



# IN THE REALM of SPORT

By DICK MEADE

WHEN the mist of time and the joy thrill of the yuletide befalls the campaign of football in 1925, there still will remain clear in our memory the picture of Michigan sending the Navy down by the head, the Illinois triumph over Pennsylvania and the Dartmouth dissolution of Cornell's championship hopes.

Hundreds of gridirons throbbed to the cleat-beats of thousands of warriors from the sun days of September to the rain days of December, but all these contests have become jumbled in the maze of recollection and only the Michigan, Illinois and Dartmouth victories stand out as great achievements.

Dartmouth's feat in virtually annihilating the Big Red

moved us most was the thoro crushing of the Navy by the Wolverines.

From the days of Willie Heston we have looked upon all the teams of Fielding Yost, but there never was one of the great galaxy built by the Old Man that revealed so much all-round class as the eleven that made puppets of the middies.

Yost gave his men free rein that afternoon. It was west against east and he desired a complete triumph for a high Michigan rating along the Atlantic coast.

I saw one Princeton team of the Poes by intelligent skill overcome the power of Yale, and I saw a remarkable Pennsylvania club of the Drapers, the Scarletts, and the Hollenbachs perform heroic feats on Ferry Field, but the



BENNY FRIEDMAN

and his forward passing hands that placed him on the majority of All-American team selections.



COACH FIELDING H. YOST

whose 1925 eleven was his greatest Michigan Team in his 25 years of coaching.

team from the hills of Ithaca rested mainly upon the phenomenal passing gift and the dashing sprints of Swede Oberlander, who sang as he ran: "Ten thousand Swedes jumped out of the weeds at the battle of Copenhagen."

Illinois' gift to the east in the overwhelming of the Quakers was Red Grange at his best. The east moved to Philadelphia to uplift eyebrows and shrug shoulders at the halting of the Bounding Blonde and it remained to cheer this ovasive banshee of the bog.

Yet from our viewpoint the struggle of the three that

Wolverines of 1925 in their crushing of the midshipmen toiled with greater daring, more speed, better accuracy and finer intelligence than we have ever before witnessed

WITH the passing of Walter Camp, every man is now the maker of his own All-American team and the public prints are filled to the last period of agate type with all sorts of combinations.

No man can immediately step into Walter Camp's shoes. We doubt if there ever again will come a man whose

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history and personality so thoroughly invests the gridiron pastime that his word will be accepted as final in selecting the 11 greatest players in America.

Camp began picking All-American teams 27 years ago at a time when football was a game for undergraduates, before the day of downtown managers and alumni coaches.

The annual eleven was his original idea and it gained importance with the marvelous growth of the game. For years he alone had the temerity to make a choice.

It was easy then, for his teams as a rule were made up of Yale, Harvard and Princeton athletes and he had only to see the Big Three games to be sure of his ground.

In his later years his clubs were often questioned, but they were really the official elevens and no player felt the thrill of distinction unless he were a member of Camp's All-American team.

Tom, Dick and Harry are now filing their individual ideas, but the Camp standard has gone and we gravely doubt that the single accepted eleven will ever come again.

**T**ALKING about the All-American choices, have you noticed what a unanimity there is in the selection of the 1925 backfield?

Grange and Oberlander are unanimous selections as halfbacks, and Friedman and Nevers are given practically the same recognition.

In this combination, if you will notice, there are three western men and one from the east.

When Nevers, the Californian, is left out, Slagle, of Princeton, takes his place, and when Tryon of Colegate is the choice, Grange pushes Friedman out of the quarterback berth.

Tully, the Dartmouth end, finds a place on most selections, yet when the Dartmouth coach, Jess Hawley, came to pick out a team, he did not mention Tully.

Certainly a coach knows more about his own players than any other individual.

**T**OLEDO'S followers of football take pride in the selection of Bob Brown, the Michigan captain, as center on practically all the All-Conference teams.

Bob, you know, was born in Toledo and lived here for a number of years. He moved from this city to Grand Rapids, which has since remained his home.

Freddy Grim, Toledo's halfback at Ohio State, told me when he was home for the Thanksgiving turkey, that Brown was by far the best center he ran against all season.

**W**ITH football out of the way and basketball appealing only to the few in Toledo, the gentlemen of the niblick and the putter have gotten out their instruments and are now going through the throes of indoor practice.

It is strange basketball has so weak a hold on the interest of the sport lovers here.

Curiously enough hundreds go up to Ann Arbor for the big contests on the Field House court, but they never think of the home games in the school and college circles and have no desire to look at a representative five in the professional field.

**T**OLEDO'S football program for the year was interestingly concluded on Saturday, Dec. 5, when Waite took the city championship by defeating Libbey 13 to 0, in the first post-season game between homebred elevens staged in Toledo. Waite remains as the title holder, with Libbey taking the runnerup place away from Scott this fall. Woodward is placed fourth, Central fifth and St. John's sixth.

# IN THE REALM of SPORT

By DICK MEADE



OUT there along the River road near Perrysburg, where the summer Maumee gently pets the shore of the lowland and where winter ice with its smooth blanket of snow is fastened to the sands in a frozen embrace, lies Carranor Field. Thundering hoof beats of galloping ponies are stilled. Only carvings in the bed of snow are the foot-marks of some itinerant dog or those of a frightened rabbit scurrying for cover. But the sun is getting higher in the heavens, January is slipping out from under us and February is such a short period. Polo is again in the conversation.

NOW it is only for the devotees and those who follow the sport as enthusiasts. Some day, mark you, it will occupy an important niche in our sporting life, and Carranor Field will be inadequate for the crowds that will flock to see stout-hearted cowboy riders in saddle and business men afoot, play ducks and drakes with their lives to drive a rolling ball between the two-by-fours.

Football, you know, has only recently been discovered. It existed before, but the public looked upon it as something apart from its life. When Tom, Dick and Harry sensed the lure of the gridiron pastime they dropped their tools, quit work and passed into the stadiums.

THAT same thrill of the fray that now excites the nation is coming in perhaps a smaller way when the man on the street appreciates polo. Toledo is taking to the sport more and more from year to year. But the rank and file doesn't feel the game because it doesn't know what it is all about.

We have found that every polo spectator at once becomes a polo fan. The larger the crowds the greater the number of enthusiasts. Gradually the polo family grows until Toledo now has a fairly respectable representation.

WINTER indications point to a full summer of the game. People are beginning to say there must be something in it, just like the gentry used to suspect that maybe golf wasn't child's play or old men's relaxation after all.

They have something to offer at Carranor Field. They have one of the finest, what you might call a city team, in the country. They offer you a game in its most complete form.



ALEC CUNNINGHAM AND JIMMY KENNEY  
*Popular Toledo Professionals Who are Playing  
in the South this Winter.*

THERE has been developed at Carranor almost a cavalry troop of first class players. Of course, as in all games, there are those who stand out, but the youngsters have taken to the sport and soon there will be enough experts for two and possibly three ranking teams.

Now snow may be on the field, but the game is on the tongue of its followers and they are waiting impatiently for the sun of spring to clear the field's surface and to put life into the turf.

WITH the gymnasium addition to the Toledo Club in operation bridge tables lie idle and the squash ball pops as it responds to the sweep of the singing racquet.

Squash is not new to Toledo. They used to play it over in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium on the major handball court until the followers of the latter game became so numerous that they drove out the men with the racquet.

BUT the squash players have again come into their own at the Toledo Club and the sport has reached its highest point in this city.

It takes youth, or at least, the agility of the matured athlete to play the game. Musical comedy and volley ball may be for the tired business man, but squash is for fast feet, strong arms and steady eyes.

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They also are playing handball at the club on the new courts, but the Toledo stars of this game still ply their trade at the Y. M. C. A.

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**T**OLEDO men who have been Florida-bound all winter went South with dinner jackets and the loafing look. Those who have been trekking to the southland ever since the first of the year have left dinner jackets in cedar bags and substituted golf sticks.

The swingers of the niblick and the midiron who have the right and the wherewithal to utilize February and March chasing the gutty over the Florida sand dunes are leaving Toledo in droves.

Perhaps some of them intend to combine business of the corner lots with business of the links, but most of the old boys are crossing the line to dig up turf in the "wide open spaces."

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**B**OB Stranahan, already one of Toledo's premier golfers, has the ambition to shine in national niblick society, and he has taken Jimmy Kenney, pro at Sylvania, with him to straighten out all the crude kinks in his game.

Alex Cunningham, veteran Country Club pro, is having the time of his life this winter down South, but he writes a friend that he will be glad to return to the upriver course.

Florida, with the enormous wealth that is being spent for propoganda, is attracting all the important stars of the game and the ordinary pro is rather lost in the shuffle.

Yet the routine pro on his own course is often a bigger man than the nationally known crack, who travels the highways and byways.

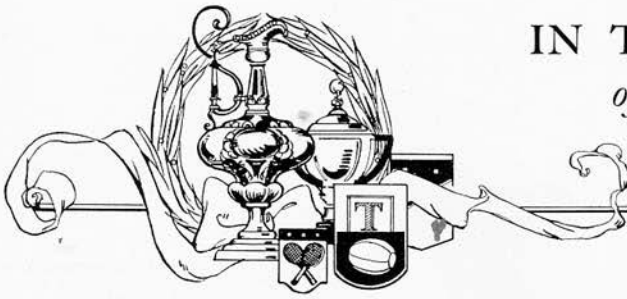


FRITZ VON ETSSELBERA

Winning Police Dog owned by E. S. Moore of Toledo

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By ROBERT A. FRENCH



**B**ASEBALL interest in Toledo awoke from its winter hibernation earlier than usual this year. The announcement that a Toledo syndicate headed by Oscar Smith and John B. McMahon had purchased the franchise and the fine property known as Swayne field, and that Dick Meade was to be president of the club, came as a decidedly welcome bit of news to Toledoans.

The deal involves about \$500,000, but the ordinary fan isn't particularly interested in this, save that it assures Swayne field for baseball purposes for an indefinite time to come. What appeals to the man about town is that the club is once more in the hands of Toledo business men, with a Toledo man as president.

Dick Meade, known to every follower of baseball because of his long service as sporting editor here, has the confidence of everyone, apparently, as he shoulders the stupendous task of giving Toledo a winning baseball club. Dick knows baseball from the standpoint of the patron and the promoter. He has heard the wails of the rooter and the troubled tales of club owner and manager. He has a spectacular trend of mind, and it's a safe prediction that his players will pull many a bit of fast thinking and depart daringly from the orthodox in their efforts to win games this summer.

The team which Meade and his co-workers have inherited cannot be classed as a formidable aggregation at present. But at this season of the year no one expects a club, especially one which has just changed hands, to be ready for the season's campaign. The acquisition of Charles ("Casey") Stengel as manager gives Toledo a well known and popular ball player, and a leader who showed plenty of ability in his managerial venture last season.

The first player signed after President Meade assumed office was Henry Koehler, an outfielder from the New York Nationals. Koehler played with Reading last season, and is highly regarded by the Giant manager. Toledo's outfield, one of the departments which needed attention, should look considerably more efficient with Koehler in the line-up.

The pitching staff needs bolstering, but so do those of most American league clubs. Tunney, Torpe, Baldwin and Canavan look like the leading quartet now under reservation to Toledo, but others are expected to come to us from the major leagues as soon as the training season commences.

Toledo will train at Jackson, Tenn., and probably will start there about March 10.

**S**QUASH, with all its speed and thrills, reached the dignity of intercity competition in Toledo last week, when the University club of Detroit invaded the fine new courts

of the Toledo club and downed the home club 5 matches to 2.

This was the first match the Toledo team ever had played, and despite the fact that Detroit has some of the finest players in the middle west on its team, and has a record of five years' of competitive experience, all the matches were hard fought.

M. L. Newhall, former national champion, who has done much to develop the Toledo team, and Charles Swartzbaugh were the Toledo players to win their matches. Avery Wright, A. B. Richardson, Charley Baither, Harold Anderson and Sinclair Walbridge also put up pretty games against their more experienced opponents, but were beaten by close scores.

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**C**APTAIN J. L. B. Bentley of the Ottawa Hills Riding club has gone to England for a short stay. He will return in April bringing with him ten hunters which are expected to figure prominently in this summer's horse show. Captain Bentley also expects to bring some carefully selected dogs back with him.

"Riding is becoming more popular here each year," said Captain Bentley just before he left. "The most encouraging feature is the number of children taking to the saddle. Love of fine horses, instilled in the breasts to children, will stay with them through life, and insure us many future horse shows, riding clubs and hunts."

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**W**AITE High school continues to occupy the spotlight in Toledo interscholastic sport. The East Side basketball team is a fast and powerful combination which has not yet lost a game. It apparently has the city title well within its grasp, and should make a strong bid for state honors in the Columbus tournament. It is indeed fortunate that Coach Zorn has done so well with the all-veteran squad in his charge, for aside from Waite, there does not appear to be a winning basketball five in any Toledo high school or college.

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**T**HE athletic field is the greatest center for democracy in the world," said Glen Thistlethwaite, Northwestern University football coach, speaking at the annual football banquet of Michigan alumni at the University club recently. "But there is appearing a sort of oligarchy even in sport. It is the oligarchy of the poor boy, who is crowding his well to do competitor off the field—or rather, the rich boy is voluntarily surrendering the field."

Mr. Thistlethwaite's opinion is that so many counter attractions loom before the lad with money nowadays that

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he does not feel so keenly inclined to battle for places on school and college teams. But the poor boy has another great advantage, not mentioned by the speaker. Frequently he has to work a year or more between the time he leaves the grades and his matriculation at college. He enters high school or university life somewhat older than the lad whose way is made easy for him by well to do parents. This year or two in age and experience is a powerful factor in athletic achievement.

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**C**ARRANOR polo players are preparing for their biggest season. Instead of one field as heretofore, there will be three fine polo surfaces ready for play at Perrysburg when the season commences.

The two additional fields will be up on the level ground. The old field is as good as any in this section, but the heavy wear and tear of a game cuts up the turf considerably, and the Carranor club is following the course of other well known clubs in arranging to play on one field while the others are being rolled and put into first class condition.

Earl Shaw, Carranor coach, and one of the most brilliant players ever seen here, will be back at the club May 1. Shaw has been coaching and playing with the Austin, Texas four, which annexed the southwestern championship this winter.

**P**OLO players are not the only ones preparing for more spacious playing fields. The Toledo Tennis club at its annual meeting gave considerable attention to the question of acquiring a new site. The present courts of the club, near the Factories building, are in splendid shape for any sort of play, but the growing need for additional facilities, which cannot be provided on the limited amount of property available, eventually will force a change.

Ottawa Hills is favored by many of those who are sponsoring early action. Parking space for automobiles can be provided in the outskirts, and is virtually non-existent at present.

The present grounds will be occupied this year and perhaps next.

Fletcher Rogers of the Tennis club is reminding members and tennis fans generally of some very interesting tournaments to be held in this vicinity this summer. The national Clay Courts championship, the week of July 5, at Detroit, should attract some of the greatest stars of the game, and many Toledoans will be on hand to witness the play. The Toledo city tourney is set for the T T C courts the week of July 12 and the North-

western Ohio title will be contested for on the same courts Sept. 4, 5 and 6.

Rogers expects Toledo players will be out in full force by the second week in April. The Toledo Yacht club is building some fine courts near their clubhouse, and expect to develop some players among the members.

**B**ASEBALL and golf are progressing in opposite directions. Time was when men and boys in every walk in life played baseball for the fun of the thing. Now the average young baseball player is looking toward the day when he will become a professional. The youngsters have abandoned the game for various reasons, but in such numbers that one wonders at times where the big leagues will get their material in the future.

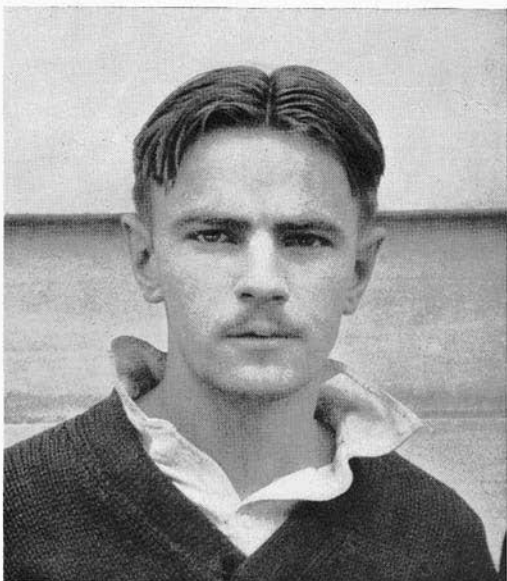
With golf the tendency is all the other way. Every one is playing the game for the fun of the thing, and the strenuous practice and multitude of match games which develop the winning players are lesser considerations, especially in Toledo.

Unquestionably we like to see games played for the sport in them. But at times our local pride comes to the fore, and we begin to look for the day when some new stars develop here to carry the colors of Toledo district clubs on the big courses of the state and nation.

The first young man to play golf in Toledo developed his game painstakingly in the days when golfers were few. He became a star player, and in all the years which have ensued, and among all the players who have played on our fine courses, none yet has arisen with the skill of that fine sportsman and pioneer golfer—Harold Weber.

**F**OLLOWING his practice of doing all he can to encourage new clubs in this district, Harold Weber will play team matches this year with the Highland Meadows club. This will make the new team a formidable competitor in the city matches.

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ROLLIN GRAY

*Squash professional at the Toledo Club, from long line of squash players*

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THESE is a well grounded movement afoot among members of the Sylvania club for a new clubhouse in the near future, or at least for radical improvements and changes in the old one.

THAT great portion of Toledo's citizenry interested in outdoor sports already has felt the quickening and pulse stirring of the longer days and brighter sunshine, although the active season isn't yet fairly under way.

The ball club is in the south on its spring training junket. President Dick Meade has with him in Jackson, Tenn., a hustling and satisfied bunch of ball players, thus making good the first promise he made when he assumed charge of the Mud Hens.

The Toledo club at present has a formidable quintet competing for the three outfield positions, a fairly youthful infield which may develop into a first class combination of speed, brains and baseball ability, a good catching staff, and an uncertain group of pitchers. Our hurling staff was none too good last season, and the loss of Jonnard has still further reduced its efficiency. The average fan, as well as President Meade and Manager Casey Stengel, is hoping for at least two first class pitchers from the big leagues.

Canavan, Torpe, Frey, Tunney and one or two others may develop into reliable moundsmen this season, but developing pitchers in the face of the heavy slugging prevalent in the A. A. is a task fraught with uncertainty.

YACHTSMEN hereabouts are much elated over the certainty that the races for the Richardson cup in the R boat class will be sailed in Lake Erie off the Toledo Yacht

club this year. The R boats are the most popular performers of all fresh water craft. Toledo has no boat of this type at present, but may furnish one or more for the competition at the Interlake Regatta at Put-in-Bay this summer, at which time one such boat will be chosen to represent Lake Erie in the Richardson trophy race. Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario will each furnish an entry for the prize. The races are scheduled for September 8, 9 and 10, and will draw a great crowd of yachtsmen to Toledo.

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## *How to Practice*

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all my might. I would play these alone to avoid interference with concentration.

Every Saturday afternoon I'd play eighteen holes, on Sunday 36. I would carry out this program up to the day of the championship, and I would lighten up my work at the office to give me time to think my shots out. Then when I stepped onto the championship course there would only be the necessity of adjusting my eyes to the distance. Until beaten I'd be in bed not later than ten o'clock. Sometimes I'd be too stale, but not often, my record shows. Not until other and ever-present troubles came did my system fail. It's a good system; simple but severe drudging with a will to say no to the temptations. Even should one fail he has gained physically and by a method possible as to diet, plenty of outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep,—they are worth a good deal to us whether there is a championship in sight or not.



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**P**ROFESSIONAL baseball has been conducted along lines which are such an admirable combination of business and sportsmanship that it has survived for generations as the national game, despite the multitude of other amusements which have sprung up since the game began, once more demonstrates its popularity in Toledo.

The game has its drawbacks, of course. Ball players have to develop an intense enthusiasm to carry themselves through the long summer season, always at concert pitch, always ready to prove to the patrons that they are giving every ounce of energy and every atom of brain power in every contest.

They don't always do this. If they could deliver day after day with the intensity shown by our school boys in the Waite-Scott football game, for instance, baseball would know no limits in drawing power or popularity. But once in a while this stage of never-say-die determination is reached and held by players on a ball club, and that club usually cuts a big swath through the territory covered by its league.

The Toledo club is achieving that this year. Their attitude is reflected in the crowds which have gone to Swayne field. There is more baseball talked in Toledo now than ever before, perhaps, and the same sort of "boosting" which features our football fans is now apparent and audible at the ball park.

There are some weaknesses on the Toledo club, of course, but the club has unquestionably been strengthened since the start of the season. The acquisition of Heinie Groh was a master stroke. It not only bolstered the all round strength of the club, but it turned the eyes of sport followers in the big cities directly on Toledo. The word seems to have gone forth that the owners of the Toledo club are willing to spend money to give Toledo what it has not had for many years—a winning ball club. Money cannot buy a pennant in any circuit, especially in the American Association, where strength as a rule must come from the major leagues, and no player can be obtained from those 16 clubs without quite a bit of diplomacy, pledges and good luck.

The Toledo pitching staff still needs bolstering. It appears that out of the group of experiments taken to Jackson for early training, one pitcher of sufficient class has been developed—Ernie Woolfolk, who has uncovered enough speed, mixed with his excellent curve ball, to make him hard for rival clubs to beat. Clarkson can go along like a winner for six or seven innings, but he has shown a tendency to "fold up" as the game nears its finish. Paul McCullough, a star of a few years ago, and still a youngster, shows promise of being as good as ever, and with the fine support usually

given Toledo pitchers, he should win a majority of his games from now on.

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**T**HE wisdom of the Carranor club in developing more fields for polo playing was indicated as soon as the season began and it became apparent that the club had enough players for several teams.

George Shaw, Sidney Spitzer, George Greenhalgh, Harry Parke, Frank Stranahan, and George Jones were the early birds on the polo fields up the river this spring. Most of their attention was centered on the club's new ponies at the start, but a practice game between two club teams was decided on for May 31.

In addition to the above named, about ten more players were expected to be in the saddle for the Grosse Point Country club early in June. Lyman Spitzer, Duane Stranahan, who started his polo activities with the Harvard team, the Knight boys, Jimmie Bell and others were expected to give Carranor the best team in point of skill and the largest squad in point of numbers, that the organization has had since its inception.

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**T**HE Toledo golf season opened rather slowly this year, as far as outstanding matches were concerned. The fact that no inter-club team matches were scheduled for May, and that the district championship will not come until August, seems to have caused players to take their time about getting into top form, which can be reached only by stiff match play.

June, however, opened up with a rush. The new plan for team matches, consisting of qualifying rounds on four courses, and final matches between the two leading teams in each class, hit a popular chord. The fact that out of town teams will be a factor in the B and C class race is another very gratifying development. Toledo district has always shown a laudable determination to make the clubs in the smaller cities realize that they are active members of the T. D. G. A., and the opportunity now afforded these players, many of whom are of high caliber, to play over our fine courses, must reflect in added enthusiasm throughout North-western Ohio and Southern Michigan.

Harold Weber, who with Wallie Kline, has been centering much of his time on the development of the new Highland Meadows course, is certain that the new club will prosper and have a distinct bearing on the game hereabouts. The club has drawn most of its members from the public courses, and not only will they have a better opportunity to develop their game on a private course, but the increasing congestion at Ottawa Park will thereby be relieved.