
Hi Gridders Prep up For Fall Training Camp

Members of the Fremont high school football squad for the season of 1923 are asked to report at the high school gym next Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. to make arrangements for entering training camp at the Fremont Lake club during the last week in August and where they will receive instructions under the direction of Coach Charles Taylor, who will return in time to take charge of his men.

EARLY TRAINING FOR HI GRIDDERS AN ASSURED FACT

Superintendent E. F. Schweickart of the Fremont public schools, closed a deal Friday morning, whereby the entire Fremont high football squad of candidates for the season of 1923, or as many as possible, and the possible pick of the bunch, will enjoy the benefits of a training camp on the shores of Lake Erie.

Mr. Schweickart has arranged that the Fremont gridders will be able to use the Fremont Lake club buildings and all the equipment from August 22 to Sept. 1. This means that the bunch of boys will be able to take a lot of exercise and training along the sandy shores of the lake and be well housed and feed on the best of the land that will be prepared by an expert chef.

Coach Charles Taylor will arrive in Fremont from his home in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, where he has been spending the summer, and he will take charge of the squad of gridders and lead the way to the training camp, where the bunch hopes to get into form that will do some rough riding to the rest of the teams in the L. B. S. this year.

The Kiwanis club committee will recommend that each and every member of that organization in Fremont shall purchase a number of season football tickets that will soon be issued by the Fremont High School Athletic association. These tickets will cost \$1.00 per and will entitle the purchaser to view three league games that are to be played at home by the purple and white squad this season. The tickets will be on sale at an early date and the Kiwanis club effort will insure the expenses of the training camp effort.

Coach Taylor has a wealth of material to work with this season and, barring the hard luck that befell the outfit in 1922, the F. H. S. crew should be right up there either one, two when the pennant is passed about next fall.

The players this year are big, tall and rangy and then they have Gust, Fox, Lerch, Engler, Bauman, Reardon, Schneider, Bloom, Zink, Nael, Nickloy, and a score or more of other good ones to select from.

The ticket salesmen and ladies will soon be about, looking you over or up. Pay attention to them and feel around in left field for a smacker. Its loss won't hurt the family finances and it will help the team along.

Members of the football squad will meet at the high school gym tonight to make arrangements for the training trip.

CHARLEY TAYLOR BACK AND SET FOR GRID WORK

Brown as a berry and fit as a fiddle, and all set for his big task that will be composed of an effort to put Fremont high school back on the high school football map, Charles Taylor, former star fullback for Jack Wilce at O. S. U., and the popular coach of local high school athletics, came back to Fremont Tuesday evening from his home in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, where he has been spending the summer vacation. Popular Charley was all set to start out Wednesday morning for the Fremont Lake club's location near Port Clinton, where the Fremont high school squad will train for the next two weeks.

Coach Taylor is going to play no favorites in his big plan for preparation and he'll give them all a chance for work. The squad at the lake camp will be composed of at least 30 men, and the huskies will get ample work before they report for their regular school work on Sept. 4.

Hi Gridders Back All Set For Real Action

Coach Charles Taylor and his band of 35 sun-browned Fremont high school athletes were expected to return from the Fremont Lake club, near Port Clinton, Saturday afternoon where they have been in training for the past ten days. The boys, many of them veterans of service, are in fit shape for the start of a strenuous grid campaign and the battle for positions on the team while keen and hard, is friendly and good natured. The big purple and white squad with almost two weeks of good hard work under their belts, will have the jump on the other teams of the L. B. S., when it comes to being in condition and getting an early start.

FREMONT GRID SQUAD HAS BEEN "TAYLORIZED"

The football season opened up in Fremont Wednesday afternoon with a real loud clatter and a goodly sized crowd of the pigskin devotees and lovers of the greatest game on earth, stood along the sidelines and watched Charles Taylor, Fremont high school coach, send his hopes through the first practice of the season before a home grown crowd.

About 40 stalwarts and some who were not so "stal" and others that dare not stall, turned out at the call of the coach and just what the outfit had been doing for a ten-day period along the wind-whipped shores of Lake Erie was shown in a very pronounced manner.

The boys that took the trip and worked under the direction of the popular coach, sure know their stuff and they showed it at the moment a signal was snapped Wednesday evening. Brown as a section hand's neck, wirey, tough and game, the big gang or gridders shoved their shoulders into the practice like a work hoss jams his snoot into the feed bag at noon. They like this football stuff and if they didn't they'd have no business out there getting what is now known in high school circles as "Taylorized." Findlay was "Fletcherized" last year, according to the dope, but it was three years ago when she was first "Fletcherized" (chewed up) by Fremont, 65 and 0. To be "Taylorized" is to be a clean liver, game to the core, quick as a cat and have a working knowledge of Walter Camp's favorite topic of conversation when he isn't doing his daily dozen. The process surely brings all the good in a boy to the surface and moulds him into being a regular fellow as well as a gentleman on and off the field. Jack Wilce imported it to Charley Taylor and now Charley is up here instilling the same wonderful doctrine of the gridiron into the purple and white squad. It's great dope.

The chances for a fairly good team this fall are mighty fine and besides such stars as "Jumping Joe" Hurley, Gust, Nickloy, Schneider, Meike, Thatcher, Lerch, Bloom, Engler, Wingard and Reardon, there is a host of other good material available and some of the L. B. S. teams that have been figuring on using the Fremont outfit for steps to greater heights have been building on sand.

With a few of the breaks this man Charley Taylor will have the purple and white up there snapping from the top of the pole before snow flies.

IE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

lbert O'Farrell

ming hole used to be.

Abe Skinner says: "If my new machine has a rack for a spare tire then Nevt Blue's buggy boss ought to have two racks for some spare ribs. Bumps on heads and legs are not caused by knowledge for if they were, a hickory tree and some babies would be wiser than Solomon in all his glory."

PURPLE AND WHITE GRIDDERS TO BE ALL SLICKED UP

That the Fremont high school football team will be the best dressed outfit in the Little Big Six league was proven Monday evening when Coach Charley Taylor ordered a bill of goods that includes sweaters, pants, stockings, shoulder pads, head gear and in fact everything that comes in handy when a griddier is plying his exciting profession.

The order was given to Jack Fluher of the firm of Monetta & Fluher of Toledo, who came to Fremont for the special purpose and at the request of Frank Buehler, manager of the Edgar Thurston Co., local representative of the Toledo concern.

The football equipment will be forthcoming very soon and will be here in ample time for the opening game. This bunch of felings together with the 18 sweat jackets that Frank Buehler is to present the squad, together with the pick of the best left over from last season, will make the Fremont high squad the dudes of the L. B. S.

Fine feathers don't always make fine birds but this season the situation is going to be reversed as far as this old saw is concerned. Coach Taylor has a cocky gang of players and they are all up on the bit, pawing for the start and they'll sure go when they get the word.

Each and every night finds the popular coach and his 35 or 40 boys out there on Herbrana field trying their best licks and, let it be said, that this band of boys has the jump on the other teams in the league by reason of that two weeks of systematic training in the lake camp, where they rounded into early season form under the eye of their coach.

The election of a captain will probably be held this week and among the leading candidates for the coveted honor of team leader are "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley, Ralph Gist and perhaps one or two other boys who may spring up at the eleventh hour.

The battle for positions on the varsity is a nightly feature with the students and some of the regulars who thought they had that old job clinched are not so cheery as they were as a lot of those Peter B. Rookies are coming to the front with leaps and bounds.

TIM MCCARTHY IN LINE FOR O. S. U. FAME

Another former Fremont high school football captain, and a mighty man of muscle, is about to enter college and be given a chance to shine in the hall of fame that is open to all lads who have the grit and the ability to show their mettle in football. This fine it is "Big Tim" McCarthy, captain of the hard luck 1922 F. H. S. team, who is about to take an important step in life.

Tim, following the advice of Coach Charles Taylor and many of his other friends is going to follow Harold Wendler's example and enter Ohio State university. The famous Timothy is one of the greatest tackles that ever played on a local team and was a member of the immortal 1920 high school team that wasn't scored upon during a league season.

The big rangy tackle is a mountain of muscle that will delight the eye of Jack Wilce and all other well wishers for O. S. U. football. He'll get his polish during his Freshman year and in the fall of 1924 will be out there for honors in the big time and it

stands 50 to 0 that nothing outside of an injury or hard luck can stop him.

Here's a tackle who can run, pass, kick and hit the line and besides this he's got a bushel of good football sense. Watch his trail when he gets into high.

PAUL RUSSELL LATEST STAR IN THIRD SACKING

The Rum Hounds gave the Ohio Power Co. team a 10 and 5 gnawing in a 7-inning game on the court house lawn Monday evening and increased their power as a pennant contender in the indoor league.

The dealers in electrical juice were minus "Daddo" Redding's services and Clyde Reinbolt was also among the absent but in the place of the absentees they were allowed to use Mark Bowers of the Elks, and "Boney" Schwartz, a great star with the Herbrand professional team.

It was Eddie Gabel that did the main bit of defensive work for the Hounds as he pitched and chucked such a mean ball that safe hits were as scarce as ostrich feathers in an Eskimo millinery store. Eddie also played a bang up game in the field.

A shoe string catch on the Tris Speaker order, pulled by Frank Buehler, main cause of the Rum Hounds, in right field, was the fielding gem of the game, while the work of Paul Russell on third sack for the same team, when the umpire wasn't looking, was also something to look upon and wonder about. Paul is the best third baseman that ever tackled a baserunner and held him until some other player came across with the ball which was eased into the anatomy of said player, who was being pressed to earth by the quick thinking and fast working third sacker, who has Jimmy Collins, Rube Latzke and Willie Kamm all backed into the coal chute when it comes to working for the general good of his team.

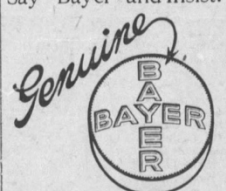
Ray Zickafous pitched for the power team but he had support that would make Jake Youngman's Indian go up and kick the stuffing out of the soldier on the monument. "Boney" Schwartz socked a couple of triples and there were other bits of excitement including a collection for the good of the cause.

Give G. A. R. Head Reception

Van Wert, Sept. 11.—C. M. Saltzgarber, elected commander of the Grand Army of the Republic at Milwaukee last week, was given a big reception upon his return here yesterday. The town was early decorated and hundreds of citizens and soldiers of three wars met the train. Headed by a drum corps they marched to his residence where congratulations were extended by Dr. Beetham, pastor of the First M. E. church.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

The Messenger is the best advertising medium in the county.

which regular workouts will be held in the gymnasium.

FREMONT HIGH SUFFERS LOSS OF STAR BACK

The Fremont high school football team, rounding into fine form under the special direction of Coach Charles Taylor, has had its first serious setback of the season. The first big bump and an echo from the bugaboo of hard luck of 1922, came when it was announced that Bobbie Recktenwald, clever ground gaining halfback, was ordered to stay out of the game by his physician. The reason for Bob's laying aside the pads and the gear is due to swollen glands that have developed in his neck and which were not responding to treatment.

"Recky" may be out of the game for the season and his absence will

leave a hole, as the tall, lanky halfback was looked upon as a comer in every sense of the word. Neal Nickloy, another back field promise, is laid up with a bad back but this completes the list of injuries and Coach Taylor is hoping that the team hospital will be locked up as soon as possible and that luck breaks in favor of the purple and white.

The backfield now consists of Capt. Hurley, Myron Bloom, "Judy" Lerch, "Shorty" Engler and several other prospects and quite a bit of time will be used in drilling a man to step into the big shoes left vacant when Recktenwald had to quit.

Tiffin Bowlers Win From Local D. O. K. K.

The first inter-city bowling match of the season was rolled off at the Golden Hill alleys Wednesday evening when the D. O. K. K. crew of this city was given a beating by a team composed of Tiffin rollers. Several good scores were made, considering the early season. Black of the defeated

Says Charley to Joseph "They're Pretty Stout!"

Coach Charles Taylor and Captain Joe Hurley of the Fremont high school football team, were in Elyria to take a slant at the mighty team from that city that will open the L. B. S. season in Fremont next Saturday. The Elyrians gave their opponents one neat slamming and opened the eyes of all the league scouts on the ground and, let it be said, there were some on deck. The Fremonters returned with the knowledge that Elyria is experienced, fast and powerful, but that Fremont should be able to give them a run for the money here next Saturday.

From now on it will be a case of work, work and then some more work early and late. The F. H. S. team is rounding into shape nicely and barring the old accident bugaboo should be top hole for the Elyria fray. Football is half won when you are in fine fettle on your home lot and the crowd back of you. The purple and white will have this next Saturday and Elyria may be in for a surprise.

FOX AND ZINK WORKING GREAT WITH HI CREW

Not a few folks were out there on the Herbrand field Thursday evening getting an eye full of the Fremont high school football squad and what they were shaping up to two days prior to the opener with Elyria high.

A bird's eye shot at the field found more than three teams in strenuous action and Coach Taylor standing out there giving orders like a General Foch and having just as much system to his meaning.

A glance at the tall, rangy outfit that was doing duty on the number one outfit gave a person the view of Fox and Gust on the ends, Zink and Schneider on the tackles, Johnny McCarthy and Reardon on the guards and "Red" Thatcher snapping it back. Bloom, now out of the game with an injury, was doing the quarter's chores and the halves were Capt. Hurley and Nickloy, and there was the rangy "Judy" Lerch on the fullback's job.

This team was limbering up and down the lot and they sure looked nicely drilled as they went through their signals. Out there on other parts of the field were the second and third teams also limbering up and it sure presented a busy appearance and gave evidence that the high school football mill is doing quite nicely and is rushed with orders.

Coach Taylor sent the first named string up for action on defense against a team chuck full of Elyria plays and allowed some scrimmage. On one occasion "Bim" Stults, gamey quarter on the reserves, slipped past his right end and took 20 yards before he was brought down. This burst caused the coach to criticize the end, tackle and half back. It did it quite nicely too, and it will never happen again, not when the Reserves are playing. On another occasion Capt. Hurley took a punt from Hawk, the reserve kicker. "Jumpin' Joe" did his part all well and good but he was all alone in his effort as he had no more interference coming back with the ball than a dew worm has in a chicken park just before the hens have been fed. Again Coach Taylor gave the boys a talking to that will count when they sum up the events of the evening and the same kind of play confronts again.

The team is in a wonderful physical condition and they are filled with the old stuff that makes the grid warrior. Not a bit over confident, they expect to be out there Saturday and if they remember their lessons and following the rules as laid down to them in their strenuous courses of the school of Taylor, Elyria will have a buzzing in its head that will sound like all the bees in Flower Valley.

Noticeable in the improvement line last night was the work of the long geared "Hotch" Fox at right end and the husky Zink on right tackle. Both of these boys are well qualified to act up something terrific on the gridiron and they are coming into their own as can be seen. Last night they charged and wrecked the Reserves many a time and not one inch did the speedy Hawk or the wiggling Stults gain around their end of the line.

Both these boys have resolved to get out there this season and show what's in them and they are now on the high road to winning that coveted letter that is passed out in the fall.

Watch this high school team Saturday if it remembers the A B C stuff while they were being "Taylorized."

HARD LUCK AGAIN KNOCKS AT DOOR OF FREMONT HI

The cruel hand of fate stepped out and handed Charles Taylor and his football hopes of 1923 another cruel jolt. It happened Thursday evening near the finish of a driving football session on Herbrand field and while the boys were being given a session at the "dummy." They were hitting the old stuffed boob so hard that it was heard to groan, according to Hank Baumhann and others who claim they heard it.

Along came Myron Bloom, great little quarter and a victim of simon pure hard luck. "Bloomie" is a regular beyond the question of a doubt and he had been groomed for some fine work in the pivot position and be sure knows his stuff and has proven it on many a hard fought field.

Myron took a lunge at the dummy, hit it hard, rolled off the object and came up writhing in agony. He had firmed his right shoulder with the fierceness of his charge and right away that old, dull gloom of 1922 started to spread over the lot.

It was feared at first that the little quarter's shoulder had been broken but an x-ray examination in the offices of Dr. D. W. Philo, showed the injury to be a heavy bruise.

The hurt will keep Bloom out of the initial game with Elyria and his loss will be keenly felt as Coach Taylor had planned to use his heady little general in many of the plays and not only the offensive but the defensive work will be affected as the injured lad is a bear on tackling and gives the ball a mean ride when carrying back punts.

The plans against Elyria will have to be hastily rearranged as a result of this stroke by the hand of fate and a new quarter will be slipped into position and the backfield rearranged for the occasion. Capt. (Jumpin' Joe) Hurley is capable of taking the quarter's job as he played it in 1922 when Bloom hurt a hip, and then there is "Shorty" Engler and a couple of others who might take up the burden and do nicely.

Bloom's injury is the third blow that the team has been given this fall, Recktenwald's departure and Foss' broken nose being the other two.

This loss should make the team fight all the harder and they should get out there tooth and nail Saturday and with grim determination fling the gauntlet into fate's face, then turn around and trim Elyria. They can do it with the breaks and the whole city's back of them.

Gil Falcon, manager of the Toledo Maroon football team, is sure making an effort to line up some talent for his team. He has gotten the names of "Dutch" Lauer, Detroit University star, and Jerry Jones, Notre Dame wonder, attached to contracts and they sure will help with the rest of the gang. The Maroons are going to get a lot of support from Fremont, too, as pro football is as dead here as a blind robin.

When Walter Barbare dies, and we hope he lives to be 100, the following line of chatter will ensue between the ball player and St. Peter when the former lines up for passage at the pearly gates:

St. Peter—"Did you ever manage the Toledo Mud Hens?"

Barbare—"Yes, sir, for several

ELYRIA HI DOWNS

(Continued from Page Six)

bunch of bananas in a stone crusher and they had as much chance here as there is of making Madame Schumann-Haas sing "Loulouville Lou" by request.

After fiddling about a bit, Elyria kicked out of danger and the ball was Fremont's to do what it might. Capt. Hurley stood back for a pass but it was a fake and "Shorty" Engler inserted himself into the line for a first down.

"Jumpin' Joe" now ordered his quarterback to open up the basket of tricks that Coach Taylor had been showing them. The first ace played was shot from the Fremont captain to "Hotch" Fox, tall end, who is just coming into his own as a regular and who is a wonderfully improved footballer after showing his real worth Saturday. Fox took the pass out of the air and did 25 at least before he was floored. Elyria was at sea as this tall Fox was playing like a wolf and working a bear game on the Elyria linemen that had been shoved into the slaughter.

Speaking About Passes

Capt. Hurley again stepped back and tipped the ball into the air and Engler, two feet shorter than Fox, collected this time. Here we have both the short and long pass. Engler got about 25 before he was downed. At this stage of the game the hard staying Nickley was taken out and replaced by Alvin Poon, who went in broken nose and all. "Here's where Fremont gets one of the breaks at last!" cried a rooster as Poon went into the game.

The Elyria team was up in the ozone like a toy balloon and when Hurley stepped back and shot his third straight aerial connection into the hands of Ralph Gust about 25 yards away, the anchor was cast aside and the entire crowd got seasick when the ground rocked with cheers. Gust fell three yards from the line and the excitement reached the Elyria bench where lots of running up and down was noticed. Hurley moved the line but couldn't gain and "Shorty" Engler sneaked through for Fremont's only touchdown and shortly after lots of fellows made up their minds to buy lots of cough drops and new hats after supper. Gust kicked a pretty goal. Score, Elyria 25, Fremont 7.

Regulars Back

Coach Deasey hurriedly responded to the S. O. S. of School as Dangerfield with the dew of excitement on his brow came back into the game and so did Houserman, West and the rest of the regulars who were basking in the rays of their own glory on the bench. Fremont did not score any more during this quarter nor did Elyria for that matter, but Captain Hurley got off another beautiful pass to Engler which netted about 15 yards and totaled about 125 yards for four perfect passes which is some record in L. D. S. circles and a feat that will be football talk here for years to come. The rejuvenated Fremont crew was still socking 'em when the period ended, despite the fact that all the boys were back on the job with their union cards in their pockets and fresh cheeks.

At the initial moment of the final period Fremont high gave an exhibition of last ditch standing that would please that celebrated back-to-the-wall hero, Sir Douglas Haig. Capt. Hurley was elected to sock the bag on the line on his own 35 yard line. He made the kick all right, but Reynolds, the visiting right tackle, broke through and blocked the shot, then stooping over scooped it up and legged for the line. A lot of fans ate heart for supper at this exciting moment but "Jumpin' Joe" coming from behind made the sea roing Reynolds look like a fellow chasing the Leviathan in a bath tub and cut the Elyrian down from behind with a flying tackle on the 25 yard line. It was a great stop and very timely, yes indeed.

The revolution in Ireland looked like a croquet party compared to the ferocity of the Fremont defense here. They kept the ball from going over and Gust kicked out of danger when the team held for downs. The Elyria passers failed although they tried quite a few of them, and the ball again fell into local hands, and here comes a dandy scene: Hurley stood back and heaved the ball to "Hotch" Fox and that lanky gent booted 45 yards before the Elyria team climbed his frame and brought him down all flustered out. It was one great effort and even the most skeptical is now convinced that Fox, as well as the Zink fellow, is a footballer who can now hob nob with the queen bee. Fox was hurt in the tackle but he gamely came back after they slipped him a couple of inhalers of water and gave him a sip of milk.

Again They Score

Elyria recovered the ball when Fremont fumbled on the 55 line and away went Houserman, first name Phil, for 15. Dangerfield was 5 feet 7 when he started but he's only 5 feet 2 inches now as he got shortened that much when he hit into Johnny McCarthy, who is only 14 and a brother of the mighty Tim. Braddon waited for 95 on the end and from then on they raced the pit to the 10 yard line. Meike went into the pasture for Zink who had hurt his knee and the war

was resumed.

Dangerfield, a fox as well as a bear, called for a right end assembly and they did, pulling the Fremont line short until it broke. Dangerfield ran with his interference until he saw the broken line, then he stopped, perhaps scratched his head, leaped through an opening as big as the back end of a Liberty truck and another touchdown was made. Dangerfield again failed at goal because Fox was in there to block his try. Score, Elyria 31, Fremont 7.

This ended the first football game of the season in Fremont. A victory could hardly have been expected in the face of the speed, roster and experience of the Elyria veterans, but they sure knew they were in a bad game when the final whistle blew. Fremont was nervous in the first period when the speedy Elyria back ran the ends almost at will. End running is their best bet and they specialize in just work and expect to win a pennant with it. They'll run any ends in the league but they didn't do so well when the Fremont ends and backs got over their nervous spell and went to the bottom of things. Gust and Fox are both big men and hard to down and they'll be heard of around the circuit here, no shovel of your work.

The work of Thatcher, Schneider, Lerch, Nickley, Gust, Engler, McCarthy, Dan Keardon, Captain Hurley and the faithful Herman Schneider, all stands out well, but then there were Zink and Fox, the former on defense and the latter on the receiving end of passes, that ought to get an extra line in the sheets. Ray Hughes, built like a brick ilet, did great work after taking on Judy Lerch's shoes and men for man they'll be a tough row when the youngsters in the squad get a little more seasoning. Fremont will win some games before the season closes and don't overlook that. They are well drilled and coached, but like Firpo, in the heat of excitement, the inexperienced forget their stuff. Fremont made 9 first downs Saturday and five of these came in the third quarter when they were going on high. As for the Elyria team, well from all the depe, the crowds saw the league champs of 1923 Saturday and with four triple threat men in the back field they ought to lead the parade. They play hard and fast and are gentlemen, and then they have Harold Dangerfield.

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 7 Elyria 31
Gust Crawford
Right End
Schneider Reynolds
Right Tackle
McCarthy Boyd
Right Guard
Thatcher Krugman
Center
Reardon Stevens
Left Guard
Zink Holzgerling
Left Tackle
Fox Braddon
Left End
Engler Dangerfield
Quarterback
Hurley West
Right Half
Nickley Houserman
Left Half
Lerch Renouard
Fullback

Elyria 19 6 0 6-31
Fremont 0 0 7 0-7
Substitutions: Elyria, Jenkins for Crawford; Schol for Dangerfield; Humphries for West; Henry for Reynolds; Kolapos for Boyd, and Bugwell for Braddon. Fremont, Hughes for Lerch; Meike for Zink; Poon for Nickley; Nunamaker for Reardon.
Touchdowns: Elyria, Braddon 1, Renouard 1, Dangerfield 2; Fremont, Engler 1. Goals from touchdowns, Dangerfield 1, Gust 1. Referee, Sleeman, Woodward Tech; Umpire, Pfitzer Norwalk; Head linesman, Gillman of Ohio State University; Timekeepers, Homer Crooks, Elyria, J. R. Clarke, Fremont. Time of quarters 12 and 12 minutes.

Names are names: Joseph Cattar, patch of Montreal, Canada, one of the greatest hockey and lacrosse players in the business, is visiting in this country, taking in the football and late season baseball views.

They have brought a bunch of hay and corn into this country for the private use of Papyrus, the English Derby winner. The hay is easily explained, as it can be used for ball (also in case of pinch, but Papyrus is one of the first under the new prohibition laws that has been allowed to slip into this land with his private stock of corn.

The greatest surprise of the football season up to date was sprung on Saturday when the little and much despised team from Hiram college came up to Oberlin and soaked that well known state conference outfit for a row of bumps by the score of 7 and 6. A 75 yard run by a lad named Schumaker who picked up the ball after an attempt to drop kick had been blocked, did the work.

Famous Fields—Chesterfield, right field, center field, left field, battlefield, field of clover, cloth and gold and then there's Dangerfield.

Jack Dempsey now admits that he was out on his feet in the first round of his bout with Firpo, but it also stands to reason that Firpo was out on his head.

BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

bert O'Farrell

think a cattle guard carries a musket.

LEAGUE STANDING

Teams	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Elyria	2	0	0	4
Oberlin	2	0	0	4
Lorain	2	0	0	4
Sandusky	0	1	0	0
Fremont	0	2	0	0
Bellevue	0	2	0	0
Norwalk	0	1	0	0

Saturday's Results

Oberlin 7, Sandusky 6.
Lorain 25, Fremont 0.
Elyria 52, Bellevue 0.

FREMONT HIGH DEFEATED AFTER TERRIFIC GAME

Fremont high, fighting to the last ditch and making its prowess felt in the tag end of the game, went down to a 25 and 0 defeat at the hands of Lorain high in the latter city Saturday afternoon and before a mammoth crowd that came out to help the home town crew crew.

The tale of woe is the same old story that has been following Coach Taylor and his men for two years. They failed to get the breaks and were shipwrecked in the second half of the game when the Lorain outfit piled up 19 points.

The purple and white without the services of three or four regulars who were paying homage to the old football post, John B. Jinx. The Lorain crew scored one touchdown in the initial quarter but after that until the close of the first half they had their work cut out for them and the count was 6 and 0 when the teams went off for their ten minutes' rest.

The game was sort of characterized by fumbles and not a few penalties were imposed during the going.

Fremont played great football at times and tossed the old fear into the home guards on more than one occasion. No luck seems to follow the banner of Fremont high, however, and bucks that should have ripped things up, passes that should have connected, failed or else fell into foreign hands at the wrong moment. The real thriller of the game was furnished in the third period when Thomas, Lorain star, grabbed the old forward pass and ran 45 yards for a touchdown. Smith, highly touted Lorain end, went out of the game with shoulder ligaments torn. The Jinx missed Fremont this time and landed on Lorain. How's it come?

Fremont tossed the fear of battle into the ranks of the victors in the final period and all that prevented is them from making a touchdown was of the whistle at the end of the contest when the ball was within the 8 yard line and gradually being forced to the home guards' goal.

A pass from Gust to Foss got the ball a nice ride to the 10 yard line and here's where the battered Fremont high outfit went right at the business of football and showed up great in the last ditch fight. They were eating the seed to the Lorain garage when the timekeeper played his shrill tune on the flute that ended the football game.

Fremont was showing the stuff they were made of at the final moments of the game and had the Lorain stalwarts coming up for the old air and mighty glad when the whistle warbled. It is said that some of the Lorain players strained their ears to hear the second toot of the whistle as the first one was ample.

Myron Bloom and "Judy" Lerch, two of the Fremont hospital staff, got back into the game for a while Saturday and showed that they are recovering and will be back for some of the big games to come.

The Fremont players stated upon their return that Elyria will give the Lorain team a football lesson and should take them down the line by at least 20 points. They ought to know as they have played both teams. The local players are sure that if the hard luck lets up and allows them to get into some of these battles with him full strength, that they'll win at least three league games before the season closes and they have Norwalk, Sandusky, Bellevue and Oberlin yet to go to play as well as Postoria and perhaps one or two more.

It is very unfortunate that the H. S. team had two of its toughest games to inaugurate the season, for

had they been allowed to mingle with some of the weaker try they would have gradually rounded to and given some of the big suckers one awful going for the change.

The team has shown that it is composed of a bunch of game birds who will fight in the face of luck that would make the larger college outfits and their coaches toss up their hands.

Norwalk is here next Saturday and Fremont high is going out there to win the ball game as they figure that their start on the credit side of the ledger is about ready for pen and ink.

The lineup and summary of the Saturday game is as follows:

Lorain	Fremont
Prostien	Gust
Goze	Left End
Amato	Left Tackle
Boane	Left Guard
Krail	Center
Pineura	Right Guard
Smith	Right Tackle
Horn	Right End
Kolser	Quarterback
Gomesak	Left Half
Thomas	Right Half
	Fullback

Touchdowns, Gomesak 2, Thomas, Horn. Goals from touchdowns, Thomas. Substitutes, Grant for Smith, Bush for Horn; Bloom for Engler, Nichols for Gust, Maize for Schneider, Gust for Hurley, Hurley for Bloom, Lerch for Hughes, McMillan for Schneider, Rockenwald for Fox, Stanley Hawk for McCarthy and Nunamacher for Reardon.

Score by quarters:
Lorain 6 0 6 13-25
Fremont 0 0 0 0-0
Referee, Malcolm of Norwalk; Umpire, Wildman of Norwalk; Head Linesman, Mackey of Sandusky. Time by quarters 12½ minutes.

CLEVELAND PROS. TRIM ST. PAUL'S CREW AT SOCCER

In the best played and most exciting game of soccer ever played in Fremont and before a very fair sized crowd of spectators, the St. Paul's soccer team of this city, went down to defeat before the terrific onslaught of the Magyars of Cleveland, Sunday afternoon.

These Magyars, composed mostly of Hungarians, who are professional soccer players, know the great old English game like a baby knows his blocks, and they play it well from every angle and then some. Their exhibition here was on the high class order but they had to extend themselves to win from the greatly improved Fremont aggregation.

The Magyars scored all their points in the first half and after that they might as well have gone home as far as extra counting was concerned. The first 45 minutes was the period of excitement and Fremont was on the defense, but the second half showed reversal of form and the victors had to stand on their toes and defend the goal while the Fremonters scored three points, just one shy of a tie and two from a victory.

George Hague with two goals to his credit, was the big point getter for Fremont, while his brother Freddie scooped the ball into the cage for another counter. The crowd was kept up on the tip toe of excitement during the entire battle and the idea weather put the players in fine trim for the sport.

Soccer is catching on in Fremont and is the only sport here, outside of high school football that is getting to be a paying venture. Manager Thos. Lilley of the St. Paul's team, has booked other good soccer attractions for this fall and some more good exhibitions of the sport can be looked for.

C. K. Vidler handled Sunday's game very well in his capacity of referee.

CURTICE HIRES THE BIG BOYS AND IT PAYS

Curtice, Ohio fans mortgaged the town hall Sunday to pay the expense of hiring baseball players to appear

BRINGING UP BILL



SPELLING WRONG TWICE



By A. Task

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col" Abert O'Farrell

Fremont High Outplays Norwalk But Is Held to Scoreless Tie; Local Crew Shows Great Form; Ray Hughes Stars

Ramping Ray
There's a husky young fullback named Hughes, who is going from his crown to his shoes. When he needs the line, he powers it. It is. And the sport sheets have columns of news.

Saturday's football game between Fremont and Norwalk gridding sports was on the order of a rainstorm. Fremont almost found its pot of gold and their many boys (Hughes) the greatest and most prominent of which was Raymond Hughes, 15, curly headed freshman from the second ward, who is playing his first season as a regular player. The count between the two schools was a tie from touchdowns and other scores as a slip boot is of much and the arena of victory but this wasn't the fault of this Hibernian managed in the interval sentence. The 0 and 0 count that first that has been played by Fremont student team since the Olin river ran west, didn't show the relative strength of either football team. Fremont should have won the score by at least three touchdowns and who she didn't get them in one or two respects will over remain a mystery. One reason due to an indisposition in the northwestern corner of the Heriband gridding and in which excavation made in the ground period when a rock was deposited. Harp and later removed by some gridders' head perhaps. This last year the "Jump" Joe" Hurley, leader of the Fremont team, when he was skirting the end and about to make his dash down after a 15 yard run. Joe fell like an old set of harness while the Norwalkers fell upon him. His and luck. It was a chance lost and had luck.

A Moral Victory
Despite Fremont's inability to score, the game was a moral victory for "Charley" Taylor's cheerleaders of the Knights of Hurd Luck. They showed a great reversal of form and in times played league football, the very kind that their cheer coach expected them to play all season. That they should have won was very pronounced as a survey of the statistics taken by a bunch of pretty pilots along the firing line shows that Norwalk made six first downs to Fremont's 11. Seven of the "ten yards at least and more if you can" things were made in the first half, which shows that the attack of the purple and white was great and formidable at times but that it weakened on the order of the boarding house team at the third table when the latest man and the dish rag wicker came in for their check. The great improvement in form was pleasing to the team supporters for in a way it showed the outfit has harked to the coach's plea and is down to work, showing everything that it has in the football line and some of it is very good.

The football used in this game was rubbed almost flat on both ends from being rubbed along Norwalk territory most of the way and after the first few minutes of play the football hope of the most loyal of the visiting rooters was to keep the Fremont score down to decent proportions for it looked as though the "art" tradition from the realm of pizazz, Maple City tobacco and the Avalon Hotel, was in for a snowing on the order of the kind that Santa Claus likes.

Norwalk No Slouch
Coach Beattie, former star at Dunsmuir, who has charge of instilling the spirit of the gridders into the visiting youths, has a fair team. They outwitted Fremont but are more on the order of the apple butter bottle than the end and not of the phone pole type that predominates when Gust, Fox, McCarthy, Lerch, Thatcher and Zink got together.

In Whittaker, Westrick, Hardgrave and the late from the city that has lost more population in the last 20 years than ever store cheese has whippers, has a good wrecking crew but they couldn't wreck much Saturday and only in the last gasp of the day, period did they really begin to

disconcert and get the ball down into the 30 yard territory and act up rest soundly until the game was jotted down on the score sheet. It was Fremont's job to do the game and they did. From now on they have to be switched and they should finish the league season with two victories at least and possibly three.

A Little Tired
The weather was entirely too warm for grid sport and yet light for both teams. The excitement prevailed just before Ralph Gust put his No. 23 into the ball and started the game. Norwalk fumbled the pitched thing and Fremont started a parade toward the south goal that would have made the P. T. Harram, John Robinson and Adam Foreman steal the idea.

Here's where Captain Hurley added to his net collection of fame. He ambled about the right end for 15 yards, on one occasion, while Alvin Pous, broken steering gear (nose) and it, raked his leader once or twice and then every once in a while "shorty" Foster would do a quarter back weak that would make the cops on the sidelines pull their pads and take notes for fear "shorty" will pull some of that stuff during the coming fall football week. Raymond Hughes at fullback would give 'em a cockeyed ripper every once in a while but he wasn't warned up yet and the sturdy relation of the famous "Tiny" Hughes, Clarence Hughes and Melvin Hughes, all of whom have added their bit to Fremont high's grid reputation, was only working on second gear but was ready to shift gears at any time.

Step by Step
Step by step this straight football worked the ball to the shadows of the Norwalk upstarts while the Fremont crowd just rolled over, tickled to pieces or to see the boys "Taylorize" the visitors. It looked like a touchdown until they reached the 20 yard line when a penalty for off side work cost the Norwalk team, like starved shirts in a sale, stiffened and held. Whittaker, not Whittaker bar-ed Sunday river fame, tried to usher the hog ruticle to a seat in the front row but he was tossed for a loss down the main path. "Kid" McCoy ran in one spot for a minute before he hit the dust with three men dragging his heels, and then "Babbs" Hardgrave took the ball and pulled an act that would make the greatest of Jap jugglers envious. Fumbled. It was Fremont's ball again and inside the 20 yard line, and once more the rooters could, the high C of Meba and the great basso range of the ragging ball of the pampas. Successive plunges by Hurley, Pous and company got the ball down to the location where the P. T. Harram could make the silver on Norwalk's goal posts. Hughes got a 3 yard run, but some mistake Fremont sent his team a five spot for being off side or in other words he was off side near for Mr. Harp who was head line man. A pass went bad and Hughes went into the right side of the line just like a male bovine pushing his head into a bundle of fodder and scatter it was the fourth winds. Captain Hurley, tossed for a loss and again it was Norwalk's ball on the 15 yard line. Hardgrave sacked the ball for 40 yards and an off side play brought the second half the visitors started their parade. Whittaker freed the hog peeing for 11 yards on the left side and the Norwalk battle cry could be heard above the argument between

Duffy Hughes and Bill Maxwell who both bet on the Giants and the Yanks were ahead. An exchange of punts followed. "I wonder what somebody had the need out there behind the line for a drop kick or placekick effort. Fremont's line held like lead dough on a still and one little screw at any kind would have unseated the line to pile up 15 points at least for there's nothing like openers in any game. Fremont had rapped on Norwalk's door twice but went away hungry and it that did it was hard luck and perhaps one of the qualities due to off side work.

Many Fumbles
The season on this well known fumble bird opened up in the second half and there were more of these John B. about the lot than there are sandpipers in Africa. It was Norwalk's seed on their 40 line at the opening of this period, the very first step out of the box, Hardgrave fumbled and the ball rolled way down the field with the pack in pursuit like a bunch of haymakers after a jag of fresh water. It was Raymond Hughes who was found fiddling the ball when they tipped them.

The Colt in the middle of the backfield had now found away his head gear and was ready for action. His long hair was waving like the mane of a quarter horse in a half mile dash and he could have torn through a brick wall without a quiver on his part at any time Saturday between the hours of 2:30 and 4 p. m.

Hughes made his recovery on the 20 yard line and a city pass from Lerch to Fous almost went over but Fous was tossed and knocked out for a mile or two, his case being one of the few occasions in which time was taken out for a handkerchief. It looked as though the ball might be taken over but a quarterback sneak failed and Norwalk kicked out. Fremont lost Foster on fumbles but soon regained the thing by fumbling the visitors. The march to the goal line and got it to the 22 line when Captain Hurley got away for an 18 yard run that held the crowd in quiet expectancy for a minute until he stopped into a hole and when a little luck would have allowed him to go a few yards more for a touchdown. This was the climax of hard luck and it showed that if Coach Taylor and his men had been out in a snip shower that the rest of the game would have had buckets and cracks while they would be there with pickles. Time was called as Captain Hurley was picking himself out of the grass with a look on his face that had the same expression worn by a bird who walks alone at night and the sidewalk comes up to sock him. As the customer said when asked how he liked the bull neck, "Twas tough."

Four times they had chance to score and four times the old and fabled Goddess of Luck waved her wand and said "Nay." God tries, more line rippling at critical points or open play might have eased the ball over, but subtle observation and thought in actual battle are as different as bathing at Catawba in June and January.

Third Quarter
The third quarter, or as "Hack" Humann, the high school sign, is what to say in time to do some good. The 75-cent period, which is the same as three quarters, was uneventful and the ball sort of so-soed back and forth just like the rubber towel in a boarding house or the drinking tin at the town pump before the germs were found to exist. Fremont kicked to Whittaker and he was downed so hard by Herman Schneider, Fremont's great tackle, that they had to hold the game a minute until they showed the dust off the lot. It was dusty at that. So dusty once in a while that it appeared to bother the officials, somebody said, who had noses to rent, perhaps. They said about everything in this quarter but score. They kicked, passed, dashed each other, punted, but got no place. The real feature of the period, however, was a 55 yard punt by Ralph

Hughes' Inning
Captain Hurley opened up his bag of tricks at the start and hurled a 30 yard pass to Eugler but the referee signaled the result while as somebody had made a mistake or had failed to catch 40 pinocchio. Captain Hurley failed to reach his line and a line pass from center was counted for a loss of 15 yards. It was second down for Fremont and they had 25 yards to go, which at the time was further than Fremont is from Bova or Kankakee. A certain Mr. Whittaker tried to see the quarter completed. A "Zee" about the off tackle position on the left side of the line at this moment and a certain Arthur (Gled) Thatcher, center, who stands up above the line like the light on the statue of Liberty when he's got his headgear off, took a fling at this Norwalk star and brought him down the shelf full of dimes in a too store "babbler" Hardgrave was the next in order and Ray Hughes hit him on the third octave and made his breath effort. Fremont's line held like lead dough on a still and one little screw at any kind would have unseated the line to pile up 15 points at least for there's nothing like openers in any game. Fremont had rapped on Norwalk's door twice but went away hungry and it that did it was hard luck and perhaps one of the qualities due to off side work.

Norwalk at the time
Norwalk at this time, appeared to have as much chance of scoring as John J. McElroy has of managing the Pushwhackers in the Fremont Twilight league next summer. They had the sack and all of a sudden, like an attack of stomach ache in green corn, when the home crowd and the Norwalk 40 line when Hughes called Hughes signal and the game were on. Hardheaded and sturdy of legs, Hughes took the ball and shooting like a good dipped arrow into a sack of bad he hit the line so hard that the dust flew and before half

the Norwalk team down him he had carried the ball about 15 yards through right tackle and guard. With hardly a breathing spell he ripped five more through the same hole and then took five more on top of that. His work was remarkable and almost unaided he had made two first downs in succession. This city hated the bag and it flew out of bounds on the visiting 25 line. July Lerch, white headed star, captured Pous at this time and got into the going in time to intercept a pass. July did his work on the center yard line and acted quite nicely despite his sore shoulder done in the Elvira fracas, when Pangorff and Homanian ran for everything but protestant. Lerch leaped for three at the line. Hughes scooped under the center like a chick through straw and made it first down. Now came the greatest exhibition of line wrecking men on Portland field since the great old days of "Old" Bosley. The line was in the hands of the home crowd and the Norwalk 40 line when Hughes called Hughes signal and the game were on. Hardheaded and sturdy of legs, Hughes took the ball and shooting like a good dipped arrow into a sack of bad he hit the line so hard that the dust flew and before half

Brown's arms from a distance of 45 yards at a cross field angle and said Brown had gained about 35 yards before he was seized with a hard dust of josh field. It was the biggest moment on Norwalk student life, perhaps since they learned that the Fremont cabin didn't have steam heat and man how they yodeled with glee. Whittaker made another first down by a line rush but "Kid" McCoy was stopped so hard they had to get a spade to pry him out of the subcell. Norwalk was stopped just as the whistle blew with the ball in foreign hands and on Fremont's 25 line. The shortness of the game caused some competitors as to the site of the quarters played. One reason given for the apparent brief conflict is that there were but one or two occasions when time had to be taken out to ponder up or regale some athlete that was coming all apart. The outstanding star of the game was Hughes, for he was the new cow's ear alarm on both offense and defense, his work in the former department being the best exhibition of line smashing shown here in many a day, and which shows that Coach Taylor has a man that seems impervious to hurts and who thrives on hard work. Hughes will go far and it takes more than two men to stop him and sometimes three or four have to hang on and yell for reinforcements. Captain Hurley went well, as did every one of the lads that had a hand in the game. Not many fans watched the work of the Hibernian but those that did Saturday saw Herman Schneider at tackle doing the work of a yoke of oxen as usual. There are football tactics in the I. B. S. and then there is Herman Schneider. This star hurt as ankle in the Saturday game but he'll be able to hobble into the Fiesta game. Coach Taylor was pleased with his men despite their failure to score after four chances. They showed a great reversal of form which indicates that they have struck their stride after a slow start. Fremont, and to end, and back to back, side team is coming with rapid strides and the local fan was very far for the show end when it comes to look in his own town team, had better look for a new suit as the a Taylor (tailors) are coming to take a lot of measures. Whittaker, Westrick and Hardgrave did good

(Continued on Page Six)

Here's quality you can taste! Only an expert can judge the quality of cigarette tobaccos by looking at them. But any smoker can taste the quality of every puff of a Chesterfield. They Satisfy

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

(Continued from Page Five)

work for Norwalk, which outfit has all the luck in the world and then another piece.

The lineup and summary,

Fremont, O	Norwalk, O
------------	------------

Gust	Wesrick
------------	---------

Left End

Schneider	Plesko
-----------------	--------

Left Tackle

Reardon	Chapin
---------------	--------

Left Guard

Thatcher	Fromer
----------------	--------

Center

Hawk	Gross
------------	-------

Right Guard

Zink	Lang
------------	------

Right Tackle

Nickel	Brown
--------------	-------

Right End

Engler	Whittaker
--------------	-----------

Quarterback

Foos	McCoy
------------	-------

Left Half

Hurley	Hardgraves
--------------	------------

Right Half

Hughes	Bilton
--------------	--------

Fullback

Substitutions: Fremont, Lerch for Foos, Fox for Nickel; Norwalk, Gabel for McCoy, Schomer for Chapin, Orr for Westrick. Referee, Slocum of Toledo. Umpire, Vaughn of Elyria. Head linesman, Keirtz of Lorain. Time of quarters, 12½ minutes.

BRINGING UP BILL

A BUSINESS MAN—

WILLIE—

BREAKING ALL MY

YOUNG SCAND

I'LL GIVE YOU A

GOOD SPANKING—

WELL

POP

LOTS

I'VE

JUST

TO

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

OLD SPORT MILL

BELLEVUE BEES STING FREMONT HIGH SATURDAY

The Fremont high school football team went over to Bellevue Saturday afternoon and it came back again later in the same day. This is all we know about the team for that day from actual observation, but they do say, the many who made the trip with the eleven, that the F. H. S. was stood on its well-known and proud head by the count of 12 and 6.

The celebrated Duke of York went up the celebrated hill with the famous 50,000 men, but he came back without a feather being ruffled. Fremont had no Duke of York, nor even any Duke's Mixture, but they went up the hill and came back all ruffled up. The bird that can explain just why it happened is the same one that says that the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a football player.

The team that stopped Norwalk 0 and 6, and stood Fostoria on its haunches 6 and 6, and should have beaten either of these teams badly was all scrambled up Saturday afternoon and Walter Camp, Hugo Bezdek, A. A. Stagg, Knute Rockne, "Gloomy Gus" Henderson or St. Vitus himself will fall when it comes to offering an explanation as to how it all happened.

Several local plunders had the inside dope and made lots of money on the venture, but the greater majority of the fans dropped pieces of their bank roll on the doling.

The Bellevue outfit, supposed to be the weak sister of the Little Big Six crew, stirred out of its alleged slumber and the damp of the dank cellar just long enough to put over the biggest piece of dynamite that the high school league has had in a couple of years. Fremont High, a 3 to 1 favorite, never came any closer than the 20 yard line when it came to scoring and was beaten by a team that, had F. H. S. been in its Fostoria game form, would have bowed to defeat by three touchdowns at least. "This to ponder; ye, to weep."

Can you figure this one out? A week ago Bellevue lost to Norwalk 20 and 7, and the week previous Fremont and Norwalk tied 6 and 6. Saturday Fremont took a whacking from Bellevue 12 and 0. Shades of Johnny Poe, Geo. Glip and Lee McClung probably asked for pads and pencils so that they might try and figure out one of the most perplexing situations in high school football that this section of the state has ever seen. Just what is the matter with the purple and white outfit?

They have been coached and drilled as no team was ever coached and drilled in Fremont town. Coach Taylor averages two and a half or three hours a day with his squad. They all pay attention and they all try. During the first two games the outfit appeared crude, but in the Norwalk and Fostoria encounters it appeared to start on a stride that would sweep it through with a clean slate for the remainder of the season. Gone are the days of hopes. The old saw has struck a tough knot and the buzz has startled the entire league.

The purple and white team is tall on the average. It has the proper weight and numerous players on the squad give great promise. They try but they are the greatest in and out team that ever wore the purple and white colors.

One fan has likened the Fremont team to Luis Angel Firpo. The great Argentine giant has been coached by experts in the art of using his left hand and attempting a little ring science, when facing the foe. Firpo gets in there and tries, and just as soon as he gets a smack on the beeper he forgets all the teacher's advice and all the training and resorts back to his old line of native battling. This is on the order of the F. H. S. team. The coach shows the miter lessons. They absorb them and carry them into effect in practice and on two occasions have remembered them in actual conflict. Saturday they are said to have forgotten everything but the time for supper, and that was only remembered after the game.

There's no use in roasting and panning this bunch of boys for their performances on the grid. There is no use saying that they don't try, because they do, as two of their games will substantiate this statement. They are young, fond of their coach and the game, but they lack something that should put the old spirit of battle in

them all the time while confronted by the foe.

Fremont, with the old snap and dash of the Fostoria battle, would have trimmed Bellevue per expectation, but you'll have one excuse to offer Mr. Fan when you arise and defend your team, "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley, gammy leader and star ground gainer for the purple and white, was out of the Bellevue game and had he been in there to lend his presence and his dash to the going, the count might have been different. Joe is recovering from his sprained ankle and will be back in a week, and no team ever needed a Hurley more than does this F. H. S. outfit.

As for the game over in Bellevue, Capt. Nuby and company won it beyond fluke or any other excuse. They took advantage of every Fremont mistake and there were lots of them, according to the tale of the battle.

Nuby was the star for his team while Thatcher, Hughes and Schneider are reported to have been working the best for Fremont.

This in and out Fremont team will have to get down to real work again this week as it has Bowling Green on the line for next Saturday. The week following they take on Sandusky in this city and every fan in this vicinity will be out there booing for the F. H. S. with all the old time pep. It hopes that the outfit will break into the winning column and trim Sandusky, and and gladden the hearts of its army of well wishers who will back the gang and its popular and efficient coach to the last stand, and such a stand that will make Chester's last stand look like a piece of furniture.

Fremont couldn't do a thing in the Saturday game and maybe they were saving up for some other occasion. Bellevue could do nothing with the Fremont line or the endback that worked the pass and took advantage of mistakes that were so many that the field looked like a sample of the old time copy book after Willie got through with his stub pen and the ink. Here are the statistics that tell some of the particulars that regard the

week that made the jam of the famous Hesperus look like a sunset quilt on Aunt Lucy's bayonet.

Bellevue 12	Fremont 0
Weyles	Gust
Left End	
Palmer	Zink
Left Tackle	
Sheldon	Hawk
Left Guard	
Clarke	Thatcher
Center	
Starr	Reardon
Right Guard	
Hockley	Schneider
Right Tackle	
Peters	Fox
Right End	
Toomey	Bloom
Quarterback	
Kern	Lorch
Right Half	
Moore	Foss
Left Half	
Nuby	Hughes
Fullback	
Touchdowns—Nuby, Moore	
Substitutes—Ross for Kern, Mike for Zink, McCarthy for Schneider, Nickles for Fox.	

Score by quarters:
Bellevue 6 0 6 0—12
Fremont 0 0 0 0—0

One of the biggest surprises of the Saturday football men in high school circles, outside of the beating that Fremont took at the hands of Bellevue, was the stand Findlay made against the highly touted Scott high team in Toledo. Figuring that they should whip the Hancock county delegation at least five touchdowns, the Scotters were sorrowfully surprised to run into opposition that stood them on their heads for three periods and part of another and it was mostly on a piece of luck that won them the last 7 to 6. This kind of opposition from a team that has been beaten by Bowling Green and Carey was indeed running into a Tartar with a vengeance.

An idea of nothing at all: Trying to



MAKE YOUR OWN

Pattern No. 1
Complete Short Wave Regenerative Set
Consisting of 5 pages explanatory directions, two full size blueprints (19x21 inches). Complete in heavy 7x12 envelope, post paid. **50c**

A. B. C. OF VACUUM TUBES
used in Radio Receptors
By E. H. LEWIS
A Book explaining in detail all about Vacuum Tubes.
PRICE \$1.00

FOURTEEN RADIO FORMULAE and DIAGRAMS
for the Advanced Radio Student.
Measurements, Schematic Writings, Tables of Values, Etc., Etc.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS

Radio Formulas and Diagrams
A book explaining in detail all about Vacuum Tubes.
PRICE \$1.00

NOW READY FOURTH Consolidated
280 Pages 125 pages
A Practical EVERY NEW AMA

EIGHT WIRELESS MAPS OF THE WORLD IN COLORS
Complete List of BROADCASTING STATIONS
CABLE RATES
TIME SIGNALS OF THE WORLD
HIGH POWER RADIO STATIONS OF THE WORLD
RADIO RATE SHEET (of WEATHER and HYDRO World.
REVISION of American control, and their new
Every vessel and Land Station in also according to Call Letters. Listing all the Radio calls as in **PRICE COB**

RADIO DESIGN
Giving tables and data for designing, receiving and transmitting apparatus.

Any of these BOOKS or SETS Write for Dec 1927 Liberal Discount

RADIO EQUIPMENT COMP.

BRINGING UP BILL

A BUSINESS MAN—

WILLIE—

BREAKING ALL MY

YOUNG SCAND

I'LL GIVE YOU A

GOOD SPANKING—

WELL

POP

LOTS

I'VE

JUST

TO

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

AND

I

WILL

DO

IT

FOR

YOU

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col" Albert O'Farrell

High Trims Fostoria at all Angles
But Fate Decides it a Tie; Captain
Hurley Star of Clean, Fast Game

For the first time in 26 long years Fremont and Fostoria football teams have met on the gridiron in this city and for the second time in that long period of time the teams have battled to a 4 and 4 tie. The historian who gave out the information on the ancient tidings was in that game of long ago and he should know from where he speaks. The affair of Friday in which the Fremont high gridder should have trimmed their brethren from up the L. & N. W. line by at least two touchdowns, is too well known for much rehearsal on these pages.

Just why these two fine schools haven't met more often on the grid is sort of a mystery, but it stands to reason after yesterday's clean cut sample, that athletic relations between the pair of schools will be resumed and both basketball, track, baseball as well as football will be on the bills.

That persistent old individual known to fame as old Simon R. Lerch, again played a great part in the proceedings, just as he appeared in the Newark contest and kept the purple and white for the Taylor team as was the Friday tie. Fostoria evidently expected to slip the old dock wallower over on Capt. Hurley and his men, but he didn't and had all the luck in the world in scoring like she did on a rank fake that was the result of a fumble on the part of the crippled Myron Bloom, sturdy quarter, who had an old shoulder injury renewed by a severe bump when he tried a line huddle and landed on his shoulder like a sack of oats in a mud puddle. Speaking about this mud puddle, that won't get anybody a step higher in the league standing either, but it does feel good when you hold him down who expects to make a walk over with the doctors.

Lots of Class

The exploits of "Jemima" Joe Hurley, Ray Hughes, Henry Haggard, Herman Schneider, Red Thatcher, Gust and company, as well as the exploits of Capt. "Doc" W. Bradner, star of Fostoria, who with Bill Sweeney, "Puffy" Paffenberger, "E. E." Wise and a true "Harry" named Duffy, carried Fostoria's hopes, are now well known. The Toledo News-Bea had special men on the field and the game appeared in extra sport editions out of Toledo, showing that there was class enough to the contest for big league recognition and everybody guesses there was "Daddy" Haggard says that it was the best game Fostoria has played here in 26 years and he ought to know as he saw them both, the first one being viewed while the celebrated Mr. Haggard was being shoved past the field in one of those bubble buggies.

There was ample class to the proceedings as lowering sails failed to keep the crowd in check, over 300 being on the lot and at least 300 of these from Fostoria. The cheering sections cheered and there were no hints. The famous Fostoria high school band, cymbal and snare and still cheering the great class that got it the national championship in Chicago last summer, marched through the business section and took the long hike in the ball park and made a fit all the way. Look! Waiter! Waiter! Waiter! In command. This brilliant band led the cheer Fremont high band made of decided bit and certainly added class to one of the most colorful games of high school football that has been played in this section of the state in many a day.

Limping Them Over

The very name Fostoria means quite a something in high school football and when the red and white were ambled on the field they were given the pink hand and then the team focus. They appeared to be shy, the Fremont height but they weren't so far off when it came to being about as bulky as the horse.

The officials added about but very little before they bowed the odds

in favor of Fostoria and in midfield. During the ten minutes' intermission Coach Dick Riley took his Fostoria warriors to the grand stand where he eased words of cheer, caution and criticism into their shell like ears. Coach Taylor took his men aside also and what he said had its effect for the boys kept up their brand of football from start to finish.

The students got out into the center of the lot where the Fostoria and Fremont bands, numbering about 125 pieces, the largest band that has puffed a mean horn here since the days of the world war and Great Lakes band, played several selections directed by Tod Simon of the Fremont band. They played "Hail Hail," etc., several other patriotic songs and got the big hand. It was the caterpillar's wish house in every respect. There aren't many schools of the size of Fostoria and Fremont that can slip a couple of bands out on a field during a football game and so into a spell of harmony that compares with the best. They were out there yesterday and they certainly shot the old class thermometer way up above boiling.

Speaking About Luck

Premont via the Gust too, shot the ball at Fostoria and the battle was resumed. Sweeney, Wise & Co. tried the line but found it at home and ready for the attack and one of the new fangled and somewhat that looked considerably like Herman Schneider was all sprayed on. Gust had been outgunning the visitors by yards. Hurley Hughes and Bloom started to do the Roman drill, but they were not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

The teams squared away at the other end of the lot and Capt. Bradner was back at the steering wheel and he was given the royal palm by the song as he sent his 5 foot 5, of height and about 120 pounds of bulk into the mixture of crimson and purple. Fremont was not to be denied, however, for at the first signal hurled by the dark, rowling Bloom, the rag, curly haired Hughes, second edition of John Thomas of the U. of C. rapped at the door and Capt. Bradner had to let him in. Score, Fremont 6, Fostoria 0. Read it and see if the rosters didn't have ample opportunity and cause to make themselves subjects for the nifty words and some of them did.

Over Over Here

OLD SPORT MILL

BELLEVUE BEES STING FREMONT HIGH SATURDAY

The Fremont high school football team went over to Bellevue Saturday afternoon and it came back again later in the same day. This is all we know about the team for that day from actual observation, but they do say, the many who made the trip with the eleven, that the F. H. S. was stood on its well-known and proud head by the count of 12 and 6.

The celebrated Duke of York went up the celebrated hill with the famous 50,000 men, but he came back without a feather being ruffled. Fremont had no Duke of York, nor even any Duke's Mixture, but they went up the hill and came back all ruffled up. The bird that can explain just why it happened is the same buzz that says that the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a football player.

The team that stopped Norwalk 0 and 6, and stood Fostoria on its haunches 6 and 6, and should have beaten either of these teams badly was all scrambled up Saturday afternoon and Walter Camp, Hugo Bezdek, A. A. Stagg, Knute Rockne, "Gloomy Gus" Henderson or St. Vitus himself will fall when it comes to offering an explanation as to how it all happened.

Several local plunders had the inside dope and made lots of money on the venture, but the greater majority of the fans dropped pieces of their bank roll on the dollops.

The Bellevue outfit, supposed to be the weak sister of the Little Big Six crew, stirred out of its alleged slumber and the damp of the dank cellar just long enough to put over the biggest piece of dynamite that the high school league has had in a couple of years. Fremont High, a 3 to 1 favorite, never came any closer than the 20 yard line when it came to scoring and was beaten by a team that, had F. H. S. been in its Fostoria game form, would have bowed to defeat by three touchdowns at least. "This to ponder; ye, to weep."

Can you figure this one out? A week ago Bellevue lost to Norwalk 20 and 7, and the week previous Fremont and Norwalk tied 6 and 6. Saturday Fremont took a whipping from Bellevue 12 and 6. Shades of Johnny Poe, Geo. Glip and Lee McClung probably asked for pads and pencils so that they might try and figure out one of the most perplexing situations in high school football that this section of the state has ever seen. Just what is the matter with the purple and white outfit?

They have been coached and drilled as no team was ever coached and drilled in Fremont town. Coach Taylor averages two and a half or three hours a day with his squad. They all pay attention and they all try. During the first two games the outfit appeared crude, but in the Norwalk and Fostoria encounters it appeared to start on a stride that would sweep it through with a clean slate for the remainder of the season. Gone are the days of hopes. The old saw has struck a tough knot and the buzz has startled the entire league.

The purple and white team is tall on the average. It has the proper weight and numerous players on the squad give great promise. They try but they are the greatest in and out team that ever wore the purple and white colors.

One fan has likened the Fremont team to Luis Angel Firpo. The great Argentine giant has been coached by experts in the art of using his left hand and attempting a little ring science, when facing the foe. Firpo gets in there and tries, and just as soon as he gets a smack on the beeper he forgets all the teacher's advice and all the training and resorts back to his old line of native battling. This is on the order of the F. H. S. team. The coach shows the miter lessons. They absorb them and carry them into effect in practice and on two occasions have remembered them in actual conflict. Saturday they are said to have forgotten everything but the time for supper, and that was only remembered after the game.

There's no use in roasting and paning this bunch of boys for their performances on the grid. There is no use saying that they don't try, because they do, as two of their games will substantiate this statement. They are young, fond of their coach and the game, but they lack something that should put the old spirit of battle in

them all the time while confronted by the foe.

Fremont, with the old snap and dash of the Fostoria battle, would have trimmed Bellevue per expectation, but you'll have one excuse to offer Mr. Fan when you arise and defend your team, "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley, gammy leader and star ground gainer for the purple and white, was out of the Bellevue game and had he been in there to lend his presence and his dash to the going, the count might have been different. Joe is recovering from his sprained ankle and will be back in a week, and no team ever needed a Hurley more than does this F. H. S. outfit.

As for the game over in Bellevue, Capt. Nuby and company won it beyond fluke or any other excuse. They took advantage of every Fremont mistake and there were lots of them, according to the tale of the battle.

Nuby was the star for his team while Thatcher, Hughes and Schneider are reported to have been working the best for Fremont.

This in and out Fremont team will have to get down to real work again this week as it has Bowling Green on the line for next Saturday. The week following they take on Sandusky in this city and every fan in this vicinity will be out there booing for the F. H. S. with all the old time pep. It hopes that the outfit will break into the winning column and trim Sandusky, and and gladden the hearts of its army of well wishers who will back the gang and its popular and efficient coach to the last stand, and such a stand that will make Chester's last stand look like a piece of furniture.

Fremont couldn't do a thing in the Saturday game and maybe they were saving up for some other occasion. Bellevue could do nothing with the Fremont line or the endback that worked the pass and took advantage of mistakes that were so many that the field looked like a sample of the old time copy book after Willie got through with his stub pen and the ink. Here are the statistics that tell some of the particulars that regard the

week that made the jam of the famous Hesperus look like a sunset quilt on Aunt Lucy's bayonet.

Bellevue 12	Fremont 0
Weyles	Gust
Left End	
Palmer	Zink
Left Tackle	
Sheldon	Hawk
Left Guard	
Clarke	Thatcher
Center	
Starr	Reardon
Right Guard	
Hockley	Schneider
Right Tackle	
Peters	Fox
Right End	
Toomey	Bloom
Quarterback	
Kern	Lorch
Right Half	
Moore	Foss
Left Half	
Nuby	Hughes
Fullback	
Touchdowns—Nuby, Moore	
Substitutes—Ross for Kern, Mike for Zink, McCarthy for Schneider, Nickles for Fox.	

Score by quarters:
Bellevue 6 0 6 0—12
Fremont 0 0 0 0—0

One of the biggest surprises of the Saturday football men in high school circles, outside of the beating that Fremont took at the hands of Bellevue, was the stand Findlay made against the highly touted Scott high team in Toledo. Figuring that they should whip the Hancock county delegation at least five touchdowns, the Scotters were sorrowfully surprised to run into opposition that stood them on their heads for three periods and part of another and it was mostly on a piece of luck that won them the last 7 to 6. This kind of opposition from a team that has been beaten by Bowling Green and Carey was indeed running into a Tartar with a vengeance.

An idea of nothing at all: Trying to

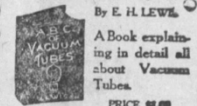


MAKE YOUR OWN



Pattern No. 1
Complete Short Wave
Regenerative Set
Containing 5 pages explanatory directions
permissible two full size blue prints (19x21
included). Complete in heavy 7x12
envelope, post paid. 50c

A. B. C. OF VACUUM TUBES
used in Radio Receivers



PRICE \$1.00

FOURTEEN
RADIO FORMULAE and
DIAGRAMS

for the
Advanced Radio Student.
Measurements, Schematic Writings,
Tables of Values, Etc., Etc.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS



NOW READY
FOURTH
Consolidated

280 Pages 125 pages
A Partial
BRIEF NEW AMA

WIRELESS MAPS
OF THE WORLD
IN COLOURS

Complete List of
BROADCASTING
STATIONS

CABLE RATES

TIME SIGNALS
OF THE WORLD

HIGH POWER
RADIO STATIONS
OF THE WORLD

RADIO RATE SHEET (of
WEATHER and HYDRO
World.

REVISION of American
control, and their new

Every vessel and Land Station in
also according to Call Letters.
listing all the Radio calls as in

PRICE COB

RADIO DESIGN

Giving tables and
data for design-
ing, receiving and
transmitting
apparatus.

Any of these BOOKS or SETS

Write for Dec
and Liberal Discount

RADIO EQUIPMENT COMP.

E BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

lbert O'Farrell

the big cups."

The football player who comes out on the field with baseball spikes on his shoes has nothing on the basketball player who wears husking pegs on his hands or the soccer player who wears linemen's spikes.

Names are names: Mandy Lynn from down below the line, sure sweeps a mean pick across the banjo.

BEE GEE WITH KILLE DEFEATS FREMONT HIGH

Fremont took a 26 to 6 lacing up in Bowling Green town Saturday afternoon, but the purple and white accomplished what no other team has been able to do this season, score on the big crew that is making grid history in Bee Gee. The Kille and company outfit ran the ends and piled up a big majority. All the counting for the Bowling Green on the rolling green was done in the first and third periods, while Fremont got in its best kicks via the Judy Lerch and Gust route late in the final period of the contest, thus spelling the clean slate that the Wood county crew boasted of and which was to get them a trip should they keep the same clean.

It was a case of running the Fremont ends and in this special work the famous Kille starred, making runs of 45, 50 and 60 yards at various times and all good for touchdowns. Riegel made the other touchdown by line plunging. A great crowd, great for Bowling Green, saw the game.

Fremont's line stood alone well and it was only in the open play at B. G. with Kille running like a Willie Heston at his best, showed the stuff that has made him famous in high school circles and will take him far in college.

Gust, Roetenwald, Hughes and Lerch did good work for Fremont and the rest of the team wasn't far behind. The boys worked a plucky pound of grid toil and had they been able to check the fleet Kille, the story might have been different. A fair representation of Fremont fans stood on the sidelines and cheered for the best cause but cheers were of no avail when this same Kille person started running 'em cockeyed.

The Toledo News-Bee covered the game and the following is taken from the story that appeared in extra form and showed how the scoring was carried into effect:

First Period

Fremont won the toss and elected to kick to Bowling Green's south goal. Gust kicked off to Gobel, who returned 10 to his own 39. Sigel failed in a line plunge and then made 5 through right end. Riegel again hit the line and by clever dodging added 15. Kille made 10 more. It was a steady march for two first downs, bringing the ball to Fremont's 45.

Bowling Green made 3 and Gobel tucked for three more. Kille failed on the next try and Riegel kicked to Fremont's 5, the ball rolling back of the goal line for a touchback. Both teams scrambled for the ball but Fremont recovered. The ball was brought up to the 20 and Gust kicked to the center of the field, where the ball was dead.

Riegel got through the line for 30. Kille was thrown for a loss of 5. A pass, Riegel to Kille, was incomplete and Kille's attempted drop kick went wide. Gust again punted to the center of the field. Riegel bucked for 5.

Fries sneaked 2 and Riegel made it a first down. Kille dropped through left tackle for 5. Riegel made a first down on Fremont's 28. Kille got away against for 12. Gobel was thrown for a yard loss. Zink replaced Maikie for Fremont. Kille again tried a drop kick that was wide.

Fremont kicked to Kille, who returned 5 to his own 48. Gobel failed to gain. Kille made 3. Kille then grabbed Riegel's pass and dodged three Fremont men for a 40 yard run for a touchdown. Kille place kicked. Score, Bowling Green 7, Fremont 0.

Gust kicked to Gobel on Bowling Green's 20. Foss replaced Wingard for Fremont. Foss made 1 through the line. Riegel punted outside on Fremont's 31. On the next play Gust broke through for 28. Foss made 2. Gust's kick was blocked by Wilcox. Adams recovered on the 50. Fries

made 9 and on the next play made it a first down. Kille got away through left tackle for a 45-yard run, straightening three men for a second touchdown. His place kick was low. Score, Bowling Green 13, Fremont 0.

Kille was proving a bear on the offensive. His broken field running featured the game.

Kille kicked to Hughes on Fremont's 15. He returned to his own 30. Foss was thrown for a loss. Gust punted to Bowling Green's 40 as time was called for the first quarter. Score, Bowling Green 13, Fremont 0.

By agreement the first and third quarters were of 15 minutes duration and the second and fourth 12 minutes.

Third Period

At the opening of the third period Gust kicked off to Bowling Green's 15, where Gobel returned it to his own 37. Kille caught Riegel's pass on his own 49 and ran 51 for the third touchdown. His place kick added another point. Score, Bowling Green 20, Fremont 0.

Kille kicked to Bloom on his own 10. Hughes faked for 2. Gust kicked to Kille on Bowling Green's 25, who ran back 5. Kille ran around right end for 25.

Bowling Green made 5 in two plunges. Riegel made a first down. On the next play Riegel made 4. Fremont's 12, Roetenwald stopped Kille as Kille caught Riegel's pass. Fries added 6 for a first down and Fremont was penalized 5 for off side. On a second penalty the ball was put on Fremont's 2. After three line plunges Riegel went over for a touchdown. Kille's place kick was blocked. Score, Bowling Green 26, Fremont 0.

Kille kicked to Bloom, who returned to his own 31. Bowling Green was penalized 15 for roughness. Sals passed back and threw wild, losing 25. Gust kicked to Kille. Bowling Green failed to gain and Riegel kicked to Bloom, who returned to his own 33. Gust punted outside on Bowling Green's 18.

Kille got away around right end for 15. Gobel's pass to Kille was incomplete. Riegel punted to Fremont's 25. Gust's pass was incomplete and he kicked to Bowling Green's 45, where Kille fumbled but recovered as the quarter ended. Score, Bowling Green 26, Fremont 0.

Fourth Period

Gobel's 25 yard pass was grounded. Riegel punted 40 to Fremont's 32. After three line plunges, Gust punted 47. Kille returned to his own 27.

Bowling Green failed to gain. Riegel punted outside on Fremont's 29. Gust kicked again. Bowling Green fumbled and Zink recovered for Fremont. Three Fremont plunges made a first down on Bowling Green's 25. On Roetenwald's pass to Hughes, 10 more were added.

Lerch fired a pass over the line to Gust, giving Fremont a touchdown. Gust's dropkick failed. Score, Bowling Green 28, Fremont 6.

Gust kicked off to Bowling Green's 20 and Ladd returned to his own 31. The play was in the middle of the field for the balance of the game.

Final score, Bowling Green 26, Fremont 6.

The lineup and summary:

Bowling Green, 26	Fremont, 6
Ladd	Gust
Left End	
Fish	McMillan
Left Tackle	
Riley	Reardon
Left Guard	
Wilcox	Sifer
Center	
McVella	Hawk
Right Guard	
McGuire	Malke
Right Tackle	
Adams	Nickles
Right End	
Fries	Engler
Quarterback	
Gobel	Wingard
Left Half	
Kille	Hughes
Right Half	
Riegel	Lerch
Fullback	

Substitutions—Bowling Green, Shaffer for Gobel, Kiever for Riley, Riley for Shaffer, Meyers for Kiever, Holvoit for McGuire, Kitchen for Adams, Deubler for Ladd; Fremont, Zink for Malke, Foss for Wingard, Roetenwald for Foss, Bloom for Engler.

Touchdowns, Kille 3, Riegel 1, Gust 1. Goals after touchdown, Kille 2. Referee, Schuster. Umpire, Bohn.

Wendler Shines Again

The Fremonters who went down to Columbus Saturday to see the Ohio State-Dennison game, and consequently see their famous fellow townsman, Harold Wendler perform, were not disappointed as the famous Wendler was at his best and he did everything that it is humanly possible for a football star to perform in the line of running, blocking, tackling, catching

TAYLORMEN ARE WORKING HARD FOR SANDUSKY

The Fremont high school football team was given one of its stiffest workouts of the season Wednesday evening, when Coach Taylor drilled the lads in several Sandusky plays that had been garnered and perfected for the benefit of the gang that will stack itself against the Sandusky outfit next Saturday afternoon on Thompson's broad acres west of the city on Napoleon street.

Coach Taylor gave his men one fine talking to and the lads are resolved that if Sandusky beats them that it will have to walk to the goal line over the prostrate bodies of a lot of fellows who are clad in purple and white.

The first stringers and the second stringers had a busting bee that was the humming bird's wrists Wednesday evening and the ground was plowed up in several spots where the two battling teams locked horns and sparred a moment before they gored each other.

All the top hands including Captain Hurley himself will be ready for a turn or perhaps two in the impending struggle and if Fremont's light goes out in this game there'll be a lot of hopes go out with them. The team and the students are set to ease out of the damp of the L. B. S. cellar and they have heard the call of the wild and the rush of the fresh air of freedom at the top. The team that keeps the purple and white gang down stairs for the rest of the season will have to understand its stuff.

One of the greatest crowds of the season including a car load or two from Sandusky, will be on hand to see the bulls and the bears and the gazelles chase each other on the green field of Herbrand park Saturday afternoon.

E BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

lbert O'Farrell

how to protect his jaw from a right hook and to be given lessons in the proper way to use his hands when it comes to swinging a punch. Floyd will never make a champion but he sure can look pretty in the ring as well as get the big money.

COACH TAYLOR DRIVES HIS MEN IN HARD DRILL

If Sandusky beats Fremont high Saturday afternoon in the annual scatter fest between the two high class high school football teams, then Fremont high will be satisfied to take a back pew in the L. B. S. cellar, where it can pick its teeth and review the hard luck of the past season and make plans for future action and revenge.

A straggling few braved the chill of the north wind and wended their way out to Herbrand field to see Coach Taylor taper off his men's work for the week and prime them for the big game of Saturday.

Never at any time this season have the members of the big purple and white squad showed more pep and spirit. There was ample material and a few more than three teams on the lot last evening and when not in action the lads just bubbled over with energy and pep and the way they dangled into their work was a caution, and if any Sandusky scout was on the job with his lamps glued to a knot hole, then this same scout hurried home and spread a tale of a big purple and white team that had found itself after suffering a relapse since holding Fostoria to a tie.

The big delegation of gridders, all working for the one single aim, beat Sandusky, were fighting anxious last evening and all were out to do something in the line of preparations that would help in any case. From the huge lumbering linemen to "Pee Wee" Thurn, smallest Fremont high school player in captivity, the outfit was set like a ring of Captain Kilds getting out to take the biggest Spanish galleon (not gallon) that ever sailed the Spanish (not spinach) main.

The lads limbering up in signal chores, looked right smart with three teams working up and down the field. "Shorty" Engler was driving one crew, Myron (Beardless) Bloom, another, while "Bim" Stults was directing the third outfit.

One great sight for sore eyes on the lot last evening, and an indication that will influence the betting, was the appearance of "Jumpin' Joe" Hurley, Fremont's popular captain, who has been out of the game for the past two weeks owing to a very severe ankle injury.

Popular Joe was out there in his "uni" last night and he even got into some of the signal drill and limbered up with his number one team. You could actually see fresh pep and spirit ooze through the veins of the Taylorites when the captain came back into the harness last evening. He may even be able to step into the Sandusky game in case his presence is needed at a critical moment when the offensive power or the defensive ability of the outfit is to be tested. Joe looks good and he only limps a little.

The first and second teams were shot into one of the peppiest scrim-

mages of the season. Coach Taylor gave the "regs" the seed on their 20 yard line and told them to play football with their heads as well as arms, legs and bodies and do everything but bite ears and make faces. They did. Ralph Gust, wrecking car on the high school railway, took the ball for the first drive, he having been called back from end for that purpose. "Gusty," a perfect picture of Al Reich, "Adonis of the athletic world," is a natural born line cracker and with a more rapid start he'd make lots of these so-called lines sing, "Please Call Off the Bees."

Gust's first rap at the Reserve line last evening got him 3 yards through the right side of the line and he was downed by "Curley" Recktenwald. "Shorty" Engler, prancing like a quarter horse on exhibition, also eased his body into the Reserves for a neat gain. Four line racks by Gust, Engler and the hop, skipping goer, Judy Lerch, got the first outfit about 70 yards and put the pill down on the ten line. Here the top liners were glued until Engler did a quarterback sneak that got a touchdown. Engler's count was made on the same historic spot where Harold Wendler made a great ten yard squirm for a touchdown against Lakewood high on Thanksgiving day, 1920, when Fremont had the football world by its well known ears. Gust, who is the hippo's tonsils when it comes to booting, cocked a pretty drop kick for the final trimmings to the touchdown.

The regulars got another touchdown later in the game but they had to work harder. The work of Danny Reardon and Jack Mallon with the second team was quite good as was the tackling and blocking pulled by Kenneth Hawk, who'll be a star of 1924 and a couple of years after. H. Fangbner also shows well in the bunch.

After the Reserves got through with their evening's chores and had been sent to the sidelines steaming like a Monday wash, the "Sandusky" team, composed of the smaller men on the team, was then sent against the first stringers.

The "Sandusky" team is coached by Capt. Hurley and piloted by "Bim" Stults. They weigh as individuals about 125 per on the average and make up for lack of weight by the amount of pep and grit they show. They also have "Hank" Baumann and "Butch" Bowers and a flock of other good ones. These boys have been drilled in Fishtown deals and they are as tricky as a Plute Indian in a gin mill. They deal principally in the forward pass and sly football and they went good until the big fellows got to working.

The team is in great shape for the Sandusky game and if they play in football instead of the out variety, they being in and out, the lads from the region of lake gales will go home in a sack.

The first stringers are there on defense and in the two teams that they buffeted last night only one man made a fair gain against them and this fellow was "Curley" Recktenwald, Sophomore flash, who got away for ten yards, but then this coming star is liable to get away from any of them as he is one of the fastest starters seen here in many a day and all he lacks is experience.

All Fremont will be on the sidelines Saturday in hopes that the gang is coming through and it looks as though they are.

The Ziebold Dairy bowling five kept its hold on first place in the City Bowling league, when it stepped out Thursday evening and knicked off the Moose in three straight games. The Fremont Hotels eased out of the league cellar when they trimmed the Eagles. The scores:

Ziebold Dairies, 2541

TWO OLD RIVALS LINED UP FOR ACTION SATURDAY

Herbrand field and the boundaries surrounding the playing field were banked high and wide with football fans when the Fremont and Sandusky high teams lined up for their annual gridiron excitement this afternoon. Several hundred fans from the Sandusky town came up with their team via motor cars and autos and the cheering duels and other sideline excitement rivaled the action of the Fostoria game.

Sandusky has trained hard for this contest but so has Fremont, for that matter and the two old athletic rivals will get out there and play like Yale and Harvard do when they lock horns in either the stadium or the bowl. Both teams are said to be in the best of shape and the only cause for complaint being the bad ankle that Capt. Hurley of Fremont, is recovering from but which has healed enough to allow him to take part in signal drill.

Fremont's slogan for the past week has been "Beat Sandusky!" and the team that wins this afternoon's grill will certainly know that it has been in a football game.

The Sandusky outfit, while outweighed, is a shifty, tricky and well coached outfit led by a neat captain in DeMay, and told how to do its stuff by a capable coach named Miller.

Coach Charley Taylor has given his men some long hours of drill this week and the outfit stands pat for its chance to get out of the L. B. S. cellar and if it wins this game the student body will start taking the tow apart immediately after the game goes into history.

The probable lineup of the two contending teams:

Sandusky	Fremont
DeMay	Gust
Left End	
Trimmer	Schneider
Left Tackle	
Brown	Dan Reardon
Left Guard	
Heinz	Thatcher
Center	
Ransom	S. Hawk
Right Guard	
Rager	Zink
Right Tackle	
Crooks	Foz
Right End	
Hombberger	Bloom
Quarterback	
Harter	B. Recktenwald
Left Half	
Shane	R. Hughes
Fullback	
Shepherd	Lerch
Right Half	

FRESH CHAFF FROM THE BUSY OLD SPORT MILL

By "Col" Abert O'Farrell

Fremont High Strikes Its Gait and Defeats Sandusky in Game Featuring Great Dash and Spectacular Play

Coming Back

There was Hurley, Thatcher, Nickles and Zink. Who whipsawed 'em cockeyed and made 'em see pink. Came Danny Reardon, Siler, Hawk and "Sly" Fox. Knocking 'em cuckoo and out of their box. Witness Hughes, "Coy" Gust, Engler and Lerch. Making 'em warble and sing from a perch. Add Taylor, Bloom, Schneider and the rest of the pack. And you'll have that game gang that staged a comeback.

Fremont 13, Sandusky 6. These sound mythical and tend to make a fellow who is not on the done figure that it's fiction, not facts that are going to be broadcast to the general public that likes to learn the details of important happenings.

These same figures show that after six starts, four of which were not the good, that Coach Charley Taylor's big purple and white football machine has gone into high speed without tripping its gears. The football motor is now whirling along the main road instead of being hampered by a lot of muddy detours and unpaved roads. The highway that took the Fremont team up and out of the mud Saturday afternoon was built over the prone forms of the Sandusky high school players who were compelled to bow down, no matter how tough the going and how deep the sorrow and aloof the Taylor machine to get into a position for greater things and to shake some of the dewy damp of the cellar of their wings.

Fremont is now out there two points removed from the basement new where the apples and the potatoes are now reposing in winter's sleep with Sandusky and Bellevue as hunkmates. It's sort of new and nice to be out into the open but the Taylorites have come out to back in the sunshine and here they expect to stay. More power to them.

A Long Time Between

The visits of the Sandusky high school team are a long time between. The outfit from the seat of learning in Erie county has not visited Fremont since the fall of 1919 when it took a beating at the hands of Bill Fremont's big team. The next year the purple and white went down that way and banged the lake shore outfit for a set of dizzy spells to the tune of 45 and 0. This was the second year in succession that Fremont had the league champions. In 1921 Sandusky could not play here owing to the smallpox ban that put the damper on all public meetings in Fremont during that winter. Fremont visited the suburban district of Cedar Point and took a beating and Saturday Sandusky came back for its first visit in four years and one that it will not forget for four years more at least.

The Fishermen were billed as the favorites and they sure expected their Mickie DeMay outfit to be the crab's whiskers and as far as Mickie is concerned, they were. Several hundred rooters accompanied the blue and white team to Fremont and they sure put up an awful argument on the side lines, ably led by a cheer leader who should be a mixer of cream puffs for so soft is his touch and so mellow is his voice and so noiseless is his step.

Dried to Perfection

Coach Taylor had put his gang into trim by one of the hardest of all the hard weeks that they have had this season and they were ready for the season, even "Jumplin' Joe" Hurley, crippled leader of the outfit, was ready to take a chance, but not quite strong enough as yet to take a shot at the start. There wasn't so much difference in the weight of the teams as would appear from newspaper articles penned on the matter. Fremont was the heavier, but as "Curly" Rimepsach says, it was not so much.

It was an ideal day and an ideal crowd and the ideal game because two

teams well drilled, well coached and backed by thousands were fighting for a step on the cellarway that would lead them out of the dark, dank basement of the Little Big Six, that is one unhealthy place for the high-spirited. Acting Captain Ralph Gust, destined to reach great heights in high school athletic fame as a result of his afternoon's performance, won the toss and elected to kick off with the gathering breeze at his back. Gust sank one of his highly tutored fiddle boxes into the Sandusky's former complexion and one of the most spectacular rive and take games of the season was on.

Some Line

Sandusky got the ball back of its own 35 line and tried two plays with small success against the steel-jacketed Fremont line that tossed off the attack all afternoon like popcorn balls falling off the sides of a new battle cruiser. The third play gave Fremont a break that was immediately taken advantage of. A misdirected pass caused a fumble when Shepherd gobbled the ball and it fell into the hands of the first charged and the band wagon, the elephants and the clowns could be seen coming, only the clowns were not all on the field, some of them were on the sidelines.

Gust, who was making his first appearance in the backfield in his home town and who had been pulled off the coast of victory, this time the fiddle old gal snapped into it and extended its white hand to the purple and white and it sure was grasped. Coach Miller introduced a brand new play into the second half. He had shown indications of this same ability in the first half, but in the second round he sure paraded his stuff. We mean ordinary and debating and it is Mr. Miller isn't the cuckoo's punching bag with the "Daniel Webster" stuff then W. J. Bryan was deaf and dumb when he spoke about the cross of St. Louis and the democratic nomination at St. Louis, but failed to win the pennant in the November world's series of that year.

The game was greatly delayed by constant kicking and blocking and Coach Miller appeared on the field no less than half a dozen times. It's all well and good to back up your point, but lay off the parade stuff, even if you get a sheepskin coat that will exhibit and a reputation as a coach to protect.

The referees and other officials who handle the L. B. S. games are capable men or they wouldn't be there. Why argue and delay the game like the program here Saturday? The contest was dragged out at least 15 minutes by this constant kicking from the sidelines. It got Fremont some extra penalty in one or two instances, but had no direct bearing on the game's results.

Continued Action

When the teams took the field for the second round Myron (Beardless) Bloom was in the quarter position for he and his partner, Engler, were going 50-50 on the game and they sure did, as each played his team on straight lines and each pilot directed the outfit to a touchdown. Red Thatcher took the short Sandusky kick off but the Fishermen had spread their net so it held and Gust south-kicked the ball way down to the 25 line. Time was taken out for Danny Reardon, great little Fremont lineman, who had been wounded on the knee. Reardon isn't the only survivor of the battle of "Wounded Knee," but he sure has a knee that's wounded. The little Irishman was given a great cheer as the ambulance corps carried him to the sidelines and Siler came into the game.

A couple of exchanges of punts by Gust and Shepherd gave neither of the outfits any advantage but Sandusky got a break when Homerberger, Siler and Thatcher, who were popular with the fans as Homerberger, who plays with the Stock Yard crew, took a Fremont punt that had bounced off somebody's back and legged for about 25 yards to Sandusky's 30 yard line. The Blue tried to work some of its pet stuff and it partly succeeded but the purple and white held for down

for another loss of about 7 yards. The Sandusky team was completely demoralized and broken right here. They couldn't pass, they couldn't break the line and they couldn't get past the ends. Some predicament and the game just half over.

The work of Capt. DeMay of Sandusky was brilliant all through the first half. He was under every play and was inspiring his men for greater action by his stellar play. Mickie was a headcase and he was the smallest man on the field. "Shorty" Engler, Fremont's shifty small man, looked big beside the Sandusky leader.

Outclassed

Fremont simply outclassed the Sanduskians in the first half, making 8 first downs to none by the visitors. The purple and white also lost many yards on penalties but they played a rip tearing football. Coach Taylor had given "Shorty" Engler at quarter, orders to run that line and the little team pilot obeyed his coach's orders to the last letter. The Sandusky line was as full of holes as a Swiss cheese but not near as strong.

Coach Miller took his team to the far limits of the field for a going over between halves while the Fremont students and their band did the victory thing up and down the field, a stunt they have performed so many times this year to try to win the 1920 title of victory. This time the fiddle old gal snapped into it and extended its white hand to the purple and white and it sure was grasped.

Coach Miller introduced a brand new play into the second half. He had shown indications of this same ability in the first half, but in the second round he sure paraded his stuff. We mean ordinary and debating and it is Mr. Miller isn't the cuckoo's punching bag with the "Daniel Webster" stuff then W. J. Bryan was deaf and dumb when he spoke about the cross of St. Louis and the democratic nomination at St. Louis, but failed to win the pennant in the November world's series of that year.

The game was greatly delayed by constant kicking and blocking and Coach Miller appeared on the field no less than half a dozen times. It's all well and good to back up your point, but lay off the parade stuff, even if you get a sheepskin coat that will exhibit and a reputation as a coach to protect.

The referees and other officials who handle the L. B. S. games are capable men or they wouldn't be there. Why argue and delay the game like the program here Saturday? The contest was dragged out at least 15 minutes by this constant kicking from the sidelines. It got Fremont some extra penalty in one or two instances, but had no direct bearing on the game's results.

When the teams took the field for the second round Myron (Beardless) Bloom was in the quarter position for he and his partner, Engler, were going 50-50 on the game and they sure did, as each played his team on straight lines and each pilot directed the outfit to a touchdown. Red Thatcher took the short Sandusky kick off but the Fishermen had spread their net so it held and Gust south-kicked the ball way down to the 25 line. Time was taken out for Danny Reardon, great little Fremont lineman, who had been wounded on the knee. Reardon isn't the only survivor of the battle of "Wounded Knee," but he sure has a knee that's wounded. The little Irishman was given a great cheer as the ambulance corps carried him to the sidelines and Siler came into the game.

A couple of exchanges of punts by Gust and Shepherd gave neither of the outfits any advantage but Sandusky got a break when Homerberger, Siler and Thatcher, who were popular with the fans as Homerberger, who plays with the Stock Yard crew, took a Fremont punt that had bounced off somebody's back and legged for about 25 yards to Sandusky's 30 yard line. The Blue tried to work some of its pet stuff and it partly succeeded but the purple and white held for down

on its 15 yard line while two Sandusky passes went astray like Mary's lamb and a rip at the line failed to gain fruitful results. Gust's big toe put the ball out of danger for the time being when the fellows held. It was close quarters for a minute or so and it also showed that Sandusky was a dangerous factor for honors when it started that short passing game. Following an exchange of punts Sandusky regained the seed and set the crowd on edge when this fleet Mickie DeMay, future manager of Cedar Point's affairs, pulled one of Shepherd's heaves to his boom and sprinted for about 30 yards like a Menominee coming home on the bit. The shifty little Sandusky leader was bounced on the sidelines on the 10 mark. It was a close call and more than one heart in the Fremont crowd jumped a beat or two while DeMay was skimming Creighton Thompson's acres, and the "House of David" whiskers and all, went copious tears in their face curtains as they had visions of another defeat and a continuation of the Royal Huzzar helmet effect on the chin.

Something Spectacular

Fremont again held the onslaughts of the Miller men and the exciting play ended with the call in Fremont's hands on their own 25 line. One of the most strenuous periods of the play does not appear in the count, but nevertheless it will always be remembered as one mighty effort on the part of Zink, the plodding big tackle that played a right smart game for Fremont Saturday. It was at the end of the third quarter when both teams were fiddling about in mid-air and S. H. S. (S. O. S. also had the ball a couple of times, too, during the afternoon) had the seed. Homerberger, Schaefer or somebody, stepped back to leave the pass with there was a noise like something falling up a bass drum or a goat with St. Vitus' dance doing the Hula on a tin roof. It was this big tackle, Zink, shoe burning his anatomy into and through the Sandusky line to perform his prodigious feat. Zink gobbled the deal and got the ball. The big fellow set sail for Goalpost, west port of Touchdown, 50 yards away and he've steered a moon course. The big fellow ran like a hobo after the pie wagon and he covered more ground than the village gossip.

The crowd yelled, the players yelled and the S. H. S. crew set out after the fleeing Zink, who ran faster than the kitchen sink (Zink) at a plumber's clinic. Zink showed his mettle and he outgassed his pack and even pulled the football precedent when he stopped and allowed a S. H. S. geek to catch up so he (Zink) could show the crowd one wicked straight arm. The mob went goofy when the big fellow planted the seed back of the posts but it went into a deeper stage of goodness when Referee Slocum ruled that Zink had no right to carry the ball as it had struck the ground before he, Zink, had grabbed it and therefore the pass was incomplete. It was a sad ending for a hard effort and a sensation that looked like another Fremont touchdown that at the time would have been the whole baby cab. It also showed that Zink, like his pals, had his eyes trimmed for any emergency.

One Hair Raiser

Sandusky signaled for a fair catch of a punt in midfield but some Fremonters, evidently thinking that the Fishermen didn't know what a fair catch was without hook or line, dove said party and the F. H. S. lost 15 yards and the ball went to the S. H. S. on the F. H. S. 15 yard line. It was Sandusky's break in the game. DeMay was under a Shepherd pass for 20 yards and a couple of heart beats later the same combination caused DeMay to romp to the one yard line before he was flattened. This DeMay is as shifty as a Kid McCoy and the way he grabs a pass reminds a fellow of a pair of nag, neized steel clamps every time he tosses his hands into the air. The fellow was just as sure of a million as Mickie is of getting the ball there'd be no poverty and the Elvins team wouldn't have to apply for the case penance as in the case of Homerberger, who has been proven to be a civil war veteran and to be one of the sinks who lynched John Brown. The Fremont team barked itself on the head but it required two plays to shove the ball over and then Sandusky went nutty with glee. DeMay, much to his disgust, muffed a drop kick for goal and Fremont was still in the lead.

Fremont kicked off and held the other fellows in check but time was taken out for Zink who had been injured on the leg so badly that a bow legged, fleet looked knock kicked for a minute. Gust shot a 25 yard pass to Bloom that was huzzed tight and Fremont was off for another touchdown drive.

It was the powerful Gust and the two-headed Lerch that divided the line ripping with Hughes and bore down the field just like they did in the first period. Gust and Judy and then Hughes and all back again, got the ball to the line where Lerch went over for the count and about 2700 people lost their minds for a minute. Gust failed to score the point on a pass but the count was now 13 and 4 in Fremont's favor and no team in the league could have beaten Fremont now and stood up under the punishment of that back field trio.

Sandusky tossed its third scare into Fremont's camp late in the game when Shepherd and DeMay started acting up on the pass business. They were getting dangerously near the local line and had advanced to the 25 mark when the timers announced that there was 19 seconds left to play. A cry came up from the gang as Capt. Hurley his his reappearance with his team in place of the battle battered Hughes. Hurley was sent in to check DeMay and his capers and he did for the great little Sandusky star was smothered under human avalanches and their desperate trials of the earth hour went into history as the longest 19 seconds in the annals of the world came to an end.

It was a hard fought, bruising battle in which Fremont made about 15 first downs to Sandusky's five. Fremont's yardage despite about 80 yards lost through penalties, was three times that of the visitors and the score should have been larger. To give a complete list of the Fremont heroes would be to say the Fremont team starred. It did, but above the outfit stood Gust, who has found himself famous in his school. The long line knocking Judy Lerch, with a "Punch" indeed, Schneider and "Red" Thatcher, to say nothing of Nickles an end who hadn't much chance until he was sent in to take a new birth. DeMay, Shepherd and Shane worked nicely but a hawk-field that can't run the ends and run the line hasn't much chance to show. The combats of the Sandusky team pleased the thousands but it more than pleased Charley Taylor. Fremont's most popular coach who stood by his guns when the deck of the ship was against him. He has had the great satisfaction of seeing his outfit come through with a victory in which it showed the punch and fighting spirit and proved every bit that has been said about its ability to get going once it found itself. From now on there'll be no more tie games and the crew that hangs one on Fremont will have to be better than Norway, Fostoria and Sandusky and then some. It was a great victory and a game that vindicated the outfit that won it and paved the way for a road that will lead to a season that will end in a blaze of glory.

Lineup and summary:

Sandusky, 6	Fremont, 13
DeMay	Left End
Brumbaugh	Schneider
Left Tackle	
Brown	Dan Reardon
Left Guard	
Heinz	Thatcher
Center	
Ransom	S. Hawk
Right Guard	
Rager	Zink
Right Tackle	
Crooks	Fox
Right End	
Homerberger	Engler
Quarterback	
Harter	Gust
Left Half	Hughes
Right Half	
Shane	Lerch
Fullback	

Touchdowns, Lerch 2, Shepherd 1. Goals from touchdowns, Gust 2. Substitutions: Sandusky, Trimmer for Brumbaugh; Braun for Brown; King for Heinz; Guendelsberger for Ransom; Fordham for Crooks; Schaefer for Harter; Stevens for Trimmer; Brown for Braun; Bailey for King; Crooks for Fordham; Trimmer for Stevens; Harter for Schaefer; Fremont, Bloom for Engler; Siler for Reardon; Hurley for Hughes.

Score by quarters:

Fremont 0 0 6-13
Sandusky 0 0 0-6
Referee, Slocum of Toledo, Umpire, Oppelt of Otterbein, Head linesman, Gilliam of Ohio State. Time of quarters 12 1/2 minutes.	

An idea of nothing at all: Turning your head to ask the party put in your what time it is, when Zink was making tracks for the goal with the pig hide safely parked under his arm.

They had a hot fido stand on the football field Saturday and they slipped out the buns, mustard and all the trimmings for the small sized piece of change known as a thin dime. The stand reaped a nice business prior to the game and between halves but dur-

FREMONT PLAYERS MENTIONED FOR ALL-LEAGUE JOBS

Coach Taylor, pleased greatly by his team's great win over Sandusky Saturday, gave his warriors a well earned rest Monday evening but the gang will be back there for action Tuesday evening at the same old place and at the same old time and with the same old determination.

The slogan is being passed about as "Beat Oberlin!" and it looks as though the gang will come through here also as no team in the league, Elyria and Lorain not excepted, could stop the rush the purple and white showed Saturday when it shoved Sandusky off the map.

The team has found itself after many weeks of solitude in the big woods and right now it is the steam roller of the L. B. S. and would take on Bellevue and Norwalk and beat them beyond the question of a doubt, and as for Lorain and Elyria, there's money to say that Fremont would have an even chance.

The great turn for the better will make one uncomfortable afternoon for Oberlin next Saturday and if the purple and white machine rolls on it its true form there will be a bunch of shock troops shocked in the big seat of learning east of us next week-end.

The Hoosiers will be out on Herbrand lot for some scrimmage with the high school next Wednesday evening and both teams will benefit by this kind of a contest that will be just as good as any game and better than some for the sideline sharks.

Speaking about all-league selections it can be noticed that some of the sport dopers are picking their man, how about Art Thatcher at center, and Herman Schneider as a tackle? This pair is unexcelled in league play up to date and then there are several more of the Fremonters who have been coming like cyclones and a might be mentioned for mythical team honors if they keep up their present improved form until the end of the season. We'll leave it to the reader to guess and then wait until the names are made public.

EIGHT PAGES

OBERLIN FALLS BEFORE RUSH OF FREMONT

**Taylor Men Crush Con-
Town Crew on Mud and
Water Strewn Field in
Spectacular Battle — Gust
Scores First Touchdown
After 50 Yard Run, While
Lerch Makes Second After
a March Down to the Goal
—The Fremont Rooters Go
Wild When Purple and
White Team Shows Its Real
Worth in Terrific Duel—
Score 13 to 6.**

Special to the Messenger.

Oberlin, O., Nov. 17.—Fremont high fulfilled the greatest expectations of its most skeptical admirer and backer Saturday morning on a mud strewn and puddle dotted field at Oberlin, when it downed Oberlin high school, 13 to 6, in a game that set 500 units in a crowd of that size, half wild with excitement. There was many a Fremont rooter on the job to cheer for his old home town team, too.

The field wherein the contest was played was more fit for maneuvers by the mud boat fleet than it was for football and neither team resorted to anything much but the old straight line football, which is the safest and the surest way when the ground looks like cake batter, and the water oozes up like oil in blubber. Fumbles and slips were as frequent as wads of

Oberlin Falls Before

(Continued from Page One.)

gun under a dining room table, and the sea-going ability of Ralph Gust, Fremont's newly discovered halfback, and "Judy" Lerch, that blonde line wrecker, who goes into the assembled opposition like the bolt weevil into cotton, practically battered the Oberlin line into submission. The game was hard fought all the way with each side showing ability to bust the other's line but Fremont showed itself there in the old case of pinch when it drove down the field for the second count and victory.

After summing up the heroes of the encounter it would seem that Gust, the big Fremont back, was the queen bee of the occasion. His stellar performance not only knifed the Oberlin line to slithers and slathers but he got Fremont's first score in a manner most spectacular. It was in the far moments of the first period, when the ball was in mid-field and the players were plastered with mud until they looked like dead images of Old King Tut and his relation, that Gust made his bid for fame's hall and not there without knocking on the door. Oberlin had the ball but she fumbled and Gust picked up the seed and ran 56 yards for as pretty a sprint as was ever seen any place.

The second count came in the center of the second period, when Fremont got the ball and Hughes, Gust and Lerch battered the Oberlin outfit cuckoo until they got the ball on the one yard line and "Judy" knifed through for a touchdown and victory. Gust booted the first goal but missed the second.

Oberlin played like a pack of wild men as they had confidently expected to batter Fremont from pillar to post, and to find themselves checked caused them to scrap like demons.

They counted in the final period. They secured possession of the ball that appeared to be covered with an inch of goo, in mid-field, and started their parade for a score. The first indication of danger came about when a shifty back named Cooley, pilot of the college town eleven, stuck the seine epidemic under his wing and trotted 25 yards in the ooze before a Fremont tackler drove him into the mud. This great sprint, second only to the effort of Gust, put the ball on the 23 yard line, where it was shoved over on line bucks, Hobbs making the count. They failed to kick goal.

Score, Fremont 13, Oberlin 6.

The game was about 50-50 as far as line wrecking was concerned, and neither team was favored by the mud and slippery field as their weight was about even. Cooley starred for Oberlin.

Near the finish of the game Gust was taken out of the fracas on account of an arm injury that at the time appeared to be severe. Bob Recktenwald took Gust's place in the final moments of the game and also went well. Kreiters, an Oberlin tackle, had a finger broken in the game, that was one of the hardest fought of the season any place.

This great victory on a foreign field under most unfavorable conditions again proves the worth of the team that proved itself the greatest in and out combination that ever wore the purple and white. They played like champions in one game and like bolognas in another. This team, going as it is at the present time, should not have lost a game this season, Elyria not excepted. The outfit found itself when it outplayed and tied both Norwalk and Fostoria, went back into the cabbage patch when it allowed Bellevue to take it in tow, but it sure found its feet in the Sandusky game and proved its mettle again Saturday morning.

Coach Taylor, Capt. Hurley and the entire crew of warriors are to be complimented on the great finish they put into their 1923 schedule in the Little Big Six race. They started off like an apple butter kettle in a 10-yard dash, but finished like Jack Dempsey, six bear cats and Sergeant Yerke, rolled into one.

The rooters should meet the outfit when they come churning in on "Old 37" tonight and give them a great send-off. They and their clever and patient coach, have it coming. The

Fremonters certainly enjoyed the Oberlin-Reserve college game after their own great victory and there was more than one member of the purple and white squad who was rocky enough to challenge either college team and bet on the proposition and victory.

The team lost to Lorain, Elyria and Bellevue, but it tied Norwalk and has beaten Sandusky and Oberlin. The outfit's exact standing in the league cannot be determined until all returns are in from other league games Saturday evening. It stands to reason that the purple and white is out of the cellar and all that kept it out of the top were the fortunes of a schedule that started too strong, some hard luck and a late start.

Here's how they lined up here this morning:

Oberlin, 6	Fremont, 13
Knepper	Nichols
Left End	
Kreiters	Schneider
Left Tackle	
Rosecrans	Siler
Left Guard	
Conney	Thatcher
Center	
Vanarisale	Hawk
Right Guard	
Churchill	Zink
Right Tackle	
Johnson	Fox
Right End	
Cooley	Bloom
Quarterback	
Weist	Gust
Left Half	
Rhu	Hughes
Right Half	
Hobbs	Lerch
Fullback	
Touchdowns, Fremont, Gust, Lerch; Oberlin, Hobbs. Goal from touchdown Gust 1.	
Substitutions, Oberlin, Williams for	

LAST CALL for Real BARGAINS

Balance of J. P. Rafferty stock must be closed out this week. Prices on everything have been slashed. Get your share before the dealers get the soft snap.

Stolwerck's Pure Milk Cocoa, half pound	20c
"Zep" the new Breakfast Food	10c
15c packages Elastic Starch	9c
10c Cold Pack Jar Rubbers	5c
15c Liquid Shoe Polish	8c
15c Sweet heart Talcum Powder	8c
25c Marvel Aluminum Polish	10c
10c Bars Fairy Soap	5c
15c Krumbles for	9c
15c Edwards Olives	9c
15c Monarch Salad Dressing	2c
40c Burnett's Extracts	20c
35c Large Cans Peaches	19c
15c Postum Cereal	10c
20c Pat a Cake Flour	10c
15c Stewart's Washing Tablets	8c
25c Morning Dawn Wax Beans	15c
15c Veribest Sauer Kraut	7c
25c Sliced Pineapple	15c
40c Chili Powder	25c
30c Edwards Salad Oil	18c
75c English Breakfast Tea	45c
\$1.25 Finest Ceylon Tea	65c

Half Price

On all Cut Glass, China, Silverware, Electric Lamps, etc. Get your Christmas Gifts now and save half.

RAFFERTY'S
Tea Store

(Continued to Page Eight.)

HIGH GRIDDEERS ENJOY NOVEL FEAST SATURDAY

The members of the Fremont high school football squad played their last game of the season Saturday evening in the high school gym, when they met "Ben Davis," "Pop Corn" and "P. Nutz" in a battle royal and won the decision after an hour's struggle. This session was in the form of a royal feed on popcorn balls, done to a turn, apples by the pushel and one entire bushel of "circus berries," (peanuts) done to a turn. This nice and very attractive array of provender had been provided by G. F. Hawk, great Fremont football fan and the father of Stanley and Kenneth Hawk, two clever members of the F. H. S. squad.

Mr. Hawk said that if the purple and white whacked the Sandusky team that he would present them with a bushel of peanuts. The team not only trimmed Sandusky, but it also took on and whipped Oberlin and finished off by trouncing Central high of Cleveland. The peanuts were for Sandusky; the apples for Oberlin, while the popcorn balls signified Central. All were whipped, shucked and skinned.

There was an ample sufficiency for all hands and these husky, hard-eating athletes ate apples, chewed popcorn and husked peanuts until they were rocked with glee. "Fat" Schneider ate so many peanuts that he suffered from "shell" shock, while Hank Baumann and Ralph Gust masticated the rambo until they got rosy cheeks and all the boys got stuck on the popcorn balls.

Mr. Hawk was there to see that the boys were well served and he was ably aided by Coach Charles Taylor.

This feast will probably be an annual custom for the F. H. S. squad for a few years to come. Mr. Hawk's two clever sons have some years to go yet before they give way in pigskin row to take hold of the sheepskin diploma and their deeds will be emblazoned with those of others who have made fame in F. H. S. grid circles. Stanley is a lineman and a good one, while Kenneth, who enters high school next year, is being touted as another Wendler and he has all the appearances of that great back in action. Other teams in the Little Big Seven had better look out next season or the Hawks will get 'em.

