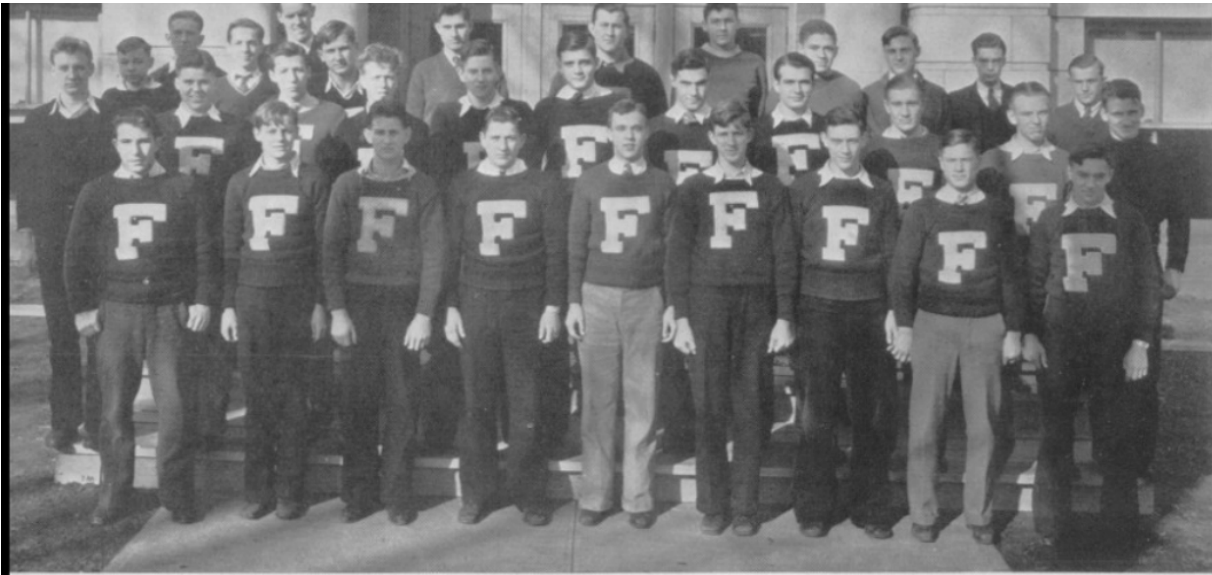


1932 Season review...



First Row—Richard Halm, John Sherman, Lawrence Spriggs, Russ Christy, John Van Doren, George Thraves, Haldon Binkley, Oliver Hess, Bruce Dunmyer.

Second Row—Ford Gomoll, Charles Gavitt, Robert Post, Ruel Clouser, Harry Binkley, Lee Moore, James Short, Jack Zink, Don Brokate, Joe Babione, Glenn Bliss.

Third Row—Clyde Fork, Assistant Manager; Philip Sherman, Manager; Richard Tucker, Donald Schneider, Walter Mason, Jack Redding, Robert Pettiford, Honorary Captain; Charles Stiger, Robert Wingard, Carl Stiger.

Fourth Row—Richard Marsh, Assistant Manager; Coach Oldfather.

70 GRIDDERS REPORT FOR SPRING PRACTICE

Spring football practice, under the direction of Bob Oldfather, coach, is on full head of steam these nights at Harmon field. Starting Monday night the grid warriors, F. H. S. hopes for next fall are toiling long and hard. Their labors are being gradually increased and, before the expiration of the present week, they will be stepping out in some strenuous action.

A look at the array of talent shows 70 boys in uniform, some of them seasoned veterans and not a few fresh material. It is a bit early to make any forecast on who will be who or what is what, but Coach Oldfather is confident of having a fairly good representation among those present in the Little Big Seven group next fall.

Among the seasoned players noticed out in moleskins last night were Harry Binkley, Bob Pettiford, Haldon Binkley, Brokate, Black, George Thraves, Russ Christy, Lee Moore, Tubby Gavitt, Jimmy Short, Mason, Messler, Van Doren, Schneider, Babione, Wingard, Frankie Giebel, Bob Post, Oliver Hess, Bate-sole, Bliss, Brudzinski and others.

OLDFATHER STARTS LONG GRID GRIND

With the opening of the fall term at Ross high school today, the purple and white football team will get down to hard work at Harmon Field today.

Coach Robert Oldfather stated today that a squad of 64 was expected to be in uniform tonight, getting into shape for the hard schedule which will open September 17, when the Little Giants clash with Whitmer.

The first few days' drill will consist of fundamentals and getting into shape for the hard grind. Actual scrimmage will not start until the end of the week.

LITTLE BIG SEVEN CONFERENCE TONIGHT

Coach Robert Oldfather, Faculty Manager Howard A. Cochran and Principal H. H. Church will go to Norwalk tonight where they will attend a meeting of the Little Big Seven league.

The meeting was called by President Coles of Norwalk, following request of Principal Church that the local school have authority to reduce admission prices to football games in Fremont to 40 and 20 cents. The prevailing costs are 50 and 25 cents.

Fremont is taking the initiative in seeking lowered admission fees and will probably face opposition at tonight's session. It is the only business scheduled to come before the league officials.

FREMONT GRIDDERS DOWN TO LABORS

Coach Bob Oldfather announced today that the first actual scrimmage of the season would be engaged in Saturday morning at Harmon Field. The work, of course, will be light as the grid squad is just rounding out its first lessons in the rudiments of the game.

The big squad of 75 has been divided into two sections. Thirty-five men have been retained on the first squad and the remainder turned over to Howard Laub and his Reserve forces.

The cool weather has augmented the first week of practice and the candidates are in fine fettle.

FREMONT HIGH POINTING FOR WHITMER GAME

Purple and White Warriors Rounding Into Condition

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Included in the good-looking recruits, men who will make a bid for a position on the top squad are Dick Halm and Lester Miller, former cage stars from St. Ann's high, both of whom are out for practice and who, with a bit of experience, will step right pretty.

Coach Oldfather is undecided as to what lineup he will send against Whitmer but it will be the best bib and tucker selected from the big array of talent on hand.

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Wealth of Material Causing Battles for Many Positions

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Four corking good bats are trying for wing positions, the wing candidates including Les Moore, veteran of one season's of varsity war and a former backfield performer; "Lefty" Spriggs, also noted in baseball; Brodette, another veteran, and George Thraves, one of the best informed boys in the rudiments of the grand old game of hit and miss that there is on the field.

For tackles there is another wealth of material. Messler, big, tall and fast, is again back in school and carrying on as he did last year; Schneider, another good boy is in there trying as is gigantic Mason, of Vicksburg, the Primo Carnera of the squad; Jack Zink, another likely looking boy and a big fellow, and, last but not least, Stanley Brudanski, one of the famous family of athletes and a versatile performer.

Many Good Guards

For guards, well, Oldfather has more of these performers than there are national guards in Rhode Island. He has Elger, Babione, Russ Christy, all hard workers and experienced performers. Then there is the popular Jimmy Short from old Flower Valley, well built lad who played some nice line ball last fall. Tucker, one of the "Old Dan Tucker" type who can make 'em comb their hair with a wagon wheel if necessary and not to speak of "Tubby" Gavitt, another seasoned performer who is just about set to break in the varsity going and make somebody battle to hold a job with the Oldfather company.

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POWERFUL SHOW STAGED BY BIG PURPLE ELEVEN

Whitmer Had No Chance Against Operations of F. H. S. Roller

Locals Won as They Pleased, Using Members of 4 Teams

Fremont High H. Whitmer & A goodly number of football fans were out to the haven of give and take Saturday afternoon to see just what Coach Bob Oldfather and his group of purple and white have been doing for the past two or three weeks. They saw a plenty.

The fans witnessed one of the best accumulations of power that has been marshaled under a purple and white banner in some time and they also witnessed this same power house turn on the juice and shock a team of boys from Whitmer high quite badly and leave them in a daze in the wake of quite a beating. The defeat gave Fremont an even up bit of revenge for the 3 to 6 trouncing that the boys from the crossroads school handed them in 1931.

Oldfather sent his first stringers into the opener and after they functioned nicely, gave the shock troops some work. The game, being played on ice, other players were allowed to step into real action and earn their 1932 spurs. Before the game went on the books as being a completed contest, practically four teams had been used by Fremont and each and every man sent into the going gave a good account of himself. The Fremont substitutions were so numerous and so fast that it was a tough chore keeping track of them.

Early Scoring. Using nothing but a display of power, the Fremont force just showed the visitors about a bit and scored about when and where they pleased. The first counter of the season was registered by Bob Pettiford, who lunged over from the forty-yard line after himself. Haldon Binkley, Harry Binkley and Oliver Kram, backfield, had shoved the ball down the alley, the march starting from their own 35-yard line after the kick off. Pettiford also plunged over for the point after the touchdown, starting Fremont's year off to the tune of 7 to 0.

Fremont collected another touchdown in the second quarter, the score following another parade and a display of power. Haldon Binkley, another Wendler in the making, and a boy who shakes a mean pair of hips out in the open and is a threat all the time, did the second touchdown. They failed to add the point. The count at the half was 13 to 0 and the second quarter witnessed a parade of shock troops to the Fremont banner.

Fremont collected 12 first downs in the first half and the visitors failed to register anything of this type. In fact, they only made five first downs during the game and two of these were the result of Fremont penalties.

Fremont, with a constant shifting of players in the third quarter, failed to score but made several threats. The combat, up to this point from the Whitmer standpoint was not even good practice. The visitors, using Scotland, Hinch, Ramey and Crow, in the backfield, failed to penetrate the big Fremont line and their attempts to sweep the end were also wrecked time after time. In the final quarter, the Hinch to Owens pass combination functioned for the visitors and they got down into Fremont territory to the depth of the 25-yard line but no farther. Pettiford, Haldon Binkley and Hinch were the boys who functioned for the other Fremont touchdowns. Pettiford and the Binkley boy piling up two apiece for the afternoon.

A Long Sprint. Haldon Binkley broke away for a sprint of 35 yards, biggest individual gain of the afternoon and on another occasion, Brookes, playing end, snatched a pass from Harry Binkley and sped over a lot of green carpet and placed the ball inside the 10-yard line after an advance from midfield. Fremont only mustered once during the afternoon, while several efforts by the visitors in this respect were wholly weak.

Fremont registered 24 first downs during the game and did it rather easily, not being called upon to display anything but end sweeps and line cracks. Harry Binkley, at fullback, riding the visiting line at any time he had the desire and the rest of the backs doing the same chore any time they were sent on their journey.

The entire first string looked good as did the replacements and taking it all in all, the outfit looks pretty fair. Lee Moore and Brookes at the ends, Messler and Mack at tackle, Rablson and Short at guards and Dammyer at center, were sent out to start the fray, while Hinch, quarterback, fed the ball to the two Binkleys and Pettiford to start the game.

The team appeared in a nobby new uniform which added to the attractiveness of the afternoon and F. H. S. hand and the public address system for announcing play by play features of the game, also scored well.

Fremont's next game will be at Ghessburg under the lights next Friday evening.

The starting lineup and the summary:

Fremont 33 Whitmer 6
Brookes 6 Owens
Mason 6 Left End
Mason 6 Left Tackle
Rablson 6 Finney
Dammyer 6 Left Guard
Short 6 Center
Messler 6 Right Guard
Messler 6 Right Guard

MIRACLES OF SPORT



DESPITE INJURIES WHICH MADE HIM CHANGE HIS BETTING STYLE, O'DOUL BROUGHT HIS EARLY-SEASON MARK OF .073 UP TO .372 BY THE END OF AUGUST. HE OUTHIT 301 MEN OF BOTH MAJOR LEAGUES.

© 1932 Edgman HE 7

LARGE CROWDS AT TOURNAMENT

A large crowd witnessed the opening round of the township baseball tourney at Riverside park Sunday afternoon. Riley defeated Washington in an extra inning game 8 to 7 while Jackson swapped Sandusky 12 to 2. Rice defeated Balville 5 to 3. Johnny Adams, former Fremont high pitcher, working part of the game for the visitors but being taken out when he developed a sore arm.

In the drawings for the final round, next Sunday, Riley drew Rice and Jackson, being given a bye, is expected to meet the winner for the tourney championship. Huse and Balhiser were the umpires.

The scores:

First Game
Washington 000 000 00-7 10 1
Riley 000 000 01-8 13 1
Batteries-Fremont and Burke
Myers and Younkers.
Second Game
Jackson 000 000 00-15 15 1
Sandusky 000 002-2 5 3
Batteries-Peters and Peters
Riger and Shires.
Third Game
Balville 000 001 00-3 6 2
Rice 000 000 01-5 8 1
Batteries-Peter and Speller
Adams and Hunt.

WOODVILLE GARDENS WIN TOURNAMENT

Winning the nightcap by beating Williston, 5 to 1, Woodville Gardens emerged the winner of a four-game tourney yesterday at Williston.

In the opener the Grey Tigers, a colored nine of Toledo, bowed to the champions, but only after a hard-fought battle, losing 5 to 4.

The second game found Williston and Clay Center facing each other. Williston won the right to enter the finals by defeating Dave Klinger, former Mid. Hn. hurler, who was on the mound for the Clay Center nine, 7 to 2. Klinger pitched excellent ball, but poor support on the part of his teammates proved his undoing.

The nightcap proved to be exceedingly close. Woodville Gardens finally topping the Williston aggregation by a score of 2 to 1, effectively bunching their hits.

NORWALK HELD TO DRAW IN OPENER

NORWALK, Sept. 18.—Because neither team could gain consistently, Norwalk high school and St. Paul's high school played a scoreless tie game Saturday afternoon.

The contest marked the opening of the local football season. Dunn of Norwalk and Mack of St. Paul's, did the most consistent ground gaining. Norwalk completed three out of 10 passes and St. Paul's failed to connect with any of its aerial attacks.

Right Tackle
Moore 000 000 00-7 10 1
Right End
Huse 000 000 01-8 13 1
Quarterback
Hal Binkley 000 000 01-8 13 1
Pettiford 000 000 01-8 13 1
Left Half
Harry Binkley 000 000 01-8 13 1
Fullback
Touchdowns, Pettiford 2, Huse, Haldon Binkley 2. Points after touchdowns, Pettiford 2.
Referee, Anderson (Toledo). Umpire, Lynn (Toledo). Head Linesman, Skibbe. Bleeding Green. Time of period, 10 minutes.

MUCH CLASS TO ATTEND OPENING OF NEW FIELD

Hundreds of Fremonters
Will Join Throng to
View Game

New Field One of the Fin-
est in These Parts; Plen-
ty of Doings

There is going to be a great trek of football fans up Gibsonburg way Friday night and don't overlook that matter. It is the occasion of the dedication of the new football field up in that man's town and it is all to be done under the lime-light of a brand new lighting plant.

The factors in the opening game are to be the purple and white of Fremont vs. the G. H. S., outfit that Coach Hendrix is preparing to launch for the season of 1932. Little is known of the power of the villagers but, reports from up that way are to the effect that there are 40 men on the squad and a lot of jim dandies are concealed in the outfit.

It will be the opening game for Gibsonburg but the second in line for Fremont, the purple and white outfit having ridden to a victory over Whitmer from the cross-roads out of Toledo last Saturday.

It is probable that Oldfather will carry his entire squad of players to the scene of battle and give some of the shock troops a bit of exercise. Some of the boys will have to be eased off a bit on their grid chores as the Port Clinton team is to be taken on Saturday afternoon at Harmon Field and, according to advance notices and performances, they are something to be reckoned with.

Port Clinton, now under the guidance of Ollie Klee who used to lug a football for O. S. U. at Columbus, gave Bellevue, weak sister of the Little Big Seven a severe threshing to the tune of 7 to 0 last Saturday.

Coming back to the doings at Gibsonburg tomorrow night, the Fremont and Gibsonburg school bands will be out there to make the old welkin ring with music and cheer leaders from both schools will linger loud and long in their efforts to swing the tide of battle.

Taking it all in all, the doings promises to be something out of the ordinary and the season on the new field is to be launched with plenty of class and ceremony.

POUNDAGE TELLS IN FINAL ROUND OF BIG GAME

Game Gibson burgers
Make Purple and White
Outfit Step

Throng Attends Dedication of Fine Football Fan Haven

Fremont High 12, Gibsonburg 6.
Opening of class attended a gala grid occasion in Gibsonburg and there were plenty of thrills to engage the attention of at least 2,000 fans who turned out to attend the inaugural of one of the finest football plants in Ohio. When they turned on the steam in Gibsonburg last night, nothing was lacking. They have the field, the lighting equipment that converts night into day; band, public spirit and let it be said before the tale runs any further, they also have a pretty fair football team, collection of athletes who have been summoned under the banner of Coach A. W. Hendricks who learned the rudiments of the grand old college game at Ohio University and don't forget that.

Nothing was more appropriate than that the city of Fremont on visiting last night and aid Gibsonburg in launching something that any locality can be proud of—a modern football field where the grand old game of give and take is demonstrated in the shades of night and in the splinter of a soft but effective glow of electricity that is perfect in every respect.

Public Speaking System
They do not do things by halves up there either. They have a loud speaking system that conveys a play by play description to the assembled fans and keeps them on top of the play. They also have a slick boys and girls band, the Band Conservatory array that has much more than a local reputation and is known on the radio. This well drilled and balanced organization had a bit of musical competition with Walter Sells and his big 80 piece crew from Fremont and there was a duet of notes on as well as a battle of boots.

Naturally, the football game was the major attraction. The opening session gave anybody in there for the purpose of scouting the impression that Gibsonburg is actually "nobody's business" this season. They made a bigger Fremont team extend itself to take a two touchdown verdict. Of course, the returned fans will relate that the purple and white roused ever for a couple of more quarters during the progress of the last half. But, rules are rules and fiddling is fiddling and the big townsmen were called back to take it on the well known chin in regards to penalties and there you have it. The count of two touchdowns to nothing and that's the way it will stand on the records for future reference. It was the opening game of the season for a good Gibsonburg team. It was the second game of the season for a promising Fremont gridiron dynamo, that is, if they can get somebody in there to stir up some of the latent power that is carried in the outfit and which sort of rears itself when sent out on the field under its own initiative after a painstaking coach and his staff pains through telling them all about their chores.

Catching A Tartar
The first half last night was practically all Gibsonburg. They had the big Fremont team trimmed 5 to 4, as far as first downs are concerned and actually carried the ball down into some beyond the 15 yard line where a touchdown was possible and where it appears as though such a procedure was possible. They have a Bob Bell up in that man's town and, as a ball player and a general post to the opposition, he carries considerable class. He was in there all the way last night and even in the fog end of the game, a bit battered from tangling into the powerful Fremont wall, he was still in there. Slugging his number, 40, that flickered about like the tall light on a lighthouse in a traffic rush of models. That's or what have you.

The grid and bays of Gibsonburg, they have a slick set of new uniforms up in that man's town and with headgear in match, carried on with considerable caution and, during the first half, the bigger Fremont team could not get settled on its well known feet.

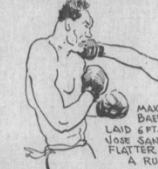
Fremont did not come close to counting in the first half and only at times displayed sparks of power. The backfield composed of Hesse, Hinkley and the slick, quick, Pittsford were doing the ball tugging for the purple and white and they did not do so bad at times.

Starting to Function
The big purple and white outfit that is scheduled to take on Ohio State's Port Clinton outfit this afternoon really did not get to putting over the scoring function until Gibsonburg had sent off rubbered their benches in the soil of old Madison township. Fremont's first counter came in the third quarter, when, following a splendid 45 yard punt on the part of Lee Moore, who slings a neat boot, Fremont started to pile in and move things up. The Moore boot gave the boys from the county seat a chance and, believe it or not, "Oh Pittsford, how you appear to be destined to battle it out with Harry Hinkley, Halder 'Hickley, Glenn Bliss and Oliver (Cliff) Hesse, the glow boy from Lindsey, for the honors of being 'a prince' character on the field for the purple and white." raved the boys over. The point for was muffed, as they say when Babe Herman goes after a pop out.

Fremont's weight started to take toll from the 1-2-3 going Madison township ranks in the third period and the boys from the shadows of



"THE BIG ONES LIE FLAT," SAID BOB FITZSIMMONS, BEFORE HE KNOCKED OUT 250-POUND ED SHIMMERT. THE HUMAN FRESH



MAX BAY, LOUD & FIT, JOSE SEAL FLATTER, A RU

GIBSONBURG LINGOS TAKING ON TIFFIN

What is labeled as a pretty good game of semipro football is to be making a threat to mow down a lot of opposition this season. Tiffin has a hard playing aggression, according to the reports, and they are set on taking the Lincons as one of their early season football gulps but the boys up there in Madison township are of the opinion that they will take on a heap of pulp before they are downed, at least Bob Krotzer and the fellows were of that frame of mind last evening.

High School football has gone big in Gibsonburg and this semipro game is also taking on. There is no question but what a flock of fans from Fremont will trek up Gibsonburg way Sunday afternoon to witness the doings.

DETROIT GOES IN TOURNAY'S FINALS

DAYTON, Sept. 24.—(AP)—Detroit already having entered the finals, Pittsburgh and Cleveland were to clash here today in the National Baseball Federation tournament for the right to hold down the other side of a three-game series for the championship, which will start tonight.

Detroit advanced to the finals last night with a 9 to 7 win over Dayton. Pittsburgh, in a late afternoon game, lost its first game of the tournament to the Detroiters, 10 to 8. Cleveland, 1911 champion, went into the semi-finals by eliminating Flint, Mich., 5 to 4 in 10 innings.

NORWALK ST. PAUL'S HAS MUCH POWER

NORWALK, Sept. 24.—The powerful team of St. Paul's high school played well Vermont high Friday afternoon here, and won 41 to 6. Mack led the Norwalk team in scoring. He made three touchdowns and two points following touchdowns for a total of 20.

the old temple of justice on Park avenue got in their licks in the third quarter. Hildon Hinkley, greatest wiggler of hips since the days of "Windy" Wendler eased his way for several yards for the and score of the long and strenuous night. Fremont put the ball over twice after that, but the powers that be and in the interpretation of the new rules, said it was not to be, sent the boys across the Madison township line twice after the second official touchdown, but Bert Mallory, referee who is in there on conferences with Erbe-Bledet and others, called it back and there you are. It was a great evening and one of the cleanest of "cuball" games, the sportsmanship being displayed on both sides of the house.

Gibsonburg has a great football plant and in Bob Hart, Felix Hesse, Wonderly, the latter a brother of the famous Cliff Wonderly of Pittsford. High fencer, Younker and the Mathia brothers, together with several others and don't forget that.

They haven't overlooked a bit up there in Gibsonburg. In the completion of this football field, even the press table being much in evidence, it's a pretty nice town to be visiting in.

Both Oldfather and Hendricks used a plentiful array of extra men during the progress of the contest last night but the starting lineups consisted of the following:

Gibsonburg	Fremont
Schles	L. E. Brinkley
K. Schwartz	L. T. Mason
H. Bell	L. G. Robinson
W. Mathia	C. Dunnmeyer
D. Mathia	R. C. Short
Wonderly	R. T. Moore
Younker	R. F. Hesse
Hart	Q. B. Hesse
Trullinger	J. H. H. Hinkley
Bell	R. H. Harry Hinkley
Myers	F. B. Pittsford

BIG FREMONTERS SHOW PLENTY OF GRIDIRON POWER

Second Stringers Hold
Visitors Even in
Good Game

Second Victory in Two
Days for Big Local
Players

Fremont 21, Port Clinton 7.
Some folks said, and they did not figure on the proper basis, that Coach Bob Oldfather and his purple and white team were biting off too much of a hunk when they booked Gibsonburg and Port Clinton high teams for their opposition on two successive nights, the former event to be played under the flicker of a fine new lighting arrangement in the former locality.

The purple and white took the Gibsonburg team after quite a tussle, 12 to 0, but in the game with Port Clinton, team coached by Ollie Klee, former star at O. S. U., they had some easy sailing.

The facts of the matter are, Oldfather gave his budding shock troops the greatest part of the battle, keeping the first stringers under their blankets on the bench until the fog end of the third quarter when the count was seven all and the going was pretty stiff at times.

With the big fellows in there working pretty fair, they clicked off the first of a pair of touchdowns on four plays, starting from the visiting 35 line and the game from that point was never in doubt.

The purple and white collected its first touchdown in the opening round when Bob Post, who is dividing the quarterback's job with Oliver Hess, started a procession on the visiting 35 line after Fremont had received the ball on a series of bucks. Ably aided by Johnny Black who toted the ball down to the zero row from where Post raced it over.

Bob Pettiford, awfully good looking in grid togs this season, did the first chores for the big crew when he ambled off tackle for about 20 yards and to Haldon Binkley, fleet boy with the queer hip motion, goes the credit for the final touchdown, an effort made in the fourth quarter. Extra points were clicked off by Glenn Bliss and Haldon Binkley, the latter making two.

Port Clinton scored in the second quarter when a pass, Leow to Quisno, put the ball in the scoring zone from where it was carried across by Quisno who dashed through a hole at tackle.

In the final round Port Clinton opened up its bag of tricks and put a few thrills into the game but the bigger Fremont team held and was never in danger and kept its light under a blanket of secrecy, using powers plans and a pass now and then.

Saturday, Fremont takes on the Findlay high team for its annual game at Harmon field and a pretty fair game of ball can be looked for as the Hancock county delegation is going strong.

The summary:

Fremont 21	Port Clinton 7
Spriggs	Perry
Left End	
Zink	Scoles
Left Tackle	
Babione	Kolesar
Left Guard	
Sherman	Cowgill
Center	
Christy	Hruptcho
Right Guard	
Stiger	Brady
Right Tackle	
Thraves	Shinevar
Right End	
Post	Quisno
Quarterback	
Black	Stevens
Left Half	
Elles	Leow
right Half	
Halm	Woolley
Fullback	

Score by quarters:
Port Clinton0 7 0 0—7
Fremont7 0 7 7—21
Touchdowns: Post, Hal Binkley, Pettiford, Quisno. Extra points, Bliss, Hal Binkley 2, Woolley. Officials: Skibbie, Bowling Green, referees; Nicholson, Toledo, umpire, and Kritzel, Fremont, head linesman.

FREMONT HIGH SET FOR BIG FINDLAY JOUST

Incoming Host Has Fine
Early Season Record
to Show

The major football joust in these parts is scheduled for Harmon Field out Miller street way Saturday afternoon, when the so-called power machines being operated by Jay Winters, of Findlay High School, comes to town to take on Bob Oldfather's purple and white group of towering boys.

Findlay, minus the services of Dick Belts and a couple of his sparring partners, appears to have taken up the work where it left off on the steam roller process last season. They have piled up something like 75 points in two games played this season and are said to be quite a snappy bunch. Whether the opposition they met was below par or the Hancock county fellows are really another good outfit remains to be seen when they unlimber their artillery against the purple and white.

The Oldfather fellows have swept through three early season games, taking Gibsonburg, Whitmer and Port Clinton, two of the games pretty stiff fights and they came out slick and clean as far as wounds are concerned and with plenty of that needed experience.

Oldfather has spent long hours this week giving his first string the required grooming for the big start. If hard work and strict attention to chores mean anything in this he-man game of football, Fremont High should win the championship of a couple of leagues and a few districts.

It is quite likely that the Fremont coach will start his top stringers in the Findlay game. Then on the other hand, he may stage the Knute Rockne success and slip in the shock troops to wear the edge off the Findlay team. The Fremont seconds are a pretty nifty array too, and don't forget that. The backfield on this array consists of the hard working Bob Post at quarter; sturdy Dick Halm at full back and the flanking halves are the hot going Johnny Black and the good looking Glenn Bliss. Up there just a notch higher, all this by reason of more experience are Bob Pettiford, veteran of former wars who appears to be destined for a great season; sturdy Oliver Hess, boy who is doing the team engineering; Haldon Binkley, a lad with a hip movement that would win him the palm of the grass in the Hula leave and that old reliable Harry (Light Horse) Binkley, veteran line plunger who is going good and wh (rap on wood) appears to have detoured the injury jinx this season.

With these two sets of backs, Oldfather appears to be setting pretty as far as power is concerned. They appear to be developing a drive and, if they do, it will be curtains for somebody.

Lee Moore, Brokate, Messler, Mason, ends and tackles; Stiger, Babi one, guards; Sherman and Dunmyer, centers; Thraves, Van Doren, Clauser, Russ Christy and several boys are in there with high class and in several positions it's just a question of who is who for the first string jobs. Out of this array, Oldfather will launch his attack and win or lose they will do the purple and white act that is backed by years of tradition—do their best and be out there trying.

This game, high spot of the season to date, will be featured by all the thrillers in football. The bands of both contending schools will be out there. There will be loud speaker services with Jay Bone and George Gruse giving play by play descriptions and Findlay is sending down a big delegation to rival Fremont's cheering section.

The game will start at 2:30 o'clock.

ANCIENT RIVALS HAVE IT OUT HIP AND THIGH

Purple Obtains Revenge
After Four Years of
Defeat

Harry Binkley Outstanding
in Victory; Clean
Ball Game

Fremont High 7, Findlay High 6.
A scrapping, smart and game Fremont High School football team found itself out there on Harmon Field Saturday afternoon and in the presence of a throng of cash trade estimated at two and one half thousand, not only scored an age old enemy and obtained revenge for four seasons of reverses at the hands of the same age old enemy, but also proved that they are on the main track to go places in this man's football campaign.

Lead by Harry Binkley, fullback who gave one of the finest exhibitions of defensive play ever seen in purple and white uniform; guided by the sparkling work of Bob Pettiford and Halston Binkley at halfback positions; nagged by Oliver Hase who played heads up ball at quarterback; and operating behind a line they held like a mustard plaster to a galland back, the purple and white was not to be denied. In Findlay High they met a team that overestimated them and was touted to be a fitting successor to the Beta led outfit that ran rampant last fall.

When they clashed Saturday, neither of the outfits had tasted defeat. The contest, a major lay-out for each crew, was the guiding point of the season. To win it was to go on the path that might lead to championships. To lose, well, it just was not to be considered, an setback that would not only wreck team morale but would be the basis for reorganization. Fremont and Bob Oldfather are rejoicing. Findlay and Coach Jay Winters are now counting the sack cloth and ashes.

A Typical Game

It was a typical Fremont-Findlay game. Plenty of color, cheering crowd and presentation of two fine high school bands. Findlay presented a "thunder drum major" and probably this had something to do with their defeat. In a preliminary game played between the reserve teams of the two schools earlier in the day, Findlay won 6 to 0 and got a good start for the day. They made a C+ finish, however, only not nearly as bad looking as the ruin of the Bruin.

When the teams showed up for the scheduled exercise, they presented a striking contrast in uniforms. The blue and gold of Findlay was brand new as was the purple and white of Fremont. They were two big husky eleven. Both unbroken this season. What a setting. What a layout. What a game.

The first quarter was a sparkling match in which the great bugaboo of football boaters, Jayson R. Wind from the southwest, played the major role. Fremont with the wind at its back and Lee Moore, ball and who does the spurring for the Oldfather troops, booted the play was in Findlay territory. Moore, who actually kicked the jeans of Captain Miles, Findlay boater, during the afternoon, got away some dandy spirals that gave his side plenty of time to get down to the spilling. The first shoulder to shoulder business showed Fremont to have the greater power and the toughest line. From the jump off, it appeared as though the game would be a matter of breaks and it was but Findlay drew more of these old luck than did the purple and white.

The two Binkleys, Pettiford and Hase battered the visiting line for a couple of first downs in the first round but never got past the 20 yard line. Findlay footpats were still in Fremont territory during the first quarter.

Replays Boiling

With the switch in positions at the quarter, Miles, of the visitors, had the advantage of the wind at his back but despite this Moore, who got off a couple of dandies in the face of the half-gala, held his own sixty. Miles booted over the goal line twice and it was Fremont's ball on the 25. The Fremont line with Dempsey, Mason, Messer, "Hit and Christy, worked nicely. Ends fumbled well but a t. y. to fumble cropped out once or twice.

Hathaway, Wrench, Miles and Stover were the visiting threats but they were smothered time after time, the number 44 worn by Harry Binkley being quite noticeable in the heats after the ball was downed. He was doing plenty of tackling in the early part of the battle and he kept it up during the entire fray. Binkley didn't await the arrival of the ball tuffer into the secondary zone. He was up in there often, hitting the ball carrier before he reached the line of scrimmage and tossing him for a loss.

In the second quarter Findlay was given a real break. They, with Miles booting kicked over the line and it was Fremont's ball on their own 20. Findlay recovered a fumble on Fremont's 25 and it was here the Fremont wall was given its first real test of the season. They held the gold and blue for three downs and disorganized the attempt to pass on the fourth and booted the ball out of danger.

The Big Parade

After a scoreless half, the teams came back to the promised land and went to it again. Miles, kicking off for Findlay booted short to the Fremont 50 yard line. The ball bounded hither and yon but Lee Moore sprang his well known length on the agate and it belonged to the purple and white. Halston Binkley, using his famed "Hut" hip movement did a 15 yard dash along the sideline, recovering a head, incoming

MIRACLES OF SPORT



JOHNNY
FREDERICK,
BROOKLYN
PINCH HITTER

HOLDS THE MAJOR
LEAGUE RECORD AS
PINCH HITTER WITH
5 HOMERS TO HIS
CREDIT IN ONE SEA-
SON. HE ALSO OWNS 10
OTHER HOMERS —

© BY R. Edg.

loss that had been suffered on a recovered fumble. It was first down on the 35. Pettiford dove for five and Harry Binkley did three with half the Findlay team hanging on his frame. Harry Binkley failed to make first down by half a foot but this was taken care of by Oliver Hase who snaked the required distance. Binkley, that is "Light Horse" Binkley, wellused the weakening gold and blue wall for a couple of yards and now came the prettiest play of the afternoon.

Harry Binkley passed to Lee Moore and the latter last month bumped the ball with his hands into the outstretched mitts of Halston Binkley who was coming down the line like a farm hand when he hears the dinner bell, plenty fast. Halston tucked the ball under his wing and when they smothered him the old seed was on the five yard stripe while the fans were bumping each other on the back and butting heads in their glee.

The first crack at the line laid out about three Findlay men and one Fremont, Russ Christy the hard playing guard being the purple and white who took the hard up. When the boys recovered, Harry Binkley shoved the ball to the one foot line where Findlay held but the light horse fellow kicked over the traces and shoved it across on his next try. Bob Pettiford shoved it across for the added point and there it stuck 7 to 6 for the remainder of the afternoon.

Everything He Had

The final quarter saw Findlay using everything it had and Fremont protesting its lead by doing some booting. Coach Winters sent in plenty of shock troops but Oldfather reminded by the bulk of the starters and there it was. Findlay was dangerous until the final gun barked to indicate that revenge had been obtained after four long, lean years of waiting.

It was one of the cleanest games imaginable and the first men to congratulate Coach Oldfather were Captain Miles and Coach Winters. Good sports and good losers. Miles, Hathaway, Stover and Wrench were great workers for the Findlay backfield while a man named Severns on right end and some fifty work as did a guard named Roth.

For Fremont, aside from Binkley, Harry Binkley, doing some exceptional defensive work and quite a lot of offensive work, the rest of the crew were also heads u don Binkley, Pettiford and were great. Moore did some, did booting and end for end, tackle for tackle, center and guards as well, they were a ball team Saturday and lot that down in your diary.

The first downs in the contest were 9 to 7 in favor of Fremont according to Warren Weiler, guardian of the festive lead pencil who keeps track of the dollops on the field. Fremont also suffered heavily on penalties getting at least three 15 yard losses and one or two five yarders. Findlay suffered lighter from the rule of the officials which was also good and in keeping with the splendid program of the afternoon.

The Starting Lineups and Summary

Fremont 7	Findlay 6
Brookate	Brown
Mason	Bohlinger
Gavitt	Bohr
Dempsey	Fultz
Christy	Roth
Messler	Cobb
Moore	Severns
Hase	Stover
Hal Binkley	Hathaway
Harry Binkley	Miles

Some by quarters:

Findlay 0 0 0 0-0

Fremont 0 0 7 6-6

Touchdowns: Harry Binkley

Points after touchdown: Pettiford,

Mallory, Toledo, referee; Pittenger,

Toledo, umpire; Dunlap, Columbus,

head, incoming

FOSTORIANS ARE LOOKED UPON AS SPEEDY TEAM

Oldfather and Company Put Special Stress on Coming Game

Bob Oldfather had his big fellows out there on the Harmon practice patch last night pointing them toward that stiff tussle that appears to be in the offing with Fostoria that appears to have gotten back into its old time grid stride after several lean years.

Fostoria was rubbed out by Rossford in its early start but came back last Saturday and laced Lima South, outfit that is supposed to be quite a group of battlers.

The Fostorians this year are being taught by none other than Bill Edwards who used to hustle the pigskin for dear old Wittenberg and, they say that William has taught the crimson and black troops some new tricks and has built quite a ball club about a colored flash named Lee who can pick 'em and put 'em down with any of them in the scholastic ball totting circle.

In other words, according to advance notice, Edwards has erected an offense that smacks considerably of the passing game. He also has several other thrusts that will bear watching and this is just what Mr. Oldfather and his troop of sod punchers are preparing for.

Last night the first, second and third teams were being used in a stiff drill, Fostoria plays being the lesson of the evening. The first line troops last night were composed of Moore and Brokate, ends; Messler and "Carnera" Mason, tackles; Gavitt, Stiger and Christy, guards; Sherman and Dunmyer centers; Oliver Hess, quarterback; Pettiford, Johnny Black, Bliss and Haldon Binkley, half backs and Harry Binkley, full back.

A look over the lot last night where at least five complete teams and a group of extras were performing, gave a spectator the idea that there are some likely looking youths rampaging in grid togs in this man's town this season.

The spirit of the grand old game is prevailing on the lot also and there is no laggard in the group while Coach Oldfather and his able aids, Fred Eode, Howard Laub and Bim Stults are there on every move made by the young army that is rolling onward under the purple and white.

Fremont, with four victories under its belt, Whitmer, Gibsonburg, Port Clinton and Findlay having been successfully passed on the 1932 journey down the old give and take pike, is preparing for a hot session with Fostoria. These two schools have been rivals since our grand dads wore choker collars and parted their hair in the middle and the annual revival of the grid controversy is a classic as it switches back and forth year after year in each of the cities involved.

Last season, Fostoria, under Red Stubblefield, eased out a slender victory over Fremont at Harmon Field but, it is hoped, that Fostoria will take the same detour that Findlay patronized here last Saturday.

The Fremont team will be followed to Fostoria by a large delegation of fans and the F. H. S. band and there will be big doings up there where fellows like Johnson, Fox, Hatfield, Peters, Pete Stinchcomb and others used to climb on the old steam roller and iron the boys out flat.

SECOND HALF BATTLE GIVES PURPLE EDGE

Outplayed in Earl Portion,
Fremont Stages Great
Comeback

Peters Gets Away for 99
Yard Romp; Many
Thrills

Fremont High 15, Fostoria High 6.
A sluggish Fremont High School team allowed itself to be shoved under foot to the tune of 6 to 0 in the first half of a nightmare of gridding (nightmare for Fremont fans) at Fostoria Saturday afternoon. But an improved Fremont High School team came back in the second half to show some of the fight that featured its great victory over Findlay the week previous. This improvement in play, although not up to the standard previously exhibited this season, gave the purple and white the necessary shove that pushed over two touchdowns, converted a point and allowed them to take the victory by a slender margin.

The first quarter was a scoreless affair with Fostoria having the decided edge as far as deep invasion of hostile territory was concerned, having the ball in a scoring position at least twice. Fremont appeared sluggish and aimless and not putting up the team co-ordination that goes places. However, the second quarter was drawing to a close with the prospects of a scoreless half in view, when things happened in the most unexpected of manners.

Haldon Binkley, doing the major portion of the booting Saturday, sprang the ball way down yonder in the corn field to the visiting one or two foot line where it was downed by Fostoria.

With the ball in the danger zone it was a 100 to 1 shot that Fostoria would attempt to boot out of danger. The lineup and formation justified this thought, and Fox, home town quarter went back to receive the ball for the expected punt. Instead, Peters, a big seagull full back, cut in, took a short pass from center and completely crossed the unsuspecting purple and white from Fremont team by crashing off tackle, pouring through the line and the secondary defense to continue his journey down the lane that was just about 90 yards distant when he started to ankle.

It appeared as though several Fremont men had a chance to nail the fleeing Peters by using the prohibited flying tackle, dive that is accompanied by a penalty this season. Nobody grounded the big fellow and, when he passed Oliver Hess, quarterback and defense man, the last act of the touchdown remained in the form of marking up six on the score board. The point after touchdown was missed.

Something stirring
Whether or not this surprising sprint on the part of Peters won the ball game for Fremont will never be known but after a session with Coach Olfather in their dressing room, the purple and white, stung to desperation and their clean state for the season to date threatened, came back a better looking football team even if they were far below the par displayed in the Findlay game.

The line started to hold and the backs, Harry Binkley, Haldon Binkley, Bob Pettiford and Hess, started to go places. They showed the Fostorian tail fellows all over the lot, and at the close of the third quarter had the ball on the two foot line.

On the first play in the final quarter, Oliver Hess crashed across for the touchdown and Haldon Binkley booted the goal that put the purple and white one in front much to the satisfaction of a lot of Fremonters whose spirits had dropped like the tail feathers of a robin in a cold fall rain.

Another Counter
With a one point margin, the purple and white elected to play it safe and watch for a break. It came along at the opportune time and developed when Rumpke, Fostoria half back, dropped a Binkley pump on his 40 yard strip. Line shots by Pettiford, Harry and Haldon Binkley showed the ball inside the 20 yard line and here came another surprise movement.

Harry Binkley, who had been playing his usual fine defensive half and also doing quite a spell of offensive work, took the ball and stepped back to pass but every conceivable hole was sealed by the Fostoria defense.

The only thing to do was to run with the ball and this is just what Binkley did. He circled as end with a surprising burst of speed and raced over for a touchdown.

The point after touchdown missed but the 13 points were plenty to take the decision although Fremont was hard put in winning the edge.

Another thing that might have been detrimental to the offensive movement of Fremont and which held them in check and the score to the low proportion, was the fact that the officiating referee ruled against the Fremont triple pass movement on two occasions and took away a thrust that has had the boys stepping out in the four previous games. The decision regarding the three cornered pass, worked Harry Binkley to Moore to Haldon Binkley, was that the latter was not at the proper distance behind the line of scrimmage when he took the ball for one of his spectacular gambles.

Fremont won the game in the second half by resorting to power football and rushing the ball goalward. Fostoria, famed as a passing team with the elusive Lee as the center piece, opened up in the final quarter and made a couple of first downs but failed to get it over although one or two of Lee's bullet like shots came close to clicking

MIRACLES OF SPORT



and sent many a thrill and chill up and down many a spinal column, from Fremont.

Fremont, by the way, put the speedy Lee in a sack during the afternoon, but somebody left the barn door open when Peters staged his runaway and almost broke up the ball game in the second quarter. The first downs were registered as 9 to 3 in favor of Fremont.

Showing Old Fight
By winning this game on an afternoon when they were decidedly off form, the Fremont outfit showed that it has the old fight, their desperate stand against the big Fostoria team in the second half and their pounding out a victory after a stern chase and a lone one shows the staying quality of the outfit. With that game out of their system and a victory over Fostoria in the old sack, they ought to give Oberlin quite a thrashing next Thursday on their own home lot.

Harry Binkley, Pettiford, Hess, Gavitt, Moore and several other boys did their bit in a splendid manner Saturday, when they got to going. Lee, Peters, Fox and several of the Fostoria line men also played good ball.

The spectacular features of the game were attended by parades of the bands from each school and a fine turnout of fans to view the revival of gridding between two schools that have been on each other's backs in an athletic way since way back in the glorious 80's. The lineup and summary:

Fremont 15	Fostoria 6
Brooks L. E. Young	Mason L. T. True
Gavitt L. G. Hennrich	Sherman C. Ryerly
Short R. Q. Worth	Mander R. T. Shiley
Moore R. E. Vogel	Hess Q. Fox
Pettiford L. H. Lee	Binkley R. H. Rumpke
Harry Binkley P. Peter	Fremont 0 0 0 13-15
Fostoria 0 0 0 6-4	Referee—Swain (Dickenson)
Umpire—Jones (Penn.)	Line men—Dorrell (O. S. U.)

NOT SATISFIED THOUGH
Gus Horeland, Texas golfer, has won 28 tournaments in his brief career on the links.

Jack Burnett, "Old Miss" sprinter and football player, joined Indiana university this fall.



Michigan defeated Northwestern
shows Stanley Fay of Michigan

CHILL WEATHER PUTS SNAP IN GRID PRACTICE

Oldfather and Company
Preparing for Game
With Oberlin

"It was cold in them thar hills," last night, remarked an old settler, as he ventured forth to take a slant at the doings of Bob Oldfather, Inc. on Harmon Field where preparations are being made for a gigantic reception of an Oberlin High football team next Friday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

It was cold but the proper kind of frigid business that puts pep and zip into a gridder and makes the side line observer think of moth balls and his last year's benny or something.

A tour through the purple and white hospital shows but one berth occupied and this by Joe Babione, promising lineman, who is recovering from a severely wrenched back. The rest of the big squad, 50 or more men, are up and doing. Harry (Light Horse) Binkley, who has been going like a couple of houses on fire this season, has a boil on his left knee, said boil gathering being about the size of a regulation croquet ball but a bit of physical disorder of this type does not bother a gridder of Binkley's prowess. He was out there last night engaging in all the exercises.

A word about this same "Light Horse Harry." Although a veteran of three years service on the F. H. S. 'varsity, the big fellow is really having his first year at football. In 1930 and '31, early in both campaigns, he had the misfortune to fracture a leg, the same prop on both occasions. These injuries held him up until the fag end of the season. This year, however, and all hands are rapping on wood, Binkley has escaped the injury jinx that has pursued him like a detective and, to date, he has been going great guns. He is headed for an all-league berth, unless signs fail.

With the Postoria game tucked under their belts and a heap of experience gained in the five games played, the purple and white can sort of coast for the Oberlin contest Friday. The word "coast," however, is not included in Coach Oldfather's vocabulary and he will drive the boys for Oberlin just as he will for Tiffin Columbian and the blue and white of old Sandusky.

Reports from down Oberlin way are to the effect that the college town outfit is not so hot this season. Gone is their stone wall defense and galaxy of pass heavers, according to the returned scouts who have lamped the operations of the guests of Friday afternoon.

Oberlin however, and put this down in your note book, always has a reputation for staging a fight against any Fremont team and Friday's occasion may be no exception to the rule. Oberlin for years and more years has always played inspired football against the purple and white and Coach Oldfather is cautioning his lads, as Ben Bernie says, not to be over-confident and to get out there and play ball just as though they were taking on Michigan, Notre Dame, Hiram, Baldwin-Wallace or Scipio Siding.

The contest has been moved up to Friday afternoon to allow the fans to percolate to Columbus on Saturday to view that annual State-Michigan game.

Old lettermen, former heroes in purple and white, are to be admitted to free Friday's game and there will be the usual band concerts, parades and other high lights that makes football the great fall sport.

OVER-ESTIMATE OF FOE CAUSES BITTER DEFEAT

Oberlin Took Advantage of Bad Breaks and Land- ed Hard Blow Purple Rushed Visitors All Over Lot But Takes Kayo

Oberlin High 18, Fremont High 2

There it is, right out in front of your optical focus, flood the figure and weep. Many of you, perhaps, have shed your portion of the copious emendations, sort of cased out of the effects of the shock and gathered up your shattered nerve centers to find out what it was all about. Just try and find out it was. A reward is being offered for the closest guess to the real facts in the case.

Out there in the presence of 2,000 fans, before a flock of old F. H. S. lettermen, old grads who bear the grid scars of other years and enjoyed victory and suffered in defeat, a big purple and white team, outfit that fattened Friday, lugged out Fosteria and laid by the wayside preliminary season mouthfuls like Glimsburg, Wilshire, and Port Clinton, crumpled up like a bride's first cake and got smashed on the whippers by one of the weakest teams Oberlin High has ever produced.

Held even for two quarters, edged 2 to 0 in the third, Oberlin, array that has been used as a door mat by Tiffin Columbus' powerful gens, beaten by Newark and a crew that rang the town fire bell when it made a first down against any opposition this season, socked a needle into Fremont's championship balloon and it went out of the title picture like hot-croze buns in a tramp's jaws.

A Game Crew

With little hope of winning, expecting a beating and hoping against hope, Oberlin supported by a more handful of faithful rooters, entered the game just because it had been scheduled. That's about all.

As the game progressed and the vaunted Fremont attack failed to materialize, the red and black from the college town galloped across and awaited for the break. They had been flirting with lady luck all afternoon but that made the contact in its fourth quarter when they exploded like a sack full of mush on an amateur actor's dome and stole the show, the game and the satisfaction of having removed from the heights of the extraordinary to just a mere football team now listed as good, bad or indifferent or what have you. What a blow! What a game and what an exhibition.

Fremont, by actual figures shoved the ball all over the lot but they failed to ease it over the chalk beyond the Oberlin goal and thereafter bange this tale of woe and how. Fremont made 10 first downs to five by the visitors, 10 first downs being placed in the second half. Oberlin made two in the first quarter and then failed to click until that fatal fourth round when they made three, all of vast importance. Look at the standing of the L. B. S. for further information. It is so that this story will have to get off the theme as team it produces dampen the copy paper and fade the ribbon on the typewriter.

Why The Reason

What's the reason? And the who answers the same. Who was the spoiler? And the Oberlin Holmes brigade stalks forth to find the villain in the place who is entitled of being that shy old party Oscar Q. Overconfidence, same party that whipped Jack Dempsey at Philly; sent Napoleon to St. Helena from Waterloo and sent Al Capone to Atlanta for a federal outing.

Overconfidence, failure to hold the ball, and feature that produced breaks for the visitors, a bit of astonishing lousy in pinches, floundering like a loose slipper at a dance are some of the reasons, the rest are still being figured out. As some wise chinser once articulated: "You can drive a horse to water but you can't make him drink." This fills the bill in this instance and speaks for Coach Oldfather and his assistants who drilled the big outfit all week on the question of anti-overconfidence and have a care with Oberlin.

Never in the history of Fremont scholastic football and it extends over a span of 40 years, has there been such a surprising flip flop in form and but few times in the history of the Little Big Seven has there been such an upset. Imagine a horse of the calibre of Twenty Grand being trimmed to a finish by the steed that draws the wagon that carries milk to your door. There you have it.

It was hard to take, difficult to swallow but the only resemblance between the team that knocked the ears off Fosteria and Tinsley and the crew that was rolled under by Oberlin lies in the fact that they both wore the same uniforms.

An Auspicious Start

Fremont kicked off. It was short bowling and Grith, Oberlin guard, fumbled the ball and Les Moore recovered it for the purple and white. It looked as though the big parade was about to steam up. Bliss, in there for the first time as a regular, pined off four, but Dempsey, F. H. S. center was hurt on the play and was relieved by John Sherman. Line crashes by Harry Binkley and Pettiford, who made one sig and dash of it, to be Richard enroute to a touchdown by Capt. Bruce, of Oberlin, lured the purple skin to the visiting eight yard line. Oberlin's well held a pass, Binkley to Pettiford failed and it was Oberlin's ball on their seven and one half line. This was check number one of the day.

Fields ran for Oberlin's second

shoved out of bounds, his first display as a moneymen. Harry Binkley stopped fields on the next play after he had ambled to the 15. His was tugged for a five yard loss. Fields booted to Hess on Fremont's 45 and the purple started to roll northward again. Fremont again worked the ball to the 10 yard strip, shoving the red and black over the turf in a manner most easy. It was a first down, but try as they did or didn't Saturday, Fremont could not crumple Oberlin's wall and the visitors held and booted out of danger. The quarter ended with the ball in Fremont's hands on the old 22.

Different Fleeting

Those who had made bets as to the size of the score Fremont would run up in this supposed to be run-away game, were trying to hedge now. Oberlin, fighting as Oberlin always does and will against Fremont be they giants or midgets, was putting up its typical fight, although being badly outplayed.

They hung on like a pup to a root in the second quarter and, while they failed to gain a first down in the second round against Fremont's three, they had the ball in purple and white territory most of the time. Fumbles hurt Fremont chances in the second period.

Fremont changed jerseys for luck in the second half and came back after a bit of non-partisan stumping speaking on the part of Coach Oldfather at an executive session in the field house.

Oberlin booted off and Fremont showed a flash of the form that won for them at Fosteria last week. Hess took the kick-off, pranced a few and Harry Binkley and Pettiford made it first down on their 45. The purple rushed the ball to the 12 yard line on five successive first downs only to lose it on a fumble.

A Fremont Break

Fields, star of the place, elected to run with the ball. He read the right and was buried under an avalanche of purple and white behind his goal to count a safety and two points for Fremont. With this lead, the purple was still a safe bet to win. Haldon Binkley, in the game in place of Bliss, Pettiford, Harry Binkley and Harry Binkley worked the ball toward the definite object, a touchdown, but were halted on the 14. It was wonderful the way that green Oberlin line held in the pinch.

Fields booted to Fremont's 45 and Hess scored out of bounds on the return. Haldon Binkley electrified the crowd with a 20 yard dash about end and placed the ball on the 10 at the quarter.

When Things Happened

Fremont, working on a fourth down, lost the ball on the first attempt, a pass Haldy Binkley. Moore, Fields was thrown for a sack and booted on the next play and Haldy Binkley returned it to his 25. Oberlin held and Haldy Binkley kicked to Fields on his 23. Fields in turn booted to Fremont's 25 where Bob Post, in at quarter, downed the ball.

Bob Pettiford, who had made several good dashes and had played a fair sample of ball, was injured and taken from the game. Bliss returned to the going.

Haldy Binkley booted to Fields on Fremont's 45 and the visitors opened up with everything they had. Fields passed to Huston, half back and another colored star who made first down on Fremont's 20. Huston, trying an end run was stopped without gain. Oberlin booted back to mid-field and Fremont still had the game with five minutes to go. Haldy Binkley was checked on an off tackle play and Harry Binkley stepped back to place. He heaved a long twister to Brooke, Fremont end, who was away and out in the open. The ball struck Brooke's arm, glanced off and was incomplete and you could hear the crowd groan. Had Brooke snagged the ball he could have walked down the field for a touchdown and the ball game would have been registered for Fremont town.

The Big Break

Fremont elected to kick but, strange to behold, a flood of red and black poured through a leak in a purple and white line and the kick was blocked and it was Oberlin's ball. The lanky Fields, on the first play, jogged around the right end 20 yards for a touchdown. The try for a point failed and it was 6 to 2, favoring Oberlin.

They kicked off to Moore on the 25. Haldy Binkley did three and the other thrusts failed. Fremont attempted to punt and again that black and red line poured through the sieve in the Fremont wall and the kick was blocked like a ball hit to be recovered by Oberlin on Fremont's 15.

Fields hit for a yard. Fields raced end for four before going out of bounds. Fields made it first down on Fremont's three yard line. Fields went over for a touchdown while Weber looked on Fields with a tragic glance instead of comedy. It was sad, really.

The unexpected explosion on the part of Oberlin. Their ability to make and take breaks had everybody gasping for air. The try for point failed and it was 12 to 2. Now came the grand climax. Fremont, for some reason or another, had not worked Harry Binkley, its big power plant in the second half. In the final movements he got off a couple of nice heaves, one a dashy to Les Moore, but out of the Binkley thrusts fell into the arms of this little Huston person and he galloped 40 yards right through the purple and white brigade for another touchdown. The attempt for the point also missed five in this case. It was 18 to 2 and mighty Ower had fanned out and there was grief personified McVillie.

Fields was the outstanding performer of the afternoon but Huston, Bruce and several other visitors did bits of good action. As for the outstanding team on the Fremont team Saturday, fans, talk it over and take your pick.

The summary and starting line-ups

Oberlin 18	Fremont 2
Bliss	L. E. Thayer
Bliss	L. T. Mason
Hindman	L. G. Robinson
Owen	Dempsey
Grith	Bliss

INTRO

OSSIE

By JACK



HE WAS A STAR (GOLF) AND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF

Copyright

FREMONT TRACKERS

DEFEAT SANDUSKY

Even if Fremont's football hopes were smothered Friday afternoon, the supporters of athletics at the high school can take satisfaction in the fact that Bill Ogden and his cross-country runners took on and reduced the thin-skinned Sandusky to the position of second place.

This interesting event was staged between halves over a middle course, the start and finish being staged on the half-mile track at Harmon field. Of course, the cross-country run was not the only track meeting feature, the football game having the same a-jet when Oberlin got to rolling along like Old Man River, but it was a clever victory for the Ogden crew.

Pettiford of Fremont, scored the tape in number one, and then came Polyniska of Fremont, in number two position. Heitell of Sandusky, was third, to be followed by Mitchell, another Fremont in fourth place. Smith and Minor of Sandusky, finished fifth and sixth, respectively, and Heppner of Fremont, clinched seventh paw. Hasselbach, eighth and Schindler, ninth. Lainer and Lehrer of Sandusky, were 10th and 11th.

The two mile jaunt was clocked in 11:28, good time for the event. Winners were given a great ovation as they jogged in front of the stands. Fremont started nine men, while Sandusky entered seven. This victory, a handy, placed the Fremont team in a fine position to take off the honors in some of the heavier engagements it has booked with Toledo schools, as well as several cross-country meetings with groups of scholastic competitors.

MAJOR LEAGUE

Hanser's Produce	
H. Frank 151 234 196-401
C. Mayle 158 177 171-206
O. Meyer 164 190 222-378
H. Hauser 168 168 296-342
B. Reckterwald 175 204 187-313
Totals 849 972 272-480

Troy-Model Laundry	
J. Tracy 158 172 216-346
W. Kaufman 177 150 170-484
J. Leuer 154 127 159-440
V. Tilton 222 177 214-409
R. Reimschuesser 184 160 165-429
Totals 889 771 924-2588

Low Price Gas	
S. Leuchter 186 206 191-585
H. Ogle 202 200 227-479
H. Patterson 201 141 213-503
C. Hickok 153 162 194-229
J. Preiser 160 164 173-339
Totals 963 891 1010-2907

Dumrey Chevrolet	
R. Fought 152 154 143-449
Low Score 180 180 180-540
L. Schultz 182 227 220-580
Low Score 180 180 180-540
O. Ortemat 180 180 187-556
Totals 872 860 811-2644

Linco Gas	
B. Ritchie 212 184 209-473
W. Biss 169 165 149-473
Hallowell 181 160 138-448
Lawrence 151 175 147-316
A. Herick 222 222 231-473
Totals 688 584 932-2722

Brander & Trautman Packing Co.	
Witte 180 163 165-508
Hansman 214 170 182-546
Dugler 202 198 211-589
Clark 180 200 246-544
Wainwright 202 204 161-567
Totals 967 961 975-2904

Moore	
Shaffer R. R. Hess
Shaffer L. H. Pettiford
Huston R. H. Bliss
Fields F. B. Binkley

Scores by quarters:

Oberlin 0 0 0 18-18

Fremont 0 0 2 0-2

Touchdowns-Fields 2, Huston.

Safety, Fields for Fremont.

Officials: Hanson (Toledo), referee; Anderson (Toledo), umpire.

BINKLEY SNAPS LEG IN BATTLE

Haldon Binkley, star halfback on the Fremont high school football team, sustained a fractured right leg in the last few minutes of play in the Fremont-Willard game at Willard last Saturday, it was announced today.

Binkley was running with the ball, and when tackled, his cleats failed to give in the turf and the bone was broken. It is not a serious break, doctors state, but will keep him out of the lineup for the remainder of the season.

The blow is a hard one on Coach Robert Oldfather, who this week faces the task of tuning his boys up for a crucial game against Tiffin Columbian high school.

Last year, Haldon's cousin, Harry, who is playing fullback on this year's team, sustained a like fracture and had to retire for the season.

HALDON BINKLEY MAY RETURN TO GRIDIRON

Word from the F. H. S. football hospital where Haldon Binkley and Lee Moore, two important cogs in the Oldfather grid machine, have been registered to recover from injuries, are that Binkley is not injured as seriously as at first suspected.

It was feared that the half back had suffered a leg fracture but later developments indicate that the injury is not that severe. Binkley, however, may not be able to appear in the game against Tiffin Saturday and Johnny Black, a promising youngster with a world of class, is being groomed to take the vacated position.

In the case of Lee Moore, big end who is out of the game with three dislocated fingers, a different report is current. Moore will not be in Saturday's game, lacerations on one of the fingers preventing this. Besides several stitches on the hand, Moore has been given anti-toxin to off-set any infection that might develop.

George Thraves, veteran of several years effort in F. H. S. grid circles, will appear in the lineup in Moore's former position, but at the time he was injured, Moore was being worked in the backfield where he had been picked to do some of the booting in the Tiffin game.

The series of injuries that have befallen the purple and whiteners may be the spur that will drive them to return to some of the great form shown in the victory over Fostoria and Findlay.

PENNANT HOPES SHATTERED BY HARD DEFEAT

Tiffin Takes Upper Hand After Fremont's Fine Early Start

Visitors Display a Slick Scoring Group of Gridders

Columbian High 26, Fremont High 6.

A group of about 1,500 fans sat in wind swept stands Saturday and grew purple with cold while out on the field in front of them a purple team took one of the most severe thumpings ever administered to an F. H. S. football team on Harmon's acres.

The game was an example of not how poor the purple and white team performed but just how good the black and gold Gale from Tiffin really is. They have a set of backs that functioned as neatly as any set of four ever worked in this man's town while their line and ends are the cow catcher that clears the track for the "bulldog."

Fremont, crippled and not back to the form that allowed it to step out high, wide and handsome early in the season, is still in the throes of the slump that allowed Oberlin to shake their heads so unexpectedly a few weeks back, but Fremont, at its best would have no business monkeying with Tiffin as it is and that's that. We might as well reckon that right now.

Tiffin is out to take the Little Big Seven title and the only obstacle in their path is the London Giant, Inc. corporation that operates at Sandusky and there are many who have formed an opinion that George Burkett's gallopers will take the blue and white when they tie into each other on November 11, game of all games in the Little Big Seven this season. Contest that has championship written all over its surface.

A Great Break

Harry Binkley, acting captain for Fremont Saturday, won the toss Saturday and selected the south goal with a 40-mile gale at his back. Fremont kicked off and the ball bounded along the surface in Tiffin territory straight for the goal posts. It was a free ball when it passed the 10-yard line. It also passed Gage, Tiffin defense man, who touched the bounding eagle but failed to hold it.

Across the line it humped and, before any Tiffin man was aware of what was happening, came Bob Pettiford, Fremont halfback to dive on the ball and Fremont had scored a touchdown in the first two seconds of play. The point after touchdown was missed, but Fremont was off to a skipnot lead and it looked quite good but the fans had not seen anything of the Tiffin power as yet.

The unexpected kickoff happened instead of discouraging the Tiffin team, aroused them to a fighting pick. They took the next kick-off deep in their own territory and started one of the most savage drives ever seen on a local field. Gage, Rider and Freese, fleet back, working the old wing back chore and employing a spinner play at times, tore the Fremont line to shreds and ripped and sorted for five successive first downs in their maddest efforts. They lost the ball on a fumble on Fremont's 19 after an 85-yard rush.

Nipple it up.

Fremont badly overplayed in the first quarter, defended its goal stubbornly and Binkley, aided by the wind, got off some good boots. Late in the quarter, Freese booted to Hess, Fremont quarter, and the latter fumbled and Tiffin recovered. The backfield combination crashed the purple wall until Gage went over and Rider added the extra point. It was 7 to 6 favoring Tiffin at the quarter.

In the third quarter, Brokate's kick was blocked by Glick and Columbian recovered, on Fremont's 18. Rider shot to the two-yard line on a spinner and Gage jumped around right end for another counter. Gage failed to connect the point and the count was 13 to 6 at the half.

Tiffin made eight first downs to one collected by Fremont in the first half.

Fremont, by the way, was not allowing these pigskin hunters from Tiffin, to amble about unopposed. They were giving them the best they had, even though the going was tough. George Thraives, working on right end and starting his first major league high school grid engagement, was doing lots of work as was Johnny Black, working in the backfield. Brokate was also in there while Binkley took his turn now and then.

In the third quarter, Fremont, as it had previously paved the way for the third Tiffin counter inasmuch as it fumbled on its own 28. Beck recovered for Tiffin. Rider raced to the 11-yard line before he was pulled down by Thraives. The same lugger burst into the line and emerged on the 11-yard strip and Gage took it to the three-yard line and made it first down. Here is where the purple staged its greatest stand of the day. Thraives, line thrusts and an end run failed to make the raffle for the Tiffin powerhouse and Fremont took the ball.

Binkley booted out to his 42.

The same outfit that had held for four downs on its three-yard line, milled like butter before a hot poker named Rider who broke through the right side and stopped all the way for another touchdown. The point was missed and it was 13 to 6.

In the final quarter Fremont, with the ball on its 20, sent Harry Binkley back to bed. He was crowded and in an attempt to pass, he reared around in circles to be thrown on his 13 line. It was a fourth down and Tiffin took the ball. They crashed in to make it first down on the one-yard line and

MIRACLES OF SPORT



it was Marcella, Tiffin quarter, who took it across while Casey, Tiffin center, booted the extra point, making it 26 to 6.

In the final quarter Tiffin used a small army of extras and when the gun was drawn and popped in the fog moments of the game, Fremont had the ball deep in the invaders' territory and was up there on the one-yard line with Harry Binkley doing the tugging when the game ended and Fremont's L. H. S. pennant hopes, blighted by the Oberlin disaster, flickered out entirely, leaving the stage between the two unbeaten rivals, Sandusky and Tiffin.

Cochman Jack Zink, Bob Post and Dick Halm chances to show their stuff. They all worked hard but could not stem the tide when the Tiffin regulars were functioning. Halm gave a good exhibition by a series of short dashes while working at quarterback, replacing Bob Post, who in turn, had replaced Oliver Hess.

It was Dad's day at the ball game and a group of the fathers sat on the Fremont bench, guests of the F. H. S. Athletic association. The summary and starting lineup:

Columbian 26	Fremont 6
Martin	Brokate
Klein	Left End
Dryfus	Left Tackle
Casey	Left Guard
Riddle	Center
Lindsay	Right Guard
Beck	Right Tackle
Marcella	Right End
Gage	Quarterback
Rider	Left Half
Freese	Right Half
Tiffin Columbian	7 6 6 7-24
Fremont Ross	6 6 6 6-41

AS NOTRE DAME



Here's a thrilling play of that ing the heretofore unbeaten Irish pass in the first quarter. Note N

STRUGGLE WITH HURON COUNTY LADS HARD ONE

Whittaker, Norwalk's
Quarterback, Tries to
Upset Game

Bob Pettiford Stops Pass
or Two; Score 18
to 14

Fremont 14, Norwalk 14.
It was a typical contest between two teams of the grid who have been battling since the days of "When You and I Were Young Maggie," and a dead image of a contest played by the same teams on the same field in 1921 when the purple and white, with Eddie Brehm, Jimmy O'Farrell and Bob Redding starring, came out from the exit on the long end of the horn by a return of 19 to 14.

Norwalk has been booed about from pillar to post by several of the big and lesser shots of the Little Big Seven this year. It may be a weak appearing aggregation against other teams in the loop but against Fremont it advances to its greatest heights and Saturday's bitter battle was no exception to the established rule.

Fremont had things much its own way in the first half, clicking off touchdowns in each of the quarters and it appeared as though the purple and white might be in for an easy sort of an afternoon, but they were compelled to reckon with the heat in the final quarters where the home towners staged one of their last ditch stands and came within four points of knocking the election returns and disputing the electoral count.

First Touchdown

Fremont took up the drive in the first quarter, working from its 30-yard line. By a series of line plays and a bit of passing they worked the ball steadily down the lane to the home town line strip. Here a lateral pass, Bob Pettiford to Lee Moore, allowed the latter to leg it over for a touchdown. The try for point was missed.

In the second quarter, Fremont started to move goalward from the 50-yard line and by straight power plays moved the squash up to Norwalk's 20. A Harry Binkley to Lee Moore pass put the old pumpkin in the fiveyard line strip. Fremont tried four line shots before Lee Moore, playing fullback, poked his way through the wall for the touchdown. Again the point was missed.

With a 12 to 0 count, and first downs registered as 4 to 3 in their favor, the purple and white appeared to be destined for an easy second half, sort of a defensive proceeding, the down points being the objective of the keep-tha-well-from-the-door process.

Stirring Swallow

In the third quarter Norwalk opened up its complete bag of tricks and in a fit of desperation, "Midget" Whittaker, Norwalk's scrappy little quarterback, tried to upset Coach Oldfather's apple cart. He did not quite stage the Halloween event but he had the end gate bolts out so that the vehicle was rattling a bit.

Norwalk started the old air game on its 20 but the effort was not so terrific for the time being. Bob Pettiford, veteran halfback who was doing good chores for the purple and white Saturday, placed his frame in the path of a Whittaker pass. Standing out in the open the Pettiford boy snagged a heave, tucked it under his well muscled right arm and when they caught up with him he was across the line with a 35-yard smile to his credit. This ended the purple and white counting and the score was 12 to 6. Later figures, however, show that Pettiford's timely try was the winning foray in a bit of gold sketch.

Whittaker's Effort

Raymond (Tom Thumb) Whittaker then took command of the lightning position and he glittered as would Jack Pearl, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wyn and Ray Perkins on a corner school program. His first stunt, done in the third frame, was to take a pass from Dunn, the left halfback, over the left side of the line and when the posse overtook him he had crossed the boundary line and was enjoying freedom with a huge touchdown after a 50-yard sprint. Whittaker booted the point too, just like that and it was still a Fremont edge, 18 to 7.

In the final quarter, Whittaker again tore off another lot of yards, stepping 50 yards after taking another Dunn pass. He stuck the ball on Fremont's one-yard line and on the next play, sneaked over for the second touchdown and again booted goal. It was 18 to 14 and not so good looking, but Fremont shook itself together and watched Whittaker and Dunn like a mother guards her cockle creek. There was no farther scoring.

Norwalk made eight first downs to Fremont's seven, five of the home town's collection being collected in the final half. Norwalk completed nine out of 16 passes and had one intercepted. Fremont worked 13 heaves and connected four times and had four intercepts.

The Fremont team played pretty good ball, the regulars working well. Dick Halm, Black, Johnny Van Doren, Bablione and Jack Zink were all given opportunity to get a piece of the game and responded nicely.

Lineups and summary:

Fremont 18 **Norwalk 14**
Brooks Garth
Left End Fish
Left Tackle Battles
Left Guard Watson
Sherman Center
Short Saladin
Right Guard Gled
Meader Right Tackle
Thames Gilling

MIRACLES OF SPORT



VIC EAST PR
IN-ONE ON 2
STANDING ON
15TH GREEN,
SHOOT HOLE
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RECREATIONS LOSE LORAIN PIN MATCH

The Tracy Recreations of the North Central Ohio Bowling league, found the Dunkey Bros. quintet a little too much for them in a contest rolled at Lorain yesterday. The locals dropped all three contests to the Lorain outfit by the following scores:

Dunkey Bros.	
Black	228 149 225-430
Nelsen	194 179 171-544
Ellis	190 191 190-576
Hillier	217 203 174-594
Bono	224 185 217-626
Totals	1050 917 577-2950

Tracy Recreations

Tracy	182 187 183-552
Oyle	178 185 200-563
Clark	194 179 200-573
Hanshew	189 187 188-564
Wainwright	192 176 192-560
Totals	835 849 966-2790

RED GRANGE SHOWS IN OLD TIME FORM

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—(AP)—Red Grange, the former Illinois football star, was again the talk of the town today.

He gave flashes of his brilliance as a college gridiron hero here Sunday as the Chicago Bears bumbled the New York Glats professional team 28 to 8 before 12,000 fans at the polo grounds. Grange scored three touchdowns, twice on forwards and once on a lateral.

A crowd of 25,000 saw the Portsmouth Spartans defeat the Brooklyn Dodgers at Ebbets Field 17 to 7. Earl Clark, the former Colorado star, excelled for the victors, running 58 yards for a touchdown after catching a pass.

\$2,000 FOR CHARITY FROM GOLF MATCH

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—(AP)—A sum of about \$2,000 was given to charity today, proceeds of the golf exhibition here Sunday in which Jess Sweetser, former British American amateur champion, and Francis Ouimet, former American amateur champion, defeated Gene Sarazen and Walter Hagen, 1 up. Sarazen is American and British open champion. More than 1,000 saw the match.

The winners had a best ball of 65, which equaled par. After the match Gene's favorite niblick and an searching club were sacrificed, each bringing \$50.

Right End	
Halm	Whittaker
Quarterback	
Pettiford	Dunn
Left Half	
Binkley	Reed
Right Half	
McC	Woodruff
Fullback	

Score by quarters:

Fremont 5 6 6 0-18
Norwalk 3 0 7 7-14
Touchdowns: Pettiford, Moore 2
Whittaker 2. Points after touchdowns: Whittaker 2. Substitutions: Norwalk, Zink for Woodruff; Thompson for Reed, Blackburn for Gled, Williams for Battles; Fremont, Black for Moore, Bablione for Gavitt, Zink for Mason, Van Doren for Sherman, Mason for Zink. Referee, Fairgrieve (Illinois); umpire, Anderson (Cincinnati); head linesman, Moore, (Elyria). Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

MUDDY FIELD IS HEAVY HANDICAP ON BOTH SIDES

Purple and White Power
Plays Wreck All Op-
position

Halm Stars With Long
Bit of Galloping; Set
for Sandusky

Fremont High 34 Bellevue
High 6

Resembling Egyptian mummies, so far as a uniform covering was concerned, matted and matted to the skin in snow and rain mixed, unkempt and bedraggled like a flock of buffalo fresh from a wallow, two Little Big Seven teams stood shoulder to shoulder on Harmon Field Friday afternoon and battled it out under the most severe playing conditions that have befallen football teams in these parts this season.

The purple and white, that was the color when they started showed that they may lose now and then on a dry track but, when played on a muddy course, they were real mudders of championship caliber. They plastered little old Bellevue with one and scores nester than the villain in the old mat-drama used to cover the lower forty with the mortgage.

Bellevue ran into just about the same outfit that whipped Fostoria and Findlay earlier in the season and they had just as much chance of taking the game as Hoover has of being declared the president-elect on a recount in precinct 2 in Riley township.

They were never in the ball game, the record of first downs, 19 to 3 showing that in every detail. They were aided in two of their first downs by penalties. The other was done on a freak play to Crosby, visiting fullback. He tried to stand back for a box. He missed and when crowded elected to gallop with the ball. His old and his action was so unexpected that he made the distance before being mudd paddled.

Early Indications
The game was no more than a minute old before it was indicated that, barring accident and the approach of prosperity from around the corner when the grass is growing on Main street, Bellevue was in for a trouncing.

With Pettiford, Halton Binkley, Harry Binkley and Dick Halm, the latter starting as quarterback and stealing the show from the other boys, waltzed the ball right down the old mud driven alley that had been torn to fragments by the curtain raiser between the Fremont and Bellevue schools. This contest was taken by Fremont 7 to 0, LeMar Christy galloping for the touchdowns in the early quarter.

Getting back to the major mud bath, the Fremont ball huggers took the squash right down to the one yard line where Bellevue held and took the ball. They were given the benefit of the first of a great series of penalties by the official matter of 15 yards. They booted and Fremont started all over again from the 35 line and carried it up to the five yard mark where Halm shoved it over on a winner play. The point was missed. The quarter closed with the count 8 to 0.

Getting Into Gear
Fremont obtained the ball deep in Bellevue territory early in the quarter and after taking another Pittenger-Lynn penalty, one in the line that cost them a total of 95 yards for the afternoon and proved the officials to be the best ground gainers Bellevue had. Halley Binkley carried it to the 20 yard line where Bob Pettiford, playing his last game on a home lot, broke around left and by some pretty stiff armng stepped over for a touchdown. Again they failed to convert the point and it was 12 to 0.

After the purple and whites, now well daubed with goo, settled down for another goalward trek, first downs were as frequent as Democratic governors, congressmen and senators since the voter went into a huddle Tuesday, but the progress was sort of hampered by the series of penalties inflicted on the purple and whites from time to time.

Dick Halm started off with a spinner that netted him seven yards through tackle. Fremont had the ball on its own 37. Halm worked another spinner and this time he got past about everything, but the mud and even this could not cling to the stumpy gridders who twisted and splashed on a slippery field, stiff armng would-be tacklers and knocking them off like pipe stems in a shooting gallery. He knifed his way for 63 yards before he was downed in a splatter of mud with the goal line one yard away. Fremont was off side on the next play and drew another five yard from, but Halm took it over on another spinner and that was that. This Halm boy, by the way, is playing his first season in football. He has made the team by a great display of pluck and natural ability and his work Friday in the battle of clay and mud mixed was an outstanding feature of the game. He also starred at fiddling and carrying back punts from the defensive quarterback's position.

An Easy Half
It was 19 to 0 at the half, all tries for points being muffed. In the early third quarter, Fremont George Thraves doing the ball hawking, recovered a fumbled Bellevue ball on their 13 line. Pettiford, playing one of his good games, carried it to the scoring position and Harry Binkley bumped it across. Again the point was a missed and the count was 28 to 0. Johnny Black, another handinger, having been called into the game, cut blossed several swell pieces of cake and mud pie during the remainder of the game. He rammed the game Bellevue line until they saw nothing but Black and felt blue. He got away for a coun-

MIRAC



BENNY LEONARD
LIGHTWEIGHTS, DRAW

WOOSTER PLAYS MT. UNION TODAY

ALLIANCE, O., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Wooster college's football machine rolled into the home grounds of Mt. Union today for a gridiron tilt billed as the annual Doc's Day attraction.

To win, Wooster will have to stop the flashy Harry Gligor, veteran backfield man of the Mounts. Gligor has been out of uniform for six weeks this season because of a broken shoulder.

Coch Bole of the Wooster squad spent the past week drilling his Scots in offensive tactics and they may have a bag full of deceptive plays up their sleeves for today's contest.

Coch Feltz, of the Mounts, declared his cohorts were in the best condition of the season. He has developed a staunch line and with Gligor in the backfield, Wooster will face one of its stiffest tests this year.

ter in the early part of the fourth quarter but they called him back. It was another of the penalty things, Referee Pittenger doing the walking and Lynn the calling. Glenn Blise, another corner, broke into the scoring column this time, plunging over for the rejoining event. The point was muffed again. Count 20 to 0 and the referee and his aide looking deep into the mud to see whether or not any of the boys had vanished from sight. There was plenty of mire to admire.

Regulars Reeled
At this stage of the game Coach Outfather, saving his regulars for the Thanksgiving party at London Gent's house, sent all of his second stringers into the muck and they enjoyed the mud bath like the best patrons of Carlsbad or Hot Springs. Oliver Hess, regular, recovering from a wound, made the last touchdowns plunging across. Yep, they muffed the darn goal thing again. Final return, all punts heard from, 36 to 0. Hurray and a couple of more.

The team showed plenty of power and fight, even though Bellevue was used as a sort of a door mat and a game door mat at that. They stood their beating like a flock of crows and never said a word. The condition of the field never allowed McCintock or the fast Copper to break loose and the purple and white fellows were alert and the visiting huggers were huddled deep in the gum time after time under clumps of Fremonters. In fact Fremont buried one ball huggers so completely that they got 15 yards for burying a fellow without a burial permit.

Halm, the two Binkleys, Pettiford, Moore, Thraves, Gavitt, Messer and Black did plenty of good work and so did the rest of the fellows for that matter and from now on until the day "Old Turkey" gets a neck tie tackle they will be preparing for the festivities on Strobel Field, Sandusky and more power to them. About 2,500 fans braved the elements and saw the gridiron agriculturists put on their soil tests but plant nothing but their feet.

The starting line-up:
Bellevue 8
Fremont 30
Thraves Miano
Left End
Mason Winsdale
Left Tackle
Gavitt Tom
Left Guard
Brokate Hutchins
Center
Short Harris
Right Guard
Messer Ream
Right Tackle Miller
Right End
Halm Sanders
Quarterback
Hal Binkley McCintock
Left Half
Pettiford Burgess
Right Half
Harry Binkley Crosby
Fullback
Score by quarters:
Fremont 6 12 12 6-36

VACATION DOES FREMONT HIGH LOTS OF GOOD

Resting While Sandusky is Toiling; Set for Turkey Day

The snow blanket that is keeping Bob Oldfather and company indoors and compelling them to take exercise and signal drills instead of the usual routine in the wide open spaces, is working to their advantage, if anybody tells you.

The squad has passed through the rigors of a stiff campaign and has a flock of games under its belt. They needed a bit of rest and this period of leisure was to be allotted them, according to plans. Along came the snow, which has continued the vacation and it will work to the advantage of the squad. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. This has been proven time and again.

The rest will not only give all the wounded a chance to heal, but it will allow the gridders to relax, gather power and renewed strength and be prepared to concentrate on their final effort of the season—The game with Sandusky Thanksgiving day.

Sandusky, on the other hand, is also completing a tough season but will not be allowed the period of rest and relaxation that has fallen to the share of the Fremonters. Beaten by Tiffin and with a lot of breeze taken from their sails, Sandusky is billed for a journey to Willard Saturday for the annual game with the Railroaders. This game should be easy for the Blue Streaks but it will require toil on the part of the Sandusky crew to take the issue and there you are again.

Fremont will be resting and Sandusky will be toiling and it stands to reason that the freshest and best conditioned team will be Fremont when the outfits gather for their annual frolic on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day on the bay shore.

FOURTH QUARTER BIG NIGHTMARE IN HUGE ROUT

Purple and White Makes
Fair Showing in First
Quarters

Sandusky Crosses Locals
By Depending on Ac-
curate Pass

Sandusky High 33, Fremont High 6.
Folding up like a collapsible porch chair and going into complete winter's hibernation in the final quarter, Fremont High's football season closed on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day in a manner most heart rending in a large collection of fans who sat on the bleachers at Strobel Field and saw a purple and white team take one of the worst drubbings in the history of the school's athletics since 1923.

During the first quarter, a scoreless effort on both sides, the team showed possibilities and displayed plenty of power. Even at the close of the second quarter when the Blue Streaks had the up river delegation 7 to 0, there was still plenty of speculation regarding the famous Fremont fight. Right down to the finish of the third quarter when the returns were 13 to 0 in favor of London Gant, Inc. it didn't appear so heart rending. But in the final phase, the Blue Streaks went off with the white meat, drum sticks, liver and gravy while Fremont's portion was the neck and that celebrated piece that is known as the running gear and which is as free from nourishment as a fried deer mat.

Piling It Up
Resorting to the air, Gant staring on the flipping end, the Streaks piled up 20 points and not only rattled Fremont down to a shocking defeat but piled up the heaviest return of modern times against a purple and white eleven.

Staged on a field that was a bit soggy and which prevented expert sprinting and in the presence of 4,000 fans and plenty of school spirit and hand array on both sides, the game was attended by all the class of yore. Fans were drawn to annual revival of hostilities between the teams by the fact that they always stage a battle and that there is little difference in power and that the scores are always as close as the notes on the score of the Boston national hymn.

It was over this until the fourth quarter yesterday. New things have changed and Sandusky has established a scoring precedent that will be pointed out for years to come as "The day-that-Gentom Gant made his farewell appearance and helped bury Fremont to the dirge of 33 to 0."

A Bit Lopsided
The first downs were 15 to 4 in favor of Sandusky. So you can figure for yourself before the playing is commented upon a bit.

Fremont made its best showing in the first quarter and a bit have to be said about that. Dick Halm returned Gant's kick-off from the 20 to the 27 and Harry Binkley sifted through the line for a pair. Hady Binkley was stopped for a pair of five while trying to swing right end, J. P. White making the tackle. Lee Moore, who played end and did the booting for Fremont and whose job work compared nicely with the kicking of the noted Mr. Gant, bobbed to Sandusky's 20 from his 34.

Pettiford downed Burns with a crash and Gant was held for no gain. London Gant tried left end and was stopped for a loss of four yards. Gant then booted to Fremont's 42. Harry Binkley drifted through the line for a neat five and Pettiford electrified the Fremont through by ripping off a neat 13 around left and placed the ball on Sandusky's 33 for a first down.

Hady Binkley sliced tackle for one. Harry Binkley tried two passes in succession, one to Hady Binkley and the other to Pettiford, both being incomplete and Fremont took the five yard penalty. Hady Binkley passed to Harry Binkley for three yards. Sandusky obtained possession of the ball after stopping the Frem at mid, best of the afternoon, and the remainder of the quarter was fought mostly in Fremont really and the period ended with the ball in Fremont's possession on their 33.

Halm Starts Well

On the first play in the new quarter, Dick Halm, working the spinner, whirled for a 13 yard gain. Sandusky stopped further progress and Moore booted. Gant and Gant and Burns, Blue Streaks' big trio, failed to dent the Fremont line much but they did skirt the ends for spaces that measured from two streaking about an end, was teased for a loss by George Thruvax. Gant booted over the line and Fremont took the ball on the 20. Sandusky, Gant, taking the kick from Moore, started on its 43. Burns was teased for a loss by Lee Moore and Fremont suffered a penalty of 15 for piling up. Gant then made his first scoring gesture of the day, when he passed to Gant who made the first touchdown, the ball later the exampen, 30 yards for the marker. It appeared as though the Sandusky backs were in motion before the ball was placed in play, but the officials failed to call it and there you are. Gant circled right and for the extra point. Sandusky 7, Fremont 0 at the half.

The Second Quarter

The Blue Streaks made their second touchdowns early in the third period. Gant, Gant, and Burns worked the ball down the 18 line where Burns, on a spizner, ambled over the end for a touchdown, with schooly near him in the role of a tackler. Gant plunged for the point and failed to make it. The score was 13 to 0.

The first of the series of slum-

MIRACLES OF SPORT



11-25

ber punches in the final quarter was dealt by the shifty Burns, who took one of Lee Moore's high punts and raced back through the entire Fremont team for a distance of 15 yards and a touchdown. Gant passed to J. P. White for the extra point and it was 20 to 0.

The next volley developed a few minutes later, when Moore booted to Burns on Sandusky's 30. Burns, who starred as the ball banger Thursday, raced the ball back to Fremont's 17 before he was downed. On the next move, Gant stepped back and, with all the time in the world, sifted away, picked his spot and tossed to Gant who raced for a touchdown, prettiest play of the afternoon. Halm passed to Gant for the point and it was 27 to 0 and more was coming.

After Hady Binkley had punted out of bounds on Sandusky's 41. Halm ambled 17 spaces for a heavy thrust into Fremont's 10. Gant lost four on an attempted end run and Gant, stepped off into space behind his line, passed to J. P. White and that gent went across for an apparent touchdown.

Passing Parade
This play was called back on an off-side ruling, both teams being guilty. Gant sifted back and heaved a pass to Halm that was good for 20 yards and, there being nobody to hamper him in his efforts, tried the same tactics again on the next play, only he crossed Fremont and went on the receiving end of the play, Halm doing the heaving. It was Gant's last touchdown of his scholastic career and his only one of the afternoon.

In the final moments of the game both coaches sent in flocks of substitutes and at one time the entire Sandusky second string was in there getting a piece of the ball game.

Gant, Burns, White and Halm starred for Sandusky. Halm, Moore and Harry Binkley did well at times while the Fremont line stood up so well that Sandusky resorted to passing, the stunt that won them the ball game and without much bother.

Lineup and summary:

Sandusky—33	Fremont—6
Earl	L. E. Thruvax
Meisner	L. T. Menner
Maag	L. G. Gavitt
Haufer	C. Brokate
Young	R. G. Short
Bryan	R. T. Mann
J. P. White	R. E. Moore
Hess	Q. R. Halm
Gant	L. H. Pettiford
Burns	R. H. Hady Binkley
Gant (c)	F. H. Binkley (c)

Score by quarters:

Sandusky 0 7 4 20-31

Touchdowns—Gant, 2, Burns, 2.

Points after touchdowns—White (pass), Gant (end run); Gant (pass).

Substitutions—Sandusky: Baum for J. P. White; Jensen for Maag; Chaffer for Hess; Mairini for Haufer; Roth for Burns; Kleinroder for Meisner; Feick; Deland; Jordan; Stork; Bauman; M. White; Carroll; Hilly; Harple; Drouillard.

Fremont—G. Hess for Hady Binkley; Sherman for Brokate.

Officials—Referee: Russel Trapp (Lakewood Valley); umpire: Harold Anderson (Otterbein); head linesman: R. Kenyon Shaver (Case); field judge: A. N. Smith (Ohio Northern).

Time of quarters—12 minutes.

WRESTLING

At New York—Jack Sherry, Minnesota, defeated Martin Zitkov, New York.

At Newark, N. J.—Gino Garibaldi, Italy, defeated George Vassell, New York.

At Boston—Gus Hennenberg and Al Morrell, both of Boston, drew.

DROP WHITMER FROM SCHEDULE

Fremont High School Will Play Port Clinton in 1933 Instead

Whitmer high school has been dropped from the 1933 football schedule of the Fremont Ross high school Little Giants, it was announced today by Coach Robert Oldfather and Principal H. H. Church.

The unsigned contract tendered to Whitmer was received in the mail this morning, and it was immediately decided that the game would be dropped. Negotiations then started immediately for the scheduling of a contest on that date with Port Clinton. The game had been scheduled for the opener, September 16.