

Coral Picking Bee of Outriggers Is Huge Success

Submarine Menace To Tender
Toes of Man and Maid Re-
moved From Depths By Three
Hundred Pairs of Eager Hands

The coral in front of the Outrigger Club at the Waikiki beach went a-flying yesterday. Three hundred hands reached for it, dived for it, scrambled and wrestled for it, and, aye—even bled for it!

For it was coral picking time at the Outrigger. Enough coral was gathered from the bathing area of the beach to build a house. Enough bottles of various kinds, but mainly of the soda-pop kind, were found and brought to the surface to supply a soda water factory for an appreciable time. While the three hundred volunteer coral pickers were searching for coral, they found almost everything imaginable, from a corset and a hot water bag to a pair of boxing gloves.

So all that glitters on the bottom of the sea is not coral. This was one mystery of the deep uncovered by the three hundred workers yesterday. Another way may be reduced to these words and phrases: When you go picking coral be sure to wear heavy gloves, because coral, though of innocent and delicate hue, has the capacity of inflicting painful little cuts. It is rater vicious in this respect.

Many a brave pair of hands went home last evening hors de combat. They looked as if they had been patting a piece of cactus that didn't want to be patted. But at all events, they had the satisfaction of knowing they got the best of the coral even if the coral did take military measures of retaliation. And of course, they got the best of the soda-pop bottles not to speak of the discarded corset, the hotwater bag and the boxing gloves which had found society under water rather decomposing.

Henceforth the beach at Waikiki, or that portion of it in front of the Outrigger Club, should be safe for the dove-like feet of any debutante. She may tread or trip, or flit or flop through the waves, without fear of making her toe think she is blindfolded. All those venerable coral rocks that one has, month in and month out, with the precision of a religious rite, bumped into as a painful prelude to the desperate swim for deep water, are no more. How many toes, maidenly and manly, have tried their prowess against some of the favorite deposits of coral removed yesterday, involves a calculation based on too many years and toes to be undertaken here, but undeniably the number was great.

Gone now are these old guards of the coral, pleasantly associated with so many swimming parties. The army of three hundred, made up of members of the club and guests of the Moana Hotel moved them between nine o'clock yesterday morning and five o'clock in the afternoon.

H. B. Campbell, president of the club, was delighted with the spirit and success of the day. It was the first affair of its kind ever undertaken by the Outrigger. Others will probably be given later.