

FOOTBALL (WOODWARD) 1952

Backed by the fleet-footed one, Adolph Frazier, the Woodward gridiron squad got off to a rip-roaring, snarling, barking start with their twin victories in the Pigskin Preview. This surprising start of football revelies gave rise to very successful campaign hopes for the basin High eleven.

The two victories at the newly constructed Trecher Stadium, on a brisky football weathered night, were significant in that the Stadium, that very same night, was being dedicated to Howard Trecher, a former Woodward teacher; who had given his life in World War II for the cause of freedom. So you see it was nothing else for them to do but win; and win they did.

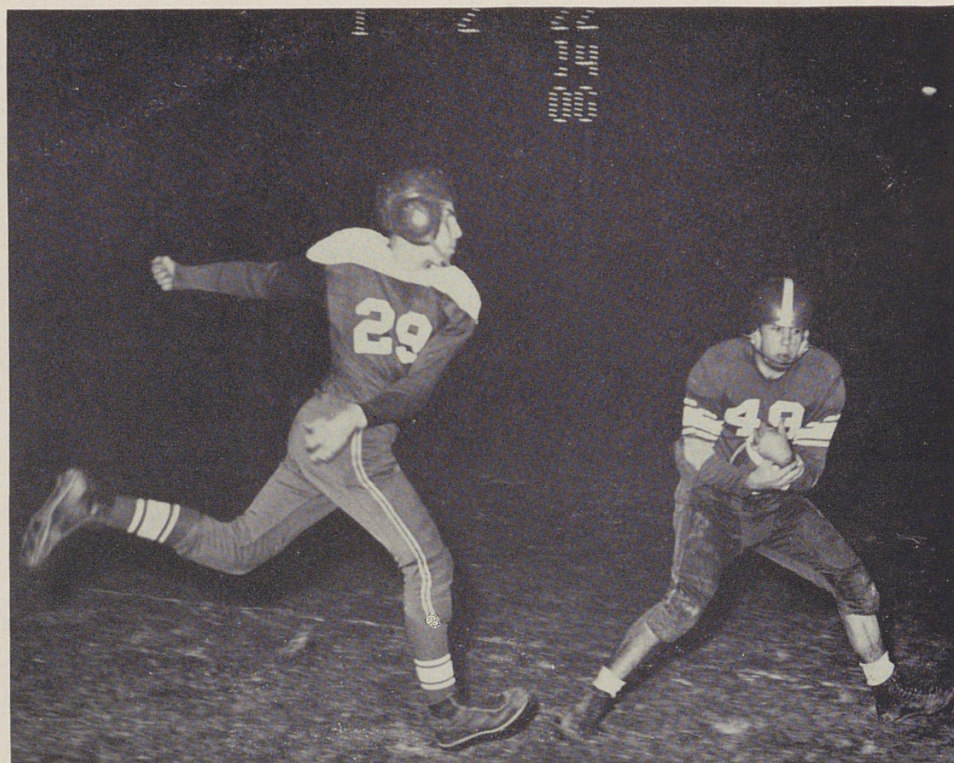
There was a definite feeling of determination, drive and enthusiasm in the minds and hearts of all those reb-blood, rock 'em, sock 'em, Woodwardites (boys that is, who answer the call for that first hectic day of training and drill at the immortal Deer Park), tall ones, fat ones, short ones, too; they were all there begging to get a chance to start the ordeal of getting into shape.

It took a little time to separate the men from the mice and as goes the mother goose rhyme, the clock struck one, the mouse ran down; so it was when serious bodily contact started, we didn't see them anymore. Work would now begin, blocking, tackling, calisthenics, blackboard, skull practice, running, jumping, skipping and hopping — result, sore muscles, charley horses, stiff necks, cramps, pains, bruises, scars, bumps and that old American retitist, bloodied noses. Surprisingly enough, there were no serious casualties during training — oh yes! but there were sprains.

All this and more robbed the boys of every ounce of reserved strength and energy that they might have had, but take it from the fellows, it was worth it. For, when the big day came for the issuing of suits, all the many gruelling hours that had gone into practicing, learning the plays, etc., were compensated for with the receiving of a uniform of the Blue and White.

LETTER MEN

Walter Alford
Larry Arthur
William Bolling
Sidney Broadnax
Jack Brown
Morris Chisholm
George Eastham
Adolph Frazier
Arnold Gregg
Charles Wright
John Johnson
Allen Klein
Donald Moran
Walter Morris
William Neal
Pat Orloff
Robert Porter
Leroy Spivey
John Williams



"STR-I-IK-EE O-N-E"

No! he's not flinging the old horsehide across the plate as you might suspect. Attempting to knock down a pass was his chief aim. "Aim bad," Ray Greene is the ballet dancer.