

GOBS TRY SURFING

As Outrigger Canoe Club Guests AND HATE TO QUIT

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Hundreds of husky gobs learned things about the sea they never knew before yesterday. They were initiated into the mysteries of Hawaii's "sport of kings," surfing, and they liked it. If anyone thought the small number who accepted the invitation of the Outrigger Canoe club Friday was a sign of lack of interest in Hawaii's aquatic pastimes, he must have admitted himself mistaken yesterday. It was impossible to fulfill the engagement due to the limited number of liberty and the multiplicity of engagements that kept the attendance of sailors at the Outrigger below 100 on Friday.

Yesterday there were hundreds of them. They came at 10 in the morning though 12:30 was the hour fixed. But "Dad" Center, in charge of events, knew that the boys had to be on the ship early due to the early sailing and he gathered his satellites quickly and started in to show the visitors a few things about "the beach at Waikiki."

He showed them. All day long the big outrigger canoes, headed by one Kamehameha the Conqueror owned more than a century ago, went out to the reef, loaded with gobs who were duly thrilled at the sport. Many of them tried the surfboards, though it must be admitted, with indifferent success.

No One Wants to Leave

It was a big day and the fellows had the time of their young lives. They could so, and they looked it. One bunch rowed out to the club from the ship in one of the battleship's boats, safely navigating the breakers on the reef. Others came by automobile and street car. Just how many there were cannot be figured. But it ran in the hundreds, and no one wanted to leave.

While their comrades were battling the waves, some of the New York's men played a volley ball game with the fast Outrigger outfit. They lost, 15-1 but took their defeat with good grace and started a game with the midgets of the club which was cut short by the arrival of Roy Kluver of the International film and Blaine Walker of the Fox News, with their hand-organ cameras.

The beach and the water were crowded with gobs and Outrigger members, men and women, boys and girls. The cameras were set up and "Dad" Center had some of his best surfboard artists run into the surf and pull off fancy stunts while the movie ground out a few yards of the celluloid.

Hodges Talks Millions

Secretary John Hodges of the Hawaii

Tourist Bureau was on the spot seeing that the films got everything. "Forty Million people will see these Hawaiian pictures every night, they tell me," John solemnly asserted. John is certainly fitted for his job.

Hodges, Center and an Advertiser representative had to stretch their powers of persuasion and assurance to get the movie men in an outrigger canoe to take "close-ups" of the canoeists and surfboard virtuosos out where the merry breakers roar. The canoes looked narrow and the outriggers small and the water very wet and jiggy.

Center assured the camera men that he had taken many movie scouts out before when waves were mountain high and rolled over diving stand so that the expedition had to wait 15 minutes before they could cross the danger zone. Hodges explained what an expert Center was and how carefully he would guard the cameras from the salt sea. The Advertiser man described the calmness of the ocean so vividly that the filmers actually thought it was a sheet of glass.

Hodges Counts Crew

Finally the machines were lashed in place and the artists, steered by Center and paddled by a crew of experts, made their way out to where very dinky waves were running. The dangers and the boarders stunted and surfed while the machines ground.

Hodges was straining his eyes to count the crowd in the craft. He explained that he was paying \$3 apiece before they could cross the danger zone, for the crew. That explained the size of the boat and its navigating compliment he sadly declared.

Suddenly he gave a start. Neck and neck—excuse us, bow and bow, four canoes rushed shoreward on the crest of a huge roller. One of them was the craft in which the excited movie men were "grinding" the canoes abreast.

They All Fall for It

As the canoes lost headway, John sighed. "I promised to have them at that Beckley luau at 4:30. Now it's 4:55 and the light is fading. And they're holding the hula for them. But anyway they are coming in."

But they weren't.

The canoe headed for the surf again. Never mind if the machines did get sprayed. This is the life—the game of games. Caution to the wind the movie impresarios went back for more of the time of their lives.

Yes. It gets them all.