

GOLIATHS NOSE OUT COLUMBIAN IN EXCITING GO

Tiffin Fights Back Hard After Slow First Quarter

CHAMPIONSHIP HUNG IN SLIM BALANCE

Fremonters Make Clean Sweep in League Race

All hail to the undisputed champions of the Little Big Seven, Fremont High, winners of six straight league games and the outfit that brings this city the first bit of real championship it has had in that organization since the palmy days when the purple and white was mopping up in football in 1920.

The Goliaths, and may their shadows never grow less, and it is plenty long right now, won the title by taking the much-improved Tiffin Columbians for a ride, 25 and 22. The margin of victory was not much to sit on the top rail of the old rail fence and yodel over, but it was victory and what more can a team expect in summing up the objectives of a campaign.

The contest last night, battle waged on the floor of the small Columbian gym at Tiffin, was witnessed by a great crowd. The last three customers who got into the place had to be seated via the short horn route, so dense was the throng.

Columbian, following its defeat by Bellevue, only nick in their armour prior to the shove Fremont gave them last evening, has improved. The sum and substance of last night's game, however, regardless whether or not Tiffin is improved or Fremont slumped after the first quarter when it lead by the swollen count of 11 and 3 and appeared to have the title all tied up neatly in the haversack and the league pennant flapping from the tall pole on Croghan street.

The Goliaths got the jump on the home crew in the early minutes of the game, Binkley and Newton plugging the gap in the basket, taking Columbian off its feet with their speed. The results of the quarter gave the contest a lopsided appearance at this point and the great number of Fremont fans in the stands were sitting back in their pews to see another one of them things with the purple and white doing the morning glory vine twist about the opposition. It was not to be on this order, however.

In the second quarter, Tiffin came back and made its first real bid for the ball game, scoring eight points to three by the big fellows from the lower river. The half ended 12 and 11 in favor of the Rossmen and there appeared to be little to select between the Goliaths and the Davids as they eased to their dressing rooms to hear the usual oratory from the coaches.

If Fremont was in a slump in the second quarter, they sure had to come out of it in the third to hold their slender lead and this they did. The battle at this point was a real Brannigan, if ever there was one. Binkley, Fremont's big center, was the chief object of a pair of broncho busters from the Tiffin rodeo. They rode him with saddle and they rode him bare-backed. The contest was rougher than a woolen undershirt, both teams fighting desperately, going so fast that Referee Rettig, imported from Toledo, missed more foul calls than there are gunmen in Chicago. When the gun barked at the close of the third quarter,

championships were hanging on by slender threads and it was just about anybody's title. Fremont was leading 17 to 16.

The Tiffin crowd, as usual, rode the Fremont players and the Tiffin players rode Binkley in the final round which was a torrid bit of floor work. Newton, now that they had Captain Binkley under a cloud of riders, was the big gun and his four baskets distributed over the entire contest helped like Binkley's did in the early moments. In the final round, Fremont piled in eight points while the home guards got but three and the Goliaths emerged from the tough fray with an edge of three points and a pennant. The roar of the final gun was sweet music to the Rossmen and it also lingered sweetly on the ears of the Fremont rooters as its resounding crash reverberated about the hall.

It was a double victory for Fremont, The Reserve crew taking the Columbian seconds into camp 11 and 8 after another hot scrap.

Binkley and Newton were Fremont's scoring aces, but you also have to slip a lot of credit to the rest of the boys, all of whom are cogs of importance in the pennant winning machine and, then there is Coach Bunk Ross, the man behind the guns. He has to have his bit of the honor, too. He has it coming. Cal Montague, former Columbian star, was watched like a hawk during the entire game. He failed to score from the floor but he was in the game up to his well known neck. Rogala and Kerschner as well as Blum and Wolf did a lot of Tiffin's work.

Fremont should and Fremont will give its champions a royal welcome. They have it coming. The Goliaths, after a bit of rest, will prep for the big district tourney that opens at Sandusky next week.

The summary:

Fremont 25		Tiffin 22
Lerch	RF	Wentz
Newton	LF	Wolfe
Binkley	C	Blum
Montague	RG	Kerschner
Miller	LG	Rogala

Field Goals: Lerch, Newton 4, Binkley 4, Wolfe 2, Blum 3, Kerschner 3. Free Throws: Lerch 2, Newton 2, Binkley 2, Montague, Wentz 2, Wolfe 2, Crampton 2. Substitutions: George for Lerch, Herring for Lerch, Rust for Wentz, Briner for Rogala, and Crampton for Briney. Score End First Half: Fremont 13, Tiffin 11. Referee: Rettig. Time of halves: 16 minutes.

DEMPSEY TAKING NO CHANCES NOW

With the famous "long count" of Chicago on his mind and with visions of a title that he might have regained had there not been such a thing as said extended mathematics, Jack Dempsey, promoter, is taking no chances on having a mixup on the knockdown business in the Sharkey-Stribling fuss at Miami next week. Jack says that when a man is laid on the mat that the referee, should he have any trouble in making the standing boxer move over to a neutral corner, should take up the count where the knockdown referee leaves off and then continue until the prone boxer arises or works it along to ten, which means birdies. Had Referee Barry taken up the county where the knockdown referee left off in Chicago, instead of starting all over again after he had gotten Dempsey settled in a neutral spot, Tunney might have taken the count of ten and Dempsey might have regained his lost title. Thus the precaution at the Miami go and all taken by the same man who suffered from one of the greatest miscues that the ring game has ever known.

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