

SPORTS PAGE



SMALL WAVES MAKE GOOD SURF-RIDING IMPOSSIBLE

Outrigger Club Exhibition Not Artistic Success, But Visitors Enjoy the Waikiki Outing.

Blame it all on the comet, if you please, good friends from the Clefeland. Really it is not our fault that the surf was all to the calm and oily yesterday afternoon. It is only one day out of a thousand—this without exaggeration—that the surf is so small.

All this to preclude the statement that the great Outrigger Club exhibition scheduled to take place in the surf off Waikiki yesterday afternoon was a fluke of the very worst kind. The fluke was the fault of the surf, not of the people of Honolulu, and it is a matter of the very keenest regret to every knowan in town that there was no opportunity to show off the wonderful skill of our Hawaiian youths and give the sisters some idea of the delights of surfing.

The surfers were there in their bathing suits, the boards were all taken out and ready for use, the canoes were piled where they could be quickly

award either of the Clark cups, and so it was decided that the four cups will be competed for later on. This will probably be when the return excursion arrives here.

But there was plenty for the visitors to enjoy apart from watching the surf-riders. On the Outrigger Club grounds the Kamehameha Aquatic Club were encamped, and, with their typically Hawaiian atmosphere, lent a very attractive touch of local color to the scene.

Also there were poi-makers. The visitors crowded round to watch the big Hawaiians pounding the glutinous mass of taro, and they all took a taste of it, but none of them seemed very enthusiastic about it as a steady diet.

Impromptu Poi Fight.

The real fun of the afternoon was provided by two of the younger members of the Outrigger Club, who started an informal poi fight. The maker of poi had left the scene of action, but the crowd remained, attracted by the sounds of a tuneful ukulele being played in the grass hut where the poi was being made.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE OUTRIGGER CLUB, WAIKIKI.

bunched, and a bunch of small boats slid round from the harbor to join in the sport. But there was no surf, and the immense crowds of spectators along the beach waited and waited, but there was nothing doing.

Fortunately there was some surfing. Nothing of the very smallest kind, it is true, but the situation was saved to a great extent by three charming girls. The Misses Ruth Seger, Josephine Hunt, and Carol Low, experts on a surfboard, took their boards and paddled gracefully out to where what little surf there was broke, and ranged for about two hundred yards over the sand.

Applause for the Girls.

Word soon went round that the girls were going out, and the visitors rushed to the end of the Moana pier to get a row of the three slim forms, that paddled so swiftly and easily out to the surf. The afternoon was clear and the sun was shining, so that everybody could get a good view, and, when a possible wave came along and the three of them jumped up and stood on their boards, there were cries of admiration from the mahina watchers.

There were many surfers out and they gave a fair exhibition of what surfing might be when there are real waves. This, while a lame excuse for surfing as it really is, was unique enough to interest the visitors, and all the latter could do was to sympathize with those whose intent was for their delight.

Visitors Try Canoeing.

Many of the visitors accepted the invitation of the clear water and went in for a swim while the canoes were kept busy taking them out for a taste of the exhilaration of riding in on the waves. Everybody who tried it, especially the ladies, expressed enjoyment of the experience.

Owing to the conditions the judges decided that it would be impossible to

Two youths in bathing suits came out of the hut and one of them came very near to putting his foot in the big mass of poi. The other one gave him a playful push and told him to look where he was going.

A bright idea came to the first youth and he grabbed up a mass of poi and slapped it on the other's chest. This started things and, amidst the laughter of the spectators, the two started in on a duel, with poi as their weapons. This lasted for several minutes and then the two repaired to remove the sticky stuff from their bodies and bathing suits.

But they were up against a hard job. The stuff stuck like antipholistine and it took them nearly an hour to remove the traces of their frolic. Pocket knives were called into requisition and the hose and soap were also used. After it was all over they both looked very much as though they had been well sand-papered all over.

Hoe Contest Pleases.

There were one or two events pulled off close to shore and these attracted the spectators till the beach was thickly crowded. The principal event was a paddling contest on surfboards. This was won easily by Zen Genoves, who led his nearest competitor by a full length at the finish.

Incidentally, the moving picture man, was there to get some films. He had nothing much in the way of subjects but manufactured one excellent addition to his famous surfing films, by getting the boys to take their boards and make a dash down the beach and into the water, one after the other. The skill with which the surfers hit the water and shot away prone on their boards, was admired by all the visitors.

Taking it all round the Cleveland passengers' visit to Waikiki was a great success. Old man Sol smiled on the occasion, the weather was not too hot and not by any means chilly, the



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water was clear and sparkling, the band played, the local swimmers were out in dozens to make the scene on the water lively and they all seemed to have had a most enjoyable time.

DETAILS OF THE MAILE VICTORY

The details of the play in which the Maile soccer team defeated the Punahou last Saturday, thus tying them for the championship of the series, are as follows:

Story of the Game.

Punahou elected to play with the wind and the Mailes kicked on. Immediately the Puns took the ball and, with a good passing rush, threatened the Maile goal. Macaulay took the ball half way between wing and center and was about to shoot for goal when he was whistled offside.

For some time after this the ball kept fairly well amidships. Then the Mailes took a chance and threatened. McNeicol evaded Gray very cleverly and shot for goal, but he missed by a few feet. From the goal kick the Puns took possession and it looked like a score, but Mullen was there with the big boot and cleared in his usual lackadaisical fashion.

Gray cleared a forward Maile rush and sent to his forwards. Macaulay took the ball and centered beautifully to Walker who shot straight but was blocked by Fraser in goal. A corner resulted and the Puns might have scored if Bob Anderson's head had not come in the way of the ball and sent it clear.

Then the Puns seemed to be having it all their own way for a full ten minutes. But the Mailes took charge of things after this and rushed down on the Pun goal. McNeicol took the ball away from Farmer Clark and passed across hard to Harry Bailey, who rushed the leather to the front of goal and then sent to Dwight who booted the ball into Paty's hands. The ball stopped for a moment then rolled through the clutching fingers and rolled lazily into the goal. One to nothing for the Mailes.

Fred Bailey Appears.

Up to this time the Mailes had been playing without Fred Bailey, who came on the field just after the goal was scored. In spite of this addition to the Mailes, the Puns began to make some hanabana and soon were threatening again.

But the Maile forwards were showing better form all the time and a magnificent piece of forward passing was spoiled by an offside. It was the Maile's touch near half way. McNeicol took possession and winged to Fred Bailey. Fred sent back to McNeicol and the latter made a splendid center. Harry Bailey ran up and headed the ball clean through the goal, but he was offside and so the score did not count.

The Puns did most of the threatening for the rest of the first half. From a free kick at half way, they carried the ball up to the Maile goal and made six successive shots, all of which were blocked.

The Second Half.

The Puns came out on the field for the second half with determination written large on their faces. They