

Duke Faces New Trials

By JOE BRENNAN

Copyright 1947 by Joe Brennan
47th in a series

New, younger, faster, stronger men had replaced Duke as swimming heroes, and that was a bitter pill. But he kept his secret as best he could, realizing that this was strictly the march of time putting on a parade for him.

Except for his reputation as an athlete, Duke had wound up with nothing else, and he knew it was getting later than he wanted to admit.

"All this honor," he used to say ruefully, "but nothing in the pocket. Medals to rub together. I would like to rub dollars. . . ."

So, he continued in his financial dilemma. He got to feeling engulfed in a world that, financially, was alien to him, a world he believed he was unequal to cope with. More and more, people were seeing in him a deep and brooding quietness which introspection brings.

The result was that Duke kept his frustrations to himself, meanwhile lending a helping hand wherever he was wanted or needed. If nothing else, it kept him in the public eye at ceremonies like dedications, openings, celebrations, et cetera.

For example, he had the honor of being the first swimmer to break water in the World War I Memorial pool when it was dedicated. The Natatorium was a \$250,000 structure, and the inspiration for it stemmed very much from Hawaii's famous son's great record.

Before the day of the event, he said for the press: "I have been informed that I am to have the honor of swimming as a part of the exercises before the opening of the meet Wednesday night. I feel highly honored at the thoughtfulness of the committee in charge and will take no small pleasure out of diving in before a Hawaiian swimming crowd again."

Secretly, he felt his old supporters had reclaimed him.

Taken to Their Hearts

The night of the opening, Duke made his appearance and, even though he had lost to Johnny Weissmuller at Paris three years back, the fans took him to their hearts like an old returning war hero. When he dove into the water, the stands rocked with applause as he demonstrated that graceful, rhythmic leg drive and arm pull of yesteryear.

He gave his exhibition swim, climbed out of the pool, reborn and happy. He had shown them some rare, seasoned talent. Then he remained to officiate and be guest of honor at the festivities. After watching young Buster Crabbe win the mile swim, he went on record for saying, "He is a coming world champion."

Time proved Duke's prophecy to be 100 per cent correct.

In that same month of August, the 28th to be exact, Duke again boarded the City of Los Angeles and sailed back to picture work in Hollywood. He wasn't doing the thing he most wanted to do, but there was still the grim business of making a living.

Already the fires were being put under the plans for the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam. Like an ancient war steed, Duke heard the clang of metal, and again wanted to go to the field of battle.

At 38 it didn't make sense. But then the big Hawaiian had already done many things successfully which, at first, hadn't made sense. When he was invited to participate in the coming Olympiad, he said he wanted to with all his heart. And he meant it.

One More Swing

In answer to public hope that he take one more swing at representing America in Olympic aquatic events, he made a public reply from Hollywood, saying:

"I again hope to be one of the participants in the swimming events. . . . I am training. . . . Take the picture, 'Adventure'; in a single week during the filming of this production, I took part in three fights, paddled a canoe until my arms ached, and swam a 440-yard course four times under conditions that called for every ounce of strength I possessed."

He still meant it. He turned to hard daily swimming, much of it in the open sea in Santa Monica Bay, some of

Don Ho is arriving via United Air Lines at 9:15 p.m. today after a triumphant Mainland stand during which he earned \$200,000 in seven weeks. On hand to greet him will be Duke Kahanamoku, who was recently released from the hospital.

it in local pools. Particularly did he labor in the tank at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

He went at it with the vigor of a man stomping snakes. He had started late, but it all contributed to sharpening him, conditioning him, readying him for the big tryouts. He found he still had hustle and muscle.

But fate stepped in and lowered the boom on him in the way of a severe case of influenza. It was a lasting thing, and he was long in shaking it. Despondent, he had to sit out the Games for 1928.

He mended all right, but was out of work for a longer spell than he could well afford. Meanwhile, he kept himself available for any picture work that might come up. While waiting, he swam and surfed at every opportunity, plus a little golf on occasion.

Unlooked-for Publicity

It was at this time when he had an experience which netted him some unlooked-for publicity in the Robert Ripley syndicated newspaper column, "Believe It Or Not," which had wide readership.

Duke had the pleasure of playing at the Rancho Golf Club west of Los Angeles proper, and the foursome was made up of himself, "Chief" Soldini, a New Mexico Indian, Herb Schiff, a ladies' garment manufacturer, and Milo Marchetti, a restaurateur of Los Angeles and Hollywood.

They were finishing up on a three-par hole of 210 yards, with Duke teeing off and needing one stroke to fetch himself a birdie. He "fetched" it, all right, for when he hit the ball it struck a low-flying sea gull in the head, killed it instantly, and rolled on crazily into the cup for a birdie.

Duke's friends looked incredulously at the loony combination shot. They remained silent just long enough to gather wind for a yell.

"Caramba!" cried the Chief.

"Holy aloha!" breathed Duke. "I got two birdies in one!"

"This's one for Ripley!" gasped Marchetti.

They felt sorry for the defunct sea gull, but the incident was so unusual that it deserved some kind of special mention. Marchetti wrote it up and sent it into Robert Ripley.

The cartoonist accepted it, and the illustration was soon appearing in hundreds of papers throughout the nation. Duke had again come into some unanticipated press relations. He still seemed to have singular capacity for being



This is what Koror's harbor looked like after typh



Relief workers distribute clothes to hard-hit victi

Ex-Hawaii Report Isles Changed Sin

By DAVID BUTWIN

He smiled fondly, and the years rolled back.

Suddenly the distinguished professor with the smart blue suit and white moustache was a raw cub reporter clambering up a ship's rope ladder in Honolulu Harbor to get his first story.

It was 1921.

"I don't see the Hawaii that I knew then," said Mitchell V. Charnley, a 68-year-old University of Minnesota journalism professor and retired dean who is paying his first visit to Hawaii in nearly a half-century.

"Almost nobody here knows that Hawaii any more," he went on, glancing about the luncheon hall peopled by newsmen from another age.

"I was hired by Riley Allen (the editor of the Star-Bulletin) to cover the Press Congress of the World in 1921. I was a fresh young reporter just out of school (Williams and the University of Washington).

"I got here a month before the congress was opened, totally ignorant of the sea. I learned about getting on the customs launch by watching the wahines going up the ladder before me."

Charnley glanced down, a bit sheepishly.

"Finally the morning came on my first story," he said. "And I missed the customs launch going out to meet the delegates arriving for the congress."

"I couldn't go out. I thought I'd be fired. I dreaded the thought of Facing Ray McNally, the city editor, who could be awfully tough."

Young Charnley somehow got the story, and many others on the waterfront in 1921 and 1922. Then he left Hawaii, took newspaper jobs in



CHARNLEY

Walla Walla, Wash., and Detroit, and later turned to magazine writing and editing.

In 1930 he started teaching what he had learned in the news business. Last June when he retired as assistant dean of the University of Minnesota's College of Arts and Sciences, he was granted the first William J. Murphy chair to teach journalism for two more years.

At the luncheon were some of his Minnesota journalism students, all Honoluluans now: Dick MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner B. Jones, Sam Schneider, Bob Krauss, off in Micronesia writing a series, was another.

Charnley went on to talk about two kinds of credibility gaps.

"No. 1," he said, "is the problem of whether we can overcome the tendency of the most important of news sources to lie to us."

Examples he gave were the U-2 and Bay of Pigs incidents. "Fortunately," he

publicized—and all without even trying.

The Homesick Blues

Duke continued with movie-making, but gradually the homesick blues snared him again. In addition to this, Hawaii was officially letting him know he was wanted at home. A resolution was adopted by the Senate of Hawaii (concurrent in by the House), which was introduced May 1, 1929, by Sen. Henry K. Aki. It read:

"We would welcome Duke Paoa Kahanamoku's return and permanent residence in Hawaii. For, by his honorable conduct and prowess in many lands, this distinguished Son of Hawaii has added much to the honor lei of the fair land that gave him birth."

NEXT: The Last Big Try.