

# It's Hitchcock's Job Now

By HERBERT REED  
(Right Wing)

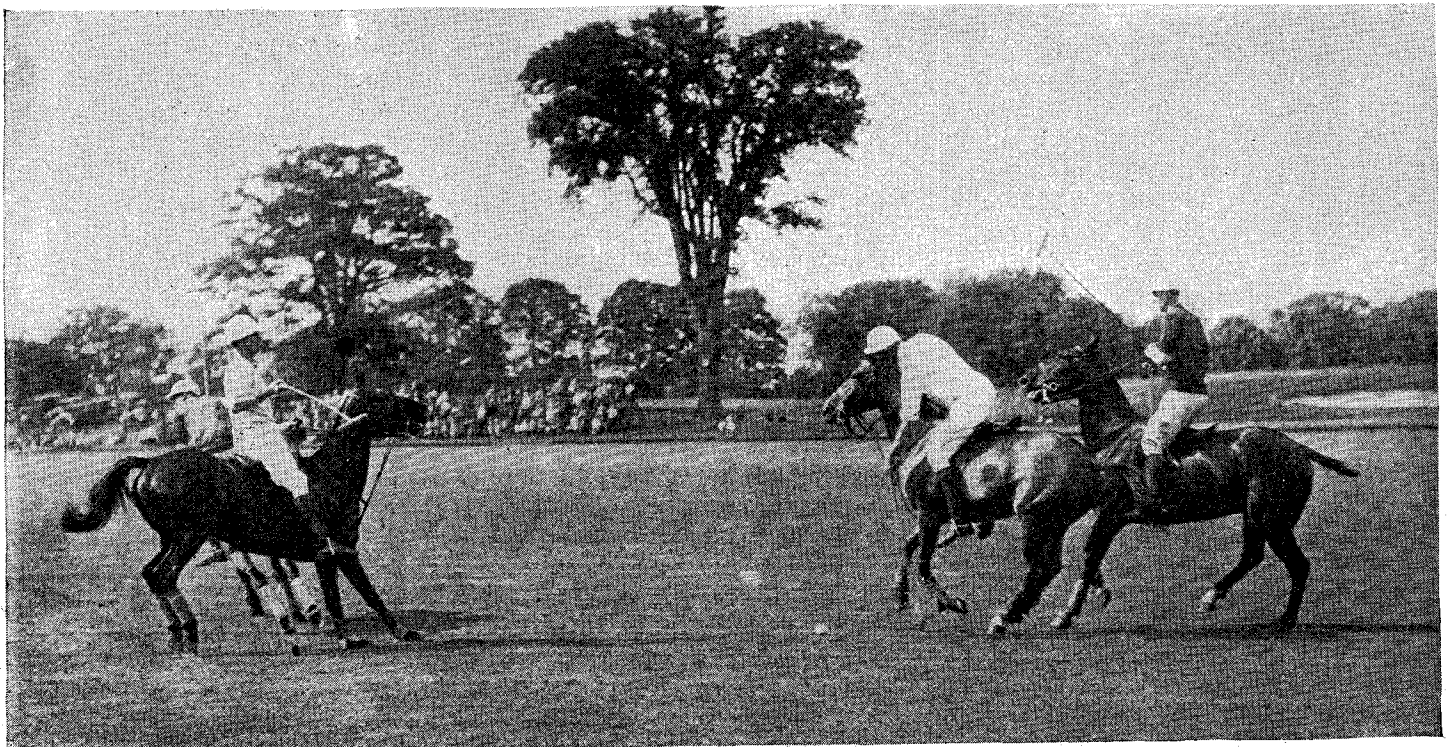
**D**EVEREUX MILBURN, the mighty galloper, having laid down the mantle of American polo leadership, partly because of a crash over the jumps, and partly, I suspect, to give the younger men a chance, the burden is assumed by one of the ablest and most picturesque characters in sport, young Tommy Hitchcock. The burden will be a heavy one, for there is to be met this year in defense of this country's polo supremacy probably the most dangerous team of two-legged and four-footed players that ever came to these shores, the splendid sportsmen from the Argentine. There will have to be a new Big Four built around Hitchcock, and while, of course, there is a selection committee, there is little doubt that the new defenders will be molded close to Tommy's heart's desire. And that heart's desire is the best Big Four that ever took the field for the United States. A large order that—but the young Hitchcock is accustomed to large orders. The testing is already under way, and will continue until the eve of the big matches in September. So there is plenty of time in which to solve the problem both of men and mounts. No man at this writing has the remotest idea of what the final selection will be, but there is much to be said

about the known candidates, all of whom have reputations only slightly less distinguished than those of their great predecessors. It is possible, too, that a young collegian of the type of Forrester Clark, of Harvard, will make a great bid such as that of Winston Guest a year ago.

If you get a close-up of Tommy Hitchcock, you will be looking into a somewhat whimsical face—a face that sometimes, and even in the stress of terrific action, can assume the bland and inscrutable expression of whichever happens to be your own favorite Buddha. Even at the full gallop there is nothing in that face to furnish the slightest clue to the intentions or ultimate destination of its wearer. In which respect it is utterly unlike the countenance of Milburn, his great predecessor. Milburn's face in action is expressive to the last degree; Tommy's face expresses absolutely nothing. From which one might get the false impression that Hitchcock, Junior, was not a born leader. He is just that. The fact that in most of his public appearances in this country he has been under the direction of either

Milburn or, another veteran, Louis E. Stoddard, one of the craftiest Backs in the game, has caused the average observer to lose sight of the fact that he once led a team in the Olympics in excellent fashion, and that he has occasionally turned in a very fine performance at Back himself. It is perhaps improbable, but quite possible that he might care to run the new Big Four from Back.

**O**F the old team there remain in addition to Tommy himself at No. 2, Watson Webb at No. 1, and Malcolm Stevenson at No. 3. Whether Webb and Stevenson will seek places and win them with the new combination remains to be seen, but it is quite possible that Stevenson and Webb will step down. The combination of Stevenson at No. 3 and Milburn at Back was the greatest defense the game has seen, and Stevenson was particularly clever in covering Milburn when the latter chose to storm through to the attack. It may be decided that better results can be gained by building up a new pair for the second line *as a pair*. In the front line it may be recalled that Hitchcock has been very effective with Averell Harriman, Elmer Boeseke, Eric Pedley, James C. Cooley, Winston Guest, or Captain Wilkinson out for-



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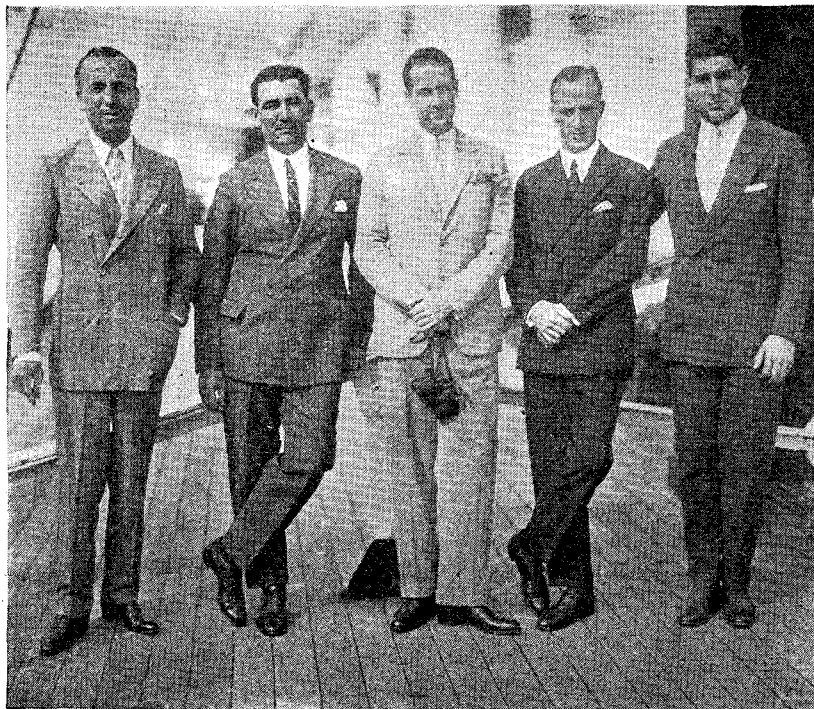
J. Watson Webb about to hit the ball. Hitchcock is directly behind him



ward. The No. 1 in front of the hard-hitting Hitchcock needs to be finely mounted, so that he can get away out on the end of Tommy's feeding shots, which means speed, and must be an extremely accurate short-distance shot both fore and back. When it comes to riding off the opposing Back, Guest's size and weight make him quite a factor. But in the modern game, American style, and realizing on Hitchcock's feeding strokes, the No. 1 usually is more concerned with "slipping" the opposing Back than with riding him off. Should Tommy decide to place himself elsewhere, Winston Guest is unmistakably a No. 2 of international caliber. There are also available at No. 1 "Laddy" Sanford and Captain Charley Gerhardt.

If "Mike" Stevenson decides to abandon a trial for No. 3, there is Cheever Cowdin on whom to rely. Cowdin showed last year that he was at the top of his game after years of effort, and after a long setback because of serious injury. He is a splendid horseman and a master of deft strokes all around his mount. I must say I am one of those who are greatly taken with Cowdin's play. Captain Peter Rodes is a coming No. 3 of the hard-riding, hard-hitting type, with a cold head and a fiery heart.

The No. 4 or Back position is a very real problem. By tradition, an American international Back is a tremendous hitter and a fine field general. It is possible, of course, to handle the generalship from No. 3, as was the case when Harry Payne Whitney put together the first and, in the opinion of the veterans, the "only" Big Four. In view of this, the statement I am about to make may appear rather startling, since it is about a young man who does not impress the average polo follower except in flashes. This was Bobby Strawbridge. However, I studied his play carefully last year, especially his dependability and range, working now and then with diagrams, with the result that, in my judgment at least, and on the full season's play, he was the most *consistent* Back in action, not even excepting Milburn. Milburn's genius, of course, led him to many moments of play that no other man has equaled in my experience, but the very fury of his attack occasionally led him into errors. Strawbridge has had splendid coaching by his father, who was a severe taskmaster, and later by Milburn, who can teach as well as he can play. Furthermore, he filled in successfully, even brilliantly, at No. 3 when Stevenson was hurt in a match against Great Britain. This ability to play a fine No. 3



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#### THE SPLENDID SPORTSMEN FROM THE ARGENTINE

The 1926 team, from left to right: A. M. Peva, M. M. Andrada, Jack Nelson, Captain Lewis Lacey, and J. Rensel. Three of these—Andrada, Nelson, and Lacey—will return this year

would be an added asset, making it possible for him to go up into the fracas readily when covered by his own No. 3. If Strawbridge puts on another season like the last, I believe that he will get into at least one of the international matches.

**I** HAVE spoken of Forrester Clark. Here is a possibility, to be sure, at least as a substitute. He is a tremendous hitter, a fine horseman, strong at riding off, and a keen student of the American generalship. Certainly he is a great future prospect, even if he does not make it this year. With his six feet seven inches of height, and 200 pounds when down to riding weight—he rows in the Harvard crew at 205—he is a great smotherer of the opposing No. 1. Among the other candidates of whom we shall see a great deal are Harold Talbott, Jr., steadily improving; Frederick H. Prince, Jr., a high-class veteran Back; Rodman Wanamaker, who has turned in some fine backfield play; and Morgan Belmont, who, when in the mood, plays tremendously at Back or at No. 1. If he decides this season to make a real effort, rather than an obliging appearance in the Open championship, he will be hard to stop. It is in him to be one of our greatest. This is not the whole list, but will do for the time being.

A great deal of credit is due the Sands Point club for putting on on Sundays

on the splendid field at Port Washington polo matches in the course of which every aspirant for the Big Four will be seen in action. This is to go on all summer, and, of course, soon after they arrive the men from the Argentine will also be seen there. They will furnish color enough in their own right to fill out anybody's Sunday afternoon. The real polo devotee who misses his Port Washington Sunday afternoon misses both a game and a picture.

**A**RENTINA's string of mounts, another gorgeous assemblage from the Pampas, is already here, and the players will be along in July. American polo followers will be glad to know that "Jack" Nelson and Lewis Lacey are both coming, together with A. H. Kenny, a new visitor from Buenos Aires, John Miles, and the massive Manuel Andrada. For the benefit of Jerseyites and Philadelphians, I may say that they will have an opportunity to see the invaders in their home territory. There's a possibility of Narragansett, too. I am giving away no secrets, either, when I say that the men who learned their horsemanship as boys chasing ostriches are quite determined to win the big matches, whatever they do prior to that time. About that ostrich experience (and the birds were not sticking their heads in the sand at the time) and the consequent phantom touch on the reins—ah, another time.

# Mrs. Herbert Hoover

SOME one asked me recently: "Does Mrs. Hoover want her husband to be President? Is she working with him? for him?" And it seemed a strange question to one who has seen how completely, despite the independence and variety of their days, she shares her husband's life. I do not know what she may feel personally about the possibility of going into the White House, but I doubt if she allows herself to think about it. If fate seems to be carrying her husband in that direction, then that is her direction.

There is nothing extraordinary about this. It simply means that the Hoovers are happily mated. Their marriage, in February, 1899, one year after her own graduation from Stanford University and four years after his, is one of the best arguments for co-education that I know.

They had found themselves there in the same geology classes, Lou Henry having come up from Monterey, the old Spanish capital of California, to which her banker father had brought his young family from Iowa, and Herbert Hoover having come from another Iowa town by way of the Quaker relatives in Oregon with whom he had lived after having been left an orphan when only eight.

They found themselves in the same classroom, and there *was* something unusual in this, for at that time Lou Henry was about the only girl in the University determined to discover through such scientific study more about the inside of the earth whose surface in that romantically beautiful Monterey territory she so adored. There was more too than classroom association; for often week-ends and holidays were given to explorations under the chaperonage of the geologist, John Caspar Branner, and other professors of science, into the Santa Cruz Mountains or by virgin trails along the Pacific shore beyond the mountains.

HERBERT HOOVER was graduated in 1895. He had earned most of his way through college, and would begin using the knowledge he had acquired there at once, and in California. So he started with a pick in his hand, and for many months worked literally in the mines to learn a man's work. After that for a year or two his friends saw him as a rapidly advancing engineer in our West.

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Then came Australia for another two years, while Lou Henry was finishing her University course. Herbert Hoover expected that in June of 1899 he would return to the old Spanish capital for their wedding. Instead, he cabled in the winter that he had accepted an alluring position under the Chinese Government, and asked if she would be married in February and go to China, instead of in June to go to Australia.

And so it was—they were married on February 10, 1899. And they sailed for China the next day.

I have not known any one more devoted to father and mother and sister than Lou Henry, but she sailed with the young engineer.

She left her father and mother and her sister Jean, and Monterey, for China, not suspecting, of course, that she was heading for the Boxer Rebellion. Little it would have mattered had she known. Some one spoke with impatience once of Mrs. Hoover's optimism: "Everything is always going to work out beautifully with her. She doesn't seem to see the other possibilities in a situation." Quite true, she may not seem to. Nothing must halt or hinder her husband or herself, once a course has been chosen. Her fearlessness is an outstanding trait.

The Hoovers had been less than two years in China before the Boxer Rebellion broke, and they took their part in the foreigners' civilian defense of the besieged city of Tientsin. In the light of late happenings in that country, it is easier for us to imagine what living through that one of 1900 was like.

That was the beginning of the kind of world adventure known to American mining engineers and their wives. This particular engineer had so early demonstrated special capacities that their work involved from the first large undertakings, often much more than the construction or reconstruction of mining properties—care, for instance, of the human groups connected with those widely varying enterprises, even, at times, the creation of an entirely new village, or living center, for one of them, affording better shelter, better sanitation, better food.

Before Lou Henry's first son was four

years old he had been around the world three times. She has been, like her husband, at home on various parts of the earth, while remaining intensely local in her loyalties. I remember her once saying that she had gone many times around the world with her eyes open for the best place to bring up boys, but could never find any spot better for that purpose than the place from which she started, the campus of Stanford University.

THESE early experiences, during which she was constantly seeing human struggle and misery, may partly explain why Mrs. Hoover's chief interest, outside that in her family, is in work for social and economic betterment, and with the emphasis placed on better homes and better schools, a better chance to enjoy out-of-doors.

Quite recently, on her own Stanford campus, realizing the difficulty younger faculty families had to find houses that were small and of moderate rental and yet offered quiet and comfort and a certain degree of beauty, she selected a convenient stretch of land on which she set up a group of such small houses with embellishing courts and gardens. One sees no "For Rent" signs on that area.

Indeed, my most vivid memories of Mrs. Hoover (outside her own house) are those of her as she welcomed some group of American women somewhere in a house they had at last achieved. At one time it was in the American Women's Club in London, at another in the Stanford University Women's Club House—it is part of her belief that women should be able to meet together in pleasant surroundings for the purposes of friendship and work—and again in the three houses in overcrowded wartime Washington which she rehabilitated and placed at the service of the young women assisting in the Food Administration, and in the Women's University Club of that same city. I might go on with the list.

Incidentally, I believe that if Mrs. Hoover were asked what "career" she would now choose were she free to embark on one, she would answer, "The architect's." She enjoys tremendously planning and building, and always she attempts an independent, an individual