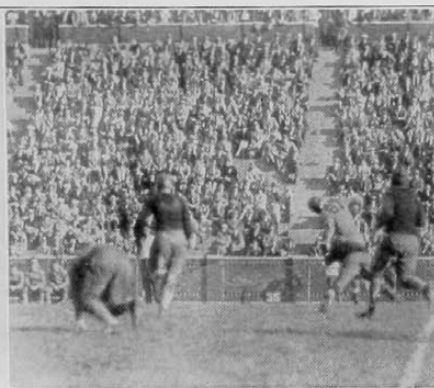




Thornbury, End



Thornbury brings down his man



Starick, Guard

## Cincinnati, 0; Dayton, 9

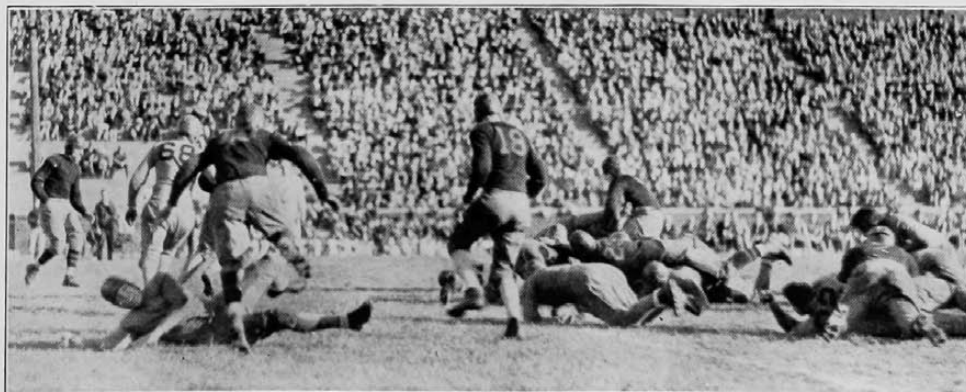
**I**T is still told with joy by those who saw this game, how the much touted Dayton Fliers, terror of the state for several seasons, invaded the Bearcat lair with their appetites cultivated for porterhouse steak, and were lucky to get home with a hamburger sandwich.

At no time during the season did Cincinnati possess the punch necessary for consistent scoring, but the Dayton game marked the establishment of one of the strongest defenses in the state.

Time and again the heavy Dayton backs carried the ball into the shadow of our goal posts only to lose it on downs. Schott's kicking and tackling were big factors in this surprising defense, and the diminutive Red Thornbury was a veritable hornet in the alien offensive.

The Bearcat line held for four downs on the six-yard line, the four-yard line and even on the two-yard line. It was the pluckiest brand of football seen on the local lot in three years, and had the surprised and jubilant audience hoarse at the finish.

The game was a tribute to Coach Babcock. The team that had swamped us in every game for several years finally put over their only touchdown as the result of a lucky forward pass.



The Flyers fail to gain