

## Add water

sional sports, I didn't worship famous athletes either.

My heroes were beachboys. There were probably a dozen of them in all of Waikiki. Those I saw regularly worked out of the Outrigger Club. Among them were Steamboat, Panama, Blue, Rabbit, Willie. They were quiet, friendly, peaceable Hawaiians who made their living taking tourists surfing and canoeing. Sometimes they drank too much beer, occasionally they fought, and often they sat together near the hau tree next to the Moana parking lot and played slack-key ukuleles and sang.

One day a beachboy took me spearing with him. We paddled a two-man canoe farther out than I'd ever been before. I watched him dive down and disappear into a deep ledge, then emerge with the biggest moray I'd ever seen stuck on his spear.

The next day I went spearing alone in the early morning, to the same place I'd been with Sammy my first day. No surfers or canoes were out yet, and Diamond Head showed dark in silhouette against a clear blue sky. A barefoot Japanese man in rolled-up khaki pants with a wet burlap sack over his shoulder walked slowly down the beach in front of the Moana, collecting *limu* seaweed from the wet, hard-packed sand left by the last high tide.

I cleaned my mask with a small handful he'd missed, then walked into the clear water. I wore an old pair of basketball shoes for protection against coral and sea urchins, and I had a new sling with stronger rubber. I had decided that when I saw a moray today I would spear it. It was something I felt I had to do, and I wanted to do it alone.

When I lowered myself into the water, it was a cool, pleasant shock. Beyond the first ledge I passed was a stretch of white sand where a school of eight or 10 *moana* fed slowly along the bottom, a few yards ahead of me. It was no more than 4 feet deep here. I dove without disturbing the surface, flattened out inches above the sand and pulled and kicked slowly toward the fish. They sped away from me, but I closed the distance between us. When I was close enough I drew my spear back in the powerful sling and aimed and shot at the largest *moana*. It missed by an inch or two, over the fish's back. The school was gone, white streaks heading for deeper water.

Swimming out, I passed over a foot-wide slot in the coral that was packed with *manini*. The slot was a yard long and at least that deep, with dozens of fish jammed inside. They must have been

feeding on something they particularly enjoyed.

When I speared my first *manini* I expected the rest to panic as the *moana* had, but they stayed where they were, milling aimlessly about, it seemed to me, as people do in crowds. I had speared four of them when I saw the moray at the bottom of the slot, far back in a shaded corner.

Its head protruded from shadow, showing a tooth-filled mouth, one dark eye, and a small, rounded gill opening. The mouth opened and closed and the head swelled with a slow rhythm. Floating on

the surface, I stared at the dark eye that seemed to be staring back at me.

I kicked closer and, just to see what the moray would do, reached toward its head with the point of my 6-foot spear. The head withdrew at once. By the time I took a breath and looked again the head was back, along with a foot of smooth body. This moray was marked with vertical bars of blue, green and gray. From the body's thickness, I guessed it was no more than a yard long.

The dark eye stared as I slowly drew the spear back in the sling. I aimed at the eye. Light-headed, heart pounding in my

## Announcing the 4th Annual

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The local awards competition recognizing excellence in design and construction of residential and commercial remodeling projects.

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### CATEGORIES

Award categories include residential, commercial, kitchen and bath remodeling, indoor/outdoor living areas, and landscape remodeling.

### JUDGING

Judging will be based only on BEFORE AND AFTER photos, color slides and floor plans.

### ENTRY DEADLINE

Entry deadline is *June 1, 1989*.

Completed entry binders will be due by June 29.

### AWARD WINNERS

Award winning projects will be featured in the September 1989 issue of HONOLULU Magazine.

The 1986 and 1987 local award winners were also honored in the national competition sponsored by the nationally circulated *Remodeling* magazine and the National Association of Home Builders' Remodelers Council.

For entry information, call the  
Hawaii Remodelers Council at 847-4666.



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# Honolulu

HONOLULU Magazine