



# HOO MALI MALI

(Kid 'em along)

## RED McQUEEN

### ALL HAIL, THE DUKE!

It's Duke Kahanamoku Day at the Outrigger Canoe Club today and a day-long program of activities including canoe and surfboard races, swimming, volleyball and a steak-fry and dance, climaxed by the presentation of a silver cocktail tray to the Duke, will observe the 60th birthday of Hawaii's greatest contribution to the athletic world.

Duke's natal day was actually Thursday but this is obviously a better day to celebrate such an outstanding event. Besides members of the Outrigger, hundreds of others are expected to join in making this day a memorable one in the life of this great Hawaiian, whose fame as a swimmer has characterized him as one of the most fabulous sports figures of all time.

The name of Duke Kahanamoku has been synonymous with swimming and Hawaii itself almost from the time of his first great triumph in the Olympic Games of 1912 at Stockholm where he was personally crowned by King Gustave of Sweden.

It is difficult to comprehend that nearly 40 years have passed since Duke first rose to world aquatic fame and that it was 30 years ago that he annexed his last Olympic crown.

\* \* \* \*

Certainly time has worn lightly upon him. Except that his once jet black hair has turned to silver, he remains a remarkable physical specimen and is still pretty much of an athlete.

He can swim and surf and whip through several fast sets of volleyball with the best of them. And, since he participated in the Trans-Pacific Yacht race some 15 years ago, he has been an ardent yachtsman, winning consistently with his S-Boat in the Waikiki Yacht Club races.

\* \* \* \*

Of course, Duke is loved throughout the Islands as the Territory's favorite citizen, for his graciousness and his modesty.

Despite the fact that he has been sheriff of Honolulu for 16 years and he takes his job, which includes being the city's coroner, very seriously, Duke always finds time to be the city's "unofficial" greeter, usually at considerable expense to himself.

He can be found almost daily at the Outrigger where he is generally besieged with requests to take visiting VIPs canoeing.

It has only been in recent years that he has made any appreciable attempt to commercialize on his great name. While he might have made millions in the movies by turning pro in his prime, he didn't think it was the proper thing to do at the time. His movie appearances, therefore, have been comparatively recent and of a minor nature.

He lent his name to the manufacture of Aloha shirts and other such enterprises for a number of years but it was only recently that he has made this a somewhat prosperous business. It's about time, his friend say.

\* \* \* \*

Of course, Duke can remain Sheriff as long as he chooses to run. No one bothers to oppose him any more. They consider this a dishonor to a lovable guy and at the same time a most competent official.

Everyone is happy that Duke decided about 11 years ago to be married. When he did, he selected a lovely girl who has been a popular and most devoted wife.

While Duke's serious application to duty and his many extra-curricular activities impose heavily on his time, one of his most important chores and his top hobby is in connection with the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children where he serves on several committees.

There is no way in appraising the value of his frequent visits to the hospital.

Duke places a high value on being a member of the Aloha Temple of Shrinedom. He recently attended the Shrine convention in Los Angeles, going from there to Detroit for the Red Cross convention—another of his arduous activities.

\* \* \* \*

Yes, it makes us stop to take inventory, to think that one of our chief concerns in life some 30-35 years ago was to devise a means by which to crash the gates at Pier 5-A to see the Duke in action. It was easy for a while to tag along with our stepfather, the late George Crozier, who was the official starter for all meets at the time. But the brutal gateman decided that we were a little big for a "Kid-under-ten" and he began insisting on at least a partial toll.

After which we became one of the Island's first "Little Merchants."

First we got to get in by selling programs, certainly anything but a prosperous business. But the "kill" came whenever Duke broke a world's record or beat an outstanding visiting swimmer. Wham! would go virtually every hat in the stands, into the pool. When things subsided, these kellys were worth at least two-bits a throw in tips, relaying them to their owners from the wharf rats, with whom we usually split, five cents on the quarter.

Duke's admirers, seldom wore their pheasant leis to the meet. Otherwise, the tariff was usually a buck to retrieve one of these jobs. And to think it was all tax free. We were never so flush in all our lives.

We don't think Duke realized this at the time, otherwise he might have claimed the hats. This of course, if he could have gotten away with it with Mrs. E. Fullard-Leo and the AAU.

Anyway, it's happy birthday to Duke today. We'll buy him a bottle of ginger beer and call it even.