

Oral History of William M. Barnhart March 3, 1998

My mother's father, William P. Fennell, arrived in Honolulu May 20, 1879. He married Mary Jane Liebert in San Francisco November 3, 1888. Then back to Maui where the first child Mary Josephine was born October 20, 1889. Moved to Punaluu, Kau, Hawaii where my mother was born October 22, 1894 along with her twin sister Ethel Ann Fennell.

My mother Avis Elizabeth Fennell graduated from Sacred Hearts and from the old Normal School, (Teachers College) then went over to Kauai to teach school.

My father's father, Willian O. Barnhart, arrived in Honolulu in 1884. Was an engineer with O. R. & L. until about 1893. Then an engineer with Honolulu Fire Department No. 1 Engine (Chemical Wagon, horse drawn). They had a "BED, HITCH and ROLL" time of twenty-six seconds. My father George Harold William Barnhart was born in Honolulu August 7, 1892.

He graduated from McKinley High, then on to the University of Hawaii about 1911, graduating in 1915 with an engineering degree and on June 4, 1923 he received the Master of Science degree. My father had gone to work for American Factors, in their Plantation Department in 1916. He became their Consulting Engineer which meant many trips to their plantations throughout the state and occasionally to the refinery in Crockett, California. In time he became the manager of the Plantation Department.

He taught sugar technology at the University of Hawaii in the evenings, for about fifteen years. Wilson Jacobsen of Del Monte was one of his local students. He frequently told my mom and me about some of the outstanding Indian students from the East.

He met my mother on Kauai, and they were married in Honolulu on July 28, 1919. I entered this world on August 23, 1920. The stork having dropped me off at the Kauikeolani Children's Hospital (now the Rehabilitation Center of the Pacific) on Kuakini Street.

I attended Lincoln School and St. Louis High School, as it is known today. My plan was to work for a while then go away to college. Then the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 changed quite a few lives and peoples plans.

My father joined the Outrigger Canoe Club around 1918 and was elected to the Board of Directors about 1923 and became President in 1935. It seemed to me that every time he went down to the Club on weekends, it was to make repairs to some part of the Club that was in need of repairs, carpentry, plumbing or electrical, they could do it all. I remember one project that members of the Board, and others took on, was the rewiring of the picnic area. That took several weekends. If you did something like that in this day you would have inspectors checking out every move you made.

Week days he would go down to the Club after work and change into his bathing suit, go out and get an hour or so of sun on the beach, meanwhile talking with the members of the

HAC (horizontal athletic club). Then he would dive into the water and swim out a couple of hundred feet, tread water for a while then swim back to shore. Then it was time for my mother and me to get changed at the Uluniu, and meet him at the car.

I'd watch him swim out and back, making it look so easy. I kept asking him to teach me how to swim like he did. After hounding him for a long time he finally agreed to take me out to learn to swim. I climbed onto his back as I usually did, when we went out to play in the water, and he swam out maybe thirty or thirty-five feet, further than he usually did when I was on his back. He asked me if I still wanted to learn to swim. When I said yes, he took me off of his shoulders and tossed me about six feet away. I hit the water and came up sputtering, swimming my best dog paddle started towards him. When I got close to him, he ducked under and came up behind me. This continued for maybe five or six minutes with him moving towards the beach. By the time my feet touched bottom, I had lost all interest in learning to swim. I was water logged.

After that experience I would play around near the shore and try to catch a short ride, by hanging on to the rear of the canoe as the beach boys started out with a canoe load of tourists. The steersman, "Yoyo" Johnny Ernstberg or some other steersman, would splash water in our faces to deter us from hanging on to the rear of the canoe. I remember the names of two of the canoes the *Bleu* and *Miss Vedol*. "Splash" Kepoikai Lyons is another steersman that worked that part of the beach. Occasionally we youngsters got over zealous and let go of the canoe a little late and had to struggle back to the beach.

EARLY MEMORIES OF THE CLUB: My parents were visiting with someone on the beach, I was bored and had noticed a pipe hanging over the beach with water pouring from it, onto the beach. I went down to investigate. I decided to play around there getting under the water as it poured out of the pipe. I looked down towards the OCC and spotted my mother coming my way waving at me, I waved back. Finally she got to where I was and told me to get out from under water, and to get into the ocean and to wash myself with salt water. It turned out to be water that was being pumped out of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel construction site.

Another time playing in the water in the sandy area in front of the Uluniu which would be the area where Manoa Stream used to enter the ocean. Even though the dredging had cut several stream paths to the ocean there was a little seepage of water into the ocean where these stream paths had been. The Manoa Stream had come through part of the Judd lot and, the Kuleana where the Uluniu was originally built, in the early 20's. Any place where there is fresh water entering the ocean whether it is a stream or a spring there is no coral growth. (I remember swimming on Molokai with the Rawlins brothers and being told if you needed a drink of fresh water all you had to do was to find a place where the ocean water was colder. If you followed the cold water down to ocean floor you would find a fresh water spring coming up through the sandy bottom.) This was the only sandy place along the beach so it made good sense to play where you wouldn't get coral cuts. The rest of the swimming area had some coral and chunks of coral. Divers, using the old home made goggles, mainly by diving and picking up the loose coral and putting it into

floating platforms cleaned up this debris. Some of the bigger pieces were broken up by a jackhammer rigged on a small barge. Who paid? Probably the hotels.

While playing in the sandy area we kids would find something to dive for on the beach, we would toss it into the water and then rush, dive or scramble in and hunt for our treasure. While playing in this manner I had gone down looking for the treasure we had tossed into the water and while pushing off the bottom, my foot touched something hard, not like coral. With the water about chin high all I could do was to try to find that hard thing by bobbing up and down and trying to feel it with my toes. When I located it I dove down and came up with an odd shaped rock that was buried under the sand with a little coral growth on it. I took a look at it and was about to throw into the water when I decided to take it up to my mother. When I got up to where my mother and father were I gave it to my mother to keep for me. Duke Kahanamoku was sitting with them and he asked if I knew what that rock was. I said no I didn't. He explained it was an adz, and described how the Hawaiian's used it. He also said that it must have washed into the ocean from an ancient village.

When I was about twelve years old, having had swimming lessons several years earlier, from Mrs. W. W. Paul in front of the OCC for basic's, then down to Fort DeRussey to swim in deep water. I asked my dad if could go out to Canoes to surf. He gave me permission, and I started out. I got out about as far as the Moana Pier when along came Frank Telles returning from a surfing lesson, with his lesson on his board. He stopped me and asked where I was going. When I told him. He said "no; you're not ready yet." I tried to get past him but he caught my board, pushed it behind him and took hold of it with his feet. In other words he took me in tow. When we got to the beach, my father asked Frank what the problem was. Frank told him it would be OK if the waves weren't so big, explaining further that I could go out when the waves were smaller.

When I started at St. Louis, my father would drop me off at King and Punahou Streets to catch the Kaimuki streetcar to get to school. Several times as we started down Punahou Hill, I would say something about first break waves, and that a lot of kids would be playing hooky today. I was given a warning about not getting caught playing hooky to go surfing on a school day or for any other reason. "That" is probably why, when I asked for the money to buy a redwood plank to make a surfboard, that the answer was always negative. I could see the wave action from the top of Punahou Hill because there were only two high rises in Waikiki in those days, namely the Royal and the Moana Hotels.

THE PHYSICAL LAYOUT OF THE CLUB. I have prepared a sketch of what I recall of the old, old club, NOT TO SCALE!

#1. The parking lot was located between the relocated pavilion and Kalakaua Avenue. When they relocated the pavilion they squared it with the side boundaries, leaving an odd shaped lot, which had from 25 to 30 spaces.

#2. The dance pavilion with the locker rooms below. The pavilion was rented out to clubs and organizations for dances. I remember walking out with my family after a

potluck dinner in the picnic area, and seeing people dressed in suits and dresses waiting for the pavilion to be opened. In those days men wore suits and ladies wore dresses to dances. Today?!!

#3. Gates half way up controlled the stairs up to the pavilion. Under both stairways there were speed bag installations for those members that had their own bags.

#4. A small area that was used for, horseshoe pitching, and also burning rubbish. In later years to dry the men's and women's bathing suits.

#5. The gate to the Club premises, which you would enter through on the boardwalk and turn left in front of the locker rooms. This was changed a few years later.

#s 6 & 7 The entrances to the ladies and men's locker rooms, respectively. There was a sweet Hawaiian lady (Helen) behind the counter for the ladies and a young man named Walter behind the men's counter. Helen's daughter came in to help her at times and was immediately given the nickname of "Apples". They handed out our keys and possibly our bathing suits and towels which had our locker number's inked there on. The speed bags and horseshoes were stored behind the men's counter. I'll say one thing about the men's locker room, with no hot water, and the trades blasting through the windows, it was especially cold when you would come in from the beach or volleyball courts after the sun had set, to take a shower. With just a few lights in the locker room it added to the cold atmosphere. You showered fast and dressed fast to get clothes on and get warmed up.

#8. The volleyball courts. There were all kinds of rules governing the courts. One of them being that, the mauka court was reserved for the BIG GAME, beginning at 4:30 p.m. weekdays. Guys would come out of the locker room headed for the beach, and be told they had to participate in one game before going to the beach. Some did, some didn't. Sometimes there would be nine or ten people on either side. Including people like Benny and Willie Whittle's father and Toots Minvielle's father. These two guys were probably in their 60's, or older. Oh, I shouldn't forget Ernest Tucker "Chippy" Chase, Doc Emerson, and Maxwell "Pineapple" Johnson. The thing about these older gents, they all became incensed if no one would feed them so they could spike. Some of the guys waiting to get on the doubles court would warm up playing in the "Big Game". Names that come to mind, "Mickey" Carmichael, Dick and Michael Bechert, Henry "Rainbow" Ryan, Wade "Soldier" Moore, Fred Hemmings Sr., Herbert "Soup" Van Orden, "Slippery" Cunningham and his cigar stub always present, Reynolds and Dick Burkland, "Finkboner" another cigar stub. There were lots of others, I can't recall all of them. Seniors that wanted doubles competition used the middle court. Anyone who needed a good work out used the third court. The sand was not packed down like the other two courts. The post holding up the makai end of the volleyball net was guyed to a chinning bar nearby. Surfboard lockers on the Diamond Head side of the property also acted as a backstop for any volleyballs headed for the Uluniu. About ninety percent successful.

#9. This area was grassed and planted with crotons and other small shade plants. There was a hau tree near the doubles court with the sign up board, to take on the

winner, and a bench that was built around it. Some wire mesh had been tacked under the bench. This is where all loose rocks and chunks of coral that were found in the sand around the Club were dumped. Another bit of fun was provided by Bob Vanek and his father, who built and donated a set of high jump stands with cross bar to the Club. Elmer "Iole" Kraft who stood about 5' 10" and was one of the better spikers of that era, could clear the bar at better than six feet. Lex Brodie was another. Another way to burn up energy. Soon after, Charley Bates showed up with a twelve-pound shot put to add to the fun and competition.

The wooden walk continued down towards the concession. The sand beyond the grassed area was as soft as the third volleyball court very soft, and deliveries there, and to shop area and the beach services could have been difficult.

#10. Starting on the left we have the work shop and storage area. Repairs to canoe's and surfboards could be made there. Sally Hale, Toots Minvielle and others had out-board motors and other equipment and supplies stored there. I remember watching the out-board motors being run in a big can of fresh water to flush out the salt water and to clean the motors. Next we have the member's kitchen. This was used by families coming down for potluck dinners to prepare and warm their food or to use the refrigerator to keep things cool. If you were a gullible Junior member and left your lunch in the refrigerator, it wouldn't be there for lunch when you were. (Just as bad as leaving your lunch in your Junior locker, one key, a wire hanger could open all the junior lockers). There were several gas stoves and another with an oven, plus the refrigerator.

I can remember going down to the OCC from Manoa, with my mother and our share of a potluck dinner. Catching the Manoa street car, riding down to Wilder Avenue, transferring to the Nuuanu-Punahou car and then along Wilder Avenue. Then down Alexander Street, to King Street, transferring to the Waikiki car at Alexander and King Streets. then along King Street to McCully then down to Kalakaua Avenue (having crossed over the swamp, the duck ponds and a bridge over what was to become the Ala Wai Canal). We could see the dredge working on the Diamond Head side of the bridge. Next we have a meeting room. It had what was probably a table and chairs that had been donated to the Club by some corporation in town that had refurbished its boardroom. Thanks to Pop Ford probably.

Next we have the concession, which was run by Sasaki. After a while Mae a Chinese lady took over the concession. We could get ice cream cones, milk nickels, soda water, a small selection of candy and gum, sandwiches, hot dogs, and burger's. I remember my father saying that the concession had made sandwiches for the Board meeting that day. My interest in those days was ice cream, Delaware punch and maybe some candy or gum.

Another thing Sasaki did was to wash and hang our suits in the drying area above the concession and boardroom. His family lived in quarters next to the drying area. On occasion we would while riding around in the evening decide we wanted to go swimming in Kailua. Since most of us had only one bathing suit, we would go down to the OCC and

ask Sasaki if we could get our suits off of the drying line. He would check to make sure we had the correct numbers on our suits.

Makai of the aforementioned rooms, the large picnic area, where potluck dinners were held. Also a place where we could sit and shoot the bull, have lunch, sometimes on a dull day play cards if we weren't bouncing the volleyball around in the entrance to the locker room. The picnic area was pretty well overgrown by Hau trees. The beach boys used the massage area during the day. Some of the older guys told us there were naked ladies up there, so what did little boys do but try to climb up through the Hau trees to see what we could see, nothing! The beach boys spotted us and chased us away. Jerry King, was one of the beach boys, along with Laughing John, Frank Telles, Colgate, Boss Makua etc. etc. More about Jerry King later. As we got a little older we discovered another use for the massage parlor in the sun. Incidentally, the massage parlor was 12 to 15 feet above the picnic area, and was pretty well shielded by the hau trees. It was a pretty good place to view the ocean, being higher than the canoe shed. Another use was by some of the older guys that had been out on the town the night before. Not daring to go home, used it for a halfway house. No better place to wake with a hang over and a bloody nose, than up there with a beautiful view of Waikiki, and with an ice cold shower waiting for then in the locker room to shock them into reality.

#11. THE CANOE SHED. The Waikiki Beach Services or whatever it was called at the time occupied a small section of the canoe shed. Sally Hale at the helm. It was located here so that the tourists from the Royal could make use of its services. Later on Chick Daniels went to work for the Royal and took over pampering the hotel guests with umbrellas, towels etc. An occasional rendition of one of his favorite songs accompanied by his musical genius on the uke. They still used the OCC services for canoe rides surfing lessons other needs.

The beach services as it was referred to by many, was always going through some restructuring by the Directors. At one time the beach was wide open. There were beach boys that took care of the Moana guests and in front of the OCC close to the Uluniu was Mrs. W. W. Paul, with her beach umbrella that described her specialties swimming lessons and surfing lessons, etc. Also a part of the canoe shed on the Diamond Head side, was a pavilion about 12-feet wide, and ran the depth of the canoe shed. This is where the mothers could sit and watch the little ones out on the beach. This pavilion was built almost at beach level.

When first break waves came in, they sometimes went as far as the picnic area behind the canoe shed. The big waves also dampened the sun worshipers as they would come in unannounced and swoosh up the beach and wet everything in its path. This moisture warped the floorboards of the pavilion. The Kona rains probably helped. The warped floor made it difficult for the dozen or so rocking chairs to do their thing. No smooth rocking with a warped floor.

The OCC clock was near the Diamond Head corner of the pavilion.

I spent so much time slipping over to the OCC when I was supposed to be with my mom at the Uluniu, that in 1928 my father who was on the Board of Directors, got the Board to let me become a member. He was fed up with the "junior managers" reporting to him that I was on OCC property again. My two visits to the OCC for the month having been exhausted. When I was at the Uluniu in the 1920's I spent a lot of time near the algeroba tree, thorns, beans and all, which was to the right of the hau covered arbor and bench which was near the Moana Hotel.

Some of the waiters and other hotel employees attached acrobatic rings to the tree to show their skills. Some would swing back and forth to see how high they could go, while others were more the Olympic types. Rex Ravelle would have liked the rings but he came along a few years later. Another talent on the beach in that area was "Hawkshaw" John Paia, a beach boy with a speech impediment (hare lip). He entertained the tourists by weaving coconut leaf hats, playing his ukulele or just visiting. Vic Kahn told some of us he had introduced his sister to Hawkshaw when she was visiting from the mainland. While the two were chatting, she asked how he made a living on the beach. His answer was, if they like swimming lessons, I teach them to swim. If they like to have surfing lessons, I teach them how to surf. If they want me to take them out tandem in the larger waves I do that too. If they want me to be an escort in the evenings I do that too, and if they like me to sleep with them, I do that too. (Strictly business)!

#### SOME MEMORIES OF THE OLD, OLD CLUB.

Surfboard water polo was dreamed up by some of the beach boys and the hotel staff to entertain the hotel guests, while they were on the beach. There were three teams one representing the Beach Services gang, another the Outrigger and one from the Hui Nalu Club. The hotel had their shop build wooden platforms, which were used to establish the four corners of the playing area and two, to establish the middle of playing area and the netted goals at the ends of the playing area. These platforms were built so they were above the water by about three feet. They were held in place with blocks of coral set on bottom of the platforms. The idea was that the teams would play water polo only they could not swim, they had to be on a surfboard at all times. Like water polo they had to pass the ball from teammate to teammate and try to score the same way, by tossing the ball past the goalie and into the net of the opposing team. If there was an interception they were supposed to turn their boards around and give chase.

Some would turn their boards around, others turn around on their boards. Then came Sam Kahanamoku with a board that he had renovated so that back end was the same as the front. This gave him a little advantage, obviously it was easier with this type of board than the surfing board. With some of the players it was not so much to score a point than it was to disrupt the game, and have a lot fun at one another's expense. This sometimes included the referee who stood on the beach side, middle platform. Or the time someone pulled Panama Dave's shorts off and threw them into the water. He spent the next few minutes diving for his shorts and "mooning" the crowd. The hotel guests got a big charge out of the water polo games "Hawaiian style".

I remember two tall blonde coast haole that showed up on Waikiki beach talking with Sally Hale and bragging about their surfboards. The boards were longer than the majority of the local boards. These boards were 12-foot plus, long and hollow, built with an interior similar to an airplane wing. Then covered with very thin layer of pine or spruce with brass screws to hold everything together. This then was covered with a thin layer of plastic, which was applied with acetone. These boards were shaped like cigars a round front and a pointed tail with a small hole about 6 inches from the end.

Before going out to surf they created a vacuum by sucking the air out of the board with their mouth and popping a small cork into the hole. Well when you brag too much on the beach at Waikiki some people get a little jealous. They surfed well, but their big boards had keels on them and could damage another board or a body surfer. Some of the local surfers devised a way of slowing the big boards. They would maneuver into position behind the larger boards while they were outside waiting for the waves to approach, and loosen or knock the cork out of the hole. This allowed the water to trickle into the hollow boards which would make it a little difficult to handle the board on waves. I don't remember seeing them after a while. They just faded away.

There was another mainland board paddler that made quite a name for himself as a distance paddler and a designer of surfboards. (Tom Zahn)

One of the most beautiful times of the day would be very early in the morning with the sun peeking over Diamond Head and just beginning to touch the water. You could walk along the edge of the water and watch it lapping against the shore, sometimes you could see small fish in the shallow water near the water's edge. Some of the beachboys wearing homemade goggles would swim very slowly along the edge of the shore apparently looking for something. I asked Tommy Kiakona what he was looking for. He explained that when people would go into the cold water sometimes their rings would come off of their fingers and fall to the sandy bottom. What he did very early in the morning was to float above the edge of the beach in the clear water and with one hand would fan the sandy bottom. Sometimes he would spot something shinny in the sand. Reaching in he might find a ring that had fallen off a person's hand. On one occasion he found the wedding ring of friend and returned it to the owner. Much to their delight. Otherwise the jewelry might be sold to a pawnshop or to someone who was interested in buying the merchandise. Another way to make a few bucks on the beach at Waikiki.

What are homemade goggles? They could be described as under water glasses, made of wood and with a small piece of glass fitted into the front. The goggles were carved out of wood that would be easy work with. I remember watching the beachboys carving their goggles. They would shape the wood with a knife, no fancy tools in those days. As they got close to the finished product, they would cut a little, then fit it into their eye socket. This kept on until they were satisfied with the fit. Then the glass was fitted into the goggles and sealed with putty. Next they would put two eye screws into the goggles and tie them together with ahu cord which would fit over the nose of the maker. And

I don't mean, "God". After this an inner tube was needed. There was always some on the beach somewhere. Probably in the work shop area of the OCC. With ahu cord again a length of the inner tube was tied to the outer sides of the goggles so that the contraption would fit snugly around the diver's head and into his eye sockets. If they were not in a hurry, the goggles would be varnished. I can remember someone with goggles hanging around his neck picking up a cigarette butt and rubbing the tobacco on the inside of the goggles. This was done to minimize the condensation on the goggles. Then along came facemasks. Another tradition lost to progress.

There were advantages of getting to the beach before the rest of people started arriving. Among them, Mrs. Paul to give me swimming lessons.

As we grew older we found other things to check on Saturday mornings. There was a young fellow who drove a real nice Model A Ford his name was Alex. This young fellow like a lot, his age went out on the town Friday or Saturday nights. They would end up at Kewalo Inn, on Ala Moana near Ward Avenue. or at Palm Tree Inn, which was close to where Ala Moana now intersects Kalakaua Avenue. The evidence was on the table Saturday mornings, that is the massage tables at the OCC.

Frank Telles, an East Indian beach boy, was slim and had a wiry, muscular body. An acrobat to boot. He would jump up and grab the edge of the canoe shed roof and in one easy movement would be up on top of the roof. At this point one of the fast-talking beach boys would con some tourist into making a bet that Frank couldn't dive straight down and not get hurt. In the meantime Frank had done a handstand at the edge of the roof looking straight down at the sand nine feet below and could maintain this position for quite a long time. When the bets had been agreed on Frank with a snap of his wrists would drop straight towards the sand and with his head about a foot from sand would do a flip and land on his feet in a crouching position.

Another tourist attraction was the King Smith Store program that was done on the beach in front of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It was probably broadcast over KGU Radio. The idea was to have a roving reporter on the beach with a live mike talking with the tourists and giving them discount certificates to lure them to the King Smith store at the corner of King and Smith streets in town. Several times Waldo Bowman, Fran King, "Bull" Haines and Lex Brodie would get up on the small broadcast platform and provide the people on the beach with a Pidgin English skit. This happened several times, sometimes with added talent. This may be how Waldo's younger brother Kent, (K.K. Kaumanua) got his start.

They decided to have a beauty contest "Miss Waikiki Beach". They went through the whole routine, nominations, elimination's and after three or four weeks Pearl Stone, 5' 8" and 128 pounds was crowned "Miss Waikiki Beach". Usually after the King Smith program, it was over to the Moana Hotel to listen to Hawaii Calls.

About music, especially Hawaiian music, we early arrivals at the Club on Saturday mornings could walk across the street to Hawaiian Hotels hot houses where the potted plants, for the hotels, were nurtured. Harry Owens of *Sweet Leilani* fame and other hapa

haole songs, would hold practice sessions in one of the hot houses. We would sit in a shady spot and listen to some of the best orchestra music of the day. That is where I got to know who Alfred Apaka was, only his classmates at Roosevelt called him Ah Fat.

Probably the last time the pavilion was used for anything, was a dance that a lot of the OCC junior members attended. Fred Haley's band with Dick Cunha on the drums, Bob Reeves and several others, all from Roosevelt High School, supplied the music. This took place about 1936.

If the waves were up a little we would go out canoe surfing. By the mid-30's there were quite a few steersmen qualified to steer Club canoes. To name a few of them, Paul "Frogie" Banks, Don Strench, Bruce "Niele" Bush, his brother Robert "Buckaloose" Bush, "Bepo" George Stepp, Terry Carol and others. I can recall one day vividly. There were five or six of us, we took Number 3 (canoe), the waves were pretty good size. I was sitting in front of Niele who was steering. This day was terrific we got three good rides, started in to the beach and Sally Hale signaled no one else was waiting for the canoe, so we turned around and went out for more fun. One more good ride, then when we got out there again, Niele decided we would rest outside the break for a while. We hit the water to cool off a bit and climbed back in and were sitting there watching the surfers as they would catch waves about 150-feet in front of us, when Niele yelled "here's a beauty lets go." We went for it, caught it and what a ride, the next thing we knew, the canoe was moving in very fast and Niele yelled at me to put my paddle in. I wasn't even watching the wave, I was watching the front end of the canoe disappear under the water. The back end of the canoe was so far out of the water neither of us could steer. The next thing I knew I was in the water with my paddle in my hands about fifteen or twenty feet beyond the canoe which was upside down. I wondered if someone, possibly the number one person in the canoe might be stuck inside the front of the canoe. Then I heard Niele's voice behind me. His exclamation was "WOW". The canoe had gone straight over, Niele and I must have pushed off the bottom of the canoe as it went over. As luck would have it there was only minor damage to the canoe. First Break waves have a way sneaking in unexpectedly.

During the summer of 1934 or 1935 before we were old enough to get jobs at the canneries we spent a lot of time at the Club. Billy Heine would always show up about noontime. He was building a new surfboard. This went on into July, when he finally announced that the board was ready for launching. He arrived at the beach and with big expectations carried the board out to the water's edge. Along with several other surfers that, were going out with him to christen the new board. Bob, Grimshaw, Beanboy DuMontier, Billy Woods (Iolani). "Beshy" Stoddard, and a couple of others, with boards were ready, when Heine launched his new board into the water. It fell flat with a sickening "crack" and split in two, right down the middle. Within a week or two the board was patched and ready for action.

When I was young I heard stories about the Kalihi and Palama gangs that used to come down to Waikiki to do battle with the beach boys. One story I recall the gang from

Palama was on the way down by streetcar. They were spotted; the beach telegraph sounded the alarm. On the Diamond Head side of Moana there was a vacant lot with a wide sidewalk leading to the beach. There was a large Kamani tree in the makai, Diamond Head corner of the lot with a lot of overhang. Now enter the Palama Worriers. They got off the streetcar and marched down towards the beach. When they got to the beach they were disappointed there were no beachboys in sight. Then it rained beachboys from the Kamani Tree.

In the early 30's the Board decided to hire a manager. His name was "Pop" Brown. It was a rumor that he was Hale Brown's grandfather. Hale Brown being a kid who lived in Manoa and was liked by only a few. Pop Brown wore overalls and slippers and insisted on having an afternoon nap. We youngsters took delight in playing a game in the area shown as #7 in the sketch. There was a 12-inch by 12-inch beam that ran the length of the building. The older guys would jump up and put the good volleyballs on that large beam between the floor joists. We devised a game to entertain ourselves. It involved trying to toss the volleyball up into the small spaces on that large beam and have it stay. This is something that we did on rainy days or just too darn hot to play on the courts. The constant sound of the volleyball bouncing on the concrete and off the beam above drove Pop Brown up the wall, if he was in the next room trying to get a nap. He didn't last very long.

At this time the Board had also made some changes in employees. Walter was terminated and Helen was moved to an office shown as #12 on the sketch. The gate in the fence was opened only for deliveries. To get into the Club now you had to go to the window of the office, and ask Helen for your key. When she handed you your key she pressed a button under the counter, the buzzer sounded and released the door to the Club. This was to curb the non-members from getting into the Club. From the beach it was impossible to control.

Pop Haehnlén, who had been a counselor at the YMCA was appointed Club manager, because he had a good record working with teenagers.

The year 1936 and the day after Easter. Monday morning Bunt Gorelangton, Red Mauck and I got off the street car or bus, in front of the Club and walked up to the office window. As we did, Pop Haehnlén went ballistic. He said, some more truancy's, I'm going to call the truant officer and let him know there are about forty kids from Roosevelt down here with an extended vacation. I finally convinced him that St. Louis was on vacation that week. When we got into the Club, sure enough the volleyball courts were buzzing. I told the gang what Pop had said and they decided that they would be ready. They put a lookout up on the upper deck to watch for a car with Territorial license plates. Finally the truant officer was seen entering the parking lot. By the time he got to the office there were only three people in sight, Bunt, Red and myself. When the truant officer went out to the beach he found that two of the larger canoes and two or three small canoes were out in the water loaded with the truancy's and the rest of them were on surf boards about a hundred feet from the beach. I wouldn't be sure but maybe Maylien (Woodside) Grosjean was one of them, she was a member in those days and still is today.

The truant officer told me to get a canoe so he could go out and arrest them all. I told him I was not qualified to steer a Club canoe. He finally left much to the relief of the truancies. It was probably lunchtime by then anyway. Tommy Arnott told me the he and Phil Buese were surfing at Poplars that day. Noticing the strange behavior of the kids in front of the OCC, they decided to come back to the Club another way.

Earlier I mentioned "Black" Jack Ackerman. He and a small group, some of whom were, Lloyd Conklin, Chuck Johnson, two or three others would play cards on the Club premises. After a time it was small change. That's when Pop Hanhelen would break up the games. Finally they started going over to the hotel property. There was lots of room in the foliage around the Royal grounds. They would climb over the wooden fence until they discovered a plank that could be pushed aside, then they slipped through and disappeared into the shrubbery. When Pop couldn't find them on the Club property after seeing them check into the Club. He suspected they were over on the hotel property, and would go looking for them there and break up the game.

When we had saved up enough cash, we would walk down to Unique Inn for Hawaiian food, also a good place from which to watch the surf. Unique Inn was past Aoki's store on the Mauka side of Kalakaua Avenue between Ohua Avenue. and Paoakalani Avenue. Then next to Unique Inn was Sea View Inn. They served a regular restaurant menu. Closer to the OCC at the corner of Kalakaua and Liliuokalani Avenue. was the Giant Malt Shop. Lunch for twenty-five cents; some of us ordered a giant malt, fifteen cents and a grilled cheese sandwich, ten cents. The malt, a quart size and thick, was served with two waxed straws, and no spoon. You had to struggle for ages to get it all down. The straws would collapse on you if you tried to drink in a hurry and you would end up with an "ice cream" headache. For desert after these trips, outside the OCC boundaries, we would stop by the Moana and look for dates under the trees in front of the hotel. I know there are Royal Palms there now. We used to see Ox on duty greeting the tourists as they arrived at the Moana.

#### CHANGES COMMING FOR THE OCC.

While my father was on the Board of Directors during the 30's we heard a lot at dinnertime about the condition of the Club buildings. Being in sad shape, termite damage, dry rot, and the possibility of having the buildings condemned, and trying to renew our lease with the Hawaiian Hotels Inc. who we were sub-leasing from. Then came Walter Macfarlane. As president of the OCC he carried on what had been started by the Board, with added zeal, and new approaches to the problems at hand. Bill Kea, who worked for Hawaiian Telephone (Mutual Telephone) in those days, was approached by Walter Macfarlane to see if he could interest people working at the phone company in joining the OCC. When Bill gave Walter Mac a list of names and checks, Walter Mac asked; "what about you, Bill"? This is how Bill Kea joined the Club. Pat Olds told me that he joined because they were doing the same at Hawaiian Electric. A Mr. Shipp was hired to go out into the business community to try and sell memberships to the OCC. In short they were trying everything possible.

Around 1937 or 1938 several of the beach boys decided they were going to the Maui fair an annual event in Wailuku, Maui. They figured they could save money if they went up by canoe. They did it despite the fact that the Coast Guard was out to stop them. They made it to Maui, via, Molokai and Lanai. The 10 horsepower outboard motor kept conking out on them. When the motor went out they paddled and bailed until Sally Hale or Tommy Kiakona (the old gray mare) got it going again. The other two on that trip were Harry Robello and Billy Daniels. Harry told me recently that if they had the canvas covers like the Molokai paddler's do today it would have been a lot easier. They got to Wailuku only to be greeted by the Coast Guard who told them they were not going back in that canoe, which happened to be the Ka Mo'i. T. Dan Topping came to their rescue and put up the money to send them back to Honolulu in comfort by (IISN) Inter Island Steam Navigation Co. Those were the days! Guys that gave \$1,000.00 tips when they departed the Islands.

Elmer Lee and his brother received permission to erect a grass shack near the Beach Services and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel beach entrance. The shack was approximately 6-foot by 10-foot. They had small Hawaiian artifacts (made in Japan) and some made in Hawaii. The brothers had a refrigerator in which they stored freshly husked coconuts. For a price they would give the tourists a taste of coconut water or of coconut meat. Spoon meat or the chewable type. Elmer and his brother were usually dressed in a white shirt and trousers with a red sash around their waists, and barefooted.

In 1939 or 1940 a gang of Aussies arrived at Waikiki Beach. They were the elite lifeguards from the Australian beaches. Duke having made trips to Australia had interested them in coming to Waikiki. They brought two of their whale boat type rescue boats, six or eight oars and the long steering oar and, several crews. They also brought along their swimmer and reel teams. They put on several demonstrations at our beaches one at Waikiki, Sandy Beach and also at Makapuu. These guys were fearless. They would run their boat down to the water's edge as the waves were breaking on shore and push it into the water. As they were pushing the boat into the water the front oarsmen would jump in and grab their oars and start rowing, then the next pair would jump in and start rowing, until they were all in the boat with the steersman at the helm. They went out in large waves straight up and then crashing down the back of the waves. The idea was to get out to the troubled people and get them into their boat and bring them back to shore, usually surfing in on a wave. The swimmer and reel crews worked in closer to the beach. The swimmer would put on a harness that was attached to the reel with about 100 yards of rope. I remember a small float that was attached to the back of the harness. Reason for that, I don't recall. After the swimmer got to the troubled party he would take him in tow and then the crew on the beach would start pulling them toward the beach. The big job for the rescuer was to keep the swimmer from taking in more salt water. When they got to the beach, first aid was administered. The Aussies, as I recall, stayed in the Islands for quite a while. A bunch of us hanging around the beach in those days ended up with a cross between an English accent and an Aussie accent. They also brought along ski boards. These were not like the ski boards of today. They were hollow, maybe 10-feet

long, the widest part was near the front maybe 24-inches to 30-inches wide, from there it curved upwards to a point, about 18-inches above the water. The ski tapered to a tail of two or three inches. They were about 6" thick. They were terrific for surfing. They stood on the ski and used a double paddle similar to the kayak paddles to get out to the surf and to catch waves. Steering was done with the paddle in the fast break and by the surfer tilting the ski by shifting his weight from one side to the other as you would the Hawaiian surfboards.

When the Aussies finally left our shores they left their two rescue boats, possibly a couple of their rescue reels. They also left two or more of their ski boards. Duke had one and Panama Dave had one. I remember the two surf rescue boats were eventually taken over by the state or county. They ended up being displayed down at the little park area on the mauka, town side of McCully Street and the Ala Wai Canal along with the freedom train box car that was sent to us in appreciation for making donations to the freedom train.

In August of 1937 my family and I were returning from a trip to the mainland on the *Malolo*. My father came up to me on our first day out, and suggested that I go down to the lounge and read the *Advertiser*. The headline of the paper, which was five or six days old, stated "Outrigger to rebuild on present site". So in 1937, we knew there was hope.

After several years or more of planning and negotiating, things started happening. The first thing that happened was the lockers in the our locker rooms were given to the Hui Nalu and were set up over at the Moana Hotel with the understanding that the lockers would be used by OCC members until our new facilities were ready. That gave us a toehold on activities at the beach. After that the old locker room came down and Fred Kingman a developer started working on his portion of the property, having taken over the Kalakaua frontage.

When finished, his shopping arcade was one story tall. It was shaped like a large "U" with a breezeway in the rear, which led into the OCC main entrance. On the town side of his building fronting Kalakaua Ave., the Flanders brothers, Walter and Bill, opened a water sporting goods store. To their rear was a travel agency and later that area was taken over by Bill Lacy's Photo Studio. He was a club member and took lots of club pictures. On the Diamond Head side front, was where the Bank of Hawaii opened its first branch in Waikiki. There were several more stores before we get around to the breezeway, where Walter Mac. opened a fresh fish counter with Malia Lutz presiding. After a time Walter Mac closed it up. At this time Malia came to work in our business office.

I can still remember her melodious voice paging some of the members. I remember sitting outside the business office over looking the volleyball courts when the outside phone rang. It was someone I knew, can't remember her name. (Joan Ruggles?) She and Don Avery were married later. At that time she lived up near the Ala Wai Blvd. and had heard the page in her apartment. She wanted me to check with Malia to see if she knew who had called for her.

Work continued on the OCC site. We had to find storage space for club owned property, such as canoes and club records, etc. Then the surfers were given word to get their surfboards out of their lockers. I remember getting down to club a day or two after the lockers were knocked down. What a surprise! Where the lockers had been we now see the Ulu Niu buildings on rollers being rolled across where the volleyball courts had been, on specially built rails, to their new location next to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. An exchange of land between Bishop Estate and Queens Hospital put the Ulu Niu in their new location. The land taken for the shopping arcade cut the OCC land area to about 50 percent of its original area. We ended up with a very compact but well planned club and, we were still on Waikiki Beach. What a location!! Little did we realize, but we would be going through the same thing in about 20 years, with a move to our present site. Now here we are again negotiating with the Elks to try and stay in Waikiki at a reasonable lease rent. What a battle for survival!

Finally the club was nearing completion, and committees were making plans for a grand opening. A couple of the committees got together and worked out a deal so that we could have a New Year's Eve party at the new site in 1940. We sure didn't have a chance the following year. We had a grand opening party a few months later along with the first annual meeting in a couple of years.

I have to tell you about a guy that had been a member of the club for years. He was one of those "junior managers" I mentioned earlier. He was great with the youngsters, coaching kid's canoe crews. The canoe races were held in the Ala Moana channel in those days. He graduated from High School about 1935. Went to work, and was in the first group to be drafted into the army. They were about to be discharged in 1940, but because of the world situation at the time they remained in the army. When the war started they were the first to go. They ended up in the Solomon Islands for starters then went through quite a few campaigns in the South Pacific Area. Finally after being in the army for about 7 years. George "Swede" Bates came home. Went back to work at Hawaiian Electric. He also hooked up the volleyball night-lights at the old club. The steel poles for the lights were stored in the parking lot during the war.

Then we settled into the new club. Pop Haehnlen was retained as office manager and accountant. Jack Bowden became general manager and within six months was replaced by Henry DeGorage. Henry had mainland connections, which came in handy especially when the war started in 1941. As a lot of us remember the Rising Sun "Set" on the Hawaiian Islands, December 7, 1941. Within a week there was nothing but barbed wire on Waikiki beach. Plus they had machine gun installations in our area. One being next to the Royal Hawaiian (town side) another at Kuhio Beach near Waikiki Tavern and another across from Kapiolani Park, just town side of Chris Holmes property. Which later became the Bare Foot Bar. There were many more machine gun nests along the beach. For quite a while there was no surfing or canoeing, so volleyball and sun bathing were about the only exercise at the OCC. After a while the dining room opened. With curfew at sun down at first, and 19 about a year and a half later, probably a little longer, at 10 PM. The club had to close down early so that people could get home before curfew. It

was some time after the Midway battle that curfew was extended to 10 PM. Then the club started having dinner dances, but still had to cut the partying off at 9:30PM.

Don Denhart and I offered to man the parking lot for the club. The manager agreed saying he would credit our OCC account with our pay and give us dinner on the house. All of the people that came to the dances with a few exceptions were happy to get out and be able have some fun after being shut-ins for a couple of years. Harry Nordmark was the only one to give us a bad time. He would drive in and while we were busy parking a car or helping someone park. He and his wife Fern would get out of their car, take the keys and, off to the dance. We would turn around and find his car blocking the lot access, no keys. The first two times Harry did this, Denhart went up to the dance floor and got the keys from him. Third time works a charm. The third time we didn't bother. We decided there was another way to handle this guy. As soon as there was a lull, I got into Harry's car put it in second gear and stepped on the starter and drove it around the lot finally backing it into a space in the corner of the lot. Driving a car around this way puts a lot of stress on a car battery. We learned later that Harry had to get someone to jump-start his engine. Lesson? Yes, after that, he always left the keys in the car.

Other nights of the week dinner was served as usual. Frequently there was a long line of people waiting to get seated. At that time all serving was done inside the dinning room. A shortage of waiters and food probably the reason. The line mentioned above stretched from the entrance to the dinning room, across the sun deck to the top of the stairs and down and out of sight. Some times after waiting in line for half an hour and moving half way across the sun deck towards the dinning room, along would come a "barracuda" with a date on his arm walking past all the members who had been waiting patiently. This happened more and more often. Finally the movement to form a club within a club got rolling. The first meeting was held at Bill Hollingers place on Ainakea Way. The first thing we did was vent our feelings about the way club members were being treated as second rate members while the "barracudas" were getting preferential treatment. We chose the name "Kamaaina Hui" (Old Timers Club). Not to be confused with the Kamaaina Beachcombers Hui, which had been around for years. They used to have a beer bust once a year if they could find a place that would have them back. One of the Castles had a place down at Laie on the water, which was used several times, by the Kamaaina Beachcombers Hui. Some of the charter members of the Kamaaina Hui were Buster Tribble, Johnny Black, Bill and Johnny Hollinger, myself, Johnny Conant, Bill Heine, Barney Attwood, Ed Bourke, Bob Corbaley, Lloyd R. Conklin, Walter Enberg, Bob Fischer, Wilford Godbold, Bill Mullahey, George and Bill Cook and others.

One evening at dinner my father asked if I had heard anything about the radicals trying to start trouble at the OCC. I said yes I'm a charter member of the Hui , "You wana join Dad" I asked? Negative! He said you guys are going to have more trouble than you can handle. Little did he know there were people on the board and some other influential people in town (members of the OCC) that felt the same way. The membership grew in

excess of 60 members, with more wanting to join. We were selective at first because we were trying to establish a club for members first, at the OCC. If you didn't share those thoughts, see you later alligator! After that was achieved our Hui became more of a social club. The Hui had a policy that any Hui member that was elected to the Board of Directors of the OCC would automatically become an Honorary Member of the Hui as long as he was on the OCC Board. After we out grew Bill Hollingers place for meetings and became social, we had meetings in different places. Trader Vies on King and Ward. We also had quite a few meetings at the Willows on Hausten St. Dinner there, was always with an abundance of fresh salad. Another place was Bill Hollingers new home on Makaniolu Place, in Kuliouou. Close to where the Mt. Terrace Condo is now. Bills place was on a canal, where we had a terrific outdoor party. Lots of times when we had parties like this the OCC would cater the party for us. Another party was held at the Skeet Swan home in Manoa at the top of Komaia Dr., this like most of the Hui parties, was a blast. Wherever we could, we transported Anzai's Banzai with us. It didn't happen very often. Then there was the time we had a Luau in Punaluu and a bunch of us went down the night before. About six of us went down with Mahat. Dick Bowen picked up several guys Johnny Conant, a couple of others including Dick Blomfield, who had been discharged from the navy that day. Dick Bloomfield had been celebrating before Bowen picked him up still in uniform gas mask and all. Half way up Nuuanu Valley he decided that he had worn the uniform long enough. He started by throwing his hat out of the car, then the gas mask, then he started ripping the rest of his clothes off and throwing everything out of the car. He arrived at Punaluu in his shorts, T shirt and black socks the rest had been disposed of. As they went past Kualoa Airfield Bowen turned left onto the metal airstrip, stepped on the gas, opened up his straight pipes and roared down the runway. The poor G.I.'s still on duty came flying out of their quarters wondering if the war had started again. Bowen et al, arrived at Punaluu about 8:30 PM. Johnny Hollinger and his wife came down in the evening with well-marinated goat meat. Gee but that stuff was tough no matter how long or how short a time you cooked it. But at any rate the luau the next day was booming success. Another time we had a party at Kaneohe Yacht Club. Buddy Mikacs took his boat down to Kaneohe for this one, and tied up to their pier. The wind shifted and the Yacht Club officials had to call Buddy to get down there and change his moorings. The usual Hui Party. Fun, fun! On the way home Mahat Lyman smelled something weird and pulled into a service station to check his car out and found some clown had put an eel on his engine block. One more Hui party. OR&L train from Honolulu around Kaena Pt. to Waialua Fresh Air Camp. The keg of beer we took along was so shook up by the time we got it off the train and into a tub with more ice. All we got for quite a while was a half an inch of beer and the rest foam. And no straws! As the afternoon wore on a group of us were sitting around a picnic table watching the Thomas, Tommy and Rusty swimming, when Charlotte Attwood screamed sharks and sure enough there they were two fins sticking out of water 10 to 12 inches. We started yelling, whistling and waving for them to come in, they waved back and the sharks continued on towards Kaena Pt. We had several Hui parties at Kalama Beach Club. That was a perfect set up, they had a walk in refrigerator. I could have the beer delivered a day or two early

and Bill Heine and I would put it into a tub and pile ice right to the top. Perfect pour every time. Nothing like experience!.

Soon after the war started we had two very strong Southwest storms. After each of these there were thousands of orange and grapefruit halves all over the beach plus all the seaweed that usually washes up during this kind of storm. God, what a stench! The barbed wire didn't help with the cleanup of this intrusion. After a couple of years the barbed wire started to thin out and surfboards and canoes were allowed to go out under strict rules. Everything and everybody had to be out of the water by sun down. There were several occasions when surfers would wait for the next set of waves. These were war conditions that we were living under in those days. The military didn't let us forget it either. On several occasions I can remember several surfers out waiting for that last big wave. Within 3 to 4 minutes after the sun had disappeared behind the horizon the two 30 cal. Machine guns I mentioned earlier would start shooting over the heads of the surfers and about a minute later the 50 cal. would chime in. By the time the 50 cal. joined in, the surfers had gotten the message and were paddling in with their heads close to their boards. A few were lucky and caught waves. Did they stand up? No way! They remained prone until they hit the beach, grabbed their boards and ran up the beach and out of site. The only problem in those early days, the barbed wire had gates through it for swimmers, surfer's etc., to get to and from the beach. No, not swinging gates. These gates were made of logs and barbed wire. There is a picture of one in the rear of the OCC bar next to the steps leading out of the bar. Those gates were closed at sundown by the military and as the war progressed the gates were closed by the property owners. Obviously the gates had been left open for the surfers by the G.I.'s who were probably laughing at them as they ran from the beach.

Another time I was recuperating from a sinus operation. I was down at the beach with strict instructions from my doctor to take it easy just to inhale the clean air. I was sitting up on the sundeck looking out at the water, when suddenly "Boom", then another and another. It sounded so close, that some of us thought we could feel a little concussion. Then we figured they were firing their big guns from Diamond Head. To close for comfort, and scary. Then we spotted what they were firing at. It was a large wooden crate floating half submerged just outside the breakwater in front of the Royal. That would put it about 150 to 175 feet from the beach. As a youngster I had the opportunity to watch the shore guns at Ft. DeRusse as they fired at targets being towed a mile out to sea at night. That was quite impressive. This show being put on by the Military right in our own front yard was awesome. Some of the rounds would hit and explode under water and quite a few would ricochet off the water and land way out in blue water. They must have fired 30 to 40 rounds. Oh yes, they busted up the crate pretty well. Scraps of it washed up on the beach in front of the Royal later that day..

I was waiting for some of my friends, standing outside the manager's office looking out to the beach between the surfboard lockers and where the beach services office was to the right. I heard a snort and turned to see Blue Makua standing there glaring at Henry DeGorage our manager who was standing below talking with Edwin North McCleen. Knowing there was no love lost between Henry and Blue and Blue being a little under the weather. I knew if something happened I couldn't stop it. I suggested to Blue that we walk out on the beach to see the waves. The next time I saw Blue on the beach and he came up and thanked me for getting him out on the beach and away from temptation. He said if he had hit Henry D. he would have been in trouble. This episode must have taken place in late 1941. A lot of the beach boys ended up getting essential war jobs. I know Simion Aylett, "Kalakaua" was working on a pile driving rig, his lack of hearing after the war was proof of abuse to his hearing. Anzai our bar tender went to work for the Engineers up at Punahou School. Ono replaced Anzai at the OCC. Jerry King worked at Pearl Harbor. A story about him later. Turkey Love was drafted. He was given a desk job and worked his way up to a 6 stripper. When he was discharged he was making about \$44.00 mo. After being discharged he was offered about \$160.00 mo. to do the same job as a civilian. He tried it for a while. Within four months he was back on the beach. I remember Mahat, an old time member of the club. He seemed to disappear completely. We didn't know whether he had been killed on December 7th or not. Finally about four and a half months later Mahat (Carl B. Lyman) showed up at the club. He worked at Pearl Harbor in the ship repair shop. He said they had been working 12 to 18 hours a day since the start of the war. All shipyard workers were called in to work that memorable day. Some were strafed and killed as they tried to get to work. Towards the end of the war some of the beach boys started showing up at the beach in the afternoons. Job pressure was slacking off. It seemed like the day after the Japanese surrendered they were all back. A little exaggerated, but it was good to see them back. I worked at Hawaiian Electric and had the chance to see what happened at a lot of shops. Early in the week, following the attack, we were told to get ready. Electric motors of all kinds and sizes were heading for our shop. We ended up with the same situation. Also frozen to our jobs.

At the club we had the pleasure of meeting some real characters. Some being pilots, they would do fly buys dipping their wings as they would go by. We had a real scare one afternoon when a B17 decided to fly by at about 200' or 250', he followed the shoreline as he came around from the Elks Club direction towards us. As he came past the OCC about 100 yards out we thought sure he wasn't going to make it. He was low and it looked as though he would hit the coconut trees in the property next door to the Royal. He managed to lift his right wing enough to clear the trees then dropped out of sight. Pilots that were at the club that day and saw what happened said that crew on the B17 were very lucky and not to smart.

I remember quite well a group of Dutch Pilots. They were headed for the South Pacific and had about a month's furlow at the club. They drank nothing but gin and tonic, claiming that the tonic water was necessary for them to survive the war. They were more afraid of getting malaria than getting shot at. One Saturday they told us they had to put in some flying time the next day and that they would come by about 2:00 PM. On Sunday we got upstairs a little before the ETA of the Dutch Pilots. Someone saw something on the horizon; we looked out in the direction they were pointing. It looked like three rulers just above the horizon. The three rulers got bigger, then they turned into 3 B26's flying very, very low. Some of the surfers got off of their boards one who was on a wave standing on his board looked as if he was blown off by the backwash of the plane engines. The B26's were skimming the water and coming straight for the club. They pulled up and went over the club clearing it by not too much, 100' or less. Some of us ducked as they went over, others hit the floor and the building rattled and groaned. As the planes went over the club the flags on the club poles were flipping 180 degrees, back and forth for a few moments, and what a roar as the planes went up, over Manoa Valley. You got a pretty good idea what it was like to be the target of a low level bombing run, or a strafing attack.

One Sunday afternoon in 1943 while we were sitting around on the grass area watching the volleyball games, we were suddenly jolted by ground shock. We were feeling the concussion from depth charges being set off by our Navy as they were escorting a convoy towards Pearl Harbor. Some of us ran up to the sun deck to watch as the destroyers were scurrying around dropping depth charges directly in front of the OCC, 3/4 of a mile to a mile off shore. In those days the cruisers and some of the medium size ships had seaplanes that could be catapulted off the ship for surveillance. Much to our surprise a seaplane was in a 30-degree power dive towards an unseen enemy. It was like watching slow motion as the plane descended then released its bomb. As they made that historic effort a large plume of water shot up into the air. This was followed by a wave of applause rippling across the beach by the spectators. On one or two occasions we saw the Lurline and the Q.E. come in at top speed towards Pearl Harbor. This could mean that a convoy was a couple of days out to sea. When they broke away from a convoy 2 or 3 destroyers would escort them into Pearl Harbor.

For those who may have forgotten or weren't here yet, everything we needed during the war was rationed or in short supply. Each adult was issued a liquor permit, which allowed you to purchase one case of beer, a bottle of wine or a bottle of hard liquor per week, if there was any available. Gas was rationed, 5 gallons per week. More if you could show your need was legit. The club was in a similar situation. Henry D. through connections of his here and on the mainland was able to get things needed by the club. Booze was hard to come by. On Sundays the bar would open from 2:00 to 4:30 PM. Bill Hollinger an executive with Hawaii Brewing Co. and a long time member of the OCC tried to keep the

club supplied with Primo. The Military came first and called the shot as to the strength of the beer 3.2%. The Primo we were used to before the war started, was a little stronger 4.7%. When Primo was not available we had to settle with whatever the club could come up with. "Golden Glo" bottled in clear bottles, was one of them. Clear bottles yes, but the beer was so foggy or milky you couldn't see through them. You could see more through an amber bottle of Primo. A lot of the volleyball players and sun worshipers enjoyed their sport until beer time. Then to the hau terrace. The juniors would then take over the volleyball courts.

One Sunday Maxie our Maitre'd came by our table and asked if we would be interested in some "dried opai" we said sure. When he brought it to us we were pleasantly surprised. It had been marinated in shoyu and other delicacies and had been mixed with limu, "ogo". When we tried to order some more, there was no more limu. You couldn't buy it like you can now. We were told where it could be found. In those days it could be found at Greys beach just a short paddle from the OCC. The following Saturday we made arrangements to have a canoe ready along with paddles and a couple cans to put the limu into. We slept in the canoe shed that night, next to the water heater. Maxie just to make sure we wouldn't sleep in, came down to make sure we were up and moving. We paddled down, got our limu and back to the club. Maxie was waiting for the limu. He asked if we were going to be there for breakfast. We agreed we would and what a breakfast, steak, eggs, poi and limu, Maxie's style.

I had better clear something. Maxie and Raymond were employed by the club and also slept on the premises during the war years. At first they slept in the beach patrol office. After a while they moved upstairs over the business office, where we used to have a ping pong table.

Another night at the club probably late '42 Clarence Philpotts, Jack Poindexter, Jang Hoggs, Jim McGrew, one or two others and myself went back to the club to spend the night. We tried playing volleyball by moonlight, roaming around the beach back of the barbed wire, how we longed to be able to go swimming that night. About midnight we decided to raid the kitchen. Everything was locked up tight. While peering through the glass door upstairs we saw someone lying on the floor near the bar sleeping. Someone said it was probably Blue Makua. We decided if we did get in we could still have a problem getting past Blue to the kitchen. Then of all places to find an unlocked window, but the ladies room. That meant we had to pass Blue going both ways to and from the kitchen. Philpotts decide to go on with the mission; I declined, so Jacky Poindexter went with Potts. I watched as they made their way into the dining area between Blue and the bar, then out of sight. It seemed like they had been in there long enough to make sandwiches for all of us. After practically giving up on them they came around the corner

between Blue and the bar. Out through the window in the ladies room. They had a chunk of turkey and a bowl of ice cream. After that scrumptious meal we decided to play soccer on the volleyball court. After a while Maxie came out and told us to quiet down, we were disturbing the family living at the Ulu Niu club. This is the same night we heard a horrible scream and suddenly a door to a balcony about 4 floors up in the Royal was detached from its frame and a sailor tried to jump. His buddies hustled him back inside the room. It sure startled us out of our wits. The next day we went to the Hau Terrace for lunch. One of our group asked for a turkey sandwich. The waiter came back a few minutes later and said with a big smile "No turkey sandwiches today you guys cleaned us out last night." And to add to that, I had seen Blue on the beach earlier and his comment was "with you guys around here last night, no body got any sleep." He admitted that he had watched as Potts and Poindexter went for a snack.

Johnny Conant, Clyde French and his date and I were enjoying a quiet evening at the club. Suddenly Pete the bartender goes ballistic. When we asked what the trouble was, Pete told us that the gentleman had been at that club the night before and had been very crude and insulting to his date the evening before. Pete said that if that guy comes up to the bar he would chase him out. I tried to explain to Pete that he didn't have much choice if the gent had a legitimate guest card. Pete disagreed vehemently! He then picked up the knife he had been cutting limes with and stood behind the bar. As the visitor came into view on the terrace Pete yelled at him not to come upstairs. This guy comes upstairs dressed in cream colored slacks, rolled up about six inches, a light colored aloha shirt, wearing a hat and no shoes. As he steps into the bar Pete tells him to leave. The tourist tells Pete he wants to talk. Pete then starts towards the end of the bar where the gate is. I told the tourist he had better leave, explaining he's got a knife and that Filipinos love to settle arguments with them when they are angry. I stepped over and leaned on the lift up part of the bar gate and grabbed the door below as Pete was trying to get out. Johnny and Clyde were advising the visitor to leave. I told him that if Pete got out he would use the knife on him

It would have been a shame to have that nice shirt and trousers stained red. Pete stood up on the other side of the bar, because I wouldn't let him out, waving the knife at him or me, I wasn't sure which. The tourist finally got smart and left. When it was time for us to leave, we told Pete to keep a cool head. A couple of nights later we walked into the bar and Pete called me over and thanked me. I told him I was scared with him waving that knife around. Pete said, " Oh, I no hurt.

One afternoon I saw Duke on the beach in front of the canoe shed. He had two saw horses, two 2" by 6"s about 14' long and a saw. He said he was waiting for some of his

senior crew to show up. I waited around to see what he was up to. After a short wait Bush, Pflueger, Rivas, and Arnott showed up. Duke told them he wanted these two beams cut down the center. The crew looked at one another. After a bit of waiting one of them picked the saw up and started. After 5 minutes of sawing his arm was getting tired so he passed the saw to another who worked at it a while longer, finally the third one of the crew finished the job. They put the other beam up on the saw horses, then, Duke said O.K, my turn. He picked up the saw and started, worked a little slower but steady and finished the job without stopping, and probably in less time.

Fuji the utility man of the OCC. Fiji did the maintenance at the OCC, carpentry, painting, plumbing and pick up needs of the club in our little Ford panel truck. On dance nights there he would be in his "whites" just like the full time waiters. He did a first class job at waiting on the tables. He had one other talent. If you were out on then beach at 4:40 PM., Fuji would come out wearing some kind of white shorts. We never saw anything like it in any of the beach wear stores. When he got out on the beach he had a facemask, his spear and a bag. He would walk into the water put his facemask on and go out about 40 feet from the beach, and there was a squid waiting for Fuji to spear it, and take it home to his wife. He always walked out of the water with the squid on his spear. I wouldn't be surprised if Tommy Thomas had a picture of Fuji coming out of the water with a squid on his spear.

Another pair of characters working for the club, Louie the night watchman and Abunta San. Abunta San prepared the volleyball courts every morning, moving the sand back from the middle of the courts and leveling it. After Abunta San had finished his job along comes Louie. If Abunta was working on the courts Louie would walk around the courts to get to his last time station near the junior locker room door. If Abunta had finished his job Louie would walk across the court messing up Abunta's job. They had heated discussions several times. Then came the day when Louie walked across the court as Abunta was cleaning his shovel and rake. More heated words, Louie walked off and Abunta followed with his shovel and conked Louie on the back of his head. Louie's hat probably softened the blow. He was back on t he job in few days with his head bandaged. He had his hat on again in due time.

Paddling season again. We got a group together, Niele Bush steersman, Cally Campbell, Gil Carr, Faxon Carr, Johnny Conant and myself as stroke. One day as we were going out Gay Harris, Andy Lambert and either Ah Buk or Nip Tong Akana were getting a motor boat ready. Gay announced that they were coming out to coach us. First that we heard f a coach, terrific! After we had been out a while and were half way to the Diamond Head buoy we heard the out board coming after us. They came in close to us up wind, and started to give us paddling tips. The exhaust fumes were a little too much after a while, so

we signaled them to come around the lee side. Using his mega phone Gay told us not to tell them what to do; but to do what he was telling us to do. Finally Deke sitting behind me said let's stop this. We did and then Gay really came down on us. When we explained it was hard to paddle with the exhaust fumes. "Why didn't you tell me" he says. Plenty of hard practice, race time is getting close. Then we see Benny Whittle training with a crew for the races also. With about a week to go were told they want a race off to see who will represent the OCC. We had been training for about 6 weeks. They had been training about 10 days. We did the race off, and lost because of a technicality too long to explain here. That meant we were out of the race unless someone would relent and let us use one of the other canoes. Cally Campbell decided to get us a sponsor. The day of the race we finally rigged the old Kakina, which was, about 36' long about 6' shorter than the Leilani or the Kakina. Time for the race. We went into the men's locker room. Cally pulled out our T shirts and passed them out to us. They were bright red, with a white OCC emblem on the front and on the back, the name of our sponsor, Y. HIGA TRUCKING SERVICE, with a Y. Higa emblem on the back and with the name of the sponsor around it.

About three days later Wilford Godbold asked me why we had used an outside sponsor. Several of us sat down with him and explained what had happened to us and the racing situation in general. The canoe racing in those days was a hit or miss situation. Organization is what was needed. He said the board through the Club Captain would keep in touch with the way things are handled out on the beach in the future.

"Small Jack" Lawrence Ackerman, through his mother who worked at Bishop Estate, received a challenge from them to play a game of mountainball. We accepted. Then came the time to play the game. Some of the guys we were depending on were busy with other things, so it was a last minute scramble to get a team together. We played Bishop several times and lost. Since we had guys that were interested, we decided to play other teams. In 1949 I received a phone call from Charley Kippen. He wanted to know if the Tax Office would be interested in playing in a mountainball league. I told him I thought we would if it didn't conflict with our HGEA leagues. Then I asked if their team was the same team we had played before. I let him know that the Tax Office team would find them no competition and suggested that they consider the OCC. He said we beat you several times. I finally convinced Kippen and Herb Keppler that with a little practice and an organized effort we could give them a run for it. Now all we had to do was to convince the OCC Board. Equipment was no problem. I had the Tax Office equipment in the trunk of my car at all times. The OCC board approved \$50.00 for the entrance fee and for jerseys. The league went along for several years with Bishop Est., Austin & Towi 11, Oahu Furniture and the OCC. The first year we beat Bishop Est. in the first round and they beat us in the second round. We lost in the play off. Not bad for a team that had just entered the league. After about 3 years, we were getting ready to kick off another season when, Chock of Austin & Towill announced that he had procured a perpetual trophy

from, Kobayashi Contracting. In 1960 the trophy had three teams with 2 legs on it. The OCC retired the trophy that year. In the early '60s Kalakaua Recreation was sponsoring volleyball tournaments out at their gym. A lot of us played in the tournaments out there. We played in doubles, fourman and sixmen man teams. I had known Hoppy Reis for quite a long time, and he asked me if we would like to play in a mountainball league at the Rec. Center. We entered playing the Kalihi Sons, another Kalihi team and Moanalua Dairy. We retired that trophy. With a new job and working late frequently I couldn't give time to baseball as I had done in the past. Dave Pierson took over in 1968.

As I was walking in from the beach through the hau terrace Chick Daniels spotted me and told me to sit down and have drink. I told him I had an appointment. He said "When you pau, come back, OK!" He was on one of trips. I went into the locker-room showered and changed because I had a dinner date in a while. A ship had left that afternoon and left him with a roll of green paper, all tightly rolled with the large bill inside and the smaller bills on the outside. After a while he announced we were going to his house and I was told to come along. I fell into step with Philip Kaaihui, Kalakaua and Turkey. While walking towards Chicks I told him I was supposed to meet someone for dinner. Chick said OK, but come along. Kalakaua, who I had known since we were in the 7th grade together at St. Louis, came over to me and told me to be patient, the time to split would come. I had heard many stories about Chicks boat day adventures. When we got to Chicks on Lewers Rd. in one of the Willard Cottages, Frederick "Dutchy" Wilhelm and his wife were there. Dutchys wife went in to visit with Chicks wife and the rest of us sat around talked. I was sitting next to the kitchen door, waiting for Chick to go to sleep in his chair. He was sitting there in his work clothes, his swimming shorts, with a towel wrapped around his head like the Sultan of Waikiki, with a drink in his hand. I looked at Kalakaua who signaled me to be patient. Later Dutchys wife came out wanting to go home. They went outside to talk. The next thing I knew she screamed and Chick was revitalized getting to the door before anyone else. I looked at Kalakaua and he pointed to the kitchen. I went into the kitchen and Kalakaua followed. We heard Chick telling Dutchys wife to go back inside with his wife.

As they started coming in the front door we went out the back door slowly. We watched as Chick sat down again. Then Kalakaua walked me past the front door and said OK, now go. I thanked him and took off.

An annual meeting to remember! Wilford Godbold presiding with difficulty. The manager decided to open the bar gratis, before the meeting, including Anzai's Banzai. Of course the bar was closed during the meeting. Too late! The damage had been done. Several of the members had gripes, including Mama Bessie Herrunings. Of all the people that were trying to present their gripe's, she probably was the only sober one. Her gripe

was the fact that the coeds that came down for summer sessions at the U of H, took over the wahine's locker room, leaving it a mess by the time the working people got down to the club in the afternoons. Several others, well oiled, had a lot to say about other things. They kept interrupting the proceedings making it difficult to control the meeting. With the Board sitting on the Mauka side of the sun deck looking into the afternoon sun, it was a tough situation. Godbold got the important business over with, and then all hell broke loose. After a while it became evident to the Board, that the meeting was going nowhere fast. In desperation he said that the chair would entertain a motion to adjourn. Someone complied. Godbold stood up and said "all o f those in favor, signify by rising and leaving as I am doing," as he vaulted over the table and made a dash for his car. It took Godbold a little longer than usual to get out of the parking lot. I'm sure the manager heard from him the following morning.

Greeting the Lurline on her inaugural voyage after being completely renovated after being a troop ship during the war. We decided to go out in the club sailing canoe to join the flotilla of welcoming boats that were sure to be out there. Tommy Arnott was a well-qualified sailing canoe steersman. There were a lot of power boats out there and several sailboats. Part of the welcoming was to be put on by Kenny Chaney who was to fly out in the National Guard Kopter and to drape a large lei over the bow of the ship. That morning Mrs. Chaney, Kenny's mother, called the General of the National Guard, her brother, to ask him not to let Kenny go ahead with the planned lei drop on the Lurline. He complied when she told him she had a strong premonition of disaster. The Lurline made it port OK. That afternoon tragedy hit as Kenny and a passenger were killed while attempting a landing on the top of Diamond Head with the Guard Kopter. Something Kenny had done many times before. His nickname was "Q Ball". Not because he didn't have any hair on head, his body was covered with a thick coat of black hair. His nickname should have been "Teddy Bear".

#### BEACHBOY FUNERAL MID '50,s.

Typical of most beach funerals the preparation started about two hours ahead. Most of the preparation takes place in the canoe shed. The last hour or so the preparation moves out onto the beach. The canoes that are to be used are lined up. The canoe designated to be the carrier of the ashes is being loaded with leis and flowers. The seat that is to hold the ashes is decorated with special leis. The guitar to accompany the songs prior to the flotilla leaving the beach is taken out and leaned against the canoe.

I looked out towards Queens surf and then towards the beach in front of Waikiki Tavern. I saw something different out there. I continued to watch the beach preparations in front of the OCC. I looked out towards the Tavern again and then I realized I had seen a school

of mullet headed our way. I whispered to Johnny Conant what I had seen. We wanted to see what would happen, funeral or nets? The preparations in front of us continued. Soon there was a change of pace then some whispering on the beach. The guitar and some of the delicate flowers and leis went back into the canoe shed and two, two man canoes came out of the canoe shed. Joe Pang and Sonny Young were the steersmen.

Willie Whittle and Philip Kaaihui came out with throw nets all ready. Willie went over to Joe Pangs canoe and stepped into the canoe and stood waiting for Philip to get into Sonny's canoe. Philip got in and sat back on the iaku. Everyone on the beach was aware that the funeral had been postponed by that time. The school of mullet was right in front of the OCC. You could see the shimmering of the water where the mullet were. Willie was so excited he didn't sit but remained standing as Joe and Sonny pushed off from the beach. At that moment several small shore waves came in and tilted the front's of the canoes up, and away went Willie, he lost his balance and as he fell threw his net into the air. It landed right in front of the canoe. All that work, and all they got was a wet throw net. A few minutes later the school was spotted heading Ewa, around the seaward end of the Royal breakwater.

The beach boys got the preparations for the funeral started again. The guitar, the flowers and leis came back from temporary storage. The ashes were brought out and placed in the canoe. This time the minister came out and gave his blessing. Then a few songs including Aloha Oe, the Hui Nalu song and a favorite song of the deceased. Then the convoy of canoes with the rest of the flowers and leis set out to sea to accomplish what had been started before the mullet arrived on the scene, the scattering of the ashes out in the blue water.

Another story about a beachboys funeral. Buster Lishman was helping out on the beach with the preparations, when one of the beachboys asked if he would like to go out in one of the canoes. Buster was delighted, as he was given the seat of honor. Right behind the ashes. When they got out to where they were put the ashes in the water, the fellow behind Buster said "OK to drop the ashes into the water". When he turned to put ashes into the water he was told to put them in on the other side of the canoe. Of course the wind was coming from that side and some of the ashes were blown onto Buster. After he finished, he was preparing to jump into the water to wash off the ashes when he was told to wait until they got to shore. It would be disrespectful to wash the ashes off out there. They paddled in towards the shore and when they were about 5 canoe lengths from the shore Buster bailed out and started trying to wash the ashes off. He had to finish the job in the showers at the club. Warm water and soap helped a lot more than sand and ocean water.

Earl "Jerry" King, aka "Oil" and "BB". When the war started Earl as so many of the beachboys did, got jobs to help the war effort. He got a job at Pearl Harbor, working in the ship repair shops. While working on the ships he discovered ballast in the ships that was about the size of small bird shot. He developed an uncanny accuracy, being able to shoot them out of his mouth and hit people 5 or 6 feet away. He wasn't a drinker but enjoyed going to parties and having target practice. One evening a bunch of us were setting up our table for a party on the hau terrace. Gay Harris came by and started talking with some of the people at our table which was on the hau terrace. After a while I noticed Gay putting his hand up to his face me if he were having bothered by if she. I looked at Jerry and sure enough he had Gay in his range.

When the Royal opened after its war time duty with the submarine crews, we would go down to the club and walk over to the Royal and sit on the beach in front of the wall and listen to Gigi Royce and his orchestra. Quite often two MP's would walk by while we were sitting there. Most of the time we couldn't resist heckling them by giving them the cadence count. They would generally walk down to the breakwater then turn around and come back in perfect step. We would heckle them again. Most of the time they would look over at us but keep on walking. Once in a while they would stop and look at us then put their flashlights on us. On one occasion they put their light on one of our group and signaled for him to come out to talk to them. After we heckled them a little more pretending we didn't understand their signals, they put the light on me and said "the blond". I went out to see what they wanted, as my buddies started heckling me saying Willie your going to go for a ride in the paddy wagon, see you later. All the MP's wanted to do was to find out if I was in one of the armed services. After they determined I was not one of theirs to worry about they thanked me and started down the beach in step again as my buddies started the cadence count again. We weren't the only people on the beach listening to the music. At times there could have been up to ten groups of people out there.

Good music has a way of attracting people to it. Example Andy Cummings and his musicians that entertained at Moki's eatery at Ala Moana Park next to where the "Lady Jon, Louie Abrams boat was moored. The Kalima brothers that entertained under the banyan tree at Kuhio Beach. Both of these groups had rather large fellows that carried a bucket around looking for donations, and they were very successful.

- --- PAU----