

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE"

By Mrs. Bessie W. Hemmings

To all you 1950 Outrigger paddlers—boys and girls, young men and women—a very low bow and a mahalo nui loa from my heart.

Who are the champion paddlers of the Islands? THE 1950 OUTRIGGER PADDLERS! Maybe not according to Hoyle. Maybe not according to the rules of the AAU. How then can they be champions? I'll tell you why—because they represent the very high sport-morale that has always distinguished Outrigger crews—crews that put their integrity and their love for the Club and its traditions above and beyond pettiness and self-aggrandizement. You, 1950 Crews, have upheld in the very highest manner, the goal set by those who have gone before you, and above all, remained loyal to the ideals of that 100% sportsman—our beloved Walter Macfarlane. Not loquacious at any time, how he would have beamed and his brown eyes danced at

the performance you all turned in on July 4, 1950!

As confidante, mother-confessor, chaperone and plain "Mama Bessie" to the gang of yesteryears—the rip-roaringest gang of kids the Outrigger Club ever knew, I admit I watched your practice this year with a jaundiced eye and a slight curl of the lip. Just let you kids show me! The Four Dolans (Louis, Bob, Phil and Johnny), Lex Brodie, Wilbur Craw, Waldo Bowman, Swede Bates, Charley Bates, Buddy Adolphson, Freddie Hemmings, Hot-dog Hartman, Buster Ryan, Lloyd Chiswick, Curt Leser, Charley Finkboner, Clarence Ritchie, Tommy Kiakona, Noisy Wade Moore, Jackie Banks, Kammy Maertens, Roy Jacobson, Frank Bechert, George Bechert, Dad Center, Ernest Cook, Toots Minvielle, Johnny Hollinger, Sallie Hale, Fuzzy Boyrie, Bessie Hemmings, Barbara D'Arcy, Barbara Schlieff, Frances Matt-

son, Aggie Mara, Half-Pint Maertens, Dorothy Beardmore from Waialua, Edith Mowry, Olga Clark, Abbie Reeves, Maggie Bahr, Cordelia McLane, Frances Bickerton, Lily Bowmer May, and our dearly beloved Pat Koch and Betty Lutz whom God called Home all too soon—that needed no special conditioning for our June 11th and Kona races. They were always in condition. Every day they paddled. Every day they surfed. Every day they played volleyball. All they needed was practice for speed and to see

who would make the trip to Kona (and they all did!)

I know now that you 1950 youngsters are prideful enough to emulate the clean-cut fighting spirit of those present day oldsters. Since July 4th I have learned I need worry no longer—once more the Outrigger Club is in good hands—you are worthy of wearing the Outrigger colors and I know, now, that you will never let them fly low.

A salute to you from the old gang.
Carry On!