WAIKIKI SCENE OF BIG PAGEANT

(Continued from Page 1)

skies, gentle zephyrs and a friendly, low-rolling surf mean anything to Hawaiian canoeists. It seemed that the personal deity which guided the great Kamehameha in all his pugnacious undertakings, assuring him safe journeys across long wastes of ocean waters in his frail crafts and made his landing against Oahu's hostile forces so successful more than a century ago, had come back to hover broodingly over the greatest celebration in honor of his memory. In short, "cutting out" the persiflage, the day was perfect.

The crowd filled every available foot of seaside standing room from the long wooden pier extending out from the Moana Hotel, to the home of the Outrigger Club. If it is possible to pack men, women and children in that space to the number of 10,000, then that number was there.

Great Masses of White

The predominant shade was white. Had King Kamehameha been confronted, at the time of his invasion, by a spectacle of that character it is odds that great great warrior's presiding deity would have taken flight in confusion and that the old savage himself would have turned toil and fled out to sea as fast as his paddlers could wield their oars. The shimmer of white and the receptive attitude of the throng would have so astonished him that he undoubtedly would have concluded he'd invaded a new country. Whether he would have "taken a chance" is extremely doubtful.

Kamehameha's modern "double," being a modern man, accustomed to the wierd rites of our so-called civilization, did not display the least confusion in fulfilling his part of the program. In the crowd of onlookers were hundreds of tourists. Rarely one of these was unarmed with a kodak. The others ran here and there, perched on all high points, rushed out dauntlessly into the water to meet the oncoming force of spear-armed natives and it is safe to say our modern hero was shot fully 1000 times. But, as remarked before, he is a sturdy man, accustomed to this sort of indignity.

Risks Much for a Picture

Kamehameha I. knew the danger of guns when in the hands of enemies. He knew the world moved, as well as some others day realize the fact. He was quick to pick up new methods of warfare and to fear novel methods until he understood them thoroughly.

How he would have felt, had he seen that frail little white man wading out fearlessly into water to his neck, holding high above his head a little black, ominous-looking box, can be only conjectured. Thinking it another form of cannon and that the bearer intended harm, he probably would have had the intrepid bather speared or shot at once. But the man shot out Kamehameha with perfect safety.

Immediately after the ceremony of landing most of the crowd returned to town, though a large number gathered on the beach around the army of natives and were awarded by witnessing the hula dance.

Other sports had been planned, but the chush of people was so great, the policing facilities so inadequate, that these were declared off. The ceremony therefore ended at 11 o'clock.

At Work in the Dark.

It was long before sun-up that John Wise and his assistants reached the grounds of the Outrigger club and set to work putting the final touches to the pageant which they had been working upon for weeks. Then for the first time they realized the difficulty of their task. The men and boys who had promised to be there for the affair failed to show up, and Wise started his lieutenants out on a still hunt for others to take their places. The Hui Nalu jumped into the breach and filled seventeen canoes with stalwarts and the lads of the Outrigger club proved their willingness to aid, for with a coating of grease paint, a malo and a flashing paddle, they made the finest kind of Hawaiians so far as outward appearance went. The Outriggers sent twelve canoes to join the flotilla.

Under the command of Kamehameha the Great, who in private life is Officer Palenapa, of the Honolulu police force, the canoes paddled forth into the very eye of the morning, back of gloomy old Diamond Head, to await for the signal to return in triumph. Hardly had the last of the canoes left the land when the ladies who were to play the part of wives and favorites of the King, arrived, headed by Mrs. Blaisdell, costumed to the full as an ancient Hawaiian princess.

Forty in Flotilla.

In all there were in the flotilla about forty canoes, big and little, and as they paddled away in the gloom of the early morning each canoe was loaded to the guards. Not a phase of the old conflict had been forgotten and as many of the features that made the flotilla of Kamehameha the Great unique had been placed aboard the canoes as could be got together in the short time allowed the managers of the pageant. There were the tabu sticks, carried by the Puloulou, or custodian of the sacred things, there were the feathered tufts or the kahilis, sign of royalty, there were the pauns or bows, and the puas or arrows, the deadly little poisoned darts, the heads made of the split leg-bone of a chicken, and dipped in a brew made of a moss that grows on Maui and Hawaii and nowhere else in the islands; there were muskets that looked like they might have really made the landing with the great chief, and there was the fac simile of the cannon manned by Davis and Young, the white men accompanying Kamehameha, which drove the warriors of Kalanikupule, king of Oahu, back from the beach and afterward destroyed them on the heights of Nuuanu Pali. Also there were slings made just as the ancient slings of the Hawaiians were made, each with its black and blessed stone, a venomous-looking little stone such as David might have used to slay his Goliath of Gath.

Wise Tells the Story of Landing.

In a brief summary of the story of the landing of Kamehameha I, John Wise, in whose hands the entire work of preparing for the pageant lay, said this morning while he waited for the coming of the canoes:

"It was in 1795 that Kamehameha landed here. He had been King of Hawaii island, and had just proved victor of Maui in a hard-fought battle, near Wailuku. Fortunately for him, he had surprised and captured the sloop Snow, commanded by the son of Captain Metcalf, of the schooner Ellinore, and with her managed to get hold of two cannon and a number of muskets. These won his fight for him.

"With him were his five wives and the following chiefs, all heads of districts of Hawaii: Keaweaheula, represented this morning by Keaweamahi, the commander in chief of the army, under the king; Chief Keeaumoku, represented by Kauhi; Kameeiamoku, represented by Haumea; Kamanawa, represented by Kealohapauole; Kaleipaihole, represented by Kulewa and Keaweokahipona, represented by Lilikalani. Also there was Chief Keanu, a widely traveled chief, who had been in China and up on the northwest coast.

"This last chief proved a traitor to his king, quitting him on the island of Maui and coming on here to Oahu with five thousand of his own followers. Keanu's wife, over whom the trouble is said to have arisen, remained faithful to Kamehameha, and Keanu was the first to fall in the battle on the sands here. The white man, Young, shot him down at the command of the King, with the first bullet that was fired. After the landing here the Oahuans ran into the mountains, frightened by the cannon and the muskets, and were easily beaten by Kamehameha in the fight at the Pali that followed."

Kukailimoku Lands First.

Just about that time the canoes, which had been hanging about in the offing, as they say in the sailor books, began coming inshore. They were headed by the canoe bearing the representative of the ancient Kahuna, or priest, who, sitting majestically in his seat, with red headcloth of his rank showing a vivid patch against the blue of the sea and the sky, came sweeping on the sands, where he sprang out, and siezing a handful, began the formal incantation of his creed, asking the blessing of the Feather God, Kukailimoku, or to give the translation, "God Who Siezed All the Land," on the undertaking of the monarch in the following canoe.

Kamehameha was standing, majestic, a king in all but birth, in his place in the big double canoe while this was going on. When the priest finished his prayer and offering to the Feather God, he gave the signal and his boat swept inshore, with a rush of water, spurred by the strong brown arms of the paddlers.

King Reaches Shore.

After him swept the other canoes, the whitened water flashing golden in the sun, and splashing a feathery spray over the waving feathers, and the great yellow cloaks of the monarch and his chiefs. The great peieu, or double canoe crashed against the sand with a rasping sound that sent a shiver down the spines of the more imaginative among the crowds, the king stepped out, waded through the glittering wavelets to the beach and the pageant was over, save for the marching and counter marching before the winking eyes of the cameras.

It was a maze of color, a delight to the eye, and appeal to the art sense: this pageant of Kamehameha the Great. That being so, it seems almost unfair to touch upon the shortcomings inseparable from such an affair, given for the first time. That there were some such it can not be denied. More canoes were needed, and more room—far, far more room. Also, in future will it be necessary to handle the crowds in some better manner than the slipshod, hit-or-miss methods used this morning. It was not the fault of the police so much as the insurmountable difficulties presented by the grounds selected for the pageant. There was no room to move, and when the hula dances started after the landing, camera men, and a few, far too few by comparison, packed into a dense oval shaped mass, shutting out the view of thousands that stood impatient on the outer rim unable to see what was going on.

Already plans are being laid for next year and the undoubted success of this morning's pageant have made it certain that it will be attempted on a far freater scale in 1914. Said John Wise this morning after the pageant: "I am tickled at the way things went after all our troubles. Next year if I shold be in charge of affairs again, I should want to begin a month earlier for the work of preparing the canoes and drilling the crews. Also I would suggest right now, that if the pageant is given in 1914 we give the entire historical story. Let us have some of the Oahu warriors on the beach, armed and dressed in strict loyalty to the costume of the period. Let there be a mimic battle, with the first of the canoes, the firing of the canon and muskets and the throw of the poisoned darts. Then the Oahu warriors can break back for the hills and the landing of Kamehameha can take place, exactly as it did one hundred and eighteen years ago."

HEAVY ROLLERS SWAMP KAMEHAMEHA'S CANOES

KAMEHAMEHA the Great suffered heavily in the surf this morning when he made his second attack on Oahu. The big breakers outside the reef proved too mighty for four of the smaller canoes and they came dragging in to land after the pageant was over, the hula danced and the crowd dispersed. No one was hurt and the canoes themselves, save for the wetting inside and out, went scathless.

* * *

A silver dollar with a postage stamp on one side and address on the other, was sent by parcel post from San Francisco to Evansville, Ind.