

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 decis-

tion. In the third section of the evening tournament the minimum tutored by Charlevoix. The first meeting between the boys of the Martin's Ferry and O. S. U. and Dr. big Croghan street seats of learning, C. I. Kuntz who formed the athletic was a bang-up bout in every respect, habit at Tiffin, Western Reserve and the edge went to the purple and Heidelberg, were still stepping like white of the F. H. S., but never let it quarter hoses. Coach Taylor was

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"Mick" McGraw was eased into the Coach Taylor's selections towered plot for Louis Gabel at the start of over the St. Joe batters but the was the third quarter and he immediately 'uns gave the big 'uns a sample of made himself a candidate for gassos ring-around-the-rosy and crack the of the third ward when he coozed the whip and the goddess of victory was tame - had cuticle into the mesh flitting on both sides of the cage right on the nose. The boys of the city quickly reacted the stony visage of Capt. "Raphael" Gust burnt the cones Louis Gabel of Fremont high" and with an offering that helped greatly, shunned the smiling features of Capt. but Walter Krupp, star center for the tain Eddie Gabel of St. Joe's high and "Joe" crew, broke into the spotter's a brother of the famous Louie, and glare right here when he inserted the slipped him home with the well earn. blaster into the hoop for as pretty a ed and well known bacon.

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**Brother vs. Brother** Gabel joined in with the performance

It was a battle of brother against of Overmyer, another shifty cager brother when Louis and Eddie Gabel who earned his spurs in the game balanced their cohorts out on the floor. The twick that gave Amos Boyer to F. H. famous Callahans of Yale and Prince, S., won the old ball game and caused ton fame, had nothing on this pair, a sigh of relief to settle over the high Louis is a veteran of several years in school contingent. Eddie Gabel made high school football and basketball, St. Joe's that points when he shot a while his brother Eddie made the first free selection of the year for the con- athletic of the city. Even. The game was rough because it was Louis himself had to say. "Very good, fast and the crews of both outfit Eddie" after the same as the latter played as if the outcome would de- was the high point get of the even-ide some national issue. In times' mose, taking down 7 points for of tense physical effort, boys as well big share of his team's 11 score.

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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 roosters 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 of radio and the world old gossip route.

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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 add where their team work will connect.

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

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## 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 ice 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 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. Learch, Dan Reardon, Fox, Kreilick and Nickloy could not play on account of scholastic troubles, while Gust and Lease were also among the absent. "Whitney" Kreilick, 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 hoodlum 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 Windland copied four fielders and then there were such floor cruisers as Whitaker, Taylor, Hizer and Huber floating about. These boys play their basketball with as much determination as "Goldie" Goldstein, and George Welker play pinocchio 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 "Mugsy" 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. Wental Love and Bernard Hughes will alternate as referee and umpire.



# 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 in 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.



## 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 Slimer and Slimer

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 Arman.

# FREMONT HIGH GETS ANOTHER

Fremont high went down to another trimming at the jimmied 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 Johnston.

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

Referee—Vaughn of Elyria.

Time of halves, 20 minutes.

# K 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 onff 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	
Houserman	Schneider
right guard	
Squires	Kreilick
left guard	
Field goals—Braddon 4, Halpin 4, Houserman 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 Houserman; Aigler for Johnson; Kopts for Braddon; Learch for Lease; Houserman 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, Krellick, 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 berths when Gen. Tunney of Greenwich Village, almost won a title in the body of Harry Gruen of the Bronx. The other affair concerned a bout for the scholastic championship of Fremont, Ohio. In both encounters the mammoth crowds that sat in on the viewpoint were almost drawn to distraction by excitement because two 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 of St. Joe'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 Rime Lardner is wont to say in moments of deep thought, a "serious" of three games. Each affair was one of the most keenly contested games, 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 plaudits on the old Buckland Guards in the days of long ago when big league outifts of met and trummed. A goodly portion of the crowd Friday evening setts in at \$50 rabbit as well as dried-in-the-wool fans. The box office had to be closed early and many were turned away.

### Cheering Dues

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

The Loser dealt the cards for the St. Joe rooters, while Misses Jessie Childs and Eleanor Hunsinger had charge of the fireworks for the F. H. S. contingent. The rooters 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 who probably ear drums leaned over their next door neighbor and whispered the question that all had just who the party is or was that put the bed in bed.

Both teams and squads got the ached pain when they started out on the floor for warming 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 now a capable referee, took charge of the game, and he could right here that he was heavier 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 oil chute, and away they went.

Tom Johnson, destined to be the star of the evening, and "Shorty" Fender worked the van jobs for the F. H. S. Ralph Gust was on the pivot job, and Kreilick and Herman Schneider guarded the gate. Eddie Gabel close to Johnson for honors of the night, and "Tope" Babione, the front pew chores for the St. Joe outfit, while Walter Krupe, tall center and man who really won the ball game, faced Gust. Wurzel 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 pinocchio game in the club rooms below.

### A Headon Collision

The meeting between the two teams was like a collision between a fleet of tugs in a harbor. There was a dull 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 player floated the seed into the crate right off the reel, but the blow didn't count, as the referee's whistle checked off the toss. The foul was committed by a St. Joe player and Johnson made a free toss and the F. H. S. was off to a 1-1 start. Second foul. Eddie Gabel of the S. 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

and coming hit of the athletic doings was a St. Joe player and Johnson made another foul and, aided by sakes 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 "Tul" had been killed in a basketball game, and another rooter put out his overcoat and slipped into the seat as if half closed, but he missed and groans from his backers and cheerers 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 Krupe, of the S. J. H.

### A Wilder Breach

When the second half call rang, for both teams appeared as eager as bull dogs and with line-ups unchanged. The game was so fast that a few of the boys bore signs of contact with the ball, but the regulars, despite the great rivalry and the honor at stake, the game was very clean. At this time it appeared as though the St. Joe followed 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 cool in the purple and white machine, and the St. Joe guard, Gust, was up to a root.

"Red" ran through outspread legs like a crooked ball through wickets, and sometimes he did and other times he didn't.

Johnson was given a chance to shot a free one when Mielec was 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. Mielec, mad perhaps from his miscue, lammed the cured leather into the seine and Eddie Gabel's free toss a minute later made the score 15 to 6.

Just before the period ended, Eddie Gabel had a chance to push the seed into the lace on two occasions as the result of a foul committed by Ralph Gust. F. H. S. big center who was having a heavyweight encounter with Walter Krupe of the S. J. H. was the victim of dubious foul. The center 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 paid at the gate.

### Second Round

A lad named Mielec, who is bulk and looks quite a bit like a small Pancake, was the heavyweight champ of America who was imported into the pastime in place of the hard-working Wurzel. Mielec went into guard position and he immediately made his weight felt.

Walter Krupe, built like a greyhound, leaped out of a scrummage and shot one from under the basket just like Vic Zahn used to shoot 'em off. This shot again sent up enough noise to bring W. J. Bryan in application for ten years. Also Eddie Gabel, 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-area. The rumble of the mad bull, the yodel of the hyena and the bass roar of the lion are like the chirps of a cricket suffering with tonsillitis compared 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 the other boys, the other many-groan crowd, did not have time to watch 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 soap shovel in a coal bin. He got the ball out of center, dribbled it through the racks of the two teams and shot it square on the nail into the metal ring. The F. H. S. rooters now had their toes and they sang, danced and one fellow ate the peak off his cap without salt or butter.

Came this Johnson again to lodge 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 holdings. Johnson got two free tosses but he missed both of them by the width of a nail's head. Walter Krupe hoisted the ball into the hole to make the count 12 and 3. The S. J. H. was showing some nice teamwork right here. "Judy" Larch, star griddler,

standing under his own basket, "Red" from both sides. He was being mugged 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 iron that had been called against the over-anxious Walter Krupe. "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 sakes 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!

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