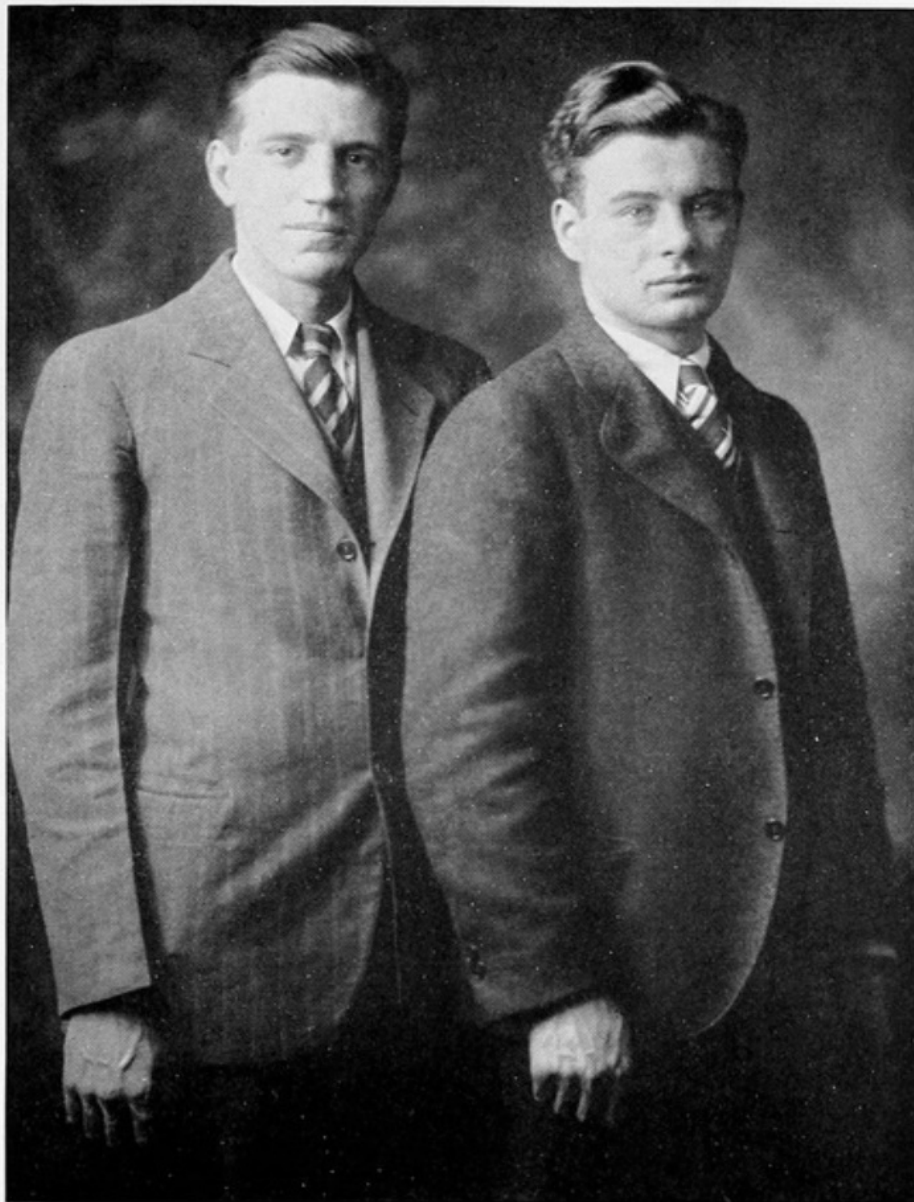


1927 Season review...



## COACHES

The name of Bunk Ross means as much to Fremont High athletics as the name of Henry Ford means to the motor car industry. Bunk is a real coach and a real fellow. He is a man who understands every phase of any game he coaches. During his short stay in Fremont High, Bunk has produced real teams and this year—for the first time in many years—we have a CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM.

Bunk Ross stands for Good Athletics, High Moral Standards, and most of all, Clean Sportsmanship.

This is Eddie Weil's first year in Fremont and he has certainly proved his worth. Eddie is an assistant who knows his stuff. Mr. Weil came to Fremont this year from Miami where he served as track captain and was the middle weight boxing champ. This Ross and Weil combination works like the motor of a Cadillac. Long may this pair reign.



## FOOTBALL SQUAD

This is just a word of appreciation and recognition of the services of the All-Americans (a refined name for scrubs.) They worked hard and by working hard it is not meant standing around with their hands in their pockets, but REAL labor.

They were the shock troop for the first squad. They put them through their work-outs and made them a real team.

Some of those fellows could not make the first squad and some never will. Nevertheless they went out because they loved the game and thought that they could do some good.

On the other hand, some of the same so-called scrubs will be real Red Granges or Walter Eckersalls some day.



## HARMON FIELD





## PURPLE-WHITE GRIDDERS PAW FOR CAMPAIGN

### Johnny Meincer Prepared to Lead Husky Crew in L. B. S. Football Jousts

The tang of football is in the air, and soon the gridders will be trooping back to their schools and colleges prepared to put the season of 1927 over into the same column with the past glories of the grand old game of educated and rehilated roughness that brings all that is good out in the healthy, red blooded boys that play it.

Here in Fremont, Captain Johnny Meincer, powerful linesman and a veteran of Little Big Seven grid play, who was selected to lead the purple and white forces in the 1927 campaign is ready for the starting gong. Popular Johnny has spent a summer vacation in the wide open spaces and is as hard as the proverbial nail, or a keg of them for that matter, and is just pawing to get action.

Johnny, when interviewed by the Messenger sport editor Wednesday was getting his hair cut in the hands of Frank Smarage, proficient shear and razor juggler at the Legion tonsorial shop. It was a case of "Johnny get your hair cut," but the big griddier wasn't doing it for style and fashion alone. He was getting his trim to be in trim for that old head gear that he expects to use in bumping some of the opposition out of the way while his backfield paws the sod enroute to touchdowns.

Johnny, while claiming no championships, says that the turn out of candidates this season, when Coach Van Nest, successor to "Bunk" Ross sounds his klaxon for the first meeting of the season, will be good. Among the lettermen to return to the fray are Johnny, HIMSELF, Hasselbach, Wonderly, "Casey" Jones, Bierley, J. W. Miller, Robbie Fresh, Pat Hetrick and "Whitey" Althoff. Donnie Miller and several other men of experience will also be on the job, together with a flock of rookies, among whom there will be some good material.

#### New Coach Coming

Coach Van Nest, formerly of Heidelberg, is now visiting with relatives in New York City. During his summer's stay in Gotham, the big coach, and he's big, too, has been attending a coaches' school at Columbia university. Here he has been instructed in the art of advanced gridding at the school that was being placed on the football map by the late Percy Haughton of Harvard fame, who was developing some good talent when death ruled him out of the game forever.

Coach Van Nest has announced that he will be here during the latter part of August to sound the call to arms and send the F. H. S. gridders flocking out to Harmon field, where they will get an early start.

The new coach, of course, is

## SORDS POIN

Here's I



AND he isn't one of the upper or power houses of congress but just one of the members of Clark Griffith's baseball team—Horace Lisenbee.

You can write it down in your book right now that this young pitcher is the main reason why the Nationals are a first division ball club today and not a second division outfit, for the margin of victories between a cozy place

anxious to meet his future charges, but on the other hand, the gridders are also very anxious to meet up with the coach. The feeling is mutual on both sides and as harmony is what makes perfect organization and co-ordination, look out for the purple and white when the boys get acquainted with Van Nest and the big coach gets a line on his charges.

No championships are being predicted at this time, but it can be safely said at this time that the grid minions of old Fremont high will be plenty tough for any team in the league and that doesn't mean, as Chuck Connors or his ilk would say in a voice that was not of the sotto brand or the lyric tenor type, MAYBE.

Captain Meincer is a fighter, past performances show. He is a quiet, good natured fellow in the common walks of life, but on the grid he's a bear for action. He, with his pep and ability as a player, should make a great leader and one who will stack up with the captains of yesteryear and that list includes Wendler, Ross, McCarthy, Art Christy, Ed O'Farrell, Dawson Heberling and other greats and super-greats who starred for the old purple and white.

## Looking Back



# FAMOUS MENTOR ACCEPTS A FINE OFFER TO ENTER BUSINESS LINE

## Eleventh Hour Decision Creates Furore in High School Athletic Circles

Lloyd Van Nest, famous athletic coach, who had been retained to guide the destinies of the Fremont high school sports for the season of 1927-28, has resigned his position, a telegram to that effect having been received in Fremont Monday morning by C. A. Hudson, superintendent-elect of the Fremont public schools.

Van Nest, who had been banked on and whose coming was being looked forward to with great expectations on the part of the football squad and the high school faculty as well, stated in his telegram that he had been offered a fine business opportunity and that he had decided to accept it. The telegram was sent from Van Nest's home town, Wooster, O.

This telegram came like a bolt out of the blue and it has sent high school athletics into the air for the time being. Van Nest had taken a course in advanced football and cage coaching at Columbia university during the past several weeks and, in his last letter to Fremonters, appeared anxious to get into the harness, saying that he expected to arrive here no later than August 20, and get his gridders into action.

Mr. Hudson stated this morning that the telegram came as a great surprise, as the opening of the fall school term was only three weeks in the offing and that Van Nest had expected to get in a week or ten days of football work before the regular study schedule started at Fremont high.

Just who will succeed Van Nest at F. H. S. is unknown at the present time, but Mr. Hudson stated this morning that he would have an announcement to make in this respect within a few days' time.

Van Nest, a coach of experience, had been secured to succeed William Ross, who resigned at the close of the school term in 1927. He is an experienced man, having had coaching duties at Norwalk high school and at Heidelberg college.

# 'BUNK' ROSS TO CONSIDER NEW FREMONT OFFER

## Popular Coach May Re- turn to Fremont High; Here Today

William (Bunk) Ross, famous Fremont high school football captain, former grid star at Ohio Wesleyan and a successful coach at Fremont high school during the past three years, who resigned his position at the close of the 1927 school term, may return to the colors of the local seat of learning.

This much was learned today, when it was understood that Mr. Ross had had a conference with C. A. Hudson, superintendent-elect of the Fremont public schools, regarding the position which was left vacant by the resignation of Lloyd Van Nest who had been retained to coach the high school teams during the season of 1927-28.

The outcome of the Ross-Hudson conference was not divulged for publication, but it was given out that Mr. Ross had promised to give the proposition offered him several days' consideration and that there might be such a thing as his accepting the offer.

This will be great news for the followers of the purple and white, who hope that the quiet spoken coach, who was just rounding into a great success, will agree to accept the terms offered him.

Mr. Ross is at present engaged in the realty business in Toledo where he has been quite successful. He was in Fremont today at which time he had the conference with Mr. Hudson.

## F. H. S. COACH



### WILLIAM "BUNK" ROSS

All Fremont football fans will rejoice over the fact that William (Bunk) Ross, former scholastic and college grid star, has accepted the position of athletic director and coach of football, track and basketball teams at Fremont high school. Offered the position he once occupied very capably, following the resignation of Lloyd Van Nest, Mr. Ross took the matter under consideration. His acceptance of the proposition was officially announced by Supt. C. A. Hudson of Fremont public schools, Saturday morning. Coach Ross will take charge of his new duties on September 1.

# FOOTBALL CALL RESOUNDING AT FREMONT HIGH

Football practice will open at Fremont high school Thursday, according to an announcement made by William (Bunk) Ross, high school grid mentor who arrived in Fremont Tuesday evening to take up his duties at the big seat of learning on Croghan street.

Coach Ross has issued a call for Captain Johnny Meincer and his crew of lettermen as well as all prospective candidates for the purple and white team to be present at a meeting to be held at the high gym Thursday morning, starting at 9 o'clock. After hearing a talk on football, the explanation of new rules and a general discussion of the ways and means of building up a football team, the gridders will be ordered to report at Harmon field at 1:30 p. m., Thursday, for their first practice of the season. The initial workout will consist of light exercises and a few gymnastics with the ball.

Coach Ross, eager to get back to the long, long grind, is full of the old pep and firmly believes that, if Captain Meincer's crew turns up to expectations, the team of 1927 will be the very best that this city has had in three years and this means that the purple and white outfit will be out there with a pretty fair crew of boys.

The gridders will welcome "Bunk" back to the fold, but this same clever coach will, on the other hand, give his young charges a hearty welcome when they flock back to the banner of the old school up there on the Croghan street hill.

# FREMONT HIGH STARTS THIRTY-FIRST SEASON

Purple and White Warriors, Backed by Tradition, Eager to Train

When Johnny Meiner and his minions of the grid ambled out on the field at the finely proportioned precinct this afternoon to get their bit of preparation for the season of 1927, history was repeated in Fremont high school athletic circles for the 31st time.

Way back in 1896 a band of husky young chaps, all students in Fremont high school, stepped forth to organize a football team after the fashion of the day. The only resemblance between that pioneer outfit's appearance and the grid teams of today is the fact that the game is still played with eleven men on a side. The field has changed, the rules are different, of tactics long ago have been relegated to the side lines to be used no more. The dangers of the old time massed play and attack have been abolished and the heroes of today are protected with helmets, pads and gear of old times. In those days of long ago about all a player had in the line of protection was a stout heart and muscle like a gladiator.

Way back in the great old beyond they had no coaches. All the players on the Fremont high original eleven started on the same basis. Several had seen the game played in college circles and they imparted their scant knowledge of the game to others. Even at that early date, the grand old affair of give and take made a hit with the kiddies and it wasn't long before the red blooded boys were playing the game on the corners. Football, however, were as scarce as hen's teeth in an incubator or red flannel underwear in Arabia. The boys played the game with bags of hay and saw dust and the lessons they learned gave the Walter Camp brigade a chance to pick all American talent for the days of three downs for five yards.

**A Big Advance**  
Fremont, following the advent of Ben Wickham and Ed. Seibert as teachers in the high school department, took a new appearance. Ben had played the game at Western Reserve where he was a star and Mr. Seibert was a wizard in the sport at Oberlin where he had mingled with the famous Fawver brothers and other mighty men of the famous O squads.

Harry Hazel, a high school instructor of fond memory, was another grider who put the booming ben under purple and white football affairs in Fremont. Hazel, thin, wiry and gritty, knew the game and he also played it. Harry also did his bit as a trooper with old Company K during the Spanish-American war. He played quarter-back on the famous sixth regiment team in southern camps and other former high school players from Fremont who made the grade on this manly aggression were Clarence Childs, Edgar Rhoades, Foster Lutz and George Grob.

Captain A. Otto Baumann, himself a former high school star and later a brilliant back at Amherst college, one time coached Fremont high for no other compensation other than for the love of the sport. Dick Sherwood, former I. H. S. line man and a famous professional basketball player, also did his bit on the coaching line and developed some pretty fair teams. Then came the advent of the professional coach, Carl Orano, a great organizer met with fair success and he left the foundation for the great team that Warren Vannorrell started the world with in 1920. This team reached the distasteful heights ever attained by a purple and white grid team and was considered by experts to be the greatest eleven in the scholastic field not only in Ohio but in other states as well.

Charley Taylor, perhaps one of the best varied football mentors that ever handled football in Fremont, was next in line and he met with varied fortunes and could be rightfully be called a victim of hard luck. Charley knew the game, had played the game and was a star under Jack Wilce at O. & E. He also had some pretty fair timber, but his best laid plans for at least one pennant in the I. R. R. were knocked for a group of Bolivian apple butter crocks by by bones pulled by players at various times. One play in particular spilled the beans. This was the day that one of Fremont's ends allowed a big Lorain back to trot the entire length of the field on a kick-off and score a touchdown that won a game that kept Fremont out of the gonfalon berth.

**Dregs of Hard Luck**  
Taylor's dregs of hard luck were the principal cause of him quitting his post in this man's town. Next in line was "Bunk" Row. The former star and captain of the great team of 1920 was given some material that was below the standard of winning pennants, but he made the best of the stock on hand and did well. Bunk resigned at the close of 1925's campaign and was to have been succeeded by Floyd Van Nest. Van Nest presented his resignation two weeks ago and Mr. Row was persuaded to reconsider his resignation and to the joy of the student body and the citizens in general, he decided to give the coaching proposition another trial.

This year's team has a capable leader in Johnny Meiner and a foundation for the varsity team in

# "I'LL N

Jack Dempsey

By IONE QUINBY  
Staff Writer for Central Press & The Messenger

[This is the famous pugilist's declaration, for publication, of his future intentions]

CHICAGO, Illinois.—"I probably always fight. That's Jack Dempsey's answer to rumors of his retirement after the Tunney box fight. "It's the thing I like to do," he adds. "I want to continue making pictures. That isn't my line."

Training at Lincoln Field Race Track, Crete, Ill., the former heavyweight champion of the world hasn't spark of braggadocio in him. He, however, declares himself more confident of triumph in his coming bout with Gene Tunney Sept. 22, in Chicago, than in any previous fight.

Jack sat in one of the large number of luxurious rooms belonging to the big, rambling houses on Coleton that Winn's estate, which has been taken over as a training camp fairly beaming with happy anticipation and self-confidence.

"I have never been so fit in my life," Jack says, with that straight forward look that is typical of him.

**Has Boyish Enthusiasm.**  
His manner is tinged with a boyish enthusiastic quality that is part of the great mauler's magnetism. He seems as graceful and as little as some wonderful wild animal, but with a brute strength that is tempered with innate gentility of manner that is a part of Jack.

Jack had just finished four or one-half miles of road work, making gestures at punching as he ran swinging left hooks, right crosses and uppercuts into the coxae as he went and making playful thrusts at Jerry

# ARTHUR BROWN WINS CADDIES' GOLF TORUNEY

Arthur Brown, caddy at the Sylvania Golf Club, Toledo, is the new Toledo district champion, having defeated A. Schumaker, of the Country Club, Toledo, for the title Wednesday afternoon.

James Fowler, Fremont, and Leroy Wolfe, Findlay, the out of town caddies who reached the semifinals, were both eliminated in the morning round, Fowler bowing to Brown with a one hole difference and Wolfe going down before Schumaker, 4 and 2.

Fowler made a wonderful showing and is said to have made the 13 holes in his final fling at the title in 17.

The entire crew of Fremonters including Fowler, Adams, Reinbolt, Redding, Lawrence and Jimmy Fritter made a great display of golf during their fight for honors in the big caddy event. They gave their best and lost, but they have no alibi to offer, being good little sportsmen.

# THOSE HITTERS

## American League

Heilmann, Detroit ..... 330  
Summers, Philadelphia ..... 293  
Gehrige, New York ..... 283  
Cobb, New York ..... 254  
Ruth, New York ..... 253

Leader a year ago today: Fothergill, Detroit, 285.

## National League

P. Wagner, Pittsburgh ..... 332  
Harris, Pittsburgh ..... 330  
Hornsbay, New York ..... 323  
Stephenson, Chicago ..... 348  
Farnhart, Pittsburgh ..... 312

Leader a year ago today: Hargrave, Cincinnati, 270.

## The Big Five

Cobb ..... 324  
Hornsbay ..... 313  
Ruth ..... 292  
Spencer ..... 247  
Collins ..... 226

formulated by the return of at least eight letter men.

In years gone by Fremont's eleven and their candidates took trips to training camps and it did the boys good, perhaps, in a certain sense of the word, but this season the student gridgers are to start operations on their own ballfield. They have the cleverness and an experienced coach, and received their first baptism of fire in the line of a bit of warming up on Harmon field this afternoon.

Come on purple and white, the entire community is behind you and your capable coach. Let's keep up the tradition of football at the old school on top of the Creghan street hill.

Lorain and Elzyria are out of the I. R. R. picture and, as it is Fremont and handily been up as the big fellows in the organization.

Boys have a reputation to sustain. You have the ability and grit, now get out there and parade your stuff as the late Mr. Baumann used to say to his circus hands when the clock dinged with and it was time for the big parade.

# PURPLE-WHITE GRIDDERS DOWN TO REAL WORK

3  
1  
1  
1  
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1  
Fremont high's grid warriors are now down to the dull grind of the season and are whipping themselves into shape for the first game of the season on Harmon field when they take on the scrappy little eleven from Gibsonburg, Ohio, for a game on the afternoon of Saturday, September 17.

Coach Ross and Johnny Meincer, team pilot for 1927, had about 40 boys out there last evening and among the number were such well known stars as Wonderley, Bierly, Binkley, Althoff, Tucker and Haas, all letter men.

Many fine looking candidates for varsity honors have cropped out in the big squad and Coach Ross is going to scan the bunch very closely before he makes his final selections.

The Tuesday afternoon drill, the weather being a bit hot for pads and helmets, was sort of toned down, but it was the first time this season that the purple and white gridders were dressed for action. Most of the boys have spent the past summer vacation in the wide open spaces and are tanned, muscled and anxiously awaiting the call to action.

Coach Ross has also purchased some new equipment for the varsity team and this bit of outfitting consists of jerseys, helmets and some other necessary articles. The new helmets are white and will give a very distinctive touch to the purple and white varsity.

Among the candidates for a line position is none other than Paul (Bozo) Schepflin, biggest man on the outfit who tips the beam way up over the 225 pound mark and is a bit over six feet in height.

The scrap for positions is a dandy and to the victor will belong the spoils.



# FREMONT HIGH GRIDDERS ARE HARD AT WORK

Visit to Harmon Field  
Finds Scene of Great  
Action

By COLONEL

"I took my first view of the proceedings of 1927 on Harmon field yesterday afternoon and gave a session of the purple and white grid warriors the over and up. Also put the entire bird's eye view of the entire surroundings on said field into focus and found nothing wanting in the makeup of a splendid picture.

Out there in a setting of green sod, neatly painted bleachers enclosed by modern wire fence and punctuated by a field house that has no equal in the country in cities the size of Fremont, a pretty picture is unfolded.

Coming back to the basis of this story, the team, the variety the hopes of Fremont high for the season of 1927, it can be said that I was agreeably surprised. I never expected to get such an eye full of football business at this stage of a yawning season, a period in which the larva of football has hardly emerged from the cocoon.

Coach (Dunk) Ross, busier than the proverbial one armed fiddler with an attack of chilgers, has a squad of about 40 boys out there every night. At least ten of these fellows, including Captain Johnny Melner, are six feet or better in height. A lot of them are above the general average while a real group of bantams, cocky little birds, full of fight as a bumble bee's nest is of sting, are in and out giving and taking from the bigger "uns.

Art of Charging.

The coach was instructing his lads in the art of charging when I got out on the lot. He had them lined up in long winnows of humanity, doing the chores that are the fundamental principles of football. Let a crew of good chargers loose on the football field and the victory is won. I don't care how far or how near you traverse the gridiron, a team that hasn't the pep of a charge in its group-system isn't worth powder to blow it off the lot.

Then there is tacklin and block-

ing. Dunk was showing his lads. Then there is tacklin and block-factor on defense. He had them taking it on the straight away and on the angle and the crashes at the cross-roads where the tacklers meet the runner sounded like a husky personage beating a wet carpet with a ball bat. It was "thud, thud, thud!!!!" Just like that. Some of the lads weren't up on their toes, but it wasn't because they were not trying. They were

greeners who have to learn the game just like the star three year men in the group got their A. B. C. of the sport.

Coach Ross, is a keen sportsman, a keen eyed individual who has never forgotten that he was a green boy himself a few years back. He doesn't hustle out there like a John L. Sullivan and brow beat the greener. He mixes kindness with his actions and treats them all alike from captain down to the smallest rookie in the rear ranks. Kindness mixed with a stern business-like method gets more than bullying tactics in most any old game and Coach Ross has proven this in the three years that he has been in charge on the local lot.

Captain Johnny

Johnny Melner, leader of the purple and white for 1927, knows his football as well as any captain Fremont ever had. He is a big, rangy fellow of the quiet type. Several times last evening, the coach called on Johnny to give the boys a sample of tackling or charging and the big leader willingly complied with the mandates of the mentor and did his stuff to perfection. This is the kind of a leader the boys will follow through the thick and thin fortunes of grid war.

Summing the team and its prospects up as far as they have gone this season, it would appear that Coach Ross has the makings of a pretty good crew, and one that is above the average in F. H. S. uniforms. The variety will be composed of boys who are of the tall type and a speedy outfit should be developed around a crew of fast backs and feet, while awaiting the ends.

As the days wear on, the coach will cull his best bits from the big squad and then the features of all features in football practice, scrum, nage, will be started and then it will be every man for himself.

Many clever newcomers have appeared with the squad and the eye coach may have to pay attention to some dark horse that seems bound to pick up his heels and prance out into prominence.

Present indications are that football is rising to new heights at Fremont high and the Mr. and Mrs. Fremont who doesn't believe this can do the same thing I did last evening and am going to do to many more times this season, get the surprise of your life.

# FREMONT HIGH'S 1927 GRIDIRON FRONT IS GOOD

Big Group of Determined  
Fighters Out for Posi-  
tions on Eleven

By COLONEL

Who is who on the Fremont high football squad this season? Here's a question that has caused a bit of speculation among the units of the purple and white fan army in and about Fremont.

Who will be the Wendler, the McCarthy, the Hughes, the Ross, the Smith, the Hawk or the eleven that the big seat of learning on the brow of Craghan street hill is about to shove off for the season of 1927?

Well, after a bit of aid and some moaning by our friend "Buddy" Brown, a lad who operates a mean typewriter and who has more judgment than a crack claybird shooter in the test of a 90-gale, the basis of Coach Ross' machine for the annual drive has been arrayed for public inspection on paper.

"Bud" played the game for Fremont high and he played it well. He knows football as well as any high school boy in this section of the commonwealth and he has uncovered the low down, single to furnish material for the football one that I am singing to day.

The Ends

Out there on Harmon field they say Binkley, a real star of the age who is giving all the earmarks and foot tracks of being a whale if a wingster. He is fast as a streak, a high stepper, well equipped with legs and arms and plenty of the old fight. He is a nifty bird on passes, thanks to his basketball education, and when he tackles 'em they look all set for the pullbarriers and the sign from the undertaker.

This lanky Fresh boy, a lad who sits, sleeps and dreams football, is also a powerful candidate for one of the wing positions. He is a bit light, but he makes up for it lack of poundage by being an aggressive, battle-on-to-the-finish footballer. Fresh is also a knock down tackler and can get out there and snag a pass with form that would make Tris Speaker ask for the receipt and use the same shagging a fly socked to the far extremities of the outfield.

They have another lad, Signaler by name, who is going to give Binkley and Fresh a battle from this wing business is a set-d question. "Sig" is also an at as a tax dodger in Belgium and can take care of the enemy's troops of the foe man via the right route and is also a noted director of the pass.

Tackles  
Captain Johnny McIner, is a able, in fact he is an all-league title. That should be plenty of about this quiet spoken athlete who is to lead the purple. Many know his football like other Hubbard knew; her cup and, and he sets a brilliant example for the other boys to follow. This big fellow will take care of one side of the line in the city berth, and a big fellow med Hasselbach is very capable taking care of the other side of a defense. McIner is all that a cicle should be and his sparring riter is another hard worker, a real wrecker on defense and a tiler who has more drive than sixteen cylinder motor. Sweet it, this.

Guards

There are three men out there tiling for these positions. Here 'll see Paul (Boss) Schepkin, 5 pounds or better and a lad who has emerged up over the six 8 mark. "Boss" is a real lever football is a good natured customer, but he can become aggressive when warned to his task and is a tough fellow to blot out of a picture when an advance is red at his stalwart frame. Don Miller, small but mighty and a 1 who loves the game for the me's sake, is also a candidate for a guard position. He is of the many Reardon type of guard and a heavy eyed world knows that they made the all-league team of the all-time high school team. Her is a scrapper, fast as a wink and a real char on defense. Seventh is another delegate for a congress of guards, he being one of these big little men who ve plenty of the stuff that made St. Dempsey and a player who n take it with a smile and come ck for more. He is said to be a fair defense man and a lad who s the faculty of breaking rough and spilling a play every w and then.

Center

In this pivotal position you'll prob- ily see "Casey" Jones, a veteran. Is of the tall type and good tier and very fair on defense. er loses his grip to matter how t is going, and he is also a d passer, getting the ball away rest 1916 to matter how fast position.

Backs

They have a neat array of speed echants in this capacity. Wayne ily, star of last year, is back h both fast set for his letter t he'll make it if they keep humpies off the lot and prevent s from enlisting as a trans- sitioner and make him do all piling from a position back the purple and white line. This is an ace and will keep some the position busy enough in owing his foot tracks when he s the home from the milling s this fall. Harold (Whitely) off, another lad who can

## HOW THEY STAND

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Club	W.	L.	P.
Milwaukee .....	21	10	3
Kansas City .....	19	12	1
Toledo .....	18	13	1
Minneapolis .....	17	14	1
St. Paul .....	16	15	1
Indianapolis .....	14	17	1
Columbus .....	13	18	1
Louisville .....	12	19	1

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	P.
New York .....	20	11	3
Philadelphia .....	19	12	1
Boston .....	18	13	1
Washington .....	17	14	1
Chicago .....	16	15	1
Cleveland .....	15	16	1
St. Louis .....	14	17	1
Pittsburgh .....	13	18	1

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh .....	19	12	1
New York .....	18	13	1
St. Louis .....	17	14	1
Chicago .....	16	15	1
Minneapolis .....	15	16	1
Boston .....	14	17	1
Brooklyn .....	13	18	1
Philadelphia .....	12	19	1

### YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

American Association  
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.  
Louisville 6, Columbus 2.  
Kansas City 1, Minneapolis 2.  
Milwaukee 4, St. Paul 1.

American League  
Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.

National League  
Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2.  
Philadelphia 2, Pittsburgh 3.  
New York 4, Chicago 1.

### TODAY'S GAMES

American Association  
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.  
Milwaukee at St. Paul.  
Louisville at Columbus.  
Kansas City at Minneapolis.

American League  
St. Louis at Boston.  
Cleveland at New York.  
Detroit at Washington.  
Chicago at Philadelphia.

National League  
New York at St. Louis.  
Philadelphia at Cincinnati.  
Boston at Pittsburgh.  
Brooklyn at Chicago.

## FIGHT DECISIONS

At Philadelphia.—Benny Bass of Philadelphia, won Judge's decision over Red Chapman, Boston, ten rounds, and was recognized by the Pennsylvania state athletic commission, as world's featherweight champion; Lew Tendler, Philadelphia, won decision over Balar Darn, New York Negro (10); Emory Cabana of Philadelphia, won from Johnny De Marco, Philadelphia lightweight (10); Bucky Boyle of Allentown, Pa., outpointed by Joey Hatfield, Conshohocken, Pa. (10).

At Boston.—Al Melle Towell, Mass., welterweight, won decision over Bulby Brown, Lowell, (10); Roy Mitchell, light-heavyweight, Halifax, N. S., kayced K. O. Sampson, Philadelphia, in first round.

At Chicago.—Howard Bents of Milwaukee, won decision over Hakon Hansen, Norwegian mid-dleweight (10).

At Toronto.—Young Firpo, the Louisville welterweight, won from Doug Lewis, Toronto, (10).

At Troy, N. Y.—Tony Vaccarelli, New York, won decision over Paul Gualtato, New York, (10); Patzy Johnson, Trenton, N. J., kayced Roy Taylor, New York, third round; Jimmy Davis, Atlantic City, N. J., won from Eddie Ryan, Troy, (6).

At New York.—Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, won decision over Irish Tommy Jordan, Brooklyn, (10); Benny Hall, St. Louis, drew with Milton Cohen, New York, (1).

THE OPEN SEASON FOR game birds in Ohio begins on September 16. Between the dates of September 16 and December 31, ducks, geese, brant, coot, gallinule, woodcock, Wilson or jackknipe, may legally be taken. The bag limits are as follows, under Ohio game laws: Duck 15, geese, brant 3, coot and gallinule, 25 in the aggregate of both kinds; Wilson or jackknipe, 15. The open season for woodcock's is October 1 to November 30, the bag limit being 6. If all, all species except fow, may be taken from November 1 to December 31, with a bag limit of 25 in the aggregate. The same open season applies to sora, but the bag limit is 15.

double in basketball and get no letter, is also in the galaxy of backfield stars. Although is tall and slender but he packs a mighty wallop in his make-up. Although can pass with the best of them and is a white-headed fighter from way down the line. He is the logical candidate for quarter and it looks as though he'll click.

Fat Hetrick

"Fat" Hetrick is another behind the line fellow who is going to be heard from when they line 'em up for action. Hetrick is a whaler on defense, a good blocker and a mighty neat ball carrier. They'll find plenty of work for him this season. Wonderly, one of the ones up Coach Ross' sleeve, is a tabling in line for the fullback's berth. He is a veteran who can hit the line a tremendous whack and a bang up batter, the kind you read about in the fight album.

"Butch" Miller is another good running half back, speedy as foot full of gameness and a surewall on defense. Out there among the candidates for the back lot gang that have a tall, fair haired fellow named Lerch. He is not the famous "Judy" of old, but a brother who gives promise of out-doing the feats of his mighty brother. The other Lerch was named "Judy" so they'll have to name this fellow "Punch." He has it all, too, and they claim he has a fighting chance of breaking into the lineup. Lerch hits 'em low and can pick his hole like a burglar his locks and he is gifted with plenty of the old gameness and fight.

Buck Miller, Fat Karlovits, Wickart, Wislaka and Brodsky are other nifty candidates who will be heard from when the proper time arrives and who, if given a chance will be hard to keep off the team.

# FREMONT HIGH TO GET REAL FOOTBALL TEST

Tomorrow is the day of all days in the mind of the high school gridgers, rookies and veterans as well. This is the occasion on which the team will take its first hop of the season for a flight across the treacherous seas of football where waves of opposition and contrary fluctuations of the old dope cause many of a good ship to bounce to its destruction.

Coach Ross, during the three weeks that he has had his men out on the grid, (grid is right during these days of mid-summer heat) has instilled the spirit of fight into a hardy group of boys. They still have a lot to learn regarding team play and signals but they are set for the attack on the scrappy little crew that Gibsonburg is bound to send here tomorrow.

The F. H. S. gang has been given a set of plays that will be used in the game with the Madison township aggregation. It will probably be just plain football that the boys engage in, but it is the experience that the fellows need and Gibsonburg is well able to afford the exercise. The team from the busy village is said not to have the prowess of the team that sported a lad named Bobby Krotzer, but they have ample means on hand to make the big town brigade try and keep the visitors out of the trenches and hold them into on man's land. If Gibsonburg should win? Well---that's another tale.

This being the first game of the season, a whole lot of the fans will be out there to get their view of the crew that Coach Ross has to offer this season. The fans will see a rangey group of boys out there on the ball lot and they will also see a band of youngsters who will be trying all the time.

A big delegation from Gibsonburg will accompany the team to Fremont and boom it for a fare-the-well, and, on the other hand, Fremont high's band of faithful, will also be there with the band and all other features that make the football game the king that it really is in the world of out door sports.

the visitors in weight, but the out fits appeared on a 50-50 basis.

Captain Thomas hoofed the pill to Wonderly and it was returned 30 yards before the Fremont fullback hit the grass and bounded like a soap bubble on a Brussels carpet. He was well within his 50 yard mark. Althoff stepped back and hurled a pass to Bierly, but it grounded. Bierly, sea-going halfback, wiggled and Hilda Grayed for a 5 on the right side of the line. Althoff elected to boot and he shoved the leather to Butler, who was downed on his 40 line.

Kohler hit the Fremont monument for a four on the right side. Another shot at the same mark crumpled up like an accordion in a freight wreck. Wonderly, lone eagle of the open spaces, swooped down on the ball when Kohler fumbled a pass and it was Fremont's ball on G. H. S. 35 line. Bierly juggled a pass and Gibsonburg recovered the seedling amid the lusty shouts from its rooters.

A Kohler pass was incomplete. Like a city directory in Hong Kong and Underwood, like old Oscar himself, worked well until Nelson Tucker hit him like a sledge hammer socks a stake at the circus. L. Krotzer, big fullback and a brother of the mighty Robert, tore off a sniff (5 yards) around the right end, running across the field with the whippet pack on his heels. L. Krotzer booted to Fremont's 31 line. Bierly worked the right side of the line for a 6 and did it prettily, cutting in from a sharp angle and wiggling until he was stopped cold. He's a neat workman.

#### A Pretty Play

Wonderly made it first down by shoving the line like a bull into a shock of fodder. Now came the prettiest play of the game up to date. Bierly, showing his versatility, stepped back, took the snap from center, and heaved a pass to Althoff, who legged it for 24 yards before he went down like a channel swimmer four miles from the white cliffs of Dover.

The score and summary:

<b>Fremont 39</b>	<b>Gibsonburg 0</b>
Binkley .....	Butler
Left End	
Meincer (C.) .....	Manthau
Left Tackle	
B. Miller .....	Fisher
Left Guard	
Jones .....	A. Krotzer
Center	
Hasselbach .....	Schlie
Right Guard	
Tucker .....	(C.) Thomas
Right Tackle	
Freeh .....	L. Krotzer
Right End	
Althoff .....	Newcomer
Quarter	
Wonderly .....	Buckschmidt
Left Half	
Bierly .....	Underwood
Right Half	
Hetrick .....	Kohler
Fullback	

Score by quarters:

Fremont	6	0	19	14—39
Gibsonburg	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns, Bierly 2, Althoff. Wonderly, Binkley and J. W. Miller; points after touchdown, Althoff, Bierly and Brehm.

Substitutions: Gibsonburg, Brugs for Fisher; Fremont, Titsworth for Jones; Lerch for Hetrick; Hetrick for Binkley; Schepflin for Tucker; Bunk Miller for Hetrick, J. W. Miller for Bierly; Brehm for Althoff; Stull for Tucker; Mielke for Binkley, Schepflin for Hasselbach; Siegenthaler for Freeh; the entire second and third team in the last quarter.

Referee, Clash, Syracuse.  
Umpire, Kazmier, Syracuse.  
Head Linesman, Powell, Syracuse.  
Timekeeper, Mark Bowers, Fremont.

Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

# GIBSONBURG IS VANQUISHED BY 39 TO 0 SCORE IN BIG OPENER

**Purple-White Shows Class  
That Stamps it Very  
Highly; Defeated  
Team Fights**

By COLONEL

Fremont 39, Gibsonburg 0.

"That's that," said the man who introduced a rolling pin as evidence in his trial for divorce, also exhibiting the knots that had accumulated on his beetle brow.

Coach Ross' favorite Fee Fi Fo Fum, war cry of the purple and white grid warriors, and taken from the wail of the famous giant who scented the blood of the Englishman, echoed over the baked field as his team, making its 1927 debut, raked game Gibsonburg fore and aft, sank them, but did not out-game them for a minute. Simon B. Sweat, General Humidity, Sonny Rays and 1000 fans were out there to see the lid lifted, and all went away to seek relief from the hottest football surroundings on record since some Eskimo half-back kicked a goal with an oil stove and won the Arctic Circle pennant for Blubber high by whaling the Igloo Crescents, sharks at the game, 53 sealskins to 0.

To play football when the mercury is working below the 50 degree mark, is toil of the strenuous proportion, but to play it when the same mercury is flirting with the 93 mark is changing places with ye old time griddle greaser in an over-worked restaurant.

**Wins the Toss**

Well, as it was, the boys went at it. Captain Meincer of Fremont, won the toss from Captain Thomas of Gibsonburg, and they went out to the hilltop on the local Marne to have it out. Fremont had a bit on

(Turn to No. 6, Page 7, Please)

## FREMONT HIGH NEEDS BOOTER TO FILL BILL

A bit battered and sore in spots, a fighting Fremont high squad turned out for practice on Harmon field last evening. From Captain Meiner down to the wee rookies in the ranks of pall tovers, the crew was as cocky as the prize winner in a poultry show. They just fairly flapped their wings and pranced for action. Coach Ross, during his usual evening lecture, pointed out the faults apparent in the opening game and proportioned out advice and some meads of praise in sandwich form.

Coach Ross is one of those fellows who believes in living and let live. He isn't a bit adverse in telling a boy about mistakes. He does it in a very nice manner, however. On the other hand, the coach distributes his bits of praise. He isn't fluent in this respect and doesn't resort to yard length speeches. He just condenses his remarks to the necessary words that make the player feel good and give root to the opinion that his efforts are being appreciated.

The Gibsonburg game showed above all things that Fremont high needs a booter, a real socker who can get distance to the ball. In the Gibsonburg game, L. Krotzer of that outfit, repeatedly outpointed the purple and white kickers. On one occasion he won better than 40 yards on an exchange of kicks. This fact, taken in a game with some of the stiffer teams, would prove a vast handicap.

Althoff could be used for place and drop kicking quite handily. He is heady and can use a development of the art of Eckersall to a great advantage. But they need some long-legged sucker back of that line to but the ball when a real kick becomes necessary. Lerch, long-legged, but lacking in experience, might make a kicker and they say that this "Fireman" Binkley fellow, a southpaw kicker, might be good. As it stands, Coach Ross is going to experiment and he ought to find a long distance foot among his squad of 40 men.

The team escaped serious damage in the Gibsonburg game and the outfit will now be pointed for the next game with Connie Clark's speedy Bradner crew next Saturday.

Little is known of the Wood county outfit this season, but, as they have a habit of putting out fast high school elevens in that busy little village, the visit of Bradner will be watched with interest by Fremont players and fans alike.

## MARVIN KICKED PRECIOUS GOAL TO TIE GAME

By COLONEL

From time to time I have mentioned the diamond, gridiron and track exploits of Fred (Hump)

## SATURDAY NOTES

Speaking about the Dempsey-Tunney battle, lots of folks came out on the Harmon lot to see Gerry Clash. He didn't however. Gerry didn't have his gall with him either, but at that he used to be attentive to Sarah Cuse (Syracuse).

Howard (Gob) Laub, now up in Fostoria, not in exile but still a school teacher, was given a hand as he came onto the field. "Gob" used to be assistant football coach at F. H. S. and he sure is next to Bunk Ross in being the popular athletic mentor.

The new metal goal posts looked neat. One of them bent limply in the heat, however. This one of course was the post to the south, it being warmer down there. These pole always have a kick coming.

This man J. W. Miller, galloping phantom of the purple and white backfield, has a gait that is all his own. He holds his head down between his heavy shoulders a la mud turtle and runs with his legs high, just like a Laplander when he hears the blubber man blow his horn. He's one sweet prospect for league backfield honors this season and is going to make himself hard to catch. Ralph Gust, coach at the Tiffin Business college, says that Miller is a high school copy of Red Grange. He may be a second "Ghost" in the making. Who knows.

This man L. Krotzer, of Gibsonburg, is one sweet buster of the festive hog cuticle, as far as punting is concerned. On one occasion out there Saturday he sank his sproglet into the quivering swine epidermis for a 72 yard hoist. The ball actually got freckled before it hit the earth, and a lot of tonsils got tanned before the bloater followed the laws of Sir Ike Newton.

There were about 1000 people, Judy Lerch, Louis Gabel, Ollie Zink, Puggy Kritzel, Hype Seiler, Tim McCarthy, Joe Lauer and the newspaper men at the game. Good showing on the part of the people.

The universal of the assembled fans is that the purple and white has found its old football self after a season of five years. The crew, to a man, big and small, has the old fight, the push and from the Willards down to the wee bits of Pancho Villas they are battling for berths on the 'varsity.'

A bit of polishing off, a good booter who can get distance, and the purple and white colors will be flapping around the peak of a lot of poles this fall.

When Coach Ross sent in his third and fourth stringers in the fog moments of the game, the little fellows looked like a bunch of whippets attacking deer hounds. They were outweighed, over shadowed and smothered by the weary Gibsonburg 'varsity,' but they didn't whine or wag their steering gear like the whipped kind. They just barked, growled and fought like a bunch of sore bunnions trying to get out of a tight shoe. These boys will make footballers and don't overlook that fact.

# ROSSMEN GIVING CRITICS CHOICE BIT OF GOSSIP

The skeptical fans who witnessed the appearance of Fremont high against Gibesburg last Saturday have only one home to pick with the 1927 outfit that will battle for right, might and fight under the flapping folds of the purple and white and that piece of contention regards—A ROOSTER.

"Give that team and Kretzer, a Ralph Gust, a Don Pasch or a Tom O'Farrell and it would ride to a pennant in the Little Big Seven beyond the question of a doubt," remarked one old "ghost-marked" grad as he reached for his Chesterfields. This oil merchant cooed forth a mouthful in this respect. The team does need a distance booter, but "Whitey" Althoff may come through, and then there are such long legged fellows as "Fireman" Binkley and "Punch" Lerch jolting about on the horizon, each of whom might be developed into the kicking class. Both have legs longer than the famous personage who wore the seven league boots or the gofer who climbed the Giant's Causeway and caused either the potato famine or the big wind in Ireland or both.

Binkley is a scotchman kicker who might be taught the art that was once Ted Coy's or Jim Thorpe's. They say he is a slow starter in getting his kicks away, but a lad with a set of underpinning like his ought to hold the ball until it would be like an entry in the inter-national balloon race. Coach Ross is working out this booter problem and he'll have it solved don't forget that, before the season gets down to the real grind.

## Pass Combination

An asset that the team showed in the premiere contest Saturday was a passing combination. Either "Terry" Blerly, he looks like the late Terry McGovern of featherweight fame, or "Whitey" Althoff can stand back there and peg a pass as pretty as the next one. Both proved cool as the warriest of cucumbers under fire and then Captain Meincor, who can also treat a football to a mean grip, must not be overlooked as a passing star. Binkley, Fresh, Althoff, Blerly, Pat Hetrick or Wonderley are capable of getting out there to fold a retreating ball to their bosoms. Most of these fellows had flecks of basketball practice and they are sharps on snagging the ball. Blerly, Althoff and Binkley paraded their stuff Saturday and it was pretty to see. This group of passers and receivers will cause more gray hair among the coaching talent in the L. B. S. this season than there are freckles in Hensville.

## Defense

It was proven Saturday that both starting ends, Bob Fresh and "Fireman" Binkley are there to stay. Nothing, unless it be something foreseen in the line of an accident, can keep either of these shanghaied off the payroll. They are the long, string bean type of ends. Lots of speed, plenty of nerve and lots of the old fight. Wonderley proved his worth as a defensive back last Saturday and Captain Meincor was under every pile-up. Hanselback can also hold his own and then there is "Bully Jones who smiles even when he has to stay in at recess and that other corner, Titeworth will make some of the boys unable to get in line when they award letters next November. Nelson (Old Dan) Tucker will comb more than one head of hair with a wagon wheel before the season ends. He is a veteran as chuck full of experience as a lumberman's boots are of feet.

There are any number of anxious lads on the second string who will battle one or two of these regulars for positions up near the front pew and the going promises to be speedy, spirited, but friendly.

## A Real Galloper

Last year they called J. W. Miller, a trim offering to the alters of gridiron from the northwestern agricultural district that is rich in soil and the quality of its youth, came to town. He played some football and was regarded as a corner. This year J. W. himself, has arrived on time and per schedule. He showed last Saturday when they asked him to usher the pig cuticle about a bit in the foggy rays of the sun, that is one of the prettiest open field running prospects that Fremont high has had since Wendler took off his football shoes or Bunk Ross took his sheepskin, together with Tower Smith, and eased forth to a higher grid sphere. J. W. Miller tucks the ball under his arm, tucks his head down between his shoulders and just sets out.

He knows where he is going, too. He runs with high knee action and takes strides that compare with a Paddock. He runs until he is hit and they have to hold him to check his flight. "Sweet memories of Red Grange and Foye Clark as well as Chick Harley!!!!" yodeled a fan who saw J. W. peddle his goods last Saturday. This farmer lad, with Blerly, Hetrick, Wonderley and Althoff, will crowd the league for backfield honors this season or a lot of first class guanoing has gone for naught.

That's what Bunk Ross has this early in the season and he is going to make the best of it, too.



## ROSS MACHINE PREPARES FOR BRADNER DERBY

Coach Ross and his band of white-helmeted gallopers were out there again on Harmon field Wednesday evening polishing up the old machine for the weekly journey. Said journey is to be taken next Saturday, starting at Harmon field. It will be the annual Sandusky-Wood county pigskin derby and some daring exhibitions are bound to be seen. The Fremont machine was working smoothly last night. "Whitey" Althoff, silent as King Tut's tomb, was in the cockpit, and he sent the machine through several new gyrations that are bound to give the spectators a thrill. This Althoff lad appears to have assembled his thoughts regarding knowledge of his gridiron groceries and he weighs out his orders with great accuracy and care.

The wings of the Fremont machine were in perfect balance with Freeh and Althoff in charge of the extremes. The nose of the old "crate," as aviators sometimes call their ships in beloved terms, was looked after by "Bully" Jones and he has instructions to keep the old boat from taking a nose dive. The motor, a Bierly-Wonderly-Hetrick-J. W. Miller 150 horse power, high speed contraption, also spun and hummed like a bee hive when the flowers of June are blooming. Captain Meincer and Coach Ross hovered about the outfit, tightening up the struts and giving the old fiddle its proper tune.

One or two new plays, coming back to earth and football, were tried out there last evening and these same bits of attack will be tried from time to time and sprung at the proper moment.

The first and second teams renewed their grudge of 35 years' standing, at various times last evening, and J. W. Miller, Wonderly, Bierly, Pat Hetrick and Althoff, together with Freeh and Binkley, sped up and down the field at various times.

Coach Ross had more than three teams on the lot last evening and he could select men from his Valley of Giants or his midgets from wonderland, with a mere wave of his hand.

The purple and white machine will be getting under way for the season when it meets Bradner next Saturday and some of the wrinkles that appeared in the opener will be ironed out quite nicely.

The Harmon field is getting more and more big league. The newest improvement will be a score board that will give the downs, quarters, time expired on quarters and also check up other plays for the benefit of the spectators.

Coach Ross also stated last evening that in the future a leather lunged announcer would be stationed in front of the grand stand on Harmon field, to give the fans the names of the substitutes and other knowledge of the game at hand.

# BRADNER LOSES OLD POWER TO SWAY FREMONT

Wood County Team Is No Match for Rossen; Beaten 31 to 0

Fremont 31, Bradner 0.

There you have another notch on the gunstock of the gridiron weapon carried forth by the hunters of F. H. R. for the season of 1927. The gun has only been fired twice this season, but on both occasions it has brought down the objective—VICTORY.

There was a time not so many years back that Bradner high was sort of a thorn under the outside of the purple and white grid teams, but that day has passed and may never return. Bradner came down here Saturday with a Connie Clark coached team and did its best, but it wasn't near enough to bother the Rossen men in their conquest of the gridiron and their preparations for a good year in the Little Big Seven.

Bradner, however, did a little bit better than Glenburnie did on the previous Saturday, making seven first downs and getting inside the Fremont 15-yard line. Here they had a chance to try for a field goal but visitors paid strict attention to football and several times their stars, Capt. Long, Duquette, McCormack and Sessions, got into the play by digging the Fremont line for substantial gains and once in a while they whittled off a piece or two on the ends, but it wasn't often enough to be alarming. They also showed a short passing attack that netted them gains that put them in position to score. At this time a number of the Fremont regulars were on the sidelines. Had the big steam roller been out there working, it is doubtful if the gamy Wood county heroes would have made much of an impression. The Clarkmen won the toss and kicked to Althoff on his 20 line. "Whitby" did a 15 in snatching the ball back, and a game that had attracted 1200 people, was under way.

Fremont, by a succession of line attacks on the part of the back field, composed of Patrick, Hetrick, Wayne Blierly, "Wanda" Wonderly and Althoff, worked the ball down into Bradner territory for two first downs, before Duquette intercepted a pass but was downed by Blierly before he committed many steps. Bradner whittled up its shock troops, but they withered against the Fremont line. Sessions, driven to desperation, booted from his 20 line.

Fremont didn't make much leeway on a series of runs and plays. Wonderly suffering a three yard loss. Hetrick shot the heap for four and a half, but a Blierly pass grounded and Althoff booted. He hit the leather for a 40, which is mighty good. This led away all the bill from the kicking standpoint after all.

Fremont was gradually easing toward the coveted line. The ball was on the visitors' 10 yard line when Mark Hanna Bowers pulled the lanyard on his trusty field piece, ending the quarter. Fremont had made five first downs to none by the visitors in the first quarter. It was good practice.

Fremont Scores  
Pat Hetrick, on the first play of the new quarter, dove for five yards and made it first down on the five yard line. Wayne Blierly went around the left end for the first touchdown on the second play. Althoff failed to boot the point. Score, Fremont 6, Bradner 0.  
Coach Ross sent Halfrank J. W. Miller into the fray to relieve the hard worked Hetrick. This F. H. R. team is full of Millers this season, and all of them are capable boys. They have Dennis Miller, a coming lineman; J. W. Miller and the good old Number Miller in the backfield. J. W. Miller was put into action immediately and he responded with great gusto. Althoff kicked to McCormack and on the next play Capt. Meinerer owed his speed by getting through and behind to team Sessions for a loss of eight yards.

Fremont getting the ball, worked the old parade stuff and J. W. Miller and his mates shot the ball down the field with a dizzy swirl. J. W. toted the ball to the 20 line and Althoff took it across. Althoff passed to Blierly for the point. Fremont 12, Bradner 0.

The half ended with the ball in local hands on Bradner's 20 line.

Third Quarter  
During intermission the high school band paraded, the cheer leaders stirred the crowd to mighty vocal efforts and the refreshment stand did a land office business. The new scoreboard, Buster Brown the official announcer, and all other features came in for their shares of favorable comment. We have a real football outfit this season.

It was Capt. Meinerer who spilled the soup for McCormack after the latter had gobbled the ball-off and scampered 18 yards. Bradner was forced to kick. Fremont got the ball on its own 45 and after Blierly and Hetrick, who was again in the game, had worked a few yards Blierly stepped back and passed 29 yards to Binkley, a very pretty play. Wonderly, Althoff, Hetrick and J. W. Miller each worked the ball in turn and got it to the one yard line where Wonderly nosed over. The pass for point failed. Fremont 18, Bradner 6.

Fremont subs were being injected into the lineup, the game being well in hand and Coach Ross anxious to give all the boys a bit of experience. Althoff stepped back and topped a 27 yard pass that Blierly connected with. Wonderly was stepped by

## HOW THEY STAND

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Club	W.	L.	Pos.
Toledo	10	1	1
Milwaukee	9	2	2
Kansas City	8	3	3
St. Paul	7	4	4
Minneapolis	6	5	5
Indianapolis	5	6	6
Cleveland	4	7	7
St. Louis	3	8	8
Columbus	2	9	9

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pos.
New York	14	7	1
Philadelphia	13	8	2
Washington	12	9	3
Detroit	11	10	4
Chicago	10	11	5
Cleveland	9	12	6
St. Louis	8	13	7
Boston	7	14	8

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pos.
Pittsburgh	14	7	1
St. Louis	13	8	2
Chicago	12	9	3
Cincinnati	11	10	4
Brooklyn	10	11	5
Boston	9	12	6
Philadelphia	8	13	7

### YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

American Association  
Toledo 2-5, Indianapolis 2-5.  
Milwaukee 2-4, St. Paul 8-15.  
Kansas City 2-6, Minneapolis 2-2.  
Louisville 6-5, Columbus 5-2.

American League  
Cleveland 10, Chicago 1.  
Detroit 2, New York 2-3.

National League  
Pittsburgh 6, Chicago 1-1.  
New York 6, Brooklyn 8 (seven innings).

Philadelphia 8, Cincinnati 2.  
St. Louis 4, Boston 10.

### TODAY'S GAMES

American League  
Detroit at Cleveland.  
Washington at Boston (two games).

National League  
Pittsburgh at Chicago.  
St. Louis at Cincinnati.  
New York at Philadelphia.

## THOSE HITTERS

The leading Major league hitters.

National League

P. Waner, Pittsburgh	.....331
L. Waner, Pittsburgh	.....326
Hornaby, New York	.....325
Stephenson, Chicago	.....322
Treyner, Pittsburgh	.....320
Leader a year ago today: Hargrave, Cincinnati, 316.	

American League

Simmons, Philadelphia	.....331
Holmann, Detroit	.....329
Gehrige, New York	.....328
Fothergill, Detroit	.....325
Combs, New York	.....320
Leader a year ago today: Fothergill, Detroit, 318.	

"The Big Five"

Cobb	.....327
Hornaby	.....326
Ruth	.....321
Spencer	.....320
Collins	.....316

It is said that Democrats thrive in good hay years; but the Republican steam roller is also a very competent mowing machine.

on the five yard line a second later, and after Hetrick had rapped at the Bradner door for a three, carried it across. The point after touchdown was missed. Score, Fremont 18, Bradner 6.

The third quarter ended with the ball in local possession on their 15 yard line.

### Last Quarter

The teams waged warfare back and forth until Fremont staged the setting for the prettiest play of the day. Bradner lost the ball on downs on their own 40 line. Blierly carried it nine yards and J. W. Miller three more for better than a first down. J. W. got a few more and then they snapped the seed to Blierly and away went the regular Saturday afternoon runaway. Blierly vigiled his way from interference and fudgled and raced the sidelines toward the north goal for a 45 yard parade and the most sensational play of the day. The kick for a point failed. Score, Fremont 24, Bradner 6.

The game showed that Fremont is gradually polishing up the points and that the team play is improving. The purple and white group is rounding into that form that will allow them to horn into some real laurels in the I. B. R. this season. Althoff is kicking better, they have a nifty pass combination, a battling captain, a runaway backfield and a regular basket full of good replacement troops.

The next attraction here will be the Norwalk game next Saturday, the official opening of the I. B. R. season in Fremont. The score and summary:

Fremont 31 Bradner 0

Binkley . . . . . Splitter

Left End

Meinerer (c) . . . . . Halton

Left Tackle

D. Miller . . . . . Dauterman

Left Guard

N. Jones . . . . . (c) L. Jones

Center

Hasselbach . . . . . Stahl

Right Guard

Tucker . . . . . K. Long

Right Tackle

Fresh . . . . . Keller

Right End

Althoff . . . . . Ryder

Quarterback

Blierly . . . . . Duquette

Left Half

Wonderly . . . . . McCormack

Right Half

Hetrick . . . . . Sessions

Fullback

Score by quarters:

Fremont . . . . . 12 12 4-31

Bradner . . . . . 0 0 0 0-0

Touchdowns, Wonderly 2, Blierly 2, Althoff. Point after touchdowns, Blierly. Substitutions: Fremont,

J. W. Miller for Hetrick; Titworth for Hasselbach; Bunker Miller for Blierly; Lerch for Binkley; Schep- tin for D. Miller; Titworth for Hasselbach; J. W. Miller for Wonderly; Blierly for Bunker Miller; Hauptstater for Fresh; Lerch for Jones; Stahl for Althoff; Bradner; Sessions for Stahl; Anderson for Dauterman; Beatty for Duquette; Beatty for Keller. First downs,

Fremont 24, Bradner 5. Referee, Garry Clash, Syracuse; umpire, Monk, Pittsburgh; head linesman, Cowell, Toledo; C. time, Mark Bowers, Fremont; time of quarters

## ROSSMEN PLAN CAMPAIGN FOR NORWALK GAME

Those who have seen Norwalk high in action this season, and some of the scouts are good ones, too, report that in the Maple City collection Fremont high will find a foeman worthy of its best steel next Saturday afternoon on Harmon field. The Huron county pigskin knights are said to be big and fairly fast.

One gent who saw the N. H. S. aggregation play a tie game with Shelby last week, says the L. B. S. hopes of the city of sighing trees are plenty big, but not near as fast as the Rossmen. This is some satisfaction, the scout in this particular being very well informed regarding his groceries.

He says that Norwalk, in the main, depends on a grinding, crushing attack during the early stages of the game, in which they ride rough shod over the enemy. They did this trick at the expense of Shelby last Saturday, but the heat of the day told on the big fellows and they weakened toward the finish and had to be satisfied with a tie game. Norwalk has a big set of backs, but they are not of the very fast order, according to the story that is percolating this way.

In stacking against Fremont Saturday, the Maple Sugar brigade will ram against a team that is in perfect condition after more than a month of hard labor and a crew that already has two games, both victories, under their broad belts.

Norwalk may try its weight tactics just like a boxer does his stuff in a clinch, but they'll have to bear down heavy to make inroads on the strength of Capt. Johnny Meincer's well trained forward line.

That Norwalk is coming over here prepared for great things can be taken for granted, but if they expect to take anything home in the line of a victory they'll have to be better than the purple and white team and that means better than anything Norwalk has shown in the past five years. Fremont may be outweighed a bit, the purple and white fellows on the general average are not a group of midgets, several towering giants being on the muster roll, but what they lack in weight they make up in speed, the backfield being a well balanced group of gallopers with plenty of fight and nerve.

Last evening Coach Ross gave his second team some Norwalk plays and turned them loose. The Scrubs craved some talent from the first string and "Bunker" Miller, one of the sea-going backs, was sent over in the debit side of the ledger. Bunker's work proved the sensation of the practice session. He snagged two passes and raced for two touchdowns through the varsity team, one gallop being of the 45-yard variety and the other being a dizzy whirl of 55 yards. This bit of work did not dishearten the top stringers for Bunker is one of their group and he'll certainly not be carrying the ball for Norwalk next Saturday.

Bob Freeh, wounded end, who has a fracture of the nose, was on the sidelines last evening, but he expects to be in the game next Saturday.

The team was given some stiff chores last night and the big squad second and third stringers included, were dripping wet with oozy togs when Coach Ross called it a day. They look good.

# SIX HORSE MEN MAKE FREMONT'S SET OF BACKS

Best Balanced Crew That  
Has Worn Colors  
Since 1920

By COLONEL

This is no idle dream. A perusal of the records will show that the Fremont high school team of 1927 has the most complete set of backfield men that it has boasted of since those immortal days of 1916, when such stars as Harold Wendler, Towar Smith, Edburn Easley and William (Bunk) Ross were ball totting for the purple and white of old Fremont high.

Go back over the records since that date and the names of Judy Lerch, Al F'osa, Kenny Hawk, Hutch Bowers and several more stars will crop out, but where they worked the individual trick to fame and victory, the array of 1927 has six backs. Six backs, as the late P. T. Barnum used to say: "Look them over."

On the Far Banner

On the far banner that flaunts and dials on the breeze you have Wayne Bierly, one of the wiggiest, line shooting end skirting men that Fremont has had since Wendler picked up his duds and went to O. S. U. There you also have Harold (Whitter) Althoff, "Sphinx of the gridiron," a real thinker and a field general. Althoff can pass, has shown a capability to lead his team and drive it in the right direction. He is as yet a double threat man who can pass and carry the ball, but who is picking up on his booting that has improved in his last two games.

Again we point to Wonderly, a huge specimen of a youth who is muscled and proportioned like a Dempsey and who can hammer the line like an Easley. Wonderly, this year, should make one of the best line-plunging lads Fremont high has ever boasted of. Again we call attention to another goer. This fellow is Patrick Metrick, a long, lean galloper who can percolate through the opposition like a marshmallow toasting fork into a bale of loose hay. Pat runs until they knock him down and put the strangle hold on his prone body. He fits into the scenery very nicely.

On the other hand, as the fellow said who was reducing warms, we have J. W. Miller, of Riley township, a lanky customer who has all the ear marks of a great 'un and a ball carrier whose action is a poem and a second Red Grange in high school form, if ever there was one. Miller is green at the football game, but he is an apt student. One of these afternoons, barring accident, of course, you're going to read about this J. W. fellow in the football album. Again on the far banner we have Bunker Miller, another of those lads who fit in nicely in a sextet that would make any high school coach in Ohio croak with glee had he the pleasure of calling them his own. Bunker is as cool as proverbial Shyleck in figuring out 11 per cent interest, but he is also resourceful as a rabbit in a field of whippets and he knows where he is peddling when he gets under-way.

Six in a Row

There you have them boys, six in a row and one just as good as the other. If Coach Ross had at least two apparent weak spots on his line bolstered up and the art of booting personified by some outstanding socker with a power of foot work, a fellow could almost be safe in saying that the purple and white would have no trouble in gathering the Little Big Seven football bunting. As is right now, the team that defeats them will be called the championship outfit.

Notre Dame had its four horse men; Alabama its backfield tornado and Cornell its big red explosion; but Fremont has a crew that would make the immortal sextet from Lucia get its hair bobbed and step out from under the big top and appear as a specialty with an Uncle Tom's Cabin show.

May Be Mistaken

I may be wrong in my conjecture, but this group of six, a real acting up half a dozen, is going to make a lot of opposition have nightmare and cry for Mama and Papa as well as sister Susie to help them go to sleep before the season is over. Good backfield run in cycles. We had a real one in 1920 and it now appears as though they're about to build up another combination of don't-you-forget-me-nots at Fremont high.

Like the fellow who forecasted that the old Earth would bump off someday and that the stand pipe would spring another leak, I'll make my forecast right here and now. This six ply set of backs are going to cause a lot of cock-eyes in the league circle just from watching them whirl past, that is if they get the proper breaks and it is known wherever John Z. Foot-ball parades that six backs are better than four and can carry a bigger load.

Well Bunk Ross has the six. Watch their step, stand out in their wake and feel the breeze. They can make a chariot race in Jen Run look like a game of tag at a kindergarten social.

# FREMONTERS TO OPEN FOOTBALL SEASON HERE ON SATURDAY

Tomorrow is the day of all days in the career of the Fremont high school football team for 1927. They must meet a tougher or more experienced set of foe man later on, but the game against Norwalk will either make or break Bunk Ross' mighty fine looking machine, the same outfit that crumbled up Bradner and Gibsonburg by comfortable scores.

Fremont has been pointed for this engagement, prepared for most any emergency that will develop, and if they go down to defeat there will be no alibi or excuse to offer. The better team will have won. A good loser is much better than a blowhard winner, in many stages of every game. It often takes a beating or two to find the worth of a champion. Take the case of the great F. H. S. of 1920. It went up to Fostoria, rocky as two bear cats and took an unexpected trimming. This lesson went home. The team came back, recovered from the thrashing, and after that it was unbeatable, establishing the greatest record the Little Big Seven has to boast of in all its years of organization.

On paper, Fremont should trim the Norwalk invaders by at least three touchdowns, but paper football and the real quill on the gridiron are two different bits of conjecture. Norwalk, according to the return of the scouts that saw the Maple City team play Shelby a 6 to 6 tie, is a powerful machine in the making. They are fairly big and well balanced and sort of use their endurance and weight to batter an enemy into submission in the first half, and then finish eased on the bit in the manner that master jockeys like Tod Sloan, Earle Sande, Snapper Garrison and Jimmy McLaughlin used to sail home on the winners.

## Hard To Figure

Shelby, a small town team, played Norwalk to a standstill. How will Fremont fare with the Huron county mammoths after they have had but a week of work since the tie in their season's debut.

Football is a mighty hard game to figure out since the pass system and the open play has given the weak a chance with the strong. Fremont with its great string of six backs, two in reserve all the way, should have no trouble skirting the Norwalk ends. The pass combination of the purple and white array should also work neatly, and when it comes to line battering the force of a certain Mr. Wonderly will also have to be reckoned with.

Should Norwalk start its alleged heavy battering in the first half, use line attacks and lean on the fellows in a clinch, two can play at the same game. Speed on the ends and a snappy bit of passing is also a weary process to follow on the part of any football opposition, and, should Norwalk tire the purple and white in the first half, they will have lots of company.

# THOSE HITTERS

## American League

Heilmann, Detroit .....	.33
Simmons, Philadelphia .....	.33
Gehrig, New York .....	.37
Fothergill, Detroit .....	.36
Cobb, Philadelphia .....	.31

Leader a year ago today: Marv Pash, Detroit, .378.

## National League

P. Waner, Pittsburgh .....	.33
Hornsby, New York .....	.36
L. Waner, Pittsburgh .....	.35
Stephenson, Chicago .....	.34
Traynor, Pittsburgh .....	.33

Leader a year ago today: Harry Grave, Cincinnati, .354.

## "The Big Five"

Hornsby .....	.36
Cobb .....	.35
Ruth .....	.35
Speaker .....	.32
Collins .....	.32

# CITY BOWLERS

The standing of City Bowling league teams at the end of the first week's play is as follows:

Teams	W.	L.
Crescent Mfg. Co. ....	3	0
Michles Auto Rex ....	3	0
Kiwanis Club .....	3	0
City Loans .....	3	0
Studebakers .....	2	1
Mono Motor Oils .....	2	1
Farm-Homes .....	1	2
Ahner Printers .....	1	2
Garvin-Darrs .....	0	3
Elks .....	0	3
White Fronts .....	0	3
Christy Razors .....	0	3

In case of one tired team there will be two and that's that. Fremont, with two games under its belt should be the best conditioned team of the pair and the contest promises to be a gruelling affair from gun to gun.

Coach Ross has announced no plan of attack for the Norwalk contest, but it stands to reason that he has something up his sleeves and that the white thatched quarterback, Harold Althoff, will spring his stuff at the proper moment. If indications do not slip off on the side track a fellow can almost be safe in saying that Norwalk will get cockeyed trying to keep track of the halfback parade around the ends and the pass attack that will whirl over their heads like flocks of ducks to the rice beds at feeding time.

## May Get Licked

Fremont may get licked, but if she does a lot of folks will be surprised. The purple and white is all set for the encounter and will leave no limeline, uncrossed in an effort to put Norwak in the also ran class and lay a few bits of roadway for that long lane that Sandusky will have to travel at Harmon field on Thanksgiving Day.

Fremont will line up to start the Norwalk game in the following manner: Binkley and Freeb, ends; Captain Meincer and Tucker, tackles; Donnie Miller and Hasselbach, guards; "Bully" Jones, center; Althoff, quarterback; Bierly and Hetrick, halfbacks; Wonderly, fullback; J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Slegenthaler, Schepflin, Stull, Titsworth and other dependable boys will be on the sidelines just pawing to go.

The opening league game on Harmon field will be attended by all the class possible. This means band music, cheers and all other excitement.

# ROSSMEN COULD NOT SHOW FULL POWER IN MUD

## Class of Purple and White Not Displayed in the Norwalk Game

Of course, mud played a great part in the Fremont-Norwalk game Saturday, and gave "but slight insight on the real power of the purple and white team in a contest against a high class foe or real Little Big Seven variety. The highly touted passing attack of Captain Meiner's men, and it's a real attack, too, was way off form. This was due, in the main, to a slippery ball, a muddy field and insecure footing that cut down the speed of the lads who are talbed for connecting ends on the Biorly and Althoff passes. Only two of the Fremont shots from forward pass formations were complete, but these were short. On several occasions the long shots came near making contact and the plays were close enough to send thrills through the rain soaked fans who braved the elements to see the team wallop to defeat and victory.

### The Six Horsemen

Coach Ross' six horsemen, fleet and fast as the proverbial fleeting shadows, a group of miniature Granges, as they are, were unable to prance owing to the ooze under foot. Biorly, J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller and Althoff, got away for short gallops, but their feet, even after the mud cleats were applied between halves, failed to guarantee them sound footing, and as far as open field running was concerned, they were as helpless as tongue-tied gossips at an old fashioned wake. Norwalk with its fast Mayberry and its dashing Taylor, were also working under the same dripping influences of mud. They were powerless.

Norwalk's line, outweighing Fremont at least 5 pounds per man, was outplayed by the purple and white forward wall. The visiting back, and they tried often, did not gain 10 yards through the local front wall, all afternoon. Wonderly and J. W. Miller, Althoff and Biorly, pounded Norwalk wall to a fare-thee-well and ripped it hard at times. Wonderly on two occasions doing better than 12 yards before he slipped in the mud and skidded on his wishbone.

### What Won the Game

Fremont actually won the game by piddling the big Norwalk line just before "Diving Venus" Binkley fell on the ball for the touchdown, that meant so much to Fremont's pennant hopes. Tucker, Binkley, Wonderly, and Captain Meiner, were getting through the orange and black wall at the finish and that, coupled with the slippery wall is what caused Mayberry and Captain Taylor to make their costly fumbles.

Changing the subject and speaking about this Taylor fellow for a minute, he looks awfully sweet on defense and was the whole works of the visitors on offense. Scoring their lone touchdown after snagging a pass. He looks like all-league timber, too.

The Norwalk game is no foundation to base the class of the Fremont team upon, other than their ability to stage a last ditch fight, this they did when they had their back against the wall, too. A sin team that will fight like Fremont fought last Saturday in the face of conditions that would have made a herd of battling buffaloes seek shelter, shows that determination and grit is about 50 per cent of the purple and white make-up this season and this, with their other ability and known ability, too, makes the real contenders for the gonfaion in the Little Big Seven.

### Wanted, a Dry Field

Give them a dry lot, a chance to speed up that six unit backfield and work that pass combination and the fans will see something that they have wished to see and haven't seen since 1920, on a high school team here. The line, supposed to be weak in two spots, held up like a 10-year-old concrete wall. Saturday and it was this line that saved the day. The ends, well they're good.

As has been mentioned before, the team has not had a chance to show its all round ability against a high class team, but they have it up their sleeves even if the rain and the mud and the thunder and lightning did keep it under a cloud last Saturday.

# FREMONT HIGH WINS BRILLIANT FOOTBALL GAME

## Defeats Fostoria in Sensational Bit of Gridding

Fremont 12, Fostoria 6.

Keeping up its great reputation and living up to the boasts and boasts of its backers, Fremont high's purple and white football squad stepped out on foreign soil for the first time this season and shipped the up-to-Nickel-Plate students in a tidy and very convincing style after one of the most brilliant football battles witnessed in Fostoria in many a year. F-I-C-H-T is the way you spell the name of the Fremont high team this season and that's just what won them the sweetest victory that has fallen to the lot of a student team from this city since was killing the youth of the nation to go west and screw up with the country.

Fremont and Fostoria first met on the gridiron at least 25 years ago and, since that day and date when boys had to buy their own uniforms and pay their own doctor bills, the schools have not many times, but Fremont victoriously can be counted on one hand. Saturday's great win, however, wipes out the sting of previous defeats, for Fostoria, with its new Coach Hogan of Iowa, is said to have the best team that the red and black has boasted of for five years. Fremont, by the way, has its best team since 1920 and that has been proven and goes without saying.

**A Great Setting**

A record crowd jammed the football lot in Fostoria to witness the meeting between the age old enemies of the grid. The bands from both big high schools were on deck for the festivities and the doings had a touch of real college stuff. Fremont high was without the services of its regular center, "Bully" Jones, who is on the sidelines with a bruised shoulder. This caused Coach Ross to make a shift in his line. Nelson (Old Dan) Tucker was moved over to the pivot position from tackle and George Lerch was taken from the sidelines and placed at tackle. The combination worked pretty well but Tucker, not being used to snapping the ball back, was sort of off form in this respect. Tucker, however, was a bear on defense and in this capacity he stands next to Captain Johnny Melner, he of the ferocious grappling qualities. The rest of the team was intact.

**Scoreless Half**

Fostoria has been having a great football dream this season, the advent of Coach Hogan making this possible. They had romped to victory over several teams prior to the Fremont collision, but in this encounter they met fustian worthy of their steel. Fremont was outweighted a bit man for man, but that made no difference to Ross' group of Dumpers who can also be Tunnys with the finer points of the game when the occasion arises.

The first half was a scoreless tie, Fremont having the better of the yardage measurements. Fremont was the first to count in the third quarter. J. W. Miller started the parade by peeling off 25 yards on an end prance, taking the ball into Fostoria territory. A couple of line cracks, wondrously being on the chief usher's role, got the ball nearer and a really executed pass, Althoff to Binkley, hero of the Norwalk game, put the ball over and the Fremont rosters went goofy. The point after touchdown was missed. Fostoria, not to be beat, on at this stage of the combat, came right back and scored via the air route, regaining the ball in the vicinity of Fremont's 15-yard-line after Wayne Bierly had fumbled the ball after taking a bad pass. An airway shot, Seever to Biggs, put the ball across and Fostoria had its turn at cheering and making the welkin reverberate. Fostoria also missed the try for a point, making the count 6 to 6 in the third period.

**Neck and Neck**

The game began to take on the appearance of a tie contest and later appeared as though Fostoria had a chance, but Bob Fresh, long snapper Fremont end, splendid running mate to the other wing man, Harold Binkley, saved the occasion when he intercepted a Fostoria pass deep in Fremont territory and set out for the goal with an open field. He was pulled down from behind, however, but not until he had taken the ball out of the deadly danger zone. An exchange of punts was in order and Althoff again resorted to the air route and sailed thereby. A series of line smashes also gained ground and Althoff to Binkley pases and the game went on record, 12 and 6 in favor of Fremont, Binkley going over for the counter, his second of the day. Fremont failed to gain the point after touchdown.

It was a brilliant exhibition of the art of football as played by well trained boys. Althoff's work in directing his team could not be improved upon. In each succeeding game this slender white head is showing his ability as a field general and a savvy leader. Binkley and Fresh were also on their toes Saturday, together with the rest of the sturdy crew. Althoff is also showing better form in his booting and, above all other things, he is as cool as two proverbial cucumbers on ice. Fremont made its first downs to three registered by Fostoria.

The team came out of the com-

## ALL IN FUN

By COLONEL

Something to worry about: Being so deep in a hole that you have to look up to see the bottom.

ABE SKINNER SAYS: TWO MEADOW LARKS WERE SEEN IN NEWT BLUES' LOWER FORTY THE OTHER DAY NEWT CHASED THEM BOTH OFF THE LOT. AFTER HEARING ABOUT LOC GERRIG'S HOT SHOT IN THE GAME THE OTHER AFTERNOON WE KNOW OF A FELLOW WHO HAD TO LEAVE THE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE SCOREBOARD TO GET A COUPLE OF HOT SHOTS HIMSELF.

An idea of nothing at all: Trying to inject some sunshine into a party by putting a bit of moonshine in it often causes an eclipse of the moon as well as the sun.

"PIE" TRAYNOR WAS GIVEN HIS NAME BECAUSE HE LOVES PIE. COULDN'T HARDLY CALL HIM A LOVER OF LADY FINCHES WOULDN'T HE MUCH USE IN HIS FIELDING.

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO DUMB THAT THEY THINK ALGEBRA SAYS THAT THE DISTANCE OF A CERTAIN DIRECTION IS SO AND SO AND HOW HIGH IS UP.

Bravest of the brave—The restaurant customer who sends back to the kitchen to get the toast-fork so he can pick a tooth that he can't reach with the ordinary pick.

Names are names: Carmen Hill is quite an incline at some stages of the game.

## NO PRO GRID TEAM IN THIS LOCALITY NOW

Fremont for the first time in many a year will not be represented by a semi-pro or a professional football team. This fact settled it appears, when the Ex-high team faded and a group of fellows who had organized for the purpose of playing a few games at home and a couple out of town decided not to make the venture.

It seems strange that a city the size of Fremont and a spot where they have many active griders of good class standing about just sighing for a chance to get into action. In days gone past the Crocuses made local gridiron history and made a record of going two years without being beaten. The Fremont A. C. under the direction of Frank Bick, also went well in years gone by as did the Hoosiers for Clato Swift. The Herbrand professional outfit at which time a galaxy of stars were brought into Fremont for the purpose of putting on their stuff. This team, a crew of giants, whipped a lot of the good ones in this neck of the woods and, at one time, had a good chain in this section of the timberland.

Such stars as Captain Stanley Wolfe, Nick Kuhn, Babe Forsyth, Abby House, Paul McCormick, Chalky Korber, Ernie Sigges and others of great fame played with the old orange and black crew and their names were household words in this vicinity.

This year the pro-grid game is dead in Fremont and the rabid fans have to trek to Sandusky, Toledo or Gibsonburg, to get their Sunday's Sunday and it shouldn't be. It shouldn't be.

bat in pretty fair shape although several of the warriors were bearing battle marks in the forms of bruises that will wear away. Four straight axons to their credit and nary a defeat. It appears as though Fremont is destined to race right through its league combats and settle the L. B. S. issue with Sandusky on Harmon field Thanksgiving day.

Fremont has the best football team it has gathered together since 1920. Coach Ross' system is just taking nice effect and with a few of the breaks the team should go through the entire season unbeaten. The outfit is the real quill and if you don't believe it, just ask some of the many who saw them battle Norwalk and Fostoria when nothing but pure grit and determination could pull a game out of the fire.

The team plays its last L. B. S. contest at Bellevue next Saturday. The lineup and summary:

Fostoria, 6	Fremont, 12
Barger	Binkley
Left End	Left End
Harriman	Melner, (C.)
Left Tackle	Left Tackle
Lecomte	D. Miller
Left Guard	Left Guard
Carroll	Tucker
Center	Center
Slosser	Hasselbach
Carter	Lerch
Right Tackle	Right Tackle
Walters	Freeb
Right End	Right End
Dowell	Althoff
Quarterback	Quarterback
Biggs	L. Miller
Left Half	Left Half
Vance	Hetrick
Right Half	Right Half
Fox (C.)	Wonderly
Fullback	Fullback

**Summary: Touchdowns—Fostoria, Fox; Fremont Binkley 2, substitutions—Fostoria, Les Dowell, Seever, Kovack, Biggs Burke, Mills, McFadden; Fremont, Bierly, L. Miller, Titworth.**



## PURPLE-WHITE OUTFIT EDGING FOR BELLEVUE

Fremont high was out there last night trimming off the edges along the highway that takes them to Bellevue next Saturday where they are billed to stack up against the L. B. S. representation from that city. Bellevue, taking it from a glance seems to be a team that is developing latent power, its game against Norwalk last Saturday being taken as a criterion of this fact. Bellevue held Norwalk to a 6 and 0 count after a hard fought game. Of course, Reed Taylor, Norwalk's captain and all league halfback prospect was not in the game, being kept on the sidelines by study hall difficulties, but, nevertheless, the rest of the Norwalk team was out there in force.

Coach Ross had his men working on a number of Bellevue plays last evening and the second stringers didn't appear to make much headway against the varsity. All the regulars with the exception of Nelson (Bully) Jones, center, were out in uniform last evening. They had Nelson Tucker shifted over to the keystone position from center and George Lerch in Tucker's place at tackle. They were going good, too. Several new plays, the nature of which are not to be divulged at this time, were tried out with varied success, one of them being of a startling order and if successful will cause a wave of consternation to sweep over the opposition that it is used upon.

The outstanding feature of the proceedings last evening was due to the sensational tackling of Eddie Brehm, reserve player, who was in the mixing, head over heels. On one occasion Eddie cut across lots, eluded interference and downed Wayne Bierly, one of the famous Six Horsemen who was ambling down the road at top speed. Eddie, who only weighs about three more pounds than a bushel of feathers, dangled into Bierly and downed him under the goal posts by a peach of a tackle. A few minutes later the same Eddie Brehm stepped into the path of the line wrecking Wonderly and also floored him with a pretty tackle. Not to be stopped, the little fellow was the principal cause of "High Pockets" Binkley, star end and ball snatcher and Fremont's leading point getter, taking to earth after snagging a long pass in sensational manner. The second stringers are small on the average but they are scrappy and full of grit, this Brehm being taken for an example.

## BOBBY FREEH GETS ANOTHER GRID INJURY

Old Raymond R. Jinx, that old party with the dizzy grin and the goo goo eye, that stands about on the sidelines and gloats over football teams that suffer injuries and hard luck, is again snickering about the field house on Harmon field. It seems that Raymond himself, has picked upon Bobby Freeh, tall right end and star running mate to a certain Mr. Binkley who capably patrols the other end for F. H. S., as his special meat. Several weeks ago Bobby received a bump on the beeper that fractured the nasal bone. The boy, however, is made of stern stuff. He loitered about the sidelines for a couple of days, but was able to take his place in regular conflict and hasn't missed a game. A special nose harness was arranged for Bobby and he has been romping about the lot equipped with a big rubber nose guard that looks like a feed bag on a horse.

Tuesday night Bobby got into the pathway of the jinx again and it is said that he has a torn ligament in his right thigh. The clever youngster was not in uniform last night, but was out on the lot watching the teams go through their adily dozen. It is reported, however, that Freeh will be able to take his place with the regulars in the Bellevue game.

The jinx, if he is going to work on the purple and white outfit, should spread his work about a bit and allow Freeh to have a bit of freedom. This boy, one of the gamest that ever wore the high school colors, just smiles at injury and nothing bothers him but the thought that his hard luck may keep him out of his favorite pastime and here's hoping that he will be able to play and take his regular turn in the Bellevue game and all other games that follow.

Last evening the teams were sent through their regular work. Coach Ross is polishing up on sev-

## JUNIOR CHAMP



Marjorie Gladman of Santa Monica, Cal., again showed Coast superiority on tennis court by capturing girls' national singles and doubles titles at Philadelphia Cricket Club.

## NATIONAL CARBON PIN LEAGUE GETS A START

The National Carbon Company has started its league bowling season and made its first appearance of the season on the Pastime alleys Tuesday evening. There are six six-man teams in the outfit and the going promises to be hot and heavy with neck and neck racing all the way into the stretch and down under the wire.

The following is the official standing of the teams, following the first attack on the pins:

Teams	W.	L.	Pct.
Storeroom .....	4	0	1.000
Shipping .....	4	0	1.000
Machine .....	3	1	.750
Office .....	1	3	.250
Railway .....	0	4	.000
Laboratory .....	0	4	.000

eral new plays and they tried out a few moves that it is expected Bellevue will have up its sleeve next Saturday.

## ROSS' COWBOYS SET FOR RODEO WITH BELLEVUE

Coach Bunk Ross and his group of L. B. S. cowboys will appear at the rodeo in Bellevue tomorrow afternoon to exhibit a bit of fancy riding for the entertainment and pleasure of a goodly group of folks who will congregate on the sidelines to obtain a thrill. They'll get it, too, if Bellevue lives up to its reputation and puts up the fight that Rossmen expect.

The Ross Cowboys are well equipped as to chaps, lariats and cinches, as well as gauntlets and jaw breaking bits for this exhibition. They have ridden rough shod over the prone forms of competitors from Gibsonburg, Bradner, Norwalk and Fostoria and they would also like to go back on the reservation with the scalps of the cultivator city men hanging to their belts. They expect to win and they should win. The old dope points that way, but even the old oaken bucket was tipped over many a time before it became immortal in song and poem.

Bellevue always had a reputation as a group of fighters. They are said to have improved 50 per cent since they lost to Tiffin 12 and 0, and were defeated after a hard battle with Norwalk, 6 and 0.

They are said to have four good men, boys who are 'capable' of holding their own in any company in L. B. S. society. The team, as a whole may not be up to all-star standard, but they'll fight and Coach Ross and his minions know this.

The Fremont team has never let down for a minute in preparing for Bellevue and they have worked out several sets of new tricks that will not be used in this game until it becomes absolutely necessary. No fancy stuff will be played to start this game, as far as Fremont is concerned. The purple and white will try to win as easy and as convincingly as possible. There will be a regular galaxy of Sandusky, Tiffin, Oberlin and Willard scouts on the sidelines and they'll also have their little note books out to jot down any new move that Fremont makes. Coach Ross and Captain Meincer hope that they can win this combat without showing their hand, and, if they do, it will be all the better.

The Fremont team will go into the game with Binkley and Freeh, ends; Lerch and Meincer, tackles; Donnie Miller and Hasselbach, guards; Tucker, center; Hetrick, Wonderly, Bierly and Althoff, backs. J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Titsworth, Siegenthaler and Stull will be on the sidelines to render first aid in the replacement capacity, and there you have it.

The band and a whole group of fans will make the trip to boom the team from the sidelines.

Here's hoping they win by a fair-sized score. They are not a bit over-confident and they expect to win and should turn in the card handily.

# FREMONT ADDS BELLEVUE WITH THE ALSORANS

Purple and White Has But Little Difficulty in 32-0 Victory

Fremont 32, Bellevue 0.

There you have the net results of the latest personally conducted tour taken by the football machine that "Bunk" Ross is chief machine for. Johnny Meinor, road boss and "Whitely" Althoff, the pilot. The outfit took a trip out of town Saturday afternoon and returned without mishap after a bit of experience in making a detour around several bumps in the road in the vicinity of Bellevue and a good time was had by all, as they say in the society columns.

The facts of the matter are at this point. Fremont high has gone past its fifth straight victory. Gibsonsburg, Bradner, Norwalk, Fostoria and Bellevue have been laid by the wayside with lilacs in their hands. The list will look better when Oberlin, Napoleon, Tiffin, Willard and Sandusky are laid out side by side with the rest of the victims, but taking it from present appearances, it appears that way.

The Fremont team was accompanied by a record throng of rooters and its band. The crowd that saw the game at Bellevue was large and a great bit of it was composed of supporters of the purple and white. Bellevue, as usual, fought back for all they were worth but they were greatly outplayed as the number of first downs showed 14 for Fremont and three for the boys over there.

Did Not Open the Bag.

The Fremonters were not compelled to open their bag of tricks to any great extent to win this ball game and the visiting scouts from all the L. E. & K. camps who were at the meeting failed to glean any new information for their well-penned note books.

A first hand gaze at the lineup of the two well trained aggressions shows Fremont to be the likeliest and perhaps the heaviest crew. In other words the 1927 Fremont outfit, perhaps, excelled the Bellevue minions of gridology. In all departments but gameness and this great capability was about par, Bellevue, always having a great reputation for fighting to the last ditch and then some.

The man of Post counted in all quarters of the game with the possible exception of the third and here they could have continued to pile up the counts had the shock troops been kept on the job. Having the game in the bag, the Fremont mentor ran in his reserves whenever an opportunity presented itself, saving the first stringers for other games to come.

Wonderly, big fullback, suffering from a wounded knee, started the piggymaking when he carried the ball on two successive plays and eked off 17 yards. This started an offensive that put the ball over the coveted chalk mark a few minutes after play started. Included in the series of plays was a wily forward pass, Althoff to Bierly, that netted Fremont 37 beautiful yards. Shortly after the next kick-off, with Bellevue on the boiling end, "Whitely" Althoff, Fremont's all-league quarterback, tucked the leather egg under his arm and galloped 23 yards before he pulled him down. This action was indicated about the left end.

Hand to Score.

Line plays shot the ball to the one-yard mark where Althoff went over. The expected six points were not forthcoming, however, as Referee Webb Etter penalized Fremont five yards, ruling that the backfield was in motion before the ball was snapped. Again Fremont shot it over and again Etter called it back. This time they got another penalty for something or another. The purple and white shot it across for the third time and to the great dismay of the players as well as the Fremont rooters, Mr. Etter called the full back, inflicted another penalty, this time for stalling, as he said. On the next play, Althoff, taking the ball out in the open so Mr. Etter could see what was what and not make guesses about the play, heaved to Binkley and "High Peckete," hero of the Norwalk and Fostoria games, added to his sum total of touchdowns and went over. Althoff failed to boot either point after touchdown. Shortly after all this Etter, excitement, Fremont downed Reed, Bellevue's fullback, behind his line, but the ruling and the situation did not call for the counting of a safety, Fremont having put the ball in motion and Beard of Bellevue, had missed an attempt to catch a punt. Some funny situations were cropping out in this game.

Some Pretty Work.

In the second paragraph the Fremonters set the table for the coming Thanksgiving day fest with Sandusky, by laying out a lot of neat place favors. Althoff, Bierly, Hetrick and J. W. Miller, the "Elly Ghent," acting as waiters. The lad from Riley gave the fans some insight on his real ability as a broken and open field runner. During the afternoon he made better than 70 yards on six attempts and converted two of his bids of work into touchdowns. He runs high, head tucked in his shoulders like a mad turtle at bay and his big feet and hands waving like a watchman's flag when the limit is due at the danger crossing. Hetrick got the next touchdown in Sides and J. W. Miller clicked off the one to follow. Althoff passed to Binkley for a point after a J. W. Miller touchdown. Two splendid and runs by J. W. Miller and an-

## ALL IN FUN

By COLONEL

An idea of nothing at all: The Fremont football fans who went to Bellevue, Saturday, by the way of Bowling Green.

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO DENSE IN THE HEAD THAT THEY THINK A MEXICAN STEW IS AMONG THE MATTERS FOR POLICE INVESTIGATION.

Abie Skinner says: "Molly Coddie, teacher in the grades at the Hermidaville schools, says that the reports about her hair are false. The same thing can be said about her teeth. Big excitement down at the corner grocery the other night. Next Blue played two hands of rummy with a gin-ochie deck. Willie Eater has a new job with the town bay halter. He keeps track of the Canadian thistles."

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT: THE RACE FAN WHO TAKES HIS "BIG BEN" CLOCK OUT TO THE TRACK TO CLOCK PETER MANNING IN A TROT AGAINST TIME.

Names are names: Ima DeCoy isn't of French nobility. She's a model for a ready to wear store down in Alabama.

Bravest of the brave: The football player who sticks out his tongue half a yard to make the folks in the distant bleachers think that he's wearing a red necktie.

## DARTMOUTH MAN LEADING SCORER

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—(INE)—Myles Lane, Dartmouth halfback, is still the leading scorer of eastern football teams today, with a total of 87 points. The ten leaders are:

T.D. P.A.T. Tot.	
Lane, Dartmouth	12 5 87
Booth, Pittsburgh	8 5 57
Conner, N. Y. U.	4 2 50
Howe, Williams	7 4 48
Reepke, Penn State	6 3 48
Balderson, Cornell	7 4 44
Collart, Maine	4 0 42
Gunst, Lafayette	7 0 42
Williams, Conn. Ag.	6 1 37
Blanchard, C.C.N.Y.	6 1 27

The five high scoring teams are Georgetown 182, Dartmouth 176, N. Y. U. 155, Pittsburgh 152 and Vanderbilt 145.

other wing dash by the wiggling Wayne Bierly who drew 17 yards on his efforts, were responsible for the last touchdown of the afternoon, a count that was recorded on history's pages by J. W. Miller, the man from the country beyond where the corn grows tall. Althoff, who played a mighty slick and heady game during the afternoon, shot the final point of the game when he drop kicked the point after touchdown slicker than a new slicker in a southwest gale and drizzle.

During the rag end of the game Coach Ross sent in his replacement troops in such rapid succession that it was almost impossible to keep track of the substitutions. All the second stringers were playing for a chance to get into a league game and the good natured coach answered most all their prayers.

Fremont, minus three regulars, Wonderly being taken out to favor his wounded knee, and Jones, center, and then Fresh, end, being in the hospital, showed lots of power. Had the entire team been in there intact, or had the first starters been kept on the job, the count could have been run better than 86. Capt. Meinor, Binkley, Hasselbach, Tucker, Althoff, Hetrick, J. W. Miller, Bierly, Bunker Miller, Dennis Miller, Lerch and in fact all the performers worked well.

Napoleon is next and the purple and white is anxious to send the Naps on route home through Helena without taking much chance, as it isn't a league game and they can afford to take it a bit easy, although the Bonapartes are said to be quite snappy.

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 32	Bellevue 0
Binkley	Left End
Meinor (C)	Left Tackle
D. Miller	Left Guard
Tucker	Center
Titaworth	Right Guard
Lerch	Right Tackle
Hasselbach	Right End
Althoff	Quarterback
Bierly	Left Half
Hetrick	Right Half
Wonderly	Fullback

Score by quarters:

Fremont	12 7 0 13-25
Bellevue	0 0 0 0-0
Touchdowns	Wonderly, Binkley, Hetrick, J. W. Miller 2
Points after touchdown	Binkley, Althoff

Substitutions—Fremont, J. W. Miller for Wonderly, Bunker Miller for Bierly, Miles for J. W. Miller, Scheppin for Titaworth, Still for Bierly, Wickert for D. Miller, Krohn for Althoff, Obermat for Scheppin, Sigenthaler for Binkley, Bellevue, McClintock for Beard, Beard for Moore, Moore for McClintock, Hill for Meyer, Arwood for Hill.

Referee, Webb Etter, Houghton, Oberlin, Head Lineupman, Ellis, M. Union. Time of quarters, 12 1-2 minutes.

# EXPECT RECORD ATTENDANCE AT FRIDAY'S GAME

## Reports Show Interest Being Taken in 1927 Team

There'll be a lot of note books in the stands and bleachers at Harmon field next Friday, other than the writing material that the sport writers use in jotting down happenings in the game between Napoleon high and Fremont. These extra note books will be in use by scouts from Sandusky, Tiffin, Oberlin and Willard, who will be trying to get the up and up and the low down on any new plays that Coach Ross' men may have to spring to defeat the Bonapartes from Napoleon, a team said to be quite strong and powerful. So much for the visiting scouts. They will be perfectly welcome to copy any bit of information that they see fit to work in their notation scheme. The purple and white gridders do not propose to open their bag of tricks in taking on this group of Napoleon stalwarts, hoping to defeat them by a close edge by a series of plays that will not be far removed from straight football, mixed with a few passes and a trick or two.

The hospital list reports that are involved about Wonderly, line-cracking fullback; Frech, dependable and hard working end, and Nelson Jones, center, who is out with a bruised shoulder, are to the effect that this trio of regulars will be on the old job when their services are needed in some L. B. S. contest of importance. They may not be together, that is Jones may be out, until the Oberlin game, but they'll be there when the old referee business plays Peter Piper on his whistle in a game whereon the championship may hinge.

The team is in perfect condition otherwise, church full of the old fight, but not over-confident in the least. They still have a long row ahead of them before they can boast of a title, but they stand a splendid chance of realizing their pet ambition just the same. They should defeat Oberlin, trim Willard and Tiffin and then take a decision over Sandusky in the annual wrestling match between the two teams that is to be the Turkey day classic in Fremont.

By the way, this business men's representation at Harmon field on Friday afternoon when Fremont stalks Napoleon, is getting quite a bit of weight at that. The business houses may not close during the afternoon, but it stands to reason that every business house in town will try and send a representative out to Harmon field to boost for the purple and white. This, together with the student body and the regulars who are always on hand when grid classics are on the boards here, means that one of the largest crowds of several seasons can be looked for.

It also means that Fremont in general will be showing some interest in a team that should hold the general interest of the city. They are climbing a championship ladder by slow but steady methods. It's a long, stiff grind that has taken lots of work and the more hacking the lads have, the easier will be their progress over a very thorny path.

Be out there Friday and help boost a worthy group of youngsters along the highway to something that means real class to Fremont in football.

# NAPOLEON MET WATERLOO IN FREMONT; GRID CLASSIC SHOW

Unbeaten Team Bows Before Local Attack; Contest Full of Thrills; Snappy Work

TRUST WORDS  
Treat 'em white.  
But make 'em blue;  
Napoleon met Waterloo.

That was the tune chimed by Freddie Smith, comedian with M. F. H. band Friday afternoon, when the outlook was not purple and white but black and blue for the home town gallipers of the gridiron. There was more truth than poetry in Freddie's chant, but never were truer words spoken. Fremont did treat 'em white, make 'em blue and usher the great Napoleon high football team right up against a Waterloo. The count was 14 to 7, but it should have been at least three more touchdowns in favor of the acrobats that roam Harmon plains.

The Fremont high school football team, making its strongest bid for Little Big Seven honors since 1920, by winning its sixth straight game Friday afternoon and outplaying and defeating, perhaps, one of the strongest teams that it will be called upon to face this season, performed the expected. They won because they were the better team, 11 first downs to three by the enemy being the count of yards gained, but, let it be white-washed for future mention when you want to frighten the youngsters and send them to bed as they will not encourage static, they had to hurry all the way.

**A Wonderful Setting**  
Never did the sun reflect down upon a more splendid spectacle in scholastic football in this section than it did Friday afternoon when 2150 people massed in the stands and along the wayside at Harmon field to witness the grid classic. Never did a day more perfect for the blood-thirsting sport ever slip in and out of the calendar. Never did a city show more appreciation for a winning and deserving team than did the school youth of Fremont that flocked out in droves to attend the contest. Or did the high school band a va great-er advantage and a team show more spirit than did the millions of Johnny McInerney, Fremont captain, who set a shining example for his boys to follow. It was real grand, perfect.

The spirit of 1920 again predominated in Fremont and, if you don't believe it, just ask some ex-convicted inmate between his throat lozenge, just how the affair went and whether or not it was up and up with his ideas.

**Highly Fought**  
Napoleon went back to Waterloo via the Helms route, and some of them went west on Napoleon street in doing so, but they are game, good and game and real sports. The team and the 230 or more rosters that made the trip to Fremont to boost for a team that had not been beaten in the Northwest Ohio league for two years.

Prior to the main event, two teams of boys, "All Americans" and Willie Gahy's "Hoppers" played it out. They furnished plenty of amusement but as to which side won, it was not announced. It was just football as played in the fundamental stages for budding youth, real youth, too.

Napoleon returned from Elbe as a highly touted team. It proved to be top lousy tough. The outfit is coached by Bob Oldfather, former star at Heidelberg, and is captained by a lad named Bob Funkhouser. The latter won the contest, selected the south goal with a semi-sophy at his back and kicked off. The greater portion of the initial period was sort of a punting duel between "Whitey" Althoff, Fremont's wise little quarterback, and a lad named Young, who did the booting for the Naps. Althoff's foot was in fine trim and he, if anything, had the better of the exchanges. The ball switched back and forth between the 20 yard line, neither team seemed to be doing much on line attacks or end stunts, while the pass attack was held under cover. In taking a punt on his own 25 yard line, Althoff was laid out and it appeared for a time as though he had been injured, but he gamely resumed play without help from the stands. Napoleon got the break in this quarter when Myers, chief aid-de-camp to Napoleon, a lad who intercepted three Fremont passes, booted into the hands of Althoff. Varied line attacks by Stucky, Young and Myers failed to materialize, but Myers electrified the Napoleon crowd by booting onto a pass from Young that was good for 15 yards. This put the ball in scoring position and the visitors had a fire down on Fremont's nine yard line. Young tried a line run, but Wonderly stopped him cold. Myers, Napoleon's medal man, made the next play, a dash around Fremont's right end and as well as a touchdown that stunned the purple and white rosters for a minute or two. Young booted goal for the point and the count was 7 to 0 in favor of the Naps. They were living up to their reputation.

**Tough Luck**  
Stung by the realization that they might fall before the onslaught of the Napoleonic old guard attack, Fremont worked hard the second quarter. This portion of the game was also of the give and take order with the advantage turning in balance until the first

end of the period. Here Fremont worked the criss cross play, shot the backfield into action and resorted to the air, but no counter was forthcoming.

Bob Fresh, wounded right end, who had been racing to go, was sent in to replace Hasselbach, regular guard, who had been working a tackle, and Titaworth, who had been working at guard, gave way to Hasselbach and went to the sidelines, well cheered, by the throng. With Fresh in there, the team took a decided brace. Young, getting off a hurried punt, only lofted for 15 yards inside his own 50 line and the visitors lost 15 yards because "Cluck" Curtin, referee, said they piled up. Wonderly and Althoff worked a criss cross for a snail gale, and then "Whitey" booted. Funkhouser fumbled the punt and Bob Fresh fell on the ball. Wonderly, line ripper from way back, tore the Naps to shreds and the purple and white, right in line for a touchdown, had the ball on the visiting 12 yard line when the sun barbed at the half. Fremont made four first downs, two by the visitors in the first half.

**The Grand March**  
During the intermission, the F. H. S. band of 49 pieces sporting a high sounding drum major, Jerome Rinchart, made a hit as it paraded up and down the field.

Coach Rose gave his men a bit of tongue exercise between halves and they came back for the second round all set for the works.

Fremont kicked, but Napoleon, failing to gain, returned the compliment. Here is where the tide lapped back on the ship.

Bierly hit the end for a gain of three and then J. W. Miller, galloping rooster from Riley township, broke away for 23 yards around right end. It was a beauty.

The next play, when Wayne Bierly snaggled Althoff's pass and ran better than 25 yards to the Naps' 25 line, was a whizzer. Bierly left four Naps tailers lying in his wake before he was forced out of bounds. Fremont lost the ball on the visiting 27 and had to do it all over again. In the next attack against the visitors, Wonderly was the chief performer and he did some of the finest line plunging seen here since Bud Estley went to college. Wonderly carried the ball 27 yards on three plays and twice went clear through the visiting line before he was downed.

The Naps held on their 5 line and it was Jerry so all the car again. Young booted out of danger, the ball all right to Fremont's 25 line, when Althoff handled it.

**With the Wind**  
Althoff, working with the wind, booted to the visiting 30 line and he was an spectacular play of the game resulted. Captain Frank-

houser was set for the punt, but he fumbled and a purple and white back, rammed right into the proponent with the numerals 27 on his ceiling, picked up the ball like the limited scoops up mail at Danbury, and raced 20 yards for the touchdown. It was Captain Johnny McInerney who pulled this off, the multitude went wild and cheerleaders did lots of business adjusting uniforms as a result of the back slipping in the crowd.

It was a break in the game and Johnny, a real ball hawk, took advantage of the break. Wonderly handed over for the point that tied the count and again the ozone was rent with vocalizing. Scott, Fremont's Napoleon 7, Fremont's battering on the line, was the wonder of the game, who wears Red Grange's famous 77 on his back, was having its effect. The visitors were taking time out frequently.

**Wise Action**  
Fremont was making first downs in rapid succession now. The team, after a below standard showing, was rounding into form.

**The Galloping Goblin**  
Funkhouser took Althoff's kick-off and was downed in his tracks by Donnie Miller, one of the gamiest little guinea pigs Fremont has had since the days of the immortal Danny Readson of All-League fame. The Big Parade was on and Jack, Buck and Slim played by Wonderly, Bierly and the Galloping Goblin from Riley, were unbridled and driven forth by Althoff in a burst of plays that swept the Naps off their pins. Miller did a 25 and Miller did. As 8, then Bierly did an 8 and repeated with an 15. J. W. Miller made it first down on the visiting 19 yard line and here Althoff unbuttoned a pass that snaggled into the arms of the great Bierly and that here of the Norwalk and Fostoria games added to his glory and fame by going over for the last touchdown of the day. Bierly raced left end for the added point and the minds of many went astray.

**Wise Action**  
Fremont kept the ball in visiting territory for the greater portion of the remaining time, Althoff wisely resorting to the boot on every occasion that demanded it. The gun barked for the finish just as J. W. Miller did a pretty 26, bringing the ball to mid-field. It was a great game and site Fremont pretty with the football world.

They have to meet Oberlin, Tiffin, Willard and Sandusky in order and there is money that says they will bring home the bacon. Myers and Young were outstanding for Napoleon yesterday but the Fremont her worship must be divided between Wonderly, McInerney, Bierly, Althoff, Bierly, Fresh, J. W. Miller and Tucker.

Other dandies that added to the glory of the old school.

**The lineup and summary:**  
Fremont 14  
Napoleon 7  
Bierly ..... Lankensau  
Left End  
McInerney (C) ..... Bennett  
Left Tackle  
D. Miller ..... Helson  
Left Guard  
Tucker ..... Ferry  
Center  
Titaworth ..... Travis  
Right Guard  
Lerch ..... Pontious  
Right Tackle

## SWORDS POINTS

Twice a Pro



IT SOLD REAL ESTATE IN FLORIDA FOR A WHILE.

## STAR PLAYED WITH SADDENED HEART IN FRIDAY'S BIG GAME

Very few people in the stands at Harmon field yesterday, were aware of the fact that Lester Buckley, crack left end on the Fremont high team, was playing under difficulties and that he performed in a very brilliant manner, with a saddened heart. The big player's grandfather, John Michael, well known Sandusky township farmer, died Thursday evening, and for a time, following the death, it was believed that the star touchdown maker would be absent from the lineup. "Bink," after a consultation with relatives and Dr. Rader, decided to play, as his absence would work havoc in the well laid plans of the team. The key played, as it would have been his grandfather's wish, the tall youngster being a great favorite with the deceased pioneer, who took great delight in his grandson's feats of skill in the cage and on the gridiron.

## FIGHT DECISIONS

At Newark, N. J.—Bobby Garcia, Baltimore, kayced Al Duncen of Newark, in first round.

At Boston—Sid Barbarian, Detroit, outpointed Mickey Sears of Boston (10); Ernie Schaff, Elizabeth, N. J., won decision over Take Okun, New York, (10); Hartnett, Halifax, won from Cannonball Cote, Lewiston, Me. (4).

At Syracuse, N. Y.—Orel, Syracuse middleweight, won decision over Jack Malone, St. Paul, (10); Mike Marcelli, Rochester featherweight, won decision over Al Raskov, Scranton, Pa.

At San Francisco—Billy Adams, New Orleans welterweight, defeated Paul De Hare, Los Angeles, in ten rounds.

At Los Angeles—Johnny Adams, San Bernardino, Cal., welterweight, and Dick Ramirez, of San Diego, fought ten rounds to a draw.

## SCORING MACHINE

Fremont high, by winning its sixth straight game, has even exceeded the great eleven of 1920. The latter crew lost an early start, but made up for it afterwards. This year's crack crew has played six games and has piled up 144 points to 19 scored by the opposition. Three of its victories have been by the two touchdowns to one variety, Norwalk, Fostoria and Napoleon being the victims.

Hasselbach ..... Helson  
Right End  
Althoff ..... (C) Funkhouser  
Quarterback  
Bierly ..... Stucky  
Left Half  
J. W. Miller ..... Myers  
Right Half  
Wonderly ..... Young  
Full Back

Score by quarters:  
Fremont ..... 0 6 7 7 - 14  
Napoleon ..... 7 4 4 0 - 15  
Touchdown: McInerney and Lankensau, Myers.

Points after touchdowns: Wonderly, Bierly and Young.

Substitutions: Fremont, Fresh for Hasselbach, Titaworth for D. Miller, Hasselbach for Titaworth. Referee: Curtin, Campen coach.

Head Linesman: Cowell. Time of quarters 17 1/2 minutes.

## DAN TUCKER'S EXAMPLE GREAT FOR YOUNGSTERS

Speaking about football players of the present day, mentioning the lads who wear the purple and white uniforms of Fremont high, the name of Nelson Tucker, better known to fame as "Old Dan" the handle being attached to the famous song character who combed his hair with a wagon wheel and died with the tooth ache in his heel.

They used to say in the chorus of that song, it behooved a person to get out of the way for "Old Dan Tucker," and the same warning takes application in the case of Mr. Nelson Tucker, gentleman, scholar, senior and a star lineman on the Fremont high football team, one of the best that ever played under the banner of the Croghan street thought foundry.

This Nelson Tucker man was a candidate for the captaincy of Fremont high following the completion of last year's schedule. Tucker's name, together with Wayne Bierly, star halfback and the present sturdy captain, Johnny Meincer, were placed in nomination during the annual gridiron election Meincer won. Did Tucker and likewise the good Bierly like Achilles of old sulk in their tents? Not for a minute. They were the first to grab Johnny by the horned paw and extend their congratulations and offer their hearty co-operation and wish the new leader all the success in the world. That's the kind of hair pins Nelson and Bierly are.

Now take this man Tucker. He is, perhaps, playing the most difficult role on the Fremont high team. Placed at his favorite position, tackle, the sturdy fellow was steadily working his way into an all-league berth together with his sparring partner, Johnny Meincer. Then came the moment when Nelson Jones, regular center, received a nasty shoulder injury that has relegated him to the sidelines for the past three weeks and which may keep him out of the running for the entire season. Coach Ross scanned the available material for a center and selected Tucker. This star tackle went over to center and is making a bid for honors in that position. A star in one berth only to be shoved over to another and start all over. That was Tucker's dish, but he lapped it up like a gormand loves his buttermilk and howled for more. Cooperation make the football team and if this gift was music, Tucker would have Paul Whiteman's orchestra sounding like a battery of jew's harps and a bull fiddle accompaniment.

Did you ever stand or sit in the grand stand, it depends on how excited you become in a football game, and view the work of this fellow Tucker? A lineman's work is somewhat cloaked in scrimmage, but the work of Tucker can be

## TUNNEY DUCKS KID CUPID'S KEEN DART

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—(INS)—For the sixth time in the last year, dame rumor reared her head in the boxing ring today, and Gene Tunney administered an uppercut that laid the lady low for the count of ten. The world's heavyweight champion emphatically denied a rumor, persistent for many months, that he is engaged to marry Miss Parmella Pryor, of Greenwich, Connecticut.

"It is quite unfair to Miss Pryor," Tunney said. "Her brother, Sam Pryor, was up in Maine with me, but there is nothing to the story I intend to marry. 'I shall not marry before I quit boxing, and that will be four or five years from now. When I get married, everybody will know about it in a formal way. I have no girl in mind right now.'"

## WILLARD IMPROVING AS SEASON GROWS

The little Willard team rose to great heights Saturday and won over the Calvert high school team from Tiffin, 24 to 12. Willard seems to have found itself and its cripplés have returned to the fold. They are far from being the set-up that lots of folks figure them to be in the major circle of the L. B. S. They may not win many games, but they have that happy faculty of giving a good account of themselves. Willard makes its first appearance in Fremont, Saturday, November 5.

## LITTLE BIG SEVEN

Schools	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Sandusky .....	3	0	0	6
Oberlin .....	3	0	0	6
Fremont .....	2	0	0	4
Willard .....	1	2	0	2
Norwalk .....	1	3	0	2
Tiffin .....	1	3	0	2
Bellevue .....	0	3	0	0

### Week-end Results

Oberlin 19, Norwalk 6.  
Sandusky 19, Lorain 9.  
Bellevue 12, Vermilion 12.  
Toledo Libbey 39, Tiffin Columbian 0.

Fremont 14, Napoleon 7.  
Willard 24, Tiffin Calvert 12.

### Games Next Saturday

Fremont at Oberlin.  
Bellevue at Sandusky.  
Norwalk at Willard.

seen. He is becoming a crack snapper-back and is also a bear on defense as gridgers from Norwalk, Fostoria, Bellevue and Napoleon will attest.

Tucker is not only a real player, but he is a pepper-up in the team and is a live wire in every respect. Tucker's feats and great example of faithfulness will live long after he has graduated and departed from the old school. He is regular.



# BINKLEY ONE OF F. H. S. BIG FLANK STARS

Out there on the far left wing of the Fremont high school team they have a lad who is going to stand hip and thigh, neck and shoulders with such famous wingmen as "Boney" Lesh, Willard Peach, "Bunk" Ross, Harry Bowlus, Babe Forsythe or Harry Stout or any of the super-greats among the mighty flankers who have made history in the local seat of learning's grid machine for the past 35 years. The lad we have in mind in this respect is none other than Lester (High Pockets) Binkley a second year man in high school classes and a lad, who with a bit of luck in regard to escaping injury, will carve out of a bit of fame that will be his own and everlasting in the annals of the game in the Little Big Seven. Right now, nothing but disorganization of the L. B. S. league can keep this boy off a berth on the mythical all-league team. He has made the raffle and the season is only half way over.

Standing well over the six foot mark and weighing better than 160 pounds, this big quiet fellow is shouldering his way along on the same order that "Cookie" Cunningham of Mt. Vernon and Ohio State fame worked his pathway to fame. The real facts of the case are, "Bink" is built and works on the order of the celebrated Cookie who is now a star member of Bennie Friedman's Cleveland Bull Dogs.

A wizard on pass catching, a power on blocking and a terror when it comes to tackling, Binkley has opened the eyes of the fans wherever he has performed this season. He is Fremont's leading scorer, having made better than half a dozen touchdowns this season, some of them coming in mighty handy, too, taking the Norwalk, Fostoria and Napoleon games into consideration.

This Binkley fellow with the seven league stride is also a ball hawk with every angle that the name implies. He is where he is supposed to be when a fumble occurs and he is, seven out of 10 times, set for a pass from either Bierly or Althoff.

Down under punts with the crushing power and speed of a human avalanche, Binkley is ever alert and the visiting outfit that boxes him in and takes him out of a play twice in succession has yet to be found in the Little Big Seven.

This big youngster still has two more years to go to school and together with J. W. Miller, Freeh, Jones, Lerch, Titsworth and several other capable men will form the foundation and basis for the team of 1928.

Binkley is an unassuming lad on the gridiron and he is also a power in the cage game, having been a member of the championship squad of 1926-27, and he is one of those fellows who never likes to talk "shop" off the field or floor, leaving that for the folks who pay admission to see the games.

Lester Binkley is the oldest son of Lieut. and Mrs. Myron Binkley and he is also a very popular fellow among the students at Fremont high.

# F. H. S. OUTFIT WORKING VERY WELL THURSDAY

## "Beat Oberlin!"

This is the war cry that resound above all other echoes and noise at Harmon field, where a crew of experts have for the past week been tinkering with and perfecting the mechanism of the Fremont high school football machine for its championship endurance test with Oberlin in the latter place Saturday afternoon.

There is not a man on the entire squad of players on the Fremont layout that does not expect his team to way lay the college town-ers, but they expect a stiff fight, in fact one of the stiffest fights of the season. The entire scene of action on Harmon field bristles with confidence, but not of that over confident brand. This year's team is a different kind of a team. There is not a boaster on the entire crew. They do not talk shop between actions and it is difficult to get one of the members to make a statement regarding his opinion of future battles and the prowess of such and such a player or a team.

Last evening the first and second stringers were put through a long siege of signal drill and play polishing and, taking it from a view on the sidelines, the boys are up on the bit and enjoying their oats. There were very few slips last evening and the pass heavers as well as the pass baggers were connecting very prettily in many instances.

Coach Ross gave his entire first string of men a chance to get into the action but Donnie Miller, sore-sided guard who was bumped in the Napoleon game, was not in the real action, although he viewed the proceedings in uniform. Nelson Tucker, another real regular, was also on the boundry line, having developed an attack of poison ivy. The attack while in its early stages, has been isolated and checked and the big tackle will be in there next Saturday, and so will Miller.

The celebrated six gallopers, Wonderly, Blerly, Bunker Miller, J. W. Miller, Pat Hetrick and "Whitey" Althoff, were given their turns last evening and each and every one showed speed and true form. They will be ready when the whistle blows.

Several hundred rooters, the F. H. S. band and the best wishes of the entire community will accompany the team to Oberlin tomorrow. The game will start at 2:30 p. m.

# OBERLIN TAKES DECISION FROM FREMONT AFTER TERRIFIC JOUST

## Stunning Defeat Gives Locals Setback; All the Breaks Favored Winners

Oberlin high, usually a jagged silver in the side of Fremont high, when it comes to things athletic, worked true to form in football Saturday afternoon and administered the first defeat of the season to the purple and white, the final count being 6 and 0. It was a tight squeeze in all respects, but the best team failed to win the football game and statistics on the game will show vividly to that effect. Fremont, according to official count, made 16 first downs to 10 scored by Oberlin and yet failed to put the ball over into touchdown territory. The only real break Fremont received during the entire afternoon was when a loyal router broke the crystal of his watch while scanning the time of day. He was from Fremont, too. Oberlin had the luck. They received the big break and took advantage of the same.

A spell of six seemed to have attacked the Fremont stalwarts and the towering men of Rome really did not play the game that aided them in walloping the big Napoleon team, taking a fall out of Fosteris and coming through the mud like a group of quarter horses to snatch victory from Norway by a splash at the wire.

The men of Meiner appeared to be a bit sluggish at times and did not continue the regular "push-to-Berlin" tactics that have characterized their play in running up a string of six victories previous to the Oberlin contest. They did, however, give the best that they had and fought every minute of the game, but they left the best of their game between the two 10-yard lines, where they counted their great group of first downs and romped hilariously and you in a go-as-you-please manner.

Thus a score  
Fremont started off with a rush in the early periods of the game and it looked like curtains and the old stuff when they ushered the ball down to the six-yard line. Althoff shot a pass to Binkley and the big end took it on the wing with all his old class. The play was called incomplete, however, but there are scores who will relate the story about Binkley being tripped on this occasion and in a manner that was right out in the open and above board. No official ruling was made on this and the ball went to Oberlin and they booted out of danger.

The ball fluctuated about the cleat-torn sod during the greater period of the first half with parage honors in favor of Fremont. In the far end of the half Althoff unleashed a pass attack that started a 15 cavalcade down the lane and placed the ball on Oberlin's two-yard line. There were 20 seconds to go and a hurry-up line crash from Wonderly or some other wall cracking back might have put the ball across, but before action resulted the gun barked, ending the half and Fremont's second chance to count went glimmering like a 10-cent straw hat in a mid-summer deluge.

In the first half Fremont counted eight first downs to two by the college towners and wallowed the home products all over their own halfback like a cook cracker dusts a rival to create the delicious fried oyster.

The second half  
The third period was a repetition of former give and take moments in this all important game. Important because Fremont's championship hopes were based on victory and important due to the fact that the decision would place Oberlin in the coveted limelight position. Fremont did not start where it left off in the glittering pass array of the final moments of the first half when the stern ruling and the stiff but accurate fingers of Father Time robbed them of a touchdown. (Note.—Wire Jack Dempsey and ask him about this same old Father Time. He knows.)

There was no scoring in the third, as the world knows today, but it remained for the final period to be the platform on which the big L. B. S. fireworks were popped off. In the last six minutes of play in the final period, Oberlin secured the ball on Fremont's 45-yard line. Hamlin, Oberlin's celebrated "Die Tom" of the Little Big Seven, played in the dual role of Simon Legree and he sure blew the cabin down. Hamlin and Powers worked the pass racket that carried the wheater down to Fremont's 15-yard line. Here a schillute named Henry Strong, who will be placed in the same light as other great substitutes, such as Johnny Garvey of Yale; "Peet" Welsh of Purdue and "Pinkie" Grange of Illinois, all of whom went into games Saturday as subs and came out wearing garlands and laurel wreaths.

Bunkie, who replaced Barry at left half, settled under one of Hamlin's passes and started for the goal line. "Bunker" Miller got a piece of him but could not hold the slippery sub long enough for Pat Hetrick, coming up like the St. Louis tornado in the offing, to complete the necessary crash and save Fremont. Strong went over and Oberlin rosters went out. Hamlin, who had been off several neat runs during the afternoon, went under a cloud of eclipse. M. I. Then he made a miserable snuff in

## Bike Favorite



Reggie McNamara, who, with Cecil Walker, is the favorite in the six-day bicycle race now in progress at Chicago. The race is one of the big pedal events of the year.

an attempt to boot for the extra point.

### The Old Fight

Fremont, showing that fight that has featured their play this season, staged a rally that created terror in the hearts of the home towners in the final moments of the last period, but they fell short and took the thin end of the horn in a 6 to 0 decision and suffered their first defeat after a heart-breaking contest on which championship hopes had been strongly based.

The rooting section from Fremont, it cumbered the home town showing, while the Fremont high hand set the football mob wild with pleasure when it paraded up and down the field and roared off march after march in its famous manner, was not at all attuned with the officiating in this contest and many were the murmurs of discontent heard after the game.

Fremont was also handicapped by the loss of Binkley, star end, who was out for a period of time after receiving a terrific bump on the head and who, for a time, was playing in a semi-conscious state.

### Riety Went Well

Riety worked well Saturday, as did Captain Melner, Hasselbach, Tucker and several other boys. "Bunker" Miller also did heroic work on handling passes and general all around work.

Bunkie Strong seemed to be the axle on which the Oberlin machine revolved to victory Saturday. When he was in the game the college towners went big, but during the periods he guided on the excitement from the sidelines, things did not go so well.

It was a big upset in the L. B. S. dope and caused quite a reverberation about the entire L. B. S. loop. Fremont having been picked to win by a tight count. Fremont should have won, figures will show, but, as it was not to be, there you are.

The opening game of football has caused more consternation and grief in the great college game than cow itch or poison ivy ever caused at the annual Sunday school picnic, and there you are again.

The Fremont team came out of the game feeling pretty sore and crestfallen. They lost, but were not disgraced by any means. Their next L. B. S. forman is Willard and they should win hands down.

The purple and white is not out of the race by any means. Bunkie, on the strength of his showing and Fremont's yardage efforts Saturday, should trounce the Oberlin team by two or three touchdowns at least. This being the case, Fremont will have the big opportunity on Thanksgiving day to bump off the blue and white and create a three-cornered tie for first place in the league title fight.

The score and summary:

Fremont 6	Oberlin 0
Binkley .....	Krueger
Left Tackle .....	Wright
Tucker .....	Wright
Titaworth .....	Bolner
Left Guard .....	
Jones .....	Morris
Center .....	Van Ausdale
Hasselbach .....	Van Ausdale
Right Guard .....	
Meiner .....	Huntley
Right Tackle .....	Sulver
Frech .....	Sulver
Right End .....	
Althoff .....	Powers
Quarterback .....	
Hetrick .....	Barry
Left Half .....	
Berly .....	Lock
Right Half .....	Hamlin
Wonderly .....	Hamlin
Fullback .....	

### Score by quarters:

Oberlin .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fremont .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Substitutes—Oberlin, Strong for Barry; Hetrick for Sulver; Brown for Van Ausdale; Fremont, J. W. Miller for Hetrick; B. Miller for J. W. Miller.

Referee, Daniels of Wesleyan, and Umpire, Nelson of Oberlin. Line Head Linesman, Sicker of V. and

Time of quarters, 12½ minutes. Total

# BACK TO EARTH AFTER DISASTER LAST SATURDAY

Fremont high has gotten down to earth again after that fearful, big upset at Oberlin when championship hopes of the positive variety were trodden in the dust of defeat. The purple and white fellows were in the dumps for a few days, following the disaster in the college town, but they are back again on that old stride and are plugging away for keeps on Harmon held in an effort to be in the best possible shape for the important game with Willard next Saturday afternoon.

Coach Ross and his assistants Ed Wells and Willie Gahn, have been in uniform giving the big fellows some very stiff opposition from the opposite side of the fence and that is what the outfit needs. Ross and Gahn, both star members of the famous F. H. S. team of 1920, worked as ball totters and did some excellent work in giving the 'varsity a real workout. Wells, who also knows his football, is another valuable unit on the Reserve and the trio of experienced college men together with the pick of the Reserve crew succeeds in giving the Meincer fellows lots of needed work.

All the bruises received in the Oberlin game are healing nicely and the regular crew will face Willard, Saturday. As for the visit of the baby grand crew of the Little Big Seven, the appearance of that team on a local field for the first time is awaited with untold interest. Willard has had several bad breaks during the season, but has gotten away with several good games and is increasing its speed and ability as the days roll along. They are no push over for any team and they are backed to the man, woman and child by the Willard fans who will migrate to Fremont next Saturday of 100 strong.

Fremont, by reason of its showing this season, is the favorite against the Baby Grands from the railway junctions, but they shouldn't take victory for granted as the folks from down the line are chuck full of confidence and will wage a battle from whistle to whistle.

Indications point to another grand game of ball at Harmon field and there should be a tremendous aggregation on the lot. The team deserves the support of every citizen who has the welfare of his city at heart. The outfit has done well. One bad break went clear off the track against it, but matters can be ironed out to such an extent that F. H. S. will be neck and neck with the gonfalon holders in the L. B. S. if they finish the season with a clean slate.

WILLARD CREW  
EASY PICKING  
FOR THE LADS OF  
FREMONT HIGH

Outplayed, But Not One  
Bit Outgamed: Local  
Eleven Could Have  
Gone Higher

Fremont High 25, Willard 9.  
That was the report of the high-  
way commissioner after the pur-  
ple and white machine had turned  
its eighth corner in the road Satur-  
day afternoon and whipped into  
the home stretch that leads to  
the finish of the eleven grid con-  
test of 1927. It should have  
been at least three touchdowns  
more, the first down being clocked  
up as 17 to three in favor of Fre-  
mont.

There are those who will say  
that the men of Melrose played  
lousy football at times. There  
are those who will assert that the  
crew that has won seven out of  
one game this season, was hiding  
its light under a bushel, and there  
are also a few who will argue on  
their rear legs to hold that there  
is a bit of dynamite in the make  
of the F. H. S. machine, but as  
that as it may, it cannot be proven.

The real facts, after summing up  
the Saturday game, are that Fre-  
mont should have run the score  
up to at least eight touchdowns,  
but it wasn't to be. The team in  
positions to count at least six  
times under their actual counts  
and twice the Willard line held  
like a pup at a post and a square  
root, too, with the ball on their  
six-inch line. This last ditch  
stand in these two instances show  
the fight that was hidden under  
the scarlet jerseys of the Willard  
crew, baby grand members of the  
Little Big Seven loop who made  
their official debut in Fremont  
Saturday afternoon.

**Willard's Will**  
Who put the will in Willard?  
This question has been asked time  
and time again during the present  
season or ever since the railway  
junction outfit started to perform  
on the big high school wheel. The  
query was answered here Satur-  
day afternoon very plainly and  
unmistakably. The game that has  
slipped the will in Willard is none  
other than a lad named "Babe"  
Creedy, a chunky built personage  
who is listed as fullback, who  
acts like a hunk of mercury in a  
saucer, he being here and there  
and all over. The real facts of  
the matter are Willard can be  
classed as a one-man team, Creedy  
being the team. "Babe" action  
here Saturday, mostly on defense,  
he having not much chance to  
perform against the Fremont re-  
taining wall, puts him in line for  
all-league position. He sure is a  
tuckson with heavy stress being  
placed on the "tuck."

**First Quarter**  
Oh, yes, coming back to the real  
fundamentals of this tale, the foot-  
ball carnival, Captain Melrose won  
the toss from acting Captain Mc-  
Kee. Johnny was as a city coun-  
cil ball full of Solomon, selected  
the goal with a stiff glare from  
the north at his back. Truth stick off  
for Willard and the game was on.  
It was a cold occasion for football  
from the spectators' standpoint,  
but several had developed cold  
fast prior to the game, thinking  
the Willard would overcome Fre-  
mont, field feet lost their chill  
the entire program. About  
1:10 p.m. several hundred being  
migrations from Willard, gave  
fondly upon the athletes as they  
struggled for supremacy, or what  
have you or words to that effect.  
The first play of the game saw  
Wayne (Fullback) Bieri, half by  
preference and senior by occupa-  
tion, take the ball around the  
right end for an amble of 31 yards  
before he was downed on Willard's  
27 yard line by "Babe" Creedy.  
This was merely the debut of the  
afternoon for the sticky Bieri,  
who gave his best exhibition of the  
season. The first quarter was  
played entirely in the visiting area  
and Fremont had ample opportu-  
nity to count, the ball being down  
into the 10 yard line at least  
twice. Fremont lacked the punch  
or something to bust the ball over  
the clearly outpost of the covered  
goal, however. On one occasion  
J. W. Miller slipped and fell when  
it appeared he might score from  
the 10 yard line. He fell on the  
5 yard mark and the smothered  
groans of the assembled populace  
and when J. W.'s feet slip on  
anything, something has slipped.  
He wears 10 and a half spurs  
covert. Fremont squeaked up a  
kick for a second or two. One  
long heavy just missed connecting  
via the Althoff-Bunkley route, but  
another via the same line of pro-  
gress was good for 21 yards and  
came into the gridiron beauty par-  
lor on being a made of plunkin  
mascotting. A couple of penalties  
imposed by the well meaning re-  
feree, Mr. H. West of Toledo, also  
impeded Fremont's progress.

Following Bunkley's hook-up on  
the Althoff pass, Bieri, J. W.  
Miller and Wonderly heaved and  
tagged the ball to the 15-yard  
line as the artillery salvo sounded  
the end of the quarter. Fremont  
made five first downs to Willard's  
one in this chapter.

**Second Quarter**  
Wonderly pulled eleven guard  
and tackle on the left side for as  
pretty a few as was ever noted in  
trifling. It was this move  
Wonderly who shocked the line  
for four more and first down on  
Willard's six-yard line. Bieri  
rushed, recovered and eluded  
for an additional yard and the ball

is at run. Wonderly lammed the  
wall for four and placed the ball  
on the two-yard line. The Wil-  
lard wall was holding like a skip-  
per to a chess, but Wonderly's  
broad shoulders were not to be  
defied. He lunged the distance  
and the touchdown was Fremont's.  
Althoff passed to Bunkley for the  
necessary point and that was that.  
Fremont started the grand re-  
view business again after the  
touchdown and got the ball down  
to the 7-yard line where another  
touchdown was denied by Willard's  
stubborn last ditch tactics. Al-  
thoff, Herick, who had replaced  
the plunging wonder, Wonderly,  
J. W. Miller and Bieri doing  
the ball mashing. After a bit of  
see-saw, merrymaking and for-  
ris wheel, Willard held on Fre-  
mont's decline and Althoff hustled  
to the visiting 28 mark. Creedy  
hit the hap for a yard and a  
half and Paden got two in the  
same place, and then came one  
of the prettiest plays of the game.  
Williams, Willard quarter, stepped  
back to pass from his 15-yard line,  
when along came Bieri, just  
like Maul Muller raking hay or  
blary out rusticking with the lit-  
tle lamb, only this time it was a  
little bit of pig. Bieri took the  
pass and protected by some  
pretty interference raced 28 yards  
for a counter. Fremont was  
awarded the point after touch-  
down when Willard pulled an off-  
the stunt. Score Fremont 16  
Willard 9. The half ended with  
the ball on the visiting 25-yard  
line to Willard's one in the first  
down to Willard's one in the first

**The Big Parade**  
During the intermission between  
halves, the Fremont high school  
band, led by that thrashing drum  
major, Jerome Kinschard, did its  
stuff very nicely on the field. The  
second quarter was also a scoreless  
affair, the playing, however, being  
entirely in Willard territory and  
the ball down inside the visiting  
15-yard line on one occasion. Fre-  
mont featured this quarter by mak-  
ing three straight first downs in  
succession. Herick, who did  
mightily good work, Bieri and J.  
W. Miller, celebrated "Tevensend  
Tourist" being the main offend-  
ers. Fremont made six first  
downs during this period and Wil-  
lard counted one.

Fremont was certainly showing  
the boys from the rail junction off  
the foot, but neither side was get-  
ting any place and they were all  
dolled up for the journey, too.  
The quarter ended with the ball  
on the visiting 21-yard line.  
Bieri waited four yards, J. W.  
Miller did the Tevensend quarter-  
back for a first down on the eight-yard  
line. Pat Herick gold-bricked the  
line for 2 yards on each of two suc-  
cessive line plunges and the fans  
wondered why the purple and  
whites didn't lay off the line bust-  
ing stuff by some open work.  
Perhaps it was too cold for open  
work.

Anything they rased a counter  
when J. W. Miller was sandwiched  
on the six-inch line. Willard  
booted out, Houghton kicking, to  
the 25 line.  
**Open Work Missing**  
The open work was again miss-  
ing and Fremont started to ham-  
mer the line back and got down  
to the nine-yard limit where Wil-  
lard again took the ball. Walter  
booted from his nine line to mid-  
field where "Whitney" Althoff just  
cautiously tucked the ball under his  
arm and walked, not run, through  
the entire Willard team for 50  
yards and a touchdown. Althoff  
booted for the point without stop-  
ping to take a breath. He was a  
bit of sensational work and a mere  
matter of an afternoon's work.  
Score Fremont 19, Willard 9.  
Both Coach Rens and Coach  
Homer Houghton of Willard were  
sending flocks of relief troops at  
this time. Several of the Willard  
men were battered, among them,  
Babe Creedy, who left the game  
amid cheers of the crowd. He  
played a real game, Willard with  
the ball in his own halfback start-  
ed some line action. Paden lost  
and then tore off six yards on the  
left. They booted and Fremont  
took the ball on their 29 line.  
Here's where Bunker Miller, one  
of the fastest six horses, curved  
his pet trick of the afternoon.  
Dunker worked himself loose from  
a gang of players who remonstrated  
legalized assault and romped 57  
yards on the right side of the field  
in the prettiest run of the season  
on Harmon field. He was downed  
on the five-yard line, but the sam-  
ple, Mr. W. K. Wildman, of Den-  
ver, ruled that Miller had stepped  
out of bounds on the 13 yard line.  
The ball came back, purple and  
white mixed with the scarlet  
again. The Millers, J. W. and  
Bunker and Wonderly, who had  
gone back into harness, took the  
ball down the lane by degrees  
from the 15-yard line and  
Wonderly finally put it over for the  
final touchdown of the game. Al-  
thoff booted a perfect goal, Score:  
Fremont 25, Willard 9.

The game ended a few minutes  
later with the ball in Fremont's  
possession on Willard's 29-yard  
line.  
The work of Bieri, Bunkley, J.  
W. Miller, Herick, Wonderly, Al-  
thoff, was outstanding for Fremont.  
While Creedy, McKee, Walker and  
I. Miller did good chores for the  
invaders. The game was cleanly  
played and pleased the crowd.  
Willard mixed without the ser-  
vice of its captain, Ray Shock,  
who is on the sidelines with a  
broken leg, and Bob Frech, Fre-  
mont right end, was on the side-  
lines on account of injuries that  
have not healed sufficient to allow  
playing.

**That's next. Come on boys.**  
The score, lineup and summary:  
FREMONT 25 WILLARD 9  
Bunkley ..... Walker  
Houghton (C) ..... Houghton  
J. Miller ..... W. Miller  
Jones ..... Prunk  
Houghton ..... Miller  
Tucker ..... J. W. Miller  
Lynch ..... Houghton  
Althoff ..... W. Williams

OFFICIALS OF  
CLASS NEEDED  
IN THIS CASE

The Fremont-Sandusky high  
school football game here Thurs-  
day is beyond question of a  
doubt looming as the most impor-  
tant game of the season on the 121-  
the Big Seven circuit. Should San-  
dusky defeat Oberlin during the  
coming Saturday engagement, the  
contest, as all hands the dop-  
gaugers know, will be doubly im-  
portant. It will be a Simon pure  
championship tangle. Fremont be-  
ing the only obstacle between the  
day short team and a title, and  
the local eleven standing with a  
chance to defeat the blue and  
white and make a triple tie out of  
the season's race with Fremont.  
Sandusky and Oberlin being the  
factors in the dead heat.

The importance of the occasion  
calls for some of the very best of-  
ficials that it will be possible to  
secure. The great rivalry between  
the two teams, the class of the en-  
counter, its possible results and all  
other angles call for officiating of  
the highest order. Reports from  
around the I. B. S. loop this sea-  
son have concerned some good  
some indifferent and some very bad  
officiating. Take the Oberlin-Fre-  
mont game, for instance. Then,  
according to the dope, a real night-  
mare of bunglers' rulings sum-  
med the wax.

It behooves those in charge of  
the forthcoming Thanksgiving day  
game to scan the list of officials  
with a very close gaze and make  
every possible effort to secure  
nothing but the very best.

That day and date will mark the  
close of the football season for the  
little Big Seven as well as many  
other outfits and some very good  
officials will be at large. The game  
money at this game will be the  
largest of the season any place  
around the loop, taking it from di-  
dications and the league could  
easily dig down in its pocket to  
raise the ante in compensating of-  
ficials, step out and secure some of  
the very best talent and take  
chances on having a real classic all  
jammed up by some official who  
may, perhaps, be lame on his  
knowledge of the rules of the sport  
and beside lack the necessary  
judgment and the nerve to call a  
play a play or a spade a spade.

Baldi, the referee, umpire and  
headlinesman, all tried and true  
men, a field judge should also be  
posted for duty on the gridiron on  
Harmon field on Thanksgiving day.  
It may not be a bit more, but the  
occasion demands it and the clas-  
sic of the Little Big Seven, the final  
curtain of a very brilliant season,  
should be allowed to fall on a set-  
ting that will give the best of satis-  
faction to all parties concerned  
and leave a good taste in the  
mouth.

Take no chance. Do not wait  
until the horn is stolen to lock the  
stables. Do it now.

TIFFIN COLUMBIA  
LOSES TWO STARS

Time, Nov. 7.—(Special)—Two  
Tiffin Columbian backfield men  
have been suspended for the re-  
mainder of the season for violation  
of training rules.  
Dizzy Dieler, until this week the  
team's regular quarterback, and  
George Kinsling, sub back, were  
noticed just before the team left  
for Norwalk Saturday, that they  
were through for the season.  
Coach Maxton H. Struble declared  
he has warned both players fre-  
quently about keeping training  
rules.

HOW THEY STAND

Schools	W. L. T. Pts.
Sandusky .....	5 0 0 15
Sandusky .....	4 0 0 12
Fremont .....	3 1 0 9
Norwalk .....	2 4 0 6
Willard .....	2 3 0 6
Tiffin .....	1 4 0 3
Bellevue .....	0 5 0 0

Saturday's Results  
Oberlin 46, Bellevue 6.  
Fremont 25, Willard 9.  
Norwalk 12, Tiffin Columbian 9.  
Sandusky 13, Toledo Libbey 6.  
(non-league)  
Games This Week-End  
Sandusky at Oberlin.  
Fremont at Tiffin, Columbian  
(Friday).  
Bellevue at Willard.

Pete Sanel, the Norwegian Ex-  
weight, appears to be one of the  
best little fighters whom Europe  
has sent over to America in a  
long time.

Bieri ..... McKee  
J. W. Miller ..... L. Miller  
Wonderly ..... Creedy  
Score by quarters:  
Fremont 6 14 6 14-28  
Willard 0 0 0 0-0  
Touchdowns: Wonderly, Bieri,  
Althoff.  
Points after touchdown, Althoff  
Bunkley 1.  
Substitutions: Fremont—Her-  
rick for Wonderly, R. Miller for  
Lynch, Lerch for D. Miller.  
Wonderly for Herick, D. Miller  
for Thaworth, D. Miller for Bieri,  
Ruff for J. W. Miller, Schepf for  
Houghton, Stigenthaler for Bunk-  
ley, Willard—Harris for Walker,  
Paden for Miller, Robinson for  
Webber, Hoeter for Williams,  
Johnson for Creedy, Smith for  
Houghton.  
Referee—L. E. West, Toledo  
University.  
Umpire—E. K. Wildman, Den-  
ver.  
Head Lineaman, Mt. Union.

## FIVE YARD LINE IS HOODOO MARKER FOR ROSS LADS

Amble the Field Until  
Zone of Scoring Halts  
Them; Cause; Remedy

"Our Fremont high team is the best aggregation between the two five-yard lines that there is in Ohio and figures will prove it," remarked a fan this morning while discussing the past and present as well as the future of the Fremont high crew of 1937.

He is absolutely correct about this five-yard stuff. Take the record of statistics and games played this season, and there was no contest staged in which the team did not average six first downs more than any opponent they tackled. Even the Oberlin game, lost by Fremont after a heart-breaking bit of grid misfortune saw the Fremonters outdo the college towners by a 17 to 5, or a 16 to 10 count.

Figuring these downs, of course it is all dope, into consideration Fremont should have made just about twice the number of points that it has recorded on the credit side of the ledger this season. They have the power up to the scoring points, but there something happens that impedes the progress of the scoring machine. Of course, some of this lack of touchdowns in some of the easier contests was worked out by Coach Ross' orders he not caring to take a chance on injuries after the game was in the bag, and also taking no chances in uncovering his pet players for the benefit of the army of scouts that have religiously followed the Fremont team during the entire course of the season.

Fremont, according to the official figures had scored 174 points to 35 by the opposition in eight games played this season.

Take the Napoleon, Willard and the Oberlin games for instance in this argument. The purple and white made so many first downs that the checkers get dizzy eyes keeping track of them. In the Nap game they culled two touchdowns while the Willard game saw but four on seventeen first downs and the Oberlin contest witnessed thirty-two a marker.

Loss of Plays

Fremont, it is said has close to 100 plays up its sleeve, every man jack on the top squad being conversant with the signals. They have been drilled and drilled again and again by their painstaking coach. As has been said before between the five-yard line the team works like a cat out at pasture, kicking up its heels, running with heads up in the air and trampling everything in its path. Take them in the shadow of the goal and they seem to slow up. Of course, the opposition naturally stiffens when the ball gets in close proximity to the goal line, but the Fremont punch that was so apparent in getting the ball down the line seems to lose its sock, grow stale or run off about 15 per cent in power when the big momentum comes and the zero hour seems to be offering for the stealing teams.

Not Dumb Football

This trouble cannot be laid to the door of dumb football, for it is "Whitey" Althoff they have one of the smartest quarters who has appeared since the days of "Windy" Wendler. It may be called confused football and over-anxiety and lack of co-ordination that is so outstanding when the ball was being rushed down the field. It is a fault that can be corrected, not by the coach but by the team members themselves. Coach Ross give them their lessons, fix them physically, reprimand the lessons he has learned by a wide experience and close study and real application to his task. He has no jurisdiction over the team when it is on the field of play. They have their stuff and it is up to them to parade it. They do parade it between the five-yard lines, but there the hand sort of detours and hesitates when it should be out there making music for the other fellow to jig by.

Can Be Overcome

It is a habit that can be overcome by having one of those old-fashioned community meetings in a huddle on the field just after they reach the fixed scoring zone. Here a get together session, a calining over over-wrought nerves and a you-do-this-and-I'll-do-that bit of advice passed out so that the team will work as a team just as it did while coming down the line, and the backfield can work the five yards to a counter just as easy as it did when ripping off those tens, fifteens and thirties while coming down the main highway. Select the play follow, and then let everybody get busy.

It can be done fellows. You have it in you and have proven it in more than one pinch, but in several you have failed. If the team overcomes this habit and gets that five-yard bumping past off its mind and scampers with as much freedom in the short space as it does on the long line, something is going to happen on Thanksgiving Day, that will set the fans to the top heights of dizzy joy and cause the greatest bit of excitement that has ever been seen in this man's town in football-beating Sandusky.

Picking No Pans

This story is not written for the purpose of picking a fuss with a fine bunch of boys. It is penned for the purpose of showing them a fault that they have developed. Fremont never had a more representative crew than the men of Meiners and they are not only a credit to their school and their city, but to the entire league as

## Pilots Braves



Jack Slattery, Boston College coach and Boston Braves' scout, has signed to manager the Boston National league baseball team during the 1938 season.

## 'BABE' CREELEY NAMED FOR THE GRIDIRON BOOK

Speaking about this Willard star, "Babe" Creeley, fullback, who gave a wonderful performance against Fremont last Saturday and who proved that he is just as much to W. H. S. as Flanagan is to Notre Dame; Jostling to Minnesota, Oosterbann and Gilbert to Michigan, and "Peet" Welch to Purdue.

Creeley is stockily built, blonde and acts not a bit unlike the late Clyde K. Christy, one of Fremont's best known semi-pro gridriders of a few years back. Creeley proved himself a whale on defense. He did not have much of a chance to show on offense, his team only making three first downs, but whenever he took the ball he tried and once or twice, without interference or a bit of aid he did shoulder through for a yard or two and did not stop until two or three tackles sat upon him. It was learned after the game, according to the report, that Creeley played the game with an injured side, where a rib appeared to have been cracked in a previous engagement.

Creeley is one of the sweetest footballers that has appeared on Harmon's beach in many a moon. With a stout line capable of giving him a bit of assistance he would sure make some of the boys snip and a few eyes pop out with his speed. He was in on every play and when they finally took him out, weary and somewhat battered, the scarlet jerseyed lad drew a big hand from the crowd.

Creeley by his work here Saturday and several previous performances has made himself a candidate for an All-League berth and he is deserving of every bit of praise that has been showered on him. Down in Willard, Ohio, where they appreciate a real good athlete, this Babe Creeley is very well thought of. He is said to be an orphan who is working his way through school on his own hook and making a mighty good job of it.

Boys like Creeley are credits to their communities and the teams they represent. They, at early ages, have to mix pleasure with business and give more attention to the latter so as to be enabled to carry on.

Down at Willard they say that Creeley is headed toward Geneva college, Pennsylvania, where "Bo" McMillan, famous old Centre college star, is holding forth as coach. One or two Willard boys are said to be playing football at that school this season and Coach Fromer Lindsey, mentor of the W. H. S. eleven, and a graduate from Geneva, is said to have his eye on Creeley with the intention of sending him to Penn. school.

One of these days, if Creeley's plans carry and there is every reason to believe that they will, boys of his ilk get past nine times out of ten, you will read "Babe" Crane on a major eleven lineup, and, if he continues to develop, he may slip old Willard town into some All-American fame.

## DEMPESEY IN ROLE OF BIG RINGSIDER

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—(IN)—Jack Dempsey, fabled victor in victory or defeat, was scheduled to occupy a ring-side seat tonight at the reopening of the St. Nicholas Arena where three matches, bringing together some of Gotham's favorite ring sons, will feature a fast card. Emil Paluso, Salt Lake City flyweight meets Johnny Erickson, New York; Vic Burzens, New York, meets Diminick Petron, the winner probably to battle Tony Casoneri and Jackie Cohen, Brownsville, battles Sammy Shuck, New York.

In a Mexican home the sofa is the seat of honor.

well. No man, no matter how great his standing is above criticism and the story can be taken with a grain of salt. If it does good, all is well. If it creates a bit of hard feeling, we are sorry, but for something that if corrected may help a piece of that I. R. K. bunting, one-third of it anyway, on the tall flag pole at Harmon field. Get in there you five-yard men and rap 'em for a touchdown.

# FREMONT ROMPS TO VICTORY AT TIFFIN; SHOWS LACK OF FORM

Purple and White Given Bit of Battle at Times by Columbia: Score 21 to 0

Fremont High 21, Tiffin High 0. Johnnie Meiner and his gang of stalwart from Harmon field left their reservation on the Harmon lot yesterday afternoon to invade the stronghold of the powerful Seneca tribe on the banks of the upper Sandusky at Tiffin. They walked to the center with Mary Ann and Reggie P. Football, balanced all with form that would do the champion square dancer of Riley township proud. Kicked their heads about on the meadow and came about with a package of wet, limp scalp. Back on their own land, at ease in their own wigwams and tuffage on the pipe of peace, it cannot be said the mighty tribe of Meiner showed its true form or the form it displayed in beating Pasteria, Newburg or Napoleon in previous conflicts this season. The team, according to the statisticians on the sidelines, grouped 12 first down to die by the Columbia high students, victims of the afternoon's proceedings. The real facts of the matter are that the team playing true to its form would have rapped Tiffin for a collection of those old fashioned cake bakers, the kind that bridle used to weep over, to the tune of about 50 and 6. You can bet your last horseshoe on this game, too. If the Friday afternoon Armistice game was a true exhibition of Fremont's football prowess for 1927, then the Purple and White makes good team for a wide boy and Abe Sussner is the next governor of the state of Iowa.

**Tiffin Breaks**  
Columbia High, making its first appearance in the Little Big Seven this season, has had more tough luck than Job did with his collection of bolts. Wrecked by injuries and suspensions of star players, the outfit has had some tough days during the week. Yesterday they were in their best form and they made a real battle of it at times, but were in no danger of scoring on the heavier Fremont team. The purple and white crew from Fremont town, suffered heavily in the penalty line, too. The officials noted about 150 yards of Virginia Seneca county soil and took it away from the Meiner Realty Corporation. This also had something to do with keeping the score down in the grammar grades and out of the upper class proportion.

**First Quarter**  
Fremont, with Althoff furnishing the firepower, kicked off to Fleckner, Tiffin fullback, who played a good brand of ball during the afternoon. He took the ball on his five line and was downed on the 15 line. Fleckner hit the line twice but failed to work a first down and DeMuth punted with the wind at his back and the scudling sailed 45 yards to Fremont's 20 line. J. W. Miller, by the way, of the speedy, ripped off line and a half bit of yardage and Wonderly stalled the line for a first down. Fremont held on the next play and the ball was in the shadows of the goal posts but in Fremont hands and Althoff booted the thing to the 35 yard line. Tiffin failed and Fremont retained possession of the light on its own 25 line. Fremont at this point drew 15 yards for alleged roughing. It was seen saw back and forth with both teams drawing the line of the referee for some offense or another. The quarter ended with the ball in Tiffin digits on Fremont's 45 line. It was far from being good football.

**Second Quarter**  
To start the ball to rolling, Tiffin drew one of those things in the form of a penalty, the officials blinded out everything but electric chair sentences during the afternoon. DeMuth led the ball out of bounds on Fremont's 45 line. The exchange worked nothing in the scoring line. Fremont's machine had cannon in the cylinders or gum on the spurs plugs and Althoff loosed the ball from mid-field to Diebert. Tiffin rammed its skull prone into the steel wall and was forced to kick. Althoff taking the ball on his own 45 line. J. W. Miller was stopped for two of them back in center and Althoff passed to "Wiggle". Blerly and said wiggle waggled his way for 19 yards, eluding three blockers that hid in ambush. Blerly dropped three yards on a crisp cross that proved to be a double cross. Warner, Tiffin halfback, is alleged to have committed assault and battery on some Fremont feature at this point and his team lost 15 yards. Wonderly slipped through the Tiffin wall like a red sock in a family wash and the ball was on Tiffin's 15 yard line. Wonderly, on three successive shots at the Columbia wall, made it first down on the five yard line. On four plays this broad shouldered warrior eluded the big critics over the goal line and Fremont had broken the ice. Althoff missed the kick for the point. Score, Fremont 6, Tiffin 0.

The quarter ended a few minutes later. Fremont made five first downs to Tiffin's two in the first half.

**Third Quarter**  
Althoff kicked off to Fleckner, who ran from his 10 to the 20. Fleckner and Diebert made seven yards and Warner made 11. First down. DeMuth was stopped like a snail for a loss of four, Captain Meiner making the tackle in his copyrighted style. Diebert shot the line for four yards and DeMuth attempted to punt but "High Pockets" Blerly, Fremont's towering wingman, was on the job and he blocked the kick like a section hand flags the way and the ball was Fremont's. Two attempts to shoot the ends failed and Althoff passed to Binkley but the shot grounded. Althoff lofted via the booter route in Tiffin's one yard line. DeMuth, standing behind his own goal line, attempted to kick out of danger, but Binkley was through like a hot poker into a crack of lard to fall on the ball. The officials said that Binkley covered the ball out of bounds and only allowed a safety instead of a touchdown. This went for a pair of points, as they lay in seven yards and the other indoor sports. Score Fremont 8, Tiffin 0.

Fremont was showing some of the form that made it famous this season, at the stage of the conflict. DeMuth kicked off to Meiner, who escorted the ball to the midfield from the 20 line. J. W. Miller was stopped for the time being. On the next play the celebrated "Townsend Tourist" picked the apple for a 11 yard ride around the right end. Blerly waggled for 14 more like Gilda Gray in the Hula dance and the J. W. person, running like Dr. Kretzschmar, far school board, shot the end for 13 yards and a touchdown. Althoff spogged the leather for a beautiful goal. Count, Fremont 15, Tiffin, not so much.

**Fourth Quarter**  
The final quarter of the game saw the rough used near exchange hands several times with more or less success for both sides of the issue. Fremont secured the ball, when DeMuth mustered past mid-field and Althoff carried the ball to Tiffin's 27 yard line. J. W. Miller, Blerly and Althoff worked the ball for a first down on Tiffin's 15 yard line. At this point, Captain Frazee of Tiffin, who had been, on the sidelines since the O'Brien game, took his place at center and got a big hand. Pat Hetrick hit the line for four on a hardy stunt and got two more in the same place. J. W. Miller drew three yards on the end and Blerly raced over for the last touchdown of the afternoon. Althoff missed the point when his kick went astray. Score, Fremont 21, Tiffin 0.

The attendance at this contest was fine, the crowd from Fremont numbering close to 250. The Fremont high school band and its music, as well as its marching, made a hit. Fremont's backfield, Captain Meiner, Binkley, Bunker Miller, Hasselbach and several other boys did good work yesterday, but Fleckner, said to be a sub player at the start of the year, was the outstanding star for his team. Fremont has them all out of the way on her schedule for the big one meeting with Sandusky and next week will be sort of a lay-off for the hard-worked purple and white. They have not been playing the ball that they are capable of and appear a bit game weary. A few days of rest from the long season's grind of over two months will put them on edge and there is no question but what the same team that whipped Pasteria in the heat and trounced the great Napoleon team to a frazzle, will be seen against Sandusky. It is the same old team with the same old fight and the same old pepper. Sandusky is in for a tough afternoon. The line-up and summary:

**Tiffin 0**  
Lynch ..... Niederhauer  
Meiner (C) ..... Left End  
Hasselbach ..... Left Tackle  
Joins ..... Bertell  
Titworth ..... Center  
Tucker ..... Right Guard  
Binkley ..... Right Tackle  
Althoff ..... Right End  
J. W. Miller ..... Quarterback  
Blerly ..... Left Half  
Wonderly ..... Right Half  
Fleckner ..... Fullback

Score by quarters:  
Fremont ..... 0 6 9 6—21  
Tiffin ..... 0 0 0 0—0  
Touchdowns: Wonderly 2, J. W. Miller, Blerly. Safety: Binkley. Point after touchdown: Althoff 1.

Substitutions: Fremont—Don Miller for Titworth, Hetrick for J. W. Miller, Hetrick for Wonderly, Schefflin for Hasselbach, Bunker Miller for Lerch. Tiffin: Ronenblatt for Niederhauer, Wertz for Cleveland, Frazee for Bertell.

Referee—Lehman of Georgetown, Ky.  
Umpire—Collins, Earlsman.  
Headlinesman—Bocter, Dennison.

Time of quarters 12 1-2 minutes.

## DEMPEY WINS EDGE IN KEARNS' SUIT

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—(IN)—A preliminary skirmish in the impending court battle between Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns found Kearns behind on points today after two federal judges sitting in Trenton ordered the case transferred from the equity division to the law division and set next Wednesday as the date on which the trial will begin at Newark.

The transfer means that the case must be tried before a jury instead of being heard by a judge in equity proceedings.

Try Messenger Want-Ad.

# FREMONT STOCK GIVEN BOOSTING SINCE SATURDAY

Sandusky's Close Win at  
Oberlin Was Not Very  
Impressive

Fremont high's stock in the forthcoming game with Sandusky, a contest that will settle the championship of the Little Big Seven football division for the season of 1927 by either giving the blue and white from the bay shore a clean hold on the title or else make a triple tie of the matter between Sandusky, Oberlin and Fremont, was given a considerable boost Saturday afternoon.

The entire attention of north central Ohio was focused on the game between the unbeaten Sandusky and Oberlin teams in the latter place. A win for Oberlin meant a championship and they came close to taking the gonfalon, too. Sandusky won, 6 to 4, but it had to amble some in pulling the trick.

Sandusky came forth after the game with the statement that its team played "under cover," showing nothing from its sleeves for the benefit of spying eyes from the stands and bleachers—all rooting for Sandusky, too, by the way. When Sandusky says she was playing under cover, she's just talking a bit through her well known hat, not a fall hat, because nobody has fallen for the statement.

Oberlin made them stop, made them work in such a manner that to take a chance with speed merchants like Hamlin, Strand and Povers out there seeking to intercept passes, would have spelled football suicide. No Mr. Sandusky did not tempt fate and only used one pass during the entire afternoon and she has what can be termed as sort of a passing team with a couple of pretty fair boys on the receiving end. It was a pass that won them their game Saturday.

Sandusky had several scares tossed into them during the afternoon of hair raising pastime and Oberlin came mighty close to putting one over to tie the score and even gave beat it on the point after touchdown.

Sandusky made 13 first downs to 6 by Hamlin and company. Sandusky was outpunted 362 yards to 258 yards. Hamlin making Kruger, highly touted bay shore booter, look bad. Sandusky outrushed the lighter Oberlin team, making 248 yards to 60 yards, while Oberlin only moved along 83 yards in 32 trials. Thus it can be seen that Sandusky took no chances with the tickle pass game but played straight football and it won by an eyelash.

A great crowd of Fremonters met in on the pastime and among the number was the P. H. S. team. Fremont rooted for Sandusky, too, a victory for that team giving the locals opportunity to tie the championship count on Thanksgiving day.

Can Fremont beat Sandusky? That was the question hurled on all sides to those who saw the game Saturday and who returned home with the tidings. The answer from the majority is "YES!" with the appendage "IF" attached. The if hinges on the bundle of light and rush that the Fremont team appears to have left somewhere along the road after they defeated the great Napoleon team on October 22.

Fremont lost to Oberlin by the head-breaking count of 4 to 0, and in a game that they should have won by at least two touchdowns. Fremont laid out 16 first downs against Oberlin and Sandusky made 13 against the same team. Sandusky had the benefit of some pretty fair officiating, while the mandates of the oracles that handled the Oberlin-Fremont game would have made even Sweet Marie become sour and down.

The Fremont rooters, students of the game, who viewed the Sandusky conflict, are now positive that Fremont has a most splendid chance and they are more than willing to amble a few keps to the effect that the purple and white will wave above the blue and white when the sun goes down on a clear sun field in Fremont Thanksgiving day.

Both Fremont and Sandusky have a week off. The spare time between now and the oncoming battle will be spent in polishing up the machines for the big test.

Coach Ross has his plans for next week. He believes that all the lagging spirit that appears to have developed in his team during the past several weeks, will all be removed by special treatment and that treatment will be carried into effect during the next dozen or so of days.

The Fremont warriors, pepped up by the fact that it took Sandusky an entire afternoon to prove that it was slightly superior to Oberlin, will now step out with renewed vigor and point for the big game. If they show that old battle spirit, display that team spirit.

Parade that co-ordination that made them the best-looking Fremont high team since 1925, up to a few weeks ago, there will be a general Thanksgiving celebration here the week from Thursday and they will have proven to the world that an Oberlin victory was a rude joke and that the best team in the Little Big Seven this year is camped at Fremont.

"COME ON, BOYS. LET'S FIGHT!"



## CAPTAIN JOHN



Captain Johnny Meincer, leader of the purple and white brigade, makes his final appearance in a Fremont uniform against Sandusky tomorrow. Meincer, picked by many as an all-league tackle, is a lad of powerful build, being a six footer with his poundage neatly distributed about his frame. Johnny is a determined battler, good on offense and a terrific tackler. He is being looked upon as one of the glittering lights in tomorrow's game. He is backed by a crew of huskies that showed in practice Tuesday night that they are fit for the fight of their young lives. Come on Johnny, let's go!

## SOCK MARKET INVADED BY FOREIGNERS

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(INS)—The foreign invasion of the American sock market is reaching alarming proportions.

Three more titled Belgian fighters and their managers were looking the situation over today. Ted Sandwina, English, heavyweight, also was on American soil.

Jack Humbeck, Belgian heavyweight, steamed into port last week with Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion, and Pierre Charles, another Belgian heavy, is due next week. He will be handled here by Gus Wilson of the Jack Dempsey forces. Humbeck makes his American debut against Arthur De Kuhl next Monday night in Brooklyn.

The Belgian trio checking in yesterday are little men, Petit Biquet, flyweight, and Joe Claes and Rancols Sybilla, lightweights. Their managing director is Henry Graf.

Biquet, says Levy, is the flyweight champion, and Claes the lightweight title holder of King Albert's domain. Sybilla is a former featherweight champion.

Some weeks ago this batch of Belgians was preceded here by Hubert Gilles and Charles Desmet. Gilles is regarded as the featherweight champion, and Desmet the welterweight title holder.

Jess McMahon, Garden matchmaker, mitted the invaders cordially and said he would be glad to put on a tournament for them one night with American oppon-

## RESULTS WON'T BE LONG NOW; HEAP BIG TALK

### Within 24 Hours the Fans Will be Discussing Star Plays of Game

When the sun goes down 24 hours hence and when the chickens flock into their roosts and the warm glow of the lights start to burst forth like fire flies, the results of the biggest classic of the sport season in Fremont, the Fremont-Sandusky football game, will have created their first bit of discussion and those of the thousands who witnessed the battle will have gotten down to the real facts of the play. The heroes will be sung in loud sagas while the goats will be together outside the circle of the talk fest.

In 24 hours Sandusky will either be the undisputed champions of the Little Big Seven football group or else they will be knotted in a tie with Fremont and Oberlin. There are thousands who claim that the Blue and White banners of the Sandusky school will flaunt to the breezes in a sweep of victory, and, on the other hand, there are thousands more who proclaim that Fremont will take the game with points to spare. There you have it. This is the sum and substance of the greatest workup a football game has ever had in the Little Big Seven and the largest that ever witnessed a grid mix in the association will have elbowed into Harmon field before the referee, Wib Etter, sounds his whistle at 2:30 p. m., Thanksgiving Day.

Sandusky has based its hopes on the skill of Coach Mills and his able assistant, Mr. Nicholson. Fremont has banked its all on William (Bunk) Ross and there you are. May the best team win and may it be a clean game. One that will leave perfectly good satisfaction, be it a display of lost hopes for one side.

Fremont and Sandusky fight like a two bushel sack of game cocks whenever they tangle. Their Thanksgiving Day alliance is one of the neatest arrangements on the Little Big Seven calendar. Here are two big schools that have signed, faithfully agreed to make the Thanksgiving Day meeting of the two schools on the gridiron an annual classic. The arrangement has outgrown the fond expectations of the founders of the movement. It is the largest football skit to be staged within a radius of 100 miles. Thursday afternoon and a goodly representation of the Burgers from surrounding burroughs will be on hand to get some of the Thanksgiving turkey pressure off their chest.

Besides the game, the colorful crowd, the musical duel between the two crack bands of Fremont and Sandusky High, the great school spirit of the occasion will be something to witness and hear. Fremont has staged some big athletic events in the past, but the doings of tomorrow afternoon has everything in the past, sitting out on the curbing to watch the big parade pass on.

# **SANDUSKY'S BLUE, WHITE WAVED**

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***In Triumph Over Muddy Harmon Field;***

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## **DEFEATED FREMONT BY 2 TO 0 SCORE**

Sandusky 2, Fremont 0.

Speaking about an eyelash finish and winning by a nose, the above count, the narrowest in football, won for Sandusky high school's blue and white mud larks, the undisputed championship of the Little Big Seven organization on Harmon field, Thanksgiving afternoon before a crowd that could be safely estimated within the bounds of being 6000.

Tod Sloan, or Earl Sande, or Ben Hur, or Tommy Murphy never drove to victory in a closer count than did Sandusky high. Two points, however, when the opposition fails to function over the goal mark and as good as a couple of hundred in football and Sandusky, its band, its 3,000 rooters and its well nursed and healthy championship went back to the bay shore with pennants waving and tubas groaning out their dull umpahs of victory, while the

clarinets shrieked with pent up spirit.

Fremont high battled for all that was in them. They battled well but in vain. They had the tough breaks inasmuch as their main bulwark of defense, their main support in morale and their mighty captain, Johnny Meincer, was led sobbing from the battlefield in the early stages of the game with a twisted ankle and he, shrouded in gloom and sorrow, was compelled to seek medical attention and sit on the bench. This bad break came at the opening of the second quarter and after the purple and white made its greatest bid for victory. It was a tough break, but football is football, and it will remain written on the parchment of L. B. S. history that Sandusky did and Fremont did not.

As the game grew old and the  
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timekeepers started looking after their artillery to shoot the salvo that would complete the hard-fought title contest, it appeared as though the game would end in a 0 to 0 score. Sandusky, during the entire second half, had kept the ball almost constantly in Fremont real estate. They were dangerous several times, but the big break, the situation that won the undisputed championship of the tidest little high school organization in the state of Ohio, came when the final period was well on its way and when the shades of night were loosening up on the rollers to fall over the clat-form arena.

### A Bad Break

Fremont got possession of the ball on its own 24 line, but somebody in a purple and white jacket held, and Referee Wib Eitter, one of the world's greatest pedestrians, he having walked nearly half a mile during the afternoon while stepping off penalties that were about evenly distributed on both sides of the fence, stalked 15 yards deeper into the home guards' balliwick. The ball was down in the vicinity of the 9-yard line and "Whitey" Althoff, quarterback, team general and a booter who had outpanted Sandusky's toast, Kruger and his booting mate, Mott, all afternoon, stepped back of his goal line to boot out of danger. It was a 10 to 1 shot that he would connect, but tales of Humpy Dumpty, Jack and Jill and other old timers who got their dopes scattered, are too well known for repetition here.

Althoff signalled for the toss, and Nelson Jones, Fremont's center, let it fly. The ball went straight and true, but it was feet high and Althoff had to jump for it. He pulled the ball down and, seeing that it was a bit late for booting, he elected to run, his last lingering hope to get the ball outside the goal line. "Whitey" did not reckon with Mott, Sandusky right end, who is no Mutt in this gridiron business. Mott stacked into Althoff and the pair went down under a cloud of blue and white and purple and white jerseys. The ball had been downed back of the goal line and the two points thus counted looked as big as a brick barn on a foggy night. That's how Sandusky won the championship.

It was a contest in which no genuine Red Granging was done, or any of the sensational Bennie to Bemie passing cropped out, but it was a tough battle from gun to gun. Sandusky, according to the expert accountants who did the huddle system in the press coop, made 14 first downs to four by Fremont. This shows lots of work between the sticks, the greater gain in yardage, but they just couldn't stick it over that straight line line that is officially known as the goal.

### Fremont's Bid

Fremont came so close to scoring in the early stages of the first period, that some of the Sandusky rooters will never get over the closeness of the proceedings. Althoff kicked off to Wuerz, who was lammed on his 21 yard line. Mott immediately punted and the ball went to Fremont's 20, where it was downed by Grothwol. Wonderly gained a yard on the line, and a neat pass, Bierly to Althoff, got 25 yards, the ball being down on Sandusky's 45 line. Bierly was downed by Bettridge, who was destined to be Sandusky's star of the afternoon. He's a 17-year-old Sophomore, too. What will he be when he is a senior?

Bierly was the ball carrier on a criss cross play that failed to gain much territory, but Sandusky lost 15 yards for roughing. J. W. Miller hit it for two and Wonderly took it for two more to Sandusky's 15 yard line. The crowd was yelling touchdown and the visitors were being run off their feet. A criss cross with Wonderly carrying the ball, failed and J. W. Miller was also stopped. Now came the wig lifter. Althoff, standing on his own 15, heaved a pass to Binkley, who was back of the goal. The great left end for Fremont just missed connecting, the ball missing his finger tips. The pass was incomplete. Fremont lost its greatest chance and the ball went to the visitors on their own 20 line.

Fremont held like the proverbial stone wall or a mortgage on the lower 40 when their goal line was threatened as it was several times in the final half, but the blue and white could not snake it over and

Mino Yonemura is the crack left halfback on the Chicago Y. M. C. A. college football team and, according to Coach Harry Edgren, is the only Japanese football player of varsity caliber on any college team in the country. He is 22.

they tried everything up their sleeve and then some. They poured play after play into the line, worked around the ends. Taking that had break, that coupled with a penalty that was the real contractor that paved the way to the safety, out-of the pastime, and Sandusky and Fremont would have played another of their famous timeless scores.

### A Grand Occasion

It was a great game before a great crowd, on a great day, and all credit is given Sandusky for its victory. They won. Fremont takes off his hat to the new champion, but they had a tough time piling up those two points, the cross-eyed world will recite for future reference.

Coach Ross said his men have had a great season. They lost two of the toughest games in the history of the Fremont grid annals but they are good sportsmen or they would not be good football players.

Fremont's surprise attack in the early period of the Thursday game had the prospective champions up in the air and, had Binkley, (and he tried his best), connected with Althoff's pass, the game would have been on ice. Another thing to be reckoned with during the discussion of the game at the fireside and about the silent radio sets, grand opera. Grand Rapids and football never mixed the great defense of the Fremont team for three-quarters of the way a defense that kept their goal line from being crossed, will ever be remembered. Sandusky played a wonderful offensive game but it got them nothing. Fremont fought to the last line and has the proud satisfaction of knowing that they took the best the champion had and never allowed him to deal the complete kayo wallop.

The game was cleanly played. The crowd was very orderly and a wonderful meeting, and credit belongs to the managers who had charge of the affair.

### The score and summary:

Sandusky 2	Fremont 0
Kruger	Binkley
Left End	
Grothwol	(C.) Meincer
Left Tackle	
Blechle	D. Miller
Left Guard	
Trout	Jones
Center	
Thompson	Hasselbach
Right Guard	
Rehufus	Tucker
Right Tackle	
Mott	B. Miller
Right End	
Wuerz	Althoff
Lazzara (C.)	Bierly
Left Half	
Bettridge	J. W. Miller
Right Half	
Blaker	Wonderly
Fullback	

### Score by quarters:

Sandusky	0	0	0	2-2
Fremont	0	0	0	0-0

Substitutions: Sandusky, Ebert for Lazzara, Kuhlman for Thompson, Amburn for Wuerz, Harpel for Grothwol, Scheepfle for Trout, Fremont, Hetrick for Wonderly, Lerch for Meincer, Meincer for Lerch, Scheepflin for Hasselbach, Titeworth for Don Miller.

Referee—Eitter, Toledo.  
Umpire—Collins, Cleveland.  
Head Linesman, Spald, Findlay.  
Field Judge, Lion, Toledo.  
Time of quarters, 12½ minutes.

"Deacon Jim" McGuire, who had a notable baseball career of 40 years as major league player and scout, is now living in retirement on his farm near Albion, Michigan.

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