

Grayson's SCOREBOARD

(The following was written by Harry Grayson, sports editor of the NEA service, before he reached Hawaii recently. His syndicated articles, usually printed in about 860 newspapers throughout the country, are being received by The Star-Bulletin, a member of Newspaper Enterprises association, by regular mail. As more yarns on the Pineapple Bowl classic and local sports are received this newspaper will print 'em. Mr. Grayson, with his wife and son, returned to the mainland January 3.)

By HARRY GRAYSON
NEA Service Sports Editor

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—I was in a football dilemma until A. H. Vieira yanked me out of it—kerplunk!

Would I be interested in seeing the Rainbows of the University of Hawaii tackle the Fresno State Bulldogs in the third annual Pineapple Bowl classic in Honolulu come New Year's afternoon?

Well, there was a lot to be considered. This being a sports writer is a hard life. In the first place, I would have to pack up and leave at a moment's notice winter sports adjacent to Cleveland and New York.

To reach the famous archipelago, I would have to travel 3,000 miles on the plush of a lounge car, and another 2,000 miles on the luxury liner, Matsonia.

But the game, said Vieira, who happens to be president of the Honolulu Junior Chamber of Commerce, required my presence.

So did Fresno State. I made up my mind, after an extensive investigation brought out that the Bulldogs journeyed 10,000 miles to keep their appointments with the Healani Athletic club on Christmas Day and the Hawaii Rainbows on New Year's Day.

They arrived on the islands via Little Rock, Ark., where they warmed up for the invasion of hula hula land by dropping a 13-0 decision to Arkansas State.

If a trip to Arkansas affects the Bulldogs like that what will happen to them when the Roaring Rainbows get hold of them where the balmy breezes blow—on or off sea legs and with or without mid-year examinations?

But to get back to my decision to visit Honolulu. I at once sensed that Fresno State needed a press agent much more than a booker and travel bureau chief.

And when Vieira brought in that part about the parade of floral floats, adorned by the territory's outstanding Polynesian beauties, he had a deal.

Fresno State, coached by Rabbit Bradshaw, the old Nevada tailback, isn't as bad as that Arkansas State result might indicate. The Bulldogs won seven, held San Diego State to a scoreless tie, and for their only other loss was suffered at the hands of Pop Warner's very good San Jose State club, 14-7.

Pop Warner considers them the finest outfit his San Jose Staters deployed against all fall.

But my traveling companion on this trip is Walter Macfarlane, and he says the Roaring Rainbows, who trimmed Denver this year and who are now coached by Luke Gill, former Oregon State star, will take all the bite out of the Bulldogs.

Walter Macfarlane sounds Scotch, but he's an Hawaiian, now an important advertising executive in his native land. Walter played plenty of quarterback for Hawaii under Otto Klum in 1926-27-28 and '29, and if any fair share of the current crop of Rainbows are as big and formidable as he is, the Bulldogs will indeed find the chawing tough.

Scotty Macfarlane also promises me outrigger canoe rides, says he'll make me stand on my own feet on a surf board.

Husky Macfarlane says he is as sure that he will make me stand on my pins on a surf board as he is that the Roaring Rainbows will shellack the Fresno State Bulldogs, which is the only thing that fails to dispel lingering doubt.

Aloha.

And, as for the remainder of those bowl games—pupule.

In Hawaiian, Walter Macfarlane tells me, that means "nuts."

Note: The above article by Mr. Grayson was illustrated with a three column cut featuring Capt. Joe Kaulukukui and Nolle Smith with hula girls feeding them pineapple juice.

