

OCT. 3 1970



## THE WORLD OF sammy amalu

### wise child gets to know father

Perhaps it is after all exactly as he says it is, and my suspicions to the contrary are wholly unfounded. I do not really believe it for a moment, but far be it from me not to give anyone the full benefit of the doubt—or the devil his due. What he has may actually be a communications problem and not really a violent dislike for me as I have come to suspect.

And he may actually be very fond of me as he swears he is, but I keep telling my father that one phone call every seven years is not exactly the best way to cement family relationships. At least two or three would seem more to the point—and a short and terse wire every other year or so.

Actually, I am almost certain that my father does not really dislike me—at least, not violently. His condition is more that of sheer horror. But if nothing else, a Crowningsburg is forever courteous. And so is my father. He tempers his agony with the palliative of a smile and thus banishes away what might have been many an hour of morbid remorse.

But not so with the more recently arrived Napoleons who fashioned their imperial titles out of whole cloth and a vivid imagination, their throne out of high larceny and pure ambition. At the first whisper of my return, my Napoleon mother followed discretion's course to its extreme. She disconnected her telephone, closed up her house, and lit off as swiftly as she could for places and scenes unknown. Which were the wiser, God only knows.

### canoe club changes

In any case, my father called me and asked me to meet him at the new Outrigger—not the hotel but the Canoe Club. I accepted. Not so much out of filial devotion as out of sheer curiosity. I was curious to see how my father had weathered the years, how the Outrigger had survived a troubled sea of changes.

To my great astonishment, they have both come through most splendidly. Where it used to be such a dump, little more than a canoe shed with inside plumbing and luke warm drinks, the Outrigger Canoe Club now brinks the verge of elegance and is almost smart.

And where he used to be such a crashing bore, Daddy has taken on a new charm and a wit all the more piquant for being so novel. Where formerly the Outrigger was merely to be endured, it has become something enjoyable and with a grace all of its own. Where formerly I merely loved my father, I have finally come to like him.

All things change. Some for the better; others for the worse. For both the Outrigger and for my father Charles, the storms of yesterday have evoked their true mettle. Or perhaps it is only I who have changed. And I see now with fresh eyes what was really there all the time but clouded over and distorted by my own astigmatism.

### free parking

I had the darnedest time finding that silly Outrigger. Their sign is ridiculous. You do not see it until you are half way into the Elks Club or practically falling into the foyer of Michel's. And then it is too late, and you have to turn around. And their garage is even worse, except for one thing—their parking is free.

In any case, I finally made the Main Lounge. And guess who was there in all his elegant glory—Kimo Wilder McVay. Kinau's son, you know. He was madly spending his hard earned money in somebody else's saloon which is not really the wisest thing for a barkeep to do. For a guy who peddles booze, one would think he should be out there drinking his own for how else can he convince others to buy it?

In any case, Kimo had a group around him, all looking hopefully elegant. And respect for deposed royalty being the wont of every Wilder since first they landed here, Kimo rose to introduce them—a smoldering lad named Rowles who seems to sing for Kimo and who was attired in a maroon shirt and a kukui nut necklace of all things.

And there was a lad named Sperry MacNaughton whose mother once went to school with me and whose features were stamped with the image of that so dear girl. But for one reason or another, Kimo refused to introduce the girls to me. And I could not understand why—unless he has heard some utterly false remarks about me or insanely over-estimates my virility in these late doldrums of my years. I do wish at our next encounter, Kimo would let me meet the girls. The devil with the Rowles and the MacNaughtons. They can fend for themselves.

### signing the chits

One thing I did learn at the new Outrigger however that I especially adore. They do not let you pay cash for the booze. You must sign a chit. And I laughed myself into near hysterics. Were I a member, they would have to change this rule immediately. Either that or go into immediate bankruptcy. At the rate that I can sign chits, J. Paul Getty would cringe and Howard Hughes turn green with envy. It is only the matter of payment that stymies me once in a while.

In any case, I would not have dared pay cash for a drink—not in front of Daddy. The shock would have been too much for the old boy. Instead, he signed for my bills again—just as he has so often signed for them in the past. And so I guess there are not really too many changes in the world. At least, I changed little. I am still drinking the booze while somebody else signs the chit.

OCT 8 1970

## 12 Canoes Enter Inter-Isle Race

The 18th annual Molokai-to-Oahu canoe race will be held Sunday beginning at dawn from Hale O Lono Harbor on Molokai and finishing at Duke Kahanamoku Beach at Waikiki.

Entered in the 37½-mile race in the Koa Division are defending champion Waikiki Surf Club, Healan Canoe Club, Lanikai Canoe Club, Order of Kamehameha and the Outrigger Canoe Club.

There are seven entries in the Non-Koa Division—Healan, Hui Nalu, Lanikai, Lee-ward Kai, Order of Kamehameha, Waikiki Surf Club and

Marina Del Rey from California.

WAIKIKI SURF won the Koa Class competition last year with a time of 6 hours, 38 minutes and 26 seconds, while Lanikai finished first in the Non-Koa Class in 6:56.6.

Keala O'Sullivan Watson is honorary chairman, Donald Dias, chairman and John Kapua, race co-ordinator.

Walter Rohendurst is in charge of the beach activities. Lucky Luck will be the master of ceremonies and the Na-Opio Troupe will add to the beach entertainment.

OCT 1 1970

## Channel Swim Postponed by Weather

By Ron Haworth  
Star-Bulletin Writer

Weather changes today forced Dr. Harry Huffaker to postpone his attempt to become the first man to swim from Oahu to Molokai.

Favorable predictions of light 10-knot winds in the Molokai Channel had encouraged Huffaker and his party to attempt the 26-mile swim.

But the fickle ways of the weather foiled his hopes today by producing 10- to 15-knot southerly winds with forecasts of increasing winds.

THIS CHANGE in the weather occurred while Huffaker was sleeping.

He had planned to start out from Sandy Beach with an escort boat, Marlin 34.

The men who were ready to accompany him on surfboards debated the unfavorable weather via ship-to-shore radio with skipper Bob

Retherford, who was 100 yards off Sandy Beach.

The swim was called off at 2:20 a.m.

On the beach with surfboards and shark prods were Bruce Ames and Kimo Austin. Swimmer Eddie Case was aboard the escort vessel. These three were to have paddled at Huffaker's side throughout the anticipated 15-hour marathon.

ALREADY TO Huffaker's credit is the record of 13½ hours for his Molokai-to-Oahu swim in September, 1967.

He twice tried to span the 29½ mile wide Alenuihaha Channel between Hawaii and Maui last year.

A third Alenuihaha attempt was scratched due to unfavorable weather.

Child's Marine is sponsoring this latest channel challenge. The Outrigger Canoe Club sponsored his previous swims.



Dr. Harry Huffaker

OCT 6 1970

### Sidewalk Art

The internationally distinguished sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal of New York, and his wife will arrive in town tomorrow in connection with a bronze sculpture of his which will be placed at the Financial Plaza on the Bishop Street side of the Bank of Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal will be guests of honor Thursday evening at a dinner party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. William Curlett at the Outrigger Canoe Club.

Among the Curletts' guests will be members of the art committee for the Financial Plaza and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wou, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Manaut, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Turnbull, invited to meet the sculptor whose work they chose.

The bronze sculpture is reported to be similar to one executed by Mr. Rosenthal in New York and will appear at first glance to be a disk of solid metal, although it is actually a bronze skin supported by a skeleton sub-structure. It is 11 feet tall and 4 feet wide and will be mounted on a special mechanism which will permit it to rotate when sufficient pressure is applied.

The dinner party for the Rosenthals will be held in the private Ocean Dining Room of the club, which will be decorated by the hostess with yellow orchids and roses.