

1929 Season review...



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, Eggle Newton, Lorney Brokate, "Suitcase" Babione, 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 gridders 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 gridders, 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 innnings).

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, Babione, 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 Grididers

Speaking of competition, the race fans who missed their sports when Jule Pluvius cast down his sprinkling can and ruined all hopes of horse racing at the fair were given a present of getting plenty of blood-tingling views had they just stepped over a couple of blocks and into the Harmon field.

The tipping of Old Jule's bucket held no terror for Bob Oldfather and his army of grid candidates. They were out there wallowing about like buffaloes in a swamp. Harmon field is a field that is just prime for action and there was sure plenty of it.

Bob Oldfather of the fifth field is a quiet sort of a chap. In grid armor and with his boys he is busier than a squirrel in a nut tree. He is a quick hopper on a runaway handcar.

The former master of grid streets at Napoleon, is what can be termed as a quiet sort of a coach. He actually reflects pep and zip and his manner sort of gruff, business-like and to the point. He is the coach of Kid Gleeson, peppy old timer who coaches at third base for Connie Mack's Athletics. He is a stickler for rules.

"Come on there boy, crack him up!" "Sock him, Bill, and sock him hard!"

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

"Good work there boy, try it again."

Machine Gun Chatter

These are the other remarks coming from the intent coach like raps from a machine gun. The facts of the matter are, a fellow can't be expected to get away from the field and hear Bob giving the boys the once over. It isn't all pep talk, however, as there is a great deal of much physical action into a practice session as he does verbal banter.

Bob Oldfather, off the field is a peptic in mid-field; Gob Laub had a real howl session, and the boys rose to another part, and they were piling into each other until it sounded like a drop forge plant just then the whole on pay day, hammer and tongs.

Fred Bodie had another great top string, and was giving the neck and knees of the tackling dummy or the dummy to be tackled and was a great speedster himself and you trying to get a composite view of all the actions.

Team of the Year

A slant along the group of boys from whom the first string will be picked this season shows up Capt. Newton, Eddie Brechin, Bob Redding, Artie Schwartz, Syd Kohn, and the others for Rice, Beach, Babione, Bob Ross, John Gleeson, Jimmy O'Farrell, Whitley, Herring, and the others. Herring, Fifield, Hughes, Happy George, Allen, Schaefer, George and Dick past the first string.

In a skirmish last evening, the first team attired in purple jerseys, was sent against the seconds for the first time. With the skill of old and some added ideas, broke away for a couple of long runs, and then, as the coach himself, J. W. will have to do a lot of ball toting this year, but he will have Newton, Brechin, Redding, and the others to help to allow him a breather once in a while.

Each is also shown up nicely and the boys have all been in the latter with a break of luck, coming up like a bearded on defense, and the other thing, however, Jimmy O'Farrell, lately entered from St. Ann's high, lacks football, but he has been playing hard and has the size, speed and is displaying a great willingness to learn.

A glance over this fine array of talent shows that the boys have all been sent to the St. Louis Cardinals major camp for the time. Many of the purple and white grididers have patches of cuticle missing from their fingers, and the fingers taped and several. Captain Jones included, have their props under wraps. Football is not a sport, however. Football is no noisy stuff or cream puff social. The grand old game of gridiron is not a game of the survival of the fittest and it is the fittest that fit into the team, form its corps 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 boy where the boys are at. The boys are all in top shape, green, all praying that they can get a chance at Sandusky, Fostoria, Newark, and the other white and green foemen of the purple and white. There is certainly a spirit of activity to the field, and the coach's idea is that this is working, the spunking racket is this newcomer, busyboy, Bob Oldfather. He's the guy that put some action in.

In speaking about his Reserve team last evening, Howard (Gob) Laub had this to say: "I have a bunch of clawing bearcats. He had great words for Pfeifer, a sprightly odd duck, and Herring, the two men, and Shamp, all coming back-field sees. Binkley, brother of the famous Binkley, is a real boy in purple and white ranks according to Laub, and then there is Mead, Eddick, and the others. Binkley, and a lot of other colts, are all there kicking the stuffing out of someone in a vicinity box still within a year or two. Eddie Mead is the greatest teacher in high school football, and the Reserves are the experts."

Indications for some real football action on Harmon field this fall can be seen in the fact that such teams as Fostoria, Sandusky, Junior Order, Tiffin; Norwalk,

WINS DIZZY CLIMB



Glen Shultz, of Colorado Springs, won the 13,500 Penrose trop championship over the automobile Peak. Shultz is shown negotiating hanging dizzy precipices, covering minutes 45.

SPORTS

BY CO.

Something to worry about: A bunch of wet, worried fans about a dry track and a great deal of dross worrying about a wet track.

On a race course the starter is the prosecutor who puts the defendant on trial, the track is the jury, the fans in the stand, while the presiding judge sits in judgment.

The idea of nothing at all: Taking a bunch of bandanas into a hardware store to give them pointers on the "bride" march.

The Athletics have to win the pennant 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

	W	L	Pct.
Philadelphia	55	42	.594
Baltimore	53	44	.578
Cleveland	51	42	.550
St. Louis	50	43	.545
Washington	49	43	.542
Boston	48	44	.536
Chicago	38	34	.542

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Chicago	51	45	.569
Pittsburgh	50	46	.564
New York	50	47	.544
Baltimore	49	48	.536
Brooklyn	63	74	.460
St. Louis	50	51	.490
Cincinnati	57	74	.429
Montreal	48	51	.436
Boston	48	51	.436

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

	W	L	Pct.
St. Paul	59	45	.566
St. Paul	59	45	.566
St. Paul	59	45	.566
Louisville	62	78	.452
Indianapolis	63	80	.452
Toledo	59	60	.452
Montgomery	59	60	.452

MEETINGS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Cleveland & Washington	12	12
Chicago & Pittsburgh	12	12
St. Louis-New York, rain.	12	12
Chicago & Pittsburgh	12	12
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Philadelphia & Brooklyn	12	12
Brooklyn & Cincinnati	12	12
Brooklyn & Louisville	12	12
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION		
Indianapolis 4, Louisville 4, Indianapolis 4, Louisville 5 (18 in.		
Montgomery 4, Louisville 5, Indianapolis 4, Louisville 5, Indianapolis 4, Louisville 5, rain.		
Montgomery 4, Louisville 5, Indianapolis 4, Louisville 5, Indianapolis 4, Louisville 5, rain.		

LEADING HITTERS

By International News Service

Player	Club	W	AB	Pct.
Simmons, Philly	131	358	.368
Fonseca, Cleveland	134	318	.427
Traynor, Pittsburgh	134	318	.427
Manush, St. Louis	128	319	.392
Lazzeri, New York	124	490	.255
Leiter, a year ago today—Hornby, Boston	377		

WILLARD AND LAKESIDE

Player, Club, W, AB, Pct.

O'Doul, Philadelphia, 12, 563, 298

Herman, Brooklyn, 132, 518, 388

Terry, New York, 135, 546, 278

Traynor, Pittsburgh, 134, 477, 278

Leader a year ago today—Hornby, Boston, 377.

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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 VORIS COLLIER
Playing a brand of football seldom seen in September, the Junior Orders, who had been the only team playing the Fremont high team to a scoreless tie for 44 minutes, scored two touchdowns in the last four minutes of play ending the game with a score of 13 to 0.

The game was expected to be evenly matched but the Tiffin players showed better condition and were able to sustain the offensive beat better than the locals who seemed to have just about exhausted themselves in the first half of the game.

The Fremont coaches had showed preference in driving hand-tackling style of play and while not a serious threat until the final minutes of the game, were a game every minute and were hard to stop. Their passing and punting were about as good as any team in the city in the season and the team appeared to be coordinated both on offense and defense.

Slender's pass to Reed, good for 30 yards, came after his reception of a Fremont pass on the 50 yard line, paved the way for the first score. After a 10 yard run, he kicked goal making the score 7-0. With but ten seconds to play, Slender again had a 10 yard run, fumbled the ball, and sprinted for half the distance of the field for another touchdown. He then ran the ball in on this play which started as a pass with Miller hurling the ball, but Miller was unable to get back to take the gain thus giving the Tiffin outfit the second score for the game. The final point was gained after the touchdown by the center and a kick.

Slender's ball was played practically the first period and a part of the second although a punting dash of 20 yards was the only one started late in the first half and continued for the greater part of the second period. The kick, being for Tiffin, gained ground on practically every exchange of punts.

In the fourth, Fremont opened with a passing game, hurling about a dozen passes in the first three. Five of these were completed for small gains, while three were intended to be passes but were fumbled. Altogether Fremont attempted 14 passes while the Junior Orders tried 10. The only one which was given when Miller interfered with Reed who had been on the receiving end of the ball, and Fremont also won one pass when a Tiffin player interfered.

The game was fairly even with Fremont receiving 80 yards while the Junior Orders were penalized 70 yards.

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

To most of the fans the game did not play out game they did a week ago, but the Tiffin team was an entirely different team than the one at Lakeside last Saturday. All of the Purple and White men called into the game played hard but apparently did not play to their best.

Newton, who starred last week, could hardly play, having a sore knee and shoulder, and a sore arm and body, while Brahm, who was badly injured in the Lakeside game, had a good game. In the final Brahm 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 Sterett stated he would not play again and played for three years and had never missed a practice until this week.

The Tiffin school sent a large number of rosters and their cheer leaders, who sprained their ankles, sprang cheering throughout the game. Many of the boys and girls of Lakeside and Fremont came to see their team defeat the Fremonters. The crowd at the game was estimated at 1,500 and the last peak when Lakeside played here.

Summary:

Fremont	Junior Order
Stewart	LE
Babione	L/T
Kohr	LG
James	RG
Fry	RT
Beach	RB
Sackrider	QB
Brahm	Q
Miller	LB
Ross	FB
Newton	FB
Score by quarters:	
Fremont	0 0 0 0-0
Junior Order	0 0 0 13-13
Total	0 0 0 13-13

After touchdown, Slender, Shemmer, Substitutions—Fremont, George Joe for Stewart, George for Babione, Redding for Ross, Hughes for Fry, Dierman for Kohr, Hughes for Kohr, Miller for Babione, W. Shemmer for Stewart, Lewis for Haskall, Jacobs for Watts, Machin for Beach, Gandy for Sackrider, Hatch for Hamlin, Wholsey for Lewis, W. Shemmer for Grogan, Grogan for Haskall, W. Shemmer for Babione.

Officials—Referee, Ted Koller. To-
tale: Umpire, Smith. Yard lines:
Burke, Columbus. Time of
quarters 12 minutes.

TOUGH DAY FOR L. B. S. OUTFITS

Sandusky beat Lakeside Saturday. This was expected but the Lakeside outfit did not put the intimidation of winning on the Blue and White and lost 39 to 6.

Friday was a tough day for Little Big Seven teams all playing non-league contests. Fremont lost to Judson, 20 to 14, while was eliminated 14 and 13 at Elvira. 33 and 6. Wauseon bowed to Mansfield, 19 and 6 and little Clyde beat Bellville 12 to 13.

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 foemen 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.

Scouts more like the returns from a western ranch belt where a cowboy candidate for township trustee comes over a dude opponent who comes from the eighth and dry corner belt.

Harmon, the most skillful Fremont fan, was on an even result of the kind even against the Bellevue collection of grit talent, was the idea of the Little Big Green, speaking from the standpoint of football. Last week, Norwalk had a track meet, the names of the Bellevue weaklings, taking the decision 73 to 0. Fremont went the same way, but it was nine points better and could easily have made it 100 or more had Coach Oldfather allowed the regulars to hold away.

Saturday was a day, even a good practice day for the city, the seconds and reserves on the home lot furnish the big fellas much better opposition and now the score doesn't even exemptify a track meet. It sounds more like a pinhead.

Speaking from the viewpoint of the sideliner, the contest in itself, if such it could be, does not show the strength of Fremont as much as it demonstrates the weakness, inability to afford opposition and most important, absence of strength of any kind on the part of the Bellevue team. Their future is dark, their past is dim, their lot is back under the potato bin in the cowb's portion of the Little Big Green. The only bright and redeeming feature is the fight the poor fellows instilled in their hopes as they came out to play the task of the farmer who started to harvest his when crop with his wife's bundle.

Miller's Field Day

For the first time this season, J. W. Miller, famous in song as "story and song" and as "The Townsend Ghost," Fremont's ace of aces in the backfield, was given a chance to show his stuff. He certainly took advantage of the fact. A side line estimate shows that he ran 100 yards and at least six miles during the afternoon to pile up six touchdowns for a total of 36 points and he ought to be his collection by piling up eight points after touchdown. Ergo Newton, who has turned the business of scoring into a masterpiece of Job, all-time star in the sandal, ant-hip pads and no head, gets credit and runs up two touchdowns. Bobby Ross, Bob Redding, Bobby Allen, all belong to the year of a thousand punts and Jimmie O'Farrell, proprietor of a crippled knee and ankle, both working on the same side, did his share. Another Harry Binkley, star of the Reserves also elbowed into the scoring, booting a good field goal.

Up And Down

After the first two minutes of play the most interesting conjecture in the annual meeting was the size of the score. Those who like a kopek hat that duplicate the Norwalk disaster will dive from peanut stands for the rest of the week.

Fremont rested the ball for 29 first downs, sometimes 100 yards in a row, and Fremont 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 points per quarter. Coach Oldfather coached collection of gridiron never lost the ball on downs during the round and were not even dropped once.

The Fremont backs, taking the class of opposition into consideration, held the ball in interference for the first time this season. That's how J. W. Miller came to pass. He had to, for he was never able to get much of a start unless he has aid in breaking out of the rock. The most remarkable 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 play in the game and all the boys got a chance to get a piece of the glory attached to the title. The game was only 100 yards Fremont's 30 yard line once in the game, this happening in the second quarter. The critic who says all the big fellows were on the bench and when Staff interdicted a pass.

The Complete Show

As easy as the game was, the swollen victory shows that Coach Oldfather's recruits cut there on Harmon Field. His line is showing better and his long hours of hard work on a changing drill are also taking effect. The Fremont tackling is also improving, as is the case with the neck tie line down to the belt region and, before Bob is through with his work, he will be in a position where the garters are won't to stretch and how.

The lineups and first string summaries.

Bellevue 0 Fremont 81

Miller	L. E.	Sachs
Farr	L.T.	Bach
Delicea	L.G.	Kohr
Ross	C.	Allen
Street	R.G. #	Bowman
Gahn	R.T.	Bahione
Oppen	H.L.	Schmitz
Staff	QB.	Ross
Snyder	LB.	Miller
Ortner	MM.	Redding
Peltier	FB.	Redding

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.

Punts after touchdown—Miller 8,

Binkley 7.

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 towers 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 minnows showed no more fight than a dev. won't a pretty show; tackle 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 gridironers, though they are a general mess 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 Oberlin, Oberlin and Oberlin, was not of a bad half 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 bushyness, listlessness and what can be termed as dead-on-the-field 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 now, the exciting Junior Oberlin 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 to the club house 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 bet."

Now get on. When Fremont stakes 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 star man, will be there. 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 recent years. They have class in many of the departments, distinction that is way out in front. L. V. Miller and Eddie Brehm have lived up to their advance notices and Captain Jones is playing ball like a much good man. John is Sackrider. Eddie Babione, Bob Ross, Bob Redding, Eddie Newton, Paul Schwartz, Happy George Kohr, Whitley Bowlus, Fry and others have not reached the top of their form. Many of them have been victimized by the ball and sieges of balls 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 not be true drivers. It's in them, in the Willard game, and who knows but what Sackrider will be the Sackrider on Sandusky in 1928; Beach and Babione appear as another set like Lerch and Johnny Meiner; Kohr, Fry, Ross or Dickey, all of them chocks like a couple of Danny Reardons; Happy George and Paul Schwartz make Sackrider step for his honors and backfield bets, Ross, Redding, Newton, Bill Allen, Eddie O'Neill, Paul 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 show 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 team a sombrero, a stinging 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 family in general.

If you ask, "Can it cut for an airing and claw them Willard, Tiffin, Norwalk and Sandusky folks until they look like bas-relief maps of the war areas in China.

**POOR SHOWING
IN CRUCIAL CO
IS BIG UPSET**

**Tiffin Played All Around
Fremont; Miller's Great
Dash**

Bob Cats 7

The look tough on paper and rough in L. B. S. football and it was rough and rough on the cigar box field at Tiffin Saturday afternoon where a Fremont high football eleven suffered a severe trampling that a grid representation from scholastic circles in this small town has taken in many a day.

The sum and substance of the semi-pro football eleven that is the inspired Tiffin eleven, outfit that is nobody's business in L. B. S. grammar, engaged a Fremont team that was way off its feed and as listless, spiritless and aimless as humanly possible. Not even at least the Little Boy Blue and his horn in the ring with Jack Sharkey.

Fremont's Bob Cats were expected to give the Columbians of Coach Beckell a run for the money and make a bid for the championship of the league. Several hundred Fremonters and a great F. B. S. crowd turned them on to their best deeds, but the effort fell on deaf ears and the punishment was a trampling in the mud in a manner that it has not been trampled in many a year.

The mud, however, did not drop down into the class of an also ran in the race for the pennant and, unless the Bob Cats can get into New York next Saturday, it will be relegated down into the depths just as the Fremonters did last Saturday at Oberlin and Bellevue, all well known flounders of the deep.

Surprise Shaking

The surprise shock to the Bob Cats by the Seneca big game team leaves columnists in the Sandusky papers out in the sport for the L. B. S. gafafon of 1929. Tiffin cannot receive more than the 10th place, and the latter crew has only to trim Willard and Fremont to share a split fourth place. Columbus and Fremont can hand the pennant to Tiffin by defeating Sandusky here Tuesday evening. Day after day the showing at Tiffin the local hopes for a decision over Coach Miller's aggression is a mystery but has injected into the listless colony known as the Georgia Turner.

Tiffin has only to steam roller poor, little Bellevue, who are beaten by all with the Sandusky Fremont game, with the result that the Bob Cats show a reversal of form and their claws and snarls took the day off. The Bob Cats are a defeat more surprising than the one that saddened all Fremont Saturday.

Man For Man

Ma, for man, Fremont outwheeled Tiffin Saturday and it appeared to tower over the Columbus workmen who have been having a hard time of it this season. Man for man Tiffin outwheeled Fremont from start to finish. The main difference being that they blocked and they tackled. They shot the Fremont line when and where they desired it in the first two shows of the visitors.

Tiffin counted a touchdown in each of the four quarters, all the markers resulting from straight football, steady march down the field, a few yards at a time, and run fisted by line crashes and end runs.

West, a Columbian lad who is making a name all over the country accounted for three of his team's touchdowns and the other counter was made by a man who is a half-all-league end last season, who is now doing prodigious deeds with Tiffin.

Only Chance To Cheer

There were several instances in the first half when it was thought where the Bob Cats appeared to be on the verge of extending their claws and fighting back with effect that might change the title of battle.

The purple and white horses received a教育, however, holding on with the early moments of the second half. This big shot, Fremont's only touch, was made by Miller, who is J. W. Miller, the same old dangerous J. W. be it in victory or defeat, took Columbus with him. He is a 300 pounder and starting some place with his famous racking, hip popping.

The team gave J. W. some splendid inference when he traveled back on his own horse, dodging straight-charging tackle after tackle until he came to the point that he thought after one of the most spectacular runs ever made in any L. B. S. contest in his life. He thought that the season, despite the wonder tales that have been passed about the expandability of the Bob Cats of Sandusky, J. W. failed to make the point after touchdown, but his summary of the game was to score 14 to 6 in favor of Tiffin and caused the Fremont fans to hope that the next time the Bob Cats were about to stage some of their famous second half procedure.

It proved, however, that J. W. Miller's dash was Fremont's only big hit. In the second half, the second half saw the Bob Cats on the defensive with Columbian attacking the game in the sack by a safe margin.

Newton booted nicely but slow

