

TOLEDO TOPICS

November 1925

Twenty Five Cents



Ottawa Hills Drag Hunt

Toledo Topics

November 1925

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Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

NATURALLY I was quite curious about the display of gowns and hats that my card announced was being sponsored by Mrs. Lloyd Hixon and Mrs. George Harrison in the home of the former in West Woodruff,—The Lyman Spitzer house, you know, which the Hixons have taken during the Spitzers year in Europe.

Altho the sale lasted from Wednesday until Saturday, I, of course, chose the most miserable rainy day, and arrived in a perfect drizzle. However, I soon saw that the weather had nothing to do with it, because, well, my dear, everybody was there or had just left. Dolly was modelling the gowns herself and a representative of the millionery firm was blocking hats on her charming customers. That's really quite a feat and I stayed so long in admiration of this, to me, fascinating art, that when I glanced at my watch, (incidentally, have you seen the beauties some of the girls have

brought back from Switzerland this summer) I found I simply couldn't stay to tea, which was quite a delightful innovation, I thought, for a shopping tour,—as I was going on to Mrs. Radcliff's. There, with her usual charming hospitality, she was entertaining the matrons and dowagers.

WITH the *jeunes filles*, the arrival of Helen Lomasney's guest, Miss Martha Brooks of Pittsburgh, was the signal for numerous gay affairs, among them being Helen's luncheon in her home.

SEATED at beautifully appointed tables were the guest of honor, Cordelia Foster, Thelma Ulsh, Dorothy Foote, Hilda Grosh, Suzanne Cady, Josephine Randolph, Katherine Harrison, Elcanor Minneger, Mary Campbell, Mrs. Barnes Walbridge and the hostess, Cordelia Foster, who

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Mrs. Lawrence Roehm and daughter, Mary Stevens, of Detroit, who have recently been visiting Mrs. Roehm's father and mother, Mrs. J. H. Frambach.

Photo by Lumart



Mrs. Aaron Chesbrough who was general chairman of the Toledo Woman's Club recent membership campaign which was so highly successful.

Photo by C. L. Lewis

Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

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spent the summer in Europe with the Horton Roricks, entertained with a bridge tea later in the week for Miss Brooks and Eleanor Minneger was hostess at a luncheon.

WE turned out en masse to hear Will Rogers at the Coliseum. He is screamingly funny, isn't he? Bobby Burns would have considered him an answer to his prayer for he certainly has the power to make us see ourselves as others see us. I noticed in one box, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kinsey, Mrs. Barnes Walbridge, Mrs. Walter Sherman and Mr. Cornell Walbridge. Among others noticed in the audience were Mr. Sidney Spitzer and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Logan.

SHADES of the Collingwood! Can you imagine the Bachelor's Ball being held under another roof? And yet, the committee in charge has decided that the Madison Gardens will be the scene this year of that out-standing social event of the winter. It has not been announced what form it's masque will take, I know only that the music will be the same that will play all that week at the Gardens, and the management is trying to procure one of the country's most famous orchestras.

A PERFECT day, a jolly crowd, the crimson and gold of autumn, a wonderful drive, the blare of the band on Ferry Field and the Michigan-Navy game was on. Motor-

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Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

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ing up from Toledo were Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Ceilan Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Wright, Mr. and Mrs. James Secor, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Baumgardner, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell Hixon and others.

NOW that the time is approaching when "winter nights enlarge," I am looking forward to more formal affairs.

LAST Saturday afternoon I went out to the Ottawa Hills Riding Club and "rode to hounds." Sounds well, doesn't it That's certainly a great sport and I am so glad that the music of the winding horn has reached here. I have visions of hunt breakfasts before long. Why, all my friends down east have been doing it for years, and as far as I'm concerned, the hunt will have just as much to do with making Toledo a "big town" as the bond issue, nobody apparently knew anything about.

IT'S a far cry from bond issues to the Charleston, but have you been able to master it yet? I admit that I am weary with trying. There were several of us at the Country Club Wednesday night, and after a lot of practise, I realized that at the rate at which I am progressing, if I do become an adept, the fad will be over. Oh well, if Parker Campbell can't do it, why should I try?



WHAT'S A GOOD BOOK

By ROBERT NACHTBIEB

THAT'S not an easy question to answer—there are so many good books. There are books for every taste and every degree of intellectual capacity. There are books for the Colonel's lady, books for Judy O'Grady and the books for Judy O'Grady not infrequently, it is painful to relate, please the Colonel's lady mightily while the books aimed at the Colonel's lady vanish into the great limbo of the un-read.

The general level, however, rises perceptibly year by year. Whether public demand forces the publishers into publishing better books or whether the publishers are educating the reading public to better things remains an open question with the answer depending upon the angle from which the question is viewed. Some wag has observed that it won't be long before a book reader will be as rare a thing as the dodo because everyone, be he bank president or be he hod carrier, has produced or is producing a great masterpiece of his own which only awaits a properly discriminating publisher. To those few of us who still are content to read what others have written the current season offers much to please.

Let's glance briefly at some of the high spots in the season's fiction. Far up in the van rides Willa Cather's new novel, *THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE*; a book of infinite suggestion. Never has Miss Cather's limpid style been more beautiful. As a story it is fascinating, as a commentary on modern civilized life it is subtle and profound. In this book there are passages which, as one of our friends has observed, stand out as though printed in fifteen foot type. . . . There's *DARK LAUGHTER* if you happen to like Sherwood Anderson. It is Anderson at his best if, as we said before, you like Anderson. We don't. . . . It is odd that *SAMUEL DRUMMOND* by Thomas Boyd has not made more of a stir locally. Boyd is steadily improving and he has here produced a solid novel, significant and sane. Besides it's locale is in the Maumee Valley in the vicinity of Defiance, local color figuring prominently and correctly in the story. There is sort of a pleasant thrill in reading that Samuel took his blushing bride to Toledo upon their honeymoon where they were somewhat overawed by the magnificence of the Oliver House. . . . H. G. Wells is always stimulating even when he is trying to create a new world over night. In *CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER* he is the old Wells, the Wells of the immortal Mr. Polly. It's a jaded reader who won't like the queer but lovable little Mr. Preemby. After the hors d'oeuvres of Van Vechten, Arlen, Firbank, et. al., it is a solid delight to sink your teeth into old liver and onions Wells. . . . For good stories well told take *THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR* by Anne Parrish and *THE CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY* by Barry Benefield. The first is a fragrant thing commencing, according to one discerning re-

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What's a Good Book

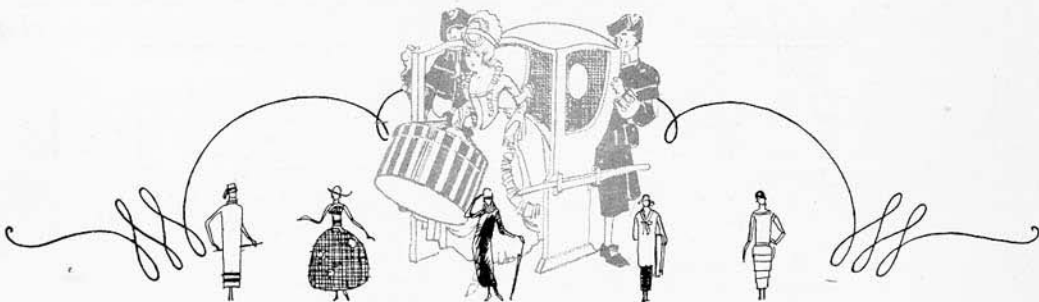
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viewer, like Louisa Alcott and ending like Thomas Hardy. It is a skillful etching of several decades in the life of a Delaware family. There is a touch of Barrie's whimsy in the chronicle of the Chicken Wagon Family, of its exodus from Louisiana to New York City, its arrival and drive down Broadway behind those knowing mules Kit and Luce, its ultimate establishment in an abandoned fire engine house and papa Fippany's misbehavior. . . . There is fragile and delicate beauty and much good writing in **THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW** by Elinor Wylie. . . . Hugh Walpole calls his new one **PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR** and sub-titles it *A Romantic Macabre*. It is precisely that and should not be undertaken late at night unless you are indifferent as to the time you roll into bed. . . . If you are an A. S. M. Hutchinson addict you may like **ONE INCREASING PURPOSE**. If not—well, read a few pages before you buy. In this book Hutchinson carries all of his stylistic faults to the Nth degree. The book is turgid, absurd and maudlin in the bargain.

Nor does that by any means exhaust the list. More good things have been left out than included. More good things are to come and will perhaps be here by the time this reaches print. We anticipate another light-hearted yarn

from Elmer Davis in **FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY**, Christopher Morley's publishers are highly press agenting his new **THUNDER ON THE LEFT**. There will be **CLARA BARRON** by Harvey O'Higgins, **THE ELDER SISTER** by Frank Swinnerton and **BREAD AND CIRCUSES** by W. E. Woodward, the author of the inimitable **LOTTERY**.

Among non-fiction publications few approach in importance Dr. Bower's **JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON: THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA**. The story of the conflict between the political philosophies of those two great Americans should prove absorbing. John Macy's **STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE** is just out. In format it is a beautiful book and the name of its distinguished author guarantees solid worth.



FASHIONS

By JULIA COBURN

From Madison Avenue, New York, to Madison Avenue, Toledo

YOU hop the 5:30 train at Grand Central, and before noon, you're back again in Toledo. Just eighteen hours away from the fashion-center of the Western World! And because New York's a bit ahead of Toledo—if it's only a part of a day—in proclaiming and accepting the new mode, we have just scrutinized New York, with loyal Toledo eyes, to bring you news of the best that's there, and the new that's coming.

Our quest took us up and down Fifth Avenue, where styles are popularized by great shops; it took us across 57th street, where fashions are introduced by exclusive shops; it took us along Madison avenue, where modes are made by the tiny shops; it took us to Sherry's and the Ritz where comely women and well-dressed men take luncheon and tea, and to the clubs where New York dances after the theatre. And then, because our inquisitiveness knows no bounds, we went to the sources of the mode that's coming for winter resorts and for spring—we saw the fabrics that are to make the things we wear, and the new-born styles by which they will be created.

THE important points of one's winter wardrobe may be settled by now; but just ahead are the holidays, and then perhaps a trip. Besides that, well-groomed women have long since learned that eternal vigilance is the price of chic; and that no longer does one purchase a winter outfit, an Easter outfit, and a summer one, and let it go at that. Seasons play tag with one another, some folks chase summer around the globe, and really, those old traditions are all upset. A fur coat belongs to winter—unless you're going far north in summer; white sports togs belong to summer—unless you're touring the tropics in winter; otherwise, mod-

ern clothes are all things to all seasons, and for that reason, one is constantly revising, and replenishing. It's sport to entertain one's friends by appearing in something strikingly new at the most unexpected times!

The high-lights of the mode, the fashion-features that insisted on popping out at us, until we admitted their imposing importance, are what we will tell you a bit about now.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WAS it "The Green Hat"—that play that is attracting the most fashionable audiences in New York? We don't know, but we do know that no one is waiting until March 17th; and that that one-day color bids fair to become an all-season color! For without a doubt, green dominates, in its well-bred, not too insistent way, wherever smart women congregate.

DARK GREENS FOR DAYTIME

BOTTLE green and hunter's green and epinaard,—which is the picturesque French name for the homely spinach—are the greens that make smart two-piece frocks and ensembles. And smarter still, if two or three shades of green are used in a costume, with neutral gray or beige hose, gloves, and bag to lend contrast, and background.

YELLOW GREENS FOR EVENING

SOMEWHERE between the yellow that Marilyn Miller dons in "Sunny" to make her golden self appear all the more like a sprightly bit of sunlight, and the light clear

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Fashions

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green that we have known as almond or Laanvin, is Lanvin's new green, a sophisticated, almost blaase' shade, known as "chartreuse." Frankly, it's a shade you have to become

accustomed to, to enjoy. It has a reputation for being becoming. But it can be worn, most effectively, by women whose coloring permits it. Brunettes can wear chartreuse, or yellow green, if their skin is clear, and inclining to whiteness rather than to olive or sallowness. Blonds can wear it, if their hair is pronounced enough to hold its own, and if their skin is pink and white.

Anyone, blond or brunette, who wears chartreuse, should wear plenty of rouge. For yellow-green, more than any other color, clamors to be set off by its opposite in the color scale, and that opposite is red.

Touches or accessories of chartreuse appear on costumes of black or very dark green, enabling any woman to appropriate its smartness, even if her coloring won't permit a costume of this subtle, intriguing shade.

THE MODE SHOWS ITS METAL

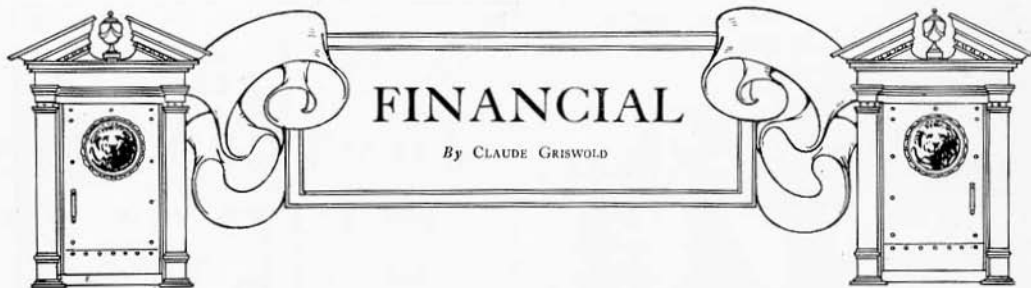
WITH a snap of her fingers for Coolidge economy, and all such prosaic things, Fashion has demanded gold, silver, and glittering jewels. And they have been showered upon her!

Heels covered with rhinestones twinkle as she descends from her limousine, or steps on the dance floor; a sparkling something which we call a vanity case flashes in her hands; metal cloth in her costume and her wrap catch and hold the caressing light; altogether she's dazzling, she's radiant, she's clad for conquest.

In all smart shop-windows one sees frocks whose first principle is gold or silver cloth, often artfully combined with chartreuse. Two-piece evening gowns—yes, our old friend the middy-blouse has met formal social acceptance—are oftentimes made with blouse of metal cloth, and short filmy skirt of chiffon.

But metal is democratic, and will not confine its friendliness to evening attire. Smart little daytime frocks, also two-piece, have metal cloth bodices with satin or velveteen skirt; and touches of gold or silver kid appear on the most modest jersey frocks!

And now, as November comes and goes, remember these three phases of fashion: metal, the two-piece mode, and green,—but the greatest of these is green!



IT may be a far cry from the rugged pyramids of sunny Egypt to the huge profit pyramids of inspired bulls in the Wall Street stock market, but the day of reckoning draws nearer and the bear may yet have his inning 'ere he is aware.

The mad pace set by the motors, the dangerous pyrotechnics of the fancy-priced specialties, and the reckless, foolish, bull fever that grips the public mind and carries away the bit and bridle, are unhealthy for any market and in time brings its own correction.

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The rank and file of traders and investors, and that doesn't except professional Wall Street, have been fooled by the extent, life and vigor of this bull market. They sold their motors at from 10 to 50 points under recent tops and have been "hung up" in slower stocks in other groups. They followed the season, "selling zones," extent of advance and other considerations rather than earnings which, ultimately always make the price. And, mayhap that is the reason for later sensational advances, that reached the spectacular stage. "Sold-out" bulls bidding against shorts for another seat in the bull band-wagon.

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To the more conservative with a little fore-sight and confidence, and who are not weeping over past opportunities lost forever, there are special stocks and groups that have possessed an appeal that offer some reward and that may run second only to the motors in speculative possibilities. They are the groups which have been rather backward all through this bull market but which are buttressed by a backlog of earnings, improving trade conditions, extra dividend disbursements and prospects which are likley to furnish ammunition for an aggressive bull campaign. At this writing, prominent among these are the oils, coppers, rails, leather stocks, some of the store shares, isolated specialties which have been largely neglected and the steels under the lead of U. S. and Bethlehem.

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Maryland has been a consistent leader of the petroleum group and earnings, prospects, financial strength and market sponsorship by the House of Morgan all have been elements in its market strength. While the commission houses talked freely of the seventies for this premier oil stock, others, more frankly bullish, were confident in their statements that it would prove to be the General Motors or Chrysler of the oils.

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Several weeks ago when Libbey Owens common was selling under 200, it was whispered around by some of the local gossips in the brokerage offices that the stock was "pegged" for 300 by Christmas. It met with skepticism and laughter from the more cynical but since its precipitate advance to around 240, the skeptics have thrown up their hands in amazement and are wondering what will happen next.

The boys around town are quite bullish on Owens Bottle, which, they say, has an excellent earnings statement coming this month or early December besides strong market sponsorship. An extra dividend is freely predicted for the December meeting.

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Electric Auto Lite, which is on the curb, is in strong hands and may meet with good buying later and higher up. The Willys Overland group has held its own in this market and seemed on its way to fulfill the prophesy of its chief proponents of 40 for the common and a gradual discounting of accrued dividends of 30 points on the preferred.

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The final stages of a bull market are always the wildest and the largest profits can be gleaned in the shortest time. But it is also the most dangerous time. To say the least, it is a time for discrimination and caution, for a reduction of commitments and not for general buying. Yields of many representative industrials are below four per cent. That is a cue. How about the groups with higher yields? That is another cue and another story.

There May Be Another Red Grange Here

Tiny Footballers of Janes-Franklin School Are Likely to Tread Big College Gridirons Some Day

SOME of these fall afternoons as you are passing the corner of Robinwood avenue and Bancroft street, stop and watch for a moment the group of youngsters kicking the football around inside the wire enclosed field on the southwest corner. For likely as not you will be gazing upon some future Yale, Harvard or Princeton gridiron star in the making.

These boys are the football warriors of the Janes-Franklin private school, scions of Toledo's most prominent families, and if you should ask them, they will tell you they are going to one of the big universities when they grow up and play on the football team there.

And they are dead serious about it too. They take the game in earnest and a combat with Monroe, Glenwood or Fulton School means as much to them as a contest with Yale would to Harvard.

These youthful tyros comprise what is probably the city's smallest eleven, but it makes no difference to them if they are outweighed many pounds in nearly every game they play. They are unafraid and are firm believers in the age old apothegm "the bigger they are the harder they fall." They are always ready to meet all-comers and are constantly looking for new teams to conquer.

The lads are coached by Mr. Wilbur White, physical instructor of the school. White was a star player in his school days and is regarded as one of the best ends Marietta College ever produced. He is one of Ohio's best known gridiron officials and helped coached the Libbey team last season. He has taught the boys many of the fine points of the game and the Janes-Franklin team has only lost one game this season. It has

won five and tied one. And don't think that because these youngsters come from our finest families they are not fighters. They play the game hard and play to win. But they play it cleanly and are fine sportsmen at all times.

The Janes-Franklin team has probably the tiniest backfield in the world. Not a member of the quartet tips the scales over 80 pounds. This sets of "pony backs" can run and dodge with the best of them and it takes a team of mighty big boys to stop its onrushes. Jay Secor, Bobby Boward, Ted Harther and George Todd form this quartet.

Little Jay Secor is the captain and quarterback of the team. He is a natural born leader and his popularity with his team-mates is attested in the fact that he was given the captaincy by universal consent without an election. Jay, who will probably some day go to Yale and perform prodigious feats in the Bowl, calls the signals, does the forward passing for the team and runs the ends or hits the line with equal skill.

Howard Lewis, Jr. and "Woody" Gardner play the ends and are hard youths to get past. Stewart Minor and Dexter Griffith are the tackles and good ones too. Barnes Mauk and Gordon Mills form a pair of rugged and determined little guards. And diminutive Wilfred Poppen is a center that ten years from now you may read about as "all-American."

It is Mr. White's rule that all of the boys in the seventh and eighth grades play and there is no such thing as substitutes on the team. Some of the other youngsters who see service in nearly every combat, but were not present the afternoon the writer was at the field are:

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BOB BOWARD



JAY SECOR



THE DEMON JANES-FRANKLIN ELEVEN

Left to right in backfield—Bob Boward, Jay Secor, George Todd, Ted Harther. Left to right on line—Howard Lewis, Jr., Dexter Griffith, Barnes Mauk, Wilfred Poppen, Bob Roberts, Stuart Minor, Woodward Gardner.

There May Be Another Red Grange Here .

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Stuart Miller, Sam Knight, William Banks, Melvin Lewis, Bobby Roberts, and Bob Baker.

The lads wear full football regalia, headgears, shoulder pads, cleated shoes and everything.

Stop and watch them someday and in the years to come if you should read in the newspapers about what they are doing on college gridirons, it will cause you to look back with pleasant recollections upon the Robinwood avenue scene of today.



Toledo District Golf Gossip

Toledo District Golf Association Officers

President, Sylvanus P. Jermain, Valentine Bldg., Adams 4640. Vice President, J. W. Hartshorn, 2703 Scottwood Ave., Garfield 2180 R. Secretary H. W. Kline, Victoria Apartments, Main 6387 W.

Member Clubs

The Country Club, Heather Downs, Highland Meadows, Glengary Golf Club, Inverness Club, Sylvania Golf Club, Ottawa Club, Toledo Golf Club, Lenawee Country Club, Adrian, Hillsdale Country Club, Hillsdale, Mich. Kettinring Golf Club, Defiance, Ohio. Findlay Golf Club, Findlay, Ohio. Fremont Country Club, Fremont, Ohio. Fostoria Golf Club, Fostoria, Ohio. Mohawk Golf Club, Tiffin, Ohio. Catawba Cliffs, Port Clinton, Ohio.

THE golfing season is on the wane. A few more weeks and the various links will take on a deserted appearance. Club championship tournaments are now being held at nearly every course and when these are over most of the golfers will pack their sticks away for the winter. Only the most intrepid and dyed-in-the-wool players will brave the elements after that.

It has been a remarkable golfing year, a year that saw the great Robert Tyre Jones capture both the British and American open championships, only to lose the national amateur to George Von Elm, the 25 year old blonde star from the Pacific Coast. A year that saw another American, Jess Sweetser, emerge triumphant in the British amateur and Walter Hagen annex the Professional title for the third successive time. A year that brought the Ohio amateur title to our own city through the splendid play of Parker Campbell at Westwood, and a year that produced another public links player skillful enough to win the District event, Paul Renz.

In Toledo 1926 will go down on record as a most successful season. The new Highland Meadows course was opened to its members early in June and play over it has been brisk ever since. The new Riverby Hills clubhouse was opened and a tournament held over its course. Thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to use the public links at Ottawa and Bay View Park, and the state women's championship was held at Inverness during July.

The one disappointment was the showing of the Toledo team at Buffalo in the Lower Lakes matches. Illness and business played hob with the splendid team Captain Ora Brailey originally selected to represent the city and with many substitutes in the lineup the team finished fourth. Next year the event will be held at Detroit and Toledo should be able to muster a team that will be up around the top.

HEATHER DOWNS will have two 18 hole courses in 1927. The second 18 hole layout at the club is approaching completion and will be ready for the golfers early in the spring. In addition to this, another tract has been placed in reserve to be used for a third 18 hole course if it is found it is needed.

The old course lies to the rear of the clubhouse, which fronts on Heather Downs Blvd. The new course is across the boulevard. Construction of the new course has been under the direction of W. J. Rockefeller of Inverness and it will contain many of the best features of courses located throughout the middle west. Tiling of the course has been completed and the water mains are installed. Sodding and other parts of the work are being rushed to completion before the winter freeze comes.

The great increase in women golfers during 1926 inspired the new course, it is said. It is estimated that the wives of 75 per cent of Heather Downs' members have taken up golf.

Plans for the erection of a caddy house and professional's quarters at the club have been completed and work will be started within a very short time. Construction of the new wing of the clubhouse has been deferred until early in the coming year because of elaborate plans for both Hallowe'en and New Year parties.

Mrs. Linton Fallis was the winner of the cup and gold bracelet offered by the Toledo Women's District

Golf Association to its member having the lowest gross and most number of victories in the weekly tournaments of the body held throughout the season.

Mrs. Fallis captured the pair of trophies from Mrs. George Greenhalgh in the final tourney of the year at Heather Downs. Each had scored seven victories previous to that day. Mrs. Fallis shot a brilliant 88 to win.

The feminine golfers enjoyed a wonderful season, more women participating in the tournaments than ever before.



HOW THE STILL GREAT BOBBY HOLDS HIS DRIVER

Though defeated by George Von Elm at Baltusrol, Bobby Jones is still Robert The Great and in the above photograph, taken just before his final match with the new amateur champion, he shows Toledo Topics readers how he grips his mighty driver.



CARRANOR POLO TEAM—MID-WEST CHAMPIONS

Left to right—Earl Shaw, George Greenhalgh, Duane Stranahan, Frank Stranahan

THE Golf League of the Lower Lakes, of which Toledo is a member and its first champion, recently voted to designate its matches in the future as the Depew Cup matches in honor of Ganson DePew, who has manifested an active interest in golf for many years, Mr. DePew having donated a handsome trophy to be held each year by the winning team.

IT would seem that a cheer or two was due the Carranor Hunt and Polo Club's team which recently won the mid-western circuit championship at the Dayton tournament. A large silver trophy, emblematic of this title, now occupies a place of honor in the club. It is a handsome bowl and was first offered in 1915 and was won by the Chagrin Valley team. Westmoreland held it in 1916. Miami Valley of Dayton won the cup in 1919, the first active season after the war, and repeated in 1920. Since then it has been held by Camp Grant, Grasmere Farm, Onwentsia and Fort Sheridan. It is quite a feather in the Toledo's team's hat to bring this famous trophy here.

NOW that the Michigan-Ohio State game is a thing of the past, the eyes of Toledo football devotees have turned to the Illinois-Ohio State combat at Columbus on the 21st and the forthcoming Thanksgiving Day struggle between Waite and Scott High Schools. Many Toledoans will journey to Columbus, taking advantage of the opportunity of seeing the illustrious Red Grange in action. If the field is dry and Elmer Marek's injury, sustained in the Indiana game, permits him to face the Illini, the duel between the sorrel topped flash and the man who is expected to rival him in gridiron exploits should be a most interesting and exciting one. In spite of the fact that both teams have been defeated and that Waite is an overwhelming favorite to win, the annual Turkey Day tilt between the two schools, to be played this year in the Waite Bowl, will create the usual interest and draw as large a gathering. Arrangements are now being made at the East Side institution to take care of a crowd of nearly 22,000, which would undoubtedly be a record attendance at a interschoolastic struggle.

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Twenty Five Cents

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Toledoans Thrill To the Hunt

Hunting to Hounds Fast Becoming Popular Sport at the Ottawa Hills Riding Club

OUT over the meadows and dales of Ottawa Hills and surrounding farmland, oft on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon can be heard the musical baying of the hounds and the dull thud of flying hoofs. 'Tis the hunt. And if you peer closer you will discern many prominent gentlemen and ladies, arrayed in the gay accoutrements prescribed by fashion, thrilling to the excitement of the stirring sport which makes for brilliant horsemanship as they speed their handsome steeds after the yelping pack hot on the scent of the wily fox. It is a living reproduction of some old English prints depicting the chase of Reynard.

For hunting to hounds after the English manner is fast becoming an exceedingly popular sport at the Ottawa Hills Riding Club and weekly as many as thirty participate in the chase.

THE affairs now being staged are drag hunts as wild foxes are as scarce as votes for the bond issue in this locality. But they are as florid and full of atmosphere as the real thing and a deal more exciting as Captain J. L. B. Bentley, manager of the Riding Club, is of the opinion that a live fox, being unfamiliar with the territory, would quickly be caught, making a rather tame event.

Mr. Hardy Eustace-Duckett, assistant manager of the club, is the huntsman, having been awarded the post thru his long experience in the same capacity in England. Captain Bentley is the first whip. Decked out in red coats, which are a tradition of fox hunting, these men are the masters of the glamorous affairs. Mr. Duckett winds his horn, Mr. Bentley marshals the pack, and off go the hunters in close pursuit of the barking hounds whose noses are quick to pick up the scent.

Captain Bentley has secured the permission of farmers living in the neighborhood of Ottawa Hills for the hunts-

men to pass thru their pastures and the course is always a sportive one.

The hounds now being used are mostly English, ten couple having been imported direct and from Toronto. Only a few American hounds are to be found in the pack.

Among the riders who are enthusiastic over the sport and who engage in the bi-weekly events are: Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Mrs. Al Rueben, Mrs. George Greenhalgh, Miss Helen Tillotson, Miss Sally Spitzer, Miss Suzanne Spitzer,

Mrs. George McKisson, Mrs. Robert Stranahan, Ward Canady, George Jones, Jr., Zale Rueben, George Greenhalgh, Harold Peterson, George McKisson, M. C. Dewitt, Roy Pede, Orrin Kilbourn, Harold Fraser, Ned Baumgartner, J. E. Martin, Frank Stranahan, and Sidney Spitzer.

Little Miss Sally Spitzer is one of the greatest lovers of this wonder sport in Toledo and mounted on her pony she rides in nearly every hunt. Captain Bentley has conferred upon her the honor of the position of second whip, so of course she rides in an official capacity.

The hunts are held every Saturday afternoon at three o'clock and now and then on a Wednesday at four. They will be continued late into the fall and early winter if the weather permits.

Captain Bentley is delighted over the way the sport has caught on here and be-

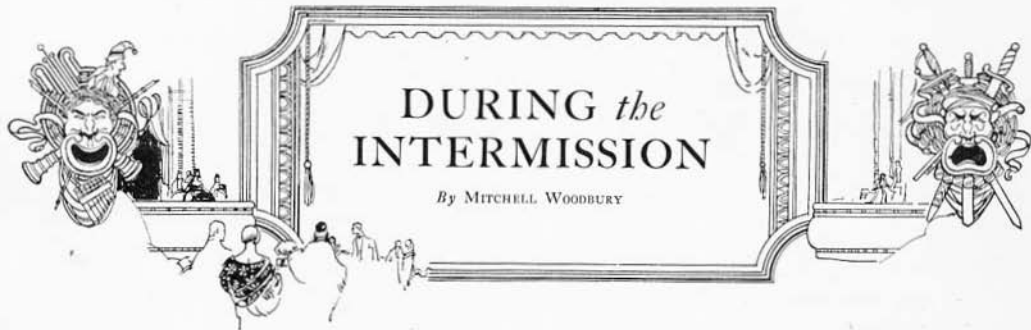
lieves that in another year twice as many people will be enthusiasts. He says that there is nothing like riding to hounds to improve ones horsemanship and also keep ones self in the best of health.

The photograph shown on the front cover of this issue discloses the pack at the riding club along with Mr. Duckett, the huntsman, and Captain Bentley, the whip, just before the start of one of the Saturday hunts.



MRS. A. E. REUBEN

Going over a jump at Ottawa Hills Riding Club



FALL doings in the realm of make believe, as far as this province is concerned, have not been such that would inspire lyric rhapsodies from the scribes or incite the blowings of trumpets by the populace. In keeping with the lusty cheering about a bigger and better cinema year, participated in by all those likely to benefit by a rush to the film box offices, the motion picture plays have been uniformly good.

But this none too elegant average hasn't been maintained in the calibre of our legitimate attractions. The two best offerings of the season to date arrived before the play-going folk were ready to start going to the theatre and thereby suffered considerably financially.

THESE pieces were Austin Strong's "Seventh Heaven" and George Kelly's "The Show Off." The former was a bit artificial and overly saccharine perhaps, but it possessed a theme that glorified human courage, true devotion and constancy and was in all respects thumping good theatre.

Mr. Kelly's "Show Off" was probably the finest effort of this young author's cumulative career to find its way to these parts. It was a true and vivid portrait of a typical American gascon on the loose in a native middle class home-stead and was unusually diverting in all respects.

The exquisite operetta "Blossom Time" should be excepted from the above remarks as its recent engagement here was its fifth. Therefore it can hardly be reckoned among the season's new offerings.

BUT better days are at hand. In fact they have already started. They came with the inception of November which brought the madcap Duncan Sisters in their jazzified "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was called "Topsy And Eva," and "Is Zat So," the comedy classic which ranks as one of

the important contributions to the literature that is strictly American.

As you read this you should be able to amble down to the Auditorium and witness a performance of the phenomenal musical comedy, "No No Nanette," as sung and danced by Miss Cleo Mayfield and Mr. Cecil Lean and their associates. This is the maid and melody carnival that gave

birth to those haunting fox trot arias that have been danced to by nearly every pair of pedal extremities in this country and Europe—"Tea For Two" and "I Want To Be Happy." It is a delightful show and as it is to be a visitor for an entire week all Toledo will have an opportunity to see it.



CLEO MAYFIELD

Appearing in the title role of "No No Nanette"

A^NOTHER welcome engagement of George Bernard Shaw's glorified melodrama of the Maid of Orleans, "Saint Joan," with Miss Julia Arthur enacting the name character, is the superlative treat arranged for the cognoscenti and commoners, to boot, on the evenings of the 23rd and 24th.

"White Cargo" too, will be among the November house guests in the Superior street theatre. This study of the Congo and of its effect upon members of the white race who come under the rays of its torrid sun, begins a four performance stay here on the final day of the month. "White Cargo" recently concluded its New York run, having remained 104 weeks, an engagement that entitles

it to a place among the phenomena of the play world. December will bring such well known and stable offerings as "The Passing Show" on the 4th and 5th, Mr. Belasco's "Ladies Of The Evening" on the 11th and 12th, and Mr. Hammerstein's "Rose Marie" for all of Christmas Week.

Manager Joseph Pearlstein of Keith's has a corking ar-

(continued on page 16)

ray of headline acts to offer patrons of his popular variety hall during the remainder of the current month and December. Many well known luminaries of the vaudeville world will appear here during the above stated period. Among them are: Nitza Vernilla, one of Europe's premier dansuse; Moran and Wisner, the celebrated hat throwing comedians; Al Tucker and his Band; William Sully and Company; Rieffenbach Sisters, the featured attraction of Ringling Brothers Circus last season, in a riding act; Paul Gerard Smith's latest sketch, "Spirit Of '76"; Margaret Padula; Valerie Bergere, Weaver Brothers, the Arkansas travelers; Ann Cordee, another importation from abroad; and the always welcome Clark and Bergman.

SELECTING the best movies of a month is nearly as popular an indoor sport as solving the crossword puzzles and playing Authors. Everyone is doing it, some on paper and some in their minds, and nearly every one has a different opinion. Some like the westerns, some the funnies, others the ones in which virtue always triumphs, and there are those who count no cinema a success unless the villain has been pitched over the cliff for threatening to foreclose the mortgage. It's an interesting game. So heigh ho let's have a fling at it. Let's pick out the six best photoplays of October.

According to our official count 15 new picture offerings were presented during the month. The Pantheon gave us Johnny Hines in "The Live Wire," "Winds Of Chance," "The Dark Angel," and "The Pace That Thrills." The Valentine proffered "The Mystic," Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman," Lon Chaney in "The Tower Of Lies" and Buster Keaton in "Go West." On the Temple silver sheet

"The Box" were fashioned. And the Princess had "The Ten Commandments," Harold Bell Wright's "A Son Of His Father" and Douglas MacLean in "Seven Keys To Baldpate" as its attractions.

THE "Ten Commandments" will not be considered in our choice of the six best, for although it is one of the finest silent dramas of all time, it can not be classed as one of the new film plays having had its first showing in Toledo a year ago. So, after hours of deep meditation, several conferences with Will Hays, and days of study, we are ready to give our all-American October list to the world. Here it is: "The Dark Angel," "The Fool," "The Tower Of Lies," "Go West," "Winds Of Chance," and "Seven Keys To Baldpate." And now our reasons for selecting them.

Undoubtedly the finest picture of the month was "The Dark Angel," which was nearly spoiled by the asinine efforts of the producers for comedy relief. There was a celluloid thing of beauty, a story of an unconquerable love that survived war, separation, scandal, the belief of death and even blindness. It had great heart appeal and many moments of deep pathos, and it was admirably enacted by the handsome Ronald Colman and the newcomer, Vilma Banky, a wondrous creature of sheer loveliness and some talent for acting.

THE "Tower Of Lies" was a sound picturization of the novel, "The Emperor of Portugallia," and contained much of worth including several flashes of directorial genius from Victor Seastrom and a brilliant bit of character portrayal from Lon Chaney as a crazy old farmer who imagines himself the Emperor. Norma Shearer's comeliness also adorned the film.

"The Fool" was Channing Pollock's powerful and highly melodrama treatise of the man who tried to live like Christ in the modern day. Its miracle scene was just as effective and enthralling as on the speaking stage and all in all it was mighty good theatre.

WINDS OF CHANCE" was the cinema version of Rex Beach's stirring novel of like title, splendidly done and enacted. It was the best narrative of the north country to reach the screen hereabouts in some time. Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Viola Dana, and Victor MacLaglen were the principal protagonists.

"Go West" was a roaring travesty of the old time western "drammer." It had thought and purpose, the latter being to provoke the laughs, several original ideas, and it was Mr. Keaton's funniest in sometime.

"Seven Keys To Baldpate" was chosen chiefly because of Douglas MacLean's excellent performance of the 24 hour novelist. His mobile face was used to express many emotions in an exciting yarn and did much to enliven a better than ordinary melodramatic-comedy.

WITH the opening of the new Palace Theatre there are more movies than ever to see this month, and the task of naming the six best may be a bit more difficult, especially as a large number of imposing attractions have been booked. The offerings for the remainder of November and the first weeks of December are to be found in the amusement calendar elsewhere in this issue.



MUSINGS FROM THE ART MUSEUM

By GEORGE STEVENS

THE new addition to the Toledo Museum of Art, which has been made possible by the great munificence of the late Edward Drummond Libbey, will be formally opened with appropriate exercises on January five. The addition provides for seventeen new galleries, which will give ample space to adequately display collections, many of which have long been in storage.

The marble exterior is continued around the building so that it represents the same dignified appearance from every angle. The rear approaches quite close to Grove Place and the imposing front colonnade is duplicated on the Grove Place facade without, however, the steps and the approach.

Beyond the vestibule is the spacious sculpture court, which will be entirely devoted to plastic art. On the main floor all the rooms along the front are given over to the administrative offices.

THE free reference library remains in its former location and the gallery next to it has been taken over as a library stockroom equipped with modern bookstacks and filing cabinets for lantern slides, reproductions and magazine clippings. The library and stockroom are capable of holding twelve thousand volumes, twenty thousand lantern slides and an almost unlimited number of photographs and clippings.

The hemicycle has been enlarged from a seating capacity of 288 to one of 850, while an additional lecture hall on the ground floor will seat 250 people. Large galleries have been provided for Egyptian and Oriental art. The Egyptian collection will have several hundred new and important objects brought together by the late Mr. Libbey during his recent journey to Egypt. While there he was the guest of the Egypt Exploration Society at the excavations at Tell-el-Amarnaa, the royal residence of King Tut.

THE collection of early books and manuscripts, one of the most choice in the country, will have more adequate space in a gallery provided with both wall and table cases.

The print collection will have four times the space de-



The new Grove Place Facade of the Toledo Art Museum

voted to it heretofore, allowing for the constant display of the most important portion of the Museum's collection of etchings, engravings, lithographs and woodblocks.

The ceramic gallery will house not only its present collection, but also the recent bequest of three hundred pieces from the late Rev. Alfred Duane Pell. Two galleries have been set aside for the collection of glass. In one will be installed the Curtis-Libbey Collection of ancient glass, one of the finest in the world, while in the other will be shown mediaeval and early American glass.

ALL of the galleries are skylighted with the exception of the Gothic Gallery at the rear of the hemicycle. This is the only period room at present and it will be constructed in the style of the Gothic epoch. The walls are of Indiana limestone and carved corbels support the vaulting of the ceiling. From this room stone stairs lead to the corridors on the ground floor.

The ground floor is divided by the hemicycle into two sections, one set apart for the educational work of the Museum, and the other for its technical and mechanical functions. On one side running the depth of the building is the educational corridor connecting four splendid class rooms of varying sizes. In these are the classes of the Museum's free school of design in which nearly 1,300 children and adults are enrolled.

DIRECTLY under the Gothic gallery is the Trustees' room, which will afford a regular meeting place for the trustees and their committees. On the service side of the building will be the lunch room for visitors, treated in American colonial style, the walls being in ivory tone with mahogany woodwork. Off the same corridor is the printing plant in which all of the Museum's publications will be printed and bound.

With the new addition the Toledo Museum of Art will be one of the finest, most modern and efficient Museum

plants in the world. In size it will compare more than favorably with those in other cities of equal or greater population. It will be larger than the museums in Minneapolis and Buffalo, about equal to that in Cleveland, and half the size of the one now under construction in Detroit. In beauty it will be surpassed by none. In utility it will be without a peer.

THE income of the Museum from its endowment fund, memberships, and appropriation of council was barely sufficient to support the smaller building. The greatly increased cost of heating, lighting, cleaning and general maintenance of the new building, which is triple the size of the old, will necessitate a considerable increased income and to this end the trustees and members of the Museum will find it necessary to conduct a campaign early in January for the creating of a larger endowment fund.



MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

WITH "Blossom Time" and Will Rogers ushering in Toledo's musical season, what may we not expect in the way of melodious entertainment this winter? All over the country Toledo has the reputation of being a music loving city, almost as generally known and accepted as its epithet of the "worst show town on earth." The very fact that we can pack them in for a fifth booking of "Blossom Time" is proof positive of some sort of musical taste, since the immortal melodies of Franz Schubert are the lure which has drawn to that production those who ordinarily shy away from highbrow music of any sort.

AND the Rogers' concert, as it was termed, provided a real musical treat. Them De Reszke singers, as Will would call them, gave about the most faultless program of



SIGRID ONEGINNO

Appearing in Concert in the Rivoli on November 20

ensemble singing ever heard hereabouts. We have had Grand Opera quartets, but always with at least one "sour" voice or number among them, while the DeReszkes were one long melodious wave of pure song. Speaking of "close" harmony—we'll never hear any closer than they made this side of the pearly!

THE next big attraction to visit our city will be Sigrid Oneginno, not one gin as you hear people calling the poor woman but more like this—On-ya-gin with the long "a" and the "g" as in begin. The great Gigli came and went in Toledo and many still refer to the mighty tenor as Giggly. Is it too late to remind that the name is pronounced something like—Zhee-lee? On-ya-gin, then, who comes in Grace Denton's Rivoli series, November 20, is by all acclaim the greatest find in contraltos of many seasons. She is called the "Chaliapin of contraltos," which should mean something to those who heard the great Russian basso when he sang here a couple of seasons ago. On-ya-gin is said also to be beautiful, which is something when one goes to hear a woman singer.

TOTI DAL MONTE, who comes in the same series December 11 is a coloratura soprano worthy to be mentioned with Galli-Curci, Tetrizzini and the other great ones of this florid style of singing. She has been heard on the radio here and her records have become popular favorites so that Toledo's first hearing of the great singer in person is certain to prove of more than casual interest.

OUR own musical organizations are doing not a little to make Toledo famous musically. Mary Willing Megley with her giant chorus, the Toledo Choral Society, bringing whole symphony orchestras here for her concerts this season is setting a high mark in work of this type. The Cleveland Symphony is to come for the spring concert and the visit of the Detroit for the "Tannhauser" performance is already musical history.

THEN the ever faithful Eurydice on December 1 is to provide a concert well worth the hearing, to say nothing of our regular season of symphony programs by the Toledo Symphony orchestra, Lewis H. Clement, conductor.

LATEST RECORDS

EDISON

"The New Gaiety" and "Persifiage" (banjo solo), Fred Van Eps; "Casey Jones" (vocal), Vernon Dalhart and company, and "Got the Railroad Blues" (vocal), Gene Austin; "If I Had a Girl Like You" and "So That's the Kind of a Girl You Are" (fox-trot), Nat Martin orchestra; "How's Your Folks and My Folks" and "The Old Gray Mare" (vocal), Billy Jones and Ernest Hare.

BRUNSWICK

"Croon a Little Lullaby" and "Oh Boy, What a Girl," The Radio Franks; "Melodie" and "Mazanetta," Rudy Wiedoeft; "I Wonder If We'll Ever Meet Again" and "Since You Called Me Sweetheart," Stark Munn; "Welcome to Our City" and "Forward March," Walter B. Rogers band; "Remember" and "Just One More Waltz With You," Rgent Club orchestra.

GENNETT

"Brown Eyes Why Are You Blue" and "The Co-ed," by the Happy Collegians; "I've Got the Blues for Chattanooga, Tennessee" and "Two Pretty Eyes of Blue," by Happy Lawson and His Blue Uke; "On Rainy Days," by Razaf (the Melody Man) and "Mighty Blue," by the Tremaine Brothers; "Normandy," by the Vagabonds and "Let's Wander Away," by Nathan Glantz and orchestra (vocal chorus by Franklin Baur; "On a Night Like This," by Bailey's Lucky Seven, and "Kinky Kids Parade," by the Travis Carlton orchestra.

COLUMBIA

"I'm Knee Deep in Daisies" and "Lonsome Me," Paul Specht orchestra; "Dreaming of Tomorrow" and "At Dawning," Leo Reisman orchestra; "The Co-ed" and "Back Home in Illinois," Art Kahn orchestra; "Freshies" and "Help," Earl Gresh's orchestra; "Lullaby Time, Part 1" and "Lullaby Time, Part 2," Ford and Glenn.

TOLEDO TOPICS

AMUSEMENT SCHEDULE

In the Theatres

AUDITORIUM—Nov. 23 and 24—Julia Arthur in "Saint Joan"; Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2—"White Cargo"; Dec. 4 and 5—"Passing Show"; Dec. 11 and 12—"Ladies Of The Evening", Week Dec. 21—"Rosie Marie."

KEITH'S—Vaudeville and motion pictures, continuous.

LOEW'S VALENTINE—Week Nov. 21—Jackie Coogan in "Old Clothes"; Week Nov. 28—Mae Murray in "The Masked Bride"; Week Dec. 5—D. W. Griffith's "That Royale Girl"; Week Dec. 12—Elinor Glyn's "The Only Thing"; Week Dec. 19—"Crossroads Of The World"; Week Dec. 26—Betty Bronson in "A Kiss For Cinderella."

PRINCESS—Week Nov. 22—Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck"; Week Nov. 29—Jack Holt and Lois Wilson in "The Ancient Highway"; Week Dec. 6—Thomas Meighan in "Irish Luck"; Week Dec. 13—Adolphe Menjou in "The King On Main Street"; Week Dec. 20—Richard Dix in "Womanhandled."

PALACE—Week Nov. 21—D. W. Griffith's "Sally Of The Sawdust," to be followed by Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney," Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q," and Charles Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."

TEMPLE—Week Nov. 22—"East Lynne"; Week Nov. 29—Tom Mix in "The Everlasting Whisper"; Week Dec. 6—Monte Blue in "Red Hot Tires"; Week Dec. 13—Marie Prevost in "The Seventh Sinner."

PANTHEON—Week Nov. 21—Colleen Moore in "We Moderns"; Week Nov. 28—Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "The Unguarded Hour"; Week Dec. 6—Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon in "The New Commandment"; Week Dec. 13—Clara Bow and Robert Frazer in "The Scarlet West"; Week Dec. 20—Ben Lyon and Anna Q. Nilsson in "One Way Street"; Week Dec. 27—Leon Errol and Dorothy Gish in "Clothes Make The Pirate."

In Concert Halls

Nov. 20—Sigrid Onegin—Rivoli; Dec. 1—Eurydice Club—Coliseum; Dec. 8—Toledo Symphony—Auditorium; Dec. 11—Toti Dal Monte—Rivoli; Dec. 22—"The Messiah"—Coliseum.