

1927-1928 Season Review...

BASKETBALL TO TAKE PLACE IN HIGH SUN SOON

With the fog end of the football season approaching and the curtain about to flop down kersmack on the big setting that has entertained the fans for the past two months, Coach William (Bunk) Ross, commander in chief of Fremont high school athletics, will scan the horizon and beckon the boys in for a bit of basketball work. The outlook for the season of 1927-28 is very brilliant this year. The same team, with the exception of "Butch" Bowers, is intact and the outfit that tied Oberlin for top honors in the league last season will trot forth seeking other worlds to conquer.

The survivors of the championship squad, Binkley, J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Ford Anderson, will be on hand for the first practice that opens the week following the Thanksgiving Day vacation. Bierly, Wonderly, Lerch, Freeh, Hetrick and several more of the footballers, it is said, are to step forth for honors on the cage outfit and will be out there to take the well kept pew that was left vacant when "Butch" Bowers packed up his sheepskin, several pairs of socks, his fist and soup, some underwear and a couple of neckties and departed for that dear old Lake Forest academy up beyond the wilds of Chicago.

The high cagers will open their league engagement with Norwalk on January 13, but prior to this date they will engage in warfare with several very capable teams, the contests to include one of the city title tilts with the St. Joseph's high team.

The gridders who have been participating in the frolics of the green with the purple and white team will make up the greater part of the cage squad and they will be in perfect physical trim for the big start in the strenuous exercise on the floors of Fremont and the cages abroad.

DOES GRIDGING SPOIL YOUTH'S CHANCE IN CAGE?

Does football have effect on the lad who tries out for basketball?

This was a question popped at the writer last evening while sitting on the side lines during the Dodge-Christy Razor joust at Educational hall, Tuesday night.

It's sort of a tough one to answer and, on the other hand, it appears easy in some respects. Take the average high school athlete for instance. He goes out and plays a strenuous 10 game schedule of football, games that are sandwiched in between some very stiff practice session and scrimmage work. This takes all the pep out of a growing boy who is several years on the sunny side of maturity. Now take this same youth at the end of the football season and send him right into the grind for basketball, another sport almost as strenuous as the grid game, and often times the boys fail to click. It is not the case in many instances, but in some it is very pronounced.

In most high schools you will find several from the football group who are able to stand the cage grid as well. Fremont high has at least four of these boys. Althoff, Binkley, J. W. Miller and Bunker Miller, being the dandies who can stand the pace. Many schools only allow their athletes to specialize in one sport, but Benny Oosterbann of Michigan, is an exception to the rule. He plays football and basketball equally as well. Some boys are held up for track work. Others lay their claims to athletic greatness on baseball, and there you are.

In answering the above question, it can be said that too many cooks often spoil the broth in regards to a budding youth mingling in basketball following up a stiff football season. The case of "Wishy" Kramer, Heidelberg grid star who showed himself a capable performer in the cage with the Dodge Motors, Tuesday evening against the Christy Razors.

WONDERLY OUT FOR A POSITION ON CAGE CREW

WONDERLY .. Sport .. R.

They tell up around the high school gym about a certain husky built individual who is out there seeking the berth that was left vacant when a young gent named Lovell (Butch) Bowers, pulled up stakes, packed his tent and treked toward Lake Forest academy. This lad wore Red Grange's famous number 77 in the recent football campaign, and he sure did the numeral proud. Yep, you have guessed it right off the bat. The youngster's handle is Clifford Wonderly, better known as Cliff, who did quite a stroke of fullbacking for Bunk Ross durni gthe grid campaign recently closed. Wonderly, built like the rock of ages, powerful and fast, is out for the basketball team and they say, that is the downtown coaches and the sideline hawks, that the blonde has a chance of making the riffle. Anderson, J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Lester Binkley and "Whitey" Althoff of the last year's crew are all on deck, and with Wonderly, McFadden, the Pioneer boy, and a couple of more likely looking recruits out of a group of 45 or more candidates, who are out for the purple and white cage crew.

Indications point to another corking good cage five up there at the corner of Park avenue and the team will be rounding into shape in a few days, but, it is given forth by the mentors in charge, that nobody has his position cinched and that to win a berth on the first string squad, a fellow will have to get out there and show his capabilities or make way for the next in line.

"Whitey" Althoff, according to the caucus returns, is slated to lead the cagers this season and he should make a great captain.

BRADNER WILL BE NO SET-UP FOR HIGH TEAM

That Coach Ross has picked out no set-up for his opening joust in the 1927-28 basketball campaign next Friday evening at the F. H. S. gym, when the varsity makes its debut of the season against Connie Clark's Bradner high five, can be taken for granted by returns from Port Clinton Saturday night.

The Bradner boys went down that way and succeeded in trouncing the Clinton crew by a count of 18 and 4. The Port Clinton five failed to score a single field goal during the 32 minutes of play and if this isn't going some on the part of Bradner, a lot of fellows would like to know.

The Bradner five proved itself a veteran as well as a wise crew. Session and Ryder, two of the best footballers on the outfit are also capable performers in the cage, the former snagging five fielders and the latter three.

Fremont will be all set for the annual invasion of Bradner and, while the F. H. S. is expected to wave its banner in triumph, the outfit can take no chances against a crew that held Port Clinton's best bets to no fielders on its own bailiwick and walked home with the decision.

A lot of fans will be up there in the gym next Friday evening to see the F. H. S. brigade parade its galaxy of stars that will include Althoff, Binkley, Anderson, J. W. Miller, Bunker Miller, Wonderly, Lerch, E. Myers, Bierly, McFadden and several other good ones.

St. Joseph's high will play its weekly game against the strong St. Mary's five at Bellevue. Friday evening and St. Ann's quintet is to journey to Eustoria for a game with the St. Wendlin five. All the local scholastic fives are getting down to some real business and the going will soon be hot, thick and merry.

BRADNER HIGH VERY SOFT FOR FREMONT FIVE

Purple and White Smothered Visiting Attack and Won Easily

Fremont high 24, Bradner high 4.

Coach Ross unleashed his troop of cage zebras at the high school gym last evening and the striped-coated herd cavorted with a group of big game hunters from Bradner.

Much had been expected of the Wood county delegates, but the visitors had as much chance of beating the local L. B. S. derby entries as Charley Lindbergh has of running for assessor in the first ward. They tried hard but only succeeded in making one lone field goal and two shots from the foul line.

Bradner recently applied the same kind of a dose to the stalwarts of Port Clinton and they were expected to give Fremont a bit of hurrying. The facts of the matter are, the guests did not even cause the purple and white warriors to sweat.

Promising Outlook

The Fremont team paraded its early season stuff before a three-quarters capacity house, and showed a snappy passing attack, some fair team work and a sweet pair of guards in J. W. Miller and Ford Anderson; a comer in George Lerch; a flashy bit of forwarding by Captain Althoff, and some promising material in "Elbows" McFadden, Bunker Miller, Cliff Wonderly, Eddie Myers and Wayne Bierly.

On top of all this, Lester Binkley, towering forward, was not in the game last evening. The lanky lad was in uniform but was kept on the sidelines by a pair of slightly damaged ankles.

They're ON

George Lerch, in center, got the first tip-off of the season on the home floor and he also got the first point, a free throw on a Bradner foul. Come to think of it, it was this same tall sucker, George Lerch, who sank the first fielder of the season and made the count 3 to 0 a short time after the contest was opened.

Althoff, working in and out very fast, fouled Captain Long, all county guard in Wood county, and said Long eased one in from the foul line. Lerch hooked a fielder that shot the score to 5 to 1, and then Captain Althoff performed. He shot two straight into the tub from the hard wood and pickled a free shot, making the score 10 to 1. The captain also ended the quarter with another pretty basket from the floor on a pretty pass

that had been started by J. W. Miller. The quarter ended 12 to 1.

Lerch banged the bloater into the hopper to start the second quarter, making it 14 to 1, and then missed a sucker shot. Althoff hoisted the stitched thing into the haversack, making the count 18 to 1, and it was thus when the half ended.

Bradner Scores

The ultimate result of the game was a foregone conclusion at this time and the contest was about as exciting as a bout between two village patriarchs for the checker championship.

When the gang came back for the second half, Sessions, Bradner's ace, shot his team's only fielder and saved the visiting advocates of the cage sport from a complete smothering. Bradner sort of perked up after this, but their chances in overcoming the lead were very remote. Several substitutes were sent in for Fremont, and the third quarter ended with the count at 18 to 3.

The Grand Finale

Several more changes were made in the local lineup to start the last quarter. Eddie Myers shoved one into the hoop, making the score 20 to 3. Sessions shot a foul, scored at the expense of Lerch. Bradner now had four points to take home. J. W. Miller heaved one into the iron bound bucket. With the count 24 to 4, Cliff Wonderly for Anderson and Bierly for McFadden, were given a bit of experience just before the contest ended.

The sum and substance of the evening's exhibition is to the effect that the purple and white cage selection is going to be a real topper, and with a bit more polishing up, should take in a lot of fruit while the harvest lasts. They have speed, knowledge of the game, experience, and there are at least two dandles battling for the berth left vacant by the graduation of "Butch" Bowers.

The score:

Fremont 24	G. F. P.
McFadden, rf	0 0 0
Althoff, lf	3 3 9
Lerch, c	2 3 7
J. W. Miller, rg	2 0 4
Anderson, lg-c	0 0 0
B. Miller, rg	0 0 0
Wonderly, c	0 0 0
Bierly, rf	0 0 0
Myers, rf	2 0 4

Totals 9 6 24

Bradner 4	G. F. P.
Ryder, rf	0 0 0
Lombard, lf	0 0 0
Sessions, c	1 1 3
Long, rg	0 1 1
Spitler, lg	0 0 0
Cox, lg	0 0 0
Barasky, lf	0 0 0

Totals 1 2 4

Referee, C. L. Spaid, Findlay.

Reggie McNamara, who will compete in the six-day race at Madison Square Garden again this year, has won thirteen six-day races, which surpasses the record of any other rider.

JUNIOR ORDER BEATS FREMONT ON AN OFF NIGHT

Catch Purple and White
Flat on Feet; Visitors
Fast and Clever

Fremont high's towering basketball team, leading favorite in the Little Big Seven flag race for the season of 1928, was caught on the soles of its well known feet, flatter than a cold boarding house pancake, at the gym last evening and in front of a three-quarters house full of cash customers and some who entered via the credit system.

The trapper that bagged the coon skin last evening and took the bag limit is a gent named Sterrett, head coach for the Junior Order home five at Tiffin. This group of basketekers from the upper reaches of the winding Sandusky river, won by a count of 27 to 21. The Junior Order was not made to order for Fremont last evening. They caught the Ross offerings dead on their feet, out of gear and dismayed by speed. The purple and white gallopers, tall lads and tried in many a hot session, just could not get started and above it all, they had lost the key to their best combination as well as their eye for the basket. As a result of all this, they took a trimming that came as a surprise and quite a bit of a shock.

The boys from the Junior Home were a gleeful pack of youngsters last evening. They went home with two neat victories packed away, the first scalp coming in the form of a Reserve team victory, the visiting seconds having lamed the home reserves by the breath-taking count of 32 to 31.

The preliminary contest was a real zipper, Fremont, with Herring, George, Stull, Mielke and company breezing along, held the edge most of the way. At one time they had a 10-point lead and the game looked to be securely in the sack. Several substitutions were made later in the game and along came the visitors, led by a lad named Slemmer, who just merely shot the local lead all to pieces and won by the width of a modern day complexion. Slemmer shot eight fielders and jammed two free tosses through the hoop.

The Main Go

The Fremont fellows appeared on the floor last evening dressed in their new uniforms. They presented a neat appearance. The visitors were not up to the standard of the locals in height, but they showed later that they are a fast, fierce-rushing crew of cagers who know their stuff and have their eyes on the hoop, all being experts from any angle.

Francis of Tiffin, hooked the first felder after two minutes of speedy rushing. Binkley tied the count with a floor shot a second later, but Whittaker took the lead away from the purple and white when he cast another swirler from the boards. The Fremonters, believing that the similarity in uniforms had had some effect on their team play, changed colors, putting on their old jerseys over the new. Whittaker celebrated this change by shooting another felder and putting his team into a 6 to 2 lead. Binkley muffed a sucker shot, but counted a moment later and shoved

Youngest Grid Boss



Thomas Carrington Gawthrop, 2nd, just elected captain of the 1928 Haverford College football team, is only 18 and is believed to be the youngest field leader in the game. He's a resident of West Chester, Pa. (International Illustrated News)

the balloting to 6 to 4. The first quarter ended with this count.

Althoff, guarded as closely as the queen's jewels by a Junior Order mechanic, could not function with his usual skill. He got loose, however and sailed one into the lace that tied the score and gave the Fremont fans something to cheer about. Lerch, leaning tower of Pisa, who cavorts in center for F. H. S., sent his team into the lead with a toss from the painter's art that determines the foul line. This was the first and last time that the purple and white approached victory. Whittaker soared a long floater from mid-floor that put his team in the lead, 8 to 7, and Francis boosted the sum total to 10 to 7 a minute later. Try as they may, the Fremonters could not get to going. Coach Ross switched his combination, sending Eddie Myers in for Binkley and Binkley in for Lerch, who went to the sidelines just after he had shot a felder, making the count 10 to 9 in favor of the guests. Turner and Francis shot one per that brought the total to 14 to 9 in their favor when the half ended.

Just the Same

When the teams came back from their mid-game recess, it was thought that Fremont high would surely open up its bag of tricks and pull the game from the fire, but they did not and, the facts of the matter are, they could not pull it last night. Several times shots by Binkley, one by Althoff and a few bursts of speed made it appear as though the old form was coming back, but the Juniors, among whom were a lot of seniors, kept right straight on and showed no signs of detouring.

Fremont had a chance most all the way, but combinations failed to click and well meant shots went astray and there you are. The defeat, although a hard one to take, comes at an early stage of the season when it will perhaps do more good than harm. It doesn't count in the league standing. It was a great bit of experience and in other words it was a lesson. Fremont high has a lot of pretty floor tricks and they have the men to perform them. All they need is the polish that will round them into form and set them away in the form they exhibited last season. Binkley and J. W. Miller were about the only members of the regular crew who showed up

JACK DELANEY GETS HIMSELF NEW MANAGER

NEW YORK, Dec. 23. — Some five or six years ago Pete Reilly, who formerly booted them around at short for various minor league clubs, purchased the contract of a young Connecticut middleweight for \$900.

The young man made \$300,000 for himself and Reilly, who steered him into the light heavyweight championship. Now Reilly has sold his contract for \$50,000—a record price in the cauliflower ear market. And so Jack Delaney passed under the management of Joe Jacobs, a shrewd manipulator of Queensberryware. Reilly leaves him at the height of his career—an undefeated champion in the light heavyweight division and a contender for the heavyweight crown. Reilly also transferred to Jacobs his contract with Sammy Vogel, a welterweight.

HOW THEY STAND

The official standing of the teams in the City Bowling league are as follows:

Teams	W.	L.
Farm-Homes	25	14
City Loans	24	15
Garvin-Darrs	23	16
Elks	22	17
Studebakers	21	18
Crescent Mfg. Co.	20	19
Kiwanis Club	19	20
Mona Motor Oils	19	20
Christy Razors	18	21
Ahner Printers	17	22
Michles Auto Rex	16	24
White Fronts	11	28

FRENCHIE MUST DO AS THE MOGULS SAY

NEW LONDON, Conn., Dec. 23. —(INS)—Frenchy Belanger, recognized by the National Boxing association as the new flyweight champion, must fight Frankie Genaro of New York before meeting Corporal Iszy Schwartz for the undisputed right to the title. This ruling was given by Thomas F. Donohue, president of the N. E. A. Schwartz is recognized as champion by the New York Boxing commission.

in anything like old-time form last evening, but the rest of the fellows tried and tried hard. Whittaker and Francis were the big guns for the Juniors last night.

The score and lineup:

Junior Order 26	G.	F.	P.
Francis, rf	4	1	9
Whittaker, lf	6	0	12
Wolf, c	2	0	4
Turner, rg	1	0	2
Meade, lg	0	0	0

Totals	13	1	27
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Fremont High 21	G.	F.	P.
Althoff, rf	2	1	5
Binkley, lf-c	5	0	10
Lerch, c	1	1	3
Anderson, rg	1	0	2
Miller, lg	0	0	0
Myers, rg	0	1	1
McFadden, lf	0	0	0

Totals	9	3	21
Referee, Linn, Toledo.			

FREMONT HIGH OPENS LEAGUE RACE IN STYLE

Overwhelms Norwalk by Big Count; F. H. S. Has Found Combination

Displaying something that it had lost and found, the real combination, Fremont high's basketball offerings migrated to Norwalk last evening and cut a fearful swath in the tall maples of that staid community on one of the bends of the W. and L. E. Railway line. The score was 50 to 17 and this indicates that the Rossmen have found themselves after weeks of experimenting and will not show their real worth as aces in the pack with which the Little Big Championship tourney is being played.

In the game last evening Fremont moved against Maple City quintet with a speed that could not be denied. They worked that short, snappy passing attack and gave the basket one great barrage of shots, the major portion of the shots finding the target. Fremont also hooked in 12 of 15 free tosses.

The game was a zipper for speed and the purple and white avalanche caught the villagers unprepared and the first half ended with the score 31 to 4. Coach Ross gave his second group all the chance in the world after the game was slapped into the gunny sack and the boys, to a man, paraded their stuff nicely. The found combination succeeded in slipping the ball past Norwalk's defense to the waiting hands of Captain Althoff, Binkley and Georgie Lerch. Althoff shot for 17 points, Binkley contributed 10 and the tall Georgie Progle slapped 'em into the hoop for 14 points. With this offense, Fremont displayed a defense that kept Reed Taylor and his crew hitched to the rail on Main street. They couldn't have broken through with a stone hammer and, in other words, Norwalk was completely outclassed in all departments of the game.

Norwalk, displaying the spirit of the Little Big Seven, fought on and on and never let out, but they and their efforts resembled the attack of a game little sapsucker who tries to pick grubs out of the steel bound sides of our own and ancient stand pipe. Gahn and Bisham played well for the home guards.

To add to Norwalk's bitter dose swallowed last evening, the Fremont high girls defeated the Norwalk lassies 31 to 15, in a curtain raiser, that was also as one sided as toothache.

Fremont's next L. B. S. romp will be with Bellevue here and, according to the way the team has picked up, the combination should make the Cultivator City youth seek the cyclone cellar early in the storm.

The score:			
Fremont, 50.	G.	F.	Pts.
Lerch, rf.	5	4	14
Althoff, lf.	7	3	17
Binkley, c.	5	0	10
Anderson, rg.	1	2	4
J. W. Miller, lg.	0	1	1
McFadden, lf.	0	1	1
Myers, c.	1	0	2
Wonderly, rg.	0	1	1
Bierley, lg.	0	0	0
Total	19	12	50
Norwalk 17	G.	F.	Pts.
Dunn, rf.	1	0	2
B. Taylor, lf.	0	0	0
Gahn, c.	0	0	0
R. Taylor, rg.	0	1	1
Bisham, lg.	5	1	11
Woodward, rf.	0	0	0
Weidmaler, lf.	1	1	3
Mayberry, c.	0	0	0

FIGHT DECISIONS

At New York—Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia, world's light heavyweight champion won decision from Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Washington, (15).

K. O. Phil Kaplan, New York middleweight, outpointed Babe McGorgory, Oklahoma, (8).

Jake Warren, Chicago heavyweight, outpointed Jimmy Byrne Louisville, Ky. (8).

At Wilkes-Barre, Pa. — Tommy O'Toole, Portland, Me., won decision over Mickey Doyle, Pittston Pa., featherweight, (10).

At Philadelphia—Danny Fagan New York, won decision over Bob Richardson, Johnstown, Pa. (10).

At Omaha, Neb. Ace Hudkins Nebraska welterweight, kayoed Mike Rozgall, Omaha, in fifth round.

At Kansas City—Neal Cissy Los Angeles heavyweight, outpointed Bob Lawson, Atlanta, (10).

At Berlin, Germany — Max Schmeling, German middleweight champion, won European championship by knocking out Michele Bonaglia of Italy in first round.

HEENEY PUTS NEW ZEALAND ON SPORT MAP

Tom Heenev, New Zealand's hope for the heavyweight boxing crown, has set his island home wild over his exploits in the hemp-en circle. The night that Tom belted Johnny Risko in Detroit, half the island sat up all night to get the low down on the mill and upon receiving the news of the native son's victory, made such a noise that Australia wired over to see what the trouble was. Heenev is just another of those mighty milt-men who came from the down and under land. Fitzsimmons, Jackson, McCarthy, Collin Bell, D'Arcy, Griffo, Billy Murphy, Joe Goddard and many another good 'un came from the other side of the world and several of them were world beaters, taking the cases of Fitz, D'Arcy, Jackson, Griffo and Murphy into consideration, and who knows, Heenev may be another of these boys.

Tom is big, brawny and covered with more hair than a grizzly bear. He can take it, has the sock and has had ample experience. He has worked his way along nicely and there is many a man who will make a bet that he will take both Sharkey and Jack Dempsey in the so-called heavy elimination trials and be the logical contender for a bout with Joseph Eugene Tunney, the Gotham master of the art of Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling and Bert Green or H. W. Wittwer for that matter.

CHUCK STOPS 'EM

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 7. — (INS)—Roleaux Saguro, the demon punching light heavyweight champion of Cuba, who knocked his first three opponents in a Chicago arena silly, in recent bouts, had his meteoric career checked here last night when Chuck Wiggins of Indianapolis, affectionately known as the "Hoosier Bearcat," was awarded the decision over the dusky-hued gent from Havana.

Dudley, rg.	0	0	0
Homerick, lg.	0	0	0
Total	5	3	17
Referee: Trautman, Bucyrus.			

FREMONT HIGH TOOK FOSTORIA ON BUGGY RIDE

Locals Off Form But Succeeded in Trimming Visitors; J. W. Miller Star

Fremont High 27, Fostoria High 19.

That result appears splendid on paper, but it is more satisfying gratifying and exemplifying with the knowledge that it isn't all on paper. The greatest portion was on hardwood and the rest on the records of fine achievements in F. H. S. athletic annals.

Fremont High, tutored by the renowned Ralph Hagen, Iowa's big loss in future cage activities and an all-outdoor game on the night previous, came down here Saturday evening resolved to take Fremont High to a buggy ride. The fact that the scarlet and black warriors had defeated Junior Order the night previous, and that Junior Order is the only team to have the colors of Fremont high this year gave the Fostoria crowd a feeling that they would have a real meal on "ash." In this they were sadly disappointed, as they didn't even get a can of molasses or blind robins, but, nevertheless, they made a merry evening out of it and several times during the rough, fast struggle that ensued between the two schools that have been meeting on the floor and gridiron since U. S. Grant and Robert K. Lee shook hands and called it a day at Appomattox to these many years ago. Fostoria went high.

The Buggy Ride

Fremont did in really take Fostoria for the buggy ride, but the durned old buggy acted up right at the time, got out of the groove in the middle of the road, threatened to do a turtle in the ditch, mixed a couple of bridges and came nearly appling the evening for a fine crowd that turned out to welcome the old purple and white vehicle as it came down Main street with all its gear and baggage.

The purple and white vehicle made its appearance all dolled up in new rigging and to did Fostoria for that matter, Captain Althoff and the driver and he had more trouble and tribulations during the night than ever did Texas Jack or any other old time racing driver of Wells-Pargo days in escaping ambush, washouts, engine trouble and rebuffs. "Whys" changed hours several times, contrary to the idea that began in for the driver who makes a practice of this idea, and came across but, got, until a racing journey had been experienced.

The Game

Catch Row sent out Captain Althoff and George Lorch at forward. Lester Binkley at center and Joe Anderson and J. W. Miller on the guard's back. Fostoria picked all responsibility on Vance and Dowell forwards; Doyle center and Harrison and Doyle guards.

Ted Kellier, Toledo University was the officiating referee and had a light's work out for the first. Fremont's first chance to score came early in the fray a minute after Binkley lost Doyle to the first off. It was a free throw and Althoff, usually a Dead Eye Dick in the border line, missed the shot. Althoff, came back a second later and, taking it out of the visiting passing attack, heaved a ball and Fremont was off to a start.

Vance made his first point when he took advantage of a foul that was called on Binkley and made the free throw. Binkley got back into action and made up for his alleged foul by working under the basket in one of his copyrighted jack knife forms and snaked the hide in brite. J. W. Miller, guard par excellence, took advantage of a free throw and he snaked the ball into the left like a fork full of timothy and Fremont was out in front 8 and 1. The purple and white short passing attack sticking out like a lion in a dancing pony.

"Simmons" coil spring bed outfit was \$24.75; new \$16.70. January Clean-Up. Farm and Home Co. 135

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Champ Visits



Frances Hayward, of Durban, South Africa, women's world-champion marathon runner, is the latest title holder to come to the United States. She boasts of a record of 11 1/2 hours for a 54-mile course. She never has been defeated.

CASEY ROLLERS HIT FAST PACE IN LEAGUE RACE

The Knights of Columbus Bowling leagues gathered at the Pastime alley Sunday afternoon and held a postponed meeting, a date that had been tied over the holidays. The "Knights" were surely in trim yesterday and they rang up some fifty scores among the bowlers.

The results, however, worked out in sets of three, the Treasurer making the record. The Knights, the Wardens treating the League to the main and the Grand Knights building off these straight from the Columbus. In winning again, three straight from the League, the Wardens checked in with the highest total of the league season, having shot 1645 a count that is good on any alley.

In making their total, the Wardens shot an 855, 901 and finished off with an 875.

Hart Frank, with a 555 and Robert Gabel, scoring 578, were the high individual rollers during the session.

The K. of C. leagues meet tonight to roll on their regular schedule.

and it looked pretty right here, but they got out into ratty ground and the buggy ride was far from being a place for a man to make a race that was only hitting on three cylinders.

Doyle, Fostoria's heavyweight center, got a fender and made it 3 and 3. Shortly after, as they say during a story on an electrification, Dowell showed one into the bracket and the score was knotted. Binkley took advantage of a free throw from the inter-national boundary between fair and foul and sank it with all the gusto of a prospective drought into hot lead, putting his lead in a slender one point lead.

George Lorch, Monday silent and tall, also waited the ball through the crowd, in a free shot and made it 7 and 6 for Fremont. Doyle got his chance to shot from the library station and he scored just as the gun closed the quarter with the count 7 and 6 in Fremont's favor.

Second Quarter

Fremont had 15 points in the first of shots, most of them of the sock variety and it did look as though Fostoria might carry out its plan for a "fah" supper as a result. Binkley got a chance to foul, he and he snaked scored, making the count 8 and 6 in local favor. Harrison, the sleep of fouls working Fostoria way, hooked a free one and the visitors came up a point nearer, but Binkley came back on a called foul and arched the bubble into the hoop for a point and the score was 9 and 7 in behalf of the Fremonters.

Binkley, fastest man on the floor, broke out of the whirling areop of arms, legs and bodies and laid one into the charmed ring that made the multitude goofy with glee. Vance, Fostoria's warrior, worked himself into a position for a fender and made it 8, Score Fremont 11, Fostoria 8.

J. W. Miller, and, by the way, if it had not been for this J. W. Miller, Fostoria might have gone home with heads up, snaked away from the back, got down under his goal, and taking the long end of a neat array of short passes, shot it home for a pretty fender. Harrison shot one from the floor via the Harrison route at the gun. Score Fremont 15, Fostoria 11.

During the first half, Fremont by actual count, missed 21 shots that could be classified as the socker type. The team was not functioning properly, but it was attacking flurried at times, but it was going on enough in the first half in front and in the face of the highly touted Fostoria opposition. The Fostoria did not show up with a world beating game. They were plenty fast and rough and pulled a lot of slick stuff but was not equal to the task of running up a score on a team that was having another

TRIO OF CHAMPS FEEL WRATH OF GOVERNORS

By DAVIS J. WALSH

N. Y. Sports Editor

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Plausible contenders arose on every hand, which really is the hard way to do it, to confront Mickey Walker, Joe Dundee and Sammy Mandell, world's champions threatened today with suspension by the National Boxing Commission unless they sign to defend their titles against "unacceptable" challengers within a period of thirty days. The threat was issued in the form of an official edict by Thomas E. Donohue, president of the National Boxing Commission. Mandell has more acceptable lightweight challengers than Van Camp has beans. Yet only once has he stepped out in a title bout since winning the championship from Rocky Kanaka and then it was with a second rate, Phil McFraw. That was on July 12 last. Walker got his midweight defense was with Tommy Milligan in England on June 20 and the last time he fought was with a second rate challenger, then was McGraw. Dundee hasn't defended anything, except his notorious run out at Los Angeles, since he took the welterweight title from Pete Laton.

The Los Angeles affair would have coupled Dundee with a real challenger, Ace Hudkins, but the ace is only one of several, at that. He was beaten by Sergeant Sammy Baker and if anybody should go Dundee, the soldier would seem to be the man.

Tommy Freeman isn't a bad specimen either, and recently, Lew Center has given evidence of a revival. There will be something of a show down on this situation here on Friday when Hudkins and Dundee meet in the garden.

However, they must get Dundee out of lock first before they can do business. The welterweight champion is barred in California and New York, which makes the N. Y. K. proclamation all the more effective if the association honors him out on the line to dry, he virtually will be off the books.

Walker wouldn't be exactly a good break for Walker, either. He has been doing all of his fighting in the middleweight division of the association, and although he isn't barred here, Jack Kearns' vendetta with Richard has such long before the New York commission declares itself on Walker, since it already has spoken for its candidate, George Courtney.

The Harlem negro, Jack McKee, is another good man, and then there is Dave Shad, who once beat Walker for the welterweight title, only it isn't his.

Maxey Rosenbloom, K. O. Phil Kaplan and Joe Anderson are other middleweights who could go there with Walker with reasonable chances of success.

As for Mandell he has only to look to Jimmy McLarnin to find the so-called logical challenger. McLarnin knocked out Louis Kid Kaplan and holds a decision over Billy Wallace, another front line contender. Just what else a challenger must do to attract a champion warning notice seems to be a bit vague. McLarnin, Wallace or Ed Teres would more than get by as opponents of Mandell but the latter has been holding out for critical moments.

Third Quarter

Eddie Myers went into the game, Lorch moving to center and Eddie taking Lorch's place. Binkley went to the bench for a rest. He had been under sentence of the scenery in two hard falls that had not done him any good, and besides, he is not recovering from some ankle trouble.

Fostoria took a sport in this quarter and successive buckets by Dowell, Vance and Dowell again shot the visitors in the lead 16 and 11 and it looked like curtains for a while as the purple and white was floundering about more than a bit. Furger looked another from the floor and added to the gloom making the score 16 to 15 in his team's favor. Captain Althoff and the crowd was calling for a team brace, and, to start the ball rolling, the cotton-topped Fremont leader shot a free heave that was followed by another free throw on the part of the dependable J. W. Miller and the purple and white sort of snaked up on the scarlet and black. Score Fostoria 18, Fremont 17. It was too hot for comfort and no place to take a cure for St. Vitus dance.

George Lorch awakened the echoes that even caused the Fremont to run out of the better room to ascertain the cause thereof, when he bagged the bubble, put his team in a 19 and 13 lead just as Ted Hetrick almost shot three toss off a sport writer's foot with the time's gun. The game was rougher than a Doneybrook rail, if you know what that means.

Fourth Quarter

Binkley went back for Myers and he shot a free throw, Harrison shot one from the floor via the Harrison route at the gun. Score Fremont 18, Fostoria 21. Fostoria 18. Barger shot a free offering that battered his team's chances and Myers came back for Binkley. Althoff, coming into his own as a functioning property, he snaked attack flurried at times, but it was going on enough in the first half in front and in the face of the highly touted Fostoria opposition. The Fostoria did not show up with a world beating game. They were plenty fast and rough and pulled a lot of slick stuff but was not equal to the task of running up a score on a team that was having another

Fremont was showing his best form at the night and was getting over, recovering from the epidemic

MANY FEATURES ATTENDED BIG CAGE CLASSIC

F. H. S. Band Lends Class to Game; Findlay Seconds Defeat Fremont

A whole lot of extra features attended the Fremont-Fostoria high cage classic at the newly decorated F. H. S. gym Saturday evening, where the floor has recently been resurfaced, relined and the walls painted. A crowd that came close to packing the place to capacity, turned out to view the meeting between the ancient rivals and it was a crowd strange to basketball of the scholastic type. In Fremont, usually the students predominate in numbers at school basketball games in Fremont, but Saturday night the adult fans held full sway. Of course, there were students there. They cheered under the direction of their cheer leaders, but the grown-ups were in the majority.

The famous high school band, and it's a real band, too, was there in concert form under the direction of George Wenzelsdorf. The band added pep to the proceedings and when they played Fremont high's battle song, the crowd arose and sang the famous words of the refrain in one grand chorus that was really inspiring.

Many from out of town, among them being a delegation of Fostoria backers, were in the throng and they witnessed a real slippy bit of school spirit.

The curtain raiser between the reserves from Findlay high and Fremont's seconds, was a real bit of pastime, Findlay winning 25 to 21 after a hot battle that was anybody's game up to the very close. It was the first appearance of a Findlay school foot team in Fremont in many years and they gave a fine account of themselves. "Happy" George, "Shorty" Harrington, Nelson Jones and Bob Mies gave good accounts of themselves in this game, but fell short of pulling the contest out of the fire. J. E. Bowman, faculty manager of Findlay high school athletes accompanied the Findlay team to Fremont and he had nothing but words of praise for the treatment accorded his boys and the cleanliness of the gymnasium. Both teams in the curtain raiser.

JUDGE LANDIS SAYS ALL IS PEACEFUL ALONG BATTLE LINE

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—(INS)—Judge Kenneth M. Landis, baseball's stormy petrel as well as its chief justice, stopped into the Rogers Hornsby cage by giving the former about a clean bill of health in such a way as to spite the reports of his New York detractors. President Emil E. Fuchs of the Braves talked with Landis over the look distance telephone and when he asked it there was any reason why the newest addition to the "tribe" should not be welcomed with open arms, he received the positive reply from Chicago: "No disclosure whatsoever reflecting upon the integrity, fidelity or ability of Rogers Hornsby prevents his playing for Boston."

of baskets that affected their aim. George Lorch looked one for a fender that made it 14 and 19 and Captain Althoff, working out a hot scrimmage, put the game in the frigidaire or on ice with a pretty fender as the artillery arm of the Fostoria moon had set on the proceedings and Fremont had trimmed Fostoria 21 to 19.

Fremont's one bright and shining night Saturday evening was J. W. Miller, squire of the wide open spaces in Townsend township. J. W. was an all-league guard last season and if he fails to make the position this year, keeping up his present rate of speed, Lindy never saw the briny deep. Will Rogers is fast and dumb and Gloria Swanson hates to have her picture taken.

The Fremont crew was off the form it used in beating Norwalk. Of course, they were against stiff opposition, but 19 out in the open shots missed during one game one evening indicates that the purple and white eye was not up to trim Saturday night.

Vance and Dowell played stellar ball for Fostoria and had some hold for their team mates. On the whole it was disappointing night for both sides of the same. Fremont because it did not run up a larger score, Fostoria because it failed to defeat Fremont, the team that lost to Junior Order and was in turn wheeled off by themselves (Fostoria).

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 28	G.F.P.
Althoff, cf.	4
Lorch, lf. c.	2
Binkley, c.	3
J. W. Miller, 1b.	2
Anderson, 2b.	0
Myers, 3b.	0
J. Miller, 3b.	0
Total	19

Fostoria 19

G.F.P.	
Vance, rf.	3
Dowell, lf.	1
Doyle, c.	1
Harrison, 2b.	0
Barger, 3b.	1
Total	7

Referee—Ted Kellier, Toledo U. Time of game—thirteen minutes.

BELLEVUE WAS EASY PICKING FOR ROSSMEN

Sagged After First Quarter and Took Beating;
F. H. S. Hits Stride

Fremont high 44, Bellevue high 31.

How's that for high? 'Twas high, wide and handsome all the way and gave the purple and white its second league victory of the season over a team that was heralded as a real trouble maker and an outfit that had nursed pennant aspirations on its own hook.

After the first quarter, Bellevue and all its boasted strength never had a chance. Althoff, Lerch, Binkley and Company just started to pour leather into the iron bound bin, after they got warmed up, and they never halted until the decision was bagged and Coach Ross gave all members of his first squad a chance to work out in real league competition.

Bellevue, backed by a strong delegation of noise-making rooters, swarmed into the arena as though they meant business and they sure did.

Fremont sent Captain Althoff and Lerch out as forwards; the tall Binkley fellow in center and Ford Anderson and J. W. Miller were on picket duty with the guards. Bellevue placed its hopes on Moore, McClintock, Strayer, Grubb and Redd. Wenger, star forward, was on the bench with a sprained ankle but he got into the contest later after Bellevue had shot its wad and was floundering about in helpless defeat.

An Early Scare

The bucketeers from the Bellevue town sent a scare into the locals at the very jump-off and bagged five points before the purple and white scoring machine got under way. George Lerch shot Fremont's first point, a free throw and then came back a moment later with a fielder that made it 5 to 3 in favor of Bellevue. The Bellevue rooters were rending the rafters with their joyous shouts, but they simmered down, yes, they simmered down like lead in a skillet. Binkley got to going after a couple of tries and shot the fielder that made it 6 to 5 in the visitors' favor and then turned around and shot another one from down under and put the purple and white in the lead. Moore and Strayer elbowed their way to fielders and with Redd's free toss, made the count 10 to 7 in Bellevue's favor.

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BUTMAN

Main 1549

Heads Commission



Ross L. Leffler, 40, of McKeesport, Pa., is said to be the youngest man ever to head the Pennsylvania game commission. He was a member of the commission but a few months when appointed chairman by Governor John S. Fisher.

Lerch bucketed two free throws and made it 10 to 7. Binkley and Binkley, hitting his stride and setting a terrific pace, lammed one into the screen; then Althoff tied the score with a free toss. Binkley again worked his way down under for a haymaker and Fremont took the lead, 13 to 11, and was never headed. The quarter, a fast one, too, ended 15 to 13 in favor of the purple and white.

The Big Three

With Binkley, Althoff and Lerch playing ring around the rosy, Fremont staged one of those old-time Saturday afternoon runaways and had things pretty much their own way. The half ended 30 to 17 and when the count reached the swollen proportions of 40 to 17 in the third period, Coach Ross gave all the boys on the squad a chance to get some real battle experience. Bunker Miller enjoyed the greater portion of the game at Anderson's guard, and Wonderly, Bierly, "Elbows" McFadden and Eddie Myers also got in some splendid licks for that grand old letter that is handed out at the end of each season. The three-quarters pole was reached, 42 to 22 on Fremont's side of the ledger and, with the second squad in, Bellevue took a spurt and ran up a few points, but the game was so safely tucked into the bag that Fremont could take chances and give all hands a chance for some real experience.

Captain Althoff shot in 13 points and Lerch did a 13 but it remained for Binkley to leather the hoop for 17 points, the best mark of the evening. Moore, with 16 points, was Bellevue's ace.

Clicked Better

Fremont seemed to click better last night than at any time this season and at times they showed the class that will be theirs when the machine gets the polish that it will attain before the season is out. At no time, following the moment they overtook and passed Bellevue, did they appear in trouble last evening and they should be in wonderful trim for their very important battle with Sandusky at the latter place next Saturday evening.

Last evening's contest was witnessed by a record crowd, a throng that over-taxed the gym and caused late comers to stand in the hallways and outside to hear the returns from the battle. The F. H. S. band, as usual, added class to the proceedings.

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 44	G. F. P.
Althoff, rf	4 5 13
Lerch, lf	3 6 12
Binkley, c	7 3 17
J. W. Miller, rg	0 1 1
Anderson, lg	0 0 0
Myers, lf	0 1 1
B. Miller, lg	0 0 0
McFadden, rf	0 0 0
Wonderly, lg	0 0 0
Bierly, rg	0 0 0
Totals	14 16 44
Bellevue 31	G. F. P.
Moore, rf	7 2 16
McClintock, lf	0 2 2
Strayer, c	4 1 9
Redd, rg	0 1 1
Grubb, lg	0 1 1
Moyer, lg	0 0 0
Wenger, lf	1 0 2

FREEMT LOSSES HEART BREAKER ON BAY SHORE; SANDUSKY WINS

Blue-White Takes Over-
time Game 25-24; Stir-
ring Contest Viewed
By Thousands

Sandusky high 24, Fremont high 24.

The above facts and figures tell a story, a tale of a defeat that should not have been. It also her-alds an occasion in which the fast going purple and white basketball team slipped a cog in its race for another I. B. S. season and is now down in percentage fighting for second position with Berlin. Three thousand fans, one-third of them from Fremont, looked on, raved, sighed, moaned, cheered, sang and even wept as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed back and forth across the mammoth floor of the new Community gym. It was a thriller if ever there was a glitch of that kind trotted forth for public approval. It had been fore-casted as a battle of Giants and it was.

Sandusky fans went home with delight. They have every reason in the world to rejoice. Fremont fans, a bit downcast, came home and every man jack and Mrs. or Miss Jack in the great group that composed the wonderful migra-tion of fans who represented the spirit of Fremont here at Sandusky, will take you aside this morn-ing and pour forth the fact, into your shell-like ear that the super-ior team did not win the battle. They will point out that Lester Binkley, Fremont's stellar center, was not playing in his true form and that the purple and white in-stead enough sucker shots to have killed all the ducks off Eagle Island; that Captain Harold Althoff, Fremont's great captain, should have lagged the free toss at the final moment, slipped the ham-rid into the haversack, for the tying point. This is what some of them will tell you, for you yourself into the picture last night and take the place of the ten youngsters who were under the focus of 6,000 eyes and see just what you would have done under the existing circumstances.

Fremont overcame the handicap of playing on a strange, large floor, played a highly tested team to a stand still all the way and lost last by the width of a miner's smile. Take this into consideration, Fremont fans will tell you that the and white out of three games any purple and white can take the blue place and also step forth and give them a beating in the Class A tourney that is to be an event of the near future and a contest in which both teams met at the very jump-off.

Fremont Leads
Fremont seized into the lead at the very jump-off, submerging three free shots and enjoying a felder sunk by the lanky Binkley. It was 5 to 0 at this point. Abbie Grathwohl, playing his last game with Sandusky high, then ruled out his park of artillery. He whis-ped in two gratis shots and then copped a felder into the face that set the fast horns echoing across the ice of the bay. It was 5 to 4 in favor of the invaders. But Ford Anderson, not a model 7 either, broke into the scenery, shot a dizzy shiver into the net, giving Fre-mont a "natural" in the form of a even. Anderson, so they claim, umpired Dixie Boker just as the after nested the egg for a felder and the said Mr. Boker was al-lowed to toss one from the line and it made it and the count was 7 to 0.

Binkley graciously forced the tie and Fremont's legion again ill into the box from the charity used the architect to look to his efforts to see if they would stand to vibration of the reverberation. Fremont was leading 8 to 7 at the warter.

Nip and Tuck
Able the agent, or Abbie, who is each Miller "Irish Rose," not en-joy the range and slipped one and in scene and made it 9 to 8 in vor of the gentls from the shore

But three men in the field of 105 shot from the 25-yard line—Arie, Frank S. Wright, New York State champion, and C. A. Bogart, Sandusky, Ohio, high ranking gun-ner of the country in 1927. Wright was able to get but 22 and Bogart fared even worse with 73. Fol-lowing Arie were: C. E. Pierson, Terre Haute, Indiana; Guy Dor-ing, Columbus, Wisconsin; Fred Jones, Philadelphia; and T. Cran-ston, Portsmouth, Ohio, who scored 95.

line, Captain Althoff, playing a whale of a game, worked himself into position for a felder and made a duck and tied the count. George Lerch gave Fremont the edge for the time being by holding one hit-ler the move from the foul line, but along came Abbie Grathwohl, San-dusky's ace, to under the seedist into the box for two felders and the half ended 12 to 10 in favor of the home guards.

Fremont's wonder band, again taking the decision from Sandusky's student band, played Fre-mont high's battle song and the purple and white rosters stood at attention. The cheer leaders work-ed between halves and the entire proceedings were major league in every respect.

Third Quarter
Rehns, all-league football tackle and a wit on the hardwood, too, allied a pair of fools, and they weren't ducks, either, to make the worse 15 to 10 in Sandusky's fa-vor, but Fremont took a decided brace, Althoff bagging a free and Binkley and Lerch coming over with a felder apiece. The returns were the tin all preclude and the election was again in doubt. Tem-porary insanity was the fashion in the audience and it was no place to try out a weak heart.

But now Sandusky into the lead with a felder and Althoff again tied the returns with a felder shot of his own. It was 17 all.

Krueger, bone of much consen-tion during the late football race, and a good athlete, nevertheless, worked his way into the hearts of his fellow townsmen by sinking a free toss and giving the home guards the edge for the time be-ing. A moment later that score was knotted for the fifth time by Binkley and his free toss. Krue-ger dribbled for some length and stole the picture by looking a pretty felder. Althoff, not to be denied, shot one on his own rec-ord and the score was 22 to 22 at the final gun.

Overtime
Overtime, a rare occasion in a I. B. S. event, was in order and they went for three minutes of play.

Boker checked in with first gun in the overtime act by getting a free toss into the net, and came Rehns with a felder that put San-dusky away in the lead, 25 to 22. Eddie Myers, who had gone in for Lerch, made himself a hero by bagging a felder, and arousing Fremont hopes.

A second later Boker fouled Althoff and the great little Fre-mont leader stood on the foul line with the chance to clump the game in another tie position. He was 23 to 24 in blue and white (favor). Althoff had a bit of a chance to reverse the 2 to 0 foot-ball defeat and the eyes of the multitude were on him. He had stepped into a breach of the same kind at Bellevue last year, when his accurate free toss won a game for Fremont and a pennant besides. It was up to him. He had played a great game. He was battle worn and weary. His sides heaved with exhaustion, but his muscles were tense and his eyes glittered. It was to be or not to be, but the great "Whitey" missed his shot. The ball hit the iron hoops webbed 15 minutes, fell to the floor outside the net and Sandusky had won the greatest game of the season and was leading the Little Big Seven procession.

Althoff was the star for his side but Binkley and Lerch also got into the scoring while J. W. Miller and Anderson played great games at guards. The Fremont team, of course, was dejected. They had given their best. Their eyes were dropping tears as they silent-ly left the floor with bowed heads. They are a great little team, just the same. Fremont is proud of them and if she wasn't, no crowd of over 1,000 would have followed their fortunes to Sandusky last night.

Ted Keller, referee, and Lawson, umpire, gave fine satisfaction. The summary and score:

Sandusky 25	G. F. P.
Ramsauer, rf	0 0 0
Grathwohl, lf	4 2 11
Krueger, c	2 1 5
J. Boker, rf	1 1 3
Hamberger, lg	0 0 0
Parker, f	0 0 0
Rehns, f	1 3 3
R. Boker, g	1 1 3

Totals	G. F. P.
Fremont 24	9 7 25
Lerch, rf	1 2 3
Althoff, lf	3 2 8
Binkley, c	2 2 4
Anderson, rf	1 1 3
J. W. Miller, lg	0 0 0
Rehns, f	1 0 2
L. Miller, g	0 0 0

Totals 3 8 24
Referee, Keller of Toledo O.
Umpire, Lawson, Toledo Library.
Time of halves, 16 minutes.

SPEAKER MIGHT CATCH ON AS GOTHAM GIANT

By DAVIS J. WALSH
I. N. S.—Sports Editor

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The Speaker may have a contract with the New York Giants, calling for as much as \$20,000 for the 1931 season. It was learned Friday he like a hook and eye, there is a ways a catch in a crack of the kind and, in this instance, it something tantamount to requir-ing the Leopard to abandon his dots in favor of dashes. The New York Giants, it seems, would give Speaker a \$20,000 contract if it was a right hand hitter.

However, preliminary feelers to a Giant-Speaker deal have been sent out and both are understood to be ready to do business. I am informed that the first New York bid will go as high as \$20,000 for the season and Speaker can hit any way he pleases, provided the go somewhere, preferably outside the ball park.

The Giants admit they want Speaker for two reasons, first because he still is a fine outfielder and hitter and, second, because they need a so-called big shot to remove the departure of Rogers Hornsby from the civic conscience. Their only possible objection to Speaker, provided he doesn't want the combination to the strong box, is that the Giants already have five outfielders who hit left handed when they hit at all. If Speaker comes to the club, there-fore, somebody will take a left handed departure in a trade with another National League outfit.

Negotiations were opened here some days ago when a Cleveland friend of Speaker's came to town with the information that this would like to play ball with the Giants. An intermediary was sent up against Charley Stenham, the big merry-go-round man. The former reversed his field and natu-rally met Charley running around the other way by force of habit.

The result of their deliberations was that Charley would part with \$20,000 a season for Speaker, pro-vided he was given his uncondi-tional release by the Washington Senators and was willing to play left field. It seems that the "gent manager" of the Giants is de-termined that Ed Roush shall keep in center field, at least another season.

The intermediary then wired Speaker, reporting progress and what he said was a catch with the information that he could consider no offers while held on the reserve list of the Senators. The inter-medial then folded his cards, saying in effect and with some emphasis, "Dash to you, too."

Since then, the Senators have relinquished all claim to Speaker, effective February 1. So the door is open and all he has to do is walk in properly with his hat in his hand. Speaker is understood to have drawn \$25,000 last year. He might be able to get as much as \$25,000 here, provided Stenham thinks he needs him. It is the writer's impression that Stenham will and does.

BERLENBACH IS ABOUT TO DROP ANOTHER FIGHT

SPORTS—BERLENBACH

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—(INS)—Mrs. Paul Berlenbach, whose hus-band had begun legal action to have their marriage annulled, to-day blamed her marital difficulties on the boxer's parents. The former light heavyweight champion's father and mother, she asserted in an interview, told their son and friends that she was a "gold dig-ger" and had married "Dear Paulie" for his money.

Mrs. Berlenbach, who is only 21, was Rose Mary O'Reilly, daughter of a retired real estate oper-ator in Los Angeles. They were married there last April, before the "Astoria assassin" gave up his ring career.

"Paul's parents have stolen his affections," she said. "They didn't like our marriage. He left them to set up our home and they thought they would lose most of the fortune he had made fighting. They must have convinced him that I married him for his money. They were talking that way to everybody and had people calling me a 'gold digger.'"

Mrs. Berlenbach declared she "would love Paul just the same if he didn't have a cent."

L. B. S. STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Sandusky	4	0	1.000
Tiffin	3	1	.750
Fremont	2	1	.667
Obertin	2	1	.667
Bellevue	1	2	.333
Norwalk	0	4	.000
Willard	0	3	.000

Sandusky 25, Fremont 24.	
Tiffin 25, Willard 17.	1 2 3
Obertin 24, Norwalk 22.	
Bellevue, no league game.	

The list of old-time managing clubs in the South Atlantic League has received an addition in the person of Joe Kelly, veteran out-fielder, who has been signed by the Columbus management to fill the Coopers this season. Kelly managed the Astoria Western League outfit last year.



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BUTMAN

Main 1549

OBERLIN BOWS TO ROSSMEN IN ROUGH BATTLE

Both Teams Showed the Strain of Excited Play; Big Crowd Present

Frement high 19, Oberlin high 21.

Well, boys, there's another scalp hanging out to dry, but it took a heap of work on the warpath to collect the trophy. Frement won this one because it overcame an Oberlin lead after the first quarter and held its nose above the tide for the rest of the engagement and at times, it just barely managed to keep its head up in the straits that pertains to come, too.

The contest, taking it from the standpoint of perfect passing, accurate bucketing and high class team work, was not so much, but it was plenty close most all the way and kept a record crowd on the tip toe of excitement all the time.

It was a case of two nervous teams meeting in a contest that meant much for both. The lads were excited at times and wild as a flock of jenny wrens at a convention of turkey buzzards. Both teams missed shots time and time again and the foul line tossing was an important factor in the scoring.

The contest was also rougher in spots than the famous west State street pavement and three players, Lester Binkley and J. W. Miller of Frement, and Berry, Oberlin's colored center, were taken from the contest for having made four personal fouls. Several other players had as high as three, while many had two.

The teams played with the pep and dash that always features Oberlin-Frement contests and the snubbing was very clean, even if it was rough at times.

Got the Jump

Oberlin got the jump early in the quarter and went into a 2 to 0 lead when Captain Bohrer hooked a dandy from the side. Powers pushed his team one more to the good by letting the ball for a free one. Oberlin was testing a score into the purple and white camp and Frement, it appeared, was not able to get the gears shifted into high. Captain Althoff gave the local sage fanatic a chance to vocalize when he shaved a free one into the tapestry, making it 2 to 1 in favor of Oberlin. Berry, tall colored lad in center for the visitors, gave his team an extra point by kicking the lerry home from the Mason-Dixon mark. It was 4 to 1.

The Rossmen had opportunity to get into the game via the gift route but they sprayed their shots off the hoop rim and the ball went astray. Powers bagged another free one and made it 8 to 1. Althoff, with all the grace and ease of a fairy queen handling a wand, lammed the apple into the bin from the mark and made it 11 to 2. Along came Binkley, running like a deer with his blinkers off, in curve a shot into the sack, and it was 8 to 4. Speaking about noise, the roar of Niagara was like the murmur of a gentle hillside rill compared to this outburst of the Frement fans who had been saving up for several minutes and were just about ready to burst with pent-up effort. Binkley put Frement 16 to 50 at the quarter with a free one. Just as Pat Hetrick, timer, fired off a 45 Colt and came near wrecking Frement high's perfectly good hand. The shot sounded like a presidential salute of 21 guns, but the roar of cheers when Binkley tied the score, made the freemart report sound like the sneeze of a hairy sparrow. Both were bluffs.

Second Round

Captain Althoff, grin and determined, coaching and admonishing his flock and calling on them to get together, started off the second round with as pretty a fielder as was ever torn in any game. Frement was off in front 7 to 8 and, by the way, was never headed thereafter, although Oberlin was gnawing at the heels of the leaders all the way.

Eddie Myers went in for Lerch and Bennie Strong, lad who defeated Frement in football last fall in that never-to-be forgotten game, went in for Bohrer. Eddie and Bennie had advice to impart to their team mates and Oberlin took time out. Both teams went into a huddle like pinocchio players molding a dingy. Referee Troutman, famous Red himself, aroused the ire of the Frement fans by calling a technical foul on Frement for having six men on the map, as he said. Lerch was still on the floor after Myers reported his substitution, so said his Reddick. The razzberries were peddled out at 3 cents per quart and better. They were "Red" razzberries, too.

Althoff polished the hoop and ironed out the lace with another pretty fielder and Binkley, taking a pretty pass from Georgie Lerch, bagged another as the timer called the half. Score, Frement 11, Oberlin 8.

Third Round

The boys came back full of their respective coaches' admonitions and they rolled into action again. Bennie Strong made himself strong with Oberlin's tale sized delegation of rooters, heaping a free one. It was 11 and 4. Krueger, old Om Paul himself, bagged Oberlin's second and last fielder and the returns from the front and back as well as the sides were 11 to 8. Binkley, working toward the goal, took one that rebounded after Althoff had missed and sank the bubble into the draw for another fielder. It was now 13 to 8. Berry was called out of the game for having committed four personal fouls and he drew a big hand from both sections of rooters.

FANS PAY HOMAGE TO POOR HUGHEY

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 4. (INS)—The baseball world bows its head in final tribute Friday to the funeral of Hughey Jennings, one of the sport's most colorful leaders, was held from the family home here.

Civic authorities bankers and notables of the baseball world joined with hundreds of citizens of Jennings' home town as the services began with a solemn high requiem mass in St. Peter's Cathedral Friday morning. The cathedral was crowded to the doors with friends.

AMERICAN TENNIS ACES VS. MEXICO

PARIS, Feb. 4. (INS)—The United States Davis cup tennis team will face Mexico in the first round of play in the American Zone, according to the draws made Friday at Champs Elysees in the presence of President Doumergue of France.

OTTAWA COUNTY PREPARING FOR CLASS B CLASH

PORT CLINTON, O., Feb. 4.—At a meeting of the officials of the Ottawa County High School Athletic Association, held in the office of County Superintendent, A. O. Dahn, here, Thursday afternoon, the drawings were held for the games to be staged at the county basketball tournament held in Oak Harbor Armory, Friday and Saturday, February 14 and 15.

The Genoa and Elmore girls will open the program Friday evening, followed by the Genoa and Port Clinton boys.

Saturday afternoon the Lakeside and Port Clinton girls, and the Elmore and Lakeside boys will play, followed by the Oak Harbor teams which will play the winners of the above teams. The finals will be staged in the evening.

"TOAD" RAMSEY WAS SURE ONE PITCHER

Tom (Toad) Ramsey, the great southpaw hurler of the late '90s, pitching for Louisville against the Baltimore team, fanned the first nine men who faced him. Two said that Thomas was pined, and his manager, Jack Chapman, tried to leave him as he left the bench. Ramsey waved him back, saying he felt gill-edge. His phenomenal hurling proved he was right, even if he had a few under his belt. After he made his record of nine successive 9's, he didn't try at all, though he ran it up to 13 for the entire game, although he could have put over 20 that day, for his drop was beyond the ken of the best barmen.

Final

The boys were at it hammer and tongs and the contest at this point was like 10 early bride trying to pick on the worms. Binkley, destined to be high point man of the evening, rode up to the blitching rail and tied another felder to the post. Score 16 to 5 in favor of Frement.

Ford Anderson, dependable, veteran guard, broke into the cheering section, when he "charlocked" up the floor and caused a pretty loop into the hair net. It was 11 to 8. Powers and Locke got in some free tosses, but Georgie Lerch again made himself a candidate for assessor in the second ward by hanging the onion into the burly GALLEY (2). Oberlin . . . R for the final count of the evening and the gun, whistle and dogs of war barked the finish with the count 19 to 11.

J. W. Miller and Binkley went out on personals in the tag end of the final quarter and they got good hands. They had them coming. Eddie Myers and Cliff Wenderly were given a chance to perform in league fray at the close and were doing nicely.

Binkley and Althoff were Frement's big basket and egg men and Krueger made the only two fielders scored by Oberlin. Ford Anderson and J. W. Miller were on the job as guards and the two fielders made by Oberlin will attest that the guard line was controlled well. Georgie Lerch also fit into the picture, nicely and came across with an angle shot and some accurate passing when the same was badly needed.

Frement still has Tiffin and Wyland to meet in league play and it appears, in case Sandusky goes through with Oberlin, that the purple and white is destined for second place.

The summary and score:

Frement 19	Oberlin 11
Althoff	Krueger
	Right Forward
Lerch	Bohrer
	Left Forward
Binkley	Berry
	Center
J. W. Miller	Hamlin
	Right Guard
Anderson	Powers
	Left Guard

Field goals, Althoff 2, Lerch 1, Binkley 3, Anderson 1, Krueger 1. Free throws, Althoff 2, Binkley 1, Anderson 1, Berry 1, Strong 2. Powers 4. Substitutions, Myers for Lerch, Wenderly for Binkley, J. W. Miller for J. W. Miller, Strong for Bohrer, Locke for Berry. Referee, Troutman of Deane. Umpire, Corbin of Toledo. Time of play, 15 minutes.

WILLARD EASY FOR FREMONT'S STUDENT STARS

Fremont high's basketball group paid its first official visit to Willard last evening and administered unto the infant member of the Little Big Seven one severe spanking. The results of the contest, a meeting that had never been in doubt as far as the hinge or sway of victory is concerned, saw the purple and white running up a nifty score. They checked up 49 points, while the boys from the railway junction were making 17.

Fremont, with all its regulars going great guns, leaped into the lead at the start and the home crew never threatened during the evening. The count at the half was 30 to 7, and with the game well in hand, Coach Ross gave his entire squad some good battle practice and also allowed the boys to pile up a few minutes of play that can be applied to varsity letters later in the season.

Binkley with eight fielders, was the star point collector of the evening. Althoff shot six from scrimmage, and Georgie Lerch contributed four. Williams of Willard, sank five fielders and made more than half of his team's points.

It was Willard's fifth straight defeat in L. B. S. cage society and they appear destined for a cellar berth.

A fair sized crowd, many of the spectators being from Fremont, sat in on the proceedings and the one wonder of the evening, as far as Willard was concerned, regarded how a team of the class that Fremont showed last evening, ever allowed Sandusky to take a 25 to 24 victory.

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 49	Willard 17
Lerch	Paden
Right Forward	
Althoff	Pastarmadjieff
Left Forward	
Binkley	Frush
Center	
Anderson	Williams
Right Guard	
J. W. Miller	Hosler
Left Guard	

Field goals, Pastarmadjieff 1, J. Miller 1, Williams 5, Lerch 4, Meyers 1, Althoff 6, Binkley 8, Anderson 1, L. Miller 1. Free throws, J. Miller 1, Williams 1, Benson 1, Lerch 1, Meyers 2, Althoff 1, Binkley 3. Substitutions: J. Miller for Frush, Benson for Hosler, Williams for Pastarmadjieff; Frush for Benson, Meyers for Lerch, L. Miller for Anderson, Lerch for Meyers, Meyers for Althoff, McFadden for Lerch, Wonderly for Binkley, Anderson for L. Miller, Bierly for Anderson, L. Miller for J. W. Miller. Referee, Lynn of Heidelberg.

FREMONT HIGH CLINCHES HOLD ON CAGE TITLE

Defeats St. Joe in Second of City Series Games; Binkley Stars

Fremont High 54, St. Joseph's high 21.

Thus the city scholastic cage title was hermetically sealed and placed in the trophy locker for another season at least. "Thus the purple and white waved over the market and gray. Thus a champion retained his laurels.

It was the second season between the two big high schools, P. H. S. having taken the first in an engagement early in January on Educational hall floor, half-way at the St. Joe follows. This point was not so overwhelming, but last evening the tall purple and white bucket sharply stepped forth and ran up the highest score that has ever been recorded in any of these interesting city series championship clashes and they may not be champions of the Little Big Seven, but they are king pins in the scholastic ranks in the city of Fremont.

It was a case of an unusual high school team meeting a group of sturdy boys who have played in and out basketball this season. There was a day not so many years back, when St. Joe also had a set of real cage champions, an outfit that swept all before it. The cycle of events has now turned and Fremont high is basking in the limelight with a clean but grip on a title.

This game last night will go down on record as being one of the tightest ever played between the two big schools, thirty personal fouls and a flock of technical grievances being jotted down on the score book. The contest was as brisk as a new hair brush and as rough as the exterior of a number seven pickle as graded at the "vinegar works."

Complete Strength Both teams hurled their shooting troops into the game at the very jump and they went at it like a flock of woodpeckers at a convention of grubs. The inclement weather kept down the attendance, but, at that the gym was about three-quarters filled when the boys took their centers.

Althoff, blond purple and white captain, scored first results of the evening when he shot a fielder and picked a free shot immediately after. Woolchuck, also as blonde as a Swedish groom and as blonde as a shot from the charity line and St. Joe has scored "Wooly" whined another free toss into the bag and made it 2 and 2 in favor of P. H. S. and Camp Ford Anderson with another chartable shot, there were more fouls showing up here than there are in the boy's hair in a spring onion patch. With the score 4 and 2 against the scarlet and gray, Louis Rebeck, standing at a three-quarters distance, heaved the ball on a line and it went into the basket with a crash that sounded like a mischievous pull of his tightly clasped knuckles, or a blacksmith's rasp manhandling the hoof of one of Bill Turner's horses. It was 4 and 4 and it was as close as St. Joe came to being in the lead all evening.

Right after this occasion, they took the battle off "Man-O-War" Binkley and turned him out to pasture with orders to gambol to the best of his ability. The way this tall sucker kicked up his heels made the efforts of Mary's Lank, Peggy Greer, Janey Duncy, Irene Castle or Little Egypt look like the kick of a wooden legged goat. Binkley made three fielders in a row, showing his speed and ability to jack knive up under the bucket. Althoff also got in a couple of licks and so did George Lerch. The dependable "Beast" Hoffman, who played as hard as any man on the floor last night and a lad who bore a lot of the attack, and Louis Rebeck bagged a free toss per for St. Joseph. The count at the quarter was 16 and 5 in favor of the purple and white.

Gung Slanger Ford Anderson, veteran guard, got into wrong gear during the first quarter and was taken from the game after he had had three personal fouls called on him. Ford was not alone in this foul making business. He had plenty of company, there being several other charter members of the P. F. A. (Personal Foul Association) mixed up on both sides of the issue. Hunker Miller, another nimble actor, went in for Anderson.

Althoff and Binkley started the second quarter with gift shots from the bread line and can "Beast" Hoffman, destined to be the star of the evening for the scarlet and gray, with a neat rider. The count was not 16 and 5. Althoff's holder a free host by Binkley poked up the count and Binkley was on the receiving end of a beautiful double pass started by Althoff to Myers and to the tall center who bagged the ball. It was that old Tinker to Diver to Chance action all over again. Rebeckwald went in for Chudinski and got a hand from the St. Joe rooting section that was in a cheering dust with the P. H. S. vocalists and where-in Jasper B. Voice got a severe strain.

Binkley was relieved for the time being and Cliff Wenderley, famous P. H. S. ruffian, was given his chance. Wenderley put a fielder to rest almost immediately taking the ball after it had been given about six miles of passing in the shadows of the basket. Beast Hoffman bagged another fielder and so did Althoff just as the gun barked a bit of cuticle and loomed a third mile on "Pat" Hetrick's

BASKET STAND IN G REMAINS UNCHANGED

CHICAGO, Feb. 15. — (INS)—Big Ten basketball standings were little changed today as a result of the three championship contests staged along the battle front Tuesday night.

In each instance the game ran true to form. Indiana swamped Ohio State, 43 to 24, on the Hoosier floor at Bloomington; Northwestern smothered Iowa, 49 to 28, at Evanston; and Michigan managed to beat Chicago, 24 to 23, at Ann Arbor.

Branch McCracken, star Indiana center and individual high scorer of the conference, seized an opportunity and fattened his "total points" column against the Ickless Luckeyes. He counted three field goals and five free throws. Indiana led at the half, 23 to 11.

Tonight, Illinois plays Purdue at Lafayette, and Friday night Illinois journeys to Chicago for a game with the Maroons. The "return engagement" between Purdue and Indiana, at Bloomington, will feature Saturday night's contests.

Purdue, now leading the pack, is the only Big Ten team that has not been defeated.

BOILERMAKERS HOLDING LEAD

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Feb. 15.—(INS)—Purdue's undefeated basketball toasters were more firmly entrenched in first place than ever today, as a result of their overwhelming victory over Illinois here last night. The score was 49 to 14. The Boilermakers are leading the Big Ten with five wins and no defeats.

Last night's victory was a costly one to Purdue. Glenn Harmons, star forward, was removed early in the first half with a sprained ankle which may keep him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

With a total capital of nearly \$9,000,000, no fewer than 115 companies to promote dog racing have already been organized in England.

band. Pat being the lone artillery hand on the timer's bench. The half was 29 to 10 in favor of P. H. S.

Third Quarter Binkley was back on the job in the third quarter and he continued to pile 'em up like a stack of buckwheats. Althoff, Lerch and Binkley were in the P. H. S. passing attack that drove the ball into the scoring zone often and where the fielders elicited like the bottom on a number 14 shirt on a number 13 chest. Woolchuck shot a fielder and a free toss for St. Joe in the third quarter. Captain Althoff was taken out for a rest and Wayne Bierley given a chance. McCadden, of shows name, was in for Lerch. "Paddo" Holding coming St. Joe star, went in for Merrill and Louis Rebeck, sent out on four personal fouls. The count at the three-quarter pole was 43 to 13 in favor of Fremont high. Twenty-five personal fouls and a five technical had been called during the three-quarters of play and more were to come. The teams were playing hard ball and were a bit over-anxious in their work.

In the last stages of the final quarter Fremont high gave its second team a chance to get a bit of battle practice. McCadden, Myers, Wenderley, Bierley and Hunker Miller led the brand of battle at this time. The game was a tie and the boys needed the work as they have Tiffin to face Friday evening.

Woolchuck and Beast Hoffman were the boys who kept up the going for St. Joseph's troop that never said die, but kept on trying all the way. The scarlet and gray kept the score off the basket zone, but free tosses by McCadden and Bierley ran the count up to 54 and 21 at the finish.

Binkley was the scoring ace of the evening, eight fielders and six free tosses running his personal contribution up to 22 points for the evening. Outside of this "Bink" had time to recline on the bench, look over the scenery and figure on the Tiffin game. Captain Althoff worked a 17 point trick for himself last night. "Beast" Hoffman was St. Joe's ace of aces. He hooked four fielders and three free throws, 21 points. The lad played the pace until he was actually giddy at the finish and neither he nor his buddies were quiet for a minute.

In the curtain raiser P. H. S. Reserves defeated St. Joseph's Reserves 47 to 7. Bob Melke shot 16 fielders for the visitors while Don Daubel with two pretty fielders and some fifty work on the charity line was the best point getter for the vanquished team.

Fremont High 54		
C.	F.	Pts.
Althoff, rf.	6 17
Lerch, lf.	2 1 8
Binkley, c.	8 4 22
J. W. Miller, lb.	0 0 0
Anderson, lg.	0 1 1
D. Miller, lg.	0 1 1
Myers, lf.	0 0 0
Wenderley, c.	1 1 3
Bierley, rf.	0 2 2
McCadden, lf.	0 2 2
Total	17 29 54

St. Joseph's High, 21		
G.	F.	Pts.
Woolchuck, rf.	2 3 6
Rebeck, lf.	1 3 3
Hoffman, c.	4 4 11
Merrill, rf.	0 0 0
Chudinski, lf.	0 0 0
Rebeckwald, lf.	0 0 0
Holding, lf.	0 1 1
Total	7 11 21

Referee—Carlin, Toledo.

TIFFIN ALMOST PROVED TARTAR DURING NERVE- RACKING GAME

**Columbian High Bested
By F. H. S. After Hot
Floor Sketch; Was in
Lead at One Stage**

Fremont high 36, Tiffin high 28. The old gray mare wasn't what she used to be. That is, she wasn't feeling her oats for a considerable spell during the big boss show up on Croghan street Friday evening. They had to give the old critter quite a bit of lamming before she kicked over the traces, took the bit in her teeth and gave a lot of folks from Tiffin one real bit of buggy ridin'.

During this period of time that the old gray equine was actin' up and prancing and dancing and getting no place at all, a great flock of homesteaders from Fremont gnashed their molars, removed the bridge work and settings and said things under the breath. It was ever thus in all walks of life. Just as soon as a feller wants to show off his parrot, radio set, hoos, new machine or his son Willie to the assembled guests, that is just the time and the occasion that they won't show off worth a darn, or words to that effect. The same applies to a basketball team and if you don't believe it, just ask William (Bunk) Ross.

Last evening Tiffin high sent its Columbian basketball team down here to make its first official debut as a contender for athletic honors. The Seneca county bucket brigade has been playing in and out ball all season, beaten here and winning there. They were expected to be sort of easy plucking for the stalwarts who expend their energy under the banner of the purple and white school. If they were soft picking, then Charley Lindbergh never flew anything more than a 10-cent kite.

One Sweet Scare

This Tiffin team for a time last evening had Fremont down as deep as 14 to 5 and for a serious period of a hot floor sketch it looked as though they would give the tall Croghan streeters one of the biggest surprises and upsets of the season. It required all that Captain Althoff had in his outfit to turn the trick and not one man on the Fremont squad had time to turn his head to spit or wave at his best gal in the bleachers while the doings were being undone.

Two splendid guards, J. W. Miller, broncho buster from the bleak plains of Townsend township, and Ford (Model T) Anderson, were the entering wedges that kept the ball away from the scoring rack last evening, and a lad named Eddie Myers was the spark plug that put the Barney Google on the visitors by injecting the proper spirit and pep into a team that was actually faltering when he entered the melee.

Myers added the needed punch and he fed the ball out of scrimmage like a farm hand feeds a corn shredder and his big pals, Binkley and Althoff, did the remainder and it was just about enough.

Not Good Lookers

Tiffin did not look so startling in appearance or pre-game practice, but when they got to rolling after the whistle blew, it was Jerry go lubricate the lawn mower.

Althoff drew first gore for Fremont by zipping in a free toss. This was evened up by Wentz a moment later. Wentz got another shot at the bucket and made it 3 to 1. Feagles flipped a fielder and the count was 4 to 1 in Tiffin's favor. Several Seneca county rooters sent up pigeons to the home folks with the glad tidings. Others had charge of the swallows. DeMuth eased home a free toss and the badly rattled Fremont team took time out. The visitors, led by DeMuth and Wentz, were playing havoc with the locals' passing attack. Althoff shot a fielder that ran the count to 5 to 3 in favor of the enemy. Wentz shot another foul attempt and then took advantage of a double foul on the part of Althoff, who was trying to restore order from chaos. Wentz bagged both shots and a long shot fielder by DeMuth made it 10 to 3 in favor of Tiffin. Althoff and Leach each sacked the onion on free tosses just prior to the gun and the quarter ended 10 to 5 in favor of the lads from up the creek. It looked real nasty for Fremont at this moment. Ye bo, it did.

Myers Goes In

Eddie Myers trotted out on the scenery at this moment and it fit the occasion like the pocket on a shirt or a safety pin when a feller's galluses have sort of lost their moorings. Eddie got into the going like a hen in a spring onion patch, but Captain Neiderhauser eased in a shot from back of the stand pipe and caused another leak in that well known and menacing city water silo. It was now 12 to 5 in Tiffin's favor and the outlook for Fremont was as dark as the complexion of a coke snuffer in a coal mine.

When DeMuth rasped the berry into the lace and made the count 14 to 5, Fremont was as far removed from victory in the minds of the major portion of the rooting section as cottage cheese is of being a substitute for cement. DeMuth made his shot right under the very jaws of Fremont's pursuing pack that was starting to snarl from punishment. Binkley got a free shot, but Wentz got another fielder. Score, Tiffin 16, Fremont 6.

They Get Started

Binkley got the range and raced under for a fielder that was followed by Eddie Myers' foul jam. It was 16 to 9. Binkley tore himself loose from an embracing group and hit the bucket and came right back in the same place and did it again. It was now 16 to 13.

Speaking about excitement, it was no place for a gink whose ticker wasn't functioning on all cylinders. Both sides of the issue were in an uproar, Tiffin pleading for the boys to hold, and Fremont praying for the tall suckers to get unbuttoned from the visiting bunch.

Tiffin took time out and the great little F. H. S. bank whacked out a bit of a tune that helped, don't think it didn't. Tiffin had

played a great game and it continued to play a great game for the remainder of the great game, but they had shot their wad and the die had been cast. They were fading out of the picture as far as victory was concerned. Binkley, by a mighty bit of leg work, hoisted another fielder and brought the count 16 to 15, still in Tiffin's favor. Binkley took the ball from Myers, who pivoted after he got the shot from Althoff. It was one of the prettiest plays of a very pretty game, the best in fact that has been staged in the gym this season. Althoff shot a toss from the charity line and tied the score, 16 and 16, and the wild man of Borneo would have been made to look like the personification of the cooing dove were he compared to the raving Fremont rooters when "Whitey" sank the bubble till it gurgled in the bucket.

Eddie Myers unhooked a pretty fielder and eased the purple and white's nose out in front for the first time during the evening, and there it stayed. Althoff boosted the percentage by lifting a charity shot just as the gun barked. The count was 19 to 16 in Fremont's favor at the half and what a half it was. Half of the crowd was weeping, half was crying and about 650 gallons of perspiration had been shed by the audience and Wibb Etter, the struggling referee, who was busier than a one-seated merry-go-round at a county fair.

Out in Front

Fremont, by good sound work on the part of Binkley, Myers and Althoff in the scoring and some wonderful guarding on the part of the two rocks of Gibraltar, J. W. Miller and Ford Anderson, stayed in the lead, although it was as slender as 23 to 21 during one hot flurry. The third quarter was 25 to 21 in favor of Fremont, too close to be comfortable, but the prowess of the purple and white told near the finish and they eased home on the bit with an edge of 8 points after one of the greatest games seen any where and where a dark horse came near taking a lot of surprised folks for an old-fashioned carriage ride right down Main street in the old village.

That the game was rough as well as fast can be noticed from the fact that Montague and Capt. Neiderhauser went out on personal fouls and several other players on both sides were dangerously close to the quota.

Wentz and DeMuth were the stars for the visitors. Althoff with 15 points and Binkley with 13, led the scoring brigade.

In a curtain raiser, the Tiffin Reserves won from Fremont's second team, 18 to 13.

The lineup and summary:

Fremont 36	G.	F.	Pts.
Althoff, rf	5	5	15
Lerch, lf	0	1	1
Myers, lf	2	3	7
Binkley, c	5	3	13
J. W. Miller, rg	0	0	0
Anderson, lg	0	0	0

Totals 12 12 36

Tiffin 28

Tiffin 28	G.	F.	Pts.
Montague, rf	0	0	0
Wentz, lf	2	6	10
DeMuth, c	3	3	9
Neiderhauser, rg	1	1	3
Feagles, lg	1	2	4
Korschner, rf	1	0	2
Wolf, rg	0	0	0

Totals 8 12 23

Referee, Wibb Etter, Toledo.

