

What a Rack-et

By Carolyn Skinner

A few long-standing myths are that weekends were made for Michelob, sleeping in, and that the Outrigger's forum to compete and prevail is the ocean.

But now, the Club no longer has to rest solely on its much deserved paddling laurels. Thanks to several talented, tenacious, tennis types, the OCC women set paddles aside, picked up racquet and hut ho, had a winning Honolulu Tennis League season.

History was made. We were legends in our own minds. While victory is sweet, the road to tennis team stardom was arduous.

An overnight success we are not. For the last several years, the team's reputation in the HTL was, yawn, oh the Outrigger, an easy win.

Our happiness, our joy, was derived from the smiles of elation we brought to our opponents faces when they consistently beat us soundly. We were too happy for them.

We never tired of the question, "Where do you ladies practice?"

Our opponents thought us ingenious by taking full advantage of the Club's facilities, rallying day and night on the volleyball courts or in the parking garage. We were not idiots.

Months ago, when team captain Diana Snyder called our pre-season meeting, collectively we sensed the 1992-93 season was going to be unique. Maybe it was something in Diana's delivery; she seemed hesitant, almost reluctant to hand out our schedule of play.

Reason: it was a schedule from Satan, a decree from the tennis governing body, which in effect is not a body that needs sleep.

Instead of balls, Diana passed out flashlights, alarm clocks, sweat-shirts, all weather gear, Army rations and topographical maps of the most remote areas of Oahu. We were going into battle.

We were scared, but the club's tennis reputation hung in the balance. You are embarking on mission, "Desert Stark Mad", barked coach Tracey Wiltgen.

For the next 11 weekends, our lives and sleeping patterns, were dictated by the HTL and the Satan schedule. We were sighted driving in circles around Wahiawa and Waianae, not Waialae or Diamond Head.

Every Saturday at 4:45 a.m. wake up calls and expletives could be heard ringing through the homes of Ann Martin, Mary Alexander, Cindy Mahoney, Leilani Maguire, Lucy Alexander, Evie Black,



Members of the OCC Tennis Team are, top, Diana Snyder, Carolyn Skinner and Cindy Mahoney; middle, Robin Martin, Mary Alexander; and front, Carole Wilbur, Ann Martin and Lucy Alexander.

Shannon Lowrey, Carole Wilbur, Diana Snyder, Robin Martin, Pam Rigg, Tanya Watumull and Carolyn Skinner.

We had to ask ourselves, was tennis really worth this? Laughing by candlelight, we decided it was. We were winning, we loved the absurdity of it all, and developed the kind of friendships that come from living through disaster. A great group who deserved their day in the sun. ☼