

Nikki,

Steve was a member of the 19th Street surfing seals when I first met him; I'm guessing about age 13, this group consisted of Steve, Johnny Rhind, Garret Steiner, Sonny Vardeman, Mike Bright and a few others, but I can't remember their names, Bing Copeland and I were surfing the Manhattan pier at that point in time and this represented just about all the kids surfing in South Bay. This group of guys was pretty much dedicated to causing as much chaos and trouble as possible and surfing their brains out the rest of the time. Steve was a good surfer and on my first trip to Hawaii at age 15, Steve was about the same age. We had an incredibly good time and became close friends. There were 5 of us living in a Quonset hut; I remember the rent was 30 bucks a month, about 6 bucks each. We made friends with the Hawaiians at Makaha where we were living and surfing. At some point, the Hawaiians had a big party for us with all kinds of food. We were broke, practically living on fumes like rats, poking fish and eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches 7-days a week and when the opportunity to eat some good food came up we ate and ate, and ate some more. When the rest of us were so stuffed we couldn't eat anymore, Steve continued to eat and I remember Buffalo saying, "dis haole can really eat, I think we'll call him Da Hog from now on". The name stuck, and pretty soon everyone started calling him "Da Hog." When we came back to the mainland, his close friends picked up on it and started calling him Da Hog. In later years, we both became lifeguards and after a few years Steve became a lieutenant and then a captain. I was a lowly recurrent guard and one day we are at headquarters, the room was full of permanent guards, a lieutenant and Dwight Crum, the overseeing captain. Well when you get to become captain, everyone kisses your butt so you can get a good evaluation. Anyway, everybody was watching the water, and bullshitting. I was across the room and bellowed out, "EH HOG, HOWS IT GOING?" The room fell silent and everyone looked at me like I'd committed a major sin!

To his credit he never scolded me for using his nickname.....

He was a good friend

A good surfer

A good lifeguard

I am very sorry Nikki, I wish I was there to give you and your kids a big hug.

Your Friend,

Greg Noll