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# The surf turf

By Ronn Ronck  
Advertiser Arts Writer

**T**HE name of the very first Waikiki beachboy, if there ever was one, has been lost in the surf.

Perhaps he belonged to the Outrigger Canoe Club, founded in 1907 by Alexander Hume

Ford to revive the "royal sport of surfing." Or was a member of the rival Hui Nalu ("club of the waves"), that Duke Kahanamoku helped start in 1911.

Ford's Outrigger group, mostly haoles, put up a couple of grass huts next door to the Moana Hotel, The Hui Nalu,

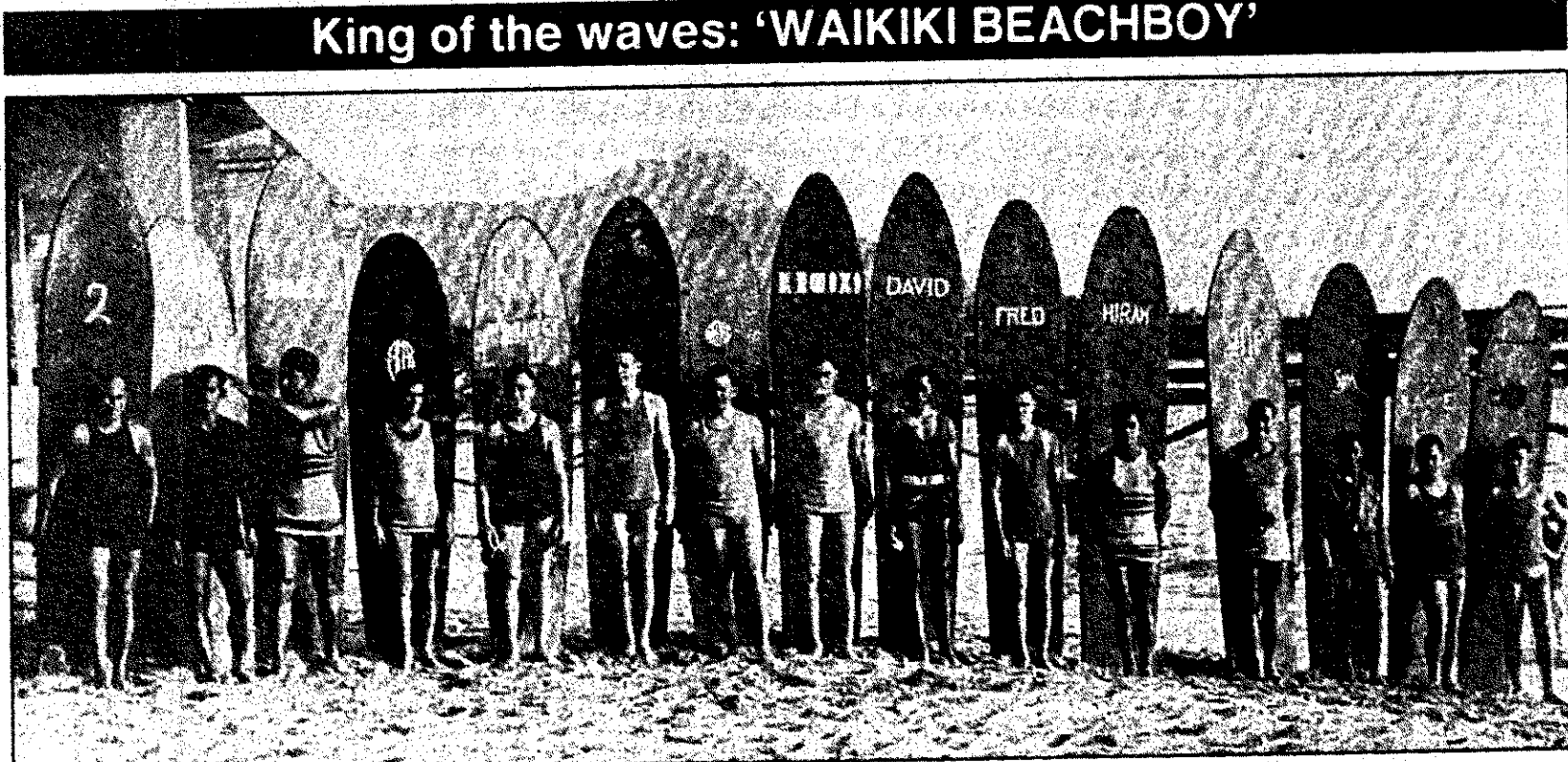
composed of Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians, didn't have a place of their own; they met at the Moana Bathhouse, located in the hotel's basement.

"The beachboy story probably began soon after the Moana opened in 1901," said Grady Timmons, 37, who has

authored a new book, "Waikiki Beachboy" (Editions Limited, \$30) on the subject. "It's likely that hotel guests were interested in water activities and there were plenty of local guys around to offer encouragement and instruction."

It wasn't until years later,

however, that the beachboys became organized. Sometime between 1916 and 1920 the captain of Hui Nalu, Dude Miller, contracted with the hotel to start the first Waikiki beach concession. His clean-cut boys, known as the Moana Bathhouse Gang, taught tourists to



**WHAT:** Grady Timmons' autograph book, "Waikiki Beachboy."  
**WHEN AND WHERE:** 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. today at The Willows; 11 a.m. to noon Saturday at the Hawaii Maritime Center; 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday at the Bishop Museum.  
**BOOKS:** Not yet in bookstores, the book can be obtained at autograph sessions or at any First Interstate Bank in Hawaii for \$25 (\$5 off the regular price of \$30).  
**INFORMATION:** Outrigger Duke Kahanamoku Foundation; Outrigger Canoe Club, 923-1585.

Circa 1920: Dude Miller (far left) and his beachboys. (From Grady Timmons' new book, "Waikiki Beachboy.")

surf and took them for rides in outrigger canoes.

"It wasn't an easy fraternity to break into," Timmons said. "You had to be accepted by the other guys and demonstrate certain skills in the water." See Looking back, D-3

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ter. Most of the beachboys were good swimmers, surfers, canoe paddlers and fishermen. They didn't accept just anybody."

The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, opened in 1927 by Matson, brought the world's spotlight to Waikiki and the increased crowds included the rich and famous. Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Mickey Rooney all came to pay their respects to the beachboys. Shirley Temple was even named honorary captain of the Waikiki Beach Patrol, a second beach concession founded in 1934 by the Outrigger Canoe Club.

**W**AIKIKI really began on that little postage stamp they used to call it, between the Moana and the Royal," said Charlie Lambert, a beachboy from the early 1950s. "I grew up as a kid in Waikiki and first hit the beach when I was about 12, carrying umbrellas and chairs at the Moana Bathhouse."

Timmons said it was Lambert, who later headed up sales for Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii, who came up with the original idea for the book. A longtime collector of Waikiki lore and photographs, he helped Brett Upprichard write a cover story on the old-time beachboys that appeared in Honolulu maga-

zine's 1982 Holiday Annual.

Lambert, who said he's always wanted "to preserve the precious past of Waikiki," interested publisher Gaylord Wilcox Editions Limited in the project and contacted Timmons, who had previously done a series of interviews with beachboys in 1977.

"Waikiki Beachboy," which was designed by Steve

Shrader, celebrates the golden age of Waikiki. Its pages capture a romantic, almost innocent time when visitors arrived on ships, surfers rode the waves on wooden boards and musicians strummed their ukuleles along the Moana pier.

**I**T'S not yet in bookstores but is on sale at First Interstate Bank branches and from the Outrigger Duke Kahanamoku Foundation for \$25 — a discount price which benefits the Foundation, a non-profit organization that provides support to deserving Hawaii athletes and helps perpetuate sports that are part of Hawaii's cultural heritage.

Timmons also will appear at a series of book-signings, including one today at The Willows Restaurant (see information box on Page D-1).

"The Willows is a great place to hold the book's first public

autograph session," Timmons said. "It was there in 1944 that a lonely CBS war correspondent named Arthur Godfrey wandered into the restaurant one night and met a group of beachboys. When they found out that Godfrey could play they ukulele, he was invited to sit in with the house band, Al Kealoha Perry and the Singing Surfriders."

**P**ERRY'S band, which was also the regular orchestra for "Hawaii Calls" showcased the talents of another ukulele player, Squeeze Kamana. Godfrey became good friends with Squeeze and the other beachboys and, later became a na-

tional spokesman for Hawaiian music and the carefree beachboy lifestyle.

Timmons, born in Washington, D.C., and a resident of Hawaii since 1962, is now a writer and editor at the East-West Center. He's always liked going to the beach but, unlike Lambert, said he's never hung out in Waikiki.

"If the truth be known," he said, "I'm more of a golfer than a beachboy. Maybe that's why I loved writing this book. I could become an honorary beachboy just by sitting down with my typewriter."

running back at Stanford, Harrington never lost a single yard from scrimmage.

Once when I was in at left end for Marshall, Pacarro called a pass play sending both Espinda and me deep, to opposite ends of the field. I was open by at least 15 yards on the play, but Pacarro, under another heavy rush, didn't see me and passed incomplete to Espinda. Back in the huddle I told him I'd been wide open, so he called another play sending both ends deep. If I was going to be a hero, this was my chance. When I lined up, my head felt light and my mouth had gone dry. My legs seemed numb underneath me. We were somewhere near midfield, with the crowd emitting that same strange roar. This time, despite my best moves, a defensive back had me all the way, and, wisely, Pacarro tossed the ball eight or 10 yards beyond the two of us.

The elation created by Henderson's run had entirely dissipated by the time Pacarro returned a St. Louis punt to our 29 yard line. A few plays later we had moved out to our 49. Pacarro sent Espinda deep again, and this time hit him at the 35. Somehow he eluded George and raced for the end zone with everyone in the stadium standing and screaming again. Espinda made it all the way, then collapsed in the end zone. A few minutes later, when he had recovered, Harrington kicked the point, and with six minutes left to play it was 22-20, Punahou.

That was how it ended. Of course there was bedlam on the field after the game, and on the bus back to school, and in the locker room, and out on the campus after that, where it seemed the entire student body had gathered. Through it all the coaches kept reminding us: Next week you have to beat Kamehameha.

We did that easily 25-2, and another celebration followed. In the feature game of the annual Thanksgiving Day double-header, we beat St. Louis again, and yet another celebration followed that.

We went on to win another championship in 1954. The big game that season was against Roosevelt, and, starting at right end, I caught three touchdown passes in a 28-0 win. The stadium was packed again, but it wasn't quite the same. It was a good game in a fine season, but it didn't match up to the St. Louis game and what we'd accomplished in 1953.

Forty-four boys played in what became known as *The Game*, 20 for Punahou and 24 for St. Louis. A surprising number of us went on to play in colleges across the country: at Washington, Oregon State, California, Stanford, Purdue, Boston University, Dartmouth, and, of course, the University of Hawaii.

Last year, on the 35th anniversary of

The Game, a reunion was held at the campus home of Punahou President Rod McPhee. Paul Wysard, starting center in The Game and now vice president and treasurer of Punahou, organized the affair, along with Mario Valdastris, St. Louis coach in 1953. Now our numbers included teachers, businessmen, Realtors, coaches, a policeman, a professor, an entertainer, a jewelry-maker, a dentist, a rancher.

The rancher was Charlie Henderson, who flew all the way from Colorado to see his old teammates and opponents. "I could hardly move when it was over," he told Talbot George. "That run I made was more yardage that I gained all year up until then. I should've intercepted one of those long passes you tossed at the end of the game, but I was lucky just to knock them down. I was exhausted."

George told a group about a time when he quarterbacked for Darrell Royal's Washington team and laukea, a tackle for Cal, pulled him out of a pile-up in a close game and asked if he was OK.

Harrington canceled his nightclub show to attend. "I played plenty of football games afterwards," he said. "But none meant more to me than that one did."

At one point Espinda (265), Ane (285) and laukea (360) surrounded the still diminutive George. They all had smiles on their faces, but I couldn't help thinking: No wonder he was such a fast and tricky runner.

We ate dinner and drank some beer, and four hours passed in what seemed like 45 minutes—something like The Game itself, though the mood at the reunion was surely more relaxed.

George came up to me as the last of us were getting ready to leave. "Hey, Mike," he said. "I wanted to tell you one thing before we go. Whenever we talked about you over at St. Louis, we called you 'that tough haole.'"

It reminded me of the remark laukea had made to Ane in the eighth grade—and I don't mind admitting that it made me just as happy.

The next day I ate a big lunch at McCully Chop Sui and then walked down King Street to where the stadium used to stand. A park has replaced it. I strolled around, trying to figure out exactly where the end zones had been, and the benches, and the crowds. In the warm sunshine, on rich green grass, children played serenely.

In 1953 Michael Baughman was a second-string end for Punahou. He is now an Oregon-based writer and professor, whose last HONOLULU Magazine feature, "Add Water," ran in February 1989.

## Dentists

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instrumental in shaping Hawaii's history through his work behind the scenes.

Among the collection are letters by Kamehameha V which give insight into the king's personality. "It really is exciting to read these letters," says Gibson, "to realize how well educated and intelligent the Kamehamehas were." He holds up a letter. "This is hand-written by a king. He loved Kaunakakai on Molokai. He said he loved to put his hands in the earth over there. The man writes with such a humble, respectful style. And here it is, see? Signed, 'Kamehameha V' on the back, so these are treasures."

Another of Gibson's finds involves Charles R. Bishop. A close relationship between the great banker and Mott-Smith is revealed in a letter Mott-Smith wrote to his wife, Ellen. The letter tells of his visit with Bishop's wife, Bernice Pauahi, who was recuperating from surgery in San Francisco.

Bishop had sent Bernice to San Francisco for medical treatment. Unable to join her for a while because of business obligations, he had asked Mott-Smith to pay Bernice a visit during a travel stopover there. The letter suggests a close friendship between Mott-Smith and the Bishops.

"But the real find is the letters written by Charles Bishop himself," Gibson says. "These give us insight into what was going on after the revolution. I think over the next few years you are going to see greater interest in the revolution—what really happened, what were the forces that molded Hawaii. This will be a prominent topic as the 100th anniversary of the overthrow of the Hawaiian kingdom approaches."

"One of the things I want to show in this book is that Mott-Smith was a royalist. There are people who say that he was in on the overthrow of Lili'uokalani along with Sanford Dole and the sugar tycoons. I have evidence, which is in my book, that I think proves just the opposite. Mott-Smith made a bundle on sugar, but he was devoted to the monarchy all the way."

Gibson obviously enjoys sharing his excitement about the Mott-Smith artifacts. "God, I could stay up to midnight every night reading all this stuff, it's so fascinating," he says. Picking one out from a large stack of clear plastic envelopes that protect each document, he declares, "Here is something that is political dynamite. I

Brett Lomont, now a free lance writer, was HONOLULU Magazine's summer intern this year.