

World's Champion Swimmer

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became like a mermaid temporarily.

He paddled around, upside down, right side up and in other equally easy positions while the camera was focused and then with a few kicks fired himself some thirty feet off for a good start. He had been asked for the fastest swim he could develop.

The interviewer crouched down on the end of the breakwater, which is two inches wide at the tip, and calculated how long it would take young Neptune to fish him out on an emergency. He, the interviewer, was still testing his balance when there was a green streak, an awe-inspiring aquatic commotion and the champion short distance swimmer of the world turned himself into a torpedo boat destroyer and started for New Zealand. He stopped a few feet away, however, and the camera was tuned up to a hundredth of a second more.

"Try that again," said the camera man.

Kahanamoku accordingly tried it.

Before the button could even be pushed, Kahanamoku was on and off the finding plate.

The second time the camera was pointed generally seaward and fired point blank at the horizon with satisfactory results. The plate shows one arm out of the water with the shark-like form dim beneath the waves. By the time that arm was back by the side the body was shot out of the focus of the camera.

Hui Nalu Always.

After his speed trials so to speak, Kahanamoku emerged and discussed things in general and the Hui Nalu in particular.

"I'm number two," he explained. "There were only three of us at first. Kenneth Winter, he was Number one. He's in Chicago now. William Cottrill is Number three. There's twenty-seven now."

Duke Kahanamoku is pledged body and soul to the Hui Nalu. He speaks of it in like manner as a priestess of her cult. To Don Lemon, captain of the Hui Nalu, he bespeaks entire allegiance with a military discipline: The Hui Nalu—"The bunch of waves," as he translated it, is church and state to Duke Kanahamoku.

Duke K. Kahanamoku, Jr., is his correct title. It is perhaps unfortunate that his preferred name leaves out both the initial and the "Jr." for that is the way the cable reported it and those mainland sports who are inclined to giggle, will doubtless take it as a reference to an island nobility and there will be much fun at the expense of this champion of the obscure little, fast little, tight little Hui Nalu who made a one hundred yards in water in 55 2-5 seconds.