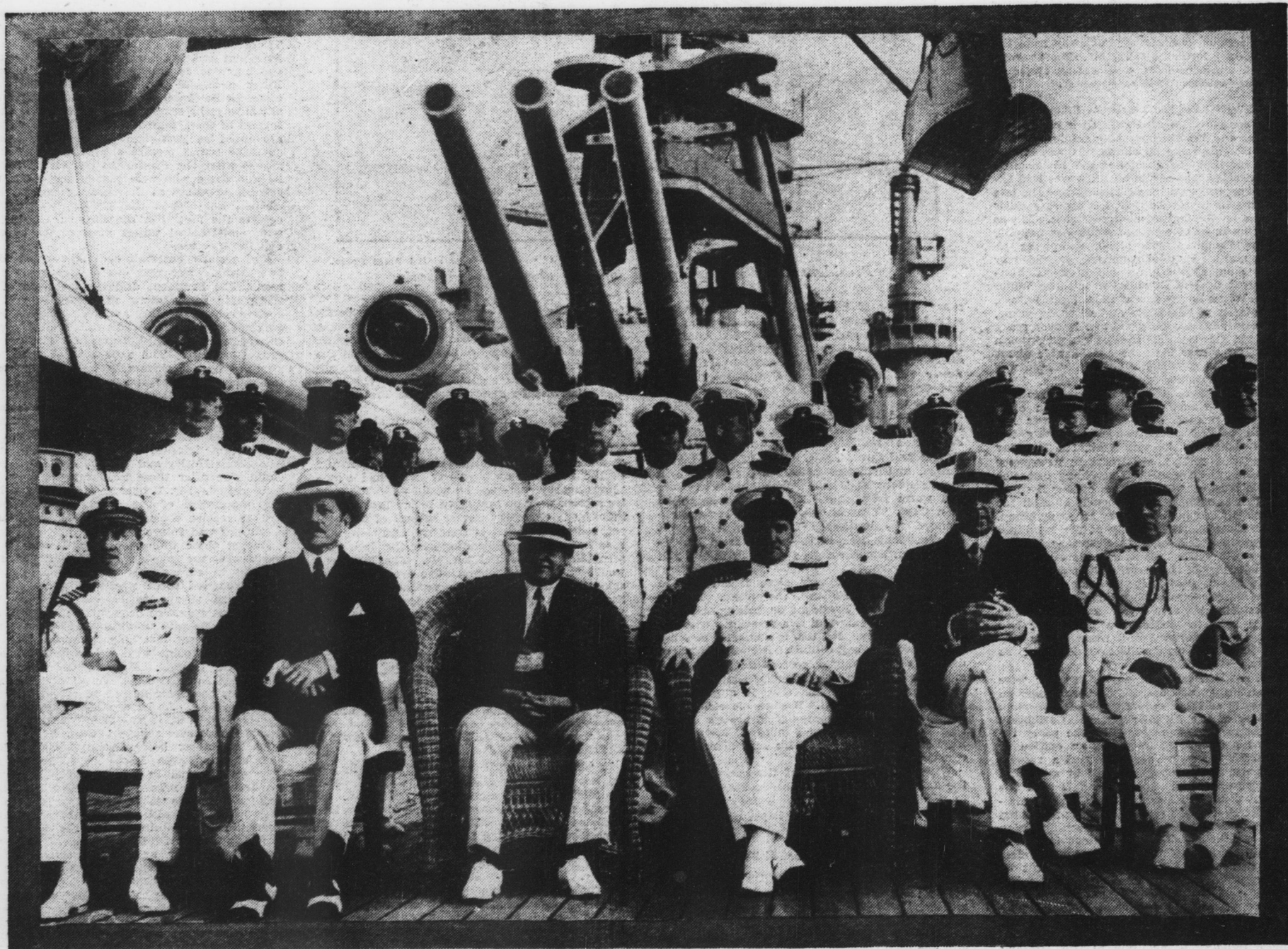


When the President Takes a Vacation



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On the forward deck of the U. S. S. Arizona. President Hoover, Secretary Hurley (second from left) and Secretary Wilbur (second from right), with officers of ship.

The Chief Executive, Surprisingly, Forgets the Cares of His Office, Tells Stories to His Guests and Attempts to Obtain a Complete Rest—Incidents of the Recent Sea Voyage Aboard the U. S. S. Arizona to the Virgin Islands.

HERBERT HOOVER is not the kind of man to whistle or hum airs when light hearted and joyful. This very serious-minded, hard-working President has a different way of showing his happy moods. With a readiness, rather rare since he shouldered the burdens of the White House, he made it plainly evident on his recent vacation voyage to the Caribbean that he was fully enjoying it all.

It is not an easy matter for a President to lay aside the cares and worries of his high office with a mere gesture and to assume the role of a carefree vacationist at will. The problems of the presidency are too numerous and constant. Especially so this has been the case during the two years Mr. Hoover has been in the White House. When he announced his intention to make the voyage to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands aboard the battleship Arizona Mr. Hoover's intimate friends were delighted and at the same time fearful that his troubles had been so great and his disappointments so heart-breaking that he would not be successful in shaking off all these worries and cares.

But, to the amazement of those who accompanied him on this outing to the tropics, the President succeeded wonderfully in forgetting business and assuming the role of a gentleman of elegant leisure. He did this with a swiftness, too. The Virginia Capes had faded from sight only a short time before Mr. Hoover gave evidence to the members of his party that he was out for a good time and for rest, and that he was going to get plenty of both. He did not go leaping around the deck of the ship, slapping his friends on their backs, yelling the while, "Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm on a vacation." He is not

By J. Russell Young.

the yelling, back-slapping kind. He showed his change of mood and heart without any such collegiate manifestations of glee. He showed it in his face and voice and in his very manner. He dug out his old pipe, which he substitutes for cigars, and the very way in which he bit down on it, as he either strolled the deck or sat looking out on the sea, suggested the vacationist rather than the busy business man.

By the second day at sea Mr. Hoover had lost that intenseness of look and speech which has become such a dominant trait. He smiled readily and was everlastingly chuckling (he seldom laughs out loud) as yarns were swapped. He talked more than usual. Business of the Government was not the topic, as is invariably the case back at the White House. He enjoyed story telling and listening to story telling by others in the party. Commonplace subjects interested him and, what was extraordinary, he seemed to have a taste for what is referred to as small talk. In the language of the street, he "talked a blue streak." But, as might be expected from a man of his travels and experiences, he was most interesting at all times. He talked much about his experiences in assisting Americans stranded in Europe when the World War broke out and about the food relief work for the Belgians. He talked about world sports, about his college days, about his work while he was food administrator and during his long service as Secretary of Commerce. In fact, he talked about most any old subject.

Mr. Hoover was rarely alone. When he walked the deck for exercise he usually had a companion on either side. Always had at least one walking companion. When he stood by the rail to look out on the expanse of water, he was not alone. And when he sat on deck, it was usually in a group. He was not alone at his meals. On the contrary, these affairs were decidedly of a social aspect. With him at breakfast, which always was at 8 o'clock, were the members of his immediate party—Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of Interior Wilbur, Mark Sullivan, author and journalist; Richard V. Oulahan, chief of the Washington bureau of the New York Times; Lawrence Richey of the presidential secretariat, Col. Campbell B. Hodges, military aide; Capt. Russell Train, naval aide, and Capt. Joel T. Boone, White House physician.

At luncheon and dinner the group was larger and included always three or four newspaper correspondents "covering" the expedition, or several of the news cameramen. At these two meals there were also one or two of the ship's officers.

The meals were served in the dining room of the admiral's suite, in the after part of the ship on the starboard side, which suite had been turned over to the President on the cruise. The table used was a large round affair, which, if necessary to accommodate a great number, could be lengthened into an oval by the adding of leaves. At the evening meal dinner coats were worn and if the officers were at the evening meals, they wore their dress uniforms. There were place cards, and cut flowers in a vase in the center of the table. The meals were served by white-jacketed Filipinos of the ship's mess