

[illegible]

Little Gi
27 to "

Beat Oberlin
Second Half

YOUR KNOCKOUT
TIME

Signs

The first half of the game was a defensive struggle. Oberlin's defense was particularly strong in the first half, holding Little Giant to a total of only 100 yards. Oberlin's offense, however, was able to keep the game close by scoring a touchdown in the first half. The game was tied at halftime.

In the second half, Little Giant's offense came out strong. They scored a touchdown in the first quarter of the second half, giving them a 14-10 lead. Oberlin's defense was unable to stop them, and Little Giant continued to score in the second half. The game ended with a final score of 28-14 in favor of Little Giant.

The game was a hard-fought battle, with both teams showing great determination. Little Giant's victory was a well-deserved one, as they outplayed Oberlin in the second half. The game was a great example of the spirit and teamwork that are essential to success in football.

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WIN LEADING
IN SCHOOL LE

By The Sports Bureau

Kinder's
Little Giant
George Sabiner

SIDR

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LEAGUE

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KING FOOTBALL HERALDS HIS BIG APPROACH

Members of F. H. S. Grid Squad Enjoy First Real 1929 Action

Harmon field witnessed its first bit of actual football of the season last evening when Captain Nelson Jones of the 1929 F. H. S. grid outfit, led a group of his men out for action. Included in the group were such well known followers of the pigskin as J. W. Miller, Eddie Brehm, Happy George, Eggie Newton, Lorney Brokate, "Suitcase" Babi-one, Bob Redding, Paul Schwartz and Pelton.

The boys booted the ball, tossed a few passes and then lined up for a bit of scrimmage. Ollie Zink, former F. H. S. man, carried the ball, and from a long distance view from the indoor ball field, it appeared as though Eddie Brehm and Pelton downed him. It was the first attempt to carry the ball and the first tackle of the year on Harmon field.

Many football fans viewing the indoor game, had a hard time keeping their eyes on the ball and bat sport while the grid-ders were in action, but from now on there'll be plenty of action on the football field, Captain Jones and his crew being scheduled for workouts regularly. Coach Bob Oldfather will be here next week and the grind will open and the going will be hot.

Just to relieve the itch for a real gridiron picture, Howard (Gob) Laub, who was watching the grid-ders, asked the boys to line up and

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Kansas City	81	37	.687
St. Paul	71	47	.602
Minneapolis	69	48	.590
Indianapolis	55	63	.466
Louisville	54	63	.466
Columbus	51	68	.429
Milwaukee	48	70	.407
Toledo	51	74	.356

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Philadelphia	81	31	.733
New York	65	43	.602
Cleveland	58	52	.527
St. Louis	58	54	.518
Detroit	54	57	.486
Washington	47	61	.435
Chicago	43	69	.384
Boston	35	74	.321

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Chicago	72	34	.670
Pittsburgh	64	43	.598
New York	61	50	.550
St. Louis	55	54	.505
Brooklyn	48	61	.440
Cincinnati	46	63	.423
Boston	45	65	.409
Philadelphia	43	64	.402

RESULTS

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Minneapolis 2-10, Toledo 1-3 (2nd 12 innings).

Milwaukee 7, Louisville 16.
Kansas City 4, Indianapolis 2.
St. Paul 1, Columbus 3.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York 0, Detroit 3.
Philadelphia-Cleveland, postponed.
Boston 0, St. Louis 3.
Washington 9, Chicago 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburgh 1, Boston 2.
Chicago 9-4, Brooklyn 5-5.
St. Louis 7, New York 9.
Cincinnati 4, Philadelphia 5.

they did. Miller, Brehm and Newton were in the backfield, while the line was composed of Jones, Babi-one, Schwartz, Brokate, Pelton and George.

They were one shy of 11 men, but they lined up and stood in position for a second while a signal was barked. It was just a starter and it was a real thrill for the group of fans who stood about getting an eye full of the work.

MOLDING TEAM FROM ARMY OF WILLING BOYS

Oldfather Puts Drive Into
Good-Looking Group of
Gridders

Speaking about action, the race fans who missed their sport when Jupe Fluvius cast down his sprinkling can and ruined all hopes of horses racing at the fair grounds Friday, could have gotten plenty of blood tingling views had they just stepped over a couple of blocks and visited Harmon field.

The tipping of Old Jupe's bucket held no terrors for Bob Oldfather and his squad of 50 grid candidates. They were out there wallowing about like buffaloes in a swirl. Harmon field, fit as a fiddle, was just prime for action and there was sure plenty of it.

Bob Oldfather, of five field is a quiet sort of a chap. In grid armor and with his boys he is busier than a section boss with two one-armed helpers on a runaway bander.

The former mentor of grid affairs at Napoleon, is what can be termed as a dynamo of action. He actually reflects pep and zip and his manner, sort of gruff, business like and to the point, is not unlike the work of Kid Gleason, peppy old timer who coaches at third base for Connie Mack's pennant winning athletes.

"Come on there boy, crack him up!"

"Sack him, Bill, and sack him hard!"

"Come on, let's get to going!"

"Good work there, boy, try it again!"

Machine Gun Chatter

These and scenes of other remarks come from the intent coach like tips from a machine gun. The field of the matter are, a fellow can sit on his porties two blocks from the field and hear Bob giving the boys the once over. It isn't all speech, either. He cranes just as much physical action into a practice session as he does verbal barage.

Bob Oldfather, off the field is a peck in mid-field; Gob Laub had a real bonde of second stringers and reserves in another part, and they were piling into each other until it sounded like a drop forge plant just before the noon whistle on pay day, hammer and tongs.

Fred Rode had another group of top stringers over sprawling, the neck and knees of the tackling dummy or the dummy to be tackled and a crowd of spectators looked hither and yon trying to get a composite view of all the action.

The Top String

A slant along the group of boys from whom the first string will be picked this season shows up Capt. Nelson Jones, J. W. Miller, Eggie Newton, Eddie Brehm, Bob Redding, Artie Sackrider, Sylvester Kohr, Paul Schwartz, Fry, Rice, Beach, Babione, Bob Ross, John Greent, Jimmy O'Farrell, Whitley Howlin, O'ermat, Brokate, Herring, Fifield, Hughes, Happy George, Allen, Kahfer, George and Dick Pelton and Howard Wolf.

In a scrimmage last evening, the first team attired in purple jerseys, was sent against the seconds for a bit of fray, J. W. Miller, with that skill of old and some added ideas, broke away for a couple of long runs and acted his real, old self. J. W. will have to do a lot of ball toting this year, but he will have Newton, Brehm, Redding, Ross and some more helpers to allow him a breather once in a while.

Beach is also showing up nicely and so are Howlin and Schwartz, the latter with a break of luck, looming up like a bearcat on defense, being a home-cooking tackler. Jimmy O'Farrell, lately entered from St. Ann's high, lacks football experience, but he is trying hard and has the size, speed and is displaying a great willingness to learn.

A glance over this fine array of talent show that the boys have all been to the wars that Coach Oldfather has mapped out for them. Many of the purple and white grid-ders have patches of cuticle missing from their features; some had fingers taped and several, Captain Jones included, have their props under wraps. It is all in the game, however. Football is no easy stuff or cream puff social. The grand old game of give and take is a case of the survival of the fittest and it is the fittest that fit into the team, from its cogs and away we go.

No Weaklings

There are no weaklings on the Oldfather outfit, that much being apparent after a sideline takes a slant about the lot where the boys are gambling and ambling on the green, all praying that they can get a chance at Sandusky, Postoria, Norwalk or some other ancient foemen of the purple and white.

There is certainly a spirit of activity on Harmon field and the spar that is working the sparkling racket is this newcomers, busybody, Bob Oldfather. He's the guy that put act into action.

In speaking about his Reserves team last evening, Howard (Gob) Laub said that he is developing a bunch of clawing bearcats. He had great words for Pettiford, a sprightly colored lad, and Hese, both freshmen, and Shamp, all coming back-field men. Binkley, brother of the famous "Legs," is also a comer in purple and white ranks, according to Laub and then there is Mead, Ekert and Jack Bolinger, and a lot of other colts who will be in there blicking the stuffing out of somebody in a variety box, still within a year or two. Experience is the greatest teacher in high school football and the Reserves sure get the experience.

Indications for some real football action on Harmon field this fall can be taken from the fact that such teams as Postoria, Sandusky, Junior Order, Tiffin, Norwalk,

WINS DIZZY CLIM



Glen Shultz, of Colorado Springs, Colo., won the \$3,500 Penrose trophy championship over the automobile track. Shultz is shown negotiating hanging dizzy precipices, covering minutes 43.

SPORT

BY CO

Something to worry about: A bunch of wets worrying about a dry track and a group of dries worrying about a wet track.

On a race course the starter is the prosecutor who puts the defendants, the starters, before the jury, the fans in the stand, while the presiding judge sits in judgment.

An idea of nothing at all: Taking a bunch of handmen into a harness store to give them pointers on the "bride" march.

The Athletics have to win three more games to clinch the American League pennant and the Toledo Mud Hens have to win at least one game to let the fans know that they are still in

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Won Lost Pct	
Philadelphia	55 42 .564
New York	52 45 .537
Cleveland	51 46 .526
St. Louis	48 49 .495
Detroit	47 50 .484
Washington	45 52 .463
Chicago	42 55 .433
Boston	38 59 .392

NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Won Lost Pct	
Chicago	51 45 .530
New York	48 48 .500
St. Louis	47 49 .489
Brooklyn	45 51 .467
Philadelphia	43 53 .447
Cincinnati	37 59 .385
Boston	31 65 .323

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION	
Won Lost Pct	
Kansas City	35 25 .583
St. Paul	33 27 .550
Minneapolis	32 28 .533
Louisville	31 29 .517
Indianapolis	29 31 .483
Toledo	27 33 .448
Milwaukee	25 35 .417

RESULTS	
Cleveland 4, Washington 1	
Chicago 3, Philadelphia 1	
St. Louis-New York, rain.	

NATIONAL LEAGUE

RESULTS	
Brooklyn 4, Cincinnati 1	
Boston 3, St. Louis 1	
Toledo-Columbus, wet grounds.	
Indianapolis 4, Louisville 1	
Indianapolis 4, Louisville 1 (10 in.)	
Milwaukee 3, Kansas City 1	
Minneapolis-St. Paul, rain.	

LEADING HITTERS

By International News Service

American League	
Player	Club
Simmons, Philly	121 526 .368
Ponessa, Cleveland	124 513 .367
Fox, Philadelphia	128 487 .366
Mannish, St. Louis	128 519 .362
Lassner, New York	124 485 .354
Leader a year ago today—Gostlin, Washington, 3M.	

National League	
Player	Club
O'Doul, Philadelphia	127 563 .396
Herman, Brooklyn	122 518 .386
Terry, New York	125 566 .375
Hornby, Chicago	140 545 .374
Traynor, Pittsburgh	114 477 .365
Leader a year ago today—Hornby, Boston, 377.	

Willard and Lakeside play here to checkmate those outlaughed Coach Oldfather and his able aides have to get their candidates working for the general election for football like politics, gives the victory to the fellow who gets the most votes.

It is a bit early to pick a first string, but last evening it looked as though a starting team in the opener next week might be composed of Schwartz and Sackrider, ends; Babione and Beach, tackles; Kohr and Rice, guards; Captain Jones, center; Erhns, quarterback; J. W. Miller and Bob Ross, half-backs; and Egrie Newton, fullback. Redding, Bow m. George, Brokate, O'ermat, Herring and others will get the call. In fact the picking from an outside viewpoint is tough at this moment, but whatever outfit is picked to start and finish, will be the best of the lot and every man that goes in will have earned his right to go in and you can pack that in the heel of your dudden and drag it way down past your chronic asthma or ailing liver.

**Babione, Jones, Brehm,
Miller and Newton Star;
Polish to be Applied**

The victory was Bob Oldfather's fulfillment of the first portion of the contract he signed to do a bit of steam roller on Fremont football circles and that his work was impressive goes without saying.

The Lakeside team looked big. In fact it was big and appeared quite formidable before the whistle blew. After they went into a tangle the very first bit on contact the impact settled all speculation as far as the best team was concerned, the remaining question being based on the size of the score.

A series of line raps and end dashes by J. W. Miller, Newton Eddie Brehm and Bob Ross, the latter having started in place of Bob Redding, counted the first touchdown. J. W. Miller, who can hit a squirrel with a slingshot, missed fire on a shot at goal. It was 6 to 0.

threatener booted. Eddie Brehm carried the ball back 25 yards from his 30, neat ambling. J. W. hit the lip for a gain and Brehm sneaked it along a bit on a line shot and then came Newton with a 40 yard romp about left end for a touchdown. Eggie, a quarter miler on the track, has a seven league stride and when

Bob Redding replaced Bob Ross, niftiest pair of Bobs out of the beauty shop league, and gets credit for the third touchdown of the half, made in the second quarter after

The purple and white counted touchdowns in each of the two remaining quarters, honors falling to J. W. Miller who did his on a pass for 20 yards from Eddie Brehm, and Newton who piled up his third counter and is way out in front at

Summing Up
From the standpoint of the bespectacled observer, it appears that Oldfather has two sweet tackles in Babione and Beach, both big fellows helping up on their toes in

type. In the back squadrons, J. W. Miller is the old time hoos for work. He is a "marked" man in high school grid circles, all hands laying for a hunk of his carcass. J. W. tore off a 38 yard run Saturday, his most spectacular effort, but he

Eddie Brehm, heavier that he was, as scrappy, ran the team nicely from the quarterback job, position he appears to have cinched. He also did some nice ball carrying, but went out of the game with a

About Sackrider
Sackrider, a star end, did not show his real ability Saturday, but he will come. The boy has it in him, the 1928 Sandusky game being a memory in Artie's favor. Paul Schwartz, getting his baptism of

up well under fire and Bob Redding is as fleet as any man on the field and a candidate for the job which either himself, P-b Ross, "Whitey" Bowlus or some other one of the group of candidates, will take with Miller, Newton and Brehm regulars.

CRAMER	MASON
1.00	1.00
0.99	0.99
0.98	0.98
0.97	0.97
0.96	0.96
0.95	0.95
0.94	0.94
0.93	0.93
0.92	0.92
0.91	0.91
0.90	0.90
0.89	0.89
0.88	0.88
0.87	0.87
0.86	0.86
0.85	0.85
0.84	0.84
0.83	0.83
0.82	0.82
0.81	0.81
0.80	0.80
0.79	0.79
0.78	0.78
0.77	0.77
0.76	0.76
0.75	0.75
0.74	0.74
0.73	0.73
0.72	0.72
0.71	0.71
0.70	0.70
0.69	0.69
0.68	0.68
0.67	0.67
0.66	0.66
0.65	0.65
0.64	0.64
0.63	0.63
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0.52	0.52
0.51	0.51
0.50	0.50
0.49	0.49
0.48	0.48
0.47	0.47
0.46	0.46
0.45	0.45
0.44	0.44
0.43	0.43
0.42	0.42
0.41	0.41
0.40	0.40
0.39	0.39
0.38	0.38
0.37	0.37
0.36	0.36
0.35	0.35
0.34	0.34
0.33	0.33
0.32	0.32
0.31	0.31
0.30	0.30
0.29	0.29
0.28	0.28
0.27	0.27
0.26	0.26
0.25	0.25
0.24	0.24
0.23	0.23
0.22	0.22
0.21	0.21
0.20	0.20
0.19	0.19
0.18	0.18
0.17	0.17
0.16	0.16
0.15	0.15
0.14	0.14
0.13	0.13
0.12	0.12
0.11	0.11
0.10	0.10
0.09	0.09
0.08	0.08
0.07	0.07
0.06	0.06
0.05	0.05
0.04	0.04
0.03	0.03
0.02	0.02
0.01	0.01
0.00	0.00

HOW PURPLE AND WHITE TRIUMPHED

[illegible]

Newton took the ball and raced left end for 40 yards and a touchdown after a long-geared run that fell help to 10.

Between halves, the F. H. S. band under the leadership of Director Compton and lead by "Mike" Albin Jr., as a drum major, paraded the field and staged a pretty scene made a fine hit.

Second Half
Oldfather's first half his first

down to the real basis and the team rounds up.

Figures

In Saturday's game Fremont made 18 first downs to three by the visitors and the score could easily have been doubled, but Coach Old-

The game was attended by a record of 1,000 spectators. Lakeland attempted seven passes and completed two. Captain Ihnat was Lakeland's outstanding star and was in the game all the time, taking all and giving what little he could. The game was attended by a record of 1,000 spectators. Lakeland attempted seven passes and completed two. Captain Ihnat was Lakeland's outstanding star and was in the game all the time, taking all and giving what little he could.

and his purple and white dandies left end. A beautiful heave Miller to Ross for 20 yards looked good, but the ball was called back. A 15-yard, hands-off, Brehm to J. W. Miller went 20 yards and over, for safety. J. W. Miller's boost for safety was slow. Score: Fremont 23, Lathrop 0.

Four	Left Guard	Gardner	with the caboose of his interfere
Jones (e)	Center	Mannion	and only progressed four. New
Tracy		Menak	aid the patrick walk for, saw
	Right Guard	Wright	(five on the left side. Brchin elbow
Beach		Wright	for coaches, missing first down.
	Right Tackle	Galau	W. Miller, tried something new,
Backrider		Galau	the line and made it first down
			the gun.

Fourth Quarter

Score by quarters: 12 6 6 6—30
 Fremont..... 12 6 6 6—30
 Lakeside..... 0 0 0 0—0
 Touchdowns—Newton 2, Miller.
 Kicking, Points after touchdown—
 Miller, 1.
 Substitutions—Fremont: George
 or Schwartz, Herring for Newton,
 Miller for Miller.

Officials—Burghester, Columbus; referee: Spald, Findlay, umpire: and Stanham, Toledo, head linesman.

Northwestern Coach Apprehensive Over Starting New Tackles

The fact that he could put an entire eleven of monogram winners on the field in his opening game fails to prevent the Northwestern coach from doing what is popularly known as "singling the blues."

Letter men who have been lost by graduation or through failure to return to school include Justin Dart, "all conference guard"; John

year only seven can be classed as regulars, and four of these are from the backfield. Hank Bruder, Bill Calderwood and Bill Griffin, half-backs, and Lee Hanley, quarterback, make up the quartet, with

Vandenberg, tackle; George Noyan and Johnny Haas, quarterbacks; Russ Bergherm, fullback; Bob Clark, center; Larry Oliphant, Ted Egbert and Don Massie, ends.

Bill Griffin, is heavily counted on, too, because of his sensational performances last year when filling in for the regulars.

Capt. Henry Anderson and Francis Sullivan, a couple of 180-pounders, will take care of the guard positions in capable style. Mickey Erickson—whose real name is Mi-

Larry Oliphant, Ted Egbert and Don Massie. Baker is about the only one of the quartet who could be called a regular, although the others played in enough games to win their letters.

stating that the possibilities are there. Coach Handley and his staff can be depended upon to get the most out of the material at hand.

DELAWARE, O., Sept. 23.—Ohio Wesleyan's 1929 football machine is to be considerably changed from the 1928 model despite the fact that 16 lettermen from last year's varsity are on the squad again this season.

Most surprising of the shifts which have been indicated is that of Merwin Breese, Mt. Gililand, senior veteran, from quarterback to halfback. Breese was varsity quarterback for the powerful 1928 Bishop team and was the field gen-

Bob Jones, Delaware, guard who was the only sophomore regularly in the Bishops' 1928 starting line-up is being used at tackle during practices this fall. Jones is just the type of big, smashing tackle that Gauthier admires but needs more of.

J. W. was off the target on the kick for a point. Score: Fremont 21, Lakeside 9.

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NEWTON IS OUT WITH BAD ARM; BOWLUS STARTS

Oldfather Begins Session With Regulars; Juniors Look Good

With the largest September crowd at Harmon field in history, the Fremont high football athletes trotted out on the field at 2:30 this afternoon, to clash with the Junior Order eleven from Tiffin.

Eggie Newton, who starred at fullback for the Purple and White last Saturday against Lakeside, was not in the lineup and his place was taken by Bowlus, his understudy. He had been given preference at the light practice Friday evening and showed up well. Bowlus, no doubt, will be a regular before the end of the season and today's battle will give him his first start of the season.

Balance the Same

He was ordered into a part of the game last Saturday by Coach Bob Oldfather, and showed the fans that he could handle the job in good shape. Oldfather used the same lineup he started with Lakeside, with the exception of Newton, who is suffering from a sort arm resulting from a collection of boils.

Sackrider and Schwartz were at the ends, Babione and Beach, tackles; Kohr and Fry, guards, with Captain Jones at his usual place at center. In the backfield besides Bowlus, were Ross and Miller at halfbacks and Eddie Brehm at quarter.

Shortly before game time the high school band, under the leadership of Director Compton, marched to the field after staging a parade through the business section of the city.

Visitors Look Neat

The visitors made a natty appearance when they appeared on the field in new coats which had been presented them by Edward Sneath, Tiffin banker, who has been a loyal fan of the athletic teams of the Junior Order school for many years.

Portable bleachers had been erected on the east side of the field by Faculty Manager Weiler and a corps of helpers, and these were turned over to the Tiffin fans, many of whom arrived with the Tiffin team.

HEAT WILTED FREMONT DOWN TO J. O. SIZE

Tiffin Tigers Claw Way
to Victory in Fag End
of Battle

By VONIS COLLIER
Playing a brand of football seldom seen in September, The Junior Order gridlers of Tiffin, after playing the Fremont high team to a scoreless tie for 44 minutes, scored two touchdowns in the final four minutes of play ending the game with a score of 13 to 0.

Both teams appeared to be evenly matched but the Tiffin players showed better condition and were able to withstand the oppressive heat better than the locals who seemed to have just about exhausted themselves near the close of the game.

The Sterret coached lads showed Fremonters a driving hard-tackling style of play and while not a serious threat until the final minutes of the game, were in the game every minute and were hard to stop. Their passing and punting were above the average for this early in the season and the team appeared to coordinate both on offense and defense.

Slummer's pass to Reed, good for 20 yards, shortly after his interception of a Fremont pass on the 50 yard line, paved the way for the first touchdown. Slummer then kicked goal making the score 7-0. With but ten seconds to play, Slummer intercepted another Fremont pass and sprinted for half the distance of the field for another touchdown. Fremont was penalized on this play which started as a pass with Miller hurrying the ball, but Marsh, Tiffin captain, eluded to take the gain thus giving the Tiffin until the second score for the game. A poor pass for the point after the touchdown by the center ended the game.

Straight football was played practically the first period and a part of the second although a punting duel between the two teams was started late in the first half and continued for the greater part of the third quarter. Slummer, kicking for Tiffin, gained ground on practically every exchange of punts.

Passing Game
In the fourth, Fremont opened with a passing game, hurling about a dozen passes in the final frame. Five of these were completed, for small gains, while three were intercepted by Tiffin, the rest being grounded. Altogether Fremont attempted 14 passes while the Juniors tried six, completing but one which was given when Miller interfered with Reed who had been on the receiving end of the pass. Fremont also won one pass when a Tiffin player interfered.

Penalties were fairly even with Fremont receiving 50 yards while the Junior Orders were penalized 70 yards.

Fremont made seven first downs to the game with a total of 6 for Tiffin.

To many of the fans, the locals did not play the game they did a week ago, but the Tiffin team was an entirely different team than the one which played last week. All of the Purple and White men called into the game played hard but apparently could not get anywhere. Newton, who starred last week, could hardly play, having a dozen more or less bolts on his arm and body, while Brehm who was badly injured in the Lakeside game had not recovered his old speed. Brehm was again hurt in the final minutes of the Saturday game but refused to leave.

Johnson, captain of the Junior Orders who sprained his ankle in practice did not get into the game at all Saturday. Coach Sterret stated Saturday that Johnson had played for three years and had never missed a practice until this week.

The Tiffin school sent a large number of rooters and their cheer leaders lent a lot of color by their spirited cheering throughout the game. Many of the boys and girls of the home walked over to see their team defeat the Fremonters. The crowd at the game was estimated to be about the same as last week when Lakeside played here.

Summary:

Fremont		Junior Order
Schwartz	L.E.	Stewart
Kablons	L.T.	Grogan
Kohr	L.G.	Haskell
Jones	C.	Machin
Fry	R.G.	Watts
Reach	R.T.	Marsh
Sackridge	T.M.	Reed
Brehm	Q.	Slummer
Miller	L.H.	Richardson
Rose	F.H.	Hamlin
Newton	F.B.	Bechtel

Score by quarter:
Fremont 0 0 0 0—0
Junior Order 0 0 0 13—13
Touchdowns — Slummer, 2 Point
After touchdown, Slummer.

Substitutions — Fremont, George for Schwartz, Bowles for Newton, Faddling for Rose, Hughes for Fry, Diermal for Kohr, Hughes for Kohr, Tiffin Miles for Grogan, W. Slummer for Stewart, Lewis for Haskell, Jankins for Watts, Machin for Marsh, Garber for Reed, Roach for Hamlin, Whollery for Lewis, W. Slummer for Grogan, Grogan for Hamlin.

Officials—Referee, Ted Koller, Toledo; Umpire, Smith Trafton, Burkholder, Columbus. Time of quarters 15 minutes.

TOUGH DAY FOR L. B. S. OUTFITS

Handusky beat Lakeside Saturday. This was expected but the Alie shore dwellers had the satisfaction of scoring on the blue and white and lost 59 to 6.

Saturday was a tough day for Little Blue Seven teams, all playing non-league contests. Fremont lost to Junior Order; Norwalk was stumped 14 and 13 at Shelby; Oberlin was loked at Elvira, 23 and 0; Willard bowed to Mansfield, 15 and 0 and Little Clyde tied Bellevue 12 to 12.

NO LET DOWN ON WORK FOR F. H. S. ELEVEN

The Reserves had the main lot at Harmon Field all to themselves last evening and the 'varsity squad, playing second fiddle, moved over to the practice side of the realty where Coach Oldfather put them through a course of sprouts that was the real McCoy. The squad working at the ducking post, blocked tackled and did other chores as well as run the boxes. Although the purple and white has no game scheduled for Saturday, they have been put through their stiffest course of sprouts of the season this week. Every night has seen the boys out there until after candle light and, from the sidelines it can be seen that a team is being rounded into form from the material on hand. No scrimmage was indulged in last evening, but the work for the session was in keeping with the labors of the work and how.

Practice has been called for Friday afternoon, but it is quite likely that the squad will be given its freedom Saturday to journey over to Tiffin to take a look at the Columbian-Sandusky game, two teams that the purple and white will meet later in the season.

The report was out of camp last evening to the effect that J. W. Miller, Fremont's big backfield star, had sort of gummed up a knee, not a bad injury, but severe enough to bother the celebrated Townsend galloper for a few days at least.

Fremont high has all next week to prepare for the game with Bellevue, opening number for them on the Little Big Seven schedule and, with the outfit pointed toward the loemen on the east, Bellevue will be lucky, according to present indication if it does not take a considerable licking at the hands of the outfit Oldfather will have moulded together by that time.

OLD FATHER'S CREW LOOSENS UP SATURDAY

J. W. Miller Enjoys Big
Field Day; Team
Improving

Fremont High 81, Bellevue High 0.

Sounds more like the returns from a western ranch belt where a cowboy candidate for township trustee won over a dude opponent who came from the asphalt and sky surfer belt.

Hardly the most skeptical Fremont fans figured on a swollen result of the kind even against the Bellevue collection of grid talent, weak slates of the Little Big Seven, speaking from the standpoint of football. Last week, Norwalk held a track meet at the expense of the Bellevue weaklings, taking the decision 75 to 6. Fremont went the alleged Norwalk cyclones nine points better and could easily have made it 100 or more had Coach Oldfather allowed the regulars to hold sway.

Saturday's game wasn't even a good practice run for the varsity, the seconds and reserves on the home lot furnish the big fellows much better opposition and how. The score doesn't even exemplify a track meet. It sounds more like a pinochle score.

Speaking from the viewpoint of the sidelines, the contest in itself, if such it could be called, does not show the strength of Fremont as much as it demonstrates the weakness, inability to afford opposition and almost complete absence of strength of any kind on the part of the Bellevue team. Their future is dark. Their finishing position is back under the potato bin in the cowboys' portion of the Little Big Seven basement. Their only redeeming feature is the fact the poor fellows instilled in their hopeless task, as happens as was the task of the farmer who started to harvest his wheat crop with his wife's button hole scissors.

Miller's Field Day

For the first time this season, J. W. Miller, famous in song and story and neighborhood gossip as "The Townsend Ghost," Fremont's ace of woe in the backfield, was given a chance to parade his stuff and he certainly took advantage of the fact. A side line estimate shows that the great J. W. ran at least six miles during the afternoon to pile up six touchdowns for a total of 36 points and add eight more to his collection by piling up eight points after touchdowns. Ergie Newton, who has turned the ball business back to the memories of Job, all-time star in the scandal, sailship pads and no head gear circuit, rushed over for two touchdowns. Bobby Ross, Bob Redding, Bobby Allen, all bobbed hither and yon for a touchdown per and Jimmy O'Farrell, proprietor of a crippled knee and ankle, both working on the same prep, enabled for another. Harry Binkley, star of the Reserves also elbowed into the scoring, leading a goal after touchdown.

Up And Down

After the first two minutes of play the only matter of conjecture in the annual meeting was the size of the score. Those who laid a hope that the purple and white should not duplicate the Norwalk disaster will find from peanut stands and drink from the town pump for the rest of the week.

Fremont worked the ball for 20 first downs, somewhat of a record in L. B. S. play and Bellevue drew two, one being due to a Fremont penalty.

Fremont did almost two points to the minute in counting and scored at least two touchdowns per quarter. The Oldfather coached collection of gridlers never lost the ball on downs during the romp and were only called upon to punt once.

The Fremont backs, taking the class of opposition into consideration, worked behind good interference for the first time this season. That's how J. W. Miller came to parade his stuff. No back is ever able to get much of a start unless he has aid in breaking out of the dock. His ability to work single handed is shown when he enters the broken field. Miller has the ability and he has been proving it for years.

Coach Oldfather gave at least three teams a chance to perform in the game and all the boys got a chance to get a piece of the glory attached to the victory. Bellevue only reached Fremont's 20 yard line once in the game, this happening in the fog moments of the battle when all the big fellows were on the bench and when Stapf intercepted a pass.

Results Show

As easy as the game was the swollen victory shows that Coach Oldfather is getting results out there on Harmon Field. His line is showing better and his long hours of blocking and charging drill are also taking effect. The Fremont tackling is also improving, the boys dropping from the neck tie line down to the belt region and, better Bob is through with them, they'll be socking them where the garters are won't to stretch and how.

The lineup and first string summary:

Bellevue 0	Fremont 81
Miller L. E.	Sackrider L.V.
Parr L.V.	Beach L.G.
Dolicea L.G.	Kehr C.
Ross C.	Rowe R.D.
Street R.D.	Babone R.T.
Gahn R.T.	Schwartz R.E.
Tibbels R.E.	Ross Q.R.
Stapf Q.R.	Miller L.H.
Snyder L.H.	Redding R.H.
Kistler R.H.	Newton F.B.
Peltier F.B.	

Score by quarters

Fremont 20 26 14 21-81
Bellevue 0 0 0 0-0
Touchdowns—Miller 6, Newton 2, Redding, Ross, O'Farrell and Allen.
Points after touchdown—Miller 4, Binkley, 1.

FOSTORIA PUTS MILLER STORY IN BEAR PEW

Thinks Oldfather is Working the Old Hokum in Jay's Case

FOSTORIA, Oct. 17.—The effectiveness of Coach Hirt's radical change in the line-up of his team following the game last Saturday is not known although at times it appears that a better combination may be formed.

Capt. Louis Kovas at tackle performs in veteran style but at the same time his plunging and line backing activity is badly needed.

Tackles and ends have been bothering Coach Hirt all season and he is trying all possible combinations to strengthen these particular spots before running up against the Fremont Little Giants Friday.

The Red and Black squad is not taking seriously the report that J. W. Miller, star back of the Fremont team, suffered a sprained ankle in the Bellevue game last week. Miller was always respected as a player by the local gridders but the Red and Black know that Coach Oldfather will have eleven more fighting men in the game every minute. The locals are planning on playing team football rather than stopping one particular player.

BOB CATS MUST OVERCOME FIRST HALF BUGABOO

Team Has Power But Does Not Function in Early Moments

The lesson learned at Oberlin last Friday when the Bob Cats turned about after a very lumpy first half, came back and trimmed the college towners by a decisive score of 27 to 6 will be given plenty of discussion out on Harmon Field this week.

The first half in which the Old-father minions showed no more fight than a dew worm at a poultry show; tackled like a bunch of old women and blocked like rubber crutches, will be the object lesson for plenty of attention.

The Bob Cats aroused are not such a bad lot of gridders, taking them as a general rule this season, but it takes at least half a game to tune them up to the pitch where they do business at the old stand. This slovenly first half business, outstanding the Junior Order, Fosteria and Oberlin games is sort of a bad habit to fall into gridiron company. The Bob Cats have been fortunate in their listless first halves. The opposition has failed to take advantage of the bashfulness, listlessness and what can be termed as dead-on-their-feet business. They have failed to score.

It has taken one sweet jacking up in the club house between halves to arouse the team to battle heights and, with the exception of the Junior Order game, contest that was played on a boiling hot afternoon, the Bob Cats have gone forth to claw the foe.

As one fan has said: "They ought to take the team over in some vacant lot before each game and give them about 20 minutes of hot action before they send them into a ball game. This would put them on edge and remove the listless first half bugaboo, I believe."

Now get this. When Fremont stacks into Willard next Saturday, they will most assuredly have to forget this retarded progress in the first half or Jay Miller, Willard's galloping goblin and his associates, will get them. They will, as the world knows, also be compelled to be up on their cleated toes when they face Tiffin Willard and SANDUSKY. No half-hearted blocking, no drainage to seep through toward a goal, and heads up ball all the time will be the order of the day and days.

The Fremont team of 1929 offers one of the greatest studies any purple and white aggregation has presented in years. They have class in many of the departments, distinction that is way out in front. J. W. Miller and Eddie Brehm have lived up to their advance notices and Captain Jones is playing par ball, but such good workmen as Sackrider, Beach, Babione, Bob Ross, Bob Redding, Egrie Newton, Paul Schwartz, Happy George Kohr, Whitey Bowlus, Fry and others have not reached the top of their form. Many of them have been handicapped by hurts and sieges of boils have gripped their form and retarded their progress. They have tried, worked hard, but to date some of them have not clicked as they should and thereby appears to hinge the basis for this story.

Concentration on the important work at hand is bound to bring results and isn't a bit too late for the big getaway. The Bob Cats may hit their true stride, it's in them, in the Willard game, and who knows but what Sackrider will be the Sackrider of Sandusky in 1928; Beach and Babione appear as another set like Lerch and Johnny Meinor; Kohr, Fry, Rhoades or Bowlus rip 'em to shreds like a couple of Danny Reardons; Happy George and Paul Schwartz make Sackrider step for his honors and backfield bets, Ross, Redding, Newton, Bob Allen and Jimmy O'Farrell, push Miller and Brehm for the class of the ball toting fleet, pushing so hard that they will run all opposition cock-eyed and relegate them to the home for the blind.

All Fremont is looking for the big shot and it stands to reason that it is about due. The Bob Cats, in their lairs, have no doubt made incidental resolutions that one of these afternoons in the near future that they will step out and give somebody or a lot of somebodies a clawing that will be a collective effort and one that will reward the hard efforts of their coach, his assistants and the faithfulness of the Fremont football fans in general.

It's in yab boys. Get it out for an airing and claw these Willard, Tiffin, Norwalk and Sandusky folks until they look like bas-relief maps of the war area in China.

GAME MARRED BY SOMETHING NOT IN BOOKS

Referee Keller Draws Ire of Fans; J. W. Miller in Fine Form

There's a referee named Teddy Keller. Who is considered a likely young fellow. But in football play, he sure looks the part. And causes the fans to "beller."

Showing reversal of first half form, the Oldfather Boba turned about on Mr. Harmon's reality on Miller street Saturday afternoon and eased 21 luscious points under the crotch of a storming legion from Willard, Ohio, when the first portion of the first Little Big Seven contest of the season went into the records. The second half, as far as scoring is concerned, wasn't so hot. The Bob Cats were "Kellerized," a new form of Fletcherism, but they managed to squeeze out seven points and make the final count 28 to 0 at gun time.

This contest, many a victory for Oldfather and his students in the great old legalized sport of block and tackle, supplied more material for gossip than any high school contest played in these parts in modern times. The game was like New York's 400 or boarding house hash. There was everything in it. Included in the outstanding high spots were: Some of the greatest open field running ever seen here, J. W. Miller "Townsend Tourist" being the actor; the complete checking and side tracking of Johnny Miller, Willard's bid for all-league honors; the work of Eddie Brehm, Captain Jones, "Brahma" Babione, Hensch, Backdrider, Ross, Redding, Newton and George, of the Bob Cats; Captain Babe Crealey, Willard's really and truly great star, in his last desperate and effective stand, aided by Benda, Hollinger and a couple more of his boys; great passing on the part of Fremont; victims of something finer to come in the conquest line, if the Bob Cats keep their present gait and continue to show the improvement that is slowly but surely developing, and last, but not the most, some of the poorest officiating that has ever occurred in football since Noah called Ham offside for not bringing home the bacon.

Something Terrible
Ted Keller, famous Toledo athletic director, and one of the best known among the scholastic athletes in Ohio, and maybe a couple of more points of the compass, was hit alone in the misery that was heaped upon him by a provoked crowd of 2500 or more fans. He had also company in an unpleasing and head louseman.

If these fellows, according to the unanimous verdict of Fremont football fans, are officials then the Prince of Wales wears rubber boots to Buckingham palace and Al Jolson has quite the black face to work with the black hand.

The alleged deeds of the "Three Musketeers" of the rule book were not intentional. This much is proven. They may have been due to ignorance of the fundamentals and simple ideas of football as it is played, but this much can be said—they were as much out of place as officials in an important game of football Saturday, as a hair in the corner of a picture, or a hand. Fans who witnessed their work Saturday should have taken a good look at them. They may never be back here again.

The Big Parade
Captain Babe Crealey booted off to Eddie Brehm and that elusive little gent tucked the ball under his wing and raced from his 15 to his 22. J. W. Miller, behind him, proved interference and aided by nifty blocking, booted for 20 yards around right end. Crealey brought the ball back to his 15 and the boys down, both men sliding out of bounds into a pool of water. Eggle Newton speared the Willard yard for three, socking left tackle and Brehm circled left end for six, making it first down on the visiting 20.

J. W. rapped at the door of left tackle and was let through for four yards. Newton knifed the line for two more and Willard took time out. They were off their feet and plainly rattled. Houghton, Willard's right tackle, got through and answered J. W. for half a yard loss. J. W. passed to Babby Ross and the ball was on Willard's 10 for another first down. Newton and Brehm attacked the line in turn and placed the ball on Willard's corporation mark from where it was carried across by Brehm. J. W. Miller miscalculated on the kick for point and it went west. Score, Fremont 6, Willard 0.

Fremont had carried the ball down the line for 87 yards and a touchdown. The pigskin never changing hands during the entire parade.

The field was soft and muddy in spots and the bright sun, and white of the visitors and the battle marked purple and white of the Bob Cats was all a uniform color of dull brown long before the first quarter was whistled out.

The first quarter saw some beautiful tackling and passing and ball toting. Fremont was in on all of the department. But Babione Crealey will have to be included in some of the tackling. This "chunky little star" is a bear when he lays hold of a ball toter.

Filling it Up
The second quarter gave the fans opportunity of looking over something Bob Offfather has been laboring for all season—a team that is up on the bit and knows its onions. Willard was unable to do a thing with the ball, the celebrated Johnny Miller being stopped dead or than a whole four miles inland and Crealey smothered every time he tried to ride the pigskin.

Fremont's second touchdown was

MIRACLES OF SPORT



A beautiful piece of modern football. Willard had the ball on Fremont's 45, when the highly touted Johnny Miller, who was shown to be out in the J. W. Miller class and not eligible to the Miller family reunion in Fremont township next summer, furnished Keller recovered the ball for Fremont.

The Bob Cats drew a penalty for off side, one of the many during the afternoon. Brehm got back six yards. Standing in mid-field and surrounded by a flock of red jackets Willard youths, J. W. Miller snugged the ball like a dart and it soared into the hands of "Artha" Backdrider, veteran end, on the 30 line and "Artha," who is nobody's business when it comes to slinging blocks, ranced over for a touchdown. There wasn't a Willard man within 15 yards of Backdrider when he crossed the line. J. W. completed the neat work by booting the goal. Score, Fremont 12, Willard 0.

The Opening Chorus
Referee Keller drew his first sample of Fremont's masonry crop in the second quarter when he called the ball back after J. W. Miller had made a wonderful open run for 40 yards and an apparent touchdown. He just only called the play back but penalizing the Bob Cats 10 yards. Eggle Newton put some snave on the score by booting out of bounds on Willard's second yard line from mid-field. Johnny Miller booted back to his 25 and aided by a 15 yard penalty that Keller imposed on Willard, Fremont shoved the ball across on a series of plays, Brehm making the touchdown. J. W. Miller's attempt at goal was blocked. Score, Fremont 15, Willard 0.

Fremont's next scoring was in the form of a safety. Johnny Miller falling on the ball after it had been passed over his head by the Willard center standing on his 15, and to this Crealey taking the knock-off had been stopped cold by Babione on Willard's 20. Willard averted the ball a bit but another frown from Keller dosed them for 15 and the safety developed. Keller drew some more "berries" when he stood in mid-field, studying the rule book or the main copy of a Bonifacio Burton, but any how it was a book. It was a simple situation this safety, but why the rule book or the game laws or something?

The safety gave Fremont a total of 21 points for the half which sure made the will for Willard.

Couch Offfather gave some of the older Bob Cats a rest during the last phases and allowed some of the kitten to sharpen their claws. A big score looked possible at this time.

Final Touchdown
The Bob Cats ran into a tougher Willard team in the third quarter and had to do quite a bit of fiddling to score. This was done after Eddie Brehm, who was booting in place of Newton who had been taken out on account of an arm injury an ancient wound, had out-booted the highly Johnny Miller. Brehm took a Miller boot on his 30 and Redding, J. W. Miller, Ross and Bob Redding worked it down elusively and by large and small bits of yardage to the four yard line where Brehm took it over and J. W. Miller supplied the proper touch to a successful place kick.

Willard had the ball on Fremont's 10 early in the first period and it was on a first down, too. Johnny Miller, making his best gain of the day, showed up to the one yard line, but on the next play he fumbled and it was Fremont's ball. Brehm punted out of danger to the 35 line and Willard drew a penalty. Benda mulling time on a signal call J. W. Miller intercepted a Willard pass from Johnny Miller and was down by the same Johnny Miller out of bounds after a 20 has not yet been revealed.

yard hike to the visiting 40. Bob Ross gained some but after being tossed twice for no gain. J. W. Miller heaved a pass to Eddie Brehm that was good for five.

Brehm took the ball near the sidelines and was thrown out of bounds. The whistle blew and along came Benda hunky Willard fullback to hit Eddie like a brick garage, knocking him down for the second time on the same play. Eddie's dander was aroused and he made a short-ranged swing at Benda. Willard might have been punished for Benda's extra tackling, but Brehm's round-house hook succeeded all other offenses and after passing the buck back and forth, Referee Keller and his grand jury ruled the little quarterback out of the pasture and penalized Fremont half the distance to the goal, matter of 45 or 50 yards or so. Benda went to the bench in tears. He had reason to weep, for Fremont had been picked on all afternoon by a lot of guessers and so had Willard for that matter.

The removal of the star little team pilot may have been justified, but to the fans it was adding fuel to the fire and the song of hate that developed was a mighty chorus of booing that continued until the gun barked and the arbiters had sought the cooling depths of the dressing room there to figure out and decide that their next bit of officiating might be linked with croquet, ping pong, piniche tournaments or checkers, but football, never again in Fremont.

Upset by the Brehm-Benda incident, the Bob Cats slumped and lead by the game, little Babe Crealey, Willard was assaulting the wall of purple and white at the finish and had the ball on the home guard's four line mark when the artillery reverberated over a field that for novelty and excitement and get-your-mind-off-your-business-care had Baryum and Bally's show looking like a mis-deal in bridge.

The score and summary:

Fremont 28	Willard 6
Backdrider	Landis
Beach	Left End
Kohr	Left Tackle
Jones (c)	Left Guard
Bowhus	Center
Babione	Right Guard
George	Right Tackle
Brehm	Right End
J. W. Miller	Quarter Back
Ross	Left Half
Newton	Right Half
	Sands
	Full Back

Score by quarters:
Fremont 6 12 7 0-28
Willard 0 0 0 0-0

Touchdowns: Brehm 2, Backdrider 1, J. W. Miller, Safety, Johnny Miller. Points after touchdown: J. W. Miller 2.

Substitutions: Willard—Lowe for Davis, Hollinger for Heffley, Williams for Sands, Cox for Hollinger, Houghton for Webster, Fremont—Redding for Ross, Schwartz for George, Hughes for Kohr, Schaefer for Backdrider, Fry for Bowhus, Allen for Newton, Newton for Redding, Pettiford for Brehm.

Officials: Ted Keller, Toledo, referee; Moore, Elvins, umpire; Butler, Sandusky, head linesman.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 4.—(AP)—With only Trix Bennett, half-back, on the sidelines, Princeton today began work for Lehigh. Bennett was injured in the Chicago game and the extent of his injuries has not yet been revealed.

POOR SHOWING IN CRUCIAL GO IS BIG UPSET

Tiffin Played All Around
Fremont; Miller's Great
Dash

Tiffin, Columbian 27. Fremont
Bob Cats 7.
This looks tough on paper and
rough in L. B. S. standing and it
was both tough and rough on the
clay box field at Tiffin Saturday
afternoon, where a Fremont high
football eleven suffered the worst
trouncing that a grid representa-
tion from scholastic circles in this
man's town has taken in many a
day.

The sum and substance of the
surprising upheaval is that an in-
spired Tiffin eleven, outfit that is
nobody's business in L. B. S.
groupings, engaged a Fremont
team that was way off its feed
and as listless, spiritless and al-
most as helpless on this occasion,
at least, as Little Boy Blue and his
horn in the ring with Jack Sharkey.

Fremont's Bob Cats were ex-
pected to give the Columbians of
Coach Burkett a run for the
championship of the league. Several
hundreds of Fremonters and a
great F. H. S. band tried to spur
them on to their best, doing so, but
the effort fell on deaf ears and the
purple and white was trilled in the
mud in a manner that it has not
been trilled in many a year.

Fremont by its defeat, drops
down into the class of an also ran
in the race for the pennant and,
unless it regains its feet and boots
Norwalk next Saturday, it will be
relegated down into the depths
just a notch removed above Wil-
lard, Oberlin and Bellevue, all well
known foundries of the derby.

Surprise Slaying
The surprise slaying of the Bob
Cats by the Seneca big game
hunters leaves Columbian and the
Sandsky Blue Strikers out in the
open for the L. B. S. golfball of
1929. Tiffin cannot receive worse
than a tie with Sandsky and the
latter crew has only to trim Wil-
lard and Fremont to share a split
for titular honors with Columbian.
Fremont can hand the pennant to
Tiffin by defeating Sandsky here
Thanksgiving Day, but based on
the showing at Tiffin, the local
hopes for a decision over Coach
Miller's aggregation is as remote as
the tip of a pin.

The less colony known as the Georgia
Traveller.
Tiffin has only to steam roller
poor, little Bellevue and then
lolly by and watch the Sandsky
Fremont game with the hope that
the Bob Cats show a reversal of
form and their claws and fangs
Johnny Betttridge and company for
a defeat, more surprising than the
one that saddened all Fremont
Saturday afternoon.

Man For Man
Man for man, Fremont out-
weighed Tiffin a bit Saturday and
appeared to tower over the Co-
lumbian workmen who have been
saving up for the major effort.
Man for man Tiffin outplayed Fre-
mont from start to finish. The
ends were down under kicks. They
blocked and they tackled. They
shot the Fremont line when and
where they desired and the line
of first downs above 16 for the vic-
tory to four for Fremont.

Tiffin counted a touchdown in
each of the four quarters, all the
markers resulting from straight-
forward, steady marches down the
saggy field, advance that was fea-
tured by line crashes and end runs.
Wentz, a Columbian lad who is
making a bid for all-league honors
accounted for three of his team's
touchdowns and the other counter-
went to the credit of Tony Rogala,
all-league end last season, who is
now doing prodigious deeds as a
half back.

Only Chance To Cheer
There were several instances in
the heart-breaking encounter
where the Bob Cats appeared to
be on the verge of extending their
claws and fighting back with ef-
fect that might change the tide of
battle.

The purple and white hopes re-
ceived their greatest bolstering in
the early moments of the second
half. This big shot, Fremont's only
chance to cheer, developed when J.
W. Miller, the same old dangerous
J. W. he is in victory or defeat,
took Crampton's kick-off on his
35 yard line and started some
place with his famous rucking, hip
motion.

The team gave J. W. some
splendid interference when he
traveled half the way on his own
hook, dodging, squirming, chang-
ing pace and straight-arming tack-
ler after tackler until he crossed
the goal line for a touchdown after
one of the most spectacular runs
ever made in any L. B. S. contest.
In history and the greatest of the
season despite the wonder tales
that have been penned about the
exploits of a certain Mr. Betttridge
of Sandsky, J. W. failed to make
the point after touchdown, but his
runnable feet had made the
score 14 to 6 in favor of Tiffin
and caused the Fremont fans to
hope within hope that the Bob
Cats were about to stage some of
their famous second half proceed-
ings.

It proved, however, that J. W.
Miller's dash was Fremont's only
big bid and the remainder of the
second half saw the Bob Cats on
the defensive with Columbian
steadily putting the game in the
sack by a safe margin.

Newton booted nicely but also
work on the part of ends caused
Fremont to profit nothing on the
kicks. Two of Newton's boots were
blocked when the purple and white
line leaked and allowed the Co-
lumbian line to seep through.

Pass Attack Fails
Fremont's famous passing com-
bination failed to get underway

MIRACLES OF SPORT

"LITTLE BILL" JOHNSTON.

WHO WEIGHED ONLY
120 POUNDS.
LOST 14 POUNDS
IN WINNING HIS FIRST
NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP
in 1915.



MARVIL.
NORTHWESTERN RIGHT TACKLE.
LOST 15 POUNDS
PUNCHED PART OF 1929 GAME
AGAINST MINNEAPOLIS.
LOST 10 POUNDS.

and all in all they did not have a
thing out there at a critical mo-
ment when time meant yards
and yardage meant points and
points signified something that
matters of pennants. Neck to neck,
poor blocking coupled with
the smearing tactics of a flock
of veterans on the Columbian side al-
so spelled ruination to Bob Cats
hopes, but it can be said that the
purple and white crew is game.
They took it as it came and they
never whimpered but tried as best
they could to the finish, bitter as
it was.

J. W. Miller, Captain Jones and
Eddie Frein, all of whom tried
hard, suffering lots of punishment
in the grueling contest, all being
marks for the Tiffin attack, but
at that Tiffin took out more time
than Fremont.

As usual, following in the wake
of a tough setback in the far end
of a hot race, the skeptics are
chanting from the curb stone and
from the seats about the round
table where the down town coaches
discuss things of the kind. Over-
trained is mentioned in one re-
mark. Discretion in ranks is an-
other point mentioned and discussed
and so on into the night and early
morning.

This Much Said
One thing will have to be said
right here in face of some of these
idle rumors. Coach Bob Oldfather
has worked with his squad as no
coach has ever worked here before.
He knows football and he certainly
has made a strenuous effort to im-
part his knowledge to the boys in
charge. Naturally, any well
meaning coach tries to get the best
out of his boys and this goes for
Coach Oldfather. The grid sport is
no prior game, even the most ar-
dent anti-grid advocate from the
sewing circle will admit this.

Coach Oldfather has introduced
several innovations in football
training on Harmon field. He has
given his squad every angle of
strenuous exercise in preparing
them for tougher games yet to
come. Some boys were hurt. This
is only natural in football train-
ing. You can't elephants by
practicing marksmanship with an
air rifle and that is that.

Long drills at blocking and
tackling, formations that create
interference and screens for ball
carriers, covering punts and pass-
ing have been worked night after
night. The line, separately and
collectively has been drilled and
drilled and there you are again.

Another Mile Pale
As for discretion in team ranks,
That's another tale exploded. There
isn't a man on the squad that
wouldn't follow either Coach Old-
father, Assistant Coach Leah or
Captain Jones to the finish in any
emergency.

The explosion at Tiffin Saturday
is one of those things in football
that cause football fans to rant.
The major portion of the fan army
lives on victory alone. They can-
not exist with a defeat being sand-
wiched in between. Football is just
one of our other competitive sports.
Nobody must lose and it had to
be the Wild Cats on an occasion
when they forget all the lessons
that had been drilled into them for
weeks in advance.

Now, back to the main object
again. Let all hands, even the
skeptics and those that chant fu-
neral dirges from the curb unite
in one vast group and pull for a
comeback on turkey day and help
bolster up a team spirit that may
round out an in and out season
with a grand victory over Sandus-
ky.

Saturday's summary:
Tiffin 27
King LE
Fincher LT
Boush QB
Lyle RB
Young RB
Lambright RT
Fremont 6
Suckler RB
Boush QB
Jones RB
Boush RB
Baker RT

SPORT

Something to worry about: The
tanager who seeks a position in the
League of Nations.

Wesley Foster's great run
could be called a bargain day
hunt, he making a 99 which is
just one under the regular
price, 100. A 99 cent deal draws
more custom than the \$1.00 sign
on any article.

Some folks are so dumb that they
think players wear boxing gloves
when they engage in soccer (soc-
cer).

Abie Skinner says: "Knowledge
is power that is not measured
by the kilowatt or what other
unit have you. Wait invented
the process of canning steam so
that engineers could blow
whistles and peanut roasters
could revolve and burn grubbers
for the cash track."



How is it that the Athletics won
seven pennants and played in
only six World Series? (J. Q.)
If a football player fumbles a punt
and a member of the opposing
team catches the ball before it
touches the ground, can he ad-
vance it? (H. K.)

What is the penalty in football for
an incoming substitute failing to
report to the officials? (G. W. L.)
Did Regan, of the Red Sox, hit bet-
ter than Bishop, of the Athletics,
in the regular American League
season? (T. J.)

Do the American League clubs
have to secure waivers from the
National League as well as the
American before they can send
a player to the minors? (F. S. R.)
Any question relative to sport
will be answered through this
column if sent to the SPORT
FOLIO, care of the Messenger.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS

Alex Gaston, of the Red Sox, is 33.
Bruce Cunningham, of the
Braves, is 25.

Home clubs are not quartered at
the same hotel. The players make
their home wherever they choose
to make it.

George Burns did bat twice in the
seventh inning of the World
Series game on October 12. The
first time, he hit for Rummel.
After eight other batters had hit
he came up again, this time not
for a pinch-hitter, because he was
already in the game.

George Barnshaw was the official
winner of the second World
Series game this year. He pitched
4.3 innings. Grove pitched 4.3
innings.

The penalty for holding in football
when the ball is in the air is
possession of the ball for the of-
fended team at the spot of the
foul.

Crampton RB
Fincher QB
Wentz RB
Blum RB
Score by quarters:
Tiffin 7 7 6 7-27
Fremont 0 0 6 0-6

Touchdowns: Wentz 2, Rogala,
Miller, Points after touchdowns —
Rogala 2, Wentz. Officials—Hau-
sman (Lima) referee; Ester (Wil-
loughby) umpire; Ellis (St. Union)
head linesman.

Time of quarters, 12½ minutes

BOB CATS SHOW CLAWS IN GREATEST FIGHT OF YEAR; WERE BEST TEAM IN CLASSIC GAME

Sandusky, With Bettridge in Great Form, Takes 11 to 9 Decision; Babione's Great Dash Flirted With Victory



ING WINTER, Queen Snow, Jack Frost, Jason R. Jim and Johnny Bettridge joined forces on Harmon field Thursday afternoon and defeated the Bob Cat team from Fremont high school by a count of 11 to 9 in a game that, as replete with spills, thrills and chills. Four thousand out of the 6,000 Sanduskians to the number of 2,000 being expected in this case) are telling each other today and will relate the same fact in the future, that the best team out there on the bleak, storm-swept plains of the province of Harmon in the state of football's Siberia, did not win. From the standpoint of breaks, scores and shakes, and taking first downs, 9 to 5, into consideration, this is the exact truth.

Sandusky was outplayed but it won. Sandusky had Johnny Bettridge, greatest running back in the history of the Little Big Seven, and that is why it won.

Sandusky fans sing the praises of "Jogging Johnny" to the skies and the Fremont fans are doing likewise. Had it not been for this sturdy, nimble-legged life's speed, his defensive powers and his endurance, the Blue Streaks of Sandusky would have been sunk deeper than Davy Jones' locker or a margin player's bank roll in a stock market crash.

Bettridge finished his scholastic career in a blaze of glory that rainbowed brightly in a setting of snow flakes and frost. He has written his name on the pages of L. B. S. history and so deep that it will confront the eyes of researchers 100 years hence.

All He Did

All Bettridge did yesterday was to score both of his team's touchdowns, one at the end of an 80-yard run, and the other completing a 40-yard romp; direct the Blue Streak play; do three quarters of the tackling and do all of his team's blocking. Pretty fair days work for even a Mortimer, Booth or a Pope, name anybody would say. That's about all that can be said of the Sandusky end of the business, Gant, who colored football, being held to just ordinary work, and stars like Harple, Bright, Amburn and Walsace being just four of the eleven men that comprised the Blue Streak team.

Coming down to the Bob Cat side of the fence, a lot of points can be counted out for argument or stopped to be swallowed like tea for two or a whole lot.

In the first place, Bobby Ross, right as to build but a wise footballer of any stage of the game, was absent from the contest, sick at home. In the second position, figuring from the purple and white alibi, Mr. J. W. Miller was just in there and there's about all. The "Townsend Gallop" is wearing a pair of skates that would put ordinary persons in the hospital, but J. W. is not ordinary. He was in there carrying a weight of pain and trouble that the least out of the ordinary more would side him. He had a couple of narrow escapes but stuck to the finish, but failed to perform in his usual brilliant fashion, although he made Fremont's first touchdown against Sandusky in four years, and did some great tackling.

There's some more: Fremont had the ball beyond Sandusky's 7-yard line in the final quarter, after "Brommy" Babione had made his great gallop after blocking a Sandusky punt on Sandusky's 47. It was first down and goal to go, but it did not go. Line center by J. W. Miller, who had not been over so hard offensively, or by Shesley and Redding might have carried the day and the game and sent Sandusky home a beaten team and out of championship row. At it was, wall shots by the waxy Eddie Brehn hurt and bruised by rough tackling; a figure around and by the end of the J. W. Miller, and a hurried punt let the golden opportunity and sent 1,000 fans home, convincing of the vision they had had for a moment, about a high back season ending in a blaze that would make the fouled blaze of glory look like a perfect match in a movie scene.

San of Circumstance

The san of Johnny Bettridge's greatness reflected in the first 10 second of play. The Sandusky team, meaning this same Johnny, took Eggie Newton's kick-off on his 20 and hitting on him in a stride, rammed right through the entire Fremont Bob Cat group, his interference being the heaviest, snow storm of the season and a blinding ball at that. Johnny hit the groove in the center of the field, cut over to his right and ran away like a phantom in the gray mist and scored the first touchdowns that other team has scored in four years of play. The Sandusky through actually went goofy with delight while the Fremont supporters were stunned. Gant plunged for the point and it was 7 to 0 in Blue Streak favor before the game had really gotten under way.

This sudden turn was a bitter break but it made the Bob Cats claw all the better and they lined up again a fighting team and playing football as they have not played it this season but as they always play it against a Sandusky team—picking and socking hard and giving every ounce.

The fierceness of the Fremont play was outstanding in this same quarter, when they forced the badly-touted Blue Streaks back against the wall and even through the hairline when Eggie Newton slew the mighty Bettridge who fell on the ball for a safety. Again in the same quarter, these same Bob Cats, taking advantage of one of the many fumbles on both sides, trouble due to cold hands that were being polished by snow about and below, drove the ball down to the visiting 14 line. J. W. Miller, making his last grand spurge as a L. B. S. star, raced over with Fremont's first touchdown in four years against the Blue Streaks and the same J. W. blocked the point. Fremont fans had their chance to rejoice and slap shivering backs with hands that were so cold they were brittle, when the count showed 9 to 7 in Bob Cat favor on the score board.

Out of the Fire

Bettridge pulled the game out of the fire for Sandusky in the second

CROGHAN A. C. BOXERS WILL MAKE A TOUR

Army of Talent Will Step Out to Battle on Classy Card

Clyde will be given an opportunity tonight to see their favorite son of the boxing world perform when the Fremont boxers scheduled to appear against a quartette of Sandusky boys will journey East to put on a training show.

Contracts have been received from Toledo for Danny Edginger, Paul Forrester's opponent on December 6. Edginger has a notable record in recent months, winning his last three bouts by a knockout. He has been working out regularly in the Terminal Athletic club, Toledo. Ad Thatcher's stamping grounds and will be on the job in the pink of condition.

Forrester, however, is not fearing the set-to as he is far and away in the best condition of his entire career. Starting as a doughboy Paul has had some tough slugging. Matchmakers have recognized his ability and as a result have sent him against much heavier men. It is to his credit that he has not yet hit the pen and has won many bouts by the K. O. route. As a result fans are looking for a hot mill at the Fremont Opera House.

Fritz Young, Fremont youth who occupies the headline position with Forrester in the Croghan Athletic club card, taking on Carl Blake of Sandusky for eight rounds, also is 'rain' to go. Fritz has won his first two starts in the square circle and hopes to turn in the first professional victory against the Sandusky.

Fremont also is pinning hopes on Chuck Ayer, Billie Ralneck, and Julius Krielle in six round bouts against Sandusky boys.

ARMY ALL SET FOR NOTRE DAME

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 28.—(AP)—All preparatory work completed, Army's football squad, 38 strong, today departed for New York and Saturday's encounter with Notre Dame.

Two special trains will carry the cadets corps and band to the scene of battle tomorrow. A stiff pale was whipping across the Michie field yesterday when the cadets took their final practice. No rough work was permitted, the men spending an hour in kicking, passing and sprinting. Special attention was paid to passing, indicating that Coach Jones plans to take to the air about the Irish forward wall prove too formidable.

ALL OVER

	W. T. L. P.
Sandusky	5 1 0 11
Fremont	2 7 0 9
Touchdowns—Bettridge, 2; Miller, 1	
Points after touchdown—Miller (pneumatic) 2 (pneumatic); Babione—Bettridge, 1; Walsace—For Sandusky; 3; Walsace for Smith; Amburn for Harple, Campbell for Crusey; Harple for Amburn; Miller for Bright; J. Wallace for S. Wallace, Smith for S. Wallace, For Fremont; George for Backsler.	
Officials—Rupp, (Denison) ref. ere; Lynn (Toledo) umpire; Spaid (Toledo) head linesman; Puhman (Toledo) field judge; Time of quarter, 12 1/2 minutes.	

Center	
Fisher Bowls
Bright Right Guard
Babione Right Tackle
Newton Right End
Harple Quarterback
Bettridge (c) J. W. Miller
Left Halfback Redding
Brommy Backsler
Gant Fullback

Score by quarters:	
Sandusky 7 7 0 0 14
Fremont 2 7 0 0 9
Touchdowns—Bettridge, 2; Miller, 1	
Points after touchdown—Miller (pneumatic) 2 (pneumatic); Babione—Bettridge, 1; Walsace—For Sandusky; 3; Walsace for Smith; Amburn for Harple, Campbell for Crusey; Harple for Amburn; Miller for Bright; J. Wallace for S. Wallace, Smith for S. Wallace, For Fremont; George for Backsler.	
Officials—Rupp, (Denison) ref. ere; Lynn (Toledo) umpire; Spaid (Toledo) head linesman; Puhman (Toledo) field judge; Time of quarter, 12 1/2 minutes.	

Shows That Are Worth Driving Miles To See

Schine's **STATE** Sandusky

Saturday—Sunday

JOAN CRAWFORD in

"Our Modern Maidens"

with ROD LAROCQUE—DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.

— On The Stage —

Supreme

Schine-Keith

VAUDEVILLE

Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday—Thursday—Friday

ZIEGFELD'S COLLOSAL

"Rio Rita" with

Bebe Daniels—John Boles—Bert Wheeler

500 Others

Gorgeous Technicolor Scenes

7—Smashing Song Hits—7