ball with a leap of many feet and shot it from the side with an eye like an eagle and the count raised 10 and 2 in his team's favor. The ball was tipped off and the players of both teams went into a mixup that was like the scramble of a select list of dew worms in a bucket. Krupp and Lease were lying prone on the mat when the puck was unpled and when they arose Lease hit the St. Joe center and the latter squared away to return the "Dempsey, when Referee Laye gave both players the "out"

signal and sent them to the sidelines and out of the game for the evening. The loss of Krupp to the St. Joe outfit was a heavy blow as he was easily the big star of the game up to the minute he came into fistie collision with the red-haired guard on the F. H. S. roster.

Had Krupp remained in the going the score might have been larger as he was going like windmill in a cyclone when the blow fell. Wurzel went in for Krupp and Schneider returned to the game for Lease. In the meantime, Louis the leader from down the street, had parked two free throws and the audience was looking at a 10 and 4 quotation on the score board. The loss of Krupp sort of cast a wet blanket on the St. Joe team as well as their rosters and for a time they floundered at sea and it appeared as though the purple and white crew was about to pull away and win the ball game then and there.

When the half ended the mathematicians in charge of the chalk and board said the score was 11 to 8 in favor of Eddie's clan. For downright speed and effort to win, this game had a whole stack of big league efforts to make like the efforts of a tumble bug with a croquet ball. Johnson's entry into the game put more speed into the F. H. S. machine and the manner in which this little return haired flash amble about the court is a reminder of the days of Vic Zahm, famous Buckland Guard star. He sure can pursue the bubble no matter how fast it goes.

Faster and Faster

The second half was but a minute old when along came "Whitey" Kredlik, and steered the bubble into the bucket and the purple and white stock went to 11-10. Eddie Gabel had a chance to take up a residence on easy street but he mis-cued and mis-ed two free tosses. Came "Red" Johnson, showing up like a headlight in a fog, to raze the seed over the floor until its sides glinted with friction. He slipped the berry into the mesh and the F. H. S. rosters worked out like a chorus of blacksmiths. The guarding was so close on both sides that neither set of forwards could drive a basket shot with any accuracy. This work would have been as hard as trying to make Tom Sharkey buy a nickel cigar in New York when he could get two for a nickel over in Brooklyn.

The final quarter will ever be remembered when they sit down to talk basketball in the future sessions of the basketball league. Eddie Gabel tied the count and caused the rooting to dash off the walls of the hall like tidal waves off a rock bound coast. Eddie was working on a double free toss and when he connected with his second shot and set the marks 13 and 12. Capt. Leule of the high school warriors, played Santa Claus for his side and filled the sock to the brim with leather and air, making the returns 14 to 13 for his gang.

The up and down movements across the floor had more speed than the efforts of a hungry flock of turkeys pursuing a butterfly and "Toque" Babione, mite of a St. Joe forward, shoved one in from the center of the floor and it connected properly and St. Joseph's hopes arose and soared to the ceiling lights. "Red" Johnson was still in the game, however, and he burst out of the pack, raced down the line and stored the pill away for another fielder and again the F. H. S. rosters tore out tonsils, throat lining and loosened teeth in vocal effort.

The time was drawing to a close and it looked like another victory for the old F. H. S. that had never been downed by a St. Joe athletic delegation of any kind. The boys were mixing it in the center of the lot when Mike Measle made his celebrated effort and hooked one from the deep field and won the game for his team 17 and 16.

A second or two later the peep of the timekeeper's whistle was heard above the din like the chirp of a consumptive cricket above the roar of a bull frog chorus. The St. Joe rosters took possession of the floor, did the snake dance, the turkey wobble, while others just stood still and whooped it up. It was a big victory for the outfit and the first win that a St. Joe team has ever recorded over a Fremont high school varsity team. Both teams were a little rough but this was due to anxious effort and should the teams come together for

the deciding game, they'll have to hire the fair grounds to accommodate the crowd. Out of justice to the F. H. S. team it must be said that Hurley and Gust, two good ones who had been practicing with the team all week, were barred at the last moment on account of scholastic work and the team drill was thus ruined to a certain extent. Dr. Kuntz's aggregation showed lots of good points when it came to the show down and it was a meeting between two well matched gangs of cagers.

In the curtain raiser the Junior High team defeated the St. Joe seconds in another warm engagement by the score of 11 to 8. Two long shots by Delbert Frontier of the Juniors were the feature.

The lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's High, 17.	G. F. T.
Eddie Gabel, H.	1 5 7
Babione, rf.	1 0 2
Krupp, c.	3 0 6
Measle, lg.	1 0 2
Winters, rg.	0 0 0
Wurzel, c.	0 0 0

Totals	G. F. T.
Fremont High, 16.	6 5 17
Louis Gabel, H.	3 4 10
Johnson, rf.	2 0 4
Kredlik, c.	1 0 2
McDraw, lg.	0 0 0
Schneider, rg.	0 0 0
Lease, rg.	0 0 0
Bloom, lg.	0 0 0

Totals	G. F. T.
Referee and umpire, alternating.	6 4 16
Wendell Love, (Kenyon), Bernard Hughes, (St. Mary's).	

Y. M. S. Ready For Famous "Silent Five" From Buffalo

When the famous Silent Five of Buffalo, lines up against the Y. M. S. in Educational hall next Tuesday evening, the fans will see Tommy Hunt, Clyde's famous athlete, playing the forward role that has made him famous. Kopperman, Allen, Molin, Clyka and Murphy are the other stars on the outfit and it is one of the best cage representations that has ever appeared in Fremont. The Y. M. S. team is working hard for the biggest game of the season and will present its most powerful lineup. Quite a large number of tickets have been sold out of town and many fans from Clyde are expected over to see the noted Tommy Hunt unlimber for action.

The official standing of the teams in the City Bowling league was given out as follows Saturday: Farm & Home 900; K. of C. 763; Federals, 666; Studebakers 633; Krota Trailers 625; Eagles 566; D. O. K. K. 566; Elks 533; Hotel Fremont 466; Crochans 400; Carbons 333; Buicks 266; White Fronts 200; Moose 166.

Joey Lynch, world's bantamweight champion, has proved to the world and parts of Sandusky county, that he is a real champion. Last night in historic Madison Square Garden, Joey took on his most dangerous rival, "Midget" Smith, and won the decision at the end of the 15th round. A great crowd saw the lads mingle.

The Silent Five
(Composed Entirely of D)

Y. M. S.

On account of getting

FREMONT HIGH MAKES LEAGUE DEBUT FRIDAY

Fremont high's basketball machine for the L. B. S. season will step into the charmed circle of northern Ohio high school combat Friday evening on its own gym of many angles, when it stacks its speed and skill against the best that can be afforded by the veteran and highly touted Norwalk high school team. The Fremont squad is said to have rounded into shape after much work and all kinds of hard luck. Coach Taylor had 65 men to start the season with, but sickness, difficulty in school work and injuries played hob with the outfit. Capt. Louis Gabel's team has lost to Clyde and St. Joseph's high but it stands 50-50 with the latter mentioned outfit, having won one of two games played in the city series.

When the F. H. S. squad takes the floor Friday evening it will be all fixed up in new purple and white uniforms with gray sweaters to match and will present a fine appearance. Coach Taylor will pick his team from such well known stars as "Whitey" Kreilick, "Watta" Lease, "Red" Lease, "Raphael" Gust, "Jumping Joe" Hurley, "Muggsy" McGraw, Overmyer, "Constant" Bloom and "Hoimen" Schneider, as well as the smooth working Captain Louis Gabel. The team will probably start with Gabel and Hurley on the forward flank; Gust in center, and Kreilick and Bloom, guards.

A whale of a gang is expected to shoe horn into the gym to focus the proceedings.

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col." Albert O'Farrell

FREMONT SINKS IN GAME WITH NORWALK HIGH

Once upon a time, according to the fairy story, two gangs of youths went out hunting hawks on the same game preserves. It was in season and the hunting was perfectly legal, and quite a congress of folks were interested in the affair. Both parties were armed with the same kind of weapons, and each was brave enough to stalk the ferocious hawk in its deepest jungle. One of the gangs was composed of veteran hunters who rarely missed a shot when they got opportunity to pull the trigger, and the second party was composed of tenderfeet mostly, who were game enough, reckless and willing but they couldn't hit the back end of a feather tick with a bed slat, and thereby hang the tale of woe.

The crew of veterans can be likened to the Norwalk high cage five, while the poor marksmen were the Fremont high cagemen. When Norwalk got home and out of reach of the game warden, it could count just 50 of the nicest points that ever ran wild any place, while Fremont had just enough points (8) to complete one set of pallbearers for hopes that must be buried deep unless the L. B. S. undertaker relents and postpones the burial if promise of improvement is made.

This count, 50 to 8, is one of the worst beatings ever dealt a Fremont high basketball team on its own halfcourt and it was impressive as well as astonishing. The Norwalk veterans simply played drop the handkerchief and ring around the rosey and pumny wants a corner while they made more baskets than Little Red Riding Hood ever dreamed about.

The purple and white outfit had plenty of shots but the same were hurried and wild, this fault being due principally to the speedy tactics of the visiting five that also showed a defense of great class. Fremont only made one field goal and this honor was pegged in the second quarter when "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley got the range and slipped one through the strainer for a count of two and gave the massed assembly of F. H. S. rooters and their hard laboring cheer leader, Miss Donna Van Camp, their best chance of the evening to step down heavy on the vocal lever.

All Slipped Up

The Fremont squad, ten of them in brand new uniforms, got a great ovation as they came out of the "hole in the wall" that leads from the showers to the gym that has more angles than the city budget ordinance. If the gym was in keeping with the uniforms, F. H. S. would have a place to host baskets that would rival the elegance of the ballroom in the Biltmore. They simply looked like families of those dashing birds that cutter up the magazine in ads that tell the quality of a well known clothing house, did these boys. Capt. Louis Gabel was the only veteran of any variety standing on the purple and white clan, but the rest of the fellows, "Raphaël" Curt, "Vatta" Lease, "Maggie" McGraw, "Red" Johnson, "Judy" Lerch, "Hermy" Schneider, "Whitney" Krellick, Myron Bloom, "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley and "Shorty" Engler, looked right smart as they ambled about for the usual warming up exercise.

The Norwalk outfit of about a dozen stalwarts and some that were not so "stal" was backed by the shouts and jabber of 44 rooters who came over to see the clatter and left their town faster than Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" which must have been about the size of Hossville.

The curtain hoisted of the big bout of the evening, the Norwalk girls mingled with the Fremont girls and here is located another sad tale of woe. Coming events always cast their shadows, witness, groundhog day, the shade of the old apple tree and a western cyclone. The collection of lassies from the region of the Maple City, won 21 to 10 and held the local team to no field goals, the Fremont 6.

Points being collected via the field post route. Misses Naomi Bogart, Kathryn Horn, the latter being a former Fremont and the daughter Krellick, rg of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Horn of Nor-

walk, were the star performers for the visitors. The entire Fremont team played hard and fast but they had no luck when they came within range of the hoop.

A Flying Start

Capt. Taylor sent Capt. Gabel and Hurley in as forwards, Gust as center, and Krellick and Bloom as guards. This is a good looking bunch and should have done much better than it did last night, but like the soda biscuits that fell flat, something was lacking and the old wall-p wasn't there.

The game wasn't a minute old before Ray Bowers, center and top skipper of the gang from the A. B. Chase center, twisted the missile into the ring. Capt. Gabel sank a foul toss a minute or two later and Fremont was the closest to Norwalk that it had the pleasure of enjoying all evening. The first period was all flowers and like a euchre game, he was both right and left bower, the joker and all the trump. He shot three fielders just like dropping a feather in a cluster and also connected with a free toss. The period ended 7 and 2 in favor of the Huron county representation, Fremont's second point being checked in by Capt. Gabel, who hoisted a free 'un.

A Riding Academy

The speed of the game picked up in the second period and also got beyond the class of a parlor sport. Some riding, without bit, bridle or spurs, was done in this period that would make Tom Mix dive for the exit.

Myron Bloom came near being nipped in the bud or blighted by a frost when his lower jaw came in contact with a flying mitt. Bloom staggered about for a minute like a Greek classic dancer but he gamely bore back into the going. The boys skinned up and down the freecord sides of the athletic pit and scaled off enough of the decorations with their elbows, heads and knees to give a veteran of the brush and pall, painters' colic. Bowers and "Sunny" Beach had lifted the count to 11 and 2 before Hurley sank the blaster for Fremont's only fielder of the evening. The half ended 13 and 4 and the gloom was so thick that the timekeepers had to use a post auger before they could look at their clocks.

The Ponies Appear

At the start of the second period Coach Taylor sent his famous pair of ponies into the stage setting. The ponies being "Red" Johnson and "Shorty" Engler, who entered the pit in place of Capt. Gabel and Hurley. A bird named Ford rattled out for Norwalk and right away started to make himself the star of the evening. Ford, Betts and company hoisted the count to 22 and 6 at the finish of the third period, Fremont's points being made by "Red" Johnson, who rainbowed a pair into the croquet system via the free toss route. Capt. Gabel went back in the final period as did Krellick, McGraw and Lease had been sent into the fray in hopes of breaking the luck but was not to be. The final count was 33 to 6 in favor of the visitors and the rejoicing of the Norwalk delegation was loud and continued. Norwalk shoved in a flock of second stringers just before the sun went down.

In diagnosing the case, it would seem that Fremont needs a basket shooter who can hook the seed home whenever it lands in his mitts. Norwalk has two in Bowers and Ford and between the two of them they took down 22 points. The purple and white is bound to improve as it shows ample signs of good coaching and team work, and besides this, the material is there in huge mobs. Capt. Gabel played hard ball last night as did the members of his team, but their best efforts bounced off the wall or backboard just like hot dogs off a griddle during the county fair rush.

The lineup and summary:

Norwalk, 30.	G. F. P.
Beach, rf	1 0 2
Westerick, lf	0 0 0
Bowers, c	4 4 2
Bette, rg	3 0 6
Blatt, lc	0 0 0
Ford, cf	5 0 10
Totals	13 4 30
Fremont, 6.	G. F. P.
Gabel, rf	0 2 2
Hurley, lf	1 0 2
Gust, c	0 0 0
Krellick, rg	0 0 0
Bloom, lg	0 0 0

Johnson, rf	0 2 2
Engler, lf	0 0 0
Lense, rg	0 0 0
McGraw, lf	0 0 0
Lerch, lg	0 0 0
Totals	1 4 6

Referee, Chase of Oberlin.

There was one hard looking shadow on the trail of Benny Leonard and the shadow seems to be looming up bigger than the one cast by either Charley White, Dundee, Tendler, the Mitchells or any other challengers. The new gloom on Benny's heels is caused by Salter Friedman of Chicago, and let it be said he's one tough bumbino for any of the boys. Salter has posted \$2500 for a bout with the champion and there may be something doing when Benny's nose just heals up and his teeth, jammed by Lew Tendler, take root again.

When Walter Camp selected Harry Kipke, brilliant back for a position on his All-American team of 1922, Fielding H. (Harry Up) Yost was able to boast of a complete All-American selection from Michigan. Gaze over the following selection of stars and then ponder on what they could do if all were at their best and moulded with perfect team work into a working eleven: 1903, Hoston, V halfback; 1905, Schultz, center; 1909, V. Bombrook, guard; 1910, Wells, end; 1913, Craig, halfback; 1914, Maults, halfback; 1917, Amendinger, guard; and Smith, fullback; 1918, Stakee, end; 1921, Vlek, center; 1922, Kipke, halfback.

ST. JOSEPH'S HI MADE BIG CREW AMBLE RAPIDLY

A war correspondent who sat on the ammunition dump and watched the heavy firing during the battle in which the St. John's warriors vanquished the St. Joseph's five on the big Westminster gym floor in Toledo Friday night, 28 to 7, reports that the Fremont battlers showed remarkable aggressiveness but that they missed enough shots to sink either the German or British fleets at the battle of Skagway Bay. This is the real cause of the downfall of the speedy little scholastic five from this seat of knowledge.

The St. Joe bunch would shove the ball down in the vicinity of the basket with considerable class and lots of vim, but when they got within the shadow of the hoop, eyesight aim failed, and the St. John's ball hawks would always edge the pill out of the danger zone.

The improvement noticed in the St. Joseph's quintet was remarkable and it astonished the hosts of the evening who expected a walkaway, having won in a game down here by a swollen majority that was bigger than the democratic return used to be from Riley Center when Doc Norton ran for congress.

The St. John's outfit realized as soon as the initial solo was played on the whistles of Referee Callahan, that they were in for a busting if they didn't keep up on high speed all evening and this is just what they did. Instead of giving the second stringers their promised trial, the St. John's coach kept his eyes in the field and they were made to extend themselves every inch of the hard fought way.

The big Westminster gym was well filled with a noisy crowd of rooters for both sides, 100 having migrated to Toledo from Fremont via auto, and the cheering sections were loud and active as well.

In a skirmish before the big battle between the Lucky Five and the Warblers, the latter won 14 and 13. This close preliminary whetted the appetite of the mob for the greater things to come and they came.

The first half saw the St. Jack's out there with an 18 to 3 lead and they just a little better than doubled this count at the finish. Being accustomed to the range of the buckles on their own home floor, the victors poured the leather home at every opportunity, be it great or small, and this won them the half game. Had Fremont been lucky with its shots, there would be sack cloth and ashes

Five Local Fives Take Beating Last Night

Each and every Fremont basketball team that went out to try conclusions with selected athletic enemies fell by the wayside and took a pasting by various scores. Fremont high went to Oberlin to beard the high school lion of that city in its den, and it lost 25 to 11 in a fairly fast game of ball, in which Fitzgerald, center for the college town heroes, shone like a clean heel through a hole in a sock. The F. H. S. outfit worked right well and did a good chore in holding the Oberlin crew down to a low score on its own floor.

The Fremont girls lost to Castalia 27 to 8 and the Y. M. S. fell before the sway of Willard, 32 to 19.

Every Day in Every Way Fremont Hi's Chances Grow Slimmer and Slimmer

With Captain Louis Gabel, Joe Hurley, forwards, and Larry McGraw guard, suspended, and Ralph Guest, center, and "Whitey" Kreilick, guard, ineligible, Fremont high is going to have a tough hour or so Friday evening when it takes on its old time cage and football enemy, Sandusky high, in a scheduled L. B. S. game.

Capt. Gabel, Hurley and McGraw were suspended for not reporting for practice and the absence of the five stars will make Fremont's chances of winning the Friday game very slim. Fremont and Sandusky were both picked for low berths in the L. B. S. race, and if present conditions prevail, Fremont's finish will be much lower than its next door neighbor.

FREMONT HIGH MADE LORAIN RAMBLE SOME

Fremont hi's badly crippled basket-ball five made a stand on the floor of the big gym in Lorain Friday evening that will rival Custer's last stand, the charge of the Light Brigade, or the doings of one Sergt. York, taking it from reports by those who saw the go. The big Lorain five and its host of substitutes, poured out on the floor like a string of sausage from the grinder, and they all looked the class, too, in regard to size and ability. Fremont with its tall and shot offerings in the form of the famous pony forwards "Shorty" Engler and "Red" Johnson, put up a stiff practice bout and got the glad hand from the fans who were clogged up as high as the beams and rafters.

Coach Collins only used his pair of star forwards, Glendow and Faris for a few minutes and then he started running in second stringers so fast that the score keeper had to call a halt at times. In all 12 Lorain men tasted the dust of battle. Coach Taylor used all the men he had available and he sure used them well as the final count was 21 to 14 in favor of the lake shore crew that confidently expected to make the run with about 50 points to spare.

"Red" Johnson was one of the stars of the evening as he made 10 of Fremont's 14 points and played like a sack full of wild cats. Fremont may finish down in the ruck with its present team, but from now on, taking it from appearances, the opposition will have to step on the high speed doings if it wants to edge 'em out.

The count:

Lorain 21	Fremont 14
Van Arman	Johnson
left forward	
Horn	Lersch
right forward	
Grove	Gust
center	
Ross	Snyder
right guard	
King	Kreilick
left guard	

Subs.: Glendow for Horn, McNutt for Van Arman, Faris for McNutt, Reed for Grove, Smith for King, Gomcsak for Ross, Engler for Lersch, Lease for Johnson.

Field goals: Van Arman 2, Grove 4, Ross 2.

Foul goals: Johnson 6, Horn 2, Van Aarman.

FREMONT HIGH GETS ANOTHER

Fremont high went down to another trimming at the jimmed gym Friday evening, the count being 20 to 11 in favor of the Tiffin outfit. A fairly good crowd tried its best to push Fremont over for one win in the cage and they came mighty close to doing it. The purple and white had the lead 10 and 8 in the first half.

Tiffin high hasn't won many athletic goes from Fremont in days gone by but they sure had the bells on last night. Taking advantage of the weakness of the F. H. S., the crew from the home of strawboard and up river views, was sure the kitty's whiskers last night.

The Fremont "ponies" at forward jobs went like a house on fire in the first round and had the Tiffin gang gasping for breath but they came back powerful in the final round and won the decision.

Johnson, Engler, Lerch, Lease, Kreilick and Schneider worked well for Fremont. Bernard Hughes refereed the game and did a good job.

FREMONT HIGH SOFT PICKING FOR BELLEVUE

Fremont high school's basketball team was snowed under by the Bellevue high team Friday night in the coliseum at Bellevue by a score of 56 to 4. The game was played before a crowd that packed the large hall. The score was not entirely unexpected as Bellevue has a wonderful team, one which has not lost a game on its own floor in two years. About forty loyal fans accompanied the team, which was in charge of Prof. E. F. Schweickart, as Coach Taylor was unable to be present, due to the serious illness of his brother.

The Fremont team scored but two baskets, one in the first half by Lerch and one in the last half by Gust. Corbin was the shining light for Bellevue, and tossed the ball through the hoop 17 times for 34 of the total of 56 points scored.

During the game Johnston, of Fremont had his eye injured, someone poking a finger in that organ. He suffered great pain for some time, and it was a half hour before he was able to see. Gust replaced him, and the game proceeded.

The Bellevue team is confident, following their overwhelming victory last night, that next week they would bring the Lorain team into camp, and by so doing capture the Little Big Seven championship.

The score:

Bellevue 56	Fremont 4
Corbin	Johnston
left forward	
Aigler	Engler
right forward	
Mitchell	Lease
Center	
A. Stahl	Schneider
left guard	
Wright	Lerch
right guard	

Field goals—Corbin 17, Aigler 5, A. Stahl, Nuby, Gust, Lerch.

Foul baskets—Wright, 6 out of 8; Lerch, 0 in 4; Corbin, 2 out of 3.

Substitute—Nuby for A. Stahl; Clark for Wright; Wright for Aigler; C. Stahl for Wright; Hughes for Engler; Gust for Johnson.

Score, end of first half, Fremont 2; Bellevue 29.

Referee—Vaughn of Elyria.

Time of halves, 20 minutes.

FREMONT LOSES ITS LAST GAME OF THE SEASON

The Elyria high cage squad closed Fremont's disastrous Little Big Seven league schedule here Friday night by defeating the local squad 27 to 12 in the best game the Fremont team had played this season.

The Fremont team entered the fray with a burst of fast, hard playing that swept the Elyrians off their feet. The local team outplayed the visitors every minute of the first period which closed with the score standing 5 to 4 in favor of Fremont.

The many fouls called during the second period proved the undoing of the local five, the half ending 17 to 5 with Elyria on the big end.

Elyria was able to score only four points in the third quarter and the local team increased their score to nine points. In the final period Fremont scored three points to six made by the Elyrians.

Kreilick and Johnson were the Fremont stars, both playing a great game under severe handicap. Schneider was the off regular man in the local line-up. Coach Taylor using second stringers. The game rough, many fouls being called, the local offending particularly.

The game Friday night finished the schedule in the league as far as the local high school is concerned, and Fremont high came through with a clean slate—not winning a game in the league schedule.

The line-up and summary:

Elyria 27	Fremont 12
Vessy	Johnson
right forward	
Braddon	Learch
left forward	
Halpin	Lease
center	
Houerman	Schneider
right guard	
Squires	Kreilick
left guard	

Field goals—Braddon 4, Halpin 4, Houerman 3, Johnson 2, Kreilick 2, Aigler.

Foul baskets—Squire 5, Johnson 2.

Substitutes—Aigler for Johnson; Gust for Learch; Kopts for Halpin; Halpin for Vessy; Boswell for Kopts; Herndeling for Houerman; Aigler for Johnson; Kopts for Braddon; Learch for Lease; Houerman for Herndeling; Braddon for Kopts; Vessy for Halpin; Malpin for Boswell.

Referee—Close of Oberlin.

CROWDS TO SEE SCHOOL BOYS IN CAGE CLASSIC

The real classic as far as scholastic basketball is concerned is on at Educational hall tonight when Coach Chas. Taylor's Fremont high fellows step forth to tussle with the St. Joseph high team as coached by Dr. C. H. Kuntz. Both aggregations will have their best bets floating about the floor and this means action from the word go.

The F. H. S. quintet will be picked from a squad composed of Lease, Johnson, Engler, Krelick, Lerch, Gust, Schneider and Recktenwald. The St. Joe regulars, Babione, Gabel, Krupp, Wurzel and Winters will probably start the old ball game and there will be capable subs hovering about the sidelines awaiting the S. O. S. to enter the storm of action.

A great ticket sale has been reported for this contest which will decide the scholastic championship of the city as each team has won a game in the series up to date.

The doors will open at 7:50 o'clock and the game will start promptly at 8:15. The greatest crowd that has seen a game here in many a day will sit in on this seance of cage sport tonight.

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col" Albert O'Farrell

St. Joe High Wins Scholastic Cage Honors From Fremont Hi; Record Crowd Views Game; Johnson Stars

St. Joe Hi 19; Fremont Hi 18. Two championships changed hands in this fair land Friday evening. One was the light heavyweight championship of the U. S. that shifted berth when Gene Tunney of Greenwich Village, almost wore a hole in the body of Harry Greb of Pittsburgh, and the other affair concerned a joust for the scholastic championship of Fremont, Ohio. In both encounters the mammoth crowds that sat in on the point were almost driven to distraction by excitement because the champs lost their crowns, and the party that didn't get his or her money's worth in either encounter ought to be sent to Siberia to get a chill.

The local doings were between St. Joseph's high school and Fremont high's cage representation, and the prize was the scholastic cage championship of Fremont, a title that has been held for the past score of years by old F. H. S. The Friday meeting was the third of a series or, as Ring Lardner is wont to say in moments of deep thought, a "serious" of three games. Each and every one of the contests drew record gates, but the affair of Friday evening and the sport classic of the winter season here drew the largest crowd that ever saw a basketball game in Fremont.

Old timers are of the opinion that the crowd exceeded the multitudes that used to shower platitudes on the old Buckland Guards in the days of long ago when big league outfits were met and trimmed. A fair estimate of the crowd Friday evening sets the figures at 650 rabid as well as dyed-in-the-wool fans. The box office had to be closed early and many were turned away.

Cheering Duels

Prior to the start of the contest students of both big institutions lined up in prominent positions among the throng and made the building bulge in and out with noise that was not unlike a Roman mob inspiring Nero to slip the "thumbs down" sign.

Joe Lauer dealt the cards for the St. Joe rosters, while Misses Jessie Childs and Eleanor Hunsinger had charge of the fireworks for the F. H. S. contingent. The rosters sang, they cheered they did the turkey dance, one foot and they waved their arms like a stump speaker out of ice water. There were times when folks with broken ear drums leaned over to their next door neighbor and whispered the question that regarded just who the party is or was that put the bed in bed-lum. Both teams and squads got the glad palm when they started out on the floor for warmups up exercises. Coach Taylor's offering appeared the larger but the charges of Dr. Kuntz may be small with one exception, but they are mighty.

Referee Earl Leibold of Norwalk, a star in his day and a very capable referee, took charge of the game, and it can be said right here that he was busier than a one-armed baker on doughnut day. Earl eased some lung power into his whistle after the coaches and captains had had the usual line of chat in the center of the floor, the special policemen, "Buck" Zimmer and Paul Lette, appointed to keep the mob back of the sidelines, eased a couple of non-taxpayers down the official greased coal chute, and away they went.

"Red" Johnson, destined to be the star of the evening, and "Shorty" Hunter worked the van jobs for the F. H. S. Ralph Gast was on the pivot job, and Krellick and Herman Schneider guarded the rats. Eddie Gabel, close to Johnson for honors of the night, and "Tope" Babione did the front paw chores for the St. Joe outfit, while Walter Krupp, tall center and the man who really wore the ball game, faced Gust. Wenzel and Dick Winters were told to keep the pill off the rim of the basket behind them. The whistle echoed among the rafters and broke up a pinapple game in the club rooms below.

A Head-on Collision

The meeting between the two teams was like a collision between a fleet of tugs in a harbor. There was a dol sickening thud and away went "Red" Johnson with the ball. The ball had

to go mighty fast to keep up with the auburn-haired midget. The Johnson person floated the seed into the crate right off the reel, but the blow didn't count, as the referee's whistle cracked off the toss. The foul was committed by a St. Joe player and Johnson made the free toss and the F. H. S. was off to a flying start. Score 1 to 0. Capt. Eddie Gabel of the St. J. H. put the crowd up on its toes like Isador Duncan or Ruth St. Dennis, when he caved the wild seedling from the center of the floor.

Again Referee Leibold gave Johnson a chance to shoot a pair of fouls, and the red head sent one of them and a moment later bent another free toss home. The S. J. H. boys were a little anxious in their work and had not settled down to brass tacks.

"Tope" Babione, who with Engler, Gabel and Johnson made a quartet of midgets, put himself in fame's hall and in line for a hero's badge when he sailed up like a schooner in a sale and spun the bubble into the sack, making the count 4 and 3 in his outfit's favor. Right here's where the marshal of Clyde phoned over to see who was hung by the mob, the noise of the cheering breaking the sleep of the villagers as well as the marshal, so it is said.

Fast team play on both ends of the battle predominated the first period when the boys were fresh and full of pep. Nervousness sort of spoiled accurate basketmaking and quite a bevy of shot were missed, although good opportunities for caring the ball were as scarce as Ben Hoot in the Waldorf-Astoria, so they proclaim.

Near the far end of the first round Eddie Gabel had a chance to push the seed into the lace on two occasions as the result of a foul committed by Ralph Gast, F. H. S. his center who was having a heavyweight encounter with Walter Krupp, biggest man on the St. Joe list of delegates. The quarter ended 4 and 3 in favor of S. J. H. and when the artillery parked on the side lines barked forth a salvo six ex-service men forgot themselves and formed up for a charge. They didn't have to charge because they had already won at the gate.

Second Round

A had named Miesle, who is built and looks quite a bit like the great Pancho Villa, bantamweight champ of America, was inserted into the nastiness in place of the hard-working Wenzel. Miesle went into guard position and he immediately made his weight felt. Walter Krupp, built like a greyhound, leaped out of a scrimmage and shot one from under the basket just like Vic Zalm used to peel 'em off. This shot again sent up enough noise to keep W. J. Bryan in applause for ten years. Along came Miesle, running with his body about two feet from the floor. He grasped the ball, spun it with the proper English, and drove it home from mid-air. The rumble of the mad ball, the yodel of the hyena and the bass roar of the lion are like the chirps of a cricket suffering with tonsillitis compared to the shouts of glee. The count was now 8 and 3 in St. Joe's favor, but F. H. S. was still trying and the game was so fast that a person got that old merry-go-round dizziness from watching it.

Gabel missed a free toss and so did Johnson, but a second or two later this red-headed Johnson slipped over the waxed boards like a scoop shovel in a coal bin. He got the ball out of center, dribbled it through the massed ranks of the two teams and shot it square on the nail into the metal ring. The F. H. S. rosters now had their chance and they sang, danced and one fellow ate the peak off his cap without salt or butter.

Came this Johnson again to dig the ball into the lace curtain, but his shot didn't count as the referee had played a selection on his pipes prior to the shot hitting the sieve for lodges. Johnson got two free tosses but he missed both of them by the width of a snail's fingernail. Krupp hoisted the agate into the hole to make the count 12 and 11. The S. J. H. was showing some nice teamwork right here. "Judy" Lerch, star griddier,

and coming hit of the athletic doings at F. H. S., was shot into the game in place of "Shorty" Engler, who was weary from fast and hard work. "Judy" Lerch as a buttercup after a spring shower, went right at it hammer and tongs and was the shark's moustache for general get-right-into-it stuff. Johnson was given occasion to shoot another double foul as the half closed, but he missed amid roars from his backers and cheers from the opposition. "Red" had made every one of his team's points and was still up and doing. He deserved the hands and the praise that he got, as did Eddie Gabel and Walter Krupp, of the S. J. H.

A Wider Breach

When the second half call rang forth both teams appeared as eager as bull dogs and with lineups unchanged. The game was so fast that a few of the boys wore signs of conflict on hands, knees and eye regions. Despite the great rivalry and the honors at stake, the game was very clean. At this time it appeared as though the St. Joe fellows had the game all sewed up in a gunny sack and the only matter of conjecture was the size of the score. Johnson was the only scoring cog in the purple and white machine, and the St. Joe guards hung to him like a pup to a root. "Red" ran through outspread legs like a croquet ball through wickets, and sometimes he did and other times he didn't.

Johnson was given a chance to shoot a free one when Miesle became over-anxious and made a foul. "Red" connected this time like central when her shift is only listed as two minutes to go. Count—St. Joe 12, F. H. S. 6. Miesle, and perhaps from his misdeeds, lammed the crowd leather into the scene and Eddie Gabel's free toss a minute later made the score 15 to 6.

Just before the period went into history Babione found the groove and slipped the blaster into the steel band and the figures stood 17 to 7. The voice-woody crowd had sort of pepped up a little vocal strength when the S. J. H. eased ahead and gave the rosters a breathing spell. The F. H. S. cheer leaders kept plugging away with their staff and they sure worked their charges to perfection. "Jamming Joe" Hurley and Myron Blue sang a duet that would have been well received had the crowd caught them. One of the singers worked tenor (tenner) and the other sang in falsetto. The "change" did them good.

A Grand Rally

It was 14-00 on a cracked crock that the St. Joe team would be the new scholastic champs of Fremont at this time, and there were no takers, as most of the crocks are being used for lard or home brew.

The first period wasn't half a minute old when this man "Whitey" Krellick, that big blonde streak of bulk and force that works a guard position, started to help out "Red" Johnson. He prior to this had made every one of his team's points. Krellick came ambling down the arena like a horse to oats and he clogged the basket full of balls and a chorus of roars from the F. H. S. side of the issue. A few ticks of the clock after "Whitey" hoisted the egg (Herman Schneider, built like "Strangler" Lewis, made his initial shot for the team and he sure made it. Old John B. Basketball stood balanced on the edge of the basket, winked his eye at "Hermmy" and said: "All right, old kid, you got some coming." With that he ducked his round head into the lace and the score keeper started counting up the points that were now 17 to 13 in St. Joe's favor.

The S. J. H. rosters were pleading for their team to brace and there's no question but what the danger point had been reached. Now came "Judy" Lerch with the old "Punch." He laid the third basketball square in the rack and the F. H. S. had more than three fielders in a row, and it was now 17 and 15. "Red" muffed a free throw right here, and then turned about and gave one of the greatest exhibitions of offensive ball ever seen in any cage.

Standing under his own basket, "Red" fought tooth, nail and with knees and elbows. He was being hoveled over by two guards and both of them were busier than a blind hen at an ant hill. The midget never faltered one moment but kept on plugging until he got away from the guard to shoot a free throw on a foul that had been called against the over-anxious Walter Krupp. "Red" shot the bubble home and the score was now 17 to 16 in St. Joe's favor.

Johnson still kept up his fierce effort and, aided by ashes of good team work, he got the ball within range of the hoop and shot his team to the front with a fielder that was right smart as well as wicked. Talk about nutty rooters! The F. H. S. contingent was wild. One geek wanted to bet that they found that King "Tut" had been killed in a basketball game, and another rooster put on his overcoat by slipping his feet in the sleeves.

Eddie Gabel and his crew were trying to stem the tide and they finally succeeded, although their chances at this period looked like a Hubbard squash trying to stop the Twentieth Century Limited. Herman Schneider tried to do a parachute stunt, and the big and clever guard fell on his back with such force that it made the floor weave. Herman came back to the conflict to get a big hand, and the game was resumed. It was anybody's bout until Walter Krupp saved the day and won the city scholastic championship for his team by caving one by a leaping shot a few seconds before the closing gun boomed.

The winners were great in victory and the losers were wonderful in defeat. They had given their all, and came mighty close to holding their title. Crippled in mid-season, the F. H. S. made a comeback that was great in its work as athletic director at the University of Virginia. In other words "Greasy" has slipped out just as neat as he slipped in but he left a big pair of shoes for somebody to fill.

The St. Joe team deserves all the credit in the world and 1922-23 crew will always be known as the team

that area etc great heights and won the city cage title for the first time in the history of its school. The St. Joe rosters went out on a celebration after the final gun exploded and they paraded the streets of the city, giving their victory yells at all points until they grew voice weary and vocal cords failed to respond to calls for more work.

Johnson was the star workman of the evening, with Eddie Gabel, Krupp and Miesle close seconds. The rest of the boys played hard, fast ball, and the entire crew is a credit to the city that they have helped put on the map by playing clean ball and showing sportsmanship of the superior quality.

The score and summary:

St. Joseph's 19	Fremont 16
Gabel	Engler
Tabione	left forward
Krupp	right forward
Winters	center
Warzel	left guard
Johnson	right guard
Field goals—Gabel 4, Tabione 3, Krupp 3, Miesle 2; Lerch 1, Johnson 2, Krellick 2, Schneider 1.	
Foul baskets—Gabel 1, Johnson 6.	
Substitutes—Miesle for Warzel; Lerch for Engler, Recktenwald for Krellick.	
Score, end of first half—St. Joseph's 12, Fremont 5.	
Referee—Leibold of Norwalk.	
Time of halves—20 minutes.	

Earl (Greasy) Neale, one of the nearest outsiders of the present day, who made good records as a member of both the Reds and the Phillies, is off the ball game forever as an active player. Neale will devote all his time to his work as athletic director at the University of Virginia. In other words "Greasy" has slipped out just as neat as he slipped in but he left a big pair of shoes for somebody to fill.



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