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Surf Boards Ahoy!

MORNING

NOON AND

NIGHT ARE TIMES

FOR FUN ON CALIFORNIA BEACHES

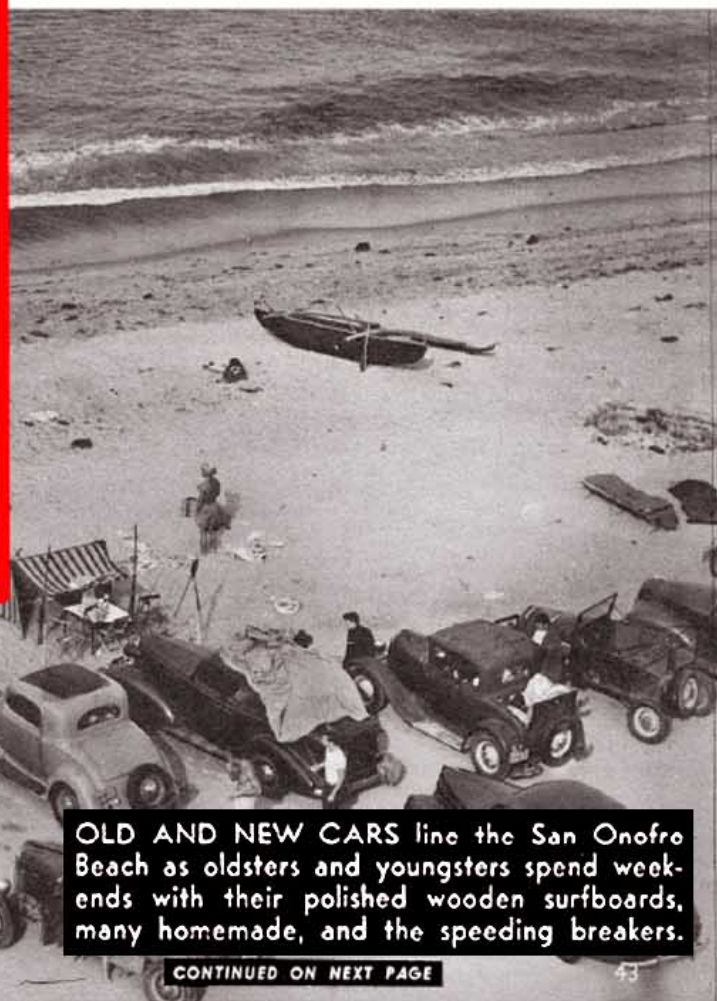
Riding the surf is the sport of kings — the Hawaiian Kings. But it is fast becoming the sport of all the lean, the lithe, and the agile, fast becoming democratized into exciting adventure for thousands of Americans lucky enough to live near the sea. For hundreds of miles on the California coast, surf-boarding at 20 and 30 miles an hour is the height of athletic fashion. On a tamer scale, it may sweep the Eastern coast as well.

For surf-riding is more than an hour's frolic. It's a whole week-end, camping with your surf-board making your tent walls. Keynote is yelling "Outside" when a giant breaker is rolling in.



U. S. A.'s BEST FIGURE LIKE SURFBOARDING

BREATH TAKING AND BEAUTIFUL to watch, surfboarding gives the onlooker many of the same thrills as the surf-rider. At speeds up to 35 miles an hour, the boards ride the waves.



OLD AND NEW CARS line the San Onofre Beach as oldsters and youngsters spend week-ends with their polished wooden surfboards, many homemade, and the speeding breakers.

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Surf Boards Ahoy! CONTINUED



MORNING



Surfboarders on the beach rise at sunrise

from their tents pitched on the sand at the beginning of a nerve-tingling weekend. The sky is scanned for clouds, the sea is scanned to see if the breakers will run high. For the sport consists in making use of the speed of the sea.



A bed is made by rolling it up

in the case of week-enders who sleep in blanket rolls or sleeping bags on the sand at San Onofre, half way between San Diego and Los Angeles. Out-of-doors life has little place for sleepy-heads or slug-a-beds, and everyone shares the work

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Paddling your own is the rule

even if two try to ride on a surfboard. Half the art consists in getting into place to catch the breakers, perhaps half a mile from shore. The other half consists in keeping your balance once you've timed your ride on one of the big ones.



Catching a big one "outside"

so that your board slides along before the green swell just as it attains breaking height, is the way to ride a quarter of a mile at thrilling speed. Beginners hug their boards, experts know how to stand up on their feet and how to stay up!

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The end of a surfing day

comes with the setting sun, and muscles are tired as stomachs are hungry. Surfing lasts from six in the morning until the water flattens out at dusk and the chill of evening settles over the entire beach. This can't be humdrum!



Darkness signals bonfire time

and the beach glows with driftwood fires as a picnic supper caters to the inner sportsman. Eating on the sand is as informal as a blanket, as friendly as moonlight, as jolly as a holiday, and as hearty as a sailor. Everyone asks for seconds.

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One way to get dressed is behind a sheet
 if there's someone to hold it up for you and the wind isn't too strong. A surfboard of redwood and balsa may make one wall of your tent for a night, a beach umbrella may make the roof. Plenty of salt air and the sea's roar bring deep sleep.



And appetites are strong near the ocean—
 as the smell of coffee and frying ham-and- blows a mess call. A surfboard makes a kitchen table, the sand makes a place to park the baby carriage, and the women-folk get breakfast ready while most city dwellers are still asleep.

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And racing shoreward on Neptune-power
 is no skill for the timid. It takes the courage of timing, the daring of perfect balance, the bravery of facing a spill and knowing what to do. But the rewards are high as you stand upright, racing along at half a mile a minute on a wave crest.



An outrigger canoe also rides the wave—
 in the fashion of the Hawaiians. Expert paddling is even more necessary here, to avoid having a wave leave you far behind. Solo surfboarders race the canoes toward shore, everyone feels the salt spray and the ocean breeze on his face.

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And music signals Hawaiian dance time

as salt-sprayed youngsters prove that, Hawaiian fashion, they can hula on the sand, as well as waltz on a wave. The chaperones may be aunts, grandmothers, or the spirit of wholesome fun that makes our youth as gregarious as it is hilarious.



And moonlight whispers "bashful time."

The beach-fire embers burn out, the tired athletes of the speeding deep begin to think of sleep and another day of wave-riding on bucking surfboard steeds. And Mr. and Miss wonder "What's he want to take pictures for, anyway?"

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