



I was an

11-year-old sixth grader when I moved to Honolulu with my parents in 1948—a pale, skinny kid from Pittsburgh, Pa., who'd never seen an ocean before and never gone barefoot in his life. Within days after I arrived, two well-known Honolulu institutions became part of my life and changed it forever: I was enrolled at Punahou School and became a junior member of the Outrigger Canoe Club. Logically enough, the days I spent at the club were filled with surfing, spear-fishing, canoe-paddling and volleyball. With somewhat less logic, my life at Punahou, from the very beginning, also revolved around sports. Mostly it was football. In sixth grade we played pick-up games behind Rice Hall before school and at lunch time, and on Middle Field after school. In seventh grade the Buffanblu program began, including organized tackle games on Lower Field. Our social status was already linked to our prestige as athletes. The best performers not only had the most and closest friendships, they also were flirted with by the prettiest girls. There were teachers who seemed to give us preferential treatment. Even the racial feuds and alliances that have long been part of Hawai'i's life could be superceded by blocking, tackling, running and pass-catching skills. On our teams, I had Hawaiian, Samoan, Chinese and Japanese as well as haole friends. (When I tried to take Rodney Hee to the Outrigger

BY MICHAEL BAUGHMAN