

Punahou Pool Mecca Of Famous Swimming Stars In Dedicatory Meet; Old Timers A Feature Of the Evening's Tank Competition

Stellar Performers of Past Years Compete With And Against the Youngsters Of Today; Kahanamoku, Kealohas, Stacker, Wehslau, Harris And Others All Seen in Action; \$50,000 Tank Opened for Competition Before Bleachers and Stands; World's Finest Aquatic Pool.

By DOC ADAMS

A WHITE tiled enclosure, scrupulously polished as an hospital operating room; a pool of greenish blue water with occasional ripples running before the wind; two thousand pale splotches in the shadowed background around the bowl, beyond the glare of the arc lights; a brown form advancing to the water's edge; a flash; a splash; . . . and Duke Kahanamoku had christened the Punahou tank last night.

After the world's champion sprinter came other celebrities of the aquatic world, Stacker, the Kealohas, Moses, Harris and a half dozen lesser lights.

Two thousand spectators filled the stands and bleachers and formed a humane terrace on the slope down to the pool which is the Waterhouse gift to Punahou and Honolulu in general.

The aristocracy of aquatics held the spotlight around the tank and in it. Honolulu turned out in large numbers to see them and applaud their every action.

From the opening event until fathers and sons splashed their way across the tank in the final relay, the affair was a complete success and a tribute to the arrangers of the program.

No Dearth of Material

Chief in impressions was the one that Hawaii need never suffer for a dearth of swimmers. Kids . . . Just plain kids regardless of their parentage . . . were much in evidence in all events. Kids raced against their parents, their teachers, and their classmates. Kids took part in the exhibitions and won more applause than veteran racers. Kids were the motif of the affair, and it was fitting that such was true.

The Waterhouse memorial tank is not for oldsters, it is for kids, the kids of today and their kids of tomorrow.

That was probably why the opening affair was such a complete success.

Nowhere else in the world could the scene have been duplicated. A \$50,000 structure for swimming. A night in February and not one overcoat in sight, except for David Conkling's official one. Swimmers by the scores apparently not the least uncomfortable in wet bathing suits, and overhead occasional drops of rain followed by longer glimpses of the stars.