FEATURE SECTION
Pages 1 to 8

Sunday Advertiser.

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Pages 1 to 8

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How It Feels to Be the World's Champion Swimmer

Duke Kahanamoku, Swiftest Swimmer Alive, Doesn't "Feel Any Different" Since He Kicked Four Seconds from the Hundred Yard Record.

Legends of newspaper work in Honolulu with the smashing of two local swimming records a week ago Sunday by the son of a capsule of the Kalihi police, forbade the introduction of one very desirable piece of imagery. At Honolulu, was agreeably assured that under the auspices of the Justice Union, two world's records in swimming should settle down on the Hawaiian perch and we might be optimistic enough to suppose that the matter was even contended. But in a case did any one see fit to chronicle a belonge of the Hawaiian youth so managed to swim two courses fast that we say that on this round earth or even then before—that is, as far as photo evidence can say.

Too who remember that a little over two years ago a small crowd of men down off the Molokai reef and in fifty two little Hawaiian children, ranging ten years each, swam two miles through reef waters to shore, will not have been surprised when we are informed the following morning that Duke Kahanamoku had taken to bathe in events at the harbor.

Duke Kahanamoku is an amphibious man. Should he have taken the evening of the stop-watch as a tribute to his excellent prowess, or should he assume his amphibious race and take to bathe for his nationality? Or, now, would he take any at all? Are we some people who would swell and with comprehension if five athletic clubs cheered him as he bathe man's record to the water, but in the other hand there are some who will dig just short of comprehension. Kahanamoku grasps the matter better and between, but more of that anon. As a matter of fact his record is not yet been approved by the Athletic Oracle which decides such things. It matters not, even discounting that and a with shortage in the course, that Kahanamoku actually was faster than is recorded of any man by several remarkable disputes. All of Oracle decides otherwise his effort must be nothing. There is hardly a bit protest in that non-official record called "The East" about this record.

We are some sporting nation, but it is admitted that that part of "the" which hangs around the corners of Tennessee, Maine, and Forty-fifth street, New York, are sometimes inclined to turn a collection of superfluous noses skywards over any American or world's amateur record of any sort being held by a "South Sea Island er" whom they might actually think at this moment is blowing the nobes under a pay destined for the pay-boiling of a missionary.

Even if they admitted that the record was broken they might even refuse to admit the existence of such a freakish person as Hawaiian Islands, if such freakish action was necessary to continue "We" on the high plane of stillness where we have proudly set our selves. They have been known to do such things. Happily, there are hardly such characters on the amateur committee. Perhaps, on the other hand, our "sports" will cheer for Duke and recognize his prowess instantly, in which case we will humble retract and cut our sarcilegious wiple.

Exists at Waikiki.

At any rate, forgetting for a moment what the manhood might think of or here in the Hawaiian Islands and the sporting hub within we have acquired, thanks to this Hawaiian boy, the present subject is what Duke thinks of himself. The matter was put in the form of a definite query, a difficult and albeit a courageous task. They say that some land shells are found only within a few feet radius and are not seen outside that particular circle. Duke Kahanamoku exists on the Waikiki beach, only.

An appointment was even made with him—the last admiring tribute to greatness and as a matter of course he neglected to set anything more than the time. Indeed, he looked surprised to have Waikiki mentioned at all.

At two-thirty, the moment of his first interview, he was not to be found in any conspicuous place about the beach. Every swimmer's face was scanned as far as they could be seen, but there were none in the water who were acting as much at home as young Kahanamoku. A constant habitue of the beach, who knows the surrounding records and details of every surfrider on Oahu and who calls each by the first interview, he was not to be found matton. Something like this ensued:

"Could you tell me where Kahanamoku is?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen him around?"

"No."

"Where did you last see him?"

"Twenty feet off the pier."

"When was that?"

"A week ago, Tuesday."

Slumbered Overtime.

The last is spoken with withering contempt. It was twenty in the afternoon Duke K. Kahanamoku Jr. is in the water. This is an established Waikiki fact. But for some halftime Waikiki was fooled. The champion 100-yard swimmer of the world, while waiting to keep his appointment for his first interview and his further accumulation of fame, was asleep under a palm tree, having continued to sleep for ten minutes over the time he should have been lowing gracefully to diplomatic complimente.

"Are you ready?" he asked with an apologetic smile, upon awakening.

"All ready, yep," said the interviewer, gracefully.

The champion swimmer of the world arose to a sitting position and with charming simplicity and unaffected-ness put his shoes on leisurely. Such graceful indifference to a shimmering reputation in the making would have broken a half-dozen fluttering and large hearts on any beach in any state. It would have been taken as a sign of easy superiority. The takers would be wrong.

"Where'll we go?" he asked with a modestly interested glance at a camera.

"Anywhere's, I guess!"—with an attempt to come to a starting point for this remarkable interview.

"Let's go here," said the champion, and led the way into an inside court where none could see.

Posing for a Picture.

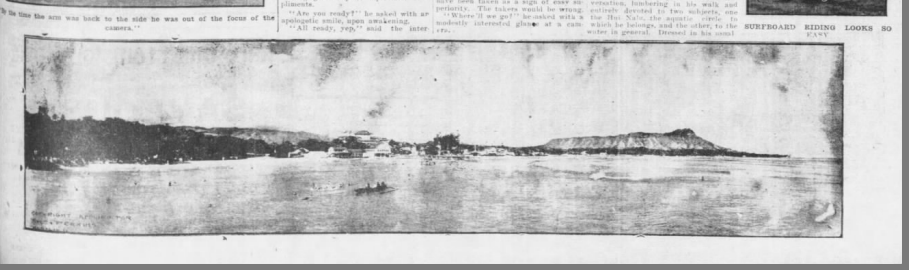
Kahanamoku hunked himself up against his surf board, a Hermiboa surfair, eight feet high and taxing even his big frame with its weight. After the first picture, when the camera was focused for a second, quite showing full features, Kahanamoku remarked, "Aw, say."

"Now," said the enterprising interviewer, "skin into your suit and we'll take the rest."

"Do you want to take a picture in the water?" asked the suffering subject in genuine surprise. Kahanamoku has his picture taken on city land as a rule as a non amphibious person prefers forever his awfulness in a bathing suit.

DUKE K. KAHANAMOKU, JR.
Champion 100-yard swimmer of the world.

"In the time the arm was back to the side he was out of the focus of the camera."



THEY SWIM EARLY IN HAWAII.

All Same to Him.

Let our psychological analysis start right here. Duke Kahanamoku was neither disinterested, interested, bored, pleased or indifferent about being interviewed. If you can analyze that state of mind you are welcome to the result.

You cannot tell by his smile if he would like to throw you overboard for taking his time or hang a leg around your neck for taking his picture. On the whole, there can be little doubt that he was pleased. Perhaps that is a conclusion made in self-defense, but at any rate the day after, he asked how the pictures came out, and from that you can draw your own conclusions. His attitude while being interviewed was nothing more than pleasant courtesy. Having decided upon that point, the interviewer took the awful plunge.

"How does it feel to be able to swim faster than any other man on earth?" was the way it was put, with a great deal of proper awe.

It took considerable time for him to get it in that light.

"I don't notice anything different," he said finally, with a smile that appealed for not saying anything more original.

"Do you appreciate just what it signifies—to have beaten all other men over three distances?"

Duke was impervious to hero worship. It ran off him like water off a duck's back. He smiled and if was again an apologetic smile because he could not answer this—he simply couldn't hold up his end of the conversation at all in this regard.

Dressed in his extraordinary clothes, meaning to say, as other people usually clothe themselves, he is a big, loose-jointed Hawaiian boy, awkward in conversation, lumbering in his walk and entirely devoted to two subjects, one the Hui Nalu, the aquatic circle to which he belongs, and the other, to the water in general. Dressed in his cool clothes, his bathing trunks, he is a different character altogether, that is, in the water. On the land he is like a fish out of its element. In the water he is a seal, or a whale, or shark, or anything else that is probably supposed to be born in the briny deep.

His pictures being taken in sacrilegious corduroy pants and coat, he was put in his trunks and planted meekly in the glare of the sun and the sand and his picture taken a la mode. He squirmed around awkwardly and finally struck an absurd pose to the huge delight of fourteen other Hawaiian kids of the same age who occupied the bleachers and glared in the fear.

A Temporary Mermaid.

Thus he led the way out to the end of the concrete breakwater that divides the watery pastures of the Outrigger Club and the Moana Hotel and was sent into the water to get pictures with "action." When he felt the first wavelet carefully with his toe he shivered like an ordinary mortal and said it was cold. Then he dived and

(Continued on Page 5.)

SURFBOARD RIDING LOOKS SO EASY