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Going to the Westside is always an adventure. The surf report was calling for 3-4 feet and Tingey wanted to rally the troops for a fat evening sesh at Yokohama Bay. We got off to a slow start. Call it Hawaiian Time, call it Tingey's age catching up with him, call it what you will, but we had never left this late before. Leaving town just around 3:30 to go out west meant a few things, One: it better sure as hell be going off, two: you better have something good to yap about to dull the pain of sitting in a car for two hours, and or 3: you better have some pretty good....i'll let you fill in the blank.

Traffic was a joke. We knew we were screwed when it came to a grinding halt just after Ko'Olina. We had never stopped this far back before. You usually have the first Nanakuli stop light on Farrington Highway in sight before it stops entirely, but not today.

Just to put it into prospective it boiled down to this. Once on Farrington Hwy it took an hour to go less then 15 miles. In that stretch there were three accidents within a two mile distance. Only on the Westside baby. Going out west is always full of turns and twists, this trip was turning out to be no different. Fortunately for us, the surf report was right. As we rolled by Makaha, surfers and spongers were having a field day surfing clean shoulder to head high waves that were lined up one after another. We were in luck.