



By RON HAWORTH

### **Makaha's youngest surfer**

Ken Morrow is a tow-headed 8-year-old whose nose looks for all the world like it lost a battle of curiosity with the pepper shaker.

When Ken isn't packing his surfboard he tips the scales at 68 pounds, and a 44-inch tape measure would record him from cowlick to toes.

Ken is the youngest contestant ever to enter the man-sized fields of the Makaha Surfing Championships. To say that Ken was game would be underwriting.

In fact, when Moku Froiseth opened Ken's application she couldn't believe her eyes. Could the age on the dotted line be correct? Eight? But a quick phone call to Ken's mother verified the information.

"Do you realize that Makaha can be very big and dangerous?" Moku asked.

"Don't worry," she was assured. "We won't let Kenny go out if the surf's too big for him. Kenny has surfed Makaha before."

And indeed he had. For many days prior to the contest Ken's dad (home on leave from the Navy) had been driving the boy to Makaha in the wee hours of the morning. After an hour's practice it was back to Pearl Harbor where Ken attends Holy Family School.

But Ken had a selling job to do on his mom before she'd allow him to send in an application. And Ken decided the best way to do that was to show her he could handle the Makaha waves.

His first wave proved to be a perfect five-footer that doubled in height in the space of an eye wink when it met the famous Makaha backwash. Ken was so long in coming down he missed lunch.

To hear his mother tell it Makaha will be frozen over before she forgets that sight!

### **Watches the big fellows**

During the men's preliminaries we found Ken right up front with his dad studying the great names in action.

"How big would you like the waves to be in your heat?"

"About six feet," he said after pausing to shake his head in disapproval over a shorebreak wipeout.

"What's the biggest you ever rode?"

"Seven."

"Where?"

"Makaha."

"Think you have a chance against the bigger boys," I asked.

"Sure."

The following day Ken was in the 10th heat of the Junior Men's preliminary. He didn't win. But considering he was up against surfers as old as 17, that seems rather unimportant. After all, how many of his peers could classify a four-foot wave as overhead?

The offshore wind was so strong during Ken's heat he had difficulty scratching over the hump. But he never quit trying, right up to the end when he lost his board. And like a true sportsman we saw Ken let a good shoulder slip away under him because it would have meant dropping in on another surfer.

Thor Svenson, director of the Windansea Surf Club, was so taken by young Ken he offered to take him to Molokai and then to Maui for the Honolua Bay Contest later this month.

It's a rare boy who gets the opportunity to go on a surf safari such as that with names like Rusty Miller and Mike Doyle. And Ken will be the guest of the Windansea Club.

Somehow we think surfing has little to worry about when it has Ken Morrrows on the way up the championship ladder.