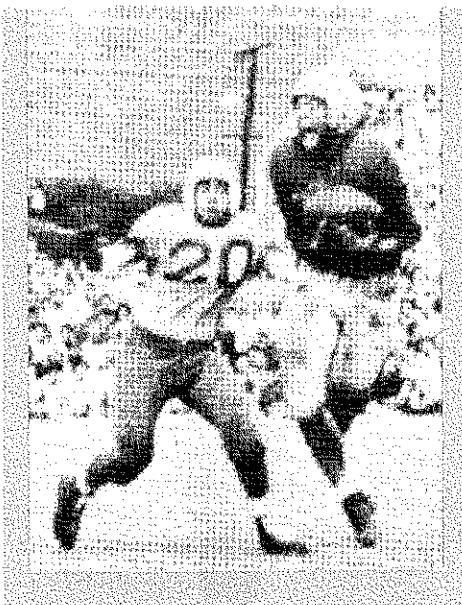


Club as my guest they wouldn't admit him—Asians were restricted then—I was furious with the world at large for the first time in my naive life.)

As eighth graders we already worshipped the varsity football players who we occasionally saw on campus. In our locker rooms, Charlie Ane and Herman Clark, graduates of Punahou who made it all the way to professional ball, were regarded as gods. Gilbert Ane, a classmate of mine, was Charlie's oldest younger brother. He was a big lineman, already well over 200 pounds in the eighth grade. Curtis Iaukea was just as big, and one day after practice I overheard him telling Gilbert something that made me feel about as good as anything ever had: "You know who has pretty good guts?" he said. "Baughman. If he grows big enough, I bet he's good someday."

Punahou's athletic director Jim Iams—Mr. Iams to us—told us something after another eighth grade practice that meant nearly as much to me. Six or eight of us, including Gilbert and Curtis, were hanging around outside the locker room on a warm rainy November afternoon. "I've got my eye on you boys," he said in an unusually serious tone of voice. "You and the guys a year up ahead. Punahou hasn't won a football championship in more than 20 years—but you might do it. *Can* do it. You wait."

It must be difficult, perhaps impossible, for anyone who didn't live in Honolulu in the early 1950s to believe how important high school football was in those days.



Eki Espinda snags an aerial, escapes from Talbot George, and scampers off for the game-winning touchdown.

The reasons, though, are simple enough. There was nothing much then to compete with high school games. The university played most of its games against armed forces teams, and fan interest was negligible. Television was barely in its infancy, and any filmed sports events that did reach the Islands came at least a week late. So the papers wrote about high school sports—primarily football—and tens of thousands of fans went wild each week of the season at the old Honolulu Stadium on King Street.

Another element entered into the equation as far as Punahou was concerned. We were perceived, clearly with some

justification, as the rich haole school. (I wasn't rich, though—and no more than half my teammates were haoles.) There were three other private schools in the Interscholastic League—Iolani, St. Louis and Kamehameha—but we were the villains. (The four public schools in the league then were Farrington, Kaimuki, Roosevelt and McKinley.)

I was reminded of the general hatred of Punahou in many places, especially once I became known as an athlete. On Waikiki Beach, at the old Kau Kau Korner drive-in, on a street corner downtown, at any time of day or night I happened to be there, I could expect to hear these words: *Hey, haole! You like beef?* If I had what Curtis Iaukea called guts, it was mostly because I had to have them.

In ninth grade when we became eligible for junior varsity sports, I went out for football, basketball and track. We played half our j.v. games at our rivals' fields and gyms, and that made the generalized hatred of Punahou even clearer. Once in the ninth grade, leaving a football field at halftime, I was hit on the head by a thrown Coke bottle, but luckily I had my helmet on. Once when I ran out onto a gym floor to warm up before a basketball game, a fan tripped me. As I sprawled out flat on my face, there was general finger pointing and laughter. I was called a haole by fans and opposing players literally hundreds of times. The noun was generally preceded by at least one obscene adjective.

Punahou Football Team • First Row: Fred Johnson (manager), Eddie Tam, Ed Inouye, Charley Arizumi, Howard Oshiro, Dave Steadman, Charley Springer, Bill Moragne (manager) • **Second Row:** Eddie Rogers, Al Espinda, Wendell Marino, Francis Lum, Al Harrington, Rex Hückcock, Russell Marshall, Jim Byrer, Paul Wysard, Wendell Brooks, Charlie Henderson • **Third Row:** David Ane, Bob Enz, Mike Baughman, Fred Sutherland (asst. coach), John Godfrey (head coach), Bill Monahan (line coach), Dr. Johnson (physician), Rodney Hee, Roy Shimamoto, Peter Law (manager) • **Fourth Row:** Curtis Iaukea, Gilbert Ane, Sam Cooke, Chuck Mulin, Leonard Carreira, Tommy Fink, John Lemes, John Kamakana, Harry Pacarro, Bob Herter (manager).

