Emma J Clark’s boys

 Many, many elements have contributed to the building of our American culture pattern and among them one finds the compelling rivers. It makes little difference where we go this truism prevails. Here in the Miami Valley is the river Mad which traced to its source leads us through the land of the Bellfountain, Urbana, and West liberty. At its source this map River resembles a brook where may be caught the rainbow trout if we know how to manage the fly.

Following towards it superior the Great Miami it grows in size and by the time it reaches the Findley street dam it has developed width and more madness. As we talk to East Enders they delight in telling you about their fishing jaunts with the old willow old, the can of worms and about the big catfish which slipped away.

But these sportsmen from Sperling, Smithville, and Hosket domain also love to tell about how they played the game of baseball in that not to distant past. They will take you to the Findley street diamonds, to Washington school, to Brownells, Harshmanville and to the diamonds all over the city where they traveled to meet their rivals and when not in a game they could be found at Bomberger.

Many of these sandlotters distinguished themselves as players on high school and college teams. Many did much and making the Dayton Amateur Baseball Commission a going concern because by their playing they contended for the national championship.

As we study that list of players many of us recall the exciting play and we are again brought face-to-face with old friends and acquaintances-and I must hasten to say the rows of the baseball diamond.

“Stagg Fears Purdue”-was once a battle cry at the University of Chicago. But it was many years before those three words became realistic with the defeat of Chicago by Purdue under Jimmy Phelan. The score of that memorable game was 6-0 with an East End lad scoring a touchdown from his position at fullback. The player was none other than Seymour Ramby, better known as “Kick.”

Seymour came from Washington School where he was a catcher on that grade school team. The late Emma J Clark was the athletic coordinator at the E. 2nd St. school and the manner in which the boys responded to her teachings is manifested by their success on the diamond. Seymour profited well by his early experience as is shown by his success at Stivers and Purdue.

Beside him was his pal and buddy Horace English. Horace played at first and he also took his place on the mound. He dug them out of the dirt and had perfect control. Like his battery mate “Kick” he later excelled at Stivers, center in basketball, end in football, and first base in baseball. His college days were spent at Dennison where he helped to carve further renown for The Big Red and Livy, and some of the most successful high school teams at Bradford, Miamisburg, and Stivers were coached by Horace English.

And there was Joe Snyder-now a major with Army of Occupation in Germany. Joe was a fielder on that Washington nine. In his high school days he was a footballer, basketballer and track man; in his college days at Dennison he proved himself a good scholar and a good plan. Tinker to Evers to Chance was a synonym for double plays in the days of Three Fingered Brown and fellow Cubs but out at Washington the battle cry was-Fox to Garwood to English or Parr. Jimmy Fox, John Garwood and Harry Parr were always talking it up. The enthusiasm was comparable to that of a Jennings, a McGraw, a Cobb or Altrock.

It is little wonder that Louis Kline was a picture of confidence as he took his place before the batter. Louis was one of the best pitchers in the city at that time and when he left school his teammates were heartbroken. However they carried on-and carried on successfully. I would be remiss did I not mention some of the outfielders on the Washington teams.