

1927-1928 Season Review...

BASKETBALL TO TAKE PLACE IN HIGH SUN SOON

With the fag 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 in tact 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 GRIDDING 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 wely. 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 trekked 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 during the 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 rifle. 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 bailliwick 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 Fostoria 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; corner in George Lerch; a flashy bit of forwarding by Captain Althoff, and some promising material in "Elbow" 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 Off

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 16 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 dandies battling for the berth left vacant by the graduation of "Butch" Bowers.

The score:

	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

	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 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 Starrett, head coach for the Junior Order home five at Tiffin. This group of basketers 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 lammed 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 Stiemmer, who just merely shot the local lead all to pieces and won by the width of a modern day complexion. Stiemmer 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 fielder 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 fielder 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 Gathrop, 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. (Courtesy 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 fielder, 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 shot 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	15	24
White Fronts	11	23

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 Izzy Schwartz for the undisputed right to the title. This ruling was given by Thomas E. 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	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
Fremont High	21
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 basketing 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 round combination succeeded in slipping the ball past Norwalk's defense to the waiting hands of Captain Althoff, Binkley and George Lerch. Althoff shot for 17 points, Binkley contributed 10 and the tall George 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:

	G.	F.	Pts.
Fremont, 50.	19	12	50
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

	G.	F.	Pts.
Total	19	12	50
Norwalk 17	19	12	50
Dunn, rf.	1	0	2
B. Taylor, lf.	0	0	0
Gahn, c.	0	0	0
R. Taylor, rg.	0	1	1
Bisham, c.	5	1	11
Woodward, rf.	0	0	0
Weidemeyer, 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 McGory, 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 Bobby Richardson, Johnstown, Pa. (10).

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

At Kansas City—Neal Clisby 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 Heeney, New Zealand's hope for the heavyweight boxing crown, has set his island home wild over his exploits in the hampen 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. Heeney is just another of those mighty mittmen who came from the down and under land. Fitzsimmons, Jackson, McCarthy, Collin Bell, D'Arcy, Griffio, 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, Griffio and Murphy into consideration, and who knows, Heeney 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. Wittner for that matter.

CHUCK STOPS 'EM

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 7.—(INS)—Roleaux Saguero, 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.

	G.	F.	Pts.
Dudley, rg.	0	0	0
Homeric, lg.	0	0	0
Total	5	3	17

Referee: Trautman, Bucyrus.

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 pen-

nan aspirations on its own hook. After the first quarter, Bellevue and all its boisterous strength never had a chance. Althoff, Larch, 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 the sun did.

Fremont sent Captain Althoff and Larch out as forwards; the tall Binkley fellow in center and Ford Anderson and J. W. Miller were on picked 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 Score

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 Larch shot Fremont's first point, a free throw and then came along a moment later with a fielder that made it 1 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 lard in a skillet. Binkley got to going after a couple of tries and shot the fielder that made it 5 to 3 in the visitors' favor and then turned around and shot another one from down and under and put the purple and white in the lead. Moore and Strayer followed their boy to fielders and with Redd's free toss, made the count 10 to 7 in Bellevue's favor.

29x40 Cooper built balloon tire worth \$9.95, now \$6.95. Farm and Home Co. January Sales. 2012

Heads Commission



Ross L. Leffler, 40, of McKeesport, Pa., is said to be the young 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.

Larch bucketed two free throws and made it 10 to 7. Binkley hitting his stride of setting a terrific pace, buried one into the screen, then Althoff tied him up with a free toss. Binkley again worked his way down under for a haymaker and Fremont took the lead, 12 to 11, and was never headed. The quarter, a fast one, too, ended 15 to 12 in favor of the purple and white.

The Big Three

With Binkley, Althoff and Larch 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 three of his big boys a chance to get some real battle experience. Bunker Miller enjoyed the greater portion of the game at Anderson's guard, and Wonderly, Bierly, "Elbow" 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 half in, Bellevue took a load 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 Larch did a 12 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, and 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-taxied 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	13
Larch, lf	3	12
Binkley, c	3	17
J. W. Miller, rg	0	1
Anderson, lg	0	0
Myers, if	0	1
B. Miller, lg	0	0
McFadden, rf	0	0
Wonderly, lg	0	0
Bierly, rg	0	0

Totals	14	16	44
Bellevue	31	G. F. P.	1
Moore, rf	7	2	16
McClintock, lf	2	2	1
Strayer, c	4	1	9
Redd, rg	0	1	1
Grubb, lg	0	1	1
Moyer, lg	0	0	0
Wenger, if	1	0	2



Will you leave anything for your wife but bills? Phone us today about insurance!

BUTMAN

Main 1549

OVERLIN BOWS TO ROSSMEN IN ROUGH BATTLE

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

Fremont high 19, Oberlin high 13. Well, boys, there's another scalp hanging out to dry, but it took a heap of work on the warpath to come by it. Powers, of course, got this one because it overcame an Oberlin lead after the first quarter, and then in close order, for the rest of the engagement and at times, it just barely managed to keep a hold on a crown that pertains to ozone, too.

The contest, taking it from the stand, was a good one, with the street pavement and three players, Lester Binkley and J. W. Miller of Fremont, and Berry, Oberlin, as the stars. The game was a continuation of turkey buzzards. Both teams missed shots time and time again, but the misses were an important factor in the scoring.

The contest was also rougher in spots than the first game, but the meanest much for both. The lads were excited at times and will as a result of the excitement, continuation of turkey buzzards. Both teams missed shots time and time again, but the misses were an important factor in the scoring.

The contest was also rougher in spots than the first game, with the street pavement and three players, Lester Binkley and J. W. Miller of Fremont, and Berry, Oberlin, as the stars. The game was a good one, with the misses were an important factor in the scoring.

The team played with the pep and dash that is to be expected in Oberlin-Fremont contests and the ambivil was very clean, even if it was rough at times.

Oberlin got the jump early in the quarter and went into a 2 to 0 lead when Powers, of Fremont, dashed from the side. Powers pushed his team one more to the goal line, but the team for the moment, Oberlin was tossing a score into the purple and white camp and the team for the moment, was unable to get the gears shifted into high. Captain Althoff gave the lead, and then came a chance to equalize when he shoved a free one into the tapistry, making it 3 to 1 in favor of Oberlin. Berry, tall soldier, then came to the front of visitors, gave his team an extra point by kicking the berry home from the Mission-Oregon mark. It was 3 to 1.

The Rossmen had opportunity to get into the game via a gift court but did not spray their team off the hoop rim and the ball went astray. Powers bagged another point and the team for the moment, Althoff, with all the grace and ease of a fairy queen handling a wand, handed the ball to the team for the moment and made it 5 to 2. Along came Binkley, running like Zev with a hand on his chest, and a shot into the sack, and it was 8 to 4.

Speaking about noise, the roar of Niagara was like a roar of compared of the Niagara Falls. It compared to this outburst of the Fremont fans who had been saving up for several days, and the team for the moment ready to burst with pep-up effort. Binkley put Fremont 15-13, and then, when the team for the moment just as Pat Henrick, timer, fired off a .45 Colt and came near wrecking Powers' arm, the gun went off a hand. The shot sounded like a presidential salute of 21 guns, but that was the change that arrested the score, made the firearms report sound like the sneeze of a baby sparrow and the birds were birds.

Second Round. Second Round. Captain Althoff, grins and determined, coaching and admiring his team, and the team for the moment, to get together, started off the second round with a pretty a felder as was possible. The team for the moment was off in front 7 to 6, and by the way, was never headed thereafter, and the team for the moment gnawing at the heels of the leaders all the way.

Edgar, a boy in for Lorch and Binnie Strong, lad, who defeated Fremont in football last fall, went in for Powers. Eddie and Bennie had advice to impart to their team and Oberlin took that. Both teams went into a huddle like pinhole players, mudgling a player. Referee, Powers, took the ball, but his arrows, as the majority of the Fremont fans, by calling a technical foul on Fremont, for having the ball in his hands, was a sad. Lorch was still on the floor after Myers reported his substitution.

Down the line, the team for the moment, had a bunch of raspberries peddled out at 13 cents per quart and better. They were delicious.

Althoff polished the hoop and ironed out the lace with another pretty maneuver, Binkley, taking a pretty pass from George Lorch and bagged another as the timer called the half. Score, Fremont 11, Oberlin 13.

Third Round. The boys came back all of their respects, and the admiring, and they rolled into action again. Bennie Strong made himself strong with Oberlin, and the team for the moment, hooping a free one. It was 11 to 6. Krueger, old Com. Dan, was the star of the show, and last felder and the returns from the front and back as well as the back and front. Binkley, working toward the goal, took one that rebounded after Althoff had missed and said that his is the dream for another felder. It was now 13 to 8. Berry was called out of the game for having the ball in his hands, round and he drew a big hand from both sections of rosters.

FANS PAY HOMAGE TO POOR HUGHES

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 4.—(I.N.S.)—The baseball world bows its head in final tribute Friday to the funeral of Hugh J. Hughes, one of the nation's most colorful leaders, was held from the family home here.

Friends, relatives, bankers and notables of the baseball world joined with hundreds of citizens of the city in a service of哀悼 services began with a solemn high requiem mass in St. Peter's Cathedral Friday morning. The crowd was crowded to the doors with friends.

AMERICAN TENNIS ACES VS. MEXICO

PARIS, Feb. 4.—(I.N.S.)—The United States Davis cup tennis team will face Mexico in the first round of play in the "American" at the Stade Roland Garros Friday at Champs Elysees in the presence of President Doumergue of France.

OTTAWA COUNTY PREPARING FOR CLASS B CLASH

FORT CLINTON, O., Feb. 4.—At a meeting of the officials of the Ottawa County High School Athletic Association, held at the office of County Superintendent, O. Dohn, here, Thursday afternoon, the drawings were held for the annual Class B basketball tournament held in Oak Harbor, Aransas, Friday and Saturday, February 10.

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

Saturday afternoon the Lakeside and Fort Clinton girls, and the Elmore and Genoa 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 nine men who faced him. Tom said that Thomas was piped, and his manager, Jack Chapman, tried to quiet him down. Chapman, however, waved him back, saying he felt gilt-edge. His phenomenal record of 19 wins and 10 losses followed by the Oak Harbor teams which will play the winners of the above teams. The finals will be staged in the evening.

Final

The boys who hit hammer and tongs and the contest at point one was like 10 early birds trying to pick the worm. Binkley, despite his record of 13-1, and the evening, rode up to the hitching rail and tied another felder to the front. Score 15 to 8 in favor of Fremont.

Ford Anderson, dependable, veteran guard, broke up the cheering section, who had "piped" up the floor and eased a pretty tempo in the hair net. It was 17 to 8.

Powers, in for Lorch, in some free tosses, but George Lorch

again made himself a candidate for

hanging the onion into the burban

GALLEY (2). . . . Oberlin

and the gun, while another dog

was barked the finish with the

19 to 17.

J. W. Miller and Binkley went

out on personals—the fag end of

the final quarter and they got good

handshakes, and Eddie Myers and Cliff Wenderly

were given a chance to perform in

the final round at the close and were

going nicely.

Binkley and Althoff were Fremont's stars, and the team for the moment, Krueger made the only two

felders scored by Oberlin. Two

of the felders were on the job as guides and the two

felders made by Oberlin with at

least one, George Lorch also

into the picture, nicely, and

and another with an angle shot and

some accurate shots when the

same was badly needed.

Fremont still has Tiff and Wil-

liam to play, and it appears

in case Sandusky goes

through with Oberlin, that the

team for the moment, is

deserved for second place.

The summary and score:

Fremont 19 Oberlin 13

Althoff Oberlin 11

Lorch Right Forward

Binkley Left Forward

Miller Center

J. W. Miller Hamlin

Anderson Right Guard

Powers Left Guard

Field goals, Althoff 2, Lorch 1,

Miller 2, Anderson 1, Krueger 2,

Free throws, Powers 4,

Anderson 2, Berry 1, Strong 2,

Powers 4. Substitutions, Myers for

Miller, Powers for Powers, J. W.

Miller for J. W. Miller, Strong for

Binkley, Locke for Berry, Referees,

Bohner, Dugayna, Umpire,

Corbin of Toledo. Time of game,

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 Wilard'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	Pastarmadjeff
	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 Rush, Benson for Hosler, Williams for Pastarmadjieff; Frush for Benson, Meyers for Lerch, L. Miller for Anderson, Lerch for Meyers, Meyers for Alahoff, McFadden for Lerch, Wonderly for Binkley, Anderson for L. Miller, Bierly for Anderson, L. Miller for J. W. Miller. Referee, Lynn of Heidelberg.

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 hoss 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 pit 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, hoas, 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 2 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 Learch 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 or 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. band 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 Eitter, 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 15
Lerch, lf	1 1
Myers, lf	2 7
Binkley, c	5 13
J. W. Miller, rg	0 0
Anderson, lg	0 0
Totals	12 26
Tiffin 28	G. F. Pts.
Montague, rf	0 0
Wentz, lf	2 10
DeMuth, c	3 9
Neiderhauser, rg	1 3
Feagles, lg	1 4
Kerschner, rf	1 2
Wolf, rg	0 0
Totals	8 28

Referee, Wibb Eitter, Toledo.

