

Wanted, at Home--One Famous International Polo Cup

Strong Team of American Players With Best Ponies in the World to Seek Trophy in England Next June

By J. C. COOLEY.

ACROSS the water these last months the challenges have been flying to and fro. Sir Thomas Lipton challenged America for the yachting supremacy of the world, and as all the world knows came to America this year and saw his latest Shamrock meet the same fate as the other Shamrocks before her. Robert Gardner went to England and tried for the golf championship and only just didn't succeed. England sent her two greatest professional golfers to America to compete for the American open championship, and by a single stroke Mr. Ray was successful.

We sent a tennis team to England, and tennis can claim the distinction of the most successful invasion of any sport, for we cleaned up everything before us, and to Mr. Tilden of Philadelphia can fairly be awarded the distinction of being champion of the world in this particular branch of sport.

Golf, tennis and polo—and being prejudiced I think the latter the greatest of the trinity, and it is of our challenge in the galloping game that I wish now to speak.

Hankering for the Lost Polo Cup.

As soon as the war was over and sportsmen got back to peaceful pursuits we in this country immediately began thinking of the polo cup that England had won from us in 1914, and which we were hankering to get back. It had been won in 1911 by the team representing the Hurlingham Club of London, and the Polo Association here in America informed Hurlingham that whenever they were ready for a challenge we were prepared to send it. It was not deemed advisable to have any international polo matches in 1920, but Hurlingham accepted the challenge for 1921. And so next year, if

sent for international play and played for in 1886 for the first time, when Hurlingham, the leading club of England, sent over a team captained by that famous sportsman, the late Mr. John Watson of Ireland. The conditions of the cup call for the best two in three matches to be played on the ground and under the rules of the country for the time being holders of the cup.

England, then, came over in 1886 and won two straight matches from the American team, which consisted of Mr. W. K. Thorne, Mr. Raymond Belmont, Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. Thomas Hitchcock. So back went the English team and took with them the golden trophy on its first trip across the Atlantic.

In 1900 some Americans in England, headed by Mr. Foxhall Keene, challenged for the cup. Only one match was played and England won easily by the score of 8 goals to 2. On this particular team were Capt. the Hon. J. G. Bessford, now Lord Deser, who married Miss Gould, an American girl; Mr. F. M. Frenke, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster and Mr. John Watson. America's team was hastily got together and in no way can be considered a typical or representative team. It was composed of Mr. Walter McCreery at 1, Mr. Frank J. Mackey at 2, Mr. Foxhall Keene at 3 and Mr. Lawrence Waterbury at back. The two McCreerys were Californians who had been living for years abroad, and Mr. Mackey was an American sportsman who used to go abroad to hunt and play polo. With the exception of Mr. Keene this team that represented America in 1900 was by no stretch of the imagination of international caliber.

In 1902 a more thorough challenge was made when Mr. Keene took to England the famous Waterbury brothers, Mr. R. L. Agassiz of Boston and Mr. John E. Cowdin. In the first match England had in her lineup Mr. C. P. Nickalls, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Mr. W. Buckmaster and Mr. C. D. Miller in



D. MILBURN, ONE OF AMERICA'S STAR POLO PLAYERS

England sent over a team captained by Herbert Wilson, Mr. Frenke, Mr. P. W. Nickalls and Lord Wodehouse, and was beaten by America to the tune of 9 goals to 5. After this first match England realized that America had on its team the most sensational and hardest hitting player who had ever appeared on a polo field, Mr. Devereux Milburn. And they realized, unless they could stop him, the cup was as good as lost.

So for the second match they put in Mr. Harry Rich, a very hard riding No. 1 in place of Capt. Wilson, and at back Lord Wodehouse was taken out and Capt. Hardress Lloyd substituted. The change did no good, and in fact America won the second match more easily than she did the first, beating England by the score of 8 goals to 2. So the American team were ushered up to the royal pavilion, and King George made a little speech and Queen Mary handed to Mr. Whitney the cup, which had been at Hurlingham just twenty-three years and which now was to cross the ocean for the second time.

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The history of the last three challenges can be mentioned briefly. In 1911 Hurlingham challenged and sent over a team captained by Capt. Hardress Lloyd. America had the same team which had been successful in 1900 lined up with the men in their old positions. The English team lined up with Capt. Cheape at 1, Capt. Noel Edwards at 2, Capt. Lloyd at 3 and Capt. Herbert Wilson at back. Capt. F. W. Barrett came over with the English team, but he played in neither of the two games, England making no changes. Both matches were very close, America winning the first one by the score of four and one-half goals to three, and the second one by the score of four and one-half goals to three and a half.

In 1913 with the Duke of Westminster supplying the ponies and in general acting as sponsor for the team, Hurlingham challenged again. And again the inconquerable four represented America. England's team was led by Capt. Jerry Ritson, who played at No. 2. One of his team for the first match was Capt. Cheape, and at two was Capt. Edwards, while Capt. Lockett played back. It was a wonderfully fine team, but the Americans beat them five to three. In this first match Mr. Monte Waterbury was hit on the hand in the sixth period and was forced to retire from the game. Mr. Larry Waterbury moved back to the position of No. 2 and Mr. Louis Stoddard went in at 1 and played a sensational polo for the rest of the match.

In the second match in 1913 England took out Capt. Edwards and put in Mr. Frenke, Mr. Monte Waterbury, suffering from a broken finger, was out of it, and Mr. Stoddard played and again distinguished himself. Taking it all in all, this was perhaps as thrilling and exciting a match as has ever been played. The heat that day on the Hempstead plains was terrific, and at half time Mr. Frenke was in a collapsed condition. But he was soon revived and played the last half of the game just as well as he had played the first. America just squeaked through, winning by the score of 4½ goals to 4.

In 1914 there is another story to tell. Lord Wimborne had not together a fine string of ponies and came over that year with a team which nine men out of ten considered inferior to the English team of 1913. It was captained by Capt. Barrett, and when lined up had Capt. Thompson at 1, Capt. Cheape at 2, Capt. Barrett at 3 and Capt.

Lockett at back. The American team in the meantime had lost the services of its captain, who had led a team that had never known defeat. Mr. Whitney, suffering from a bad arm, was unable to play, and Mr. Stoddard for personal reasons was not playing polo that year. Mr. Monte Waterbury had been elected captain, and the American team when lined up had Mr. Rene La Montagne at No. 1, Mr. Monte Waterbury at No. 2, Mr. Milburn being tried out at No. 3 and Mr. L. Waterbury at back. The Englishmen put up a much better game than any one supposed them capable of and won the first match handily. In the second match Mr. Larry Waterbury went to No. 3 and Mr. Milburn to his old place at back. In a sensational match America lost and Lord Wimborne took the cup back to England.

Now it is up to us to bring back the cup over the water again to the land of its birth. It is a highly expensive thing to go after the international polo cup, but it is also

more than that. To win it preparations must be started months before the games take place. Ponies are at least fifty per cent. of the game and as far as I can see ponies in 1921 are going to cut a bigger figure than ever before. The teams are very evenly matched and it is quite possible that ponies will be the deciding factor. The English team will probably line up with Lieut.-Col. Thompson at 1, Lord Dalmeny at 2, Lord Wodehouse at 3 and Major Lockett at back. America will probably take 1, England the following six players: Mr. L. E. Stoddard, Mr. C. C. Rumsey, Mr. J. W. Webb, Mr. T. Hitchcock, Jr., Mr. J. C. Cowdin and Mr. Devereux Milburn. I should say five players will go over next spring, as young Mr. Hitchcock will probably be over there. He already has sailed for England, expecting to go to Brasenose College, Oxford. Mr. L. E. Stoddard, a member of the International Polo Committee, will be in to stand this winter and will stay over next spring so that there will be seven players when the Americans start practicing.

The ponies will probably go over in December or January in charge of John Lambert, who has had a long experience with horses. First of all, the trainer, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's stable of steepchasers, and in the last two years with Mr. H. P. Whitney's polo ponies. In all probability there will be something like fifty ponies taken over, the pick of all the stables of America.

The value of these ponies could be roughly estimated, but in reality they are priceless, for no money can buy them. When men get superlatively good polo ponies, nothing would tempt them to sell them. They are too rare a thing to part with unless in case of necessity. But, with fine sportsmanship, players from all over the country have sent on their ponies for the international committee to try, and if they see fit, to take them to England. Their only remark is that nothing would give them greater pleasure than to have their ponies considered good enough to be selected.

A man with no possible chance to make an international team, who plays only very mediocre polo, may by chance have a smashing pony, and he is supremely delighted to think that he may have the chance to go to Hurlingham next June, and watch that pony with an American international player on his back. If, in some race for the ball, his pony was to beat out some English antagonist he would, I am sure, get quite as much pleasure from the incident as does Mr. Riddle when he sees Man o' War so booming to victory.

Make Up of Committee.
The affairs of this challenge for 1921 have been placed by the Polo Association in the hands of a committee composed of Mrs. H. P. Whitney, Mr. H. E. Stoddard, Mr. J. W. Webb, Mr. L. E. Stoddard, Mr. J. C. Cowdin and Mr. L. E. Stoddard. Their duty is to select the players that will set any rate start in for America and the ponies that those players will ride.

Put before players and ponies go on the field at Hurlingham a thousand details have to be straightened out. The ponies have to



C. C. RUMSEY, FAMOUS AS A POLO PLAYER AND HORSEMAN

be shipped across the ocean in mid-winter, and that is no light task. In a stable of horses, when one falls sick it is always the best one. And so none must fall sick. Saddles and bridles and boots and bandages and all the various paraphernalia have to be taken over a supply of horseshoes and a competent blacksmith. Proper stabling has to be provided in England and the ponies washed with the greatest solicitude, as they have become acclimated. The players will go over in April and they can take care of themselves, but the ponies have to be looked after. Well, genius means taking infinite pains and the genius of America will be called on to look after the ponies.

To get ponies fit in a strange climate is no easy task and unless the ponies are fit all the skill and courage and hard riding abilities of the American players go for nothing. The ponies are the ammunition, and the old adage still holds good. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

Prehistoric Mosquitoes in Amber

NEARBY States have long suffered the opprobrium of producing large crops of vicious mosquitoes, but happily that notoriety is diminishing through the use of modern methods for their extermination. If the improvement continues there is ground for believing that it will be necessary to visit a mosquito to find out what the insects looked like.

There are specimens still to be found, however, and some were recently discovered in a very unusual manner. In New York, on the most famous street in the world, is a curio shop where among other strange things sold as souvenirs are small pieces of amber cut into squares and rectangles of different thicknesses and suggesting diminutive blocks of brown sugar.

The odd feature about these little pieces of amber is that each one contains an insect, preserved in the amber and so nicely displayed that it is almost uncanny to see them delicately poised in the glassy, translucent material.

Every one known in a general way that



THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR. A SENSATIONAL YOUNG PLAYER WHO MAY BE AT NO. 2, IN THE AMERICAN LINEUP

all goes well, we will have an American team at Hurlingham in June to try to bring back to this country the cup that has already crossed the water three times.

It is interesting to look into the history of this international polo cup. It was presented in 1886 by the late Mr. William Waldorf Astor to the Westchester Polo Club. This polo club is not in the county of that name, but it is the name of the polo club of Newport, R. I. It was pre-

Phantom Ships Still Haunt the Seas

THE coast of New England has many legends concerning spectre ships firmly believed by the rugged fishermen, who assert stoutly that on various occasions glimpses of the shadowy craft have been seen, followed invariably by disaster.

The spectre of the Palatine is occasionally seen on the Sound, and is the forerunner of a gale. She was a Dutch trading vessel and was wrecked off Block Island in 1752. The wreckers, it is said, made short work of her, stripping her fore and aft and setting fire to the hull.

As she drifted blazing off the coast a human form was visible amid the flames, the form of a woman passenger, left to perish on the doomed craft. Since, and generally upon the anniversary of the wreck, a phantom ship with blazing hull, charred spars and scorched sail and rigging has been cruising off Block Island.

Whittier recorded the legend in graceful verse, as well as that of a ghostly cruiser that sailed from a New England port on her last voyage, which he termed "The Dead Ship of Salem."

In the seventeenth century a ship was about to sail from Salem, Mass., to England. Her cargo was on board, sails bent and passengers on deck when two strangers came hurriedly on board and engaged passage. The couple were a young man and a young woman, who, tradition records, were remarkable for their bearing and beauty.

Who they were or whence they came no one in Salem Town could tell. The ship being detained by adverse winds, the mysterious couple excited the suspicions of the townspeople, who viewed them as uncanny and prophesied disaster to the vessel, if they

were allowed to sail on her. But the master, a craft and stern sailor, refused to listen, and finally departed on a Friday.

The vessel never reached her destination and was never spoken, but later in the year, incoming vessels reported sighting a craft with luminous rigging and sails and shining hull, and spars. She was sailing with all canvas set against the wind, with a crew of dead men standing in the shrouds and leaning over the rail, while on the quarter deck stood a young and beautiful couple.

It is said that the French fishermen from the Magdalen Islands and the matter of fact Yankee skippers of Bangor, Me., alike shun the shores of Bay Chaleur after dark and refuse to put in at Dead Man's Cove under any circumstances, preferring to run the risk of foundering in a hurricane in the open sea to sharing the shelter of the cove with the phantom ship.

This famous spectre of the sea is said to appear only in the cabin, proceeding a great-erm, with every stitch of canvas straining and her decks swarming with men all running to and fro as if in a panic. Ahead of her the water is like glass; behind her the gale comes tearing along, beating the sea into froth and driving her straight on through everything in her way. She is an ancient model, full rigged and gray all over—hull, upper works, sails and spars—as if formed of fog. Gray, too, is her ghastly crew.

The inhabitants of St. Pierre tell of a smack on a herring trip that found herself right in the track of the phantom ship. Captain and crew had heard of the ghostly vessel but scoffed at it, and when they saw her on up in the twilight straight ahead they thought a collision imminent and the star-board steersman put the helm over. The sea

smoothly swept down upon them, and in the space of a breath had passed right through them and was racing madly astern in the direction of Dead Man's Cove.

A fishing schooner from Magdalen Island, warned by the thickening sky of an approaching storm, put in at the cove to ride out the gale. Before she had reached anchorage a ship was seen coming rapidly behind, also heading for the cove. As it drew near the captain got out his glass to see if he knew the stranger. Suddenly he dropped to his knees and commenced to pray. "Boys," he said, "it's a ghost. I saw a sea ruff fly right through her mainsail!"

Every man threw himself on his face, afraid to look. The first to raise his head and look over the rail was the cabin boy. "Oh, get up; get up, all of you," he shouted. "She's gone." The crew lost no time in making sail out of the cove in the teeth of a black squall.

Another story is that of a smack from St. Pierre which saw the phantom anchored just inside the cove at sunset. A small boat filled with men was making trips between the gray ship and the beach, at each trip unloading boxes and barrels, which other men waiting ashore buried in the sand. The captain did not wait to see whether they were unloading dead men or chests of treasure, but got away from the place as fast as he could.

Old sailors along the Maine coast firmly believe that the phantom ship is an old merchantman that went down with all on board trying to reach the cove in a great storm in 1784, but at St. Pierre the fishermen will tell you that it is a pirate haunting the spot where the buccanier crew hid the treasure for which they lost their souls.

