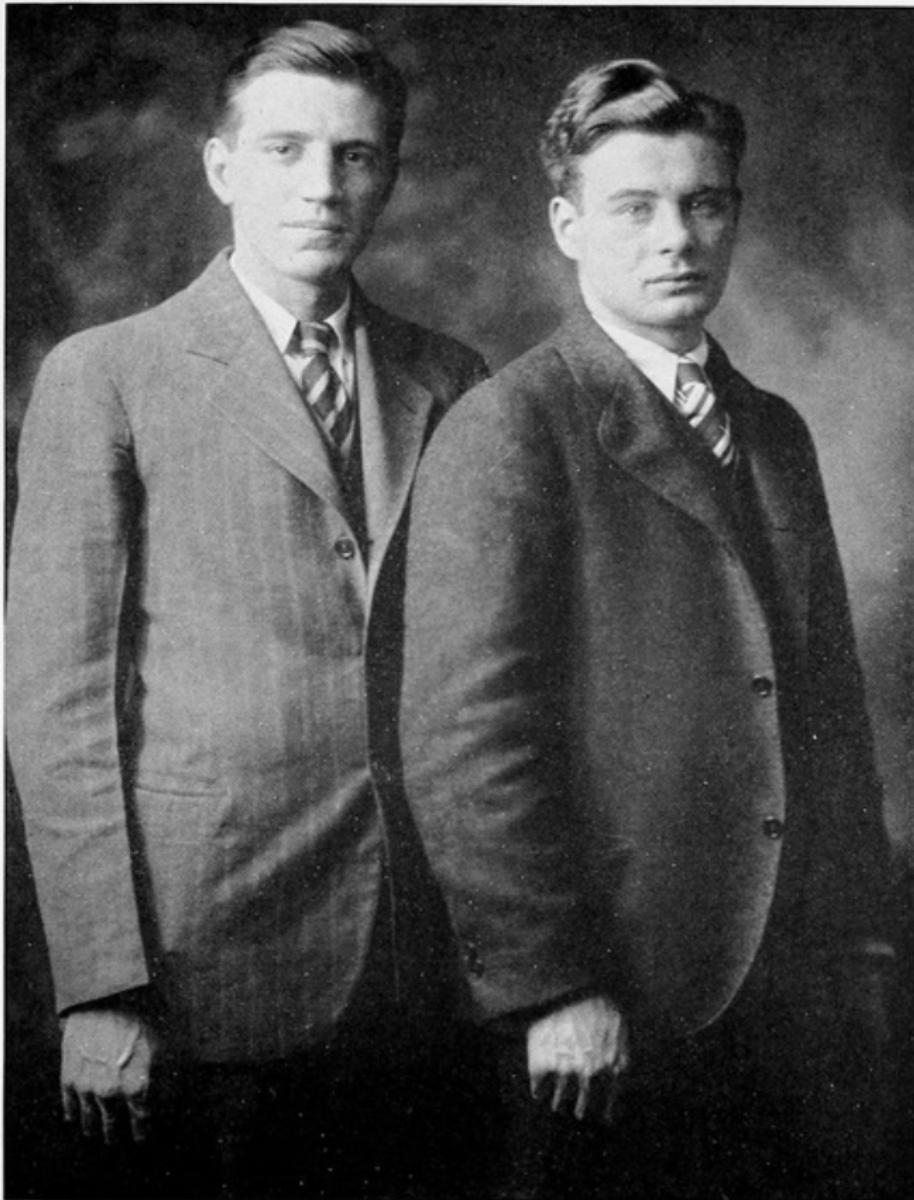


1927 Season review...



## 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.



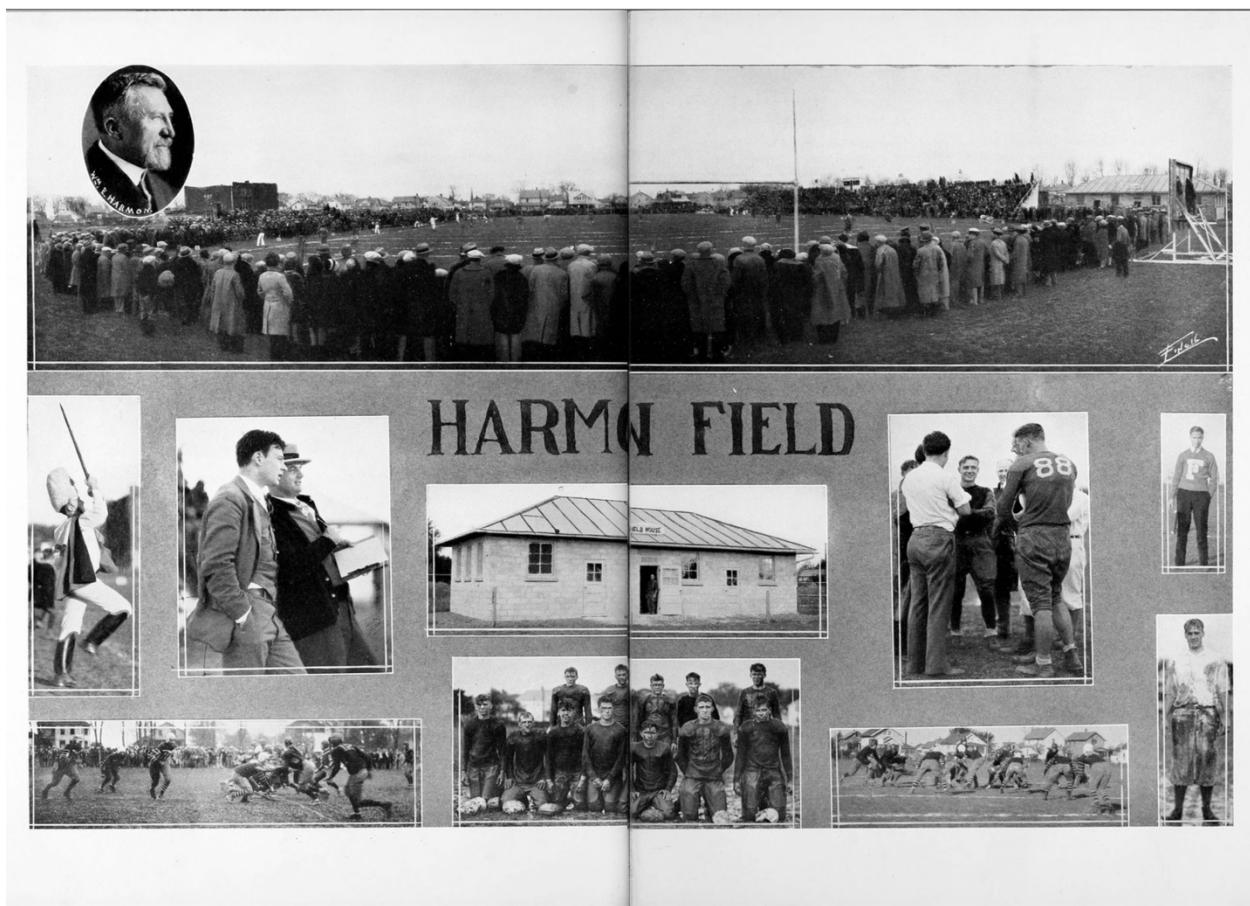
## FOOTBALL SQUAD

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.



## 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 rehabilitated 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 griddler 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, Bobbie Freeh, 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 coaching 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 POINT

Here's How



He is largely  
responsible for  
keeping the  
Senators up in  
the first  
division

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 brano 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



# **FAIRY TALE 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 Return 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 Meince and his minions of the grid advanced out on the field for the first practice session 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 forward to play football, dressed after the fashion of the day. The only resemblance between that pioneer grid team and the grid teams of today is the fact that the game is still played with eleven men on a side.

The game has undergone different of tactics long ago have been relegated to the side lines to be used no more.

The "toss" or "toss" and time massed play and attack have been abolished and the heroes of today are the "end men" and the "poker" and "gear" of old times.

In those days of long ago about a player had in the use of protection and was a bear and muscle was like a gladiator.

Way back in the great old before there was a high school football, all the players on the Fremont high original eleven started on the same basis. They had been taught to play in college circles and they imparted their scant knowledge of the game to others.

Even the day school affair of give and take made a hit with the kids and it wasn't long before the game was well on its way to the game on the corners.

Footballs, however, were as scarce as hens in an ostrich's nest or a fanned umbrella in Arabia.

The boys played the game with bags of hay and saw dust and the lessons were learned by the Wabash Camp brigade a chance to pick all American talent for the days of three days ago.

### A Big Advance

Fremont, following the advent of Bert Wissel and Ed Selbert as teachers in the high school department, took a new appearance. Bert had played the game at Westerville and Mr. Wissel and Mr. Selbert was a wizard in the sport at Oberlin where he had nine brothers and sisters and two brothers and other mighty men of the famous Q squad.

Harry Hall, a high school student of that fond memory, was another gridders who put the boomerang head under purple and white football. Hall, a man of medium height, wiry and gritty, knew the game and he also played it. Harry also had a brother who played for old Company K during the Spanish-American war. He played quarterback for the famous sixth regiment team in southern school and other former high school players from Fremont who made that team were Foster Latta and George Rhodes.

Captain A. Otto Baumann, himself a former high school star and later a brilliant back at Amherst college, turned up to teach. He was high for no other compensation other than for the love of the game. He was a friend of Harry H. Lissman and a famous professional basketball player, also star back on the court, and he and developed some pretty fast teams.

Then came the advent of the professional coach, Carl Crane, a man of great ability and success and he left the foundation for the great team that Warren Taylor and his crew put together in 1920. This team reached the greatest heights ever attained by a single team, while grid team and was considered by many to be the greatest eleven in the scholastic field not only in Ohio but in other states as well.

Charles Taylor, perhaps one of the best ever football masters that ever gridded football in Fremont, was next in line and he may with varied fortunes and could be right now be a victim of hard luck. Charles, a man of the game, had played the game and was a star under Jack Wilce at Oberlin. He was a man of great fair timber, but his best laid plans for at least one pennant in the L. M. C. were foiled by a group of Bolivian apple butter crooks by busters pulled by players at various schools. The plan in particular spelled the doom of Fremont was the day that one of Fremont's ends allowed a big Loralin back to cross the end with the ball field on a kick-off and score a touchdown that won a game that kept Fremont out of the gongola berth.

**Days of Hard Luck**  
Taylor days of hard luck were the principal cause of his leaving his post in this man's town. Next in line was "Bunk" Ross. This former star of the 1920 team of the great team of 1920 was given some material that was below the standard of the coaching manual, but he made the best of the situation and did well. Bunk resigned at the close of 1924's campaign and was to have been succeeded by Floyd Van Nest. Van Nest presented his resignation two weeks ago and the school board voted to reconsider his resignation and to the joy of the student body and the school in general, he decided to give the coaching proposition another trial.

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

## "I'LL NEVER FORGET IT"

Jack Dempsey

By IONE QUINBY  
Staff Writer for Central Press a  
Times 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 a

swear to rumors of his retire

ment after the fight I like to do

he adds. "I wasn't comfor

table making pictures. That

isn't my line."

Training at Lincoln Field

Race Track, Crete, Ill., the

former heavyweight champion

of the world hasn't

work of braggadocio in

makeup. He, however, di

clares himself more confi

dent of triumph in his con

front with Gene Tunney

Sept. 22, in Chicago, than i

any previous fight.

Jack sat in one of the large num

ber of luxurious rooms belonging t

the big, rambling house on Cob

Neck, where he has been

taken over as a training camp

fairly beaming with happy anticipa

tion of his future.

Jack sat in one of the typical Mu

seas Beach Enthusiasm.

His manner is tinged with a boy

ish enthusiastic quality that is par

of the great master's manner.

If he is successful as little as

some wonderful wild animal, but with

brute strength, that is tempera

ment with a will.

He is a part of Jack.

Jack had just finished four suc

cessful days of road work, making

gestures at punching as he ran

swinging left hooks, right crosses

and uppercuts as he jabs and

making planted thrusts at Jerry

## ARTHUR BROWN WINS CADDIES' GOLF TORUNY

Arthur Brown, caddy at the Syl

vans Golf Club, Toledo, is the new

Toledo district champion, having

defeated A. Schumaker, of the

Country Club, Toledo, for the title

Wednesday.

Sam Fowles, Fremont, and Le

roy Wolfe, Findlay, the out of town

caddies who reached the semifinals

were both eliminated in the morn

ing round. Fowles beat Brown

Brown with one hole difference

and Wolfe going down before

Schumaker, 4 and 2.

Fowles made a wonderful show

ing and is said to have made the

18 holes in his final fling at the title in 1926.

The entire crew of Fremonters

including Fowles, Reinbold,

Simmons, Philadelphia, 395

Gehring, New York, 393

Ruth, New York, 393

Leader a year ago today: Fother

ghill, Detroit, 393

National League

P. Waner, Pittsburgh, 392

Barry, Pittsburgh, 390

Stephens, New York, 388

Stephens, Chicago, 388

Earnhart, Pittsburgh, 342

Earnhart, Pittsburgh, today: Mar

grave, Cincinnati, 370.

The Big Five

Cobb, ..... 394

Hornsby, ..... 394

Ruth, ..... 393

Speaker, ..... 347

Connors, ..... 328

formulated by the return of at

least eight letter men

led by Fremont's

eleven and their candidates took

trips to training camps and it did

the boys good, perhaps, in a cer

tain respect of the game, but in

season the student gridders are to

start operations in their own ball

fields and an experienced coach,

and received their first baptism of fire in

the big game, warming up on

Harmen field this afternoon.

Come on purple and white, the

entire community is behind you

and your school, come on.

Let's keep up the tradition of football

at the old school on top of the

hill.

Lorain and Elyria are out of the

L. E. S. picture and, as it is Fre

mont's turn, the school looks up as the

big fellow in the community.

Boys you have a reputation to

sustain. You have the ability and

the raw material to make a great

team, as the late Mr. Barnum used

to say to his circus hands when the clock dinged 7:15 and it

was time for the big parade.

# PURPLE-WHITE GRIDDERS DOWN TO REAL WORK

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'S 1927 GRIDIRON FRONT IS GOOD

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

By COLONEL

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

Who will be the Wonder, the McCarthy, the Hughes, the Ross, the Smith, the Hawk or the eleven? The big boys of the team on the brow of Croghan street hill is about to show off for the season.

Well, after a bit of aid and some scouting by our friend "Budde" Brown, a lad who operates a mean typewriter, here is the final judgment on a crack claypied shooter in the test of a 50-gauge, the new Conqueror. Brown, who for the annual drive has been arrayed for public inspection or parade.

"Bud" played the game for Fremont high and he played it well. He knows football as well as any high school boy in the state. He is Commonwealth and he has uncovered the low down angle to winning football. He says that football that I am singing to day.

The Ends

Out there on Harman field they are Binkley, the star, the one who is giving all the earmarks and foot tracks of being a whale of a football player. He is a streak, a high stepper, well equipped with legs and arms and teeth in the old fight. He is a sandy bird, passes quickly to his basketball education, and when he tackles 'em they look all set on the ground and the sign from the undertaker.

This lanky Fresh boy, a lad who ate a lot of beans, is another who is also a powerful candidate for one of the wing positions. He is light, but he makes up for it in speed and is a better ball player, aggressive, battle-em-to-the-finish footballer. Fresh is also a knock on all accounts. He is a good runner and snags a pass with room to waste that would make Tris Speaker ashamed of the receipt and use the same when he got it. He is a good player, a good footballer to the far extremities of the outfit.

They have another lad, Sigmund, who is a good player, but he is not a

big footballer. Binkley and Fresh a battle for this wing business is a set

of questions. "Sig" is also as

at it as a dog. Binkley, Binkley can take care of the onrush of troops of the foeman via the side line. He is also a noted director of the pass game.

Tackles

Captain John H. Schaefer, is a lad, in fact he is an all-around lad. That should be plenty about this quiet spoken athlete who is a good footballer. Danny knows his football like other Hubbard knew his cupboards. He is another brilliant example for the other boys to follow. This big fellow will take care of one side of the line in the side line. He is a good footballer and Hasselbach is very capable taking care of the other side of the line. He is a good lad that a tackle should be and he is a good footballer. Another hard worker, real worker on defense and a player who has the drive to play sixteen cylinder motor. Swell in this.

Guards

There are three men out there fitting for these positions. Here you see Paul (Bono) Schepkin, a good player on offense, he has emerged over the six months. "Bono," a real lover of football, a good footballer, but he can become aggressive when warmed to his task and is a tough fellow to blot out of a picture. He is a good footballer at his stalwart frame. Don Miller, small but mighty and a very good player for the man's sake, is also a candidate for guard position. He is of the any position type of guard and a blearny one. He may not be many made the all-league team but the all-time high school team. His name is Miller, he is a good player and a real shark on defense. He is another delegate for a center of yards, he is being a lot of these big little men. He has plenty of the stuff that made Jim Dempsey and a player who takes care of the ball. He is a good footballer for more. He is said to be fair defense man and a lad who is a good player of breaking rough and splitting a play every when and then.

Center

In this position you'll probably see "Casey" Jones, a veteran, is of the tall type and good hips, can run and is a good one, one of these smiling fellas, never loses his grin no matter how it's going, and he is also a good passer, can't help but have a neat style no matter how fast position.

Backs

They have a neat array of speed merchants in this capacity. Wayne, the tall type and good hips, can run and is a good one, one of these smiling fellas, never loses his grin no matter how it's going, and he is also a good passer, can't help but have a neat style no matter how fast position.

Forwards

A good back in this position you'll probably see "Casey" Jones, a veteran, is of the tall type and good hips, can run and is a good one, one of these smiling fellas, never loses his grin no matter how it's going, and he is also a good passer, can't help but have a neat style no matter how fast position.

Linebackers

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## HOW THEY STAND

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Club	W.	L.	P.
Montreal	22	63	6
Kansas City	22	63	6
St. Louis	22	63	6
Minneapolis	22	64	6
St. Paul	22	64	6
Columbus	22	64	6
Louisville	22	64	6

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	P.
New York	22	63	6
Pittsburgh	22	63	6
New York	22	63	6
Chicago	22	64	6
Boston	22	64	6
Brooklyn	22	64	6
Philadelphia	22	64	6

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	P.
Indianapolis	22	63	6
Toledo	22	63	6
Milwaukee	22	63	6
Kansas City	22	63	6
Minneapolis	22	64	6
American League	22	64	6
Detroit	22	64	6
Philadelphia	22	64	6
New York	22	64	6
Brooklyn	22	64	6
St. Louis	22	64	6
Chicago	22	64	6

### YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

American Association
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.
Milwaukee 2, Kansas City 1.
Minneapolis 2, Milwaukee 1.
American League
Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.
New York 1, Brooklyn 0.
Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2.
Philadelphia 4, Detroit 3.
Philadelphia 2, Pittsburgh 3.
New York 1, Chicago 0.

### TODAY'S GAMES

American Association
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.
Milwaukee 2, Kansas City 1.
Minneapolis 2, Milwaukee 1.
American League
Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.
New York 1, Brooklyn 0.
Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2.
Philadelphia 4, Detroit 3.
Philadelphia 2, Pittsburgh 3.
New York 1, Chicago 0.

### FIGHT DECISIONS

American Association
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.
Milwaukee 2, Kansas City 1.
Minneapolis 2, Milwaukee 1.
American League
Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.
New York 1, Brooklyn 0.
Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2.
Philadelphia 4, Detroit 3.
Philadelphia 2, Pittsburgh 3.
New York 1, Chicago 0.

### National League

American Association
Indianapolis 2, Toledo 1.
Milwaukee 2, Kansas City 1.
Minneapolis 2, Milwaukee 1.
American League
Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.
New York 1, Brooklyn 0.
Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2.
Philadelphia 4, Detroit 3.
Philadelphia 2, Pittsburgh 3.
New York 1, Chicago 0.

### Philadelphia

### Philadelphia

### At Philadelphia

### At New York

### At Brooklyn

### At Chicago

### At Philadelphia

### At Detroit

### At Milwaukee

### At Pittsburgh

### At Indianapolis

### At Toledo

### At Milwaukee

### At Kansas City

### At Minneapolis

### At Detroit

### At Philadelphia

### At New York

### At Brooklyn

### At Chicago

### At Philadelphia

### At Detroit

### At Milwaukee

### At Pittsburgh

### At Indianapolis

### At Toledo

### At Milwaukee

### At Kansas City

### At Minneapolis

### At Detroit

### At Philadelphia

### At New York

### At Brooklyn

### At Chicago

### At Philadelphia

### At Detroit

### At Milwaukee

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# FREMONT HIGH TO GET REAL FOOTBALL TEST

Tomorrow is the day of all days in the mind of the high school gridders, 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 Krotz-er, 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.

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

Captain Thomas hoofed the ball 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 't 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 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 jugged 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 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:

Fremont 39	Gibsonburg 0
Binkley	..... Butler
Left End	
Meinzer (C.)	..... Manthau
Left Tackle	
B. Miller	..... Fisher
Left Guard	
Jones	..... A. Krotzer
Center	
Hasselbach	..... Schlie
Right Guard	
Tucker	..... (C.) Thomas
Right Tackle	
Freh	..... L. Krotzer
Right End	
Althoff	..... Newcomer
Quarter	
Wonderly	..... Buckschmidt
Left Half	
Bierly	..... Underwood
Right Half	
Hetric	..... Kohler
Fullback	

Score by quarters:

Fremont	..... 6	0	19	14	—33
Gibsonburg	..... 0	0	0	0	0
Touchdowns, Bierly	2				
Wonderly, Binkley and J. W. Miller; points after touchdown, Althoff, Bierly and Brehm.					

Substitutions: Gibsonburg, Bruge for Fisher; Fremont, Tiftsworth for Jones; Lerch for Hetric; Hetric for Binkley; Schepflin for Tucker; Bunk Miller for Hetric, J. W. Miller for Bierly; Brehm for Althoff; Stull for Tucker; Mielke for Binkley; Schepflin for Hasselbach; Siegenthaler for Freh; 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 wall 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

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## 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 Meincer down to the wee rookies in the ranks of pall-bearers, 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 soccer 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 put 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 Postoria, 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 spool 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 Gabbel, 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 fat 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 bunion 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's high school football team Saturday have only one bone to pick with the 1927 outfit that will battle for rights, might and right under the flapping wings of the purple and white and the plume of contention regards—A ROOTER.

"Give that team and Krotzer, a Ralph Gust, a Don O'Neil, or a Tom O'Neill, and it would rate to a pennant in the Little Big Seven beyond the question of a doubt," remarked one old oil merchant as he searched for his Chesterfield. This oil merchant oozed forth a mouthful in this respect. The team does not have a dummy baby, but "Whitey" Althoff may come through, and then there are such long legged fellows as "Fireman" Binkley and "Trotter" Hartmaning about on the horizon, each of whom might be developed into the kicking class. Both have legs longer than famous persons on the horizon were the seven league boots or the gooter who climbed the Giant's Causeway and caused either the ultimate fall or the big splash in Ireland or both.

Binkley is a southpaw kicker who might be taught the art that was once "Trot" Clegg or Jim Tracy. They say he is a slow starter in getting his kicks away, but a lad with a set of underpinning will make out holes in ball until it would be like entry in the inter-national balloon race. Coach Ross is working out the boomer problem and he'll have it solved in time for the start of the season gets down to the real grind.

**Pass Combination**  
An asset that the team showed in its previous game Saturday was a passing combination. Either "Terry" Bierly, he looks like the late Tom McGovern of featherweight fame, "Whitey" Hartmaning can stand back there and peg a pass as pretty as the next one. Both proved cool as the wariest of combat leaders when Captain Melmer, who can also treat a football to a mean grip, must not be overlooked as a passing star. Both Fred, Tom, Bill, Henry, Pat Hetrick or Wonderley are capable of getting out there to fold a rotating ball to their backsides. All of these fellows had flocks of basketball practice and they are sharks on snagging the ball. Bill, Althoff and Hartmaning paraded their skills Saturday and it was pretty to see. This group of passers and receivers will cause more gray hair among the coaches than in the L. B. S. this season than there are freckles in Heavenville.

**Defense**  
It is predicted today that both starting ends, Bob Fresh and "Fireman" Binkley are there to stay. Nothing, unless it be something along the line of the accident, can keep either of these shanghaings off the payroll. They are the long string bean type of men. Lots of muscle, lots of nerve and lots of the old fight. Wonderley proved his worth as a defensive back last Saturday and Captain Melmer under every pile-on. Hasselbach can also hold his own and then there is "Bully" Jones who smites even when he is not smiting, and that other corner, Titworth will make some of the boys amble to get in line when they award letters (not to mention the "old Dan"). Tucker will comb more than one head of hair with a wagon wheel before the season ends. He is a veteran from his experience as a lumberman's boots are of feet.

There are any number of anxious kids 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 spic and span friendly.

**A Real Galloper**  
Last year they called J. W. Miller, a trim offering to the alters of the gods in the northernmost 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 comer. This year J. W. himself, has arrived on time and per schedule. He shovels last Saturday, when the sun beat him to a black pig cuticle about a bit in the fiddly rays of the sun, that is one of the prettiest open field running players there. Fresh is right behind him since Wonderley took off his football shoes or Bunk Ross took his sheepskin, together with Tom Hartmaning, a former football high school spherer. J. W. Miller tucks the ball under his arm, tucks his head down between his shoulders and runs on.

He knows where he is going, too. He runs with high knee action and takes strides that compare with Red Grange. He runs until he is hit and they have to hold him to check his flight. "Sweet memories of Red Grange and Pety Clark as well as the days of the great old fan who saw J. W. peddle his goods last Saturday. This farmer lad, with Bierly, Hetrick, Wonderley and Hartmaning, is in the league for backfield honors this season or a lot of first class guessing has gone for naught."

The new Bullion 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 hoss 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.



## 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 now 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 HORSEMEN 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 1920 has been the best backfield men that it has boasted of since those immortal days of 1920, when such stars as George Engle, Tom McEachin, Edburn Eesley and William (Bunk) Ross were ballyhooed for the purple and white of old Fremont.

Go back over the records since that date and the names of Judy Lorch, Al Yoon, Harry W. May, and several more stars will crop out, but where they worked the individual trick to fame, the six men of 1920 of 1927 has six bets, as the late P. T. Barnum used to say: "Look them over."

### On the Far Banner

On the far banner that flanks and floats on the breeze you have Wayne Bierly, one of the wiggling, wobbling, wobbling men that Fremont has had since Wenderick picked up his dude and went to the U. S. U. There you also have Harry White, "The Little Sphinx of the gridiron," a real thinker and a field general. Although this captain has shown a decided inability to lead his team to drive it in the right direction. He is as yet a doubtful threat man who can be relied upon to do his best, who is picking up on his bootings that has improved in the last two games.

Again we point to Wondervy, a huge specimen of a youth who is muscled and proportioned like a Dempsey and who can hammer the line like a master. Wondervy, this year, should make one of the best line-plunging lads Fremont high has ever boasted of. Again we point to another member. This fellow is Patrick Hettick, a long, lean galloper who can penetrate through that opposition like a man driving a nail into a bale of loose hay. Pat runs until they knock him down and put the weight hold on his prone body. He sits into the sceneries very nicely.

On the other hand, as the fellow who is not so�� driving worth, we have J. W. Miller, or Bunker Miller, a lanky customer who has all the ear marks of a great man, but can't catch him when action is a poem or a scene. Bill Grange in high school form, if ever there was one. Bill is green at the football game, but he is an apt student. One of the best, if not the best, players in the afternoon, barring accident, of course, you're going to read about this J. W. Miller in a football album. Again on the far banner we have Bunker Miller, another of these lads who fit in nicely in a sextet that would be a good model couch in Ohio crook with gies had he the pleasure of calling them his own. Bunker is as cool as you can get, and can get 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 six in a row good all the other. If Coach Ross had at least two apparent weak spots on his line bolstered up and the art of hoodwinking him by the out standing soccer with a power of foot work, a fellow could almost be safe in saying that the purple and white of old Fremont will be in gathering the Little Big Seven football bunting. As is right now, the two best defects them will be called the champion ship.

Notre Dame had its four horsemen; Alabama its backfield torsos; and Cornell its big red ex ploder; but Fremont has a set that would make the immortal sextet from Lucia, get its hair bobbed and its train under the big top and appear as magnificently with an Uncle Tom's Cabin show.

**May Be Mistaken**  
I may be wrong in my conjecture, but this group of six, a real action, the half a dozen, is going to make a lot of noise and have nightmare and cry for Mama and Papa as well as sister. Susto to hear them go to sleep before the season is over. One of the trends runs in cycles. We had a real one in 1920 and it now appears as though they're about to build up another even bigger. The old forget-me-nots, at Fremont high.

Like the fellow who forecasted that the world would bump off someday and that the sun would spring another leak, I'll make my forecast right here and now, that six boy set of backs are going to cause a lot of black eyes in the league circle just from watching them whirl past, that is all I can say about it. And it is known wherever John Z. York ball parades that six backs are better than four and can carry a big load.

Well Bunk Ross has the six. Watch their step, stand out in their wake and feel the breeze. They make a class race in Ben Hur. They 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 foeman later on, but the game against Norwalk will either make or break Bunk Ross' mighty fine looking machine, the same outfit that crumpled 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 the 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	34
Simmons, Philadelphia	33
Gehrig, New York	31
Fothergill, Detroit	30
Cobb, Philadelphia	31

Leader a year ago today, Marush, Detroit, .378.

### National League

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

Leader a year ago today: Haugrave, Cincinnati, .354.

### "The Big Five"

Hornshy	.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
Michiles Auto Rex	3 0
Kiwanis Club	3 0
City Loans	3 0
Studebakers	3 1
Mono Motor Oils	2 1
Farm Homes	1 1
Ahner Printers	0 0
Garvin-Darrs	0 0
Elks	0 0
White Fronts	0 0
Christy Razors	0 0

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 grueling 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 Norwalk 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 Freeh, ends; Captain Melincer and Tucker, tackles; Donnie Miller and Hesselbach, guards; "Bully" Jones, center; Althoff, quarterback; Bierly and Hetrick, halfbacks; Wonderly, fullback; J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Siegenthaler, 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 of real Little Big Seven variety. The highly touted passing attack of Captain Mincer's men, and it's a real attack, too, was way off form. There was no time to get to a slippery ball, a muddy field and insecure footing that cut down the speed of the lads who are dubbed for connecting ends on the Bierly 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 mud under feet. Captain 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 a nonagenarian gossip in 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's, 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 Bierly, however, Norwalk's right end, slipped and slipped 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 adding the big fourth down just before "Divine Venus" Binkley fell on the ball for the touchdown, that meant so much to Fremont's pennant hopes. Tucker, Binkley, Wonderly, and Captain Mincer, were getting through the orange and black wall at the finish and often coupled with the slippery wall in which caused Mayberry and Captain Taylor to make that costly fumble.

Changing the subject and speaking about this Taylor fellow for a minute, he looks awfully sweet on offense and was the whole works on visitors on offense, scoring their lone touchdown after snatching 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 win a last ditch fight; this they did with the aid of 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 bantling buffaloes seek shelter, shows that determination and fight about 100 per cent of the purple and white makes for this season and this, with their other ability, and known ability, too, makes the real contenders for the gonfalon in the Little Big Seven.

### Wanted a Dry Field

Give them a dry lot, a chance to spread out on the side of the field and work that pass combination and the fans will see something that they have wished to see and haven't seen since 1926 on a high school team here. The can line, seemed to be weak in two spots held up like a 10-year-old of concrete wall, Saturday and that really 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 all round ability against a high class team, but they have 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 toasts of its backers, Fremont high's purple and white football squad stepped out on foreign soil to play a football game. The team whipped the up-the-Nickel-Plate students in a tidy and very convincing manner. The most brilliant football battles witnessed in Fostoria in many a year, F.B.I.T. in the way of football, this was the game of the Fremont high team this season and that's just what won them the sensational victory. The team from the lot, which a student team from this city since way back when Horace Greeley was here, has been here, has been here to go west and grow up with the country.

Fremont and Fostoria first met on the gridiron at least 15 years ago and, since that day and date when boys had to do their own work and pay their own doctor bills, the schools have met many times, but Fremont victories came in the majority of cases. The year's great win, however, wiped out the sting of previous defeats, for the team, which is the best in the Hogan of Iowa, is said to have the best team that the red and blue has ever had in 15 years. Fremont, by the way, has had 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 schools were on deck for the festivities and the dogs had a touch of real college atmosphere. The band of Fremont, under the services of its regular center, "Bully" Jones, who is on the sidelines with a broken finger, caused Capt. Fox to make a shift in his line. Nelson (Old Dan) Tucker was moved over to the pinto line and, in fact, George Lerch was taken from the sidelines and placed at tackle. The coaches, however, were not to be put but Tucker, not being used to snapping the ball back, was sort of off his game. The coach, however, was a bear on defense and in this capacity he stands next to Captain Johnny Mahrer, he of the terrible tackle. The rest of the rest of the team was intact.

**Scoreless Half**  
Fostoria was having a great football dream this season, the advent of Coach Hogan making this possible. They were on the point of victory over several teams prior to the Fremont collision, but in this encounter they met foeman wily of the wily. The team, which outweighed a bit man for man, but that made no difference to Fostoria, was Duncans, who can also be Tunney's with the finer points of the game when the east coast team was intact.

The first half was a scoreless tie. Fremont having the ball, Fostoria had the ball. Fremont was the 1st to count in the third quarter. J. W. Miller started the parade by peeling off 25 yards on a long run and then went into Fostoria territory. A couple of line cracks. Wenderly being on the right, he took the ball nearer and a neatly executed Althoff to Blinkley, hero of the North, took the ball over and the Fremont team was in. The point after touchdown was missed. Fostoria, not to be beaten, in this case, had the ball came right back and scored via the air route, regaining the ball in the very end. The ball was given after Wayne Bierly had fumbled the ball after taking a bad pass. An attempt to get it to Bigner, put the ball across and Fostoria had its turn at cheering and making the wilkin reverberate. Fostoria, however, had to try for a point, making the count 6 to 6 in the third period.

The game began to take on the appearance of a bit content and later on a bit more. Fostoria had a chance, but Bob Fresh, long gazed Fremont and splendid running to the other wing man, Harold Binkley, had the ball when he intercepted a Fostoria pass deep in Fremont territory and set up a 25 yard run to the Fremont field. He was pulled down from behind, however, but not until he had run 15 yards, thus getting into danger zone. An exchange of punts was in order and Althoff again had to take the route and gained thereby. A series of smashes also gained ground and the team came another of these nifts. Althoff to Binkley, who had the ball game went on record, 12 and 6 in favor of Fremont. Binkley going over to the end zone, the point of the day. Fremont failed to gain the point after touchdown.

It was a game of the art of football as played by well trained boys. Althoff's work in the line as well as his own improved upon. In this exciting game this slender white head is showing his ability as a field general. The two coaches, Binkley and Fresh were also on their toes Saturday, together with the rest of the spectators. Althoff is also showing better form in his booting and, above all other things, is showing as well as his own numbers on ice. Fremont made the first down to three registered by Fostoria.

The team came out of the com-

## ALL IN FUN

BY COLONEL

Something to worry about: Be-  
ing so deep in a hole that you  
have to look up to see the bot-  
tom.

ABE SKINNER SAYS: TWO MEADOW LARKS WERE SEEN IN NEW BLUFF'S LOWER PORT. THE OTHER DAY NEW'S CHASED THEM OFF THE LOT. AFTER HEAR-  
ING A LOUD CRASH, NEW SHOT IN THE GAME. THI-  
OTHER AFTERNOON WE KNOW NOT WHERE THEY WENT. LET'S LEAVE THE CROWD IN FRONT  
OF THE SCOREBOARD TO GET A COUPLE OF HOT SHOTS HERE.

An idea of nothing at all: Try  
it to play a game of golf in  
a park by putting a bit of moon  
shin in it often causes an eclipse  
of the moon as well as the sun.

FACTS: "PIKE" TAYLOR  
WAS GIVEN HIS NAME BE-  
CAUSE HE LOVED TO CON-  
TEST HAD TO CALL HIM LOV-  
ER OF LADY FINGERS  
WOULDN'T BE MUCH USE IN  
HIS FIELD.

SOme PEOPLE ARE SO DUMB  
THAT THEY THINK ALGEBRA  
SAYS THAT THE DISTANCE OF  
A CERTAIN DIRECTION IS 80  
AND SO HOW HIGH IS UP.

Braves of the brain: The res-  
taurant customer who goes to  
the kitchen to get the toasting  
fork so he can pick a tooth  
pick with it.

Names are names: Carmen Hill  
is quite an inclin' 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. The fact will appear when the high team faded and a group of fellows who had organized for the purpose of making a venture at home and a couple out of town decided not to make the venture. The team, which is a club the size of Fremont and a size which they have many active grididers good class standing about just right for a club.

In days gone past the Crescents made local gridiron history and may do so again this year without being beaten.

The Fremont A. C. under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Herbrand in years gone by as did the Herbrands for Clate Swint. The Herbrand professional outfit at which time a team was sent to the state of Fremont for the purpose of putting on their stuff. This team, a group of fellows, was a bunch of the good ones in this neck of the woods and, at one time, had a good record.

In days gone past the Crescents made local gridiron history and may do so again this year without being beaten.

Such stars as Captain Stanley, W. Nick, Kuhn, Billie Farnell, Alby House, Paul McCormick, Chally Kerr, Ernie Siggins and others of the old guard who were the old orange and black crew and their names were household words in the community.

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

But in pretty fair shape although several of the warriors were bearing battle marks in the forms of cuts and bruises, the team still played straight games to their credit and nearly a defeat. It appears as though the team is destined to race right through its team's contest and settle the L. B. S. issue with a victory on Harmon field Thanksgiving.

Fremont has the best football team it has gathered together since 1920. The team is not content just taking nice effect and with a few of the breaks the team has been the best in the season unbroken. The outfit is the real quill and if you don't believe me, just look at the many who have seen them battle North and South when nothing but pure grit and determination could pull a game out of the fire.

The team plays its next L. B. S. contest at Bellevue next Saturday. Fremont, 12, Fostoria, 6. Fostoria, 6. Fremont, 12. Barger ..... Binkley

Harriman ..... Mincer, (C.)  
Left Tackle .....  
Left Guard .....  
Left Center .....  
Left Guard .....  
Right Guard .....  
Right Tackle .....  
Carter ..... Lerch

Walters ..... Fresh  
Right End ..... Fresh  
Dowell ..... Althoff  
Quarterback ..... Binkley

Biggs ..... Miller  
Left Half ..... Binkley  
Right Half ..... Wenderly

Fox (C.) ..... Wenderly

Summary: Touchdowns—Fes-  
toria, Fox; Fremont, Binkley, 2.  
Punts—Festoria, Lee, Foy,  
ell, Seaver, Kovack, Bigner, Binkley,  
Mills, McFadden; Fremont, Bierly,  
E. Miller, Thaworth.

## 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 beezer 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 sing and poem.

Belleyue 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, Titworth, 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.



## EXPECT RECORD ATTENDANCE AT FRIDAY'S GAME

### Reports Show Interest Be- ing 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 grididers 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; Freeh, 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.



## 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 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 cripples 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 grididers 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" Leshner, 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 rifle 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 have two more years to go to school and together with J. W. Miller, Frech, 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 o experts have for the past wee 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 towners, 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, Bierly, 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.



## 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 Weils 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. Weils, 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.



## FIVE YARD LINE IS HOODOO MARKER FOR ROSS LADS

Ambled the Field Until Zone of Scoring Halted 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," remarks Coach Ross, who has been discussing the past and present as well as the future of the Fremont high crew since 1927.

He is absolutely correct about this five-yard stuff. Take the record of statistics and games played this year and you will find no contest staged in which the team did not average six first downs more than the other team in the zone. Even the Oberlin game, lost by Fremont after a heart-breaking hit to the nose, was no exception. The men outside the college towers by a 17 to 9, or a 16 to 10 count.

Figuring them out of a large H, the team ends into consideration Fremont should have made just about twice the number of points that the other team did on the other side of the ledger this season. They have the power up to the scoring position, but the zone of doom happens that impedes the progress of the scoring machine. Of course, some of the scoring has been in some of the easier contests was worked out by Coach Ross' orders he not caring to take a chance on injury to his players by carrying the ball, and also taking no chances in uncovering his play for the benefit of the other team. The boys have religiously followed the Fremont team during the entire season.

Fremont, according to the unofficial figures has scored 75 points to 25 by opposition in eight games played to date.

Take the Napoleon, for instance, in the first game of the season, and while made so many first downs that the checkers got blistery eyed long before the final whistle. In the May game they culled two touch-downs while the Willard game saw but seventeen first downs and the Oberlin contest witnessed many a marker.

Lots of Playing.

Fremont's ball has close to 50 plays up its sleeve, every man jack on the top squad, being given a chance to play. The boys have been drilled and drilled again and again by their painstaking coach. As has been said before, between the five-yard lines and the goal line, the ball has been cracked in a Fremont punch that was so apparent in getting the ball down the line that it has the power to smash or run off at 75 per cent in power when the big moment comes and the zero hour seems in the offing for the two teams.

**Not Dumb Football.**  
This trouble cannot be laid to the coach, however, for he is a "Whitey" Although they have one of the smartest quarters who has appeared on the gridiron, the "Windy" Wreders. It may be called confused football and over-anxious and lack of the co-ordination that they have. They have the ball was being rushed down the field. It is a fault that can be corrected by the coach, but by the team members themselves. Coach Ross, give them their lesson, the boys probably reponds the lesson, having learned by a wide experience and close study of real football, he has said. He has no jurisdiction over the team when it is on the field of play. They have their start and it is up to them to grade it. They do parade it between the five-yard lines, but there is no reason for the boys to state 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 footballs. It is a good idea to have a huddle on the field just after they reach the limited scoring zone, to get the ball out of the zone, a calming over over-wrought nerves and a you-do-this-and-I-do-the-other advice passed on so that the team will play as a team just as it did while coming down the line, and the backfield can work as a team. The count would just as easy as it did when ripping off those tens, fifties and thirties when the ball was being run this way. Select the play fellow, and then let everybody go busy.

It can be overcome. You have to have you and have proven it in more than one pinch, but in several you have failed. At the time of the last game, however, he gets that five-yard bumping post off its mind and scampers with as much energy as he always does, as it does on the long lane, something is going to happen on Thanksgiving Day, will be famous for the height of dizzy joy and cause the greatest bit of excitement that has ever been seen in that football team in football history.

**Picking No Fuss.**  
This should be the motto for the purpose of picking a team with a fine bunch of boys. It is picked for the reason that the boys have a fault that they have developed. Fremont never had a more representative crew than the men of Fremont, who are the pride of their school and their city, but to the entire league as



Pilots Braves

Jack Slatery, Boston College coach and Boston Braves' scout, has signed to manage the Boston National league baseball team during the 1928 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 is considered as good as W. H. S. as Flanagan is to Notre Dame; Jesostings to Minnesota; Osterhahn and Gilbert to Michigan, and so forth to Purdie.

Creeley is steadily built, blonde and has a bit unlike the late Clyde K. Christy, one of Fremont's best known semi-pro grididers of the past, a tendency to provide himself a whale on defense. He did not have much of a chance to show off, as his team only scored one point, but when he took the ball he tried and tried twice, without success, on a bit of a field shoulder through for a yard or two and did not stop until two or three times. The boys, however, learned after the game, according to the report, that Creeley played a great deal of football in his days, when a rib appeared to have been cracked in a previous engagement.

Creeley is one of the sweetest footers that the boys have on Harmon health in many a moon.

With a stout line capable of giving the ball a good start and sure make some of the boys snap and a few eyes pop out with his eyes, he is a good player, and when they finally took him out, weary and somewhat battered, the score was 10 and 10 and he had a big smile from the crowd.

Creeley by his work here Saturday and several previous performances, made a good candidate for an All-League berth and he is deserving of every bit of credit that he has received on him.

Down in Willard, Ohio, where they are to play a real good game, the boys are a very well thought out. He is said to be an orphan who is working his way through school on his own hook and makes a mighty good job of it.

Boys like Creeley are needed to their communities and the teams they represent. They, at early ages, have to mix pleasure with work, and the boys are to be given to the latter so as to be enabled to carry on.

Willard they say that Creeley is headed toward Geneva College, Pennsylvania, where "Bo" McMillan, famous old Centre college star, is the coach and his son.

One or two Willard boys are said

to be playing football at that

Homer Lindsey, mentor of the W.

H. S. eleven, and a graduate from

the school, has his eye on

Creeley with the intention of sending him to Penn, chool.

One of these days, Creeley's

parents, who are very poor, will

be glad to see him in the sun-

shine on a major eleven lineup,

and, if he continues to develop, he

may see old Willard town fame

All-American fame.

## DEMPSY IN RINGSIDE OF BIG RINGSIDER

NEW YORK, Nov. 4—(IN)—Jack Dempsey, fandom's idol in victory or defeat, was scheduled to octopus the ring Saturday night at the reopening of the St. Nicholas Arena where three matches bringing to greater some of Gotham's favorite ring suds will feature the fast Eddie Faluso, Salt Lake City flyweight meet, Johnny Erickson, Bronx, New York, and the Bronx's own meets Dominick Ferone, the winner probably to battle Tony Canzona, and Jackie Cohen, Brownsville, battles Sammy Shack, 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 is good, all is well. If it creates a bit of a hard feeling, we are sorry, but for the sake of the story, may help a piece of that L. R. S. a bunting, one-third of it anyway, on the sofa.

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  
Johnny Meinzer and his gang of  
hailwarks from Harmar Field left

their reservation on the Harmon  
Highway, the wall of the  
army of the powerful Seneca  
tribe on the banks of the upper  
Ohio, behind them. They walked  
to the center with Max Arey and  
Raggio P. Football, balanced all  
with form that would do the chanc-  
ellor of Columbia proud, kicked their  
heads about on the meadow and came

up on the purple and white

campsite. Back on their own land, at

ease in their own wigwams and

canoe, could not be said of the mighty tribe

of Meinzer, showed its true form

as the Indians of the Great Lakes

hostile to the white man in previous conflicts that season.

The Indians, according to the sta-  
tistics on the following group,

13 first down to six by the Colum-  
bia high students, victims of the

unfortunate and unfortunate

facts of the matter are that the

team, playing true to its form

and in the spirit of the competition

of those old fashioned cake

baskets, the king that bridges used

to be, to get along about 50 and 60.

You can bet your last

keeps on this gamble, too. If the

Indians of the Great Lakes

hostile to the white man in previous conflicts that season.

Third Quarter

Columbus, appearing for its first

appearance in the Little Big Seven

this season, had had more tough

times than any other team in the

competition of bowls.

Wracked by injuries and

susensions of six players,

the purple and white

crew, after a grueling game

was a true exhibition of Fremont

football prowess for 1927, then

the purple and white

team, which makes good resin

for the next governor of the state of

complaints.

First Quarter

Fremont, with Althoff furnish-  
ing the power, kicked off to

Tiffin. Tiffin, who had

played a good brand of ball during

the afternoon. He took the ball

on the 25 line, Flickner hit the line

twice but failed to work a first

down. DeMutth, however, with the

wind at his back and the ball

mailed 45 yards to Fremont's 29

line. J. W. Miller, he of the speedy

steps, then got out a few

bits of yardage and Wonderly

shelled the line for a first down.

Miller, however, was stopped

and suffered a 15 yard penalty.

The ball was in the shadows of the

purple and white end zone and

Althoff booted the thing into the

25 yard line. Tiffin failed to

get the ball out of the end zone

at the 25 yard line. Tiffin

attempted to do the same

at the 15 yard line.

It was far from being good foot-

ball.

Second Quarter

To start the ball to rolling, Tif-  
fin, the purple and white, in the

form of a penalty, the officials

handed out everything but electric

chairs, however, during the after-

noon. DeMutth, however, had a

handful of bounds on Fremont's 49 line.

It was far from being good foot-

ball.

Third Quarter

Althoff kicked off to Flickner,

who ran from his 10 to the 20.

The quarter ended a few minutes later. Fremont had broken

down to Tiffin's two in the first half.

Third Quarter

Althoff kicked off to Flickner,

who ran from his 10 to the 20.

Flickner and DeMutth made a

down. DeMutth was flopped like a  
paper airplane, loss of four, Captain  
Meinzer making the tackle in his  
copyrighted style.

Deibert shot the line for four

yards and DeMutth attempted to  
punt, but "High Pockets" Binkley,

Fremont's towering wingman, was

on the job. He blocked the

punt like a section of fags the  
pay car and the ball was Fremont's.

Two attempts to shoot

birds at the wingman and

to Binkley but the shot grounded.

Althoff loafed via the bootie route

and on to the 25 line. Dahl-

standing behind his own goal line

attempted to kick out of danger,

but Binkley was through like a

lightning bolt and caused Deibert

to fall on the ball. The officials said

that Binkley covered the ball out

of bounds and Deibert was safe

instead of a touchdown. This

went for a pair of points, as they

were in the end zone for indoor sports. Score: Fremont 2, Tiffin 0.

Deibert was showing some of

the form that made it famous this

season, at this stage of the com-

bat. Dahl stood off the line

with Deibert and the ball to the

middle of the 20 line. J. W.

Miller, however, stopped for the time

being. On the 15 line, the big, bur-

ied "Brawny Tourist" picked

the apple for a 12 yard ride around

the 24 line and the 12 yard line

14 more like Gilda Gray in the

Hula dance, and the J. W. person

on the school board, shot the end for 13

yards and a touchdown. Althoff

had the final kick for the

final goal: Count, Fremont 13. The

game, not so much.

Second Quarter

The final quarter of the game  
saw the rough and poor exchange

hands several times with more or

less success, but the ball was in the

possession of the Fremont team.

Fremont secured the ball

when DeMutth punted past mid-

field and into the end zone.

Tiffin's 27 yard line. J. W. Miller,

Birley and Althoff worked the ball

up the line to the 10 yard line.

At this point, Captain Ferges

of Tiffin, who had been on the

sidelines during the game,

had his place at center and

had the ball in his hand. Pat Henrick

hit the lane for four on a hurdle stunt

and the ball was in the end zone.

J. W. Miller, drew three

yards on the end and Birley raced

up the line to the 10 yard line.

They had not been playing the

game that they are capable of and

appeared to be in the last

days of rest from the long sea-

son of over two months.

There was no question but that the same

team that whipped Norwalk in the

beginning and trounced the great Napoleon

team to a frazzle, will be seen

in the same old form.

It is the same old team with the same old

and the same old pepper. Sandusky

is to be a tough afternoon.

Fremont 21, Tiffin 0.

Third Quarter

Tiffin, the purple and white, in the

form of a penalty, the officials

handed out everything but electric

chairs, however, during the after-

noon. DeMutth, however, had a

handful of bounds on Fremont's 49 line.

It was far from being good foot-

ball.

Fourth Quarter

To start the ball to rolling, Tif-  
fin, the purple and white, in the

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ball.

## 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 champion of the Big Seven football division for the season of 1927 by either giving the blue and white from the bay shores a clean sweep or else giving them a triple tie of the matter between Sandusky, Oberlin and Fremont, was a considerable boost Saturday afternoon.

The entire attention of north central Ohio was focused on the game between the Fremont and Oberlin teams in the after place. A win for Oberlin meant a championship and they were the only team to do it, too. Sandusky won, 6 to 0, 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 tip its sleeve for the victory. She spoke from Fremont, that were clustered about the stands and bleachers—all rooting for Sandusky, by the way. When Sandusky says she was playing under cover, she's just talking a bit through her well known hat, not that she or anybody has fallen for the statement.

Oberlin made them step, made them work in such a manner that it was a wonder who would make merchants like Hamlin, Strand and Powers out there seeking to interest the public in the game of football outside. No sir, Sandusky did not tempt fate and only used one-pass during the entire afternoon. She can see that she can be termed as sort of a passing team with a couple of pretty fair boys on the receiving end. It was a game that won them their game Saturday.

Sandusky had several scares because of the high winds and a good of hair raising pastime, and Oberlin came mighty close to putting one over to tie the score and perhaps sent it on the point after touchdown.

Sandusky made 12 first downs to 9 by Hamlin and company. Sandusky had one 50 yard run to 233 yards. Hamlin making Kruger, highly touted bay shore booter, look bad. Sandusky turned the ball over to Oberlin, making 248 yards in 40 trials, while Oberlin only moved along 88 yards in 32 trials. You can see that Sandusky took no chances with the kick-off game but played straight football and it was by an easy margin.

A great crowd of Fremonters sat in on the pastime and among the number was a Fremont Fremont rooter for Sandusky, too, a victory for that team giving the locals opportunity to the championship count on Thanksgiving day.

Can Fremont beat Sandusky? That was the question batted on all sides by those who were the game Saturday and who returned home with the tidings. The answer was a definite "Yes" with the appendage "11P" attached. The if business pertains to the bundle of fight and rush that the White Horses had to the left somewhere along the road after they defeated the great Napoleon team on October 21.

Fremont lost to Oberlin by the heart-breaking count of 6 to 0, and in a game that they should have won by a wide margin. Fremont laid out 14 first downs against Oberlin and Sandusky made 11 against the same. Sandusky had the benefit of some pretty fair officiating, while the mandates of the oracle that Sandusky was the better team would have made even Sweet Marie become sour and sour.

The Fremont rooters, students of history, are certain that the Sandusky conflict, are now positive that Fremont has a most splendid chance to beat Sandusky and is willing to gamble a few kopeks to the effect that the purple and white will wave above the blue and white in the game to be played Saturday on field in Fremont Thanksgiving day.

Beth Fremont and Sandusky are a week off. The spare time between now and the oncoming battle will be spent in polishing up the men and the equipment.

Coach Ross has his plans for next week. He believes that all the lagging spirit that has been observed in the team during the past several weeks, will all be removed by special treatment and that the team will come into condition during the next dozen or so days.

The Fremont warriors, pepped up by the fact that it took Sandusky an entire afternoon to prove that it was slightly superior to them, are determined to reward vigor and point for the big game.

If they show that old battle spirit, display that team spirit, that has always had

made them the best-looking Fremont high team since 1926, up to a point, they will have a sensational Thanksgiving celebration here one week from Thursday and they will have proven to the world that "Fremont is a team to be reckoned with and that the best team in the little Big Seven this year is

"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 Kuh next Monday night in Brooklyn.

The Belgian trio checking in yesterday are little men, Petit Biquet, flyweight, and Joe Claes and Rancois 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 saga 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.

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

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

## **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 umphs 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 on 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 Turn to No. 1 page 10. Please

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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 had 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 tidiest 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 cotton arena.

**Big 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 gun and ball in with the ball was down in the vicinity of the 9-yard line and "White" Althoff, quarterback, team general and a boomer who had outpunted Sandusky's toast, Krueger and his boating 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 dons 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 boating, he elected to run, his last lingering hope to get the ball outside the goal line. "White" did not run with Mott. Sandusky right end, who is no Mutt in this gridiron business, Mott, cracked 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 general Dan Granger was done, or any of the sensational Bennie to Bennie passing crooked 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 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 roosters will never get over the closeness of the proceedings. Althoff kicked off to Wuerz, who was lammed on his 21 yard line. Mott immediately passed and the ball went at Fremont's 50, where it was downed by Grothwal. 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 critical play, a play that failed to gain much territory, but Sandusky lost 15 yards for roughing. J. W. Miller hit 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 wild line. 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 yards, 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

Mine 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 tieless 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 its 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 and 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 present time is 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 cold, hard, metallic blow.

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
Krueger .....	Binkley
Left End	
Grothwal .....	(C.) Meineer
Left Tackle	
Biechle .....	D. Miller
Left Guard	
Trout .....	Jones
Center	
Thompson .....	Hasselbach
Right Guard	
Rehfus .....	Tucker
Right Tackle	
Mott .....	B. Miller
Right End	
Wuerz .....	Althoff
Lazzara (C.) .....	Bierly
Left Half	
Bettridge .....	J. W. Miller
Right Half	
Blokier .....	Wonderly
Fullback	

Score by quarters:

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

Substitutions: Sandusky, Ebert for Lazzara, Kuhlman for Thompson, Amburn for Wuerz, Harpel for Grothwal, Scheppel for Trout, Fremont, Hetrick for Wonderly, Lenz for Bierly, Meineer for Lenz, Scheppel for Hasselbach. Referee—Eitter, Toledo. Umpire—Collins, Cleveland. Head Linesman, Spald, Findlay. Field Judge, Linn, Toledo.

Time of quarters, 12 1/2 minutes.

"Deacon Jim" McGuire, who had 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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