

Miss Wehse

Cowboys, Injuns, Ice and Other Interesting Sights, Vary Journey

Mainland Swimming Enthusiasts Extend Themselves
to Welcome, Entertain Hawaiian Champion;
Sidelights of Trip

Editor's Note—Miss Mariechen Wehse lau entertained radio fans of Hawaii last Tuesday night broadcasting from KGU with a most entertaining account of her trip to Florida. Her talk came through the air as clear as a bell and so much favorable comment has been made that it has been decided to publish what she said to her unseen audience. The radio talk is printed below:

By MARIECHEN WEHSE LAU

Honolulu's Champion Woman Swimmer

HELLO, EVERYBODY. This evening I am going to endeavor to tell you about my wonderful trip to Florida which was only made possible through the generous donations of the people of Hawaii.



WEHSE LAU

On January 20, Mrs. Leo and I bade farewell to our friends and relatives and boarded the Maui bound for San Francisco. We were heavily bedecked with leis which made us very hot. As the boat passed by the Outrigger Canoe club I threw all of my flower leis overboard and incidentally took off the paper ones, too. I kept the paper leis for advertising purposes on the mainland. After I had taken off my last paper lei I found to my consternation that my nude neck had changed to orange, green, blue and black. After a little soap had been applied I was myself once again.

My trip going up was a trifle rough. I tried to play as many games as possible. Walking the decks was my favorite sport. On January 26 we entered San Francisco bay. Eleanor Garatti and a large number of swimmers, newspaper men and photographers greeted us at the dock. It was like old times to see them once again. Two hours later I went over to Crystal Pool in order to get in a little training before I left on the train. Frank Mooney was kind enough to pace me for a distance of five hundred yards, after which I swam with my arms only, then kicked for a few minutes. After doing a little shopping and seeing a few friends we caught the evening train for Los Angeles. Early the next morning we pulled into the station. I managed to get in some training at the Ambassador pool that afternoon. The tank is twenty-five yards long and about 37 feet wide. It is open air and one end is rather shallow. I guess when it was being built they didn't have any idea of holding races in it.

MISS GARATTI REAPPEARS

The next morning we joined Eleanor Garatti on the train. All that day was spent in watching the scenery go by. As the day waned so did the trees. At last when the sun was going down the only objects

that we could see were cactus and sand hill. It was very cold that night. The next morning I awoke and found to my astonishment that I couldn't talk. That, however, didn't hinder me from getting out at the stations to walk around in order to get a little exercise. We went through Yuma that morning. At the station we saw the Indian women, known as squaws, who were selling all sorts of Indian wares, most of which were made of beads and leather. The train soon pulled out of the station and continued its weary winding over the desert like country of Arizona and Texas. Occasionally we passed by numerous oil wells which resembled a forest more than anything else.

"RIDE 'EM COWBOY"

While we were crossing that portion of the United States we were on a constant lookout for cowboys. The only ones that we saw, however, were Mexicans. After a great many more tiresome hours of train travel we crossed the Mississippi river. We then boarded the Seaboard Airline Train and left almost immediately for Jacksonville. The next day was spent in watching the swamps go by. We saw a great many pine trees which were being

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