

First Narbrook  
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# OUR TOWN

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In Popularity

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NARBERTH, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1915

PRICE TWO CENTS

## NOW FOR A VICTORY NEXT SATURDAY

### HERE'S HOW WE LOST THAT FIRST GAME

#### Details of the Contest

Narberth, champions of the Main Line League, lost the first game of the series for the Philadelphia Suburban Amateur Championship with the Drexel Hill Club, champions of the Interborough League. The defeat came largely through the inability of our boys to hit Tanker, Drexel Hill's left handed pitcher, and on the other hand by loose fielding at critical times.

Without a doubt, Bob Gilmore, completely outpitched Tanker. Here are the statistics, so you can judge for yourself:

Gilmore fanned twelve, (seven out of the first nine) passed none, hit none. Tanker fanned ten, passed one, hit one, made one wild pitch.

Narberth scored their only runs in the initial frame. Humphries was hit by a pitched ball, stole second, and advanced to third on the shortstop's error. Captain Fleck then did the right thing by singling past third, which scored Humphries with the first run of the series. Fleck stole second, and was advanced to third on a passed ball, and scored on Koons' sacrifice hit to right field. That was all the scoring Narberth did the whole game.

Drexel Hill scored two runs in the fourth inning. Burnley singled through short. Delaney reached first on a fielder's choice. Then Humphries indented the error column, on another fielder's choice; all hands were safe. Next Mr. Durbin made it necessary for the scorer to put down another error. Two runs were scored. Narberth then came to life and showed a flash of their true form by making a fast double play, which ended the inning.

Neither side did anything worth while until the eighth inning when Drexel Hill put across the last three runs of the game, putting the game on ice. Tanker secured his second hit of the season and first of the game, and advanced to second on a passed ball, another error followed and then Gilmore fanned Burnley for the first out. Delaney then poked a Texas leaguer in right field, too short for Manager Walzer to reach. Fahey followed with a single, and in the meantime three runs had been scored.

Things looked hopeful for Narberth in the ninth when Durbin got a free trip to first base. But Fleck fanned and Durbin was out stealing. Koons ended the game with a grounder to first base. The score:

DREXEL HILL.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Prendergast, cf. . . . .	1	1	1	0	0
Burnley, lf. . . . .	1	1	0	0	0
Delaney, ss. . . . .	2	1	3	0	1
Fahey, 3b. . . . .	0	1	1	3	0
Stott, 1b. . . . .	0	0	10	0	0
Foley, c. . . . .	0	1	9	1	0
Sharkey, rf. . . . .	0	1	2	1	0
Jackson, 2b. . . . .	0	0	0	2	0
Tanker, p. . . . .	1	1	1	3	0
Totals . . . . .	5	7	27	10	1

NARBERTH.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Humphries, 2b. . . . .	1	0	2	3	1
Durbin, ss. . . . .	0	0	0	1	2
Fleck, cf. . . . .	1	2	0	0	0
Koons, c. . . . .	0	1	13	1	0
Turner, 3b. . . . .	0	0	0	3	0
Davis, 1b. . . . .	0	0	9	1	0
Simpson, rf. . . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Walzer, lf. . . . .	0	0	0	0	1
Barker, cf. . . . .	0	0	0	0	1
Gilmore, p. . . . .	0	0	0	3	0
Totals . . . . .	2	3	24	12	5

Narberth . . . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2  
Drexel Hill . . . . . 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 x—5

Stolen bases—Humphries, Durbin, Fleck. Double plays—Sharkey to Stott; Turner to Davis to Humphries; Turner to Davis to Humphries. Sacrifice hits—Koons, Turner, Jackson. Left on bases—Narberth, 2; Drexel Hill, 4. Wild pitch—Tanker. Passed ball—

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OUR NARBERTH BOYS

Bottom row, reading from left to right—Humphries, 2b.; Turner, ss.; Barker, cf.; Harry Simpson, c.; E. Davis, 1b.; Durbin, 3b.

Sitting in the center—all by him self—Flick Stites.

Top row, standing—Koons, c.; Captain Fleck, lf.; Gilmore, p.; McClellan, 3b.; W. Simpson, rf.; Kirk, rf.; L. Davis, utility infielder; Ensinger, p.; Manager Walzer, rf.

They beat us—but we're not beaten!

This Saturday we win or bust!

Game to be played on our home grounds.

Place—Narberth and Price avenues.

Time—3 P. M.

Follow the crowd—everybody'll be there.

Yes, and a lot of out-of-town rooters.

Better be on the grounds early.

And don't be afraid to cheer. The Narberth boys are going to win—if all the bats don't break.

Last Saturday we showed Drexel Hill that Narberth could stick till the last man was out.

This Saturday we're going to show them that we can do more than that—that we can win.

They're a good bunch, that Drexel Hill team, but so are our local boys.

Do your part, folks—come out strong and cheer, and the boys will do the best that there is in them.

The umpires will be Bill Rudolph, of the Main Line League—one of the most popular and most careful umpires officiating in the East, and Smith, of the Interborough League.

Bob Gilmore will probably do the twirling for the Narberth team, while Tanker, who pitched last Saturday's game, will be on the mound for Drexel Hill.

And what's more, Gilmore is going to pitch an even better game than he pitched last week—and that's going some. But this young star has the real stuff when it comes to pitching.

Everybody out next Saturday to cheer the home team to victory.

### HOW OUR ROOTERS WENT TO THE GAME

#### One Hundred Fifty Strong

When the Narberth base ball team journeyed to Clifton Heights to play Drexel Hill for the suburban championship last Saturday, they did not go alone. Oh, no! About 150 loyal rooters followed the players' vans by one route or another.

The players left Narberth at 1.15 P. M. in four automobiles.

Veteran "Flick" Stites—still on the injured list—left in his own motor car at 1.30 P. M., with Edwin Anderson as his driver, to be on hand to give counsel from the bench.

With passenger motor-barges due to leave Davis' store at 1.45 P. M., the enthusiasts began to congregate at about 1.25 P. M. They carefully scrutinized the pictures and cups of previous teams that had won honors for Narberth and enthusiastically talked about the event for the afternoon. Everyone was optimistic.

About 1.40 P. M. the motor truck belonging to George Suplee left with about twenty men aboard. At 1.50 P. M. two motor trucks were loaded with about forty-five men and women and a merry crowd went cheerily on to urge the local boys to victory.

The trip was made without mishap, and, on arrival, everyone was eager to see the game start.

The Narberth delegation, as a whole, arrived earlier than the followers of Drexel Hill and contributed nearly half the total attendance.

Drexel Hill rooters are of a high type, and, while there was a great deal of good natured bantering between the two sides, no harsh language passed the lips of either nor was there any personal element introduced to cause ill feeling. Clean ball and clean rooting seems to be a mutual ideal—which is good.

Our boys started at the bat and made Tanker look like a much over-rated man in the first inning. They took wild chances—and made good—on the bases. They started to play the game as the Boston Braves so often do and finished with two runs to their credit.

Gilmore never pitched better and got three men straight in the last half of the first inning. "Bob" was cheered and cheered for his effort.

Tanker settled down to work in the second inning and with the good support of his team mates, managed to hold tight for the rest of the game. Gilmore pitched better ball than did Tanker, but his support weakened in the fourth inning after a questionable decision by the umpire on bases, Kirk, and, from this time on, Narberth's chances grew less and less until the ninth inning found our champions beaten by a score (5-2) that, on the surface, makes Drexel Hill look much the better machine. This is erroneous, however.

It is the opinion of experienced coaches who were present that, if Narberth will play as it has all summer, Drexel Hill will have little show in the next two games; that, man for man, our team is faster in every respect and that we are capable of playing better inside base ball. (Let's do it next week).

The homeward trip was not the least bit gloomy, every fan believing that the end will be another triumph for Narberth.

Among those who journeyed to Clifton Heights and who were observed in the grand stand were the following Narberthites:

Fred L. Rose, Robert McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Jones, Charles Ensinger, Charles Compton, George Markle, Newton Compton, Taylor Henry, Louis Nicholson, George Brill, Irvin Ward, Bob Compton, James Compton, C. H. McCarter, Charles McCarter, T. Noel Butler, Rev. and Mrs. Chris G. Koppel, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Anderson, Ed. Anderson, Warren Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cole.

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### KIRKPATRICK WINS TENNIS SINGLES

#### Town Gets Consolation Prize

The tennis tournament of the Narberth Tennis Association is nearing a close. In many respects it has been the best tournament the organization has ever held. There were more entrants in the various events than in any previous tournaments, and a number of the matches afforded the followers of the game the keenest enjoyment.

The men's events are finished. Last Saturday W. J. Kirkpatrick won the men's singles by defeating F. G. Warner three straight sets—6-0, 6-2 and 6-3. Charles Nevin was awarded second prize by virtue of his having won his match in the semi-finals. Unfortunately he was called out of town by the opening of his college term. Had he remained in Narberth he would have met the winner of the Kirkpatrick-Warner match.

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### A CENTRAL BODY TO GOVERN SPORTS

#### Y. M. C. A. Starts New Movement

If you could have seen that group of thirty-five fellows, sitting around the festive board, last Saturday evening, you would immediately say the event was a success; but when you know that this group took the biggest forward step along the line of athletics in the history of the association, you will surely say it was a grand success.

The affair started off with a Dutch lunch prepared by Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Haste, Misses Brill, Smith, Mueller and Witherow. Needless to say, this added materially to the success of the evening. Mr. Fletcher Stites, one of the Board of Managers of the Y. M. C. A., was the toastmaster of the evening.

The Glee Club. After the lunch, the formal part of the program opened with a discussion of the Glee Club, past, present and future. Mr. Dennis outlined a plan

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### Happy Sunday Evening METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Union Services

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