

# Surfing

## SURFING—HEMMINGS IS HOT!

The current SURFER magazine (October) contains some vital reading for any surfer or enthusiast from Hawaii and particularly the Outrigger Canoe Club. **Fred Hemmings** puts things straight with what will no doubt be a bombshell to the HSA and mainland surf types. The article is an interview with Fred by SURFER and gets right off to a 20-foot start with this:

SURFER: "How did you finish last year in the HSA standings?"

HEMMINGS: "I'm not a member of the HSA. I refuse to join. I refuse to be rated by surfing hasbeens, senile surfing freaks, incompetent surfers, or whatever you want to call them. I refuse to lend any authenticity to their organization or any others." That's just a starter, get the magazine and read the article. Fred leaves no doubt in anyone's mind on his high regard for the Outrigger Canoe Club and its stature as a great athletic club.

SURFER: "You belong to the Outrigger Canoe Club, don't you?"

HEMMINGS: "Yes, I do, and there's something I want to clear up: the Outrigger is the oldest surfing club in the world. It was founded in 1908 for the preservation of the Hawaiian sports of surfing and canoeing. **Sam Reid** is dreaming; the Hui Nalu didn't start for years after."



## **SURFING WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP**

By Mark Hemmings

The world championship will be held in early November in Puerto Rico. The greatest surfers in the world, representing teams from a dozen countries, will be on hand to compete for the top honors. Hawaii, of course, will be sending a team. Selected for the Hawaii team are Outrigger Canoe Club members, **Joey Cabell** and **Fred Hemmings, Jr.** Both Joey and Fred are regarded as two of the best all-around surfers today. Joey is the current Makaha champion. In fact, both Joey and Fred have each won the Makaha Senior Contest twice in addition to always being among the top in contests for several years. They have both represented the OCC in Hawaii in major meets in Australia, Peru, and the east and west coasts of the U.S.A. By their efforts and sportsmanship, they have brought a wealth of fame and goodwill to the Outrigger Canoe Club. Recognizing that the perpetuation of the sport of surfing was the reason for there being an OCC, we sincerely hope that the membership of the club will strongly support these two athletes in the competition at Puerto Rico.

## **HUNTINGTON CONTEST**

**Keone Downing** and **Rusty Starr** have returned from Huntington Beach, where they represented the OCC in California's most important contest. Both young surfers performed excellently and Keone was able to make it into the finals of the junior event. Despite the poor surf and overcast conditions, the contest provided another fine opportunity for the OCC to make itself known as a leader in the surfing world.

# Travel

## **KEONE'S JOURNAL—SEPTEMBER 25 TO SEPTEMBER 29, 1968**

### **TAKEOFF—Wednesday, September 25, 10:30 p.m., Hawaiian Time**

Wow! we felt as though we were free from all troubles—no school for two days. The people who came to see us off slowly started sinking in the West. We were on our way to the wide, blue, Huntington. We felt stoked by the idea that we were representing Hawaii and the Outrigger Canoe Club. As soon as we took off, the Island of Oahu disappeared—we were alone, some place in space with only God to protect us from harm. We said, "Bye Hawaii, Hello Huntington."

The first book Rusty picked up was, "How to Bail Out" (what else but JUMP!!) Just then we hit an air pocket, it felt as though we were free falling down an 8 foot wave. We wished the surf would be of good size so we could turn on and that the water wouldn't be **too** cold.

We turned the air conditioners on, full blast, to prepare ourselves for that cold western front. The sign we saw most often during the flight and got well oriented with was the sign that said "Lavatory."

### **Thursday, September 26, 2:00 a.m., Hawaiian Time**

Being vigorous, excited travellers, we were up at 2:00 a.m., to see if we could sight land even though we had an 1½ hour till landing. 3:00 a.m., still Hawaiian Time, the big U.S. was spotted. The plane flew horizontal to that gigantic rock. It was so long that I think if we had to go all the way up the coast it would of taken forever. This

land makes Oahu look like a little fish in a big school. The sunrise was so righteous—red and purple on the bottom and dark black on top. Who said only Hawaii had righteous sunrises?

3:10 a.m., we started making that turn to come in for the landing but guess what, we continued circling for 25 minutes waiting for a landing pattern. At last, 7:40 a.m., Coast Time, we touched ground. Hurray! we're here to do our job in the surf meet **but** we're not at Los Angeles airport. We couldn't land there because of the smog—we're 52 miles away at a place called Ontario. The bus we rode to Los Angeles was so noisy and squeaking but at least it got us to our destination, Los Angeles Airport at 10:05 a.m.

It is now 12:50 p.m. and our boards have not arrived from Ontario. A funny thing happened to us just a little while ago. We were waiting by Baggage Claim when a Negro man mistook us for baggage hustlers. If you don't know what bagge hustlers are, I will tell you. They are boys who wait for baggage to arrive. When it comes, they help people and are given tips for carrying these bags. Well, these men are hired especially for this job—so when they saw us hanging around, they got suspicious—so he told a friend and that friend told another and so on and so on. So then! the Security Guard came over and started to ask us questions and were soon satisfied that we were quite innocent. The "soul" brothers apologized to us.

1:00 p.m.—We have finally left the airport and now are only 7 hours behind time but with our surfboards.

2:10 p.m.—We check in at Sheraton Beach Inn and head for the surf. Boy! that water was so cold that Rusty and I went out at 2:35 p.m. and came in at 3:05 p.m., it was so cold that we turned numb. So, we went swimming in the hotel swimming pool which was heated, Thank God!!

My dad took us out to dinner and a little sightseeing. We saw the Wedge and boy, it look spooky.

### **Friday, September 27, 6:00 a.m.**

We thought we had better get in condition for our early heats, being that they will start the first heat at 6:30 a.m., so we got up and went surfing. They have got to be kidding to go surfing at this time!!!! The water was so cold that it felt colder than the ice water we drink. We stayed in for 14 minutes. Now we figured out why the heats are so short. The waves were 2 feet and good shape.

8:55 a.m.—Right after breakfast off to Disneyland. Disneyland was fun and we had a ball. We rode so many rides and ended up spending 6 hours there, leaving at 3:05 p.m.

Back into the surf. This time with wet suits. They really made a difference. We were not used to these waves yet. They were a combination of Kahana Bay, Kailua shore break and canoes.

That night Rusty's Dad treated us to a steak dinner but Rusty and I ended up having salads only because we had over done ourselves with tacos and burritos.

### **Saturday, September 28, 6:00 a.m.**

We woke up at 6:00 a.m. to go and watch the meet. It started before the sun was up. The waves weren't that bad. It was about 1 to 2 feet but glassy. Some of the boys were hot.

The beach was so large. It stretched for miles, as far as your eyes could see. Even though it was overcast the beach was crowded. There were so many people, especially girls. Girls, all sizes and shapes. The people were strange—they would stare at you wherever you went. Most of the people were watching the surf meet, others didn't care if there was a meet. There were hippies and yippies and people preaching about God (they would