Outrigger Club Is Scene Of Riotous Color And Keen Excitement At Carnival

A red balloon bobbed among the waves!

Vari-colored globes gleamed across a roar of surf!

Outriggers, black and white, yellow and black, and laden with passengers, were poised, paddles lifted, waiting, while surf boards floated in the undulating water.

David Kahanamoku, trousered in white, lolled in a canoe with three balloons for company.

Farther out a launch dragged an aquaplane in a spray of water and a sailboat beat to windward.

A wave rolled slowly past and subsided, rocking the canoes and surfboards in its oily surface. Then a woman screamed.

The breakers, curling, reared its foam-tipped crest above the quiet sea, and a mountain of water appeared, sweeping shoreward.

There was a flash of paddles and a frantic propelling of canoes. Lifted suddenly on the onrush of the wave, the surfriders go slipping through the driving spray. Then with the speed of an express train, the beach came close.

Dave Was Watching

With long strokes we moved under the Moana pier and back to the Outrigger Club.

"Dad" Center called.

"How many?"

"Nine."

Another party climbed into the canoe.

"Too big a surf for the small outriggers," he explained. "We had to use the large ones."

"Who is in charge of the canoes? That young lady will tell you—" pointing to a slim girl who was selling tickets.

Miss Center was obliging.

"Let me see—" she hesitated. "There is 'Eddie Hartmann,' 'Beans' Waters, 'Sonny Hartmann,' and three others—Minvielle, Cook, and Valentine—I forgot their first names. No, David Kahanamoku is only out there, watching. I've sold 60 tickets already, and its early—"

She moved away.

The beach was crowded with people.

Under the Outrigger lanai and on the sand, several hundred people had gathered. Costumes of every hue lent color to the scene, and hundreds of gay balloons floated in the sunshine of a perfect afternoon.

And Then Foxtrotting

Over on the Seaside lawn a Japanese woman in a red and green kimono held the cord to an orange globe. Near her a rubber hula doll disported herself in the waves.

A white-haired woman in a rose-colored cape sat on the beach and a little girl, exquisite in pink organdy, played with a spade and bucket.

Back under the hau tree, gayly decorated booths advertised their tempting wares.

Baked beans and brown bread, sandwiches, hot dogs, pies, tea and