

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS

FOREWORD BY

Laird Hamilton

Waterman, Innovator, Pioneer, Health & Fitness Leader

Racing Aloha^{with}

AN *Inspiring* JOURNEY
FROM HUMBLE BAREFOOT MAUI BOY TO
Champion IN THE WATER

FRED HAYWOOD

RACING WITH ALOHA • FRED HAYWOOD



Meet Fred

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I love to go deep-sea, fair-weather fishing for big tuna.

I travel to Vegas four times a year to gamble with my buddies.

I am partial to adventure travel with superb cuisine. My last trip, pre-Covid, was a 3-week European river cruise.

I enjoy photography, particularly shooting the awesome Maui sunsets from my lanai at my home halfway up Haleakala.

My go-to stress reliever is mowing my 2.5-acre yard on my riding lawn mower and listening to tunes on my iPhone.



Interview Questions for Fred Haywood

RACING WITH ALOHA

GROWING UP ON MAUI

You were born on Maui a decade before Hawaii became a state. As a child, the ocean was your playground. What was it like to play in the water every day?

I grew up enjoying countless adventures on small sailboats and balsa wood surfboards. I was the fourth of five kids. It was a small mixed neighborhood with a plantation camp at the end of the street. Our dogs ran free, and so did we. We ran with other kids, children of executives working with the sugar plantation.

We grew up on the beach in Kahului Harbor, where we enjoyed surfing, fishing, sailing, diving, exploring, and biking as daily activities. Balsa wood surfboards, El Toro sailboats, and an outboard engine on a little skiff allowed us to get under Pier 1 and 2 to troll for papios while standing in the boat and pulling ourselves along the pipes under the wharf. Being the fourth of five children, I wore my older brothers' hand-me-down clothes and developed a competitive lifestyle through play, wrestling, swimming, and surfing. We only wore shoes to church. We went barefoot all the rest of the time, even to school. We played outside all day, every day, only coming home when Mom rang a bell at dinnertime, which we could hear blocks away! At the dinner table, food would disappear if left unattended, so we often held up forks to defend the territory around our plates.

Many of us have enjoyed a vacation in Hawaii, and most everyone who hasn't wants to. What was it like to grow up on one of the most isolated and distanced islands on the planet?

My siblings and friends and I never left the island, so we didn't know anything else. Maui was our playground. My life was a daily adventure from mauka (mountain) to makai (shore). We often went to beaches like Makena, Kaanapali, or Napili Bay to play by ourselves. Our favorite adventure was surfing Honolua Bay, Maalaea, Lahaina Harbor, Paukalo, or Hookipa, often by ourselves on weekends. We would have to wear slippers (flip-flops) when we went to Wailuku Union Church. We finally talked Mom into driving past the church on Sundays and take us to surf on the west side, before the resorts were built. We all ducked down in the car when she drove by the church—like no one would suspect where we were going with all the surfboards on top of the station wagon! We went camping at La Perouse Bay, Seven Sacred Pools in Hana, and Makena Beach. There always were very few people around. We always had spear guns for fish or lobster, which we barbequed over campfires on the beaches.

Your father was a huge influence on you. Many people, including your older brother, might say he didn't acknowledge you like other fathers might. But you disagree. How did you create such a successful life with what many might consider an unsupportive dad?

Dad had a strong personality, and he expected a lot of me. None of us kids could be considered spoiled. He also gave me a lot of freedom, allowing me to go to California for my senior year of high school and paying for all of my college education at Stanford. He was strict in many ways, but he was super adventurous and could tell the best stories. I remember parties where he held court with my friends at a table, and everyone laughed so hard!

Mom was the quieter, supportive one. She cooked dinner every night, serving at the table with everyone sitting around and exchanging the best jokes. No bragging or politics was allowed at the table. If someone started to brag about something or start talking politics, family members would immediately jump in and make fun of them. Humility and aloha were abundant.

SWIMMING

When you went to boarding school on the Big Island, you swam in a makeshift pool in the ocean. What was that like?

I attended HPA, Hawaii Preparatory Academy with my two older brothers, Jim and Guy. It was a small boarding school located on the hills of Kamuela. When I first got there, we shared a pool at Honokaa in my freshman year. Then the coach built a raft in the shape of a six-lane swimming pool and moored it in the corner of Kawaihae Harbor. He used sixty-gallon drums to float two rafts, connecting both sides with two telephone poles and anchored to the bottom and the jetty. This became our new ocean swimming pool!

My coach, Jerry Damon, would sneak into my dorm room at 4:30 am with a flashlight in hand to drive me down to the ocean pool and do solo training. This was totally against the school rules. He would park on the breakwall with the headlights facing the pool, leaving the car running. I would light a lantern and swim out to the pool and place the light on the end that didn't have any light. I realized that I had to swim backstroke one way and freestyle the other way to see the walls, which were painted plywood. After school, I would come back to the same pool for afternoon practice. My teammates sometimes complained about the ocean workout. But I couldn't say anything—I was sworn to secrecy about my morning workouts!

I caught all kinds of germs in that pool, including an eye disease. But there was no better place to train than in the ocean. It may have been the only advantage I brought to the Santa Clara swim team.

Tell us about meeting Mark Spitz. And for the "youngsters," tell us who Mark Spitz is.

Mark was the world's greatest swimmer for fifty years until Mark Phelps broke his records. During the summer after my sophomore year, brother Bill and I ventured on a Greyhound bus tour from San Francisco to New York and back to Los Angeles with the famous swim coach, Soichi Sakamoto, for a \$99 fare with 14 swimmers from Hawaii over 50 days.

Our first swim stop was at Foothill College pool for a big meet with many impressive and much faster swimmers. While watching, I was tapped on the shoulder from behind. "Are you from Hawaii?" this kid asked me. It was 15-year-old Mark Spitz, who had lived in Hawaii as a small child and was curious about the Islands. I was blown away by watching him dominate several events with incredible times! This chance meeting changed my life forever! Mark has been my friend ever since. His father introduced me to a new way of thinking about competing. And my subsequent year swimming at Santa Clara made me a national champion.

You left Hawaii in your senior year of high school to swim with the Santa Clara Swim Club under George Haines. Why did you want to leave home?

I always knew that if I wanted to get a good job on Maui, I'd have to go to the mainland for a college degree from a top university. Upon returning to Hawaii Preparatory Academy for my junior year, I shared my chance encounter with Mark Spitz with Coach Jerry Damon, who responded, "If you move to Santa Clara High School to train with Mark Spitz, I would guarantee that you will get into a much better college than if you stay at HPA and get straight As in your senior year!" I asked if he would help do this, and he wrote a letter to Mom and Dad and another letter to George Haines, the world-renowned coach. I flew to San Francisco and drove to Santa Clara and moved in with the Finneran family for the summer of training. When school started, I moved in with the Diaz family. I found the decision easy to make.

A five-minute lesson in the backstroke with a teammate changed everything for you. Tell us about that.

I trained in Hawaii only three months a year, while most swimmers on the mainland trained double workouts all year long! Just weeks after I joined the Santa Clara swim team, I began questioning my decision to go there. The best women were beating me until my conditioning improved.

Nothing happened during that first summer, but things changed rapidly after starting my senior year at Santa Clara. Feeling that my goal was to improve my freestyle, I would take the lane next to Mark Spitz while training so I could swim alongside him. During one particularly difficult workout, I was swimming freestyle side by side with Mark in the lane next to me. We had to swim 40 by 100 repeats on 1:15 minutes with a five-minute break after every 10 repeats. Mark was ahead by at least two body lengths each of the swims. I could only judge how close I was by the size of the trail of Mark's bubbles I could see underwater during the first 20 sprints. Bigger bubbles meant I was closer, but this was not comfortable and somewhat frustrating.

I started the next 10 repeats swimming backstroke. In the lane on the other side of me was Mitch Ivey, the number one high school backstroker in the country. Mitch was also a senior. The experience was similar to swimming next to Mark. I fought hard but finished each one of the next 10 swims several lengths behind Mitch! Urrrgh... I was breathing hard, and Mitch spoke up, "Fred, you have the ugliest backstroke I have ever seen in my life! You are bobbing and weaving and hitting the lane lines!" My fist clenched as I slid below the surface and let out a scream and exhaled. I finally surfaced, shaking out my fist.

I smiled and said, "Mitch, you have the prettiest backstroke that I have ever seen! What do I have to do to look like you?" He said, "Get out of the pool with me and show me your stroke with the towel I just wadded up. My coach showed me using a tennis ball, but the towel should work." So I stood on the side of the pool and threw the towel down like I was

swimming my stroke, and it landed 6 feet away from where I was standing. "See, there is your problem. The towel needs to land next to your baby toe!" We had a few minutes left on our break before the last 10 sprints, so I threw that towel over and over with even more rotation until it landed correctly. This was so different, as I had thought that keeping my body flat was faster. But Mitch made me maximize rotation to put one shoulder over my nose and leverage the other shoulder and stroke underwater. After a few throws, the towel began landing at my baby toes. The 5 minutes was now up, and we jumped in the pool to finish the last 10 of 40 repeats. I remember how easily I was sliding through the water with the new stroke. I looked across the lane and noticed that I was ahead of Mitch for the very first time. I finished a body length ahead of him! I repeated the same thing on the remaining 9 swims, and his frustration showed on the very last one. So he challenged me to race on the 40th sprint! We did our push start, and I swam the best time of my life.... Things rapidly changed for me after that day.

I guess so. George Haines, the swim coach, decided to take you to Nationals.

The coach saw what had happened in the pool that day. At the pool a few days later, with nobody around, he asked me to swim the 100 back to see what I could do. I had placed second in the Hawaii State meet the year before with a time of 57.4 seconds. When I finished the sprint, Coach Haines, standing at the edge of the pool above me, was staring at his stopwatch. He lowered the watch on his neck strap to my eye level—it was spinning. I put my finger out to stop and see what my time was... It was 54.0! The high school record was 54.1... That weekend he placed me in my first backstroke race in a dual meet with Mitch and I repeated a 54.0 with Mitch swimming a 54.7. It was a new and official high school record. Coach pulled me aside and said that I had now qualified for the NCAA National competition—only he called it "the nationals"—to be held in Dallas in two weeks, and he wanted to take me, along with Mark, Mitch, and 3 others on our team who had qualified. "Coach," I asked, "What are the nationals?" I had no idea.

Mark Spitz was your best friend at Santa Clara. But his dad made what might be argued to be a life- and career-changing impression on you. What happened that night when you were invited to dinner at the Spitzes' house?

I was excited to be invited that next weekend over to Mark Spitz's home for dinner with his mom and dad and two sisters. I felt like a fly on the wall listening to Mark and his dad strategize on how Mark could win 6 events. However, they were only allowed to enter 3 events during this 2-day National Championship contest. After an hour talking, they decided on 3 events that were certain of success for Mark. Wow, I was in the clouds thinking about what my friends would think if they were hearing this conversation when Mr. Spitz spoke up and asked, "Fred, what are you swimming and how are you going to do?"

Shocked and feeling very humbled, I sat up straight and said, "Mr. Spitz, I am swimming the 100 backstroke, and if I can swim it a half-second faster than last week, maybe I could get a third place." He repeated the same question a second time, and I responded with the same answer. He asked it again, and I responded similarly, implying that maybe I could get a third place as I also inched my time faster by a tenth of a second more.

Arnold Spitz pointed his finger across the table at me as his eyes intensified. He raised his voice: "There is only one person in the pool that everyone is going to remember!" he practically shouted at me. His finger turned into a fist, and he pounded on the table, making the silver and plates clatter as he screamed at the top of his lungs, "Second thru sixth are all losers, and don't you ever forget that!"

I slid down in my seat again in shock and went quiet! My dad, who would never tolerate one of his sons exhibiting such hubris, had never raised his voice to me like that. But that night, Mr. Spitz changed my life. It was like I had two dads now – both insisting on me demonstrating my greatness, but in dramatically different ways.

I never forgot Mr. Spitz's advice: THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE POOL! And I swam like that from then on.

So you, Mark, and the Santa Clara Swim Club went to the NCAA National swim competition, where you surprised everyone, including yourself. What happened that day in Dallas?

I had never qualified for a national championship, but in my 100 back race, there were 48 qualifiers. There were 8 heats of 6 swimmers. I was ranked number 9 in the country with my new 54.0 qualifying time, which slid me into the last qualifying heat. The NCAA champion Charlie Hickox was next to me. Mitch swam in the 4th heat and swam the same 54.7 he did two weeks earlier. His time was too slow to make the finals.

When my heat came up, I didn't know what to do before the starting gun went off. So I just copied what Charlie did. He dove in the pool, took a few strokes, and returned, so I did exactly the same thing! As we were standing on the blocks, he was shaking his arms and legs, like swimmers do as if to shake off nervous energy. So I did, too. Finally the race started. I touched the wall at the finish and stood up to see Charlie finish behind me. I qualified first with a 52.9. Later that evening I swam the finals to win the race at 52.6 seconds. It won me a trip to compete in Winnipeg for the US team in the Pan American Games. There I won a second place behind Charlie after my feet slipped down the wall while starting the race.

You applied to Stanford University, and you almost were not accepted. You write in your book that the dean wondered if you could speak English. What on earth did you say to convince him to accept you?

Within 3 weeks of winning the nationals, I received 20 or more scholarship offers from various schools across the country. Stanford was my first choice, partially because they had the lowest flunk-out rate! (Seriously, I wanted to stay in California where it was warm, I knew people, and it was close to Maui if I had a chance to go home.)

The Dean of Admissions asked me for an interview. He said to me, "The coach says you are a great swimmer, so I do not doubt that! However, upon review of your SATs, I have one question: Can you speak English?" I responded with, "I can speak English very well, sir. However, you know da guys I wen go grade school wit, dey neva speak da big kine language I wen read in da SAT test! You know in da middle of da paragraph get one big 13 letta word I neva know how fo pronounce nor have any idea of wat dat word means! So I go to da bottom of da paragraph and wen mark any kine box and finish first but no mo prize for first!"

He was laughing hard with me, and I finished the interview with, "Just put me in bonehead English, and I will be out of your hair and finish Stanford in 4 years because it was my dream to come here!"

As a student at Stanford, swimming for coach Jim Gaughran, you were expected to swim in the 1968 Olympics. Did you make the team?

Yes, during my freshman year, I was the fastest, although we could not participate at the NCAAs. The following summer, I was training for the upcoming Olympic trials in Long Beach. I was in the best shape of my life that summer as I trained only backstroke over and over in the pool, never allowing anyone to beat me in any repeat. In the 100 back at the Long Beach trials, I was winning the race to make the top 3 to qualify for the '68 Olympic Team. At about the 85 meters, it felt like the overhead roof seemed to be spinning, and it took all my focus just to finish the race. I lost 6 places to finish 7th and could barely get out of the pool. I sat down at poolside for a few minutes to collect my spinning head. I thought I just had over trained and did poorly. Little did I know that it may have been my first A-fib event. I made the most of the afternoon that day by driving down to Newport Harbor and jumping into some of the best bodysurfing in California and the Wedge! I was a sight in my speedos, all shaved with no fins! That was the end of my swimming career.

SURFING

So you took your Economics degree from Stanford back to Maui. Did you get a good job like you expected?

I had plenty of surfing adventures, and life just couldn't get any better.

After graduation from Stanford, I attended a talk from an Economics graduate who was discussing job opportunities, and I was not impressed. I thought getting back to Maui would be best as I never desired to be corporate and work in a coat and tie!

My first job was as a busboy in the Maui Surf hotel when it opened, and then I moved on to work in construction of condos in Napili, which I found to be very hard work.

You pioneered surfing in Bali. What was it like to surf in a remote location with no tourists?

I got into real estate after construction. I wanted to work 3 months and surf for 6. My goal was to get to Indonesia to surf in Bali. I used my very first commission of \$2,000 to buy a plane ticket to Bali and went with my friend, Bill Boyum. I had sold a home in Kula 200 on two acres for \$92,500!

On Bali, we met up with Bill's brother, Mike, and we all ventured down to surf Uluwatu and other surf spots. We were hiking a half hour to the surf one morning when we ran into two other Hawaiians, Gerry Lopez and Jeff Hakman, who were the world's top surfers. They were lost, so

Mike showed everyone the path to the surf spot. The shoreline was lined with cliffs, although there was a cave that opened from the top. We climbed down a pretty shaky rope and bamboo ladder to the beach inside the cave. I was in awe to surf with these two legends—and enjoy some of the best surf on the planet! We had the ocean essentially to ourselves.

Mike Boyum later established a surf camp at Grajagan that launched an industry

WINDSURFING

So how did you begin windsurfing?

I began windsurfing while living in the Whaler condominium on Maui's west side. Late one morning, I saw two windsurfers round Kaanapali Point and come in to the beach. They were the first people I saw on a surfboard with a sail. I met them, and Mike Waltze taught me how to windsurf shortly thereafter. He told me of how he dreamed of sailing Ho'okipa as it had sideshore winds every day, which is perfect for sailing in waves. I agreed that Ho'okipa would be the best place. I told him I had surfed it most of my life and that we knew to get out of the water by 9 or 10 in the morning due to the high winds chopping up the surf. This was music to Mike's ears, and he mentioned that he didn't have the money to buy a car to get over there. That afternoon, I cosigned a loan at the Bank of Hawaii to buy his car. It didn't take long for Mike to pay me back from many photo shoots he did for advertising products. I followed him to Ho'okipa to sail over the following weeks and had a blast with nobody out but friends!

You and Mike launched an industry. You turned the north shore of Maui into a world-renowned windsurfing destination. How did you do that?

The real estate market crashed in 1981 after Jimmy Carter raised interest rates from 9 to 19% overnight. I knew it was over for me. I had about 5 properties which cost \$8,000 a month. I could not afford the payments, so I listed all 5 for sale at a 20% discount under the comparable property sales and offered 6% to the outside broker. I sold all of them within 4 weeks and ended up with no debt. It would be years before the real estate market recovered.

Around the same time, my brother Jim died in an auto crash, and late one night, Dad came to the house in Kahului that Jim and I shared to give me the news. I knew that Jim would have wanted me to have fun, and I was lonely in the Kahului home at the time. At a party a few weeks later, I ran into Mike Waltze and Bill King, and over a few beers, I suggested that we open a windsurfing shop in my Kahului home where Jim and I had lived.

We opened Sailboards Maui soon after that. We hired Jimmy Lewis to build all our boards, and he was an exceptional shaper. He shaped the boards that would help me win a world record. We innovated equipment and built it ourselves in the garage of the home I grew up in. We called what we did then R&D - Rip off and Development. We innovated techniques, too, like the water start.

We were having visitors come to sail from all over the world and rent or buy product from us. A lot of companies built successful businesses because we asked them to create new equipment. Photographers were coming to Maui to shoot this amazing surf spot with this brand-new sport. It all got bigger and bigger quickly, and we were having a great time!

Laird Hamilton is perhaps the greatest waterman in the world, even in his 50s. But you gave him a very important lesson about the ocean. Tell us about that.

I traveled and stayed on Kauai with fellow sailor Laird Hamilton for a couple of weeks, and the winds and waves were good. We sailed many parts of the island, but the most memorable was a day at Tunnels beyond Hanalei, near where the road ends. The waves were 6 to 8 feet, and there was a stiff west wind blowing. We wave-sailed for a few hours, then left our rigs on the beach and went for lunch. Upon returning, we noticed that everyone sailing with us had departed, and our rigs were still on the beach. The winds had increased from 25 knots to over 40 knots, and the equipment was inching along the beach with each gust! The real challenge was that the waves appeared to have grown considerably to perhaps 15 to 20 feet, and it was closing out all the way down to Charo's restaurant about a mile or so away.

I said, "What do you want to do, Laird?" His reply: "Coast run to Hanalei Bay!" We grabbed the equipment and sailed out into the most outrageous sailing that day. It took several tries to successfully climb up and over massive whitewater waves. After a few solo tries, we both were successful and surprisingly ended up sailing side by side outside the huge breakers. We had large sails for the run, and Laird was doing massive jumps—we were miles offshore. I stopped to flag him down. I asked him to stop jumping because of the 40-50 knot winds and probable 5 knot current. If either of us broke down, it was likely we would not be seen again.

When we sailed into Hanalei Bay, a surf spot called Kings was breaking at over 50 feet right beside us, with 6-foot cross chop on the faces—too treacherous to sail down. We finally came in to the beach and Lyon, Laird's younger brother, came sprinting up to us. He asked where we came from, and we said Tunnels. He could not believe this—he and his friends got blown out from the rising wind and waves and had driven down to the bay for some easier sailing, although it was pretty windy there too.

Laird and I returned to Hanalei Bay to sail again the next day. When Laird went out, he broke off his fin on the first jump. Had he been alone, he may have disappeared, never to be found. I guess you could say we were glad it didn't happen the day before!

Weymouth, England, hosted the premier contest in the early years of speed sailing. You went to Weymouth with a small team and practically no money. And you won. Tell us how you did that.

My first speed sailing contest was the Schweitzer Speed Challenge in Maalaea, Maui, in 1982. While driving down to compete on the first day, my roof rack came off the top of my car and my 4 sailboards did some cartwheels across the highway. I did return the second day with replacement boards, but things were not so good. I ended up in 18th place out of 20 entrants. I believe Matt Schweitzer won. It did not deter my enthusiasm for speed. It only got stronger.

My goal was to go to Weymouth, England, where the world record was broken the year before. I had practiced several times daily for most of the year by sailing full speed off the wind from Ho'okipa to Kanaha. I'd hitchhike back up the coast to do it again.

This was all good, and finally I received support from Neil Pryde Sails to get to Brest, France, with Barry Spanier, who made my sails. I brought a very small speed board and smaller sails. It was a mistake as the wind probably didn't blow much over 15 knots. I never completed one run because the wind was not strong enough to get me going with my larger size and smaller sails and board. Klaus Simmer won the contest, and when it was over, I inherited the special wingmast sail he used. I flew over to Weymouth, where I thought I had a chance.

In Weymouth, a super low pressure moved in, and the newscaster said it was going to be a "Black Wednesday" with high winds. We were elated! The next morning, with my wingmast, I broke the world speed record. Arnaud de Rosnay took photos of the event, which landed on several covers for windsurf magazine around the world, including Windsurf magazine in the US.

Back on Maui, you sailed "The Biggest Wave in the World," and it put you in major magazines all over the world. Tell us about that.

I was driving on Hana Highway one morning when Arnaud de Rosnay waved me down on the street. His eyes were excited, and he screamed that the biggest waves in the world were coming today, and he had a helicopter coming to Ho'okipa at noon for a photoshoot. I said that is great, but I will not get there until 3 pm or so. I had been sailing there for the previous 5 days and knew about when the biggest sets would come in—at 4:30 pm. I said good luck, but I may not be there at noon. He was frustrated about our bad timing and drove off.

I placed my equipment on Ho'okipa beach to rig up around 3 pm that day. You could not see the waves because the closer ones would block everything, but once and awhile, I would see a sailor making a top turn or going over a wave. The helicopter was hovering overhead and following anyone riding a wave. There were perhaps 5 guys out.

I jumped on my board and started slowly sailing out. I was on a 5.9 sq meter sail, my largest, and I wasn't planning on the way out, so I literally had to free fall and land over the back of approaching waves. That took me out the first 2 tries, and I swam back in to recover my equipment, which fortunately was in one piece. Finally, I got lucky and inched over the biggest set I have ever seen, counting to 5 on the way to the top then freefalling on the backside. The scary part was looking out and seeing another 40 or 50-foot monster face feathering and about 200 feet in front of me. I held on center to not lose any of my slow speed, and it was terrorizing to not know if that wave would break before getting over.

I was on the outside, and I decided to not ride anything as an hour had passed since launching, and soon the big one would come if my estimation were correct. I could only plane my board when sets came towards me, accelerating the winds enough to skip across the water and then turn on the last one to come back into shore. I would jib before the wave I was riding broke and turn back to sea for another approaching set. I did this in and out for at least half an hour until I saw one massive wave in a set of waves looming over the rest of the waves.

The winds were diminishing, so I turned around a half-mile in front of it due to the sheer speed of larger waves. By the time it caught up to me, I was blown away looking at the trough which looked the size of a 6-story building. The challenge I now had was that the winds had turned more offshore, so I had to angle across the wave and get down before it exploded. I raced down the wave and tried to get out in front as far as I could. But the wave in front of me was very large and was blocking my winds. I slowed to a snail pace and was now ascending the wave backwards. I was fearful of where the wave would break. On top of me?

This massive wave landed just behind my sailboard, and I was immersed in whitewater as I lessened my grip, thinking this was going to be bad. Fortunately, I somehow came clear of the whitewater and felt enough wind in my sail to move out of harm's way and sail in to the beach.

There were no cars in the parking lot. I was all alone. Everyone else had left. I had just sailed the biggest wave I'd ever sailed, and no one was there to see it. Oh well. I knew what I had done, and I was stoked!

All of a sudden, I could see someone running down the Ho'okipa slopes towards the beach with a camera and zoom lens banging back and forth across his chest. It was Arnaud! He had the helicopter drop him off so he could wait for me!

"You just rode the biggest wave in the world!" Arnaud hollered. "And I have a whole roll of film to prove it! This is bigger than your world record!"

Arnaud was a legend in the sport. We all knew he was prone to hyperbole, hence his insistence in calling the wave I sailed at Ho'okipa that day the "biggest wave in the world." Nevertheless, they were pretty big - the biggest ones I had ever sailed.

Obviously, over the years since, there have been many waves ridden around the world that are much bigger. I give a lot of credit to Arnaud de Rosnay for filming my world record and riding a big wave within months of each other. Those photos led to a formal sponsorship with Neil Pryde Sails a month later.

I am forever grateful for the many individuals who shared a part of these successes. Within a few months, Laird Hamilton, Mike Waltze, and others were energized to be the first to tow-in surf Jaws up the coast and ride much bigger waves!

Why did you stop windsurfing?

My last windsurfing contest was in Fuertaventura, off the coast of Africa, where the desert winds were ferocious. I was winning the contest, and the winds were increasing, so I rigged a very special sail with handmade camber inducers to shape the sail perfectly. But it was the first time I rode it. A huge gust pushed me into the course, and I was easily going to beat my fastest time. Fate would have it that, while in the middle of speeding next to the beach, a crossing wave forced my nose up into the air high above me. I dragged my mast tip in the ocean, which caused me to do a massive cartwheel and come crashing down into a very abrupt stop in the water. I was still in my harness, and my harness hook ripped through the webbing on my harness and detached. I broke everything—including my back, almost. I heard the loudest

adjustment in my back. My mast was broken, and my sail was ripped in half. I was kneeling on all fours in perhaps 10 inches of water. I wiggled my toes and fingers, and they were fine, but I was not. I crawled on my hands and knees, dragging the remainder of my equipment onto the beach to wait for my support crew to pick me up. My head was throbbing—and that turned out to be a problem for the next 6 months.

Had I completed it, that run might have been the winning run, but not for me now. I thought about my new family at home. I just wanted to change my life again and spend more time with the two kids, Meryl and Skyler. Next? I said to myself. And lying on that beach, I decided to not compete anymore.

I was now 39. My sports futures didn't interest me anymore, but my family did.

You have made a lot of friends in your life, Fred. How has that shaped your outlook?

I like to talk about the importance of sharing endorphins. I always felt that when you share endorphins with other athletes, that establishes a bond between each other for the rest of your lives! It's like we're blood brothers. It cements the experience, and sharing these experiences with each other will last a lifetime!

I was also engrained with aloha, coming from Maui. Aloha is a real "thing." We learned to respect the people and the land and to share everything with each other. This included all our sports—sharing technique, technology, and other tips to make everyone around us have a better experience. Camaraderie is more important than winning to me. That commitment has brought me continued success throughout all aspects of my life, including real estate. I have helped many associates improve their careers with the same philosophies.

