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OF THE

PACIFIC

JANUARY 1960

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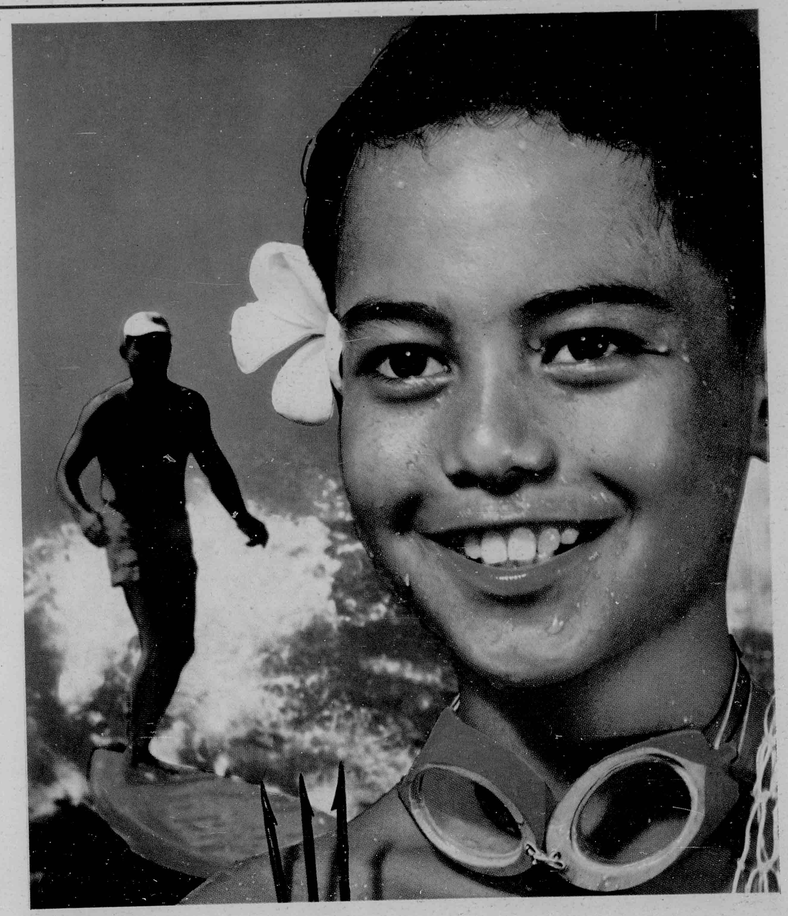

HAWAII . . . A PARADISE FOR AQUA-SPORTS

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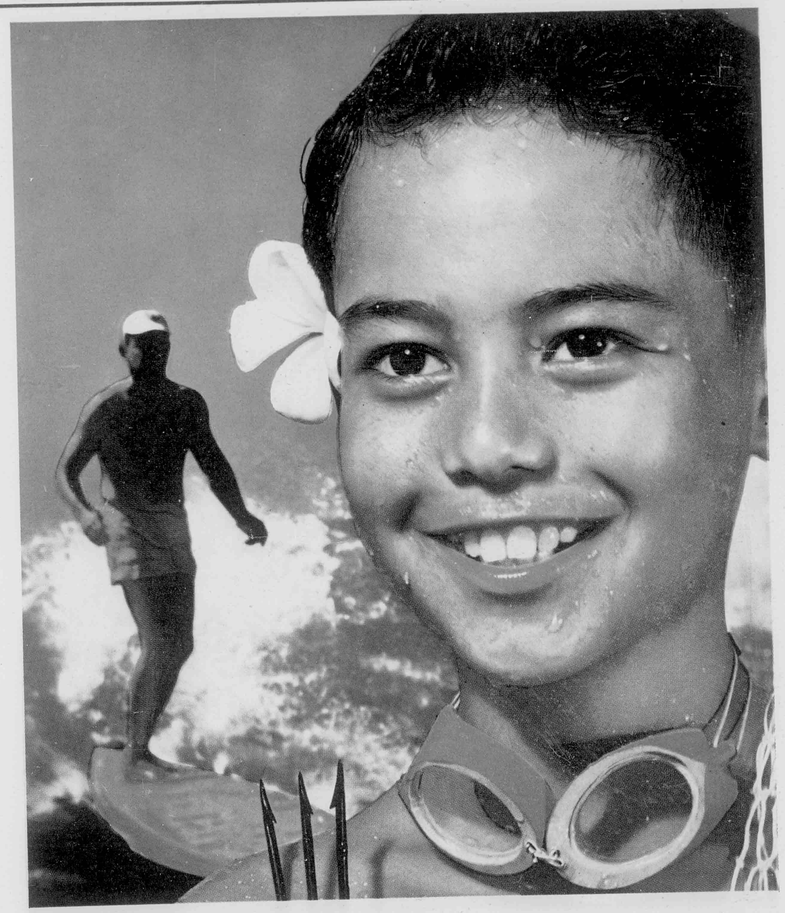

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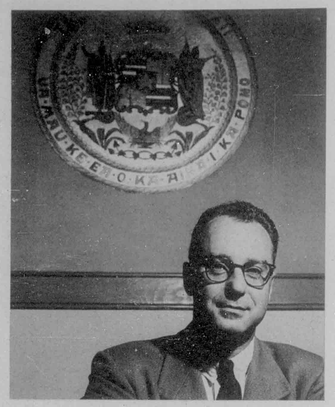

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

STATE OF HAWAII
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HONOLULU, HAWAII

January 14, 1960

PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC Magazine
424 So. Beretania Street
Honolulu, Hawaii

Gentlemen:

As Governor of the state of Hawaii it gives me great pleasure to extend my congratulations to PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC on the occasion of its 72nd year of publication.

We can look forward to a particularly prosperous future in these beautiful islands of ours as the outlook for the "sixties" is an optimistic one with the expansion of business and industry expected to hit an all-time high.

Please accept my best wishes for the continued success of PARADISE in the 50th state.

William F. Quinn

WILLIAM F. QUINN
GOVERNOR OF HAWAII



paradise of the pacific

Editor, Edith Ricker — *Art Director,* Frank Cornell
Advertising Director, Sophie Wilkening — *Subscription Mgr.,* Vayne Beach
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VOLUME 72 **JANUARY 1960** **NUMBER 1**

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- INSIDE COVER: Message from Governor William F. Quinn, First Governor of the State of Hawaii.

SPECIAL FEATURE:

A 16 page photographic panorama highlighting Hawaii's world famous water sports.

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VOICES IN PARADISE



Dear Sir:

When I sent my check for a subscription to *Paradise of the Pacific*, I wrote that under seperate cover, I would send some material to assure you that we in Bellevue are greatly interested in Hawaii.

I am enclosing a program and a few pictures to show you that my pupils have studied Hawaii both intensively and extensively and tell you they were happy in that study. I am sure they are potential visitors of Hawaii in the years to come, and they will enjoy the islands more than most visitors because they already feel a part of them.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Charlotte M. Bonnell
102 S. Harrison Avenue
Bellevue 2, Penna.

• Dear Mrs. Bonnell: Mahalo! We welcome you to our growing family of subscribers with special aloha. Judging by the handsome color pictures you sent, your program on Hawaii with the Jackson School fifth and sixth grades must have been quite a production! We are taking the liberty of sending your letter and photographs on to Hawaii's Department of Public Instruction. We wish we had room for more than one picture here.



We have chosen the Lurline (above) as the best for printing purposes, although we liked the "Hukilau" and "Lovely Hula Hands" equally well. Congratulations on a fine job of teaching, and may the next "visit" you and your students pay to the Islands be real. Hauoli Makahiki Hou (Happy New Year) ! -Ed.



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Holidaying at the Halekulani, J. H. "Dutch" Kindelberger, chairman of the board of North American Aviation, with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Graham and their children, Karin, 16; Tony, 14; and Jimmy, 8. "Dutch" is taking his family on a tour of the neighbor islands to meet his many old friends.

Personalities IN PARADISE



E. A. Raven, United Air Line's director of advertising, with Mrs. Raven and their children, Dave, 11; Gregory, 10; and Carolyn, 14. They are vacationing at the Island Hotel and will include the neighbor islands in their sightseeing trips.



Three intersectional finalists in the national outdoor all-male American Cookout Championships sponsored by Kaiser Foil arrived via Pan American to compete in the finals at the Hawaiian Village Hotel. They headed up a group of 22 other finalists from various parts of the Mainland trying for the $10,000 first prize. Greeted by hula dancers Ululani and Wande are Carl Heins, Queens, N.Y.; Edwin Cheng, San Francisco, Calif.; and C. M. Pike, Jr., Dekalb, Illinois.



Miss Judy Harriet is pictured on her arrival to participate in the Holiday Show of Stars on Oahu and the neighbor islands. The 19-year-old singing star was one of the Mouseketeers and appeared with Bing Crosby in "Say One For Me."



Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Turner, of New York City, relaxing at the Halekulani. Turner is vice president of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company. Mrs. Turner is the author of some delightful Hawaiian songs: "I Wish They Didn't Mean Goodbye," "Ti Leaves Hula," and "When I Dream of Hawaii."

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HAWAII'S BUSINESS CLIMATE



condensed from

The Business Outlook for 1960

by James H. Shoemaker
Vice President and Director of Research
Bank of Hawaii

HAWAII HAS just completed a boom year. In many fields of business activity there was not only an advance, but a record advance, over previous year levels. The new year thus begins with strength and the prospect of new highs in business growth.

Eight broad factors will support growth during the coming year:

1. Business expansion and prosperity on the Mainland will have a stimulating effect on trade and tourism.
2. Mainland investments in Hawaii will bring local capital expansion.
3. Local business confidence will bring local capital expansion.
4. Pacific jet travel will increase local airline servicing and stimulate business and tourism from foreign countries.
5. New industrial development will increase employment, income.
6. Statehood is increasing commercial interest, tourism, and the further integration of Hawaii into the economy of the nation.
7. Broadening of the economy (diversified agriculture, manufacturing, processing) is creating a stronger, more stable base.
8. Rise in population, employment, and income will increase consumer demand.

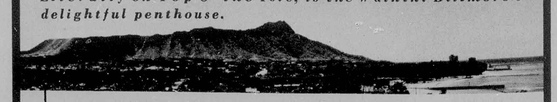
These underlying factors should be kept in mind in interpreting the following review of specific fields of prospective growth during the current year.

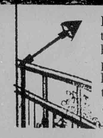
Sugar production in 1960 should be slightly above that of 1959, which was a below-normal 975,000 tons. Plantations will return gradually to a normal pattern of harvesting schedules in their recovery from 1958's four-month strike. Sugar prices will be influenced by uncertainties in respect to Cuban sugar, now an unpredictable factor because of political instability.

continued on next page

Room with a View

Literally on Top O' the Isle, is the Waikiki Biltmore's delightful penthouse.





Here the breathtaking view of the mountains, Diamond Head and the great blue Pacific Ocean make you feel humble, yet serene because of the quiet wonders of nature surrounding you. The penthouse now caters to private parties, banquets, breakfasts, luncheons, receptions and business meetings. What better way to pause and relax and make new friends and business acquaintances than this beautiful room with a view.

Waikiki Biltmore's Top O' the Isle

The sugar outlook is thus for a mild advance in production over previous year levels with a somewhat more than normal fluctuation in sugar prices.

The dollar volume of pineapple production during both 1958 ($124 million) and 1959 (estimated at $120 million) was well above the levels of previous years. Carry-over into 1960 (16.4 million cases) was below the carry-over into 1959 (16.9 million cases).

The outlook for 1960 is for continuing high levels of production. Foreign sales, which represent about one-seventh of total canned pineapple exports, should show a favorable trend since foreign markets are relaxing import restriction.

Diversified agriculture recorded a mild decline in dollar volume during 1959. Specific products, however, have shown marked ups and downs.

The outlook for diversified agriculture is for mild advance over 1959 levels.

Manufacturing increased markedly throughout the past decade. During the past year, employment in manufacturing increased by 3.4 percent.

The Standard Oil Co. of California refinery should begin operations about the end of the third quarter. This alone will add $1.25 million annually in wages, $700,000 in purchases of electricity and water, and $400,000 in tax revenues. The two cement plants now under construction also represent a significant industrial advance.

The outlook for 1960 is thus for a greater growth and diversification in Hawaii's manufacturing industries than in any previous year.

The construction industry achieved a greater dollar volume advance between 1955 ($97 million) and 1959 (an estimated $210 million) than any other single major activity. Construction grew by 20 per cent during the past year.

During 1960, however, the industry is faced with mixed tendencies. Military (Capehart) housing will begin to taper off this year. There is evidence that luxury-level apartments are beginning to overtake demand. The construction of new retail outlets and shopping centers reached an all time high last year and has already peaked out; thus construction in this field, too, will be at a lower level during 1960.

Tourism recorded by far the greatest advance during 1959 ever achieved by this industry in Hawaii. Arrivals during January through August alone exceeded total arrivals during any previous entire year.

The tourist industry thus enters 1960 with great strength. Most hotels already have heavy bookings for the first quarter and many of them well into May.

The outlook is for a very substantial increase in tourism but (in percentage growth over previous year levels) at a somewhat lower rate than in 1959.

The Honolulu Stock Price Index rose sharply from mid-1958 (following the termination of the sugar strike) to 141 during March 1959 (1939 = 100) when statehood was announced. Thereafter it declined to 124 in September and has remained near that level. This refers only to stocks traded on the Honolulu Exchange and excludes a considerable number of important stocks and the stocks of all of the smaller corporations.

The outlook for 1960 is for increasing corporate strength as the economy expands and as the sugar plantations gradually re-establish a normal pattern of planting and harvesting schedules so as to return to maximum production levels during 1961.

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The S.S. Arcadia, most recent addition to the Orient and Pacific Lines passenger fleet, made her initial call at Honolulu at 8:00 a.m., December 22. This beautiful, all white, air conditioned ship is 719 feet long and cruises at 22½ knots. Greeted offshore in a typical Hawaiian fashion, her passengers were treated to a hula show and were presented with flower leis. The Arcadia left for Vancouver, San Francisco and Los Angeles; she is scheduled to return to Hawaii, and on to Suva, Auckland and Sidney.

HUALALAI WILL CARRY AUTOS



THE HUALALAI, Oahu Railway and Land Company's new $157 thousand ferry, will first undergo many trials, possibly between Molokai and Maui, to determine her fitness for inter-island ferry service. O.R.&L. refer to her as a *possible* prototype vessel. Built at Albina Engine Works, Portland, Oregon, the *Hualalai* caries nine standard size automobiles, is not designed to carry passengers. Her new type of hull, a patented hydroconic design, reintroduces twin-screw propulsion common in tugs as far back as a century ago. This type of hull protects the propellers from debris and fouled lines. The ship is 91.7 feet long; her speed, about 13 knots. If all goes well, she will be used on the Kawaihae barge run thrice weekly, from Young Brothers, Honolulu, to Kailua-Kona, Hawaii.

30-FOOT YAWL ON WORLD TOUR



OF ALL THE causes for which man has gone to sea, love of adventure has ever been foremost. A perfect example is the case of two amateur seamen of South Africa who, ten months ago, pointed the bow of their thirty-foot yawl toward the Hawaiian Islands.

Charley Kennedy and Luke Van Wyk left Burban, South Africa, in February of 1959, for a voyage blessed by almost perfect weather. They claim the ship practically sailed itself for weeks at a time.

Ports along the way include Barbados, St. Lucia, the Dutch West Indies and Panama. Now enjoying their stay in the Islands, they hope to go on to the Mainland and then to Europe, completing the grand tour.

By Stanley R. Zajac, Jr.



WAIKIKI SURF CLUB

HAWAII... AQUA-SPORTS PARADISE

Surfing was the royal sport of the ancient Hawaiians, and mastery of the waves was essential to their prestige. Today, as hundreds of years ago, Islanders drop work and head for the beach when the surf runs high, and the competition at Makaha among the champions draws as big a crowd as ever watched the alli.

by Stanley R. Zajac, Jr.

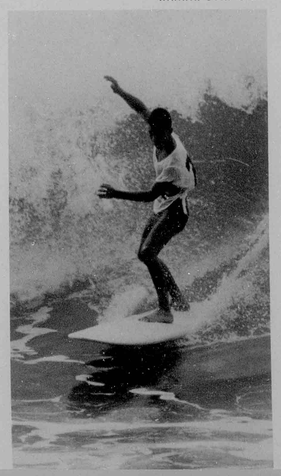
MOVIE STARS, beach boys, tourists, and Honolulu's own working folks dot the waves of Waikiki all year round, masters or novices pursuing the thrill of the perfect ride on the perfect wave. When the surf runs high, surging smooth and fast toward the shore, the word goes around as it did centuries ago. Then, the taro went untended and the poi pounders were still. Today, surf-lovers play hooky from the office.

The sport has changed somewhat since Kamehameha's daring and poise was the delight of his people. And the board has changed considerably since the huge chief, Abner Paki, rode the great koa board now in the Bishop Museum. Fifteen and a half feet long, six inches thick, this board weighs 160 pounds. Paki, in the early 1800's, rejoiced to guide this monster into surf too furious for lesser men.

In the old days, the tree was chosen with prayer and testing of omens to be sure of perfect wood for the alii's surfboard. Wiliwili was exclusively reserved for the alii, while koa was available for all.

With good instruction and a cooperative surf, an apt pupil can find himself riding the waves at his first lesson. A year's practice, and he just might be able to tackle the waves at Makaha, where the champions meet.

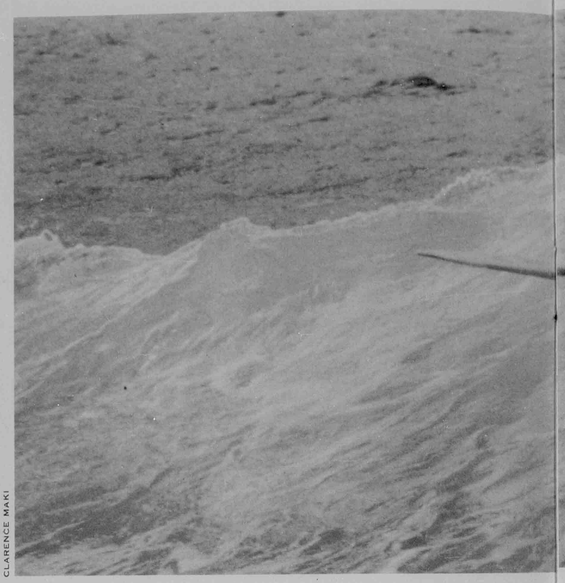
WAIKIKI SURF CLUB





CLARENCE MAKI

Surfer Richard Kauo displays a ballet stance as he struggles to keep his balance.



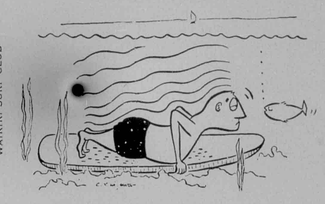


WAIKIKI SURF CLUB

Surfer in free flight after getting hit by backwash from a heavy shore break

Makaha Valley extends in a southwesterly direction from the crest of the Waianae Mountains to the leeward Oahu coast, about 34 miles northwest of downtown Honolulu and three miles northwest of Waianae village and Pokai Bay. Makaha Beach Park, the famous surfing area, is located at the northwest end of the Makaha Valley mouth.

To the Hawaiians the word *makaha* meant "entrance or gateway."



WAIKIKI...SURFERS PLAYLAND; MAKAHA...CHAMPIONS ONLY!

MIGHTY WAVES crash into Makaha Bay, 20 feet high — heaving mountains of rolling water that rush toward the beach at furious speed, and yet there are human beings who have the temerity to mount these angry waves on tiny boards. They are the world's top surfriders, come to Hawaii to compete in the annual International Surfing Championships.

More than 150 of the best surfers of Hawaii and the Mainland vie at Makaha, near the town of Waianae. Because of the character of the shoreline, the meet provides visitors the best opportunity of the year to see Hawaii's best known sport at close hand. Makaha's heavy winter surf curls up comparatively close to shore, then comes racing into a small crescent-shapped cove that provides natural grandstand facilities.

There are 15 scheduled events, including men's and women's open surfboard riding, tandem riding, junior competition, paddle races and even air mattress surfing.

For thrills, the men's open and the tandem events are tops. The men's open is restricted to contestants who are recognized master surfers. This event is run off when the waves are at their highest; officials take no chances with overly-ambitious amateurs.

When Captain Cook came to Hawaii in 1778, his navigator put mathematics to work, laid out a measured course, and then observed a group of surfers.

He came to the astounding conclusion that they sometimes bettered 30 miles an hour. From the boards which have survived, it is evident that these early Hawaiian surfers were substantial men.

Today's surfers are the same, as it takes great skill and power to keep ahead of the break and maintain balance at such speed. Getting caught in the curl takes the victim on what surfers call "a trip to the boneyard."

A pale description is that the water hammers and pounds the unfortunate surfer, forcing him deep below the surface. Getting free is a desperate struggle. Sometimes when the victim breaks above the surface he is just in time to make the acquaintance of a second brutal wave.

It's no place for the faint-hearted or the unskilled. In fact, it's dangerous enough so that an ambulance stands by at all times.

This outrigger canoe has just settled after a roaring ride on a rolling wave. The thrill of rushing shoreward, being pushed by a wave is a never to be forgotten experience.



CLARENCE MAKI

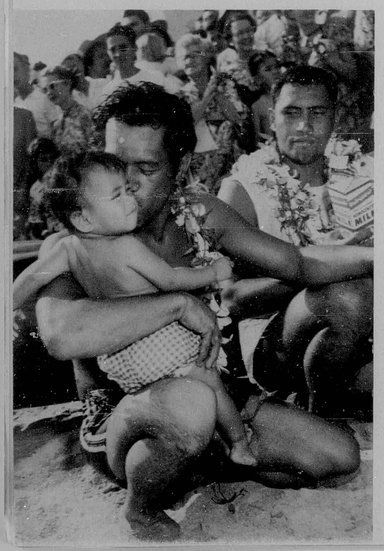
MOLOKAI-OAHU CANOE RACE



Outrigger canoe and crew seem to be submerging as craft enters deep trough during 37-mile Molokai-Oahu race, annual event of Hawaii's Aloha Week. Race is one of world's toughest contests. Photo: Aloha Week, Inc.

Islanders are rugged enough to travel the ancient way, by outrigger canoe, in annual Molokai-Oahu race.

ALOHA WEEK INC.



One of the most grueling water sports events in the world is the Molokai-Oahu canoe race, the opening event in the Islands' Aloha Week festivities.

Visitors can see racing teams cast off at dawn from Molokai, the launching preceded by ancient prayers and a feast of vension and poi. Or they can keep vigil at the finish line on Duke Kahanamoku Beach, 38 miles away. In the process, they watch hula troupes, swim, surf, catamaran-sail or merely toast themselves under the benign autumn sun.

It was in 1952 that the first Molokai-to-Oahu race was held. The 38-mile paddling race through the rough channel seas has become noted as one of the Aloha Week events most popular with Islanders themselves.

Nine outriggers with six paddlers each start the canoe event from Kawakiu Beach, Molokai, and race across the channel. All of Molokai participates in the send-off to these paddlers. Simple Hawaiian blessings launch the race after an all-night beach vigil is kept by well-wishers and friends.

Paddlers finish the strenuous race on the beach of Waikiki, to be welcome by the King and Queen of Aloha Week, their entire court, and throngs of friends, Islanders and tourists. An evening of choral singing, entirely in the Hawaiian language, completes the activity for a dramatic start to a great week.



WATER SKIING



Water skiing, at one time considered a tourist attraction, has gained popular appeal with local folks who are very much interested in what is called "America's fastest growing watersport."

One of the forerunners in water skiing activities is Chris Faria, former president of the Hawaiian Islands Water Ski Club. The Honolulu police officer organized the club in April, 1957, to promote exhibitions and competitive skiing meets.

Competition is keen, drawing as many as 5,000 people to an event which includes ramp jumping, ski ballet, comedy and trick events such as shoe and backwards skiing. Winners are sent to the tournaments on the Mainland.

The Islands offer good skiing waters no matter which way the wind blows; water skiing can go on in bays and ocean lanes which are protected on all sides by reefs.

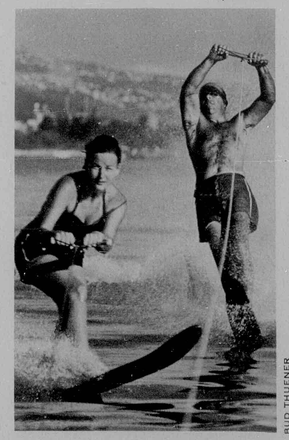
The sport got an impetus when Wally Pallack, former national ski champion, spent eleven months with the Navy in Hawaii. His techniques were widely studied and copied by local skiers.

Some of the outstanding headliners in local skiing events are Warren Witherell, Chris Faria and Roy Camara in the men's division, with Violet Pilares, Jackie Faria and Marva Davis filling in the women's section. Scarlet Voris, however, a Cypress Gardens water skier, brought the greatest glory to this fledgling Island sport.

Representing the Hawaiian Water Skiing Club, Scarlet Voris was Honolulu's sole entry in the World Water Ski Tournament. She won for the Islands tenth place against eighteen nations by scoring one hundred twelve points. Miss Voris, a familiar water skiing figure at Cypress Gardens, Florida, when she was a student on the Mainland, totaled the

continued on page 32

Jackie and Chris Faria, husband and wife team, perform a tricky criss-cross for the thousands of spectators.



BUD THUENER

SPEAR FISHING

Gordon Freund, skin diving columnist for the Honolulu Star Bulletin, holds a 240-pound pound ulua he caught in the deepest shot made in this area. Freund is author of Skin Diving Guide to Hawaii. *Photo Mel Carr, Jr.*



John Toomey and Larry Smith prove that there are still a few good "holes" left around the island. Below: Gordon Freund and John Toomey with a 196-pound sting ray.

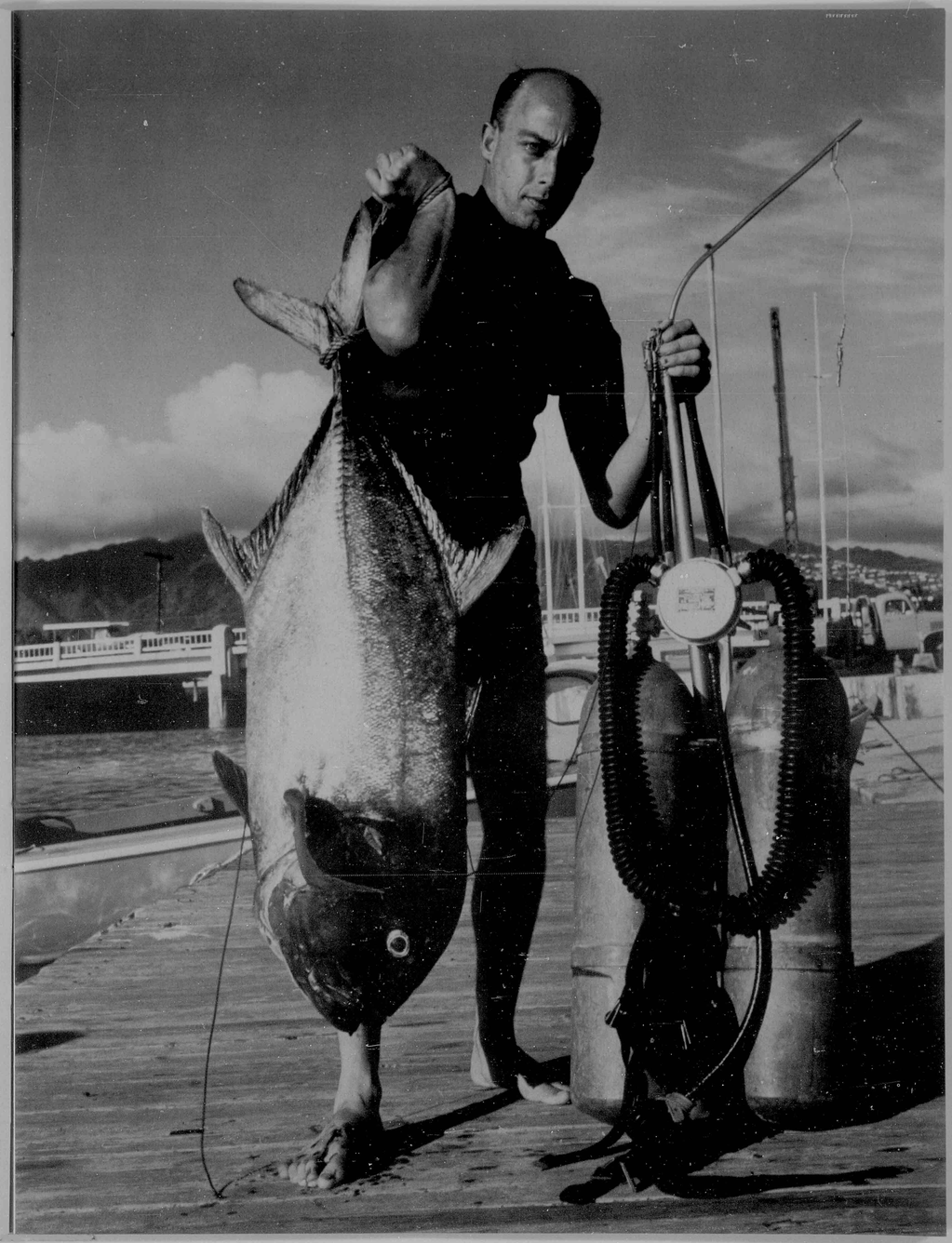


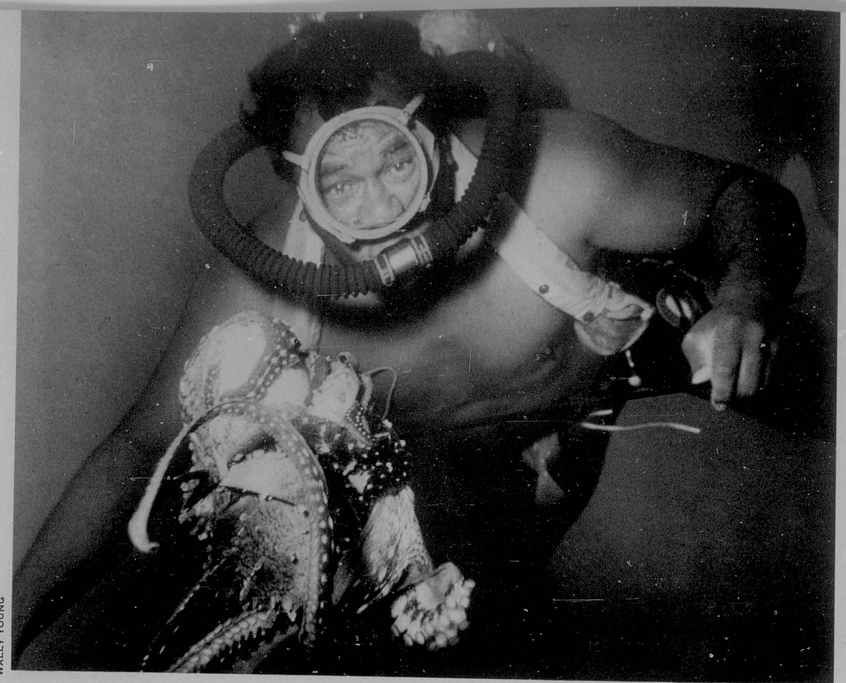
Spear Fishermen may sometimes come home empty-handed, but they always have a wonderful time. Whether or not they get a shot at a fat ulua (crevalle) or uhu (parrot fish), there are always fish to be seen: butterfly fish, the golden steal-bait, the stylish kihikihi in tangerine and black, hinalea banded in lapis and turquoise. These and many more in endless variety may not make much of a dinner, but they're brilliant company.

And if dinner never does swim by, the spear fisherman can look for lobster or squid. Or he can forget food and search for gleaming cowrie or helmet shells, or perhaps a handsome specimen of staghorn coral.

Equipment can be simple and inexpensive: mask, snorkel, and "Hawaiian sling," a rubber-propelled spear three or four feet long. Fins lend power and speed, and free the hands from swimming. SCUBA equipment is the next step, making possible longer and deeper dives, and for spearing, the powerful arbolette will bring home the kind of fish you call the neighbors in for.

Where to go? Hanauma Bay is fine for beginners, while rocks and reefs all the way around Oahu challenge experienced divers – Kaena Point, Laie Point, Chinaman's Hat, Sandy Beach, and even Waikiki, well out beyond the surf. The fish are waiting for you!





WALLY YOUNG

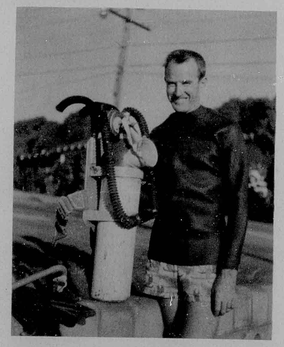
"Steamboat" Mokuahi, one of Hawaii's better known beach boys and an accomplished skin diver, shows two nice size squid, (octopus to Mainlanders) to the underwater cameraman.

SCUBA DIVING

by Helen Altonn



John Altonn.



HAWAII'S CLEAR and pleasant waters are a constant invitation to swimmers. And any swimmer who once puts on a face mask and takes a look beneath the surface is on his way to trying "SCUBA" diving. The initials stand for *Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus,* the tanks, hoses and mask that set men free of their natural habitat to join the curious and lovely creatures that swim through the coral gardens under the sea.

Pacific Frogmen, Hawaiian Division, was organized last year primarily to promote safety in the fascinating underwater sports now attracting so many devotees in the Islands. The three-man nucleus of the Frogmen, all thoroughly trained in the techniques and theory of SCUBA diving, are Ed McCourt, Dean Wanner and John Altonn.

McCourt is a member of the Marines' amphibious reconnaissance unit, trained in underwater demolition, and a graduate of the Navy's Diving School.

Wanner has had years of experience in spearfishing in Oahu waters, and is an avid collector of shells and coral.

Altonn's specialty is salvaging boats, equipment or lost possesions.

Their six-week courses are training many more divers to know the fun of the deep in safety and comfort.



PETER WILSON

SAILING IN POLYNESIAN WATERS

by Dodie Wilson

SAILING ENTHUSIASTS of Hawaii can enjoy their favorite sport the whole year around. Oahu's three yacht clubs compete in friendly rivalry, taking turns sponsoring team races. A popular course for larger boats runs from Waikiki, past Diamond Head and Koko Head and half-way around the island to Kaneohe Bay. Rugged sailing, such a race takes most of a day.

Kaneohe Bay, on Oahu's windward side, offers the safest sailing for small boats. Here, at the base of the Koolau range, the turquoise bay stretches to outlying reefs and small islands—which make handy course markers. Recently a fleet of more than 80 little El Toros competed in a race around Coconut Island.

Equally popular is the area off Waikiki towards Diamond Head and beyond, where flying fish often scoot over the surface, sea turtles up periscope as they laze by, or smiling porpoises keep the sailboat company for a way.

Moonlight sailing along the Honolulu shore offers special delight. Behind bright Waikiki the hillside lights twinkle in a spread of glitter, set off by the velvet darkness of the valleys.

Catamarans offer sunset cruises (cocktails and supper aboard), with ukulele, guitar and song as soon as the sails are set. Sailing at its laziest, in a setting as lovely as any in the world!

Cruising from Oahu to the neighbor islands is neither for the novice nor for small boats. The Molokai Channel can be wicked, a challenge to be welcomed by experienced yachtsmen. On the islands to the south, Molokai offers mooring only at Kaunakakai; Maui offers Kahului and drowsy, historical Lahaina among others. Hawaii, the Big Island, has a number of charming spots to tie up, such as Kailua-Kona, Kawaihae and Hilo.

In the other direction, the cruise to Nawiliwili, Kauai, from Oahu takes about 12 hours. This island, incidentally, can very rarely be seen from Oahu's highest points while Molokai, Lanai, and occasionally Maui are clearly visible to the south, given proper weather.



PETER WILSON

The aftermath of the Transpacific Race is a race from Honolulu to Kauai, starting at five in the afternoon and usually taking about twelve hours to finish. Kauai is the jumping-off place for yachts heading for the Mainland. North of Oahu, this departure point takes a bit off the windward work necessary to get far enough north for the trek to the West Coast.



PETER WILSON



FRANK CORNELL

Jimmy Howe, on Number 1,000, was junior champion in 1959.

"EL TORO" the terror of the Ala Wai

by Roger W. Haines

Tomorrow's Trans-Pac skippers are learning the principles of sailing under the sponsorship of the very active Hawaii Yacht Club. Here on the Ala Wai, the parents show keen interest in the uproarious antics of their offspring as they frolic in the frisky El Toros.

MANY a proud yacht owner paces his deck with heart flutters these days—when Bill Maertens, Hawaii Yacht Club instructor, sends his pupils out for a practice race. Put half-dozen impetuous kids in a half-dozen tiny, skiff-like "El Toros" with their many-colored .8 dacron sails, unleash the lot in a spanking wind, and even the most hardened sea dog on the staunchest ship will tremble as the armada foams reeling and rocking dead amidships. But they heave to on a bubble and sail off without so much as kissing the paint on the proud yachts' expensive hulls.

The reason for all this youthful enthusiasm is the appearance of the inexpensive ($150 class) *El Toro*, a wonderful racing rig that only the plasticity of youth can appreciate. These one-man boats demand great skill and quick reflexes to keep them from flipping when coming about. This is sailing by the seat (wet) of one's pants.

Any boy or girl from eight on up can join the novice instruction classes. But before setting one foot in a boat, each student must be an accomplished swimmer. "All of 'em," says Bill Maertens, "have to be able to take care of themselves and their boats if they flip."

This is basic, and learning to sail the El Toro is the perfect way to

Good form shows as Steve Jackson prepares to shove off.





FRANK CORNELL

Racing tightly packed, the El Toros approach the finish line where Bill Maertens stands by to call out the winners.

learn the basics of sailing. Too many inexperienced weekend sailors have jeopardized lives and equipment through ignorance of the elementary principles. Bill's students, grown up, will be competent skippers. El Toro to TransPac yacht—the principles are the same. Even now, some of these youngsters are sought after as helmsmen on weekend jaunts to beautiful Kaneohe Bay on Oahu's windward side.

Beginners aren't handled with extra politeness by gruff Bill Maertens. One demonstration of how to rig the sail is enough. Parents, eager to help, are blasted off the dock by a rasping remark magnified by Bill's megaphone to carry clear across the harbor and bring chuckles to patients in the Kaiser Hospital overlooking the marina.

Recently one of the 12-year-olds, weighing all of 75 pounds soaking wet, was battling to raise his sail in a 35-knot wind. An observer asked Maertens why the lad's parents didn't pitch in. The answer: "If he was in *real* trouble he would have yelled!"

Last year some of the older boys put to sea in a 75-mile gale to try handling the El Toro in a real blow. A few flips later, the lesson was learned that it takes more muscle and more boat to be at sea in such a wind. Such experience prepares them for competition—their annual race, inter-club races, or the grand race around Coconut Island on the windward side of Oahu. The three winners in the novice class each year move up to the junior class, while the top three juniors advance to the senior group.

A West Coast branch of the Hawaii Yacht Club has been organized at Lake Merritt, California, by former members who have moved to the

continued on page 32

Woody's
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IN THE HEART OF WAIKIKI



"You want dis awa?" Anyone who wets his feet during the hauling is given fish to take home.—Walt's Photo Service

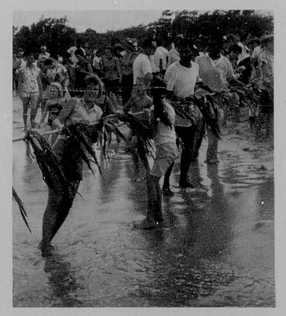
Hukilau

by Beryl Sawyer

Families always rise early in the Hawaiian Samoan community at Laie on the windward coast of Oahu, but on Hukilau Day, they are up before dawn to prepare for the fishing feast and entertainment.

Lava lavas, malos, bright red skirts, shell belts and head dresses, beads and tapa cloth are readied. Girls string orchid leis from flowers fresh with morning dew. Hibiscus blooms are gathered for the tables and coconut fronds cut.

Fish is cleaned and wrapped whole in ti leaves, and breadfruit made ready for baking. Chicken simmers with ginger root in great pots, while women lomi salmon, soaking and resoaking the salt fish, then shredding and kneading it with their fingers. Long green onions are prepared, tomatoes cut, poi pounded.



Three pigs cook slowly in an underground imu, gathering special flavors from ti and banana leaves sealed in with it in the hot, steamy darkness. It was still night when men came silently to light the fire and prepare the oven to receive the meat. In the cool of the night they piled kindling wood loosely with crisp dry leaves, then squatting on their heels, watch-

ed smoke turn to tongues of flame as the keawe wood burned brighter and ever brighter. Then, as the fire took hold, they gently laid porous lava rocks upon the flames, leaving clear air channels so that the fire could burn strongly. When the rocks glowed cherry red, the pigs were lifted whole into the imu on a bed of banana tree bark, and a cloud of steam rose as hot round stones were placed with tongs into the fleshy cavities. Then a coverlet of banana and ti leaves, canvas on top, and earth was shoveled over all, sealing in heat and steam.

The men's work was not yet done. Now there is the fishing net to prepare and the long ropes which will later pull the net to shore are coiled and made ready. The elders lay lauhala mats in the chief's hut and bring many-legged wooden bowls for *kawa*. Dried, stringy kawa roots are soaked and squeezed in water to make a non-intoxicating ceremonial drink.

Children bring leis of scarlet wiliwili seeds, Job's tears, soapseeds, kukui nuts and sea shells. Women carry bright hand-quilted bedspreads in traditional designs, and peg them out on lines for sale.

Musicians come, young Tongan students from the Church College of Laie, with guitars, a violin and ukuleles, and sing the lively, rhythmic songs of Tonga.

The first guests and visitors are greeted by children with arms full of orchid leis, fresh green coconut hats entwined with hibiscus, and necklaces of seeds and shells. Indian students bring silver jewelry to sell, and women arrange displays of woven bags, carved wooden bowls and tapa cloth.

Soon men shovel away the earth around the imu, lift the steaming

Church College of Laie students from Tonga, Brown Fine, Sione Latu, Viliami Netane and Veanua Vehikita, play and sing the lively songs of their land.





"We made these leis ourselves"

Children with strung seeds and shells and hand woven coconut hats adorned with hisbiscus blooms greet hukilau guests.

Keikis are taught by their mothers to string plumeria leis and soon become proficient.



Mary Mahiai is expert at hand-crafting colorful cotton bedspreads in traditional designs.





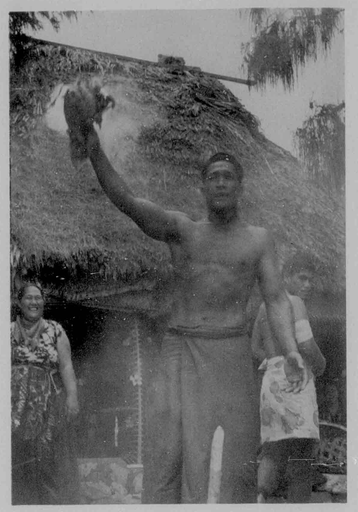


Removing the pig from the imu—an underground oven.



Jan Rublin from Hillsboro, Oregon, tastes kalua pig, fresh from the imu.

Winner of the fire-making contest proudly displays a flaming coconut husk.



canvas cloths and rake away banana bark and fragrant leaves to expose the pigs, crusty brown and piping hot. Dripping savory juices, the meat is gently raised and piled on dishes ready for feast.

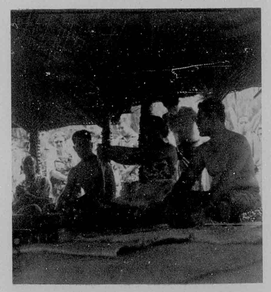
In the chief's palm thatched hut, the talking chief bids welcome to the assembly with chants and the clapping of hands. One by one, the guests drink *kawa*, a yellow brew, smooth, with a peppery tang. Then they toss the empty coconut half-shell cup back to the server, clad in purple lava lava.

Contests are announced: fire-making, basket-weaving, coconut-husking. Three tall Samoans squat with their rubbing sticks ready for the starting signal. The motion of their hands is a blur of speed as the tinder starts to smoke in the shallow groove of the base stick. Quick transfer from stick to dry coconut husks, and the men are suddenly on their feet whirling like dervishes, whisking the smoking husk through the air until tinder is fanned to flame . . . a matter of only a few dizzy seconds.

Deft brown fingers weave green baskets in a minute from living coco fronds; coconuts are split deftly and the fresh soft meat is offered to the guests. For pupu, breadfruit baked with fish is handed round. Then the crowd drifts in ones and twos to the beach for the hukilau.

Hukilau is a word composed from the Hawaiian word *huki*, to draw or pull, and *lau*, leaf, which refers to the ti leaves which are securely bound around the ropes to facilitate pulling.

The preparing of awa, a ceremonial drink with a peppery tang.



The leaves serve an additional purpose as their waving through the water frightens fish into the hukilau net. The word lau is also used to refer to the ropes themselves.

The huge net, up to 1,000 feet long and 20 feet deep, has a long lau attached to either end. Fishermen gather the net into the boat, throw a lau to those left on the beach, and paddle out until a school of fish is sighted. At this, the hukilau net is lowered and the boat swings slowly in a wide arc toward the shore, the men feeding out the rope as the distance widens between the boat and the departure point.



Evalani Ahuna with her flashing smile, displays her lei.

When the fishermen near the beach, they toss the second lau to eager helpers, and both laus are held tight. Thus, the horseshoe arc net is drawn taut by the two long huki ropes and the tug-of-war begins. Grandmothers in muumuus, men, women and screaming *keikis* pull, splashing each other and digging heels into the sand, the two groups moving slowly together to close the gap between the laus. The flapping of the leaves drives frightened fish to the shore or into the net, which slowly, with its wriggling bounty, is hauled in closer and closer. Big fish thrash wildly but cannot escape, and smaller fish try to dodge the net. Brown men grab fishes' tails to prevent damage to the net, and at last the gasping catch is dumped upon the beach. Fish are still plentiful off the windward shores, and hukilaus today are as they were in ancient days—a time for work followed by feasting and singing in celebration of the catch.

The nets are hauled and the feast is ready. Tables are loaded down with chicken, poi, kalua pig, fish, yams, fresh coconut pudding and pineapples. Fingers and wooden spoons dip eagerly into dishes of succulent pig and sticky poi, and reach again.

After the meal is cleared away and greasy fingers wiped, the entertainment begins. Girls with split bamboo or flashing knives dance to the rhythmic music of their land. Boys twirl flaming torches in the traditional fire dances of Samoa, and children scream in delight as the flames pass close. Tutus (older women) dressed in long red skirts and tapa tunics, chant and clap their hands in unison, seated on the ground, with feathers nodding in their braided hair. There is contrast between the rugged, fast Samoan dances and the gentle hulas danced by Hawaiian girls, telling the stories of their songs with graceful gestures. And all the while musicians play Island melodies, strumming guitars, till the soft notes of "Aloha Oe" mark the passing day.

Slowly the guests drift away by bus and car past the tall white Mormon temple which shelters below the hills, past lovely Kahana Bay and the rocky promontory called Crouching Lion, past picturesque Hauula, and over the historic Pali mountain road which leads to Honolulu.

Samoans and Hawaiians, there at quiet Laie, pile up fishing nets to dry, coil lau ropes neatly into piles, and drag the fishing boat high upon the shore. The shimmering fish are sorted into heaps for distribution—silver moi, purple-yellow weke, blue opelu, rose kumu and brilliant silver 'o'io.

The harvest of the sea is reaped and shared. The moon finds little sign of the day's work, as the tide smoothes out the footprints on the sand.

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. . . She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears;
her hair sweeps down upon the floor.
She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand, and
jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles . . .

by Rabindranath Tagore

sari exotica

by Peggy McKenzie

A COURTYARD OF the Honolulu Academy of Arts transformed into an esthetic banquet hall . . . an ambrosial feast for the eyes . . . refreshing nectar for the senses . . . a dazzling succession of costumes and jewels, modeled by even more dazzling Indian beauties!

This treat, sedately labled "Costumes and Customs of India" on the Academy program, is attended year after year by knowing Honolulans and should not be missed by the visitor who is lucky enough to be in Hawaii when it is presented. Mrs. G. J. Watumull displays thirty costumes from her extensive collection of Indian garments—modern and ancient wedding saris, tribal costumes from various regions of India, centuries-old costumes, and the elaborate jewelry and accessories worn with them—and uses as models the beautiful women of her own family, who wear the saris as though born to wear them. Indeed, they were!

Surely in all the world there is no more graceful dress for a woman than a sari. An awkward gesture is impossible to imagine and is, so the wearers say, a physical impossibility! There are certainly no lovelier models than these Indian women in Honolulu, with their flawless golden skin, smooth black hair, sparkling dark eyes, and glowing smiles.

If the visitor thinks of Indian dress as saris, and saris alone, he will be surprised at the variety and richnes of costume throughout the many sections of India and the many layers of India society, from lowliest sweeper to grandest Rani. Not even in India, assuredly in no other part of the world, could the visitor see a collection to equal the one Mrs. Watumull has assembled over a period of thirty years of interest and research.

Once a year, sometimes twice, Mrs. Watumull presents her lecture program. She explains the history of each garment, the region of India in which it is worn, and the intricate methods of craftsmanship and artistry that go into the construction.

While the models float across the stage—there is no high-heeled clatter from a champal-shod Indian woman; their free and easy walk seems as effortless as a drifting cloud—the enraptured audience absorbs lore of India's people and customs in the most palatable way possible. The mind's pantry is well stocked at this feast, too.

The number of facts so easily stored away is amazing —the names of garments themselves, for instance. We know *sari*, of course, but we add *dupatta*, a sari-like scarf and *patola*, a draped length shorter than the average sari (which is six to nine yards long). (It occurs to us that a sari is a perfect gift—no size problem!) We learn that 22 carat gold is used, and that the saris with gold woven through them can be burned to retrieve the gold, when the silk wears out. In the old days of India, gold in saris was a form of banking, just as the heavy jewelry worn today by Indian women is a family investment.

We add a new definition for a word that sounds like an English one with quite a different meaning—*bhooties* aren't baby's slippers, but the Indian word for the medallions or design through the body of the sari. Since the *champals* (decorated leather sandals) have become fashionable with Hawaii's residents and visitors, that's an easy one. Then we learn the name of the short, tight blouse, the *choli*. The *pallu* of a sari is the border, and the *partli* is a decoration down the front.

The *kurta* is a tunic, and *kamis* is a longer version. The long trousers worn with them are *churidars*—the tight pants, or *salwar*—the wide ones with a stitched cuff at the ankle. The tunic and trousers are an ensemble that would make a VOGUE editor's mouth water . . .

A manipuri dance costume, worn by Mrs. Bluebell Forker Standal, a Princess from Assam who is now Assistant Professor of Nutrition at the University of Hawaii. The bell-like skirt, of metal and gold embroidery, is held out by hoops. The overskirt, with its heavily decorated border, undulates in dancing. An open-mesh veil covers the tiny sequinned cap. The shoulder ornament, belt, arm and waist bands, are of sequins and gold embroidery. Hidden ankle bells tinkle a delightful accompaniment to the wearer's movements.



but not the final piece of such a costume that is added by Moslem women in *purdah* (cloistered seclusion at home; privacy achieved with heavy veils abroad). This is the *burqa*. The burqa resembles nothing so much as a shroud, for it is a tent-like covering that completely hides a woman's face and form from view! Indian women being feminine, however, a touch of vanity is added by a thumb ring which is a silver mirror. After all, if nothing but the lady's eyes show, then those eyes better have the *kohl* (fore-runner of our mascara) unsmudged!

An Indian woman's lot seems like not-such-a-hard-one, purdah or no, when we learn that men and boys do all the weaving, except for the simple weaving that is done on the looms of tribal women. We're impressed when Mrs. Watumull explains that the Balucher sari takes fourteen people several weeks to weave. The one we're viewing at the moment was made two centuries ago, and is timeless, flawless beauty exemplified.

Another sari, nearly 200 years old, featuring a design of elephants and birds in the border, is made of hand-spun silk, every single thread of which is tie-dyed before it is woven! This is Ikat weaving, and if you notice "Ikat" is said with a special reverent inflection, you know why.

The forms of decoration of the garments—embroidery, brocade, painting, tie-dying, printing—are really handicrafts, and are specialized arts in different parts of India. The mirror embroidery comes from Kutch and Sind. (Incidentally, the fascinating mirror-work is started for baby girls when they are born, so that they will have a proper trousseau.) Silk weaving and gold brocade are products

. . . Flowers of hurrying summers sighed in her breath and voices of
winds and water sang in her movements.
The passion of the tide of colours in clouds and in forests flowed into her life,
and the music of all things caressed her limbs into shape.

of Banares and Bangalore. The very fine wool weaving comes from Kashmir. (The "tribute shawls", so called because they were given as tribute to Queen Victoria, from Kashmir are the original paisley, the design given several poetic derivations.) Tie-dying is an art from Jaipur. Ikat weaving is done in Gujerat and Orissa. The exquisitely woven saris of striking, vibrant colors come from Conjeevaran.

A 200-year-old wedding patola (shorter than a sari) from Gukerat and a 75-year-old wedding choli *(blouse) of satin. Mrs Standal models these lovely examples of mirror embroidery and Ikat weaving.*





This 200-year-old wedding sari, of purple silk and gold brocade, features a magnificent pallu *(border). A diagonal design goes through the entire body of the sari. The* choli *(blouse) of purple and gold brocade Mrs. Homay wears with the sari is modern.*

This costume, actually a man's outfit, could have stepped straight out of Harper's Bazaar. The kurta *(tunic) is royal blue, the* churidars *(trousers) sky blue. Kamala (Mrs. Richard) Hughes.*



Mrs. Rhada Watumull Homay wears a modern shot silk sari of red and blue with gold brocade pallu *(border) and gold* bhooties *(medallions or design through the body of the sari), from Banares.*

Just as spell-binding as the contemplation of the millions of hand stitches that make up the gorgeous saris, is the jewelry. Its variety is intriguing–chunky silver, gold wash, precious stones—anklets, arm bands, bracelets and bangles, hair ornaments, necklaces, toe rings, and brooches fit for a Rajah's turban. The Mogul jewelry is a connoisseur's delight, stones on one side, intricate enamel-work on the other.

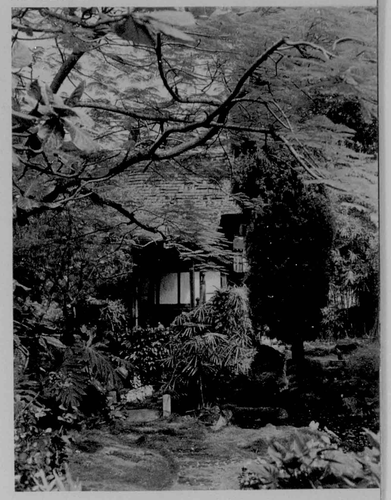
With her rubies, pearls, mine-cut diamonds, emeralds . . . or with her simple armband of silver and necklace of seeds and shells . . . an Indian woman loves to wear flowers in her hair. Jasmine blossoms, glowing like a wreath of white stars in the dark tresses, are particular favorites.

When the last lovely model has moved across the courtyard stage, and Mrs. Watumull has quoted the poet who found words for the feeling mutely generated in the audience now appreciative of the richness and splendor and color and drama that is India . . . a touch of modern reality is acknowledged. The models, wearing the last costumes shown, will graciously consent to pose for the camera fans in the crowd.

And back in Iowa, perhaps, with snow six inches deep around the farmhouse, some Hawaii-visitor shutterbug will look through his pictures from a memorable evening at the Honolulu Academy of Arts, when *he* captured (on film!) the special beauty of an Indian woman. And he will surely congratulate himself, "Lucky you come Hawaii, sahib!"



FRANK CORNELL



tale of a teahouse

by Eloise Engle



Once upon a time a man by the name of Mr. Ishii who owned a house in the quiet Nuuanu valley wilderness decided that what this country needed (in addition to a good five-cent cigar) was a good Japaness Tea House. Eyeing the sparkling Nuuanu Stream bubbling down the back of his property and surveying the hillside already thick with old lichen covered shade trees, he dreamed one day of having a fine oriental garden with stone temples, arched bridges, heavy carpets of soft green grass and brilliant tropical flowers blooming everywhere. He thought of all the dainty Japanese girls he knew who could don a traditional kimono and serve tea and cookies to tired businessmen and tourists. This, he decided, could be Japan–in Polynesia.

He started in a small way, charging fifty cents per customer. In those days it was quite a lot of money, but his venture was successful. Word got around that Mr. Ishii's Tea House was a truly unique place to go in Honolulu. Island businessmen and visitors began spending long evenings relaxing in the private dining areas. Tourists returned, year after year,

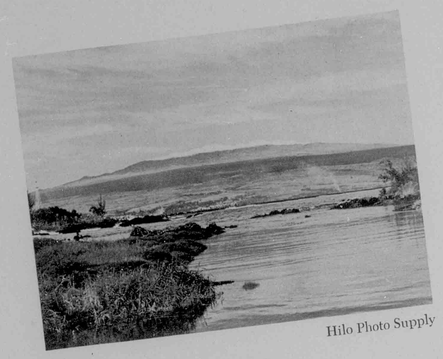
Time passed, and today, seventy years later, the wilderness around Ishii Gardens is thickly populated. Stores, homes and paved streets surround the serene walled gardens. Inside things are pretty much the way they were in the beginning.

When Mr. Toshio Matsushima bought it fourteen years ago, he knew better than to tamper with the reputation and tradition of the famous landmark. Except for a few necessary improvements and additions, Ishii Gardens is still completely old Japan in atmosphere.

Once inside the gate, guests park their shoes on the shelves and slip into starched kimonos. Padding about the balconied main dining room in private or semi-private areas separated by shoji doors, or settling comfortably on zabutons in one of the private dining cottages, guests plan on a full evening of quiet dining. "When you make a reservation, the room is yours," says Matsushima. "From 6:30 till 11:00. Nobody rushes you off. Of course," he smiles, "No rowdy stuff. With me, the cus-

continued on page 32

Hawaii - the Orchid Isle Beckons



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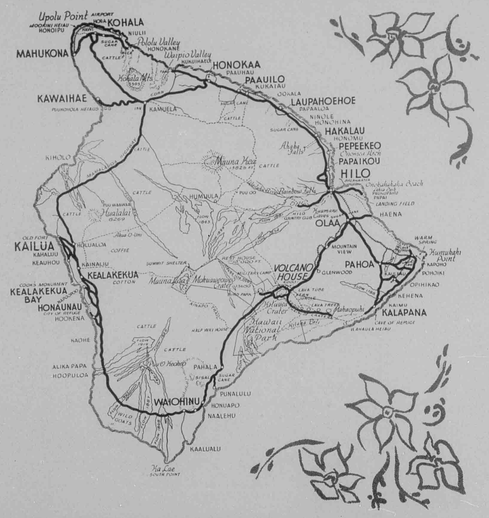
Hawaii ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS





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Hawaii, the Big "Orchid" Island, is a panorama of breathtaking contrasts. From tropic surf to snow-capped peaks there's beauty everywhere. Raw sweeps of recent lava flows, primeval forests of giant tree ferns, rare orchid gardens, plantation villages, Hawaii National Park, and the picturesque Crescent City, Hilo.

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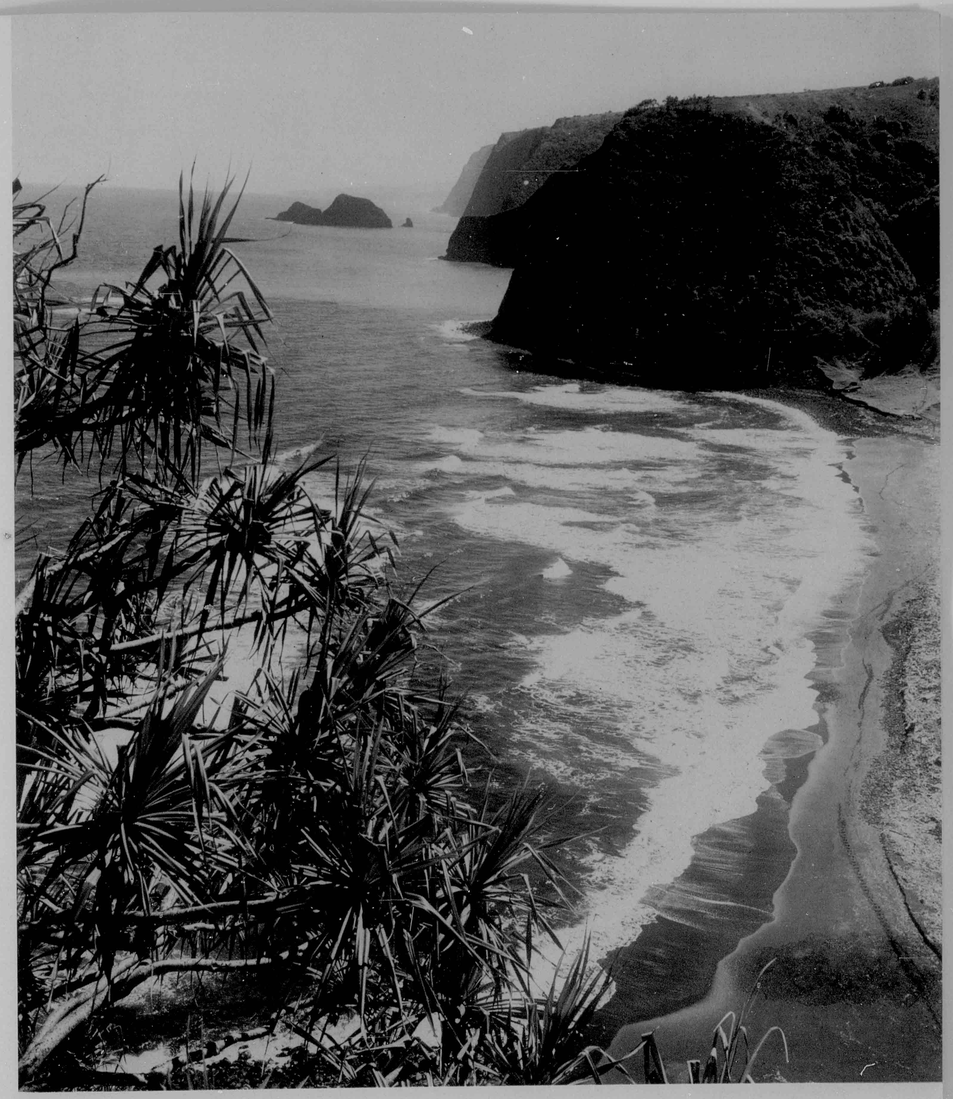

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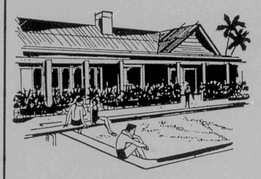

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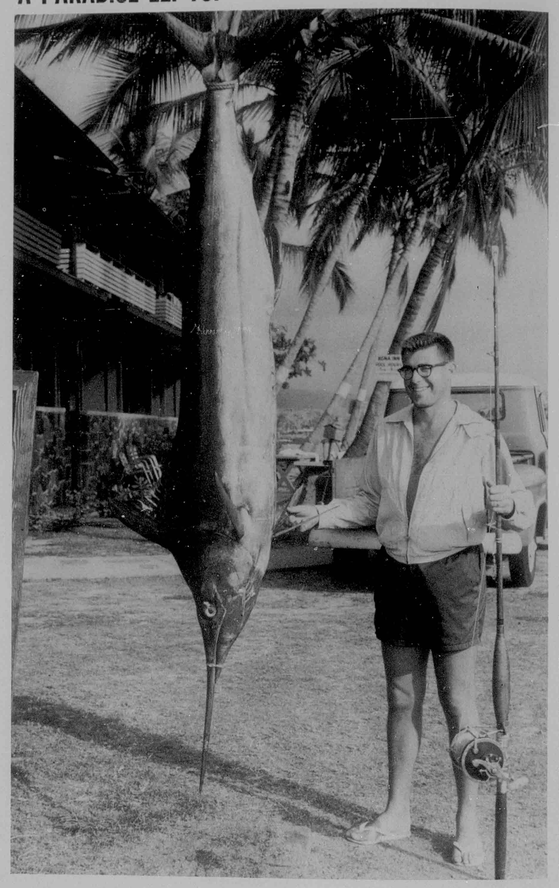


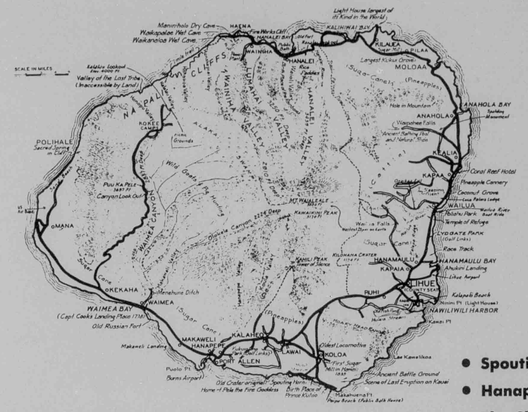
Photo: Ron Fellows, Hukilau Photo Shop, Kona

DR. JONES, FOR HIS UNBELIEVABLE CATCH!

THE ABOVE prize blue marlin was landed by Dr. D. A. Jones of Honolulu, on the first fishing trip of his life! Hooked on the second strike of the day during the noon hour, the 192-lb., 9 ft. 3 in. marlin sounded deeply, then shot up in a beautiful arch high out of the water. Skipper George Parker was sure the marlin would be 350-400 pounds by the effort it took to boat it. On bringing the fish alongside, it was discovered Doc Jones had reeled the beauty in sideways!

Skipper Parker of the Mona H, out of Kailua-Kona, Hawaii, said the marlin tossed his hook on his powerful leap, became entwined in the line, and drowned while being pulled backwards. The hook engaged again midway down the side below the dorsal fin. This was the cause of the long reeling-in time and a very muscle-sore Dr. Jones. Cussed out by old timers for his unorthodox methods, Jones just laughed and said he plans to go out next spring and catch another!

Kauai ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS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Continued from page 27

tomer *can* be wrong."

Rules or no rules, guests return year after year. Sometimes travelers from Japan complain about paying $4 per person for the basic dinner. To this, Matsushima shrugs: "Sure it costs more than Japan. After all, this is the United States." Customers blink, and nod sheepishly. Yes, they had forgotten, because the atmosphere at Ishii Gardens is so compeletly Japanese.

At night, there are bright Japanese lanterns swaying in the breeze. Hidden lighting in the gardens and over the bubbling stream strikes sharp contrasts in the black shadows. Wall decorations are changed each season. In the fall there are maple leaves and in February, cherry blossoms, while in the summer, willows grace the entrance way.

If guests happen by in the morning, they may find Matsushima scurrying about the kitchen overseeing the preparation of food, or carrying a favorite grandchild around on his hip. And although he modestly says, "Tea House is like a geisha girl in the morning—not so exciting," the gardens in the sunlight are green and bright; the starkly simple tatami flooring and low tables of the house are inviting.

There is no entertainment at Ishii Gardens except the guests' own conversation. "People come here to talk, get acquainted, relax," he says. "They can get floor shows all over town." The same holds true for liquor. "Tea is the house drink. Of course, people can bring their own spirits and we have ice, ginger ale and soda. We'll also heat and decant sake that has been brought in."

The tale of the Tea House, of course, goes on as it has for centuries in Japan: the lovely hostess working efficiently at the flaming hibachi . . . the vegetables chopped and sliced just right . . . tea poured with grace and dignity, somehow tasting very special in such an atmosphere . . . the blending of hot mustard sauce and sashimi . . . the mouth-watering shrimp tempura . . .

In such a web of enchantment, there is nothing really that one needs to do all evening but sit back and enjoy it.

"El Toros" of the Ala Wai, Continued from page 27

Mainland over the years.

Sitting on the banks of the Ala Wai, their parents watch these ebullient youngsters and think back to the not-so-long-ago when they themselves were tan and wiry, eager to heed the master's raspy voice urging them impatiently to hurry their rigging and cast off.

The names change, and the faces —though they may remind you in a fleeting moment of someone you knew —but the rousing call to line up for the race sounds the same:

"Hang back, Scotty!"

"Flop over, Steve!"

"Heel over and sail with your toes!"

"O.K. that's fine; line up and flop together . . ."

"Never mind the water—heel over, Davy . . .!"

Hawaiian Water Skiing Club, continued from page 11

points single-handedly to place Hawaii ahead of Belgium, England, Monaco, Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand and Panama.

Other Island skiing enthusiasts hope to follow in Scarlet's footsteps. The present growth of water skiing in Hawaii is phenomenal. Hundreds of boats have been sold in the last few months to join the outboard skiing rigs here, and more are coming in every week. Some of the boats have twin engines and most of the craft are fiberglass.

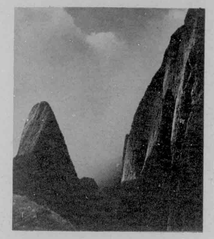
With this increase in water skiing, regulations restricting the sport are necessary for safety's sake. Swimmers and skiers just don't go together; precautions must be taken to select proper sites for each sport.

Ed Davis, 1959 president of the Hawaiian Islands Water Ski Club, is attempting to secure general overall regulations to cover designations for water ski corridors and ensure water safety. The skiers hope to set up operations in all areas possible and to continue promoting the sport on an island-wide basis.

Maui ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS



Photo: Larry Hata



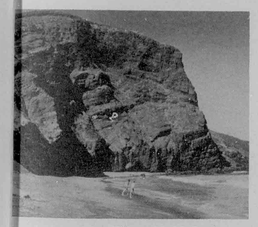


Photo: H. V. B.

Maui

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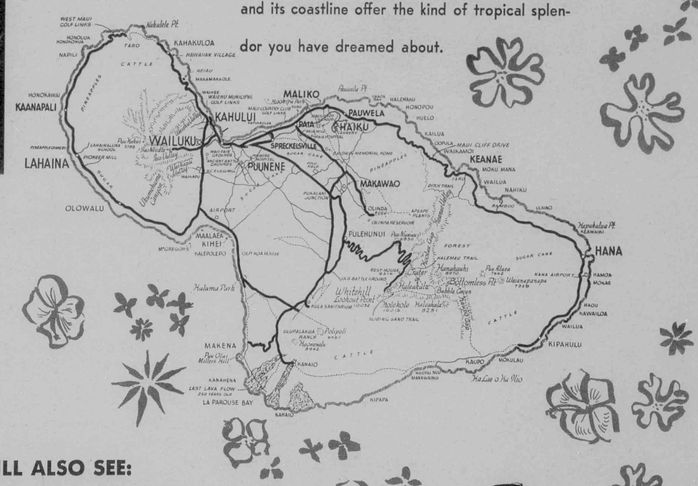

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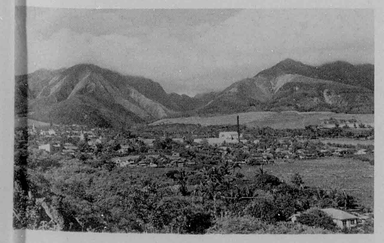



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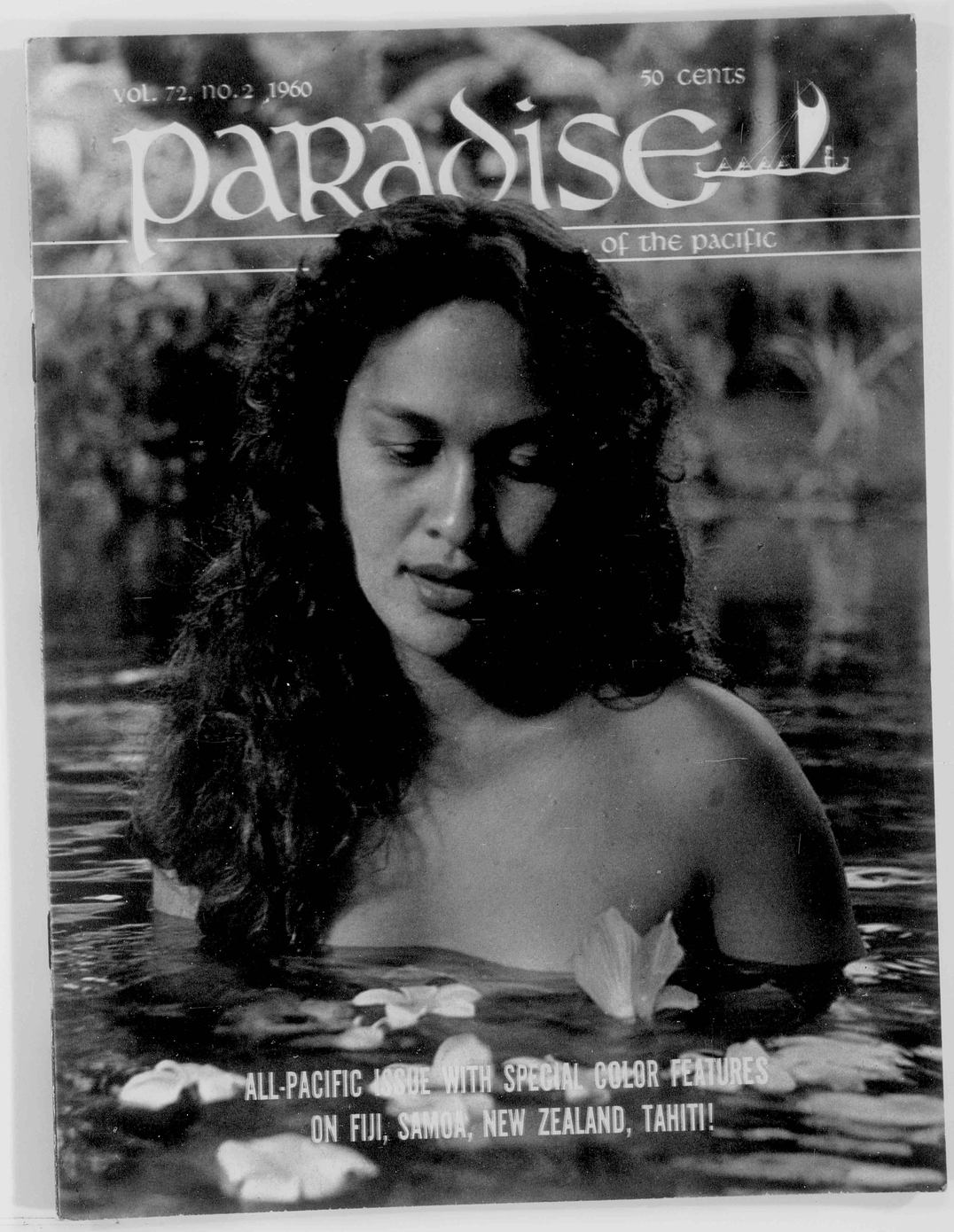
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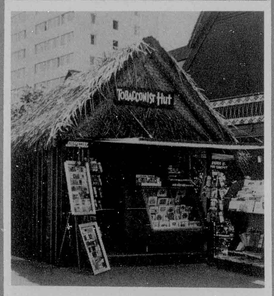

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- COVER: Tahitian Maiden, courtesy of Matson Navigation Company
- BACK COVER: Kona Coast; Photo/Frank Cornell

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An exclusive 21-page pictorial and editorial report written and compiled by *Paradise* Pacific Tour Editor, Helene Adams.

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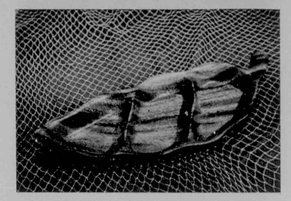

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VOICES IN PARADISE

Editor and Publisher
Paradise of the Pacific
Dear Sir:

Jack Benny, movie, radio and CBS Television star and one of the world's greatest comic artists, will appear as guest violin soloist with the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra in a benefit performance March 20. Tentative arrangements have been made to hold the benefit concert at McKinley auditorium.

"My close friends and associates say I play a rotten violin," Benny clowned with me by telephone. "But I know I'm great — the music critics tell me so, and I have a carefully edited set of clippings to prove it.

"However, I *do* need to practice. Why don't you get off the telephone," he chided, "so I can get started!"

Sincerely yours,
Owsley B. Hammond
President
Honolulu Symphony Society

Editor and Publisher
Paradise of the Pacific
Dear Sir:

San Francisco's third annual Pacific Festival is expected to draw thousands of visitors next fall. The fete, planned to dramatize San Francisco's traditional role as America's Gateway to the Pacific, is set for September 9-18, a time when the Bay Area's always mild climate is at its balmiest.

The celebration will emphasize the nations of the Pacific, but will also welcome participation from all corners of the globe.

The ten-day festival will include an elaborate stage show, displays, fashion pageants, waterfront and airport open-houses, sports events, fireworks, a grand ball, and a giant parade down Market Street.

Yours sincerely,
Pacific Area Travel Assoc.
153 Kearny Street
San Francisco 8, Calif.

Mrs. Helene Adams
c/o Paradise of the Pacific
Dear Mrs. Adams,

Thank you for your December letter. I was very pleased to hear that you enjoyed your very brief trip to Mount Cook. You will have to do the South Island more thoroughly next time.

It has been an extremely busy tourist season here, with a great number of overseas people traveling through. Our two ski planes have been working long hours each day taking people up and landing them on the Glaciers. Many of our visitors have not been on snow before, and they get a tremendous kick out of landing right in the midst of the ice and snow-covered peaks, particularly as this is one of the few places, if not the only place in the world where this type of sightseeing is done as a routine thing.

Please write if we can help you with any further information, and let us know when you intend to return to New Zealand again.

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Developed as a program of the Trade Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu, the briefings are scheduled to be held every Tuesday at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel Ballroom, between 10:00 and 11:30 a.m. Admission is free.

This phase of the Chamber's program of industrial development is aimed at bringing new industrial payrolls to Hawaii.

In commenting on the program, Mr. Richard Cooke, chairman of the Chamber's Trade Committee, said, "Hawaii's most significant and unique competitive advantage in the quest for economic expansion is the desire of many individuals to find a means to live here or to visit the Islands frequently."

Several major firms, including the Bishop National Bank of Hawaii, Bank of Hawaii, Hawaiian Telephone Company and Hawaiian Electric Company are assisting with the program.

Distribution is made of economic data and printed materials from Bishop National Bank, the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu, Bank of Hawaii, Hawaiian Electric Company and EPCA.

The January briefings were sponsored by the Bishop National Bank.

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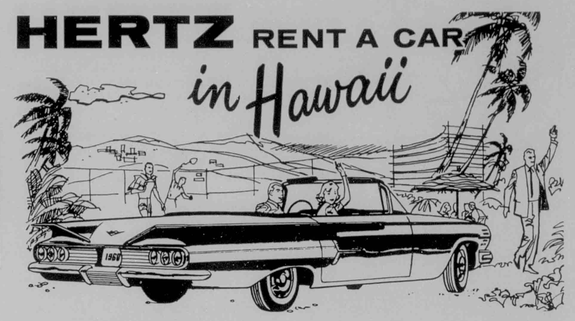

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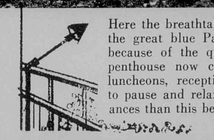

Here the breathtaking view of the mountains, Diamond Head and the great blue Pacific Ocean make you feel humble, yet serene because of the quiet wonders of nature surrounding you. The penthouse now caters to private parties, banquets, breakfasts, luncheons, receptions and business meetings. What better way to pause and relax and make new friends and business acquaintances than this beautiful room with a view.
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VOICES IN PARADISE continued

Editor and Publisher
Paradise of the Pacific
Dear Sir:

May I call your attention to the following excerpt from a speech given at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel by Dr. You Chan Yang, Korean Ambassador to the United States, formerly a resident of Hawaii.

When my great President Syngman Rhee called upon me to assume the responsibility of representing the Republic of Korea in the United States, I was pleased with the trust he had placed in me, concerned over the tremendous job facing me, and saddened over having to leave Hawaii. But as the years have rolled by in the hectic city of Washington, I have found myself frequently relying upon the tremendous reserves of patience, brotherly love, and visions of a true world peace which are the characteristics of all Hawaiians and which constitute the legacy of the Islanders.

All of the Mainland will be enriched, as I have been personally, by the climate of Hawaii — and by this I do not necessarily mean the blue skies and the life-restoring weather. All of us have developed and flourished in a climate of brotherly love.

Anyone wishing a copy of Dr. Yang's entire speech may write The Korean Embassy, 2322 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 8, D.C.

Yours very truly,
Choong Chung Oh
Consul General of the
Republic of Korea, Hawaii

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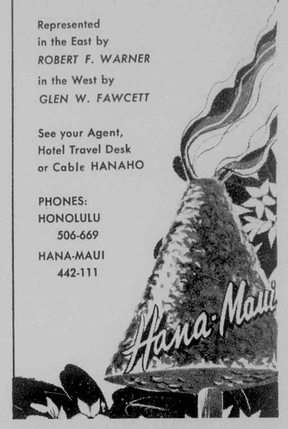




NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC is pleased to have as this month's Guest Editor, Helene Buchtel Adams. As Pacific Tour Editor for *Paradise*, Helen has recently returned from the South Seas where her travels took her on everything from an outrigger canoe to a ski-plane flight.

After attending Stanford and Northwestern, Helene was graduated from the University of Oklahoma with a major in philosophy, and a minor in professional writing. In 1955, among more than 7,000 contestants, she was one of 20 winners in the MADEMOISELLE Guest Editor Contest. Following her Guest Editorship in New York City and a series of promotional teas for MADEMOISELLE, she did free-lance advertising in Los Angeles. She came to Hawaii when her husband, a Navy public relations officer, was transferred to our beautiful Islands.

Locally she has written "Along the Miracle Mile," a weekly column for the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*. She has also written publicity for Island Holidays Travel Service, organized and directed the first Hawaii Writers' Clinic, contributed to Mainland magazines and still has found time to play a violin in the Honolulu Symphony's summer series.

This ambitious and versatile lady has many other interests, including sketching, reading, swimming, tennis and golf. She has a deep appreciation for both classical music and progressive jazz.

Her current projects: articles, stories and books about Hawaii geared for Mainland markets. She hopes to learn Tahitian dancing and also hopes eventually to travel throughout the Orient.









PACIFICA



In the past ten years, the face of the Pacific area has changed.

Through a series of world tours, a PHILIPPINE dance troupe, featuring ancient folklore, has catapulted to international renown.

The FIJI of the firewalkers is now the home of a colorful musical band and a main stopover for the refueling of jets.

Sydney, AUSTRALIA has matured into a white-gloved metropolis with Italian hair stylists, modern hotels, plans for an elaborate opera house.

Nurtured during the Korean Conflict, JAPAN's youth today are more Americanized than many youngsters in the United States.

Cinerama has introduced NEW ZEALAND as an unsuspected paradise of breath-taking alps, glaciers, geysers.

Distant, exotic TAHITI is now only two flying days from Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

HAWAII and its harmonious racial mixtures constitute the 50th state—Waikiki, boom town, U.S.A.

The face of the Pacific area HAS changed, and yet, miraculously, still retained its mask of mystery, intrigue, romance.

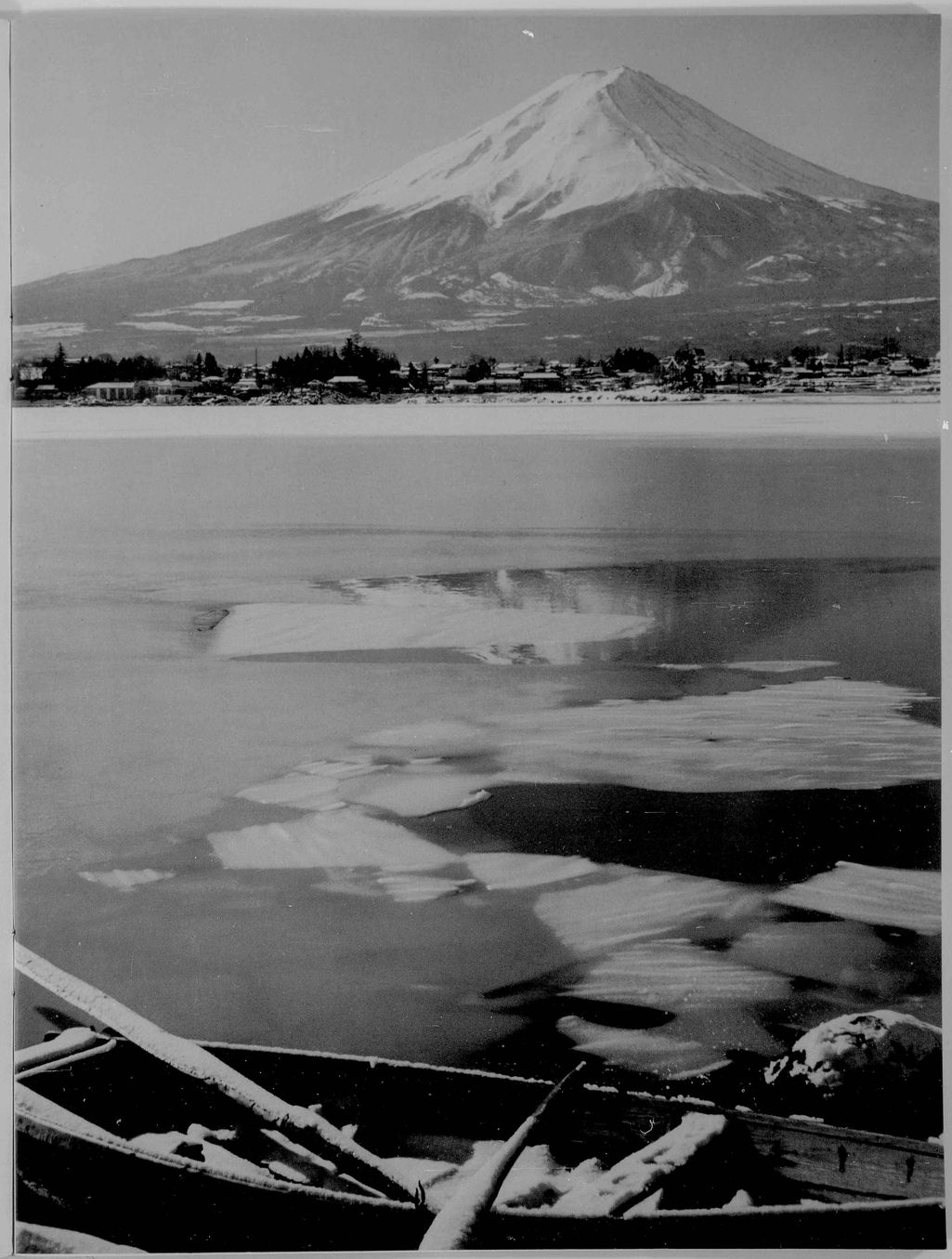
Perhaps this strange blend of old and new, primitive and modern, mystery and discovery explains the bright, jet-propelled future of . . . PACIFICA.

OUTLOOK '60



FRANK CORNELL

JULY 29, 1959 . . . after 15 flight hours from Sydney, **Qantas Empire Airways** has landed a **Boeing** 707 at San Francisco's International Airport . . . the 20th Century heralds a new era . . . the Pacific Jet Age, celebrated for space-shrinkage // **SOON EVERY** major airline is following suit, splitting flying times in half . . . San Francisco to Honolulu, 4 hours . . . Honolulu to Tokyo, 9 hours, 50 minutes // **THE WORLD** becomes smaller and smaller . . . once far-off lands of intrigue and storybook fantasy become as near as the neighborhood movie house // **LAST JUNE,** Northwest Orient Airlines inaugurated **Polar Imperial Service,** non-stop flights New York-Alaska-Tokyo . . . the historic Polar route cuts about 1,400 miles off previous routes to Japan // **CIVIL AIR** Transport's **Mandarin Jet** will soon slash flight time to a chop suey luncheon between Taipei and Hong Kong, a 3-hour nap Taipei to Tokyo // **ON APRIL 2nd, South Pacific Air Lines** will be flying direct, Honolulu to Tahiti in 8 hours, 45 minutes, eliminating 2,500 miles from the usual air route U.S.A. to Papeete // **OTHER JET** lines that will wing the Pacific include: **BOAC, Canadian Pacific, Cathay, Hawaiian, Japan, Malayan, Pan American, TAI, TEAL, THAI** // **STEAMSHIP** lines are also preparing for the new era, for increased interest in the entire Pacific . . . (During the first 6 months of 1959, business for the steamship lines jumped 8 per cent.) // **THIS SEPTEMBER Orient Line's** 40,000 ton **Oriana** will be ready to reduce passenger time London to Sydney from 4 weeks to 3 . . . **Matson Lines' Oceanic,** pioneer in South Seas cruises, had a 25 per cent passenger increase in 1959 // **DOLLAR SIGNS** for development flash across crowded Pacific cables . . . over the past 6 years, money poured into Australia's Gold Coast resorts totaled $40 million . . . in Japan, nearly 1,000 modern hotel rooms will be added during 1960 . . . in mushrooming Hawaii, 1,500 are under construction, another 10,000 on drawing boards // **FOR 1960,** Fiji predicts a tourist increase of 37.9 per cent . . . Korea, a 33 per cent increase . . . Macau, 25 per cent . . . throughout the Pacific, the outlook for '60 indicates at least a 20 per cent increase overall // **TWENTY YEARS** ago it was tramp steamer to Fiji, flying boat to Tahiti // **OUTLOOK '60** luxurious ocean liner with all the modern conveniences of a city, and vibrationless jet with champagne parties en route . . . business in Bangkok, lunch in Manila, swimming in Waikiki, dinner in Los Angeles . . . Hawaiian papaya picked in the morning, eaten in New York the same evening . . . household bywords—Palmyra, Pitcairn, Tasmania, Tongatabu, Tuamotu, Zamboanga . . . everyday conversations—Hong Kong's Cheung Chau Bun Festival, India's Dussehra Festival, Samoa's Flag Day // **OUTLOOK '60:** Miami Beach devotees vacationing at Tahiti's Moorea Isle, Australia's Hayman Island . . . fishing fans angling in Fiji's waters, Taiwan's lakes . . . ski enthusiasts holidaying at New Zealand's Mount Cook, Japan's Mount Fujiyama // **PACIFIC OUTLOOK 1960:** dramatic boom; unlimited expansion!



MOUNT FUJIYAMA, JAPAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION



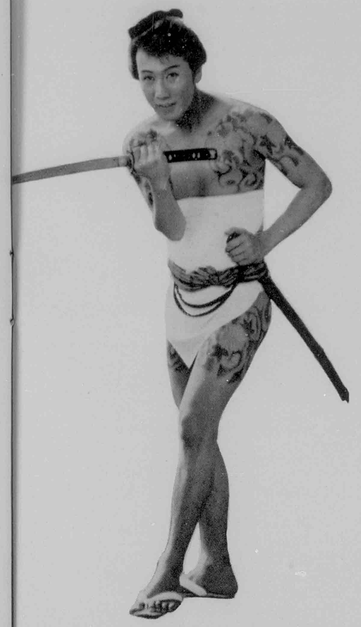
SHOCHIKU CO. LTD., JAPAN

Miyuki Kuwano (nicknamed "Miki") is an 18-year-old movie star who received the "Best New Actors Award" in 1955.



SHOCHIKU CO. LTD., JAPAN

Mickey Yasukawa and Miki in a scene from their current film "Hey! Pineapple!", the story of the Hawaiian nisei soldiers during the Korean Conflict.



Raizo elaborately painted for the role of a Japanese Robin Hood in the movie adaptation of the classic kabuki play "Benton Kozo" (A Beautiful Woman).

HEIBON PUBLISHING CO., JAPAN

. . . torn between yesterday and tomorrow . . .

JAPAN'S YOUTH



SHOCHIKU CO. LTD., JAPAN

Produced in Japan, "Hey! Pineapple!" is based on a popular war novel written by Hawaii's own Robert Nobuyuki Hongo.



In Kyoto, Raizo Ichikawa, the popular samurai movie star, with his father, one of Japan's famous kabuki actors and also a renowned artist.

HEIBON PUBLISHING CO., JAPAN

THIRTY YEARS AGO Raizo Ichikawa's father was one of Japan's leading kabuki actors. Destined to carry out his family's acting tradition, ten years ago Raizo himself was an outstanding kabuki actor. Today, however, Raizo is one of Japan's top-ranking movie stars.

At 27, Fujiko Yamamoto has mastered the art of flower arranging and the tea ceremony. At her Tokyo home though, Japan's Elizabeth Taylor has more than flowers and tea parties: she has a beautiful, modern swimming pool.

Masahiko Tsugawa—Japan's up-and-coming star—is addicted to sumo wrestling. But when the cherry trees blossom along the Sumida River, his attentions turn to baseball.

"It's the most, being young in today's Japan," says one Tokyo teenager. "This democracy's the greatest. If only our parents would stop pressuring us with their old ideas. Modern democracy and feudal traditions come out all crazy mixed up together.

"From our Oriental heritage we learn the importance of family pride, ancestor worship, Buddhist and Shinto beliefs. From recent Western influences, we are taught liberal, democratic ideas.

"To tell the truth, our idols today aren't the noh or kabuki actors, not shamisen music, or the Buddha of Kamakura. Our idols are movie stars, rock 'n' roll, white bucks, and button-down collars. You can guess how our folks feel about that!"

Despite conflicting elements, today's young people in Japan seem to have done a remarkable job of assimilating Western patterns without surrendering all their own traditional modes of living.

Where else in the world do you find a jazz tea house featuring rock 'n' roll?

Perhaps this ready, enthusiastic assimilation of Western ways results from Japan's tradition of receptiveness and adaptability to foreign influences.

Perhaps it simply stems from the fact that the young people of Japan today were only youngsters during the occupation after World War II and during yesterday's Korean conflict.

Yesterday's youngsters saw the crew-cut G.I. and his raucous dancing, and accepted him as open-mindedly as kimonos and kabuki plays.

During the '50's, as these youngsters graduated from knickers to trousers, American movies and magazines became a popular vogue—and still are today.

"That's how we get most of our information about the West," says one Osaka teenager. "From American movies and magazines.

"Maybe we carry the Western a little too far sometimes . . . like jumping up on stage and ripping off pieces of a movie star's clothing. I don't know, but I do know that many people say we're more Western and modernized here than the young people in Hawaii. Why, we wouldn't be caught dead in a pair of bell-bottom trousers. It's strictly, but strictly ivy-league for us!"

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Matsunobori, right, defeating Dewanishiki by YORI-KIRI (forcing the opponent out of ring by sheer weight).



Unlike American wrestling, a Japanese sumo bout is over in a flash, usually 30 seconds or less. The bout is won by throwing the opponent to the ground or out of the 15-foot ring. To accomplish this feat, a wrestler may use any one of 48 recognized sumo throws, everything from tsuppari *(pushing the foe off balance) to* uchigake *or "inside trip" (getting one leg in between the opponent's legs and tripping him).*

A "handprint" of Raiden, one of Japan's most famous sumo wrestlers during the Tokugawa Period.

Raiden's actual hand must have measured ten inches from the heel of the palm to the tip of the middle finger.

SUMO

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY JAPAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION



GORGEOUS GEORGE and his buddies have nothing on Japan's world-famous sumo wrestlers.

For hundreds of years sumo wrestlers have worn their hair in fancy coiffures—long before Gorgeous swiped the idea. For centuries sumo wrestlers have decorated themselves with bright embroidered costumes—long before Gorgeous ever put on a robe.

Sumo wrestlers even had the first valets—not just one, but a whole string of apprentices to wait on them, soap their backs, carry their zabutons, comb and wax their long hair.

And what about American wrestlers' names? "Gorgeous George" . . . "Man-Mountain Dean." They're rather

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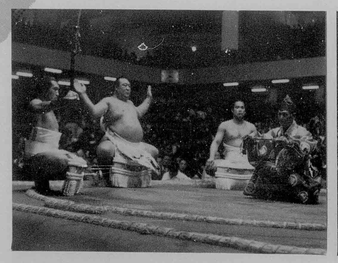
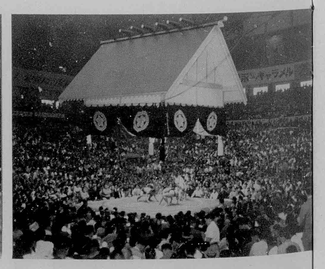
Are you a sumo wrestler?
Can you devour 8¼ lbs. of beef while guzzling 6 bottles of sake?
Can you lift a 330 lb. anchor in one hand while hoisting a 410 lb. anchor in your other hand?
Can you polish off 36 trays of noodles at one sitting?
Can you clomp around in sandals of rice sacks (each with 140 lbs. of rice inside)?

Left — The ceremonial entry of Grand Champion Yokozuna. Ancient elaborate rituals are still an important introduction to the professional sumo bout. Right — Scene from sumo tournament at Kokugikan Arena, Tokyo. Sumo tournaments are held six times a year in leading cities such as Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, and Fukuoka.





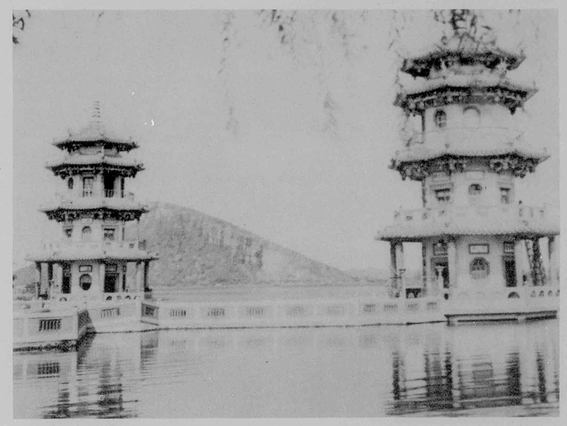


蔡作屏 序

Tsai Wei-ping

CONSULATE GENERAL
OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

Built in 1953 in Taiwan's Lotus Lake at Tsoying, Spring and Autumn Pavilions, are a modern artistic triumph modeled after traditional Chinese architectural design.



Editor, author, Phi Beta Kappa, consul, gentleman, scholar—these are perhaps the words that best describe one of Taiwan's leading citizens—Wei-ping Tsai.

Dr. Tsai is a gentle-speaking man with small hands, a friendly smile, soft brown eyes that mirror sensitivity, perspicacity, perseverance.

Born in Nanking, China, he received his B.S. and B.A. degrees from the University of Nanking. Then, realizing the importance of understanding a foreign country, he went to the University of Illinois for his M.A. and PH.D. in International Relations.

Difficult times lay ahead for Dr. Tsai though. From 1938 to 1941, he lived in Chungking, China's wartime capital.

"I was working, trying to care for my wife and children, spending six to eight hours a day in a mountain air-raid cave."

After World War II, he served as a consul in Calcutta, India and Sumatra, Indonesia. In 1956 he was appointed Senior Counselor of the Chinese Delegation to the 11th Session of the U.N. General Assembly.

Today as Honolulu's Chinese Consul General, Dr. Tsai continues his tradition of hard work.

"I'm in my office nine to four . . . in the evening, at a cocktail or dinner party. I get home about ten and do paper work until one."

Dr. Tsai turned to look out the window of his large, majestic home. It was easy to surmise that for a moment he was thinking of his homeland.

"It's important," he spoke in his gentle voice again, "that the wishes of the people on mainland China be expressed in the U.N. But can the true desires of those Chinese be honestly represented by a government that suppresses freedom so much that thousands of refugees risk their lives each year to cross the border?"

Dr. Tsai folded his small hands in his lap. "You must answer the question for yourself, of course. As for me, you can probably already guess that, although I'm a realist, I'm a democratic liberal with a great deal of optimism."

Dr. Tsai smiled again. Once more his warm, brown eyes mirrored a leader among men—sensitive, perspicacious, strong-willed.

Philippine Ambassadors:

the Bayanihans

. . . in a few years, gained world-wide renown
from dances centuries old . . .

Kalinga Wedding Dance, a ritual dance of the pagan Kalingas (Mountain Province).



BAYANIHAN—a way of life—an ancient Filipino custom . . .

Bayanihan—people getting together in a town or barrio—helping each other harvest the crop, move the house, fence the home . . .

Bayanihan—a dance—the expression of a spirit, happy and good!

In 1958 the International Exposition in Brussels introduced the world to a fresh and exciting dance troupe—a young company that called themselves the Philippine Bayanihan Dancers.

Since 1958 and Brussels, the Bayanihans have won world acclaim. They have danced in Europe, the Far East, and the United States, always thrilling audiences with their colorful, rhythmic folk dances.

This is not surprising, for the variety of folklore from which the Bayanihans draw is one of the richest in the world.

For recent programs, the dancers have tapped three main streams of

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY OF THE EAST, MANILA



Itik-Itik, a playful Visayan dance limiting the movements of ducks (Surigao).



Manobo Courtship Dance, a spirited tribal dance of the pagan Manobos (Bukidnon).

Filipino lore—the timeless traditional arts of the pagan tribes who live in the mountains of Luzon, the European customs introduced by the Spaniards in the Nineteenth Century, and the far older heritage of the Moslem people of Mindanao.

Befitting the art of head hunters whom no government has ever tamed, the dances of the mountain tribes are violent, relentless, speedy as a knife thrust.

In sharp contrast, the European dance interpretations are courtly in manner, gracious in execution. Even so, an irrepressible native gustiness pervades the reserved European influence, adding highly sensational features such as girls dancing with lighted oil lamps on their heads and in their hands.

The Moslem dances, counterpointed by tuned gongs similar to the Balinese gamelan, are highly stylized. Complex wrist and arm twists, bone-shattering spine and pelvis thrusts immediately remind the audience of Indonesia.

Perhaps one of the most interesting facets of the Bayanihans is the frequent use of the dancer as a percussion instrument. In one composition, the boys wear pieces of coconut shell on their knees, waists, chests, and necks. In their hands they carry still other pieces of coconut shell.

To the fascination—and gay laughter—of the audience, the boys proceed to beat out complicated rhythms not only on their own bodies, but on each other as well.

Even more intricate is the "singkil," a dance executed between two pairs of bamboo poles, each pair crossed perpendicularly on the floor. While one group of performers clacks the poles together, another group of barefoot dancers deftly moves in and out between the poles, touching the ground for the split second the poles are separated, leaping clear when they come together.

Today, although only a few years old, the Bayanihan Troupe can nevertheless boast of the professional caliber of its performances.

Credit for the troupe's success should go to the Philippine Women's University, the Bayanihan Arts Association, and the Bayanihan Folk Arts Center.

All three organizations are nonprofit civic enterprises that jointly mount programs, support research projects, and attend to the myriad details involved in presenting a full two-hour program.

The dancers themselves, however, are greatly responsible for the rousing success of their troupe—the dancers and their inexhaustible, youthful suppleness—their humor, athletic prowess, and especially their infectious delight in everything they do.

They are truly ambassadors of the Philippines—truly the meaning of Bayanihan personified.

Bayanihan – an expression of the spirit, happy and good!



HOWARD LILJESTRAND

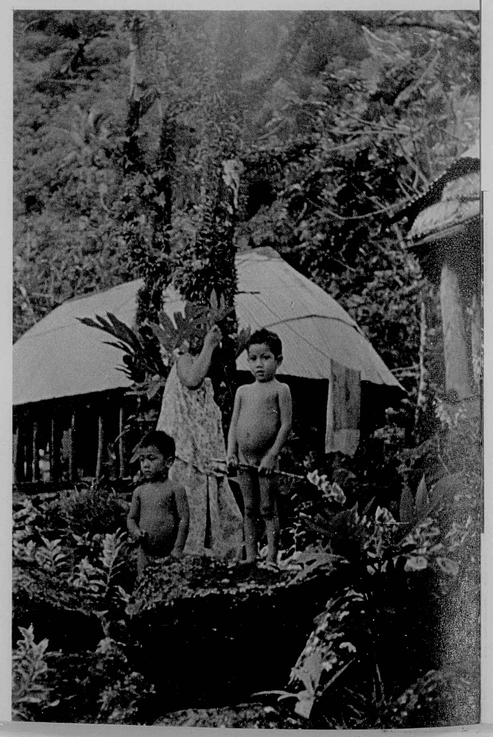
A great shout from the *bete* (high priest) brings the Fiji firewalkers briskly jogging in single file to a large pit filled with fiery stones. The firewalkers enter the pit, walking quickly around the outer edge. At a signal from the *bete*, the firewalkers move to the center of the pit and begin chanting a song. As they sing, bundles of grass and leaves are thrown on the glowing stones, and a billow of smoke encompasses the incredible firewalkers of Fiji.

Fiji

Samoa

Although infiltrated with American dollars, American Samoa is still an idyllic paradise of lush greens, passive lagoons, white-crested breakers, statuesque chiefs, native fales, and naked children laughing, playing, smiling, pausing to contemplate a curious tourist.

HELENE ADAMS



New Zealand

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU



New Zealand's South Island offers the magnificent scenery of chalk-blue lakes and snow-capped alps with 17 mountain peaks over 10,000 feet high.

The two main islands of New Zealand, halfway between the equator and the South Pole, stretch like giant fish through 1000 miles of the South Pacific.

By Helene Buchtel Adams

New Zealand! Land of earthy people—country of pink-cheeked children—landscape of beauteous grandeur, mysterious contrast—alps, glaciers, rivers, beaches, fjords, plains, tropical bush.

I had set my expectations high on New Zealand. Cinerama and Matson's *S.S. Mariposa* were to blame.

"Wait until you see the Southern Alps!" a *Mariposa* officer had said.

"The Glow-worm Grotto is unbelievable," a waitress remarked.

"It's the people of New Zealand that count," a steward smiled. "The Maoris, the pakehas . . . they're all fun-loving and friendly, especially with Americans."

The sky was overcast at 6:30 in the morning as our finely-appointed *Mariposa* edged her way through the large Auckland harbor.

All around us neat, red-roofed houses climbed up the slopes of the rolling harbor hills. Seagulls swooped

continued on next page

. . . a compact United States

hither and yon, beckoning us on. A sailboat, two speedboats, and a half dozen fishing launches passed us, waving.

At seven, dark suited customs officials boarded, and in typical Matson style, those of us who were to disembark were all efficiently processed.

Down went the gangway and in a matter of minutes I found myself in a comfortable black car with a government official, who was to act as my guide. Skirting Auckland's rush traffic, we passed the city's white pie carts, shop awnings, brick homes, colorful bougainvillea gardens—out of the city, into the green countryside, heading for the famous Waitomo Caves and Rotorua.

The Waitomo Caves were an easy three hour drive from Auckland, a drive over good roads that wound through clean boroughs and verdant pastures speckled with black cows and fuzzy sheep.

Everywhere the profuseness of wild roses and yellow broom fashioned a colorful spring pattern against the New Zealand landscape of pasture and pine, meadow and palm. It was easy to understand why New Zealand has no need to import food, not even lemons or tomatoes.

At last our car eased into the mountain foothills and up before the stately Waitomo Hotel. It was mid-afternoon, and time, of course, for a cup of tea. Then . . . the caves.

The caves with their strange limestone formations so reminiscent of Kentucky's Mammoth Cave! The caves, lit up with pale red and blue floodlights that cast eerie shadows against the damp yellow rock.

Down the curving paths I wandered, following the director, who was an expert on the underground river formation of the caves.

"The caves are only the entrance portico to the Glow-worm Grotto," the director announced. We paused at the top of a long stairway that led down through a dark, ominous opening below. "Now you must be very quiet," the director continued. "No talking as we enter the grotto or the shock from the vibration of your voices will cause the glow worms' lights to go out."

On tip-toe—no one whispering a word—we filed down the stairway following the director. At the bottom of the stairway, we discovered a quiet black river and a large rowboat.

One by one, we slipped silently into the boat. Then, directing our boat with a long pole and with guide wires strung above our heads, the director motioned us to look up.

Above, blanketing the dark cavern roof, thousands of shimmering diamonds created the immensity of a summer night sky. The tiny diamonds glittered, gleamed, sparkled. Not a sound was heard except the occasional lazy ripple of river against boat.

The world-famous, unique Glow-worm Grotto! To think that millions of small worms could create such splendor, incite such reverence in a group of happy-go-lucky tourists!

Half an hour later, as our car headed away from Waitomo toward Rotorua, I felt that someday I must return to the caves, take a boat all alone into the river, lie flat on my back, aimlessly drifting, pondering, awe-struck.

On the way to Rotorua, we stopped for sandwiches and more tea at a milk bar at Kihikihi.

As I delved into the delicious thin sandwiches filled with everything from ham to beans and corn, I was amused to notice a jukebox in one corner. The jukebox was loaded with American rock n' roll hits, and bore a large sign optimistically posted by the proprietor. The sign read: "No rock 'n' rollin', jiving, or jitterbugging—please!"

The rest of the way to Rotorua I smiled to myself about the popularity of Elvis Presley and Ricky Nelson in Kihikihi, New Zealand. Was I really in New Zealand? Or was I in Laramie, Wyoming?

Soon we were winding out of the mountain foothills, into the plains around Rotorua.

At my first whiff of sulphur in the air, I forgot about Kihikihi and Laramie, now reminded of Sulphur Springs, Virginia. I knew that many experienced travellers consider Rotorua the centre of the most spectacular thermal region in the world—an excellent place for a refreshing and healthful bath in mineral waters.

I peered out of the car window, breathing deep of the pungent sulphur. It seemed that everywhere steam was forcing its way up through the cracks and crevices in the dirt, the rocks, the roads, the sidewalks.

"After 24 hours in Rotorua, you'll feel like a new person," the *Mariposa* cruise director had told me. "And don't forget to see the Maoris while you're there!"

As we passed the colorful Maoris walking along the Rotorua streets, I recalled that out of New Zealand's population of over 2,300,000, the Maoris number only 150,000. In many respects, they are the true New Zealanders, apparently having migrated to the islands around 1350 A.D. from Tahiti.

"They are free and equal New Zealand citizens," my government guide commented as we drove up before Rotorua's Hotel Geyser. "They work at the same jobs, attend the same schools, and participate in the same recreation as New Zealand's Europeans."

I met my first Maori at the Geyser Hotel—a lovely, friendly woman named Maggie who showed me how the Maoris painstakingly spend two months making their beautiful skirts from long flax thrums.

That evening at the Grand Hotel, I saw my first Maori concert—a concert that kept the audience spellbound with its intricate, graceful dances and harmonious, melodic songs.

"They look very much like American Indians," I whispered to my guide.

"Ummm," he nodded smiling.

"It makes me feel as though I'm in Oklahoma or the Dakotas."

My guide chuckled softly.

The next day, boarding a New Zealand National Airways Viscount for Wellington, Christchurch, and the South Island, I wondered if the snow-capped mountain area I was about to visit would be a let-down after the green pastures, the rolling hills, the caves, and colorful Maoris of the North Island.

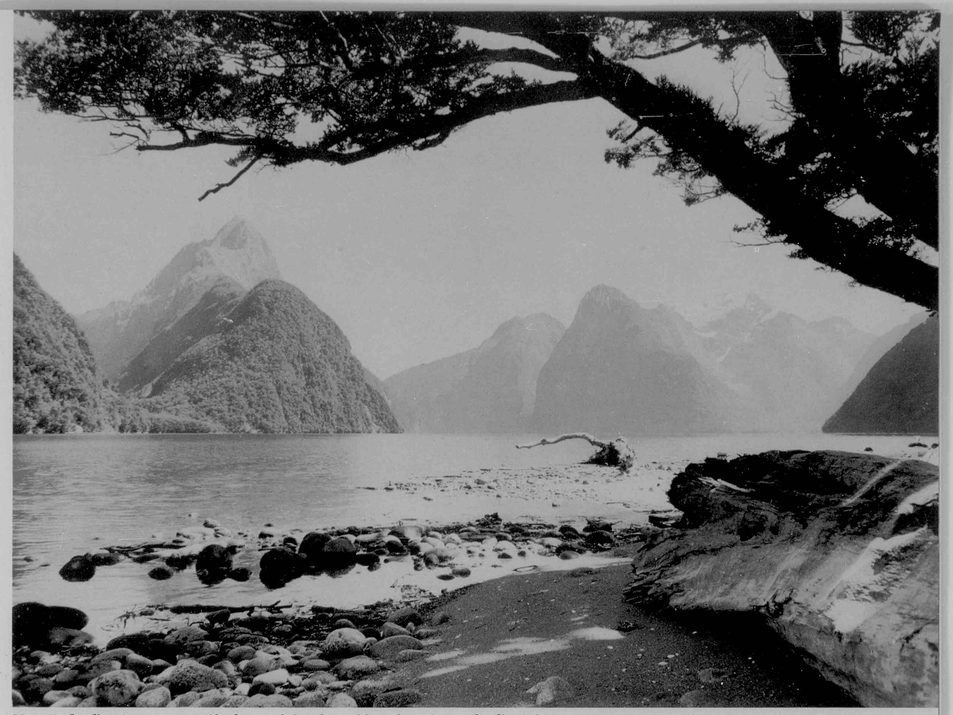
After our smooth takeoff, my apprehensions disappeared. I became engrossed in watching the magnificent New Zealand scenery below us.

We circled over thriving Auckland, then soon were passing Wairakei, renowned for its geothermal plant that harnesses the energy of geysers for electricity. Next, Lake Taupo, famous for its trout fishing and camping, Tongariro and volcanic Mount Ruapehu. In the distance, to the west, majestic, snow-capped Mount Egmont,

continued on page 30

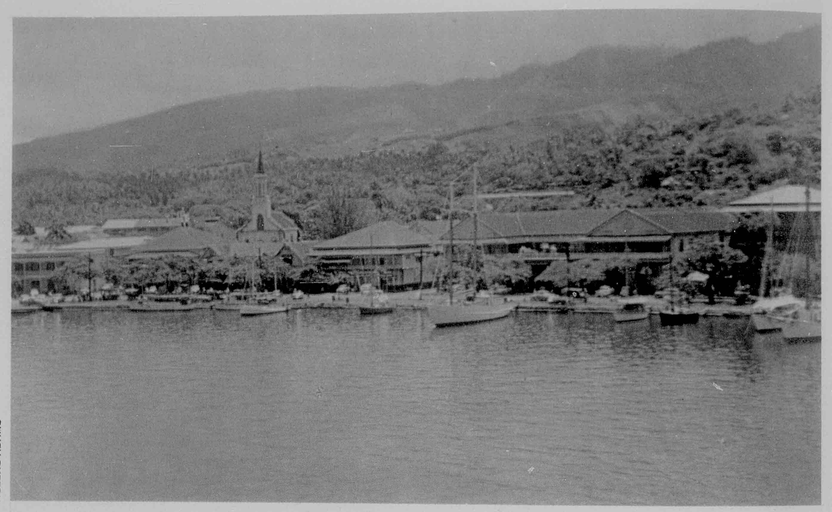


Some of the world's most spectacular hand-carving has traditionally been fashioned by New Zealand's native Maoris. This teko teko and the tiki on page five are examples of hand-carved idols reputed to bear powers of fertility.



New Zealand's picturesque Milford Sound has been likened to Switzerland's Lake Lucerne. On the left, Mitre Peak; on the right, the Lion, the Elephant, and Pembroke Glacier.

TahiTi....!..



HELENE ADAMS

Papeete—a Gauguin painting in tropical greens, lagoon blues.

. . . the people languid, the women enchanting.

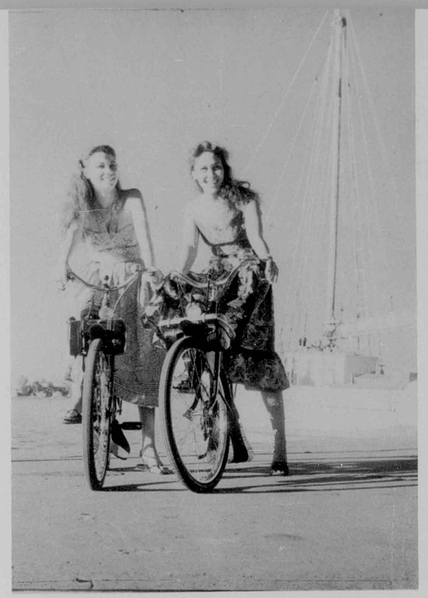


MATSON LINES

. . . the sun is warm, the streets quiet.



HELENE ADAMS



. . . the girls frivolous (laughing and teasing in French).

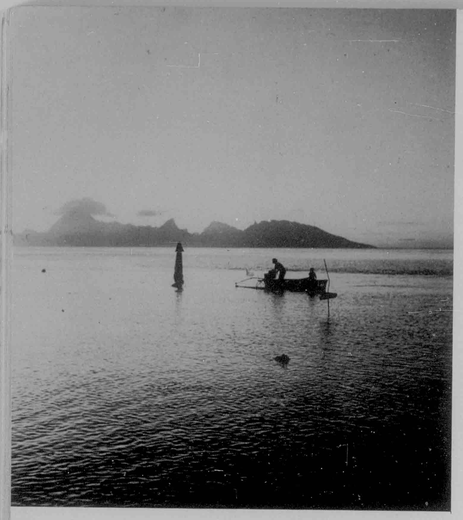
Carmel-toned natives wade in cool lagoons. Are maidens anywhere as exotic, enticing?



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF MATSON LINES



Unfurl the mainsail! Set sail for Tahiti — and my love, Tumatela.



With bewitching Moorea in the distance, Tahitian night fishing weaves a tranquilizing mood.

The sun fades . . . drums beat . . . natives move in throbbing rhythm, and . . . reality and reverie meld.

Manuia, Tahiti !

"Manuia, Tahiti!" Glasses raised on high, we toasted dream land, lotus land. "Long live Tahiti! Manuia, Tahiti!"

We were sitting on Les Tropiques nightclub terrace, overlooking the dark Pacific, looking up now and then between the lace of trees to catch sight of a falling star or the full tropical moon.

The day before our luxurious Matson liner *Mariposa* had cruised its way toward the Society Islands — their cloud-shrouded mountain peaks, lush volcanic valleys, palm groves, coral reefs, myriad-colored lagoons.

Everyone had been on deck as the *Mariposa* moved closer to the French-Tahitian town of Papeete.

Would Tahiti be as exotic as we expected? Moorea, really an isle of enticement? Or would we face disappointment, a let-down after our gay, exciting week's cruise from California?

The *Mariposa* threaded its way through a break in the reef, into the harbor, up to its appointed slip.

Already the anticipated color of Tahiti was everywhere evident. Were our eyes deceiving us? Everywhere — Tahitian maidens, arms laden with plumeria leis—French policemen, in khaki bermudas, shouting 'Bonjour!" — Polynesian men bedecked in red-flowered lava-lavas—straw-hatted French ladies, malo-clad children, aloha-shirted Americans — all excitedly jamming the dock with bicycles, motor scooters, French autos.

As soon as the *Mariposa's* lines had been secured, many of us had hurried down the gangway and onto the waiting *Bird of the Isles*, the small cruiser that was to carry us across the "Sea of the Moon," the blue, twelve-mile channel to Moorea.

In spite of the carefree dancing and singing entertainment aboard, *Bird of the Isles* could not move across the channel fast enough to match our anxious anticipation.

The jagged, pinnacled island beckoned to us like a South Seas mirage or a Bali Hai. Moorea — Moh-o-ray-ah — the name itself spun magic.

And magic Moorea was! The magic of South Pacific life as it must have been hundreds of years ago — magic somehow miraculously retained even today.

Here, when it rained, the natives contentedly declared the day another Sunday, another holiday away from the vanilla and coffee fields. Here a passing stranger — brown face, large eyes, laughing lips — smiled "Bonjour! Comment allez-vous?"

Here, if a tour bus breaks down, passengers are transferred to an outrigger canoe for sightseeing around Opunohu and Paopao Bays.

continued on page 32





An Ensign's Wife in Paradise

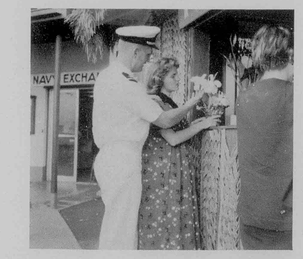
"The Navy has certainly been wonderful to us," says Sharon Price, 22-year wife of Ensign Waldo Price. "I grew up in Redondo Beach, California, and had never been out of the Pacific Southwest until after our wedding last June. Then the Navy sent us to Hawaii, and in July I took an MSTS ship to meet Waldo in Japan during his Orient cruise. This oil portrait was painted by a Tokyo artist, and he certainly made me look more glamorous than I really am."

Sharon and Ensign Price live in Moana Loa Manor, one of the Navy's most attractive housing areas. Their two-bedroom, furnished apartment is surrounded by hibiscus and crotons, situated on a hill overlooking Pearl Harbor.





Ensign Price is in charge of all deck gear on board the destroyer escort *U.S.S. Radford*. At noon Sharon likes to meet him for lunch whenever the Radford is in port and her husband is duty-free. "It's funny!" Sharon smiles, amused. "No matter how many times I wear my mu'umu'u down to the ship, some Navy fellow always teases me."



After a quick lunch at home, Sharon (a Phi Beta Kappa at USC) manages to rope Waldo into stopping by the Navy Exchange to help her select an orchid, some ginger or bird of paradise blossoms – but in the afternoon she's on her own again, now shopping from a wide selection of groceries at the Navy's modern commissary. "Living in Hawaii is a real joy," she says. "Yet we could never afford it if it weren't for Uncle Sam."



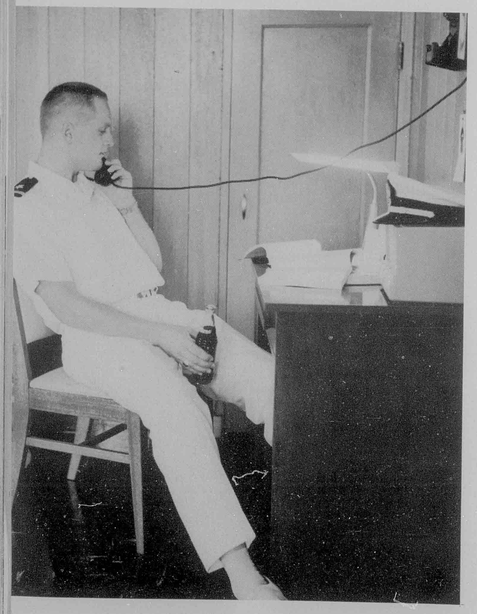


PHOTOGRAPHY
FRANK CORNELL

In the afternoon, waiting for her husband to come home, Sharon walks over to chat with her girl friend, Billie. When their husbands are out to sea on maneuvers, the two girls join other officers' wives for bicycling, roller-skating, swimming, bridge, and coffee.

While Sharon puts the finishing touches on a Chinese dinner, Ensign Price takes a moment to relax with a phone call to one of his buddies.

Waldo was born in Ogden, Utah, and received his master's degree from the University of Southern California. A graduate of USC's NROTC program, he is obligated to three years of service. "But I may very well stay in for twenty," he says.



After dinner, the Prices enjoy reading, dancing, or an occasional Japanese movie. Their favorite evening pastime, though, is looking over the souvenirs that recall memories of their recent Orient trip. "If only our Mainland friends could see us living in the Pacific area!" they concur. "Why, they'd all want to join the Navy and head for Pearl Harbor!"

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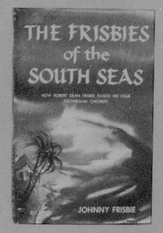
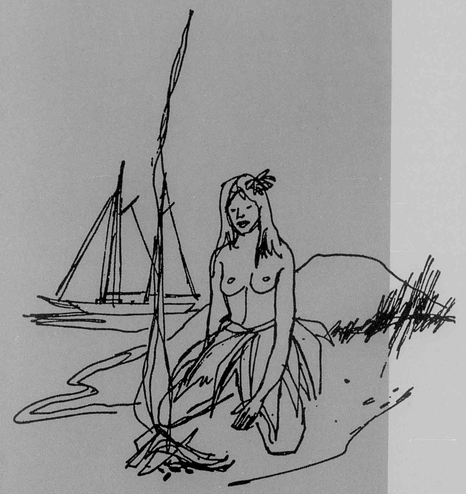
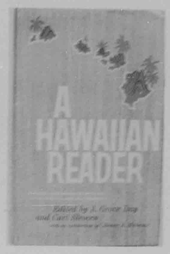
BOOKS OF THE PACIFIC









THE BOOKSTANDS have been enhanced of late with several delightful and provocative books about the South Pacific.

■ A charming, unusual memoir, *The Frisbies of the South Seas,* is Johnny Frisbie's own account of her childhood in Tahiti and of her father, writer Robert Dean Frisbie, who became his children's only parent-teacher-friend after his wife's tragic death in 1938.

Eating raw fish and roasted "wide awake" birds; exploring nearby atolls in a precarious outrigger canoe; surviving the fury of a typhoon while tied to the top of a coconut palm—Johnny Frisbie recalls her childhood with nostalgia, humor, and an enchanting childlike quality.

The result: escape into a land of contentment and happy people, a land that faces great changes with the introduction of the Jet Age. (Doubleday & Co., Inc., $3.95).

■ *A Hawaiian Reader* is incentive for curling up under a palm tree or next to a cozy New England fireplace.

Edited by University of Hawaii professors A. Grove Day and Carl Stroven, this interesting book is a treasure house of many of the best writings on Hawaii, from Cook's discovery of the Islands to statehood.

Together these writings (by authors like Mark Twain, Jack London, Somerset Maugham, J. P. Marquand) provide an informal variegated history of Hawaii.

This fascinating collection is a fine introduction to Hawaii, an excellent armchair visit to the Islands, and a superb way to recall memories of Hawaiiana.

(Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., $5.50).

■ One of the most humorous books to come out of the Pacific recently is Nino Culotta's *They're a Weird Mob.* In fact, some people have called it the funniest book ever written about Australia.

Nino Culotta, an Italian journalist, is sent on a writing assignment to Sydney, with the comforting knowledge that he can speak and understand English well. Upon his arrival, however–after hearing phrases like "owyer-goin' mate orright?" and "I'm givin' yer the drum!"—Culotta soon realizes that the Australian language can be quite different from the English he has studied so painstakingly.

The various predicaments in which Culotta finds himself in this continent of strange and colorful language provide a riot of fun for the reader.

It's the sort of book you want to read twice!

(Ure-Smith, Sydney).



PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE SUVA

A ceremonial kava offering. The drink is made from kava root, a member of the pepper family.

Life in the South Seas, 1960



PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE SUVA

Jet landing strip at Nadi, on the island of Viti Levu, Fiji, is under New Zealand Government administration, although the island is under British Colonial rule.

Down in Fiji, in the heart of the South Pacific islands, the city council of Suva recently voted $7,500 to install a series of traffic lights at the intersection of Stuart, Prince and Margaret Streets. If there is a need for symbolism with which to identify the new era in the South Seas, Suva's flashing red, yellow and green traffic lights are that symbol.

For the South Seas are changing. Jet airports are a-building on hard coral ledges. Gasoline storage tanks are increasing in size and number. Gaff-rigged schooners have all but disappeared from even the remotest archipelagoes. The London Missionary Society's contemporary apparatus is hemmed in on all sides by a jumble of factional ecclesiasts. Copra's commodity prices are nowadays quoted from the Philippines. The romanticist's vision of the South Seas was always imaginary, but it is supported less and less by the changing milieu.

World War II brought economic cataclysms to many areas. The aftermath of war brought administrative change in emphasis. United Nations trusteeships are heavily charged with development of native political skills in the direction of self-determination. There is mixed action, mixed reaction.

Western Samoa has long been chafing for independence from New Zealand territorial administration. Their independence is less than a year old, and is still in transition. The native Samoans are now running it for themselves. The resident whites are concerned that their representative part of the "voice" of local self-determination will be ignored or at least minimized. The shoe is on the other foot, with adjustment to be made by both feet, since native administration in Samoa continues the age-old concept of tribal leadership.

American Samoa, the seven eastern islands of the homogeneous group, is equally discontent, but on opposite grounds. They are anxious to continue their American identity, but with a marked improvement of benefits from the American end. This portion of Samoa was ceded to the U. S. for a naval coaling station in 1872, just after the U. S. acquired Midway Island, and prior to the lengthy treaty negotiation with the Hawaiian Monarchy for similar naval coaling docks at Pearl Harbor. Aside from lonely Jarvis Island a few hundred miles north, American Samoa is the only wholly administered territory of the U. S. below the equator. The Samoans are the oldest American nationals in the Pacific, and yet they feel that they have little to show for it.

Hawaii's new U. S. Senator Long, together with the responsible Department of Interior officials, took a searching look at Samoa's problems last year. American Samoa has economic needs, strong needs. Whether their demands will be met rests in Washington, and Washington political tradition is somewhat distant—both in interest and nautical miles—to island problems.

The Papua-New Guinea Administration is under United Nations Trusteeship to Australia's national government in Canberra. A quasi-parliamentary legislative council is thin titular dressing for the true bureaucratic power governing the territory from Canberra. Probably the most crucial test of western society's attempts to orient Stone Age tribes to our modern world is being staged at this moment in New Guinea. There are 500 languages and dialects among as many tribal units. The business of the day in many of these communities is shooting birds with blowguns. Yet Canberra stoutly forges ahead preparing the native for the UN goal of self-determination. The whites along the New Guinea coast in the former German plantation towns wish Canberra well.

Back in Fiji, where the traffic lights will soon be flicking in the warm twilight hours in rhythm with similar stoplight fixtures on Fort Street in Honolulu or on the Ginza in Tokyo, the problems are Great Britain's. Indian agricultural workers, transplanted to Fiji from India a few generations ago are not what could be called satisfactorily assimilated into the Fijian community. Land restrictions continue as indications of Indian overpopulation grow. The combination is



AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

Two Chimbu natives from New Guinea wearing Bird of Paradise plumage in their headdress.

not altogether congenial. Perhaps the colonial rules have been a shade rude. Perhaps one or more factions need a Dale Carnegie course.

Now that commercial aviation is converting broadly to the speed and range of jet engines canted in graceful pods beneath the swept wings of the 707's and DC8's, the north and south poles and all navigable fixes between are decidedly tourist objectives in 1960. Not the least among the new areas of tour interest are the fabled South Sea islands.

The South Seas by romantic tradition have been the preserve of casual travelers who found that missing boats at the last moment was a pleasurable lifetime excuse for leaving their old, more sophisticated haunts oceans and continents away. This actual state of lethargic affairs exists intact up to this moment. There are great fears among the annointed, however, that their special euphoria is about to be drowned in a sea of uninitiated tourists. And their fears are well founded.

The heart of the matter is the waterfront at Papeete, Tahiti. Tahiti is the world capitol of escapism. But even Tahiti cannot escape, ultimately. For just outside of town along the inner fringe of Faaa Channel beginning at the Les Tropiques Hotel and extending beyond the old seaplane tie-up, a grading and paving operation is underway that looks suspiciously like a jet plane runway. Its 3,200-meter length will soon be receiving Lockheed Electra prop-jets of New Zealand's Tasman Empire Air Lines, as well as TAI's terminal runs from Paris—the world's longest certificated air route.

There is deep mumbling at Quinn's bar in Papeete. Word was recently received that American air carriers now propose direct San Francisco flights into Papeete in current civil air renegotiations. For an old escapist who has missed a thousand sailings in his years in Papeete, the acrid odor of fresh metropolitan dollars a few hours removed from San Francisco's Top O' The Mark is a scent of death to a way of life. However, work on the jet runway continues.

With the completion of a modern air terminal at Papeete, Tahiti, a new chain of events will take place. The old Solvent flying boats will disappear from the Coral Route between Tahiti and Fiji. Other islands along the route are building land-plane strips, anticipating the change. In Cook Islands, Aitutaki air strip is being extended, though officials of Western Samoa are loath to complicate matters with the incursion of Jet Age confusion while they are deep in the problems of their new independence from New Zealand. So that, while the Cook Islands remain in the dogleg pattern of the old Coral Route, Western Samoa bows to American Samoa as a Jet Age touchpoint. A multi-million dollar U. S. appropriation is slowly extending the existing landing strip there. Speed-up money is being asked of Congress in Washington to get the show going. Samoa is hardly the destination objective of most tourists, but facility being tantamount to desire, Pago Pago may yet become a symbol of South Sea travel interest.

These archipelagos are not yet completely linked to the Jet Age. The big terminal in the South Pacific remains at Nadi, a few dozen miles up country from Suva in the Fijis. New Zealand administration of this principal South Pacific air terminal is completing a $10 million reconstruction. A 36-acre concrete flight strip now accommodates the big birds winging smoothly between Sydney and Honolulu, linking the U. S. and Australia.

Nadi's communications network keeps a constant plane check over 4,000,000 square miles of sky, sea and tropic islands of the South Pacific wonderworld. This area reaches from French New Caledonia east to French Tahiti, 2,500 miles distance. It stretches from British Tarawa (02° N.) to New Zealand's Norfolk Island (29° S). Nadi will join with Honolulu's current $26 million airport reconstruction to continue as the two prime distribution points for jet air travel throughout the Pacific Ocean area.

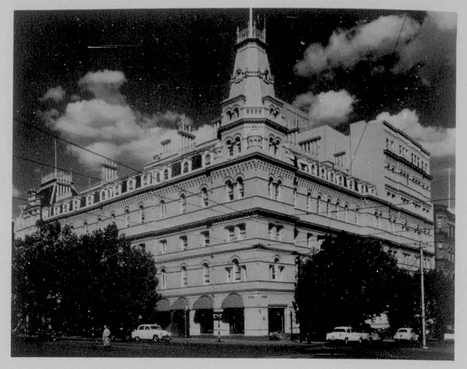
For much of 1960, whenever you wish to rest your bones and your impedimenta in the far flung South Sea Islands equipped to offer suitable lodgings, you can travel in part, at least, by jet plane—today. Tomorrow will be better.

Cup bearers doing a Fijian Yaqona presentation. This drink is known as *kava* in Polynesia.



PHOTO BY BOB WRIGHT, PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE SUVA

follow the sun to...
AUSTRALIA



Menzies Hotel in Melbourne

AUSTRALIA . . . what does that word conjure up in your imagination? Bounding kangaroos, cuddly koala bears, bronzed surfers riding a foaming wave, boomerangs cleaving a sun-drenched sky, white-scrubbed buildings of a continent Down Under?

Australia is all these images and countless more.

From the tropical city of Cairns in North Queensland, Australia stretches over 2,000 miles south to cool, temperate Hobart, capital of the island State of Tasmania. From bustling Sydney on the Pacific to sunny Perth on the Indian Ocean, it's over 2,000 miles westward across this vast continent.

Most people visiting Australia are likely to arrive in Sydney. Whether you fly into this red-roofed metropolis or sail into the heart of the downtown district, three things will immediately impress you: strings of golden beaches fronting the ocean; a giant coat-hanger bridge dominating the skyline; and an enchanting blue harbor reminiscent of San Francisco, Rio or Naples.

I arrived in Sydney on assignment with my trusty Olympia portable tucked under my arm. I had planned on spending only a few days here, but with the thorough indoctrination given me by the Government Tourist Bureau and Robert Paxton's Travel Service, I soon decided I had to stay longer.

Sydney offers so many and such varied activities that any tourist will want to spend at least a week there. You can go to the Pylon Lookout on the Bridge for a panoramic view of harbor and city—you can take a Manly Ferry to see the harbor's numerous bays and coves with colonies of flats and luxurious homes looking out over yacht moorings—ride another ferry to the famous Taronga Park Zoo—watch champion surfers at Coogee Beach, Bondi, Cronulla.

Perhaps you would prefer a rugby game, a cricket match, an opera, the theater. Sydney offers entertainment to suit your every whim. Even those who enjoy a Greenwich Village or North Beach atmosphere will find themselves at home in Sydney's King's Cross with its distinctive coffee shops, cosmopolitan restaurants, and night life. (Make sure you taste Sydney's rock oysters.)

You will also find an excellent, cosmopolitan hotel at King's Cross, the Hampton Court Hotel. You may be surprised to learn that every guest room has a private bath and an uninterrupted view from one of the highest points in Sydney.

Suppose you fly southward from Sydney en route to Melbourne, Victoria's capital. You will journey over beautiful blue-green mountains, nut-brown fields, and 145 miles southwest of Sydney, over Canberra, the Australian capital neatly planned and created in 1927 in a bushland setting.

Less than two hours from Sydney, you catch your first glimpse of the 1956 Olympic City, Melbourne (population, over 1,700,000). Founded in 1834, Melbourne today may lack some of Sydney's gay, easy-going atmosphere, but nowhere is a more beautiful, gracious city to be found. A dignified city of fine buildings and lovely streets that reflect the solidity of Australia's commercial and industrial capital.

Take a walk along Collins Street, past the churches, restaurants, fashion salons. Visit the magnificent Menzies Hotel where international tourists and Australia's aristocrats mingle in bouffant gowns, ivy-league suits. Feed the water fowl in the Botanic Gardens, or at Melbourne's National Museum and Art Gallery, view the finest collection of paintings in the British Commonwealth outside London. Whatever you do in Melbourne, the city will enchant you with its aristocratic dignity.

From Melbourne, it's only another short flight to mountainous Tasmania and the relaxing Wrest Point Riviera Hotel. From there, only a matter of hours to Adelaide, Perth, Alice Springs, Darwin, Cairns.

Wherever you go in Australia, whenever you go—like the boomerang and me, you'll want to go back!

continued from page 10

wan copies of such imaginative sumo names as "The Great Heavenly Dragon," "Mountain of Peaceful Assurance," or "Whirlpool of the Sea."

Or take the modern pro's posings and ritual upon entering the American ring. They're only hammed-up versions of the magnificent *dohyo-iri* or "entering the ring" ceremony of Japan's grand champions *(yokozuna)*.

The dohyo-iri is a formalized ritual, each precise and stylized movement derived from a pattern and legend centuries old. Legend relates: A rock once had the sun-goddess trapped in a cave. No light could reach the world. Only Tajikarao, the God of Strength, was able eventually to roll the rock away. Ecstatic over his feat of overcoming the darkness, Tajikarao clapped his hands and stamped his feet.

So likewise do the sumo wrestlers of today.

And after the ritual when a page-boy has clapped two wooden blocks together to signify the end of the drama, the grand champion and his party retire with the dignity and magnificence that befits disciples of the great God of Strength.

Gorgeous George a colorful figure?

I don't know about you, but I'm putting my money on "Whirlpool of the Sea."

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In a scene from *Sentimental Journey*, a motion picture recently filmed in Hawaii: Fujiko Yamamoto, Keizo Kawasaki, and Hitomi Nozoe.

Continued from page 9

Today, looking at some of Japan's young movie stars, it is easy to recognize the influence of the West in their lives.

Raizo Ichikawa, once a kabuki actor, is now one of Japan's top samurai (warrior) stars. He is a pleasant looking man with short, straight hair. Once when asked why he didn't part his hair, he replied he liked it that way because it's *kantanna* (simple).

Making 70 pictures in five years, Raizo has been too busy to go out with any particular girl. "But I know many girls," he smiles, "and I consider them all my girl-friends."

On weekends Raizo enjoys tennis, sailing, fishing, television, and golf. In 1959 he won Japan's coveted Blue Ribbon Award for the top acting performance of the year.

Masahiko Tsugawa, one of Japan's up-and-coming movie actors, is the twenty-year-old son of veteran movie star Kunitaro Sawamura. Musahiko started his movie career when he was six and has since turned into a versatile performer, acting in both modern and period dramas.

When he toured the American mainland for several months last year, he attended the Berlitz School in Los Angeles. Anxious to learn the techniques of American movie production, he also visited all the major movie studios in Hollywood.

Besides baseball and sumo wrestling, one of Masahiko's favorite pastimes is progressive jazz.

Fujiko Yamamoto, Miss Japan of 1951, has been one of Japan's top-ranking actresses for several years. In 1959 she won Japan's academy award for the best actress.

An attractive woman with creamy complexion and deep brown eyes, she plays the piano, sings (has made some records), and has mastered the art of flower arranging and the tea ceremony.

Lounging around the swimming pool of her modern Tokyo home, Fujiko claims she has no man in her life —but if and when she does find the right one, she will marry him under one condition—that they spend their honeymoon in the States, preferably Hawaii.

In many phases of young Japanese life today, conflicts between old and new still exist.

Yesterday it was unheard of for young couples to hold hands in public. Today they walk arm in arm, hand in hand, down the Ginza.

Yesterday the woman followed respectfully behind her husband wherever they walked. Today more and more young couples are both working, strolling side by side to their jobs.

Parents frown. Relatives raise eyebrows.

Nevertheless Japan's youth are to be congratulated.

Torn between yesterday's traditions and tomorrow's uncertainties, they have managed to fashion a unique world that unites the kimonos and tea ceremonies of Old Japan with the rock 'n' roll and movies of today.



PHOTO Pacific Area Travel Assoc.

Sir Edmund Hillary's group training on Mt. Cook for their Antarctic expedition.

and at last the Tasman Sea and Wellington—Wellington, the capitol of New Zealand—Wellington, a miniature San Francisco staunchly climbing up steep hills and cliffs.

After a cup of afternoon tea in the modern Wellington airport, our New Zealand Airways Viscount soared into the blue skies again, heading for Christchurch and the expansive farmland of the South Island's East Coast. Finally we reached the quaint borough of Timaru strung with colored lights in celebration of its centennial.

In Timaru it was not uncommon to pass a couple of boys in brilliant plaid kilts for I was close to New Zealand's Scotch settlements now, the hub being Dunedin, a charming town 126 miles south on the sea coast.

After a restful night and breakfast at Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Gray's sheep farm on the outskirts of Timaru, I was again on the road—this time in a bus moving through pastureland reminiscent of Iowa, Pennsylvania, Colorado, California.

Destination: the Hermitage Hotel in the heart of New Zealand's Southern Alps, situated at the bottom of 12,349 foot high Mount Cook.

The bus sped across the farmland, but before long was forced to slow its speed as it began the steep ascent to the summit of Burke Pass. At the top of the pass, tussock-clad plains swept toward the still-distant mountains.

"Now," the bus driver announced as we rounded a bend, "you can catch your first glimpse of Mount Cook. *Aorangi*, the Maoris call it. *Aorangi*, 'The Cloud-Piercer'."

We were still several hours from Mount Cook, but they were pleasant hours—hours that gave me a sense of travelling through the Rocky Mountains or Sierra Nevadas.

We passed Lake Tekapo, the bed of an ancient glacier—several large sheep stations—chalky-aqua Lake Pukaki—the Tasman Valley, home of the Tasman Glacier.

Surrounded by gigantic mountains, we pulled up in front of the Hermitage Hotel, a beautiful, modern structure that looked more like a chalet designed by Frank Lloyd Wright than a hotel supported by a government agency.

I climbed out of the bus. The air was clear and fresh. It was spring here. No snow on the ground.

I turned around for a broader view of this amazing mountain area only a few hundred miles from balmy Auckland, and there stood snow-crested Mount Cook staring defiantly, aristocratically down at me.

The highest peak in New Zealand—king of South Pacific mountains—*Aorangi*—"The Cloud Piercer."

Wherever I went at the Hermitage, I could not escape Mount Cook's proud beauty. The mountain looked at me from the balcony of my room, through the plate glass windows in the dining room, and even in the lobby where I sipped afternoon tea, cakes, and scones.

"Has anyone ever conquered Mount Cook?" I asked the hotel manager.

"Ummm," he replied. "They've tried climbing, some successfully, some at the cost of their lives. But we'll arrange for you to conquer Mount Cook tomorrow, ummm?"

"We will?" I gulped, eyeing precipitous Mount Cook from the corner of my eye.

"Can you be ready at six ayem?"

"Well, I . . . " My teacup rattled in my hand.

"Fine. Six ayem then."

It took all the courage I could muster—and then some—to meet the manager in the lobby at six the next morning.

As we walked outside and climbed into his car, Mount Cook seemed to be smiling cynically down at me. The manager was all smiles too.

We sped along a dirt road, then swung into an empty field. As I got out of the car, I noticed a small shack and a red and silver airplane.

"Let's go!" the pilot called to us from the cockpit.

Unsure whether to be relieved or more terrified, I managed to climb in and fasten my safety belt.

"We're going ski-plane flying" the manager said casually, "with one of Harold Wigley's Mount Cook Tourist Association pilots."

continued on next page

The next thing I knew we were rising into the sky, circling back toward Tasman Valley and Mount Cook.

My fears eased a little when I realized the deftness with which the pilot maneuvered the small plane. When he proclaimed we were going to land on the Tasman Glacier with the use of plane skis—I didn't even twitch. Enraptured, I just stared out the window at the waterfalls tumbling down through the mountains, the orange chamois darting along the cliffs, aqua Lake Pikako in the far distance, and icy white Tasman Glacier beneath us.

We landed easily, smoothly on the plane skis, but before taking off again, I insisted on making a snowball.

The Tasman Glacier is 18 miles long and more than a mile wide," the hotel manager briefed me as we flew toward Mount Cook and a pass between the Alps. "The Tasman's still receding so it's always a little precarious landing there unless you have one of Mr. Wigley's experienced pilots who knows this snow country."

Over Mount Cook we flew, winging our way across to the other side of the South Island. Here great white-crested breakers rolled toward the shore—breakers like those in Hawaii along Oahu's north shores. The ground was covered with rolling mountain foothills, evergreen trees, ferns, and other native New Zealand bush.

Leaving the Southern Alps the following day, I knew that here was another place I must revisit someday. Next time I would go farther into New Zealand's mountain country—to Milford Sound, Lake Te Anau, Queenstown, Lake Wanaka.

As I drove through Christchurch, waiting for my New Zealand Airways flight back to Auckland, I meandered along the Avon River that winds leisurely through this bustling city of churches and industry. I passed many American sailors, stationed in Christchurch as a part of the U.S. Navy's "Operation Deepfreeze." I also passed a Maori businessman, a Scotch farmer, a British policeman, and—a gay, pink-cheeked child in red coat and saddle shoes, blithely chasing white doves in and out of the willows along the banks of the Avon.

The next morning I boarded Tasman Empire Airways luxurious Electra flight to head for Sydney, Australia.

"Would you care for a piece of candy before takeoff?" the friendly, attractive stewardess asked me.

"Ummm," I nodded, then realized I was already imitating that familiar characteristic of New Zealand speech that can mean everything from "yes" to "I'm pondering" to "no."

"May I introduce you to your seat companion?" the stewardess continued, introducing me to the sophisticated Wellington lady sitting beside me. "I hope you will both enjoy your flight with TEAL today, and if the captain, the crew, and I can be of any service, please don't hesitate to call on us."

"Isn't TEAL a marvelous airline?" the lady next to me smiled proudly. "It's a New Zealand airline, you know . . . one of the pioneers of South Pacific flights."

"Ummm," I replied, then blushed, realizing what I had again said.

"You enjoy your stay in New Zealand?"

"Ummm, yes," I smiled, only half-conscious now of what I had said.

The Electra was approaching the runway, revving its motors, moving swiftly, confidently down the runway, up into the clear skies.

I leaned back into my comfortable seat, turned my head pensively toward the window.

Auckland's red-roofed houses sparkled in the sunlight. Sailboats, speedboats, fishing launches, freighters dotted the harbor. And I remembered the red-coated child blithely chasing the doves.

This was New Zealand! Land of earthy people, country of pink-cheeked children.

This is New Zealand! Alps, glaciers, beaches, plains . . .

A compact United States "down under!"

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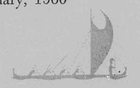

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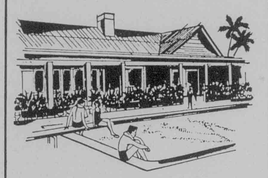

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Continued from page 20

Here, at the picturesque, comfortable Hotel Aimeo, every visitor enjoys a cordial Polynesian welcome, congenial French company, unforgettable rum punch, and a delicious, elaborate *tamaaraa*, a native feast complete with papaya-seasoned poi and Tahitian spinach.

Here, at Hotel Aimeo, as the sun goes down in pinks and purples and the palm torches go up in red and yellow flames, the long grass-skirted Tahitians begin their fast, impulsive hulas, and reality and never-never land turn topsy-turvy.

Returning from Moorea at ten, we soon discovered our night had only begun. Now our Tahiti Tour group went separate ways—down to the Royal Tahitian, Au Col Bleu, Bar Lea, Moulin Rouge, or Quinn's for a glimpse of Papeete's famed night life.

No need for heels, taffeta, or coats and ties in these nightclubs. Shorts, pedal pushers, sandals, muumuus, grass skirts, bare feet—anything goes! Anything goes and the more comfortable the better! For Papeete's night life does not fold at midnight when most of the clubs close. At midnight, the famed Lafayette is just opening its lusty doors and so, along with everyone else, we were now obliged to rendezvous there.

Before dawn, some of us managed a short nap aboard ship. Others—infected with Tahitian fervor—stayed up to greet the sunrise.

Nap or not, we soon began shopping for Tahiti's specialties—exquisite French perfumes, unique hand-blocked prints, vivid Tahitian flower materials, Polynesian tikis, wooden fish traps.

"Orright, mate, 'ow 'bout that frock?" an Austrialian tried to bargain with a Chinese dressmaker.

The dressmaker smiled, shaking her head, "Je ne comprend pas."

Despite the language barrier—thanks to hand gestures and Matson's guide to French—we all managed to shop and spend more francs than intended.

Gripping our hard-earned goods in our sun-tanned hands, we hurried to board buses for Ia Orana's tour around the island.

"That looks like Kauai!" one Honolulu woman exclaimed as we viewed a magnificent range of jagged mountains spliced here and there by silver-ribbon waterfalls.

Yes, everywhere the best of Hawaii was present, and yet too, always the feeling of Hawaii as it must have been a hundred or more years ago.

Here grass shacks with thatched roofs were not simply museum pieces —they were homes with the laundry hanging out and Polynesian children peeking out through a red-flowered curtain-door.

Here young girls danced not only for crowds;wherever there was music, the beautiful brown bodies were constantly tapping their feet, wiggling their hips, swishing their long black hair.

Here, driving around sparsely inhabited Tahiti, a passerby was not a Hawaiian in a muumuu—she was a Polynesian in a pareu who hurried or did not hurry to cover her shapely breasts.

Here it was not a landscaped mansion in upper-class suburbs — it was a simple, attractive, open air home atop a deserted hill, the decor decidedly Tahitian with a dash of French flavor.

At lunch time, our bus tour stopped at exotic Ia Orana Villa for another Tahitian feast and more vivid native troupe dancing.

Late in the afternoon our buses joggled us past the last grass shacks and back into Papeete for last minute shopping, a quick glass of beer at the Vaihiria, and then just time to dress for another throbbing evening of Papeete life.

By that last night, almost all *Mariposa* passengers had gone Tahitian in dress and spirit—even the conservative Massachusetts school teacher who had at first proclaimed the Tahitian dances "Shocking!" Now the teacher had left her horn-rimmed glasses askew on the dinner table, and was out in the middle of Les Tropiques dance floor wiggling up a Tahitian storm with a grass-skirted Polynesian.

Tahiti—a let-down, a disappointment?

Sitting on Les Tropiques terrace, overlooking the dark Pacific, looking up now and then between the trees to catch sight of a falling star or the full tropical moon—again I raised my glass, and something deep within me —a feeling, an uninhibited well-spring almost forgotten — toasted "Manuia, Tahiti!"

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Hawaii - the Orchid Isle Beckons





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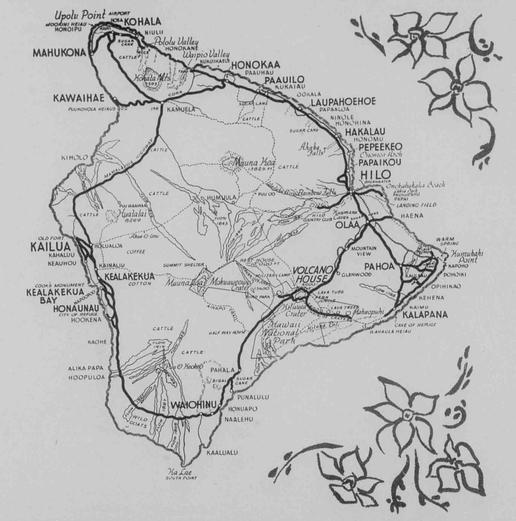
THE ORCHID ISLE

Nearly twice as large as all other Hawaiian Islands put together, Hawaii, the orchid isle is noted for a million changes in scene, a thousand visual surprises. You'll see orchid farms, from which lovely blooms are air shipped daily throughout the world. You'll see fern forests as far as the eye can reach. You'll see active volcanoes poised to erupt on Pele's signal.

Hawaii ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS





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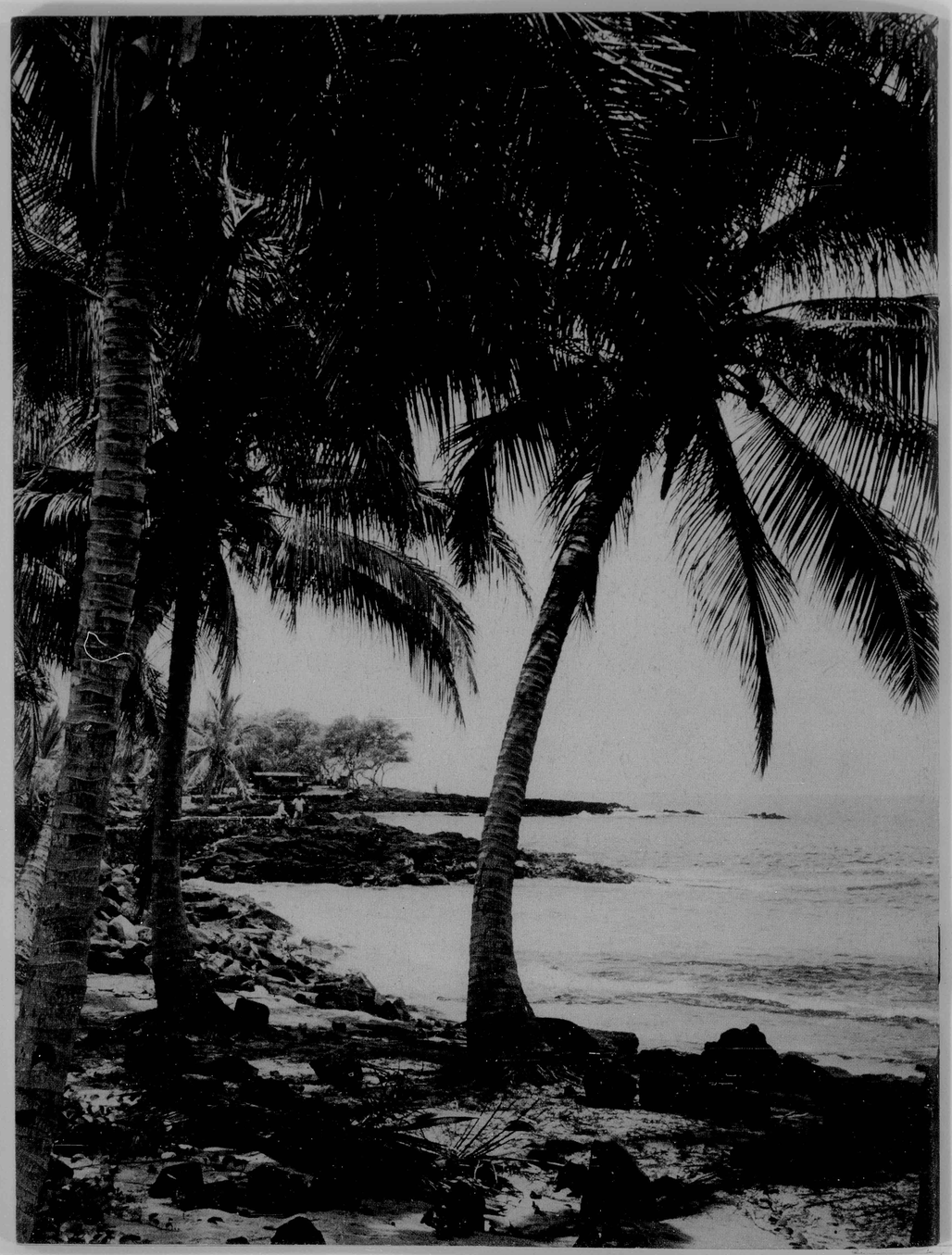

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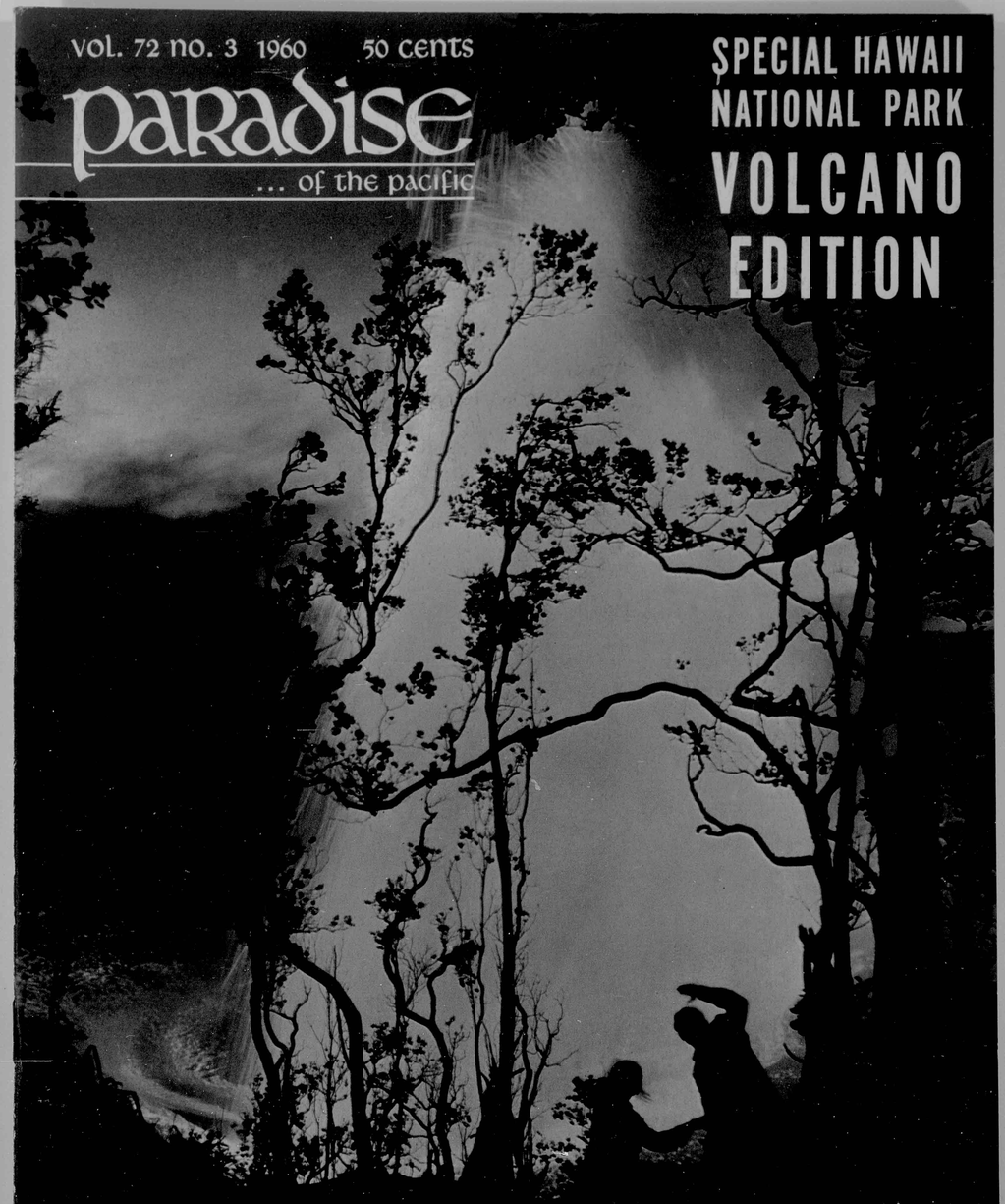

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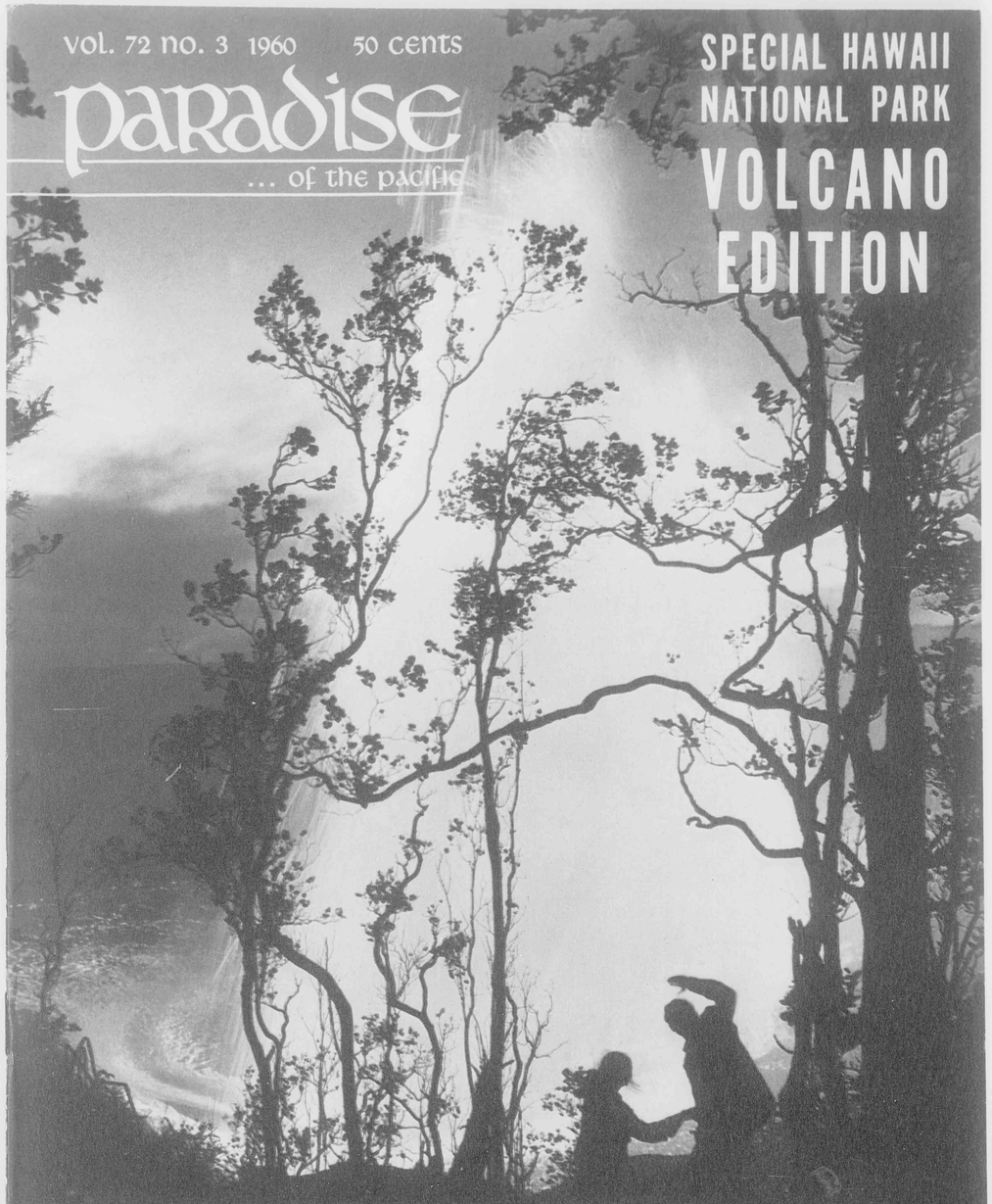

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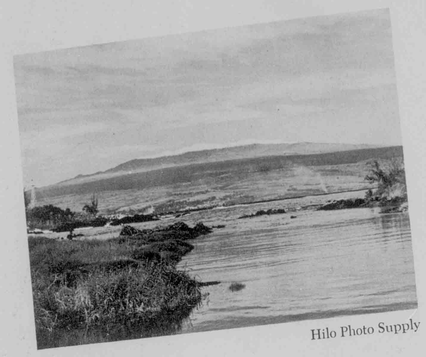

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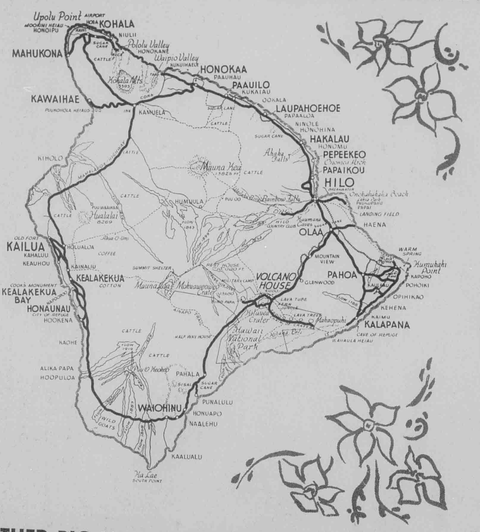



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Guest Editor, George Jordan Berry *Art Director,* Frank Cornell
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- BACK COVER: Haleakala Crater, Hawaii National Park. Painting by Paul Rockwood. Spectacular Haleakala (House of the Sun) is the dormant volcano which forms the eastern part of the Island of Maui. Original painting hangs in the Hawaii National Park Museum.

SPECIAL FEATURE

This issue is devoted to Hawaii National Park and its feature attraction, Kilauea-Iki. An extensive compilation of facts from the U.S. Geological Survey Service is also featured, along with tales of Madam Pele by Honolulu's noted writer, Clarice B. Taylor. Photographic coverage of Puna-Kapoho destruction and the U.S. Coast Guard Light Station damage shows the terrifying march from beginning to end of the fiery lava down to the sea. A personal interview with the venerable Uncle George Lycurgis, the 101-year-young boyfriend of Madam Pele. The story of the disaster victims and the part the Red Cross played in their recovery is told in "DR-713."

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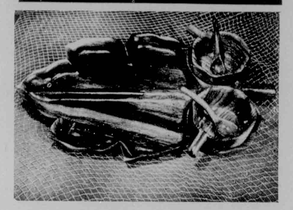

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VOICES IN PARADISE

Dear Mr. Haines:

Your "'El Toro' — the terror of the Ala Wai" article appearing in the January '60 issue of *Paradise* is most interesting pictorially and is as good reading.

You mention the West Coast branch of the HYC at Lake Merritt in your article. Skippers from the Islands arriving on the Mainland are given a key to headquarters and an Olympic Finn to sail indefinitely. Butch Jacobsen of HYC last made history in the San Francisco area when he beat every boat in the area with "Finn & Dandy," an Olympic Finn. It is my hope that the yachting folk of Hawaii will get behind Butch and see that he goes to the Finn Trials at Marblehead Y.C., Marblehead, Mass., July 4-17. It is my belief that he can do for Hawaii sailing in the Olympic Trials (Finn Class) what Duke Kahanamoku did for swimming.

Other members of the HYC sailing in the 1960 U.S. Olympic Yachting Trials attend UC at Berkeley and UC at Davis. One is entered in both the Finn and Dragon Trials — possibly with an all-girl crew. (Universities of Oregon, Stanford, and California.)

HYC El Toro graduates made history in the 1956 U.S. Trials for the Melbourne Olympic Games by winning the first day's trials in the 12 Square Metre Sharpie class on March 28th, San Francisco Bay. I hope to see two of the HYC's members try for the '60 U.S. Yachting Team going to Naples, Italy, for the Olympic Regatta to be sailed there August 29th-Sept. 7th. Let us hope that history repeats itself and you do the story . . .

Sincerely,
Forest M. Johnston
Olympic Secretary
Hawaii-U.S.A. Finn Association
1120 Ranleigh Way
Piedmont, California



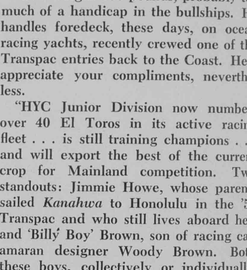
Dear Mr. Johnston: Mahalo for your letter. Mr. Haines is on an extended trip to the Mainland. We hope to have an article by Haines on the Olympic Regatta in Naples.

We asked Mr. Wright Esser, secretary of the Hawaii Yacht Club, to read your letter and to help us answer you. Here are Esser's comments:

"Butch Jacobsen — no longer a 'junior' at HYC (having had his 18th birthday) — now weighs 190 pounds, probably too much of a handicap in the bullships. He handles foredeck, these days, on ocean racing yachts, recently crewed one of the Transpac entries back to the Coast. He'll appreciate your compliments, nevertheless.

"HYC Junior Division now numbers over 40 El Toros in its active racing fleet . . . is still training champions . . . and will export the best of the current crop for Mainland competition. Two standouts: Jimmie Howe, whose parents sailed *Kanahwa* to Honolulu in the '53 Transpac and who still lives aboard her, and 'Billy' Boy' Brown, son of racing catamaran designer Woody Brown. Both these boys, collectively or individually, clobber the Island Toro fleets every time out . . ."

Paradise **appreciates comments from our readers, and story suggestions are always welcome. A sailing story is in the making for a later issue of *Paradise*. - Ed.**



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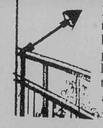

Here the breathtaking view of the mountains, Diamond Head and the great blue Pacific Ocean make you feel humble, yet serene because of the quiet wonders of nature surrounding you. The penthouse now caters to private parties, banquets, breakfasts, luncheons, receptions and business meetings. What better way to pause and relax and make new friends and business acquaintances than this beautiful room with a view.

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BOOK REVIEW

A fervent mahalo to A. Grove Day for

HAWAII: FIFTIETH STAR

By Kay Winfield

Erudite member of the University of Hawaii faculty, A. Grove Day possesses the happy ability to write for young people without writing down to them.

Written in deceptively simple style, Professor Day's book is fat with facts, slender in size, vitally alive.

The book traces Hawaii's history from the arrival of the first Polynesians to the present, in sufficient detail to give a clear picture of the Islands' development, but devoid of the long geneological descriptions and Hawaiian words that have made other books on Island history tough reading for the youngsters.

Especially interesting are the intimate glimpses of Island life in days long gone, all given in such warm and colorful detail that many a reader may wish he could go back to live in the days of the kings.

Exciting accounts of the early wars, stories of whaling days and of the first island cowboys will fascinate even today's budding Spacemen. And young ladies will find accounts of early Island housekeeping and of the size and shape of Hawaiian queens intriguing!

Professor Day, in personal knowledge of the needs of young scholars, has thoughtfully included at the end of his book a section of modern facts about Hawaii, designed to bring up to date reference books now on the shelves of many a school library.

Thus he has in one volume furnished the answer to a number of questions being asked with increasing frequency by Island residents and visitors alike.

"Where can I get some information about Hawaii for my nephew in Des Moines?"

How can *I* learn something about Island history? Uncle Henry's coming and he'll ask a million questions!"

"Our plane leaves in an hour. What can I get for Junior that I can tuck in my bag? . . ."

The answer? *Hawaii: Fiftieth Star*, by A. Grove Day, just published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce for the junior reader, but equally interesting to readers who haven't been in that category for years!

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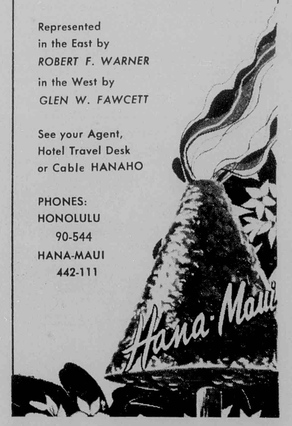




COVER: This magnificent cover shot by **Robert Wenkam** was furnished through the courtesy of **Hawaiian Air Lines.** At the onset of the Kilauea-Puna eruption, **HAL** carried **10,610 passengers** over the volcano alone. This was nearly **twice** the total number passengers of their first year of operation (November, 1929 – November, 1930) over thirty years ago. **HAL** set a new all-time **one day record** on November 29, 1959, by carrying more than **4,000 revenue passengers** on inter-island flights over a seventeen-hour period. **HAL's** participation in the Island travel market has **increased** from a low of 57 per cent (of total market) to more than 60 per cent, and is **still rising.** The volcano spectacle was carried to millions in the U.S. by **HAL's** accomodation of T.V., newsreel, newsmen and journalists from national magazines. Tourists from all over the globe took advantage of **HAL's Convair** flights to the greatest show on earth.



George Berry



Clarice B. Taylor



Dorothy Miles



Peggy McKenzie

Grateful acknowledgment for assistance in research and preparation of this special edition is hereby made to: Fred Johnston, Director, Hawaii National Park; Robert Barrel, Naturalist, Hawaii National Park; Jack Murata, Scientist in Charge, U.S. Geological Survey; Commander, 14th Coast Guard District; John Rolfes, Red Cross Hawaii; Honolulu Advertiser; Honolulu Star Bulletin.

WRITERS IN PARADISE

George Berry, our guest editor this month, has contributed several articles to Paradise recently on a variety of Hawaiian Island subjects. But he insists he is neither author nor authority.

He puts it this way, "I get caught up every once in a while in a momentary fit of research-itis. You can live a lot of years out in these Islands before you discover certain facts any school child should know. Hawaii has such a peculiar editorial vitality. Everything about its pre-history is pure storybook. Happenings in historical times are an endlessly fascinating reservoir of resource material.

"Hawaii's volcano story, for example, has been written by every expert and every top-of-the-head writer to come along. There are still 999,000 ways to present it. For this special volcano issue a mountain of research material the size of Hualalai was discarded for lack of magazine room.

"It's been fun peering down a volcano's throat as the magazine's guest editor. Call me when you do an issue on pineapple swipes."

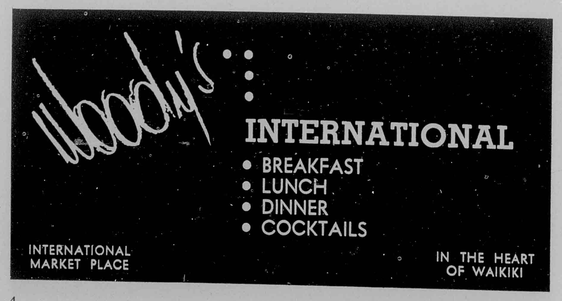
Peggy McKenzie: A "first-nighter," Peggy witnessed Kilauea's cascades from a light plane within hours of its eruption. Her story of her return for a real close look is on page 10. An interview with "Pele's Haole Boyfriend," published in the Honolulu Advertiser of February 22, 1959, is reprinted on page 28.

Clarice B. Taylor's "Tales About Hawaii" appears daily in the Honolulu Star Bulletin. Prior to the latest eruptions, Mrs. Taylor presented a series of articles on Pele, the fire goddess, who attends all volcanic activities. A brief summation from her popular columns starts on page 13.

Dorothy Hughes Miles, News Editor — Administration and Colleges, University of Hawaii, is also a free lance writer-photographer, volcano chaser and beachcomber. Dorothy's two exceptionally fine color photographs are on pages 16 and 17. One of the first to arrive on the scene, Dorothy was spellbound, sitting all night on the slopes of Kilauea with only a piece of canvas for shelter. Deeply moved, Dorothy penciled her impressions which aptly describe her color photos.

". . . a heavy mist caught the rosy radiance of the distant fountain . . . mingled it with the blue of fading day, and for a few enchanted moments laid a mantle of violet vapor over Hawaii's National Park and seemed to transform the roaring rumble of the volcano to the music of the gods." (page 16)

". . . the impact of witnessing the earth in the act of being created . . . to stand on the brink of an uncommon dimension where creation and destruction are simultaneous . . . a point where no time exists, nor day nor night, nor hunger nor thirst, nor weariness . . . nor self."(page 17)





NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE

View from Byron's Ledge overlook of Kilauea Iki. Cinder cone still smolders and the lava lake has cooled and settled.

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

by George Jordan Berry

Park Naturalist Bob Barrel points out all-year steam fountains within short walk of Park's famed Volcano House hotel.



Less than two miles beyond the headquarters building of Hawaii National Park last November 14th, a series of 17 volcano eruptions began along the cliff of long dormant Kilauea Iki caldera. Nothing in Nature's moments of precipitate action excites and inspires like a fountain of universal fire. This series of eruptions was to top any previous series in Hawaii National Park's long record for sheer flaming brilliance. At times the fountains reached upward nearly a half mile into the sky to etch cascades of flame against the blue. It was fantastic.

There is no destruction so absolute as a volcano in eruption—not an earthquake, not a tornado, not a flood. Volcanoes are big, tough, unpredictable, usually dangerous. Their blood boils out of the earth at temperatures above 2,000 degrees fahrenheit. They race pigs, chickens and farmers' wives downhill at speeds up to 35 miles an hour. They fan out over hundreds and thousands of acres, paving a thick cake of impenetrable stone over fertile fields and happy communities the world will never see again. Nothing is so devastating, so absolute, so final.

And nothing is so awe inspiring.



HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN

Hardly more than a mile away from Volcano House the lava towers of Kilauea Iki fountain can be seen above the National Park's fern forest.





HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN

KILAUEA-IKI

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

Fortunately, it was safe. The action was centered over a single vent. The molten outpour was safely contained in Kilauea Iki's deep volcanic pit, for this pit was eventually called upon to receive nearly 60,000,000 cubic yards of hot plastic rock from the offending vent. Between eruptions, much of this material poured back into the vent where it was reheated far underground for the next spectacular show.

It was big and tough, but not dangerous. The National Park Service permitted 250,000 awe-struck visitors to line the rim of Kilauea Iki's half-mile wide caldera for the show of their lives.



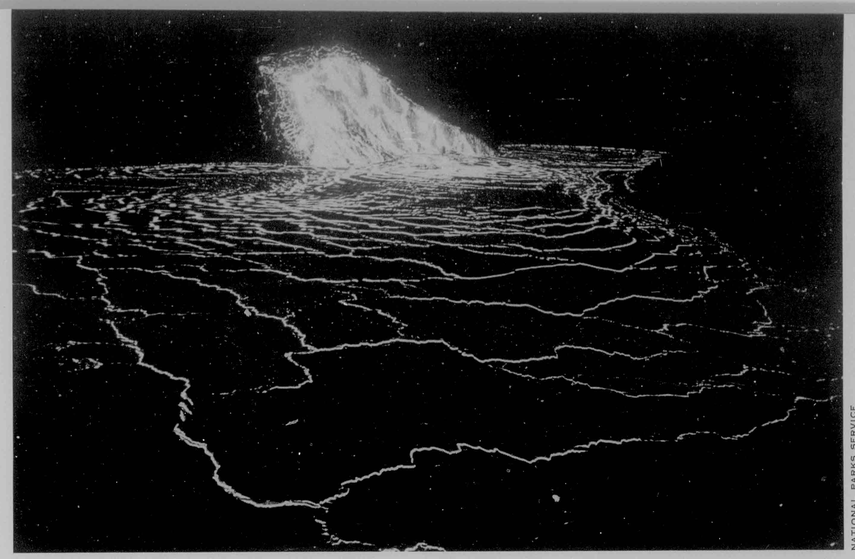
Safety explains the attraction of Hawaii's volcanoes. Their mild record of gas conversion has practically eliminated mountain shattering explosions and suffocating gas and steam clouds from their table of potentiality. Hawaii National Park with its big, tough, unpredictable volcanoes is an arms-length attraction without peer in the world of active volcanic spectacles.

The National Park Service of the U. S. Department of the Interior has several other volcano arenas under its care in addition to Hawaii National Park. In fact volcanoes are their big business. There is the sleeping giant of Lassen Volcanic National Park in Northern California. There are the periodic displays of Katmai National Monument in Alaska. There are the beautifully preserved remains of Nature's dead volcanoes: Mount Rainier National Park in Washington State, the chiseled andesitic beauty of Oregon's Crater Lake National Park, and subordinate volcanic features of other scenic wonderlands in the National Park system.

Their Hawaii show is carried off brilliantly by a stage crew, believe it or not, of only 12 uniformed park rangers; eight at headquarters on the Island of Hawaii embracing Kilauea and Mauna Loa volcanoes, and four at Haleakala volcano on the Island of Maui.

The rangers' time is divided between protecting Nature's striking resources and interpreting these wonders to the visiting public. For Hawaii National Park, besides being a volcano preserve, is a rare garden of botanical and zoological anomalies. Both flora and fauna are only anciently related to plants, trees and birds in other parts of the world. How these species found these distant islands and how they developed such amazing generic changes in this paradise is truly baffling.

But the big story is volcanoes. The entire line of Hawaii's islands represents a volcanic eruption somewhere at some time. Most of it is pretty old stuff. Kilauea is the newest volcano. It is the most southerly and the most active. Since it rises only 4,000 feet in the air (one-third of Mauna Loa's height) it is a comfortable location for Park headquarters, for the geological observatory and for famed Volcano House hotel, all three of which line its caldera rim.



NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE

Glowing cone and lake immediately following a high fountain display of crimson lava.

A caldera, incidentally, is a sunken pit at the top of a volcano. The peak of the volcano collapses when the red hot magma inside the volcano drains back down into the center of the earth. Calderas are common. Both Kilauea and Mauna Loa have them. Haleakala has a huge caldera, but it was formed largely by erosion instead of collapse of its peak.

On the floor of a caldera there may be either cinder cones or other smaller collapsed pits. Kilauea at the moment has a pit within a pit within a pit. Two years from now this spectacle may once more be a single pot of boiling magmatic mush.

On the flanks of these three volcanoes in Hawaii National Park are rifts that run to the sea in opposite directions. These are gigantic cracks in the volcano mound. They run deep and long. They cut straight through the volcano like the first slice through grandmother's pie.

If the volcano seems reluctant to pour out its juices from its pyramid top, it frequently slams out great quantities of hot stuff along the rift; usually from some little puff of a cinder cone that suddenly surprises itself and all the trees and shrubs for a mile around. Almost invariably this cinder cone will not have existed before that moment.

Hot lava runs up and down inside the volcano like mercury in a thermometer. And it runs laterally out along the rift cracks. As the lava builds up pressure the whole mountain bulges upward perhaps ten feet. Then Mother Nature sticks an invisible pin in this balloon at the top or along the rift and the molten lava flows and flows and flows.

When it subsides the mountain sighs a little and returns to its original elevation, ten feet lower. And we little people standing on the edge of all this have been thrilled to our socks at the sight of it all.

Until very recently nobody placed any serious bets on when or where or if this action would occur. So little is known about the internal medicine of volcanology. A half-century of distinguished scientific research carried out at Kilauea's rim-side observatory has produced mainly external, after-event answers.

Since 1955, when the U.S. Geological Survey Service suddenly found a near adequacy of funds to pursue volcano research as it would like, a complete new observatory has been built at Hawaii National Park. Two geologists, two geophysicists, two geochemists and a like number of supporting staff are now surrounded by a scientific maze of instrumentation. The problem of volcano research in depth is singular. One doesn't perform exploratory surgery on the world — not at prevailing

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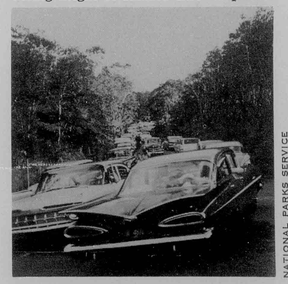
Traffic jam at Byron Ledge Overlook during height of Kilauea Iki's eruptions.

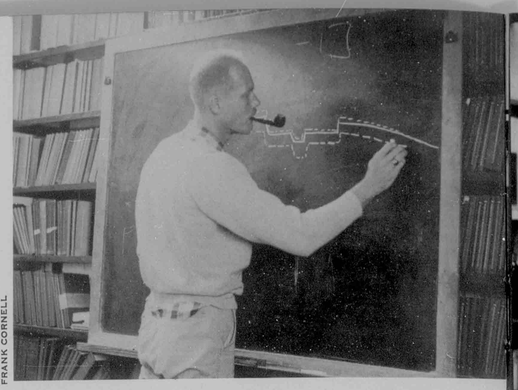


NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE



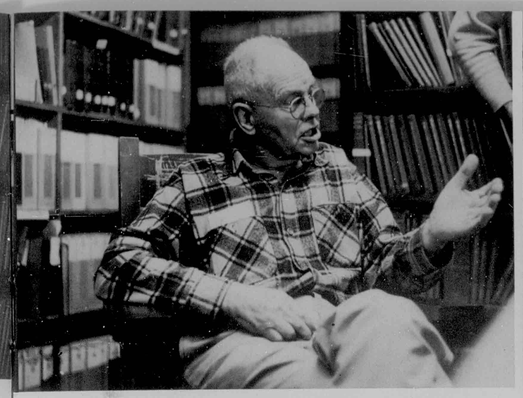
U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Kilauea Iki's mile-long caldera, shaped ominously like Madam Pele's footprint, shows the still smouldering cinder cone of the recent outbreak. (a) Byron's Ledge overlook, which provided dramatic view of Kilauea's pyrotechnic talents. (b) "Bathtub rings" show where lava lake reached maximum heights during outbreak. (c) Cinder cone blankets rim-side road. (d) Slowly cooling cone begins to fault as loose pumice settles and steam curls off cinder cone's leeward flank. (e) Mouth of eruption fissure from which came more than 50 million cubic yards of liquid rock. (f) Byron's Ledge, which separates Kilauea Iki's caldera from the larger Kilauea crater, below bottom of picture.



FRANK CORNELL

Observatory geologist Don Richter illustrates rise and fall of Kilauea's volcano mountain before and after eruptions.

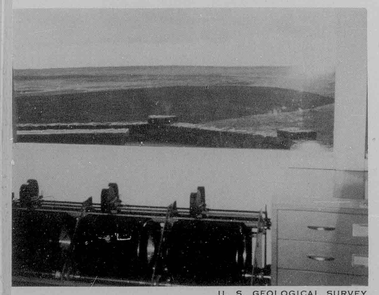


Hawaii's dean of volcano geologists, Chester Wentworth, now retired from professional duties, enjoys an expansive discussion of Kilauea's historic surprises in the Observatory's report lined workroom.



The Observatory's scientist in charge, Jack Murata (right), holds glass sampling bulb containing gases from fresh fountain deposits. Dr. Jerry Eaton and Wayne Ault prepare to take samples.

View through observation window of Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, overlooking Kilauea's circular caldera and the plunging depths of Halemaumau fire pit in the foreground.



U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

VOLCANOLOGY

The Big Wait

IT ISN'T EVERY day a volcano goes wild. What does a volcano scientist do during the quiescent years as he sits on the rim watching and waiting? He studies and reports. And waits.

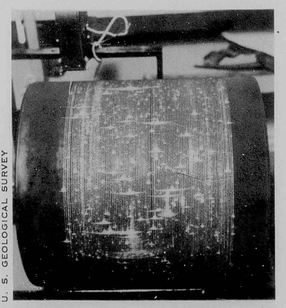
Ordinarily the waiting period is comparatively brief. Mauna Loa has developed symptoms of indigestion an average of every three and a half years during its recorded history. Kilauea has had its pot boiling during most of its 200-year written record. But several periods of 15 to 25 years have elapsed with nothing doing for either volcano. Five years went by before the recent eruption energized the scientists on the rim.

A volcano scientist is a report writer. If there is nothing doing, he even writes a report on that. Or he picks up an old piece of lava and shaves it with a diamond saw and inspects the slice in a petrographic microscope. Transmitted polarized light gives a color definition of the mineralogy of the slice, and the volcano scientists are much impressed by the changes and differences in the mineralogy of lava. There are shelves of reports on the subject.

The shelves of reports go back to July 2, 1911, when F. A. Perret, a student of volcanoes who had worked at Naples (Mt. Vesuvius), and E. S. Shepherd, a chemist with the Geophysical Laboratory at Washington, arrived at Kilauea to make observations, measurements of flow area, pit depths, flow heights, temperatures, etc. The father of Hawaii volcanology, Dr. T. A. Jagger, arrived the next year on leave from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was to found and head the Hawaii Volcano Observatory for the next 30 years.

The original observatory was on the site of the present Volcano House on Kilauea's east rim. The first seismograph was located in a basement pit that still exists under the hotel, and still supplies seismic information. Seismographs are placed strategically to triangulate seismic centers of action, and transmit minute electrical impulses to extremely sensitive recording heads where revolving drums etch minute by minute undulations exactly as phonograph records are made.

The seismograph's companion recording device is the tiltmeter, a pair of machined 105 mm shells on twin concrete piers 160 feet apart. A water filled tube connects the delicate water-level measuring devices within the artillery shells. Measurements of water level deviation between the two are taken on a scale of 1/1000th of a millimeter. The measuring equivalent is an imaginary bar of steel a mile long lifted at one end a mere 1/16th of an inch. Incidentally, both seismographs and tiltmeters are designed and machined at the Observatory.



U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Smoked paper on this seismograph drum records daily activities of the inner rumblings of the volcano.

The U.S. Geological Survey Service studies the world's innermost secrets.

But the major technology nowadays embraces laboratory instrumentation devoted to analyzing the molten mass. Most of the world's useful ores have a volcanic origin. Ore deposits are being depleted in our mechanical age. It is incumbent on volcano scientists to study the physical content of inner earth magma. Perhaps it is too bold to say that some day we will be mining iron, copper and other vital metallic ores direct from the white hot mantle of the inner earth. But it's a thought.

And so while the scientists are waiting, they patiently probe the gas and solid contents of the inner magma of the earth from suitable samples coughed up by volcanoes. Out of the million questions a few answers are emerging.

This was the activity of the Volcano Observatory last fall when the seismographs and the tiltmeters began to report increasing rumblings and a decided lift in the volcano mountain that is Kilauea. The five-year waiting period occupied by research and report writing was to halt for three months while Kilauea erupted first at the mouth of its smaller caldera adjoining

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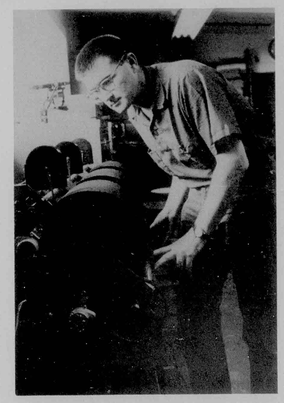

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Dr. Jerry Eaton (above) checks the smoked drums for earth tremors recorded by seismographs located around Kilauea. George Kojima (below), scientific aid, analyzes volcanic gases on the mass spectrometer.



U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

SAGA OF A SCARF

by Peggy McKenzie

DANTE COULD have polished his Inferno description a bit, if he'd stood on Byron Ledge Saturday night. It looked like the beginning of the world . . . or the end.

A planeload of us had arrived in Hilo early Saturday afternoon for the "out-of-town try-out" of the Honolulu Press Club's Annual Gridiron Show. On a hunch, I'd packed my blue jeans, tennis shoes, a couple of sweaters, a raincoat . . . and a red scarf.

About the same time Pele must have been musing, "If I can't go to Hilo to the Press Club party, I'll make the whole show come to me!"

She staged an extravaganza of her own that was a smash hit!

Pele made her third entrance this eruption at an hour when her golden fireworks wouldn't embarrass the sun's more prosaic hunk of metal. It was at the cocktail party before dinner that we heard Pele was popping again, and the fountain was reported to be already two hundred feet high.

It was a good thing that most of the reporters and photographers in the Gridiron Show's cast had seen this eruption during one of the two earlier phases. Otherwise, it might have been the first time in the history of show business that a show didn't "go on." We were a restless crew, asking each other between each number on the program, "Have you heard anything new? How high is it now?" and at the end, the cry was, "On to Kilauea Iki!"

The press plane, taking off about one a.m., was going to circle the eruption area on the way back to Honolulu. But I'd seen the Lovely Lady of the Fire from the air, the first night she announced she was back in the Islands and ready to receive company. This time I wanted a real close look.

And anyway, how could I manage to throw that red scarf out of a Hawaiian Airlines plane? Pat Riley (Public Relations man who was the Press Gang's nervous nurse) would have clobbered me if I'd opened the door even a teeny bit.

I decided to stay in Hilo, and get up to the volcano area the best way I could. Charles Bernard, United Press Bureau Chief, and Harry Blickhahn, editor of the Hilo Tribune Herald, provided not only *a* way but *the* way. I knew that sticking close to Charlie was a good idea because he might, in an unguarded moment, utter some descriptive prose that I could use, but Harry I knew only as a helluva nice guy who made the Press Club's Hilo arrangements. I didn't know I was tying up with a champion volcano chaser.

And I certainly didn't expect that his sweet and petite wife, who looks deceptively fragile, has unexpected resources that would make her a mighty good Marine. Barbara Blickhahn had hurried ahead to their house with Harriet Purdy, their houseguest. By the time Harry and Charlie and I arrived, the Blickhahn house had taken on the air of a command post, and Barbara was marshalling the troops and logistics.

I'd thought I was pretty well prepared, attired in the outfit I'd had the foresight to bring along . . . and with that red scarf tucked in my pocket. But Barbara — oh my! She looked like General Pershing, if General Pershing could have managed to look military and demure at the same time. Her battle dress was trim — slacks, sweater, khaki poplin windbreaker, natty little hat. She was issuing supplies. Stacks of jackets were piled on a chair. Blankets were handed down from cupboards. The coffee pot was perking. Fruit was tucked into a box. We were given a loving cup of non-fat milk mixed with powdered gelatin. ("For energy!" toasted Barbara.) I was allowed to make sandwiches with sliced turkey pulled from the freezer.

Harriet was industriously cutting the toes out of an old pair of sneakers that belonged to Barbara, so she could wear them. I guess that next time Harriet goes to Hilo she'll be prepared like all-us-Girl-Scouts.

Harry hustled up some camping clothes for Charlie, who emerged looking like he was ready to hole-up in the North Woods.

Then we were off! We could see the red glow lighting up a patch of sky, a beacon beckoning us on.

The National Park police had officially closed the area. The road behind the vent was said to be 20 feet deep in cinders, with hot lava raining in torrents. We drove straight to the park headquarters, and Harry was issued a pass for himself and his four lucky passengers. We went first to Byron Lookout.

Silent groups of people stood huddled together, looking and looking and looking at the spectacle that is indescribably awe-inspiring. I was filled with a tremendous sense of elation, as each succeeding burst of fire shot sparks gloriously into the night sky.

The pit below us, half-filled with the lava flow that began two weeks previously, was an ominous black, with here and there a slither of fire snaking through. Around the sides of the crater and up to meet the clouds was a swirling sulphur haze, like the mists of the Styx. The sky was a fearful bloody red. Gaunt grey ohia trees were outlined against the glow, like skeleton sentinels.

When I could tear my eyes away from Pele's pulsing fire-beats, I glanced around at the crowd and wished I'd brought a camera. (I *never* have a camera at the right moment. I'm always too busy gawking at what's going on, anyway.)

The volcanologists were in full regalia, properly attired as beaux at a fiery belle's ball. In boots, hard hats, khaki jodphurs and jackets, hung with lanterns, they had the air of well-prepared troops ready for action — the same look I've seen on seasoned army units in the field.

The rest of the spectators had a tatterdamalion appearance in which gusto more than made up for chic. Blankets were the hands-down favorite for the outer layer, and anything underneath was up to the originality and inventiveness of the wearer.

Some enterprising fashion expert on the Big Island really should stage a style show of natty volcano-chasing outfits.

I'd settled myself for a good long look at the fountain, about a mile away across the crater. The vent that originally broke open about half-way up the side of Kilauea Iki crater was now almost based on a floor of the previous flows of lava. The neck of the vent was smaller and, while the volume of flow was not so great as the amount that poured out on Thanksgiving Day, the eruption was shooting the molten lava much higher. While we stood at Byron's Ledge, the instruments measured the height at 1,650 feet.

We jumped back into Harry's car, and went to the old C.C.C. camp, where we slogged through ankle-deep black mud to a new vantage point. We were closer here, and skidded and slid our way along a trail right against the rim. The sulphur fumes were heavy, and Barbara decided we'd better not stay too long. As it turned out, she just wanted an excuse to get closer.

Again we struck off through the woods, Barbara leading the way, stopping occasionally to confer with Harry about the direction of the trail. To Harriet and Charlie and me, greenhorns all, it appeared that there was no trail at all, but if Barbara could read signs as subtle as a bent leaf and twisted twig, we were game to follow.

The forest was a nightmare sight. The glare lit up the sky like Babylon burning. The ghostly mists did nothing to make the black and oozing mud we trod more solid. We simply followed Barbara's sturdy little figure . . . and trusted.

"*Tree toads!*" I kept thinking. "The silly tree toads are still chirping or *whatever* it is they do, and here the whole world is exploding around them!"

Suddenly we were at the vantage point, half a mile from the fountain. The heat that had been a comfortable warmth in the chill rain at a mile's distance, was so intense that we could feel our faces burning, and had to turn away or step behind a tree to get a moment's relief.

The noise was intensified. From four miles away, we'd heard the dull roar, like breaking surf. Now the decibels were stepped up and the noise was a physical thing, like being rolled along the ocean bottom under a big wave.

And the sight? How to express it — indescribable phenomenon that it is? All the movies of the eruption, all the color photographs . . . don't begin to capture the beauty. The image of all the roman candles in the world going off at once . . . can't capture even a minute conception of the "WHEEee!" spirit of audacious explosion.

And no words — no words at all — can convey the frightening aspect of unleashed fury.

Charlie Bernard pointed it out to me.

"Look," he said, "Keep your eyes on the base of the fountain, where the lava is gushing, and imagine the energy that's generated."

I looked, and after a while I gulped and tendered the question, "Does it compare with about fifty atomic bombs?"

Charlie shook his head, muttering, "How can you describe this? All that keeps running through my head is that old song, 'What can I say . . .' "

Barbara remarked speculatively, "You know, there's a trail that goes off right here," and she pointed down the step drop to the level of unbroken forest below, "and in about five minutes' walk, we'd be right at the *edge* of the fountain."

She sounded as if we should all be delighted at the thought of looking down the volcano's throat. The rest of us looked at each other, and managed to make rather weak sounds of volunteering.

I was still clutching that red scarf I'd meant to toss to Pele. At the two previous vantage points, I'd thought that it would catch on a tree and so had hesitated to throw it. I really wanted to deliver that scarf to Pele. I really did. But not quite *that* much.

Barbara is a lady. She didn't sneer at us once. She led us back to the car, tucked us in, and Harry drove us to the Observation Station, where we could view the eruption across the main crater, Kilauea, and the stone-cold-dead pit of Halemaumau.

Barbara passed out the turkey sandwiches and fruit and poured hot coffee, and at four-thirty in the morning we had a delightful picnic. And for entertainment, I'll guarantee, a volcano beats watching television anytime.

Driving back to Hilo, we were all sleepy and bone weary. I got off at the hotel and fell into bed for a few hours, to dream but not to sleep — how can you turn off the thoughts, "I wonder what it's doing *now?*"

Volcano addiction has me hooked!

Bidding good bye to our "old volcano hands" host and hostess later in the day, I invited them to be my guests next time we have an eruption on Oahu.

Harriet asked Harry Blickhahn, veteran of six volcanic eruptions (including one of Mauna Loa when he rode horse-back through the snow with the park rangers, men and horses suffering altitude sickness), a question she couldn't leave unasked.

"I know it's like asking which of your children you like best," she said, "but how do you think this eruption compares with the others you've seen?"

"It's a funny thing," Hary laughed, "but each one obliterates the others. I keep 'seeing' this one, and it blots out the memory of exactly how the others looked. But this one really *is* the most spectacular!"

Barbara glanced at me and said, casually, "Mauna Loa is over-due for an eruption, too."

I patted Pele's present in my pocket. I'm prepared. Have red scarf, will travel. Just call me The Lava Kid.

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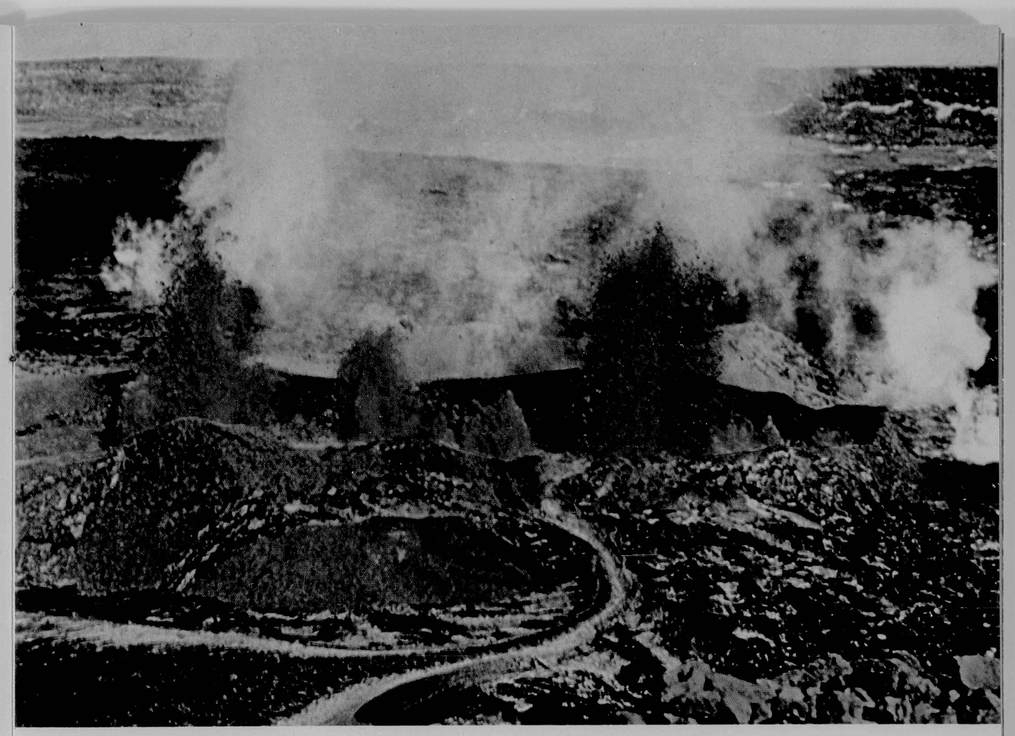
To those who knew the depth of beauty that was lost in the recent Kapoho eruption, the fondest memories will be of the Puna Warm Springs. An oasis of warm water below a blue-rock promontory, Warm Springs was a pandanus haven festooned with beautiful cattleya orchids, plumerias in dozens of color varieties, with crotons and gingers inspiring raves from local and international visitors alike. This tranquil scene was painted in 1940 by a local artist, Rosalie Young Persons, wife of Rear Admiral H. S. Persons, now living in Washington, D.C. The painting is from the collection of her mother, Mrs. Young of Honolulu. Now with the cruel destruction of the Warm Springs, this painting becomes quite valuable as a perpetual memorial to this remote corner of Paradise, one of the most beautiful spots in the Island chain.



MADAME PELE

Hawaii's Goddess of the Volcano

Reprinted by permission of The Honolulu Star Bulletin

by Clarice B. Taylor



HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN

"PELE MUST be mad"

That is the comon remark you hear as soon as a volcanic eruption is announced. But is she truly angry — or merely creating another famous Hawaiian legend for her people to enjoy?

The old Hawaiians think of Pele as "The Earth Warming Woman." Without the warmth which she gives earth, there would be no green vegetation. Without Pele there would be no new earth to enrich the world. Before Pele floods the earth with her lava flows, she goes through the pains of childbirth, just as a woman does. The Hawaiian says, "There must be destruction; before there can be new life." Just so Pele burns the old forests, lays waste the fertile lands and covers them with new.

Pele does not create the miracle of new earth alone. She needs the help of the Lono family to bring rain to the new lava and she needs the help of the Kane family whose members strike the new lava with thunder and lightening. Then she needs the help of the Ku family members who spread green trees and vegetation on her flows.

continued on next page

The Pele family is revered by old Hawaiians for health restoring abilities. A *kahuna* (physician) who could not heal a sick person could always pray to Pele and ask her aid. A kahuna did not pray directly to Pele. He prayed to one of the Hiiaka sisters or one of Pele's brothers for aid.

Pele, in turn, would give assistance to the faithful by asking the aid of one of the great gods in heaven.

Pele demands reverence. In olden days, no Hawaiian would dare speak of her as "Pele." Today, almost everyone calls her Pele. The old folks used to speak quietly and reverently about "Na Wahine." In chants she was spoken of as "Pele-Honua-Mea," – Pele, the woman of the sacred earth, or "Ka Ula o Keahi," a nme which means the redness of the fire, her most sacred name and one to be used only in prayers.

Pele comes from a distinctive family of gods, the seven Hiiaka sisters. Each Hiiaka sister has a name which distinguishes her from the others, the name indicating her personality.

The first is Hiiaka-Kapu-Ena-Ena (Hiiaka of the burning tabu). If she is called Hiiaka-Pu-Ena-Ena, the name means "Hiiaka of the burning hills."

The second sister is Hiiaka-Wawahi-Lani (Hiiaka breaking the heavens for the heavy rain to fall.) The third is Hiiaka-Noholani (Hiiaka dwelling in the skies). The fourth is Hiiaka-Makole-Wawahi-Waa (Hiiaka the fire-eyed canoe breaker). The fifth: Hiiaka-Kaa-Lawamaka (Hiiaka with the quick-glancing eyes). The sixth is Hiiaka-ka-Lei-Ia (Hiiaka encircled by garlands of smoke clouds). The seventh and youngest Hiiaka is the best known of the sisters. She is Hiiaka-i-ka-Poli-io-Pele (Hiiaka in the bosom of Pele.

These girls were all born long ago to Haumea, the goddess known as Earth's pali. Their father was the great god Ku. They lived far, far away in the South Seas on a beautiful island.

The Hiiakas had two elder sisters, Namaka-o-ka-Hai, queen of the ocean, and Pele, the fire goddess. These two sisters were always quarreling. Their quarrels were the eternal battle between fire and water. Pele infuriated Namaka by building fires and littering the nice sandy beaches of their island home. Pele was angered when her sister Namaka washed away the fires she had built.

The row betwen Namaka and Pele became intense when Namaka caught Pele flirting with her husband – so intense that Pele decided she would have to leave home. So Pele called in her brothers and sisters and announced that she was seized with wanderlust and she asked her father for a sea-going canoe which would carry her and her brothers and sisters to foreign lands.

"What will you do with your little egg sister?" asked Ku?

Pele took the egg, wrapped it in her skirt to keep it warm, and said the egg would always remain near. This was how the youngest of the Hiiakas received her name, "Hiiaka-i-ka-Poli-o-Pele" (Hiiaka in the bosom of Pele).

Father Ku kept his word and provided Pele with a large sea-going double canoe, prepared for the sea by Pele's brother, Ka-Moho-Alii (King of the Sharks). Pele first visited Bora Bora in the Society Islands, then spent a while visiting mysterious ancestral islands, and finally came to Niihau, the most northerly of the present Hawaiian group.

Namaka, the ocean goddess, kept up her quarrel with Pele, the fire goddess, and followed wherever Pele went. Pele kept in her canoe her magic digging tool, *Pa-oa*. During her travels Pele used Pa-oa to dig holes in the sandy beaches. She hoped to dig a home for herself and her family. But Pele was always disappointed. Namaka always filled the hole with water, putting out Pele's fires.

It was on Kauai Island at Haena that Pele met the first of her famous lovers. He was a mortal named Lohiau. Pele transformed herself into a maiden and was married to Lohiau. But she was not satisfied with her mortal life because she could not dig a fire hole at Haena and make a home.

Just before Pele left Kauai, she made one more attempt to build a home above the Waimea Canyon. She dug with Pa-oa, her magic stick, on the brink of the canyon and left a red mound which is today known as "Puu-ka-Pele." It is a favorite lookout for tourists viewing the Grand Canyon of the Pacific.

Pele then came to the Island of Oahu, next island down the chain. With her digging stick she dug a hole on the plains back of Moanalua, near Honolulu. The crater filled with salt water and was named Ka-Alia-Paa-Kai, known today as Salt Lake, on the Ewa side of the city.

Disgusted with Oahu, Pele and her family migrated further down the chain to the Island of Maui. There Pele and her family of Hiiaka sisters lived contentedly for many years in the great crater of Haleakala. From her high cloudland in Nuu-Mea-Lani (raised dias of heaven), the sea queen, Namaka, watched Pele's craters filling with water and laughed with glee. The long residence in Haleakala crater made Namaka determined to fight it out with Pele. She lured Pele to the high plateau land above the headland of Kauiki Nui, near the present day resort of Hana. The two sisters fought a battle hand to hand. Namaka, the ocean goddess, succeeded in tearing the lava bones of Pele, the fire goddess, and scattering them around on the land that is called "Na-Iwi-o-Pele" (the bones of Pele). Visitors may see those bones to this day.

Nawaka thought she had destroyed the mortal body of Pele, but Pele took on another mortal body and led her family of obedient sisters across the ocean once more to the coast of Puna, Hawaii. They landed at a small fishing village and Pele led the way up the mountainside until she came to the pit of Kilauea.

There was no one at home, so she dug into the pit with her magic Pa-oa digging stick and made a home for herself and family. The reason no one was at home is that the fire god Ailaau had seen Pele coming and had run away. Perhaps he hid in some cave on Mauna Loa. He has never been seen since.

Pele dug and dug at Kilauea with her magic stick. She found Halemaumau and Kilauea to her liking. She lives there to this day.

If you would have Pele treat you nicely and put on a good show for you, Hawaiian old folks say you should take an offering to Pele. Flowers make the best offerings. She loves flowers and is pleased with a single bloom. When you present the flower by throwing it over the edge of the pit you should say, "Here, Pele, is a flower for you." Pele also likes fruit, chickens, fish and luau leaves.

Hawaiians offer black pigs when there has been some great calamity. In the old days, Hawaiians loved to eat the ohelo berry which grew luxuriously about the volcano area. Pele loves the ohelo and considers it her own particular fruit. Before the Hawaiian ate any, he offered ohelos to Pele by throwing them into the pit.

Besides her constant battle with Namaka, the ocean goddess, Pele has fought with Poliahu, the snow maiden, for many centuries. Poliahu lives most of the year on two-and a-half-mile high Mauna Kea, on the nearby volcano of Hualalai, and on Haleakala, on the Island of Maui. Poliahu is accompanied by the snow maidens, Lilinoe, Waiau and Kahoupokane. These three have homes on the top of Mauna Kea around the beautiful lake called Waiau. It is significant that the top of Mauna Kea is dotted with large cinder cones, giving each of the snow maidens a home.

Meeting Poliahu on the slopes of nearby Mauna Loa one day, Pele became angered to find such a beautiful woman trespassing on her domain. She loosed the greatest lava flows the Island of Hawaii had ever seen. The snow maidens retreated to the top of Mauna Kea and Poliahu called the clouds to come and protect them. The clouds dropped snow on many of the fire fountains and extinguished them.

Finally Pele made a truce with the snow goddess, Poliahu, agreeing to confine her domain to the south of the island and leave the north of the island to Poliahu. Some say it is this agreement which keeps Pele from sending her lava flows to Hilo. Another legend says that Hilo is protected by an agreement which Pele made with Namaka, queen of the seas. Hilo will always be protected from Pele but she suffers when Namaka sends a tidal wave into Hilo Bay, as in the great disaster of 1946.

Pele, the beautiful woman, is noted among the old Hawaiians as an ardent lover. Although she had two sad love affairs, Hawaiians through the centuries have continued to interpret Pele's love affairs as the actions of a normal woman; she needs and desires love.

Pele's first great lover was the mortal, Prince Lohiau of Kauai. He had made Pele happy for a time, but then left her for her younger Hiiaka sister, which formed the basis for a famous Pele legend.

Her most noted lover was the pig-god Kamapuaa. The two had tried to dominate each other and Pele had finally chased him off the Island of Hawaii with a great lava flow. The story is undignified and is only told today in an expurgated version.

The majority of the love stories told about Pele teach some moral of the ancient Hawaiian culture. For instance, there was the Puna chief Ke-Alii-Kuku, (the chief who boasted). This chief made a visit to Kauai and spent most of his time bragging about Puna, his beautiful homeland. When he returned to Puna, he found it devastated by a lava flow. Pele had punished him for being a braggart.

For many years the Hawaiians have had a proverb, "Never abuse an old woman; she might be Pele." This proverb is illustrated by the story of Pele and the chief Kahawali, a chief of Kauai. Kahawali was the champion sled runner on the Island. He used a sled called Heenalu (surf-riding). It was six feet long, four inches wide. Some runners were so skilled that they could stand on the sled and balance themselves sufficiently to send the sled flying down a slope. Kahawali decided he would visit all the other islands and compete with other champions.

On the Big Island, in the district of Puna, Kahawali found excellent sledding on the cinder cones of Kapoho. He settled down, built houses and attracted great crowds at his practice. One day as Kahawali and Ahua prepared to slide down the hill Ka-Hale-o-ka-Mahina (the house of the moon), an old woman appeared and asked to borrow a sled. Kanawali was offended and asked, "What does an old woman like you want with a sled?"

The old woman stamped in anger. A gush of lava chased the brothers down the hill and eventually overwhelmed Kahawali. Riding the lava flow was a radiantly beautiful young woman on a sled. Precious little imagination is required to guess who it might have been.

Puna Hawaiians know that Pele destroys their land in order to build new land and to enrich the old. Her new lava flows twist and turn, leaving pockets of rich old soil in which gardens can be grown. It is from these pockets of old soil that Hawaiians in the old days transplanted soil to make moveable potato beds for which the district was famous.

Immense sweet potatoes were grown on racks covered with lauhala strips onto which rich soil was packed. Those potatoes became known as a famous delicacy.

When the reigning alii of the district visited, his path would be decorated with movable sweet potato beds (racks). The best were placed to the right as the alii came along the path. The poorer were placed to the left of his path. When the alii returned, the sweet potatoes were moved so that the best were again on the alii's right. You see, the alii and his chiefs were privileged to take any of the sweet potatoes growing on his right. His commoners were allowed to take only those on his left, and neither chiefs nor commoners would think for a moment of taking potatoes from the wrong side of the path.

The legends of Pele and the legends of the vast Puna district of the Island of Hawaii are entwined in some of the most interesting and sacred chants in Hawaiian lore. Many are lost. All tell of Pele's frequent visits throughout the district. Each gives a reason for the lava flowing down the forested slopes to the sea and another battle with Pele's old adversary, Namaka, the goddess of the sea. Each gives new credit to the old belief that Pele, the woman of the pit, the fire goddess of unbelievable beauty, appears before mortal man in her favorite guise of the moment, shortly before each new eruption of Kilauea or Mauna Loa.

When visiting Hawaii, don't fail to visit each of Pele's many homes on each of the islands – Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Hawaii. Join the ancient Hawaiians in their pilgrimage to Pele, through the fern and ohia forests of Puna to the great firepit of Halemaumau in Kilauea's summit crater. And remember the floral gift. Pele will be pleased.

COLOR PHOTOS BY DOROTHY MILLS

". . . mantle of violet vapor over Hawaii's National Park" page 16
". . . creation and destruction are simultaneous . . ." page 17





A volcano's plumbing is exposed in this aerial view of Kapoho's new crater. Another day's supply of lava is leaving the crater en route to the sea, four miles away. Kapoho village can be seen still unscathed in the background with the original Kapoho crater (geologically old) lying beyond.

PHOTO: RED CROSS HAWAII, COURTESY BILL STEARNS/MURRAYAIR, LTD.

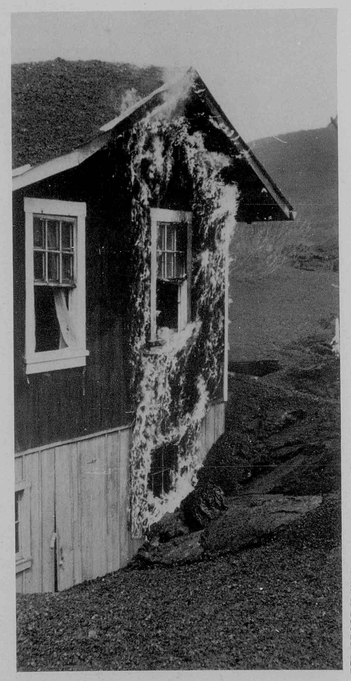


DEATH OF A VILLAGE

KAPOHO



RED CROSS HAWAII



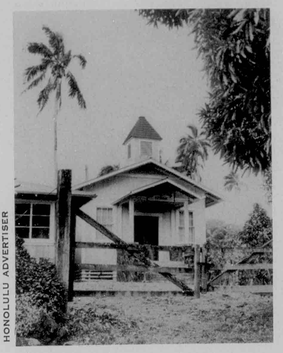
RED CROSS HAWAII

Symbol of a dying Kapoho is the death kiss of molten lava nudging tinder dry board and batten. This abandoned home, held immobile by drifts of volcanic cinders, finds no escape.

RED CROSS HAWAII



RED CROSS HAWAII



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Hoomana Naauao O Hawaii Church, window panes melting in the first moments of fiery destruction, has only minutes of life left before the entire church property disappears below an endless sheet of liquid rock. The bell, resonantly retuned by the intense heat, fell through the flaming inferno, its sound muffled by the volcano's roar.

Pele burned churches, a school, a temple, sealed a cemetery, displaced orchid growers, storekeepers, subdividers and developers. But somehow the heiau, the cairns and the prayer stones of Kumukahi remained unscathed. Modern Kapoho was destroyed; ancient Kapoho saved. Pele, busy building an island, has replenished the fertile lands of Puna. "Na Wahine" knows best.



RED CROSS HAWAII

Lava erupts into the air from fissure mound behind doomed house, shown igniting on opposite page. For picture of its ultimate destruction, see inside back cover.



DEATH OF KAPOHO VILLAGE !

by George Jordan Berry

THE STORY of Kapoho, the village, is the story of Puna, the district. Puna is vast by Island standards; as large, nearly, as the entire Island of Oahu or Kauai. It is the center for most of the ancient Hawaiian tales of volcanic destruction. Puna is bisected by the southeast rift zone of mighty Kilauea. Along this line stand dozens of puff craters and crater basins with their telltale trails of lava pouring outward and downward along Puna's unbroken slope to the sea.

Along the rugged volcanic cliffs of Puna's undulating seacoast Nature has designed an extravagant sampling of true South-Sea Island beauty. Lush green forests of pandanus trees extend across flow after flow of ancient lava, sheltering a moist matting of ferns and tropical exotics beneath. Coconut groves grow wild along every mile. Large clearings are lava fields not yet old enough to permit the forest to close over and create new acres of unimaginable beauty.

The old Hawaiian villages still remain — Pohoiki, Opihikao, Kalapana and the others. They were visiting spots along the ancient seacoast trail around the two-hundred-mile perimeter of Hawaii's namesake island. The roads are narrow, often unpaved, but with it all delightfully rural, quaint, picturesque. Everywhere is green: dank, rank, exotic. Modern Puna is only a time extension of ancient Puna. The old kuleana fences still delineate useful property divisions. The old apana churches still bring



The luckiest of the Kapoho families were those who moved fast. Heavy equipment and strong backs were essential.

the religion of the missionaries to each village cluster. Puna is reassuringly Hawaiian in every fine old historical sense of the word.

Upland from this surprising discovery area lies the vast slope of Puna, the uncounted acres of hapu ferns which share the rise to Kilauea's 4,000-foot summit with the strangely individual beauty of Hawaii's native Ohia Lehua, the forest tree of ancient and modern Puna.

At the very beginning of the upland slope, a mere four miles from legendary Kumukahi Point, stands the ancient village of Kapoho. Kapoho is a frequent name in many fascinating chants. Kapoho was a famous *ahupuaa* (ancient barony) and a major administrative center for the Puna alii. Kapoho stood midway between the finest fishing coastline in all Hawaii and the island's finest agricultural lands. Kapoho was the ideal synthesis of sun, rain, soil and seacoast. Kapoho earned and held its fame well.

The ancient village of Kapoho nestled against a historical cinder cone which shared its Hawaiian name with the village. The Kapoho cinder cone was almost the last in the thirty-mile chain of dozens of intermittently active craters extending from Kilauea's giant caldera to the blue Pacific. There was only Cemetery Hill and finally Kumukahi Point beyond, with the ancient seacoast trail striking between. Kapoho's traditional heiau sat atop Cemetery Hill.

With the coming of the missionaries, the tradition of Yankee enterprise evoked a new plan for the old village. Ohia was a sturdy wood, a tough adversary against total volcanic destruction. It made a truly superior railroad tie, and grew in massive abundance throughout Puna. Kapoho became a lumber town. Ohia was cut into ties and shipped to San Francisco. Railroads were built across the empty thousands of miles of America's West. Puna and Utah would never be the same again.

Meanwhile, Yankee enterprise introduced the mass cultivation of sugar cane far up the chain of Hawaii's lovely islands, on Kauai. Within a few years sugar found the fertile fields of Puna at the opposite end of the island chain, loosely surrounding ancient Kapoho. Kapoho became a junction for the narrow gauge cane railroad which wandered through the district.

With sugar, there came to Kapoho new faces — indentured laborers from the Orient. The new faces stayed, and ultimately became the dominant feature of life in Kapoho.

It had been hundreds of years since a river of liquid rock had swept close to the village. The flows of 1750 and 1790 had missed by anywhere up to a dozen miles. The massive flow of 1840 spilled into the sea from far above Kapoho on the route below Olaa. No one in Kapoho was old enough to remember the last eruption in the district, though the cinder cones and ancient flows were everywhere evident.

Then in 1955 Kilauea visited Puna's lower slopes with a parade of new eruptions along the last few miles of the famous Puna rift. One of the smaller but more determined flows nudged dangerously near Kapoho. Disaster officials evacuated the town. Nearby cane fields burned and disappeared under the thick, blackening cascade of molten spume. The main road into the village was cut off, but before the under side of the lava slab was entirely cool, a new road was built over the top. The people had returned to their homes within days and Kapoho once again fell to dreaming the life of tranquil security. Pele had been kind to Kapoho, the ancient village of Hawaiian legend. The woman of the pit, Na Wahine, would not come again. Not in anyone's lifetime.

But something went wrong with the ancient beliefs. Kilauea delayed her periodic eruption almost a year, built up a formidable pressure, relieved spectacularly by the now famous fire fountains of Kilauea Iki during November and December, 1959. Still the underground pressure persisted, and with the final seventeenth curtain call of Kilauea Iki, there appeared the growing earth tremors precedent to lava outbreaks throughout the lower slope area of Puna, centering surprisingly around Kapoho. The distance from Kilauea Iki was nearly thirty miles, but the action was to be one and the same, and timed a mere two weeks apart.

Finally, on Wednesday evening, January 13, 1960, a mile-long fissure opened within a few hundred yards of Kapoho village, and fire raced to the stars in a dozen places. The lush lowlands around Kapoho and its several ancient craters began to fill with new magmatic outflow. Cinders catapulted through the air, falling on rooftops and in the papaya fields and on roadways for a mile in every direction. Slowly the green of this ancient slice of Puna turned to grey and then to black as the cinder cover thick-

continued on next page

DEATH OF A VILLAGE

The week by week agony of Kapoho's death, showing, (top) the first red spires of fire emerging from the green countryside 500 yards away. At times glowing pumice blew nearly half a mile into the air, as shown in second photo. As the cinder cone and fissures built to mountainous heights, lava erased everything up to within yards of the stores themselves. Finally, the lava moved the final few yards to complete the job, the cone gave up its last magmatic spatter and the steam and sulphur fumes lent a grisly pall to Kapoho's memorable funeral scene.

ened. The main flow, passing seaward just behind Kapoho, widened hourly. Evacuation plans went into immediate operation. Fifty-five of the sixty-two families evacuated under the plan knew the experience of hastily bundling family belongings in trucks and moving into emergency care centers in school gymnasiums in towns a few miles up the road, Pahoa, Olaa, Hilo. They had occupied the same gymnasiums before, and some families had even occupied the very same corners of the partitioned gymnasium floors during the destructive Puna eruption of 1955, just five short years ago.

At first, the only damage to buildings in the area was from the bouncing earthquake patterns. There were no causation deaths or injuries. Kapoho's 300 residents were completely evacuated four hours after the first vent opened on Wednesday evening. For the first several days of continuous outpour, lava flowed past the village, angularly canted toward the sea. It reached the ocean within 36 hours, boiling the surf into a murky brown froth. The unmistakable odor of boiled fish was to offend the area for many days.

Meanwhile, the main vent built upon itself until it reached a hundred feet in the air and then two hundred feet, and still it built. Black, clinkery cinders laid several feet of obliterating carpet on everything, turning the beautiful tropical view of Kapoho into a death scene. But Kapoho was to die slowly, one house, one fence at a time.

As the lava flowed thicker from the several continuing vents, it flowed ever deeper and wider. It encroached laterally on the village, over-running first an acre of famed Puna papayas, then a half-acre of beautiful vanda orchids, then a home with its wooden water tank and *lua* (outdoor privy). It built in several places to previously unrecorded depths of one hundred feet. Ordinary flows seldom pile up deeper than ten or twenty feet, but the Kapoho eruption in its way was to be as spectacular as the parent eruption upland at Kilauea Iki a few weeks earlier. To assure its place in the newsreels and in the textbooks. Kapoho's flow turned devastating showman and literally raced right through Cemetery Hill on its way to the sea. Lava flowing arrow-straight through a previously solidified cinder cone? It happened, acording to the volcanologists.

It swept upward toward the ancient Hawaiian heiau atop the hill, veered away from the hallowed ground and plunged around the hill to blanket the greater part of an immaculately laid out cemetery of the Japanese members of the latter day Kapoho community.

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U. S. COAST GUARD



RED CROSS HAWAII

1955 The heart of Kapoho Village, the single block of stores around which centered the dramatic two-week struggle to save the village from the inch by inch encroachment of fiery lava. This orderly row of business buildings was destroyed from right to left, leaving only the furthermost Nakamura structures intact.

1960 This photograph of devastation is taken from exactly the same spot as the picture above. The elevation, however, is five feet higher, the result of the final lunge of liquid lava. The lava is covered by black, abrasive cinders with here and there a molten outcrop punctuating the scene. Sulphurous smoke curls off the 300 foot cinder cone at far right.

RED CROSS HAWAII











Many kinds of workers face the volcano's fury day and night throughout the eruption. Here Civil Defense crews, unable to cool and dam the lava mass behind the Kopoho Filipino Store, attempt to keep the flames from spreading along Kapoho's line of store structures. In the third picture, the old Shell Oil sign prophetically announces new management.

DR-713

National Disaster Relief Case No. 713 brought the full disaster service of the American Red Cross to the aid of 300 volcano-displaced victims on the instant Kapoho's community life was threatened.



RED CROSS HAWAII

Kapoho's children enjoy one of the 20,000 hot meals provided disaster sufferers by the American Red Cross.

In a disaster the Nation's Civil Defense apparatus takes care of things; the American Red Cross takes care of people. This means food, clothing, shelter and medical nursing care. Fortunately the Hawaii chapter of the American Red Cross was able to provide all of these services as needed during the Kapoho eruption of Kilauea volcano, which holds national headquarters case number DR-713.

Unlike the 1955 eruption, roads were not crossed and closed by lava until after all families and their furnishings were evacuated, meaning there was little loss of personal effects, no loss of life. The loss, and it has amounted to several millions of dollars, has been destruction of producing land which means loss of family income, and destruction of family homes, family businesses. Kapoho homes, built plantation style, can be rebuilt from the ground up for about $4,000, including $500 for a 500-gallon water tank and in some cases $200 for a Japanese style bath. Loss of orchid plants can be figured at .03 cents per plant, and .25 cents per fern log section on which the plants grow, 13 plants to the log. Several orchid growers lost up to half a million orchid plants. But the big loss in cane lands and resort development areas of Kapoho.

The American Red Cross stands ready to restore stricken families to homes, businesses and family furnishings, as it has for virtually every major disaster in the United States since its founding in 1881. In recent years, Red Cross disaster services in Hawaii have embraced four volcano eruptions, three major tidal waves, one hurricane and several near hurricanes, numerous floods caused by tropical downpours focusing on a particular island district, tenement fires in Honolulu's Chinatown areas and influenza epidemics which caused 275 deaths in thirty years.

Most serious disaster ever to hit the Islands was the giant tidal wave of April 1, 1946, killing 159 persons, with 163 persons hospitalized and 1,424 homes destroyed or damaged. The Red Cross assisted nearly 7,000 persons with funds totalling $434,094.53. Red Cross disaster relief in Hawaii has amounted to $1,000,000 beginning with that tidal wave of '46. This means that by national experience, Hawaii's scattered disasters, while they are spectacularly different (volcanoes and tidal waves), are comparatively less destructive than continental river floods, Atlantic coastal hurricanes and Western forest fires. Tidal waves are few and nowadays well reported. Volcano eruptions are localized and seldom erupt in populated coastal areas, though their destruction is the most complete of all disasters where they hit.

Kapoho, DR-713, was a rare turn of physical disaster for the Islands. Three hundred people were dispossessed by lava flowing over their homes during a four-week outbreak in which the American Red Cross disaster units served some 20,746 hot meals to affected families and disaster workers. The American Red Cross stands ready in Hawaii as throughout the nation. A volcano in the streets is just another way for Red Cross volunteer and professional workers to serve. Kapoho's people know and admire that familiar arm band and its instantaneous aid to persons in distress.



RED CROSS HAWAII

Weary disaster workers find the Red Cross coffee wagon (upper) in the midst of the fury. Mr. Disaster himself, Hawaii Red Cross chapter director John Rolfes tending to evacuation of the villagers' recoverable household belongings (center). A Mainland Civil Defense official, Ralph Burns, (below) spends a few hours at the scene of disaster with Hawaii's Adj. Gen. MacKinney, Director of Civil Defense.



RED CROSS HAWAII

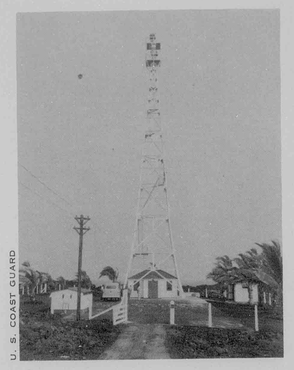


U. S. COAST GUARD

Evacuation in the face of certain destruction. Joe and Henrietta Pestrella move the last few boxes of kitchen supplies from their Station home several days before lava razed the house. Below, Joe switches the Cape Kumukahi Light to automatic operation before abandoning the lighthouse to the approaching lava mass.

C.G. KUMUKAHI L/S

Joe Pestrella



U. S. COAST GUARD

U. S. COAST GUARD



Every two weeks Joe Pestrella and his wife, Henrietta, drove thirty-four miles to Hilo to do the extra household shopping they could not do at nearby Kapoho Village. Keeping a Coast Guard lighthouse operating at remote Kumukahi Point on the Island of Hawaii required living on the station. The buying trip to Hilo was a family habit of 22 years' standing, ever since the Coast Guard reassigned Joe from the old light tender, *Kukui*, to the Cape Kumukahi Light House in 1938. Back in the thirties the new pyramidal type tapered steel tower and its 1,700,000 candlepower beacon had recently replaced the old acetylene gas light of an earlier era.

Nowadays, Joe was the last caretaker in the lighthouse system around the Island. In six years he would retire and the light would be placed on automatic operation. Meanwhile, Joe tended the two gas generators, kept the 124-foot steel tower painted against the salt-laden tradewinds, polished the 36-inch prismatic lens with its bullseye that cast a visible beam 19 miles to sea. He changed the 1500-watt bipost lamp every few months.

The most notable event in the lives of Joe and Henrietta Pestrella was the big volcanic eruption of 1955 which poured lava in flows within half a mile of the 58-acre light station on the north, and within three miles of the main gate on the south. Nothing in their 22 years at Kumukahi had equaled the '55 eruption.

Joe had since planted a host of ornamentals and fruit trees around the station. He was proudest, perhaps, of his rare bay leaf tree that was approaching useful size. And there were the Tahitian lemon trees, the half-dozen varieties of mangos, the lichees and Okinawan tangerines. Just last fall Joe had received a coveted performance award for his untiring devotion to station upkeep.





U. S. COAST GUARD

Then came the second, unbelievable eruption of January and February, only a few miles up the slope. Joe and Henrietta could see the new cinder cone belching liquid fire almost over their shoulders and Joe went up to the village to help old friends evacuate. There was little thought of the Station's danger for several days.

In fact, Joe was still scoffing at danger several weeks later when the northern mass of lava turned southerly and threatened to flank the lighthouse. But he and Henrietta moved household essentials to safety while Joe stayed on. Whatever one man can do against these crushing odds Joe meant to do, though hopeless defiance was about all the combat gear Joe had at hand.

The lava reached out for the Station, made a torch of the front gate and marched down the road, destroying Joe's valuable trees. There was nothing for Joe to do but set the generators and the tower light on automatic and take a walk for himself.

The lava closed in, marched to the foot of the tower. The light went off. This, obviously, was it.

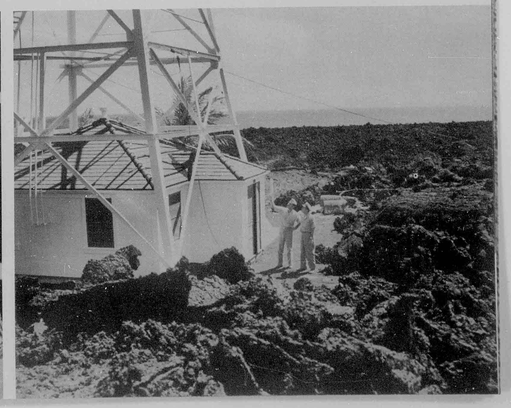
Yet, next day observation planes reported the tower still standing. And the next day and the next. The volcano chugged to a stop several weeks later, and the first inspection team to dare the walk across a mile of hot oven baked goods found the lava flow had split a mere twenty feet in front of the tower house and swept within two yards of the tower on both sides, forming a triangle of land leading several hundred yards out to the point where ancient archaeological finds were preserved.

But Joe's days in the garden are pau. If the light is restored to use it will be placed on automatic. First road, fence and tank facilities must be rebuilt. Meanwhile, Joe and Henrietta regretfully moved to Makapuu Light Station out beyond Koko Head near Honlulu. Joe has only six more years until retirement. He would have preferred to remain at the Cape, but the good life at Kapoho is no more.

Scenes of the Coast Guard's loss to the volcano. First to go was the Station's front gate (upper left). Soon lava was pouring into the sea on a two and a half mile front, skirting both sides of the lighthouse (upper right). As the lava ground to a stop several weeks later, it was found the flow had parted and missed the lighthouse tower by merely several feet (lower right). Joe, last of the Big Island's lighthouse keepers, was given a performance award only recently by the commandant (lower left).

U. S. COAST GUARD





Madame Pele's Haole Boyfriend

This story was written last year in celebration of Uncle George Lycurgus' 100th birthday — long before Madame Pele's plans were known for her own special gift and party, the most brilliant and spectacular event of Hawaii's year.

by Peggy McKenzie

AT THE RIM of a volcano's crater lives the man who has loved the world's most fiery female for over half of his 100 years.

"Uncle George" Lycurgus is a part of Pele's story, now, as she most certainly is a part of his. Almost as if to keep a predestined rendezvous, halfway around the world he came, from his native Greece, to meet the Polynesian goddess of volcanoes. Pele is "the only woman who has never let him down." He is faithful to her, and his legend has grown along with hers.

In a chair beside the lava-stone fireplace of Volcano House he sits, reading his newspaper through a magnifying glass. An erect and arresting figure he makes, wearing a trim hiking costume of red-checked wool shirt, khaki jodphurs and puttees, topped by a grey felt hat ancient beyond respectability to the point of jauntiness.

"A hat of character," I ventured. "What kind of feathers are those?" I indicated the soft grey-blue lei circling the much-mended crown.

"Neck feathers of Hawaiian doves, now all gone," he said.

So I began to talk with an eagle of the days of his youth, now all gone.

Born in Sparta a century ago, George Lycurgus sailed to England, then New York, and made his way to California by the time he was 21. From a start selling lemons, he progressed to ownership of a San Francisco fruit store, an oyster restaurant, and partnership in a fruit exporting business. His social life kept pace, and he became a member of the famous Bohemian Club in San Francisco.

One autumn day in 1889, Lycurgus' friends, "the Spreckels boys," were sailing to Honolulu, and he went down to the boat to tell them goodbye. The farewell party was so gay that George Lycurgus didn't notice the ship had sailed, with him still aboard.

"I meant to go to Hawaii someday," he said. "But not that day."

The week he stayed in Honolulu, without visa, decided his fate. He met King Kalakaua, Hawaii's "Merry Monarch," and became his friend and poker playmate. Returning to San Francisco, he came back to Honolulu in three weeks, and continued to do business between the two ports. Finally, in 1890, he lifted the San Francisco foot and stood squarely in Hawaii.

His fruit business prospered, and he added a wine company and a restaurant to his ventures. He leased a small hotel property at Waikiki called "The Sea Side Inn," and renamed it *Sans Souci* (Without Care). It consisted of three cottages and stables.

One of his guests at Sans Souci broke out in a thorough-going case of measles, and had to be quarantined. George put him in the windmill for ten days, then brought him to the main building and gave up his own room for him. This was a man named Robert Louis Stevenson, who was, to quote Uncle George, "a good man — we used to have a helluva time!"

"And how about the formidable, six-foot Mrs. Stevenson?" I asked.

"Gave us plenty trouble!" he grinned.

George's Hawaiian friends had been, from the first, members of the royal court and their companions. When King Kalakaua died, in 1891, he was succeeded by Queen Liliuokalani. But in 1893 the monarchy fell, and a provisional republic was set up. The Royalists fought for the return of their queen, and fighting with them was George Lycurgus. In 1895, along with three or four hundred other Royalists, he was put into jail and held for 52 days without trial.

The helpless ex-queen renounced all sovereign rights, and in 1898 Hawaii was annexed as a Territory of the United States. But the hearts of a proud people can never be changed as simply as one flag is lowered and another is raised in its place.

The second of September was Queen Liliuokalani's birthday, and on that day of the year of 1898, her loyal followers staged a loving celebration that lasted all day and through the night, demonstrating their devotion with flowers and songs. George Lycurgus gave a banquet for the veterans of the 1895 Battle of Diamond Head. They had been meeting secretly, Sans Souci their rendezvous, but now they celebrated openly.

"Tell me about that party," I urged the gentle old man.

"Lots of friends, lots of music . . . you know, *Hawaiian* style!"

"Why did you fight with the Royalists? You could have avoided imprisonment. After all, you were a newcomer to Hawaii then."

"I was always with Hawaiians, and still I am."

"When did you first come to the Island of Hawaii, and see the volcano?"

"In 1893 was the first time. I came half-way up from Hilo by horse and buggy, then horseback the rest of the way. There was a little grass house here then, built in 1873."

"Why did you decide you wanted to live here?"

"I love it! Couldn't be any better

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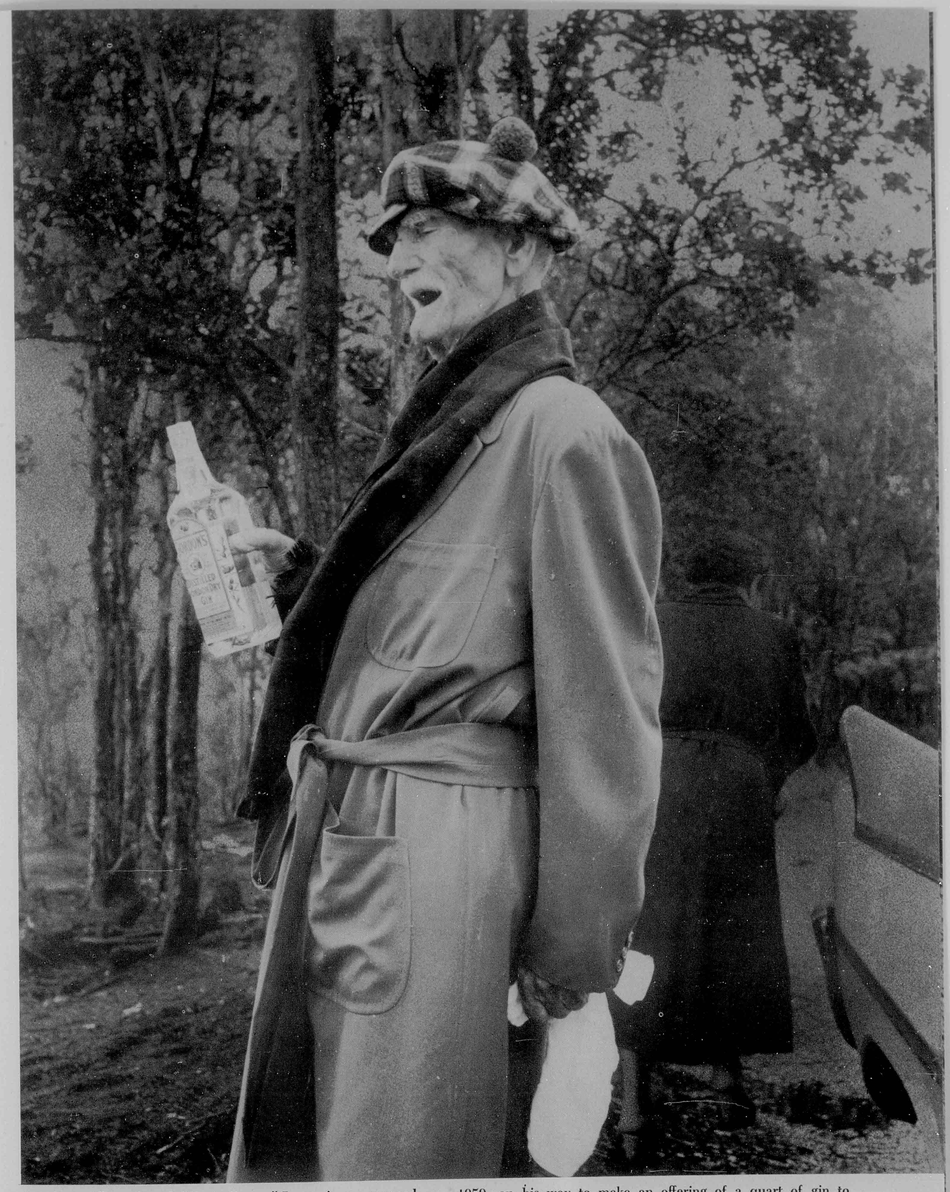


Standing stiff as a board, "Uncle George" Lycurgis was snapped by a Honolulu Star Bulletin photographer on December 9th, 1959, on his way to make an offering of a quart of gin to Madame Pele.



Young vanda orchid plants fastened to sections of hapu fern logs for support are hurriedly loaded into evacuation trucks. A few million plants were saved, many millions destroyed.

DEATH OF A VILLAGE KAPOHO

continued

Seven hundred and fifty acres were covered the first week, though only three homes were destroyed. A smoke haze extended more than 2,300 miles to Wake Island, and by the second week visibility in Honolulu, several hundred miles away, was reduced at times to one mile. The main cinder cone stood at 250 feet high. The noise of gas explosions in the neck of the crater could be heard in Hilo, 30 miles away. Buildings throughout Kapoho throbbed rhythmically to the violent earth rumble acompanying the fountain activity. The smell of brimstone was intense during periods of low wind movement, or when swirling whirlpools of heat swept through the area.

By the second week, instead of decreasing, the flow increased. Each time the main crater plugged temporarily, pressures created new vents showering hundreds of feet into the air. Lava raced to the sea, with as many as 70 liquid streams pouring into the ocean at once. Cooling lava formed its own dams, the dams formed molten lakes and the lakes created outward pressures, reaching in the direction of more homes. The tiny village of Koae crumbled the second week, and with it Hoomana Naauao O Hawaii Church, its twelve wooden pews and the sign over the altar reading in Hawaiian, "This Church is Dedicated to God."

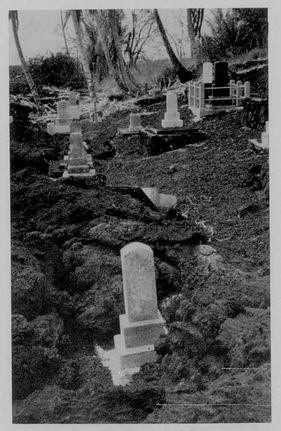
Platoons of bulldozers pushed earth bulwarks into the lava's path, but the volcano sensed the combative instincts of man and laughingly rushed overwhelming new supplies of destruction in every direction. Firefighters did succeed in cooling the face of the flow directly before the Rufo Caballero house, delaying its fiery end by exactly one week. But the cooling mass of lava that had early marched into Kapoho town and stopped short of the village street was soon to be renewed by a fresh flow.

On the night of January 28th, the T. Uyeda Store bowed to the flames. One by one the store fronts succumbed to the licking tongues of lava. The old theatre next to the Y. Nakamura Store, nervous in its moment of tragedy, jumped the gun by collapsing from the weight of cinders piled like a black blizzard on its roof. The Filipino Store on its right shortly felt the flaming arrow, but somehow the collapsed theatre's splintered rubble never reached the flash point. The lava had stopped within several feet, saving Nakamura Store by less than a yard.

But through the empty shell of Nakamura's store still remained, the village it served had died. Forty-eight buildings had been destroyed. Hundreds of acres of nearby cane lay under ugly black cinders up to three feet deep. Millions of orchid plants had been destroyed, and 25 per cent of Puna's famed papaya crop was eliminated.

There was not to be a single habitable residence saved. And though the cinder cone and its tributary fissures throughout the area belched and rumbled for more than two weeks longer, the death of Kapoho village was now recorded.

One of the ugliest, most discouraging and devastating sights in the world is a volcano's visit to a lovely garden. Kapoho had been that garden.



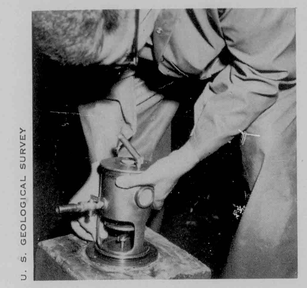
Deep flows of lava crept around the back of Cemetery Hill to engulf the graves of Japanese members of Kapoho laid to rest on its gentle slopes.

The death of Kapoho means a rebirth of the land, and a new life for the people somewhere in the vastness of cane, ohia, pandanus fern and lava that describes the endless miles of Kilauea Volcano's sweeping south and east flanks. The old woman of the pit, Na Wahine, will take care.

VOLCANOLOGY

continued from page 9

the main volcano pit, and then transferred underground operations 23 miles down the east rift to Kapoho where the rift enters the sea. In both cases the scientists moved with lambent ease over the flaring hot deposits of new lava, gathering solid and gaseous samples everywhere. Sufficient material was gathered from Kilauea



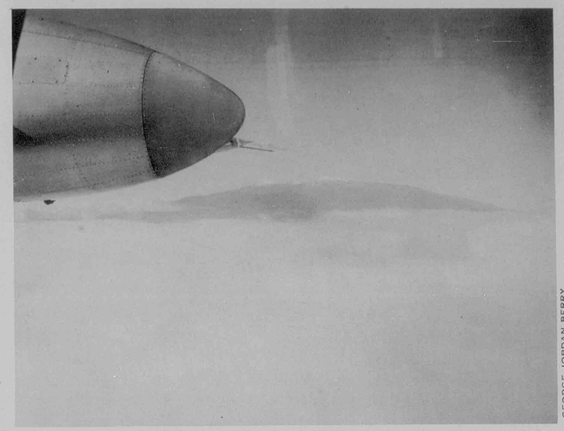
U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Harold Krivoy, Geophysicist setting tilt-meter. These delicate instruments record bulges and subsidences in the surface of volcanoes.

Iki and Kapoho eruption areas to occupy the entire staff of the observatory for more than four years, providing the next waiting period is that long.

In the midst of these on-the-spot observations and collections the scientists were unhappily embroiled in the controversy over the value of man-made dikes. Barriers constructed to divert lava flows down Hawaii's volcano slopes have created an argument as heated as the lava itself. The observatory scientists hold a dim view of it all, but hasten to explain that their presence at any eruption is in the interest of scientific observation and not the direction of safety measures which are controlled by civil defense authorities.

Observations complete, the scientists are back at the Observatory with rooms filled with field samples of the recent eruption. Charts, graphs and reports have already begun. The delicate gravity meter and the glass tube labyrinth of the vapor reading analyzer are busy picking out component elements of the new supply of samples. The big wait is on, in the laboratory.



GEORGE JORDAN BERRY

The snow capped cones of Mauna Kea rise 13,796 feet above sea level to make this silent volcano the highest point in Hawaii and the island chain.

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

Continued from page, 7

internal temperatures. The costly instrumentation is designed nevertheless to determine in little deductive ways the true state of hot liquid matter forming the fiery interior of the earth.

Meanwhile, tiltmeters and seismographs are constantly refined and electronically super-sensitized. The slightest upward tilt of the volcano's mountainous mass or the slightest movement of material miles down in the earth are recorded. Observatory scientists can almost tell when a mountaineer 20 miles away lights his pipe by the tremors set up when he strikes a match. More importantly, they foretold within one-half hour when Kilauea Iki would erupt on November 14th, 1959.

When the signs of ripeness appear, the observatory flashes the National Park headquarters down the road. The Park is sealed off. Nobody moves but rangers and scientists until the whereabouts of the outbreak is determined and the extent and character of the eruption is analyzed. Then, when complete safety is assured, Hawaii National Park is thrown open to the controlled visitation of throngs of camer- burdened visitors. This is the show worth ten grand for a standing ticket.

But while its Show Biz volcanoes are not always on stage, Hawaii National Park offers stellar off-season attractions to visitors during those months and sometimes years when flame from fountains and flows cannot be transferred excitingly to color film for vacation slides and movies. It is cool at Kilauea, delightfully cool. The weather is often misty. One hundred inches of rain fall annually on the fern forests which culminate at Kilauea's rim. Giant ferns twice as high as an elephant's eye are a living picture taken of the tropical world when it was young, eons before man. Lava tubes cut beneath the fern forests like big city subways.

On Maui, a visit to Mount Haleakala is like a visit to the moon. Colorful craters of the House of the Sun shine forth in blazing pastels in the clear, brisk air of Haleakala's 10,000-foot summit.

Hawaii National Park is a world somewhat outside the world with which you are familiar. It is a world that must be seen. Here the world's creation continues in its spectacularly fiery form. And while the world is being born, traditional National Park courtesy and service aid you to your grandstand seat — in safety.

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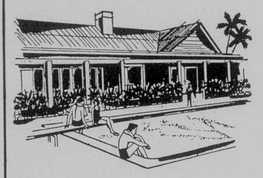

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place in the world."

I could almost hear the fire-goddess laugh, crackling smugly in the knowledge of her charms.

A hotel had been built in 1877, near the site of the present Volcano House. George Lycurgus acquired control of the hotel in 1904, and since that time has lived near his siren of the flowing lava tresses. A new building erected in 1921 burned down in 1940, but Uncle George built the present Volcano House in 1941. It is situated on the volcano's brink, as close to his sweetheart as the safety engineers would allow him to sleep.

Pele's hot breath provides natural sulphur steam baths for the guests at Volcano House. It is a rare delight for guests, relaxed in every pore, to sit on the glass-enclosed lanai in the late afternoon and look across the steam and shadows of the crater to the fire-pit, Halemaumau, while the sun slides down the side of Kilauea and the hulk of Mauna Loa in the distance.

The great of many lands have come to Volcano House for such rest and relaxation, and to gaze at the volcano, sleeping or spitting. They have conferred honors on George Lycurgus, from the facetious but factual commission as Admiral in the Navy of the State of Nebraska, to the Islands' highest award, The Order of the Splintered Paddle. It is a rarely awarded honor, given for distinguished service to mankind. Answering my query about his civic enterprise that earned it, he said, simply, " I *believe* in the Hawaiians."

There is a picture gallery of famous guests, and I asked Uncle George which were his favorites.

"They are all good friends," he said. "Just the same to me."

I suspected that the ones who played the best game of cribbage might have a slight edge, and mentioned his cribbage championship standing of many years.

"A good game!" he declared, adding quickly, "You play?"

The doctors won't allow much exercise for Uncle George these days, a shame for one so young at 100. He was an exceptional horseman in his youth, and a strong swimmer in the island surf well up into his seventies. Every morning now, he takes a walk in the woods, carrying bread for the birds that flock to him. His pace is sedate but spry, and he holds himself tall as the Spartan he is.

Honolulu and Hilo matrons still giggle girlishly when they talk of the debonair young man they called "The Duke of Sparta." Surely there must have been disappointments when he brought back his bride from one of his trips to Greece. One of his sons manages Volcano House and the other son, The Hilo Hotel. His daughter lives in Greece. His wife died about 20 years ago.

Now, the only woman who matters is the age-old, ageless Pele, and at last we talked of her. I knew that Uncle George takes her a present every time there is an eruption. He goes alone to the edge of the fire-pit, Pele's home, with his gift of ohelo berries, sacred to the goddess, and a bottle of gin, substitute for the once out-lawed okolehao. He hurls them into the seething lava, and what he says is his business. And Pele's.

"When was the most exciting manifestation of the volcano?" I began.

"Any time active!" he shot back.

There is a Hawaiian belief that Pele appears in disguise, sometimes as an old woman, sometimes as a young girl. She walks abroad, and woe betide those who refuse her request for a cigarette! (I have talked with a man who told of such an old woman who suddenly appeared on a deserted road he was driving down one night. He is devoutly glad he had the good sense to give her a lift to town!)

There are stranger things in the world, and I am not one to scoff — especially when sitting on top of a volcano. It was with great care I posed my next question.

"Have you . . . ever *seen* . . . Pele?"

"Oh, yes. I tell you. I saw Pele, in the fire. There is a woman . . . you can see a woman, in the flames . . . she comes out, and walks around . . . then she goes back in the fire . . . and prays."

He paused a moment, his smoke-gray eyes gazing past men into impenetrable distance.

"The Hawaiians believe in Pele. Certainly I believe in Pele, too. Pele belongs to the Islands. She will come to tell us what to do. She always comes when we need her. Pele is bound to come soon."

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HALEAKALA CRATER, HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

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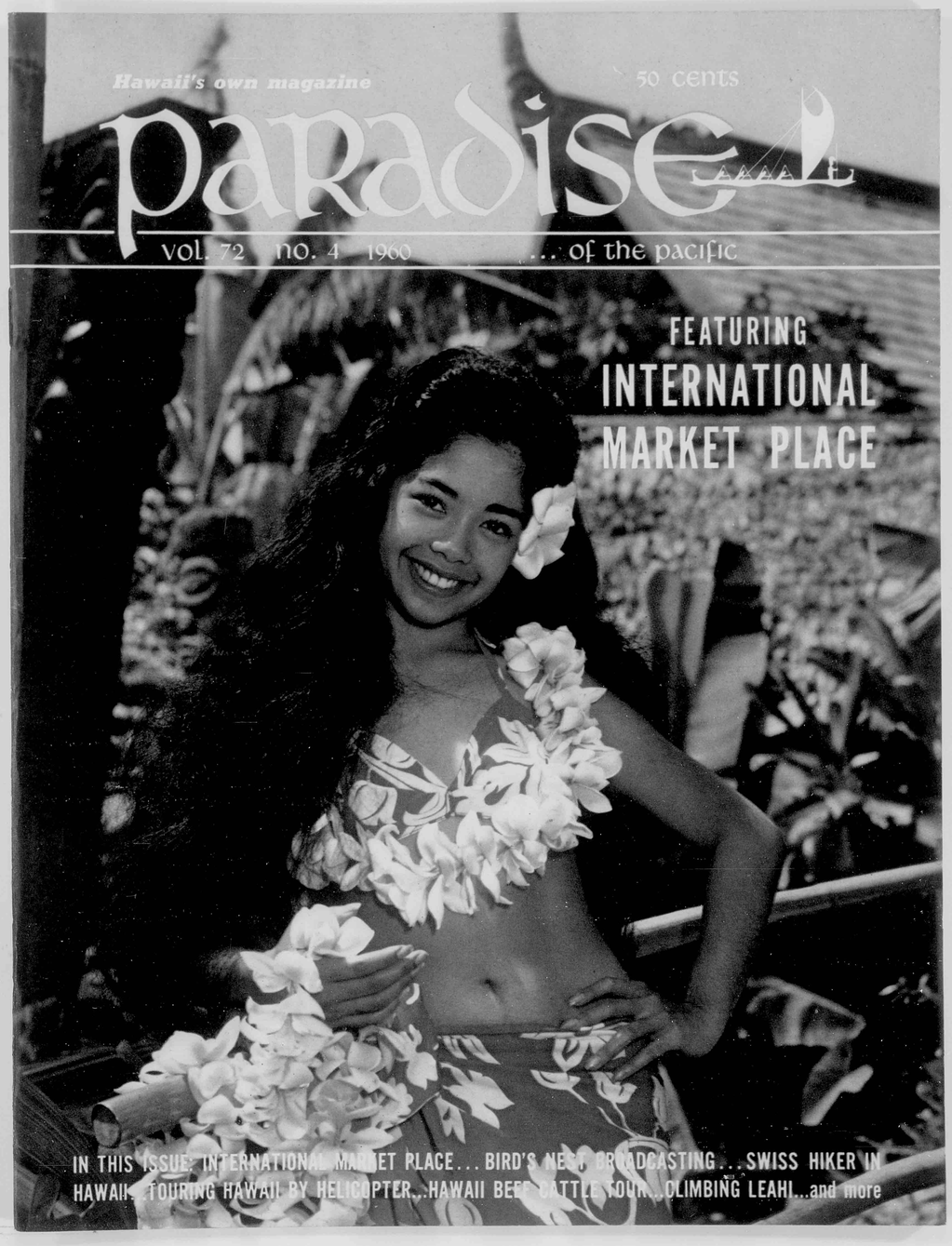
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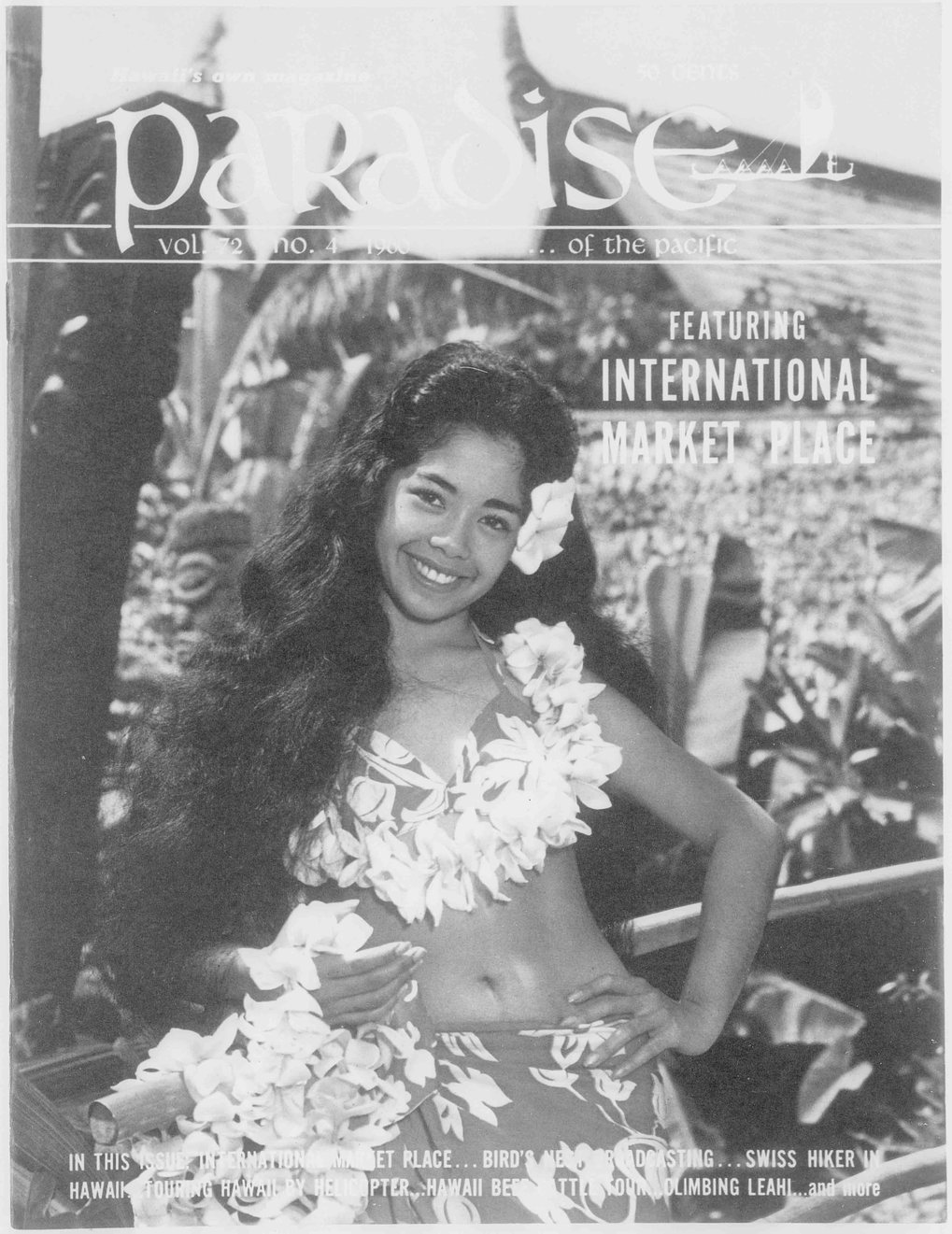
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- COVER: Featured on this month's cover, lovely "Leilani" Bermudez, a dancer at Don the Beachcomber's Cabaret Restaurant in the International Market Place in Waikiki. Color separations from the album cover "Kuuipo" (My Sweetheart) by permission of Waikiki Records Co. on the beach at Waikiki, Hawaii.

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  The story behind the development of Waikiki's famous International Market Place, from its conception as a "dream" of Donn Beach, to its present sprawling thatched-roof shopping and entertainment center in the heart of Waikiki Beach.
- CATTLE TOUR IN HAWAII
  257 Mainland cattlemen and women descend on the Islands for a two-week tour sponsored by the Western Livestock Journal.

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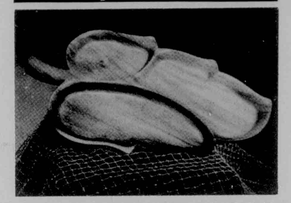

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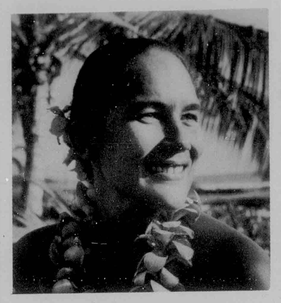
WRITERS IN PARADISE



Nona Kapua Beamer

I met Nona on my first trip to the Islands nine years ago. I discovered then that she cannot be likened to a soft breath of a trade wind through the palms, the sensuous fragrance of wild ginger and plumeria, a glimpse of white sea-froth curling onto the sand at Kalapana, or red ohia blossoms feathered against the precisioned tracery of a tree fern. She is all of these — and more.

Here is a strong personality, vibrant with an intense love of living, of people, and of her own Hawaiian heritage. She was born Winona Kapuailohiamanonokalani Desha Beamer in Napoopoo on the "big island" of Hawaii. Her musical Hawaiian name means "precious flower of the Manono family of the heavens," and aptly so. *Winona* comes from her grandfather, a Swedish sea captain from Winona, Minnesota, who came to the Islands and married a Hawaiian girl. *Desha* is French, and *Beamer*, German—both from her father's family, and both very old Island settlers. This remarkable combination of nationalities has produced an equally remarkable woman. She was educated in Hawaiian schools, the Kamehameha School for Girls and the University of Hawaii; then Colorado Women's College, Barnard, and a master's degree in anthropology from Columbia University.

Nona is now the full time social director at the Kona Inn on Hawaii, but formerly she charmed visitors at the Queen's Surf luau in Honolulu twice a week, and at the Halekulani, while commuting from Kailua-Kona. When once asked why she chose to spend all of her time in the quiet village of Kailua, especially with her own well-traveled background, her reply was that she wanted her two sons, Keola, nine, and Kapono, seven, to grow up as much in Hawaiian tradition and surroundings as she had.

This statement marks another facet in this fascinating personality. Nona is a strong advocate of the ancient hula, which quite naturally is steeped in the religion of old Hawaii, with the volcano goddess,

continued on next page

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESTAURANT

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Pele, predominating in the dance of the Big Island. Last spring, Nona Beamer made the pages of national newspapers as well as those in Hawaii, when she was accused of "trying to bring the old gods back to Hawaii" through her dances to Pele at the Kona Inn. Nona's answer was, "Ridiculous, these dances are *about* Pele. They simply describe her activities." She further clarified her position by stating that she was of Hawaiian Christian missionary stock and only told the "stories of my people in the manner my beloved grandmother taught me."

Nona is still receiving letters from friends and strangers alike from all over the world, not condemning but applauding her steadfast resolve to keep the culture of her people as pure as long as possible — not writing of it in books, soon to die on a shelf, but presenting it alive in all its color. With such strong intentions, Nona is fast becoming a living legend. A visiting friend from the Mainland remarked in farewell, "My stay in Hawaii was complete, I met Nona Beamer."

by C. Wayne Walters

HAWAII'S BUSINESS CLIMATE

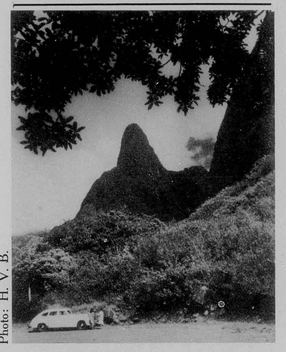

Photo: H. V. B.

THE FIRST OF three Neighbor Island Economic Development Tours sponsored by the State Chamber of Commerce was made to the Garden Isle of Kauai. Nearly 100 delegates attended a two-day panel discussion and two economic "site"-seeing tours. Reprinted below is an excerpt from an editorial in the Honolulu Sunday Advertiser.

What's ahead for Kauai?

Kauai grows 10 per cent of the state's pineapple and 20 per cent of its sugar — and both industries are having problems.

continued on page 5



BUT MOMMIE, HE PROMISED

Daddy *did* say he'd phone from Hawaii before 6 p.m., Island time. So he could talk to his little girl before her bedtime. Perhaps he forgot there's *four* hours difference between Honolulu and Chicago.

To check how long before six you should call to reach mainland relatives and friends when they're in—but not in bed—check the time zone map in the information section of your telephone directory.

Circuits are freer before six p.m., too, and the cost is lower than you think—voice reception is clear as crystal via the engineering marvel of the transpacific cable.

Few things that do so much for you, cost as little as your telephone.

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Radiantly styled for the Rocketing '60's !



1960 NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

Quiet elegance marks this Oldsmobile. With its luxurious Custom-Lounge Interiors and the exceptional new PREMIUM ROCKET ENGINE, you are certain to find it the most satisfying car you have ever owned. But stop by and convince yourself. Be our guest for a road-test of the superb Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.

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HAWAII'S BUSINESS CLIMATE

Continued from page 3

This was sharply brought home to businessmen on an economic development tour of the Garden Island some days ago.

In pineapple, the planned close-down of the Kapaa cannery and the related reduction in planting will cut Kauai's pineapple output close to 50 per cent, unless the other two companies fill the gap.

The industry there and on the other islands as well is also feeling the pinch of increasingly tough competition from abroad.

Example: Between 1956 and 1958 West Germany's imports of Hawaiian canned pineapple dropped from 60 per cent to 38, while its imports from Taiwan rose from 26 per cent to 36.7.

In sugar, the production has not fully bounced back from the last strike.

The problems in both industries directly affect the health of Hawaii's economy. It is heartening that the Legislature is considering tax relief that has long been due.

In addition to the bolstering of old industries, Kauai needs to expand its tourism. Nature is strongly on its side, providing magnificent vistas and ample space for really fine resort hotels.

Andrew Goss, an HVB director, told the touring businessmen of several major requisites for developing tourism. These include (in addition to site development) scenic drives, park projects with cabin and camping facilities, and restoring of historical sites.

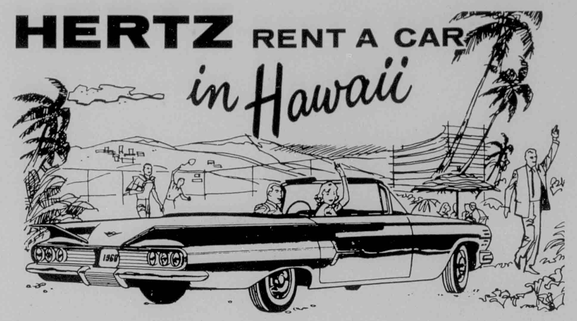
Kauai presently has 237 hotel rooms, mostly in the Lihue-Wailua area. The first 100-room increment of a proposed 1,000-room hotel at Kalapaki Beach, near Lihue, is rapidly rising and should be ready for guests in July.

Those on the tour saw other sites which are "naturals" for hotel construction, and were told of some projects already on the drawing boards.

One came away from the Kauai tour concerned with the problems and also aware of the potentials — and greatly impressed by the determination of the Kauai leaders to change the island's economic curve from down to up.

Reprinted with permission of Honolulu Sunday Advertiser March 20, 1960.

HERTZ RENT A CAR in Hawaii



Hertz rents the kind of cars you like to drive! New, fully-equipped Chevrolets and other fine cars . . . convertibles, too! Have more fun and see more when you rent a car from Hertz. Low Hertz rates include insurance . . . gasoline and oil (even if you buy it on the road)!

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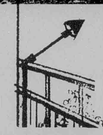
HERTZ puts YOU in the driver's seat!

HERTZ Rent a car ®

Room with a View

Literally on Top O' the Isle, is the Waikiki Biltmore's delightful penthouse.





Here the breathtaking view of the mountains, Diamond Head and the great blue Pacific Ocean make you feel humble, yet serene because of the quiet wonders of nature surrounding you. The penthouse now caters to private parties, banquets, breakfasts, luncheons, receptions and business meetings. What better way to pause and relax and make new friends and business acquaintances than this beautiful room with a view.

Waikiki Biltmore's Top O' the Isle

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INTERNATIONAL
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• COCKTAILS
INTERNATIONAL MARKET PLACE
IN THE HEART OF WAIKIKI



Mainland Ranchers Visit and Marvel at

CATTLE COUNTRY IN HAWAII

Photography by: Hawaiian Village Hotel

Five Kahili bearers and one King and Queen rode out on a tugboat to greet the Beef Cattle Tour group arriving on the Lurline.



TAKING CARE of 257 visiting cattlemen and women for two weeks would be easy for a hotel in Chicago, with its big-city sources of entertainment, dining, sightseeing and shopping . . . and with the stockyards at hand for some "field work" to justify the trip!

Quite another matter, though, is handling such a large group on a tour of Hawaii's beef industry, its ranches and facilities spread over five islands far from Waikiki's hotels. The logistics of feeding, sleeping and transporting the mob would have taxed even military ingenuity.

Consider, for example, that to greet those who arrived on the S.S. *Lurline* it was necessary to take out to the ship via tugboat one King, one Queen, and five Kahili Bearers . . . in full costume!

Arrangements for the greeting parties had to include not only dew-fresh flower leis for all of the guests but also a bass fiddle, two guitars, several ukeleles and some hula girls. And don't forget the welcome banners!

These and countless other arrangements had to be made for the Hawaiian Beef Cattle Tour held recently under the sponsorship of the Western Livestock Journal, the Cattlemen's Council of Hawaii and the Soil Conservation Service.

Taking care of things at the Island end of the line was the energetic, enthusiastic MacKenzie Tour staff, sometimes hard-pressed but always able to deliver the goods. In Sacramento, bookings and arrangements were handled by the Patterson Travel Agency.

Arriving in five sections, one by ship and four by plane from West Coast cities, the cattlemen and women "flipped their ten-gallon hats" at the Island way of saying "Howdy, Stranger," but soon decided that Hawaiian Hospitality was more than just an empty phrase.

From the get-acquainted cocktail party at the Hawaiian Village Hotel in Waikiki to the farewell party at Kona Inn on the Big Island twelve days later, the tour was an eye-opener. Not only did the hula girls, tropical flowers and erupting volcano amaze the visitors, but they saw also many cattle raising and finishing techniques they had never seen before. And they marveled at the ingenuity demonstrated in the operation of far-flung cattle ranches visited on Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Hawaii.



Coordinating the tour movements at the Kualoa Ranch are: Francis Morgan, Ranch Manager; Jimmie MacKenzie, president, MacKenzie Travel Organization; John Cholis, field editor of Western Livestock Journal; Jim Armitage, of the Cattlemen's Council of Hawaii.





Chartered buses were used to move the tour from ranch to ranch on Oahu and Maui, while a caravan of limousines comfortably cruised the group around Kauai. Working on a tight schedule, a MacKenzie Tour hostess sees her charges aboard one of six Hawaiian Airlines chartered Convairs for their inter-island flights.



A Hawaiian Airlines hostess joins the fun during the flight to assist one of the MacKenzie "singing guides" fill one of many requests for Hawaiian songs which had captivated the group.

MacKenzie Tour personnel — Jimmie MacKenzie, Danny Duvauchelle, Rowene Tennant, Honey Barnes, Val Hao, Cici Ke and Tookie Evans and others — had many unusual chores to complete before the tour could begin. In remote areas in the Islands, for example, the only available restrooms were in the public schools, and arrangements for the use of these facilities had to be made with each individual school!

As the visitors soon discovered, there are no passenger trains in Hawaii. Thus, the long drives from ranch to ranch were made in chartered buses and in up to 45 limousines with some of Hawaii's famous "singing drivers" at the wheel. If there wasn't a steer or a sunset or the surf or some special sight in view, these sons of the Islands brought out their ukeleles and presented impromptu entertainment for all concerned.

Oahu ranches were visited first, Kualoa Ranch being the visitors' introduction to cattle raising in Hawaii. This 2000-acre ranch, which has been in the Morgan family for 110 years, is located on the site of the first sugar mill in the islands.

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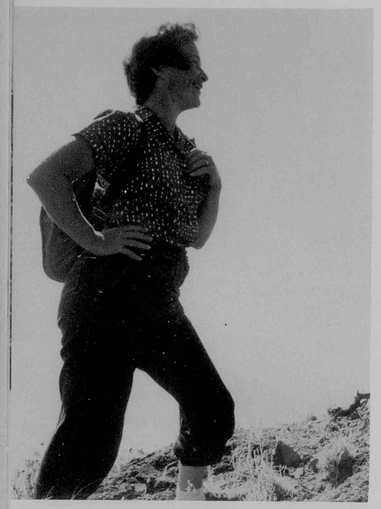
not recommended for tourists, a climb up Diamond Head rewards two local families with a magnificent view of leeward Oahu . . .

CLIMBING LEAHI

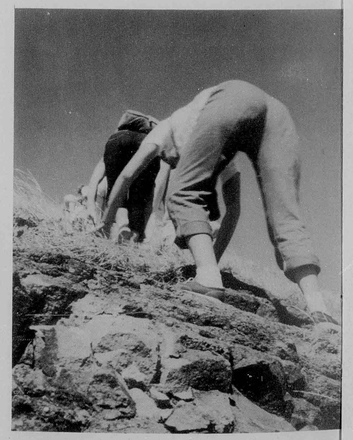
by Frank Cornell



Pausing for breath, Betty Cornell (author's wife) watches the progress of the kids on the trail.



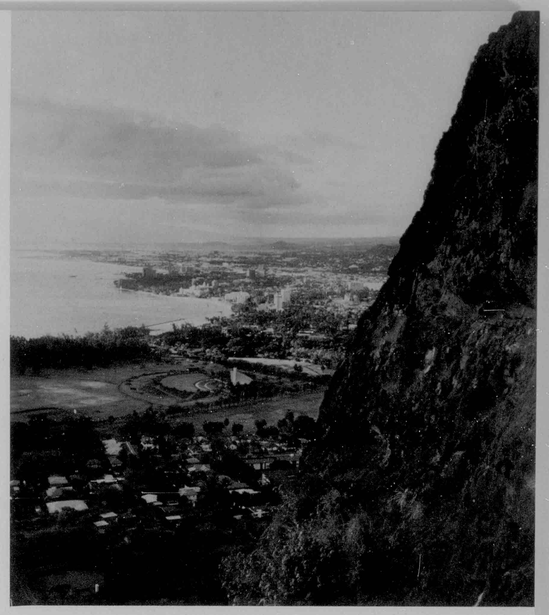




In this sequence of three pictures, Carol, the youngest (four) is hauled and hoisted up the trail by her agile mother, Sue Haines. Her girls safely up ahead, Sue shifts onto all fours bringing up the rear on final climb to the ridge trail.



This abandoned bunker provided shelter from a sudden squall that blew in from distant Koko Head.



King Kamehameha's invading fleet of 10,000 war canoes were once massed in the shimmering waters off Waikiki Beach.

Photography by Will Kyselka

WHY CLIMB Diamond Head? Well, it was *there!*

Oranges, canteens, sandwiches and kleenex in hand, two families, including five girls from four to twelve years old, set forth toward the trail from Black Point. Outfitted in light clothing and tennis shoes, the hikers made the Grand Assault up the slope nearest the ridge route trail, most difficult of the trails leading to the summit of the famous landmark.

Beginning our trip through a deep stone spillway, we were soon stumbling and grasping at shrubbery, using every stone as a foothold.

The approved method of climbing was for an adult to hitch the nearest frightened kid by the belt and propel her upward, on hands and knees, to the next adult. After a backbreaking climb, we finally were sitting in a semi-collapsed state on the trail!

Far below lay Black Point, and south to the left stood Koko Head in its pastel shades of blue and green. Diamond Head Lighthouse projected below us like a painted white stake, driven into the earth at the edge of the shimmering sea.

We were en route to the top of Diamond Head, which had suddenly made its appearance over 15,000 years ago as an eruptive tuff cone. "Leahi" was, as inglorious as it sounds, a mud volcano!

Centuries ago, the Hawaiians had a sacred *heiau,* or temple, beneath the caves of Diamond Head, where the last of the human sacrifices were made by Kamehameha the Great during his war against Oahu. "Leahi," according to ancient Hawaiians, meant "wreath of fire."

In June, 1786, a fleet of British ships brought the first foreigners to Oahu since Captain Cook's departure in 1779. Captain Portlock, commanding the *King George,* called Diamond Head "Point Rose," in honor of George Rose, Esq., a patron of the voyage and Secretary of the Treasury for Great Britain.

In the 19th century, British sailors, on finding semi-precious stones on its slopes, started a diamond rush. Discovery that these were "Pele's Tears" . . . volcanic bits flung out in the original eruption . . . brought chagrin to the sailors. But the name "Diamond Head" had been used for the first time.

And from our vantage point on the trail, with the glittering sparkle of the water flashing up at us, the name seemed an appropriate one. We were glad we had brought along our collection of cameras, Graflexes, Rollies, Exactas and Brownies.

When the thumping in our chests had quieted, we looked at the mountain goat trail that lay before us. The children, briefly watered, struck out ahead, walking upright on the narrow trail. A quarter of a mile away was our next rest camp, a deserted World War II bunker perched atop a knoll. Oranges had been distributed when a sudden rain squall blew in from the Maui channel. A chilling breeze made us shiver, and kept us cowering under the shelter of the bunker as we watched the rain drive over Wilhelmina Rise, down to St. Louis Heights, across Punchbowl and on to the cane and pineapple fields beyond Pearl Harbor.

Off again on the slippery trail,

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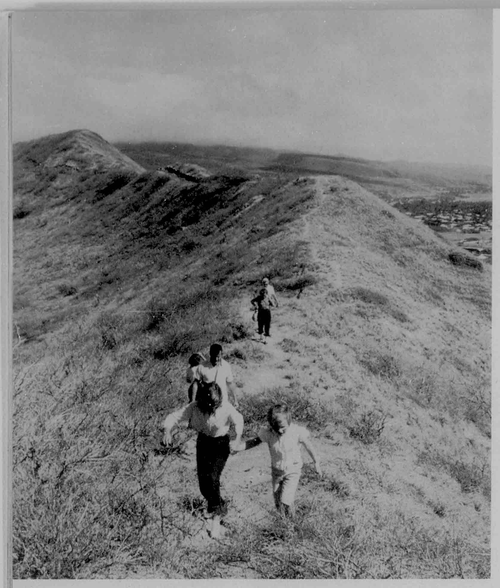
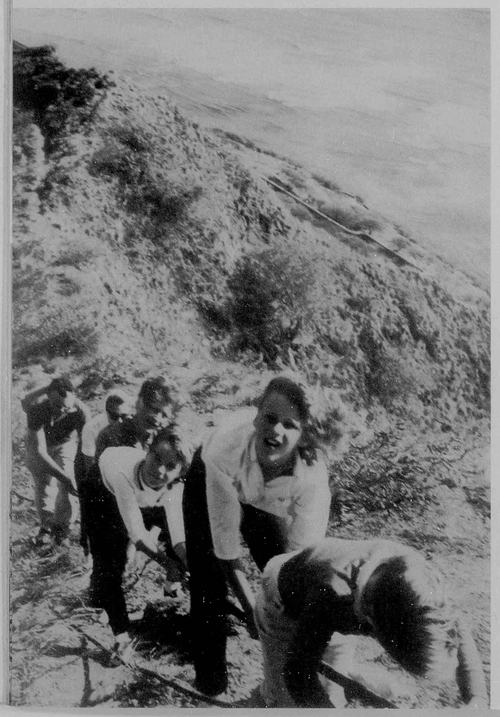
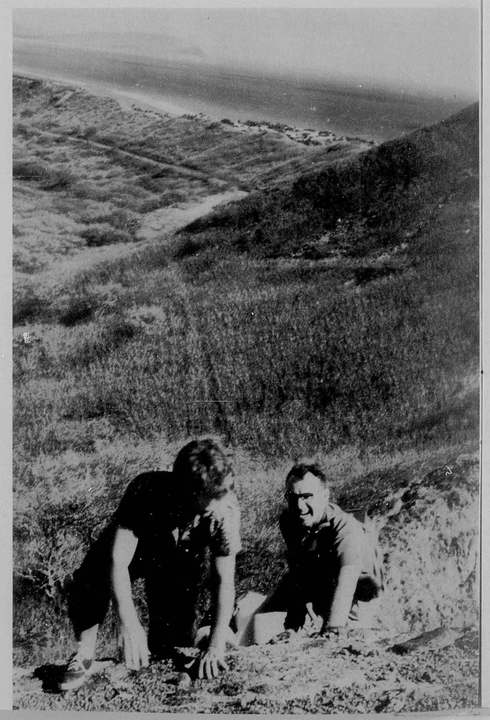


. . . breathing normally now, we found the ridge trail easy going. Soon we were clawing and pulling our way hand-over-hand up a rusty pipe to the lookout at Diamond Head's highest point.



Chilled from the damp breeze, Carol and Hilary Haines get some warm liquid. Roger Haines, a Paradise writer (January 1960), was kept busy shooting the changing colors of the cloud shadowed scene.





swinging upward by holding on to bushes, negotiating rusty barbed wire fences, our Glorious Mountain Assault Team pressed ever onward and upward. The final ascent was made crawling hand over hand, butting and pushing the posterior ahead, along an iron pipe, until we clambered onto the cement platform at Diamond Head's highest point.

"Shades of Sir Edmond Hillary," I thought, "why didn't I bring a flag! I have climbed Diamond Head!"

Resting, eating sandwiches, we marveled at the sweeping view that lay around us. Now we could clearly see Maunalua Bay and Kuapa Pond below Koko Head in the east, Maunalani Heights, Manoa, Pacific and Alewa Heights in the north. Looming behind were the cloud-banked, foreboding, misty crags of the Koolau Range.

To the northwest, Waikiki was laid out in a carpet of green. The Ala Wai canal shone as a band of silver. The pink Royal Hawaiian Hotel sprawled majestically in command of Waikiki Beach, where in 1795 gathered ten thousand war canoes of Kamehameha I, Moi (King) of Hawaii. What a terrifying sight it must have been to the lookouts of Kahekili, Moi of Oahu!

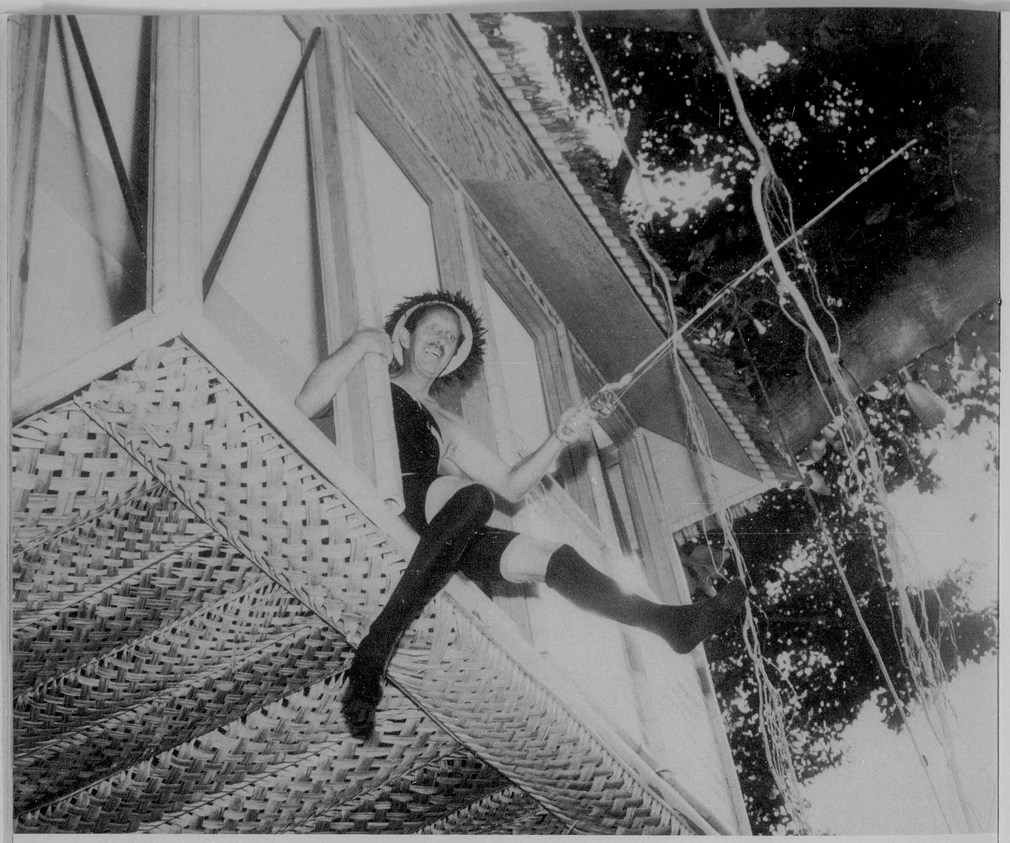
The long extinct volcano craters were clearly visible, seven-thousand-year-old Punchbowl, Maunalua or Salt Lake which is ten thousand years old, and the Puu Ohia or Tantalus craters, created about 5,000 B.C., when history tells us the Egyptians were building their pyramids.

Down to the west we could faintly see the ridges of the million-year-old Waianae Dome. The Waianae crater, half of which still stands, was roughly a 16 by 20 mile oval making up the oldest section of the island.

The descent through the abandoned labyrinthine tunnels beneath Diamond Head began with our crawling backward into the small opening of a well-like hole, then down an iron rung ladder, hand over hand, careful not to step on someone's hands below. Next we were winding down a circular stairway, through three levels cluttered with the coiled cables of long-removed anti-aircraft fire control systems. A dark tunnel, carved through solid rock, opened onto a steep flight of stairs, with no guard railing to prevent our dropping a hundred feet onto the rocks below!

We made a short stop on a lookout ledge where an old cable line from the crater floor once carried up the materials to build military installations. Again, the children brought our hearts to our throats by walking to the edge of the precipice and leaning over it as they "ah'd" and "oh'd", enchanted at the sight below.

Soon we were snaking down an easy trail through a forest of budding trees. The cars had been brought around and the brave band stood perspiring and wobbly-legged, completely exhausted, we thought, until a bright-eyed blond asked in a voice filled with anticipation, "Daddy, now can we go to the beach?"



J. Akuhead Pupule, champion of the underdog, practical joker par excellence

TAKASHI UMEDA

BIRD'S NEST BROADCASTING

by Kay Winfield

THERE'S A TREE in Hawaii that houses more than mynah birds!

In a "nest' that looks more like a thatched hut than a broadcasting studio work two of the Islands' most popular disc jockeys.

Twice a day Islanders tune their radios to the sound waves emanating from the tree-house International Market Place Broadcasting Studio for the express purpose of listening to J. Akuhead Pupule, 5:30 to 9:00 A.M. over KHVH, and Ed Sheehan, 3:00 to 6:00 P.M. via KOOD.

These gentlemen have not always had to climb a tree to get to work, though in times past one or both of them may have occasionally been told to go climb one! Actually, their pioneering in the field of birds' nest broadcasting is a rather recent thing, but both have been popular Honolulu radio figures for long enough to be considered institutions in the community.

As different as night and day, about as far apart in their approach to entertaining the public as they can be, Aku and Ed reach a surprisingly similar cross section of the Island population in their daily hours of broadcasting.

". . . Aku stirs them up in the morning, and Ed quiets them down at night . . ."

As one listener says, "Aku stirs them up in the morning and Ed quiets them down at night."

For years, now, Aku . . . Hal Lewis . . . has been stirring up the citizens. A man of real talent in serious music . . . he has played with chamber music groups . . . he is outspoken champion of the underdog, advocate of lost causes, practical joker par excellence.

People are not likely to forget the first day of April, some years ago, when Aku caused a near riot at the Federal Building by April-fooling that Hawaii's citizens get a full refund of all their federal taxes if they applied to that office!

Nor do the ladies of the community forget that Aku can make or break their charitable bazaars, fashion shows and garden tours. Listen in any morning and you will hear the eager voices of women callers, advertising community events which need support.

Between records, Aku helps to find lost dogs, accepts kudos on behalf of visiting celebrities, locates hard-to-find props for the Community Theatre, and even organizes crusades to Washington on important matters of government.

Recently somewhat altered profile-wise by medically necessary plastic surgery, Aku still manages to stick his nose into more local activities than the curious cat. If the door is sometimes slammed shut on his proboscis by the few who do not appreciate him, it is more often flung open to his big-hearted desire to do something helpful.

Somewhere along the line, Hal Lewis was once called a "crazy fish head" by an adversary. In characteristic fashion, he immediately Hawaiianized this title, stuck a "J" up front, and has been J. Akuhead Pupule ever since. Which pretty well sums up the reasons why most of the people in Hawaii think Aku is their kind of guy.

No one has attached any such moniker to the afternoon broadcaster from the branches, however. Ed Sheehan, Irish as can be, is equipped with one of the most dignified, soothing voices ever to filter through Island air. And if his late afternoon show has not actually cut the accident rate on Hawaii's highways, it has surely done a good deal to relax the tensions of three out of four homeward-bound motorists, who automatically tune their car radios to Ed's station when they finish the day's work.



CAMERA HAWAII/JERRY Y. CHONG

KOOD'S "Quiet" Ed Sheehan.

Quiet music is Ed's specialty, ballads, light classics, "pretty" tunes, served up at day's end with such calm, serene patter that mothers of small children have been known to use the "Pau Hana Concert" to soothe not only themselves but their children as well.

Not exactly a fashion plate, Ed is nonetheless a man of good taste, and was one of the first in Honolulu to adopt walking shorts as daytime street wear downtown. Very British walking shorts, of course, with appropriate knee-length socks, loafers, immaculate shirt, the essence of "what the well-dressed man of business *should* wear in the tropics." Unlike many others who tried the style and abandoned it, Ed has the physique for such garb, tall, lithe, as reserved in appearance as his voice indicates over the air.

Interested in local events as is anyone in radio, Ed approaches his community activities quietly, usually reserves publicized appearances for such doings as the annual St. Patrick's Day dinner and various press-radio frolics.

On the air, he attracts real music lovers, just as he appeals to many conservative, dependable, kamaaina sponsors who have remained loyal to him through the years. If Ed says a sponsor has a good product to sell, you know that it has, and you buy one!

Waking people in the morning and lulling them to sleep at night have long been chores delegated to our feathered friends. And though the mynahs have probably been a bit perplexed at the size and shape of the two new birds in the banyan tree in Waikiki, they have apparently decided to move over and make room for the Bird's Nest Broadcasters.

Why not? They help with the chores!



GERMAN MADE

Germany's popular precision built car, Opel offers refinements unique in a car priced so low as this one. It's a practical family-size, economical small car import with big car ideas. You get rich styling and spaciousness combined with solid driving economy—up to 32 miles to a gallon on regular grade gas.



AMERICAN STYLE

This Opel Caravan has room aplenty for a family of five, and their gear too. Or fold down the wide rear seat and get nearly 6 feet of flat cargo space for a ½-ton load. Just made to order for Hawaiian living, the Caravan's very low center of gravity provides solid roadability, smoothest riding on the roughest roads.

HAWAII'S FAVORITE CAR SOLD AND SERVICED BY

SCHUMAN CARRIAGE CO., Ltd.
313 South Beretania Street, Honolulu

HILO MOTORS, Ltd.
Hilo, Hawaii

HALEAKALA MOTORS, Ltd.
Wailuku, Maui

KAUAI MOTOR CO., Ltd.
Koloa, Kauai



The international motif of the entrance lures passers-by into its cool, tropical setting.

INTERNATIONAL MARKET PLACE

by Edith Ricker

In the very heart of Waikiki, place of "spurting waters" where Queen Emma's peacocks once strutted among the date palms, the International Marketplace presents to the 1960 visitor the arts, dress, entertainment and foods of the Pacific and the world.

Hundreds of years ago, Waikiki was the favorite playground for the people of all these islands of "Owyhee," where the surf rolled in magnificent challenge to sports-loving youth. Fresh water springs bubbled up, adding their flow to the streams flowing down from the mountains and forming a sun-warmed pool, its outlet through the



Today the International Market Place spreads on the right where once was a quiet lagoon. Kalakaua Avenue now runs parallel to the beach approximately where the wahines in the canoe paddled. The present Outrigger Canoe Club building replaced their little grass hut shown on the left in this photo, taken about 1908.

sands refreshed by gentle tides. Here in the center of the crescent beach, old tutus, too stout for surfing, swapped gossip and kept their eyes on the toddlers paddling in the shallows.

Later, the cream of Honolulu's society gathered at Waikiki. Lovely garden estates lined the waterfront, and next to the pool's outlet the Outrigger Canoe Club became the focus for the sports-loving youth of a new race to Hawaii, youngsters learning the ancient Polynesian skills.

Today, many new races have come to the Islands, bringing their arts, music, foods and festivals with them. The heart of Waikiki celebrates all these in its Marketplace on Kalakaua Avenue. (The Outrigger Canoe Club is still across the way.)

Visitors from all over the world now stroll beneath the great banyan where Robert Louis Stevenson once enjoyed the shade, browsing through thatch-roofed shops for precious jade or seed necklaces, brocades or grass skirts, an oil painting or a postcard. Their appetites may lead them to a gourmet dinner – French, Chinese, Tahitian – or a snack – enchilada, pizza, saimin, or even a hamburger!

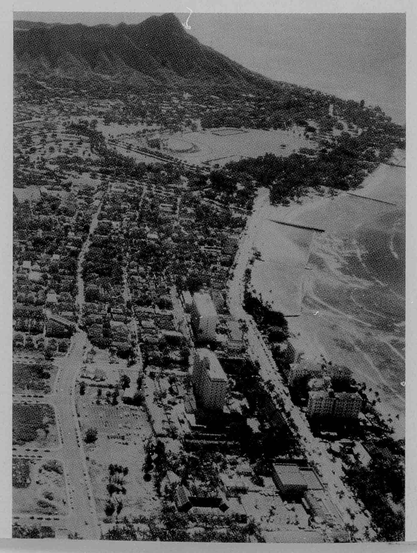
They can watch an artist do a fast and fabulous portrait, a woodcarver bring features out of a satiny piece of driftwood, or movies of Kilauea's volcanic fireworks. They can sit down awhile and see free shows, afternoons and evenings, of Polynesian dancing – or Maori, Okinawan, Filipino and others. But much of the fun of the place is simply being there, enjoying the gardens, the decor, and the wonderful assortment of people.

The International Marketplace started as another of Don the Beachcomber's dreams . . . saving the heart of Waikiki for an open park-like exposition of all the folk arts of the Pacific peoples, giving it all a setting of authentic materials and design. The dream caught on with some far-sighted people: developer, architect, landscape architect, artist. Each had extraordinary problems to whip, and each had to work closely with all the others.

Donn Beach, easily recognized by his tropical attire, casts an approving eye on Leilani floating flowers in the pool at the entrance of Don the Beachcomber's.



An aerial photo shows the International Marketplace nestled among the cool palms right in the heart of Waikiki.



The architect, George Wimberly, had to use bamboo, pandanus, coconut palms and Japanese tiles, and he had to find craftsmen who could cope with such materials, brought from all over the Pacific.

The landscape architect, George Walters, moved in towering, century-old palms to screen the Marketplace from the tall buildings near it. He planned garden spots to lend privacy without losing the sense of spaciousness. He even worried about how the Marketplace would look from hotel windows above it, and draped bougainvillea over the roofs to flower for bird's-eye viewers.

Walters and Nick Brownlee, artist, worked together on the waterfall, creating the likeness of an ancient heiau in a rain forest. In one wall they placed a very special stone, full of *mana* (mystic force) and rubbed smooth by long-gone Hawaiian hands. They are sure its power is intact.

Artist Brownlee used motifs from all the Pacific peoples. He carved the end gables for the South Seas longhouses, tikis and masks for garden spots. He decided on the colors of railings and signs, and even saw that the trashcans were decorative. Research, craftsmanship and imagination were heavily invested in the International Marketplace. The results are pure delight.

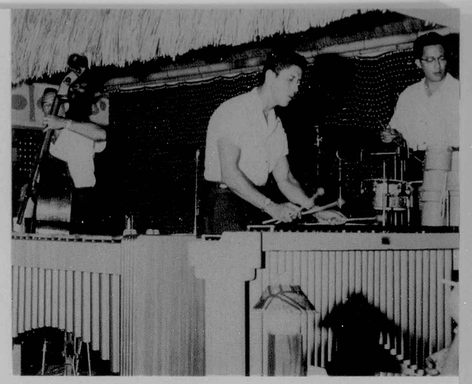
But this is only the stage setting. The shops and restaurants provide the action, day and night, changing like a kaleidoscope.

Food, for example. There are four main restaurants, each with its own specialties in food, its own atmosphere. Beyond the gate of the Oriental Village lies the Far East, offering subtle and succulent Chinese dishes. At night, though, four Island boys disrupt the place. The "Surfers" are back in Hawaii after extraordinary success on the Mainland where six-week engagements extended to six months and sophisticated Las Vegas and Squaw Valley audiences clamored for more.

Woody's is a contrast, an expertly and tastefully decorated French Colonial restaurant. Its courtyard tables are informal, a Parisian boulevard in summer; the Empire Room is elegant. Woody has a treasure trove of antiques and objects d'art, and changes these accents often so that the decor is refreshing even to his most regular diners. Cuisine at Woody's is appropriately international, the best dishes of the Continent, the Mainland, the Orient, and the freshest, finest fruits and vegetables Hawaii grows.

Donn Beach has two restaurants here, The Colonel's Steak House, dedicated exclusively to superb beef and its devotees, and the very South Seas cabaret, Don the Beachcomber's, where his famous Cantonese cooking is served, the mood is Polynesian, and the evening entertainment captivating and constant. Arthur Lyman's group, of the exotic jungle woodnotes wild, takes turns with Chick Floyd's pan-Pacific presentation: dancers from Samoa, Tahiti, Hawaii, and music to match.

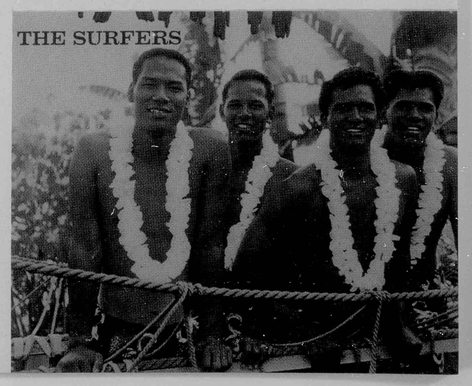
Other food shops suggest other countries, as do the shops and stalls. Some, such as the Kimono Shop, represent one country only in this potpourri of nationalities. Others – the Smugglers' Den, the Thieves' Market – have gifts and curios from many far sources, lovely odd things like bamboo chimes, Polynesian masks, coral, shells, hula skirts and feather-trimmed gourds. There are shops displaying handcrafts—Lauhala Crafts and the Coconut Shop, and many where the arts and crafts are going on much of the time, seeds being drilled and polished for jewelry, rich-



Arthur Lyman and his colleagues produce sophisticated music using instruments and sound combinations strictly from the jungle. Nightly, at Don the Beachcomber's.



Above: Chick Floyd's fingers fly over the keys, trying to keep up with the Tahitian tempo. The Surfers (below) are shown on their album cover, "Tahiti." The four stars of Hawaiian song, Bernie Ching, 21; Pat Sylia, 20; Alan Kalani, 21; and Clayton Naluai, 22, are packing them in nightly at the Oriental Village.





Swaying gracefully, these two lovely Island girls tell a love story about moonlight and palm trees.

ly grained local woods being carved, sketches and portraits taking shape in several media.

At Pex of Hawaii, jade is carved and gems from all over the world polished and set in custom-made designs. This is a museum for "rock-hounds" and collectors of exquisite snuff bottles, but the Pex specialty is jade in all its colors and variety.

The Hale Lava Lava turns out handprinted fabrics, very handsome and very practical. Using blockprint or silk-screen, they make table linens, draperies, and stunning clothing.

The little shop called Scandinavian Arts shows under its thatched roof an assortment of treasures quite out of keeping with this tropical setting: Danish silver and enamels, Norwegian pewter and ski sweaters, Swedish glass, and other samples of the special arts of these distant climes.

What else for the browser through the Marketplace? Fresh flowers or wood rose arrangements to take home or have mailed anywhere. Perfumes – pikake, ginger and other lei flowers. Ed and Don's wonderful candies rich with Island fruits and nuts. Jars of jam and jellies made of guava, poha, pineapple, jars of smooth coconut syrup, jars of crisp macadamia nuts or coconut chips. Gift boxes of perfect pineapples and papayas.

And then, the clothes! There are many shops, each with distinctive selections. Diamond Head Sportswear, one of the original settlers in the Marketplace, can outfit the whole family from toddler to tutu in Polynesian prints made up in many designs. Nancy Buck, owner-designer, has had a good time with her own creations – like the amusing "barefoot shirt," to be found only here in all Hawaii. Last summer's trip to Tahiti gave her ideas for light-hearted and comfortable casuals.

"The Little Hut" has clothes perfectly suitable to Mainland use, but with the Island fillip that lets the folks back home know this svelte number never came from the local emporium.

Island Casuals, Hilo Hattie, Fabrics from Paradise . . . each is special. Any one on any budget (one shack offers dollar items only) can take care of the whole gift list here– and wish it were longer. Nor is this all the Marketplace offers. You can rent a sports car, have a skillful coiffeur done, supply your camera and find out what filter will behave best in the bright Hawaiian sun. And more.

Obviously, many unhurried visits are needed to relish this garden of opportunity in full. A common problem is getting so involved in looking, asking questions, watching movies, dancing, craftsmen working, that the chimes peal out "Hawaiian time" to tell you that you're already seven and one-half minutes late, as is customary in the Islands, for your next date.

So you have to come back later for the pair of tabis or the dress-length of raw silk. Which is perfectly all right because the shows will be different next day and you'll have just as much fun all over again!

International MARKET PLACE

OPEN EVERY DAY AND NIGHT INCLUDING SUNDAY

- sit by the cool, refreshing waterfall
- listen to the chimes that operate on "Hawaiian Time" (which means they ring just a little bit late!)
- watch free outdoor Polynesian shows
- chat with saucy talking parrots and mynah birds
- take lots of pictures of colorful pageantry
- validated parking

THE BURGER HUT — Special Chili; Hamburgers; Hot Dogs and Excellent coffee. Open from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. To accommodate the shoppers and visitors we open our coffee bar at 8:30 a.m. to serve coffee and doughnuts or rolls.

THE WAIKIKI ART SHOP — Hawaii's most unusual art shop specializing in original and attractive serigraphs and pastel drawings. We pack and mail anywhere.

DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S CABARET RESTAURANT — For exotic dining and dancing where a "Polynesian Revue" is presented nightly—where world-renowned dishes of old and new China are served from his Cantonese kitchen and the finest of choice steaks and seafood. For reservations call 937-377.

COLONEL'S PLANTATION BEEF STEAK AND COFFEE HOUSE — Another of Don Beachcomber's presentations is his unique coffee house, offering 20 coffee creations from around the world, serving the finest of choice beef steaks and delectable salads. For reservations call 937-351.

DAGGAR BAR — Hear and see Adomono, the world's greatest guitarist at the Daggar Bar. Open daily from noon to 1:00 a.m. Two shows nightly — 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. and 8:00 to 1:00 a.m.

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER MART — Flowers for all occasions. Fresh flower leis for delivery and mailing. Woodrose arrangements from $2.50 and up. Dry materials for sale. We pack and mail.

COCONUT SHOP — Various gift items of coconut shell. Original and hand carved lamp bases, bowls and jewelry.

SMUGGLER'S DEN — The largest curio shop in Waikiki. Also the largest selection of hula skirts and hula supplies, slippers, dolls, shells, coral and other gift items from all of the Pacific area.

HALE LAVA LAVA — We specialize in hand printed fabrics in original Polynesian designs, using block prints and silk screen prints. We are able to print on all types of material. Fabrics are washable and suitable for all types of clothing as well as draperies, tablecloths, napkins, etc.

SPORTSCAR RENTAL — Always wanted to drive a Sportscar? There are twelve different makes and models available as U-Drives at the Sportscar Rental office located in the International Market Place.

SCANDINAVIAN ARTS — For the unusual gifts. Norwegian pewter, Swedish crystal, Danish silver and enamel ware, porcelain and stainless steel. Also hand-knit ski sweaters from Norway. Scandinavian arts and novelties.

HALE HUALANI, LTD. — Gift boxes of fresh pineapples and papayas; Hawaii's macadamia nuts, coconut chips and jams and jellies made from Hawaiian fruits. Come in and try our refreshing pure fruit juices. We pack and mail.

RUTH THE ARTISTE — Ruth — portrait artist. Quick sketches in full color in pastels. Reproductions from photographs. Pastels $25 and up. Oils $50 and up. A guaranteed likeness. Will mail anywhere. Send picture with full description to: Ruth Young, 2237 Kuhio Ave., Apt. H, Honolulu, Hawaii.

ORIENTAL VILLAGE — Hawaii's own . . . The Sensational Surfers. Hi-Fi Recording Artists in their first night club appearance in Hawaii, NOW at the Oriental Village. Chinese food. Lunch 11.00 – 2:00 p.m., dinner 6:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m. For reservations call 937174.

SHIRT SHACK — This is a zany idea. Literally a shack 10' x 10' with a price appeal to all. Aloha shirts $2.98; muumuus $5.98; and other little goodies.

TOBACCONIST'S HUT — Domestic and Imported Brands — Cigarettes from twenty-eight countries; tobacco and pipes; smokers' accessories.

THIEVES MARKET — Exotic Gifts. Genuine tapa (bark cloth); century-old sharks' teeth attached to wooden sword with bit of human hair cord, sold individually; South Sea masks; Tiki figures (gods); smoked bamboo chimes.

DIAMOND HEAD SPORTSWEAR—Largest Polynesian store in Waikiki. Outstanding styles and prints for the entire family. Featuring exclusive, exciting collection from Tahiti, "Barefoot" shirt and more to be found nowhere else in Hawaii.

FABRICS FROM PARADISE — Only one of two fabrics shops in Waikiki. Featuring hand screened prints, brocades, pongees, habutai and raw silk. It's new and compact; no polka dots or stripes to confuse you.

JAC OF HAWAII — Custom shirtmakers. Sport shirts that are different, specially designed in hand screen prints. Prices are reasonable . . . $6.95 and up.

ED & DONS CANDIES — For your eating pleasure. Gay, colorful packaging and crammed full of goodies made from delicious Island fruits and nuts. We pack and mail. Write for our brochure for prices and assortments.

PIZZA PIE SHOP — After that long shopping day, for lunch or between-meal snack, it's a must to try one of our own pizza pies, seasoned and prepared to please the individual.

PEX OF HAWAII—Custom-made jewelry. See jade cut . . . the only professional jade cutter in the Hawaiian Islands.

WOODCARVER — See the driftwood sculptor at work, carving figures, heads out of beautiful Island woods.

LANI OF HAWAII—SEEDCRAFT — The jewelry of old Hawaii with a modern touch. We hand-fashion native seeds and nuts into bracelets, leis and pendants to harmonize with today's fashions. We mail anywhere.

DINERS' CLUB — The first, largest and most comprehensive credit card charge system in the world. Only with this Diners' Club Credit Card can you "Charge it" at over 50,000 member establishments.

CARTER'S CAMERA & GIFT SHOP — Color movies and slides of Hawaii's latest Volcano eruption available now. A wonderful gift, a wonderful show. Send for our list.

THE LITTLE HUT — Men's and women's original clothes, a little something different from the Islands. Ivy League reigns for the men; smart play clothes for the women. Clothes styled for the tourists that find it hard to purchase something a little bit different from the Islands to wear anywhere in the States — and yet with the taste of pineapple and coconut trees.

BELL'S JEWELRY and ART OBJECTS— Specializing in things that are different. Handmade jewelry as well as many antique pieces. Collectors' items from around the world. Gold and silver charms, semi and precious stones. We mail.

AL "N" DALE — In an attractive and pleasant atmosphere enjoy our ice cream used with fresh Island fruits. Our specials: Flaming Volcano and Banana Beautiful. Also other refreshing treats.

TIARE PERFUMES & ACCESSORIES & HILO HATTIE OF WAIKIKI — You will find exciting Island handmade jewelry, Island perfumes, exotic jewel-tone brocade slippers and gifts from the Orient and bewitching hats and bags in the Botique atmosphere.

THE DOLLAR GIFT SHOP — Motto: "Don't ask the price; it's only a dollar." Specializing in handmade gifts including Hawaiian aprons, head scarves, bridge tallies, place cards, shell and seed jewelry.

ASIA HANDICRAFTS — Waikiki's largest selection of imported wood carvings and velvet paintings.

LAUHALA CRAFTS — Original designs. Lauhala bags; genuine ivory elephant tusk, $2 to $60. Quality merchandise only. We pack and mail.

KNDI RADIO STATION — "A lucky day for all Hawaii" announces Jim Ownby, owner of KNDI (pronounced CANDY), Honolulu's thirteenth radio station slated for May or June opening. The all-girl station with international personalities will feature part time audomation along with the newest innovations. Keep your dials ready to hear the sweetest sound in all Hawaii. KNDI — 1270 on the dial — with 5,000 of the sweetest watts in the nation.

WOODY'S INTERNATIONAL RESTAURANT — In the heart of Waikiki, near all major hotels. Serve yourself or be served. Reasonable prices. Informal dress. Breakfast — lunch — dinner — cocktails. Home of the "Breakfast in Waikiki" radio show.

WEBLEY EDWARDS RECORD & MUSIC SHOP — A complete stock of Hawaiian and Polynesian recordings in stereo and monaural including the "Hawaii Calls" singers and instrumentalists. Insured mailing to Mainland and Canada. Open day and evenings, seven days a week.

KIMONO SHOP — From Japan — Kimonos for men and women; Hapi coats in cotton and silk, all sizes and fair prices. Also tori tops, scarves and obis in all colors. Silk brocade and other items from Hong Kong.

THE PIRATE'S PIT — We serve Western and Island style barbecue prepared in our own barbecue ovens.

KOKO'S MEXICAN KITCHEN — For outside dining or take some home, "Early California Fiesta Food," located in the center of the International Market Place.

TOO-YOO — A hot bowl of "Saimin" (noodles in soup) will really hit the spot, especially on cool nights in Waikiki! Sushi (rice cones) and teriyaki sticks (barbecue meat) are among other authentic Japanese delicacies.

ISLAND CASUALS — "The Family Store." Shirts and trunks for the men and boys. Poi pounders, swimsuits and muumuus for women and girls all in matching prints and colors. Priced right.

Maui ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS



Photo: Larry Hata

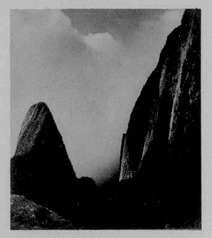
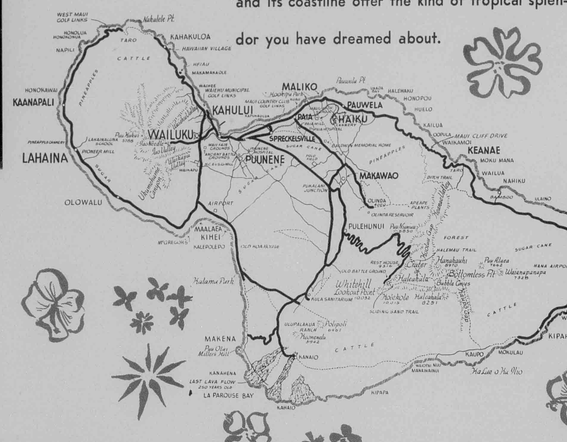




Photo: H. V. B.

Maui

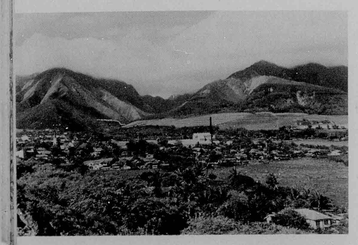
The "Valley" Isle is dominated by majestic Haleakala, 10,025 foot high dormant crater — largest in the world. Quaint Lahaina was once port of roistering crews from whaling ships. Lush Hana and its coastline offer the kind of tropical splendor you have dreamed about.



ON MAUI YOU WILL ALSO SEE:

- Iao Needle
- Seven Sacred Pools
- Historic Landmarks
- West Maui Mountains
- Kaanapali Beach
- Modern Resorts
- Giant Silversword
- Modern Kahului
- Sunny beaches and parks





For Information Write Maui Hawaii Visitors Bureau

WAILUKU, MAUI, HAWAII

VISIT Maui . . BY ALL MEANS

This is an extraordinary tale — especially in its financial aspects. Lest others follow Ramstone's example with less happy results, we emphaize that the Swiss hiker had paid for all flights in advance, and that he was prepared to sleep on the ground!



"So I hiked through the gigantic pineapple fields of Molokai . . ."

SWISS HIKER IN HAWAII

by Charles Ramstone

Hawaii South Seas Paradise! All Europeans have this dream of coming here. It seems unattainable yet I found myself in San Francisco (although my home is in Basel, Switzerland), with 20 dollars in my pocket and an air-ticket for Hawaii!

Let me tell you about my beautiful friendship with Hawaii and his lovely people:

With my African leather handbag, and a stick which I carried with the Swiss flag on it, and a camera, I fell upon Molokai first!

A taxi-driver in Molokai offered to show me the island. But wherefore? I had only 20 dollars, and Swiss people like to hike, anyway. So I hiked.

After ten minutes, a car stopped. The Japanese driver invited me in. He was foreman by the road-service. During the ten miles drive, the conversation was funny. We could understand ourselves hardly. So I spoke with my



Leaving the Mormon Temple at Laie . . . "big thundercloud, but always optimist!"

hands. After he left me with fond "alohas," an old man by horse offered to carry my bag, while I walk beside him and he told me the legend of the Menehunes until he left me.

On this friendly isle I could not be alone a short time. A jeep with five passengers stopped and the lady driver invited me for a ride. There was no-



Practicing aloha giving . . .

where to sit – so I sat on the engine cowling by 50 miles speed, and I saw the land in "Cinemascope!" Later, I cooled my body in the waves of the Pacific.

In Kaunakakai, I tried to buy a pineapple in a store, but the dealer laughed. "Here, my friend," he said, "you can't buy pineapple, but everywhere you can take it." So I hiked through the gigantic pineapple fields of Molokai. It began to rain. I looked for a camp and found refuge in an old ruin. After a supper consisting of seven pineapples, my body was refilled with vitamins, so I could sleep very deeply, although the rain came through the roof.

The sunshine waked me up, likewise the backache. After a breakfast of five pineapples, I started walking. I met a lot of singing peoples, hiking through the pineapple fields. I saw also down the peninsula where the leper colony is.

Now I flew back to Oahu. By the lei-sellers stand, I met Mary Ann, an old Hawaiian lady, making leis. She told me about the lei-day festival, the different flowers of all islands, and introduced me of several Hawaiian customs. So I left her, but she confirmed, "Charles, you haven't a Hawaiian friend when you came here, but now, you have one – me!" I was very touched. Hawaiian friendship is incomparably.

Peoples look so strange when I hiked around Honolulu, thinking perhaps I came from the moon. In a small store, I bought milk and fruits. But the owner of the shop presented me all things and offered pineapple juice and told me about his visit to my country, Switzerland, after the war. He had served in the U.S. Army in Germany.

A visit in the Bishop Museum is a unforgettable event. It is as if I saw through a window into the old good time of Hawaiian history, feather capes, helmets, kahilis and other examples of a lost art.

It began to rain again! I thought to pass the night in the forest, before I visited the Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Punchbowl Crater. Instead, a director stopped his car and picked me up, and I passed the night not in the wet forest, but I swam in hot water, ate in a Chinese restaurant and slept in the bed of the son of the director.

After a exquisite breakfast, and a last look to the Nuuanu Pali, I began



A fishing cove on the Kona Coast of Hawaii

my trip along the coast. In the House of Coral, I found a real museum. In the perfume laboratory, I learnt to distinguish the famous hula-leis perfumes. How unique is the beauty of the nature of Hawaii! And isn't the friendship unique, too?

Leaving the House of Corals, the lady brought me a box of pineapple juice and said: "I know, Charles, hikers are always thursty." (I confess, it is true'.

Alone on the road, I hiked ten hours to arrive to Laie. A man drived me to the Mormon school. I am not a Mormon, but I was anyway welcome. After a fine supper and a hot shower, I was guest on the farewell performance. Six Hawaiian Mormons who had worked to construct the new College were leaving the camp. I saw and heard real old Hawaiian dance and music. I was very happy. The performance was finished, but a group of boys are still sitting around me and I had to translate sentences on sentences in different languages. The last boy prayed with me, he in Hawaiian, I in Swiss dialect.

Then I went to the Big Island, Hawaii. I studied the map at the airport in Hilo to look for a dry place in the wood to sleep. But Mr. and Mrs. Colgin offered me to pass the night in their home. Their granddaughter prepared the supper and during the supper, my dirty washing was turning in the washing-machine, also.

The next day, I started a circular tour: the harbor, Liliuokalani Park, Hawaii County Library, the Naha Stone, hospitals, schools, Rainbow Falls, and many orchid nurseries. I left friends forever.

I hiked straight on to the fern jungle, this natural wonder! Only an hour alone, a lady doctor picked me up, in the car. In the Hawaiian National Park Headquarters I studied the birth of the island and Pele's activity. John, the amiable ranger, invited me to be his guest. On the 11-miles long craterrim we began the tour through fern jungle or lava flow and saw several times down into the Kilauea caldera, and the big pit, Halemaumau. John showed me all the color movies of eruptions, and later in John's home, we spoke about the Hawaiian mountains and the snow-capped Swiss mountains.

We began the "World's Weirdest Walk" the next day, and also walked through lava tubes, and along the Kilauea Iki crater trail. We passed the evening in the Kilauea Military Camp. I saw the Kalaau-hula, Pu Ili-hula, Ili-ili-hula – but I prefer to see all that outside under palm trees, under blue sky, and not on the stage.

Early in the morning the next day, I started in the direction of Kailua, Kona coast. A truck driver took me. Some girls were making leis with beans at the black sand beach where we stopped. To pass the time (it was raining!) I helped with leis, but finally I had a bleedy thumb from the needle.

A Japanese couple next picked me up, and invited me to Naalehu for coffee and hot sandwiches and even a hotel room at their expense. Such Oriental-Hawaiian hospitality! The Chinese manager of the hotel invited me to eat in his kitchen with his family. Leaving the following morning his hospitable house, he put banana, oranges and pineapples in my hand bag.

John, the ranger, met me later and we walked through the nightly Kona and admired the perfect Hawaiian performance in the garden of the Kona Inn Hotel. Under a starry sky and a blanket, we slept on a bank in a beau-

continued on page 30



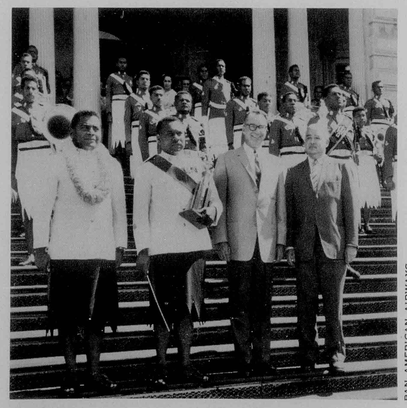
LURYIER DIAMOND/KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL

Spear Dancers of the Fiji Band perform at Kamehameha school.

. . . serving with distinction in the Solomons and in Malaya, the Fiji Military Band has captured the admiration of San Francisco and Hawaii with their marching and tribal dances . . .

FIJI MILITARY BAND

by Beryl Sawyer



PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Captain A. L. Masi, M.C., and Bandmaster W. O. Kini Cava (pronounced "*Kee*-nee Tha-*var*") pose with the trophy the Band won as best marching unit in the San Francisco Pacific Festival Parade. Governor of Hawaii William F. Quinn and Robert B. Murray (right), executive vice president of Pan Am's Pacific Division, made the presentation at Iolani Palace.

THEY COME FROM Rewa, Kadavu and Cakaudrove, provinces in the Fiji Islands, and from villages with melodious names—Cautata, Somosomo, Keteira, Maloku. They are tall, proud men who wear the scarlet and white uniform of the Fiji Military Forces Band.

Traveling with them are 27 musical instruments, one spare cornet, music and music stand, 12 Fijian spears, fans, 104 uniforms comprising white slashed-hemmed suva and scarlet military style jacket with brass buttons, native dance costumes, and the essential *tanoa, yaqona* and *tambua.*

Tanoa are bowls made from *vesi* wood, used for preparing and serving *yaqona* or *yangona,* the national non-intoxicating drink of the Fiji Islands. It is prepared from the dried roots of *Piper methysticum,* known as *awa* to the Hawaiians. The roots are powdered until they resemble fine sawdust, and mixed with water. *Yaqona,* which is drunk from polished coconut shells, is used for ceremonial and for ordinary drinking purposes.

Tambua, described in pidgin as "toot of fishy an' Fiji wedding ling," are made with polished whale teeth, hung from a rope of braided coir. They were formerly used as a medium of exchange, as a gift to bride's parents or as a handy means of storing wealth. Today they are used for personal adornment.

The Fiji Military Forces Band was originated in 1918, when a small fife band was started. In the following year, other musical instruments were procured and the first band concert given on Christmas Day. There have been many bandmasters, but perhaps the best known is Lt. Caten of the Coldstream Guards, (1928-1935) who was responsible for writing down the music of many Fijian songs, the best known of which is the Fijian farewell—"Isa Lei."

When war was declared in 1939, the Band was dispersed and the members joined other units of the Defense Force, serving with distinction in the Solomons and Malaya. With the disbandment of units at the end of the war, it was decided to retain the Band as a regular unit, part of the Fiji Infantry Regiment. Bandsmen are recruited and trained as ordinary infantry soldiers, learning the use of weapons and performing guard duties. They are trained as musicians by the Bandsmaster, Warrant Officer Kiniviliame Cava, and practice whenever their military duties permit.

Shipping companies arrange for them to play on the Suva wharf when overseas ships arrive and depart, but their main function is to play for Army parades and on national ceremonial occasions. The Band goes on tour each year to towns and islands in Fiji outside the capital, Suva.

Each bandsman has with him four dress uniforms, consisting of a scarlet tunic and white *sula.* The skirt-like sula is worn in Fiji by both men and women, and was originally a missionary sponsored garment of Tongan origin, introduced into Fiji to take the place of the abbreviated loin cloth worn prior to the arrival of the missionaries. In its simplest form it is a length of printed cloth, wrapped around the body and folded in at the hips. Most sulas are tailored today, with conventional side seams and pockets.

The Band, under the command of Captain A. L. Masi M.C. arrived in Honolulu from Suva en route to San Francisco to take part in the second annual Pacific Festival. While in Honolulu, they gave concerts and made their first appearance on television.

In addition to playing orchestral music, the men sing Fijian songs: "Rara ni Valu"—about the fighting in the Solomons; "Oi lei Susi," a lament for an unfaithful girl named Susy; and the best known of all Fijian songs, the song of farewell, "Isa Lei." They dance spear dances in native costume, a sitting down dance called a *Vakamalolo,* and the favorite community dance, *Tui Boto,* King of the Boats, so called because the conga-like line resembles a line of small boats being towed by a launch.

The Fiji Military Forces Band revisited Honolulu for a brief stopover before returning to Suva. As they departed, the soft plaintive melody of "Isa Lei" bade farewell and aloha to the hospitable Islands of Hawaii.



FIJI OFFICIAL PHOTO/BOB WRIGHT

Bandmaster Warrant Officer Kiniviliame (King William) Cava rehearsing at Suva Barracks, Fiji.



THE SLEEPY SHELLS OF PUNALUU

by Nona Kapua Beamer

There is a beautiful black sand beach on the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the Hawaiian Islands. This is a very special and famous beach. The sand is black because many, many years ago, the volcano erupted and poured red hot lava down the slopes of the mountains and into the sea. When the hot lava met the cool ocean waves, great clouds of steam arose; and the cool water touching the hot lava turned it into tiny sand-like bits of crystal that glisten in the sun. These beautiful jewels cover the beach for miles and miles. This is the black sand beach of Punaluu, where our story takes place.

As children, we loved to spend our summer vacations with Grandma in her big white house near the black sands of Punaluu. There were many grandchildren in our family. I had three brothers, a sister, and thirteen cousins. We all loved the black sand beach, and especially did we love our Grandma. We called her "Sweetheart Grandma" because, to us, she was truly a sweetheart.

All the Beamer grandchildren came to spend this particular summer with Grandma. We were everywhere; outside, climbing the old lava walls and chasing the pigs along the only road in Punaluu. In the middle of this road, there was a pond filled by a gurgling fresh water spring. It was the custom of the village women to meet here every day and wash their clothes in this pond. It was, also, the delight of the Beamer children to play and splash about in this little pond. This was not always appreciated by the plump and busy Hawaiian women.

One day, after we had played all the games we



knew and explored all the nearby caves, we wanted to be in the house with Sweetheart Grandma. This happened to be one of Sweetheart Grandma's busy days. She was cleaning the house and doing the day's cooking for her large family. We sat and watched her for a while. Soon, we were trying to help her with the cleaning and cooking. But, instead of helping her sweep, we were only making a lot of dust; and instead of helping with the cooking, we were dripping poi all over her kitchen floor. Finally, with a sigh, she set her broom aside and gathered us around her. With a twinkle in her eye, she said "My *moopunas*, (grandchildren), I know that you are all trying to help me and that makes me very happy. Now that you have finished all the hard work, there is very little left for me to do. Why don't you run down to the beach and play?"

She could see that we didn't like this suggestion. There wasn't a single smiling face among us. We just wanted to be with her that day. Seeing that we were not happy, she drew us closer to the skirts of her muumuu, and said "Why don't we make up a new game? You children go down to the beach, and see if each of you can find a pair of shiny shells. They should be two shells of the same size and shape."

This was an exciting game, but not an easy one. There are many, many shells on the sandy beaches of Hawaii; but not very many are shiny, and certainly very few of them are the same size and shape. But because we wanted to please Sweetheart Grandma, we all scampered down to the beach. We searched for a long time and didn't return to the house until the sky was aflame with a beautiful Hawaiian sunset.

Not all of us had found two shells alike, but we held our prizes up for Grandma to see and admire. After she had exclaimed happily over our treasures, she asked us to sit in a circle around her.

While we had been so busy looking for our shells, she had been busy writing a new song for us. After we brought her ukulele to her, this is what she sang to us:

"Shiny shell, shiny shell
I found you by the sea.
Shiny shell, shiny shell,
I hear the sound of the ocean.
Shiny shell, shiny shell,
You are tired now.
In the warm Hawaiian sun,
I shall put you to sleep.
Then I will curl up close beside you
And fall fast asleep, too."

Sweetheart Grandma was very wise. Not only did we stay out-of-doors so that she could finish her housework, but we fell in love with the song of the shiny shells. We asked her to teach it to us, so that we might sing and dance it in the Hawaiian hula. And always, after we had "put the shells to sleep," we would place them on the floor, curl up beside them, and close our eyes very tightly.

Now I am a grown woman and have two small sons who have learned to sing of the sleepy shells. In fact, hundreds of school children of Hawaii love to sing and dance this song. However, they sing it in Hawaiian:

"Pupu hinu hinu
Pupu hinu hinu e
O ke kahakai, kahakai, e
Pupu hinu hinu e
Pupu hinu hinu
Pupu hinu hinu e
A lohe kakou e
Pupu hinu hinu e
Pupu hinu hinu
Pupu hinu hinu e
E moe, e moe
E moe, e

When my sons are grown and their children spend summer vacations with me, I wonder if I shall be as wise as Sweetheart Grandma.

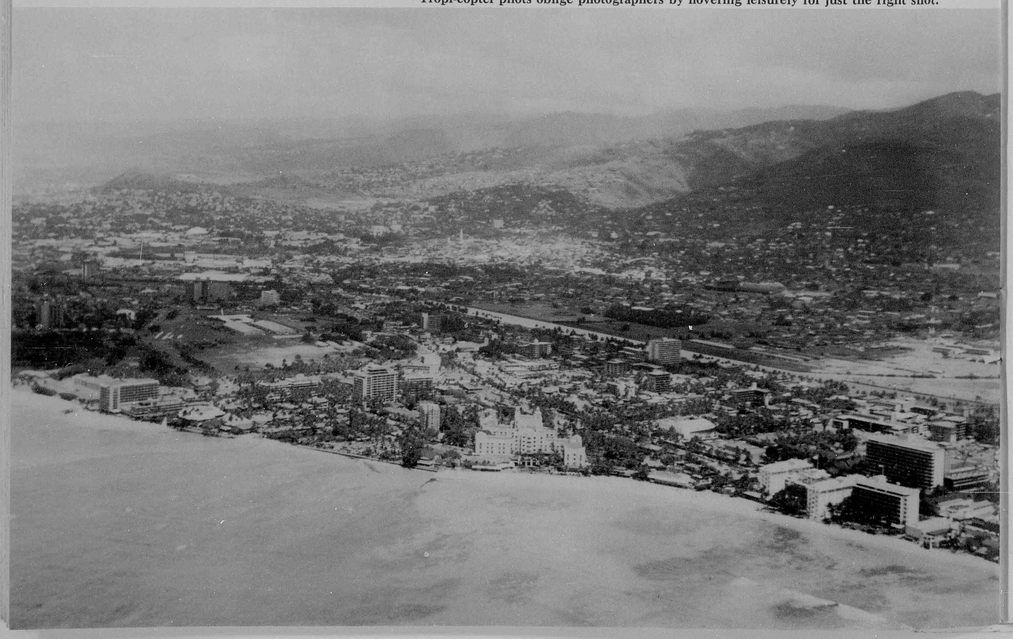
Copyright Nona K. Beamer 1959



Bob Austin, left, listens as two pleased passengers tell how much they enjoyed their helicopter ride.

. . . low level flights around the island give photographers and tourists a new look at Paradise . . .

Tropi-copter pilots oblige photographers by hovering leisurely for just the right shot.





The heliport location provides for a spectacular takeoff over surfboard and canoe riders.



Mrs. Austin is also an experienced pilot.

TOUR HAWAII BY HELICOPTER

by George Jordan Berry

Photography: Frank Cornell

One moment you rest unconcernedly on the heliport apron with your seat belt fastened, waiting for whatever surprises a helicoptor airlift has in store. The next moment you are surprised to find there is very little surprise involved. The little bird simply lifts you into the air and there you are — two hundred, four hundred or eight hundred feet above the coconut palms and surfing lagoon of Waikiki.

For helicoptering is the ultimate in sightseeing Hawaii. The helicopter slides through the air with a choice of speeds from tortoise to hare. The sensation is buoyant slow motion, or equally buoyant fast motion. Simple views expand magically into vast panoramas of tropic beauty, for your seat is surrounded by a large plastic bubble. The entire cabin becomes a single window. In fact, the view betwen your feet can be the best view of all.

What do you want to see first — the mountains, the seascapes, the city, Diamond Head? You can see it all first, for in the little Hiller helicopter that is the heart of Bob Austin's new and thriving Tropi-Copters service, an entire air tour of Waikiki, Diamond Head, suburban Honolulu, the hills and valleys of the Koolaus, Punch Bowl's National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, downtown Honolulu, the harbor, the reef-lined waterfront and back to the hotel district of Waikiki — all of it can be seen in exactly twelve minutes elapsed flying time.

The famed "Round-the-Island" tour ordinarily occupying a full day on Oahu's circuitous outer highway requires a mere one-hour flight by helicopter.

Even local residents who live their lives as part of this world-famous scenery are delighted at the new visual thrill of seeing hometown almost at pogo stick heights. A lady whose home is along the exclusive Kahala beachfront just beyond Diamond Head asked for a flight at several elevations across her beachfront property. It seems she had hired a new gardener and wished to reassure herself of his talents.

But for tourists with camera in hand, the circle tour of Waikiki and Honolulu above the coconut palms is the latest wrinkle, and by all odds the most of the many "musts" one must include in a Hawaiian holiday.

New in Waikiki, Bob Austin's Tropi-Copter service is a warm weather version of his Polar Helicopters which Bob operated throughout Alaska for the past dozen years. Success in Hawaii has been assured from the first day. The views in Hawaii are too perfect. Visitors wishing the perfect view in perfect focus and frame find chopper charters the answer, and Bob Austin's heliport is directly on the beach in front of the Hawaiian Village Hotel. Your takeoff is within a few yards of the nearest cocktail table.

If you haven't seen Diamond Head from inside, if you haven't visited Nuuanu Pali by updraft, if you want to go surfiing at Waikiki in street clothes, may we recommend Waikiki's latest entrepreneur, Bob Austin, and a wikiwiki whirlybird tour of Paradise.



In Hilo's Liliuokalani Park, "learning the mysteries of the hula . . . a happy time."

Continued from page 24

tiful palm garden. At six o'clock in the morning we swam in the big waves of the troubled Pacific.

In Hilo again, down in the Japanese Park, under palm trees, on the beach, girls danced. What colorful Picture I take! Girls dancing the hula so tender, so full of expression and their hand motions tell me the story of the moon, palm trees, sun, flower, rainbow, rolling surf, stars, sea, rain, the heart and — pau! Happy people . . . and I was happy, too.

Then to Maui and same friendliness as always. I hiked from airport, and a taxi stopped. Mole, the driver, invited me to take a seat between the five passengers. He made jokes and told us the legend of the demi-god Maui, and the never-dry washing of his mother, Hina.

Near two big silversword plants, we left the car and saw down the Haleakala Overlook into the largest extinct crater on earth. Which fantastic scenery! All this colorful cinder with the mystical names as Koolau Gap, Waihau, Paliku, Puu Naue, Puu o Pele, Ka Moa o Pele.

Mole invited me to go Wailuku with him and his clients. Hospitality without intermission! Maui is really the Valley Island! Especially the work of the great Pu Kukui Volcano. Through the Iao Valley we reached the rocky circle with the famous Needle, and then to gigantic pineapple fields and sugar fields who make Maui to a rich island!

At last I boarded the plane and flew the last time back to Honolulu. Landing at 6:20 p.m., what could I do? It remained me to have only $2.50, and I liked to stay one day more in Honolulu! Honolulu is a big town and very big for hiker! But I moved slowly, I could admire all the attractive craftwork of Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese culture.

Along the Ala Moana Park, I saw the new Honolulu, then Waikiki Beach and the hotel city. The moon behind palm trees, I felt me put back in the old Hawaiian time, but calypso and cha-cha-cha music waked me up from the sweet imagination. So I dawdled on the beach. The moon over the Diamond Head observed me. It was midnight past. I was tired and found a bank to repose. I closed the eyes and dreamed from a lovely hula girl who visit me and whispered sweet legend about Menehunes in my ears.

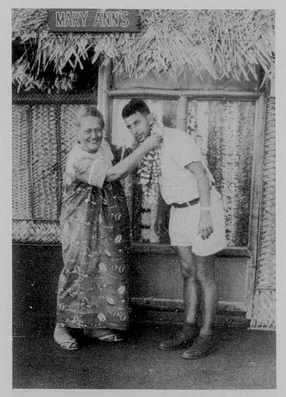
But what was this? Somebody cried in my ears — but it could not be the hula girl; it was a man's voice. I realize something must be wrong. In the moonlight I saw a machine-gun and was immediately clear awake!

The Japanese soldier cried for me incomprehensible words. I excused me in Swiss dialect. He could not understand me and I could not understand him. So I left the traumatic place in hoping he did not shoot me in my back.

In the light of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, I studied the map and identified that I slept in the bank in the Military Reservation of the Fort de Russy. I understand the excitement of the soldier.

The time began to run! Once more, the next morning, I hike to the University of Hawaii, to the Oriental stores, by churches, cathedrals, tabernacle, Oriental temples. I looked the last time up to the King Kamehemeha's Statue and then I left the town.

On the flower shack, near the airport, Mary Ann honored her promise, she brought me a beautiful leis and her neighbor, too. Good friends, as she promise. With four leis, I left the flower shacks!



Parting gift from Mary Ann at the lei stands near the airport.

But that was not the last surprise on Hawaii. The plane who brought me back to the Mainland was the student-special flight. All students sang or played music as the plane left my unforgettable Hawaii . . . Paradise!



On Kauai the MacKenzie organization provided forty-five limousines and uniformed "singing drivers" to take the touring Mainland ranchers to beautiful Poipu, Kipu and Princeville ranches.

Continued from page 7

Lowell Dillingham's Crow Bar Ranch near Waialua originally raised some of the world's finest polo ponies. Reactivated after World War II, the ranch is now one of the few strictly registered beef cattle units in Hawaii.

Kahua Ranch Company's feedlot facilities, also in the Wailua area, provided the visitors with a view of the second largest slaughtering facility on Oahu, whose capacity is presently being expanded to handle 10,000 head of cattle each year.

Largest processor of Island beef, the Hawaiian Meat Company provided not only a field trip to their plant but also a discussion of the use of both local and imported feed for finishing.

Following an intriguing day of sunning, surfing and shopping in Waikiki, the Mainland ranchers next enplaned for the island of Kauai, where ranches, Poipu, Kipu and Princeville, were visited.

Eighty-four-year-old "Uncle Charlie" Rice, who helped shape the history of Hawaii over a period of thirty-seven years as an Island legislator, played host at an elaborate luau luncheon at his Kipu Ranch, where his sprawling home is situated with a view of every pasture on his acreage.

Kauai's bright red soils are geologically the oldest in the island chain, with the result that the ranches offer some of Hawaii's most interesting scenery. On Kauai, the way of life is simple, easy-going, back-country life, but with a Polynesian flavor. And it offers such extremes of climate within a relatively small area that the visitors were busy taking off and putting on their sweaters most of the day.

Here on Kauai, a highspot of the day was the delightful dinner served at the Kauai Inn, with a concert by Father MacDonald's Children's Choir, one of the most memorable musical evenings to be found among a music-loving people.

After another day of rest and recreation back in Waikiki, the group departed by six chartered Hawaiian Airlines Convairs for the island of Maui, dominated by massive Haleakala, and with its ranches running up to the 10,000-foot slopes.

On Maui, the visiting cattlemen saw Hawaii's largest herd of commercial Angus cattle on the HC&S Ranch, and at Haleakala Ranch one of the finest purebred Hereford herds to be found anywhere.

Ulupalakua Ranch reminded many of the Santa Cruz mountain slopes of California, except for the ever-present sea view and the Big Island's Mauna Kea gleaming across the water.

Then, on to Hilo, Hawaii! Orchids, volcanoes, fern forests . . . this is an island different from all the others and home of the second largest cattle ranch in the world.

As if previously planned, Kapoho's volcanic eruption began while the group was in Hilo, and prepared schedules were temporarily abandoned to give the Mainlanders their once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of viewing Ma-

continued on next page

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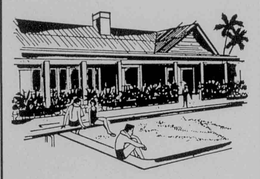

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Continued from page 31

dam Pele's wrath.

Hilo offered other enticements new to the visitors . . . mango and poha sauces over ice cream, too delicious to pass up; fresh island tangerines, sweet and juicy; and glimpses of the familiar sampans which provide transportation in the city.

The expedition was responsible for the creation of a new business venture for Dick Furtado, restaurant owner in Hilo, who packed the box lunches served throughout the Hawaii tour . . . and has been catering ever since!

At the Hilo Meat Cooperative, Mainlanders were interested in some of the specialty items prepared for Island markets. Pipi kaula, a smoked salt beef, and Miyoyaki, a packaged pre-soaked barbecue steak similar to the Japanese teriyaki.

A delight to all, but especially to the women of the group who were green-thumbers, was the luncheon served at the Herbert Shipman's home, for the Shipman orchids comprise one of the world's finest private collections.

Three Hawaiian Ranch Company units and the McCandless, Puuwaawaa, and Kahua Ranches gave the visitors still more insight into Island cattle raising, with a real old-fashioned luau hosted by the Hawaiian Cattlemen's Association providing both delicious "kau-kau" and delightful entertainment.

Finally, having saved the largest for last, the group spent an entire day touring the world-famous Parker Ranch, established around 1850 by an enterprising, ship-jumping sailor named John Parker. In those days, there were thousands of wild cattle roaming the Big Island unmolested by natives, who didn't know exactly what to do with them. John Parker did. And today, more than one hundred years later, it is apparent that the men who are responsible for the operation of this 265,000-acre ranch know what to do with it.

Parker Ranch maintains a permanent labor force of several hundred men, many of the present employees being third and fourth generation descendents of the early paniolas. A fleet of 60 vehicles, a dozen tractors, and 1500 horses are used in this operation, riding herd on the descendants of what was once the world's largest herd of registered Herefords. They are still the basic breed, but the ranch has been doing interesting cross-breeding with Santa Gertrudis, Angus and Shorthorn.

Headquarters of the ranch are at Kamuela, a place of tall trees, cool and invigorating air, succulent meadows and lovely gardens. During their day on the ranch, the visitors were whirled from climate to climate, from ancient and fertile lava flows where coffee and papaya thrive, through barren and scrubby miles along the low saddle between the slopes of Mauna Loa and the rolling, grass-carpeted Kohala mountains.

And then, to conclude the day, came the farewell party at Kona Inn! Hawaii's ranchers planned this last party in the best tradition of Island hospitality. Many were the tender porkers, sweet and smoky from their ti-blanketed imu, many the glasses filled, the songs sung and the hulas danced on this magic night in lovely Kailua, Kona, a rollicking feast of farewell indeed!

Small wonder, then, that the cattlemen left for home planning to come again in 1962. Glowing in their praise of Island ranchers for opening their homes to the group, the MacKenzie staff could very well feel a touch of pride in the way their Mainland Cowboy guests had fared.

Mishaps in handling so many people with such an intricate itinerary and such limited facilities? Two!

Someone accidentally damaged the electrical connection of the public address system being used to explain operations at Poipu Ranch. But the Koloa Fire Department quickly repaired it with a small soldering iron and the tour continued!

And in all of the baggage carried from island to island, tagged and retagged, inspected by agricultural officers, moved from hotel room to hotel room, one bag was lost . . . and was returned to the owners' home on the Mainland before they, themselves, got home!

Headaches? A few. But you can bet that Nelson Crow and John Cholis of the Western Livestock Journal, Lloyd Stevens of Patterson Travel Agency in Sacramento, and Jimmie MacKenzie of Honolulu are counting the days until the next Island visit of the Cowboys from the Coast. It was that much fun!

Hawaii - the Orchid Isle Beckons

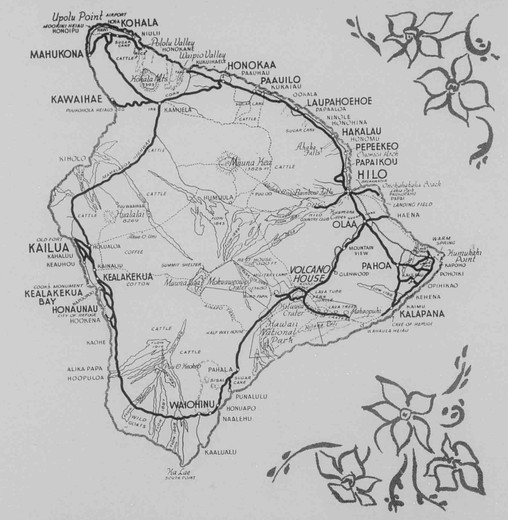


Hilo Photo Supply

THE ORCHID ISLE

Nearly twice as large as all other Hawaiian Islands put together, Hawaii, the orchid isle is noted for a million changes in scene, a thousand visual surprises. You'll see orchid farms, from which lovely blooms are air shipped daily throughout the world. You'll see fern forests as far as the eye can reach. You'll see active volcanoes poised to erupt on Pele's signal.

Hawaii ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS





SEE

Hawaii, the Big "Orchid" Island, is a panorama of breathtaking contrasts. From tropic surf to snow-capped peaks there's beauty everywhere. Raw sweeps of recent lava flows, primeval forests of giant tree ferns, rare orchid gardens, plantation villages, Hawaii National Park, and the picturesque Crescent City, Hilo.

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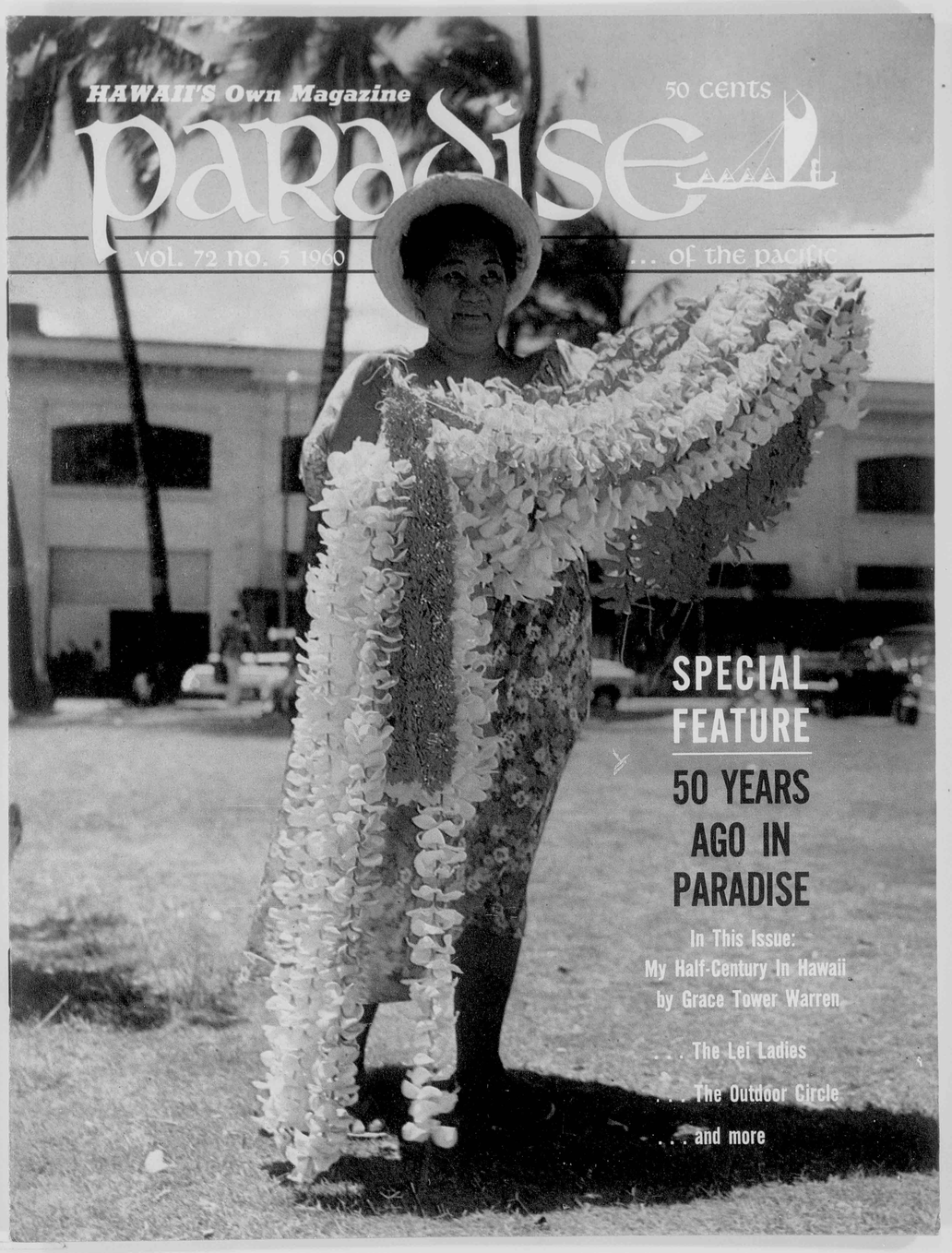
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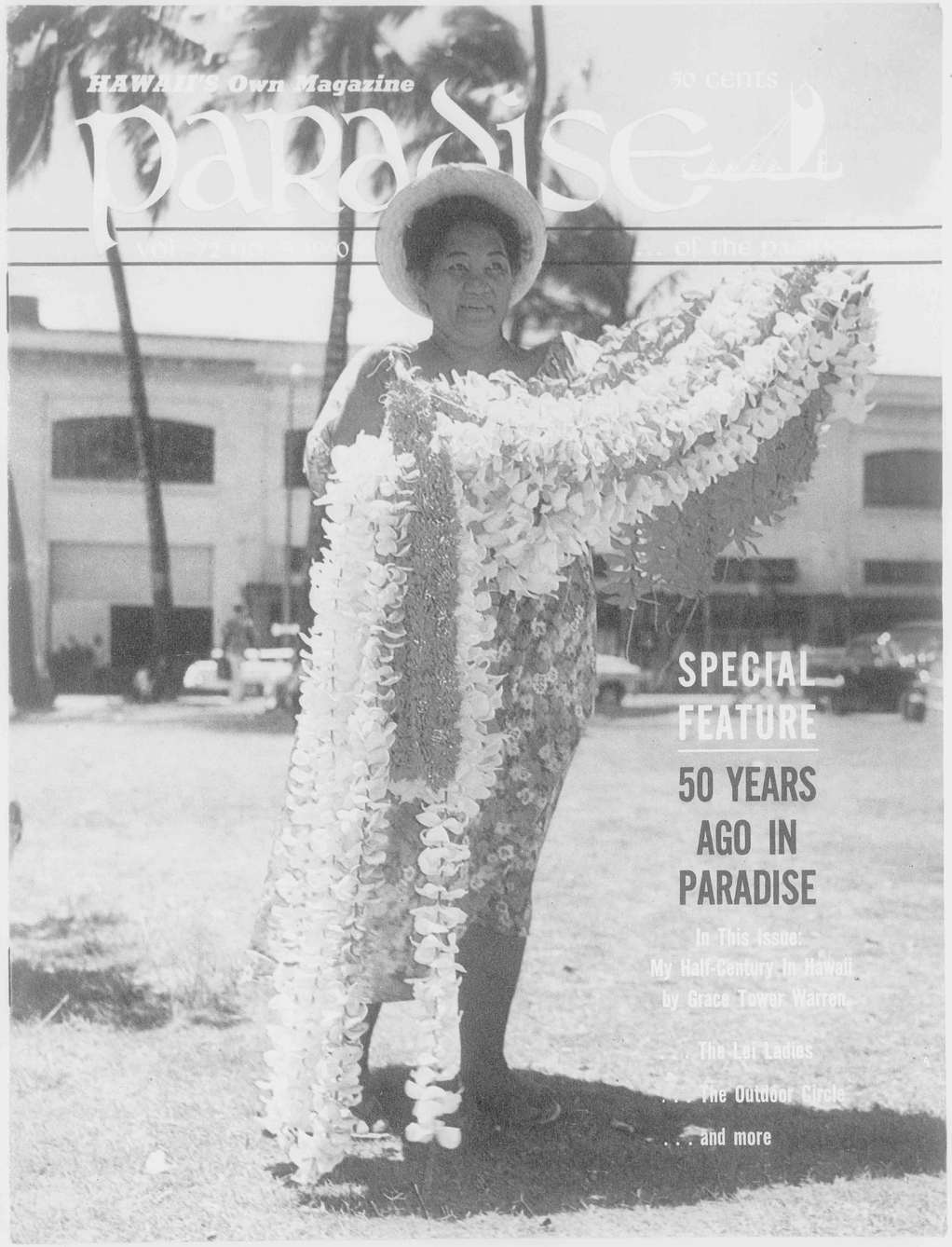
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- COVER: Evalani Park, popular lei seller, at Irwin Park on boat day Photo—Frank Cornell

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This month we take a look at the Hawaii of fifty years ago as it was pictured at that time in the pages of *Paradise of the Pacific.*

To those who have visited the Islands only in recent years, these scenes of long ago will be unfamiliar. But to many of our kamaaina readers they will be nostalgic reminders of the days when the Hawaiian scene was relatively untouched by influences of the outside world.

In 1910, Pearl Harbor was a coaling station. Duke Kahanamoku was an Olympic Champion. Seven-course dinners were served at most social functions. The ride from downtown to Waikiki was made through open countryside.

But one thing that characterized the Honolulu of 1910 is still a distinguishing feature in 1960 — the spirit of Aloha evidenced everywhere, through the fragrance of the leis, the grace of the dancing, the lilt of the singing and open-hearted warmth of the people.

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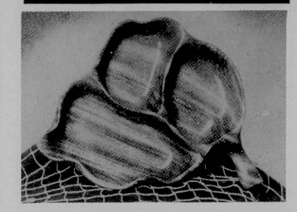

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WRITERS IN PARADISE

"And, if one rag of character they spare,
Comes the Biographer, and strips it bare!"



Grace Tower Warren's by-line has meant a good story for more than 60 years, first in California on the *Pasadena News*, where she was Associate Editor, and since 1909 in Honolulu, where she has lived as wife of John Trenholm Warren and as recorder of the passing scene for the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* and other newspapers and magazines here and on the Mainland.

In this issue, Mrs. Warren, dean of newspaperwomen in Hawaii, details changes she has noted in the social life of Honolulu during her many years as a writer.

Her well-loved columns, "The Spice Box" and "Kamaaina Kolumn," delight *Star-Bulletin* readers of 1960 as have all of her writings since the early days of the Century.

At one of her early day dinners, as a bride in Honolulu, Mrs. Warren served:

Fruit Cup With Minted Pineapple
Bananas, Mangoes and Fresh Litchees

. . . . .

Mock Turtle Soup

. . . . .

Olives *Celery*

. . . . .

Baked Opakapaka with Egg Sauce
Escalloped Potatoes, Chinese Peas

. . . . .

Papaya Sherbet in Papaya Shell,
Garnished with Leaves and Blossoms

. . . . .

Chocolate Frosted Cake

continued on next page

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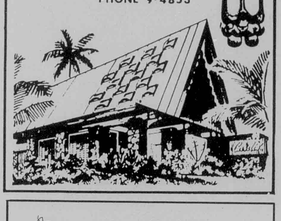



. . . . .

Homemade Coconut Candy,
Macadamia Nuts

. . . . .

Coffee in the Drawing Room

. . . . .

In recent years, Mrs. Warren has enjoyed entertaining Mainland friends at more informal meals, one of her favorites being a waffle breakfast. Her home on Vancouver Drive, with its panoramic view of Honolulu, has offered hospitality to many famous visitors from all parts of the world.

HAWAII'S BUSINESS CLIMATE



Condensed from Bank of Hawaii's ***Review of Business and Economic Conditions*** *by James H. Shoemaker*

TOURIST ARRIVALS during the first quarter of 1960 are estimated at 56,706 — 28.2 per cent above the first quarter of 1959.

Occupancy rates for large hotels can be expected to hit capacity levels during June, with shortages indicated during the summer peak. Smaller hotels report lower occupancy rates, however.

INTER-ISLAND AIR TRANSPORTATION rose sharply above the record first quarter levels of 1959 during the first quarter of 1960.

CONSTRUCTION COMPLETED during February, 1960, amounted to $22.2 million, an increase of 38.3 per cent over February, 1959. The total for the first two months of this year was $41.6 million, representing a 31.4 per cent gain over the corresponding period last year.

Recently announced construction projects include: a $30 million subdivision in the Pearl City area, a $4.5 million

continued on next page

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Continued from page 3

retirement home in Kaneohe, Air National Guard facilities at Hickam Air Force Base costing $1.8 million, and a $3 million project by the Navy to convert part of its Red Hill oil storage area to storage for aviation fuel.

On the Neighbor Islands new developments (primarily related to tourism) indicate substantial increase in employment in construction.

On Kauai, plans for two new hotels were recently announced. Kapaa Beach will be the site of a $500,000, three-story, 54-room hotel. A $250,000, three story, 38-unit co-operative apartment hotel, "Wailua Beach Apartments," will be located in the Wailua area. There are now six new Garden Isle resorts in the planning or building stage.

On Hawaii, Aloha-Kona Developers plan a 380-lot, ocean-view housing development on 82 fee simple acres near Kona Inn. Queen's Hospital has requested preliminary approval by the Planning and Traffic Commission of 13 industrial lots at Kawaihae. This will be the first increment in a 650-acre master plan development by the hospital which will eventually include hotel, motel, apartment, residential, shopping center, and school sites.

April 1 was the opening day of Mauna Kea Lodge, the first phase of a multi-million-dollar development in South Kohala which will provide luxurious facilities for sportsmen.

On Maui, Kaanapali will be the site for two hotels, each on ten acres of land leased from Pioneer Mill Co. Blackfield Enterprises expects to finish by the end of this year six buildings with 60 rooms, the first unit of a $2–2½ million, 21-building Hawaiian-style hotel with between 215 and 300 rooms. Island holidays has tentatively set May, 1961, as the completion date for its $1.25 million 119-room, seven-story hotel.

Two Canadian businessmen who had originally planned to build a hotel at Kaanapali have purchased 22 acres of fee simple land in Kihei. Within two months, they intend to start constructing a resort hotel of 138 rooms in two-story, cabana-style increments on 12 acres of the land. Also in Kihei, Hui O Hawaii has announced plans for a 14-story, 100-150 unit, co-operative hotel costing approximately $1.5 million.

Personalities IN PARADISE



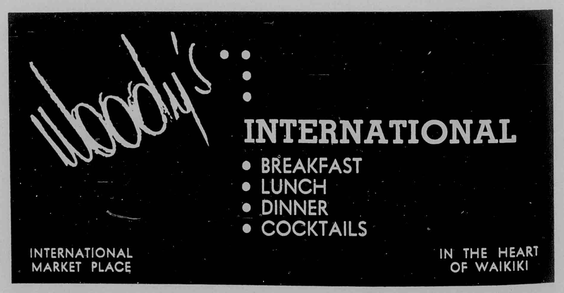
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sabin, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Boe, all of McKeesport, Penna., visited Hawaii on their return from a tour of the Orient. Boe, a ten-year *Paradise* subscriber, paid us a call.

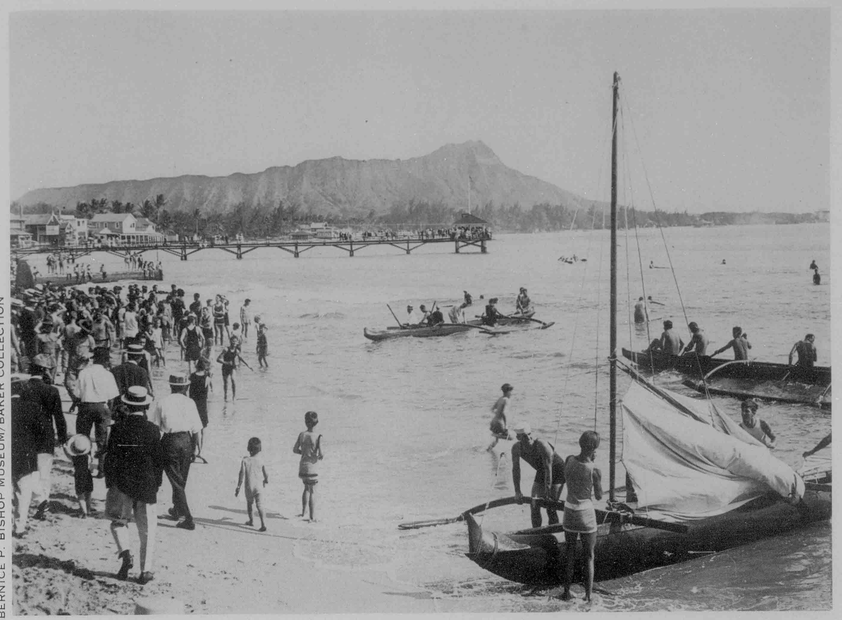


The Melvin Pixly's, left, greet the Thomas A. Keyes at a Lurline party. Keyes wowed the recent Shriners' convention in Hawaii with his fabulous wardrobe, including this leopard print silk formal suit.



Six delegates from the Congress of Peru visited Hawaii on a world goodwill tour under the leadership of Ernesto Moreno (third from left), vice speaker of the Peruvian Chamber of Deputies. Our aloha to them!





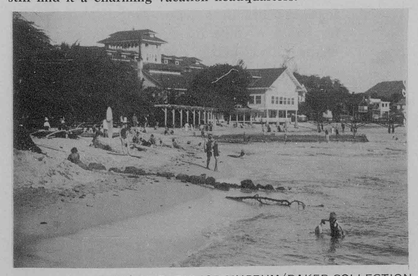
BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM/BAKER COLLECTION

Diamond Head cast the same spell over Waikiki in 1910 as it does today.

LOOKING BACK 50 YEARS AT PARADISE

by George Jordan Berry

The Moana Hotel's old diningroom wing and picturesque pier are gone, but today's visitors still find it a charming vacation headquarters.



BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM/BAKER COLLECTION

Hawaii in the Sixties is sometimes only remotely the image of Hawaii in decades past. Honolulu is a modern American city of nearly 500,000 people. The majority of our people share Oriental blood, while a growing minority boast manifestations of Hawaiian ancestry. We are a city of tropical beauty, seen nowadays from freeways and from twenty-story hotel roofgardens.

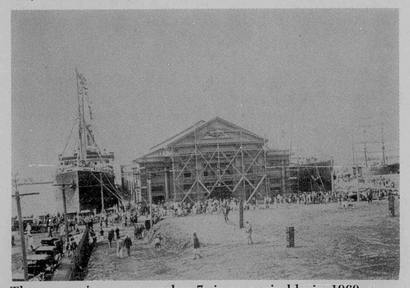
What was the vision, the feel and the scent of Hawaii a mere half-century ago when Honolulu's pulse beat more in harmony with the storied tradition of the Islands? From the pages of *Paradise of the Pacific* of those years, here is an assortment of extracts which in part may recreate the scene of that day.

Only in comparatively recent years has the Hawaiian



A section of Honolulu's waterfront is shown here as it was in the February, 1907, *Paradise of the Pacific.*

In December, 1912, Alakea Wharf was the scene of busy harbor activity.



The same pier, now number 7, is recognizable in 1960, but is soon to make way for a modern structure capable of handling today's ships.



FRANK CORNELL

hula become such a community fad that several score of hula "schools" thrive throughout Hawaii. A half-century ago the missionary tabu was still very much on.

Issue of February, 1910:

> "It was a promising commentary to note the unmistakable shrinking of the little 14-year-old girl from the performance of the hula. She seemed to sense rather than to know the dance was immodest, and she finished her encore without once lifting her eyes from the floor. How different from the old days when King Kalakaua kept his ballet of hula dancers, and every girl not of royal blood on the eight Islands was proud to display her body in the national dance to greedy, curious and unholy eyes, at festivals which ended in orgies."

Hawaii a half-century ago was a U.S. Territory a mere ten years old, sharing this status at the time with New Mexico and Arizona. It was the first non-contiguous possession to enjoy Territorial privilege, and the key to the then new awareness of the Pacific in the U.S. Congress.

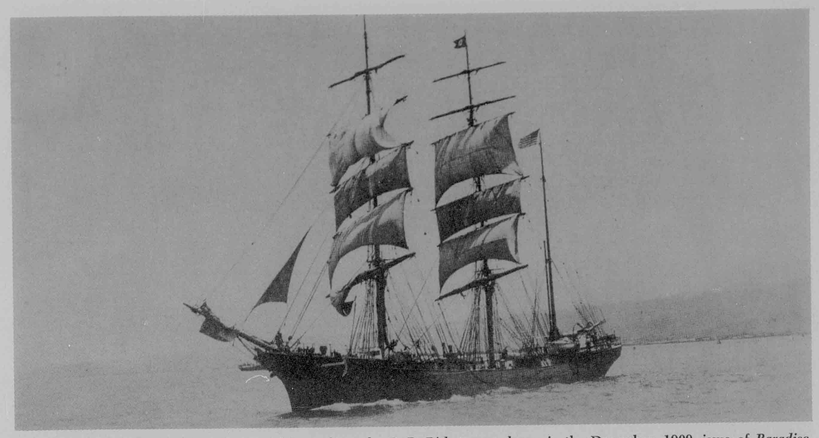
Issue of December, 1911:

> "Following close on Dewey's victory in Manila Bay and the subsequent acquisition of the Philippines, came the recognition that certain other advantages had to be made speedy use of to strengthen our strategic and commercial position in the Pacific.
>
> "The annexation of Hawaii was the first step taken, and of course the most important.
>
> "It was supplemented by the practical assertion of our rights of possession of Wake Island and Guam, the latter being the southernmost isle of the Ladrones group. In this way a direct mid-ocean line of communication between the home shore and the Philippines was assured."

And on the subject of leis, Hawaii's traditional garland of flowers:

Issue of December, 1911:

> "The aborigines moulded the popular fancy. A barefooted native with ragged clothes and a soiled hat will wear a lei on every holiday and many other days besides. A woman whose husband has given her four bits with which to go to the market and buy fish will expend two bits for a lei and then two bits for fish."



One of the last of the San Francisco-Honolulu packets, the *R. P. Rithet*, was shown in the December, 1909, issue of *Paradise.*



The old *U.S.S. Minnesota* was shown in the *Paradise* issue of July, 1908.

HONOLULU'S HARBOR LIGHT



The old lighthouse in Honolulu Harbor, pictured in the February, 1907 issue, is long gone but fondly remembered by some of today's senior citizens.

Hark the Herald Angels sang—on the Fourth of July, Lincoln's Birthday and Halloween—in Hawaii of half a century ago.

Issue of October, 1911:

> "Honolulu is probably the only place in the world that enjoys Christmas carols a dozen times a year. The coming advent of every holiday, sacred or secular, is heralded by the twanging of the ukulele and the more or less melodious voices of men and women vocalists who go from house to house. We are called to the front lanai and expected to drop into the hat our grateful contributions in return for the quasi-musical yodeling of Hawaiian carolers who with provident forethought and often a burning thirst are taking early thought of the morrow and its long drought."

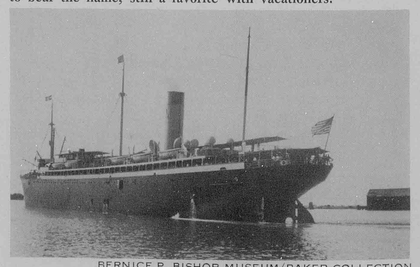
Fifty years ago the Panama Canal was still to be completed. In anticipation of a bright new era in shipping, Honolulans were excited about new potentials of commerce through their growing port.

Issue of November, 1911:

> "From Panama to Yokohama via Honolulu is two miles less than by San Francisco, while the run to Hong Kong is thirty-two miles closer for this port. The run from Panama to Honolulu is through open seas, that through San Francisco is along a coast on which there are more shipwrecks in comparison to the number of ships engaged than any other port of the Pacific. Honolulu is free from fogs, and the climate of this port is better. This being an island port, there is less danger of desertion by sailors. Winter after winter we see vessels running for the Hawaiian

continued on page 14

The *Mariposa*, 50 years ago, carried many a happy Pacific voyager. Her modern Matson namesake is the third to bear the name, still a favorite with vacationers.



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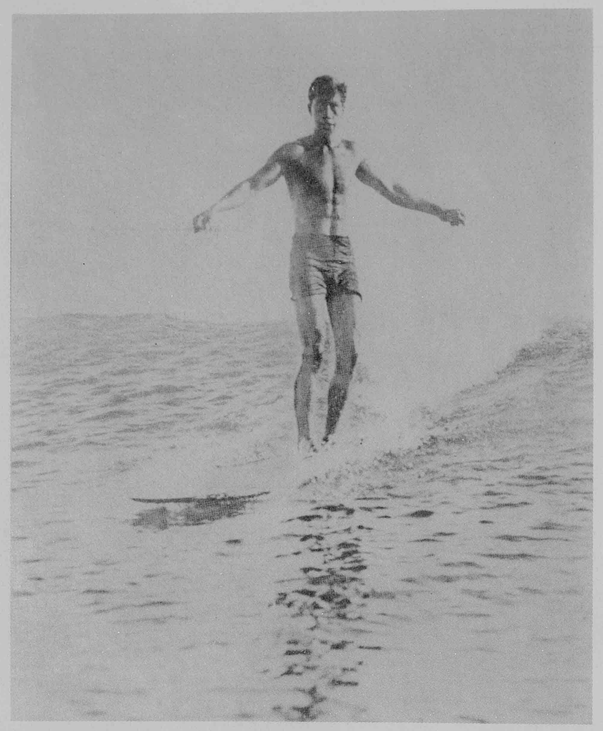
DUKE KAHANAMOKU



Here is a striking picture of Duke Kahanamoku, surf-riding at Waikiki. Duke won the short distance swimming race at the recent Olympic games at Stockholm, breaking the world's records, and is the acknowledged champion fast swimmer of the world. He was born and raised here, and in Honolulu harbor and at Waikiki he learned to swim. He is also, as the picture shows, an expert surf-rider. Duke is nearly six feet two, and of heavy proportions. He combines his strength and skill with a modesty and gentlemanly bearing which have won friends for him all over Europe and America, and he was much lionized by royalty and the highest society during the trip to Stockholm, from which he is now returning. Duke has put Hawaii on the world's map, in an athletic sense, and will have a rousing reception here—not the least feature thereof being the presentation of a substantial gift raised by popular subscription. He is of the Hawaiian race.

. . . *MR. AMBASSADOR*



In 1960, Duke, still "Mr. Hawaii," represented the Islands on a good will tour through the East. Here, he turns over CARE packages to some of the 800 needy families at the Kennedy Town Kai Fong Association in Hong Kong. With him are Senators Herbert K. H. Lee and Kazuhisa Abe.

Fifty years as Hawaii's official and unofficial Ambassador to the World rest lightly on the firm shoulders of Duke Paoa Kahanamoku. The Duke, born and raised in the old Kalia district of Waikiki (now the site of Henry J. Kaiser's Hawaiian Village Hotel), became a powerful swimmer in the shallow surf of Waikiki's playground. His fantastic records and wins in world Olympic competition over a generation of time began with the Sixth Olympics in Stockholm in 1912. Duke Kahanamoku competed in a total of four Olympiads. His achievements are beyond the challenge of time in the Olympic Hall of Fame. Fifty years ago, entering the championship years of his twenties, Duke was a tall, lean 188 pounds, energized by the blood of Kamehameha. Today, entering his seventies, Duke remains the same tall, lean figure of proud Hawaiian stature and ancestry.

Duke is the visiting dignitary's friend. Hawaii's visiting VIP's who do not lunch with the Duke miss seeing and knowing Hawaii. For Duke is Hawaii's most famous Hawaiian, a fame that long ago resolved into the simple smile of a great man's friendly attachment to his fellow man.

Duke has served as the elective sheriff of the City and County of Honolulu for more than a quarter century. He shared with President Eisenhower an identical cardiac eruption at an identical time a few years ago, and favors his advancing years with somewhat the same regimen of exercise, diet and rest as the President. And, like Eisenhower, his public activities bring frequent travels abroad.

He is now in the Far East as a member of the Aloha Ambassadors, a three-member group of dignitaries from Hawaii distributing Care packages and strengthening Hawaii's ties throughout the Pacific basin on the person to person level.



Now known as Linekona School, this building fronting on Thomas Square was once McKinley High School.



An early physics class at the old McKinley High School on Victoria Street proved beneficial for several of the students: namely, Leslie Hicks, second from right, presently chairman of the board, Hawaiian Electric Company, chief public utility in the Islands; and George Cassiday, third from right, for forty years an official of the planning division, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y. This picture was taken by Ben Bairos, class instructor around 1910, now living in retirement in Manoa.

McKINLEY 1910 . . .

THE STORY of how the missionaries taught the native Hawaiians to read and write is often told, usually with different sets of facts, figures, references and conclusions. A half-century ago the then Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Islands, W. T. Pope, told the story in these words:

"Our present school system in the Territory dates far back into the last century. The early American missionaries found the Hawaiians eager to learn. A famous chief was learning the English alphabet on board the mission vessel before the missionaries had permission to go ashore.

"The native people first made their acquaintance with the letters of the alphabet in a small spelling book, the first printed matter of the Islands, which appeared on January 7, 1822.

"Before the close of the year 1824 as many as 200 chiefs had learned to read and write in their own language. Each high chief sent the most proficient scholars to his different lands as teachers. With the sound of the conch shell these teachers called the common people together each afternoon for several hours of study. The eagerness of the people to acquire the wonderful arts of reading and writing was intense, and almost the entire population went to school. A conservative authority of the time says that there were over 50,000 adults attending these schools."



YOSHIO TAKEMOTO/McKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL

Today's McKinley High School on King Street is a pleasant oasis of spreading shade trees and brilliant green lawns near the center of the city. Modern classroom buildings have been added in recent years.

and in 1960

The public schools of Hawaii have always reflected a remarkable facet of life in the Islands for it has been largely in the schools that Hawaii's inter-racial culture has found the social and intellectual strength to grow.

The traditional name for Hawaii's State Department of Education is the "Department of Public Instruction." Its roots lie in early missionary efforts to teach the native Hawaiians to read and write their own language.

Over the years it has built a number of historic educational plants dedicated to bringing language uniformity to an East-West fusion of eager young students of many tongues. As language barriers dissolved, instructional horizons broadened.

One of the largest modern schools in Hawaii's state education system traces the long histroy of the DPI from the days of the Monarchy. It is McKinley High School, Honolulu's first modern high school, and today one of the most diversified instructional plants in the system.

McKinley High School had its beginnings in the Oahu Charity School, founded by foreign residents in the early missionary years—1833. The Oahu Charity School eventually became the Fort Street Schools. Still later it became the Honolulu High School, and for many years occupied the beautiful Emma Street premises the Department of Public Instruction purchased from the estate of the late Princess Ruth.

Fifty years ago, the name McKinley was given to Honolulu High School when it moved to spacious new quarters bordering Thomas Square. The curriculum was extended to include the first science courses, as well as business courses—avenues of practical instruction which exist today in McKinley High School's diverse departments. The new building of shaped lava bricks was to serve for nearly a dozen years, sheltering Honolulu's high school students of a dozen racial backgrounds. It was the pride of the DPI.

But Honolulu even then was growing with unpredictable vigor. McKinley High School was engulfed by a flood of enrollment by 1920, and the school moved to its present "farm" size campus of nearly 50 acres.

The old building still stands, still serves. Now known as the Linekona School, the lava brick schoolhouse bordering Thomas Square is called an "ungraded" school. In sympathetic terms this means Linekona is the instruction center for Honolulu's educable retarded students from 10 to 16 years of age.

The schoolhouses of Hawaii are monuments along Hawaii's road from a Stone Age society to a complex modern society of cosmopolitan people.

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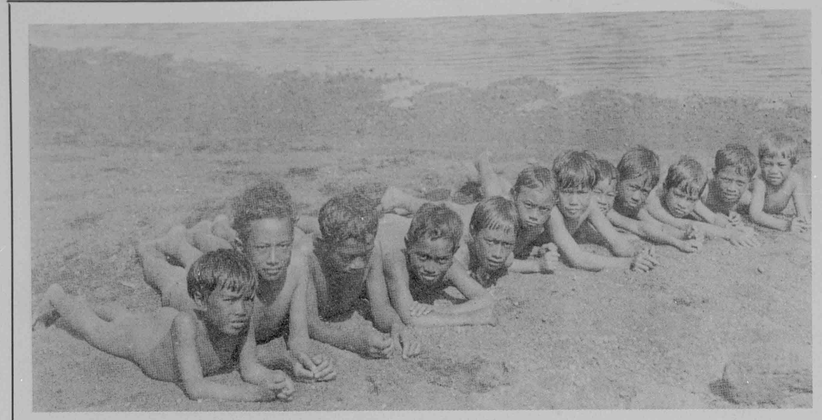

A dozen young Americans, shown in *Paradise* in the December, 1913 issue, could find their counterparts in today's Hawaii, where efforts are being made to preserve the art and culture of Old Hawaii.

Islands in distress, after having bucked the gales along the Great Circle."

Not a few of the old Hawaiian incantations are still practiced in the Islands in this year, 1960. Here is one we haven't heard of recently, but which perhaps should be revived.

Issue of January, 1908:

"Dan Cupid has many ways of sending his darts. In old times a love potion was made from fresh water limu kala. The lovelorn maiden recited a magic spell learned from a kahuna, ate some of the weed and then gave some to the young man whose love she desired. Instantly he adored her. This method of love-making is occasionally practiced even today."

Hawaii's tourist arrivals are overawed by the abundance of exotic tropical fruits available the year around. Salad chefs at each resort hotel are not infrequently the most important cog in the tour industry wheel. Fifty years ago, however, Hawaii's tropical fruits served other purposes:

Issue of February, 1908

"Nearly all fresh, ripe, tropical fruit has medicinal properties. Papayas are recommended for dyspepsia. Pomelos are good for biliousness and disordered nerves. Pineapple juice will often cure croup and diptheria. The gin appetite may be cured by a liberal and continuous indulgence in ripe oranges."

Paradise magazine of a half-century ago padded each issue with a potpourri of "Facts About Honolulu" for Mainland and world readers. Among the facts:

Issue of February, 1908:

"Honolulu has telephone service with 1500 subscribers, 26 miles of electric car service, three daily newspapers in English, 109 police call boxes, two military bands, 180 licensed automobiles, three ice factories, etc., etc. Standard time, two hours, 35 minutes slow of San Francisco. Rate of taxation, one per cent."

A half-century ago the U.S. Navy's great Atlantic Fleet visited the Pacific for the first time, anchoring in Hawaiian waters for a series of festivities unequaled in Honolulu's memory. Several ensigns and junior officers may have visited the still undeveloped Pearl Harbor, for which Congress had only recently voted expansion funds.

It was not to be their last visit. Among them:

Issue of February, 1908:

"*U.S.S. Kansas:* Wm. F. Halsey, Jr. (Ensign)
U.S.S. Minnesota: Raymond A. Spruance (Midshipman)
U.S.S. Georgia Husband E, Kimmel (Ensign)
U.S.S. New Jersey: Isaac C. Kidd (Midshipman)"

And finally, we ran this delightful bit only a few months ago, but it is worth repeating:

Issue of January, 1908:

"A few merchants are making serious objections to the sounding of the fire alarm whistle during business hours. One man who employs 35 people says he is out of pocket about ten dollars. Very often the cause of the alarm is a brush fire in Waikiki or a gas leak in some Chinese shack in Palama. Everyone rushes to the sidewalk, some putting on their hats and frantically running to the fire. Not until the single whistle is given will they return to their work with any equanimity. The county employes a very competent force of men to extinguish fires. There is no occasion to alarm the whole city."

Cadillac



The dramatic elegance and majesty of Cadillac's new design are eloquently portrayed in the motor car illustrated above. The wide, low appearance exemplifies the new styling and uses very little trim, allowing the handsome body shape to carry the design. New dignity . . . refinement . . . and craftsmanship are immediately evident throughout the spacious interior. Luxurious new fabrics and leathers are brilliantly accented by skillfully wrought controls and appointments.

Most certainly this is the 1960 standard of the world in elegance of styling.

SCHUMAN CARRIAGE CO., Ltd.
313 South Beretania Street, Honolulu

HILO MOTORS, Ltd.
Hilo, Hawaii

HALEAKALA MOTORS, Ltd.
Wailuku, Maui

LIHUE MOTOR CO., Ltd.
Lihue, Kauai

Paradise of the Pacific

THE MERCHANTS... AND THEIR WARES OF 1910

FIFTY YEARS AGO, one of the most remarkable ads running in *Paradise of the Pacific* was a box ad offering Awa Root "in any quantities, by the pound or tens of tons." George Kaea was a dealer in dry and green awa root at 938 Kekaulike Street in Honolulu. Called *kavakava*, or *piter methysticum*, by apothecaries everywhere, awa generated its share of "sure cures" on drug shelves with or without appropriate labels, and was sold by George Kaea throughout the world. *Paradise of the Pacific*, dutifully inserting Mr. Kaea's one-eighth page line-ad in each month's issue, helped move a mountain of medicinal miracles to far and shaded corners in the early years of the century.

Awa root was a base product of Polynesian antiquity used in part as a medicine, in part as a quasi-narcotic. As "Spit Ka-va" it was both a party drink and ceremonial offering, as testified to by test imbiber, Robert Louis Stevenson. Like a narcotic, its base contains a deadly poison. It is grown today on the Big Island, shipped to research laboratories overseas where it promises an eventual antidote to nuclear radiation sickness. Awa root has been the subject of the most amusing succession of statutes and ordinances in Hawaii's century of published law.

Equal in novelty to Mr. Kaea's awa root ad were other commercial announcements in *Paradise* of 1910: Notices from cottage hotels on upper Nuuanu Street, where nowadays federally sponsored urban renewal programs are erasing these remnants of an era long past; announcements by Oceanic Steamship Company that the steamer *Mariposa*, 3,200 tons, arrives every 32 days en route from San Francisco to Tahiti. The new *Mariposa* of the Sixties is one of the latest and smartest U.S. flag ships afloat, but still plies the same waters, San Francisco to Tahiti, though now via Auckland and Sydney.

An ad placed by the Thomas Pineapple Company of Wahiawa offered its "Thomas Best" and "Pride of Hawaii" brands of canned pineapples. Thomas, a pineapple pioneer, was superseded decades ago by the giant Libby, McNeil & Libby complex whose vast plantations now cover several islands.

The Criterion Saloon boasted: "All that the name implies. We set the pace for quality, others trail in . . ." We visualize not others, but ourselves trailing in and with luck trailing out.

Hawaiian Electric Company, a principal security offered on the present Honolulu stock exchange, advertised ice and cold storage five decades ago and possibly was a purveyor to the Criterion Saloon, among others. The Pacific Chemical and Fertilizer Company of 1960 was then, and for good reason, the Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Company, busily picking up the droppings from remote rocks and atolls throughout the Central Pacific.

There is a point of interest in each advertisement in each issue of *Paradise* in the early century, but Mr. George Kaea's awa root ad and its offering of nerve-numbing goodies is the most intriguing of the lot.

THE PACIFIC GUANO & FERTILIZER CO.
J. F. C. HAGENS, MANAGER
MANUFACTURE AND DEAL IN
MODERN COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS
For Sugar Cane, Rice, Pineapples and Vegetables
IN FACT EVERY KIND OF CROP, ALSO LAWNS, PALMS, FRUIT TREES AND FLOWERS
Our goods are guaranteed to be derived from the best and purest materials, properly treated and compounded. We employ the most up-to-date process to insure a uniformity in quality hitherto unknown. Planters will bear in mind that orders can be filled from either our HONOLULU or BERKELEY FACTORY
All analyses guaranteed and allowances made for deficiences in conformity with the Experiment Station's Regulations.
ASK FOR THIS BRAND
We also carry on hand the following materials:—
Sulphate of Ammonia
Sulphate of Potash
Nitrate of Soda
Bone Meal
Bone Ash
Ivory Black
Superphosphate
Double Superphosphate
Hoof Meal, Etc., Etc.
Which we sell at the lowest possible market quotations.
FACTORIES
Kalihi, Oahu—Berkeley, Cal. ✣ OUR GOODS ARE UNEQUALED IN PRICE AND QUALITY ✣ The National Fertilizer Assn.
MEMBER

THE CRITERION SALOON
All that the name implies.
We set the pace for quality,
Others trail in - - - - -
The Coolest and Freshest Rainier Beer Always on Draught—Also in Bottles
C. A. PEACOCK
PROPRIETOR

H. HACKFELD & CO.,
LIMITED
Importers, Sugar Factors and General Commission Agents
AGENTS FOR—Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Toyo Kisen Kaisha S. S. Co.; American-Hawaiian S. S. Co.; Hawaiian Line of Packets to San Francisco; Bremen and Liverpool Line of Packets
GUARDIAN INSURANCE CO., LTD. AND OTHERS
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Dry Goods, Tobacco, Liquor, Office Furniture, Hardware, Etc.
PLANTATION AGENTS
HACKFELD BUILDING HONOLULU, T. H.

Piter methysticum (Sci.) Kavakava (Med.)
Awa-Wurzel (Ger.)
AWA ROOT
(Hawaiian)
In Any Quantities, by the Pound or Tens of Tons
Orders Solicited from All Foreign Countries
GEORGE KAEA
DEALER IN DRY AND GREEN AWA ROOT
938 KEKAULIKE STREET
P. O. Box 5 Honolulu, T. H.

Oceanic Steamship Co.
The vessels of this line consist of the new and magnificent steamers
Mariposa 3,200 tons, San Francisco to Tahiti, Sailing from San Francisco to Tahiti Sept. 11th and every 36 days.
Sierra will be on the Honolulu run March 26 from San Francisco and make a round trip every 21 days.
(10,000 TONS DISPLACEMENT)
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
673 Market St., San Francisco
C. BREWER & CO., LTD.
GENERAL AGENTS, HONOLULU, H. T.

No one thing has contributed so much to Honolulu's fame as
PRIMO BEER
Tourists always ask for it.
Brewed by
Honolulu Brewing & Malting Co., Ltd.

HAWAIIAN OPERA HOUSE
Furnished as completely and handsomely as any modern theatre. Companies playing the Orient or the Australian colonies can stop over at Honolulu, either going or coming, or can arrange for a season between steamers. Lighted by electricity—Seating capacity 1000—Depth of stage 33 feet—Width between fly galleries 36 feet—Gridiron 40 feet—Proscenium opening 27 feet
For information address
L. F. COCKROFT
90 Clay St., San Francisco General P. A., O. S. S. Co.
OR PROPRIETORS HAWAIIAN OPERA HOUSE
HONOLULU, H. T.

Honolulu Iron Works Co.
SUGAR MACHINERY
ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES
AGENTS
National Tube Co.
Link-Belt Machinery Co.
Krajewski's Patent Cane Crusher
Hersey Mfg. Co.'s Sugar Granulaters
Hamilton Corliss Engines
Lillie Evaporators
Valvoline Oils
CABLE ADDRESS HONIRON
A. B. C. CODE 4TH AND 5TH EDITION

Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd.
HONOLULU
Sugar Factors, General Importers and Commission Agents
Cable Address "DRACO."
AGENTS FOR
Lloyds
British & Foreign Marine Ins. Co., Ltd.
Union Marine Ins. Co., Ltd.
Northern Assurance Co.
Law Union & Crown Ins. Co.
London Guarantee & Accident Co.
Canadian-Australian R. M. Line
Chargeurs Rennis (around the world line.)
Brewer & Co., New York line of sailing vessels
Hilo Agents—AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN S. S. COMPANY

PLANTATION FASHIONS OF 1910

These half-century old photographs of women at work in plantation fields reveal a startling sense of practical feminine attire – long since passed from the scene. They reveal too, a certain combination of turn-of-the-century fashion with distinctly "national" costumery attributable to the fusion of many kinds of foreign immigrants in Hawaii in those years.

But most of all, the photographs reveal that women of the Hawaiian plantation community fifty years ago carried off many a man-size job where hand labor dominated the scene.

Why the lunch basket effect on their heads? Why the long sleeves, the kerchief arrangement, the sturdy apron, the split-toe work shoes?

The reasons are various. Work in a pineapple or cane field is, in a word, difficult. Most hand-labor chores require bending over long hours. Plantation soils are powdery, usually decomposed lava. Persistent rains turn this soil to gumbo. When rains fail to greet some part of every day, the soil turns to clouds of red dust.

Moreover, both pineapple and sugar cane are rough on the hands. Pine plants have a cactus-like physiognomy. Cane stocks are rough jointed, with tough, fibrous "leaves" that are distinctly unpleasant to work by hand.

The ladies of the plantation community needed protective clothing in the fields, protection from sun, rain, wind, heat, dust, mud, but most of all from plant abrasions. Thus the head-to-toe effect in plantation fashions of 1910.

Today these photographs of women field workers are almost a novelty, but not quite. There are still remnants of wahine workers, though hardly more than a handful throughout the Islands. The old "hoe-hana" women field workers are passing from the scene and will have disappeared within the next dozen years. Fast disappearing also are their male counterparts, the contract specialty workers such as the "seed" planters of the pineapple plantations. Total mechanization is at hand. Today you will find most of these girls in town at the hairdressers, either under or behind the dryer.

Fashions such as these, worn by women plantation workers of 50 years ago, are no longer seen in the Islands, for mechanization is rapidly taking over the work formerly done by field laborers.



BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM/BAKER COLLECTION



BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM/BAKER COLLECTION

Grass shacks still stand in restored park areas in Hawaii, but it has been many years since they were last used as homes.

THE LITTLE GRASS SHACKS OF HAWAII

It was still possible in 1910 to find an occasional grass hut actually housing a family of happily reactionary Hawaiians somewhere near a quiet, uncomplicated Island beachfront – such as that shown here.

The thick covering of pandanus trees in the background provided half a day of pleasant shade over the shack. The landscaping and gardening became integral to the structure of the primitive house, the aerial roots of the giant monstera gripping firmly to wall and roof.

The budding plumeria shown at the left indicates this is the season for prolific flowering. Absence of plumeria blossoms, however, suggests that hand manufacture of exquisite floral leis is among the "cottage industry" chores of the family dwelling within.

But enough of nostalgia. Perhaps even in 1910 this "authentic" Hawaiian grass shack merely played the role of a tool shed to the "authentic" western style home barely seen in the far left background.

These grass shacks near Hilo were shown in the January, 1909, issue of *Paradise of the Pacific*.





FRANK CORNELL

Mr. and Mrs. John Trenholm Warren celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1959 at a reception given at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel by their two daughters, Marian Warren McDonald and Katherine Warren Lawder. Mrs. Warren's gold brocade gown was designed by Anna of Vienna.



Mrs. Warren is shown here just previous to her marriage in 1909. At that time she was already a prominent newspaperwoman in California and Hawaii.

MY HALF-CENTURY IN HAWAII

by Grace Tower Warren

FIFTY-YEARS in Hawaii—no, *fifty-one*, it is now—have given me intimate knowledge of the social life of the Islands. Great economic changes have taken place during the years. Many housewives who, 50, 40 and even 30 years ago found servants plentiful and easy to obtain, are doing much of their own work with the help of a cleaning woman once or twice a week, and a part-time caterer when they entertain.

This changing mode of living has brought one blessing —the itinerant Japanese caterer, feminine gender. Many young women who were full time maids before the last war have perfected themselves in the culinary arts, and conduct thriving catering businesses. Each of these women has a coterie of maids on whom she can call for assistance at the various parties for which she is responsible.

Most of these maids can cook a little, at least enough to mash the potatoes, make the gravy and bake a pan of biscuits, prepare the hors d'oeuvres, give last minute touches to a dinner which the hostess has herself prepared. The catering service obtainable is very elastic. The caterer will furnish and prepare everything, or she will prepare part, supplementing what the hostess has ready, or come just in time to serve and wash the dishes.

The patio grill and the garden barbecue have solved the hospitality problem for many hostesses, and buffet luncheons and dinners have become much more popular, as they require a minimum of service. With the lack of servants, clubs like the Oahu Country Club, the Pacific Club and the Outrigger Club, whose cuisines are of the best, have become more and more popular for entertaining. The advent of many new restaurants with gourmet menus has come as a life-saver to many a cook-less household when large luncheons, dinners or cocktail parties are being planned. Each branch of the armed services has its officers' mess at luxurious clubs where much entertaining is carried on.

In looking back over the years, I think there was much greater formality 50 and 60 years ago than in the entertaining of the present day. Five- and seven-course dinners in private homes were not unusual. Today, from three to four courses are usually considered sufficient for a seated dinner.

Fifty years ago the hour of the dinner denoted the dress expected. Seven o'clock or later always indicated dinner clothes. At many of the larger parties it was not unusual to find the masculine guests in white tie and tails. I remember one such dinner for 16 which we gave for a bridal couple, old friends of mine from the Mainland. It was given at the Colonial, the old Campbell-Parker house which later became the Pacific Club, and is now only a memory. I remember we women all wore dinner frocks with trains. Two wars and the stress and strain that followed have left their imprint on the social life of the community.



Heirloom crystal, silver and lace combine to create a charming table setting in the newly redecorated home of Mrs. Mark Reid Yates. An exquisitely embroidered cloth of Madeira covers the table, with matching napkins. The gleaming silver is the popular Chantilly pattern which had belonged to her mother, Mrs. Harriette Ann Moulton. The individual silver nut dishes are from Mrs. Moulton's collection. The four silver candlesticks had belonged to Mrs. Yates' grandmother, Anne Schofield Moulton. The fragile water goblets and wine glasses had belonged to her great grandmother, Anne Eames Schofield. The youngest of five Annes in the family is Mrs Yates' seventeen-year-old daughter Caroline Anne.



FRANK CORNELL

Mrs. Yates, daughter Caroline Anne, and the family's adored cocker spaniel are shown here on the lanai of their Vancouver Drive home. Informal entertaining, typical of today's social life in Hawaii, centers in this attractive setting.

My first four months as a bride in Honolulu were spent in the William Love home on Wilder Avenue, just across the street from the Tenney Peck house, which is still in existence. The Loves had gone to Europe, and we were thankful to find a place to live while we built a small temporary cottage on the lot which we had bought.

Shortly after we took possession, John Burroughs, famous naturalist, arrived with a letter of introduction to my husband. As Mr. Burroughs preferred not to go out evenings, we entertained a group of friends to meet him at one o'clock at a kind of combination luncheon-dinner. Among our guests were Judge and Mrs. Sanford B. Dole, Judge and Mrs. Antonio Perry, Wallace R. Farrington, afterward for eight years Governor of Hawaii, and Mrs. Farrington.

I know we started with soup because I remember that my wedding silver did not yield enough soup spoons, and I supplemented them with two or three spoons from several of the salad sets which we had received! If necessity is the mother of invention, I figured substitution is at least its stepmother.

When Mainland visitors dined with us I always liked to serve Island fish that I had chosen myself from the teeming counters in the historic old Fish Market. I always selected opakapaka or red snapper about 18 inches long. The meat is white and succulent and most of the bones are attached to the central spinal column, which may be easily discarded at serving time. We baked the fish whole on a bed of ti leaves with a little bacon fat in the pan and on top of the fish. While the fish was baking I intructed my cook to hard cook two or three eggs, chopping the yolks and whites separately, and to have on hand a goodly supply of finely chopped, fresh parsley. We covered the fish in patches of yellow, white and green, with a slice of lemon over the eye. We served with the fish a rich cream sauce in which were some more coarsely chopped eggs. Those were the days when we could always find young and tender Chinese peas in the pod, and serving them was standard procedure when tourists were guests.

In those days it was possible to find large papayas in market—big golden ones, almost as large as small watermelons. I took pride in preparing my festive papaya sherbet dessert, as the picture, when it was brought to the table, was as thrilling as the flavor was delectable. Each family froze his own ice creams and sherbets 50 years ago, so we invested in a two-quart, a four-quart and a six-quart freezer, ready for all occasions. The basis of good papaya sherbet is whole milk, with plenty of fresh orange juice, a wee sprinkling of salt, a little sugar and papaya puree.

To prepare this dessert I cut the papaya in half, lengthwise, took as much of the pulp as I needed for the sherbet, then placed an empty half on a bed of fresh papaya leaves which covered a large platter. The male papaya tree has beautiful long-stemmed creamy blossoms, something like a cluster af verbenas. After filling the papaya shell with the golden sherbet, the top half

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FRANK CORNELL

Mama Wright displays her wares to an interested customer on Boat Day at Irwin Park.

THE LEI LADIES

by Peggy McKenzie

Today's leis and muumuus look much like these of 50 years ago.



SWEETEST-SMELLING place in Honolulu is Irwin Park on Boat Day.

It's the best place to learn about the happy Hawaiian custom of giving flower leis, and the only place you can meet such a charming collection of the fast-disappearing "old time kine" lei sellers.

Early one Matsonia morning, I went down to sit under the trees and absorb some lei lore. Settling myself on a bench beside a calm, comfortable, grey-haired tutu, "Mama" Wright, I asked her to tell me how a Boat Day begins.

"Day befoah, go out in the country, get our flowers. Come home and string them up, sometime late at night. Get up early next morning. Pack up our leis in a basket. Go down to the park by seven—some of us mos'ly earlier than that—in time for the tug. Then wait for ship to come in. Stay here all day. If we have lef'ovah flowers, we string them. If not, we jus' sit down and chat, tell all the stories!"

"Sounds like a lovely life! How did



BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM/BAKER COLLECTION

Service men, 50 years ago, were as interested in the Hawaiian lei sellers as are 1950's men in uniform.



FRANK CORNELL

Anna Alvaro, modern version of the old time lei seller, adds charm and beauty to the scene on Boat Day.

you happen to start selling leis?"

"I nevah sell leis befoah I come Honolulu, no."

In Hilo, where she was born (in 1893) and grew up, said Mary Wright, "We jus' weave, braid, not string leis like now. Firs' time I see people stringing leis was when I move Honolulu, 1914. I come up to Inter-Island steamer pier, see those ladies making leis for sell. I ask, 'How much you make?' They tell me, 'Sometime we make good money, sometime not. Sometime dollah.' When they say 'dollah,' I think, *dollah*, that's plenty 'nuff!"

She chuckled reminiscently.

"My first time come sell lei, I don' know how to string lei. I don' know how to call customers. I don' know how much to charge. When they ask, 'How much?,' I stand there like King Kamehameha's statue! Sometimes I laugh myself when I think on that."

"I watch other ladies, get long needle, string fas'. As time goes by, I learning. Know how to get customers by making friends. In the beginning, I kind of bashful. Now I have no fear."

"What's your own favorite lei, Mrs. Wright?"

"Pakalana! So tiny, and when you make for selling, takes so long. I do make sometimes, for my own use. Pikake takes longest to string. So tiny, too, eh?

"Plumeria is fastest kind to string. They so easy. Fill up the needle in no time, all pau! Yellow plumeria, the tourists like that. Like me, I have lots of them in my yard."

Her yard is at her house in Papakolea, the Hawaiian community on the slopes of Punchbowl, where she has made her home since 1922. Here she raised seven sons and four daughters, now has so many grandchildren "that I don't know how to figure!" and "about 17" great-grandchildren.

Mama Wright's yard gives evidence of her hobby as well as her occupation. What is her hobby?

"Flowers and mo' flowers!" she beams. "And yard cleaning. I don' care for housecleaning. Jus' brush up the house, go out in the yard. I like to be outside, I really do. Play 'round with the plants!"

The plants that early Hawaiians "played around with" would amaze most tourists. The leis of sweet- smelling vines, such as maile, puzzle visitors today, though they are still highly prized by kamaainas. And the jade vine lei, which would be the thrill of a lifetime for local people, wouldn't mean a thing to the tourist.

The original foliage and flower leis were flat with open ends, not circular as is customary today. They were long, reaching to the knees, and if they were of a material such as fern woven on a strip of lauhala, could be four to six inches wide.

Leis of seeds, shells, nuts, fruit, carved bone, teeth, boar's tusks, and feathers were used as gifts. The kukui nut lei was, and still is, highly prized as a gift of value. It takes a day or two to polish one nut, even though modern tools have shortened the time required by the old method of rubbing the nuts against stones. The final polish is given by rubbing each nut against the nose, and there is no substitute for that nose-oil shine!

Certainly the most unique lei was the palaoa, worn only by women of the highest rank. It was a thick strand of thousands of tiny braids of human hair, ornamented by an ivory hook made from the tooth of a sperm whale.

Since the Bishop Museum has a monopoly on them, it's a bit difficult to come by one of those little trophies these days. Unless you can persuade your friends and relatives to stand still while you pluck out a few locks of hair . . . and you know someone who's going whaling . . . you'd better stick to flowers!

There's certainly enough variety. Popular flowers for leis are plumeria, pikake jasmine, yellow or white ginger, vanda hybrid orchids (strung singly, round, or maunaloa weave), gardenias, tuberoses, stephanotis, crownflowers, pakalana (Chinese violets), marigolds, carnations, roses, huapali, akulikuli, maunaloa (wild sweet peas), bougainvillea . . . sometimes a rare "blue lei" . . . and the choicest, though almost impossible to get, is still the ilima lei.

The royal lei of yards of ilima blossoms was worn by the alii of Hawaii Nei, but the governor's wife is about the only person today who receives these leis. Each strand takes thousands of the fragile orange flowers, and lasts only a day. They are grown



Hawaii's renowned artist, John Kelly, captured the grace of the lei makers of Hawaii in this delightful portrayal done in 1934.

in only one place in the Islands now, and the production is just enough for four strands a week.

After assembling the materials—from one to three hundred flowers for a carnation lei, for instance, or 2,000 of the tiny kika blossoms for one lei—matching in color and size, selecting for the proper point of maturity, the Hawaiian lei-maker follows one of five traditional methods. These are *kui* (stringing), *hili* (braiding or weaving), *wili* (winding), *humu-humu* or *papa* (sewing), or *haku* (setting or mounting a flower against a background, such as fern).

Many of the old-fashioned leis are seen only during Aloha Week or on Lei Day. Each of the eight islands has its own special lei. Hawaii's is made of the scarlet lehua flower. Maui's is the lokelani, the pink rose. Oahu's is the ilima—and the crepe paper imitations are most often seen. Kauai's lei is not a flower, but the subtly scented mokihana berry. The small white flowers and silvery green leaves of the kukui tree make up the lei of the island of Molokai. Tiny sea shells, called *pupu*, make the lei of Niihau. One of the most curious of all leis is Lanai's, made of twisted strands of a web-like parasitic orange vine called *kaunaoa*. Kahoolawe's lei is *hina-hina*, meaning silver-gray, represented by the beach heliotrope or Spanish moss.

Very few horses wear leis these days, unless they're prancing in parades with pa'u riders . . . but every tourist arriving by ship wears a lei.

It's the loveliest welcome in the world.

Now that there are some days when two and three boats arrive, there must be organization, so that nobody's disappointed.

"There's so much behind this that few people know about!" said Mrs. Frances M. Thompson.

She is the czarina of the flower world in Hawaii, one of the owners of Hawaii Blossoms, who had come down to visit "her girls," the women of the Waterfront Lei Sellers Association.

"We lucky, we really lucky, to get her," said Mama Wright, about Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson began working with the lei sellers in 1953. The University of Hawaiii's agricultural extension service had been acting as organizing agent for cooperation between flower growers and dealers. Mrs. Thompson was president of the Florists and Flower Growers Association. Flowers have been her hobby since childhood. She has taught flower arrangement, has her own florist business, gives lecture demonstrations and arranges exhibits.

And in preserving the state of mind that is aloha, as well as the visible evidence of it that is a flower lei, she is "willing to do anything to help."

With the help of Dr. Horace Clay, of the University of Hawaii, Mrs. Thompson organized the Waterfront Lei Sellers Association, and she agreed to purchase, through Hawaii Blossoms, all the leis for the steamship lines' orders from these lei sellers, dividing the quota among the members.

There were plenty of troubles in the early days of lei-selling. The waterfront women have a chance to sell leis only on boat days. The airport lei sellers can sell everyday, 24 hours a day, and when they would arrive at the piers on boat days, accusations of territory-infringement were inevitable. Several clashes ended in cooling-off periods in the pokey! The Police Department and the Board of Harbor Commissioners got into the act . . . and Mrs. Thompson was arbitrator in the arguments, mother-confessor for the Hawaiian women, and avowed champion of their rights . . . and it's much more peaceful now.

There are 20 members of the Waterfront Lei Sellers Association. They pay dues of 50 cents a month, which is used for a big party once a year. There were many trials in the management of the group, before Mama Wright became president. One of the early presidents literally ate up the dues—she used the money in the treasury to buy food for her children!

Flowers and leis for special occasions were arranged by friends of the hostess, in Honolulu's golden days. And for weddings and "really special" parties, Mrs. Caroline Peterson's aid would be enlisted. Mrs. Peterson, who still gives flower demonstrations at the Honolulu Academy of Arts occasionally, is "the greatest" on

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In recent years, the June Festival of Flowers and Lights has given local residents and Mainland visitors an evening view of some of Honolulu's outstanding homes and gardens. Here, at the home of Mrs. R. G. A. Crowe, authentic Japanese music adds to the charm of the garden scene.

Homes opened for this year's fund-raising event were those of Mrs. Freitas Johnston, Mrs. Boyd MacNaughton and Mrs. Harold K. Erdman. In each of the gardens, extensive lighting was installed by the Hawaiian Electric Company as their contribution to the Circle's annual fund-raising event.



HONOLULU OUTDOOR CIRCLE

Fifty years ago, spring Garden Fetes were sponsored by The Outdoor Circle for all the community to enjoy.

All Hawaii's the Stage for Productions of . . .

THE OUTDOOR CIRCLE

by Kay Winfield

It isn't every ladies' club for civic improvement that can claim the fame of having inspired a Broadway musical comedy scene, but this may soon be the boast of Honolulu's Outdoor Circle. Before long, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit and finally New York will be discovering what people in Hawaii have known for more than half a century . . . that the women who belong to The Outdoor Circle are do'ers, indeed! And all this through the medium of a Broadway-bound musical, *Aloha, Hawaii,* which is now in rehearsal in Honolulu.

No one knows, at the moment, how the members of the Circle will be portrayed in this musical comedy, but just about everybody knows that since 1894 the Circle members have been putting on a pretty good show of their own.

Started first as a committee of the old Kilohana Art League, The Outdoor Circle organized under its present name in 1912, when the parent organization disbanded. First chairman of this fledgling group was Mrs. F. J. Lowrey, with Mrs. Henry Waterhouse, Mrs. Isaac Cox, Mrs. C. M. Cooke, Mrs. George Sherman, Miss Kulumanu Ward and Miss Frances Lawrence as board members.

Since that time, most of the prominent names in Honolulu society have been associated with the organization, and many more of the names of "just plain folks" who have loved Hawaii and wanted to keep her beautiful. For the Outdoor Circle has been no select organization catering only to the whims of the socially prominent. In 1960, as in 1912, the only requirement for membership is that the prospective member believe in the nine simple aims set forth when the group began:

Planting shade trees along streets.
Securing sidewalks and curbs.
Removing old fences.
Ridding the city of billboards.
Cleaning up vacant lots.
Planting hibiscus.
Making parks of open spaces.
Establishing playgrounds for children.
Conserving the natural beauties of nature.

In view of the complexity of most modern organizations, it is indeed a tribute to the seven pioneer officers and their membership of 30 that today's 2,304 members are guided still by these same modest but inspiring aims.

In the beginning, the ladies had meager resources, limited membership, and an almost insurmountable problem . . . that of stimulating community concern over the disreputable old buildings, trash-strewn vacant lots, sparse planting, unsightly billboards and public apathy that were



HONOLULU OUTDOOR CIRCLE

Mrs Theodore Cooke, Mrs. Cyril Damon and Mrs. Grace Wilder, members of three of Honolulu's most distinguished families, did their share of tree planting along the Ala Wai many years ago.

Two organizations joined forces recently to help beautify the renovated parking area in front of the Honolulu Post Office. Rainbow shower trees are planted by Mrs. George Wimberly, president of the Honolulu Circle, and Carl J. Schiffers, chairman of the Downtown Improvement Association's beautification committee. Looking on are Allen Delpech of the Improvement Association, Yoshio Kumimoto, chief engineer, Department of Public Works, and Mrs. K. D. Chun, chairman of the Circle's plant exchange committee.



HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN

fast changing Honolulu into an unattractive city.

Many were the methods employed by Circle members to arouse their city to the need for intelligent renovation of blighted areas and visionary planning for the years to come.

In their now-famous fight to rid Hawaii of billboards, they used gentle persuasion, militant campaigning, a special edition of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser, boycotting of merchants who used billboards, direct contact with national manufacturers of the advertised products, heated debates with local advertising firms, and finally the purchase, outright, of the one billboard advertising firm that remained in 1927 . . . which they bought for $4000 after 14 years of negotiation and promptly scrapped. Almost immediately, the Territorial Legislature passed a bill barring billboards, and the first big fight was won.

Similar tactics were employed a few years ago to convince both citizens and government officials that something should be done about Honolulu's outmoded system of garbage collection and disposal. Circle members, properly clad, rode refuse trucks to inspect both collection methods and city dumps. Prizes were offered to residents who devised the most attractive camouflage for their garbage pails. Hand bills were distributed to home owners. Net result: new legislation on garbage pick-up and disposal and new city trucks to make the plan workable.

Hand in hand with the solving of existing problems has gone the creative work of landscaping vast areas throughout Oahu . . . roadsides, school yards, the Capitol grounds, parks, the State Hospital in Kaneohe, new residential developments and many other spots which daily delight the eyes of passers-by.

Consider what it has meant to the city, for example, that in 1912 the Circle planted monkey-pod trees in Aala Park, flowering trees near Thomas Square, coconut palms on Kalakaua Avenue, bougainvillea vines along the River Street stream, and royal palms in Manoa.

When today's Honolulans drive down Wilder Avenue under the brilliant branches of the poinciana regia, grateful thought should be directed to the Outdoor Circle. The pink shower trees along Piikoi, Magellan, Spencer, Liholiho and Captain Cook streets were Circle-provided. And the stately mahagony trees in the Kalakaua parkway, forming a cool green arch over a busy modern thoroughfare, were put there by the Outdoor Circle.

In the Kaimuki area, alone, over five thousand trees were planted. And in one incredible three-year period, from 1956 to 1959, 16,887 trees were set out in suitable locations around the island.

Temporary residents among the military probably come and go without learning that most of the delightful setting in which they live has been created by efforts of the Circle. Schofield Barracks, and Forts Kamehameha, Armstrong, Ruger, DeRussy and Shafter have profited by the green thumbs and civic-mindedness of Circle members. Surely one of the most spectacular results of this cooperation between the community and the military is the avenue of royal palms and monkey-pod trees surrounding the parade ground at Fort Shafter.

Today's Circle activity encompasses much that the early founders may not have anticipated. Working closely with the Board of Public Parks and Recreation and the Department of Public Works, the Circle acts as consultant on problems of city planning and landscaping. Even in the construction of a modern, multi-level highway, no one dares trim a single tree without consulting The Outdoor Circle . . . and their suggestions are usually accepted with alacrity.

For the new public schools springing up like mushrooms around the island, the Circle will provide landscaping plans, seedlings, cuttings, and willing women who will weed and water until the new growth is well started.

Most interesting of the post-war developments, perhaps, has been the chain of rural Circles which have been organized as new residential areas have grown up. The members, mostly young women with young ideas and boundless enthusiasm, attack local problems much as did their predecessors in 1912, and with as good results.

Since 1925, there have been active branches in Waialua and Wahiawa. Joining these "older sisters" more recently have been both Kaneohe and Lani-Kailua in 1948, Aiea-Halawa in 1953, the Maui branch in 1954, the recent Koma, Hawaii, group and others whose founding dates have not yet been reported to the parent organization in Honolulu.

Mrs. George Wimberly, this year's president of the Honolulu Circle, is typical of the intelligent, visionary, dedicated women who have led the Circle through more than half a century of service to the community.

Although she and her efficient, modern-day officers and members live much different lives than did the founders of their cherished Circle, they agree with those who have served before them that the big job is simply "to work for a more beautiful Hawaii."

It really doesn't much matter what that Broadway-bound play has to say about the Outdoor Circle, after all. Because the ladies of the Circle have been star performers in their own right for many a year.

In advertising the wonders of Hawaii, The Outdoor Circle should certainly get top billing . . . but not on billboards!





HONOLULU OUTDOOR CIRCLE

First President of the Honolulu Outdoor Circle, in 1912, was Mrs. F. J. Lowrey. Ambitious as were Mrs. Lowrey and her original membership of 30 to beautify Hawaii, they probably did not dream of the scope of work which the Circle was to undertake in the succeeding half century. But the aims they devised for the group at that time continue to provide impetus today for the bigger jobs being done in a bigger city than they could possibly have foreseen.



HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN

Officers of the Honolulu Outdoor Circle, 1960, are, left to right, Mrs. Alan S. Davis, first vice-president; Mrs. George J. Wimberly, president; Mrs. Jack Marnie, second vice-president; and Mrs. Boyd MacNaughton, third vice-president. Mrs. Wimberly is indicating on a scale model of the Capitol proposed by the Downtown Improvement Association the underground parking area.

AROUND AND ABOUT HONOLULU



BEFORE the advent of civilization the village of Honolulu, inhabited by the aborigines, had all the natural advantages required by an incorporated municipality. The site sloped gently towards the water front, the high mountains on the northeast provided a barrier against too frequent rains or too forcible drafts of trade winds and the wide expanse of comparatively level plain permitted the establishment of a large city with modern improvements. A cluster of grass houses was erected here because the harbor afforded excellent protection for the great war and fishing canoes, though the settlement was unimportant compared with some communities on the other islands. The early white navigators and traders who came into this harbor in the last decade of the eighteenth century realized at once that it could be made a safe port of call, as it already had protecting reefs. Before Kamehameha conquered the Islands traders came from Europe, the eastern shores of America and from China to barter with the simple natives on the water front, which then stretched along the present Queen street. Honolulu never took a rapid growth, which is so often the good fortune of American cities west of the Alleghenies, but it advanced by very slow, steady strides throughout the past century. It never had a boom and it never had a set-back. If it ever had one period in which its growth was faster than in another it was in the first year of this century, when some very noticeable improvements were started in the mercantile district.

It was annexation, five years ago this month, that really paved the way for the developments at the opening of this century. Many of the finest business structures and residences were commenced then, and a large amount of capital was turned into new lines of trade and into plantations. Trade for a short time was very perceptibly invigorated and the results of that flush exist today in a better condition of public utilities. Prominent among the good things that have come with the assurance of stable government is the passenger service of the Honolulu Rapid Transit & Land Co., which operates more than 18 miles of car track. Its electric trolley cars, one of which is seen in the cut on this page, traversing the Hotel street line, run from Kapiolani Park, in the eastern extremity of the city, to Kalihi, in the western extremity.



Continued from page 25

old Hawaiian things—the croton-leaf roses, the flower or croton-leaf kahilis, the woven basket containers made of palm fronds, the *puolos* that are ti-leaves and flowers and fruit magically transformed into the most charming gift containers imaginable.

The days of those loving-hands-at-home manners with flowers have gone forever, for the casual visitor. The only contact with the closest thing to that personal aloha is the continued existence of Hawaiian lei sellers. In this, declares Mrs. Thompson, "Everybody in town should help."

If the waterfront lei sellers have to get their flowers from commercial growers, the cost goes up too high. If they could go to the parks, cemeteries, and mountainsides to pick flowers, they'd be assured of a good supply. They'd be satisfied to be still a part of the waterfront. Making a big profit is not their aim. For some of the women, Boat Day is their only social contact. They come from all over the island, see their friends, play cards, and have a big day. They do not count the cost of their time into the cost of the lei—a most uncommercial attitude!—but are happy if they make enough to keep their families off relief.

Mrs. Thompson suggests that if people planted more lei flowers and let the lei sellers pick them, it would keep this unique and colorful part of the Hawaiain scene alive, and would benefit everyone.

If that sounds too altruistic, coming from someone who is in the florist business herself, Mrs. Thompson explains that there is a place for both "boat leis" and the more "dress-up" leis and flowers from shops.

As well as rising costs of growing flowers—for example, pikake will grow in only certain areas, one of which is Waialae-Kahala where a booming housing development has caused land prices to soar—shipping has also changed the lei picture.

The "pre-war" leis were not great, big, gaudy leis, but were dainty, and nobody minded if they lasted only a few hours. Since 1950, the demand for leis that can be mailed has shifted the emphasis to the use of flowers that will remain fresh for several days. Vanda orchids, previously considered a purely "tourist lei" by local people, meet that need for shipping.

Styles in leis change, too, as in the demand for bigger and fatter leis . . . doubling, tripling, quadrupling the carnations—and the cost! Tour directors turn up their noses at crown flower leis now, because they are small and have no fragrance, yet 20 years ago one of the most popular leis was ten to fifteen graduated strands of crown flowers. On the other hand, the plumeria that is the tourist favorite was used for leis only after a great deal of persuasion, as it was considered a "graveyard flower" by Hawaiians.

In 1865 a dictionary-compiling missionary defined a lei as: "An ornamental dress for the head or neck; a string of beads; a necklace; a wreath of green leaves or flowers; a crown for the head."

Mrs. Thompson and most of the lei sellers feel that today's attitude that "*anything* that can be tied together and worn around the neck is a lei" is all too prevalent, and needs to be corrected by an education program in the true meaning of leis. Certainly such things as beer cans tied together . . . or the "dried out, wrapped *things*" a group of cattlemen recently ordered made into leis . . . are killing the spirit. Even though the word "aloha" has been bandied about and commercialized, the true sentiments cling to flower leis and the warmth and friendship with which they are given.

As the apartment warrens soar skyward, and the sound of the piledrivers sends shivers down kamaaina spines, it's comforting to know that there's a corner where Mama Wright's philosophy still exists.

"Sitting here in the park with the leis," she says, "I see lotta' people come and go, make lotta' friends. They come ovah, talk to me, sometime they sit right down on the grass and stay a while!

"Even the army boys, those haole boys, very few homesick. Mos' of them like stay here.

"The bes' thing they like mos' is meeting with people of all nationality in nice way, friendly way."

And I went home in a nice way, friendly way . . . happy all day because a flower lei had been placed around my neck with real aloha.

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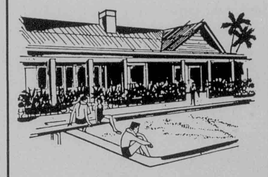

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Continued from page 22

papaya leaves which covered a large platter. The male papaya tree has beautiful long-stemmed creamy blossoms, something like a cluster af verbenas. After filling the papaya shell with the golden sherbet, the top half is adjusted and the platter garnished with sprays of blossoms.

There is something about a yellow cake, frosted in chocolate, which fulfills a culinary dream, and that's what we served with our sherbet that day. And then came the coffee.

Fifty years ago the only two stores in Honolulu which carried china tableware, Dimond's and E. O. Hall's, stocked just two patterns, a white and gold set and a cheaper, more ordinary type of blue and white for everyday use. A few wealthier hostesses rejoiced in complete dinner sets of Canton, imported from China, but for the most part, it was white and gold or blue in every domain. There were 12 of us that day at luncheon, but unfortunately Mrs. Love's china closet contained only 11 white and gold cups, so I instructed my cook to serve the white and gold cups to the guests and a blue cup to me. This was the first party we had given with the new cook, but I was pleased to see that he served well, and dinner proceeded like pearls rolling over velvet. Then my little Mura appeared in the doorway with the coffee tray. In loud, stentorian tones that could be heard the length of the table, he questioned: "Missy, white cup no nuff, I give you blue cup aw rite?"

My day in 1909 contrasts sharply with the busy week of my modern-day neighbor.

Immediately after breakfast, prepared by the Japanese Boy of All Work, I telephoned my meat and grocery orders. (I went to market only on special occasions.) After arranging fresh flowers around the house I sat at my desk till luncheon time, writing thank-you notes for wedding gifts.

After luncheon, to which my husband usually came home, I rested a short while. On Mondays and Thursdays I stayed at home to receive callers. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays I went calling. Women took calling seriously in those days. I returned over 300 calls in the first three months. Most of our social life was in the evenings when we attended dinners or bridge parties.

I marvel at the young housewives of today, most of them without servants and most of them with children.

Mrs. Mark Reid Yates, my neighbor across the street, lives in a 12-room house of which she has recently planned and supervised the entire redecorating. Her family comprises husband, a 17-year-old daughter, a 13-year-old son and a boy of 11 years. She employs a cleaning woman once a week.

Asked how she keeps her house so immaculate and the household machinery running smoothly, she replied that each member of the family has his share of duties and responsibilities.

One of this young hostess' favorite dinner menus starts with papaya cocktail. This is followed by leg of lamb, parsley potatoes, a delicious casserole dish of Frenched green beans and mushroom soup. Served with the entree is some of the famous spoon bread which is one of the



Glimpsed through an arched doorway is Mrs. Yates' collection of glassware from four generations, arranged on glass shelves against a mirror background.

specialties of the Collingwood Tea House, which is located on property formerly owned by George Washington near Mt. Vernon and owned by Mrs. Edmund Brewer Montgomery of Alexandria, Va., mother of Charlotte Yates' husband. Served in her great grandmother's delicate wine glasses with the lamb will be sparkling Burgundy or Almaden Rose. A very special dessert, Angel Delight, featuring Hawaiian pineapple, angel food cake and whipped cream, is one which Mrs. Yates often serves. Coffee in the drawing room completes this delightful dinner.

Mrs. Yates is a member of Central Union Church and sings in the senior choir each Sunday, requiring Thursday night rehearsal each week. She is also a member of the Woman's League of the church and belongs to the Couples' Club, a supper club including discussions on timely subjects as a part of its program.

She is on the house committee for Fernhurst, YWCA boarding residence for young women. She is room mother for the Punahou PTA. She is a member of the Children's Hospital Auxiliary and works in their Thrift Shop from 9:30 to 2:30 one day each week. She belongs to the Women's Auxiliary of the Honolulu Symphony, the Honolulu Academy of Arts, the Territorial Hospital and the Outdoor Circle. She also belongs to a religious discussion group.

The entire family is very sports conscious and Mrs. Yates' favorite diversion is water skiing.

She keeps house, she keeps slender, and she keeps happy.

Mrs. Yates tells me that her grandfather, Irving Farrar Moulton, came originally from Massachusetts. My grandfather was Charles Edwards Farrar, also from New England. After all, as well as being neighbors, I guess we must be "kissin' cousins."



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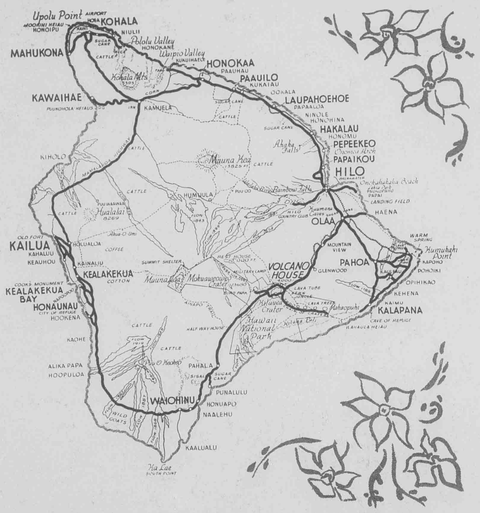



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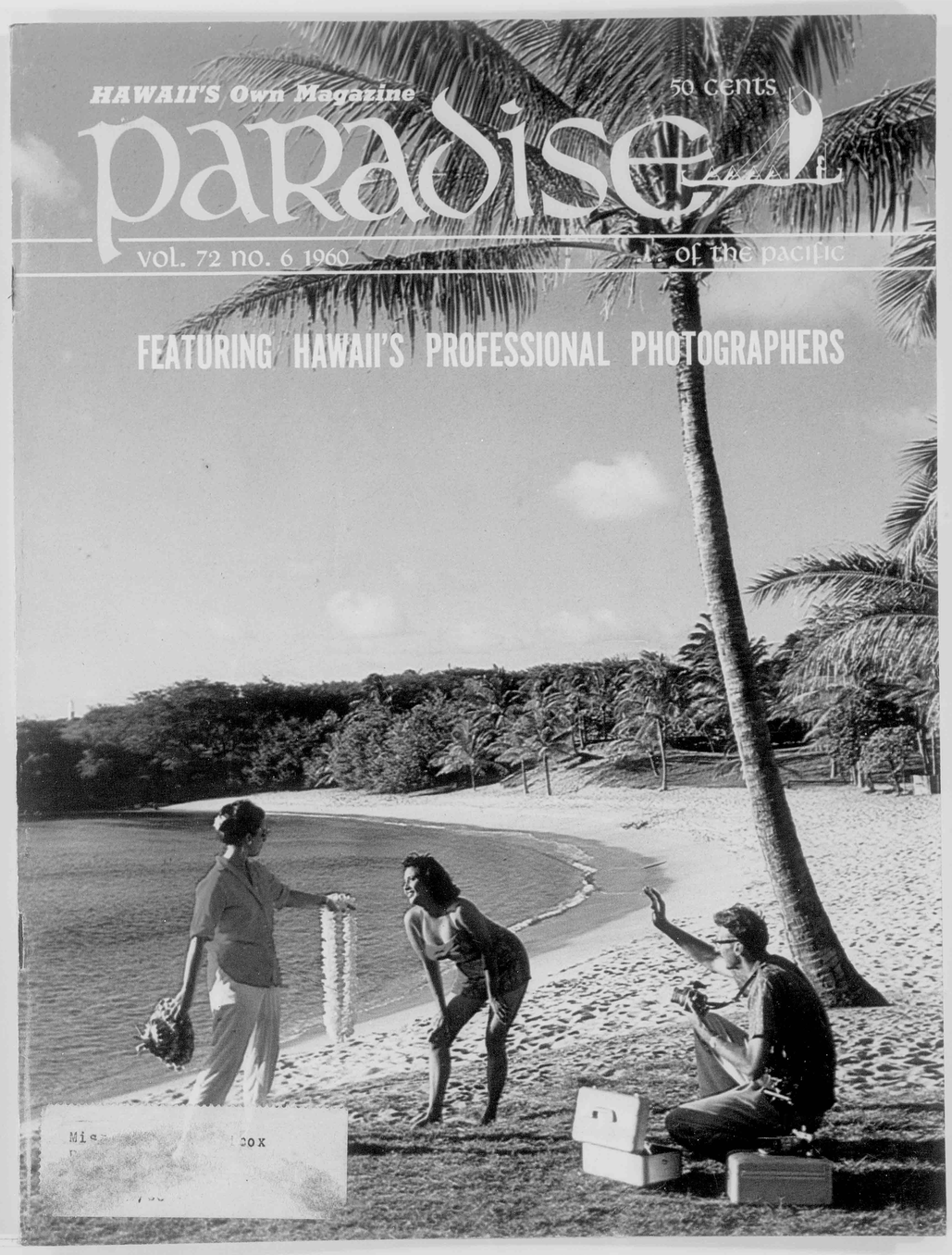
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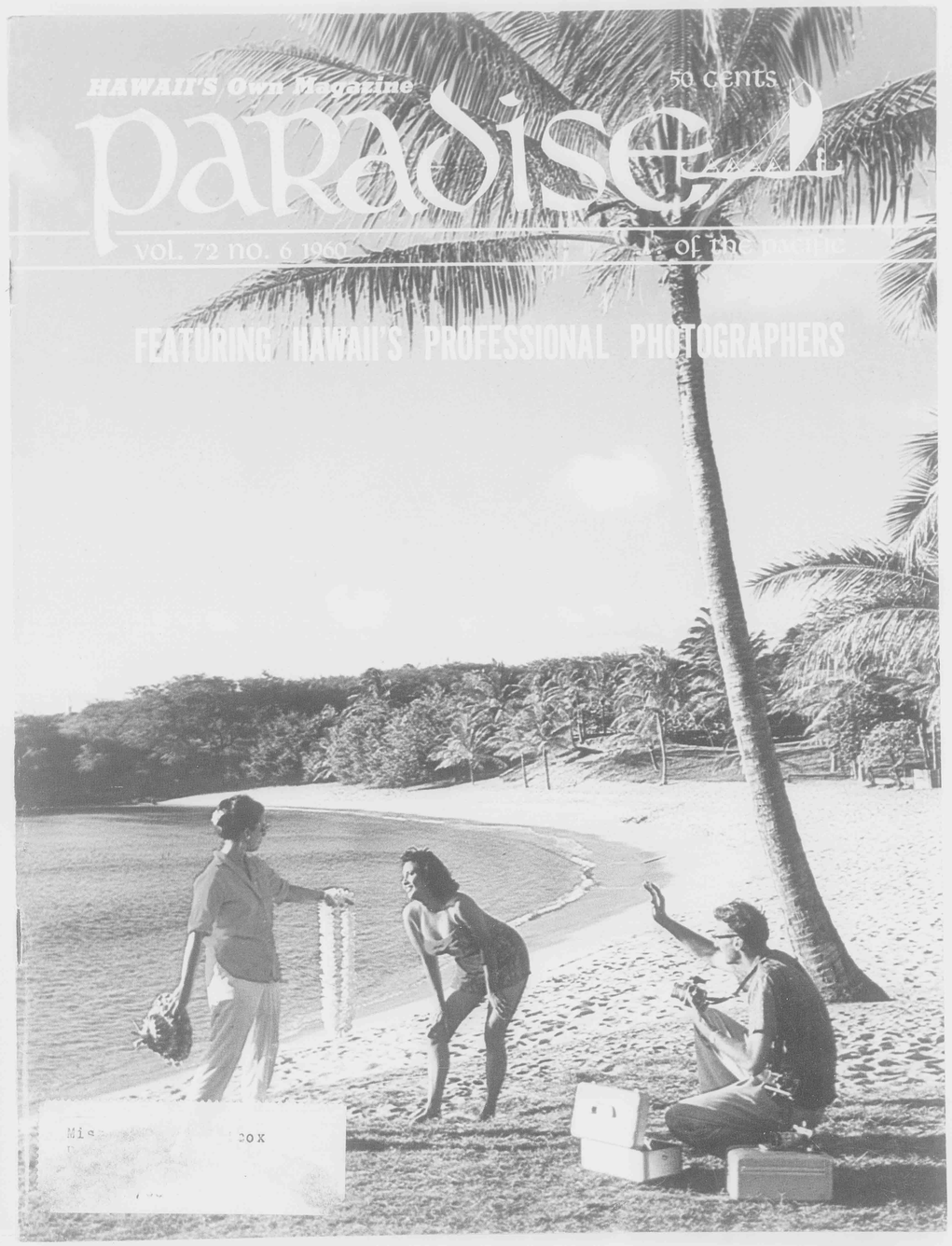
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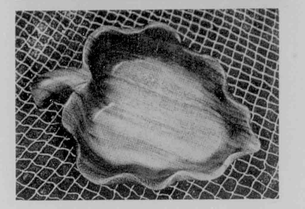

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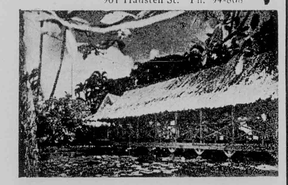

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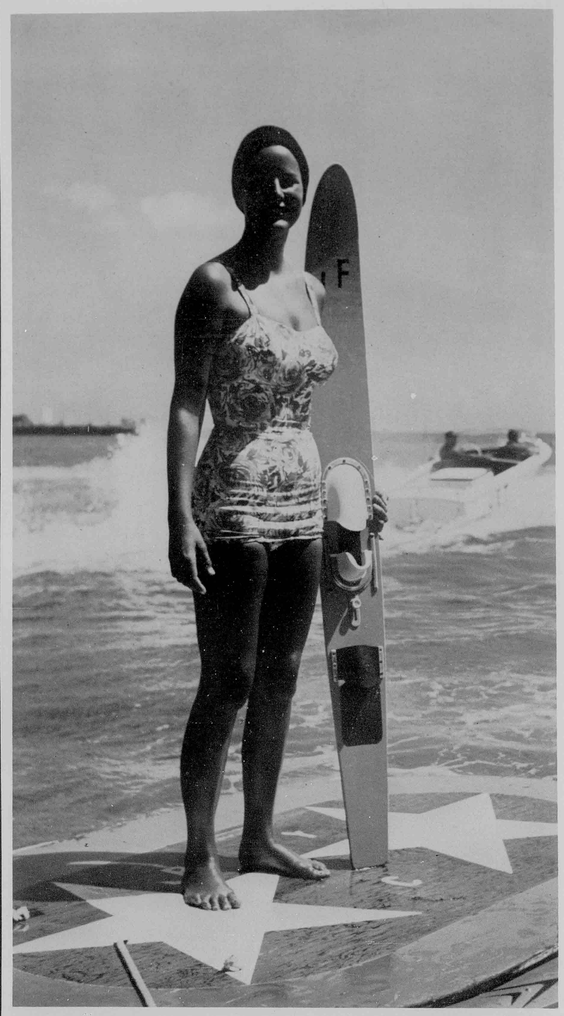

Lovely Jackie Faria, wife of local Waikiki police officer, was chosen Queen of the 50th State Water Ski Tournament held at Hickam Harbor during the 3-day Memorial Day weekend.

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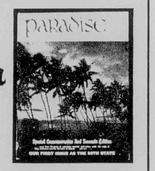

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HAWAII'S PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

The Editors of Paradise present a picture of Hawaii as seen through the eyes and recorded by the cameras of thirteen of the Islands' outstanding professional photographers.

Each photographer was given free reign in the selection of a photograph to be used with his profile sketch, both because we knew that all artists have a favorite subject and because we realized that the public's conception of an artist's work does not always clearly represent that artist as an individual.

Just as many a business man would prefer to work in one of the professions, so would many photographers prefer to work in areas other than those connected with their daily assignments. Thus, it is not surprising that some of our guests in this issue chose photographs which are quite different from those seen over their credit lines in local publications.

There are all kinds of photographers, just as their are all kinds of people. Some wait patiently for long hours for a perfect moment, with a result like that of Yoshioki Ishii's spitting seal.

Others see contrasts vividly, and the composition of their pictures is as striking as that of Douglas Davidson's two children playing beneath the banyan tree.

Some of the men do work reminiscent of the European school of photography, with its awareness of the individual personality. Werner Stoy does this in his study of the Tahitian fisherman.

Others approach poetry in their pictures, as does Robert Wenkam in his sensitive three-verse description of the beauty of Hawaii.

Robert Goodman, in his series of the boy and girl on the bench, displays an understanding of human nature that mere words could never describe.

In Gordon Morse's pictures of the girl attempting suicide, we feel the true news photographer's instinct "to be where the news is when it happens." And in his interesting lead story we learn much of the world in which the professional photographer lives and works.

If members of the Paradise staff had selected the pictures to be used in this issue, our choices might have been different ones. But we would have revealed **our** personalities to our readers, and not the personalities of the photographers who snapped the shutters.

For this insight into the lives of thirteen men and for an unique glimpse of the many facets of life in the Islands, we are grateful to Hawaii's professional photographers. The Editors.

Professional photographers in Hawaii are a lucky lot.

And why not? They click shutters in an Island paradise of opportunity unequaled in the world.

Consider the scenic photographer. He provides colorful picture postcards, beautifies travel magazines and helps keep the Hawaii Visitors Bureau in business. He has a natural studio that is a paradise of beaches, surf, fern clad mountains, waterfalls, volcanoes, pretty girls of a dozen racial groups and unlimited south sea atmosphere.

And what's more, his studio is temperature controlled and sunlit for year round work.

The commercial photographer has it made. He has the business of a booming metropolis and spreading suburban communities, with the added interest of vacationers and the military. The business is so concentrated that within ten miles of any Honolulu photographer's office lie the million-dollar empire of hotels and vacation resorts, manufacturing, high finance, industry, private enterprise and official state business, the homes, plantations and fisheries.

Press shutterbugs often go into orbit, for theirs is a varied challenge that encompasses every assignment imaginable. Their daily beat covers waterfront and air activities of world-plying ships and planes; the military might of the Pacific fleet with its nuclear submarines; the Army and Air Force with their atomic weapons and jets; and a civilian population of a dozen different races living on a string of picturesque islands that are often buffeted by volcanic eruptions, floods, tropical storms and tidal waves.

To top it off, the Honolulu press photographer's front yard is the crossroads for all of the people who travel the world, from maharajas to movie stars. Probably no other spot on earth can claim such a vast range of photographic opportunities.

Yet the cameramen who work this paradise are of no special breed. They have the same habits, use the same film and cameras and have the same frustrations as cameramen in Minneapolis or Cape Town. They even get caught shooting with the lens cap on, once in a while.

There are nearly 75 professional photographers on Oahu alone, not counting moviemen, with another 20 on the four major Neighbor Islands. These men are of Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, Hawaiian and Caucasian descent. They are found in private businesses, in the Armed Forces, on the Police Force and in the State government.

The 13 represented in this issue are merely a cross section. Some are top men in their fields, others are promising newcomers.

Like any other professional group, the majority of Hawaii's photographers do the unglamorous jobs of maintaining studios or camera shops, satisfying guests at hotels or airports, dreaming up art for house organs or producing prints in a darkroom.

In direct contrast to these are a nucleus of some 30 photographers who do something different every day. They chase fires, hike in the mountains after plane crashes, pose girls on surfboards, picture the Governor giving awards, or capture the beauty of queens at the University of Hawaii.

Here's what a few of these cameramen were doing on Wednesday, June 1:

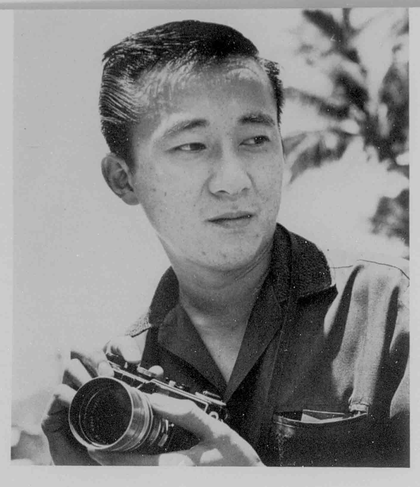
Among the news hounds one was picturing the Chun-Hoon family dedicating the new Chinese temple in Honolulu; another was shooting in color the cast of Aloha Hawaii at the Waikiki Shell; two were maneuvering around a serious two-car crash on Kamehameha Highway; and one was taking a series of fashion photos at The Liberty House.

The commercial men were spread all over the Islands. One was taking aerial shots of a newly planned subdivision on the Big Island, while another was standing in a mountain stream at Hanalei, Kauai, posing a pretty girl with a large red hibiscus in her hair for the color jacket of a record album.

Honolulu's flowering trees were bursting with springtime beauty and three scenic photographers were loaded with cameras and color film as they replenished their stock of slides for hotel camera shops in Waikiki.

Although these cameramen are all independent workers, and belong to no local professional club or organization, a volcanic eruption on the Big Island can bring them together within a matter of hours. Minutes after an eruption is announced these men drop everything and break speed records for the airport. Competition is fierce at the eruption scene. Newspaper photog-

continued on page 32



jerry chong

Fast becoming one of Hawaii's top color photographers is Jerry Chong, who at 28 is one of the main stays of Camera Hawaii Inc.

Born in Honolulu and a graduate of McKinley High School, class of 1951, Jerry enlisted in the U.S. Air Force and was promptly assigned as staff photographer for the public information office in Hawaii.

He taught himself the art of camera clicking and darkroom technique and gained experience by working with local studio photographers in his spare time.

Since joining Camera Hawaii, Jerry has made a reputation in the fields of editorial, fashion and advertising photography. In the past two years he has contributed heavily to national magazines where his color photos illustrating Hawaiian stories have won the praise of experts.

Jerry's recent splash of color in Life Magazine on the Kilauea Iki volcano eruption are now on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and are considered among the all-time great photographs.



HAWAII WATER, COCONUT TREES AND CARS

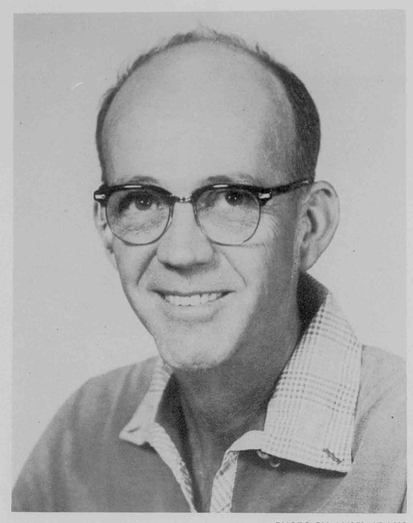


PHOTO BY ANSEL ADAMS

douglas davidson

Born and reared on Kauai, Douglas M. Davidson is presently one of Hawaii's leading candid and portrait photographers. Married to his camera, he has enjoyed a life-long love affair with the Hawaiian Islands.

He owned his first camera at the age of 16 and immediately focused it on a professional future. The first picture he took was of a wild goat in the Waimea Canyon on Kauai.

It was natural that a home-made darkroom would follow, and with it the suffering of relatives, neighbors, plantation workers and anyone who would sit still for a portrait.

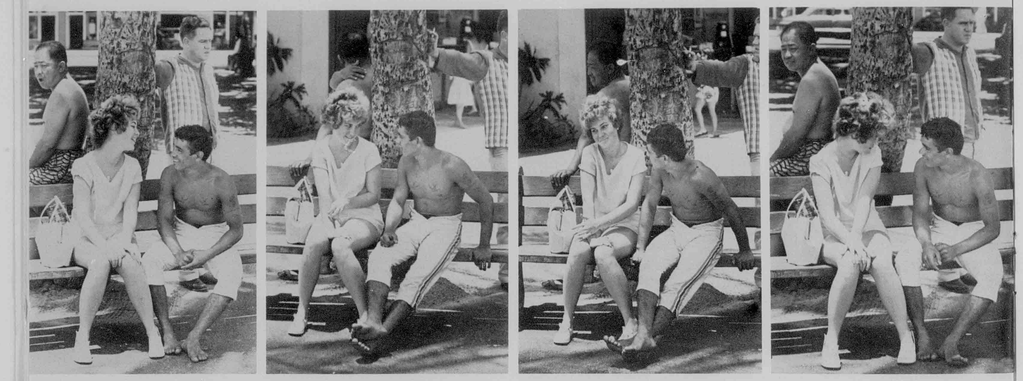
Later Douglas studied at the Art Center in Los Angeles under Ansel Adams, Fred Archer, Will Connel and Valentine Sara. He became an instructor at the Art Center and was given one of its lifetime scholarships.

During World War II he taught photography for Cal Tech and did industrial and public relations photography for Northrop Aircraft. He returned to Honolulu in 1946 to open his own studio.

Over the years Douglas has excelled in wedding candids until today his reputation is nation-wide. He also specializes in teen-age portraits and candid photos of children.

Still a scenic photographer at heart, Douglas carries his camera with him constantly. The picture on the opposite page, of two children nestled at the roots of an ancient banyan tree, is just one of those candid shots he's always looking for. He calls it "Youth and Age."





robert goodman



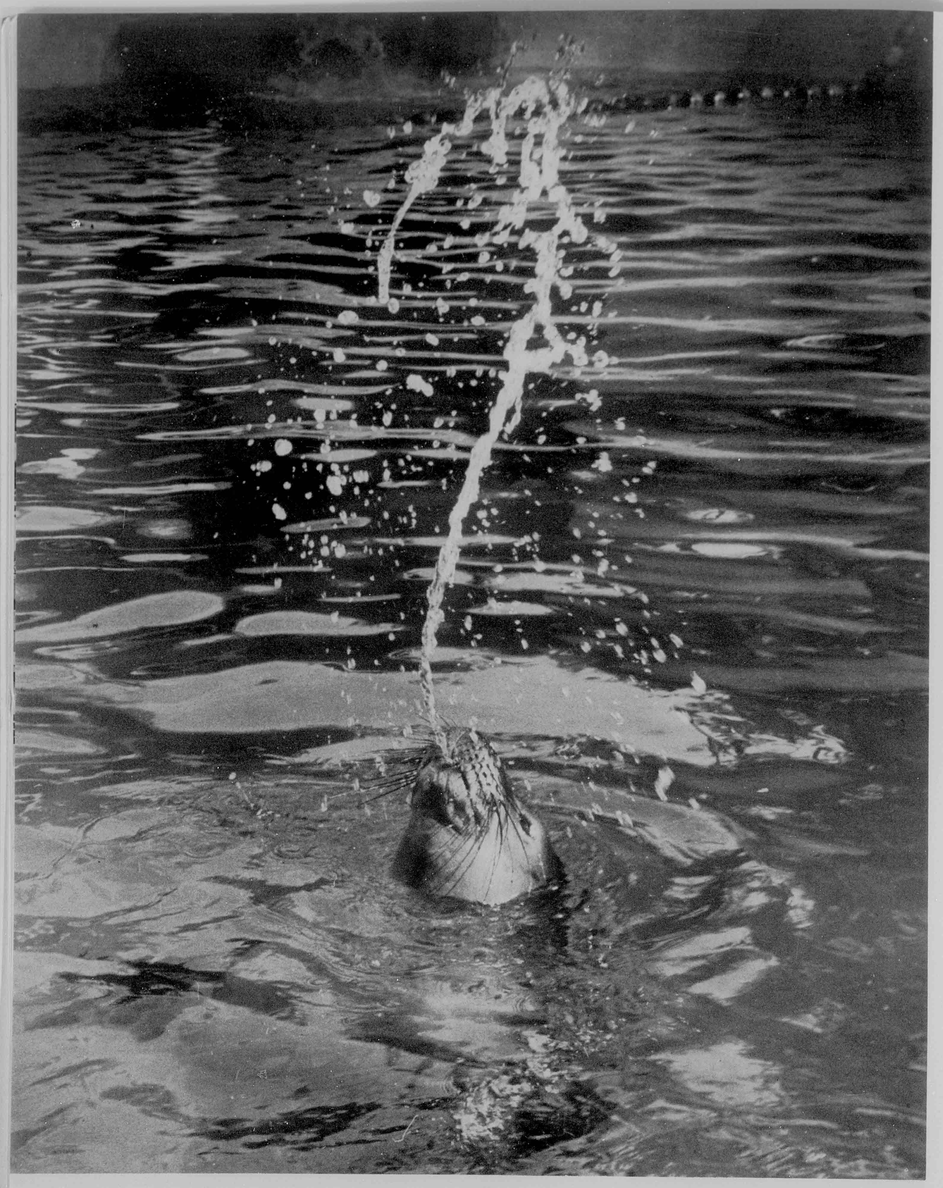
Robert B. Goodman is a 27-year-old newcomer to Hawaii. He arrived the day the Islands became a State and decided to stay awhile because, as he put it, "I couldn't believe that the only contribution Hawaii had to give to the world was Waikiki beach."

Bob soon found out what made Hawaii tick. He teamed up with Robert Wenkam and in the last ten months has produced picture stories for National Geographic, Life, Look Magazine, Fortune and a host of smaller publications.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Bob decided at 13 that he would be a professional photographer. After receiving his bachelor's degree from the University of Ohio in 1955 he took a staff position with Black Star, a top-ranking international picture agency.

His unique talent with a camera is much in demand and today he uses Hawaii only as a base, as he hops back and forth across the Pacific to Alaska, the Orient and the South Pacific to produce his picture stories.

Bob knows cameras and buys directly from a factory only after testing each camera and lense thoroughly. He specializes in the 35mm with its many interchangeable lenses. He has also done much experimenting with the new ultra-fast color films.



yoshiaki ishii



Ready to try anything different in the realm of photography is Yoshiaki Ishii, chief of The Honolulu Advertiser's news photography lab. His experiments have often provided a front page picture that has captured favorable comments throughout the Pacific and the nation.

Y. Ishii, 36, was born in Keakukaha, south Hilo, and is a graduate of Farrington High School. Originally an automotive mechanic by trade, Ishii made photography his hobby during World War II. He drifted into the camera clicking profession by working as a lab technician for several Waikiki commercial studios.

He joined The Honolulu Advertiser in 1949 and became chief of the photographic staff upon the death of K. Shimogaki in 1956.

Ishii specializes in no particular camera and has owned them all from 8x10 view cameras to 35 mm. He is credited in Hawaii's press circles with beginning the shift, from the 4x5 flash camera, that had been the work horse of news photographers, to the natural light technique with the compact 35mm and its many interchangeable lenses.

A three-time winner of the Honolulu Press Club photography award, Ishii finds his challenge in trying to do something different with the routine photographic assignment. In this respect he has relied extensively on mastering such cameras as the one-shot color camera, panoramic and rapid-firing motorized cameras.

His choice photo of a seal spitting water at the Waikiki aquarium is typical of his patience and technique for getting the unusual shot.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin photographer Terry K. W. Luke began an active career in photography at the age of 12 when someone gave him a camera for Christmas. He quickly mastered that simple camera and graduated to the more complicated types while winning local snapshot contests.

After serving two years in the Signal Corps at Fort Shafter as an Army cameraman, Terry joined Hawaii's evening daily in 1952 and is rated as a color specialist in press photography.

Terry is noted for his excellent work on all types of photographic assignments. He sparked the campaign for more color photography in the daily news and women's pages of Honolulu's papers early in 1950 and has shouldered most of the color work on his paper over the years.

He is also on call as an Associated Press wire service photographer and his color photos of volcano eruptions and other local news of Mainland interest have been transmitted the world over.

He is married and has three sons.

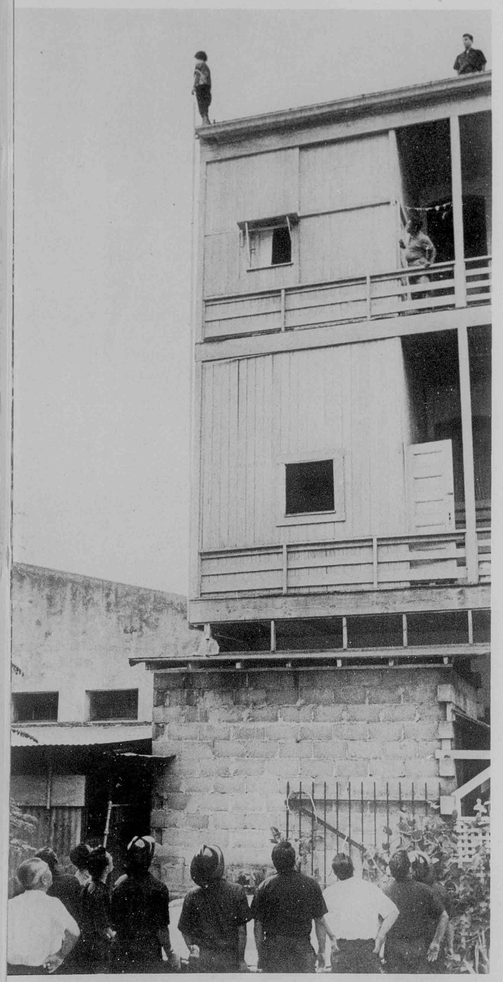
Terry chose the picture on the following page for a specific reason. He visited the site of the 1955 Puna volcano eruption a day before activity began and saw only dense ohia forests and sugar cane plantations. The very next day this green flat land was an inferno with black cinder cones spouting molten rock and changing the face of Hawaii.

"You just can't believe the change unless you see it," Terry says. "That's why I picked this picture as my favorite."



terry luke





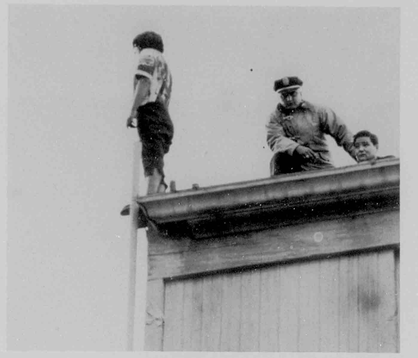
gordon morse

Where there's a serious accident or rescue, Islanders are used to seeing a tall blond man at the scene firing away with camera and pencil. He's Gordon Morse, reporter-photographer for The Honolulu Advertiser whose background is about varied as the assignments he covers.

Born in Honolulu in 1927, Gordon was reared on Molokai and in rural Oahu. He is a graduate of Mid Pacific Institute and spent two years in the U.S. Army Engineers during World War II as Sgt. of a dud ammunition demolition squad.

He then turned commercial fisherman for a year before saving enough money to attend



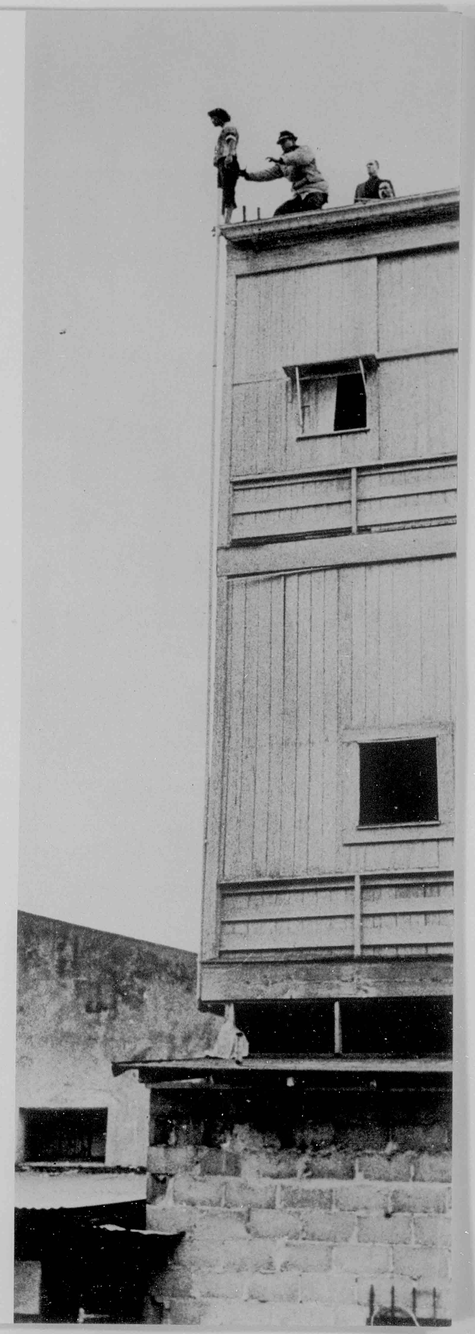


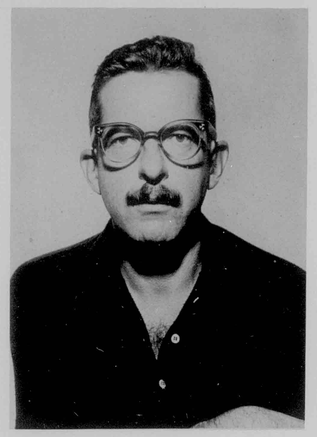
St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn., where he worked for an English degree. However, the marriage and journalism bugs both hit him during his senior year and he transferred to the Boston University School of Journalism where he finished in 1952 and married a commercial layout artist on the Christian Science Monitor.

Gordon became interested in photography and writing while still in high school and had his first short stories published in The Paradise of the Pacific in 1946. At college he began as photographer for the school newspaper and ended up as editor.

He returned to Hawaii in 1952 and joined The Honolulu Advertiser as a reporter-photographer. Through the years he has won four Honolulu press club awards for news and feature photos and the 1955 Puna volcano eruption coverage. His news beat has included such assignments as interviewing Presidents of the U.S. and on through the mill of drownings, accidents, fires, murders, volcano eruptions, tidal waves, hurricanes and human interest features.

His pet assignment is one where action is fast and the opportunity to get "the shot" comes only once in a split second. His photo of a Honolulu policeman saving a girl who is about to commit suicide atop a Honolulu building is an example of the dramatic situations for which he is always prepared.





warren roll

Warren Roll, 38, chief photographer for The Honolulu Star-Bulletin, is a handy man to have around for marine photo assignments. It's only natural, because Warren lives in a 26-foot cutter at the Ala Wai Boat Harbor and got his start in photography while in the Navy.

Warren hails from Maine and was first attracted to the sea as a youth while boating on Long Island Sound.

He enlisted in the Navy at the outset of World War II and emerged four years later as chief photographer's mate. Hawaii captured his fancy during a Pacific tour of duty and he vowed to return to make the Islands his home.

His newspaper photo career began in 1945 on the Bangor Daily Commercial in Maine and two years later he moved to California as chief photographer with the San Rafael Independent Journal.

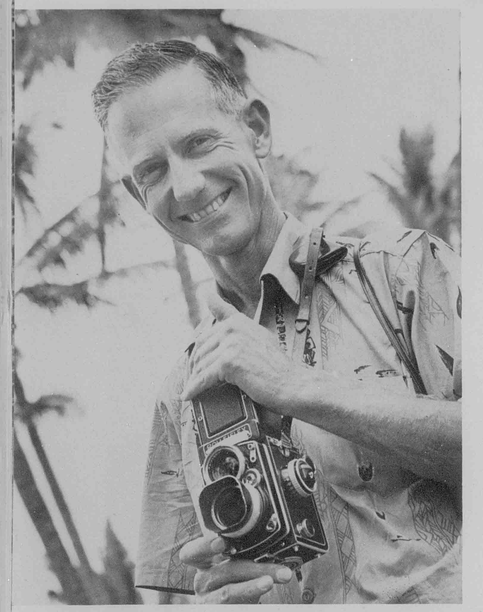
The Navy recalled him for 18 month's duty in the Korean War but he returned to the San Rafael paper in 1952 where he developed a rugged type of news camera which he planned to market. The project never saw commercial success but Warren still uses the prototype of his invention in his newspaper work.

Warren, who is noted for his rugged individualism and bushy brown mustache, finally took root in Hawaii in 1954. He worked with Werner Stoy for a year, then moved to The Honolulu Star-Bulletin where he was made chief of the photo lab four years ago.

His beat is wherever there's action in the 50th State, but he's at his best when there's water under his feet. His selection of the cutter Nam Sang crossing the Diamond Head finish line at dawn during the 1957 Trans-Pacific Yacht Race was widely reprinted.



werner stoy



Werner Stoy may head the largest commercial photography business in Hawaii, and may be known nationally as "Mr. Camera Hawaii," but he's really still an amateur at heart.

Werner comes from California. His interest in photography began when he bought a camera to record subjects while taking a commercial art correspondence course. The photographic hobby grew into a freelance business and finally blossomed into a career when he became a photographer with the San Francisco Examiner in 1938.

In 1940 Werner came to Hawaii on a one year contract as a photographer for the Pan Pacific Press. He stayed on, and in 1950 started a firm known as Camera Hawaii. He began with one assistant. Today he employes 12 people and boasts the most active photographic organization in Hawaii, specializing in the fields of editorial, business, institutional and advertising photography.

Today Camera Hawaii Inc. takes an ever-increasing amount of time for administrative and business matters, but Werner still finds time to be chief photographer for his group of highly skilled photographers and technicians. His work can currently be seen in American Homes, Fortune, Time, Life, Sports Illustrated, Saturday Evening Post and a host of other national magazines. He has also illustrated more than 60 record album covers.

Werner maintains active membership in the American Society of Magazine Photographers, National Press Photographers Association, Rotary Club of Honolulu, Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, Honolulu Press Club, Honolulu Advertising Club, Advertising Artists and Designers and the Outrigger Canoe Club.



TAHITIAN FISHERMAN



takashi umeda

Thirty-three-year-old Takashi Umeda has long been regarded as the "work horse" of The Honolulu Advertiser's photo staff. He usually covers more than 10 assignments a day and has never been known to miss a deadline.

Taki, as he is known to his friends, was born in Honolulu and is a graduate of Farrington High School. The Army stimulated his interest in photography when he served in the Signal Corps during World War II.

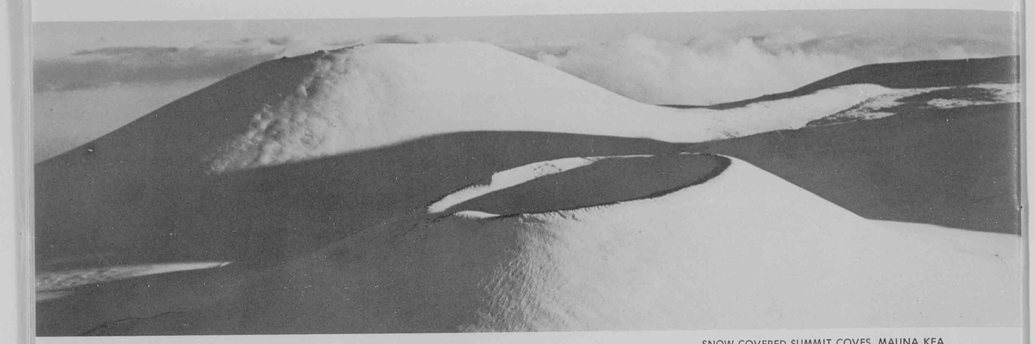
He graduated from the Los Angeles Institute of Photography in 1947 and returned to the Islands to work in the commercial portrait business. He joined The Advertiser in 1956.

A typical eight-hour day for this news photographer may include pictures of a fashion show, automobile fatality, legislative session, burning building, Boy Scout being honored by the Mayor, a murder and a series of shots of animals at the zoo.

He relies heavily on his 35 mm and natural light technique, and for the past three years has done most of the color photography for The Advertiser's Hawaiian Holiday magazine.

Married and the father of a daughter, Taki says his hobby is his work. His favorite picture was taken at a public luau about two months ago. It needs no caption.





SNOW COVERED SUMMIT COVES, MAUNA KEA



TASSELED SUGAR CANE, MAUNAWILI



EARLY MORNING, MAUNALUA BAY

robert wenkam

If any man deserves the dual title of poet-photographer it is Robert Wenkam. He would give up eating and sleeping to chase rainbows with a camera.

Bob calls Hawaii home. He says he came to the Islands from the Big Island of America in 1941 just in time to record the bombing of Pearl Harbor. His photographs of that infamous day appeared in many national magazines and sparked his interest in photography as a full time vocation.

Standing six feet eight inches tall, Bob soon made himself known about Honolulu. He was an architectural draftsman by trade and by 1948 found his business booming in the architectural photography field.

Today his business encompasses a full range of clients that include some of Hawaii's largest advertising accounts. He does the lion's share of the architectural photography business and such side-line assignments as color covers and local news shots for Life Magazine, and The National Geographic, record album jackets and national color advertisements on the Islands.

Lately he's been in such demand that he has had to learn to fly his own plane to be more readily available for neighbor island assignments. It can be truly said that his photographs are an integral part of the Hawaiian scene.

But Bob Wenkam's business is his pleasure and he likes nothing better than spending a whole day trying for just one picture that would please the poet in his soul. He sees beauty in simple things. And, lucky for Hawaii and the world, he often captures this beauty in his camera.





mori yamada

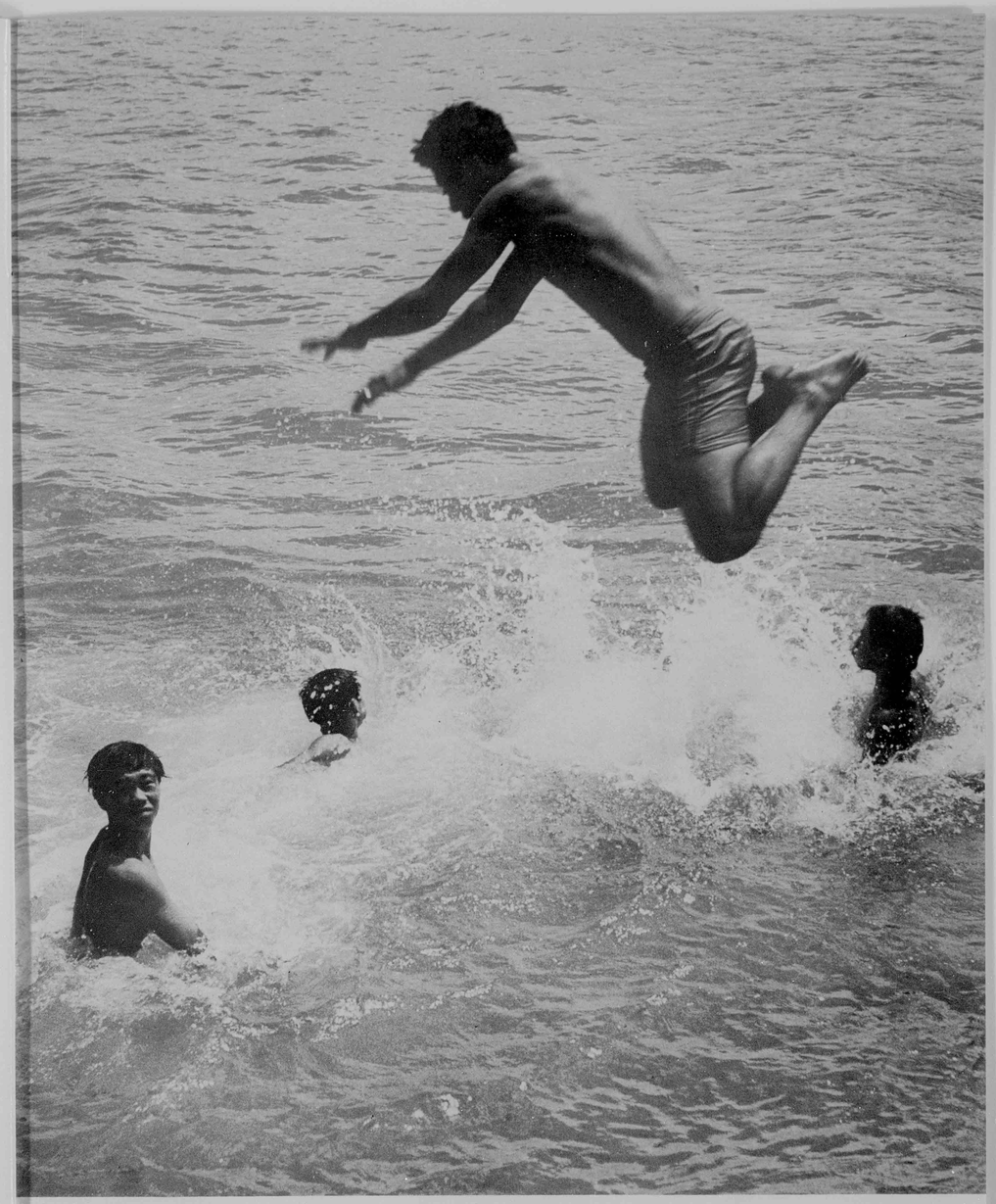
Mori Yamada of Camera Hawaii is a versatile cameraman who is known for giving his client more than he ever dreamed of receiving.

Born and reared in Honolulu, Mori was a staff sergeant in the 442nd Infantry of the U.S. Army and saw action in Italy during World War II. He returned home in 1947 with his beautiful Italian war bride, bought himself a camera and began to work his way up as a professional photographer.

Mori joined Camera Hawaii as a darkroom helper seven years ago. Today, his excellent photographic technique and his appealing personality are so much in demand that clients often request "Mori and no one else" for their jobs.

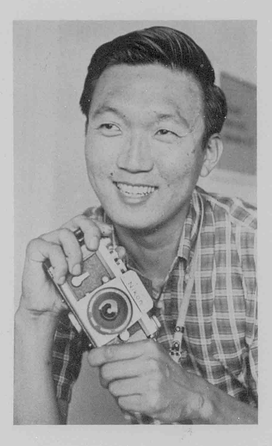
Today he works full time on such national ad agency accounts as Standard Oil, Pan American and the U.S. Information Agency.

In Honolulu his photography is seen regularly in Hawaiian Telephone Company ads, Liberty House fashion illustrations and others.





robert young



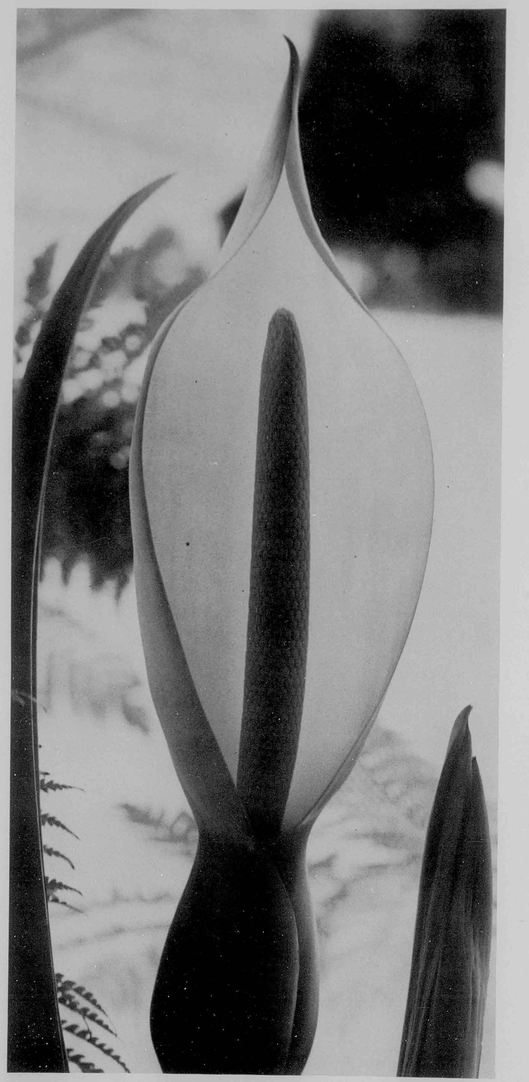
Robert Sunghai Young, 27, is a professional photographer who let his hobby outgrow his chosen career as a zoologist. Today he's on the photo staff of The Honolulu Advertiser, Hawaii's morning daily.

Born in Wahiawa, Oahu, and a 1950 graduate of Punahou High School, Robert attended Yale University for four years majoring in the field of zoology. While at Yale he got camera happy and was chairman of the photography board of the Yale Daily News, photo editor of the Yale Scientific Magazine and chairman of the Yale Photographic Association.

Photography began to emerge as a career for Robert when he worked as a physical science aide for the Pacific Oceanic Fisheries Investigations and did freelance photo work on the side. In 1958 he gave up studying fish and birds and joined The Advertiser.

Although a general assignment photographer, Robert excels in fashion and children's work. He hits his stride when he catches pretty girls in his lens and does exceptionally well when ordered to "make something unusual out of a routine posing assignment," as seen in his selection on the opposite page.

As a newcomer to the profession he quickly made his mark only one year after joining The Advertiser when he captured the 1959 Honolulu Press Club Award for Best Feature Photo of the year.



paul zellers



Paul E. Zellers didn't come to Hawaii because of its photographic business opportunities. He came because of its climate and beauty. Hawaii in turn gained from his ability in the darkroom and with his camera.

Paul was born in Liverpool, Penn., but grew up in upper New York State. He is a 1946 graduate of the Progressive School of Photography in New Haven, Conn., and since then has worked in the portrait, commercial, direct color and camera repair fields.

One of his most interesting posts was posing as "Santa's official photographer" at Santa's Workshop, North Pole, New York, on the famous Whiteface Mountain of the Adirondacks.

It was then that Hawaii's climate called. Paul packed his wife and two children into a 16-foot trailer and toured the United States doing picture features before finally settling here.

Today he is an assistant to Robert Wenkam. He says he has only to glance out his front door to see a paradise for his camera. This picture of the ape blossom is his favorite, he says. It blooms for only one day; it's beauty is gone by nightfall. But with a camera the fleeting glimpse of Hawaii's moods and beauty can be captured forever.

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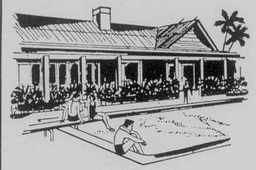

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Continued from page 5

raphers go without sleep and live on candy bars for days to be on the spot when "the moment for the great picture" arrives. Commercial photographers fight to get their film into national magazines and newspapers. Scenic photographers take daring chances to outdo each other in order to claim that theirs is the best selection of color slides for the tourist trade.

The competition gets dangerously close to open warfare at times, as photographers risk damage to U-drive cars in mad dashes to the airport to keep deadlines. They ruin cameras, run police blockades and generally break all the rules to get their pictures.

But let something happen to one photographer and all the rest will rocket over the moon for him. They will lend the unfortunate a camera or a last roll of film. In fact, Mainland photographers have often raised their eyebrows at this brotherhood of feeling in such a competitive profession. The answer lies in the spirit of Hawaii. It is an intangible force that can motivate a person only after he's lived and worked in the Islands.

With all the esprit de corps evidenced by Hawaii's photographic fraternity, there remain challenges for the future.

Island photographers, for instance, would like to persuade national magazines and large commercial advertising firms that there is no need to send high-priced, big name photographers to Hawaii to get the shots for their big layouts. The talent is here, and needs only recognition and opportunity. In fact, newcomers to the Islands, unaccustomed to local conditions of light, color, background and personality, sometimes make the big job cost far more than it should.

There is room here, too, for free-lance photographers in certain specialized fields. A budget-priced social photographer, who could cater strictly to clubs, societies, organizations and house organs operating with limited finances, would be welcome.

And the Aloha sign would be out, as well, for a highly skilled medical photographer who could confidentially handle color, black and white and closed television work for doctors, medical researchers, clinics and hospitals.

The need is growing for the services of skilled teachers of photography in local schools, the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s and private institutions. Dedicated teachers could do much to arouse the enthusiasm of young people who would prepare for profitable careers in photography if they had the chance.

In many a camera store there is no one really qualified to give instruction to the customer who buys the camera; certainly there is room for such people.

Photographers who have already made good in Hawaii are doing better than ever, and would welcome qualified additions to the field. The outlook is more than promising. Studio and camera shop owners in Honolulu are now becoming chain store owners as hotel construction mushrooms in the Islands. An architectural photographer has doubled his staff in the past year because of the business boom.

It all adds up to the old saying hereabouts, "Lucky you come Hawaii." And doubly lucky if you're a photographer . . . professional or amateur . . . for there's no better place under the sun to expose a film!

Hawaii - the Orchid Isle Beckons



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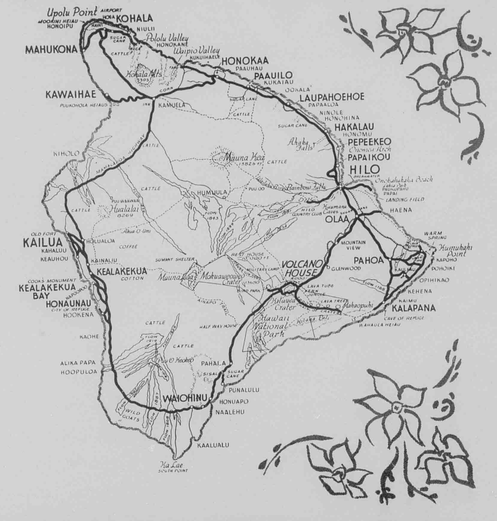
Hawaii ANOTHER OF HAWAII'S ENCHANTING NEIGHBOR ISLANDS





SEE

Hawaii, the Big "Orchid" Island, is a panorama of breathtaking contrasts. From tropic surf to snow-capped peaks there's beauty everywhere. Raw sweeps of recent lava flows, primeval forests of giant tree ferns, rare orchid gardens, plantation villages, Hawaii National Park, and the picturesque Crescent City, Hilo.

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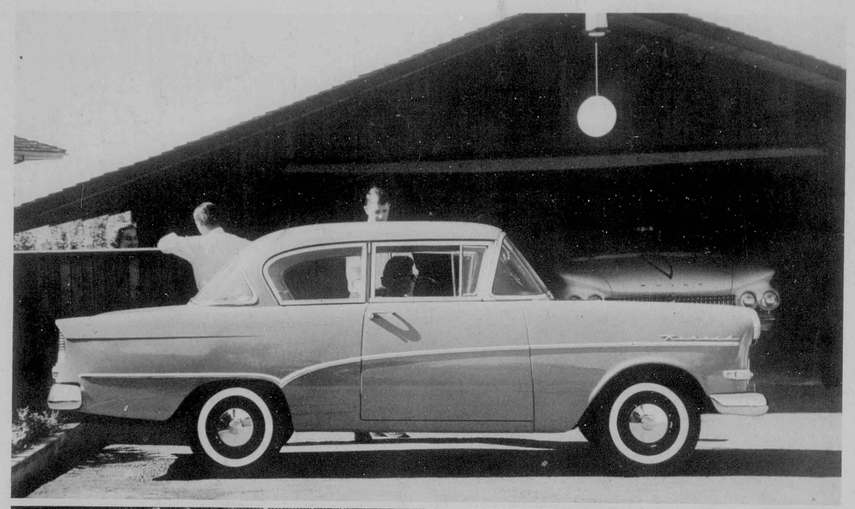



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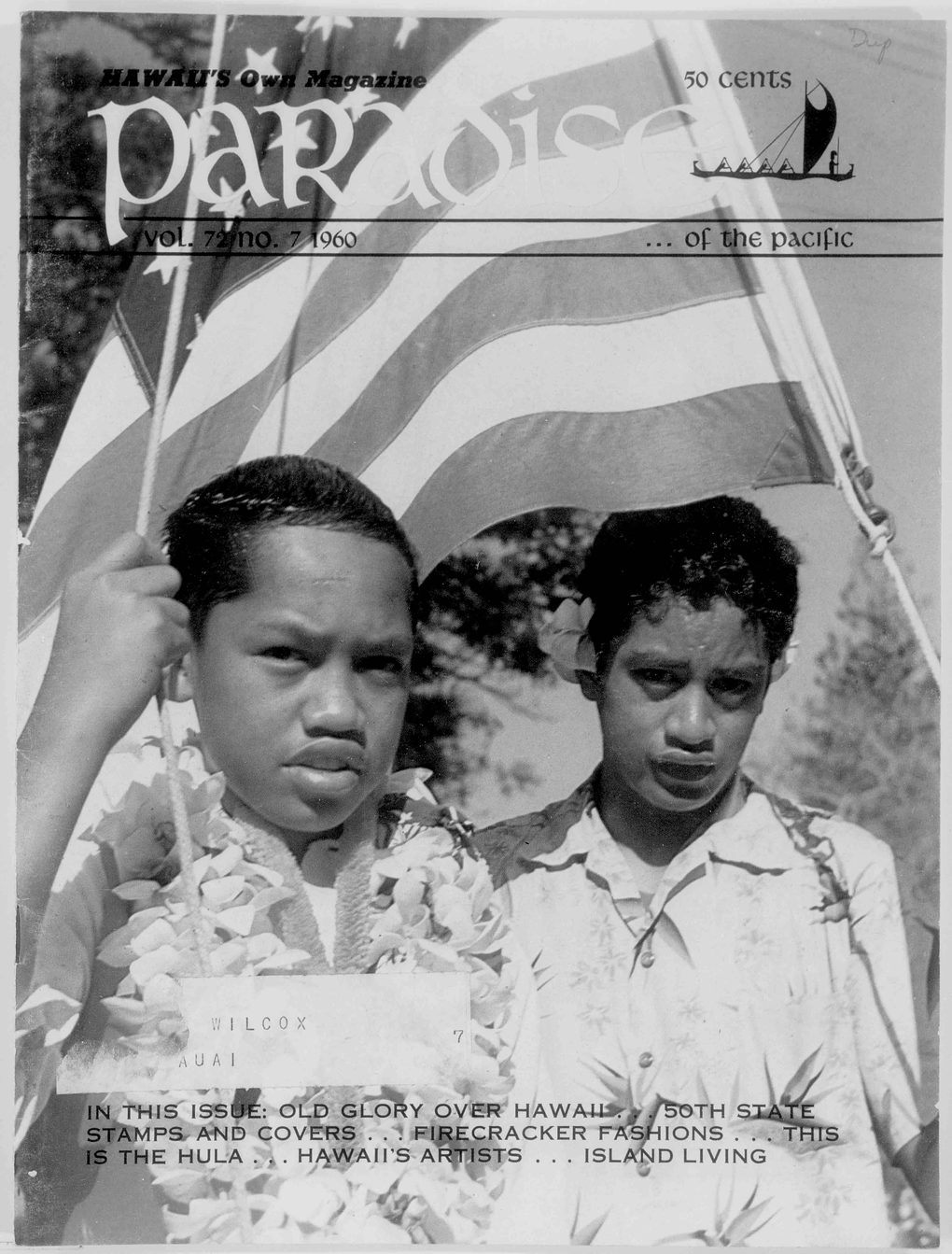
PARADISE ... of the Pacific

50 cents

VOL. 7 2/NO. 7 1960



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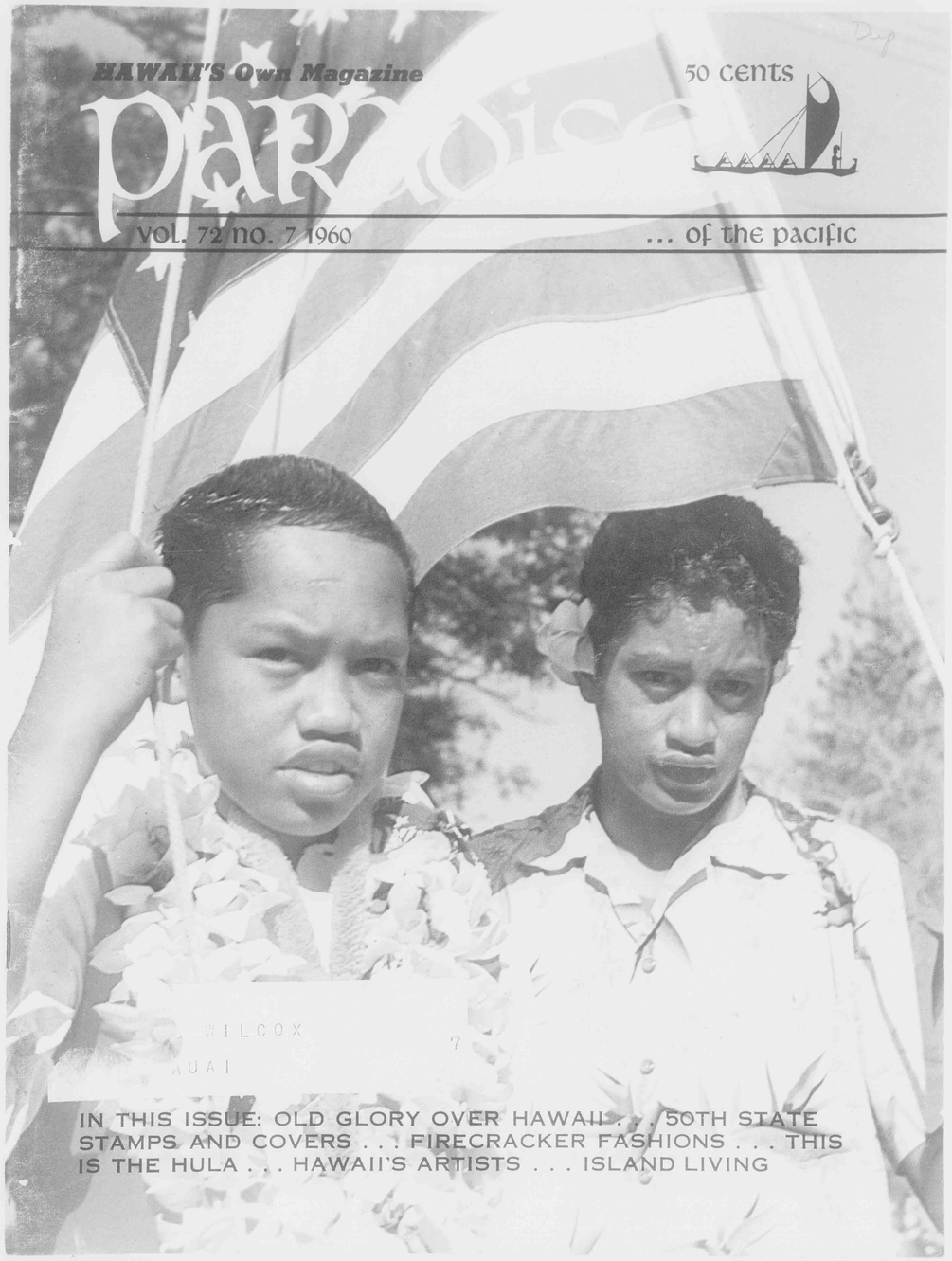

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paradise of the pacific

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EILEEN O'BRIEN/EDITOR
FRANK CORNELL/ART DIRECTOR
EDITH RICKER/ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
MARY CONNIFF/CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
VAYNE BEACH/SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

VOLUME 72 JULY 1960 NUMBER 7

COVER

- Robert L. Kahihikolo and Ernest Kanoa of Kaimuki Intermediate are the proud flag bearers. Ernest, right, wears a flower over his ear, Polynesian-style. Photograph by Frank Cornell.
- Inside Front Cover: Aloha to Ike. Photograph by Star-Bulletin

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Kamaaina's Calendar

JULY

1 through 10, 50th State Fair, Waikiki Shell.
1 Shelley Berman, McKinley Auditorium. 8 p.m.
Honolulu Symphony Summer Series, with George Gobel, Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
4 50th Star Flag Raising Ceremony, Iolani Palace.
Walter MacFarlane Outrigger Canoe Races, Waikiki.
5 "The Chinese Eye", a lecture by Chiang Yee, Adjunct Professor of Chinese, Columbia University. Bilger Hall, University of Hawaii, Room 152. 8 p.m.
5, 6 Writers' Conference, Iolani School.
6 "The Story of Fashions in Hawaii," by Richard Goodwin, of Shaheen's, Ltd.; Y.W.C.A. 7-9 p.m.
6, 7, 8, 9. Keo Nakama Invitational Outdoor Swimming Meet, Farrington High School Pool.
8, 9, "Beauty and The Beast," Honolulu Theatre for Youth, MacNeil Auditorium. 10:30 a.m., 3:00 p.m.
10 Kyo Odori, Japanese Dances and Tea Ceremony, Japanese Chamber of Commerce, 2454 S. Beretania. Presented hourly from 2 to 9 p.m.
12 "A Time For Tragic Heroism," lecture by Dr. Maxine Green, Bilger Hall, University of Hawaii. 8 p.m.
13 "Political Life and Economy of The Islands," a lecture by Dr. Luthur G. Winter, Assistant Professor of the Economics Research Center, University of Hawaii. Y.W.C.A. 7-9 p.m.
13, 14 Oahu Country Club Womens' Invitational Golf Tournament.
14 Flower Drum Song opening, Ruger Theatre.
15 Honolulu Symphony, Summer Series, Maurice Levine, Guest Conductor, with Eartha Kitt, Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
17 Polo, sponsored by the Kauikeolani Childrens' Hospital Auxiliary, Oahu versus the Imperial Palace Riding Club of Japan, Kapiolani Park Polo field. 3 p.m. Also July 24 and 31.
17 Kingston Trio, Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
20 "Music, Folklore and Dances of Hawaii," Mrs. Isobel Sherman, Y.W.C.A. 7-9 p.m.
25 Junior Olympics, Honolulu Stadium.
27 Church and Temple Tour, sponsored by the YWCA, conducted by Rev. Mitsuo Aoki, Chairman, Department of Religion, University of Hawaii 1-4 p.m.
29 Honolulu Symphony, Summer Series, with Charles K. L. Davis and Jean Madeira, Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
July 29 through August 4, International Conference on General Semantics, University of Hawaii.

AUGUST

1 through 7, Manoa Cup Golf Tournament, Oahu Country Club.
3 Annual Adult Folk and Square Dance Festival, Ala Wai Clubhouse. 8 p.m.
4 through 7, Seventh Annual Kailua Jaycee Fair, Kailua, Oahu.
10 through 14, Young Buddhist Association, State Conference, Pearl City.
12 Honolulu Symphony, Summer Series, with Benny Goodman Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
13 and 14, All Chinese Golf Tournament, Ala Wai and Pali Golf Courses.
12 through 16, Convention of the Hawaii Federation of Young Buddhists, Pearl City.
21 through 31, Pacific Science Association Congress, University of Hawaii.
22, 23 New York Philharmonic, with Leonard Bernstein conducting, Waikiki Shell. 8 p.m.
26 Claremont Quartet, Chamber Music Concert, MacNeil Auditorium, Punahou School. 8 p.m.

HOTEL ROOMS AVAILABLE SO COME ON OVER!

A "CUSHION" of 2,400 new resort hotel rooms, plus a two-fold increase in air and sea transportation to the Islands, has enabled Hawaii to come up with an "open door" vacation policy this summer and for the rest of the year.

ERRONEOUS REPORTS

The Hawaii Visitors Bureau, major Pacific airlines and steamship companies, and resort hotels all report that there is room for everyone who wants to come to Hawaii now or in the immediate future. This cancels out an earlier erroneous report in some quarters that Hawaii was "sold out" for the summer months. There were some indications this Spring that this might be the case.

NEW RESORTS

What has happened is that new hotels and resort facilities are opening almost weekly in the Islands to create added space. In addition, increasing jet air service to and through Hawaii has more than doubled the available seats to Honolulu. Operators of cruise liners to the Islands also report space available.

NEW CO-OPS

All of this is the result of a stepped up program of resort development here to meet the unprecedented demand. Many new hostelries are being completed ahead of schedule. New cooperative apartments are being converted to hotel operation to add to the available facilities.

NEW HOTEL ROOMS

More than 2,000 hotel rooms have been or will be completed at Waikiki this year plus an additional 400 on the Neighbor Islands of Hawaii, Maui and Kauai. An additional 5,000 rooms have been announced for completion in the next two years.

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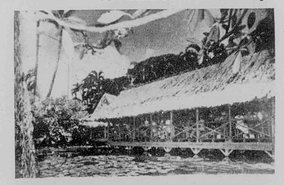

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LING GOK: a kamaaina memory



by Myrle Clark

THE LING GOK, a beautiful and unusual natural curiosity, is no longer brought to Hawaii from China for the celebration of the Moon Festival. This nut or seed is ebony black and is shaped like a handsomely carved pair of buffalo horns. It is about two inches in length and half an inch in width. Before the war, huge Chinese baskets filled with these most unusual seeds were much in evidence down Mauna Kea street and other sections of "Chinatown."

Many Islanders well remember happy days as children, when they sat around large pans of boiled Ling Gok. They could pull them apart easily and relish the sweetish kernels inside. They also had fun with the two horns—one at each end of the nut. They would place the sharp horns over their finger nails and use them in various games.

A Honolulu visitor recently reported that she had seen some unusually beautiful jewelry in a Chicago shop which had been made from these artistic nuts. They had been polished, Hawaiian-style, possibly as the children here did by rubbing the nut on their hair or skin. This gave a high polish.

According to the Chinese consulate, the Ling Gok has varied colors in China—light green, dark green, light brown, dark brown as well as the ebony black that kamaainas remember—

The Ling Gok grows in India as well as China. It is a slightly different variety, called Singara. The nut also grows plentifully in Ceylon and may be found in the rice field waters of Vietnam.

This oddity some folks say, resembles a Chinese bat—always a lucky emblem. The Ling Gok pattern is frequently used in Chinese Art. Artists have used the design as a top on tea pot lids and in jade carvings.

When the Ling Gok was brought into Hawaii for the Moon Festival, the kernel of the nut was frequently used as a thickening agent in cooking. Now local Chinese housewives buy starch from the Orient. This may be found in some of Hawaii's markets and is labeled "Product of Thailand." This starch is made from the Ling Gok.





Personalities



Meredith Wilson, composer, conductor and author of the "Music Man," and his wife, were recent vacationers in the Islands. The couple spent most of their holiday at Hotel Hana-Maui on the Valley Isle.



Musician Martin Denny, Islander-by-adoption, is welcomed back to Hawaii by Greeter Girl Manulani Hudson upon his arrival recently. Denny's group is now playing an extended engagement at a popular Waikiki spot.

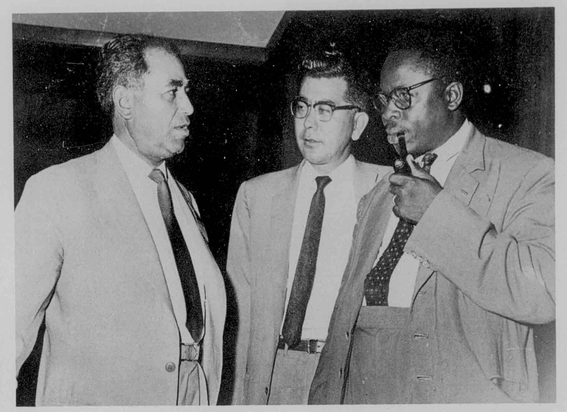


Cameron Mitchell visited the Islands recently on an extended combination business and pleasure trip in connection with the proposed television series "Beachcomber" being filmed on Kauai. United Air Lines Photo.

IN PARADISE



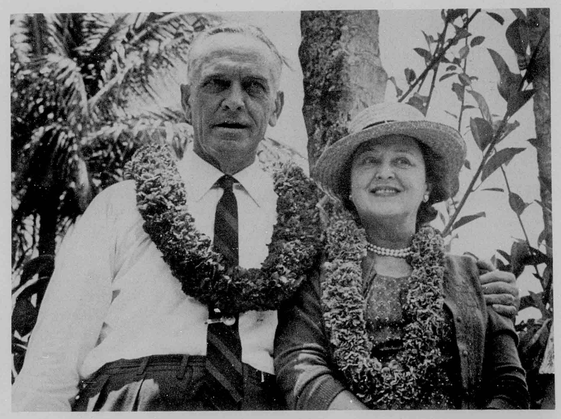
Dr. Mohammed Hatta, former Vice-President of Indonesia and a key figure in pre-war nationalist movement of that key country, was a recent Hawaii visitor. During his stay he commented favorably on East-West relationships in Hawaii.—Star-Bulletin photo.



Honolulu's Dr. Thomas Ige, director of the Asian Studies program at the University of Hawaii, is coordinator of the current seminars for African and Asian leaders under Department of State auspices at Manoa campus. With him here is Cleanthis Gheorghiades, left, member of the Greek Board of Education. A British citizen (Cypriot), he is author of textbooks and scientific articles. At right is Harry Sawyer, president of Freetown University. He has been prominent in Africa's educational activities for many years.

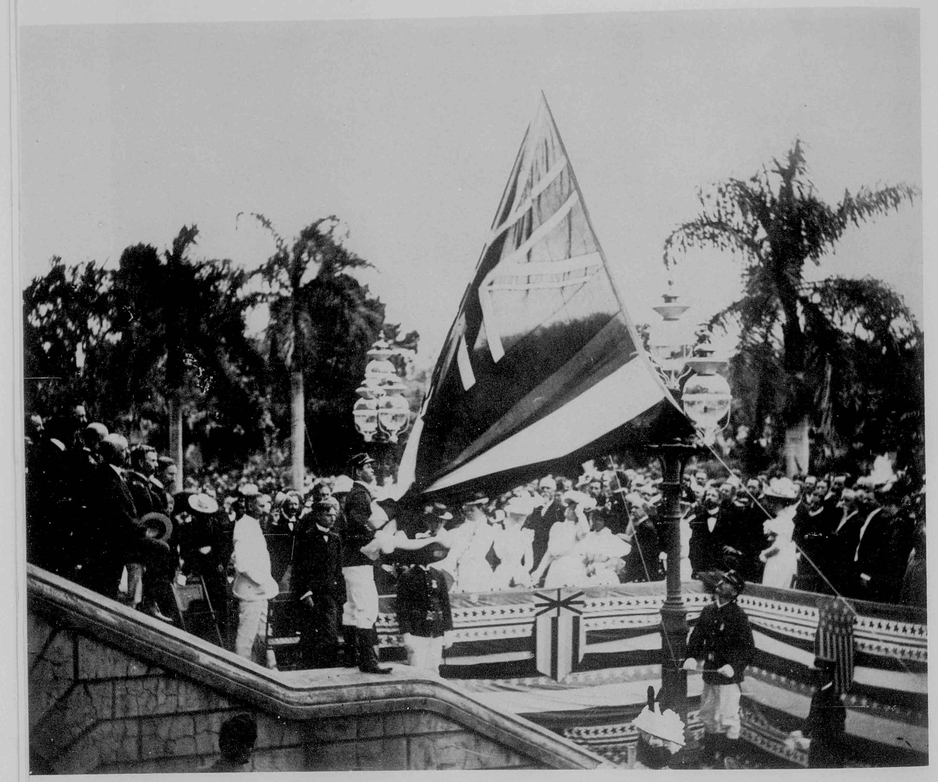


Singing star, Kay Starr, and her daughter, Kathy, were recent vacationers at the Hawaiian Village Hotel. United Air Lines Photo.



After a four and a half month trip around the world, actor Fredric March and his actress-wife Florence Eldridge, vacationed at Hotel Hana-Maui on Maui. They are now among the new Hawaii devotees.

OLD GLORY OVER HAWAII



"Everyone held their breath as the beautiful flag of Hawaii sank down the halyard . . ." August 12, 1898. Archives of Hawaii photo.

by Eileen O'Brien

HAWAIIAN hearts were heavy when the first United States flag soared over Hawaiian soil.

Wounds had not healed from the bitter controversy preceding Annexation Day, August 12, 1898. Humiliation of their beloved Queen Liliuokalani and other injusticies to their race had filled the Hawaiian people with bitterness or sorrow.

The event at Iolani Palace on that August day was vividly described by Mabel Craft of The San Francisco Chronicle and quoted in Kathleen Dickenson Mellen's excellent book, *An Island Kingdom Passes.*



"The ceremonies had the tension of an execution . . ." Archives photo shows first American flag raising, that followed scene at left.

"The raising of the American flag over the capital of the Kamehamehas was impressive—not because of the size of the crowd because it was not large; not for the tumult, for it was strangely silent; not for the elaborate ceremonies, for they were very simple—but because on that day a nationality was snuffed out like a spent candle, and a bigger, clearer light set up in its place.

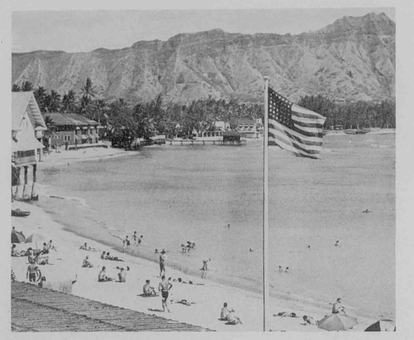
"It was not a joyous occasion as far-off America may have imagined. When it was over, women wiped their eyes and men who had worked for years for annexation said, with a throb in the throat, how sad it was.

"As for the Hawaiians—they were not there. They were not on the streets; they were not in the stores. They were shut up in their homes, from the Queen's stately mansion to the meanest shed; windows and doors closed—as lonely and somber as places of death. . .

"The ceremonies had the tension of an execution. Few Americans had the heart to gloat over this sorry triumph. Admiral Miller, with fine and rare restraint, prevented any signs of jubilation among the annexationists in their hour of triumph. There was no speech-making except a few words from Minister Sewell; no spread eagle; no cheering.

"The platform was entwined with Hawaiian and American flags . . . A whiff of martial music announced the approach of the National Guard carrying the Hawaiian flag . . . behind them came the bluejackets of the U.S.S. Philadelphia . . . carrying the American flag.

"Then the quavering sound of Hawaii Ponoi was heard; there was a sob and a heartbreak in it, and before the end came an almost complete breakdown as . . . the natives threw away their instruments and fled out of sight and hearing . . . Some wept audibly and were not ashamed. . .



Old Glory at Waikiki in the nostalgically serene 1930's.

"Everyone held their breath as the beautiful flag of Hawaii trembled for an instant, then slowly, gracefully sank down the halyards to the ground where it was caught by loving hands and reverently folded. . .

"At the moment the tension was so great it could not have been borne a moment longer, the admiral gave the order; Colors roll off! and cheery American bugles cut the air. It was a tremendous relief. Then the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner from the Philadelphia's band—and everyone who knew the words hoped from the depths of a fervent heart that this banner might wave over a territory that should be in reality a land of the free and a home of the brave."

In the years that followed the Hawaiian became adjusted to new loyalties symbolized by the American flag. Cherishing their franchise as citizens of the United States, they became and still remain one of the most enthusiastic participants in the grass roots electorate system anywhere under the Stars and Stripes.

In 1908 the *Paradise of the Pacific* magazine noted another milestone on the road that would lead to a pattern of 50 stars.

"Old Glory with 46 Stars" is the cover inscription of the July *Paradise* in that year. Dedicated to the Atlantic Fleet in Hawaii, the magazine has a color reproduction of the American flag with 46 stars.

"The flag portrayed on the front cover of this number of *Paradise* is correct in every detail," the editor William M. Langton, wrote.

"The stars of the union being of a cumulative nature, one being added with the admission of each state, there are now 46 in the constellation, Oklahoma being the last to come into the sisterhood.

Paradise quoted an order from the Navy Department in Washington as follows:

> **To comply with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the Union of the National Ensign and the Union Jack used by the Naval Service shall, on and after July 4, 1908, contain forty-six stars, arranged in six rows, the first, third, fourth and sixth rows to have eight stars each, and the second and fifth rows to have seven stars.**
>
> **V. H. METCALF**
> Secretary

Paradise of the Pacific in later issues noted the addition of the next two stars representing Arizona and New Mexico, bringing 48 stars to the red and white stripes.

During this era, events were taking place in the Islands that would later mean loyalty to the U.S. flag among dramatically diverse peoples. Importation of labor forces for Hawaii's sugar plantations had begun. First came men from China and Japan, followed by families from Portugal and the West Indies. Later would come the Koreans, Puerto Ricans and Filipinos.

From these origins would come, through naturalization or birth of children on Hawaiian soil, the new Americans that make Hawaii unique today. The opportunity for these Hawaiian-style U.S. citizens to show their red-white-and-blue fervor would come much later.

For many years the American flag over a tranquil Hawaii that became a world symbol for a land of glamor and romance. The Territory did its part in the first World War, putting two regiments of The National Guard of Hawaii into federal service, organizing the Hawaii Chapter of the American Red Cross and contributing in other ways to the war effort.

In the 1930s the Stars and Stripes flew over an uneventful but fascinating Waikiki beach. Duke Kahanamoku and his brothers, Sam, Sargent and Louis, Beach Boys Colgate, Steamboat and others were fascinating the handful of tourists with their handsome brown bodies and skill with board and paddle.

Hawaiian music by Johnny Noble, Harry Owens and Don McDiarmid made dancing under the stars at the Royal Hawaiian, and Waialae golf club a memorable experience. Honolulu had only half a dozen stop lights and traffic was no problem. The 'phone book was a skimpy volume and everyone knew everyone else at Waikiki and on Fort Street.

The American flag was shattered both literally and symbolically on December 7, 1941. The end of an era was more marked in Hawaii than in any area under the Stars and Stripes.

Strict martial law, rigidly enforced complete blackouts and curfew for all civilians created a new Hawaii undreamed-of in the glamorous '30s. The flag now waved over barbed wire and camouflage nets, gas masks and military tents that seemed to fill every vacant space in the landscape.

Now was the time for these special-brand Americans with eyes that were blue or almond-shaped, with skin that was fair, golden or mahogony to show their brand of da kine, go-for-broke feeling about that patch of cloth with 48 stars.



Daily flag raising continues on USS Arizona, sunk at Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, now a tomb for more than a thousand men.

When the war was over and the new Hawaii emerged, it was time to think more seriously than ever about the implied promise made at Iolani Palace on August 12, 1898. When Hawaii became the "fair little sister of the states" on that day of Annexation, it was understood that she would some day become a real sister, not a semi-adopted foster child.

For a time it seemed that Hawaii would become the 49th Star but a happy compromise of statesmanship in Washington has added another digit to the nomenclature.

No state in all the 50 has had a more glamorous background for its admission ceremony.

When the new 50-star flag is raised above Iolani Palace shortly before noon on this Independence Day of 1960 jet planes will thunder in salute over the palm-green palace grounds. Hawaiian members of the armed forces will lower the 49-star flag over the former residence of Hawaiian royalty, now the executive building of the Aloha State.

Golden voices of the Kamehameha Alumni Choir will sing The Star Spangled Banner as the new flag moves skyward. Hawaii Ponoi will be sung with gladness instead of the sorrow of a long-ago August 12.

Kahilis of red hibiscus will decorate the Palace, a building that many believe still holds a special *mana,* or spiritual power, surviving from the days of the *alii.* The Throne Room, scheduled to be re-opened July 5, will symbolize the exciting days when monarchs ruled the land.

The story of Old Glory over Hawaii is one of the most dramatic chapters of United States history, still untold in all its fascinating detail.

50th State Souvenir



THE STATEHOOD MEDALLION, issuance of which was authorized by the first Hawaii state legislature, has been created in New York. The medallions, in bronze, silver and gold, will be available for purchase by the public at coin dealers and department stores in Hawaii some time before the July 4 commemoration observance of Hawaii's statehood.

Retail cost of the bronze medallion will be four dollars. Those in siver and gold will sell at higher prices.

The new seal is that used by the Territory, with appropriate modifications. Main figures are those of Kamehameha the Great in cloak and helmet and the Goddess of Liberty, wearing a Phrygian cap and laurel wreath, holding the Hawaiian flag. The obverse side carries the map of Hawaii and the words, "Hawaii, the Aloha State" and the date, August 21, 1959. This was the date of admission by proclamation issued by President Eisenhower.

The Statehood Medal was created by the Medallic Art Company of New York, which created a similar medallion for the state of Alaska. Spero Anargyros of San Francisco is the sculptor who prepared the original medals in accordance with the design as specified by the Hawaii legislature.



HAWAII'S STAR IN THE NEWEST U.S. STAMP

A selection of colorful cachets (specially designed first day covers) go on sale in the morning's cool shade directly in front of the Honolulu post office.



IN THE CLASSROOMS of American schools the bright-eyed children of an expanding democracy still read and enjoy the story of Betsy Ross. In those days of fragile political unity neither Betsy nor General Washington nor the farmers of Concord envisioned the thirteen stars in a field of blue becoming half a hundred stars within twice a hundred years. And yet that is how the record officially stands as of July 4, 1960.

The fiftieth star, bright with new emphasis on democratic freedoms, is Hawaii's statehood star. It has been a promissory condition of Hawaii's U.S. territorial status for more than fifty years. During those years Hawaii grew to its unique stature as the world's outstanding showcase of harmony among unrelated races of culturally divergent people from every known continent and most of the oceanic land dots.

On July 4th, thirty new fifty-star flags will be unfurled over the nation's capitol in Washington. On that same day the fifty-star flag stamp will go on first day sale at the post office in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Over the years commemorative issues of U.S. Postage stamps have recalled dozens of statehood events as the Union of States spread unevenly across the fertile continent, and now across the sea. Each added its star to Betsy's flag. Centennials, Sesquicentennials, Tercentenaries, the Louisiana Purchase, the Gadsden Purchase—America's



For two months prior to the date of cover cancellation, special workers sort requests, pick nickels and dimes out of envelopes and prepare submitted covers for cancellation July 4th.



First day cover requests from a single large stamp dealer in the Eastern United States filled an entire post office work truck.

twenty million stamp collectors know them well.

Their collection impulses are scheduled to reach fever pitch as Hawaii's fiftieth star flag stamp goes on sale July 4th. There will be nearly a million cover envelopes specially inked at the Honolulu post office that day, each bearing the light-lined kissmark of the special 'first day' cancellation. This will be placed over the country's latest commemorative stamp design by Stevan Dohanos. From Washington, D. C., special 'first day' agents of the post office have arrived in Honolulu to direct a brigade of temporary postal employes. To the Post Office Department it is big business, and for once big profit.

Identical postal events take place somewhere in the United States approximately every thirty days—twelve commemorative stamps a year being the collector's reward. In Hawaii over the years, first day cancellations have been carried out for the 1928 two cent and five cent overprint commemorating the 200th anniversary of Hawaii's discovery, for the 1937 three cent Statue of Kamehameha issue, for the 1952 eighty cent Diamond Head air mail issue, and last October 21st for the seven cent Hawaii Statehood air mail stamp.

Hawaii, as in all things, is a paradise for collectors of the world's 25,000 stamp designs. For among the rarest of them all are the early Hawaiian missionary stamps, so-called because their use was primarily in correspondence between the Sandwich Islands missions and the New England homeland.

Perhaps the most complete collection of Hawaii stamps in existence is the Frank C. Atherton collection in the vaults of the Honolulu Academy of Arts. In point of time, Hawaii's postage stamp issues were as early as some, earlier than many. Stamps and their hunched-over collectors became a worldwide phenomenon only in 1840, when the great postal reform in Great Britain introduced prepaid adhesive labels to the home islands and to the empire. These 'spit-upon' labels spread everywhere within two decades. Among the first U.S. stamps was the steel engraved One Cent issue of 1851, the same year as that of Hawaii's letterpress issue, etching the profile of the greatest Postmaster General of them all, Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's visage has graced U.S. postal issues more or less continuously since.

Children came to delight in reclaiming these colorful symbols of far off places—such as the Sandwich Islands. But their short retention soon defaulted to the sophistications of grown-up collectors who sorted themselves and their stamps into general collections, geographical collections or wellheeled dabbings in imperfections and varieties.

There are not many collectors of the early Hawaii issues, in part because there are not many copies of these semi rare and often extremely rare stamps. Comparatively more collectors here specialize in Asian, Pacific and oceanic issues, including the Hawaiian monarchial and the provisional government overprints of the late 1890 U. S. issues. There are as few as eleven known copies of some of the missionary stamps, with some issues priced above 30,000 dollars a copy. By contrast, last year's seven cent air mail Hawaii Statehood issue is still available at the Honolulu post office at face value in selected sheets, so that, depending on the bulge of the purse, the new collector can begin a Hawaiian collection at either end.

Lest the point be entirely missed in this exposition of philatelic excitement, millions upon millions of single 50-star flag stamps will go on sale in 36,000 U.S. post offices beginning July 5th, 1960, proclaiming to the World Hawaii's new prominence and new imagery as the brightest star on the field of blue. And wherever the U.S. flag flies across the nation and across the world, Hawaii's profound expression of democratic freedom in action will be on view. Beginning, significantly, and it is hoped, prophetically, on the nation's Independence Day birthday.



From the summit, Major Paul Goya points out to visitors the wave-lapped shore below.

UP KOKO HEAD in a cable car

by Kay Winfield

THE CABLE CAR ride to the top of Koko Head has something in common with a pack mule trip through Haleakala Crater . . . the method of transportation is neither modern nor luxurious, but once you get there what you see is spectacular.

The view from the top of Koko Head is not just scenic, however. It includes, also, a look at one of the country's most modern radar installations, where millions of dollars' worth of equipment and manpower keep constant watch on the skies above Hawaii.

On the mountain-top, members of the 169th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron are on the job, and a quick look at the work they do is enough to reassure even the most wary airplane passenger that the skies are getting safer all the time. Commanding Officer of the squadron, a segment of the Hawaii Air National Guard, is Major Paul Goya, who was in charge of the installation of the cable car in 1942.

The car, itself, which has numbered among its passengers high-ranking military men, the Governor of Hawaii and a good many official visitors, is really not a car at all. It is simply a roofed wooden platform, open on three sides to the balmy air of Hawaii and boasting only a two-foot-high plank seat at one end.

In this contraption, every day around the clock, ride the men who work on top of the mountain. In eighteen years they have had several close calls when power has failed or the cable has slacked. Such an incident recently catapulted one Guardsman over the side with enough force to break his ankle and bruise him badly. The other ten men aboard, who jumped from the car when the warning was shouted, sustained injuries ranging from minor scratches to a fractured wrist.

Civilian passengers, unused to the steep ascent and probably feeling that they would like something sturdier than air between themselves and the earth that drops so rapidly away below, might think twice before jumping. But Major Goya's men are accustomed to the scraped arms and legs that result from such episodes, and are usually able to abandon the car in time to avoid serious injury.

The terrain over which the cable track is built is scrubby, with dense undergrowth, and with cacti increasing in number as the track nears the top. At one point the cable crosses a trestle which is jokingly referred to by the daily riders as "the point of no return." If you make it across the trestle you'll make it all the way, they say.

The ride to the top takes eleven minutes, with the car being pulled along on its 3300-foot cable by a 150-horsepower motor. The actual distance to the top is 1205 feet, but as one novice passenger shakily remarked when she turned around and looked down behind the ascending car, "It looks like a mile."

The feeling of being suspended in space increases as the car nears the summit, for at one point it travels at a 67-degree angle, just about as straight up and down as most people would care to travel in such an "air-conditioned" vehicle.

Once at the top, however, momentary misgivings of the trip are forgotten in awe at the vista below. Along the shoreline, foamy white waves break up on ancient grey rocks. Neat fields near the Lunalilo Home for Aged Hawaiians shine brilliantly green with their rows of Manoa lettuce, soon to find its way to Hawaii's dinner tables. At the head of the valley, an age-old trail faintly winds its way across the mountain to Waimanalo. It's a rugged trail, but one that would lure the experienced hiker if he could get a glimpse of it from the top of Koko Head.

There are tiny houses below, on tiny farms, and miniature road-building equipment in the valley where the new Koko Head highway is to be built. And in the midst of the valley stands that monument to modern civilization so often seen in the countryside today . . . an old car dump.

Perhaps the residents of Portlock Road don't know it, but with the powerful binoculars used by the men of the station, it is easy to see whose laundry on the line is whitest! And the men can keep tabs, too, on Mr. Kaiser's progress in creating a lagoon and leveling land for his new city Hawaii Kai and completing his own estate on the waterfront.

The view of sky and sea and the earth below makes the breath-taking ascent worthwhile. A look at the radar installation turns the experience into a fascinating and educational field trip. For inside the small group of buildings is kept some of the most modern aircraft tracking equipment known today. Costing millions of dollars, all of this equipment was hauled to the top in the cable car.

The smooth efficiency with which the work of the center is carried on, even as visitors are being shown the unclassified areas, is a tribute to the training and dedication to duty of the men of the Air National Guard.

Obviously, such an installation cannot be opened to the public on a permanent basis. The nature of the work done there, the capacity of the cable car and the official business of the members of the staff prohibit their being able to take much time to show visitors the sights. Members of the press and others may occasionally make arrangements for a trip to the top through the Headquarters Officer, Air National Guard.



HAWAII'S NEWEST CITIZENS

" . . . and that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help me God."

by Mary Conniff

Paradise is grateful to the U.S. Department of Justice. Immigration and Naturalization Service, Ralph H. Holton, District Director, for assistance in preparation of this article.

Specifically, we say Mahalo to Ellis W. Myers, Deputy Director; Sidney H. Gren, Chief Naturalization Examiner; and Gary Fujiwara, Examiner.

SEVENTY-TWO voices, tinged with the accents of homelands around the globe, conclude the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Through the louvered windows of Honolulu's Federal Court Room, brilliant morning sunlight polishes palm fronds swaying at the touch of the trade winds. Across towering hills and deep, shadowed valleys back of the city drifts a vagrant rain cloud, dispersing as it goes. Outside the courtroom window, two mynah birds take a clumsy morning stroll, then raise their wings and disappear over the roof top. Above Iolani Palace ripples an American flag.

In the hearts of these new citizens stir perhaps the most poignant feelings of their lives: joy at a cherished goal finally reached; nostalgia at the thought of a childhood home far away; bereavement at the memory of beloved faces no longer seen; apprehension at the changes that life





CAMERA HAWAII

may bring in the years ahead; the tinge of fleeting regret that comes with committing an irrevocable act; but greater than all of these, the thrilling pride of being an American.

It is not easy to become a naturalized citizen, but the most difficult part of it is making the decision to do so. Once a person who is a lawful, permanent resident makes that decision, the government and its representatives in the Immigration and Naturalization Service do all they can to help.

In thirty-two district offices across the country, sympathetic men and women are available to help the person who wants to become an American. These people are carefully chosen for their jobs, well trained in fulfilling the requirements of the law, but, more important, they are personally interested in those who come to them for help.

Many of the staff members speak a number of foreign languages, all of them try to learn as much as they can about the customs of the countries from which the applicants come. For they realize, more than do most Americans, that many who come from foreign lands have a different feeling about "the government" than do natural-born citizens of the United States.

Through the years, an increasing number have come from countries where governments are oppressive and where the average citizen does not dare approach a government official for any reason at all. This may explain the hesitancy of many in Hawaii, and in other cities throughout the country, to apply for citizenship and probably accounts for the large proportion of the foreign-born who remain aliens. In Hawaii, with its population of approximately 600,000, there are 50,000 aliens, most of whom are eligible for citizenship.

A member of the staff of the Honolulu District Office said, "Citizenship is a wonderful privilege. We do not go out and look for applicants; that is not the purpose of our office. The person who wants to become a citizen must come to us; but we always do our best to help each one who comes."

Since 1952, when the Walter-McCarren Act lifted the racial barrier to naturalization, aliens from Asiatic countries who were previously ineligible have been able to apply, and many thousands of them have become citizens, to the great good of the communities in which they live.

All would-be citizens must prepare for their new role by taking Citizenship Training Classes. In Hawaii, these courses are offered by the Adult Education Division of the Department of Public Instruction in the evening school curriculum of many high schools. Teachers assigned to such classes have had years of experience in working with the foreign-born and can guide them easily through the training in American government which is required.

At the time of naturalization, the new citizen-to-be must understand English and must be able to read, write and speak words in ordinary usage, unless he is physically unable to do so.

One group of persons is exempt from this English-speaking requirement, those who were over fifty years of age and had been living in the United States for twenty years prior to December 24, 1952. They may be examined in their native language. This group probably includes many whose sons and daughters served, were wounded or were lost in World War II and the Korean conflict. These people may, in a sense, be compensated for the contribution which they made by giving their children to their adopted country.

Having met residence and all other requirements, and having been duly examined by members of the Naturalization Service staff, applicants for citizenship are notified of the date of the Federal Court hearing at which they are to take their oath of fealty.

Some approach the day timidly, unsure of themselves, ill at ease in the strange surroundings of the courtroom. As they assemble for instructions before the hour of the hearing, they look at each other nervously or sit with eyes downcast.

Others are more confident, and appear to be little moved by the step soon to be taken. But all are solemn. On the lanai outside the courtroom, as they talk with friends and relatives, there is little light chatter, no laughter, primarily a feeling of tenseness and of anticipation which heightens as the time for the hearing draws near.

Finally, all is ready. The applicants have taken their seats in the courtroom, with their families and other spectators filling the back rows. At the rap of the bailiff's gavel, the black-robed Federal Judge enters and takes his seat on the bench.

". . . all ye having business here, draw nigh and ye shall be heard . . .," intones the bailiff.

At a word from the Judge, a Color Detail from the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, advances the colors. The representative of the Naturalization Service presents to the Court the petitions for naturalization and for change of name, which many of the applicants also make.

The granting of the petitions is swiftly accomplished. Then, standing and raising their right hands, the seventy-two men and women, drawn together from all over the world in this unique experience, repeat the oath of allegiance.

The Judge, leaning forward slightly and supporting his head with his right hand, speaks to those who have become his fellow citizens. His parents, too, were immigrants, he tells them. And he feels, as they do, that being a citizen of the United States is a wonderful thing. They can do everything that any other citizen can do, now, he tells them, except one thing; no one of them can ever become the President of the United States. But, they can and they should exercise all of the other rights of citizenship which are now theirs. With quiet, fervent dignity he speaks, and concludes . . . "God bless you all."

All rise, and in clear, strong voices repeat the pledge of allegiance to the flag.

Suddenly the faces change. Confidence replaces nervousness; solemnity gives way to smiles; tension eases; postures relax. Eyes seek out husbands, children, other relatives and friends who have come for this important occasion.

Wearing yellow leis, given by the Citizen's Study Club of Oahu with the admonition to study English, learn the American way of life and become better American citizens, they file to the front of the courtroom to sign their citizenship certificates.

And finally, they join their families on the lanai outside the courtroom. A huge American serviceman picks up his tiny Japanese wife and kisses her. A Staff Sergeant proudly takes the arm of his English-born wife, who wears an enormous purple orchid at her shoulder. Japanese girl, in a delicate lace dress, meets her American husband outside the door.

An immaculately groomed, dignified man from Okinawa, who is bringing up his five children in Honolulu, joins relatives who beam at him with pride. A pretty Japanese girl in a pale blue dress leaves with her Marine husband to drive home across the pali to their three children, waiting at the Kaneohe Marine Air Station.

A Korean housewife who has raised five children and now has four grand-children in Hawaii, is alone. She didn't have time to tell her family about the ceremony, but she'll go home and tell them now. Two smiling friends present leis to a young woman from Okinawa who now lives in Pahoa on the Big Island.

A German girl, who met and married her husband when he was stationed in her country, leaves as a citizen of his native land. A young serviceman, who emigrated from Italy to New York with his family and then joined the army, leaves for Schofield Barracks where he is stationed with the 25th Infantry Division.

And at the door of the Federal Court House, a Sergeant from Texas takes the hand of his wife, whom he met and married in Japan, and leads her out into her new life as an American citizen.

These, then, are some of Hawaii's adopted Americans, new citizens of the fiftieth state and of the nation. This was, indeed, their day.



A new life as fellow-Americans begins for Staff Sergeant Billy J. Taylor of Hickam and his Japan-born wife, Chiyoko.

FIRECRACKER FASHIONS

by Bobbye Hughes

FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY—1960 Hawaii has its own home-grown salute to the Fiftieth State. Nali'i fashions, Limited, manufacturers of Hawaiian children's apparel and the only true junior-sized fashion-wear in the Islands, has created a line of sports, casual and leisure clothes —and named them appropriately "Fashion Firecrackers."

The collection of red-white-blue fashions burst like the firecrackers they were named for over Honolulu on the eve of the Fourth of July.

Creator of the young fashions is Mrs. Harriet Brennan who recently joined the designing staff of Nali'i Fashions. Originally planned as a junior line collection only, the adaptable clothes were translated into little girl sizes by request of retail store buyers. Consequently, the red-white-blue mix-and-match separates are ideal "mother and daughter" costumes for holiday and summer wearing. Made of washable, crease resistant cotton, they are lightweight and loosely woven for coolness. The bold solid striped ensembles are augmented with a perfectly-matched color print which the designer called "drift glass." This print, symbolic of the Japanese fishing floats found on Hawaiian beaches, is equally durable for active and spectator sports wearing.

The "Fashion Firecracker" promotion was the vehicle for the debut of a unique children's fashion show on television. Foremost Fashion Forecasts, the first of a series of capsule fashion newscasts for the ice cream and milk set, will be aired once monthly over KGMB-TV's "Bozo the Clown" show. Its aim—to encourage fashion interest among the young during the years when opinions and tastes are being formed.

The show employs child models, ages four to eleven, and has its own petite fashion narrator, eight-year-old Mindy Miller, an Alice-In-Wonderland prototype and the daughter of recent residents Mr. and Mrs. Clarence F. Miller.

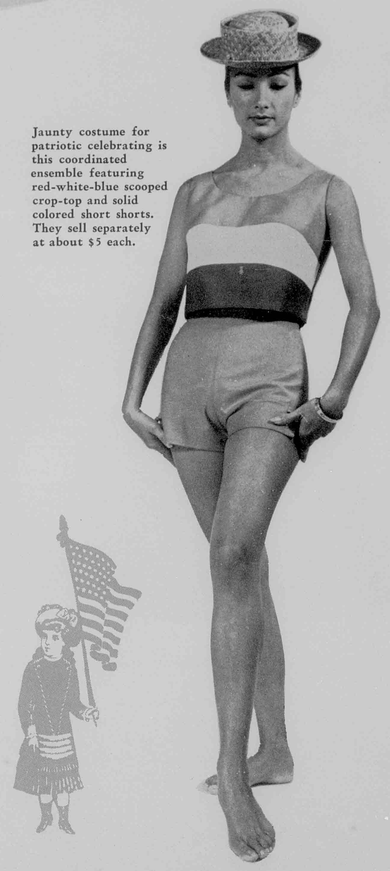
It is a fashion show for children—produced by children. The show is a public service sponsored by Foremost Dairies-Hawaii, Limited. "It is an educational program, presented in a way children understand and designed to whet their appetities for good taste in clothes," said Vern F. Brye, vice president and general sales manager of the dairy firm.



"Drift Glass" prints are color-matched to the solid red, white or blue coolie pants. The pants, from short-short to ankle bone lengths, retail for about $5 to $7. The coolie jacket, with modified kimono sleeve and collar-less neck, is about $8.

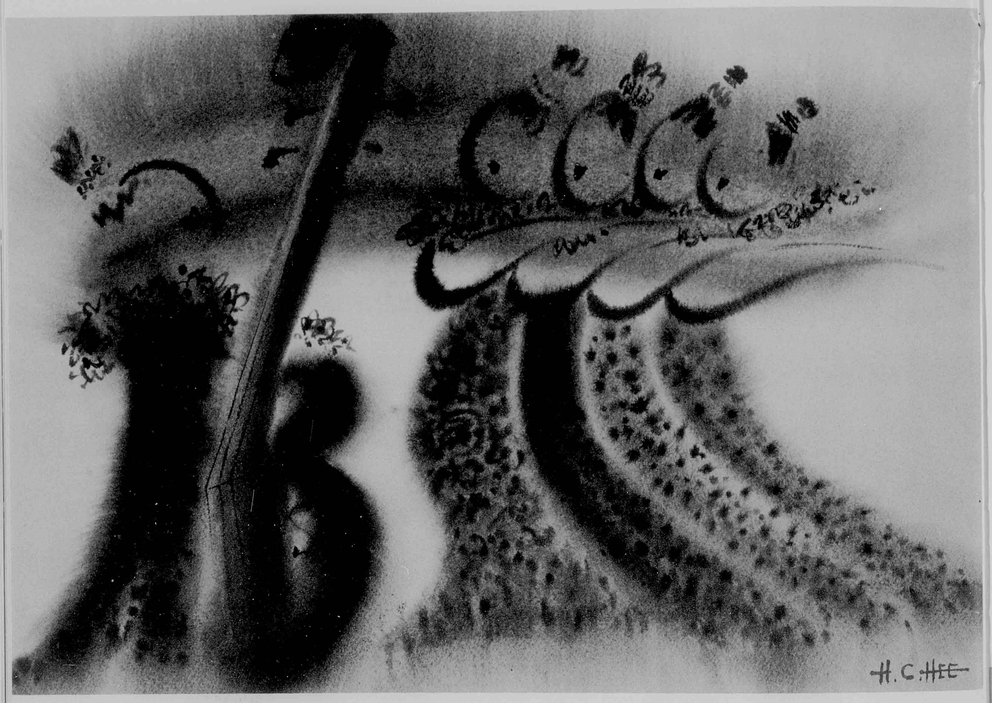


Jaunty costume for patriotic celebrating is this coordinated ensemble featuring red-white-blue scooped crop-top and solid colored short shorts. They sell separately at about $5 each.



Red-white-blue lined dressmaker swimsuit with the little boy leg retails for about $11 and converts into a play dress with the addition of a patch-pocketed blue button-front skirt. It bears the "Junior Hawaii" label.

THIS IS THE HULA



by Emma Farden Sharpe

Illustrations by H. C. Hee

Knowledge of the hula is a key to understanding Hawaiian culture.

The hula interpreted for the ancient Hawaiians their emotions as they faced the great themes of life and death, of ambition and jealousy, sexual passion, sacred and profane love, conjugal and parental devotion, the dread forces of earthquake, fire and storm, the mysteries of the spirit and the hereafter.

The songs, prayers, chants and recitations of the hula gave the Hawaiians eloquent answers to the searching questions of mind and heart.

Whether in solemn rites of the Halau or in less formal surroundings, the hula kept Hawaiians of old in direct touch with their living past. Songs and chants peculiar to the hula and its practitioners tapped a source of inexhaustible wealth in the epics and wonder-myths of old. These dated from the time when Hawaiian gods and goddesses moved on earth as men and women, with human passions in god-like proportions.

The hula was essentially a religious service in which poetry, music, pantomime, and the dance lent themselves, under the forms of dramatic art, to the refreshment of men's minds. For the ancient Hawaiian did not engage in the dance merely for amusement and personal pleasure, as does society of today. Hulas were performed by bodies of highly trained dancers who had spent months—and sometimes years—in dedicated study and practice under the supervision of a hula-master, Kumu Hulu. One of the greatest of all social events was the "Uniki," the debut of a dancer after completion of training. The pride of the graduate was no less than that experienced by the newest recipient of a doctor's degree at any contemporary University.

The person undertaking formal hula training could be compared to a young person of today entering into the career of the ministry; the rites of the hula were sacred. They required the most specialized training in both song and dance, the utmost dedication to the art. Great care was exercised to eliminate all possibility of profanation through the observance of tabus and the performance of priestly rites.

Every chief of ancient Hawaii had his own hula-master to instruct the young people in the art. There were dances for all to do, ranging from the most formal ceremony, to lightest folk dance; from those accompanied by the chanter, to those in which all the performers took both physical and vocal part. All formal hulas were regarded as sacred and having the character of a religious performance, yet all hulas were not held to be of equal dignity or rank.

Performers were divided into two general classes: the Olapa (agile ones) and the Ho'opaa (steadfast ones). The roles of the Olapa, as was fitting, were assigned to the younger men and women who could best illustrate, in their own persons, the grace and beauty of the human form. It was their role, sometimes while singing, to perform the movements and gestures of the dance and sometimes to punctuate their singing with the lighter instruments.

The role of the Ho'opaa was assigned to men and women of greater age and maturity. They handled the heavier instruments and carried out their roles mostly while sitting or kneeling, frequently marking time with instruments and physical movements.

The costume of the hula dancer was much the same for both men and women and consisted, basically, of a simple short skirt, wrapped about the waist, the "Pa'u." It was made variously of fibers, of leaves stripped from the ti, or of tapa. Men usually wore, in addition, a short cape and when used with the cape, the costume was referred to as "Ki Kepa."

Such costumes usually were reserved to the more formal hulas, and were put on with great ceremony, the enrobe-

continued on next page

Emma Sharpe of Maui is one of Hawaii's leading exponents of the hula and an authority on ancient Hawaiian culture.

She returned recently with a group of students at Maui's Maunaolu College who toured the Mainland with a program of authentic Hawaiian entertainment. The young people, all honor students at the Maui college, presented ancient and modern dances before a quarter-million people covering 21,000 miles from the West Coast to Florida.

A new insight into the philosophy of Hawaii today was given to the many thousands of Mainlanders who witnessed the delightful show. Ancestry of the student performers represents a "who's who" of Hawaii's modern racial pattern, as it included, in addition to Hawaiian, the following: Korean-Hawaiian, Chinese-Hawaiian, Micronesian, Portugese-Irish, Japanese, Caucasian, and Filipino.

Mrs. Sharpe is engaged to instruct the college group in Hawaiiana and acted as chanter and accompanist during the tour.



ment being preceeded by prayer and sacrifice. Dancers also wore wreaths of flowers to crown the head and leis of varying size and length for the neck and shoulders. For the most solemn occasions, armlets and ankle pieces were put on with care.

The fullest appreciation for the art of the hula dancers will come from a careful attention paid to the hands, principally, and to the feet, to a lesser degree. The hands relate the story. The manner in which the feet are used frequently indicates the character of the hula, while the hips and body maintain the rhythm of the dance.

There was never any use of the spoken word. Occasionally there would be an interchange of chanted comment between the solo or lead dancer and the chanter, but never mere speech. The most detailed and studied pantomime was done with the arms and hands. The art of gesture and pantomime forming a most important part of the hula dancer's training.

With the coming of early Christian missionaries, many of the chiefs and rulers became converts and, in their new-found zeal and their equally new-found awareness of human frailty, sin, and potential evil, began to look with horror on the hula. The human form, once carried proudly and unadorned, was now to be covered from evil eyes. The reverence for and worship of natural gods was no more to be tolerated; the hula, its practitioners and priests, were outlawed.

Yet, the more remote localities continued to dance, and to preserve the tradition of older times. For many years, the new converts completely shunned that which had, so short a time before, been their source of greatest pleasure and stimulation. No "respectable" child was ever permitted to see a hula, much less to participate in one. Gradually the old instruments fell into disuse, the hula-masters acquired other techniques and trades, and the Halau, now empty and haunted with little more than memories, gradually disappeared as the center of community life.

For an account of the first hula, we must look to the story and legend of Pele, the volcano goddess, and her associates. In the cantillations of the meles associated with Pele and the ancient hu!a there is found a ready-made anthology of great breadth. It includes every species of composition in the whole range of Hawaiian poetry and music. The epic of Pele was a series of poems forming a story which was addressed to the eye, the ear, and the heart.

On one occasion it is said that Pele, who herself did not dance, begged her sisters to dance for her. They all refused with the excuse that they did not know the art. All, save Hiiaka, the favorite sister and the youngest. She had been secretly practicing under the tutelage of the beautiful, but ill-fated Hopoe, and modestly offered to dance for the others. The wave-beat sand of the beach was her floor, the open air her hall. Feet, hands and swaying form kept time to her improvisation . . .

Look, Puna is a dance in the wind—
The palm groves of Kea-au shaken.
Haena and the woman Hopoe dance and sing
On the beach Nana-huki;
A dance of purest delight
Down by the sea Nana-huki . . .

The music of the ancient meles cannot accurately be reproduced in modern notation. It was exclusively linear, in the same manner that the earliest plainsongs were linear, yet it had none of the architectural complexity of the plainsong or the gregorian chant. It was characterized by a monotony of pitch, broken only by an occasional drop or rise which rarely exceeded the interval of a third, and by a peculiar wavering of a single pitch at points of emphasis or where one thought terminated and another began.

There is some evidence to support the belief that, under less formal circumstances, both men and women sang and sang in parts. Historians of the early voyages of Captain



Cook speak of "pleasant harmonies" resulting from the singing of groups of men and women..

With the missionaries came also the austere though harmonically simple music of their calling. It was not the classical harmonies of Bach, Handel, and Luther, nor the highly rhythmic music of the modern evangelist. It was sound, straightforward, and very acceptable basic harmony, rarely going beyond the chords of the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant. It found ready acceptance and it was not long before an entire new set and tradition of Hawaiian songs began to appear. Not all of them were suitable for use in, or entirely welcome to, the missionary establishments. But the Hawaiian people, themselves essentially musical, had found a new medium of group and individual expression and music became a part of the life of every community.

The Ukulele, universally associated with Hawaiian music, is neither Hawaiian nor is it ancient; it is rather, an importation of fairly recent vintage. The ancient Hawaiian possessed few instruments beyond the variety of percussion and rhythm instruments necessary to the dance. There was a nose flute, made of reed and played with one nostril. It was capable of a roughly diatonic scale and was of extreme delicacy of texture and purity of tone. There was, also, a bow of wood on which three strings were stretched. When held against the cheek with the mouth acting as a resonating chamber, it was capable of a short range of tones, extremely soft and of short duration, somewhat similar to the so-called jews-harp of our times.

The Ka Eke Eke (Bamboo Organ) was essentially a percussion instrument, although possessing different pitches due to the different lengths of the bamboo. Some time during the nineteenth century, possibly around 1825 or 1830, quite probably through the interest of some missionary families with experience in pipe-organ construction, it was discovered that by carefully cutting and scaling the bamboo, actual notes of definite pitch could be produced. There was, for some years, considerable use of the Ka Eke Eke as an accompaniment to both song and dance. But it fell into disuse and has only in relatively recent years, been brought back into use. The Ka Eke Eke owned by Na Hui of Maui's Maunaolu College is the most complete one in the islands and is the first one known to be fully chromatic, ranging in semi-tones from the C below middle C to the D above middle C, tuned to A-440. Its tone is absolutely pure, without either harmonic or sub-fundamental.

Other instruments, all percussive, are the Ili-Ili, the Uli-Uli, the Puili, the Ipu, the Pahu and the several variations of the Ipu.

The Ili-Ili are stones of a special kind, found only in certain streams and almost exclusively on Maui. They possess a remarkable resonance and are used in pairs, one pair to each hand. The manner in which they are held and brought sharply together is reminiscent of the Spanish castanet.

The Uli-Uli is a small dried gourd, filled with cannaseed of a special kind, carefully cured, with a handle fixed on one end, to which is attached a pad of feathers. These are held, one in each hand by women, and a single one by men. Both were flourished and shaken in connection with certain lighter dances.

The Puili are long sections of bamboo, with one node cut out, the bamboo carefully cured and then carefully split into long narrow strips. The absence of the node allows the cut strips to come to a point and to vibrate against each other when in use, giving off a rustling kind of sound. They are frequently used as instruments of rhythmic accent.

The Ipu is a medium size gourd, selected and dried, which is used both in chants and as rhythmic accompaniment to dances. It is held in one hand, tapped by the ðther and, from time to time, struck upon the knee or ground.

The Pahu, or shark-skin drum, is a section of fern-trunk, hollowed out, into which a diaphragm has been fixed. The upper edges are rounded and across the open end is stretched a cured shark-skin, held taut by lacings. It it used only in the more formal dances, and then only by the chanter.

MELE ALOHA

Onaona i ka hala me ka lehua
Fragrant with the breath of hala and lehua
Na hale lehua ia na ka noe
Is the mist-laden home of Lehua
O ka'u no ia e 'ano'i nei
This is the sight I have looked forward to
E li'a nei ho'i o ka hiki mai
That makes me look with eagerness to see you
A hiki mai no 'oe
Now that you have come
Hiki pu mai no me ka aloha
Love comes with you
Aloha e . . . .
Greetings . . . .

by James D. Houston



NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE

QUINTET FOR EIGHT ISLANDS

I

Who has seen the star-drawn banyan
Bind itself to earth with thirsty streamers
Hung from every stretching arm,
Seen rain or tide-spray cover lava
Making blackness slick,
Or valleys full of emptiness
In silent soldier rows?
Who's seen water glassed
On windless mornings bluer than the sky,
Or sand-crabs clawing nervously,
Seen yellow-ginger, white pikake,
Orange bird-of-paradise,
Or one canoe astride a red sun's final shimmer?



CAMERA HAWAII

II

Who has smelled the sacred maili
Fragrant as the sunless loam of forests
Hoarding orchids,
Or waterfalls,
Or beach-washed morays two days dead,
Or smelled the breath of Pele steaming?
Who's smelled the salt and pelting rush of storms
Blown up from Kona,
Or ruffled ocean breathing dawn away?

III

Who has felt the shaggy skull
Of coconuts,
Or ocean's pulse,
Pineapple spines,
Shade's palm-curved blanket laid at noon?
Or felt the ancient heat
Of evening lava holding sun
Remembering the fever of its birth,
Or tapa cloth,
And time relaxing,
Hanging limp like palm fronds?



IV

Who has tasted blue wind blown from peaks,
Or roast pig dripping hot from fingers,
Succulent,
And new clean juice of coconuts,
Or sunshine in papayas?
Who's tasted bits of yesterday
Embedded in today,
And - bitter-sweet -
The vague, elusive savour of a timeless world
That daily fades from sight,
But not from view?

V

Who has heard a distant island whisper
(And the echo) of its friendship,
Or the rustle of lauhala
When there is no wind?
Who's listened to the lurking lobster chuckle
Near a reef, and striped fish laughing
Soft in broken sunlight,
Or heard the singing,
Sometimes crying faraway, of low guitars?
Or heard brown feet of children on the path,
And never wondered why the banyan,
Blue wind, bougainvillea, brown feet,
And heat of broken lava
Should be blended tenderly,
In violence,
And only comprehended when the senses fuse
And, like five fingers,
Grasp and hold the end
And the beginning.

KRAUSS' HAWAII



by Glenn Black

"ROLLICKING . . . hilarious . . . mirth-provoking . . . refreshing . . . fascinating." With such encomiums as these by reviewers the nation over flashing across my memory screen, I dropped into the Waikiki branch of Honolulu Book Shops to pick up a copy of Bob Krauss' *Here's Hawaii.* I wanted to see for myself what this stream of printed flattery was all about.

Now I know: The author's got it bad, real bad, for Hawaii. The guy simply loves Hawaii and Hawaiiana. What's more, he doesn't care who knows it—even his wife, to whom he devotedly dedicated the 298-page love effort.

True, the book is "rollicking, hilarious" and all that. Bob Krauss, on the one hand, is one of the most-avidly read columnists in Pacifica, covering the Islands and its people in a daily stint in the Honolulu Advertiser, but his empathy with Hawaii is most poignantly revealed in this newest literary offspring.

The reader is likely to enjoy the book in direct relation to his own capacity for empathy with the object of Krauss' affections. In fact, it occured to me that the more closely I as a reader could identify with the author and his approach, the more I would enjoy the book.

Now I don't know whether you'll get more out of *Here's Hawaii* by reading it while attired in walking shorts a la Krauss, or by digging into it while lounging on the sands of some beach with furbishings similar to those shown on the book's dust jacket, but it's worth a try. I did, but it didn't seem to make any great difference to me.

I still shed tears—from laughter, from nostalgia and from patriotic sentiment—right along with the author. Even when I read the book in conventional slacks, sitting in my favorite Lawson chair.

Some readers may get endless belly-laughs from the book's contents. Or, you, too, may be provoked to three hearty chuckles, numerous instances of the giggles and countless pages of amused snickers at Krauss' tongue-in-cheek badinage.

We don't have to be charitable in this review. We paid the full fare for the book. But one of the things that can be said in commendation is that it is a volume that can be picked up and set down at virtually any time and place without taking from its reading pleasure. This makes it invaluable as a gift to office receptionists, telephone operators, jockeys and croupiers.

For myself, I am seriously considering presenting my copy to my mother-in-law. She might even get to thinking more tolerantly about me after author B. K. gets through kneading her withered sense of humor.

So, say what you will. We agree that the first-mentioned adjectives about *Here's Hawaii* are befitting. So go on and rob the piggy-bank and assure yourself of many hours of amusing, and enlightening, entertainment. Most likely, you'll even begin to realize why you, too, like Hawaii and its many faces.



Aloha Hawaii's "Real Happy Hawaiian"

by Mary Conniff

AFTER YEARS of watching cellophane-skirted "island" girls dance haole hulas to the accompaniment of such instruments as bongo drums and vibes, Mainlanders at long last will get a look at a real, honest-to-goodness happy Hawaiian when they see Mokihana Kiaaina play the part of Opua in *Aloha Hawaii.*

They are likely to be both astonished and delighted.

Playing the comedienne role opposite Jimmy Caesar, Moki represents Hawaii about as authentically as anyone can, for as she says, "Opua *is* me."

Who is this two-hundred-pound, easy-going Chinese-Hawaiian who is to take her first trip to the Mainland when the *Aloha Hawaii* cast sails on the Matsonia for their try at the big time?

She is the daughter of an Island family of six, three girls and three boys, who were born and brought up in Hawaii and are true children of its way of life. Moki's school days began at Fern School in the Kalihi section of Honolulu. For a short time, she lived at Laupahoehoe on the Big Island and attended the school that was swept into the sea by the tidal wave of 1946. Safely back in Honolulu before that fearful day, Moki went on to Kalakaua Intermediate and Farrington High Schools.

All this time, she was delighting friends and neighbors at luaus, picnics and beach parties with her comic hulas. "I was always sensitive about my weight," says Moki, "but the folks liked my hulas, so I danced whenever they asked me."

It was surely a gesture from the hand of fate that Moki first danced R. Alex Anderson's popular *Cockeyed Mayor of Kaunakakai,* when she was just nine years old. For as Opua, she will do another of this beloved composer's comic hulas, *Muumuu Mama,* this time as a professional performer in a Broadway-bound musical.

Growing up in Kalihi, dancing and singing at private parties, she has known the best of the local professional musicians, the late Alfred Apaka, members of the talented Rodrigues family and many others, but she never thought of working professionally, herself.

It was at the insistence of friends that she decided to try out for *Aloha Hawaii.* First chore was to get somebody to watch the fish market for a day, for, although her Mainland audiences won't know it unless somebody sends them copies of *Paradise of the Pacific,* Moki's livelihood has come in recent years from the operation of a stall in the Chinese market down on Kekaulike Street.

Ah Moi Lew's stall has been in the family for generations. Moki's grandfather started it years ago; then her mother took over for a time. And in 1957, when her mother suffered a heart attack, Moki became manager-operator of the popular family business. Her infectious sense of humor has made her a favorite with others at the market.

"They call me 'Fat and Juicy' down there, because of my size," she says. "Lots of my friends, they don't know what has happened to me, being in this show. I know the show will make it, I *know* it will. But, if it doesn't, I really don't have anything to lose, because I can always come back to the fish market."

Throughout her years of growing up in Hawaii, and of assuming family business responsibility, Moki has lived the life that Hawaiian young people have lived for centuries. "I love the beach, swimming and playing around, and going on picnics and things like that. Anything in the open spaces, that's for me." she says. "I used to spend just about all my spare time at the beach, but now my life has changed completely."

Instead of getting up early, opening the market stall, working all day, then heading for a beach picnic with friends, Moki has recently been heading for the Waikiki Shell early every morning, and spending the day in a world unlike anything she has ever known before.

"There is so much to learn," she says, "and I just love it all." And it is quite apparent that producer, director, cast and crew love Moki, for her off-stage antics have enlivened many a tense rehearsal and cleared the air of many a pre-opening-night difference of opinion on the staging of the show.

"I used to go home from the fish market really beat," Moki says. "Now, I work much harder, practicing my songs and dances all day, and I'm kinda tired physically when we get through. But when I get home I feel so excited. You know, real interested in thinking up ways to improve my part. I guess I spend all my time thinking about this show. And I get together with show people

Continued on page 30



"She has healthy teeth and a good jaw, a sign of longevity."



Sniffing perfume, "To keep away evil spirits?" "No, to attract them!"

CAMERA HAWAII/JERRY Y. CHONG



Lotus blossom dance is performed by Honolulu pretties whose ancestry includes Japanese, Hawaiian-Chinese-Caucasian as well as Chinese.

FLOWER DRUM SONG — *"At Home" in Hawaii*

by Don Mayo

"FIRST in the Fiftieth State" is a favorite slogan of pace makers in Hawaii in this year of firsts for the newest state.

In the world of theatre, where the unique and the daring are qualities of merit, Hawaii has long held an outstanding place. The Honolulu Community Theatre, reflecting the spirit and vitality of its community, has become an outstanding example of production "firsts" for the nation. As its final production of the current year, HCT will open with "The Flower Drum Song" as the first off-Broadway community theatre production of the show anywhere in the country.

It is fitting that the show be opened in Hawaii, with which it has been closely linked since it was first considered for Broadway production in 1958.

Gene Kelley came to Hawaii in that year to search for talent for the Broadway opening of the play. He had just completed a successful Broadway run as the star in "Pal Joey" and direction of the film "Tunnel of Love" in which Doris Day was starred. Little did Honolulu realize at the time of Kelly's visit that that trip was one destined to add several new Hawaiian stars to the annals of show business.

The same year was one of great shows and great discoveries. France Nuyen, dynamic newcomer who played Liat in "South Pacific" and who achieved lasting stardom as the enchanting and mischievous lead in "The World of Suzie Wong," was riding high on popularity polls in the theatrical world. Matinee idol Charles Boyer and beautiful Claudette Colbert were opening a riotous comedy about monogamy called "The Marriage Go Round" and such big names as Raymond Massey, Judith Anderson and Ethel Merman were preparing new shows for Broadway opening.

"My Fair Lady," in its third smash season, was still a hit on Broadway, and critics were naming Rodgers' and Hammerstein's Flower Drum Song as the show most likely to succeed it on the boards.

The Broadway production featured names like Juanita Hall, the Bloody Mary of South Pacific, and three newcomers taking featured places on the boards for the first time on Broadway. They were Pat Suzuki, a dynamic youngster from the Pacific Northwest, Nancy Miyoshi Umeki, who had appeared as a Japanese ballad singer in a Honolulu night club and Hawaii's then latest amateur theatre light, Ed Kenney. He had starred in local productions of top shows including "Kismet" and "Oklahoma!" Gene Kelley had spotted Ed in Honolulu, and invited him to audition in New York. From the time of its Boston road opening in November of 1958, the show was a hit and slated for greatness in the annals of contemporary theatre. Hawaii's Ed Kenney was a star.

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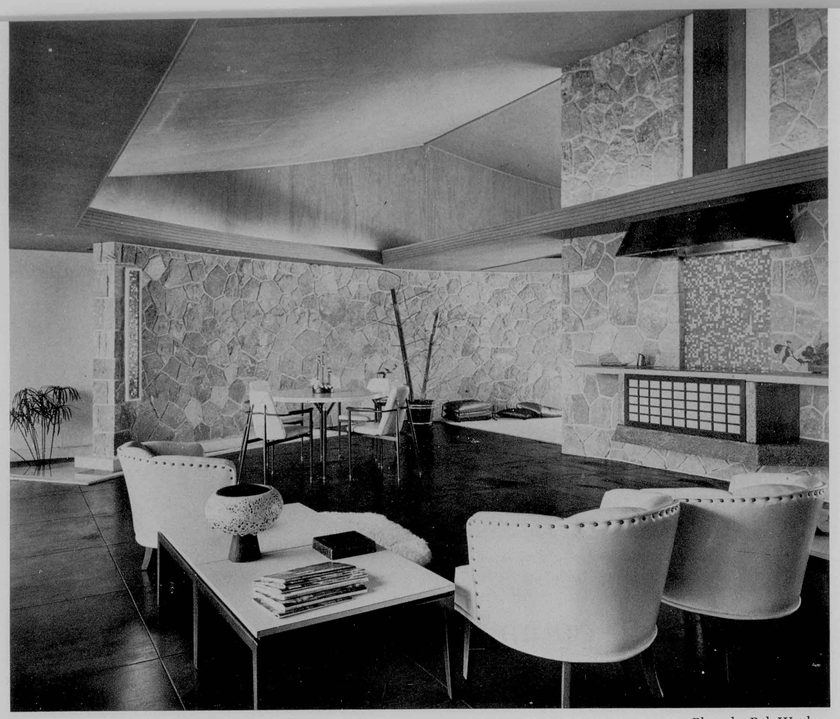


Photo by Bob Wenkam

island living:

Barbecue-Fireplace, Back to Back

Mosaic panels back the barbecue area under the handsome copper hood of the Doolittle lanai. Shoji hides barbecue storage in front of fireside cooking area. Waianae sandstone brings dramatic textural contrasts to the room, complementing Philippine mahogany paneling. Back to back with barbecue area is a wide fireplace in the formal living room. Contrasting with pale buff Waianae sandstone is the Philippine mahogany ceiling paneling and beautifully grained natural teak of the walls. Indoor planter stretches the length of the living room.

THE WAIALAE-KAHALA home of the J. R. Doolittle's typifies, an exciting aspect of Hawaii's way of life. It shows the melding of the primitive, the luxurious, the Oriental and the Occidental into a fluid, harmonious whole.

The home, designed by architects Bradley and Wong, AIA, is built of native Waianae sandstone, locally produced masonry, Philippine mahogany and Burma teak, plus mosaic tile and metal fixtures imported from the Mainland. There are also decorative touches designed and made by well-known local artists.

In keeping with Hawaii's love for outdoor living, this home is designed to function smoothly in any living or entertaining plan desired. The rooms in the living area can be separated by cleverly placed "shoji" doors (these slide into hidden pockets when not in use) and are so arranged that they can flow into one another forming a homogeneous entertaining area.

Deep overhangs of high-pitched shake roof provide shade for each indoor living area. These include the copper chimney which serves the wide fireplace and barbecue, situated back to back in a Waianae sandstone wall. This screens formal living room from covered lanai and is proof against salt air and sea winds that drift from the nearby beach area.



Built in a newly developed residential area in the flat of a valley, this home is on a busy street corner. Though the entrance is on the street side of one of these corners, the house is oriented so that it provides its own view in a totally private, walled garden (a concept that's anything but new with Spanish and Latin-American peoples.)

The home, essentially, turns its back on the street and has windows of obscure glass that bring light, silhouettes of plants and air from the street side, but preserve the inviolate individuality of the home.

Within the house, there are many conveniences of arrangement and equipment. Cove lighting that completely surrounds the formal living room and covered lanai is operated on a rheostat system that allows the owners to brighten or dim the lighting to suit the desired mood.

The curved Waianae sandstone wall separating the living areas from the fully air-conditioned master suite is a decorative feature as well as a sound barrier.

Around one end of the curve—which projects through the lanai toward the walled garden—wraps a geometric pool. It is completely contained under the roof, and can be seen both from the lanai, where its sparkling jet of water provides a tinkle of music, and from a fixed glass pane in the twelve by twenty foot dressing room that is lined with closets.

Adjoining the living areas are a bar and den, backed by pantry, utility area, built-in kitchen and maid's quarters. The kitchen connects to the covered lanai by a pass-through, as does the pantry to the bar. The den and bar open completely to a covered walkway leading out into the garden.

The kitchen and pantry provide a good arrangement for efficiency. Range and oven are built into an island in the center of the kitchen. Cabinets above work counters are recessed so that their fronts are flush with counter backsplash. The pantry is a gem of storage for a couple who prefer to buy in case lots rather than from day to day.

The air-conditioned master suite includes a bath and dressing room with a double shower over a sunken tub lined with structural glass; dual basins built into a counter and a separate dressing room with central seating.

Tying the home into its surroundings is the landscape plan by George S. Walters, landscape architect. Planting lines one wall of the living room as well as the private garden, oversize porte-cochere garage and exterior of the house. It is designed to soften the architectural lines of the home and blend it with the surrounding landscape. Plants and paving are so arranged as to complement the architecture as well as tie the home to its property, and provide the lush foliage needed to complete the indoor-outdoor atmosphere.

"Real Happy Hawaiian"

Continued from page 26

all the time. You might say my personal life is completely different now."

Just how Moki, who loves "anything outdoors," will react to trouping across the Mainland, living in hotels, eating in restaurants and performing behind the footlights of famous theatres is difficult to predict. But one look at her uninhibited performance, one glance from her sparkling eyes, crinkled up with Hawaiian laughter, one view of her rotund figure in its oversized muumuu are enough to convince local theatre-goers that the Mainland's reaction to her will be tremendous.

There is something about Moki that *is* Hawaii. It is her good-natured, relaxed, bantering way of singing her songs. It is the grin on her face and the mischief in her eyes when she speaks her lines. It is the two-hundred-pound grace of her dancing. It is the way she stands, with her back so straight and her head so erect. It is the way she looks and talks and puts across the message of the show which was *her* message before the script was ever written. It is summed up in the last words spoken in *Aloha Hawaii,* words which Opua speaks. . . .

"May God fill your hearts with the Aloha of this, our land . . . Hawaii."

Flower Drum Song —

Continued from page 27

Variety called the play "an achievement of pure delight, coming up with absorbing, exciting music (and a story) of conflict betwixt the old and the new in San Francisco's China Town."

On hand for the New York opening, in December of the same year, Honolulu Community Theatre's then director Jerome Meyer wrote from Broadway that it was a good show but lacked believability. Meyer said the show was too stylized, that the treatment of the Oriental mind and society was lacking in vitality.

"We could bring a lot more life and verve to the show," he wrote, here in Honolulu . . . "Done more realistically, with the true Oriental flavor, and not quite so arched and precious, it will truly be a first-rate Rodgers and Hammerstein! And what," added Meyer, "in this theatrical world, is better?"

On July 14, opening night for Hawaii's first stage presentation of the Flower Drum Song, theatre audiences in the newest state will be able to judge the meaning of Mr. Meyer's views.

Certainly the play as done by members of Hawaii's poly-racial, multi-cultural community, will add a new dimension to the unique qualities of human conduct and social affairs which lend the original punch to this delightful play. To them, the impact of the "old and new," the interplay of cultures divided only by a generation, are common to every day experience.

This is, in a very important way, the signal difference between what the Flower Drum Song has been to audiences in New York and London, as interpreted by actors to whom the Oriental mind is a thing strange, delicate, and removed, and what it may be to those here in Hawaii who are themselves people like the people in the play.

A glance at a few of the characters in the play tells much about this unique feature of the Honolulu production. Madam Liang is played by Maryanne King, a Chinese girl whose maiden name was Wung. Liu Ma, the maid, is portrayed by Ethel Apao, whose racial background is referred to as "Cosmopolitan" in the Islands, and whose principal extraction is Hawaiian.

The lovely and demure Mei Li is playel by Grace Kinoshita Westfall, Honolulu TV personality who is a first generation immigrant from Japan married to a haole. Her brother plays Wang San.

Wang Ta, the juvenile lead which was played by Ed Kinney on Broadway, is portrayed in the local production by handsome and talented Ernie Pacarro, who is of Filipino extraction. His father in the show, the traditional and proud Chinese gentleman, is played by veteran Honolulu actor Kam Fong Chun, who is Chinese. Sammy Fong, the rogue who stirs up much of the action of the play with his match-making, is played by Robert Richardson of Chinese-Caucasian strain. Dr. Li, father of Mei Li, is done by veteran actor Allen Tam, himself Chinese.

Linda Low, who belts out many of the songs which made Pat Suzuki a smash on broadway, is handled by young and versatile Ann Miyamoto, of Japanese background. Helen Chao, who loves Wang Ta too, is portrayed by Korean Esther Scoble, herself married to a haole. Harry Chang, experienced young actor of Chinese racial extraction who is also assistant director of the play, portrays Professor Cheng. Teen-ager Camille Yamamoto, of Japanese background, sings "Fan-Tan Fannie" with gusto as the Night Club Singer. Dr. Lu Fong is played by HCT veteran Richard Drake, a Negro actor and well-known radio personality in Hawaii.

Other names reveal the variety of racial backgrounds in the show: Richard Kuga, Lowell Pang, Harold Shirakawa, Dan Kamekona, Marjorie Nygren, Mark Dara, Marie Hemmings, Charles Khim, Ted Yap Jr., Lee De Vault, Cecelia Akim, Kale Okazaki.

All this indicates the way in which the play, as cast in Honolulu, lives up in fact to the fiction of its story, and brings to its audiences a feeling for the humor and serious side of the drama.

A truly unusual set lends to the story and the actors a convincing and appropriate place for the action of the play. The superlative direction and guidance of HCT director Don Tescher promises an unusual opportunity in entertainment. With dance direction by Honolulu's Josephine Flanders and music under the baton of seasoned director Alvina Kaulili, the play's *really* the thing.

Perhaps most significantly for those who see this production in the perspective of another first for Hawaii's first year as the 50th State, is the clarity with which this show exemplifies the way of life which has become characteristic of Hawaii. This is a testimony to the part Hawaii can play in the leadership, by example, of nation and the world in harmonious coexistence of races, cultures and callings in one community.

The Flower Drum Song has come home, to the meeting place of East and West, where it began.

The Palace Was Dark

by Nona Kapua Beamer

THE TIME was the *ano ahiahi,* the hour of the setting sun. With a colorful boatload of smiling Hawaiians on board, the palm-decked pleasure craft, *The Captain Cook,* was entering Kailua Bay. The occasion was a special one: the annual "Aloha" visit of the Royal Court of Hilo to the court of Kailua-Kona.

On the top deck, stood the regal king. His massive Hawaiian features were elegant under his red helmet. The royal cloak, thrown over great shoulders, hung to his ankles. He was a magnificent man. He crossed his arms over his broad chest, and surveyed the tranquil Kona scene around him.

The Queen, at his side, was more concerned with the boat's rolling motion. She wore a feather lei on her brow and as a necklace, a large sperm-whale tooth, the emblem of royalty. Around the royal couple stood spear guards, bearers of the royal standards, the king's councilors, the royal princesses, and their attendants. On the deck below were the court singers, dancers, and musicians. It was a gala company; all a part of this traditional festival of the Kona coast.

As the *Captain Cook* steamed into Kailua Harbor, the blowing of a conch shell was heard. The royal court of Kona was sending a friendly greeting out over the water. Captain Joe Beach skillfully maneuvered his craft along side the dock, and the exchange of conch blasts introduced the protocol of old Hawaii's pageantry.

The King's chanter began the age-old recitation about the Gods of Hawaii, the geneology of the royal house of Keawe, the warmth of friendly hearts, one to another. As the King and Queen stepped ashore, the chimes of the village church stirred the air. A youthful group of choristers, robed in dark green, sang "Jesus, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us" and "Hosanna, to the Lamb of God" in the Hawaiian tongue. Their leader, Sue Fowler, was a young, sweet faced teacher from the middle west. The Hawaiian words flowed freely as she sang with the children.

The minister's seven-year-old, golden haired daughter sang in a full-voiced soprano. Her Hawaiian words were firmly pronounced and the vowels so round on her cherubic mouth that she yawned in Kona's child-like innocence.

Her father, minister of Mokuaikaua Congregational Church, stood a few paces from the group. His face registered pride in this little choir of many nationalities. As the hymn faded away, Reverend Fisk stepped before the gathering. In a simple prayer, he spoke of the heritage of the Hawaiian people, and of their belief in the philosophy of aloha; that it is God's gift of love that sustains all people. Eyes grew misty as the tenderness of his words sank into many hearts.

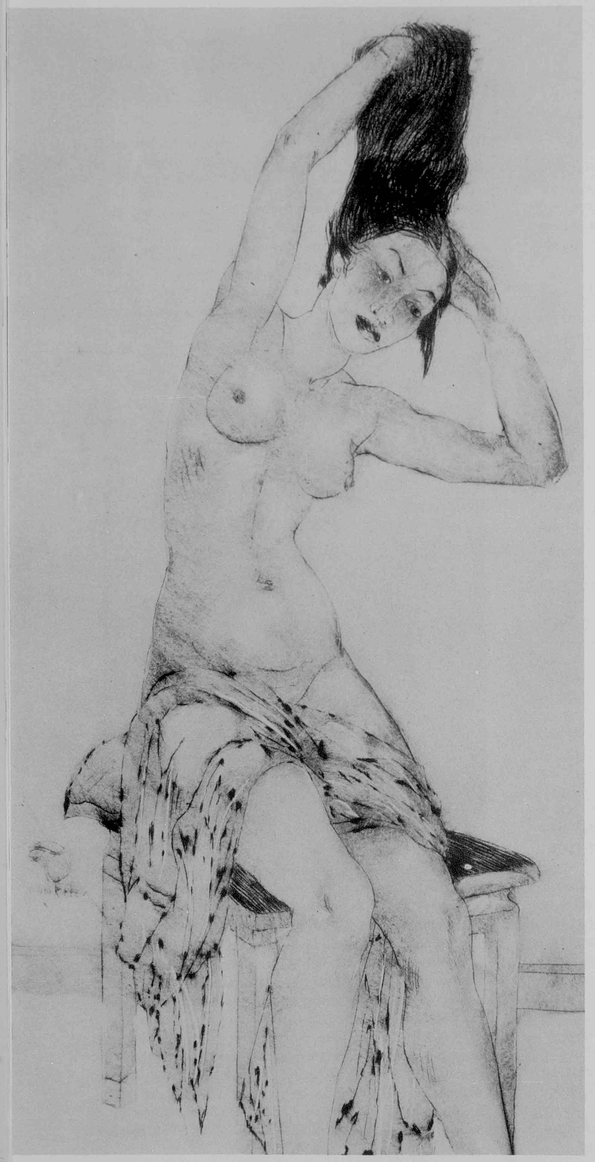
The torches were lighted, and the royal court of Kona escorted the visitors to the village of Kailua. Many bare feet followed in solemn procession. To the Hawaiian people present, this was not just a pageant of today's Hawaii. Their eyes looked beyond the royal party, seeing this happen in a Hawaii of an earlier era. During, and even before the monarchy, many a royal group had set foot from their canoes to these shores.



Gifts of fruit, of song and dance were bestowed upon the visiting court as the royal entourage proceeded through the village.

As darkness began to fall, the outline of the Hulihee Royal Palace was etched against the Kona sky. Here was the summer home of Hawaii's monarchy, where kings and queens of yesteryear had lived and ruled. Here were the roots of Hawaii's colorful past and cultural heritage. The palace walls whispered of a bygone era.

The entire village felt the solemnity of the moment. There was a reverent silence, as a heavy hush enveloped the villagers. The royal chanter stepped before the palace gates, and a loud, clear voice spoke of Hawaii's love for the royal family. The chant rang through the night air. The torches flickered with the gentle wind. The Palace was dark.



◀ John M. Kelly

Madge Tennent ▶

Beloved Deans of Hawaii's Artists

BY HAPPY coincidence this month of July, the two kamaaina artists of Hawaii who reign supreme in their respective media are represented in one-man shows. They are John Kelly, at Gima's Ala Moana and Madge Tennent, at John Breton Storm's Beretania Street Antique Shop.

John Kelly's prints and Madge Tennent's line drawings, pastels, water colors and pen and ink sketches offer a fascinating study in Hawaiiana as well as superb artistry.

Kelly's early etchings and later aquatints range in subject from Hawaiian fishermen and lei makers to the lithe Polynesian female forms which have won him international recognition.

Madge Tennent's thoughtfully framed works shine like jewels in the cluttered chaos of Storm's shop. Spectacular in size yet delicately executed are the "Two Faces of a Crown Princess of Hawaii." Another Tennent trademark is the leg-of-mutton sleeve and Gibson girl coiffeur worn by so many of her Hawaiian women.

At Honolulu's Galleries

THE GALLERY, Hawaiian Village Hotel.
Through the 18th. Farewell Exhibition of recent paintings, drawings and prints by popular Island artist *John Young*.
Opening the 25th. First American one-man show by young Italian painter, Marchese Filipo di Marignolli, now living at Kula, Maui.

GIMA'S ART GALLERY, Ala Moana Center.
Through the 9th. Exhibition of recent etchings by the dean of Hawaii's printmakers, 82-year-old *John Melville Kelly*.
Opening the 11th. Seascapes of Hawaii, an exhibition of large oil paintings by 10 local artists.

GROSSMAN-MOODY GALLERY, 2200 Kalakaua Ave., Waikiki. Through the month. Exhibition of watercolors of Hawaii, the Orient and the Northwest by Seattle artist *Jule H. Kullberg*.

HONOLULU ACADEMY OF ARTS, Thomas Square. Last opportunity to see the permanent collections for six months. Gallery II will have a special showing of Contemporary Art of the 20th Century which will include works by some local painters.

LIBRARY OF HAWAII, Patio Gallery, King Street.
Through the 17th. Portrait photographs of Island types by *Irving Rosen*.
Opening the 18th. First one-man exhibition of watercolors of Honolulu by young Hilo-born artist *Ben Diama*.

STORM ANTIQUE SHOP, 1362 S. Beretania St. *Madge Tennent*—The Last Decade. Special showing of drawings, watercolors and ink washes created by one of Hawaii's outstanding artists from 1948 to 1958.

WAHIAWA BRANCH LIBRARY, 1136 California Ave. Comprehensive exhibition of watercolors of varied techniques and subjects by Maui-born *Hon-Chew Hee*. On the 18th the show moves to the Waipahu Branch Library, 94-521. Farrington Ave., for the remainder of the month.



Discover the charm of **OLD HAWAII** on these other magnificent **ALOHA STATE ISLANDS**

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KAUAI

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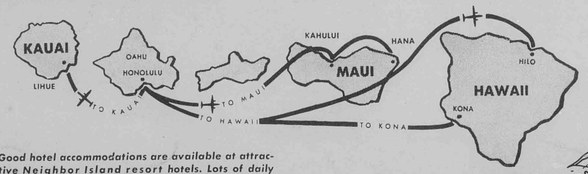

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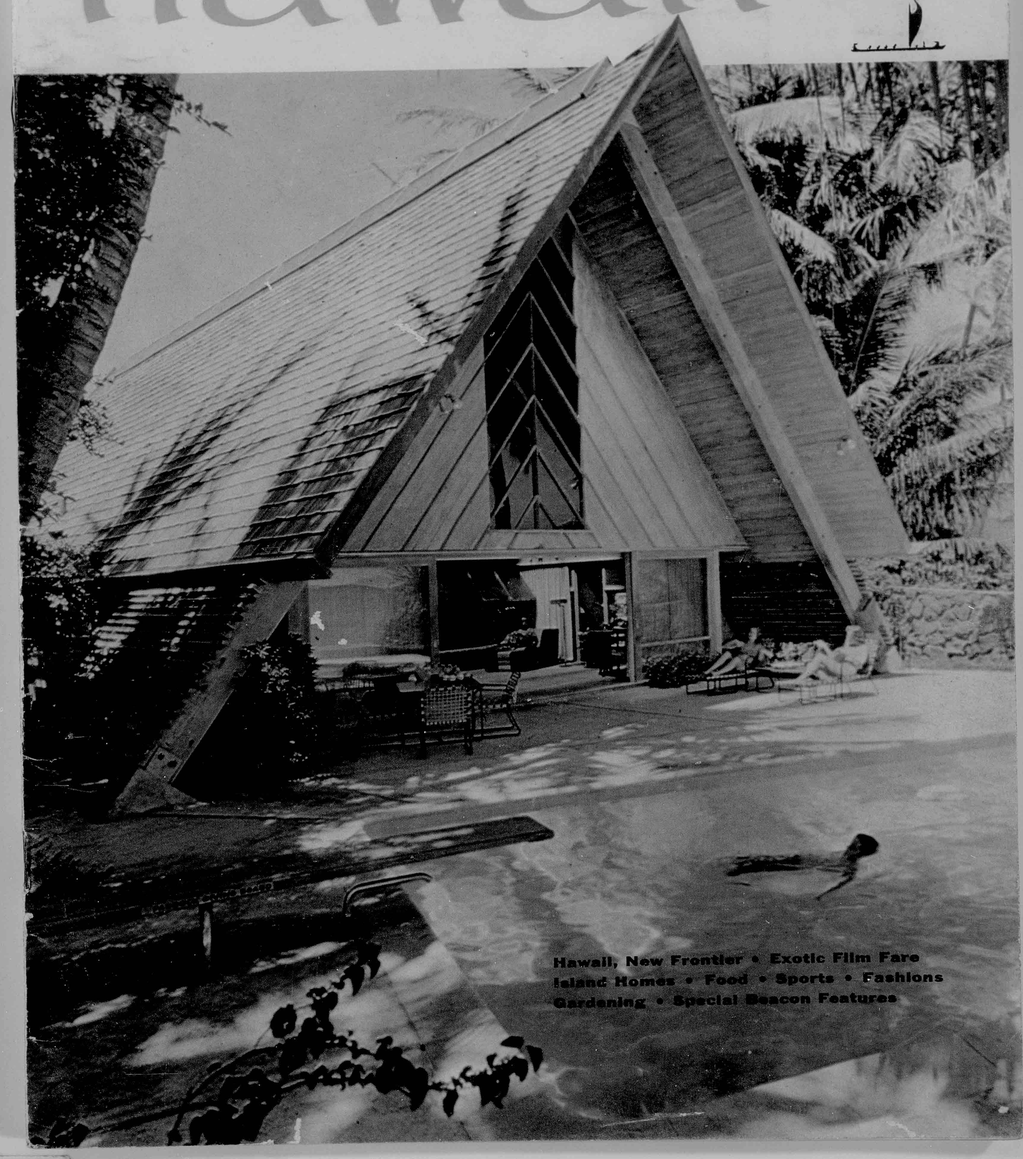

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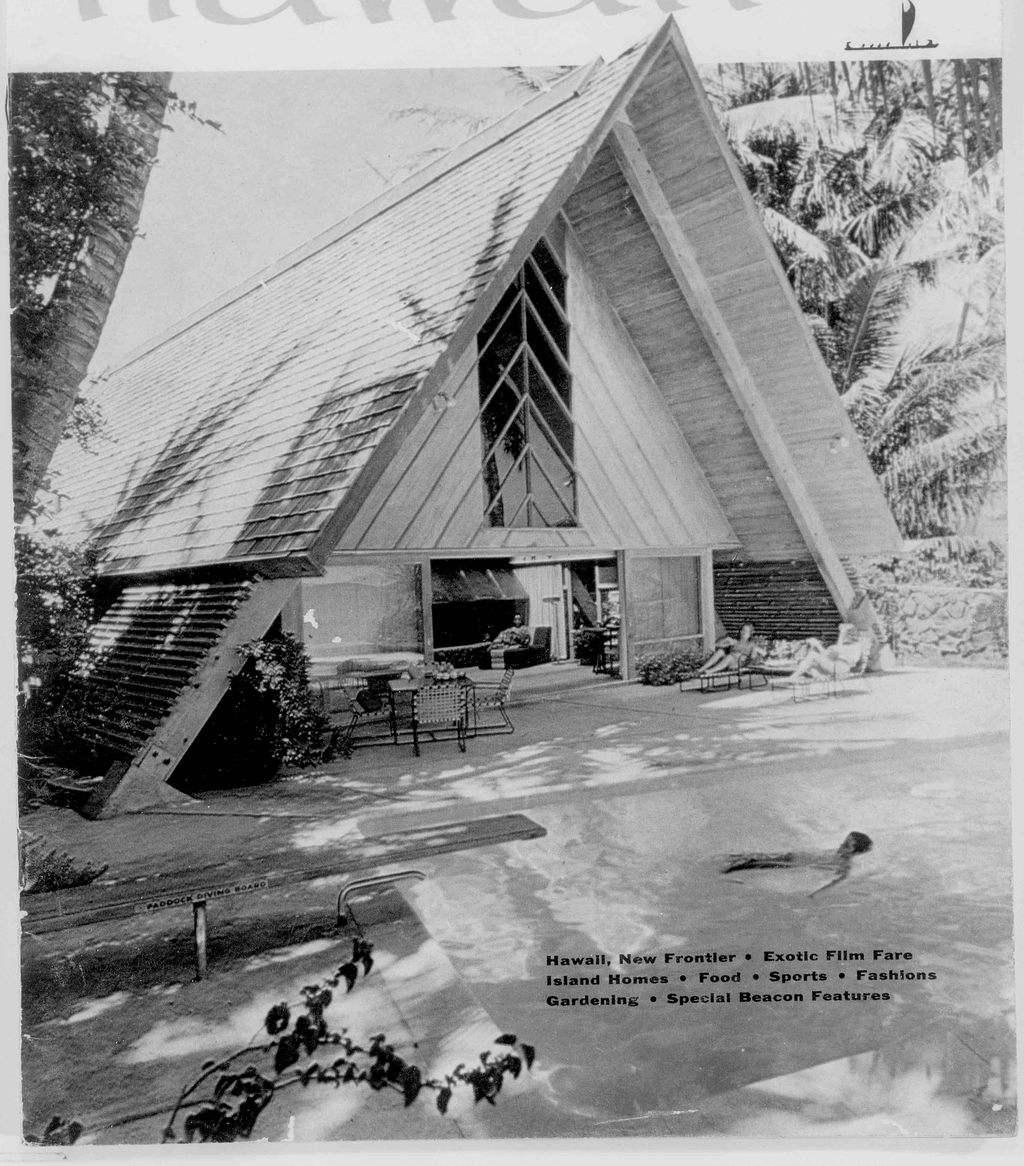

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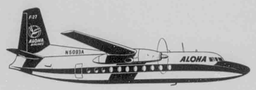

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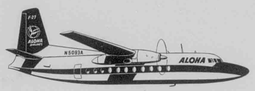

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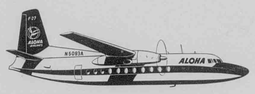

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VOLUME 72 **AUG. - SEPT. 1960** **NUMBER 8**

COVER

The enchantment of Island living is expressed in the home of Edmund F. Fitzgerald. The house is inspired by a Samoan longhouse and was designed by Architects Wimberly & Cook. Shown in the picture is the lively Fitzsimmons family. Photo/Werner Stoy, Camera Hawaii.

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With this expanded edition, the August and September issues of Paradise of the Pacific have been combined. All subscriptions have been extended one month.

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Kamaaina's Calendar

AUGUST

1-7 Manoa Cup Golf Tournament, Oahu Country Club.

3-6, 10-13 "Flower Drum Song," Ruger Theatre.

5, 6 Bon Dance, Shinshu Kyokai Mission, 1631 S. Beretania, 7:30 p.m.

6 Opening, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," Magic Ring Theatre, Hawaiian Village, 8:30.

12 Honolulu Symphony with Benny Goodman, Waikiki Shell, 8 p.m.

13, 14 All Chinese Golf Tournament, Ala Wai and Pali Courses.

14 Hawaii State Horseman's Association, all day, Saddle City, Waimanalo.

18 Opening "Marry an American," Dillingham Hall.

22, 23 New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting; Waikiki Shell.

26 "The Time of the Cuckoo," Windward Theatre Guild, Kailua Elem. School.

26, 27; Sept. 2, 3 "Arthur and the Magic Sword," Theatre for Youth play.

28 Bon Dance, Wahiawa Hongwanji, 7:30 p.m.

SEPTEMBER

2, 3 Honolulu Summer Symphony with Jo Stafford, Waikiki Shell, 8 p.m.

10 15th Annual Wailua Country Fair.

5 Hawaiian Kennel Club Annual All-Breed Show, Punahou campus.

19 Home and Garden Tour, Daughters of Hawaii, 2-5 p.m.

23 Honolulu Chamber Music Ensemble, MacNeil Auditorium, Punahou, 8 p.m.

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The Gallery, Hawaiian Village Hotel.
Aug. 17 Opening exhibition of landscapes by Harry Baldwin.
Sept. 1 Seascapes, William Walters.

Library of Hawaii, Patio, King Street.
Aug. 8-29, Oils, Toshio Arakaki.
Aug. 29-Sept. 19 Watercolors, Pat Vickery.

Wailua Branch Library.
Aug. 8-26 Watercolors, Hon Chew Hee.
Aug. 29-Sept. 17 Photos, Irving Rosen.
Sept. 19-Oct. 8 Watercolors, Ben Diama.

Kailua Branch Library.
Aug. 29-Sept. 17 Hon Chew Hee.
Sept. 19-Oct. 8 Photos, Irving Rosen.

Waikiki Branch Library.
Sept. 19-Oct. 8 Hon Chew Hee.

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WRITERS IN PARADISE

"And, if one rag of character they spare, Comes the Biographer, and strips it bare!"

Marjorie V. Trumbull for 25 years was staff writer for The San Francisco Chronicle. She began as fashion editor, became a feature writer and for the past seven years had her own column, "Exclusively Yours." During her newspaper career she also conducted a radio show from the Top of the Mark, interviewing celebrities and interesting personalities. This developed into a television show which lasted for six years. Total interviews in all media over a 25 year period—more than thirty thousand!

For two years Marjorie was West Coast editor for Arlene Francis' Home Show, nationwide on NBC. She has done free lance writing for various national magazines and is currently Hawaii correspondent for The Diplomat. She is collaborating on a book with a noted artist in Japan and sends frequent columns to the Chronicle. Marjorie visited Hawaii twelve times before she decided to make the Islands her home.

She is a third generation Californian, married to a third generation Californian, Robert H. Trumbull, Jr. She's the mother of Robert III and grandmother of Robert IV.

Desmond Muirhead is a landscape artist and planning consultant whose work is known internationally. He has an exciting assignment as planning consultant for Kaiser's fabulous Hawaii Kai golf course and subdivision at Koko Head and for a relandscaping project at the Hawaiian Village Hotel.

His firm, Desmond Muirhead and Associates now has offices in Honolulu, Phoenix and Vancouver. Together with his associates, John Averill and Cliva Justice, he has worked in 21 states and seven Canadian provinces. Projects include landscape design for Jasper Park Lodge in the Canadian Rockies, zoning and revised layout for the town of Richmond, British Columbia, and the entire landscape development for the town of Kitimat in the same province.

Current projects of Muirhead and Associates include the retirement community of Sun City in Arizona,

Continued on page 6

The new PARADISE begins with this issue, incorporating the KOKOHALA BEACON. You'll find the best of the time-honored PARADISE plus new features for Island readers—gardening, decorating, fashions, sports — the fun of living in Hawaii. Your suggestions welcome!

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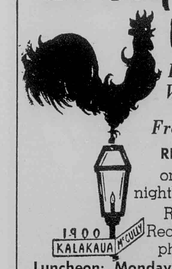

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parking layout and site design for Grossmont Shopping Center in San Diego and landscape development for the new eight million dollar Town House Hotel at 8th and Market Streets in San Francisco.

Muirhead has written a book on street planning that is being used as a guide in many different countries. He is now preparing a book on civic design. The latter, he says, is more needed than city planning. "What rises from the plan," he points out, "is what counts."

Mickey Baird, successful color consultant in the Islands, is torn between her decorating career and her growing reputation as a top golfer. She attended Wellesley College and graduated from Parsons School of Design in New York, receiving her diploma from the Paris branch of that school.

Mickey has traveled around the world researching source material for her clients and plans to leave this fall for a trip to the Middle East. Her husband is Alec Baird, of Alec Baird Associates, Hawaii's top commercial artist firm.

Mazeppa Costa is no stranger in the pages of *Paradise,* having authored a column called "Aloha Beat" in past issues plus a number of stories on the Honolulu Community Theatre, one of her prime interests. Back when "Zep" moved to the Islands as a bride, she took an M.A. in theatre at the University of Hawaii, her thesis covering "the dance in Hawaii and the Society Islands prior to 1842." Her interest in theatre has always been much more than academic. Besides her various roles in HCT productions, she worked full time for the outfit as office manager and promotion director. Even when the arrival of daughter Mazeppa Montague in 1956 made full time work impossible, the senior Mazeppa continued as HCT promotion director until 1959—by which time her second child, Anthony Blair, had joined the tribe. Mrs. Costa has been freelancing in writing and promotion ever since.

This past year Zep has written a series of stories for the *Kokohala Beacon* "spotlighting" sundry local figures or, occasionally, visitors. Her article on Y. Baron Goto in this issue marks the continuation of this series in *Paradise* and a very welcome monthly feature addition thereto.

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Island Personalities



Eddie's Mom

By MARY COOKE

EDDIE SHERMAN'S mom has been in town, having a ball. The way you know she's so happy: "She's crying day and night," says Eddie.

"I'm so easy to cry," admits Bessie Robotnick. "My son and his wife . . . they're so good to me."

She hugs Eddie and Peggy, and Irish Peggy starts to cry too.

Mrs. Robotnick ("I'm in this country 43 years already, all my life in the factories") can't read or write English, has known poverty ("Oh, I'm telling you . . . ") but she saved her pennies to fly to Honolulu ("Oh no, I don't look down from that airplane!")

After her arrival, the Advertiser columnist and the former Peggy Ryan were remarried in the new Temple Emanu-El "for Mom."

Peggy put on the same pink dress she wore as a bride two years ago when Mom was back in Boston—crying.

But everything's happy now, and because her son is a successful newspaperman, last month Mom had cocktails with Dean Martin, went to dinner with George Gobel, met Bobby Darin and Harry Belafonte . . . "Oh, I always thought you were Italian" she greeted Belafonte.

"Such a comic," quipped Eddie.

"So many famous people you know!" marveled Mom. "From the column, all these people know you?"

"From the column they know me," affirmed Eddie.

Bessie had migrated from farm country in Russia and settled in Boston's west end, a tenement district filled with European immigrants.

"So soon I came to this country I went to find a job."

What she found was 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. machine stitching jobs in factories, first at $10 a week and later at $22.

"Some days I don't eat nothing altogether. Anyway, thanks God I'm still alive."

Night school and U.S. citizenship fired her imagination. She had heard the first would lead to the second. She went to night school.

"But so cold all day, and I'm tired . . . and the school room so warm . . . I'm sleeping already!"

She forced herself to stay awake long enough to earn her citizenship papers but couldn't study any more. She had to make the umbrellas so she could buy things for Eddie.

Now he was in his teens, and World War II was on. He wanted to get a job at Pearl Harbor but had to get his mother's consent. Like most mothers, she resisted.

"Eddie, I want you should stay here."

"No Mom, I'm going to Hawaii."

"I don't know what's this Hawaii . . . where's this place?" she cried in mounting despair and confusion.

"Well, Mom," Eddie cut the apron string, "it's just a little further than New York."

And that's how Eddie Sherman got to Honolulu.

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Shirley Gorospe is a young Filipina from Hawaii who has found room at the top in the Philippines. Now among that country's top stars, she is shown here in role from "Kanyang Kamahalan."



The Donnellys in Royal Move

The Howard C. Donnellys have moved up the beach at Waikiki from the Moana-Surfrider to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel where Mr. Donnelly now holds the reins as manager. Howard, who has spent the five past years running the Moana-Surfrider, came to Hawaii direct from the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs. A graduate of the Cornell Hotel School, Howard and his wife Tia, hosted the 1959 Cornell Hotel Summer School in Hawaii.

What Else is New?

by pandora



A MAGNIFICENTLY VOCAL Eartha Kitt mesmerized a large local audience, vitalized the Shell's open auditorium and honored the Honolulu Symphony by her presence. Honolulans who met the esoteric Eartha were almost as impressed with the complexities of her personality as they were by the complexities of her artistic repertoire.

Just how so right a name could have been given her in baptism is difficult to fathom. But feline and earthy personality notwithstanding, Eartha insists . . . the name's her very own. She is indeed feline! She walks and curls with the grace of a prize purple-blooded Persian . . . furs become her . . . eminent height attracts her . . . and amber eyes dart horizontally with a catlike quickness surveying the environment. Once in territory evaluated as friendly . . . she softens and purrs her perfectly enunciated words.

Sage and sensible Eartha learned early in her quest for personal and professional acceptance that the language barrier was an easy barrier to overcome. From Spanish on the streets of Harlem, she graduated to French in Paris and Italian in Rome. Presently she is accomplished in seven or so foreign languages. Unlike most popular performers, Eartha abruptly dismisses any verbal lingering on her past accomplishments and indicates specifically her focus on present and future. Discussion of her top-selling discs, favorite artists or even her anatomical measurements, she similarly dismisses as very *un*vital statistics.

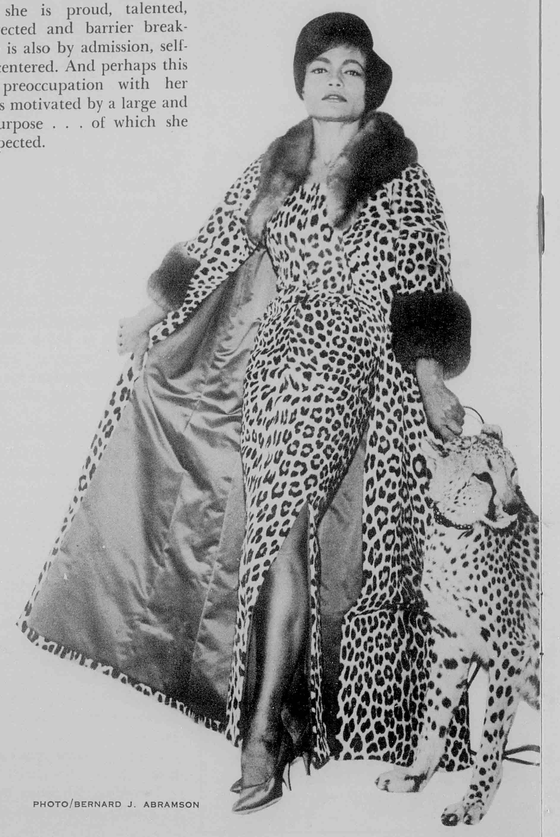
Only a faultless performance pleases her and whenever her own exacting standards have not been met, she battles on a private field . . . recurring episodes of self-effacement and insomnia.

Eartha continues to climb and cling to the ladder of artistic stature. And she describes a gratification (more important than financial consideration) from her acceptance as a star performing on the concert level.

Is she beautiful? She is indeed; just as she is proud, talented, inner-directed and barrier breaking. She is also by admission, self-artistry centered. And perhaps this intense preoccupation with her artistry is motivated by a large and noble purpose . . . of which she is unsuspected.

A GLANCE ACROSS THE OCEAN

At the latest broad scope of hope in the food industry with the miraculous new process of "freeze-drying" perishable edibles. According to the latest research, meat (and other food products) may be dehydrated and sealed, then preserved indefinitely without freezing or refrigeration. Once dehydrated an item such as steak assumes the appearance of a desert-dried sponge which may be stacked flat . . . like a candy bar on the drug store shelf. To use: simply hydrate with water . . . voila! it's ready to cook with or without delay. In addition to being colossally convenient for shipping and storing . . . theoretically, the freeze-dried product really retains its pre-preserving flavor. Pioneers and investing optimists in the "freeze-dry" area predict complete revolutionizing of the food industry in the next few years. Naturally enough, freezer makers are more pessimistic and generally less impressed!



PHOTO/BERNARD J. ABRAMSON

HONOLULUITES ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .



Leonard Bernstein, New York Philharmonic

Leonard Bernstein with his conducting skills and thrills about to warm up the town . . . the Honolulu Community Theatre's zippy production of **Flower Drum Song** —a musical made for making in Hawaii . . . healthy teenagers by the twelves flocking to see those swash surfing movies being shown at the **Hawaiian Village** . . . will Romeo **Frank Sinatra** bring his Juliet when he comes? . . . the imaginative new jewelry designs on the black coral **Mr. Ackerman** has lifted from the bottom of the sea . . . **Spence Weaver's** new and colorful **Coco's** located at the site of the old Kau Kau Korner . . .

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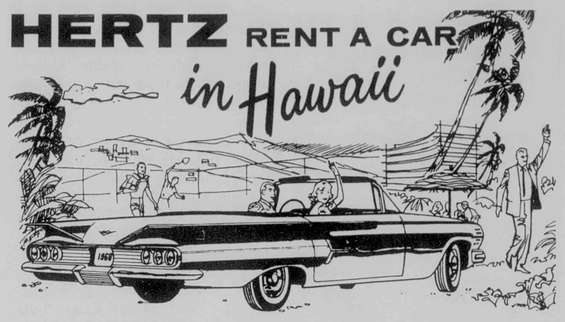

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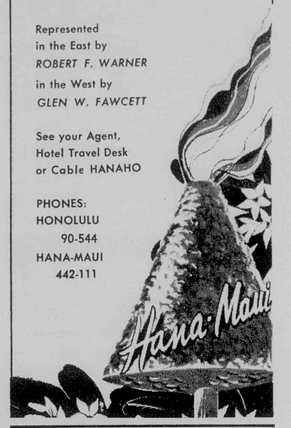

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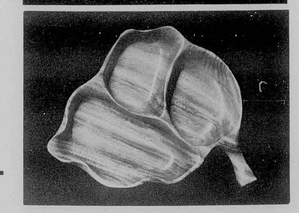

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HAWAII
The New Frontier

by Jonathan Rinehart

SMELLS of Chinese street cooking in Singapore's sordid Sago Lane overwhelm the sickness in the Death Houses where the aged and incurable are brought to die; half of Kuala Lumpur is burnished newness from the building boom in the wake of Malaya's Independence; naked cinnamon skins of Cambodian children flash cheerfully as they play among their stilted houses and rich rice paddies; delicate Saigon nightclub girls whirl to rock-and-roll in their unique and charming silk pajamas; with other 25-piece bands Hiroshi Yamaguchi and His Stardusters swing Glenn Miller arrangements in Tokyo's lavishly tinseled nightclubs.

The shouting of snake-dancing Zengakuren students in their "demo" around the Diet rolls down hill on the summering Tokyo air to the back garden of the Sanno Hotel, the American military hostel where Japanese catering personnel are laying out a Western-style farewell cocktail party for a Cleveland-bound American major and his wife, the frosting for their cake being delivered by a passing plane in the form of pink and yellow leaflets debating the new security treaty, and it sifts down onto the Sanno lawn, punctuated by the sputtering of police helicopters passively orbiting the Diet demo.

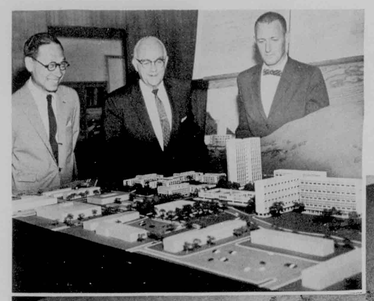
These are the sights, smells and sounds of the United States' new Western Frontier. Its status as a frontier is as recent as the end of World War II. Notwithstanding surface familiarities, its sensory signs are as essentially alien to Americans as Americans themselves are even more so to its residents; its political problems are so complex, so shift- and anomaly-ridden as to be incapable of simple solution. Yet like it or not—and there are more than a few Americans who would impatiently reject it because of that complexity and the U.S.'s lack of absolutism there—the frontier is there. So are its problems now on the U.S.'s doorstep.

Before World War II the Pacific was essentially a great strategic void of water, sprinkled with a few small islands of several sovereignties, controlled by no single power and inter-connected by no real communications system. American legal sovereignty extended thinly across the void to Hawaii (which almost everyone admitted was too Oriental and too far away to ever become a state), to Midway and Wake, to Guam and beyond to what some historians called "the U.S.'s Achilles Heel in the Pacific," the Philippines. Since the Open Door, that magnificent example of policy by proclamation, the U.S. had had its commitments in the area. Justifiably, however, the country rested uneasy in its lack of power to back them up and in the historical lack of concern about them on the part of the American people.

But in World War II U.S. forces pushed across the Pacific, and the exigencies of war brought the people and communications that for the first time truly began to unite the Pacific and move the frontier west under the umbrella of American military power. By war's end the frontier was planted on the Island Chain from Japan to the Philippines. Post-war disarmament weakened its stance and revolution in China birthed an enemy dedicated to its eradication, but Korea signaled the final American recognition of its presence there.

Since then Americans like Admiral Harry D. Felt have articulated the inevitable necessity of "this forward strategy of defending the United States thousands of miles west of Pearl Harbor" and the vital prerequisite of bases and alliances along the Island Chain and in the Rimlands along the periphery of China. Inextricably, then, the U.S. became deeply concerned with all the currents along the frontier.

Seven years since the end of the Korean War have brought myriad examples of how the Pacific has been foreshortened—and an increasing American consciousness of the frontier's problems, if not of their solutions. Jets have cut transit time in half, the flow of American tourists to major Far Eastern destinations has approximately doubled on the average in the last five years and to Japan it has quadrupled since the end of the Korean conflict.



A plan for the physical plant of Honolulu's East-West Center is discussed by I. M. Pei, of I. M. Pei Associates, Architects, Dr. Laurence H. Snyder (center), University of Hawaii president, and Dr. William M. Wachter, administrative vice-president in charge of campus physical facilities.



Trade between the U.S. and the Far East has soared along the line, and with Japan it has boomed to where the U.S. is now Japan's biggest foreign customer and Japan is the U.S.'s second largest. This month telegraphic executives met in Tokyo to plan the extension of the trans-Pacific cable beyond Hawaii to Japan (by 1965) and to Manila and Okinawa shortly thereafter. A cartographer could express what has happened by snipping great slices of blue Pacific from his maps.

At the same time American capital, customs and ideas have been groping westward, engaging in an active ingestion of new values and new geography. That is infinitely more meaningful than plain defense or plain commercialism or a species of souvenir-hunting on the part of American servicemen. Mainland capital is moving west to take over Hawaii and the venturous are moving beyond as men like Honolulu financier Chinn Ho take "vacation trips" and come back with investments in Australia, Hong Kong and the Philippines. The fresh breezes across the U.S. in fashion, in food, in furniture, even in philosophy with Zen Buddhism, all have their roots in the Orient, particularly in Japan.

The void that was the Pacific is being filled as well as bridged. Although its ultimate direction is admittedly unclear, the day of the South Pacific is dawning. To doubters who sneer that the upromising material is a few clusters of coral atolls one can answer that few who crossed the American Desert for California (and fewer still who remained behind on the East Coast) saw Phoenix rising from the sands of Arizona. Missile requirements are meaning new construction on Kwajalein and Johnston Islands. Papeete is still a far cry from Phoenix but 1960 is the year jets first came to Tahiti, and in the four years from 1955 to pre-jet 1959 tourism to the South Seas as a whole more than tripled. Presently before the Civil Aeronautics Board is Hawaiian Airlines' route application that would further the revolution by linking Samoa, Tonga and the Cook Islands as well as Tahiti into a systematic pattern.

The net effect of all these forces is to bring the U.S., from its smallest people to its top policymakers, smack up against the hopes, problems and frustrations along the New Frontier.

History teaches that frontier areas must be peopled by patriots and that destiny concerns itself even more with

spirit than with commerce and communications. In the American move west there has been no event more important than the final advent of statehood for Hawaii last year. Statehood toppled the shibboleths of distance and Orientalism and made covenants of them instead; in recognizing its residents as first-class citizens the U.S. anointed its Pacific Men as its patriots.

As Honolulu "Advertiser" Editor George Chaplin put it, "Hawaii is probably the last place in the U.S. where the Spirit of '76 is more than a historical phrase." The war records of the Hawaiian soldier solemnly and stirringly substantiates him—first in World War II with the AJAs, then in Korea where it remained unsurpassed, now in peacetime when the All-Hawaii army companies set new records in their training.

The same spirit was also manifest in Hawaii's attitude toward statehood. Instead of talking predictably about what statehood would mean to them, the Pacific Men proudly proclaimed what they could do for the rest of the U.S.—particularly among the people of the Far East, the New Frontier where they have so many ancestral ties.

Not content with the symbolic significance of statehood, they began asking themselves: "After statehood, what?" As former Territorial Delegate John A. Burns told a Congressional Subcommittee, the search was for "a continuing, long-range program by which the United States can use, with ever-growing effectiveness, the multiple resources of Hawaii and its people for the promotion of world freedom and peace." For the New Frontier, in subtleties as well as steel, is also the battleground of peace and freedom.

Hawaii's answer has not always been conscious, and it has not always been sophisticated or even sensible. Some enthusiasts suggested immediate steps toward an international university that would try to teach law and medicine as well as every other subject in half-a-dozen Asian languages—when the existent University of Hawaii has neither the faculty, nor the students, let alone the resources to teach such courses even in English. Some enthusiasts implied that the State Department should strip its Far Eastern embassies of present personnel and staff them instead with the Pacific Men—though not enough of those men yet boast the education or experience needed for posts where even the trained stumble among near-insoluble problems.

Other more commercial efforts to effect Hawaii as the bridge between East and West remain on the horizon—the establishment of Honolulu as a Free Port a la New Orleans, the establishment in Honolulu of a permanent East-West Trade Fair, the renovation of an entire downtown Honolulu area into a miniature Tokyo complete with shops, tea houses, theatres.

Yet the realization that the new state's racial composition is a key to its contribution even more telling than its geography has been the basis for other, more effective efforts. Hawaii sent its newly elected Chinese-American Senator Hiram Fong and its Japanese-American Congressman Daniel K. Inouye out to several key countries along the frontier. A few months later "Aloha Ambassadors" Herbert Lee, Kazuhisa Abe, and Duke Kahanamoku—ancestries Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian—hit 14 countries in a two-and-one-half-month tour, carrying Hawaii's message of happy integration and feeling of kinship with the Far East to as many people as they could talk to.

But in no brief have the Pacific Men put their case better or more manageably than in the East-West Center, properly the International Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange between East and West, to be established in the warm sun of Hawaii's racial climate on the University's existing foundation. Under its blueprint some 2,000 students a year (Asians and Americans in a respective ratio of four to one) will study at its International College—using the facilities of an American Studies Institute, an English Language Institute and a Translation Bureau coupled to the present library—and at its technical training facilities in agriculture, public health and engineering.

Thus the U.S. may answer the plea of that Thai critic of its present educational programs: "What we need is people who will come home and work." Mindful of similar Soviet centers of twice its size, the East-West Center will be taking frank—though, hopefully, reasonably subtle—political aim at its future students.

Instead of being conceived on the lines of an Ivy League graduate school, its students will be picked for their leadership potential in their homelands rather than for their scholarly attainments alone, as were the delegates to the Student Leaders' Conference at the University this spring. On another level, the Center would continue to sponsor such activities as the East-West Philosophers' Conferences, an East-West Editors' Conference, Dance Festivals, and other sometime seminars.

It is a heartening measure of the wisdom of the Pacific Men and of other Americans' cognizance of the New Frontier that the East-West Center is now so near reality. Under the University's President Laurence Snyder, able men like Murray Turnbull, Charles Engman and John Stalker have fought and planned in detail for it; community leaders like Arthur Lewis have helped effectively to convert local receptivity to tangible support. Hawaii's congressional delegation of Hiram Fong, Oren Long and Daniel Inouye, and former Delegate John Burns have lobbied for it in Washington; other Senators, most notably Texas' Lyndon Johnson, have given it absolutely essential support. Finally the legislation which would give it $10 million the first year and a morally committed $10 million in subsequent years awaits now undisputed passage this summer.

The objections of the short-sighted and the unbelievers who would have severely limited its scope are now all but overcome by the vision and sense of mission that sprang from the Pacific Islands en route to the New Frontier. The East-West Center will probably get its first students in February; after that it will be up to its staff to make it bear fruit, and to the residents of its home, as Hawaiian Pineapple Company's president Herbert Cornuelle has put it, "to see that these visitors do not sit in their concrete confines"—as they almost always do at the U.S.'s great Eastern universities.

Continued on page 38



The Beacon Spotlights...

Y. BARON GOTO

by Mazeppa Costa

ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN, somewhere between Japan and Hawaii, on November 20, 1901, a male child was born to Asakichi and Nami Goto, young Japanese immigrants to the Hawaiian Islands. They called him Yasuo. Yasuo Baron Goto.

In the strictest sense a child of the Pacific, this eldest son of a sugar laborer and honey farmer has grown up in the Pacific, continued to travel its boundries, become a scientist—a specialist in Pacific agriculture, and developed a pacific, helping-hand philosophy of life which has radiated to and even beyond the farthest bounds of the Pacific Basin.

Today, Yasuo Baron Goto is an international figure, both as an agriculturalist and as an ambassador of good will.

At home in Honolulu, at the University of Hawaii, he is the State's Director of Agricultural Extension Service and the University's acting dean of the College of Tropical Agriculture. A recognized world authority on coffee production, he has been invited as consultant for coffee programs to such places as Thailand, Taiwan, Cambodia, Laos, Venezuela and even the Highlands of New Guinea.

He has also represented the United States as an agricultural consultant in Burma, India, Nepal, Vietnam, the Philippines, Okinawa, New Guinea—in short, nearly every country of Southeast Asia—as well as in countries of Central and South America. In his travels to study, demonstrate, and advise, Baron Goto takes samples of plants new to each locality in an effort to introduce crops which can help raise living standards. "This is the kind of thing I do," he explains, "I am not a diplomat on a high level I work directly with the individual, the people themselves . . . All my life I have worked for the development of rural people so that they will become worthwhile individuals while increasing agricultural production and improving their standard of living."

And for helping people he has been honored frequently. In 1956, he was awarded the World Brotherhood Individual Award and in 1957, the Paul S. Bachman Award for distinguished service in furthering objective understanding of world affairs. In 1958, he was cited "for lifelong contribution to the enhancement of youth programs in the Territory" when he won the "1958 Friends of 4-H" award. It was also in 1958 that he was invited to a White House Conference on foreign economic policy, and in an editorial in the *Honolulu Advertiser* he was dubbed, "an envoy extraordinary to other lands in the Pacific . . . (whose) keen observations (have) contributed mightily to mutual understanding between America and people of the Pacific."

Oregon State University, in June of 1959, conferred upon Hawaii's positive-thinking, softspoken doer of good deeds, Baron Goto, an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science. In his presentation, speech, President of the College August LeRoy Strand cited Dr. Goto for his "unique capacity to advance the technical assistance program of the United States of America in the several countries of Southeast Asia."

Remembering the almost serf-like circumstances of his origin and early years, how has all of this been possible? Baron Goto would tell you, "Opportunity . . . education."

But the thing that makes Baron Goto unique among many who have taken good advantage of America and Hawaii's brand of opportunity is that he has adopted as a guiding principle this goal: to offer others as much in the way of opportunity and education as possible and to extend to each the kind of help, kindness, and hospitality that he himself so greatly appreciates.

And he would prove to the world that Americans are hospitable and that America offers manifold opportunity to those of Asian as well as European extraction.

Baron says, "I was born of immigrant parents . . . grew up among poor children . . . When I was in the eighth grade, unknown to me, a teacher arranged for a scholarship for me at Mid-Pacific Institute. That was my first introduction to Christianity, boarding school life, youngsters of many races . . . at that time there were no haole students, but the teachers were haoles from the Mainland . . .

"Later, travel developed in me a better understanding. When you are in a foreign country, especially when you don't know the language, you feel so helpless and insecure. If one person comes up and speaks to you in English or extends a little human kindness, it makes all the difference in the world. . .

"This has developed in me a kind of philosophy. When I accept a gesture of kindness, I know I may never be able to repay the person who has befriended me but I can in turn help someone else who will not be able to repay me in kind, but who may in turn help others."

This philosophy has led Baron Goto to contribute countless hours and much valuable know-how helping foreigners in Hawaii. In fact, he is one of several seeds which germinated to develop what is now the sprouting East-West Center.

Since 1950, he has served without pay as the University of Hawaii college contact officer for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In this capacity it is his duty to give practical aid to foreigners who come to Hawaii for periods of one week to two months, to observe and study agricultural and home economics procedures.

Such practical aid includes everything from arranging for housing and meeting planes to arranging itineraries and transportation details. During a recent twelve-month period Goto, with the assistance of County Agent Edwin Chun, assisted 134 such visitors from 19 different countries.

In 1954, with the establishment of the International Cooperation Center in Honolulu, Baron Goto went on leave from the University to serve without pay as first Director for the Center. In this capacity, he was requested by the U.S. Operations Mission to go to the Philippines, Taiwan, Burma, India, and Nepal to discuss possibilities for training and orientation for people from these countries in Hawaii. One result of this international work has been that the University's Extension Service has thereafter acted as host and trainers to Eastern students and government officials studying in Hawaii or en route to the Mainland. Thus the University has long been an East-West Center in fact, if not in theory.

In the first 15 months of its operation the ICC served more than 1,000 participants. By November 1955, when Baron Goto returned to duty at the University of Hawaii as Director of the Agricultural Extension Service, he and others at the University recognized the desirability of an expanded program for foreign students.

They had become aware of the ground America was losing in the battle for the "mind of Asia." They saw Hawaii and particularly the University of Hawaii as the logical and potentially great show place of Americanism. They looked at the existing program—which included the ICC, the Orientation Center for Foreign Students at the University of Hawaii, the East-West Philosophers' Conferences at the University of Hawaii in 1939 and 1949, the Conference at the University on Race Relations in World Perspective during the summer of 1954. They observed the participation of the University of Hawaii in the American Universities Field Staff program, and the Advanced Management Program at the University—and pointed out other areas that need development.

They mapped out an expanded program that would also include a center for foreign students, a foreign service training program, summer seminars for leaders, orientation of American technicians, an English improvement program, a public health program, and, to house all, a physical plant called The Gateway House.

In 1955, Baron Goto, together with the late Paul Bachman, then President of the University of Hawaii, Philip Spalding, chairman of the University of Hawaii Board of Regents, and Hung Wai Ching, member of the University Board of Regents, went to New York to solicit from the Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie Foundations the two million dollars necessary to support such a foreign trainee program in Hawaii and to build the Gateway House.

"But they had no dollars for bricks and mortar; the time was not yet right . . . That was the beginning of the East-West Center for which, of course, Congress has now appropriated money."

Of the future of the East-West Center, Baron Goto has these things to say:

"I think it's going to really roll, become a very important thing for our country and for Hawaii. However, there are many problems we must face and wisely solve if we are to make the best use of the East-West Center. All these problems involve people.

"We have, I feel, been so involved in money, money, money, in getting the dollars for the plant itself, that we have not paid enough attention to the other aspects, the human elements," says the man who always emphasized the importance of human kindness and thoughtfulness. "I see three major problems." And he itemized:

"We must have a sympathetic understanding and interest on the part of every member of the University of Hawaii faculty. The faculty hasn't been oriented. We must have a sympathetic understanding and interest and participation on the part of University students. I see foreign students here on the campus walking alone, looking lonesome . . . I do not see an effort on the part of our students to make them feel at home. The students are not to blame. There

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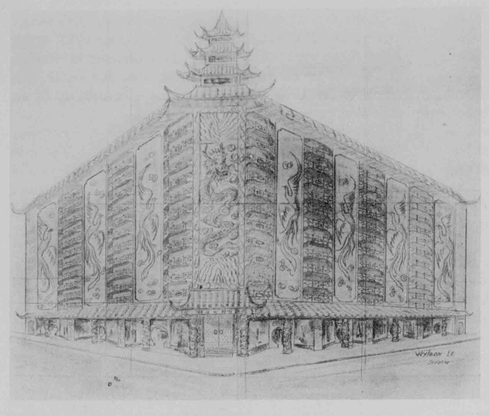


The flamboyant architectural style of South China is suggested here in a typical New Chinatown building proposed for down-town Honolulu.

by George Jordan Berry

Expanding Hawaii's

EAST-WEST BUSINESS IMAGE

WHEN THE U.S. Congress allocated $10 million to develop the world's first truly East-West Cultural Center on the Manoa campus of the University of Hawaii, not a few local heads turned upward in surprise. Each recalled that $10 million was asked. But Hawaii was quite unaccustomed in its territorial isolation to receiving even a beggar's portion of amounts or things asked. Moreover, nobody had ever put a price tag on Hawaii's people as laboratory mice before.

Fortunately, Hawaii is still fat with Statehood notoriety. We are strategic as the mid-ocean pier in the communication bridge between Western America and Eastern Asia. We are a racial relations clinic, self-staffed. And we are a pleasant place to establish study centers for everything from cultural affinities to extra-terrestrial mechanics.

The anatomy of the East-West study proposition was too perfect not to be drawn life size. Students from both East and West will examine the possibilities for cultural adhesion. The non-white, non-Waikiki tourists from the regions of the rajahs and the outer rim of the Pacific will be trying to understand, amid Hawaii's seeming amenity of racial mixtures favorable to their own skin, something of the western mysticism of democracy, Philadelphia born and Honolulu reared. The $10 million is merely the hotel construction cost for this exciting new kind of tourism.

Meanwhile, the University of Hawaii, just now emerging from its dry-grass, normal school campus, assumes the posture of a great state university in a single stroke of fortune.

Thus the geography of these lustre-green islands creates a renewed image of Hawaii, a new action base for this paradise sprung into uncertain prominence. The East-West image of Hawaii need not be only cultural in form. Many minds are examining this image, including the new breed of Island businessman, born of the black haired people of the East, conditioned by the aggressive, corporate business thinking of the West.

There is venture capital in Hawaii ready to go anywhere. By world standards it is penny ante, but it is poised for excitement. It has the power of the new Hawaiian behind it. The real money in the scheme is in the East. Refugee capital in Hong Kong is bagged and horded, unproductive, crying for commercial adventure.

The problem here is to bridge the thinking between East and West. The man of Hong Kong, representing the major pent up capital, knows little of corporate finance, of ideas and aggressiveness of the West. His is a family operation—medium, small or large. In a period of good men the family thrives. Death and succession all too frequently change family fortunes. By the standards of the West, these methods are just so many deals in a broom closet.

Hawaii's East-West financier knows and understands the condition, for his thoroughly Americanized speech habits are edged with a microscopic fringe of Cantonese. More than one Hawaiian hui, with paid-in capital from multi-racial sources, is investigating this new East-West business opportunity. The philosophies are still worlds apart, but pilot Hawaiian corporations are already set up under British law in Hong Kong to negotiate joint ventures between the black haired people of the East and the black haired people of the West—Hawaiian style.

The Hawaiian Islands can erect many bridges between East and West. These wet and dry caricatures of volcanic lust have few natural resources, some venture capital and a great number of inter-racial financiers, developers, technicians. Hawaii is the only truly tropical U.S. State. Greater Asia holds more than thirty per cent of the world's natural resources. Critical areas of the East are tropical, need agricultural redevelopment first among many needs.

The traditional economy of the Hawaiian Islands is agriculture, represented by something less than fifty pineapple and sugar plantations. The financial framework is the Big Five factoring agencies, in recent years partly refinanced, largely restaffed and revitalized. Sugar and pineapple in their individual agonies have become tough areas for corporate adventure. But the reserve of scientific and technical know-how is incredibly strong.

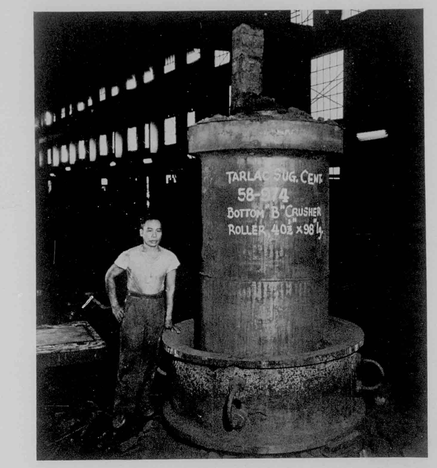
This technical resource agriculturally may soon prove to be another East-West opportunity, far more than in the past. It is true that several Hawaiian owned sugar plantations in the Philippines are still listed on the board of the Honolulu Stock Exchange, with Hawaiian mill, foundry and wharfing operations also in the Philippines. Observers foresee direct financial and technical linkage between Hawaii's pineapple industry and the expanding growers of Formosa in the immediate future. A king-size King Ranch in Western Australia, is under development by a major Hawaiian factoring agency. The conditions for even broader export of Hawaii's technology may occur in an Eastern direction shortly.

But what about Hawaii's East-West business image here at home? The state's present population, a curiosity in the world, began to take form a hundred years ago. The Hawaiians were dying of pulmonary and febrile diseases. This decimation peaked at a time when plantation development cried for field hands. The Monarchy negotiated at length to induce farm workers of oriental descent to take return-passage contracts to work on Hawaiian plantations. Contracts pau, the majority stayed. They became expert mattress stuffers, as did their contemporaries, the Irish, German and Italian immigrants who spread filmlike across the mainland U.S. in those same years.

This hard saved money became business capital. Business expanded by total family devotion to long hours and the strong support of a hard lump of rice for breakfast. Business profits became venture capital, but only after number one son made Harvard cum laude.

The East-West business image in Hawaii in those years was the image of the little Japanese shoten and the Chinese import shop. The major imports were family-use products. The easy adaptation to Western ways denied Hawaii the imprint of an overwhelmingly oriental community despite the count of dark haired people.

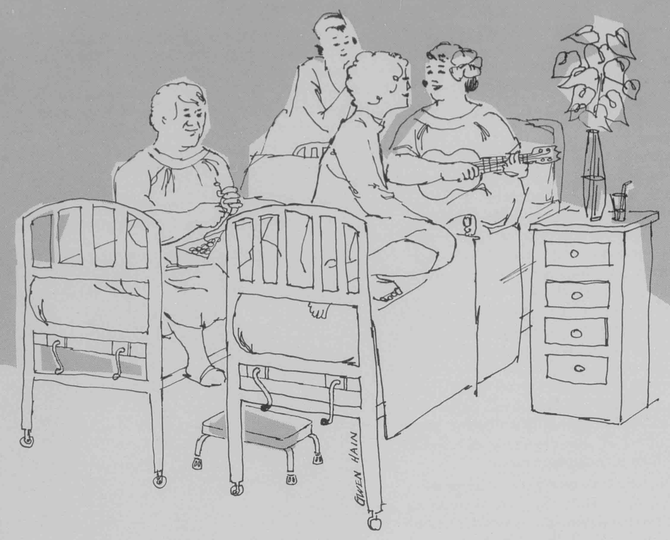
This local East-West image is fading from the major thoroughfares into the narrow lanes. There are still several Japanese style bathhouses in Honolulu. Iida's store still sells annually 100 *Butsudan* (religious shrines for the home) in the popular $75 range. Chinese bean curd and oyster sauce slowly wane as import items. Honolulu's major fish importer brings in less than five thousand pounds of Japanese *obaike* (whale blubber) for the annual New Year season, while the multi-racial market for imported Japanese frozen octopus through this same importer remains a firm fifty thousand pounds annually.



Hawaii's traditional business image in the East continues to be found in the Philippines, where Honolulu Iron Works' large Manila foundry is one of the larger of several dozen Hawaiian operations in that island republic.

But as Honolulu tends to grow away from its first generation, family image, intelligent developers are stepping into decaying racial neighborhoods with plans to convert whole blocks of near-slums into richly designed oriental cities within the city. The purpose is, obviously, twofold. First, Hawaii will soon have half a million and eventually a million tourists a year converging on these limited shores, searching for the variety of sight, sound and flavor that only Hawaii can offer. A bright new Chinatown, together with an aesthetically authentic Japanese village are as near to the real Far East as most of these visitors will go in a lifetime. Second, the only way to recover downgraded property evaluations is to re-develop on bold lines—and how does one redevelop a Chinatown short of a world's fair of Chinatowns?

Hawaii's East-West image is a many faceted opportunity, each facet quite independent of the other, and each showing special radiance at this time. The century-old tourist image of the Hawaii of romantic fancy will be less disturbed than augmented. What will be disturbed, with finality, is Kipling's too often paraphrased remark.



Rx for Convalescence in Hawaii

by Elma T. Cabral

A HOSPITAL WARD in Hawaii provides a unique observation post for viewing the Island way of life.

Mingling amiably under the same roof are people of many backgrounds being cared for by nurses of Oriental and Polynesian heritage and interns from distant lands.

Even the birds, some of them recent imports, have learned to live harmoniously in the hospital gardens. The precocious mynah, originally from India, reigns supreme. He has learned to tolerate the Brazilian cardinal, who is easily coaxed to sun porches where he shares crumbs from overladen trays. Delicate moss-green meijiros chirp unmolested among the branches of the exotic pink bombax tree while their foes chatter noisily in thickly populated banyans.

Foreign medics and nurses become easily acclimated to Hawaii's mode of living, and in time resort to Island pidgin to obtain case histories.

A new intern can readily be detected by his formal approach to his charge: "How are you, Mrs. Nawai?" "Auweeeeeee," she moans.

"When did the symptoms first occur?" he prods the elderly Hawaiian. "Auweeeee," she continues, ignoring his inquiry.

"Can you locate the pain for me?" he persists. More moans. Embarrassed by his futile attempts, he summons a nurse.

A few weeks of orientation will alter his technique.

"Pehea oe? You long time sick? Opu sore?" he will rattle in Island pidgin, and she will respond by rubbing her stomach and moaning "E-haaaaaa, e-haaaaaa!"

Most of the nurses are Island-born and can readily recognize *e-haa, itai* and *isous* as Hawaiian, Japanese and Filipino ejaculations for pain. They are proficient in Island lingos and they delight the non-English-speaking patients with their versatility.

Nurses show no surprise upon being admonished with "You like keel me!" while inserting the unfamiliar syringe, nor upon being repulsed with "You teenk I'm one peen cooshion" while injecting penicillin in sensitive areas.

Sometimes a European war bride's mother will be brought in, acutely ill. Frightened in the strange environment she will desperately attempt to describe her symptoms with wild gestures. The nurse, helpless to interpret

Continued on page 42



PHOTO/CAMERA HAWAII

FEAST FOR THE EYES

are the seven girls chosen to reign as beauty queens at the University of Hawaii. Japanese, Caucasian, Chinese, Cosmopolitan, Korean, Hawaiian, Filipino . . . take your pick. Each is as lovely as the next, all worth a second look. This year's queens are Nancy Moritomo, Arlene Harper, Leona Kong, Charlene Apo, Sharon Kim, Iwalani Ho and Gloria Dela Cruz.



Re-Released by popular demand, Tagalog film "Now and Forever" stars the real-life hero and heroine of its Finnish-Filipino love story; blond Armi Kuusela and handsome Virgilio Hilario. The former "Miss Universe" met millionaire Hilario at a dance in Bagio, Luzon, and it was love at first sight for both.



Delicate, exotic Chinese film starlet Chun Ching Wah is a newcomer to Hong Kong movies. She recently appeared in Honolulu with a Cantonese Opera troupe, is shown wearing "money jacket" of American currency presented her by admiring fans. It's worth nearly $500.

HAWAII'S EXOTIC FILM FARE

by Maura Brady

POPCORN and pajamas, fearless samurai warriors, dusky-skinned, sloe-eyed maidens or the hours-long Hollywood extravaganza—all are a part of the exciting film fare offered the movie-going public in the one-year-old, melting-pot State of Hawaii. No longer true is Rudyard Kipling's "East is East and West is West" quote—at least when it applies to the average, everyday practice of going to see a movie in the 50th State.

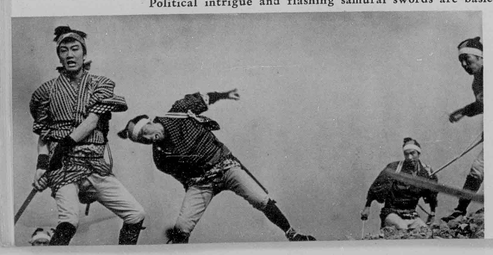
The energetic, kissless, always brave and true-blue samurai warrior of Japan in pre-Admiral Perry days delights and amuses thousands of enthusiastic patrons nightly. In the downtown area of Honolulu alone, there are over 10,000 seats in a dozen or so theatres to accommodate audiences that patronize Japanese or Filipino films. Rural movie houses on all islands draw thousands more. Filipino shows do not have English subtitles. The Japanese do, and handbills with English translations of the story are handed out at several theatres showing Japanese pictures.

As myriad and colorful as Hawaii's people themselves are the screen presentations offered in Hawaii. In the *shimpa*, or so-called modern movies, a squirming, guitar-twanging counterpart of Tennessee's Elvis Presley reflects the impact Western-styled music has had on Japan's rock-and-roll conscious youth.

Islanders of Filipino extraction can see and hear a film spoken in their native Tagalog or occasionally in Visayan language, starring such favorites as Efren Reyes and Carmen Perina, the "Patti Page of the Philippines."

At the Golden Wall Theatre in Honolulu, Chinese-speaking Hawaiians can watch a Hong Kong favorite act and dance her way through a movie she made before Hollywood or Marlon Brando discovered her. Brilliant, elaborate costuming and unusual plots are the outstanding features of these pictures. Sound tracks are generally in the Cantonese dialect, only seldom in Mandarin, and there are no subtitles.

Political intrigue and flashing samurai swords are basic ingredients for typical blood-and-thunder Japanese films.







Action films are among the most popular movies from the Philippines; typical is scene from "Asintado" (Sharpshooter)—not unlike our westerns and outdoor dramas.

On Sundays this theatre features Spanish language films, to which English subtitles have been added by the local distributor. Mexican produced and of top quality, these movies are seen by the more than 25,000 Puerto Ricans living in Hawaii. An occasional Portuguese film is shown.

At the Queen, a first-run art theatre in Waialae, French, British and Russian pictures are presented. The Soviet Union's "The Cranes Are Flying" which won the 11th Cannes Festival Grand Prix or the forthcoming "Circus Stars" starring Popov, Russia's leading clown, follow a French farce or a Brigitte Bardot offering. The University of Hawaii's International Students Association also presents films classics such as "Albert Schweitzer," "Silent World" and "Les Enfants des Paradise."

But the completely Hawaiian custom of going to a driven-in theatre in a one- or two-piece pajama or night-gown is probably the most unusual—yet practical—example of Island movie-going. It certainly is the most comfortable. At intermission time, the busy snack bar is besieged by youngsters shouting for crack seeds, pizza or popcorn. They are attired in their pj's, nighties and sometimes three-cornered pants. But it's not just the children who dress this way. There's the story about the young lady in the transparent negligee who left her car to buy some candy and couldn't find her way back. Theatre officials were finally summoned to aid her in locating her car. Going to the movies in Hawaii can offer more entertainment and enjoyment than that provided by the films. Where else in the world can you get dressed for bed and watch a movie that's not on the TV set?

Russian color film "Circus Stars" starring famous clown Oleg Popov is one of the pictures distributed at the request of the U.S. State Department pursuant to the cultural exchange agreement with the Soviet Union.

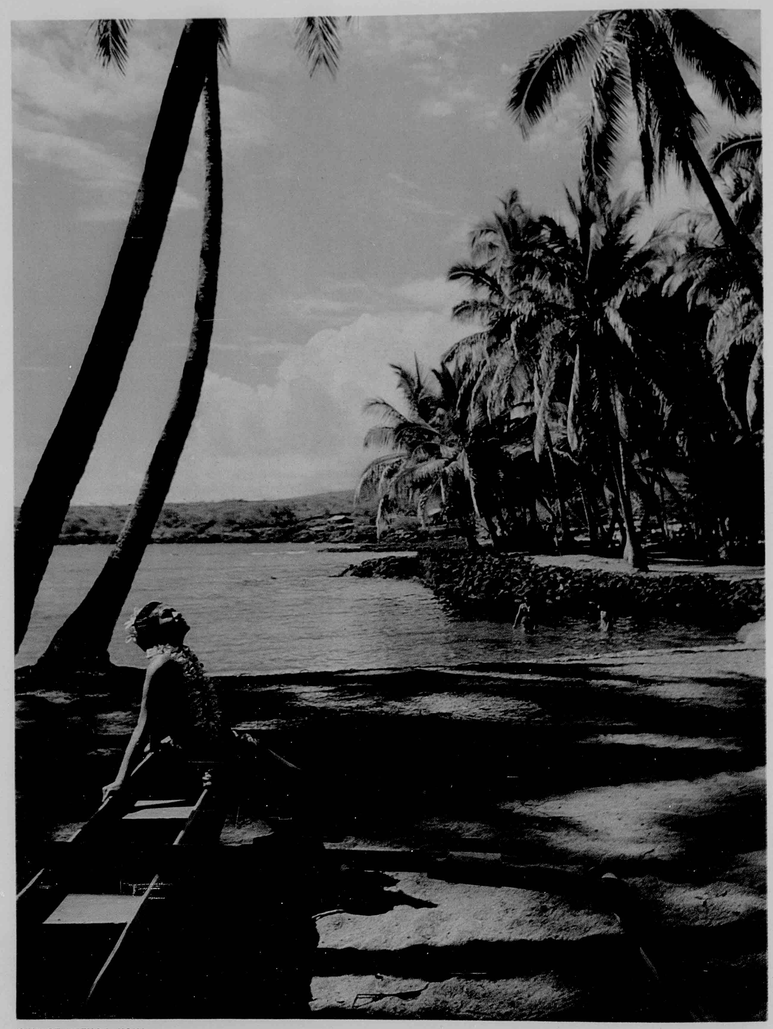


Masaaki Hirao, recent visitor to the Islands, here in a scene from his latest film, is one of Japan's most popular "rockabilly" singers. He's responsible for the popularity of song hit "I Love You."



Biggest box-office smash in the history of Castilian language films is the dramatic, emotion-packed "El Derecho de Nacer" (The Right to Live).

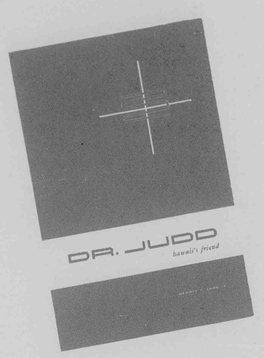




PHOTO/HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

CITY OF REFUGE, KONA

Book Review



DR. JUDD Hawaii's friend

by G. P. Judd, IV

Design and typography by Kenneth Kingrey

by Clarice Taylor

DR. GERRIT PARMALEE JUDD had a personality which made him either bitterly hated or deeply loved.

To his family and those who benefited by his medical skill, he was an administering angel. To those who disagreed with him and refused to follow his advice, he was infuriating.

He was constantly embroiled in battles from the time he came to Hawaii in 1828 as a medical missionary until old age. As a missionary, he fought with his colleagues over the communal system under which each missionary received a salary and placed all earning into the mission pot. It irked him to have to account for each chicken and sweet potato received as a fee. Most of his fees came from patients outside the mission. At the time he left the mission he was embroiled in a fight to retain a $1,000 fee he had earned as an assistant for the Wilkes expedition to the top of Mauna Loa.

Government service increased Dr. Judd's quarrels. He took on the commercial community, the diplomatic representatives of other nations, the governments of imperialistic nations and those chiefs who resented his New England moral code.

His enemies found Dr. Judd's Puritan principals as fixed as the granite mountains of his New England birthplace. Dr. Judd believed in the efficacy of prayer, he hated alchoholic liquors and was convinced that New England thrift, hard work, education and land ownership would regenerate a man.

Historians and political writers generally agree that it was the granite qualities of Dr. Judd which carried the weak Kingdom of Hawaii through the turbulent waters of the 1840s and 1850s, the period when both France and England threatened Hawaii's existence. It was during this period Dr. Judd's enemies called him "The White King." Several accounts have been written of those dramatic days. Few have been written with an unbiased attitude and none have told the whole story.

Dr. Judd's great grandson, historian J. P. Judd, IV, has written an authoritative biography of his ancestor. To do this, J. P. Judd, IV, located 952 of his grandfather's letters and based his account upon them. His book fills 240 pages and has been published by the University of Hawaii. Compressed in the first 96 pages is the story of Dr. Judd's boyhood in New England, his family, his first few years as a medical missionary and his medical practice through 1842. The reader will find this compressed story very difficult reading but will be rewarded with a good story of Dr. Judd's government service.

In the early chapters, J.P. Judd, IV, develops the thesis that Dr. Judd's difficult temperament was due to his New England religious background. We learn that Dr. Judd's own father carried on religious controversies and handed on his temperament and beliefs to his son.

Government service found Dr. Judd carrying out his own inflexible ideas of right and wrong. He acted—and allowed the chips to fall where they would. Dr. Judd believed that foreigners should not be allowed to hold land in fee simple. He found the finances of the little kingdom in a deplorable state. He took them into his own capable hands and organized a treasury department. When trouble developed with France, Dr. Judd appointed himself ambassador and took the Princes Alexander Liholiho and Lot Kamehameha with him on a diplomatic mission to the United States and Europe.

With unflinching honesty, G. P. Judd, IV, spares no blows to let the reader see that Dr. Judd was his own worst enemy on this mission and that the mission failed because Dr. Judd staunchly refused to compromise.

Upon his return to Hawaii, Dr. Judd's enemies brought about his downfall as minister to the king. Dr. Judd played into their hands with his quarrels. The immediate cause of his downfall was the 1853 small pox epidemic. Dr. Judd had espoused a new system of making vaccine. Science has since proved his theory to be correct. A sad feature of his downfall is that the young Princes, whom he had helped to educate, turned against him.

It was at this time Dr. Judd revealed his belief that the Kingdom of Hawaii had best be annexed by the United States. His annexation schemes infuriated many and completely alienated the Princes.

Judd's study is a welcome addition to Hawaiiana shelves. Its candor is appealing and the author's attempt to make the study objective gives the impression that the grandson is a chip off the old block.



Luns on Blatellies

by Mary Conniff

"BEAR INNERESSSTING, luns on blatellies," said a smiling, gracious, dimpled Japanese salesgirl at the Shirokiya store in the Ala Moana Shopping Center, as I looked at a mechanical toy she was demonstrating.

And at that point I realized that the course in Business English For Retailers that I was to teach to the twenty delightful salesgirls at the Honolulu branch of a three-hundred-year-old Tokyo store would be like none I had ever taught before!

Since 1946, I had been teaching merchandising classes for the Department of Public Instruction in Honolulu, on both high school and adult levels, and a large majority of my hundreds of students had been of Japanese background. But they had been Japanese-Americans who had been educated since their kindergarten days in the English-speaking public schools of Hawaii.

My new prospective students had come from Japan, and helping them to build up an understandable vocabulary of words and phrases necessary for communication with their Island customers was to be both a challenging and an intriguing experience.

In preparation for the class, I had talked through an English-speaking Japanese secretary with the store's personnel director, who offered the suggestion that I teach the girls to speak good business English—an awesome assignment when the course was to run for only twelve hours! From him I was also to get a list of the names of all items carried in the store, 223 words and phrases, and the further suggestion that these were the words the girls should learn!

Armed with my usual class outline and my boundless admiration for the industry, loyalty and courtesy of the Japanese people, I arrived for the first class meeting and was immediately captivated by the acquiescent charm of the salesgirls.

We met in early morning, in the manager's office on the street level of the store—comfortable surroundings with fascinating art objects from Japan ranged around the room on desk and table and walls.

I was vastly encouraged at the apparent studiousness of my new students . . . almost all of them had brought along a copy of Sanseido's *New English-Japanese Dictionary!* It was also encouraging to discover that in each of the two sections of the class I was to have one or two girls who had grown up in Honolulu and who could bridge the gap between East and West when we got too bogged down in difficult consonants.

I have always maintained that it is easy to understand why so many American servicemen have married girls in Japan, for even the plainest of them have an indefinable



. . . describing a Japanese doll is easier, now, for Jean Kumiko Hashimoto, as is Christine Tamashiro's job of selling fine oriental art objects. To improve her speech further Sumiko Asai, at the cash register, practices with Sandra Masaki and Elinor Hasegawa who work after school hours at Shirokiya's.





charm that is appealing from the moment of meeting. It was to be just so with my new student friends.

Most of the girls had married American servicemen of Japanese extraction who had brought their brides home to Hawaii when their army service was completed. One had been in Hawaii for fourteen years, one for only seven months and the others for varying lengths of time between those extremes.

It was interesting to discover that their command of English did not depend upon the length of their stay in an English-speaking community. One who had been here a very short time spoke quite clearly, a fact which was understandable when I learned that her husband is a serviceman from the Mainland.

Many of the girls, however, came to Hawaii into households where those of the older generation still speak Japanese. And though their husbands grew up in Hawaii speaking English, the brides found it both natural and comfortable to continue to speak in their native language with those in the home who could understand them.

The Japanese language just does not have the same sounds as has our English language, and there are many English words that have no Japanese equivalent—and vice versa. We began, therefore, by going to work on the most troublesome sounds . . . *th, v, b, f, r* and *l,* simple enough for Americans but real tongue-twisters for those who have always spoken Japanese.

In drilling on the sounds, pronouncing words that included them and using them in sentences we concentrated on the movement of tongue and jaw, for the Japanese do not use their physical apparatus of speech in the same way that Westerners do.

After an intensive hour of admonishing the girls to "open your mouths," "stick out your tongues," " let your lower jaws drop," it was a delightful respite in tense proceedings to hear one of the prettiest of the group say, shyly, "In Japan, Mrs. Conniss, we are told ladies keep mouths shut."

At the end of our first lesson, most of the girls could repeat clearly if slowly our first model sentence, "Thank you very much for the bowl of rice."

This would do for the dinner table, but we had still a long way to go in our list of retailing terms to be learned. Taking them on a typical day of sales work, I encouraged each girl to learn to say one phrase of greeting which seemed natural to her. Most of them chose a simple "Good Morning," spoken with a smile. "Good Afternoon" and "Good Evening" were more difficult, but were soon learned.

Many of them had experienced great difficulty in under-

standing their customers' requests, especially when the customers were tourists from Boston of Atlanta! American regional speech is a real puzzle to those just learning our language.

So that the course would be of practical help, we took time to list the questions most frequently asked, from "Where is the rest room" to "Do you do gift wrapping?" And we then drilled on the words needed for replies to such questions.

Finally following through to the point of presentation of merchandise, we were ready to start on the list of items which the girls had to be able to identify, locate, pronounce and describe. Here again, repeated drills were necessary, so that the girl displaying a tea pot could learn through practice to say "This one has a *lid*" instead of *"a leed."*

Rice bowls were *lice* bowls for quite a while, picks were *peaks* and cups were *cops.* And it was a day for celebration when the last of the girls was able to come right out and say "lacquer ware;" it had been *raka ware* from the start!

Neither teacher nor class expected that twelve hours of instruction could turn a willing student into a professional speaker, in any language. But all of us were encouraged with the progress made by even the most reticent of the group.

It is a difficult thing to move from one world to another, to change one's way of dress and living, of eating, entertaining and learning. And it is especially difficult to go out from the protection of an Oriental home to work behind the counter of a retail store in a big, bustling, modern American city.

You can imagine my pride, then, when I discovered on the last day of our class at Shirokiya's that the toy I had seen demonstrated three weeks before was "very interesting, runs on batteries."

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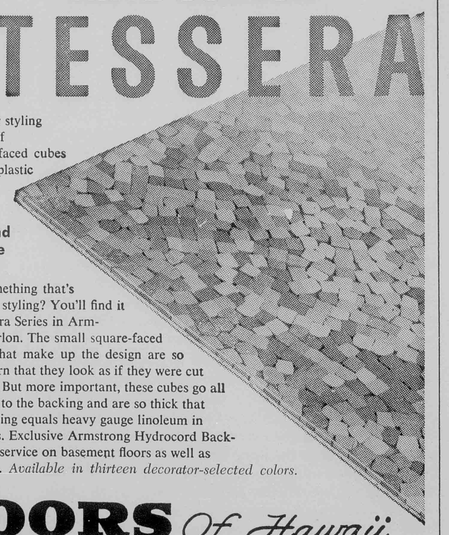

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FLOORS *Of Hawaii*

Focus on Far-Away Places

by Mary Conniff

AS IF IT WERE a magnet, Honolulu draws from around the world a steady stream of people. They come as visitors, as temporary or permanent residents and for many of them arrival in this cosmopolitan city means a first look at America. In the midst of an ocean criss-crossed by shipping lanes, under a tropic sky increasingly busy with the traffic of jet planes, meet immigrants from Japan, students from Indonesia, servicemen's wives from Germany, government officials from India and countless others from countries around the globe.

It is to help these people understand America and integrate to a new way of life while preserving the cultural heritages of their native lands that Honolulu International Institute exists.

Headquarters for the Red Feather agency that reaches many people in personal and rewarding ways is an unprepossessing and inadequate cottage at 468 South Hotel Street in downtown Honolulu. Staff of the agency consists, incredibly, of an executive secretary, dedicated and capable Miss Mildred Towle—and volunteers!

Beginning in 1919 when the picture brides were brought from Japan to Hawaii, the YWCA worked with newcomers from foreign lands through their International Committee. On the committee served many devoted women of the community who offered friendship to thousands of strangers who came to the Islands to visit or to live.

By 1955, the work of the committee was so vast that from it emerged a separate agency, The International Institute. With the new agency came Miss Towle and members of the committee who had worked previously at the YWCA. And Mrs. Dorothy J. Ames became first president of the board of directors. In 1957 it became an affiliate of the Community Chest.

This year, under president Gunter Von Hamm, serve first vice-president Ernest Albrecht, second vice-president Mrs. G. J. Watumull, secretary Harry T. Tanaka, treasurer Mrs. Gerald Fisher and thirty more men and women from all racial groups in the community who help in the planning and direction of the agency work

Today the Norwegian Consul may call to say that a girl from Norway, wife of Hawaiian-born Japanese serviceman, has arrived in Honolulu feeling lonesome and lost. Does the Institute know anyone who would take her shopping and explain American supermarkets? The Institute does. And it further encourages her to enroll in one of the English classes which it offers to newcomers. When the time comes to apply for citizenship, she can join a training class at the Institute and volunteers will help her with the necessary government forms.

Another request may come from the office of the Japanese Consulate General. There is an older woman in the community who has raised her children in the English-speaking schools of Hawaii. She has never had time to learn English. Now she would like to try, but she is too shy to enroll in a night school class with strangers. "Bring her over to our Central Service Club meeting," suggests Miss Towle, "so that she can meet some other older Japanese women. When she feels at home here she can start her English lessons with us."

Teachers for the English classes are recruited by the Institute, and are qualified by Department of Public Instruction standards. Those teaching the citizenship classes are furnished by the DPI, but classes are held at the Institute in its one small classroom.

Next may come a visit by an examiner for the Naturalization Service. He has dropped by with a new supply of forms which may be needed, and mentions that a naturalization hearing will be held in three weeks and that members of the Institute's citizenship training class should get their applications in order.

A telephone call from a Waikiki hotel brings the anxious question, "Is it too late to make a reservation for the German luncheon today?" For a resident of West Berlin, en route around the world on business, the chance to eat authentic food of his homeland is a welcome one. And his reception at the Institute will be warm. He may even meet someone who once lived near his home in Germany, and he will surely enjoy the opportunity to speak his native language with the Honolulu women of German origin, the volunteer hostesses for the day.

The luncheons given at the Institute each Thursday from October to June feature menus from around the world, and serve as a happy gathering place for those who are hungry for both the food and the fellowship of their countrymen. Through the years of serving these delightful weekly meals, the Institute has collected a treasure-trove of recipes which they have published in three delightful cookbooks. *Menus Around The World* contains recipes from many nations, and two separate books offer recipes of China and Japan.

At the luncheons, Miss Towle and her volunteer hostesses, who have by this time become experts in sizing up each arriving guest, make a personal effort to arrange the seating so that each one will have a pleasant experience. "We know that for many who come to an Institute luncheon it will be their only opportunity to sit down to an informal meal with people of other races and cultures, and we want them to go away feeling that they have had a rewarding experience. We are not a commercial restaurant in any sense, of course, and we sponsor

Continued on page 30









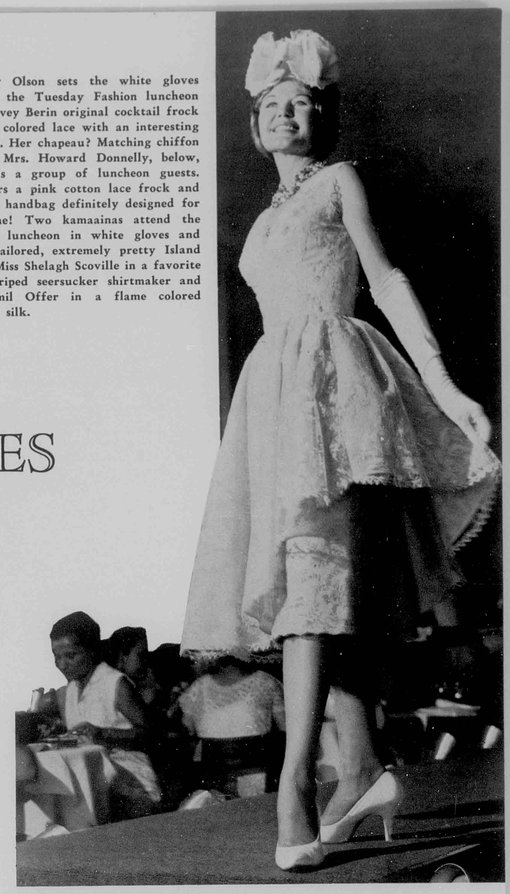
Bare Feet

by Marjorie V. Trumbull

Pati Jones, teen-age model for Carol and Mary, introduces designer Bete's brand new swimsuit to the Tuesday fashion luncheon crowd at The Royal Hawaiian. Of bright yellow cotton printed in scarlet, it boasts a flirtatious ruffle on the bra's top, trim-fitting ruffled shorts. Alice Brandon, top photo, catches the early mail at the Ala Moana Center wearing Diane's Waikiki Stroller . . . sleek trousers and a harlequin top of bright pastel polished cotton. Margarèt Brumaghim on the terrace of the Surf Room at The Royal wears Tori Richard's newest swimsuit in a sarong type in sateen cotton with its own matching Burma coat in gold and orange Lehua print. Mrs. George Vanderbilt, one of Hawaii's best tennis amateurs, relaxes in Kahala's snowy white tennis suit of Arnel sharkskin.



Shirley Olson sets the white gloves mood at the Tuesday Fashion luncheon in a Harvey Berin original cocktail frock in peach colored lace with an interesting overskirt. Her chapeau? Matching chiffon flowers. Mrs. Howard Donnelly, below, entertains a group of luncheon guests. She wears a pink cotton lace frock and carries a handbag definitely designed for her alone! Two kamaainas attend the Tuesday luncheon in white gloves and simply tailored, extremely pretty Island frocks. Miss Shelagh Scoville in a favorite crisp, striped seersucker shirtmaker and Mrs. Emil Offer in a flame colored Dynasty silk.



AND WHITE GLOVES

IF, TO THE newcomer, the fashion picture in Hawaii seems slightly complex and somewhat confusing . . . that's because it is!

Travel folders picturing long haired, brown skinned beauties clad in hibiscus sarongs are not exactly preparation for the degree of well dressed formality, the white gloves, chic coiffures and sometimes flowered chapeaux glimpsed at numerous Hawaii functions.

If one comes from the general area of Fifth Avenue, New York, it might be a bit startling to see, on one's first day here, pretty young matrons clad in short muumuus and go-aheads dashing into Waikiki's smartest shops.

But the secret of chic in Honolulu (and some of the nation's best dressed women do make their homes here) is based on the same infallible rule of thumb that distinguishes well dressed women anywhere!

Hawaii residents suit their clothes to the occasion! And though it may take a while to acquire the almost seventh sense needed to know exactly *what* occasion calls for *what* attire, once you've gotten the message a very definite pattern reveals itself. Dressing in Hawaii becomes as easy as doing the hula after you've learned the basic rhythm.

Actually, Hawaii fashionables have excellent taste. They should have, because they so frequently see its opposite demonstrated by over-enthusiastic Island visitors. And *there's* a bit of education that would be helpful not only to visiting newcomers but to their ofttimes embarrased hostesses!

What perversity encourages men and women (usually ultra-conservative in their hometowns) to stroll down Kalakaua Boulevard in what looks like costume-party garb is one of the not-so-sweet mysteries of Hawaiian life. "Informal" and "casual" mean one thing. But a seemingly hysterical combination of tight shorts, high heels, flowers in the hair (and ofttimes curlers) is not precisely its definition. But this is a digression.

White gloves in Hawaii? Certainly they've become de rigueur just as they have been for decades in Boston, San



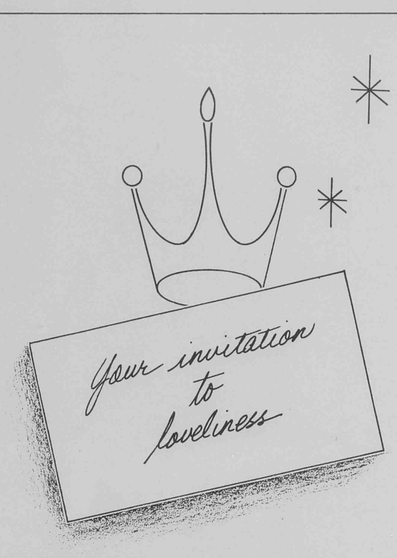


Francisco or Paris. And certainly they're the perfect crisp, summer accent to pastel linen sheaths, prints and the pretty daytime frocks, worn at such smart functions as the Tuesday Fashion Luncheon at The Royal Hawaiian. White gloves also, look prettily at home with after dark cocktail frocks or symphony-going chiffons, as do high heels, usually on white pumps or sandals in the summer.

Not that the white glove itself is an absolute must. It's the symbol of paying attention to detail and dressing for occasions that demand it. Just as a courteous man dresses to suit his feminine companion of the evening, dons tie and jacket when she's to wear a dressy frock, so the *occasion* sets the key to what should be worn, be it a luncheon in a private home, a garden party, cocktail party (one that does *not* stress the "be comfortable" theme) or dinner.

As for bare feet, here again they're the symbol for the mood that is in complete contrast to white gloves; the mood (and time of day) when fun, Island-made casuals, gay Polynesian and Orient-inspired trouser combinations, muumuus short or long, shorts and shirts or tea-timers are absolutely right to wear. For morning chores, for luaus "at home," nothing could be more perfect or tasteful. But the time and place for a swim suit is on the beach or at the pool; *not* visiting one's banker!

Admittedly it's a great temptation when one first comes to Hawaii to live exclusively in the cool, comfortable casuals. But it's an equally great mistake for one's fashion reputation to do so. Fun clothes are for fun occasions. Smart clothes for smart occasions. The Islands abound in both. And the woman who would have fun and still be smart should learn the difference between the two! At least until someone starts a trend to wear white gloves and bare feet at the same time!



The Royal Salon Ltd.

Royal Hawaiian Hotel Arcade
Honolulu, Hawaii
Phone 937-368

FOCUS ON FAR-AWAY PLACES

Continued from page 27

the luncheons only because they are such a splendid meeting ground.

The Institute also sponsors monthly foreign language conversation groups, and it is here that some of the most interesting exchanges of friendship are made.

The present schedule includes a German-speaking group on the first Friday of each month, French on the third Friday and Spanish on the fourth, with meetings beginning at 7:30 in the evening.

These meetings always begin with a short but stimulating program, usually a speaker on a topic of general interest to those who speak the particular language. Then the audience breaks up into small conversation groups, to chat happily over coffee and cookies about mutual interests. There is much exchanging of addresses and telephone numbers, and many exclamations of "what a small world"—in various foreign tongues!

People never cease to be amazed that while visiting or temporarily living in Hawaii they can come to the little white cottage on Hotel Street and, like as not, meet someone who knows someone whom they know back home—home, in this case, being almost any place from Armenia to Venezuela.

To meet another need, that of permanent residents in Hawaii, the Institute has organized six clubs which meet regularly during the morning hours.

Continued on page 52



PHOTO/UNITED AIR LINES

Hawaii's number one
PRETTY GIRL

Lovely Gabriella I, Hawaii's entry in this year's Miss America contest, blends Hawaiian-Portuguese-German-Irish-Scotch-Chinese inheritance in the charm and grace typical of Island beauties.

Island Living

Swimming pool and terrace are shielded from the trade winds by the bulk of the living room wing, with convenient shutter doors opening from the bedrooms to this area. At the right, the television antenna tops a totem pole carved by Howard Cook and Edward Malcolm Brownlee from a telephone pole.



ISLAND ART in Architect's Home

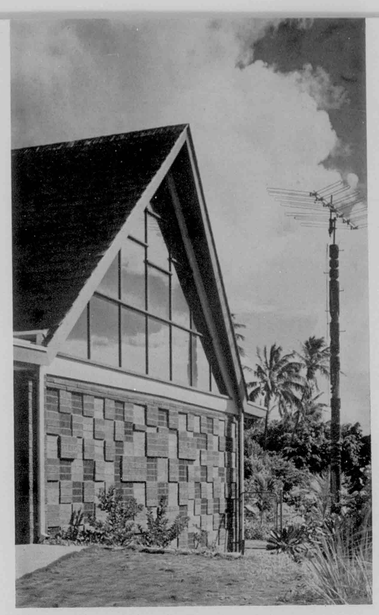
The front door, inlaid wood by Brownlee, is lighted by Claude Horan's ceramic.



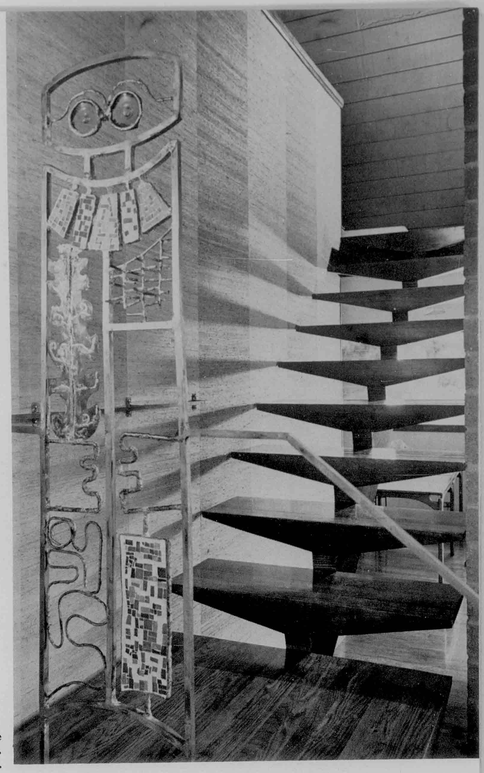
THE HOME of the Howard L. Cooks on Kalanianaole Highway typifies the gracious Island living identified with the Hawaiian Islands. It is open to a spectacular view, shielded from the winds, and has integrated Island culture with native plantings and the work of Honolulu artists.

Cook, a member of the Hawaii chapter, A.I.A., and the firm of Wimberly and Cook, Architects, Ltd. planned the interior decoration of the home himself. In making much use of sculpture and paintings by Island artists, he is setting an admirable pace for Hawaii's discerning home owners.

Ben Norris assisted with masonry patterns, color schemes and decoration. Pottery light fixtures, lamps and bowls were done by Claude Horan. Jean Charlot executed a fresco mural over the fireplace. The inlaid wood front door, metal stair rail, wood sculpture in the entry garden, the mural on the bathroom wall and the television antenna pole are the work of versatile Edward Malcolm Brownlee.



The living room wing features patterned masonry topped by glass at one end of the room. Shoji door is one of many oriental touches.



Laminated oak stairway and metal sculpture are the work of Edward Malcolm Brownlee. Grass cloth covers one wall.

Designed to accommodate the entertainment needs of a son and daughter as well as their parents, the swimming pool and lanai are placed so as to provide room for guests and swimmers, but still protect the privacy of the main portion of the home.

The house is built on an ell-shaped lot with an area of 13,400 square feet. One leg of the ell runs at right angle to the highway, and the other faces a tropical lagoon, with Koko Head in the background.

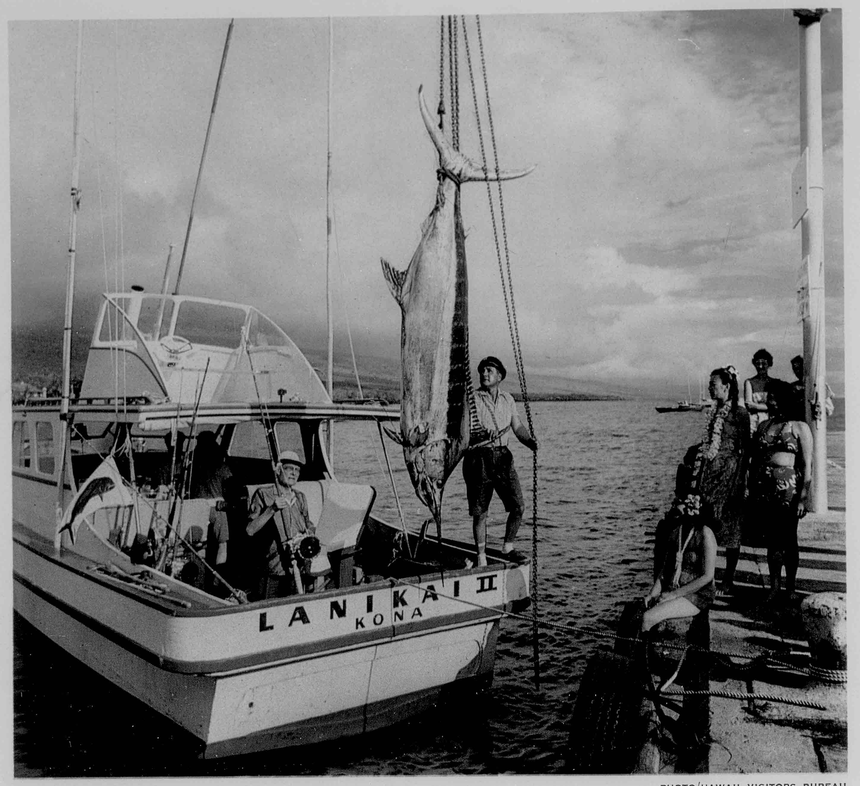
In designing the house to fit the lot, the essential site problems were to provide privacy from the highway, take full advantage of the lagoon view, and protect the outdoor living and swimming pool area from the full force of the trade winds, while providing cross ventilation in all rooms. Heavy tropical planting shields the house from the highway.

The living room is placed to enjoy the lagoon view, and also opens onto the swimming pool court, protecting it from the prevailing wind.

The bedroom wing curves slightly to conform to the shape of the lot. Each bedroom and the childrens' bath has a door opening directly to the swimming pool court.

The kitchen is close to the front door; as a result, it can be reached from either the living room or bedroom wing without going through another part of the house. Both kitchen and dining room overlook the lagoon. A roofed lanai adjoins the living room on the pool side, and a small lanai by the master bedroom has a sink and refrigerator for the convenience of bathers.

The roof of the living room wing is built of pre-cast concrete delta frames on pipe columns, and the bedroom wing roof is post and beam construction. Exterior siding is rough fir boards and battens, and plasterboard is used throughout the interior with grass cloth applied in the entry and master bedroom. Polished oak floors are used throughout the house, and Heinley shutters were selected for the bedroom wing in lieu of windows.

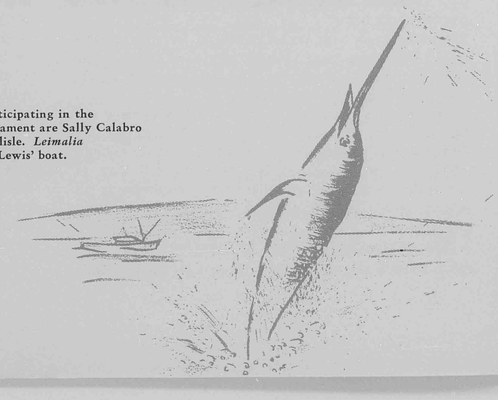


PHOTO/HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

KONA FISHING TOURNAMENT



Islanders participating in the wahine tournament are Sally Calabro and Jean Carlisle. *Leimalia* is C. Dudley Lewis' boat.



Kailua wharf at Kona will be the take-off point for new triumphs in deep sea fishing, as anglers meet for mid-September competition.

by Dee Gorelangton

KONA'S FAMED fishing waters will abound with crack big game fishing teams in mid-September when the Second Annual International Billfish Tournament gets under way.

More than 125 participants and families from Australia, New Zealand, Mexico and the mainland United States are expected to "infiltrate" the Kona coast of the Big Island for the four-day meet which will be preceded by a wahine tournament on September 13.

Among the women participating in the wahine's meet is Jean Carlisle of Honolulu who holds the women's all-tackle record for a 254-pound tuna caught in Kona in August of 1954.

On September 14 more than twenty men's teams will open the official tournament which will offer keen competition in waters which have seen more than 200 billfish weighing between 400 and 1,000 pounds boated in the past four years.

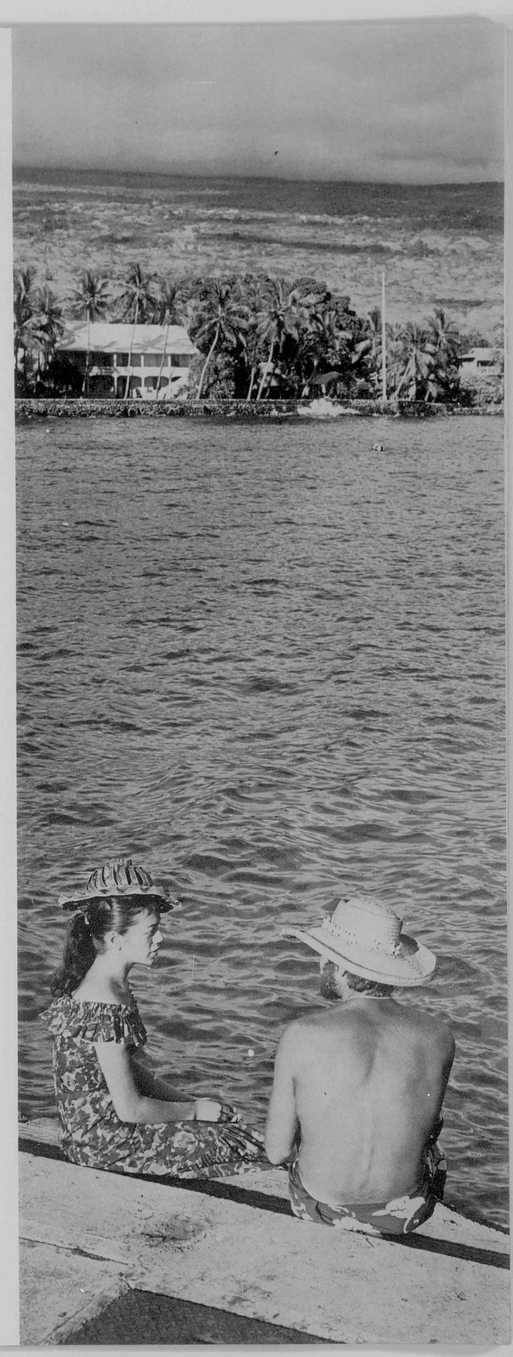
Among the several world's record holders expected to participate is George Wooler of Auckland, New Zealand, who holds the world's 80-pound line record. Last year's winner, Islander George Perry of the Ala Moana Sportsmen's Club is also planning to compete in an attempt to top his 611-pound blue marlin catch of 1959.

Mainland clubs or cities being represented include the city of Seattle, the San Diego Marlin Club, the Tuna Club of Catalina, the Atlanta Georgia Athletic Club, the Hatteras Marlin Club of North Carolina and the city of Denver.

During the four-day meet a "fishing widows" program has been planned by the Kona Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Tournament committee and Kona residents. Activities will include no-host brunches, a fashion show, house and garden tours, drives to historic sites such as the City of Refuge at Honaunau and offshore cruises to the Captain Cook monument at Kealakekua bay.

Frequent ship-to-shore reports will be made through facilities set up at the Hotel King Kamehameha, headquarters for the 1960 tournament. The daily weighing in at the Kailua wharf promises to be a high spot of each afternoon. Evening activities include cocktail parties, banquets, an international pageant and Hawaiian entertainment.

"Tournament togs" bearing the Billfish emblem will be featured in shops throughout the Kona area during the five days of festivities, when informality will be the order of the day. A shore-fishing competition will also be held for the small-fry sportsmen.





A handsome screen is combined with headboard of Chinese grillwork in an Island bedroom.

Interior Decorating

FAR EAST DECORATING SOURCES . . . at home in Polynesia

by Micky Baird
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DECORATORS

Those who live in Hawaii and are interested in creating attractive backgrounds for living are most fortunate. There isn't another land in the world that has the blend of climate, craftsmanship, and economic factors permitting absolutely any preference in home decorating.

The Far East and the Middle East have been influencing the decor of Island homes for years; some of the most beautiful oriental antiques in the world are right here in Hawaii. On the other hand, the very best of manufacture from the Mainland is constantly selected and brought to the Islands by home lovers who want to marry the decorating influences of the West with the East.

When one is not restrained by regional influence, as is the case in Hawaii, one is free to buy at large in the field of decoration for the most personal expressions of good taste.

The Orient is a fountainhead of inspiration embraced warmly by designers and retailers alike. Furniture designed and manufactured in Hawaii is versatile, functional, and is becoming more satisfying to the eye each year. One of Honolulu's prominent furniture designers, Tom Hirai, is combining fine woods with an extraordinary sense of the dramatic in line, and the result is furniture that may well be heirlooms of the future. Hirai refines oriental motifs to contemporary scale, and when a design of his is used in conjuction with furnishings from other parts of the world it becomes an importantly fit accent in its own right.

There are many opportunities to combine Eastern and Western architectural motifs in Island interiors, and the products now available locally to achieve such effects gratify the decorator's heart. The adventurous drama of grillwork with all the beautiful light patterns grills create has never been unfolded with such high fashion emphasis as now, and in Hawaii the interior designers are combining various forms to make ceilings, doorways, room dividers, and walls of luminescent texture.

Decorating sources in the Islands are stocking these symbols of the mystery of the East and homeowners are delighted to have seclusion achieved with a romantic touch in their building program.

Homeowners frequently start with a design such as the grill, add basic furniture, and then proceed to build their room schemes around color and unusual accessories. Nowhere is color used more excitingly. People are no longer afraid of it. Those who love greenery and the out-of-doors have abandoned their former insistence upon carrying



The Far Eastern influence is clearly felt in this charming living room.

green all through their homes, too, and what was formerly a subject for question (the overuse of green in Hawaiian decorating) is no longer valid.

Island home owners have been steadily absorbing the color influences that make for gay and dramatic interiors from Thailand, Japan, China, and India. They have been

This room portrait by the writer details the East-West theme used in decoration of Mrs. Fred Patterson's home in Waialae-Kahala.



able to purchase the finest of fabrics from these places and to base entire room-settings around them. Shantung weaves, bamboo impressions on vinyl, Thai ribbings, all build up to a contemporary grasp of decorating with Eastern influences.

All over America the market spotlight has been trained on international products. Hawaii is the logical transit point for most of them, and fortunately for Islanders, enterprising businessmen here have abstracted for local use the very best of what is creating much decorating excitement on the Mainland.

Part of the charm of living in the Pacific islands is the sense of coolness and restfulness that pervades the home. Grills contribute to this, but mention must also be made of other materials imported to develop this all-important feeling. Islanders have rattan, grass mattings, grass cloths, polished stones, wicker, woven cord, and wire as source materials.

Rattan can be an abomination or a joy depending on how it is used. It is one of the most serviceable of Pacifica products, being light in weight, capable of being woven into beautifully soft lines in furniture, inexpensive, and adaptable to almost any interior. The danger of its use is only in its overuse, and where some misguided homeowner has furnished his entire home of it; therein lies mediocrity.

Grass mattings are a delight to use in decoration. Placed between fretwork they become a background for light fixtures, can be a false ceiling where an uglier one must be disguised, and can be stretched over wood to make most attractive picture frames.

Who in Hawaii has not walked softly and deliciously on the tatami matting from Japan? This is probably the world's most charming floor covering because it is beautiful to look at and demands that one be shoeless.

The grass cloths from the Far East are available for all sorts of decorating uses and here in the Islands they are appreciated and used to better advantage than on the Mainland. The papers that these grasses are pressed upon come in every possible color on both metallic and plain grounds. The grainings, size, and threadings of these grasses are unbelievably striking, and it is only when the homeowner goes to make his selection that he realizes to what extent he has a valuable decorating tool. Bathroom cabinet doors covered with panelings of these grass cloths lend an air of exquisite luxury to a functional room.

Table tops of grass cloth under clear glass in some of the silver, gold, and copper colorations are a fine decorating touch. Grass cloth is hard to beat as actual wall paper and provides a most authentic background for Eastern and Western furniture used together. It has more than a decorative advantage, too, as it is practically dirt-proof to the eye.

Hawaii has a delightfully uninhibited approach to decoration. It's absolutely true that no one should have a house styled to suit anyone but himself, but where in the world of advertising do you have as many decorating styles as in Hawaii? With people of varied backgrounds living happily in the Islands, each to his own in personal heritage, how else to satisfy the home-buying market but to have on hand what each segment likes the most? As a result, the stores present a tremendous choice of decorating material. What Hawaii does with this privilege of choice is constantly making decorating magazine headlines. It is safe to predict that in the future Islanders are going to have an even deeper appreciation of the charm and uniquely original concept of home-decorating that exist here.

Next month: Use of Polynesian tapas, polished stones, wicker products, window treatment in the semi-tropics.

Continued from page 13

Yet even in its most fruitful operation the East-West Center will be no panacea for the U.S.'s problems along its new frontier. Regardless of his dress and even language attainments, the Caucasian walker in Singapore's Sago Lane is now and will ever be a foreigner. The American in the Far East, regardless even of his race, will always be conceived a rich man—and so few have ever loved the richest man in town.

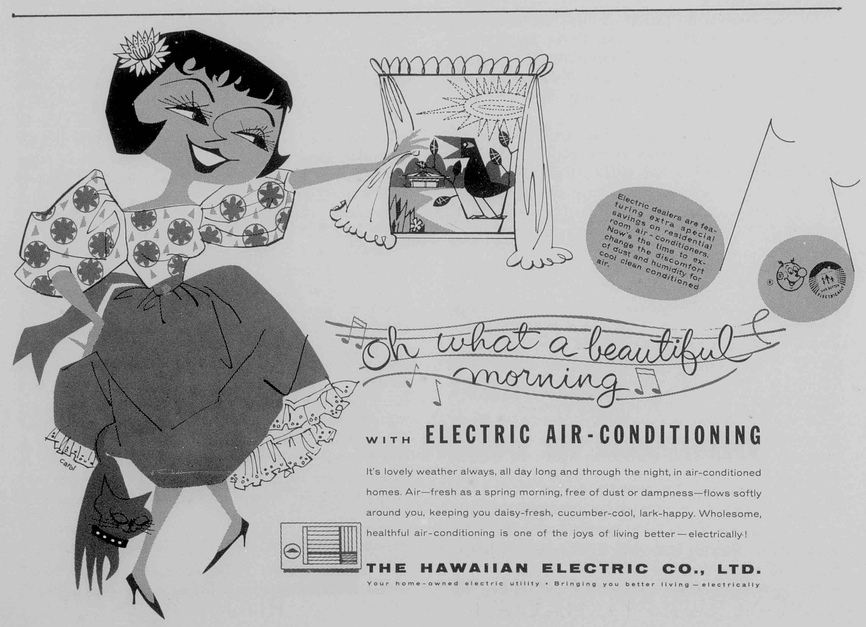
Inevitably, the Westerner will always be at least partial heir to the legacy of colonialism its years of White Men calling, "Boy!" It will be long indeed before Americans understand the true nature of their new frontier, and if they ever do it will be only to discover the real limits that will continue to exist there on U.S. policy and influence—cultural, philosophic and economic as well as political.

In their despair over these frustrations, however, Americans tend to forget that Asian ignorance of the U.S. is perhaps as deep and maybe even more debilitating than ours of them. If the people of the frontier have heard of Jefferson and Lincoln, the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence—and a surprising number of them have—they have also been told that such clarions have grown rusty. Going to the heart of the matter—racism—California's Indian Congressman D.S. Saund found that his Indian hearers were astounded to learn that segregation was practiced in only twelve of the U.S.'s 50 states.

Hawaii's racial climate, basked in personally by future leaders, is the best rebuttal to that kind of misinformation—and it offers the best window of perspective through which the Asian can view, as he will, the less perfect vistas of his new neighbor. Hawaii's people can indeed help convert the Philippines into a carrier of U.S. dreams in Southeast Asia, and Japan into the U.S.'s great natural ally in the Pacific, as the Britain she resembles so strongly geographically and economically is in the Atlantic.

For if Americans have heard how the Chinese of Taiwan have blatantly violated the international copyright laws to print Western books without royalties, they should also know that about 80 per cent of the books so published are textbooks. Neither the East-West Center nor even the mission of Hawaii's people offer any panacea because the frontier problems are far too deep and complex for that.

But the readiness for communication is there, and it behooves the U.S. to open the channel to the nations of the Far East, so that those nations can better understand that strange man who has come to dinner and brought his frontier and so that the man himself can better understand the people who own the table. In short, the frontier is now there and Hawaii has a unique role—particularly through its people and its East-West Center—in helping all people to profit from its presence.



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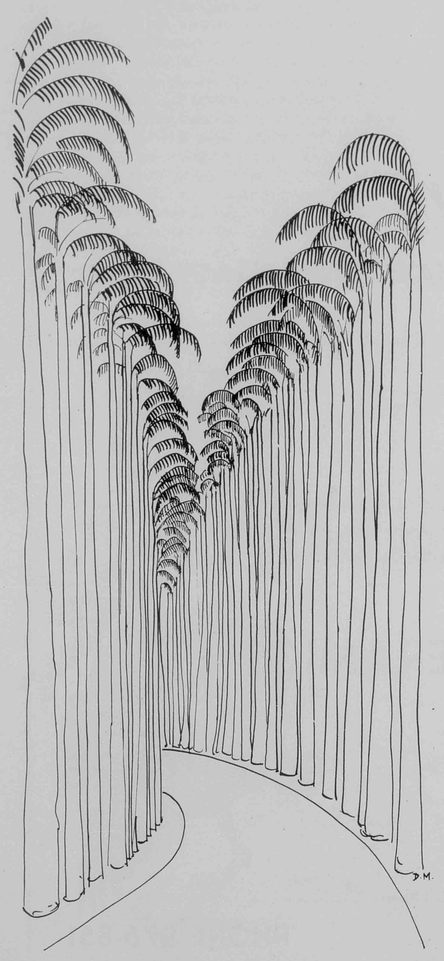
LANDSCAPING WITH PALMS

by Desmond Muirhead
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT AND PLANNING CONSULTANT

The Caribee royal palm is the world's finest avenue tree. This avenue is at the Botanic Garden, Peridiniyah, Ceylon.



OF ALL THE TREES which grace the landscape of the world's tropics, the palms are the most romantic and the most memorable. Other trees exert their influence too, such as the monkey pod, the banyan, and the royal poinciana, showers and the sunshine tree if these happen to be in bloom. But moonlit nights in Hawaii are inevitably dominated by coconut fronds, and practically every street or area in Honolulu has its special palm population.

On shopping expeditions to International Market Place you brush shoulders with arecas and fishtail palms; at the entrance to the Surfrider you encounter Macarthur palms and Manila palms; the remnants of the once spacious gardens of the Royal Hawaiian produce a variety of riches from blue latans, Chinese fans, princess palms (usually wrongly named), Fiji fans, dwarf dates and many others. Hawaiian Village also has a wide variety of species. Punahou school has a fine avenue of Cuban royals. The Foster Garden and the University have good collections of palms, most of which are labeled.

When working on a large scale the landscape architect most often uses palms in groves, in lines or in rows. Groves are former commercial orchards in which clearings may be made for buildings. Such groves make excellent unifying elements for any large scale landscape planning. Coco Palms in Kauai is a really fine example of well-designed buildings set into an existing grove of coconuts. The landscaping has been sensitively subordinated to the totality of the design. The whole has given a lead which other islands should follow if the Hawaiian chain is not to be ruined by exploitation in the name of development.

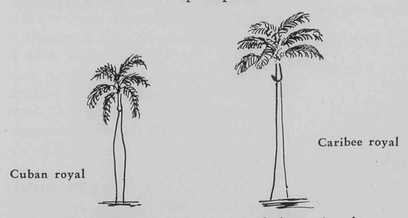
Groves can be planted for landscaping purposes. The coconut has a way of curving gracefully towards the light and with a little care a fine grove of full grown plants (at $100 per tree) can be achieved—observing that necessary feeling of fundamental rightness and purpose which comes from last-moment changes in the position of the trees as the grove takes shape. This has been most successfully accomplished in parts of Hawaiian Village Hotel. Coconuts and grass by themselves make a most restful and beautiful landscape at the Queen's Surf and at Jefferson School in Waikiki. Smaller groves or groups can be created with nearly any type of palm. Palms with stiff upright trunks like royals or Alexander palms should be spaced wide apart, but curving palms like coconuts, *Thrinax* or dwarf dates can be closely planted or even placed in clumps in the same hole.

Any man-made or man-altered landscape, provides greatest single impact when seen at ground level from a block or a line of trees. Great lines of eucalyptus and Norfolk Island pines are used as windbreaks on Maui. Lines of kiawe, Eugenia and royal palms near fields of pineapple or sugar weave fabulous foliage texture into the landscape and provide patterns of space in themselves powerful and unified. Most of these effects are fortuitous —but this does not mean that they cannot be planned.

Starting from an arbitrary pattern provided by the division of land into field and meadow, a conscious space frame can be established with palms, eucalyptus, monkey pods and other trees, to suggest a huge woven tapestry from a distance and, at close quarters, an impressive measure of vertical space. This type of planting would ensure an agricultural landscape of beauty in the Hawaiian Islands as well as a gorgeous wild landscape. In this agricultural landscape the point and counterpoint of blocks, groves and lines of palms make possible the greatest and most stimulating man-made landscape possible.

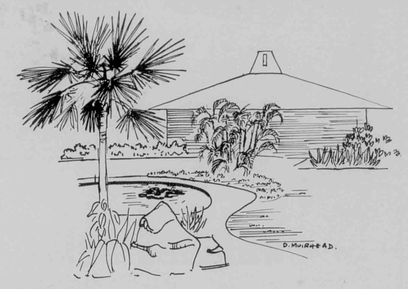
Avenues of trees leading to public buildings or estates or bordering streets are probably as effective when planted with palms as with any other type of tree. Although such avenues have been out of date for about twenty years, they are now coming back into fashion fast, and rightly so. Palms with straight trunks are more often used for this type of planting. Straight heavy palms like the royals, Canary Island dates and the Palmyra palm make the best avenues. Each successive tree combines impression upon impression until the final result is an inspiring soaring mass of trunks and waving fronds with feet in the ground and heads in the sky.

At this point an anomaly should be sorted out: there are two types of Royal palms planted in Honolulu, the Cuban royal and the Caribee royal. They are quite easily distinguished since the Cuban royal has a conspicuous bulge halfway up its trunk with leaves drooping down onto the trunk, while the Caribee royal has a straight tapering trunk, and its leaves are in general held above the horizontal. The Cuban Royal is by far the most commonly planted, yet it is hard to understand why. It is attractive as a young tree but it is a sorry thing with age, rickety, bent and shaky like a very old man. Unfortunately, these were chosen for the Royal Mausoleum. This type of palm does not reach half its ultimate height of one hundred feet before its top drops off.



The Caribee royal is represented by only about a hundred specimens in the city. A row may be seen on Iolani Street near the five-way junction with Lusitana and School. This palm is fast-growing, straight and majestic with a crown which is borne proudly and defiantly in the wind. The tree in the Foster Garden is as straight as the Washington Monument and is already well over a hundred feet tall. The Caribee royal palm is probably the finest avenue tree in the world and yet no such avenue exists in Hawaii. This deficiency should be rapidly remedied. The two trees may be compared in the 1200 block on South Beretania Street where there is a group of three Caribee and five Cuban royals on the mauka side of the street.

The scale of the home garden, of schoolgrounds or of the neighborhood park is more intimate and human than that of field and forest. Larger, taller palms can be used as space dividers, however. These must be upright types



Blue latan palm and golden bamboo palm are used as garden sculpture.

or the effect will be lost. Lines and rows may be used to make gardens appear large, with vertical walls containing volumes instead of areas. Clumps or groups can be repeated for effect or at strategic points near the perimeter of areas to indicate the extent of the property by vertical accent.

Palms can also be used as integral garden decoration much in the same way that sculpture should be used.

This is especially true of the smaller palms like blue latans *prittchardias, Veitchias Howeas, gingerbreads,* Samoan coconuts, *Chamaedoreas,* and of the clump-producing species such as *Chrysalidocarpus* (Areca), Macarthur palms, *Caryota mitis* and *Raphis.*

These all make striking accents by a doorway or bordering an entrance path. Arecas, Macarthurs and trunk-producers like the Mediterranean fan palm (*Chamaerops*) are very effective against walls and screens—particularly against the new grilles which are becoming popular.

In dark corners of patios, *Howeas, Chamaedoreas* and that stunning little palm *Licuala grandis* will liven up the whole area. For a real treat combine them with tree ferns, apes and golden bamboo and install an automatic atomizer to keep them damp. Tree fern fronds should be sprinkled from overhead twice daily on days when it is not raining.

On a small property only a very few palms can be accomodated or the effect is overpowering. On large properties even the enormous raphis palms or the talipots can be grown as long as there is plenty of dense foliage from *Ficus* trees, monkey pods, enterolobiums, etc. to tone down the powerful texture of the palms and make it easier to accept visually. But where shade is not a problem the smaller sculptural palms are preferable.

Enjoy yourself!

the family that bowls together stays together

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John Gavin

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"IN THE WAKE OF A STRANGER"

Tony Wright
Shirley Eaton

(subject to change without notice)

Continued from page 18

the foreign phrases, will call in the house doctor, an Austrian.

"Tua filha . . ." he reassures her calmly. She smiles in relief and submits to medication. The nurses stare in admiration as he modestly accounts for his triumph with, "I only know twenty Italian words!"

Menus are unique and intrigue the malihini patients. In addition to standard hospital fare one many find these Island delicacies: miso soup, sashimi, teriyaki steak, sushi, chicken chow mein, lomi salmon and poi.

In spite of this variety in cosmopolitan fare, food is smuggled in by well-meaning family members and friends. Leftovers from luaus, chop suey wedding feasts and Filipino fiestas are generously shared by all.

An ailing tutu will be coaxed to partake of these forbidden fruits. "Poor t'ing, she starving," they will croon in approval when she is stuffed. And when the victim is discovered in a state of distress the next morning her temptress will guiltlessly exclaim, "My grandma always say more bettah for die wid da opu full!"

Diversion is never lacking in a ward in Paradise. A Hawaiian patient will ignore her pain in the quiet evening hours to pick up her ukulele and teach her wardmates hymns translated into Hawaiian by the early New England missionaries. Religious creeds are momentarily forgotten for harmony's sake.

Those who are able to sit up may volunteer to do a sitting hula. An eight-year-old Japanese mama-san may be coaxed from her bed to contribute to the entertainment when there is a lull. Faltering, with toil-bent back and wobbly steps, she will perform ritualistic steps remembered from years of Bon Dances, her accompaniment the rhythmic chanting and clapping of the group.

Soap opera is thoroughly enjoyed at noon. The program is followed by a group evaluation of the intricate problems of a martyred mother-in-law or a dedicated nurse.

On Lei Day, fresh flower leis are given to every patient and the student nurses crown their queen in a

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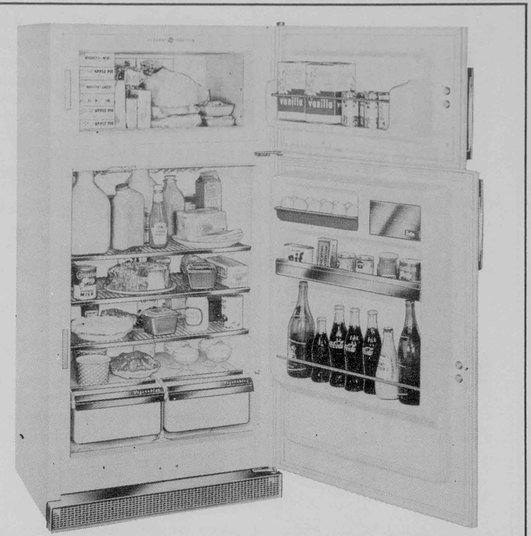

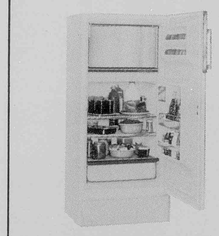

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Continued from page 42

colorful ceremony held in the gardens —to the delight of ambulatory patients. On Christmas Day, just before dawn, the nurses file through the corridors carrying candles and singing carols. Every month the Royal Hawaiian Band plays spirited music under a sheltering banyan tree, with Kentucky cardinals providing the obbligato.

The spirit of the Islands is always evident in the ward, for here everyone is interested in the other's well-being. Anxiety is universal when food is refused by the acutely ill, and delight expressed when make-up is applied during convalescence. Neat braids of the chronically ill are decorated daily with bright hibiscus. The aged and senile are chided and humored with enduring patience and are watched solicitously by both nurses and fellow-patients. Physical limitations are quickly forgotten in the need to restrain and comfort a confused oldster.

Medical histories and marital problems are daily reviewed. Here, confessions unburden the soul. A Caucasian war bride will relate her problems of adjustment in a home dominated by an Oriental mother-in-law. She will receive counsel and return after her discharge to report on her progress.

The malihini will receive a warm welcome from this unique "family." She will become well versed in Hawaiian lore. Fellow-patients will tell her of their beloved Queen Emma, benefactress of the first hospital in Paradise, whose daily walks among the patients inspired recovery. Ambulatory patients will offer to make emergency phone calls or call on the service of their own families for emergency shopping.

When they are discharged, Islanders go home grateful for having been allowed to share in this potpourri of human relations, never to be experienced in a private room.

Island doctors no doubt recognize the therapeutic effects of communal living in Hawaii's hospital wards when they reassure malihini patients (who, through circumstance, have no choice) by saying with conviction, "You will be happier in a ward!"



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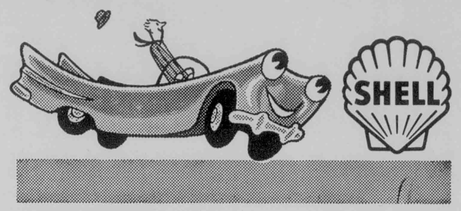

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ROSS SUTHERLAND

Continued from page 15

has been no effort to orient the student to his opportunity. We need sympathetic understanding, interest, and participation on the part of the whole community. We must demonstrate not by words alone but by actions that we are hospitable and that we welcome students from all over the world.

"Sometimes," Baron Goto continues, "I think the solving of these problems may be more difficult than raising the millions of dollars to get the program under way. But I have full confidence we will succeed. If we do not, we could do more harm than good. The Center could develop into a foreign colony out here.

"Our goal should be to make friends for America. Russia is doing it. Inviting people by the thousands, the boatloads, behind the Iron Curtain. Then they are trained in the ideology of communism and then go back home with it.

"We must give the foreigners the opportunity to know, to learn Americans as friendly people. We must staff the Institute with people who are more interested in people than in monetary gains. Of course they can not live on air but the kind of time and interest they must devote can not be bought and paid for in dollars. It is a job of love.

"I see the danger of this work if we don't do it right. If we bring people out here and pay no attention to them, or improper attention, they may go home feeling hurt, snubbed, unwanted . . ."

Of America's and Hawaii's place in the world-wide scheme of things, this man of the Pacific says, "I think we should get involved and do something. We have been too negative in our foreign policy. We should take the leadership, put the communists on the defensive. We have an opportunity to do so, especially here in Hawaii.

"We Americans of Asian background are an excellent example of what America has done for us. Asian people given American opportunity can develop just like people of European background.

"And we don't have to do much preaching. They can come here and see us. That is one way Hawaii can make a unique contribution. They can see that here, where given equal opportunities, Asians develop into productive citizens as opposed to problem people. Here under these conditions, we have diffused into the community, become valuable citizens. There are no foreign colonies here. For instance, there is no such thing a Chinese Colony here as in some places on the Mainland and in other countries. The Chinese have become some of our best citizens.

This enthusiastic and direct, round-faced man is as American as Rotary and The Lions Club, of which groups he is a member. He and his wife, the former Kimiko Pearl Kawasaki, live in Manoa at 2243 Hoonanea. They have a son, Roy, who goes to Punahou School, and a daughter Leora, who attends San Jose College. At home Baron collects antiques, raises gold fish, and gardens on week-ends. He concludes, thinking about all his travels, "America is the best place I have ever known."

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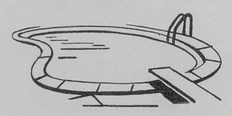

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THERE WAS A TIME when the plumeria was referred to as "the graveyard flower" because so many of the trees grew in cemeteries and very few Islanders would wear leis of the blossoms. But times have changed. Today, in thousands of yards being landscaped in Hawaii's new residential areas, "eveybody" is planting plumerias.

There are good reasons for the increasing popularity of this fragrant, colorful flowering tree.

For one thing, plumerias are about as easy to grow as anything the amateur home gardener can hope to find. A cutting taken from a healthy tree can be put directly into the ground, in sand or porous, well-drained soil, and left to root. If the soil is heavy, some gardeners prefer to let the cutting dry for several days and are careful to mix sand or gravel into the soil to permit good drainage. Plumeria should be planted only two inches deep, staked until rooted.

The newly rooted cuttings need water, but water can be their worst enemy. Once they are well started, their water requirement is low. Most gardeners elect to deep-water once a week and generally find that sufficient.

Plumerias grow in the open sun, and since many of them attain a height of fifteen feet they can be counted on to supply welcome shade for the home garden.

Plumeria is a spreading tree, with deep-green leaves, and five-petaled blossoms in yellow, pink, red, white and variations of those colors, some of them being delicately striped or underlined in deeper tones.

Most of the trees flower from April to November, some of them almost the year 'round. The trees shed their leaves, usually in the fall, but some of them, notably the lovely white Singapore, are bare but a very short time.

In addition to providing color, shade and fragrance in the garden, the tree serves another purpose which is rapidly adding to its popularity. The blossoms make lovely leis. With

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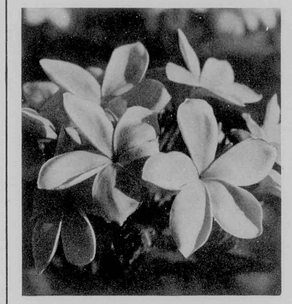
GARDENS

increasing numbers of tourists to greet, neighbors to see off on trips, school festivities for which to prepare, and buffet tables to decorate, homemakers are realizing the worth and versatility of this old Hawaiian tree.

It's not for the apartment dweller gardening among pots, nor for those with very small yard space. A plumeria tree needs plenty of room, and should be planted in open spaces. But



some interesting and imaginative plantings can be made with the trees.

In one yard, three trees with pink, red and white blossoms were grouped close together in a cluster between the house and an outdoor entertaining area. Now, with branches intertwined artistically, they provide a living bouquet for al fresco parties.

Another homeowner carefully pruned his trees from below, so that they form graceful umbrellas over his yard. This allows sufficient sun so that low plants will grow beneath them but affords a cool green roof for the lawn.

Most plumeria lovers find that the use of general garden fertilizer is sufficient, and apply it whenever they fertilize the lawn and other hedges and shrubs.

Although many Islanders get cuttings from friends' trees for the mere asking, newcomers may be interested to know that the plant booths at community fairs and church bazaars usually offer a fine array of rooted plumeria cuttings.

For color, shade, fragrance and a look of the Islands in your garden, you can't beat a plumeria tree!

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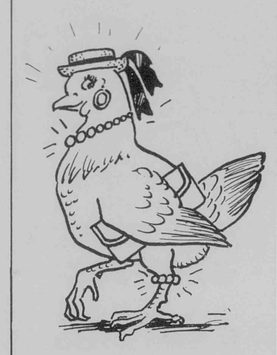

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A CHEF must be imaginative beyond limit to meet the tastes of Hawaii's limitless Pacific horizons—unique in the world. It takes a lot of time and hard thinking to plan a single day's menu of the exotic dishes of East and West.

Preparation is a project, requiring skilled hands and hours of patience. Like intermarriage among the races, food has blended with time to give food artists of the Paradise of the Pacific an enviable advantage over chefs in other parts of the world.

I have received many inquiries about Hawaiian foods. People everywhere are watching Hawaii, interested in Island food as well as in the harmony of our different races. I have to remind them that our food is also a blend of East and West, and not Polynesian only.

When Captain Cook arrived in 1778, he learned that the natives prepared kalua dog for their feast. Pigs replaced dogs in the luau in concession to English tastes. Since then many races have made contributions and experimented with Island foods, but a touch of old Hawaii is still alive in it. Tourists expect to try native food out of curiosity; many learn to like it and ask for recipes to take back home.

Baked Mahimahi a la Kamaaina

(Old Hawaiian Style)

Cut mahimahi filets into individual portions. Drain the juice from one fresh coconut into a bowl, and grind its meat with a meat grinder. Brush fish with butter, place in shallow baking pan, and pour over combined coconut meat and juice. Add juice of one lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Poach in oven (low temperature) till done.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour to make roux, stir in juice from fish, and add scalded milk to the consistency of a cream sauce. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Take from heat and add two egg yolks slightly beaten with one ounce cream.

Fill bottom of shell with cooked taro leaves (spinach may substitute), top with fish in sauce, garnish edge with Duchesse potatoes, sprinkle Parmesan cheese on top and bake to a golden brown in the oven.

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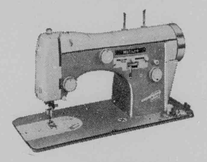

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colorful ceremony held in the gardens —to the delight of ambulatory patients. On Christmas Day, just before dawn, the nurses file through the corridors carrying candles and singing carols. Every month the Royal Hawaiian Band plays spirited music under a sheltering banyan tree, with Kentucky cardinals providing the obbligato.

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The Honolulu Advertiser

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GWEN HAIN/STAFF ARTIST

VOLUME 72 **OCTOBER, 1960** **NUMBER 9**

COVER

King and Queen of Aloha Week 1960, David K. Nuuhiwa and Hannah Heu, with their kahili bearers, Philip Sumera and Wilfred Sam Fong. Background is Ulu Mau Village, where ancient Hawaiian life is authentically re-created. Hawaii Visitors Bureau photography by Murray Befeler.

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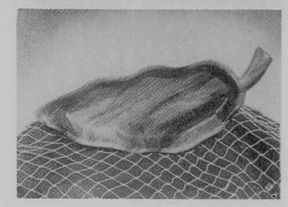

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Kamaaina's Calendar

1 Primary Election, State Holiday
Annual Fair, Church of the Holy Nativity, 5286 Kalanianaole Highway.
Luau, Liliuokalani Church, Waialua.

2 Annual Hukilau and Luau, Lanikai Community Association, beginning at 2 p.m.

3-4 Pageant "E Ola O Emalani," Sponsored by Queen's Hospital, McKinley Auditorium.

4-5 Kiwanis Travel Film "Sweden, Year Around," Roosevelt High School Auditorium, 8 p.m.

7-8 Pacific Jazz Festival, Waikiki Shell.

15-21 4th Annual Advertising Art Exhibit, Society of Advertising Artists and Designers of Hawaii, Banquet Hall, Ala Moana Center.

16-18 Nikita Magaloff, pianist, with the Honolulu Symphony, George Barati conducting, Sunday at 4 p.m., Tuesday at 8 p.m.

19 Hawaiian Hibiscus Society, Hënke Hall, University of Hawaii, 7:30 p.m.

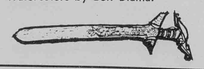
24 Honolulu Coin Club, Armed Services YMCA, 7 p.m.

AT THE GALLERIES

Honolulu Academy of Arts
The Academy will be closed until after the first of the year while the new wing is under construction. Fall Art School classes will begin on October 3.

The Gallery, Hawaiian Village Hotel
October
15-30 Juliette Mae Fraser, in a one-man showing.

Library of Hawaii
October
Main Library, King Street
10-29 An exhibition of Army photographs.
31 Opening of Watercolors by Alex Baird.
Kaimuki Branch
10-29 Water colors by Hon Chew Hee.
Waikiki Branch
10-29 Portrait Photographs by Irving Rosen.
Kailua
10-29 Watercolors by Ben Diama.



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Paradise Writers

Glamour Magazine, Portfolio I, Art News Annual and Art News Magazines are some of the publications with which *Joanna Shaw* was associated in an editorial capacity before her recent arrival in Hawaii.

She was graduated cum laude from Radcliffe College and during her years at Cambridge she was the Radcliffe news correspondent for the Harvard Crimson daily newspaper. With a fine arts major and English minor, she went on to graduate work at New York University and was awarded a graduate fellowship to Columbia.

At Glamour, she was assistant to the art editor and for the Art News Annual she wrote "Art News of the Year," a documentation of exhibitions in the art world.

With Art News Magazine she was an editorial associate, staff writer and researcher.

Joanna came to the Islands during the past summer and, like many others, has decided to stay.

Ivan Cameron, born in Honolulu in the days when a trip to Waikiki was a streetcar ride through the duck ponds, has recently returned after a long absence and taken up residence in Hauula, a spot on Windward Oahu that is as nearly like the old Hawaii as he could find.

Protege of Jack London in his early years, Mr. Cameron has spent his life as a writer and as is the custom of those who write on assignment has "lived all over." In recent years his articles have appeared in Coronet, True, Argosy, Playboy, Stag and other national magazines.

Son of General Samuel I. Johnson, commanding officer of the Hawaii National Guard during Governor Pinkham's administration Mr. Cameron attended the Hawaiian Military Academy in Kaimuki and was a boyhood friend of many men now prominent in the business and public life of the Islands.

How does he like the new Hawaii? "I was simply amazed at the change," he said. "The other day I was out in Waikiki working on a story in all that heat and with all those buildings, and it broke my heart."

continued on next page

Mynah Bird
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PARADISE WRITERS
Continued

Happily, there are still such places as Hauula, however, where writers who knew and loved the old Hawaii can live and write. *Paradise* is happy that Mr. Cameron has reappeared on the scene, as our readers will be when they read his interesting article *The Nene Makes a Comeback*.

Mary Conniff, who has written for *Paradise* also as Kay Winfield, has lived in Hawaii since 1946.

After getting her B.S. degree in Merchandising Education at the College of William and Mary in Virginia, Mary worked as advertising copywriter for a Washington, D.C., department store, then went into teaching at her alma mater.

Coming to Hawaii as coordinator of retail training classes in Honolu'u high schools, she has in recent years taught adult education courses in salesmanship, advertising, display and store management.

"I've been writing off and on for more than twenty years, beginning with society reporting for a small Missouri daily while I was still in high school," she says. "Then I edited two college papers and in later years contributed to various educational journals."

At *Paradise,* Mary combines her major field of training, merchandising, with her greatest enthusiasm, Hawaii. "Nothing could be more fun than trying to sell the *real* Hawaii through the pages of *Paradise,*" she says.

Mary is the wife of George Conniff of the Credit Bureau of Hawaii and mother of Katie, aged eight, and lives across the Pali in Kailua, "the most wonderful place in the world to live."

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Personalities IN PARADISE



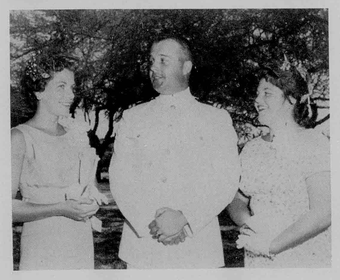
Back with three of their five children for a second summer vacation at the Halekulani were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Sleight of Fullerton, California. The lucky children are Christopher (left), Carol Ann and George. The Sleights expect to return next year with all five children—Halekulani photo.



Manager Bob and Hostess Charlot Butterfield, were on hand to welcome Jack Bailey and his wife to Hotel Hana-Maui. Emcee of radio and TV's "Queen for a Day" show, Bailey enjoyed a relaxed Hawaii holiday prior to the show's fall return to TV. "Queen for a Day" is scheduled to be shown in the Islands over KHVH commencing early this month—Bob Butterfield photo



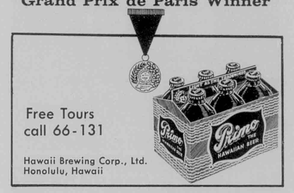
Admiral John H. Sides, new Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, and General I. D. White, Commander in Chief, U.S. Army, Pacific, saluted the colors during an Honor Guard ceremony held for the Admiral recently at Fort Shafter's Palm Circle. Admiral Sides replaced retiring Admiral Herbert D. Hopwood.



Lt. Herbert G. Hopwood, Jr., son of retiring Admiral Herbert G. Hopwood and medical officer aboard the cruiser *USS Helena* with his wife Elizabeth and his sister Jean at a recent reception at Pearl Harbor Officers Club. The party followed the change of command ceremony aboard the *USS Los Angeles*—Official U.S. Navy Photo.



Enjoy
Primo the Hawaiian Beer
and 1960
Grand Prix de Paris Winner



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What Else is New?

by pandora

LEONARD BERNSTEIN not only made the month of August musically unforgettable, he positively enchanted Honolulans with a charm as enormous as his talent. And this personal magnetism he used to an astute musical advantage when he appeared under the auspices of the Symphony at Honolulu's Shell.

Internationally respected are his many contributions as conductor, composer and piano soloist. Thus, it simply goes without saying that when Leonard Bernstein conducts his esteemed New York Philharmonic, the talent displayed is such that even the most erudite and pedantic critic will react with splendid words of tribute.

But the musically erudite are not the only ones who "dig" this Mr. B. He appears to have found the unique formula for musically being "all things to all men." So much so that even the most symphonically uneducated — to whom neither Tchaikowsky nor Beethoven have a recognizable identity — can recognize that the sound of the Philharmonic is glorious and that this distinguished conductor is a magnificent mesmerizer.

Post-performance, a teenager allowed as how: he hadn't wanted to come . . . He didn't dig classical music at all . . . but tonight . . . "WOW, it's really been keen." Many adults admittedly felt the very same way.

Recent movies "On the Terrace, Strangers When We Meet, the Apartment"—all cameraizing and glamorizing society's week, meek morals . . . **Joe Stafford** finalizing the Symphony's successful Shower of Stars series with a lovely musical rainbow of nostalgic melodies . . . The jazz and dazz planned for the 50th States upcoming **Disneyland** . . . Louisiana's **Long,** gone . . . visiting author **Phil Goldman** whose book recently written in Hawaii depicts his version of the state of US economy and autonomy . . . Top travel writer **Horace Sutton's** fine speech on little local deficiencies made altogether palatable by his gentle, thoughtful handling . . . Chocolate covered pretzels . . . Who is the real hero of Advise and Consent? . . . the epicurean success of luxurious little **Le Coq d'Or** . . . The Universal appeal of Ten Nights in a Barroom now smashing records as a Waikiki production . . . Fall fashions for men with lapels extra thin . . . The elaborate plans being made for an election evening party at the Dome with direct pipelines for the glad or sad news, **Jane Russell** in attendance and the proceeds for WAIF . . . and the scientists coming up with artificial snow (made of tiny glass beads) making it entirely possible that one day in the future we may sled or ski into Waikiki.

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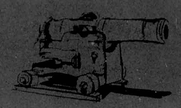

mark my words

by Micky Baird

Has any woman ever been able to fit ALL her jewelry into one box? Now there is an answer, decorative and practical, for anyone in this dilemma. Visualize a Chinese chest sixteen inches high, twelve inches wide, nine inches deep. See it glowing in many brilliant lacquer colors, trimmed in burnished brass. This has been designed and fitted just for jewelry and is so perfectly made that it is truly a miniature piece of furniture. Any woman would be fascinated by the size and the possibilities of its placement in a bedroom for sheer decorative impact. The Chinese lock opens and the double doors swing wide revealing five drawers in the upper section and a deep tray-drawer in the lower. All of the drawers



are lined in velvet although brocade is possible on special order. The chest itself is made of rosewood in Hong Kong, and is available in the natural wood as well as the lacquer finishes. This miniature chest would be an heirloom of the future. Its price, $78, puts it in the class of a very fine present, to be treasured by the lucky one. The **Arts & Ivories Shop** in the new Royal shops on the hotel grounds have this masterpiece.

Is there a man anywhere who hasn't fussed and fumed over the ever-growing bulk of credit cards in his pocket? Be jubilant about a solution to the problem. There is a black or brown (only these two colors) cowhide wallet at the **Pocketbook Man's** Ala Moana Center shop that will contain eighteen visible-at-one-time credit cards! This wallet dif-

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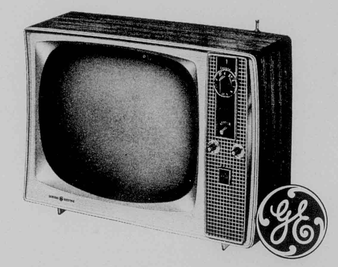

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MARK MY WORDS *Continued*

fers from others in that it is of a size to encompass foreign paper money as well as the dollar bill we're familiar with. This is a double blessing for the traveler because the sheer bulk and size of foreign currency is a genuine problem. This little $3.95 item is also a boon for those who like to carry snapshots.



A grand gift for the man or woman who "has everything" and loves his house and garden is the ornamental garden faucet. Honolulu homeowners are impressed with the distinguished collection of these that the **Royal Hawaiian Flower Shop** has brought from California. Some enterprising craftsman up there has cast these faucets in the shape of seahorses, buffos, butterflies, quail, and sparrows. They are good sculpture, the seahorse and the buffo especially appealing. The finish of the metal is verdigris, the popular choice of garden-lovers who don't want garden accessories to compete too vividly with plants and shrubbery. Each faucet is $11.50 and give charm to an otherwise prosaic fixture.

Carved wooden products of the Islands have always appealed to those who visit Hawaii. Most visitors want a piece of monkey-pod, mango, or milo to evoke pleasant memories when their trip is a thing past. Island hostesses pride themselves on their collections of wooden serving pieces and decorations and constantly search out

Enjoy yourself!

the family that bowls together stays together

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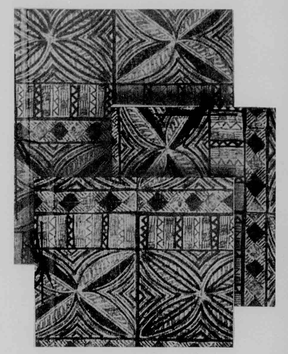
novel designs. Wood is a favorite aloha gift to the departing one. At **Sorensen's** on Kalakaua Avenue there is a novel, five-piece arrangement of small petal-shaped bowls. When placed point to point in circular fashion, they form a plumeria blossom! It's a charming arrangement suitable for a centerpiece of low blossoms and is a perfect set-up for curry condiments. Separately the bowls are just the right size for cocktail nuts and chips. The set is priced at $12.50 and would make a wonderful wedding present.



Scrap-book makers will rejoice in the ideal Hawaiian scrapbook at **Honolulu Paper Company** in the Ala Moana Center. This is a tip for inexpensive but guaranteed-to-please Christmas or all-year-round giving! This store has **tapa-covered** scrapbooks ranging from the large size, which takes tear sheets directly from the newspaper, down to the smallest size of twelve by fourteen inches, perfect for snapshots. Oldsters who save world-events notices, teen-agers who collect school mementos, children who like to gather postcards from all over the world would be thrilled to own a scrapbook from Hawaii that **looks** like Hawaii. The tapa printed cover makes sure of this. The price range is remarkable. Only $2.50 to $4.95, and fillers are available at one to two dollars per package.

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YOU
KNOW
ABOUT

* *Tahitian poisson Cronx?*

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* haole version: Poison the crew

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Fun in the Sun



FRANK CORNELL

FUN IN THE SUN could be an unofficial slogan for Hawaii. The fact that it is apt twelve months a year is so taken for granted by Islanders that a reminder of the Islands' blessings is sometimes needed.

When Mainland tennis nets are down, boats stored, swim suits packed away, golf clubs and fishing gear resting in attics, an Islander still goes for his daily dip, sails and goes fishing on week-ends, continues his schedule of golfing or tennis.

"Lucky you come Hawaii" is especially true for devotees of fun in the sun, whether it's loafing on the beach or tuning up the biceps on a tennis court.

POLO

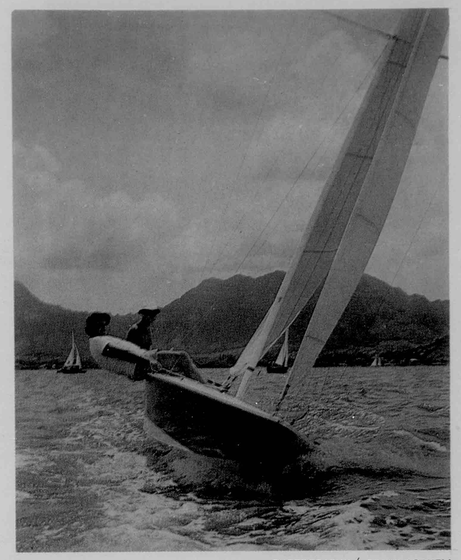
Polo, once called the sport of kings, is fast becoming the sport of builders, ranchers, doctors and travel executives in Hawaii. Those who previously enjoyed the game as spectators find themselves in the saddle, galloping across Kapiolani Park's newly enlarged polo field.

TENNIS

Tennis talent developed at private clubs and public courts will be much in evidence during the Hawaiian Open Tennis Championship Tournament, beginning Octo-







PHOTOGRAPHY / FRANK CORNELL

YACHTING

SPINNAKERS flying as they head down wind, boats ranging in size from El Toros to 210's will race in the fifth biennial Hawaiian Invitational Regatta during the last week of October.

Co-sponsored by the Kaneohe and Waikiki Yacht Clubs, this colorful sailing event is second in importance only to the Trans-Pacific Race and is scheduled in alternate years.

NAYRU rules are observed except where they conflict with class rules, and five official races will constitute the series with each class racing for separate trophies.

At the Kaneohe Yacht Club on Windward Oahu, the smaller class boats, Thistles, Lightnings, Stars, MP's, El Toros and 110's will race in the coral-enclosed waters of Kaneohe Bay.

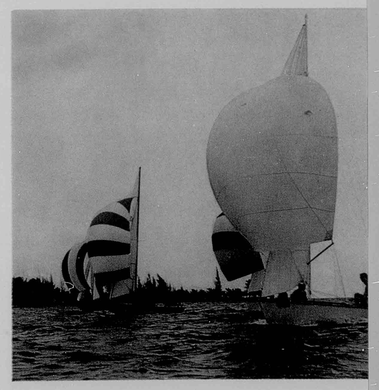
Waikiki Yacht Club will host the larger Mercurys, PC's and 20-foot catamarans, which will follow courses two to three miles off Waikiki Beach.

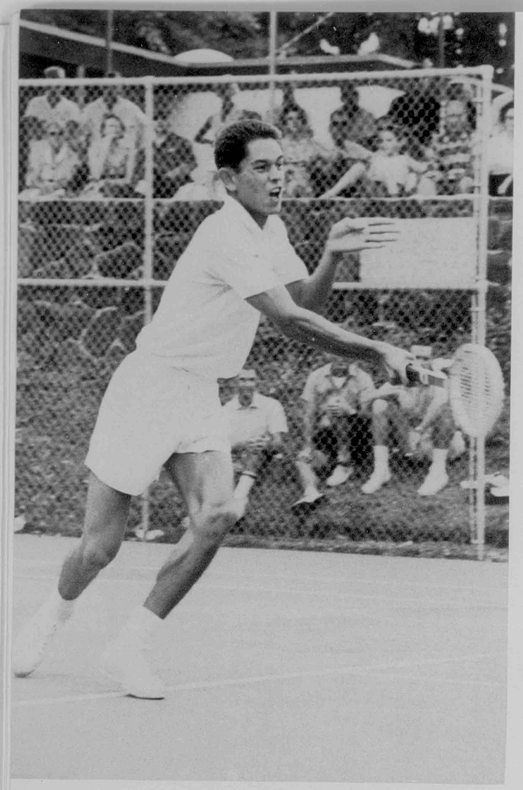
Yachting enthusiasts from New York to California, many of whom will have completed the racing season in their home waters, will converge on Hawaii for this exciting regatta, a number of the yachtsmen and their families arriving a week in advance for the Aloha Week festivities.

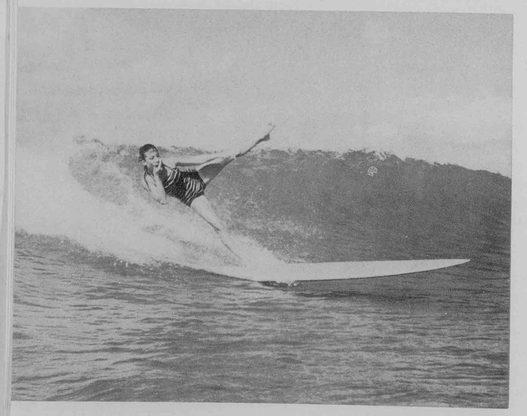
Informal tune-up races will begin on October 22 at both Kaneohe and Waikiki, with the first official races set for the 24th. The final race on the 29th will be followed by the traditional Hawaiian luau and trophy presentation at the Kaneohe Club.

Official hosts for the Regatta will be Commodore Tom Hines of Kaneohe and Commodore John S. Pugh of Waikiki, with Harris Turner, Kaneohe, as general chairman.

Visiting yachtsmen unable to bring their own boats to Hawaii can arrange to charter local boats and officially enter the race by contacting the general chairman.







ber 9. Finals in singles, doubles and mixed doubles will be held on the 9th, 16th and 22nd at the new Ala Moana Courts if they are completed in time. The Kapiolani courts are reserved as a substitute location.

SURFING

Any time is surfing time in the Islands, but enthusiasts around the world look forward particularly to the International Surfing Meet at Makaha Beach where waves are challenging, competition is keen and results close and thrilling. November 19, 20, 27 and 28 are ear-marked for this exciting event.

SCUBA DIVING

Swimmers who prefer an under-water view of Hawaii don mask and flippers and dive in. There is a growing group of SCUBA enthusiasts who add under water breathing apparatus to their gear and remain submerged for leisurely exploration of coral heads, colorful tropical fish and other wonders of the sea.

BOWLING

The biggest sport in the Islands, oddly enough, is bowling. With a capital investment to date of more than a quarter of a billion (yes, billion) dollars, there are over 35,000 players who bowl once or twice a week in the 34 bowling establishments on Oahu alone. Even children and blind people use the 425 lanes available, some of which are open 24 hours. The kids play at Waialae Bowl and every Monday at 6:00 p.m. 14 blind bowlers use Hawaii Lanes for their club. The latter features folding mobile seating tiers which will accommodate about 300 spectators for championship tournaments.

Plush, modern alleys are under construction everywhere. Pali Lanes in Kailua and Hilo Lanes on the Big Island will each add 24 alleys within the next few months. Local interest in the game is very keen now because of the roll-off championship tournaments to be held this month on Oahu. (See calendar of sports events for actual time and place.) Winners will compete with national champions on the Mainland.

GLIDING

The balmy air over Hawaii provides room for sport these days, as gliding begins to interest more and more members of the Glider Wing, Civil Air Patrol. As yet, there is no private gliding done in the Islands, but the CAP is encouraging interest in the sport by taking its cadets on orientation glides each week-end. Some of the world's most interesting air currents make this a thrilling adventure, as well as a lesson in flying for the would-be pilots.

GOLFING

Island golfers have a choice of some of the world's most beautiful scenery as backdrop for their games. The Waialae Country Club, sprawling on the ocean front along Kalanianaole Highway offers a seascape that sometimes makes it difficult for players to keep their eyes on the ball.

Above Honolulu, in its green valley, world-famous Oahu Country Club affords a striking view of the city skyline with the ocean beyond.

On the Windward side of Oahu lies the Pali Golf Course, a facility of the Board of Public Parks and Recreation, which has been called one of the most beautiful courses in the world. Nestled almost at the foot of the sheer cliffs, it is surrounded by a crescent of corrugated peaks and opens to a breath-taking view of Kaneohe Bay.

At the Mid-Pacific Country Club in Lanikai, the Moanalua Golf Club just beyond metropolitan Honolulu, the Ala Wai Course in Waikiki and such rural courses as the Kahuku Golf Club, beauty of the natural setting vie with intricacies of the game for the attention of players.

HUNTING

Sportsmen who prefer hunting to more domesticated activities are finding increasing facilities at their disposal on several of the islands. On Lanai, deer hunting season will be open from October 2 to 9, with accommodations now being made for the first ninety qualified sportsmen who apply.

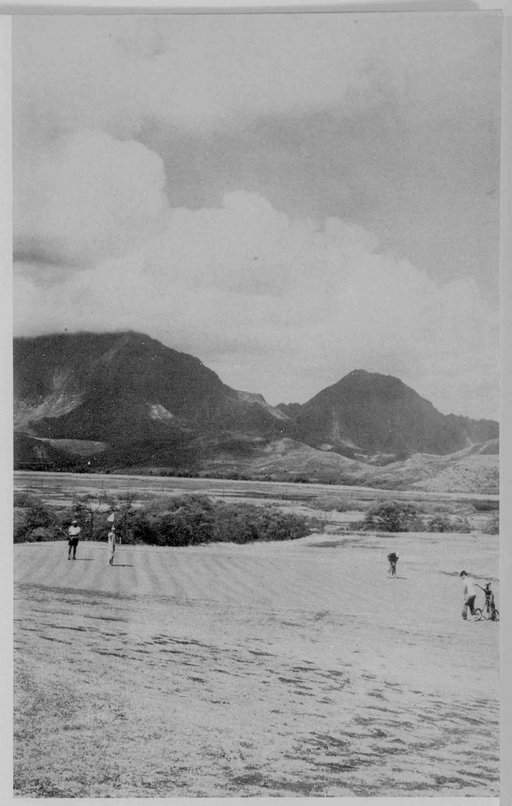
On Oahu, the 5000-acre Mokuleia Forest Reserve provides an indefinite hunting season for wild boar and goats. Permits may be obtained at the Division of Game office, 1428 South King Street, Honolulu, on week days and at Kuaokala Hunter Check Station on week-ends.

Honolulu huntsmen have a new facility in Hawaii's first private hunting preserve at Pupukea, on the northern tip of Oahu. Duck hunting is now offered from dawn to noon daily under ideal shooting conditions. Reservations are handled at the downtown office of Pupukea Hunting Preserve, 69 N. King Street, telephone 53-911.

Sports Calendar

OCTOBER

1-2	Hawaiian "Poi Pounder" **Yacht Regatta,** La Mariana Sailing Club, Keehi Lagoon. 9-foot dinghies sailing at 2 p.m. Saturday, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Sunday, Free Admission.
1	**Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Farrington vs. Kaimuki, 2:30 p.m. McKinley vs. Kamehameha, 7:30 p.m.
1-2	Orientation **gliding,** Bellows Field, 9 a.m.
1	**Bowling** Roll Off, Hawaii State Match Games Championship Finals, men only. Classic Bowl, 1190 Dillingham Blvd., 8 p.m. Free Admission.
2-9	**Deer Hunting,** Lanai Island, 6 a.m. to 6:30 a.m. daily. Open to the first 90 qualified sportsmen who apply to the Division of Fish and Game, Department of Agriculture.







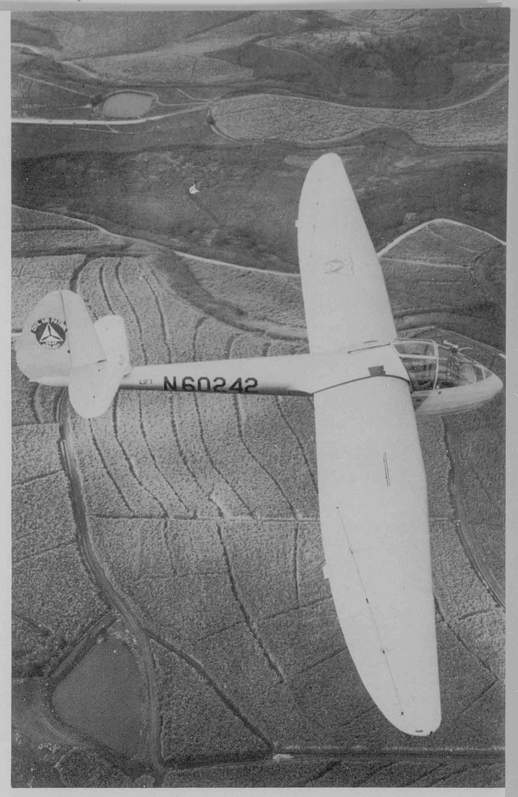
ROBERT WENKAM

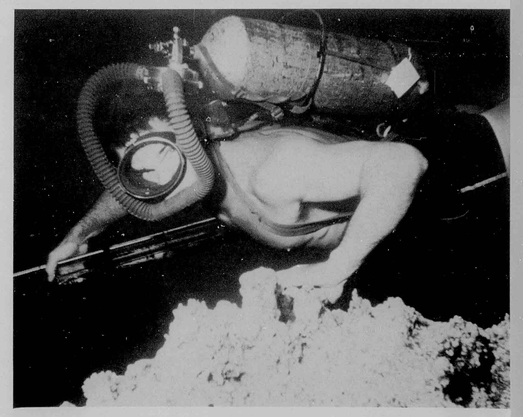
Sun Worshippers

2 **Polo** Matches, Kapiolani Park, 3 p.m.
2 **Drag Races,** Kahuku Air Strip. Quarter-mile acceleration races, all classes. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. $1 Admission.
2 **Bowling** Roll Off, Hawaii State Match Games Championship Finals, men only. Kalihi Bowl, 8 p.m.
5 **Wrestling,** Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.
5 **Golf** Exhibition, Maui Island, Mainland professionals Mike Souchak, Jerry Barber, Tom Nieporte and Jay Herbert.
6 **Golf** Exhibition, Mainland professionals, Hilo.
7 **Golf** Exhibition, Mainland professionals, Kauai.
7 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, St. Louis vs. Iolani, 4 p.m. Roosevelt vs. Kaimuki, 7:30 p.m.
8 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Kalani vs. McKinley, 2:30 p.m. Farrington vs. Kamehameha, 7:30 p.m.
8 **Golf** Exhibition, Mainland professionals, Navy-Marine Golf Course.
8 **Bowling,** Hawaii State Match Games Championship Finals, Kaimuki Bowl, 8 p.m.
8-9 Orientation **gliding,** Bellows Field, 9 a.m.
9 **Polo** Matches, Kapiolani Park, 3 p.m.
9 **Golf** Exhibition, Waialae Golf Course, Admission $2 civilian, $1 military.
9 **Bowling,** Hawaii State Match Games Championship Kapiolani Bowl, 8 p.m.
9 Hawaiian Open **Tennis** Championship Tournament, singles, 2 p.m. Tentatively scheduled for new Ala Moana Courts; last minute change to Kapiolani Park Courts possible.
12 **Wrestling,** Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.
14 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Punahou vs. Kaimuki, 4 p.m. St. Louis vs. McKinley, 7:30 p.m.
14-16 Maui Open **Golf** Tournament, 72 hole play.
15 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Roosevelt vs. Kamehameha, 2:30 p.m. Kalani vs. Farrington, 7:30 p.m.
15-16 Orientation **gliding,** Bellows Field, 9 a.m.
16 **Polo** matches, Kapiolani Park, 3 p.m.
16 Molokai-Oahu **Canoe Race,** leaving Molokai at dawn and reaching Waikiki Beach about noon.
16 Hawaiian Open **Tennis** Championship Tournament, doubles, 2 p.m. Ala Moana Courts if ready, otherwise Kapiolani Park.
16 **Baseball,** Honolulu Stadium, San Francisco Giants vs. Civilian All-Stars, 2 p.m.
17 **Baseball,** Honolulu Stadium, San Francisco Giants vs. Civilian All-Stars, 7:30 p.m.
20 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Iolani vs. McKinley, 4 p.m.
21 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Punahou vs. Kamehameha, 4 p.m. University of Hawaii vs. University of Idaho, 7:30 p.m.
22 Hawaiian Open **Tennis** Championship Tournament, mixed doubes 2 p.m. Ala Moana or Kapiolani courts.
22 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, St. Louis vs. Farrington, 2:30 p.m. Roosevelt vs. Kalani, 7:30 p.m.
22-23 Orientation **gliding,** Bellows Field, 9 a.m.
24-29 5th Biennial Hawaiian Invitational **Yacht Regatta,** Waikiki and Kaneohe Yacht Clubs.
27 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Kaimuki vs. Kamehameha, 4 p.m.
28 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Iolani vs. Farrington, 4 p.m. University of Hawaii vs. Humboldt State, 7:30.
29 **Football,** Honolulu Stadium, Punahou vs. Kalani 2:30 p.m. St. Louis vs. Roosevelt, 7:30 p.m.
29-30 Francis Ii Brown **Golf** Club Championship, Moanalua Golf Club, 4-ball open, 2-man team.
30 **Polo** matches, Kapiolani Park, 3 p.m.
29-30 Orientation **gliding,** Bellows Field, 9 a.m.

NOVEMBER

6 **Drag races,** Kahuku Air Strip, quarter-mile acceleration races, all classes. $1 Admission.
6 **Sports Car** Racing, Mid-Winter Grand Prix, Kahuku Air Strip, 11 a.m. Associated Sports Car Clubs of Hawaii and Armed Forces Sports Car Club.
6 Hank Leandro Open **Golf** Tournament, Invitational, Kahuku Golf Club, 18-holes, 7:30 a.m.
11-13 Hawaiian Open **Golf** Championship, Oahu Country Club.
19-20 8th International **Surfing** Competition, Makaha Beach,
26-27 9 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Men's senior matches, mixed tandems, women's international competition and championship matches for boys 17 and under.







38 choppy miles to go





Molokai to Oahu : "heart break" channel

CANOE RACE

No SPORT is more completely identified with Hawaii's heritage than outrigger canoe racing. Teams throughout the Islands practise and train for months to compete in the top event of the year, the Molokai to Oahu race.

After a restless sleep on the sand, the paddlers will leave Kawakiu Beach, Molokai at dawn on October 16, accompanied by coaches, press photographers and wildly enthusiastic fans in a variety of powered craft. They will be greeted by 10,000 Islanders and visitors at Duke Kahanamoku Beach, Waikiki, upon their arrival at noon. This is the first event of Oahu's Aloha Week festivities.

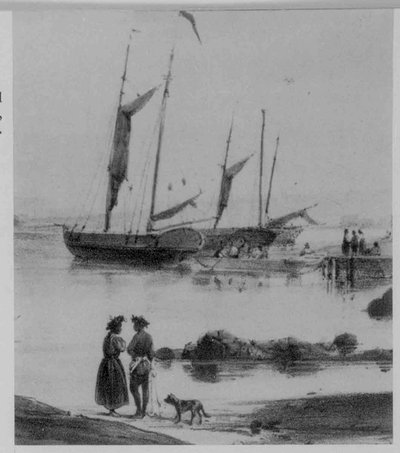


Moment of victory for paddler and coach ▸

Hawaiian couple with dog is portrayed in an 1838 painting by Vaillant, Album 45.



Hawaiian scene by Choris, 1820. Honolulu Academy of Arts, Bishop Museum negative.



Nuuanu Avenue petroglyph Bishop Museum negative.



polynesian dogs

Ancient Polynesians considered the dog both a symbol of the social outcast and a symbol of prestige. At the time of European discovery, the dog was present only in a few archipelagoes of Polynesia, one of which was Hawaii. Captain Cook bought many native dogs either to be eaten on his ships or to be given as gifts to Polynesian and Melanesian chiefs who had no dogs. These are some highlights of an article by Katharine Luomala in the current issue of *Pacific Science*, a University of Hawaii publication usually devoted to highly technical papers of interest to experts in various fields. Dogs are thought to have been brought to Polynesia by the first human discoverers, the writer states. The frequency with which early European artists showed dogs in canoes suggests that the dogs perhaps always made sure they were not abandoned.

How dogs in 1960 fare upon their arrival on Hawaii's shores, see below and the following pages.

"Daddy! I *hear* him!"

The ten year old boy was opening the gate of the Animal Quarantine Station in Kakaako.

How he was able to hear the particular sound of *his* dog's bark over the assorted woofs and arfs from behind the wire enclosures is a mystery understood only by little boys.

The boy had been heart-broken when he first learned that his dog, soon to be known to him as "pure poi," would have to spend four months at the station before he could move in with the family at their new home in Navy Housing.

But daddy had explained that all malihini dogs, except those who come to Hawaii from New Zealand and Australia, have to go through the same experience in order to keep Hawaii free from rabies.

So the boy and his parents soon found themselves members of the devoted dog owners "club" who spend hours at the Station, reassuring Spot or Blackie or Jacques that it won't be long now. They pet and feed, bathe, comb and brush the four-footed members of the family and provide extra goodies to compensate for the enforced separation.

The facilities for four hundred dogs and a smaller number of cats are frequently overtaxed but the employees of the Division of Animal Industry of the State Department of Agriculture and Conservation do everything possible for the health and comfort of their temporary guests.

It's a great day for a little boy when he has marked off 120 days on his calendar and his canine pal is free to join him in exploring the exciting sights and smells of Honolulu. EOB.

Malihini

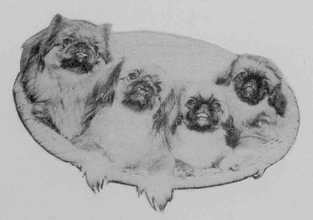


Chuck Wallace, nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace of Kailua, brought his two Boston terriers "Tuffy" and "Patty" from California. Like many other youngsters lonesome for their pets, he visited them every day during the summer. Now that school has started, Chuck can't get down to see them every day, but he comes as often as possible to romp with them and bring them special treats.

Quarantine Station helpers like Larry Kabayakawa take a real interest in the dogs during their long stay. Here, Larry discusses "Lady" with her her owner, Mrs. Warren Redick of Lanikai, whose husband is an Engineman Second Class in the Submarine Service.



Spared the 120-day "sentence" in quarantine were "Wie-Chi" and "Ko Bo," Pekinese beauties, who came to Honolulu from New Zealand. They are parents of kamaaina-born "Cho-Cho" and "Ti-Ko" and were brought to the Islands by Mrs. Edwin Oakley, 3924 Lanipili Place.



Dogs

"Bell Tor Ragan," a black standard poodle usually called "Lisa," came along with her owner Mrs. William R. Wright who recently moved to Hawaii from Westport, Connecticut. Owners groom their dogs on conveniently located tables.



Among the dogs brought into the Islands are many fine show dogs such as Mrs. Edwin L. Bauer's toy poodle "Elio de Gladville," otherwise known as "Butch." He has been brought in from the Mainland to be bred to a bitch imported from New Zealand, and will be out of quarantine in time for the Poodle Specialty Show on November 12.



Owners are as happy to see their dogs as the dogs are to see them, as the smiles on the faces of these two young Navy wives indicate. Mrs. James Mitchell with her black poodle puppy "Babette" and Mrs. Scott Russell with her cocker spaniel "Southern Gent, III" await their turn at the grooming table.



"Hey, Oji-san, I like five popeye gum."

This is one of Zenkichi Tamanaha s young customers spending a nickel. Tamanaha Peddla', as he is known to his adult customers, is among the last of a special type of colorful Honolulu tradesmen. Competition with supermarkets has narrowed down the peddler business to a few elderly customers who prefer to converse with their merchant in Japanese and get such personal service as having a special cut of meat saved for them on request.

THE PEDDLER'S *day*

Story and photography by Ana Langford



The balance of a peddler's customers are younger people who need a loaf of bread or forgot something at the supermarket. There are also the "plenty candy men" as Tamanaha Peddla' calls his young candy and gum trade.
Thus what used to be a flourishing business will probably go out of existence when Tamanaha Peddla' and his colleagues retire in the next few years.



The peddler's day begins around six a.m. at Ala Moana Market Center where tradesmen load up the goods for the day from wholesale suppliers. The peddler buys meats and fish, vegetables, canned goods and Japanese items such as dried seaweed, kanten, mung beans, dried shrimp, pickled Japanese plums, and "tokyu-zuke" which contains radish, eggplant, sword beans, bamboo shoots, beef steak leaves, sugar, soy sauce.

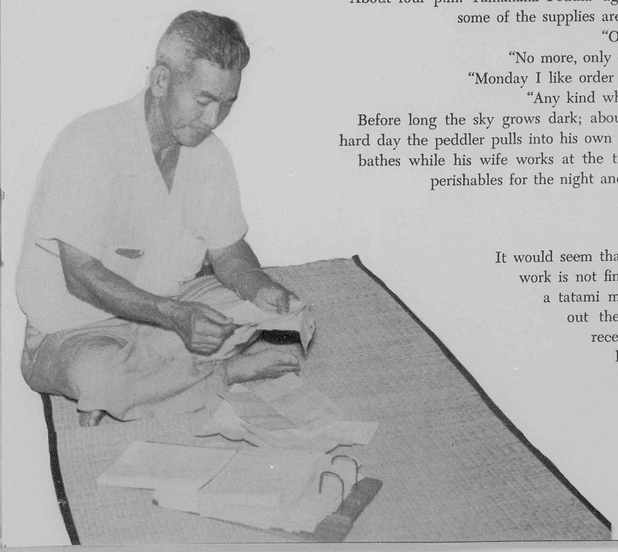
Some of his customers' needs are supplied out of his own back yard by Tamanaha's hard-working wife. She raises fresh greens and chickens, and prepares Japanese relishes such as tsukimono to be sold on the truck.





After leaving Ala Moana Market Center Tamanaha Peddla' takes different routes on alternate days; his "territory," by agreement with other peddlers, stretches from Kapahulu to Koko Head. When he arrives at the homes of his customers he announces his coming with a couple of toots on his truck horn. As he parks at the side of the road the housewives come out to the truck to buy, to haggle with him, and chat with him, and to chat with one another. It is often the only time of the day these busy women get to talk to their neighbors.

Traveling along his route, he reaches home for a long lunch and a nap around two. Mrs. Tamanaha replenishes the truck and sells to her neighbors while he rests.
About four p.m. Tamanaha Peddla' again starts out. By now some of the supplies are beginning to give out.
"O-san, two tofu aru-ka?"
"No more, only one get. One okay-ka?"
"Monday I like order mochi. Can bring-ka?"
"Any kind what you like, me bring."
Before long the sky grows dark; about seven o'clock after a hard day the peddler pulls into his own driveway. He eats and bathes while his wife works at the truck, putting away the perishables for the night and restocking the canned goods for the next day.



It would seem that the day is over, but the peddler's work is not finished. About 8:30 he is seated on a tatami mat on the living room floor sorting out the bills and counting up the day's receipts. When he is finally "pau hana" he watches TV for awhile but soon falls asleep. Mrs. Tamanaha shakes him. "Go to bed, eh?" Pretty soon is five o'clock!"

"Hey, Oji-san, I like five popeye gum."

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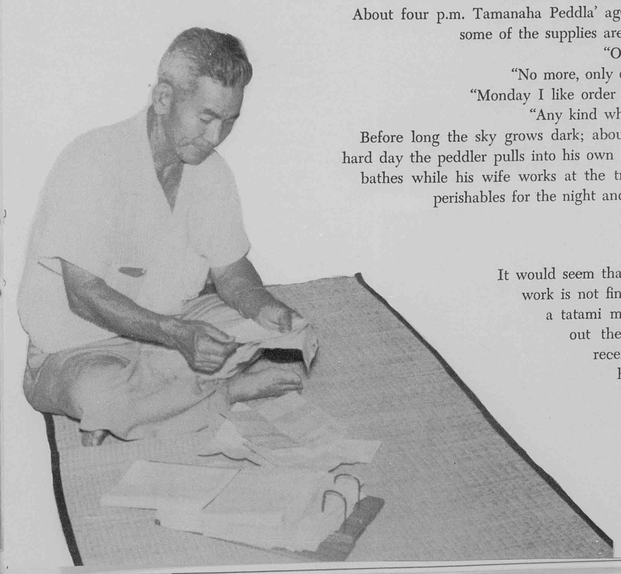

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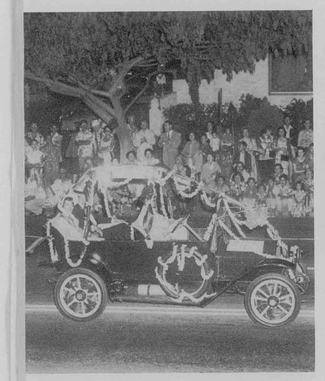
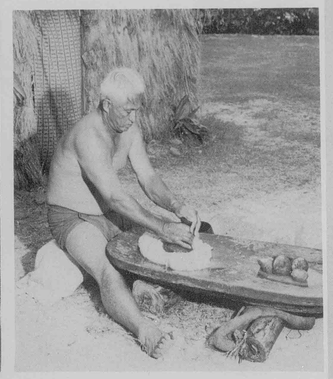
All Islands Aloha Week Festivities









October

1 Kauai. Presentation of Aloha Week Court at Hanalei, morning, and at Waimea, afternoon.

12 Molokai. Presentation of Molokai's king and queen, followed by Hawaiian pageant at Kaunakakai.

13 Kaunakakai lantern parade, followed by Youth Night celebration, coronation of Molokai prince and princess, choral singing by all Molokai schools, international pageantry.

14 Holoku Ball, Kaunakakai, Molokai.

15 Giant Molokai beach party at Kawakiu. Entertainment emceed by Eddie Tam.

16 At dawn, start of **Molokai-Oahu Canoe Race,** opening event of Oahu's Aloha Week. Finish, approximately noon at Waikiki Beach. Watersports at Waikiki before race finish and during afternoon.

Waikiki Shell. Choral Night, 8 p.m.

17 Pier 10. Aloha to **S.S. Matsonia,** 10 a.m.

Ala Moana Park. Formal opening of Village of Ulu Mau, 11 a.m. Village activities to 4 p.m. daily through Friday.

Bishop Street. Gala entertainment, noon to 1 p.m. daily through Friday.

Kalakaua Avenue, Waikiki. **International Hoolaulea,** 6:30 to 11 p.m.

Kaimuki Park. Neighborhood festivities of Kaimuki Night, 8 p.m.

18 Waikiki Shell. **International Pageant,** 8 p.m.

19 Aloha to **S.S. Iberia,** 8 a.m.

Waikiki Shell. **Hula Pageant,** 8 p.m.

20 Moanalua - Aliamanu. Neighborhood festivities, 7:30 p.m.

Iolani Palace. **Hawaiian Monarchy Pageant,** 8 p.m.

Hilo, Hawaii. Pre-Aloha Week pageant, Hilo Armory, with crowning of Big Island king and queen and entertainment by leading Hilo hula studios.

21 Kalihi-Palama, Neighborhood festivities, 7:30 p.m.

Waikiki Shell. **Youth Night,** 6:30 to midnight.

Hilo, Hawaii. Send-off pageant at airport honoring departure of Big Island royalty for Oahu Aloha Week participation.

22 Pier 10, Honolulu. Aloha to **S.S. Lurline,** 9 a.m.

Kalakaua Avenue. **Aloha Week Parade,** 10 a.m.

Manoa Valley. Neighborhood festivities, 7:30 p.m.

Ala Moana Center. Hoolaulea, 7:30 to midnight.

Monarchy Ball, 8 p.m. to 2 p.m.

23 Airport Aloha programs, Hilo, Kahului and Lihue. Lihue: "Menehune Court'" reception for incoming planes all day. Kauai airport welcome to continue throughout the week.

24 Noon entertainment, Wainuenue Street, Hilo; Hawaiian Music Festival, Baldwin High School, Maui.

25 Night torchlit Hawaiian pageant, Punaluu, Kau, Hawaii; Hawaiian Pageant, Baldwin High School, Maui; Hawaiian Pageant, Kauai Surf Hotel, Kauai.

26 Noon entertainment, Kalakaua Street, Hilo; Hawaiian Pageant, Keaukaha Hawaiian Village, Hilo; International Entertainment, Market Street, Wailuku, Maui; Jalopy Parade and Teen Talent Show, Lihue, Kauai.

27 Torchlight Hawaiian pageant at Kalapana, Puna, Hawaii.

Royal court and Hawaiian entertainment at Hana, with stop at the Village of Keanae, Maui; Hawaiian Pageant, Coco Palms, Kauai.

28 Torchlight Hawaiian Pageant at original statue of King Kamehameha in Kohala, Hawaii; Youth Night, Kahului Shopping Center, Maui.

29 Hawaiian Pageant, Halemaumau Fire Pit, Volcano District, Hawaii Island; Parade and Holoku Ball, Wailuku Armory, Maui; Hawaiian Festival, Nawiliwili Park, Kauai.

...Islanders "go for broke" and "let go the blouse"







Spotlight on

Elsie Ross Lane

"Mrs. Aloha Week"

***Kawaonalani-O-Liloa*: to her is entrusted what the gods would like to put forth**

CAMERA HAWAII



With Island delegates Elsie Ross Lane maps statewide festivities

by Mazeppa Costa

Elsie Ross Lane is an organized, dedicated, and proud Islander whose work is a way of life. She has been part and parcel of Aloha Week since 1948, two years after its modest beginnings, when it had a budget of $10,000 in place of the $100,000 it now works with annually.

At the time Elsie joined the staff, she had five young children. But so separate did she keep them from her work that even after several years, her co-workers were astonished to discover she was the mother of five. By now the children are grown up: Lona is 26; Kahala is 24 and has two children of her own; Bunny, the only son, is 21 and was married recently; Cara is a six-foot tall "ehu head" of 20; and Moana, the youngest, is 19.

Mrs. Lane now lives at 3107 Hinano Street with her husband, Dr. Irwin Lane, a botany professor at the University of Hawaii. In Elsie's words: "He's from New York, but he knows more Hawaiiana than I do. He has studied Hawaiian plants, and plants have a lot to do with Hawaiian life. He has taught us a lot about Hawaiian culture through these plants. Imagine! Through a haole we also learn. He's been a great, great help. We're both having a heck of a lot of fun working on Aloha Week.

My mother is very partial to him. She thinks it's wonderful that a haole knows so much! But believe me, I was plenty scared to approach her about him when we wanted to be married."

ARE PEOPLE FORGETTING Hawaiian history and traditions? Are old Hawaiian ways dying out? Not as long as Aloha Week and Elsie Ross Lane are in existence.

"Aloha Week," explains Elsie, its executive secretary who is one-quarter Hawaiian, "is a year-round, state-wide operation. Our aim is to perpetuate the culture and traditions of the Hawaiian people and early arrivals to the Hawaiian Islands.

"The festivals in October are held at different times on different islands and thus extend over a period of a month. These festivals are only a part of Aloha Week activities. Throughout the year we stage pageants, greet VIPS, do continuous research on Hawaiian legends and historical facts and use this information to assist the Visitors Bureau, the schools, Lei Day committee, almost everyone. We have many, many authentic Hawaiian props and maintain the largest Hawaiian costume inventory in the Islands.

"One of the biggest problems we have is trying to keep the old folks happy. They want everything hundred per cent authentic. 'Elsie,' they say, 'You're not doing this right.' 'Maybe I'm not,' I say, 'But please remember I'm doing a pageant. I'm doing my best to present only the beautiful!'

Authenticity you dare not present. For instance, when a reigning alii made an appearance, all those of low birth in his presence stripped themselves and put their noses in the dirt. This, in addition to showing obeisance, of course, served the practical purpose of showing there were no weapons on their bodies.

"But this we could not depict! Nor do we depict the too deeply religious. The old Hawaiians feel that if their rituals cannot be portrayed correctly and cannot be understood completely, then it's best not to portray them at all. That is why Hawaiians are slow about revealing things. They will not tell everything until they are sure you'll understand it.

"In my own family, ours was a rigidly strict Scotch father who wanted us brought up in the rigid British way of life. No poi. No raw foods. My mother, who is half-Hawaiian, wanted us to be steeped in Hawaiian tradition. Softly and quietly she continuously talked to us of our Hawaiian heritage, revealing things bit by bit, little by little. Now, she watches every move I make as far as Hawaiiana is concerned. She constantly drills me. I wouldn't make a move without consulting her and my advisory committee. That consists of Mary Pukui, the Reverend Abraham K. Akaka, Lang Akana, Mrs. Doris Keppeler, and my sister, Mrs. Janet Landgraf.

"The best all of us can come up with is considered opinion, because basically Hawaii's history is unwritten. It has been handed down by word of mouth, in legends, chants, olis. Mrs. Pukui does a lot of translation of the olis. By these we learn more of our Hawaiian background; but even so these are clues, guides, not the last word. There are many contradictions. Even such an authority as David Malo contradicts himself for when he became a Christian it was only natural for his original views to change.

"Sometimes we go all out to depict a legend as authentically as possible. There are those who complain about that, too.

"Once we did a legend about Pele on Halemaumau —right on the brink of the fire pit. Iolani Luahine and I directed it. Now, she is more steeped in Hawaiiana than I am. I'm too Scotch or Chinese or something. She's real Hawaiian. Anyway, she said that if we were going to do a pageant about Pele, we should go all the way and do it right. So we did.

"That meant we had to have a luau for the cast. And whatever the cast was to eat, we threw the same into the crater for Pele: pounds of poi, coconuts, a whole roasted pig . . . plus one of our plush capes. Everything. I never lived it down—the "waste" of good food!

"It was said that we were trying to bring back paganism. So we had to explain that we were only doing the type of ceremony that *might* have been depicted and all in an effort to perpetuate the culture of my mother's people. I told them further: 'No one owns Halemaumau. We're only giving you something that is precious to Hawaii. Take it.'

"I'm a Catholic. But I have a deep respect for the religion of my mother's people. So much of it seems similar. They believe in Good and Bad. They have a Trinity, too: Ku, Kane, Lono. Father, Son, Holy Ghost. The images are similar in effect to saints. If they prayed to an image, they didn't actually pray to the images themselves, I feel, but to the good the images represented.

"Religion played a big part in Hawaiian living. In fact, religion was a part of everything in the daily life. There was hardly an act that wasn't associated in some way with a religious ritual or prayer.

"The Tabu System was really a system of control, for convenience, a safety precaution, a police system. You could not walk on the shadow of an alii. This tabu had obvious practical value. If you got close enough to stand on a man's shadow, you could stab him.

"And superstitions, particularly those involving Pele . . . You'd be surprised how deeply imbedded are superstition and deep respect for the old culture and institutions in the people who are even only one-eighth Hawaiian. It's a funny thing how you meet up with these superstitions. But you respect them. And it's good. It adds color, zest.

"Every year we have classes for members of our Aloha Week court, to teach them the protocol of the old Hawaiian court and in general as much about things Hawaiian as possible, for it will be up to them to represent and depict Hawaiian traditions. Once they learn the rules, they take them very seriously.

"I must tell you of a funny thing that happened to me. Everything was in readiness, but at the last minute I saw something on stage that I thought needed my attention. Without thinking I made a dart for the spot. But I quickly found myself facing two crossed spears. 'Not even you, Elsie,' said one of my boys, 'Can pass beyond the point of the tabu stick.' Well. So I had taught them, and by such rules I too had to abide. I apologized for *my* error, in all humbleness!

"Last year the royal court gave me a wonderful pig board, a beautiful, huge one, but I haven't been able to

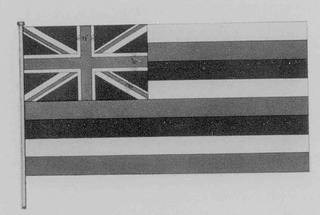
Continued on page 44

HAWAII'S OFFICIAL
STATE INSIGNIA



CAPITOL

The capitol building, officially known as Iolani Palace, was built by King Kalakaua, and completed in December 1882. It was used as a palace by King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani. The Provisional Government, established on January 17, 1893, took possession of the building and on June 3, 1893, officially designated it as the Executive Building. The name "Iolani Palace" was restored in 1935.



STATE FLAG

The flag of the State is the one designed prior to 1816 for King Kamehameha I. It has served as the flag of the Kingdom, Republic, Territory and State of Hawaii. It consists of eight horizontal stripes, (representing the eight islands) alternately white, red, blue, beginning with the top, with the British Union Jack in the upper left corner. The Union Jack may have been included out of consideration for Vancouver, who gave the Islands their first flag when King Kamehameha I placed the islands under the protection of Great Britain. The State Constitution makes it the official State flag. Correct dimensions shown here as established by Legislature are sometimes ignored by flag manufacturers.



STATE SEAL

The Great Seal was officially designated by the 1959 Territorial Legislature and is based on the Territorial Seal. It is circular and between the outer lines are the words: "State of Hawaii. Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono." The year 1959 just within the circle signifies the date the State government was organized. The heraldic shield in the center has a figure of King Kamehameha I on the right side and the Goddess of Liberty, holding the Hawaiian flag, on the left side. Below the shield is the Phoenix surrounded by taro leaves, banana foliage and sprays of maidenhair fern. With color added, the seal becomes the State coat of arms.

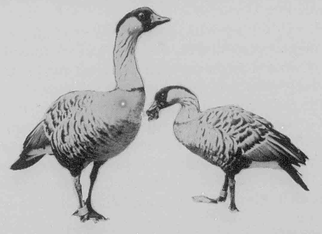
STATE MOTTO

"Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono." This motto was given to the Kingdom by King Kemehameha III at the time sovereignty and the flag were restored by the British in 1843. It was made the official motto of the State of Hawaii by the 30th Territorial Legislature, May 1, 1959. The official translation is "The life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness."



GOVERNOR'S FLAG

The flag is divided into two equal sections horizontally, the upper half blue and the lower half red. The center contains the word "Hawaii' in white, surrounded by eight white stars placed equidistantly, representing the eight islands of the Hawaiian group. The flag was originally designed by the Adjutant General for the Governor of the Territory. As the flag of the Territorial Governor, it had "T H" in the center,



BIRD

The *Nene* or Hawaiian Goose (*Branta Sandwicensis*) was adopted as the bird emblematic of the Territory of Hawaii by the 29th Territorial Legislature, May 7, 1957. It also continues as official until superseded by a State law.



FLOWER

The *Pua Aloalo* (hibiscus) was designated as the flower emblem of Hawaii by the Territorial Legislature of 1923. It continues as the official flower of the State of Hawaii since all territorial laws continue in force. The act did not specify any particular color, but referred to it as an indigenous blossom having a variety of color and form.



TREE

The Kukui or Candlenut Tree (*Aleurites moluccana*) was designated as the official State Tree by the 30th Territorial Legislature, May 1, 1959. The Coconut Palm or Niu (*Cocos Nucifera*) had been the official tree of the Territory of Hawaii, having been so designated by proclamation of Governor Lawrence Judd on March 17, 1930.

COLOR

The State has no official color. However, red and yellow, the colors of the royal feather cloaks, are frequently used.

STATE NICKNAME

"The Aloha State" was designated as the official "popular" name for the State of Hawaii by the 30th Territorial Legislature, April 23, 1959.



The Nene Makes a Comeback

by Ivan Cameron

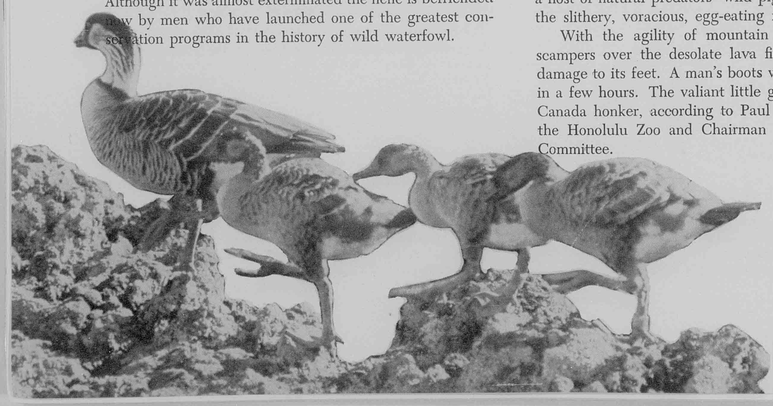
BEFORE THE DAWN of history a flock of wild geese flew more than 2,500 miles across the Pacific from the North American Continent, and discovered the Hawaiian Islands. They liked the balmy climate, the cool mountain pools and the upland pastures, for they stayed and multiplied.

When the ancient Hawaiians arrived in their double-hulled canoes, they found countless thousands of these handsome, medium-sized brownish-buff geese. These birds did not migrate like other waterfowl. The Hawaiians named them *Nene*, and lived in harmony with them, never trapping and killing more than they could use.

This strange flock of wandering geese were glorified in the rituals and sports of the ancient Hawaiians. Old records reveal that there were 25,000 of these beautiful, endemic, wild geese in the 18th Century.

In the years that followed the slaughtered geese were hauled to market by the wagonload, and the meat was salted and sent to the Mainland in whaling ships. It seemed that the nene story would rival the tragic fate of the passenger pigeon, the whooping crane, and the American bison. Their numbers steadily declined until only about 30 were found in the wild in the mid-1940's.

Today, the nene is the world's rarest waterfowl. Although it was almost exterminated the nene is befriended now by men who have launched one of the greatest conservation programs in the history of wild waterfowl.



These men are a dedicated group, and their work to save the nene from the brink of extinction is a heart-warming story.

When the pressure from hunters hit the nene goose, a little flock retreated to the almost barren slopes of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. They made their last stand in that bleak, prehistoric terrain where little else could live except wild goats and boar. They nested in the *kipukas*, infrequent oasis-like spots spared by lava flows. They lived on grass, lichen, the ohelo berry, and the black kukainene berry which grow in the kipukas, surrounded by jagged and forbidding lava.

After generations of persecution, evolution took a hand. The web on the nene's feet atrophied. Today, the web extends only halfway to the toes. The nene has become a virtual land bird, like the Australian cassowary which lost its power of flight aeons ago. It is difficult to count the nene survivors in their 1000-square mile volcanic habitat. They fly only at daybreak and at nightfall when there is hardly any light on the vast lava slopes of Mauna Loa.

Although the surviving nene sought self-inflicted exile in the rugged volcanic area, they still had to contend with a host of natural predators—wild pig, feral dog packs, and the slithery, voracious, egg-eating mongooses.

With the agility of mountain quail, the wild nene scampers over the desolate lava fields with no apparent damage to its feet. A man's boots would be torn to shreds in a few hours. The valiant little goose is a cousin of the Canada honker, according to Paul L. Breese, Director of the Honolulu Zoo and Chairman of the Nene Advisory Committee.



Dick Woodworth holding first wild nene ever captured and banded for future identification.

The nene gander is an aggressive, bad-tempered bird, always looking for a fight. As a result of this, the breeding pairs are kept in separate pens at the Keaukou sanctuary, but he is good to his mate and will fight to the death for their goslings.

The nene restoration project was organized propitiously in 1949 by J. Donald Smith, U.S. Wildlife Biologist, who was then with the Territory. It was started at the 6,500-foot elevation between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea.

Then in 1950, wildlife investigators learned that Herbert C. Shipman of Hilo had eleven captive birds. The Honolulu Zoo had a gander more than 20 years old, and a woman at Kona had a pet female nene. Shipman, a rancher, and amateur aviculturist, sent a gander and two females to Peter Scott of the Severn Wildlife Trust in Gloucestershire, England. Scott, at last count, had bred 56 nene at his refuge, and has sent pairs to Switzerland, Holland and France.

Borrowing a pair of nene from Shipman, Smith began raising nene in captivity on a site close to their habitat on Mauna Loa. The gander from the Honolulu Zoo was also used in this initial breeding program. After two years the biologists discovered that the old boy was sterile. The gander is now back in the Zoo.

Private individuals and Hawaiian business organizations donated $17,000 from 1949 through 1958 to aid the nene conservation program. Professor William H. Elder of the University of Missouri was brought to Hawaii to conduct an ecological survey of the nene in the wild, and he succeeded in bringing the plight of the vanishing goose to the attention of the scientific world. Then in March, 1957, John R. Woodworth, Chief Biologist of the Fish and Game Department, attended the North American Wildlife Conference in St. Louis, Missouri, where he presented the nene problems to officials of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the National Wildlife Federation and the Wildlife Management Institute. These three organizations carried the ball to the 85th Congress, resulting in passage of the Nene Act which appropriates $15,000 annually for the next five years for restoration of the nene in its original habitat. Also 8,100 acres were dedicated to the project by both private landowners and Territorial agencies.

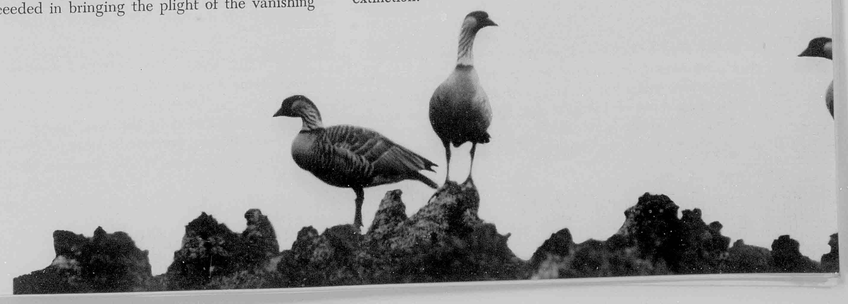
"We are just in time," Dick Woodworth said. "We intend to investigate all the factors that caused the decline of the nene, and at the same time release nene propagated at Pohakuloa in suitable locations so that they can mingle with the wild flock."

Woodworth now has 34 birds raised in captivity—many hatched and mothered by muscovy ducks. He is now planning to build a predator-proof wire enclosure in the heart of the 1,000 square miles of nene habitat. The domesticated birds will be turned loose in the enclosure, with clipped wings, plenty of grain, and vitamin-enriched mash to eat. Woodworth figures that wild nene will fly into the huge fenced area and set up social relationships with their kin. Then, when the flight feathers of the captive birds grow out, they'll fly off with their wild brethren, but will always remember to return to the area where Woodworth will release a new flock each year.

Meanwhile, biologist Dave Woodside, stationed at the Mauna Loa sanctuary, has just discovered three live wild nene nests. Only one other wild nest had been discovered up until November of 1958. Woodside counted 35 wild nene recently—the largest number that has been seen since the turn of the century.

Few people have ever gotten close enough to a wild nene to take its picture. They are the scariest critters on earth. Climbing over the lava slopes of Mauna Loa to photograph the nene seems tougher than a wild sheep hunt in the Himalayas. Woodside photographed nene with their young and obtained remarkable color shots of the lonely, beautiful, wild goose silhouetted against the bleak skyline.

"The population of the wild nene could be several times the number seen recently," declared Breese. "They are very clever at hiding in the gray lichen which grows on the tumbled lava flows. Then too, we are having wonderful success in breeding them in captivity. This otherwise doomed species is definitely being saved from extinction!"



Island Living

DRAMATIC GARDEN ON KAUAI



Sandie and Hector Moir admire the beauty of the delicate pink General Pershing lily.

THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST is famous for its cacti and succulents, the rivers of Africa for their tropical water lilies. Thus it is a distinct surprise to many visitors to the Garden Island of Kauai to find these two diverse botanical specimens flourishing in Sandie and Hector Moir's dramatic garden among the rocks, "Pa'u-a-Laka" on the road to Kauai's Poipu Beach.

Set back four hundred feet from a rugged coastline, the garden takes full advantage of its natural setting and combines some of nature's most interesting and striking plants with exceptional artistry.

Named for Laka, ancient Hawaiian goddess of the hula, the garden stands on a spot where legend says once stood a sacred hula training temple. Across the grounds are several low, crescent-shaped stone shelters, believed to have been above-ground cooking sites used by ancient Hawaiians.

Shading the area are three magnificent monkey-pod trees which were on the property when the Moirs built their home and started their gardens nearly thirty years ago.

"The soft-leafed ti, heliconia, ginger and ape would not take our hot, dry, windy location," recalls Mrs. Moir, "so Hector's brother, W. W. Goodale Moir of Honolulu,









Missouri Night Blooming

General Pershing

Joe Cutak

American Beauty

PHOTOGRAPHS / THE MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN, ST. LOUIS



Near the entrance to Pa'u-a-laka Gardens, a lily pool is framed in a cluster of coconut palms.

who has helped us with landscaping, suggested that we use the plants that would thrive under our stringent conditions. That was reason we started our cactus and succulent collection."

In 1935, the Moirs put in the first of nineteen lily pools and began their collection of world famous water lilies which add such delightful spots of color to the cactus and succulent plantings.

Formerly manager of the Koloa Sugar Company, Moir has been prominently identified with agriculture in the Islands for many years. In his professional capacity he has met many of the world's outstanding botanists and horticulturists. It was as host in his own garden that he met George H. Pring, superintendent of the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, and international authority on water lilies.

Pring, who began his career at London's famous Kew Gardens, came to Hawaii in 1957 to attend the Second World Orchid Conference and visited the Moir garden.

"The Moir garden has one of the finest collections of succulents and tropical plants I've ever seen," says Pring. "You can imagine my surprise in finding my tropical water lilies originating in St. Louis growing in the Moirs' pools. After our visit, Mrs. Pring and I returned to St. Louis and sent them tubers of several lilies they didn't have. That was in October. Just after Christmas we received color pictures of the Missouri lilies in full bloom and thriving in their Kauai garden."

Such rapid flowering from the tubers must have been a surprise to the Missouri lily expert, but it is typical of the flowering habits of many plants in Hawaii. Throughout the year the pinks, lavenders, creams, purples and golds of the lilies in their pools add glowing color to the grey-green background plantings.

To insure that there would be continuous color in taller plantings, the Moirs added a number of dry land trees which flower in their respective seasons—kou, erythrina, brassia and acacia.

"That the popular plumeria trees are true succulents was the happiest discovery we made," said Mrs. Moir, "for they give the necessary in-between height in various groupings and subdue the rather stark outlines of the other plants."

A small stylized orchid and bromeliad garden, highlighted by grotesque cream-colored limestone rocks, is an arresting feature at one end of the grounds.

Magnificent lava rocks provide natural settings for aloe, yucca, cereus, euphorbia, kalanchoe and agave. Some of the rare blossoming cacti have been encouraged to large proportions, the African euphorbia reaching a height of thirty feet.

That so many strikingly different botanical specimens have been happily blended into this unusual garden is evidence of the devotion which Sandie and Hector Moir have given to it over a period of nearly thirty years. With the help of three gardeners, they keep the garden in perfect condition for the pleasure of the tens of thousands of visitors who have seen it over the years.

These visitors, who may enjoy the garden from 9:30 to 4:30 daily, go away grateful to these two Islanders who have spent so much of their lives in the creation of a garden for others to share.

It is no wonder that Pring, writing from St. Louis, called Pa'u-a-laka "the showplace of Kauai."



ROBERT WENKAM

Island Living

outdoor decorating

Garden and lanai offer ideas for influences from many lands

by Micky Baird

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DECORATORS

VISITORS are impressed by the way homeowners in the Islands combine household objects from many lands into serene and charming interiors. This is no haphazard circumstance. It is an ideal that the homeowner constantly strives to achieve. Hawaii has so much material to work with and so many art forms to consider that it is the exception to walk into a home that is uninteresting or unattractive.

Tapas from Polynesia are very useful in Island decorating. When they are not used as decoration per se, their motifs appear in clever accessories. Hawaii's local ceramic artists have successfully incorporated good design and traditional art themes into lampbases. Some effective lamps are the result of using tapa designs with unusual glazes. One finds tapa motifs in dinner services also, and local silkscreen artists have designed beautiful cloths and napkins to complement this tableware. Mention should be made also of custom-made drapery screened with borders of tapa design.

The use of polished stones is an unusual heritage from the Orient. No one who has been to Japan forgets the expression they form of both interior and exterior living there. In Hawaii there are homeowners who have imported whole streambeds of polished stones to lend

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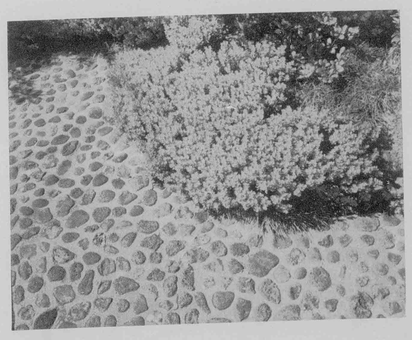




DOUGLAS DAVIDSON

Lumahai Beach, Kauai



HOW TO GIFT WRAP

ISLAND STYLE

by Mary Conniff

In October many an Island family heeds the yearly admonition of the post office department to "do your Christmas mailing early!" Many are busy with shopping, and the artistically-inclined are devising novel gift wrappings for their finds.

In Hawaii, Christmas wrappings are not simply a matter of tissue paper and ribbon. The color of the Islands can be so easily translated into unique gift wraps by the use of every-day fabrics and materials that it is no wonder the wrappings sometimes outshine the gifts.

A fairly flat package, for example, can be effectively packaged in sea-blue paper firmly taped to the box and over-laid with fine-mesh fish net pulled together and secured by a cork fishing float which also acts as the name tag.

Cylindrical objects take on a Far East look when covered with split-bamboo place mats, trimmed to the proper size. Cover ends of the cylinders with discs of enamel-finish gift paper, and repeat the color in wide ribbon to circle the package. An especially effective combination is a place mat in natural tone, rich brown end papers and ribbon, and a short length of slender dried bamboo used as the name tag.

Tapa gift paper is an Island favorite and can be used with raffia or with strips of colored cellophane tape to turn out distinctive gifts. Achieve a variation on the commercially available tapa print papers by outlining white areas of the design in gold ink and use matching gold ribbon.

For the more creative, an inexpensive roll of oatmeal finish wallpaper is a good investment. Boxes wrapped in this paper gain distinction with appliqued Island motifs, using matching ribbons or tape.



Cut palm tree trunks from palm fiber, with leaves of green metal foil or felt and small, flat, gilt pebbles for coconuts.

Cut dramatic tikis from gold or bronze metal foil or brown felt. Effective especially on gifts for men.

Outlines of outrigger canoes and surfboards may be cut from broad, dried hala leaves and used either as appliques or name tags.

Hibiscus and plumeria petals, cut from colorful felt or pastel metal foil, can be arranged over the face of the package, with green pipe cleaners for stems. Such appliques will remain in place throughout their travels if affixed with liberal quantities of white glue. Pastes soon dry, and are not satisfactory for this purpose.

One caution in all gift wrapping of packages to be mailed: fluffy bows and fragile decorations are best avoided entirely. Bows arrive looking bedraggled, and china bells, delicate shells, glass balls, gilded woodroses, dried pods and crystal angels are usually just so much dust by the time the box arrives in Peoria. Glitter sprinkled on with care is often rubbed off in the friction of handling, leaving only glue tracings of the decoration.

A solution to the problem is to use strips of ribbon flat on the package and taped at the ends for security, or to invent interesting patterns with the colored cellophane tape already suggested.

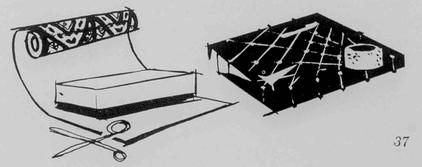
In recent years, more and more distinctive patterns of Hawaiian gift paper have appeared on the shelves of local stores, and the colorful Island motifs look festive, indeed, under Mainland Christmas trees. Raffia is attractive on papers with brown backgrounds, and matching ribbons play up colors of more vivid grounds.

More unusual is the use of such fiber cloth as abaca, which comes from the Philippines and can be purchased by the yard in most decorating shops. Tied with raffia it is especially effective.

The fiber which peels off coconut palms in many an Island yard can also be utilized. It should be pulled and cut from the tree with care, so that the fibers do not separate. Then it needs a good bath, preferably a soapy scrub with a stiff brush used lengthways of the grain. When thoroughly rinsed and dried, it can be used to wrap gift boxes. Some feel that the appearance of the coco fiber is enhanced if a bleach soaking is added to the cleaning process. In this case, dark brown or deep green ribbon is a pleasant contrast.

If gifts from Japan are being sent, a novel gift wrapping is simply a page from a local Japanese-language newspaper. Center the gift so that the most interesting characters appear on the largest side of the box; then use lacquer red sealing wax to seal the ends, and strips of the same red in satin ribbon or cellophane tape to circle the package. A learned Japanese friend may even be able to attach a gift card written in that language—with helpful English translation included.

Continued on page 48



Art

Echoes of Universality



Boy With Balloons

Erica Karawina's work is a record of a journey twice around the world

by Joanna Shaw

In Manoa Valley's lush greenness stands a tiny church for Hawaii's homeless children, the Waioli Orphanage Chapel. Here, at "Singing Water," Honolulu artist Erica Karawina depicts Christ's Youth and Passion in glistering jewel-like stained glass.

It is a story for Island children of many races. The little angels carry not candles but Hawaiian torches. Mary is a young Oriental girl. Joseph wears a coconut hat. The Magi are an Indian, a Hawaiian and an Oriental. The angels wear muumuus. Noah's Ark, two longer panels that run along the chapel sides, has animals—giraffes, elephants, monkeys, etc.—marching in, two by two. Vibrant color reflects across the middle aisle, making kaleidoscopic patterns. Gathered in the pews and portrayed on the windows are the "under heaven all one family" that Hawaii has come to symbolize.

Expressed here is a personal and artistic journey that has taken Miss Karawina twice around the world. Church windows remembered from her German childhood were the early stimulus for eleven years in Boston perfecting stained glass technique.

It was there, at an exhibition opening, that she met Chinese scientist, Dr. Sidney C. Hsiao. Marriage to the marine biologist, now professor of zoology at the University of Hawaii, led approximately fourteen thousand miles to the other side of the earth, to the remote province of Yunnan in Central China.

It was already wartime, 1941, when the Hsiaos, dodging Pacific subs, passed through Honolulu to Singapore, then to Rangoon and Mandalay, and finally down the Burma Road to the refugee university where Dr. Hsiao was to teach. Five years in the beautiful valley surrounded by spectacular craggy mountains were recorded in watercolors of old Chinese men, water buffalo, idols, pagodas, flowers, ice-capped mountains.

All was not beauty, however. The Tsiaos retreated in time to the most primitive of conditions. Rats abounded, food was scarce, banditry rampant, money frozen through inflation. Stained glass was out of the question, but in turning to watercolor, Erica Karawina's style became more lyric and flowing. Line in a "Pieta" from this period curls and curves in on itself. It is a realistic depiction, yet abstract in its stylizations and in the way the line speaks.

The Pieta is still a favorite subject. At Wahiawa's Our Lady of Sorrows Church, brilliant cobalts, azures, mauves, chartreuses, yellows, reds are the earlier version translated into all the brilliance that stained glass can give. Light streams through thousands of tiny one-inch-thick prisms in the "faceted chipped glass" used here. Irregularly shaped pieces vary in size from one and a half inches to six inches. Edges are chipped for the prism effect. Fragments are not set in the conventional black lead cames but are imbedded instead in a cement grid, thus becoming an integral part of the wall.

For Miss Karawina, this "Pieta" is the realization of a dream. It was almost thirty years ago she first saw this technique used in a church at Raincy, near Paris. It was only recently introduced to the U.S. and the Wahiawa window is the first panel of this type to be executed in Hawaii. The Cummings Studio in San Francisco produced the window.

Design is almost austerely geometric. The prismatic irregularity of the "faceted chips" lends itself more to abstraction and an architectural conception than does conventional stained glass. Mary's triangular shape, balanced by the horizontal of Christ, is echoed in the pointed square that is the panel's shape.

CAMERA HAWAII



Procession In The Western Hills



Chinese Madonna

CAMERA HAWAII

Circular bursts of stars and atomic particles—bouquets of reds, whites, oranges, greens, purples—swirl through space on a rich stratospheric blue backdrop. The slender moon is a symbol of night and sorrow. Mary's monumental figure, a large triangle with a broad base, conveys the heaviness of sorrow. The corpus of Christ, horizontally stretched across Mary's knees, denotes rest and the cessation of life. Christ's body is a luminous chartreuse, with red sections indicating the nail wounds. The whole is divided by a black iron grid that divides the composition into eighteen sections. Cement lines show black against the light.

Glass comes alive anywhere light passes through it. Its uses are manifold. Miss Karawina has employed the medium in a lighter vein also. "Firebird" is an intricate weaving together of copper wire and stained glass sections. Hung from the ceiling like a mobile and lighted by spots it is a flashing, ever-changing play of light and color. Smaller panels can be placed against any window, such as kitchen, bedroom, living room, as decoration. Vertical sections of Chinese children holding flowers and balloons go next to any doorway in the entry of a house. The special appeal of Miss Karawina's art for children, such as the altar decoration for the Palolo Community Methodist Church school that shows the child Jesus as the Good Shepherd, has led her to create panels for the nursery also.

The artist has always worked simultaneously in other mediums, partly as a release from the discipline of stained glass, partly through difficulties in obtaining glass in the remote sections where she has lived. Four years ago, she retraced her steps to the East, this time Taipei, Formosa, where Dr. Hsiao was visiting professor at the university there. Unable to work in glass, Miss Karawina's resourcefulness and inventive bent led her to make collages from colored *Life* magazine pages.

"The Procession" is one of these. It is what she calls "taking the gods for an airing," a Yunnan custom. Black silhouetted figures march forward resolutely against the yellow background. In stately file, over treacherous terrain, they carry the deity from one village to another, much like the Austrian candlelight processions that wind down snowswept mountains with myriads of tiny lights to Christmas Eve services in the valleys.

Miss Karawina's work, so encompassing in style and technique, echoes the universality of all dedicated art. The discipline of stained glass is akin to medieval religious disciplines, so rare in this age of hurry and mechanization. Her work rises above denomination, place and time. In her own words, "all creative work is a religion."

Island Fashions

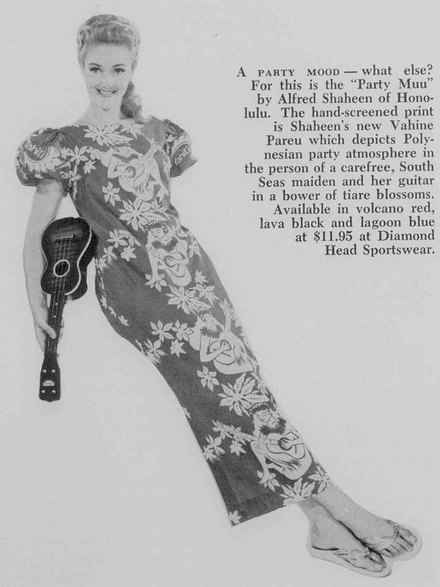
THE MUUMUU

...a fashion of many moods

by Marjorie V. Trumbull



A FLIRTATIOUS MOOD is irresistible and definitely enhanced by the "Lehua" muumuu designed by Nalii in drip-dry cotton printed in coral and green. In sizes 2 to 6 at $5; in 8 to 14 at $6. Available at McInerny's in Waikiki.



A PARTY MOOD — what else? For this is the "Party Muu" by Alfred Shaheen of Honolulu. The hand-screened print is Shaheen's new Vahine Pareu which depicts Polynesian party atmosphere in the person of a carefree, South Seas maiden and her guitar in a bower of tiare blossoms. Available in volcano red, lava black and lagoon blue at $11.95 at Diamond Head Sportswear.

TAKE A MUUMUU, put it on a small, flirtatious blonde and it becomes a dainty, provocative *modern* fashion. Take another, let a tall, regal brunette wear it and it will harken back to lovely, *old* Hawaii. Fashion a muu of crisp cotton gingham, it will reflect a mood as fresh and clean as the morning breeze off the Pacific. Make a muu of sleek, draped satin, couple it with an orchid in the hair and romantic nights, glittering stars and nostalgic music come to mind.

Unquestionably there are as many moods for muumuus as there are shades of scarlet in the setting sun, as many moods as there are types of women to wear them, fabrics of which to make them and places where they may be worn.

And this year's muumuu bow to Aloha Week has left no swatch of fabric, no whimsey of a designer's mind, no exquisite color spectrum unexplored to produce stunning muus for every hour of the day for every type of fashionable."

The Aloha Week Committee is more than pleased when residents as well as tourists dress Hawaiian style for this gala, happy Hawaii celebration. An advance glimpse of the styles to be presented leaves no doubt their wish will be recognized more than ever this year.



A VACATION MOOD and a brand new idea all in one is the "Pool Muu" by Peggy Wood Designs. A delightful companion for a matching swimsuit. The shoulders are elasticized for an easy step-in and the muu is belted at the waist with a tie sash. Of "Lanai Stripe" satinette, 100% combed cotton over-printed with lotus blossoms. In avocado, plum and blue. Available (as is the matching swimsuit) at Gay's in Waikiki, priced approximately $12.00.



A GRACIOUS MOOD IS epitomized in this new holomuu design by Bete. Styled with a definite feeling of the era of the princess from which it takes its name, "Kaiulani." Its full sleeves, tucked at the top, its princess line outlined in velvet, pleats at the sides, short train in back all blend subtly with the quaint, old-fashioned print. At Liberty House, Waikiki, and Carol and Mary's, Waikiki. Approximately $25.50.



AN EXOTIC MOOD is beautifully interpreted in this slim, distinctive muumuu by Diane's Inc. Spotscreened in a handsome, abstract hibiscus motif, the fabric is cotton with self-woven dots. In all colors of the rainbow, accented with cloud white, it's carried by all the better Hawaii shops and priced at approximately $20.



A LEISURELY MOOD is unmistakable in this "Islander Muu" of keiki checked gingham by Kahala Sportswear. In lilac, pink, blue or green with white, it may be worn with or without a belt. At $17.95, available at Carol and Mary's and all Liberty House stores.

It will be difficult to resist such pretties as those offered in the fields of "shortie muus, pool muus, holomuus, party muus, slim muus, sunback muus, tutu muus and pleated muus!" Besides—who wants to?

Created in every conceivable fabric from silk brocade for cocktail wear to pinwale corduroy for wear in the cool, Pali heights; in fascinating satinette cottons and a world of Oriental and Polynesian motifs; offered in prints, solid colors, stripes; fashioned with huge puffed sleeves, tiny cap sleeves or no sleeves at all . . . the muumuu is staging a renaissance unparalleled since the days of the original Mother Hubbard by which it was inspired.

The local manufacturers have shot new fashion adrenalin into their muumuu ideas. The custom designers are creating muus as handsome and lavish as many a Paris original. There's a muu for every figure, a muu for every pocket book and a muu for every time of day.

Those who live here speak of a "muu" with true affection because it is *the* classic and most beloved Hawaiian attire. Newcomers, a bit timid at first to emerge in one, need only look closely at how naturally, easily and effectively residents wear them to know that nothing is quite so authentic in the Island fashion picture.

A muumuu is to Hawaii what a kimono is to Japan, what a sarong to Tahiti. Besides, nothing anywhere is half so comfortable. The muumuu is a fashion of many moods, all of them interesting. And the woman who wears them can change her moods with every change of muu!

Continued from page 35

atmosphere to a garden. Interior designers have used stones selectively to create smaller areas of unusual interest.

One might find in an otherwise plain wall an insert frame composed entirely of small, polished pebbles variegated in color. The frame will shadow-box a small collection of Hawaiian artifacts, and this will be a decorating highlight in the room. Interior designers also like to insert areas of loose stones into the floors of various rooms to make an important "today's touch" in decorating. It is part of the current trend of bringing the serenity of the outdoors inside.

Wicker products have gained an amazing position in the notoriously fickle field of decorating accessories. Perhaps the most original pieces come from Hong Kong where the product is limited only by the craftsman's imagination. From the whimsey of animal kingdom shapes to the very fine and beautiful pieces of furniture, chestware, and basketry, wicker is useful to the homeowner blending East and West in decoration.

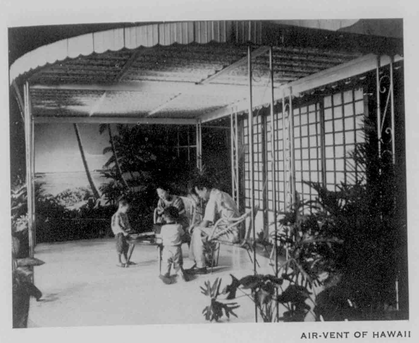
Huge dragons and fish of wicker make excellent lighting fixtures for certain rooms when lined with paper or plastic; the baskets become advantageous harbors for children's toys and laundry, while the furniture is an airy delight in breakfast room or lanai.

Treating windows in the semi-tropical climate of Hawaii is always a major decorating problem. Woven cord products solve the questions of durability, colorfastness, and suitability better than any other medium. The cords are woven into and between wooden slats and the resulting blind can be cut to any size desired. The choice in pattern and color excuses the initial expense which is higher than fabric, and the truly dramatic result is gratifying to the home-decorator. As a designer, I feel that this means of accenting windows in Hawaii supersedes any other.

The Japanese tansu chest certainly deserves mention in any discussion of Island interiors. This distinguished piece of furniture is more than a service piece; it is an object of admiration. Most tansus are one-of-a-kind imports, beautifully proportioned in the Japanese tradition, made of kiri wood that is hand-rubbed to a glow. The black iron hardware that relieves the more usual pale beige chest is a subtle color accent in any room scheme. When these chests are used in groups of two or three along an undecorated wall they are more striking than Western pieces of the same size.

A versatile decorating object and one used with equal effect inside and out of doors is the glass ball. These globes of green, blue, amber, and dull red have become punctuation marks in many decorating schemes. In former years only green balls were available in Hawaii, net floats that had crossed from Japanese fishing waters to Island beaches to be picked up gleefully by early morning beachcombers. Some Islanders had had them made into lampbases, others were using them in floral arrangements, and imaginative decorators had gathered clusters





AIR-VENT OF HAWAII

of the smaller-sized ones into fish nets for lanai drapery.

Eventually the commercial value of these globes became apparent and now glass balls in almost any size and color can be purchased. The very large ones are delightful to see when used in an exterior white brick wall at haphazard intervals. The sunlight seems to bounce and sparkle in a shooting-star effect from them and the overall picture is very stylish. I have liked, too, the use of these balls as a border atop a wooden fence, spaced evenly between uprights, and looking very "Japanese-countryside."

The garden and the lanai are the most privileged areas of living in the Islands. Everything can be staged outdoors because the weather almost always permits! Consequently, outdoor decorating is something to which local residents give a lot of time and thought. Lighting at night is the most striking exterior decoration. From tiny lanterns to almost theatrically illuminated shrubbery, homeowners have taken advantage of what light does to extend their living areas. One notices lighting fixtures from all countries of the world being used in Hawaiian gardens. Chain lanterns from the Middle East, bamboo and stone lanterns from the Far East, pierced wooden light-holders from South Africa all find their places among Hawaii's exotic plantings.

Awninged garden spaces are becoming a focal point for the serving of outdoor food. Long accustomed to charcoal grilling and hibachi cooking, Islanders are adopting the idea of draping certain grassed areas with canvas over aluminum or wrought iron poles for outdoor dining-room formality. It has been interesting, too, to watch the Italian idea of using ceramic flowers and painted wrought-iron trees for outdoor accent take hold here for terrace decoration.

The results of travel in this jet age will be seen more and more in the adaptation of decorating trivia from abroad. There are many good decorating ideas from foreign lands that have not been used in the Islands yet, but I predict they will be and that when they do they will be given our own peculiar touch of charm.



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MRS. ALOHA WEEK continued from page 27



use it. I've not been able to use it yet. Imagine. They haven't had it blessed!

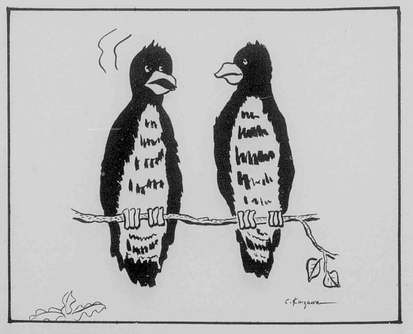
"A name is very important. Hawaiians give a child a name that is called the *po* name, the kapu name, the night name. It is a name given only at night in a dream to a *kupuna*, an older relative, of the child. Generally this name is given before birth, or even before conception.

"While my son was in Germany he wrote me once saying 'Mother, for three nights I have dreamed this. Can you tell me what it means? An old man comes to me in my dream and says: Kamehaolianakawaikapuanuiipolanihanakaimoiokalani. What does this mean?'

"I took the letter up to my mother, who, at 85, is the matriarch of our family. We still go to her to tell us how to run our lives. She told me, 'That is the name of your son's first child.' My son wasn't even married at the time.

"In our family our names and our children's names are given to us by my mother. A name is sacred, a prophecy of what a person will accomplish. So a true Hawaiian hesitates to give just anyone a name. He feels he is giving a part of himself away. He feels responsible, in part, for that person's life.

"Take my name. When I was born I was the only one of six children who didn't have the *po* or "sacred night given" name. Mother didn't receive such a Hawaiian name for me until I was fourteen. Then she had her dream. She was by a stream, and in the stream were five Hawaiian shrimp together in one group and one shrimp all by itself. The shrimps represented her daughters. Then the "ehu man" (red-haired one) appeared and said to Mother, 'It is now time for that child to receive her name. We have watched her and feel that now she should have her name.' Until then my Mother had been awfully worried. She thought I was an outcast. Now I'm the one who is perpetuating her Hawaiian traditions. My name? Kawaonalani: to her is entrusted what the gods would like to put forth."



"den da wahine points n' sez . . . isn't this one cute CROW? . . . dat's when I bit her."

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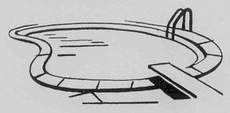

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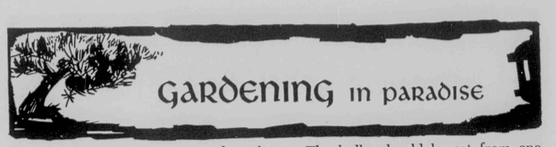

HOME GARDENERS in newer residential areas might well take a lesson from their predecessors who developed the inviting gardens of Nuuanu, Manoa and other older sections of Honolulu —especially if they want a colorful, trouble-free return for one Saturday morning spent with trowel in hand.

In these established gardens, as in many of the spectacular plantings around the Board of Water Supply properties, the deep, rich yellow of the day lily adds striking contrast to the greens of tropical foliage.

There are some lilies that are a bit difficult to grow, and some that will not grow at all in Hawaii's benign climate. The day lily, more properly called *hemerocallis hybrida*, is almost a Chamber-of-Commerce-type booster when it comes to showing its aloha for the Hawaiian environment.

Flourishing equally well in full sun or in partial shade, the day lily grows successfully in all soils, acid or alkaline, heavy or light. And in Hawaii, any time of year is planting time—even the blooming season!

Generally speaking, lilies like their heads in full sun and their feet in the shade, which makes the day lily a perfect flowering plant for areas where ground covers are used.

These cheerful lilies require good drainage, but aside from assuring this drainage, very little soil preparation.

The bulbs should be set from one and one half to three feet apart, with roots well spread out, and covered with one to two inches of soil.

In very dry areas, a daily sprinkle from the garden hose will be welcome. And the color of the blossoms will materially improve if the plants are fed with 10-5-5 liquid fish fertilizer each April.

Every five or six years, the clumps may be divided. If left alone, the clumps grow larger each year and produce hundreds of blossoms. There could hardly be a more effective dense planting for the far corners of very large lots than day lilies left undisturbed over the years.

This lily, kept thinned, is also effective in perennial borders, poolside plantings, as facings for shrubbery borders, foundation plantings, and is especially effective in modernistic gardens where a color silhouette is needed.

In addition to its other virtues, the day lily can proudly boast of being virtually trouble-free. It is not attacked by disease, and snails and slugs can be dispensed with through the use of bug type metaldehyde pellets.

Considering the ease with which the day lily grows in Hawaii, it is surprising that more people do not include it in their landscaping plans.

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Oyster Beef Polynesian Style

2 lbs. fine sliced top sirloin
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. Ajinomoto
½ tsp. sesame oil
6 oz. water chestnut, sliced
6 oz. bamboo shoots
1 can mushrooms, stems and pieces
2 cups chicken broth
2 tbsp corn starch
2 oz. oyster sauce
6 pieces green onion tops
salt and pepper to taste

Preparation:

Saute beef in a little oil on a fast fire, add water chestnut, mushrooms, bamboo shoots and chicken broth. Bring to simmering and season with above pieces. Make a paste with corn starch and bind oyster beef lightly. Serve on nest of Chinese noodles and sprinkle green onions on top.

Delicious Baked Stuffed Avocado

2 cups fine diced chicken or turkey
½ cup diced mushrooms
1½ cups heavy thick cream sauce
1 tbsp. Ajinomoto
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
1 egg yolk
1 oz. sherry wine
3 whole large avocados
1 lemon

Preparation:

Saute mushrooms and chicken lightly in skillet with butter. Add Sherry wine and reduce liquid completely. Add 1 cup of the cream sauce to chicken and mix thoroughly. Season to taste.

Take avocado and split longside in two. Soak a short time in lemon water to avoid discoloration. Stuff center of avocado with above prepared chicken filling with the help of an ice cream scoop to assure uniformity. Transfer thereafter to a baking sheet. Add one egg yolk to remaining cream sauce and top the stuffed avocado with this sauce.

Sprinkle the Parmesan cheese on top and a few drops of melted butter. Bake in preheated oven of 450 degrees to a golden brown.

Only good firm ripe avocados should be used for this dish. It is recommended that this dish be served with spiced peach on lettuce leaf and fried Julienne potato.

—Fred Adler

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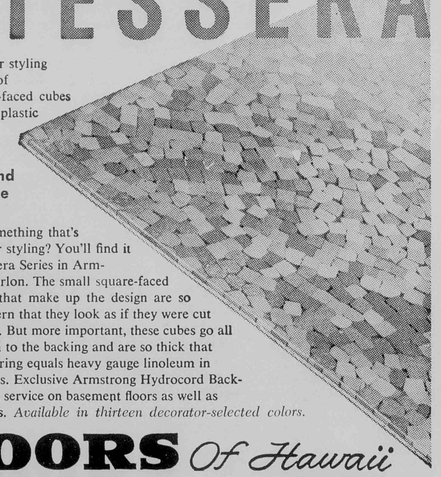

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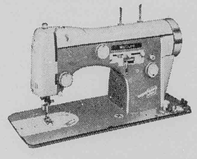

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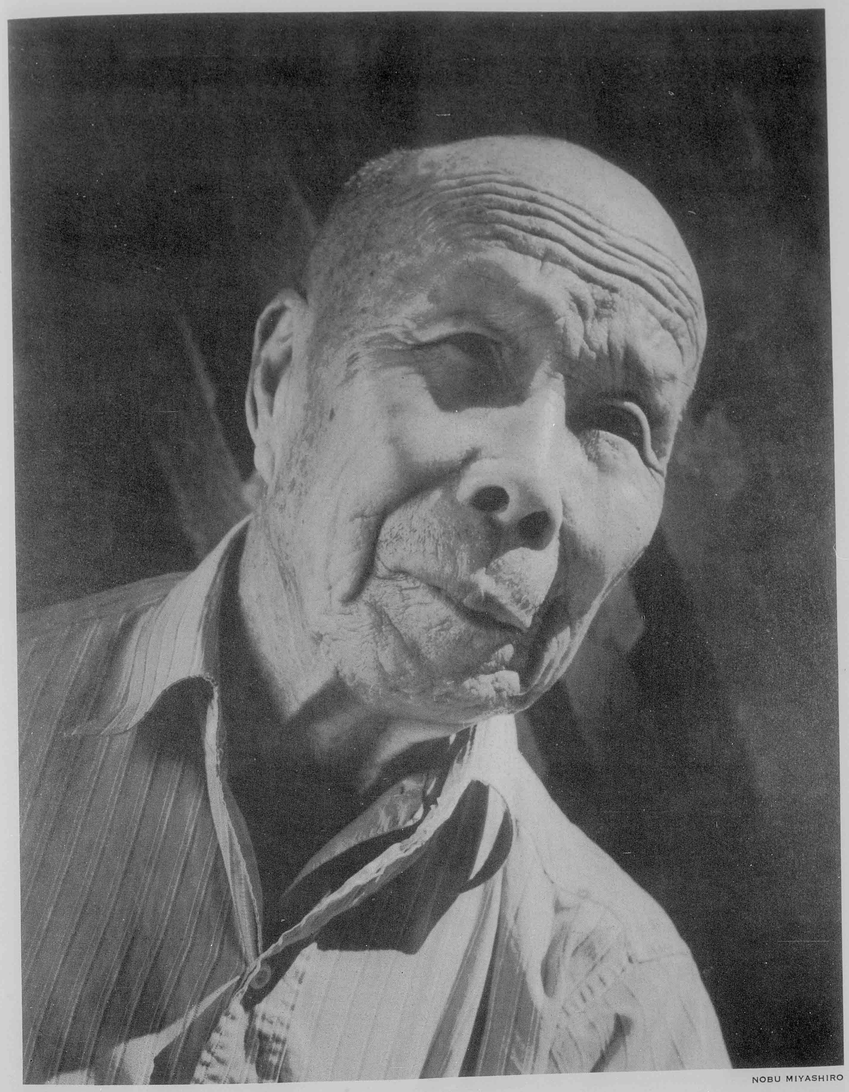

NOBU MIYASHIRO

"Oldster"

Continued from page 37

In Japanese gift shops, many stunning papers imported from Japan can be found in sheets of several sizes and in both plain colors and interesting designs. Many of these are dramatic in line and color and should be used without the distraction of additional color in ribbon or tape. Cheap chop sticks (see your grocer) can bear message and name, scotch-taped on the package.

Another product of Japan which can be used on larger packages is tatami matting, cut to the proper size and handled like the split-bamboo place mat with end papers.

An enterprising Hawaii housewife captivated the attention of her Mainland family last year by sending a package with a part of the gift used on the outside of the box. A one-yard length of attractive Hawaiian print fabric, with a scattered brown bamboo design on beige ground, was carefully hemmed on all sides. Four beige linen luncheon napkins were purchased to match. Then the napkins were put into a box, wrapped in the fabric and tied with raffia. An enclosed card explained that if wrapping were combined with contents the result would be a bridge set—and, lo and behold, it was!

This same idea could be carried out by using a square of authentic tapa, which could later become a wall hanging or table covering.

In addition to the cork fishing floats already mentioned, there are other local products which can be used to decorate packages without danger of breakage. A handful of unshelled macadamia nuts caught in a square of net could top a package of Hawaiin food products.

Very sturdy shells such as the cowrie will survive mail handling, and short lengths of slender dried bamboo can serve as decorative motif, name tag or both. Polished nuts and seeds of the sturdier varieties can be used as gift box decoration, as can tiny, irregularly-shaped stones in which a hole is bored to hold the ribbon.

Slivers of Hawaiian hardwoods, polished to show the grain, are fun as name tags with the names written on tape affixed to one surface. These wood slivers become letter openers when the tape is peeled off.

In almost every house and yard in Hawaii there is some local product which can be utilized in original gift wrappings. A bit of ingenuity can often transform an ordinary thing into a novel and practical gift wrap.

It isn't enough, however, to design and execute a charming, original holiday package. The gift boxes must be packed so that they arrive at their destinations in good condition.

Boxes sent from Hawaii to the Mainland and to other countries around the world are subjected to all kinds of pressures and changes in temperature. They are jiggled, shaken, bounced, tossed and shoved by both human and mechanical handling procedures. As careful as post office employees are, they cannot guarantee safe arrival of parcels that are carelessly wrapped, and will not insure against breakage unless boxes are packed in accordance with regulations.

Good choice for the outside container of gift-wrapped packages is a sturdy carton, available at food markets. Cartons of lighter-weight cardboard, such as shirt boxes, will not provide sufficient protection to the contents. The carton should be in good condition, end flaps intact, and should measure at least three inches larger than the gift packages on all sides.

When the gift box is put into the carton, a card printed with the destination and return addresses should be enclosed. Carton flaps should be closed securely and the carton tied with strong twine.

Most important, the carton itself must be wrapped in heavy paper. Cartons bearing manufacturer's markings or previous addresses can cause great confusion in post office handling. For that reason, the entire carton, including the ends, must be covered with the paper. The carton should then be tied with one continuous length of heavy cord, knotted at each crossing.

Destination and return addresses should be written on the outside paper covering with a marking pen or other broad-nib pen. Addresses written with pencil and crayon smudge easily and often become illegible after handling.

If an address label is used, it must be securely affixed to the paper wrapping of the parcel. It is helpful to post office handlers to have the name and address written on at least two opposite sides of the parcel.

Regardless of the care with which Christmas gifts are selected, they can arrive in good condition at their destination only if you use careful packing methods.

° ° °

In December: Last-minute tips on mailing Island flowers to the Mainland for Christmas.

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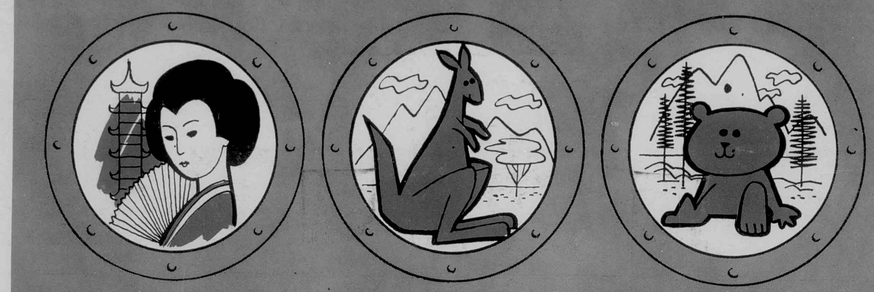

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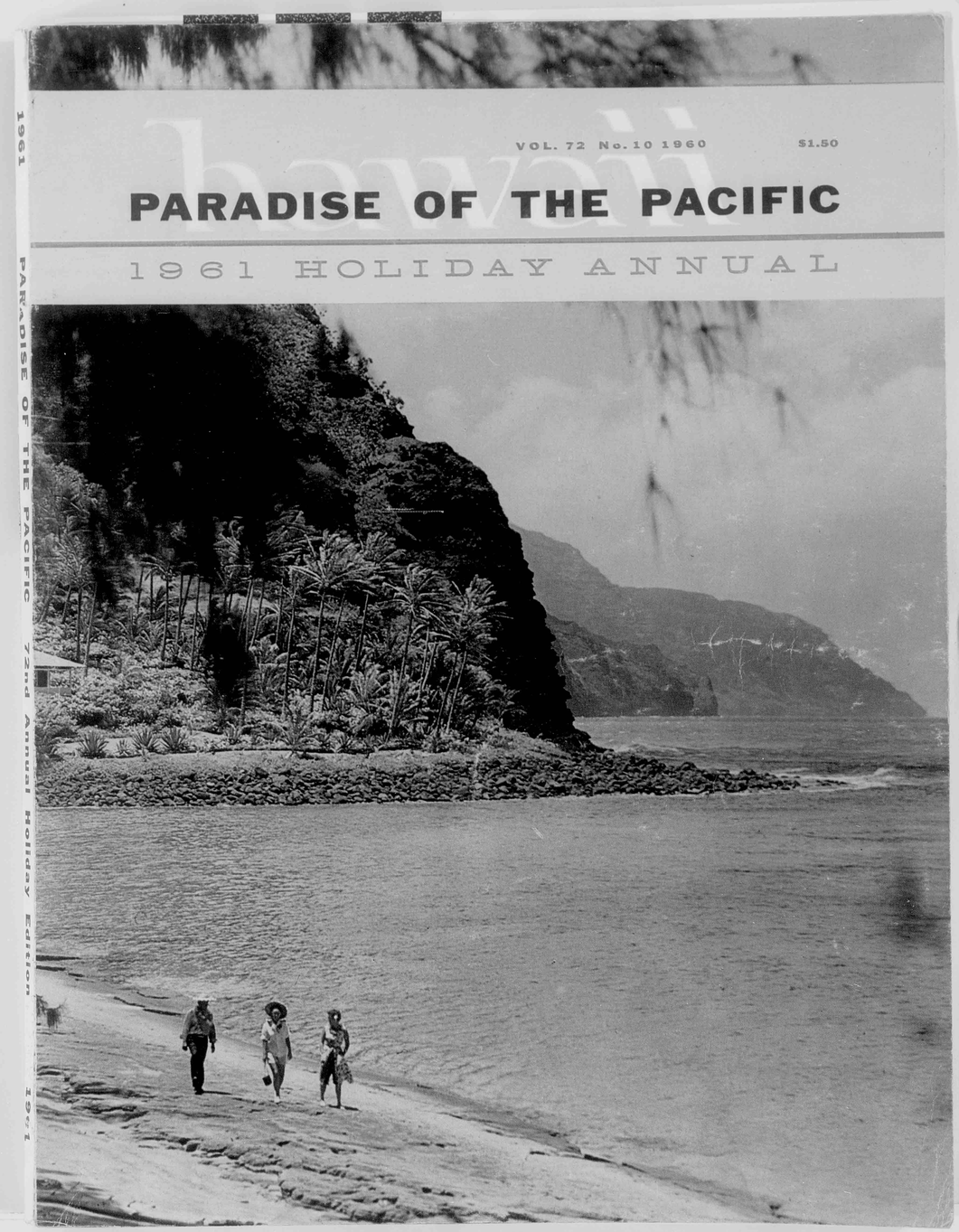
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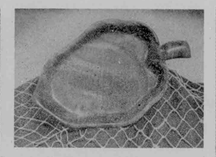

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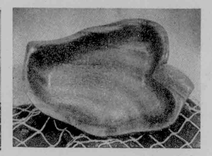



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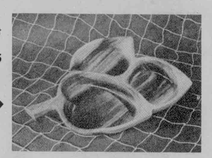

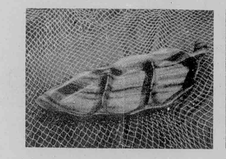

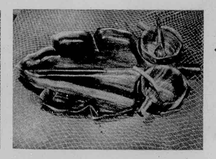

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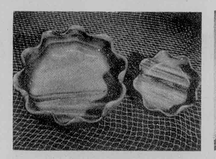

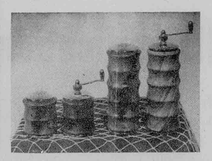

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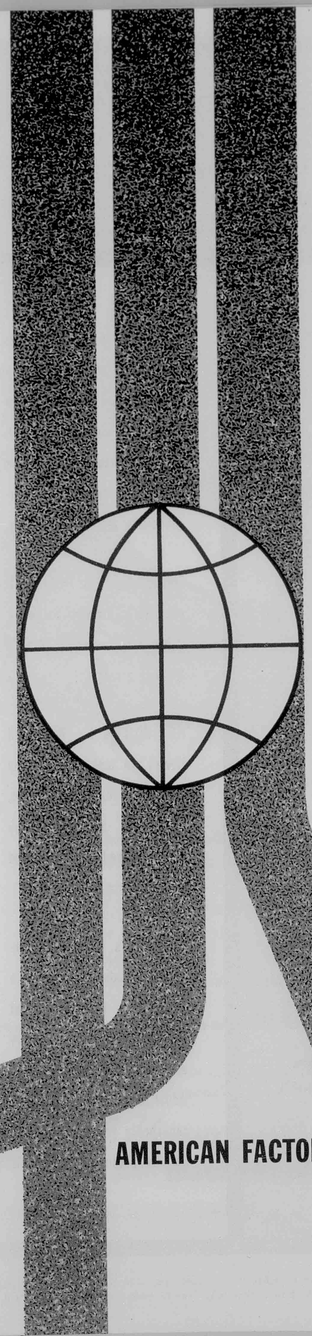

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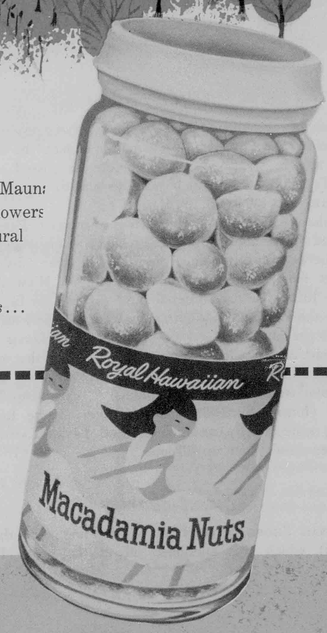
Recipe for Hawaii's Good Taste Treat





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Eddie Sherman

Show biz, 1960

SHOW BUSINESS, 1960, started off under a black cloud. Hawaii's brightest star, ALFRED APAKA died of a heart attack January 30th while playing handball. His loss was a tremendous shock to the community. On the Mainland the name Apaka meant No. 1 talent in these parts. He was just on the verge of becoming a Coast-To-Coast favorite



CAMERA HAWAII

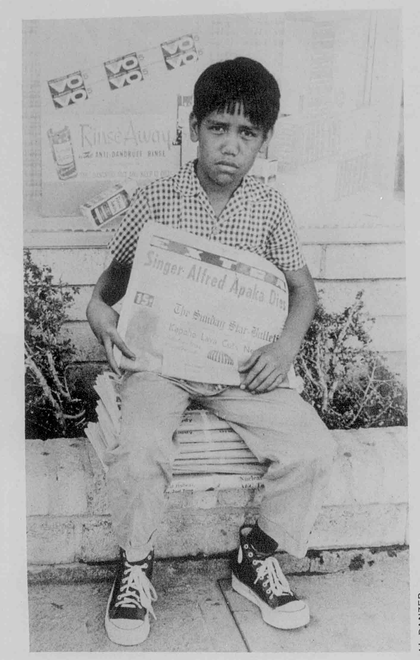
Alfred Apaka

because of two planned teevee shows that were to be broadcast from Honolulu. As a matter of fact, the shows were sold to sponsors the day before he passed away. Alfred's voice will always be with us and the memory of his personality will endure . . .

Columnist queen of Haolewood, LOUELLA PARSONS, scanned the islands and reported to her millions of readers that teevee was little known here. (With three Channels, we get most of the national shows) . . . West Coast deejay JOHNNY GRANT breezed through town for his 18th trip to the Far East to entertain servicemen, for which he doesn't get any loot . . . Comedienne JOAN DAVIS won her court case against a famous beauty salon that made local headlines . . . JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND were Waikiki handholders . . . HOWARD DONNELLY (former SurfRider manager, now at the Royal) held a suite for FRANK SINATRA and PETER LAWFORD, but they didn't show up till later . . .

Sweet charity

DINAH SHORE donated an oil painting (she did it herself) which was auctioned off at the Heart Fund



AL DANZER

Benefit at the Royal . . . During a quick vacation to Waikiki, actor RALPH BELLAMY confided that he didn't miss one of the 857 Broadway performances of "Sunrise at Campobello" . . . Film star ANNE BAXTER wed former localite RANDOLPH GALT. Galt has a big ranch in Australia where they make their home . . . JACK BENNY packed McKinley Auditorium at $100 a top ticket, all for the Honolulu Symphony Society . . . Singer ROBERTA LINN made headlines swallowing an overdose of pills while at the Reef . . . HUGH O'BRIAN tried Kaneohe Bay for water skiing . . . JACK BURNETT sold KULA radio for $500,000 cash . . . HENRY TAYLOR appointed the new head of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



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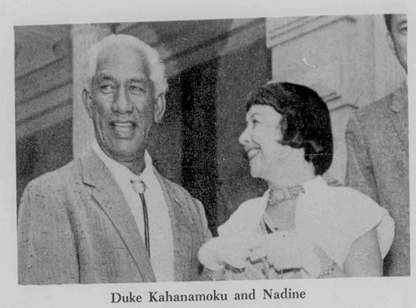
EDDIE SHERMAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

American Guild of Variety Artists . . . H. Allen Smith's "Waikiki Beachnik" stirred up lotsa comment . . . Barbara Bishop returned to the air after licking cancer . . . Johnny Weissmuller cracked a rib diving into the pool at the Waikikian Hotel . . . Producers of "Aloha Hawaii" raised $100,000 for the local production they hoped to take to Broadway, but the show did an el foldo . . . Billing on the Lucky Luck show (KGU) over $200,000 for the year . . . Screen writer Dan Taradash's fabulous deal to script James Michener's "Hawaii"—$200,000 in cash, $50,000 deferred and 2½ per cent of the gross after the film hits $12 million . . .



Duke Kahanamoku and Nadine

Annual suntan

Gentleman's Quarterly (a fashion magazine for men) reported that Duke Kahanamoku has been getting $30,000-$35,000 a year in royalties for lending his name to a line of shirts manufactured on the Mainland. The truth is that Duke has received in the neighborhood of $100,000 over a period of eight years. Duke's job of Sheriff is pau the end of the year, but he's already been offered a job as city greeter . . . Dorothy Mackaill in for her annual suntan. In 1928, Dorothy was earning $3,750 a week and had starred in some 60 silent pictures . . . On a visit to the Coast we were guests of Tennessee Ernie Ford when he televised "H.M.S. Pinafore." After dinner, we went to his home and watched a repeat broadcast in color, which was better than the live show . . . Did you know that every major holiday of '60 (except Thanksgiving) was (and will be) celebrated on a week-end? . . . Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were a Royal Hawaiian Hotel attraction . . . Harriet Yamasaki (the pride of Kauai) snagged the lead role in the London production of "Flower Drum Song" . . . Ex-Punahou youngster Robin Luke, who made a big splash with the teen-agers because of his recording of "Susie Darlin'," poured some of his royalty loot into a college education. He wants to be a doctor . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



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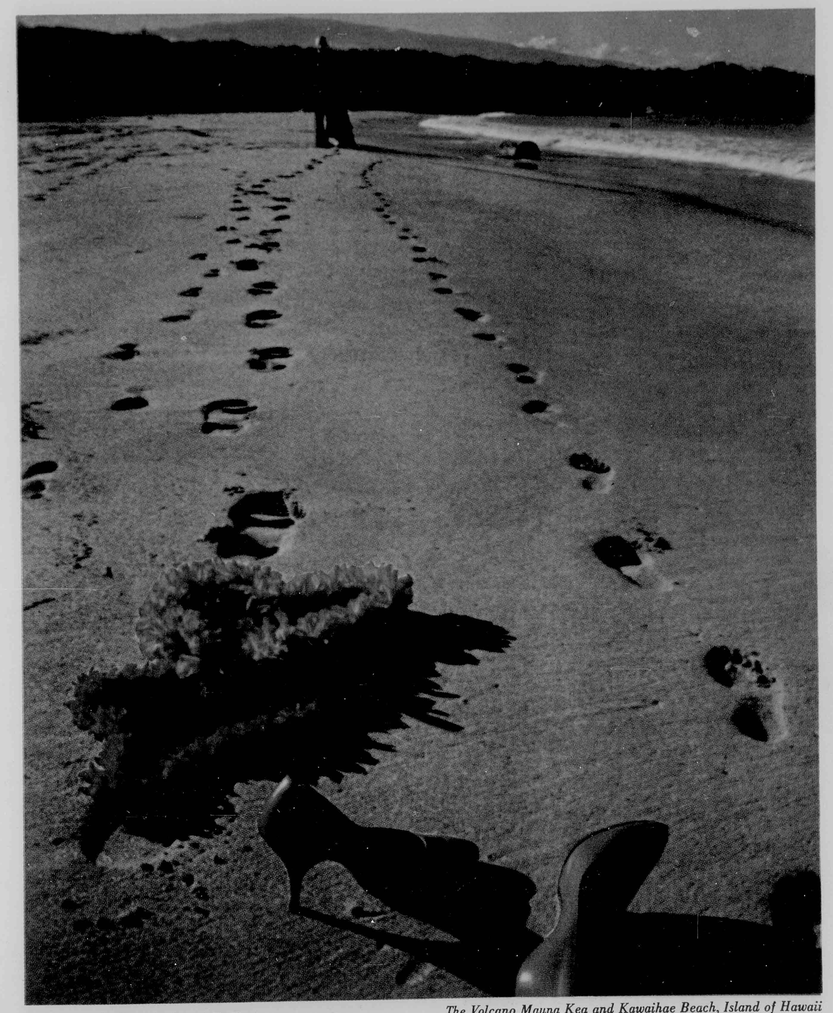

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EDDIE SHERMAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Long hairs and short

Aku moved his ayem broadcast to the International Market Place Tree House, with some localites commenting: "I always knew he was for the birds" . . . Don Beachcomber's Aku-Aku eatery at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas burned before it opened. But it finally did,



Don Beach



Bob Krauss

and to continuing capacity bizness . . . David Nelson wowed circus fans at the E. K. Fernandez big top with his daring trapeze act. He played catcher . . . Victor Borge brought long hairs and short ones to his Waikiki Shell concerts . . . Thomas (Red) Souza (with Ken Alford's Dixiecats) suddenly passed away . . . Former Miss Hawaii, Sandra Forsyth became a mommy . . . Herman Hover (ex-Ciro's owner) made Hawaii home base . . . Jack Lemmon *and* Rickey Nelson were the stars of "Wackiest Ship in the Army" shooting at Pearl Harbor and Kauai . . . Bob Krauss' first book, "Here's Hawaii," sold 16,000 copies in just a couple months . . . Perez Prado brought 32 trunkloads of wardrobe with him from Japan when he played the Civic Auditorium . . . Honolulu's Jimmy Shigeta became a film star with roles in major productions . . . Henry J. Kaiser purchased a $250,000 mobile television unit for use here . . . Part time resident Max Winter tried his hand at a couple promotions, being very successful with Lawrence Welk's organization . . . Burlesque slipped in and out of the Roosevelt theater . . .

Conch shell echoes

The deal to make the new teevee series, "Hong Kong," starring Rod Taylor, was jelled in Honolulu with Kaiser sponsoring . . . Hawaii is a gabby state: We make an average of 609 telephone calls per person a year, while the U.S. average is only 472 . . . Diane Moncado debuted in "Madame Butterfly," with the Brooklyn Opera Co. Her entire salary went to indigent families of her native Philippines . . . Carl Dudley ("Cinerama South Seas" producer) settled a long over-due account with the local musician's union . . . K-POI was a runaway on all the radio rating charts . . . Nancy Sinatra confided to pals here that she and Frank were still the best of friends . . . Pals kidded detective Kinney Harris because he resembled the Dick Tracy cartoon character, "Haku Kou" . . . Guitarist Adomono pulled such crowds at the International Market Place, he was signed for a year . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

COMMUNICATE

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are a way
to communicate, sure...
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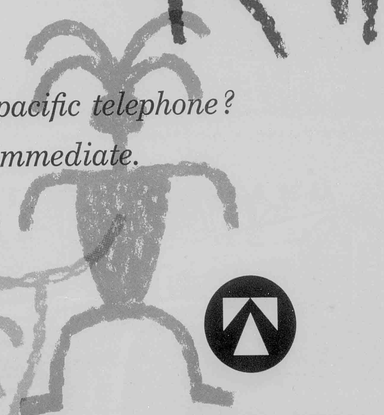

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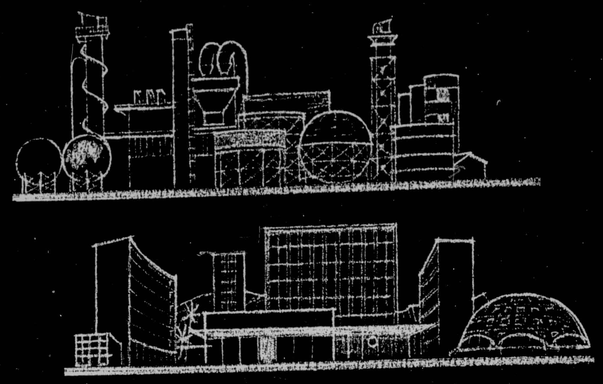

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EDDIE SHERMAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

"Music Man" MEREDITH WILLSON on his first island visit: "The racial equality you have here, I believe, can be the torch bearer and example for the rest of the world to follow in these troubled times of racial prejudice" . . . ARTHUR GODFREY buzzed in from India feeling fit as a fiddle. "I'm sure that my cancer is licked," said the Redhead . . . BRANDO to the South Seas for six months to star in "Mutiny On The Bounty" . . . Life magazine spotlighted the census story, Hawaiian style . . .

Coconut wireless

AL BATZ opened his own eatery, Le Coq d'Or, after managing many . . . Forbidden City introduced the first ice show in any local night spot, but bizness was disappointing . . . A number of RAY KINNEY's Hawaiian troup stranded on the Mainland, had to be bailed out by deposits on hand at the AGVA office . . . HAUNANI KAHALEWAI made her first trip across the big pond to sing at a Washington, D.C. party . . . AVA GARDNER brightened the booze beat for a few weeks . . . Believe it or not, close to 300 new Japanese films play Hawaii in a year. Out in the lobbies the big seller is abalone and dry cuttle fish. At least 40 per cent of the audiences are composed of non-speaking fans, including us . . . Hawaii's answer to CARUSO, CHARLES DAVIS, fractured the Russians in Moscow when he appeared with ED SULLIVAN . . . BILLY DANIELS, GEORGE GOBELS, DENNIS DAY and



Haunani Kahalewai

the MILLS BROS. played the military club circuit, leaving a few civilians wishing they could re-enlist in order to catch the array of talent . . . Celebs constantly walking on stage at the Barefoot Bar (SKELTON, BENNY, etc.) giving customers some great off the cuff moments . . . "South Pacific" continuing its amazing run in London after three years in the same theater . . . The "Hawaiian Eye" crew in for two weeks of background location work . . . Former Star-Bulletin reporter, PETER GILMAN, sold his first novel, "Diamond Head," to films for $100,000.

PRESIDENT SUKARNO gifted CAROL AH YOU with a watch . . . BILL LEDERER worked hard all year to complete his next novel. Bill's theme is an answer to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



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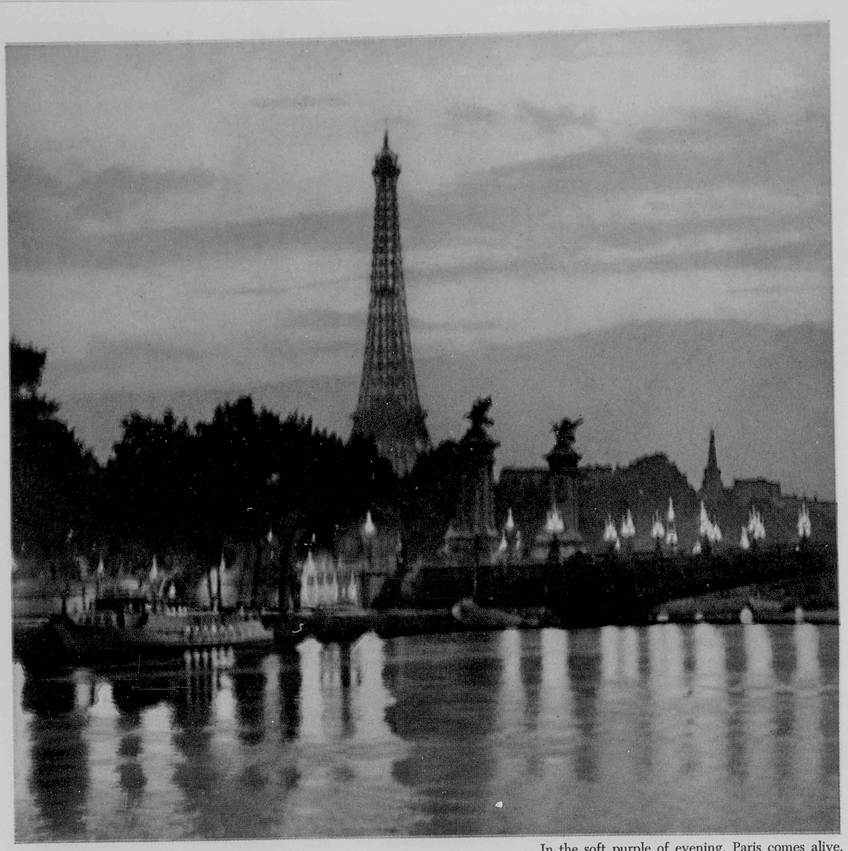

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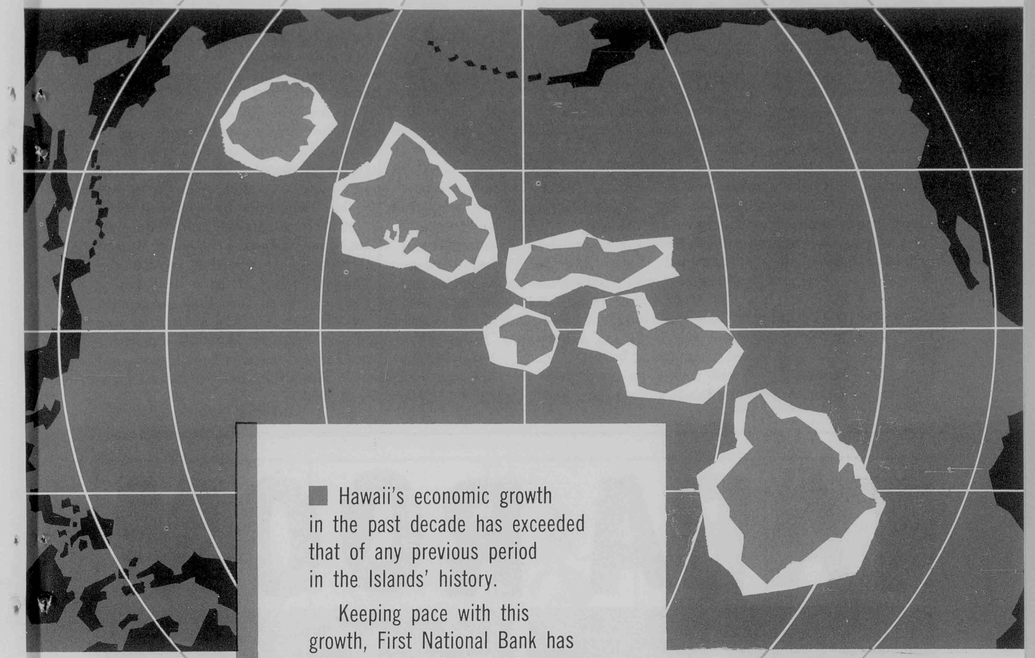

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EDDIE SHERMAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

thousands of queries he's had from people who've read "The Ugly American" asking "What can I do to help America?" . . . Hawaii hosted the biggest convention yet, 5,000 from the Gibson Co. . . . Queen's hospital had a complete facelift . . . Holiday magazine came out with a big spread on Hawaii, but then, so did many national magazines in a tribute to the newest state . . . ELVIS promised that Hawaii would be the first place he'd do a personal appearance after he got out of the Army . . . ED HASTINGS, one-time manager of Matson hotels, named general manager of the Park Lane and Barclay Hotels in New York . . . MARTIN DENNY earned over $100,000 in just record album royalties . . . After well known entertainer JULES AH SEE died, the song "No Huhu" went with him. We've never heard anyone sing it since . . . Time magazine opened and closed a Honolulu bureau . . . WALTER WINCHELL arrived with IKE's press group, proving during his short stay that he's a more colorful personality than all the famous people he writes about. While here he handed out thousands of dollars for cancer research on behalf of the DAMON RUNYAN Fund . . .

Record smashers

HARRY BELAFONTE broke all records drawing over 35,000 fans to the Waikiki Shell during his five day appearance . . . LEONARD BERNSTIEN packed 18,000 in two days, with a slight assist from the N.Y. Philharmonic . . . MARION DIAMOND's big thrill for '60 was entertaining for PRESIDENT IKE at his Kaneohe "White House" . . . "Ben-Hur" the longest running film at the Kuhio in history . . . FRANK SINATRA and SPENCER TRACY acting up in "Devil At Four O'Clock" on Maui . . . JACK PAAR expected to do a series of teevee shows before long at the Hawaiian Village . . . THE KINGSTON TRIO (two thirds local boys) drew 9,000 at the Waikiki Shell . . . I'm sure you know, but if you don't, 243,261 visitors to Hawaii last year made the Islands greener by spreading $109 million around . . . MICHENER's "Hawaii" over the ½ million mark . . . EDDIE ALBERT named a veepee of KAISER Industries . . . BENNY GOODMAN jazzed it up with the Symphony . . . The September 17 issue of Saturday Evening Post put the spotlight on WEB EDWARDS, emcee of "Hawaii Calls" for 25 years . . . Biggest HCT hit was "Flower Drum Song" . . . STERLING MOSSMAN a must for the tourists . . . ART LINKLETTER in a local bizness deal involving millions . . . SHERATON changed general managers . . . Memories of 1960 . . .

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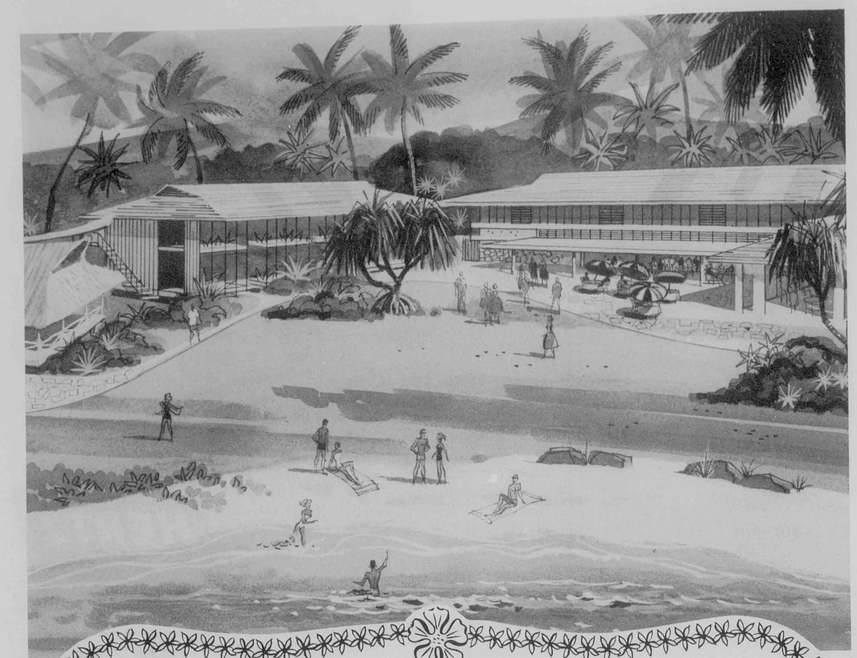

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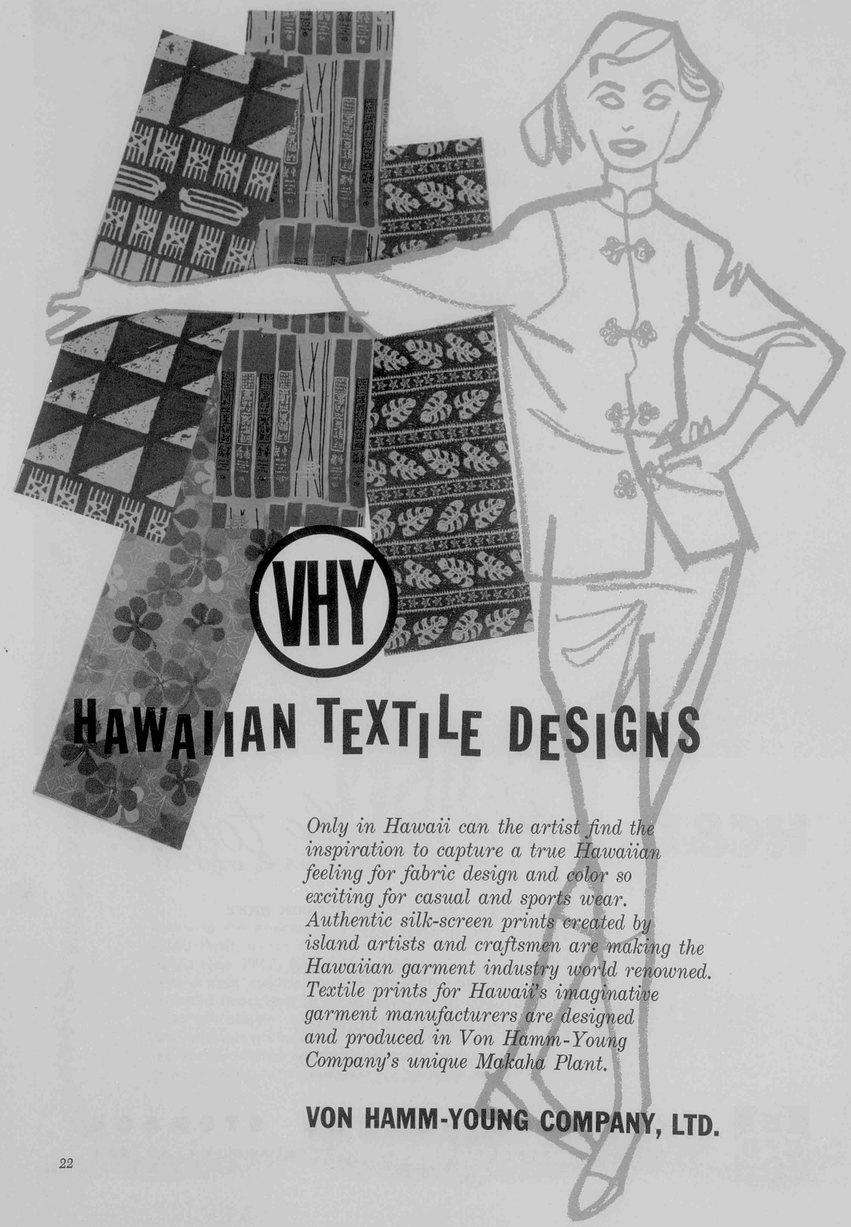

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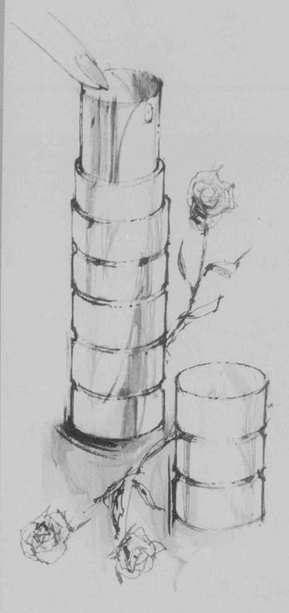

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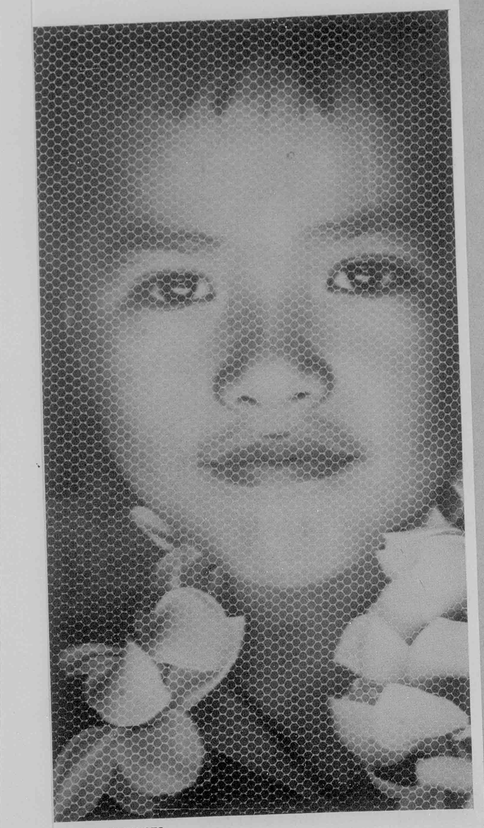

TYRUS TANIMOTO

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COVER: *Haena Beach, Kauai • Hawaii Visitors Bureau photo by Murray Befeler*



Aloha

Gabriella I, the "prettiest girl with the shortest name in Hawaii," is currently reigning as the official Miss Hawaii. Her charm and the flower leis symbolize the aloha of the Islands.



ROBERT WENKAM

Hawaii's unique past is symbolized by this reconstructed heiau at Kona. Blue waves slap in white lace froth along the edge of the temple grounds, in ever-changing patterns against ink black rocks. The oracle tower, rebuilt after careful research, seems to echo the prayers of ancient days when priests consulted or propitiated a higher power for every aspect of daily living. Hawaii's story is an exciting one, beginning with the superb navigational feats of its original Hawaiian settlers, through the glamorous monarchial era to the present day, with its pace-setting achievements in human relations. Highlights of Hawaii's many shining facets, past and present, form the theme of this volume.

hawaii
VOL. 72 No. 10 1960
PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC
HOLIDAY ANNUAL

The old makes way for the new. Honolulu's landmark, former Lewers & Cooke building goes down. Its replacement: exciting new First National Bank building.



EDGAR DOWNING

HAWAII'S

ECONOMIC ERUPTION

by Edward J. Greaney

Tremors of growth are felt from Hanalei to South Point as the newest state jets into the stirring 1960s decade

For sheer force and color, Hawaii's economy in recent years has resembled her awesome volcanoes.

Islanders, even more than visitors, have been enthralled by an eruption of new hotels, apartment houses, industrial plants, arterial highways, and land speculation which has broken out in islands of once-tranquil farming and trade. The tremors have been felt from Kauai's Hanalei Bay to the Big Island's desolate South Point, where scientists keep tabs on missiles launched a half-world away.

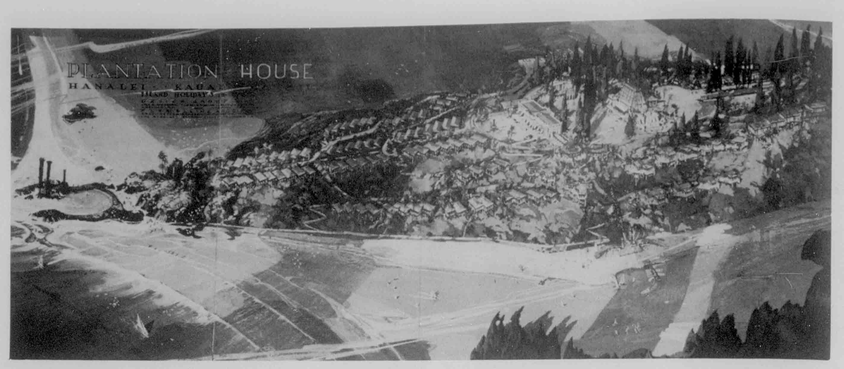
Who would have imagined ten years ago that Oahu would this year boast an oil refinery? Or a steel mill? Or two cement plants? The sound and fury of boom-times, as the Union's newest state jets into the 1960s, signifies that Hawaii is indeed of age economically as well as politically. Her economy is a complex, creative mechanism pulsing to the beat of progress.

To understand its workings, let's examine the moving parts. Defense spending for such huge installations as Pearl Harbor and such small ones as the South Point tracking station totaled a tidy $338 million last year. Nearly 70 per cent was for a military and civilian payroll, going to more than 65,000 persons.

Hawaii's farmers brought in a crop last year valued at better than $300 million, including $131 million worth of sugar, $127 million in pineapple products, and $43 million worth of diversified crops. Sugar and pine employ about 28,000, not including seasonal workers.

Tourism, fastest growing of the principal industries, continues to break records. More than 295,000 visitors are expected this year, spending $131 million. Boom-time construction, much of it caused by tourism's boom, will ring up a dollar volume of $247 million this year, according to a recent estimate of the Bank of Hawaii.

These, then, are the major moving parts. But the variety of businesses at the Pacific's crossroads is growing in tropical profusion, increasing the number of smaller



Kauai's glamorous Hanalei area is site for Island Holidays' dream resort, Plantation House.



King Kamehameha Hotel is the dramatic addition to resort living offered in the Kona district of Hawaii Island.

parts. Light fabrication for a prosperous, growing market has bred a range of wares from paper boxes to metal furniture. Springing up to cater to this same market are a wide variety of service industries from Swedish restaurants to beauty salons for poodles.

Hawaii's garment industry has grown into long pants seemingly overnight, increasing its volume within a year from $10 million to $18 million, its employment from 1,600 to 2,400.

As economists express it, Hawaii's economic base is spreading. As it does, the wiring for the mechanism becomes more complicated; Mainland ties have meshed the new state's economy into the nation's. More overseas ties are helping to draw Hawaii into the Pacific community and the world at large.

The Mainland stake in the 50th State is estimated as approaching $1 billion by Gordon Frazier of the Bank of Hawaii's research staff. Hawaii's holdings overseas are said to be nearly as great. Back in 1952 the Mainland investment figure, Frazier "guesstimates," was only $600,000.

A walk down narrow Merchant Street, Wall Street of the mid-Pacific, provides evidence of this at almost every door. Kamaaina stock and bond houses have given way to Mainland investment firms: Francis I. DuPont; Warner, Jenning, Mandel & Longstreth of Philadelphia; Schwabacher & Company; Walston, and Dean Witter. Not only do these firms buy Mainland securities for investment-minded Islanders, they execute orders for Hawaiian securities from the Mainland.

Evidence of money going westward also can be seen on the street. Three Japanese security firms have opened Honolulu branches within a year.

Hotels catering to Far Eastern tourists are thriving, while Japanese Air Lines, Qantas, British Overseas Airways and Pan-American all have the Pacific crossroads as an important station on their charts. Honolulu International Airport, no less than Honolulu harbor, has the flavor of faraway places.

Cosmopolitan capital flows from the Islands into California and Colorado real estate, into control of Matson Navigation Company, into oil drilling ventures from giant Honolulu Oil Corporation to Arkansas wild catting. Also, it flows into insurance—Hawaii's per capita life insurance in force is well above the national average—and stocks and bonds.

Island know-how is exported overseas. Hawaiian Dredging is at work on projects in Japan, the Middle East, Argentina, and California's Lake Tahoe. American Factors is providing agricultural management in western Australia, while C. Brewer is developing a cane sugar plantation in Iran. Both firms sell sugar-growing advice abroad. Honolulu Gas is supplying "start-up" management for a natural gas distributing company being organized at Anchorage, Alaska. Honolulu Iron Works is an important factor in Philippine commerce and industry, while its engineers are in demand by sugar factories in the Caribbean, South America and Asian countries.

The industry and trade of the Islands have turned the economic mechanism into a dynamo stepping up the

Maui's Kaanapali section will have a multi-million dollar resort developed by American Factors, Limited.



The Kauai Surf on the Garden Island has an ancient Polynesian setting. It is the newest hotel of Inter-Island Resorts, Ltd.



living standards of Hawaii's people. Personal income in the state has soared more than 87 per cent in the last ten years to nearly $1.3 billion for a population of more than 620,000. Family income is above the national average.

Urban Honolulu and Oahu have enjoyed a far larger slice of prosperity's fruit than that doled out to the rural out-lying Islands. While the State as a whole has gained 120,000 in population in the last ten years, the Neighbor Islands have lost more than 16,000. Employment off Oahu also has drifted downward. While Oahu's property values have tripled, those of the Neighbor Islands have registered only a 50 per cent gain.

But there are signs of better days to come for Hawaii, Maui, Kauai, and even Molokai, where a big irrigation project is expected to yield a more abundant agricultural community.

One of these signs is questionable in value—a recent spiral of land speculation. Another is less debatable—tourism. Several reasons are suggested for the upsurge in land prices. Some say wealthy Mainlanders will pay almost any price for Maui waterfront property, for example. More, pointing to the postwar history of Waikiki's real estate, claim that, with a little patience, their island will experience the same thing. If truth be known, much of the spiral is based on options and down payments, rather than cold cash, with the expectation of quick turnover.

And with population pressure forcing up Oahu real estate, it's to be expected that the Neighbor Islands will feel the pull a little, too. Conservative-minded businessmen say daily commuting from Neighbor Island bedrooms to Oahu shops and offices is around the corner. Merely the desire to own a piece of real estate has led to subdivision of vast Big Island tracts, including some unlikely spots hastily planned. These lands have been shrewdly merchandised on the Mainland as well as on land-hungry Oahu.

A strong offshore tourist trade is forecast for the Neighbor Islands as Oahu's tourist "plant" reaches full capacity operation, at least at Waikiki. The islands are even now feeling the breeze, and businessmen are setting their sails; the outside island hotel room count climbed from 7,200 last March to about 9,600 at year's end.

The State Government's Planning Office has been hard at work on plans for public improvements geared to greater tourism off Oahu. They include an expanded and improved state parks system with camps and cabins, mountain trails and lodges, beach parks and historic sites.

Kailua-Kona is the best-established tourist spot away from Waikiki but other places are expected to take root also. On Maui 400 acres at magnificent Kaanapali Beach have been masterplanned as a $40 million resort area outside of Lahaina, onetime capital of the Hawaiian kingdom. Amfac is agent for Pioneer Mill Company, which owns the land. Ground has been broken on two of six hotel sites already prepared. One is a 60-room initial increment by California and Hawaii builder William Blackfield; the other is a 119-room high-rise hotel for Island Holidays. Nearby an 18-hole golf course is near completion.

Kauai, the Garden Isle, is blooming forth as a tourist mecca. Inter-Island Resorts this year opened the Kauai Surf's first 100 rooms, while another 300 are under construction. American Factors, this time in its role as agent for Lihue Plantation Company, has announced a masterplan for a 2,600-acre resort and residential development surrounding Hanalei Bay, Anini Bay and Kalihiwai Bay on Kauai's north shore.

Why is Hawaii growing so fast today?

Besides the natural "growth factors" of a modern, aggressive community, there has been increased recognition of Hawaii's strategic importance between the North American continent and the emerging countries of the Pacific basin.

And there has been a change for the better in the business climate. Postwar labor upheavals dampened enthusiasm as the 1950s began, but midway through the decade the pendulum swung toward optimistic appreciation of Hawaii's opportunities. Statehood has added luster and awakened widespread Mainland interest.

"There have been fantastic changes in these islands in the past ten years—mostly psychological," observes a veteran Honolulu Chamber of Commerce official.

If this is a bit of Chamber of Commerce exaggeration with a twist, his point is still significant. Some even feel that Hawaii is drinking too deeply of the heady brew of optimism. They point to land speculation without solid basis, "get-rich-quick" promotions of co-operative apartment houses and hotels and Big Island subdivisions, to signs of tawdriness in Waikiki's tourism. Others are concerned that parts of the economic mechanism may go haywire—a cut in defense spending perhaps, or a setback in the uphill fights waged by sugar and pine against their competitors.

Actually, the signs of Coney Island commerce in Waikiki are few and far between. Most co-ops are well built and soundly financed, although several have soured. Big Island subdivisions are not so poor as sometimes pictured. Many should prove good buys at the price.

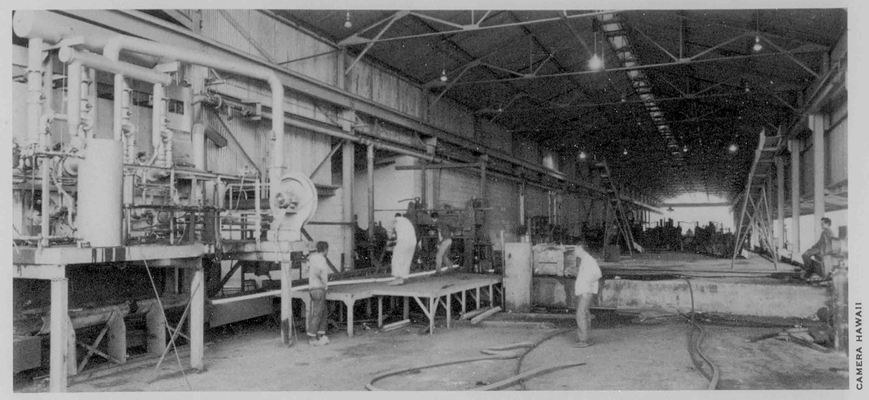
Today there is no change in Hawaii's military importance, little chance of let-up in national preparedness. The islands are abreast of the missile age. Sugar and pine have faced the same problems that have been cited for many years and they are still in business.

Many of those who dislike the new brew are teetotalers when it comes to change. Their warnings should be weighed but their case is often overstated.

This article began by saying the economy of the Islands is volcanic. In conclusion, let's compare it to one of Pele's paradoxes.

When the volcano goddess was building this island chain she brought forth billions of tons of solid rock from the earth's bowels. While doing so, she also spit light and airy pumice, shooting it skyward in glittering arcs, then letting it fall and disappear.

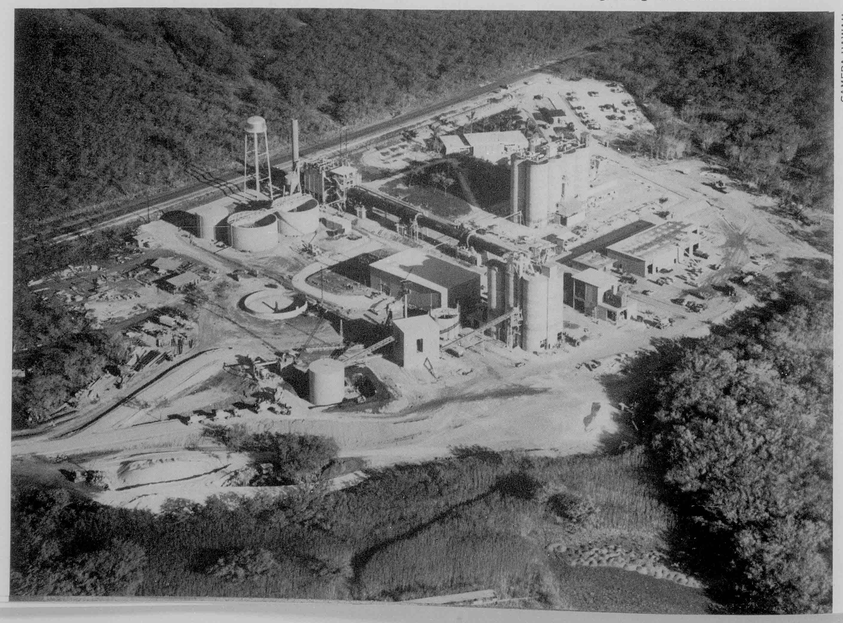
It is important to keep our perspective—to distinguish substance from froth in Hawaii's economic eruption.



CAMERA HAWAII

Another of Hawaii's basic construction needs is met by the Islands' first plant to manufacture reinforcing steel bars. This plant of the two million dollar Hawaiian Western Steel Corporation is located in the James Campbell Industrial Park, leeward Oahu.

One of two new plants that will double Hawaii's concrete output is that of Permanente, located near that of Hawaiian Cement Company in Waianae, Oahu. They represent a fifty million dollar investment in the Islands' growing industrial area.



CAMERA HAWAII

MASAO MIYAMOTO



The flavor of an International University permeated the University of Hawaii campus this summer when this group of 147 graduate students and 21 foreign journalists arrived, the students for four weeks of Asian Orientation, and the journalists for two week's participation in one of a series of Seminars for Foreign Leaders and Specialists.



Hawaii's

East-West Center

An exciting new challenge for the "Isle of golden dreams"

by Dorothy H. Miles

Two students who participated in the Afro-Asian Student Leader Conference this year exchange addresses after a graduation ceremony on campus. They continued their studies during a four-week tour of Mainland universities and institutions in their fields of interest. Benjamin Mkapa is from Tanganyika, Africa, and Judith Tien from Taiwan.



MASAO MIYAMOTO

HAWAII'S OLD SONG "My Isle of Golden Dreams" prophesied greater than it knew. These "fair Hawaiian Islands," as the song goes, were destined from their volcanic birth to play a dramatic and significant role in the epic of man.

Hawaii has long been building the golden dream of man united. Out of this gracious land with its benevolent climate, out of the blending of races, a new man has emerged—a man not of the East nor the West, the North nor the South, but something of all, a new race among men, a race that is all races.

Some refer to the man of Hawaii as the "golden man." But above all labels he is an American. And into his hands has been placed a magnificent challenge—the challenge of pioneering in a project vital to world peace, a project for which he is eminently qualified—the bridging of East and West through international education.

The government of the United States of America has decided to establish here in its newest state the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange between East and West.

Hub of this enlightened undertaking is the University of Hawaii. At the entrance to its cosmopolitan campus is the motto:

ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY.

These words, inscribed in stone in the Hawaiian language, prophetically express the ideal of this great venture.

Hawaii did not suddenly come of age with statehood. It has been working and growing toward maturity for more than a century; its University, for more than half a century.

The International Center is a natural outgrowth of the harmonious climate—both physical and psychological—which allows free, unfettered interchange between peoples of all races, colors, creeds. In Hawaii prejudice is as scarce as icicles. The mingling of East and West has created the environment most suitable for such a project.

The Center will provide means for a continuing interchange of cultural and technical knowledge between all nations of the free world and particularly between the U.S. and countries of the Pacific and Asia.

Congress this year appropriated $10 million under the Mutual Security Act for the purpose of establishing the Center in Hawaii. The State of Hawaii previously appropriated three-quarters of a million dollars for the first unit of a dormitory, and provided funds for a graduate Overseas Operations Program and an undergraduate Asian Studies Program.

The Center—first of its kind anywhere—will be under the Department of State but administered by the University of Hawaii. The two major divisions of the Center will be an international college and an international technical training agency.

Dr. Laurence H. Snyder, president of the University of Hawaii, said in announcing the appropriation by Congress, "The Center is an immensely important contribution to mutual understanding among the peoples of the Pacific which the State of Hawaii is uniquely in a position to make to the nation at large."

Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas who spearheaded the push for appropriations from Congress told the Sen-



A reception is held for the Asian students each year.

ate in February, "It would be wise and effective, in cooperation with the student philosophers of the world, to establish an East-West Center. I believe such a Center would give value received for every dollar spent on it."

The first group of students entered in September. The number will increase to 2,000 by the sixth year. They will receive two-year scholarships for studies leading to the master's degree. Grants will be primarily from Federal funds and will be sufficient for all expenses—travel, housing, meals, clothing, textbooks and tuition.

This influx of students will by no means be the first contingent of foreign students to come to the University. For many years they have been coming. Out of the rice paddies and fishing villages of Japan, Korea, the Philippines, out of the forests and fields of skill-hungry lands —Burma, Thailand, Indonesia—up through the halls of higher learning in their own countries. They come to learn from the West the most effective ways of "waking the sleeping giants" of underdeveloped lands—ways of leading their people through education to the good place in life every individual seeks.

This summer 147 students converged for the seventh year of the State Department's Asian Orientation Program. This is a "cushion" plan designed to ease the transition from East to West for Fulbright and other grantees who are en route to Mainland universities for advanced studies. The orientation students swoop upon the summer campus like a flock of flamboyant birds out of the mystic East to dazzle the western students with their exotic dress and their dark, wistful, intelligent eyes.

For several weeks they live on campus and are taught American customs and language idioms. They learn how the Westerner functions in every day life, everything from operating washing-machines and modern plumbing to handling money, bus tokens, postage stamps, and library cards. Local students in turn are exposed to the customs and cultures of many lands.

The University has a long history of Asian activities which began forty years ago with the introduction of the first Asian study course. More than 100 are listed in this year's catalogue. There have been numerous international conferences, beginning with the East-West Philosophers' Conference first held twenty years ago. Others were a Conference on Race Relations in 1954, the first Afro-Asian Student Leader Conference in early 1960, and more recent conferences for foreign leaders in education administration, and journalism. In October, during a conference on civic affairs, women leaders, including two judges, observed the operations of American primary elections in Hawaii and on the Mainland. Many other Asian and international programs have helped form the solid bedrock upon which the International Center is being built.

A participant in the conference for journalists, Ranganath Diwakar, editor and venerable scholar from India, said of the Center, "This is one of the most welcome

Continued on page 114



WERNER STOY / CAMERA HAWAII

Polynesian Profile

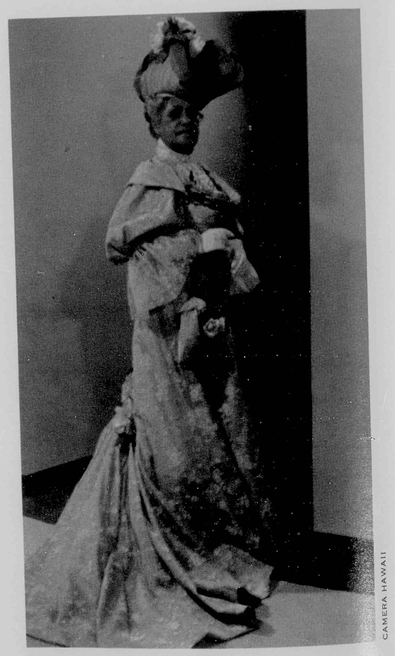


Courtly Elegance of Hawaii's

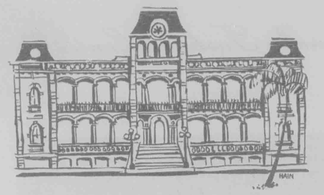
MONARCHY FASHIONS

by Majorie V. Trumbull





CAMERA HAWAII



To STATE that a hundred years ago, on the handful of tropic isles known as Hawaii, high fashion was the rule and not the exception, may sound a bit exaggerative. Pareus and tapa cloths and lava lavas fit more conveniently into the popular conception of what was worn when kings and queens held sway in the middle of the blue Pacific.

But emphatically that native type of attire appealed not a bit to the ladies of Hawaii's court. On the contrary they were conspicuously fashion conscious; loved apparently above all else to "dress up," and certainly went to great lengths and expense to appear every bit as magnificent as their counterparts in the courts of France and England.

Just how elaborate was their dress has been accurately, picturesquely illustrated in several impressive instances by a meticulous, talented young man formerly of Great Britain, now of Hawaii, whose two hobbies are Hawaiian music and period costumes.

Richard Goodwin, the handsome, knowledgeable styling director for Alfred Shaheen, Ltd., became an American citizen the day Hawaii became a state. He also has become the number one authority on Monarchy Fashions. That he has a passion for perfection he has proved beyond doubt. Not long ago he was asked by Walter F. Dillingham, Chairman of the Board of Hawaiian Dredging Company and President of Hawaiian Land Company, developers and builders of Honolulu's Ala Moana Center, to recreate a group of authentic historical fashions. It was Dillingham's wish that they be worn in the pageant presented at the opening of Ala Moana in August of 1959. And they were.

Researching for weeks in the State Archives and the



William Keliihoomalu as King Kalakaua and Mrs. Ida Naone as Queen Kapiolani embody the glamor of Hawaii's past. Opposite page: Mrs. Lyman Bigelow, left, and Mrs. Homer Hayes as princesses of Hawaii's court.

Monarchy Fashions Continued

SKETCHES BY RICHARD GOODWIN



Bishop Museum, interviewing historians, first families who owned treasured old pictures and daguerreotypes, Goodwin discovered Island women who possessed tenderly preserved "original Monarchy fashions." He was allowed to scrutinize them only after his solemn promise never to reveal their whereabouts.

Finally, satisfied he'd learned all that was possible to learn about fabrics, colors, styles and accessories of the past, Goodwin set to work. And though his background includes six years as captain in the British Army, an equally arduous stint on the designing staff of famed couturier Paquin and another demanding position with the celebrated Moygashel in London, *this*, his Hawaiian recreation, he considers his most herculean task to date.

Alfred Shaheen willingly put workrooms and needed staff at Goodwin's disposal, and after hours for three frenetic months Shaheen's, famous for its modes of the moment, was turned into a veritable sea of nostalgia, of gossamer laces, rippling ruches, rustling taffetas and old fashioned reticules. There Goodwin could be found often as late (or early) as two in the morning, with a mouthful of pins, a handful of sketches and a gleam in his eyes that can only be called glassy!

Royalty, whether in ancient Egypt or hibiscus-laden Oahu, automatically assumes aplomb; kings, be they named "Tutankhamen" or "Kamehameha" instinctively practice divine right. These are characteristics that through the ages have distinguished those whose word is law from those who must obey. And if the alii of Hawaii were regal, so were their ladies. They indulged in the munificent elegance to which they felt entitled, the same luxurious, complicated elegance of Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria, the elegance reflected in the courts of Europe in its most sumptuous days. And to these courts, Hawaiian alii often traveled and saw for themselves just what was the *haute couture!*

Fabrics from every corner of the world, Goodwin discovered, were imported to Hawaii to enhance its queens and princesses. And in many instances the great ladies of Hawaiii had their afternoon and evening clothes fashioned in Europe and shipped the long way around the Horn on gallant clippers.

It was the daytime mood designer Goodwin wished to recreate for the pageant, clothes of the sort worn to morning receptions at the Palace, to teas and garden parties and summer fetes. The pageant—produced, directed and narrated by Elsie Ross Lane, Aloha Week executive secretary—included in its span princesses from the Kamehameha to the Kalakaua royal dynasties. But it was the peak of latter reign, the 1880s, which Goodwin choose for his fashion reproductions.

Into each of the gowns, those of Queen Kapiolani and of the six royal princesses of the pageant, went no less than fifty yards of imported fabric! No less than six or seven different types of fabrics were included in each gown, accompanied by fantastically complicated hats—also designed and executed by Goodwin—and quaint over-the-wrist reticules, parasols, gloves, petticoats and fragile flowers. The ladies who enacted the roles of royalty *did* wear their own heirloom jewelry.

There were three fittings for each gown, six for every chapeau with consultation in between about accessories, coiffures, shoes and hatpins. The suit made especially for the pageant's King Kalakaua was also a masterpiece of authenticity in white linen. It was worn with a dark blue stock and Panama hat, set off by a lei of ilima.

Kalakaua was chosen as the king to be honored on this special day because of his successful negotiations with the United States in setting up a coaling station in Honolulu, now Pearl Harbor, and for persuasiveness with various countries of the Pacific in encouraging emigrants to live and work in Hawaii. For these reasons he might be called the "business man's king," a fitting monarch to be honored by Walter Dillingham at the opening of his forward-thinking Ala Moana Center. Dillingham had boyhood memories of King Kalakaua and had waved often at him when the King's carriage would drive by. He knew precisely the King's favorite attire.

A committee of three, headed by Elsie Ross Lane, selected the current counterparts of the royal ladies to wear the Goodwin masterpieces. "Resemblance to the princesses they were portraying was the first consideration," according to Mrs. Lane. As for the Queen, her selection, too, was based on a likeness to the regal Kapiolani.

Hawaiian matriarchs selected to portray the Royal Personages were: Mrs. Ida Naone (Queen Kapiolani), Mrs. William A. Apaka, Mrs. Phoebe Burrows, Mrs. Rose Baker, Mrs. James Mann, Mrs. Lyman Bigelow and Mrs. Homer Hayes (princesses). William Keliihoomalu portrayed King Kalakaua.

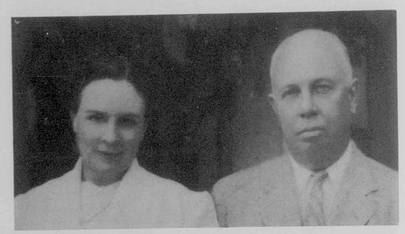
The weather was golden on the day this colorful pageant took place. The trade winds blew gently on Ala Moana Mall so that huge hats stayed firmly in place, voluminous skirts swayed only sedately.

Colored pictures were taken for posterity and the gowns themselves were presented with gracious aloha to the ladies who so realistically wore them. As for any resemblance today, in the 50th State fashion picture, to the European elegance of that last-century era—gracefully, effectively, it's found in Hawaii's most beloved costume, the holoku. This is worn wherever, whenever, the dignity and graciousness of old and royal Hawaii are recalled at gatherings of today.

End of an Era

GEORGE COOKE'S MOLOKAI

by Mary Conniff



George and Sophie Judd Cooke in early years of life together.

IN A VERY REAL SENSE, George Paul Cooke's Molokai is no more.

The trip from Molokai to Oahu, which the Cookes made in eleven hours on rugged inter-island steamers in 1908, is now a twenty-minute plane ride from Honolulu International Airport. Roads, little more than mountain paths when Cooke took his wife and infant daughter to live on the Island fifty-two years ago, are now paved.

Water, then such a scarce commodity that Mrs. Cooke sometimes bathed her baby and herself in the same tub and then saved it for her husband's use, now flows through modern pipelines into the homes of the Island community. Where medical care, mechanized transportation and instant communication did not exist, a modern hospital, automobiles and airplanes, telephones and telegraph now serve the people.

Most of these things—and many more—were accomplished for the island lying off the coast of Maui during the half-century that George Cooke devoted to its development.

What would compel a man born to an influential family, educated at a fine university, launched on a career as a securities broker in Honolulu, to forsake the easy life he might have led for the rugged, demanding one of a rancher on a dusty, desolate island?

"George found business life so artificial," said his wife, Sophie Judd Cooke, as we sat on the terrace of her daughter's home on Makiki Heights in Honolulu. "Since boyhood, he had wanted to go to Australia and run a sheep ranch, so when Mr. Hartwell asked him to go to Molokai as assistant manager of Molokai Ranch. we went."

There was only one other haole woman on the island in 1908, a school teacher who lived too far away from the ranch manager's house for frequent visits.

"George got up at 4:30 in the morning, and was gone all day superintending the work of the ranch on horseback. I was very lonesome, and I remember that I spent most of my time embroidering pillow cases. I would pick up my baby, put the mosquito net, a lauhala mat and a rake on the go-cart and walk to a kiawe grove near the house. Then, I would rake up the kiawe thorns, spread out my mat, sit and embroider all afternoon while Dora slept."

His work on the ranch was only one of Cooke's activities, even in the earliest days. Beginning in 1911 with a term in the Territorial House of Representatives, his political life spanned thirty years, and after 1933 he was President of the Senate in every term in which he served.

"I think his greatest personal satisfaction came from his legislative service," said Mrs. Cooke. "He put through so many bills that helped the people. He wanted to get the Hawaiians back on the land. That's why he worked so hard with Prince Kuhio to get the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act passed."

His efforts in the Senate led to a reorganization of the Kalaupapa Settlement. "I had a personal experience with leprosy, as it used to be called," Mrs. Cooke said. "One of our cowboys had a sore on his arm and I dressed it for him every day for three months. Finally, Doctor Goodhue came for his quarterly visit and I took the boy to him. It was leprosy. And I had been caring for my baby at the same time."

The Cookes raised a family of four boys and two girls. "But I helped with a good many other babies, too," said Mrs. Cooke. "Dr. Goodhue came to the ranch only four times a year and most of the cowboys' wives had their babies when he wasn't there, so I helped with the deliveries.



HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

Molokai today is more like the Hawaii of Cooke's pioneer days than any of the Hawaiian Islands.

"The cowboys' wives were friends of mine and still are," she said. "Mr. Cooke tried to get the very best of the Hawaiians to work for the ranch, the ones who were good farmers, and they were friends of his."

In his work with ranch employees and other residents of Molokai, George Cooke never lost his humility nor his sense of humor.

"He was such a friendly man," his wife continued, "that he was given credit for suggesting that Molokai be called *The Friendly Isle*. But I'd like to put the record straight. It was Senator Harold Rice who first suggested that name, one day when we were having lunch with him."

Their friend Senator Rice may have suggested the name, but the influence that was to make a friendly place of an island formerly shunned as "the leper isle" was largely that of George Paul and Sophie Judd Cooke.

Their generosity led them to play host, during World War II, to a total of 226 officers and men of the Air Force who came to their lovely home, "Kauluwai," on rest and recreation leave. There, the men could hunt and fish, play golf and tennis, relax and enjoy the nourishing food and fresh milk that Mrs. Cooke provided for them.

Together, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke founded Hanahauoli School in Honolulu, pioneer in modern education in Hawaii. They were patrons of the Honolulu Academy of Arts, the Boy and Girl Scout programs, and many other philanthropic causes.

"There is one other thing I want to tell you about George," said Mrs. Cooke. "He saved a tree. It is named for him, 'Kokia Ulu Ulu Cookei,' and is a type of tree hibiscus with twisted, half-open, orange-red blossoms. There was only one of them left, on our Maunaloa on Molokai, and it was dying. George picked up three seeds, and the one he planted at Kauluwai lived. There are some here in Honolulu on the ridge between Manoa and Palolo that came from seeds of our tree."

"I am going to start some more seedlings from our tree at Kauluwai, and when they are large enough I will plant them in our family graveyard there, where both George and I will rest. I think George would like that."

Surely he would, for the true pioneer never loses his love for the soil and for the things which grow from it.

Press Club Award

Hoe Hana Women

by Mary Cooke



This story made Mary Cooke, staff writer for The Honolulu Advertiser, *the current winner of the Sarah Park Memorial Award presented annually at the Gridiron Dinner of the Honolulu Press Club.*

This award is given for the best story combining human interest and drama.

The Paul Beam Memorial Award went to Jack Teehan as the top award for outstanding performance in the field of journalism. Teehan also won the nod for the best news story of the year.

In the field of photo journalism, the K. Shimogaki Award for the best spot news photo went to Gordon Morse. Robert Young was the winner for top feature photo. All winners are Advertiser *staffers.*

ADVERTISER PHOTOS / ROBERT YOUNG



HOE HANA WOMEN (women who work with the hoe) were a once familiar sight on every Island sugar plantation.

The remaining handful who still chop weeds in the cane brake are living dolls, old dolls . . . last of the immigrant Japanese laborers brought here in their youth to toil in the Hawaiian sugar fields.

As they near retirement age, it's almost time to turn the page, close their chapter in Hawaii's epic story. But when they set down their hoes and make the traditional low bow of courtesy and respect, we're moved to bow as low.

The women shown on this page work the Oahu Sugar Co. fields between Waipahu and Wahiawa. Years ago the female work gangs were 100-strong. Now all but these, and a few on the Neighbor Islands, have gone to rest.

They were the kimono-clad, getta-shod women who clip-clopped about their daily tasks, each with a baby strapped to her back. They trotted, not walked, to the nearest cane field, wash tub or wood stove. Work was a privilege, employment an honor.

"Arigato," they murmured into their obi fronts, then turned out in the wrappings of the Japanese field hand.

In the darkness before the dawn they entered the field. When the afternoon whistle signaled "pau hana," they washed and ironed and scrubbed and cooked and sewed. And bore children.



But these old tiller girls raised more than cane and babies. They launched a segment of American society that is unprecedented in its three-generation rise from gang labor to social and economic power.

As they got the babies off their backs they dressed them in gingham frocks and shirts and tiny gettas and taught them to trot . . . but in the direction of school. Public school till early afternoon, Japanese language school till early evening.

Then they saved against the day their brood was ready for trade schools and colleges. Money from Hawaii poured into business offices of the higher halls of learning. It came from remote villages with names like Puhi, Paia, Waipahu. Staid college administrators might have been astonished at the source, but that was 30 years before Mainlanders began to notice what was happening in the Islands.

Our little old heroines are grandmothers now, hovering on the 60-year mark of their sturdy, useful lives.

"They've done their share," affirmed Robert C. Stewart, OS Co. harvesting overseer.

He cut the engine of his pickup truck and nodded toward six little round figures in straw hats, bobbing and swaying in the cane field.

"Oba san! (Lady!)" he called.

"Hae! Nanika? (Yes, what is it?)" came the response.

"Ano-ne . . . peekcha . . . newspapah you . . . Asato-san, Oshiro-san, Kumasaka . . . (You picture . . . put in newspaper . . .)."

Wails of pleasure, embarrassment and hilarity filled the air. Strong square hands flew up to cover mouths, foreheads, eyes. Shoulders heaved. Short spasms of laughter, staccato bursts in Japanese, then one strong clear cry: "Aaaaahhhh . . . *hila hila!* Cr-roes all *lepo!* (We're shamed . . . clothes too dirty!)"

Then they started to move forward, coming with a rolling, toe-out gait, the better to navigate plowed earth. Their arms bowed out on either side, the better to fend off razor-edged cane leaves. From head to toe, they were swathed in grades and shades of blue denim, white cotton, yellow straw and smoked glass.

They stood like chubby statues, grinning at the strangers in their midst. Their round faces, polished by soap and sun, beamed with such an overflow of well being and good will that suddenly the plantation statistic (each old lady works better than half an acre a day) became plausible.

Their teeth flashed white and strong. Their skin showed no grime or sweat, scarcely a wrinkle.

Beneath the Farmer Brown hats, each head was swathed in soft cotton fabric, folded square across the brow, tight over the ears and back of the neck and tied in a square knot over the chin or mouth . . . as expertly contrived as surgical dressing, sure protection from the elements.

For the rest, layers of shirts, pants, divided skirts, aprons, leggings, denim tabis, arm guards, dark goggles and heavy gauntlets kept them immune from their arch enemy, dirt.

Stoic and shy, they posed for the camera, then burst into a spate of merriment caught by The Advertiser photographer (top picture).

Then they vaulted into the back of the truck and arranged themselves in orderly rows, faces front, feet together, hands in laps. They looked demure as nuns. They chattered like parakeets.

As the truck lurched off, six little hands went up. Until they were out of sight, they waved up and down, up and down, like little girls. Those happy old faces smiled to beat sunshine itself.

Over the hill they went, strong as men, happy as children, women who surely live in deeds, not years, and "needeth not to be ashamed."

Of such stalwart stock will come more leaders of the Pacific . . . more leaders of Hawaii.



TERRY HAMILL/UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

Tahitienne

Hawaii's Century-Old

FOSTER BOTANICAL GARDEN



Flower of the "Cannon Ball" is one of the fascinating curiosities at Foster Garden. The tree gets its name from its fruit which, when mature, is about the size of a cannon ball. It grows directly from the main trunk of the tree. This Foster Garden tree is the only one of its kind in Hawaii. Botanical name is *Couroupita guianensis*, South America.

by Loraine E. Kuck

BOTANICAL GARDENS are not just for the scientifically minded. They are for fun. Adult fun, that is. Mumbling long botanical names may exciting for some. But for most people, just looking at strange, new and excitingly beautiful flowers is a wonderful kind of enjoyment.

And learning how they can be grown at home may be the most fun of all.

Foster Park Botanical Garden, Honolulu's wonderful old public park in downtown Honolulu is a place for this kind of adult enjoyment. It has been so for a hundred years.

A hundred thousand people a year normally come through its gatehouse to see the orchid collection, the huge century-old tropical trees and hundreds of other exotic flowers and plants.

These things will continue to be as they have been in the past. The old part of the garden, a quiet, cool and restful place with the wide lawns and casual plantings of an old Hawaiian home will be unchanged. Except that a meandering path, wide and smooth, will lead about the garden to points of interest.

But Foster Garden is going to have new exciting things happen to it. These are made possible by the addition of four new acres of land which the city has been able to purchase through the Queen Emma Redevelopment Project. This new four acres, formerly covered with a clutter of small houses, opens the park down to the edge of picturesque Nuuanu Stream. There it now adjoins Liliuokalani Garden, a five-acre natural park lying along this stream. With Liliuokalani Garden now officially a part of it, Foster Garden possesses a natural sylvan dell lying along both sides of a beautiful old waterfall. Even in the midst of a densely populated district, the environs of this waterfall have somehow managed to maintain the feeling of a wild Hawaiian mountain stream.

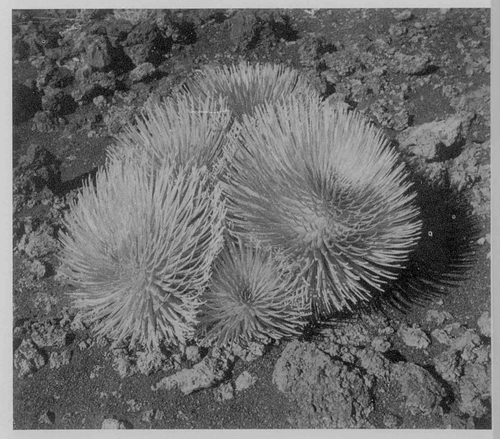
A master plan drawn up for the new four acres shows a number of new exhibits, different from anything seen before in the Garden. It also shows a new center building of clubhouse type which will be used for all kinds of group and community activities centering on plants.

Among the new exhibits will be a water garden, which Foster Garden has always lacked. This will be in the form of a lagoon and marsh areas for aquatic and bog plants. Some of the most fascinating in the world of botany belong in this group. And so that people can get near enough to see them plainly, a low bridge will cross the water. Another idea is to include a small wet-field in which rice can be grown. Many of Hawaii's children eat rice every day but have never seen it as a plant.

Another specialized plan is for a spice garden. This would hold a collection of aromatic plants arranged to be touched, and with labels in braille, so that the visually handicapped, along with others, can enjoy this portion.

A garden corner in which could be collected some of the world's most ancient plants is another idea. There still exist on earth many plants which have remained

Haleakala's unique silversword plant is one of the botanical wonders scheduled for the new "cool houses" at Foster Garden.





Through this entrance to Foster Garden pass thousands of Islanders and visitors for an annual average count of one hundred thousand. The entrance desk is staffed by volunteers who are members of the Outdoor Circle. A new entrance will be built on River Street when renovation of Foster Garden is completed.

unchanged for millions of years. Many are beautiful and most are semitropical so that they would make an interesting exhibit.

The master plan shows two new glass houses. These are nothing new, even in Hawaii, but a glass house in which the air is cooled by an air conditioner instead of warmed is a novelty! A great many Islanders have never seen many of the beautiful flowering plants which thrive only in a cool climate. The rich blues of the cineraria, for instance, are unknown in the Islands. So are the exquisite fuchsia, which likes San Francisco's cool fogs, and the incredible and sensational tuberous-rooted begonia, which also demands chill dampness. All these could be displayed to Islanders in one of the cool houses.

The other is designed for an even more original purpose. This is to grow for display some of Hawaii's own spectacular native plants which are found only on cold and inaccessible mountain tops. Among such, the silversword is well known, but there are many others of interest. These endemic plants would be of great interest both to visitors and botanists, as well as to Islanders who have never explored areas where these plants thrive.

Not plants alone, but the world's garden styles, offer a theme for another interesting garden series. Egypt, Babylon and Persia developed their own distinctive garden patterns which later grew into the formal gardens of Italy and France. On the other hand, China and Japan worked out a naturalistic style of garden art, with emphasis on rocks and trees. The master plan calls for these to be epitomized and illustrated around one of the Foster Garden buildings, in a series of small courts.

Thinking about such garden styles leads directly to present day garden design for local home owners. In the Los Angeles County Arboretum, a series of demonstration gardens attracts thousands every month. A similar idea is contemplated for Foster Garden, in due course.

What is more needed even than these exhibits, however, is a program of activity, if Foster Garden is to be a living element in the community. A program of continuing activities is contemplated as the second part of the future plans for the Garden.

This program would be supervised by the Garden's own staff but many groups and individuals would be invited to participate. Among such groups might be the orchid and hibiscus societies, the Hawaiian Botanical Society, the Outdoor Circle and the Garden Club of Honolulu. Offices may be made available for their secretaries so that the Garden will become a convenient center for all groups with a plant interest. The resulting program should include meetings of these organizations, public lectures, demonstrations, moving pictures and slides, demonstrations and shows. The opportunities are endless.

As visualized at present, the structure to house these activities will be a building with a main room large enough to seat about 400 people for lectures, movies and demonstrations. With chairs removed, this room would serve for flower shows and exhibits. This central room, it is planned, will be divisible into smaller classrooms in which courses on various subjects can be offered. A small reference library on plants and gardens, the various offices, and a kitchenette for gatherings with a social flavor, would also be part of the building.

How this activity can be sponsored has an easy answer. The city Park and Recreation Department has "recreation" for its business, and this is a word of wide interpretation. Technically then, the proposed program would be just another form of high-level adult city recreation, a way for the public to have fun, to relax and get away from the pressures of daily living. So viewed, the garden would be in a class with Oahu's beaches and its play centers for children.

All of these plans are not likely to be carried out in the immediate future, but they comprise a valuable long range program. With the land acquired, first things will come first. At the head of the list is a new entrance and parking lot off River Street. The city council favors the plan in general and financial aid for the first units will undoubtedly be forthcoming. The program will have the enthusiastic support of visitors and the community, and Foster Garden's function will take on its new aspects after its first century.

For seventy years Foster Garden was a home estate, first of Dr. William Hillebrand, who began its development in the 1850s. Then of Captain Bill and Mrs. Mary Foster who owned it up to 1930. Mrs. Foster left it to the City, and for the past thirty years it has been a public park, slowly becoming more and more a botanical garden, a museum of rare plants for everyone to enjoy.



Ti: *Polynesian Wonder Plant*

by Homer A. Hayes

In the course of many centuries, from prehistoric times, the ti plant has been one of the most useful natural resources of Polynesians and other people native to the Pacific Basin.

The ti plant grows in the moist lands of tropic islands. It has a large underground root, a thin stalk and handsome shiny leaves. The many uses of the root and leaves range from okolehao and food wrapping to medicine and hula skirts.

Cool ti leaves placed against a feverish brow have been a soothing relief for rheumatism, chest congestion and other ailments.

On their fabulous ocean voyages, Polynesians used ti root to provide a source of vitamins that staved off scurvy. This was centuries before the British seafarers discovered the efficacy of lime juice for this purpose.

Ti was a plant of peace and was used as a flag of truce during times of war. Hedges were planted around every home in ancient Hawaii to ward off evil spirits. The intricacies of temple ceremonies called for extensive use of the ti plant.

Ti leaves were used to make raincoats, sandals, and house thatching, as well as drinking cups, container cups, table spreads, and wrapping material for fresh and cooked foods.

The ti leaf raincoat was a shoulder cape. On a netting of cordage the stems of leaves were fastened so that rows of leaves overlapped as do house shingles. These capes provided good protection against the heaviest rains.

The tough mid-rib of the ti leaf was quickly woven into sandals. When a barefooted Hawaiian came to a wide stream of hardened and glassy-sharp aa lava, he simply reached over to the nearest ti plant and wove himself a pair of sandals. When he had crossed the barrier, he threw his shoes away.

In ancient times, Hawaii had pili grass houses thatched with ti leaves. Here again, the wide overlapping leaves provided excellent protection from the elements. The most famous house thatched with ti was the Hale-O-Keawe at the City of Refuge, Honaunau, on the coast of Kona, Hawaii. In this building were kept the remains of nineteen famous kings and high chiefs. The thatching was kept in good repair for at least three hundred and fifty years.

When Hawaiians wanted cups to scoop a drink of water or to carry a fist full of flower buds, they took a ti leaf and shaped a cup for the purpose.

The dark greens of the ti leaf, combined with the reds of the lehua and other blossoms, are the basis for Hawaiian floral arrangements and table decorations.

The ti leaf imparts a delicious flavor to food when it is used as a wrapper for cooking. Fish and meat, wrapped in ti leaves and cooked in an oven, ancient or modern, is delicious. It has subtle flavor that would do credit to the great chefs of the world.

And cooked ti root is good enough to eat. It is rich in levulose sugar. Cooked in the *imu*, underground oven, this root comes out as sweet as honey, and twice as delicious. This was the special candy for well-behaved Hawaiian children in former times. The children at every luau had plenty of cooked ti root as a special treat.

Where there is sugar, there can be alcohol. The Hawaiian didn't know this, but the first haole settlers in the Islands did, and shortly after they arrived, an alcoholic drink was brewed from the root of the ti plant. William Stevenson, who came to Hawaii from Australia about the turn of the 19th Century, is generally given credit for making the first alcoholic drink from ti root. However, John Young, aid and counselor to King Kamehameha, perhaps should be the real recipient of this honor.

To make this drink, roots of the ti were baked in an underground oven. The cooked roots were mashed with water, put in canoe and allowed to ferment. This mash was then distilled in pots used for cooking blubber on whaling ships.

This drink was called *okolehao* after the iron pots which were shaped like human rumps. Native languages are literal in their descriptions: *okole* means rump and *hao* means iron. Thus, *okolehao* means iron rump.

For more than a century and a half, okolehao has been famous as the favorite drink of Hawaii. C. D. Morley, internal revenue agent, wrote that "Okolehao . . . as medicine for the four horsemen that ride mankind (Pain, Fatigue, Boredom, Foreboding) . . . is one of the Pacific's great gifts."

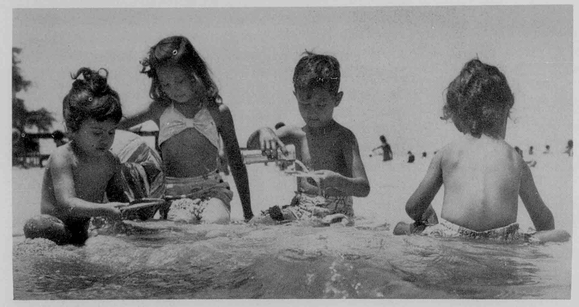
Morley, after his Hawaiian trip in the early 1930's further rhapsodized about okolehao by saying, ". . . The genuine ti root 'oke' (as it is usually called) has a warmth and directness that are incomparable . . . it makes the best highball I have ever experienced . . . Nor (again I quote the experts) is there any megrim, vertigo, or overhang: only a pleasant blankness as of a fragrant sponge passed over the slate of thought."

At any rate, okolehao, which is again legally available, like the fabulous ti plant from which it is brewed, keeps with the tradition of good cheer, and good luck. Welakahao!



Island Keikis









It's FUN to be young in Hawaii. There are so many important things to do and wonderful places to do them.

There's the exciting world of limu, opihi and squiggly things that live along the reefs. If you practice with a throw net, you can capture good things to eat like grown-ups do.

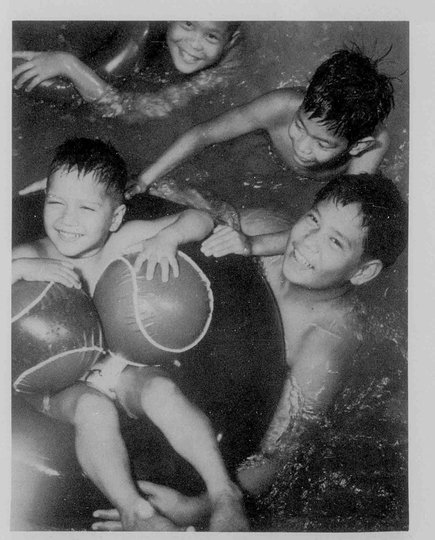
There's the serious business of looking for shells and making castles in the sand. This takes a long time and the days aren't long enough for getting all these things done.

Always there's people-watching. This is extra fun when you have a buddy to watch with you.

Hawaii has mountain pools, some of them almost secret places. Here you can belly-bump off slippery rocks and after a swim you do vital things like looking for mountain apples and guavas.

The world of boats is important, too, especially for boys. You can make your own and sail it along the Ala Wai or cheer for a particular boat to win.

A couple of old tire tubes and some beach balls can turn a splash in the water into a tournament of laughter. It's fun to be young in Hawaii.



Are These the Menehunes?









by J. Halley Cox
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII ART DEPARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS / DAVENPORT AND COX
BISHOP MUSEUM

BEFORE READING this, study the illustrations and look at the carvings of the last of the old Hawaiian craftsmen. A brief glance is not enough. Note the sweep of the curved forms, the clarity and fullness of the bulging shapes, the fineness of finish which catches the light of the expanding shapes. These emphasize the suggestion of activity, and the activity of the figures suggests the lightness of the ballet dance, poised and weightless—and all presented, as though in contradiction, in the bodies of squat, over-muscular dwarfs.

A great number of the ordinary objects such as food bowls, gameboards, drums and racks for spears and poles made by the ancient Hawaiian sculptors were enhanced with carvings of human figures. These have a particular quality of ingenuity and charm that is completely lacking in the better known religious images. They were, nevertheless, carved with equal care and fine craftsmanship typical of the expert kahuna carver. In fact, as a group they surpass the average temple image in sculptural quality.

In all of Polynesia it was only in New Zealand that sculptors approached the quality of action and spirit seen in the Hawaiian support figures. But the Maori applied them differently, to broad surfaces as lineal basreliefs entwined with scrolls and spirals, all but lost in the milieu of movement.

The Hawaiians tended toward a more direct statement of the figure in space, fully described in all its three dimensions and never in the sense of applied surface decoration but so ingeniously structured into the functional aspect of the object that they are thoroughly vital to that function.

A full appreciation of these carvings can best be had by comparing them to their cousins, the great aloof, tensely rigid, snarling and defiant figures made for the temple ceremonies. Even the smaller religious images, the aumakua figures, sorcery images and the portable stick images are stern and serious in comparison. All of the religious images overwhelm one with superfluous head elaborations, jutting chins, snarling mouths and magnificent crest decorations.

The little support figures are back in reality—and enjoying it! They have no need for the noble bearing of the gods, manifestations of spiritual power (*mana*) or the pride of a regal geneology. They are content with the low-brow will to work, a supple and muscular body and humble but impish features. The inevitable conclusion of this comparison is that we are viewing two aspects of a similar image, the image of the gods seen as a superextension of the attributes of man and the image of common man released from religious kapu.

Although the little figures seem eternally committed to labor, they carry their burdens lightly with a spirit of cooperation (there is usually more than one involved in any job) and play. They are entirely secular, having no part in religious ceremony or ritual.

Still, these carvings were no doubt somewhat special and by no means common. They were not found on



the everyday drinking cup nor on the poor fisherman's bait container. They were the heirlooms of kings, chiefs and nobles. The Hawaiian commoner could never hope to obtain such a precious item, an object of such flawless workmanship and ingenious configuration. The carvings were passed on to succeeding generations of alii and occasionally hidden away in caves with the burial of their owners. Such a rarified association has given them the mana that was the birthright of their owners. This is as close as they would come to having any ritualistic significance.

Turning again to their appearance, note that the foreheads are low and receding strongly from the brow. The heads are bold and smooth. The noses are small and button-like and tend to be turned back at the nostrils. Their most striking feature, however, is their posture which is somehow never at rest and never quite what would be expected as a rational human position. They are acrobats and tumblers, doing handstands and juggling things with the feet, playing strange games, stacking themselves in circles and pyramids. They are dumpy little show-offs, with little regard for dignity.

Look for a moment at a description of the menehune, the mythical little people of Hawaiian folklore who were endowed with miraculous powers, particularly in the building of stone structures. This vivid description is by Katherine Luomala from her book of Polynesian myths and chants, "Voices on the Wind:"

"Menehunes average two to three feet in height, although a child of Japanese descent who recently saw one near Foster Gardens in Honolulu said that the little man was about five inches tall. Menehunes are extremely stout, strong and muscular. Opinions differ as to whether or not they have hairy bodies. Their faces are red and ugly; their noses are short and thick; and their hair hangs down over a low protruding forehead and tangles with their eyebrows, which hang like crags over large eyes. Their arduous, rigidly disciplined work gives the little people a set, serious and determined look which Hawaiians say is frightening.

". . . Silent as they are when toiling on a herau, they make up for it off duty, for they play as hard as they work. They chatter and laugh merrily and endlessly, causing such a racket at times that fish in the sea leap into the air in fright and birds on neighboring islands are terrified. The little people know all the games that the Hawaiians play and occasionally they organize a festival, when—like the Hawaiians at their makahiki celebrations—they spin tops, throw darts, box, wrestle standing up and lying down, race around the island, slide down grassy hillsides on ti leaves, and play 'hide the pebble.'

". . . Yet the menehune most enjoys the simpler, less organized, impromptu diversions like carrying rocks from the mountains to throw into the sea and diving after them. They love to roll down hills, especially when the sea is at the bottom and they can splash into the water."

Allowing for just a bit of artistic license on the part of the carvers (as well as that practiced by the storytellers) the description fits the little support figures so well we can conclude that the sculptors may have intended these figures to represent the menehune. Or if they are images of the common man, that image, filtered through the imagination of the sculptor has resulted in a similar fantasy and glamor as that which was woven into the menehune myths by the story tellers. Miss Luomala in concluding the chapter on the menehune suggests that they are the glamorized common people, playing the role of heroes, as a means of vicariously bolstering their spirits in the face of actual domination by the alii.

Artistically speaking these figures demonstrate the achievement of a nicely balanced set of choices between two opposite forces confronting the artist—the safe and accepted conventions of tradition and the urge toward inventiveness and individual expression.



The primitive artist almost always chooses the former, In these "menehune" figures the restraint of tradition in the general forms and in standards of craftsmanship (as exhibited in the religious images) are preserved. But the sculptors, here released from the strict conventions and kapu of religious symbolism, were free to invest new compositional arrangements and postures and to improvise in structural details.

The happy results are figures which synthesized for the Hawaiians the generalized and popular ideas about the mythical little people of their folklore.

the Pali Ghost

by Gene Scharlau

At night when trade winds
swirl thick mists upward
and mount, and mount to roar
and lash the Koolau Range
like angry aerial oceans,
breaking on Pali walls,
a giant shadow paces,
listening and pacing and
listening once again.

And as the wind keens
higher, funnelling up the cliffs
in rising moan, the shadow
runs, leans over, yearning
down, seeking lost soldiers,
crying for subjects in a
kingdom gone.

King, who will not sleep—
Monarch, who still must weep
your warriors' lot—
know you time's knot
is tied. And rest.

And still he paces.
It can be discerned,
in a scud of light
from cloud-ridden moon,
that he wears a cloak,
and Trojan-headed hat,
that both are feathered.
He's winged then?
This great, and restless ghost?

There was a time when he had
wished he might have been,
to catch their bodies 'ere
they fell and broke on heedless
rock below. In war he took
no pleasure, rather held it as
duty and he but the executor
of his gods' wills.

He dreamed to see them one,
his island peoples, took the
waves between to be enough disunion.
And when on that grim day
they scaled these heights,
fought inch by inch to find
cold space behind their backs,
and yet retreated to an
honored death, he wept.

There is a quality of sorrow here
the eye knows not, nor has the ear
heard. His shadow undulates with pain,
a swimmer in tears upon a main
of torture.

The pacing ceases. His massive frame
is rigid with disciplined fire as his
eyes enfold: to leeward, light-jeweled
in mist, a city veined with blood
not Polynesian . . . to windward, his
beloved islets locked in alien hands.
His plumage quivers, remembering
a lost bird. More terrible is this
stilled brooding than time-chained
step. Deeper sinks the darkness in
knife-cleft valleys.

Lost bird—ascended, gone—hawk high
the spiraling winds your lonely cry.
Lost as is his land to foreign tread,
his kingdom over, his lineage dead.
Echo the canyons.

But night must end. Before the
mists are spent by sun, the scene
of battle must be lived again.
Once more, he listens.
From all the valleys where
the foot could find a hold
they come up then, a ghastly
army, cruel to their pacing
sire, who will not turn his
face away. Back, back to
edge of death they come,
some clinging to the last
toehold on life, others turning
and plunging to embrace their
end. Then it was over. In one
last blast of roaring wind, the
scene swept upward. King and
subjects dispersed to towering
clouds. Rain falls on Koolau Range.

If perchance some starlit night
a band of dark-haired Vikings again
sets sail across Pacific waves
to that new land not yet upheaved from
Ocean floor, would this lay the ghost?

I see him now, towering in the first
long boat to break the surf, outward
bound. The others, homing on his booming
voice, follow by light of new volcanoes
to where O Ku, O Kane, O Lono
are once more one.

DOUGLAS DAVIDSON



COLOR WOODCUT / JOHN YOUNG

Pa'u Rider

UNITED AIR LINES



Big "cats" in brilliant dress sail with the tradewinds of Waikiki, setting a style for adventurers around the world to follow.

EDWARD D. ADAMS



First catamaran built in Hawaii was the *Manu Kai*, "Sea Bird." The 1949 design of Woody Brown, her simple and swift lines make her a classic to "cat" devotees.

Catamarans Catch On

AROUND THE CRESCENT of Waikiki an increasing number of buoyant, double-hulled catamarans drift with the wind across blue-green waters, their brilliant sails adding striking accents of color to the scene. Since 1949, when Woody Brown designed and built the first such craft in Hawaii, the popularity of this intriguing sailing vessel has increased steadily.

Many a wary eye was cast at the first of the boats, the *Manu Kai*, and an especially withering glance came from keelboat sailors who viewed the radical departure in design with a critical eye.

There is still no official place for catamarans in such classic racing events as the Trans-Pacific and the Hawaiian Invitational Regatta. Catamarans simply do not conform to specifications for which rules of such events were

Continued on next page

made. But the big "cats" often sail along, anyway, and set incredible unofficial speed records.

Some old-time yachtsmen are beginning to catch the catamaran fever which has struck down so many victims after just one exposure to a "cat." Following the last Trans-Pacific race, for example, one keelboat man became so enamored of the catamaran that he sold his conventional boat and bought a double-hulled beauty.

Whether or not the catamaran will soon be accepted in conventional racing circles is a moot question. To those who champion them, however, the great thing is simply the feeling the "cat" lovers get from a sail.

In keelboats, passengers feel a surge of low-slung power as the hull forces its way through the sea. Aboard a catamaran they experience a light, floating sensation when the wind picks up the sails and wafts the double hulls across the water. Says one enthusiast, "It's like flying."

On a good day with a brisk breeze, "cats" make speeds of 20 to 25 knots with ease. The lighter the load the faster the trip, experienced skippers say. Although the 40-foot boats can carry up to 25 passengers, most skippers prefer taking a smaller group so that the ride will be as swift and free as possible.

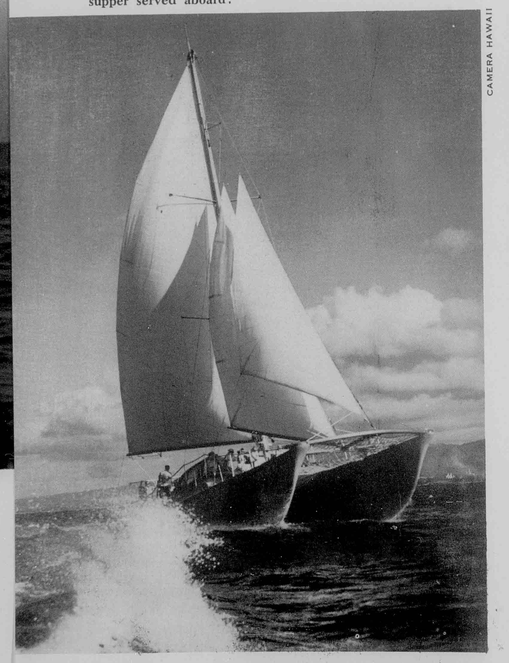
With additional beach services being offered by the newer hotels, today's Waikiki visitor can take his pick of several fascinating catamaran rides. The original 38-foot *Manu Kai* and several others of similar size offer hour-long rides off Waikiki from a number of hotels and beach clubs. One 63-footer sails at 6:30 three nights a week on a two-hour, sunset cruise with supper served aboard.

On Boat Days trips are made down the length of Honolulu's shoreline to Aloha Tower, the colorful "cats" sailing alongside passenger liners en route to their berths. The largest of them all, the 100-foot *Ale Ale Kai V*, designed and built by Hisao Murakami, makes a daily three-hour round-trip from Pier 12 to Pearl Harbor.

At all of the beach service offices, arrangements can be made for charter trips, and some of Waikiki's most delightful parties in recent years have been held aboard the "cats" as they sailed a mile or so off the beach.

For old salts from coast ports and landlubbers from the midwest, a sail on a "cat" is a thrill. The double hulls may look awkward as they ride high at anchor near the beach, but the graceful flight they take before an offshore breeze cannot be duplicated by any other boat under canvas.

The 63-foot *Ale Ale Kai IV* sails on a sunset cruise with supper served aboard.

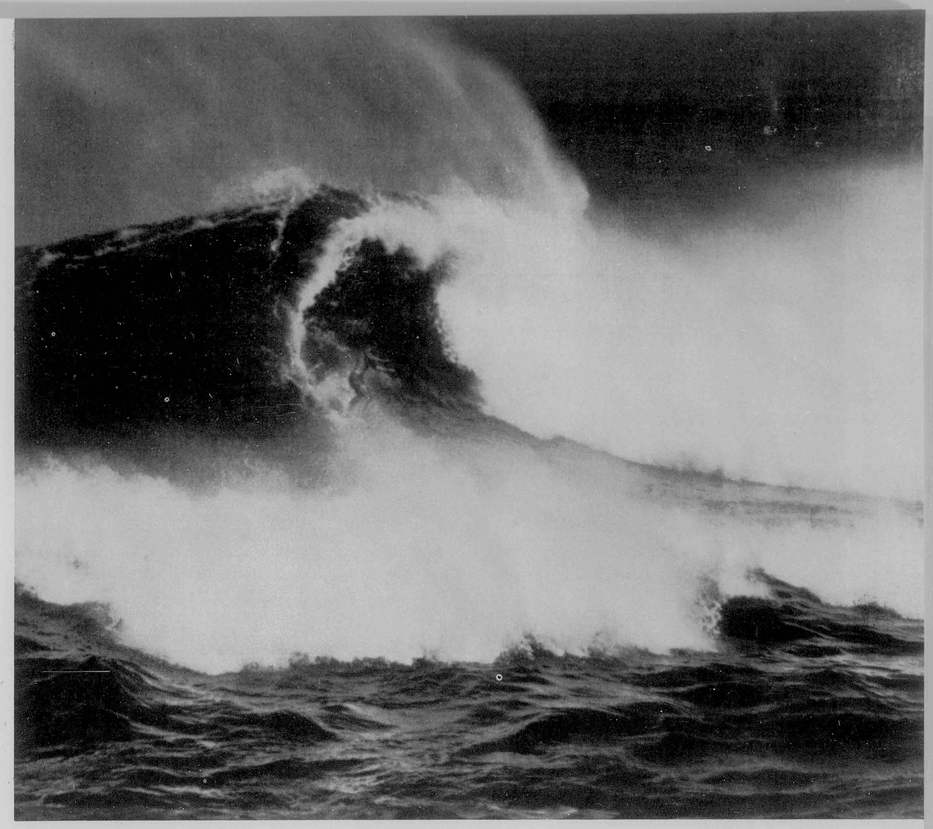


CAMERA HAWAII

Largest catamaran to date is the *Ale Ale Kai V*, a 100-foot craft which sails daily on a three-hour cruise to Pearl Harbor.



CAMERA HAWAII



Surfriding

by Jean Scott MacKellar

PHOTOGRAPHY / EDWIN KANESHIRO

ALTHOUGH SURFRIDING seems as natural as sunshine to the Hawaiians, to many people it often seems little short of miraculous.

The first time the residents of Atlantic City, New Jersey, saw a surfer riding their waves they became so alarmed they called the police and had him arrested. This "menace to conventional bathers" in the early 1900's, it turned out, was a homesick Hawaiian boy riding the combers with an ironing board. He was one of the first to give an exhibition of the art, however unappreciated, outside the Islands.

Surfing, at first sight, does seems to be an almost incredible combination of danger and defiance of natural laws. Writers visiting Hawaii have almost without exception been impressed by it. Their accounts of the sport have made it almost as well known throughout the world as any other phase of life in the Islands.

Adventurer Jack London was one of the first authors to write romantic descriptions of surfriding at Waikiki. He became so enchanted with learning to surf that he stayed too long in the sun and readers of his column were advised the next day that he was swathed from head to toe in medicated bandages.

The painful experience did not dim his enthusiasm however. To him the balancing surfrider was a monarch



TECHNICAL DATA ▶

of the sea. He described the Hawaiian master of the board as a "kingly species, conscious of his superiority; his careless glance shows it." Then told how he "leaps upon the back of the sea, the sea that roars and bellows, and makes it his swift, well-tempered steed." It was London who called surfing the "sport of kings," double in its significance since a century before it had been a favorite sport of Hawaiian royalty.

Mark Twain wrote of his attempt at surfriding in *Roughing It*. "I got the board placed right, and at the right moment, too, but missed the connection myself. The board struck shore without any cargo and I struck bottom about the same time with a couple of barrels of water in me." He concluded hopelessly, "None but the natives ever master the art of surf-bathing thoroughly."

He was wrong. Today the experts come from all races. One of the first haoles to master the sport was a skinny, energetic little man named Alexander Hume Ford who learned from the Hawaiian boys at Waikiki. His efforts and failures are so typical of all beginners that his description of them deserves retelling more than forty years later.

"The first of my troubles was that my chest, where it rested on the board, began to chafe and ache. The small boys pleaded with me not to mind, as in a day or so I would not notice it at all. This I later found to be true, but that first afternoon it did not seem possible that my ribs would not wear through the skin.

"One of these cheerful, charming youngsters now thought it time to ask if I could swim. It seems that there are persons foolish enough to come out half a mile from shore on a surfboard who cannot swim a stroke.

"I was told to hold the board amidship and half kneel. It was explained that in this posture the wave would strike and carry me at a great speed. It did, but the board was left behind. Other youngsters of all shades and complexions, [with] hides dripping and resplendent in the sun had now gathered to witness the sport and give me the third degree.

"I could not understand how with all my exertion and energy I invariably fell in the rear and sank while my companions, with little effort and the gentlest of gliding motions shot ahead and kept the crest of the waves just behind them. Some few, even on the tiniest of wavelets, stood upon their boards and urged them onward with a shoving motion of the foot.

"At last [there came] a breaker heavier than all the



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others. I have a vivid recollection of strange shouts. My board, almost jerked from under me, shot forward, and I, surrounded by the white, foaming water, began sinking downward as on a toboggan slide, yet onward with the speed of a cannon ball, the spray almost blinding and strangling me. Then, as I sank, clinging to my board, halfway down the slide of the wave, I began to take notice. On either side of me were my angelic tormentors, standing erect on their boards, shouting encouragement and urging me on, as though I could stop in that mad rush of waters, even if I wanted to.

"It was now or never. I leaped to my feet. My board stood firm and steady. I did not dare move and my arms swung like windmills as I tried to keep my balance. Each moment I expected to fall. My wave died out as another onrush took its place and still I stood. I could not believe it. I knew it was all a happy accident. The beach rushed to meet me and suddenly I stood on my board on the sands. I lurched forward and sprawled full length, high and dry on the beach of Waikiki. Far out in the surf were my former tormentors. They raised themselves on their boards and cheered. I was no longer a malihini. I was a kamaaina, and as such I was accepted thereafter by the boys of Waikiki."

The secret of mastering the ocean surf is nonresistance. Dodge the blows of the great waves; sink below their fighting force and rest while they pass over you.

When the churning waters catch and tear at you, relax, don't struggle, for with such useless struggle comes the exhaustion and the panic which are most dangerous of all. Never fight back, never be rigid. When the undertow drags you seaward along the bottom, fool it by yielding. Swim with it, and the pressure will be removed. You can swim upward at the same time and reach the surface without trouble.

Before you can ever be a surfrider you must be an excellent swimmer, with much stamina. If you are used to swimming in placid, fresh water pools, you will find that the never-ending vitality of the ocean provides an entirely new experience.

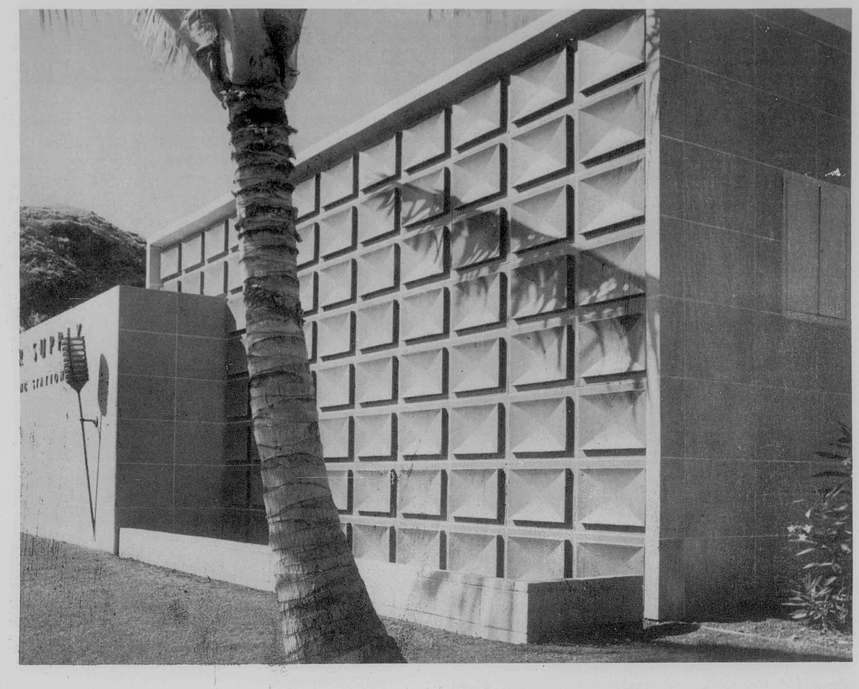
Surfing requires complete self-reliance. Even if you are with friends or an expert, there are times when you can depend on no one except yourself. Every yard of water is different from every other yard, and what your companion does, fifteen feet away, will not help you with your problem. You must figure it out and master it alone.

Continued on page 108



CLARENCE MAKI

"...the water's fine"



Honolulu's Unique Water System

by Dan Katz

THOUSANDS UPON thousands of persons from all over the world annually visit Honolulu, capital city of the 50th State, and for each of them there is a pleasant discovery of some unusual aspect of Island life.
the 50th State, and for each of them there is a pleasant discovery of some unusual aspect of Island life.

Many, for example, are surprised to find the climate generally balmy and comfortable, even though the Hawaiian Islands lie within the tropical zone. Others are startled to see trees and plants, normally associated with colder regions, growing very nicely alongside native flora which is found nowhere else.

Honolulu's water system also is a fascinating topic.

How in the world, visitors frequently ask, is it possible for a tropical island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean to have an abundant supply of fresh water to meet the needs of more than 460,000 residents, huge military and naval installations and extensive agricultural developments, not to mention the booming tourist industry?

And it's not just "water"—but the purest water known to man, totally free, with minor exceptions, of the chemical additives so common in most other cities.

The story of Honolulu's water system, under the management of the Board of Water Supply, a municipal utility, is an absorbing one. The system has been described as one of the great natural wonders of the world, for so far as is known, there is none other exactly like it anywhere.

Here is that unique story, simply told:

The City-County of Honolulu is fanned out across the width and breadth of the Island of Oahu, which is



Attractive landscaping of the Kalihi-Uka pumping station makes this installation a treasured landmark of its neighborhood.

approximately 44 miles in length and 29 miles wide.

The majestic Koolau Mountain Range, created in the geologic past by volcanic action, forms the "backbone" of the Island. The Koolaus, as the range is called by Islanders, cradle the major portion of the city's commercial and residential districts.

Nature uses this range to good advantage along with two other "components" in her formula for supplying Honolulu with water. The additional two are the prevailing tradewinds from the northeast and a coastal caprock, which rings the city's oceanside boundary for about 25 miles.

This caprock is a layer of impervious soil and rock matter extending inland one to two miles, where it is about 100 feet thick, and several miles seaward where its thickness on the floor of the ocean is more than 1,500 feet. The top of the caprock formation is actually the coastal plain upon which Honolulu proper is built.

The moisture-laden tradewinds, blowing in from the northeast, are swept against the windward side of the towering Koolaus and, forced to rise to higher and cooler air in their passage over the range, drop their moisture in the form of rain through the natural process of condensation.

This rainfall is exceptionally abundant in Honolulu's watershed, a mountain area of about 25 square miles ranging in elevation to more than 3,000 feet and lying some four to six miles behind the central section of the city. A good part of this rain water eventually works its way downward into the earth through porous layers of lava rock which constitutes the major portion of Oahu's geologic structure.

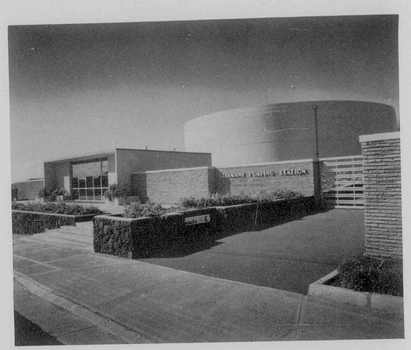
In its subterranean movement, flowing slowly through the pervious lava as it would through an enormous sponge, the rain water finally seeps into the strata of the caprock formation underlying the city.

It is thus captured and confined by this vast impregnable barrier that prevents it from flowing into the ocean. The constant downward flow of rain water in this same fashion creates sufficient pressure to force the trapped water upward when deep, small bore artesian wells are drilled into the caprock.

Because salt water is heavier than fresh, the pure liquid is said to "float" or "perch" upon the sea water. Board of Water Supply engineers, still engaged in research to develop more scientific information about it, say the fresh water "zone" in the strata underlying the caprock extends downward for more than 1,000 feet.

About 90 per cent of Honolulu's water is drawn from these deep underground sources, while the remaining (but very important) ten per cent comes from high level supplies in the mountains, according to Edward J. Morgan, manager and chief engineer of the department.

The Koolau Mountains, site of world-famous Nuuanu Pali, again play a prominent role in this source of water,



Lava rock is effectively used to front planting areas of the Aliamanu Pumping Station near Pearl Harbor.

as the result of what engineers term a "dike complex."

Morgan describes a "dike" as a layer of impregnable lava rock within the interior of the mountains. Several of these form a "complex" or water-tight compartment which acts as a storage area of the rainfall that seeps into the ground. Tunnels are driven into these various complexes to tap the supply of fresh water contained therein.

Honolulu's water sanitation program is rigidly governed by standards established by the U.S. Public Health Service.

"In all the years since the inception of our system, the department's record with the Public Health Service has been untarnished," Morgan points out. "The natural purity of the ground water supply is the result of an amazingly efficient filtering action of soil and rock as rain water percolates slowly downward to the water table."

He adds: "The excellence of Honolulu's water is all the more remarkable when one considers that practically none of the water furnished to consumers is regularly chlorinated."

In order to meet any possible emergency situation,



Board of Water Supply administration building, Beretania Street

Board of Water Supply administration building, Beretania Street

however, fully automatic chlorinators are installed in all of the primary pumping stations, ready for immediate operation.

The Island of Oahu's public water system was founded in 1848 when a water tank and piping network were constructed primarily to serve whaling ships calling at Honolulu Harbor. The Board of Water Supply was created by legislative action in 1929 after the city's water reserves dropped to a perilously low level. The use of meters was instituted at that time.

Much as the rest of Honolulu's bursting development since Hawaii was granted statehood, the water department is in the midst of a tremendous expansion program.

During the first half of the decade of the 1960s, the department will spent $12.5 million to construct reservoirs (one of them of four-million gallon capacity), install thousands of feet of pipeline and bring in new water sources in order to give the entire Island a first-class, modern distribution system.

This is especially true for such areas as Ewa, Waianae, Kailua, Wahiawa and Waimanalo which are growing by leaps and bounds through industrial projects as well as tourist and residential enterprises.

"We are engaged in a race against time," Morgan declares. "By 1970, it is anticipated Oahu will have a population of more than 700,000 residents, exclusive of military personnel, or an increase of almost 50 per cent. It's our responsibility to make sure water is available for everyone's needs."

At the end of 1959, the gross value of the water utility was placed at $64,497,722. The average daily water consumption last year was 61.3 million gallons.

But to the people of Honolulu and the visitor alike, the quality of the city's water and the efficient service rendered by the Board of Water Supply are not the only commendable facets of this public utility.

Its various installations scattered throughout the urban and suburban areas are outstanding examples of good taste in architecture and landscaping.

Well-kept lawns, luxuriant hedges and other plantings have made these installations—a number of them in the heart of residential sections—veritable oases in harmony with the natural beauty that is Hawaii.

These garden spots are the pride of the water department, which firmly believes in and adheres to the policy that beauty need not be sacrificed to utility.

JAMES MICHENER

Coming of Autumn
Harunobu,
About 1725-1770



COLLECTION

Japanese Prints

AT THE HONOLULU ACADEMY OF ARTS

FINDING A happy home at the increasingly important Honolulu Academy of Arts is the Michener collection of exquisite Japanese prints.

Chosen with great discrimination, the collection is notable because it includes the work of Japanese printmakers from the days of Moronobu, first great consolidator of the ukiyo-e style in the seventeenth century, to the present day.

Many of today's printmakers are author-collector Michener's personal friends, and have been stimulated by his interest in "the magnificent scraps of paper" that span the history of Japanese art.



HONOLULU ACADEMY OF ARTS

Pluck B
Shigeru Hatsuyama, 1897-



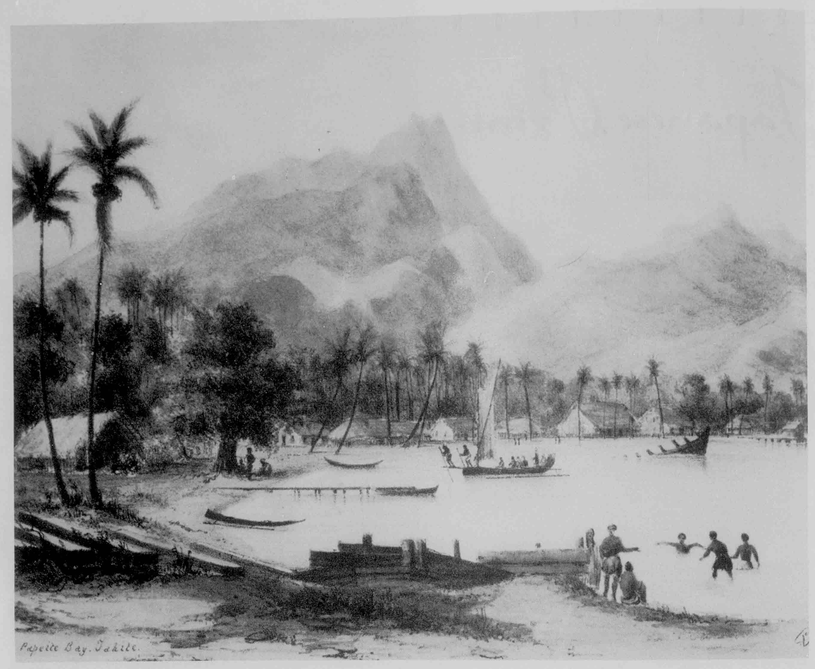
The Courtesan Shinowara
Eisho, working in the 1790's

Kambara, Station 16
from Stations of The Tokaido Set
Hiroshige, 1797-1858



Mountain Village, Hiroshige





Papeete, 1884. Shipley's description: "The settlement . . . consists principally of whitewashed wooden houses, thatched with pandanus. There are several wharves belonging to the different merchants, and a large storehouse, mill, and bakery . . . a schoolhouse, and two churches. . . . The houses are built in a long line on the beach, a few feet from the seashore."

The Artist as Historian

by Alexander Spoehr

IN THE DAYS before photography, it was the artist or draftsman on board an exploring ship who brought back the tangible record in the form of his sketches of where the ship had been and what the officers and crew had seen.

These sketches are invaluable historical documents. Some are also works of art, such as the sketches of Louis Choris of the von Kotzebue expedition. But regardless of artistic merit, the sketchbooks of men accompanying Pacific expeditions in the last part of the 18th and the first half of the 19th centuries allow us to catch a glimpse of early Pacific port towns and the life of their inhabitants in a manner which would otherwise be impossible.

The library of Bishop Museum in Honolulu, established at the beginning of the Museum in 1899, early specialized in acquiring sketches, lithographs, and books on Pacific exploration. It now has one of the finest collections on the early European discovery and exploration of the Pacific in the country.



Papeete, showing the bakery and government storehouse. This view is from the site of the present naval base. The point of land with the coconut palms in the middle distance is the present site of the Tropics hotel.

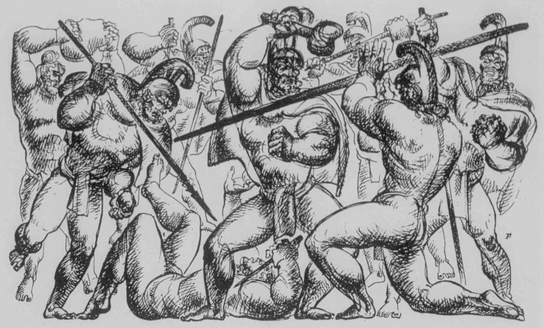
Shipley was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was on board H.M.S. *Calypso* when the ship was ordered to sail from Valparaiso on a voyage to Pitcairn and to the Society, Samoa, and Fiji islands. After calling at Pitcairn, *Calypso* reached Papeete on March 23, 1848. The ship stayed for nearly a month in the Society group, leaving Bora Bora on April 20, 1848. It was during this visit to Tahiti that Shipley made the accompanying sketches. They were reproduced in color in *Sketches in the Pacific*, by Shipley, printed in London in 1851.

Today the tradition of the artist-historian is carried on by Joseph Feher of the Bishop Museum staff. Drawing on the Museum's extensive resources in books, manuscripts, and pictorial records of Hawaii, Feher is preparing a pictorial history of Hawaii from earliest times until statehood. Edward Joesting is preparing the text accompanying the graphic material. The history will be published by Bishop Museum press.



Lieutenant Shipley

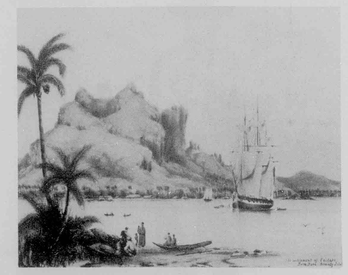
Illustration for chapter heading, Pictorial History of Hawaii.

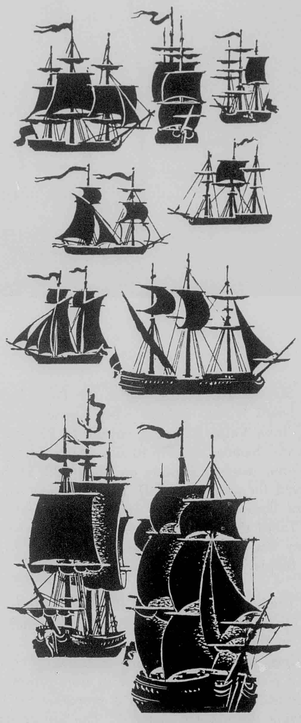


Hawaiian men eating in pre-European time.



Vaitape, Bora Bora, in 1884. The Calypso *in the lagoon. Painting by Shipley.*



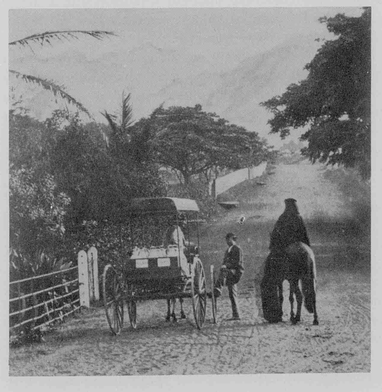


Early visitors in Hawaii

Two pages from the forthcoming Pictorial History of Hawaii *to be published by the Bishop Museum. Pages show the methods of transportation at the time of early Polynesian migrations to Hawaii. The two-volume history will include reproductions of drawings, engravings, photographs and documents graphically arranged to give a visual record of events from early geological times to Statehood, with accompanying text by Edward Joesting.*

The Artist as Historian

Nuuanu milk wagon in the early 1870s.



Joseph Feher



PHOTO / HERBERT R. BAUER

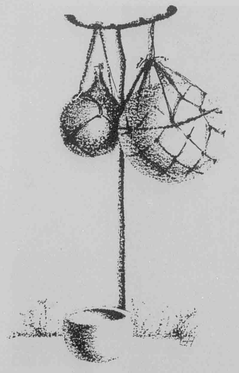
Ancient Hawaiian healing practises began with herb gathering, kahuna chants, hula ritual, prayers by women and children. Decoration by Hon-Chew Hee





medical lore of ancient hawaii

by Nils P. Larsen M.D.



THE LATE Andrew Bright was a bright Hawaiian. He had a wonderful family. Each biennial he officiated as Chaplain of the Legislature. He was a kindly, handsome man and had a genuine humility. Andrew was a direct descendent of a line of kahuna kaheas. He had maintained his interest in old Hawaii.

He and I often discussed medical practices of old Hawaii. "Why," said I, "isn't this subject more widely known?" "Well," he said "people are busy and don't have time to gather the information. When they hear about the kahuna ana ana who prays people to death, that is enough. That is as much kahuna lore as the average person wants.

"That kahuna was evil and he really did, in old Hawaii, have the power to pray people to death. He was not respected but feared in the old Hawaiian community. He was secretly sought when someone was after vengeance."

This kahuna, the chaplain explained, after obtaining *mana* (something from the person of the victim to be prayed to death, such as spittle, hair, or nail parings) would go through a terrific praying ceremony, usually in the dark, to the flicker of stone lamps. With a truly scary prayer he would induce the evil spirits to do away with the person in question. Slowly the victim would weaken and die.

In my early days in Hawaii I autopsied two young men who had been convinced they were going to die because they had been kahuna'd. They knew there was no chance for their survival and we could not convince them otherwise. They did die. We were unable at post mortem to make a satisfactory diagnosis as to the cause of death.

To indicate that this was probably a strong psychic phenomenon we relate the story told by the former Korean Ambassador in Hawaii, Dr. Y. C. Yang. When he was practicing in Honolulu he prevented one of these kahuna deaths in a very clever way. Friends of an intended victim sought Dr. Yang and told him the patient had been kahuna'd and was convinced he was going to die. No one could do anything with him. His conviction destroyed his motivation to live.

Dr. Yang asked his friends to bring the patient to him. This they did. The doctor examined him carefully and told the patient his condition was very serious. He then added that at times he had been able to block off this kahuna influence and that he would try, although he could make no certain promises. The patient would have to follow his instructions very carefully.

Dr. Yang then proceeded to give the patient some pills which he instructed him to take every two hours. He said he couldn't promise what would happen, but he would know the kahuna spell had been broken if the patient's urine turned blue. He asked the patient to call him, day or night, if this phenomenon happened because he would then be able to complete the blocking off of the evil forces.

The patient went home without too much conviction. At three a.m. next morning he very excitedly called the doctor and said his urine had turned blue. The doctor said he was now convinced the kahuna spell had been broken and the patient would become well. He went on to full recovery. Dr. Yang had used methylene blue in the tablets which he knew would turn the urine blue. The patient's firm belief in oncoming death had to be broken.

Kahuna is best translated as "an expert." He may be an expert in healing disease. He is then called a *kahuna laupaau*. In order to choose a child to become such a kahuna parents or grandparents carefully studied the behavior of young people. If a boy showed a great deal of sympathy in any situation of distress, whether in soothing a crying child who had been hurt or trying to soothe

his parents when they seemed upset, the Hawaiians felt this indicated "the healing spirit." One parent would say to the other "I think little Kimo has the spirit of a kahuna laupaau."

If the other agreed, they would send the child to the best kahuna laupaau of their community. If, after the boy had stayed with the master for a week or two, the kahuna also felt the youngster had the right spirit to become a healer he would so inform the parents. The child would then take up his abode with the kahuna and follow him through the countryside learning about medicinal plants and how to prepare them. He would also learn under what conditions they were to be given.

After fifteen years of this master-student relationship, the young man was ready to treat patients on his own. He had a pretty good idea of what the different illnesses that afflicted the body were. By trial and error, generations of kahunas had compiled a list of more than 300 plants used for medicinal purposes, whose physiological properties they had experienced.

There were many other medical experts in the Hawaiian scheme, a list of some 30 of these being known. There was the diagnostician, called *kahuna ha ha*. The obstetrician, *kahuna hoohanau*, was well versed in difficult types of delivery. There was one who could diagnose by simply looking at a person. He was called *kahuna lena*. We still have doctors who have this uncanny eye and who need neither the help of a careful examination, X-rays, nor laboratory reports to make a diagnosis. Then there was the lowest form of specialist—the *kahuna ana ana*. There were also specialists in all kinds of other activities such as the *kahuna hula* who was a specialist in dancing, the *kahuna lua* who was the specialist in wrestling, and many others.

Perhaps the most interesting to the modern Hawaiiana student was the kahuna laupaau. He was the healer, the healer, the therapist. He spent his life trying to relieve people of suffering, and come to know all the healing plants.

The popolo plant—related to deadly nightshade, was the backbone of his medical armamentarium. The growing tips of the plant were used. From the young shoots an infusion was made and this was taken five times a day. The figure five was important in Hawaiian medicine. Since man and animals had a head, two arms and two legs, and many shell fish (vonna, starfish, and others) had markings of five and many flowers had five petals, it seemed natural to assume the great spirit who rules over everything had a particular interest in the figure five. Perhaps there was something important, spiritual or magical in that number. To give medicine five times a day for five days, or say a healing prayer five times seemed very logical.

Since growing green shoots are known to be rich in B complex and iron, we can assume a good observation had been made. This concotion may well have been helpful as a tonic. Another tonic was made from the growing shoots of the lauhala.

The awa (*piper methisticum*) was well known and was used as a soporific. Mothers would give it to their restless children. Older men and women often became addicted to it since it gave them a pleasant sensation of floating on air. It was apparently a powerful "don't give a damn" drug. The abuse of it (as is true of any tranquilizer) caused trouble. From this the skin of old people would become dry as parchment, with an appearance like that of fish scales; otherwise it seemed not to hurt them. Before World War I the Germans imported a great deal of awa, using it in patients to dry up secretions. With the advent of sulpha drugs the need disappeared.

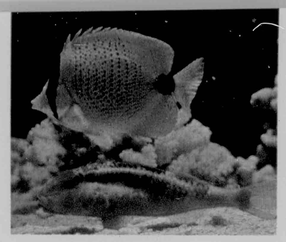
The beach morning glory (pahoehoe) was used for inflammation of the eye. The uhaloa was chewed by people who had a sore throat and has been called in modern times the "Hawaiian aspirin." Laukahi, a broad green leaf, was bruised and put on wounds. Since it was sun-sterilized and had chlorophyl, its use still makes sense.

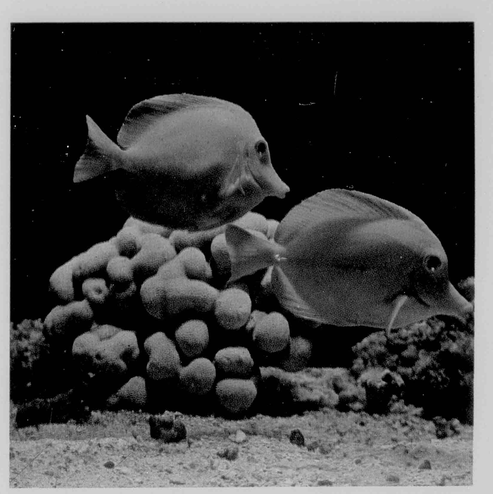
The noni was slit in half and put on abscesses and boils to bring them to a head. There were certain bananas and coconuts used therapeutically. There was one red-stamened hibiscus used, but others were not. The pia starch, with certain smooth clays, was used for stomach disorders. The sap of the taro was put on wounds to stop bleeding, and is still a good astringent. There were many physics used. The kukui nut flower was a mild physic and the nut a strong one. The juice of the hau tree was used for the same purpose and saline water was used as a saline cathartic.

There were also many physio-therapeutic methods which, due to the strenuous games played by the old Hawaiians, seemed a natural invention. Hence, the *lomi-lomi*, or massage, which is still recognized as being quite effective for sore muscles, and the steam bath were used intelligently. Ti leaves and tapa were bound around broken bones. These sensible uses of plants indicate that the best of the Hawaiian medical men had done a great deal of observation and experimentation (a true trial and error method) on the physical properties of many plants. Ancient methods also incorporated good psychotherapy.

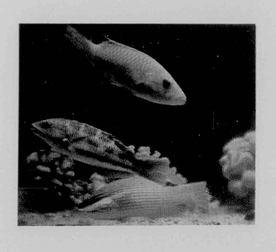
Captain Cook described the Hawaiians as the best-behaved of any primitive group he had seen. He admired their appearance as well as their behavior. Forty years later the description given of the Hawaiians by one of the missionaries (Stewart) was just the reverse of this. All the kapus had been broken. The missionary doctrines also had confused the Hawaiian people. Things that were really bad were not differentiated as evil from things that were innocuous, such as the playing of certain games. The wearing of a lei, the missionaries felt, indicated pride, and should not be permitted. The loss of mental and physical discipline, due to breaking of kapus had a bad effect, as did the introduction of new diseases. The rapid decimation of a wonderful Caucasoid race seemed to go with the loss of faith in their own institutions. After 70 years the population had decreased from some 300,000 stalwart individuals to less than 60,000 people. The present remnant of full-blooded Hawaiians is merely a trace in the total population of 600,000. The handsome part-Hawaiian population, however, is the ethnic group most rapidly increasing in Hawaii today.

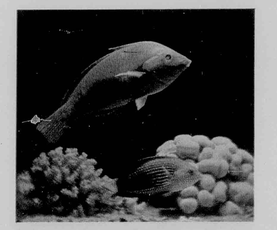
hawaiian fishes





Left: Yellow tang or lauipala, *Zebrasoma flavescens*. Above: A butterfly fish, *Chaetedon miliaris*, and (lower) a goatfish, *Parupeneus chrysonemus*. Photos below: Wrasse or hinalea family, from top, *Cheilinus rhodochrous, Thallasoma umbrostigma, Bodianus bilunulatus, Anampses godeffroyi, Anampses cuvieri* (opule).





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his parents when they seemed upset, the Hawaiians felt this indicated "the healing spirit." One parent would say to the other "I think little Kimo has the spirit of a kahuna laupaau."

If the other agreed, they would send the child to the best kahuna laupaau of their community. If, after the boy had stayed with the master for a week or two, the kahuna also felt the youngster had the right spirit to become a healer he would so inform the parents. The child would then take up his abode with the kahuna and follow him through the countryside learning about medicinal plants and how to prepare them. He would also learn under what conditions they were to be given.

After fifteen years of this master-student relationship, the young man was ready to treat patients on his own. He had a pretty good idea of what the different illnesses that afflicted the body were. By trial and error, generations of kahunas had compiled a list of more than 300 plants used for medicinal purposes, whose physiological properties they had experienced.

There were many other medical experts in the Hawaiian scheme, a list of some 30 of these being known. There was the diagnostician, called *kahuna ha ha.* The obstetrician, *kahuna hoohanau,* was well versed in difficult types of delivery. There was one who could diagnose by simply looking at a person. He was called *kahuna lena.* We still have doctors who have this uncanny eye and who need neither the help of a careful examination, X-rays, nor laboratory reports to make a diagnosis. Then there was the lowest form of specialist—the *kahuna ana ana.* There were also specialists in all kinds of other activities such as the *kahuna hula* who was a specialist in dancing, the *kahuna lua* who was the specialist in wrestling, and many others.

Perhaps the most interesting to the modern Hawaiiana student was the kahuna laupaau. He was the healer, the healer, the therapist. He spent his life trying to relieve people of suffering, and come to know all the healing plants.

The popolo plant—related to deadly nightshade, was the backbone of his medical armamentarium. The growing tips of the plant were used. From the young shoots an infusion was made and this was taken five times a day. The figure five was important in Hawaiian medicine. Since man and animals had a head, two arms and two legs, and many shell fish (vonna, starfish, and others) had markings of five and many flowers had five petals, it seemed natural to assume the great spirit who rules over everything had a particular interest in the figure five. Perhaps there was something important, spiritual or magical in that number. To give medicine five times a day for five days, or say a healing prayer five times seemed very logical.

Since growing green shoots are known to be rich in B complex and iron, we can assume a good observation had been made. This concotion may well have been helpful as a tonic. Another tonic was made from the growing shoots of the lauhala.

The awa (*piper methisticum*) was well known and was used as a soporific. Mothers would give it to their restless children. Older men and women often became addicted to it since it gave them a pleasant sensation of floating on air. It was apparently a powerful "don't give a damn" drug. The abuse of it (as is true of any tranquilizer) caused trouble. From this the skin of old people would become dry as parchment, with an appearance like that of fish scales; otherwise it seemed not to hurt them. Before World War I the Germans imported a great deal of awa, using it in patients to dry up secretions. With the advent of sulpha drugs the need disappeared.

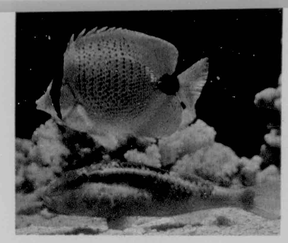
The beach morning glory (pahoehoe) was used for inflammation of the eye. The uhaloa was chewed by people who had a sore throat and has been called in modern times the "Hawaiian aspirin." Laukahi, a broad green leaf, was bruised and put on wounds. Since it was sun-sterilized and had chlorophyl, its use still makes sense.

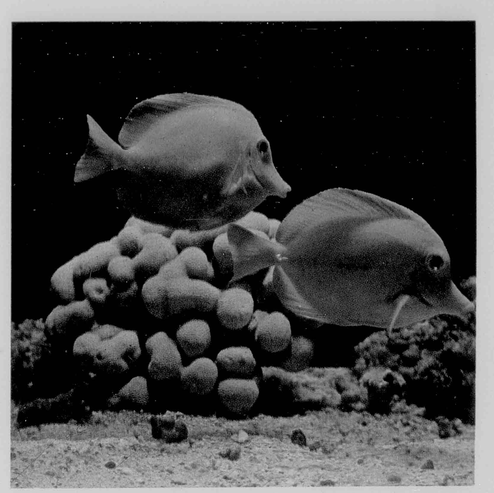
The noni was slit in half and put on abscesses and boils to bring them to a head. There were certain bananas and coconuts used therapeutically. There was one red-stamened hibiscus used, but others were not. The pia starch, with certain smooth clays, was used for stomach disorders. The sap of the taro was put on wounds to stop bleeding, and is still a good astringent. There were many physics used. The kukui nut flower was a mild physic and the nut a strong one. The juice of the hau tree was used for the same purpose and saline water was used as a saline cathartic.

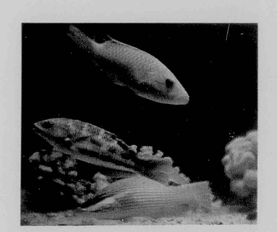
There were also many physio-therapeutic methods which, due to the strenuous games played by the old Hawaiians, seemed a natural invention. Hence, the *lomi-lomi,* or massage, which is still recognized as being quite effective for sore muscles, and the steam bath were used intelligently. Ti leaves and tapa were bound around broken bones. These sensible uses of plants indicate that the best of the Hawaiian medical men had done a great deal of observation and experimentation (a true trial and error method) on the physical properties of many plants. Ancient methods also incorporated good psychotherapy.

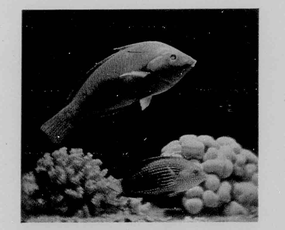
Captain Cook described the Hawaiians as the best-behaved of any primitive group he had seen. He admired their appearance as well as their behavior. Forty years later the description given of the Hawaiians by one of the missionaries (Stewart) was just the reverse of this. All the kapus had been broken. The missionary doctrines also had confused the Hawaiian people. Things that were really bad were not differentiated as evil from things that were innocuous, such as the playing of certain games. The wearing of a lei, the missionaries felt, indicated pride, and should not be permitted. The loss of mental and physical discipline, due to breaking of kapus had a bad effect, as did the introduction of new diseases. The rapid decimation of a wonderful Caucasoid race seemed to go with the loss of faith in their own institutions. After 70 years the population had decreased from some 300,000 stalwart individuals to less than 60,000 people. The present remnant of full-blooded Hawaiians is merely a trace in the total population of 600,000. The handsome part-Hawaiian population, however, is the ethnic group most rapidly increasing in Hawaii today.

hawaiian fishes









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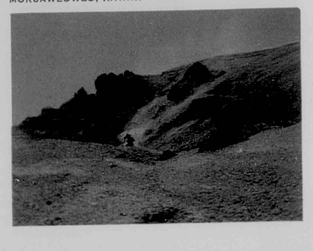
CINDER CONE, FLOOR OF MAUNA LOA'S MOKUAWEOWEO, HAWAII

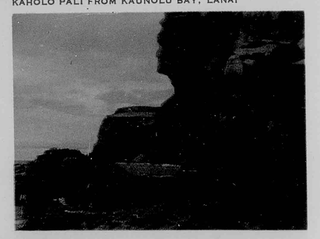


Honolulu's Trail and Mountain Club

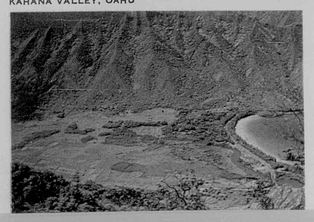
HIKER ABOVE KAUPO GAP, HALEAKALA, MAUI



KAHOLO PALI FROM KAUNOLU BAY, LANAI



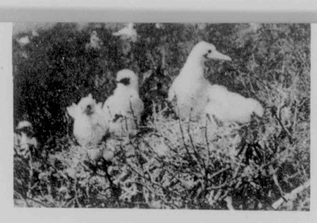
KAHANA VALLEY, OAHU

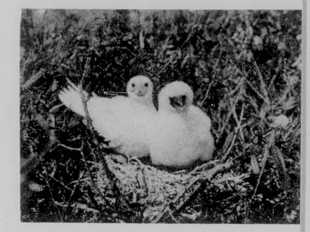


KODACHOMES BY RICHARD DAVIS

SINCE it was organized in 1919 by Alexander Hume Ford, The Trail and Mountain Club has offered fun and fellowship to thousands of members who have joined its ranks. More important to most of them than the social activity, however, has been the rare opportunity of hiking the trails of some of the most beautiful islands in the world.

The motorist who drives through Kolekole Pass is thrilled at the panoramic view seen from his car window, but he cannot know the feeling of exhilaration that comes to those who hike through the Pass.





INTERIOR OF KOKO CRATER OFFERS A CHALLENGE TO HIKERS.



KOLEKOLE PASS, OAHU



Some look at the Koolau range behind Waimanalo as they would look at a picture postcard. Trail and Mountain hikers get a close-up view from the Old Waimanalo Trail that leaves them breathless.

There are those who hike with cameras, those who hike with a fine eye open for the wild bird life of the Islands, and those who just hike. Whatever their incentive, they can attest that the four dollars a year paid in dues to the Club is that best investment they make.

President Bob Wenkam (one of Hawaii's finest professional photographers) heads an efficient group of

Continued on page 110

Walk down while you're up there

by Annabel Goode

A HOLE big enough to hold the island of Manhattan is worth looking into. And that is exactly what thousands of people do each month on Maui, second largest island in the State of Hawaii.

They drive along a paved highway winding up the slopes of Haleakala to its 10,032-foot summit. There they stand on the chilly rim and gaze awestruck into the world's largest dormant volcano crater. They sign the guest register in the observation station maintained by the National Park Service.

Then what? Like the King of France in the old nursery rhyme, they ride down the hill and ne'er go up again. After a pleasant trip of an hour and a half, tourists are back in their hotels and Mauians in their valley or beach homes. They have seen Haleakala, they think. Poor creatures! They might as well have stayed at home and looked at picture postcards for all they know of the delights to be found within the crater.

Though these people have looked into the crater, they haven't really seen it. Of 92,000 visitors in 1959, only a handful took time for a closer view. The rest passed up an opportunity to step out of this world and into a strange, surprisingly beautiful "other-world." They merely looked and left. Perhaps they were victims of poor advice—or did they actually believe that everything worth seeing can now be reached by automobile? We know better, we who are intimately acquainted with Haleakala. Anyone willing to take time to hike or ride horseback down into the 2,800-foot deep crater automatically becomes one of us—the aristocracy of walkers, the gourmets of scenic excellence.

Three times I have been an overnight guest within the House of the Sun, which is what the Hawaiian name *Haleakala* means. I'm eagerly planning another trip soon. There is much to see in the nineteen square miles comprising this unique wonderland.

Red cinder cones, varying in tint from orange to purple, like anthills from the summit, tower as much as a thousand feet above you when you're on the crater floor.

Barren vistas resembling an eerie moon landscape give up their secrets to you as you walk over them. Lava rock formations are fascinating, whether or not you know geology. The old crossword puzzle favorite *aa* is here by the acre. It's the rough, cindery lava. *Pahoehoe,* looking like solidified molasses, is easier to walk on. There is always a chance of finding a Hawaiian diamond or an olivene.

Not so hard to find are the small shelter caves and the stone-paved trail used by ancient Hawaiians as a shortcut from one side of the mountain to the other.

All is not dry, lifeless cinders. Wild goats scamper away over the crags and pheasants soar up by the dozens in some areas. There are patches of lush grassland as well as desert plains.

What rim observers notice as a spot of green against the cliffs at the vast cavity's far end, some seven miles away, reveals itself to you as a strip of forest. Its vine-draped trees are dwarfed by the moss-streaked black *pali*



RANDOLPH BORGES

(cliff) thrusting sheerly upward like a gigantic fortress wall for the House of the Sun.

Here stands Paliku cabin where I spent my first night, after hiking ten miles between two p.m. and nightfall. I shall never forget the beauty of that next dawn through the dripping trees as the mist gave way to rosy glory.

Of the many rare plants found in Haleakala crater, the silversword is the most spectacular. It's hard to believe your eyes, even after you pick up a fallen leaf and stroke its velvety surface. You'll see young plants like lovely silvery, spiked globes dotting the arid slopes of the cinder cones. When about two feet in diameter, the plant pushes up a flower stalk from three to six feet tall bearing a large cluster of yellow and purplish flowers. When its seeds are mature, the silversword—like the century plant—dies after blossoming just once.

All these, plus other scenic and legendary delights, are simple to experience at no cost except an investment of time. It's best to go down one day, stay overnight in a cabin, and hike out the next day. Or stay two nights if you like. Where else in today's world can you so easily find such peaceful silence in such starry surroundings above the clouds?

Paths are clearly marked and maps are available. The trip is easy for anyone who can walk at high altitudes. Wear comfortable shoes and socks. Lightweight clothing is sufficient except for midwinter, when temperature occasionally drops below freezing. A light jacket or raincoat is usually needed, for even the House of the Sun may entertain clouds and showers at times.

Three snug cabins, each with twelve bunks, are maintained by the Park Rangers. Plenty of water, firewood, blankets, cooking utensils and dishes are provided. You need carry nothing except your food, and a small canteen if you wish a drink while hiking.

There is no charge for use of any facilities. You should telephone or write the Rangers as soon as you decide on the date of your visit. They'll reserve a cabin for you regardless of the size of your party, advise you about the weather and answer any questions. The phone is listed in the U's, in the Maui directory—U.S. Government, Hawaii National Park, Haleakala Section, Maui, Hawaii.

The view from the summit is often called the grandest in Hawaii. You'll find the view from the depths is the most rewarding.

Photo Story / Frances Tamanaha



1.

Honolulu's Houses of Worship

A Cultural Blend of East and West...

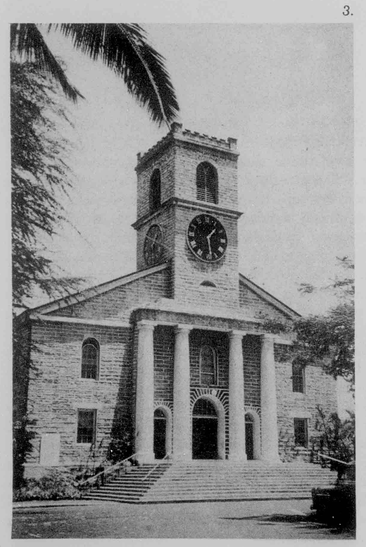
2.



THE CHURCHES and temples of Honolulu are a unique reflection of Hawaii's multi-cultural background and traditions. From the Makiki Christian with its Oriental design—to the little Japanese temple almost hidden in a grove of trees—to the recently built modern Jewish Temple Emanu-el, the people of Honolulu have an unusual array of houses of worship for an American metropolis.

1. The Baha'i World Faith recently moved into its new Haziratu'l-Quds in Nuuanu Valley. The new building has rooms for public meetings, classrooms, and a library open to the public. This world-wide faith is established on all the major Hawaiian Islands. 2. Honolulu also has its store-front churches. This is the rescue mission of the Church of God in Christ on King Street. It is one of six branches of this Pentecostal church in Honolulu. 3. Kawaiahao Church, in the heart of downtown Honolulu, is one of Hawaii's historic Christian churches, dedicated in 1842. Hawaiian is still heard at the Sunday service where visitors mingle with the Hawaiian congregation. 4. Andrews Episcopal Cathedral was founded in 1862 by King Kamehameha IV and his wife, Queen Emma. Its beautiful stained glass window and lovely fountain and pool are recent additions.

3.



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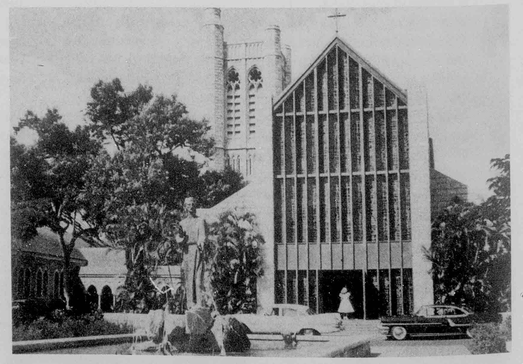



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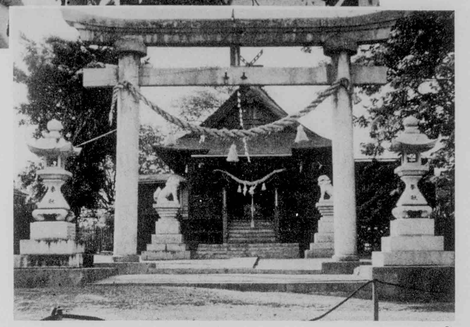

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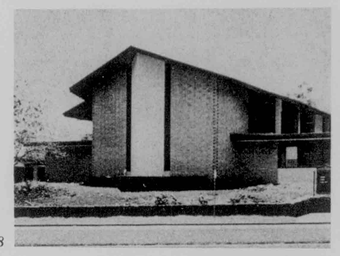

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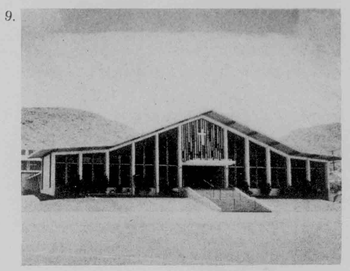


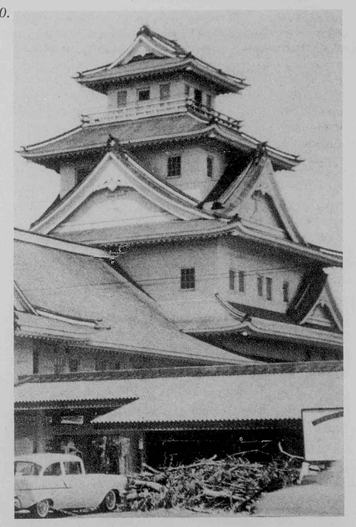
9.

5. The Jodo Mission of Hawaii is a most unusual sight. What appears to be a pink mosque from the Middle East, domes, spires, windows and palm trees reminiscent of Moslem architecture, is actually a Japanese Buddhist temple built in 1932. 6. Two stone lions guard the entrance to the Kotohira Shinto temple. The temple grounds are used for traditional Japanese activities such as sword dancing, fencing and archery. 7. St. Luke's Episcopal church is an outstanding example of Oriental architecture in a Christian church. Its red and yellow bell tower and curved roof are exceptionally striking. 8. Jewish Temple Emanu-el, a Reform synagogue, was designed by Honolulu architect Edward Sullam. The congregation of 250 members recently moved to this new building from a converted house in which they had held their services since 1950. 9. Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, built in 1958, is one of Honolulu's many Catholic churches. The first Catholic missionaries arrived in 1827; today there are 20,000 Roman Catholics here. Star of the Sea is interesting for its louver construction, practical in a tropical climate. 10. The Makiki Christian church, built in old Japanese style, is building an addition in modern Japanese style, part of which can be seen to the right of picture. The pagoda-like top of this church is a landmark of the local skyline.

7.



10.



Kamaka goes modern

by Kathleen Dickenson Mellen

KAMAKA WAS UNHAPPY. She didn't know just why, but somehow life seemed out of joint. The war maybe. Before the war the Manakeas were a happy family. Kamaka was a lei woman down at the waterfront, Papa Kimo worked for the City and County, and the six children lived at home. But now everything was changed—

And Kamaka sat gloomily on the doorstep of her little home trying to think her way through the muddled problems of the present. Such happy days before the war! You go down to the park near the waterfront every morning, you spread out your lauhala mat, sit down, empty your basket of flowers and fix them in fragrant, gay-colored piles around you. Your friends spread their mats near you and all day long you string leis, gossip, laugh and sing. The babies sleep on the mats beside you, or roll on the grass in the sunshine. The older children sell leis to tourists from the big white steamers. Such happy, care-free days!

Papa Kimo worked for the City and County then. Not much money but easy time—mostly riding around on a truck, seeing friends, talking politics. And every morning Kamaka made a lei for his hat before he went to work. Plenty of time for making lei—if little bit late for work—no pilikia. And the lei made Papa feel gay—important.

The children were all at home then. Joseph, Keoni, David, Solomon, Nani and Malia. Sometimes the boys worked for a few days but mostly they sat around and played their ukuleles or went into Honolulu to a movie. The girls went to school and studied hard. Smart, good girls. And then the war. No more selling leis down at the park, now everything barbed wire and soldier guards. Most of Kamaka's friends went to work on camouflage, in laundries, or doing odd jobs at Pearl Harbor. But Kamaka was old, and found it difficult to make for herself a new profession.

Papa Kimo was a powerfully built man—just the sort needed for war construction work. He was practically drafted for his new job. He worked hard, liked it, but the hours were long and hard and definite. No more time for making leis for hat. His weekly pay check brought more money than they had ever seen at one time before. But money—Bah! No use. "Wase time."

And the children. Now they were all working away from home. David with a big construction company at Kaneohe, Keoni at Aiea, Joseph and Solomon with the Navy somewhere in the South Seas. Nani and Malia did office work at Pearl Harbor. Rarely did any of them have time to come home. Rush—rush—all the time busy.

Only Kamaka had time to sit and think. And thinking bothered Kamaka; it spoiled her digestion. But this morning as she sat in the doorway of her little shack unhappily reviewing the situation, she vaguely searched for the answer to her feeling of unrest. And finally her mind lit upon an idea. No baby in the house to love and care for—that was it! There was the base of her trouble. If one of the girls would only bring a baby home to her. They say they are too busy to marry—but they wouldn't have to marry. She would adopt the baby. But they seem to have strange ideas about babies—"love babies"—thought Kamaka, tenderly recalling her own "first mistake." And when she married, Kimo didn't mind. "He ova look it." But girls have funny ideas in this queer, complicated world of today.

Her thoughts came back to Kimo and herself. Before, so happy, so loving. Now Kimo always tired, always cross. They quarrel, have ugly words. It was all so confusing. She could not think her way through the chaotic present, she knew only that she was unhappy. So—leaving the bewildering present—her mind wandered back to the dim past and to stories of life then as recounted by her old grandmother. Those were the really happy days —when Hawaii belonged to Hawaiians. When the King was the father of all his people. When good Queen Emma went forth among her people and cared for the sick and helpless. When King Lunalilo gave his fortune for the care of the aged Hawaiians, and Queen Kapiolani provided for expectant mothers that Hawaiian babies might live and thrive. And Queen Liliuokalani planned protection for the orphans. Ae—you could always count on the Alii. They loved and protected their people and were loved by their people in return.

There—that was the thing her mind was searching for —the something that had gone out of life for Hawaiians. A focal point for love. That was what they needed. And the Alii had supplied that need. No matter what the lack in your private life your heart could always be warmed by the glow of aloha for the Alii. And to Kamaka, as to all Hawaiians, living and loving were inseparable.

These thoughts passed through Kamaka's mind in a blurred pattern and now she landed on another idea. Her thinking processes were like that. Her mind would wander around and around and suddenly stumble upon what she called "a good idea." And she had found it now—illuminated with a great light of understanding. She must become what her daughters called "modern."

She recalled that the old folks did it away back in the days when the first missionaries came and upset their

Hawaiian Girl

Madge Tennent



Paradise of the Pacific magazine can be called the discoverer of author Kathleen Dickenson Mellen, for her first professional writing was published in this magazine in 1943. During the following years she wrote additional stories which, in 1947, were published in book form by Hastings House, Publishers, New York, under title In a Hawaiian Valley.

Since then she has written an historical tetrology covering the Hawaiian monarchy from time of its creation, 1758, to annexation of Hawaii to the United States in 1898. They are The Lonely Warrior, *life of Kamehameha the Great;* The Magnificent Matriarch, *now being prepared for a movie in Hollywood;* The Gods Depart; *and* An Island Kingdom Passes.

Mrs. Mellen, now at work on her sixth book, will make other contributions to Paradise *in the future. The following story, "Kamaka Goes Modern," was published in May, 1944.*

normal way of life. At first they were stunned to learn that they were "full of sin" and that their way of life was wrong. But finally they caught on. And after the first shock of readjustment they realized that the missionaries had brought them some really wonderful things. For instance, before the missionaries came Hawaiian husbands and wives had slept in separate houses. "Gee!" thought Kamaka, "I bet it surprise those old folks when they see those haole wahines sleeping with men." And she laughed to herself.

And kissing. Her grandmother told her that Hawaiians never knew about kissing until the haoles came. "Shua," she chuckled, "shua. That's TWO good things the missionaries brought us. Missionaries are a good idea!"

She laughed aloud and having laughed she was suddenly happy again. And Kamaka liked to be happy. Like all Hawaiians, she seized upon any pretext to throw out unhappy thoughts and fill her mind with happy ones. So she dismissed all recollections of lost lands, lost prestige, lost security and concentrated upon the two completely delightful customs brought to her people by the missionaries.

And having mentally jumped one hurdle she was now able to jump another. Kimo had been mean to her recently, always speaking huhu, no more aloha. Vaguely she had been turning over in her mind a solution for that problem. Now determination entered her soul. She would be "modern." She would take on haole ways just like the old folks did long ago. She would do what haole women do when their husbands are mean to them. She would get a divorce. She would show Kimo! Only she would get a different kind of divorce, a new kind, one haole wahines never thought about. There was a secret about this divorce.

She got up from the door step feeling light-hearted and gay. She knew a smart lawyer, who was her friend. She could tell him her secret.

° ° °

Kimo was stunned by the news. On the day the decree was granted Kamaka appeared in court wearing a red flowered print holoku. She looked gay and sassy. Kimo was sad and broken. He was confused and bewildered by the suddenness of the tragedy which had come into his life. But he couldn't think up words fast enough to talk it through. Kamaka seemed to have it all worked out. It had happened so suddenly that he was completely dazed. He sat on the beach alone after the verdict was announced, his heart heavy and full of pain.

Kamaka, throwing a happy smile at her lawyer, gracefully lifted the train of her holoku and walked slowly past Kimo, pausing in front of him until he glanced up. She stood looking at him for a moment—then swept out of the court room, her swinging holoku leaving the impression of a moving cart of bright flowers.

Kimo was puzzled by the strange expression in her eyes—a look of warm enveloping aloha.

° ° °

Kamaka hurried down to the market. There she bought great quantities of all the foods that Kimo liked best. Pounds of pork and poi, squid, limu, a nice fat mullet, dried salmon, fresh young onions and many other choice tid-bits. She carefully selected a bundle of ti leaves for the luau table and from the flower stands, great bunches of ginger stalks. Kimo loved ginger. She bought extravagantly, for the first time grateful for the money in her well-filled purse; for the first time feeling that money brought happiness.

Out on the sidewalk, arms filled with packages, she hailed a passing taxi. The drive to her valley home was long—and expensive. But Kamaka was in the mood to go for broke!

Surrounded by her many bundles, she settled back in comfort in the cab. "Shua," she thought, "shua—money is a good idea!"

° ° °

She spread the ti leaves on the floor of the luau table. She decorated it with brilliantly colored hibiscus flowers. Then she piled on the food. Food in abundance—enough to give that "nice, heavy feeling" which she and Kimo so loved.

Jars of ginger stalks by the windows, ginger blossoms in her hair. And Kamaka sits down in the doorway to await the coming of the bridegroom. Her lawyer had promised that he would have Kimo back at the little home on time.

Kimo walked slowly up the winding pathway that led to the little shack tucked cozily in a nest of guava bushes. Ordinarily he loved each bush and flower along pathway, paused to look at them, to listen to the singing of the Mongolian thrush which nested near his home. But now his eyes were on the ground. He walked slowly, like an old man. Kamaka watched him lovingly and her black eyes danced with excitement. She felt rascal! And as he made the last turn of the pathway, she called out in her sweetest tones—"Alooooha!"

Kimo looked up—unbelieving.

When the feast was over, the table cleared away, Kimo and Kamaka sat down together in the doorway to watch the setting sun marking its golden trail down over the seas toward the west. Kimo was still a bit confused by the swift and shocking events of the past three weeks. But not Kamaka. She was filled with happiness—and confidence. For at last she had made the adjustment to the ways of the white man's world. She too was "modern"—that strange whateveritwas that her daughters talked about.

And now never again would Kimo be able to make her unhappy by being cross and cruel to her. For she was armed with a modern weapon the use of which she thought she understood perfectly. If Kimo were mean to her she could always remind him—

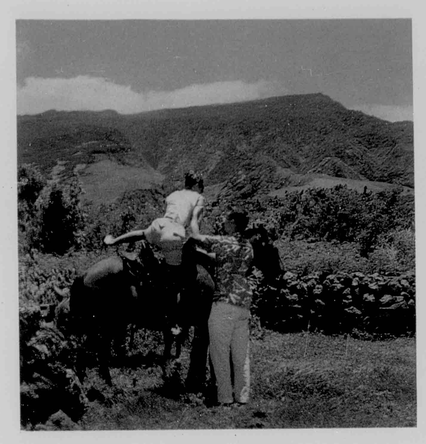
"Eh, eh Papa—no be huhu with me. Remember—now I have the deeworce!"

Kimo put his arm around her lovingly. She nestled contentedly on his shoulder, thinking to herself—

"Auwe—this haole civilization. The old folks were right. It have some good ideas!"

And she chuckled happily.

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU





MAUI'S MANY MOODS

Maui's mood changes with the miles in a series of stage sets, each with a special allure. There are uncrowded beaches, a setting for South Seas romance. The scene changes abruptly in cool upland areas with cattle and horseback riders frequently engulfed in cloud-mists. Violet jacaranda trees line the approach to Haleakala's weird crater, possibly the most spectacular "set" in the Islands. The scene changes again with dramatic impact along the lush Hana coast, boldly executed in waterfalls, exotic foliage and breath-taking ocean views. In this variety of moods lies much of Maui's charm.







MORI YAMADA / CAMERA HAWAII

NUUANU GARDENS

DEEP, lush verdure typifies the gardens of Honolulu's Nuuanu Valley where rain clouds drifting lazily across the Pali bring frequent, welcome showers.

Along swift-running Nuuanu Stream as it crosses the estates of many valley residents, grow the grasses, shrubs, trees and flowers associated with tropical climate. Bamboo thickets flourish, as do guava, koa and brassia trees.

In man-made pools along the stream, lily pads float on the clear mountain water, their delicate pastel blossoms adding color to the greenness of the valley.

Other color comes from ginger blossoms, fragile white and yellow with spicy fragrance, and from red, pink shell and lobster-colored torch gingers. Ti grows in abundance in Nuuanu, as do many varieties of fern and such exotic flowering plants as the anthurium, bird of paradise and heliconia.

CAMERA HAWAII



Smooth Waianae stones embedded in concrete make a handsome paving for the garden area outside lanai. This gives way to a graceful path terraced by logs of hapu. The cosmopolitan garden combines elements of Oriental design with European plants and achieves an effect that is essentially "Island-right."







Among the most delightful gardens of Nuuanu is that of Dr. and Mrs. Masato M. Hasegawa on Old Pali Road above the stream. Purchased from Mr. and Mrs. F. A. S. Waldron in 1952 and partially remodeled, the house is a charming blend of East and West. Robert Ansteth assisted the Hasegawas' with interior decoration.

The extensive gardens were landscaped by Richard Tongg after Dr. Hasegawa himself had made a start on the planting. The pie-shaped lot offered a challenge which is seldom found in this day of suburban development devoted to the oblong or square house plot.

Taking full advantage of the shape, Tongg developed a garden which is really a walk down a garden path. From the entrance patio, with its cinnamon, allspice and Brazilian cherry trees, a simple wooden gate opens to a path of smooth Waianae stones embedded in concrete. A huge, gnarled koa tree with a sapling by its side guards the gateway.

Ground cover here is a variety of Hawaiian iris with white and lavender blossoms. These open with an audible "pop" when the first rays of the morning sun touch them. Trees towering above the iris are cedar and brassia, casting changing patterns of light and shade across the path.

On the right are macadamia nut and coffee trees, the latter adding flashes of color in the fall months when the berries turn brilliant red.

Part-way down the graceful path, the rock paving gives way to a more informal surface of crushed lava, and wends past a nearly-obscured swimming pool area on the left. A second Brazilian cherry tree towers over a cluster of pink azaleas, with gardenias and deep pink camellias across the way.

Ingeniously arranged along the lower path are moss rocks which were among the Hasegawas' own choices,

Continued on page 114

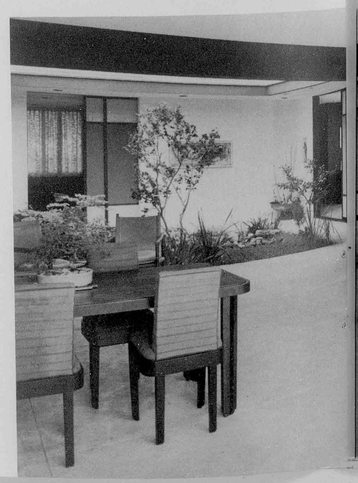


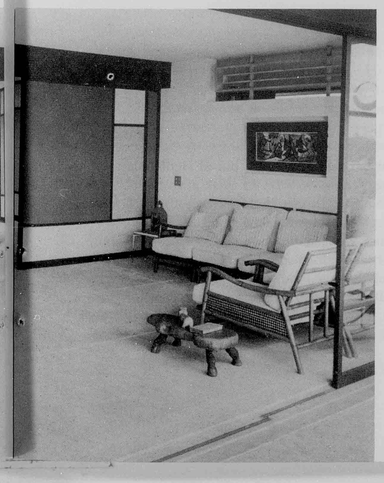
PHOTOGRAPHY / MORI YAMADA, CAMERA HAWAII

IT'S A NIGHT HOUSE, really," said Lois Phillips as she gestured toward the entry courtyard and pool area of her dramatic home. Night or day, the home that architect Haydn H. Phillips designed for the prow of a coral ridge rising above Waialae-Kahala in Honolulu is a jewel of a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips have realized in their home the cherished dream of many couples. In middle life, their two daughters married and living away, they have created a home that is perfect in every carefully planned detail. It incorporates in its design all of the exquisite art objects collected during half a lifetime of loving search.

Focal point of this epitome of indoor-outdoor living is the entry courtyard, or antrium, roofed with a convex plastic dome. At the touch of a button the dome recedes to reveal a sun-lit or star-flecked Hawaiian sky. "It is open most of the time," explains Mrs. Phillips, "We *really are* outdoors in this house."





Sky for a Ceiling



...plastic dome over airy antrium reveals a sunlit or star-flecked Hawaiian sky

With the exception of guest quarters, all rooms open directly off the courtyard through sliding panels framed in waxed sen wood from Japan. Smaller inset panels add muted color to various room schemes and contrast with the white walls and oyster concrete terazzo floors.

Through panels faced with priceless Chinese screens there is access to the informal living-dining area with swimming pool beyond.

The more formal living room, carpeted in soft moss tone, looks out to the familiar silhouette of Koko Head in the distance. On teak-finished wall shelves near the courtyard doorway is a collection of jade figures, subtly emphasized at night by indirect lighting.

Just outside the master bedroom in a corner of the court, an antique bronze Chinese water basin holds an arrangement of driftwood. Standing her serene watch over the household from her special niche is a carved stone Qwan Yin of delicate colorings.



Island Living

sky for a ceiling

In a corner of the courtyard garden, which was designed by Takano Nakamura, a gas jet becomes a flickering torch after dark, shadowing on the walls the swaying branches and dancing leaves of plants growing along a tiny rock-strewn stream.

The den, opening from the court to the left of the main entrance, holds rows of treasured books on floor-to-ceiling shelves, the darker wood of the shelving offering pleasant contrast to the white courtyard walls beyond.

Around the court and adjacent to the efficient kitchen is a convenient bar and grill room, out of sight behind yet another sliding panel.

Mexican masks highlight the far wall, and horizontal louvres above give interesting line contrast.

Hidden from view both inside and outside the house, but completely enticing once it is discovered, is the sunken shower between adjoining bath-dressing rooms. Here, green Italian terazzo flooring meets marble walls and both join a wall of plate glass which looks out into a tiny fenced garden, a red rose blooming in the midst of lush tropical planting—the only possible onlooker.





Furnishings in this distinctive home are subdued, giving first place to the structure of the house itself and re-emphasizing the importance of the antrium as the center of interest.

In the courtyard and informal living-dining areas, floors are left uncarpeted. Here, rattan pieces in dark brown finish and with oyster slipcovers set a casual note carried out at poolside in tubular aluminum tables, chaises and chairs. These have green and white striped coverings.

Upholstered pieces in muted stripes contrast pleasantly with moss carpeting in the formal living room and set off warm brown wood tones of the handsome game table and chairs.

The kitchen, with its wide window view of swimming pool and garden, is gas equipped except for the washer. A housewife's dream of stainless steel, micarta and waxed, grained wood, it houses appliances of a deep, soft blue shade which is repeated in the blue-flecked black linoleum floor. Storage closets are wide and deep, custom-designed for complete storage of kitchen equipment, china, crystal and silverware.

An adjacent bedroom and bath, with an outside entrance, serve either as maid or guest quarters.

Throughout, the focus is on the out-of-doors, through sliding panels, extensive use of glass walls and exquisite plantings oriented to both inside and outside view. Garden gates, inset with handsome, carved Japanese scrollwork, open to cul-de-sacs planted with great imagination. In one spot, strawberries thrive, in another tall trees bear luscious peaches! And such Island favorites as the papaya and guava have their places, too.

In the landscaping, Mansfield Claflin has used rocks blasted from the coral bed in excavation of the swimming pool as well as rocks that Lois Phillips says "we've been dragging home for years. We're rock happy!" The garden is not just something to look at, nor does it seem contrived in any sense except that it was perfectly designed to complement a truly distinctive home. The garden is fun to browse in, and continues to offer new surprises at every turn.

Far from feeling overpowered by the house, or even contained by it, the owners enjoy a sense of spaciousness and freedom seldom found in a house as compact as is this one. With dome and sliding panels recessed, it actually becomes one with its surroundings.



STAR-BULLETIN



Hawaii's

Fabulous Foods

by George Jordan Berry

A DELIGHTED world traveler, talking with enthusiasm about the Islands on his lofty lanai suite high over the sands of Waikiki, recently said, "Hawaii, you are the true paradise! All this perfectly wonderful monkey food and no damned monkeys." Whereupon he dove into a specially prepared salad of thirty-six tropical fruits and shredded Asian vegetables unknown in his native Pennsylvania, all grown in luxuriant abundance in the sparkling sun and mist of Hawaii's emerald slopes.

It was a one-time salad, not to be repeated. The historic calabash bowl from which it was served has been returned to a private collection. But the ingredients remain on display daily at hundreds of large and small food markets, stores and stalls throughout the Island chain.

Food in Hawaii is a rich source, not only of vitamins, but of unbelievable variety. The native Polynesian feast is probably the all-time food and drink extravaganza. in its modern, hotel-catered form, the scrap-fed pig replaces the superior flesh of roast dog. But the baked breadfruit, yams, hot green bananas, freshwater seaweeds, baby pineapples, papayas, steaming lau laus and three-day poi of an authentic wedding luau on a remote private beach is a Friday-through-Monday brunch unlike anything else in the world.

Dozens of such luaus occur throughout the Islands every weekend of the year. Poi in huge wooden tubs is delivered from the steam vats and giant potato mashers of poi factories and somehow, from a thousand sources, the massive tonnage of food comes together for the pleasure of the equally massive tonnage of Islanders gathered for the occasion.

Food in Hawaii, in its many racial derivatives, offers an endless variation on a pork theme. Bowl-filling excesses of foods enshrining the pig delight tongues that still speak, secondarily, many diverse languages. For with each new wave of plantation immigrants from the Orient, the Philippines, Portugal, there came amazingly diverse requirements for pork preparation.

Spotless self-service meat counters in Hawaii's new super-giant supermarkets offer paper trays of plastic wrapped Chinese roast pork, Chinese pork char siu, Portuguese spiced pork links in a half-dozen variations. And inevitably, the favored Hawaiian kalua pork comes in a self-service package. It is commercially prepared in the traditional underground oven of white-hot lava stones and steaming banana stocks.

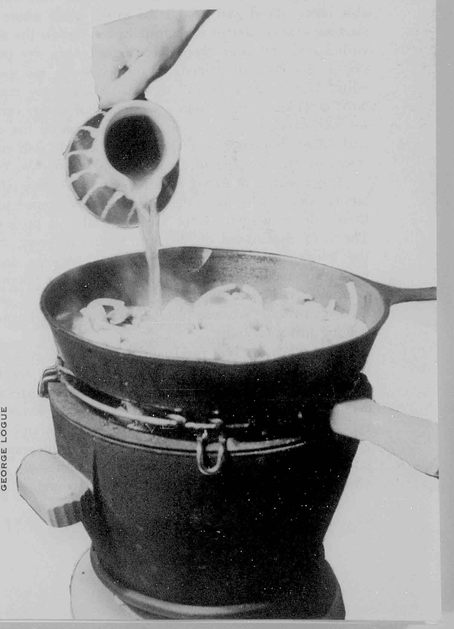
Missing from most supermarkets in Hawaii, unfortunately, are the wonderful Filipino pork gut offerings that have yet to gain favor across racial lines.

Sampling weird and delightful foods is Hawaii's substitute for tennis. The criteria for most sampler foods in Hawaii are two: can they be eaten with chopsticks and,

Cup held under the chin is standard equipment for meals with rice or noodles.



...it's fun to join the munchers, crunchers, and guzzlers in gooey "chop stick kau kau" and gourmet delicacies



GEORGE LOGUE



Fish section of Island markets is a "must see."

do they go well with a can of beer? Hawaiian informality requires much eating, prolonged by endless conversation. It is a beer drinking, finger-licking pastime somewhat more constant than Pal Joey's floating game of craps.

Oriental foods, or "chopstick kau kau," are invariably sliced, diced and itsy-bitsied to the point where the slashing scissors actions of chopsticks can handle the show with speed and near precision. Perfect, chin dry precision is not even pretended. Chopstick foods are served either Chinese or Hawaiian style from a bulging central bowl or Japanese style from a semicircle of dainty ceramics. An oversize cup of rice is held just under the chin and either droppings or drippings are caught and re-introduced with supplies of dry, self-adhesive rice for bulk.

It is a system of eating with its own mysterious refinements calculated to leave the unprepared Westerner more than a little bugged. Once mastered, always preferred, The near dominance of Western foods, however, from the overwhelming influence of modern package design requires miracles of performance for which the chopstick was never designed. One must cut at table two of every three items on a Western plate; thus knives and forks are gaining insidiously.

Meanwhile, back at the Island supermarket, each long line of steel-bracketed green shelving displays a startling array of unworldly goodies. Japanese seaweed packages occupy fifty lineal feet of shelving. Soy sauce, sometimes called "bug juice," comes in a choice of gallon and half-gallon sizes. Dried squid is offered wrapped or unwrapped. Japanese fern bark is sometimes seen in supermarkets, most often is offered in a suspicious Oriental container in a small mama and papa store (*shoten*). Fern bark cooks up nicely, is a relative to Hawaii's famed *hapu* or tree fern, and in its dry state looks for all the world like refuse from a rug factory.

Oriental vegetables, like Western vegetables, commonly split between leaf varieties and tubers. In the Far East the constant oversupply of night soil produces gigantic specimens, radishes as long as an elephant's trunk, cabbages as big as an elephant's head. Night soil is not permitted in Island paddies, so that Oriental vegetables in their unbelievable variety are seen in Hawaii proportionately similar to their Western kin.

The fish section of Island markets is a decided "must see." The importation of octopus into Hawaii is measured in tons. It is a principal frozen seafood at the supermarket. Its appearance is unmistakable. Octopus is a big favorite with beer. Most fish comes to Hawaii's supermarkets fresh, is dispensed fresh and eaten raw.

Raw fish is delightful. Simply strip it or dice it and dip it in soy sauce. A highball, beer or wine will wash it down. Or try the Tahitian recipe, called *poisson creux* (haole version: poison the crew). This is diced white raw fish marinated with lime juice and coconut milk and left to stand a while. Frozen coconut milk is marketed fresh daily in most Island stores.

Supermarket poi is offered in plastic bags, one and two pounds per blob. It is forever maligned as a lifeless paste. Its color is blue-brown-grey, its taste negative. Only by a ritual of agony does one learn to like it. It just happens to be the finest food nourishment in the world, however. Best way to form the poi habit is to become carelessly inebriated at a real Hawaiian luau. Once oiled, with nerve ends dulled, tongue thickened, frontal lobe at parade rest, the poi problem becomes too easy. But it does not ship well, frozen. To date its Mainland invasion is negligible.

Shopping in Hawaii's supermarkets is identical with that in the A&P, or Krogers, or Safeway in a Mainland neighborhood. Chromed carts and automated checkout stands are commonplace. Uniform of the day is muumuu or shorts, or bikini if you wish. And we wish you would wish. It all adds up to an extremely colorful costumery, swishing between the aisles of canned goods, baby rattles and Wisconsin cheeses.

For despite the oversize fish department, and the Japanese rice wine section next to the air curtain beer cooler, Hawaii's supermarkets are essentially American retailing institutions. Hawaii's per capita consumption of catsup equals the Mainland norm. Forty-million brands of poppers and snappers occupy the endless cereal shelves. And oranges, apples and pears get their full seasonal play in the produce dumps.

It's fun to shop in Hawaii. It's fun to join the munchers and crunchers and guzzlers in the great Hawaiian pastime, the three-day meal. A strip of dried abalone and an accurately measured beverage begin it. The end, if you are fortunate, is never. And in between you will have partaken of such taste curios as never existed together anywhere before. And there are no damned monkeys, what's more.

Join us, inside the turnstile.



CAMERA HAWAII

Spotlight on

CHINN HO

by Mazeppa Costa

Chinn Ho, Honolulu-born investment banker, is president of Capital Investments, Capital Securities, Makaha Valley Farms, Territorial Motors, Latipac International, Latipac Hong Kong, the Honolulu Stadium and the Hawaii Visitors Bureau.

He is vice-president of Capital Properties and Waianae Development, and director of the Discount Corporation and Pacific Insurance.

Ho, who started his business career as a bank clerk, organized his own company in 1934.

So reads a capsule biography in a recent edition of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin. To Islanders, the image of Chinn Ho is much more colorful than these facts indicate.

His basic appeal is that of the American ideal, the Self Made Man. More than that, Chinn Ho, the grandson of a Chinese rice farmer who came to Hawaii in 1875, is a self-made millionaire, a perfect example of what can happen in Hawaii if a man be intellectually well-endowed.

With due respect to other self-made millionaires, Chinn Ho is in a class by himself: he's done this thing as a non-Caucasian in a business climate which heretofore had never thus yielded to any outsider, let alone one of Oriental ancestry. Chinn Ho has made significant contributions to the business life of the State and to its civic welfare. His goals in life are of significance to a large segment of the community. Add to these factors his individualistic approach to living and the result is tremendous personal magnetism.

At fifty-six, Chinn Ho is now in a league with newcomer to the Islands, industrialist Henry J. Kaiser, as well as the old-line patriarch of Hawaii's top business family, Walter E. Dillingham. Ho started his long, steady rise to success as a very young child when he realized that he was unusually small and that his size was a handicap.

"This fact helped mold my life pattern. I soon learned that I had to do a little more, work a little harder to gain recognition. I quickly geared myself to becoming better by *performance* rather than depending on outward appearance."

So Chinn Ho left athletic pursuits to the bigger boys while he turned his drive, his extra effort, toward intellectual and financial achievements.

While still in school, he made a business of selling imprinted pencils, calendars, and subscriptions to Mainland periodicals. He studied financial papers such as the Wall Street Journal and Journal of Commerce.

The undersized little boy, one of

ten children, who grew up to be a key figure in breaking up land monopoly and credit control by the big banks in Hawaii, in those years began to develop his financial acumen. Immediately after his graduation from McKinley High School in 1924, he went to work as an office boy in Bishop National Bank. Since then he has never once considered deserting the fascinating world of finance.

After a short time at Bishop Bank he went to work for Duisenberg-Wichman stock and bond brokerage office. At the same time he enrolled for extension studies at University of Hawaii. In 1929 Duisenberg-Wichman merged with Dean Witter & Co., and Chinn Ho remained on the staff to learn the intricacies of the stock exchange. In 1935, he went to Manila for one year where he worked for Swan Culbertson & Frita in the gold shares market. He returned to Dean Witter and remained until 1944, when he left the firm to organize his own investment and land development combine, Capital Investment Company, Ltd.

In the years since, Ho has constantly been jockeying for bigger things. In the June, 1960, issue of *Fortune*, Ho is credited with being one of three men who "typify the internal influences bringing about Hawaii's new look" in the world of business, the other two being Walter Dillingham and Henry Kaiser. Ho first broke tradition by being the "first Chinese to trade on the Honolulu Stock Market and seems to have been breaking some sort of record ever since."

Building his company on a base of hundreds of small investors, Ho has insisted on maintaining a close relationship with his investors. This permits him almost carte blanche freedom to act rapidly when an opportunity presents itself.

"Execution must be fast," he explains. "Communication must be as fast as you can make it. We have won the confidence of our investors. We take a very personal interest in the accounts, make decisions with speed."

As *Fortune* points out, "With [this] free hand in the management of his *huis*, Chinn has snapped up many opportunities ignored by Hawaii's older, entrenched wealth." The results are indicated by the fact that Capital Investment Company and subsidiaries now have assets worth $25 million.

But Ho, who is something of a maverick among millionaires, seems almost more interested in the game than the gain. He declares, "Business is like a game for me. That way it's so much easier for me to accomplish our aims. I never try to squeeze the next dollar.

"I enjoy problems. None is so big that I shy away. I exhaust everything in my imagination to resolve it, to unravel a situation, solve a land use problem. Unless there are problems involved, no money. Only problems give a discount.

"Accomplishment has meant more to me than dollars and cents. When geared to that I put myself in a better competitive position."

Illustrating this point is the story of Capital Investment's spectacular land transaction in Waipahu which involved the purchase of 136 acres of land for $450,000. The Merchant Street magnates were not at that time aware of the purchasing power and the stick-to-it-iveness of the Smith Street hui headed by its independent-thinking, fast-moving president Chinn Ho. Only 42 days after Capital Investment had acquired it, the property was sold for $600,000.

Said Chinn Ho to his stockholders of the gain: "We accepted wholesale profit (of $150,000) in lieu of projected subdivision profit of around $350,000."

Honolulu's real estate men agreed, "That sounds like Chinn Ho. He does it quietly."

Soon after this Ho was appointed managing trustee of the Robinson Estate and personal business manager of Mark A. Robinson. This appointment marked a drastic breakaway by one of the big landed estates in Hawaii from trust company management.

Several years earlier, in 1947, Capital Investment achieved its first major impetus when the Chinn Ho syndicate purchased 9,150 acres of defunct sugar land from Waianae Company for $1,250,000 and then sold 4,000 acres of it in fee simple lots for a figure in excess of $6 million. This Waianae transaction brought about a fundamental change in landholding in the Islands.

Explained Ho, "This was the first time a large land area of any consequence and value went into private hands for fee simple subdivision." This distribution of fee simple land ownership on a mass scale set a pattern elsewhere.

The remaining acreage in the Waianae tract is still a part of Capital Investment's assets and is rapidly increasing in value. In 1959 the company turned down a $3 million offer for the Makaha Valley property. Chinn Ho plans a luxury resort development in the area, now designated as one of the tourist destination spots in the State Planning Master Plan.

"Freshness characterizes our operations," says Ho, who frowns on heel dragging and pessimism. "Though we move quickly and in unorthodox manner, we consider our policy one of progressive conservatism as opposed to status quo conservatism." Capital Investment deals in calculated risks and Ho readily admits his actions "confuse bankers. We have to expose a new form on every deal. And the uninformed take my big moves with skepticism, feel I'm stepping into something out of my league. We pride ourselves on being an independent operation. Once I make up my mind, I have absolute confidence in myself and my associates."

The aggressive Chinn Ho-headed business complex includes a dozen enterprises. All are doing very well, and most are involved in Hawaii real estate. There is also a joint venture with Californian Louis Perini to develop 2,000 acres of land in Marin County near San Francisco.

"It's going wonderfully," reported Ho in August, and added how much he is enjoying his association with Perini. "He likes to make a deal on a handshake and then get the lawyers going. He has a great feeling for people. And is generous to a fault."

Giving an inkling as to how dynamos get things done, Ho says, "To accomplish things you must be geared up. During a time of accomplishment there is no such thing as relaxation. Pressure is important. I think that's the key to a lot of Kaiser's accomplishments. He gets keyed up

Continued on page 112

Mrs. Carl Hebenstreit of Honolulu, wife of popular radio and television star Kini Popo, has been known around the world since 1948 as Johnny Frisbie, author of Miss Ulysses of Puka Puka.

Daughter of the writer Robert Dean Frisbie and his beautiful Polynesian wife, Johnny grew up in the islands of the South Pacific and wrote her first book about island life when she was a girl of sixteen.

After her father's death, she came to Hawaii to complete her education. Now the mother of two young children, she recently published her second book, The Frisbies of the South Seas.



Johnny with her latest book.

Popo "shoots" Carla.





Johnny's Babies

STORIES BEGINNING "Once upon a time when I was a little girl" are really exciting at the Hebenstreit's house.

Their mother tells about sea voyages through the Society Islands in an outrigger canoe, delicate clams eaten straight from the sea, races run on deserted beaches and hurricanes that struck the islands where she grew up.

She talks of days spent swimming in the brilliant waters of the South Seas and of games that she and her brother and sisters invented on the tiny atolls where they spent their childhood.

This poised young mother now living in modern Honolulu grew up in almost primitive surroundings, helping her widowed Caucasian father with the care of her half-Polynesian sisters and brother. She was nearly fifteen before she spoke English. She knew few Caucasians and little of life outside the South Sea islands before she came to Hawaii at eighteen to finish her education.

Now the wife of radio and television personality Kini Popo, Johnny Frisbie is the successful author of two books, a popular professional dancer and is busy with more activities than most young women her age. In spite of all these, she retains the feeling of kinship with nature which marked her own childhood and is passing this on to her children.

Carl Ropati, age three, is called by his middle name, the Puka-Pukan version of the first name of his author-grandfather, Robert Dean Frisbie. Carla Ngatokorua, whose softly-rolling Puka-Pukan middle name means "in memory of two," is called Carla.

These two youngsters, being raised in a modern American city, are not carbon copies of children whose rearing conforms more closely to the modern pattern. One reason that they seem to be such natural children is that nature furnishes most of their playthings. "We do not buy them toys," Johnny explains. "We do things with them, instead. Every day we go to the beach to swim and dig and look for things. It is interesting to them."

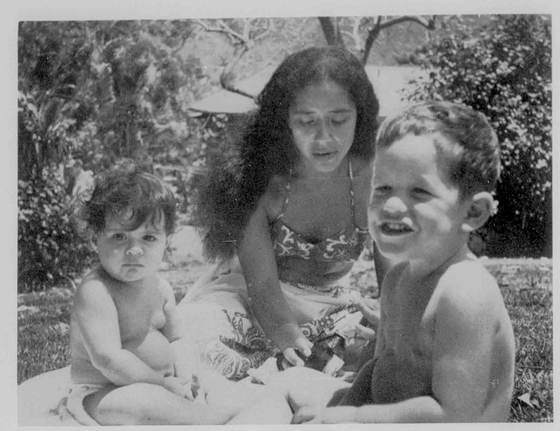
Watching Ropati gallop his favorite mount, a dried palm frond, across the lawn and Carla contentedly splash smooth stones into a pail of water is convincing evidence that the products of nature make wonderful toys.

These relaxed and happy children are quiet and gentle, loving with each other, calm. They are alert and quick. But it is the complete absence of tenseness in their relationship that most definitely marks their individuality.

Their home, in the Woodlawn section of lush Manoa Valley, is an old, sprawling, gray frame house, set on a corner knoll beneath spreading trees. Pink hibiscus, ti, ferns, all the typical foliage of Hawaii, surround the rolling lawn on which the children play. Across the lawn



Johnny with her author father.



Carla and Ropati relax with Johnny.

are large moss-rocks, some nearly three feet high, which serve as mountains to climb, horses to ride or forts to defend, as the mood dictates.

The house is filled with intriguing objects that would interest any child, shells and stones from the South Seas, outrigger canoes, carvings, paintings of Polynesian subjects, rows upon rows of books. There is no sign of the "bought" toys that clutter many modern households and no feeling of a house that is bursting at the seams because the children need so many "things."

Carla and Ropati are modern children, of course, more modern than most in some respects. Ropati, for example, often goes with his father to the broadcasting studio, to the delight of Islanders who have learned to love the little bit of "ham" in this happy blend of races.

"Having Ropati at the studio doesn't bother Kini Popo in the least," said one observer. "Most fathers would be nervous wrecks, worrying about his grabbing the mike, breaking something or saying something he shouldn't say. But Popo is completely relaxed when Ropati is with him."

Ropati adapts equally well to his mother's activities. An accomplished dancer of both the Hawaiian hula and the more vigorous Tahitian routines, Johnny must go to occasional rehearsals. Ropati goes along. "He is very good," his mother says. "He just plays quietly, or watches us dance."

Young sister Carla, being only one, is not included in these adult activities as yet. She stays with friends of her parents, a Hawaiian family who cared for her while her parents and brother took a recent trip to New Zealand. But that she is every bit as adaptable as her brother is evidenced by the eagerness with which she goes to "visit" her baby-sitters.

Although the children are still very young, the Hebenstreits have certain aspirations for them, as do most parents. Their hopes and plans differ from those of other young parents in some respects, but are interesting primarily because they spring from such different backgrounds.

Johnny was taught by her father and had very little formal schooling until she came to Hawaii in her late teens. Carl, on the other hand, was born and reared on the Mainland, attended public schools and graduated from college. Yet they agree that the conformity that often results from modern American schooling is something they wish to avoid for their own children.

Both parents also would like the children to have a year or two living in Johnny's beloved islands, while they are still young. The Frisbie children, living as they did from atoll to atoll, learned from infancy to be self-sufficent. "We were able to find our food and take care of ourselves wherever we went," recalls Johnny. "Carl and I would like Carla and Ropati to be self-sufficient, too."

"We would like both Carla and Ropati to have several school years in New Zealand or in Europe, when they are older. We want them to develop initiative and to be exposed to teachers who can really challenge their minds," their mother says.

Whether these two babies grow up in Hawaii, the South Sea islands, or in some other spot around the world, it seems certain that they will never be "just like all the other kids."

Their part-Polynesian ancestry marks not only their physical appearance but their attitude toward life as well. Far removed in time and space from their mother's island childhood, they retain the naturalness and charm that is their maternal inheritance. That their Mainland haole father's influence is so compatible is surely an important factor in the development of these budding personalities.

Carla and Ropati are just the kind of children one would expect to find with a calm, gentle Polynesian mother who says in charmingly accented English, "They are not work to me, not at all. They are fun."

Departing Honolulu bufo gets aloha from Frances Nuyen.





by Karen Pryor

'Traveler's Aid' for Animals

One evening recently six important passengers arrived at the Honolulu airport. They were Australian koala bears, the first to leave their continent in many years. With them arrived a crisis: their exclusive diet had given out. What to feed them?

"I wish Paul Breese were here!" said a reporter. So did everyone else. Paul Breese, volatile young director of the Honolulu Zoo, was at a Mainland conference. He would have been aware that koalas eat eucalyptus leaves by holding the branch in their paws, like a child with a lollypop.

Fast moving, fast talking, his eyes glittering blue, Paul Breese looks more like a press agent than an animal lover. A childhood snake collection, patiently tolerated by his family, led him to a B.S. in zoology and a job at the San Diego Zoo. He first saw Honolulu during the war, when as a Navy Lieutenant he piloted landing craft in the invasions of Palau, Iwo Jima, Leyte and Luzon. Like many a serviceman in the Pacific he found Hawaii enchanting, and after the war took a job with a Honolulu-based federal agency which sent him back to Palau, at twice the salary and with the fringe benefit of not being shot at.

In 1946 he married a co-worker, a petite blonde Virginian named Mary Lewis Fitzsimmons. Breese still longed to work for a zoo; Honolulu had none. But the city had been offered as a gift a pet elephant, a camel, and a few smaller animals. Breese convinced city officials that a zoo would be feasible. He was appointed director, and he and his wife spent their first months of marriage on such chores as carrying buckets of water to the elephant, which was chained by the leg to a banyan tree in a city park.

Since then, by horse trading, imagination and the kind of energy that is usually devoted to making that first million, Paul Breese has turned the Honolulu Zoo into a jewel. He has in that process made many friends in Honolulu and all over the world, animal men who have





Golden plumed bird of paradise en route from the Orient to a Mainland zoo attracted special attention.

learned they can count on Breese's help at this mid-point of what, to a caged animal or bird, is a grueling journey across the Pacific.

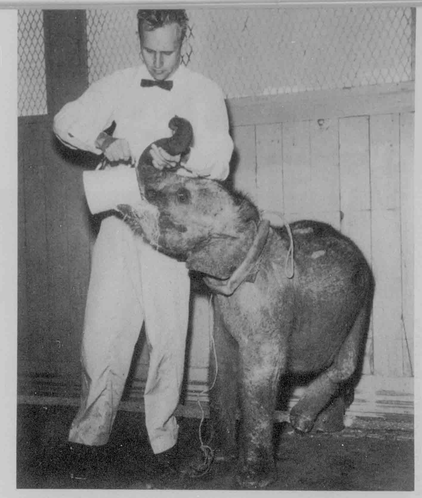
As a rule, food is the crucial factor in shipping delicate animals. The koalas, it turned out, were able to survive a dozen foodless hours. Many animals cannot. Take the proboscis monkeys. Rare and delicate leaf-eaters, none had survived the long journey from Indonesia to any American or European zoo.

When the San Diego zoo wrote Paul Breese that they had a pair of proboscis monkeys coming through Honolulu, Paul and Mary Lew arranged to meet the plane. The monkeys arrived and were clearly unhappy. The Breese icebox had provided lettuce and celery, standard zoo food for leaf-eaters, and when these were offered the male began to eat at once. But the female drew further into her corner and stared in misery at her strange surroundings. "They're weird-looking things," Mary Lew later said, "with that red fur. You might not be crazy about proboscis monkeys but nobody wants to sit there and just watch one die!" Least of all Paul Breese, to whom a proboscis monkey is finer than gold.

Breese drove off down the flower-lined airport approach and returned shortly with armloads of fancy hibiscus flowers. Into the crate they went. Mrs. Proboscis couldn't refuse. She nibbled a red flower. She reached for a yellow one, then a double-ruffled pink. Soon both monkeys were gobbling flowers. When they resumed their journey they had consumed several dozen hibiscus flowers, and were, in Paul's opinion, well fortified for further travel. Hawaii was undoubtedly the high point of their trip.

Besides being too frightened to eat, many a shipped animal may be, sadly, too young. There are no cargo attendants in flight on Pacific runs, and infant animals may starve on a long flight, such as the thirty hours from Singapore to Honolulu.

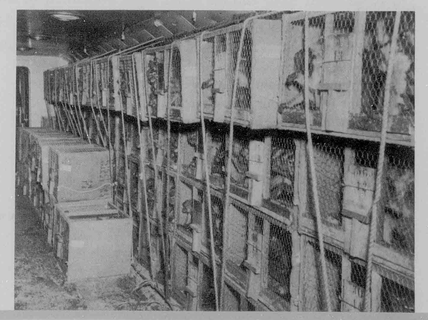
Unweaned baby elephants are greatly in demand on the U.S. mainland. They are cute, and naturally far



Unweaned baby elephant learns to drink milk from a pitcher after a battle of wits with Breese. Breese's timely help has saved the lives of several infant elephants.

Macaques monkeys from the Philippines bound for U.S. polio labs, were recent stop-over passengers at Honolulu International Airport.







PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

David Fleay and duck bill platypus.

cheaper to ship than an adult. But they are tragically poor travelers. One morning Paul Breese received a call saying that a baby female elephant was at the airport.

When he got there the warehouse was full of in-transit livestock: two dachshunds bound for Tokyo, a hundred screeching mynah birds from India, a crate of pathetically frightened gibbons going from Thailand to the Pet Haven in Los Angeles, and a large shipment of Iowa homing pigeons for some Hawaiian fancier of inter-island pigeon racing.

Tethered to a central post was the baby elephant. She was about a yard high, wrinkled all over, with bristly sparse black hair. She paced around the post, her feet rasping on the cement, her hind legs trembling with fatigue. Breese reached for the elephant and she backed away. "Hey, whassa matta you?" He patted her on the head. The elephant reached up with her trunk and felt his hand. "Sometimes these littlies can't manage their trunks yet," he explained later. "The last babe that came through here would get her trunk curled up in her mouth and then couldn't get it out." He called a cargo attendant over. "Got some canned milk? Kokua, eh?"

Breese guided the elephant's trunk to a bucket full of milk and sloshed some into its mouth. By the time the bucket was empty the elephant's legs no longer trembled.

"Good girl, you'll be all right now," Breese said.

The Breeses' timely help has saved the lives of several baby elephants. When one especially weak infant came through Honolulu, Mary Lew stayed beside it throughout its ten-hour stop-over.

Besides elephant babies, Honolulu is often a stop-over for infant tigers, panthers, orangutans and other large animals. "Baby tigers are usually in sad shape by the time they get here," Paul says. "Sick, dirty—a lot of them are too young to care for themselves. You can't really blame the shipper.

"And orangs! Since the war about thirty baby orangutans have gone through here and we've cared for them all. One little orang weighed only seven pounds. Equivalent to a six-week-old human baby. It was a thirty-hour flight from Singapore. Imagine a human baby going thirty hours without milk! It would be dehydrated; it would be darn near dead. We took that little guy home. He only had a three-hour layover and he sure wasn't going to make it to the Coast with the one or two meals we could get into him in that time."

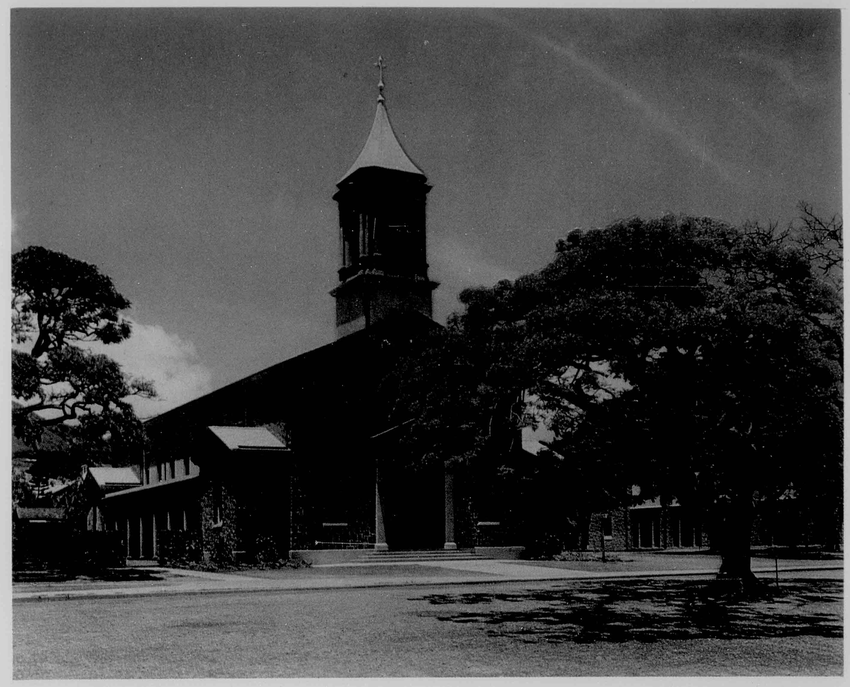
"He was the first of several orangs I baby-sat," Mary Lew told me. "I've never had a little animal more appeal-to have around the house than a baby orang. They're very clean."

There are some travelers which need extra care and yet can't be taken home to the Breese residence. For these, and for newcomers to the Honolulu zoo, Paul Breese maintains a row of enclosures which are off-limits to the public. These behind-the-scenes enclosures (modern zoos avoid the word *cage*) are as beautifully landscaped as those in the public eye, with lawns, flowering shrubs and trees, and tropically planted pools.

Often Paul is able to help out on animal shipments even when the animals are accompanied. When Australia's David Fleay was escorting the recent importation of highstrung and delicate platypuses to the Bronx Zoo, the Breeses were able to make his trip shorter by ten crucial hours. Paul talked with the head man at United Air Lines, explained the nature of the emergency and was able to get Fleay aboard a passenger flight with his animals, instead of the slow cargo flight for which he was booked.

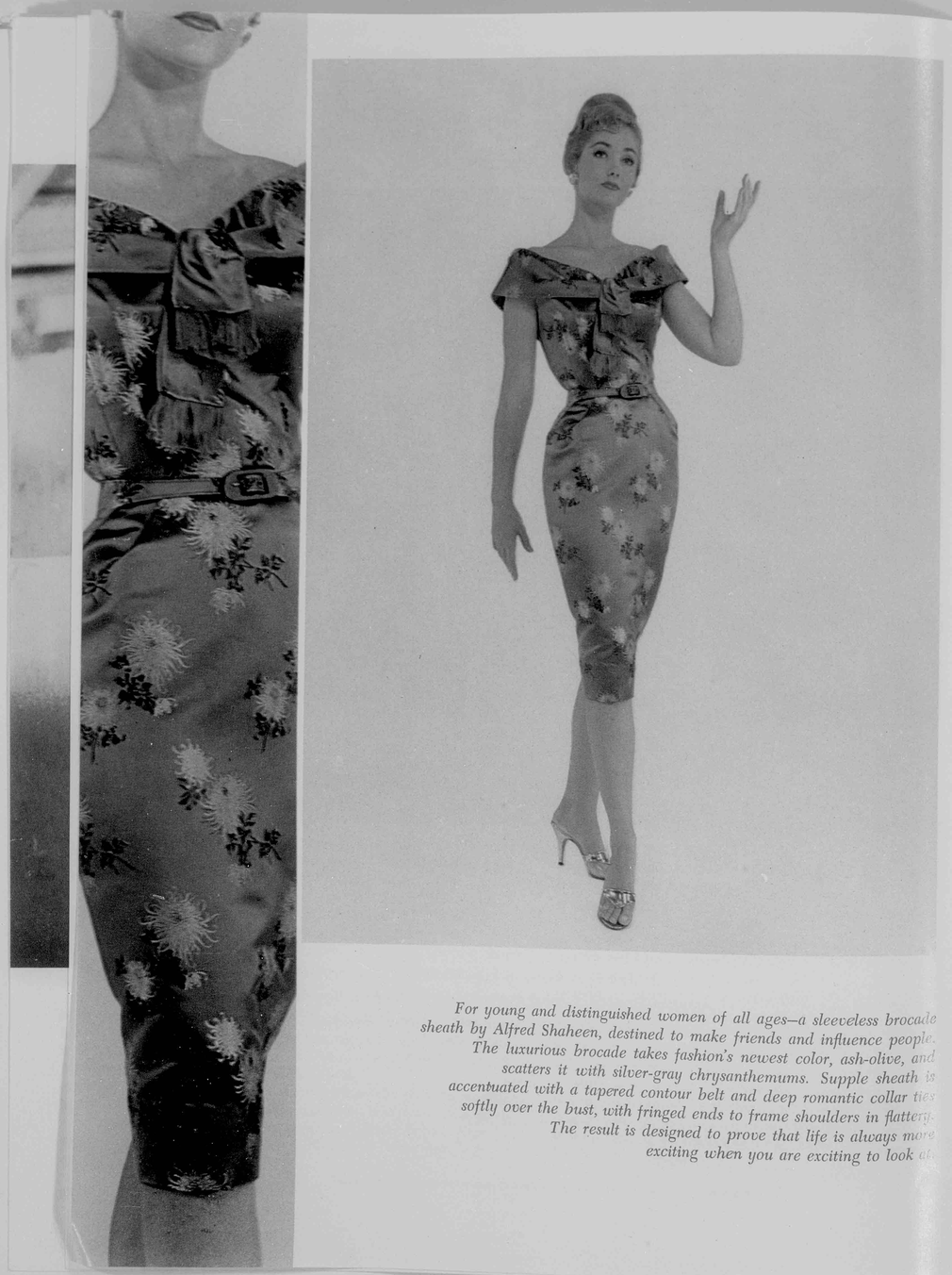
Paul does not meet every animal that goes through Honolulu, although some shippers seem to think so: recently Pan American Airways was instructed to "Have Paul Breese check this shipment in Honolulu," on a crate of common mynahs, hardy birds that thrive on a simple travel diet of Rice Krispies. The shipper was a complete stranger to Paul, and mynahs are routine to the airlines so the "checking" was done by phone. Generally the Breeses are in attendance only for rare and delicate animals, "the tricky stuff."

Ideally, the Breeses' traveler's aid program will become less and less needed as time goes by. Honolulu is now getting enough animal arrivals and departures to warrant emulating other port cities such as New York in having an ASPCA station at the airport to handle the feeding and care of animals in transit, for a small charge. The airlines employees themselves are learning the procedures for caring for even demanding animals, and one European airline flying the eastern route from India to Europe has instituted cargo flights with attendants aboard to feed and care for delicate animal passengers. But shipping rare beasts can never become routine; as long as there is a nervous U.S. animal man waiting for his echidnas, cus-cus, or Tasmanian Devils, Paul will be getting requests to "just take a look at them;" and Mary Lew will continue to be hostess to travel-worn parrots, bears, langurs and penguins.



DOUGLAS DAVIDSON

. . . flaming blossoms of poinciana regia blaze against gray stone walls of Atherton Memorial Chapel at Central Union Church, Honolulu. The spectacular tree is nature's capricious contradiction of the classic church architecture.



For young and distinguished women of all ages—a sleeveless brocade sheath by Alfred Shaheen, destined to make friends and influence people. The luxurious brocade takes fashion's newest color, ash-olive, and scatters it with silver-gray chrysanthemums. Supple sheath is accentuated with a tapered contour belt and deep romantic collar ties softly over the bust, with fringed ends to frame shoulders in flattery. The result is designed to prove that life is always more exciting when you are exciting to look at.



Hawaii Fashions

by Marjorie V. Trumbull

ILLUSTRATIONS / LIBERTY HOUSE

WHAT ARE Hawaii Fashions? Who makes them and who wears them? To answer these questions, here is a story about a chic Mainland sophisticate and her reaction to Hawaii fashions.

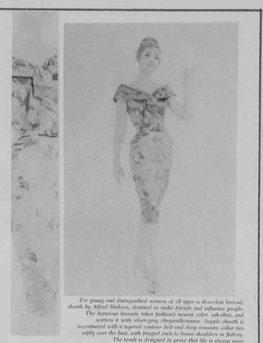
An international traveler, and a writer, successful candidate for many best dressed lists, she was paying her first visit to the Islands. I was lovingly, proudly pointing out the beautiful vistas, the fun places, the sweet people.

"All right," she said, "I like it. I like it *very* much. But please don't try to sell me on those ridiculous muumuus!" And so I didn't.

A few days later she went to Kauai, paid a visit to enchanting resort hotels there, swam on the dazzling beaches, listened to the tender, nighttime singing and watched the impressive torch lighting. I met her on her return, and as she walked through the gate at the Honolulu Airport I decided she never looked more beautiful, never so perfectly dressed for her surroundings. Her hat was a straight-on lauhala straw with a bright, scarlet band around it. Her muumuu was the tutu type with a high, ruffled neckline in a scarlet and green calico print.

"Don't you dare make any remarks," she warned me. "But I just didn't feel *Hawaiian* until I put one on!"

In a way that tells you *what* Hawaii Fashions are. Because to "feel Hawaiian" is certainly to acquire one of the most wonderful moods in the world. And Hawaii Fashions definitely *further* that mood, because they're a true reflection of life in these islands. They're *right* to wear here and they echo unerringly the colors,



For young and distinguished women of all ages—a sleeveless brocade sheath by Alfred Shaheen, destined to make friends and influence people. The luxurious brocade takes fashion's newest color, ash-olive, and scatters it with silver-gray chrysanthemums. Supple sheath is accentuated with a tapered contour belt and deep romantic collar ties softly over the bust, with fringed ends to frame shoulders in flattery. The result is designed to prove that life is always more exciting when you are exciting to look at.

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the history, the harmony of the people and the easy, casual happy living that are inherently Hawaiian.

Hawaii Fashions may have trousers or skirts, be sleek, lounge type costumes inspired by China, be muumuus or holokus, swimsuits or stunning cocktail frocks of fabric from Bangkok or Japan. There are no rigid rules concerning their styling. If they're made here, reflect the Pacific and are worn here they're *Hawaiian!*

Often when newcomers buy them, wear them and love them, they're loth to put them aside, so they take them home. They find to their somewhat surprised delight that all of them are appropriate, upon occasion, under their own roofs—be they in California or Nantucket—every bit as effectively as they were under a star-roofed lanai in Honolulu.

Why Hawaii Fashions? The first, truly Hawaii Fashion, the "Aloha Shirt," was the brainchild of two young men, 23 years ago. They are Nat Norfleet and Herb Briner, who today rank among Hawaii's most successful manufacturers.

From this specialized one-garment beginning grew Hawaii's fashion industry which today, it is said by authorities, "has brighter prospects of future development than any other Island industry except tourism." Fashion and tourism are, of course, closely linked. The more people who come to Hawaii, the more popular Hawaii Fashions become on the Mainland.

Hawaii Fashions are made mainly by members of the Hawaiian Fashion Guild, a group of some thirty Island garment manufacturers who work jointly to promote their creations on the Mainland and in the Islands. Some twenty other manufacturers work separately from the Guild, chiefly because they sell only to one retail outlet or chain. There's a third group of creators in the Hawaii Fashion picture, the exclusive custom designers. They seek out exotic silks, sari cloths, brocades and sheen-fine cottons from the Orient, and from them fashion exotic lounging clothes, spectacular evening gowns, strikingly cosmopolitan beachwear.

It is The Guild, sparkplugged by its former president Robert Gaffney and now presided over by Diane Uchimura, which is responsible for the

Continued on page 116



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SURFRIDING *Continued from page 61*

Well-developed paddling muscles are fundamental in surfing. Until they are strengthened you will not be able to catch a wave properly. Since the muscles used in paddling are different from those of any other sport, they can be acquired only through much practice.

Stay in the small surf until you have learned to manage your board. You will endanger not only yourself but the good surfers if you go out in the big waves before you are ready. Stay away from Canoe Surf which is for outriggers and from Queen's Surf which is steep.

In danger, the safest place to be, usually, is under water. If you ever find yourself in the path of an oncoming surfrider, don't make a panicked attempt to swim to one side or the other. It may confuse his plans to turn. Just submerge where you are until his wave passes.



Don't let your surfboard get away from you if you can help it. Not only will it give you a lot of chasing, but it will jeopardize other surfers. A loose board is dangerous.

You can learn by trial and error, but it is quicker and safer to learn from an expert. The beach boys at Waikiki, who are professionals, will teach you and their lessons are well worth the price.

Don't attempt to surf in an area unfamiliar to you. Many beautiful beaches have dangerous currents and undertows. Know the water where you swim.

Here is a final word of warning on the sport. If you tend to be an extremist, don't take up surfing. It can too easily become an obsession. You will regard time spent on all other things as wasted. Living only for the days of the big waves, you will forget your sweetheart, ignore your job and cultivate friends only among others with the same madness. To non-surfers you will be "one of those beach characters"—but you will be tan, healthy, and in your own way, happy.

One such character, a sunburnt haole who follows the surfer's life with complete satisfaction although he doesn't own a pair of shoes and frequently goes without meals, was once asked what he would like, if he could have anything he wished. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "I'd wish I was a Hawaiian."

"Why a Hawaiian?"

"So my nose wouldn't peel."

That sums it up. For the dedicated surfer, a non-peeling nose is about the only thing in the world left to wish for. Except perhaps some more good waves. And they'll be up *mahope* (tomorrow), anyway.

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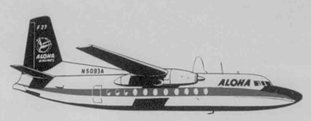

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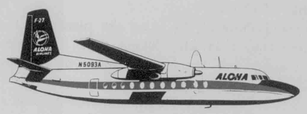

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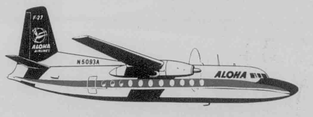

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The Big Island's lofty summits of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea offer exciting challenge to members of the Trail and Mountain Club.

TRAIL AND MOUNTAIN CLUB *Continued from page 77*

officers and committee chairmen who really work at their jobs of keeping the trails open and arranging the hikes.

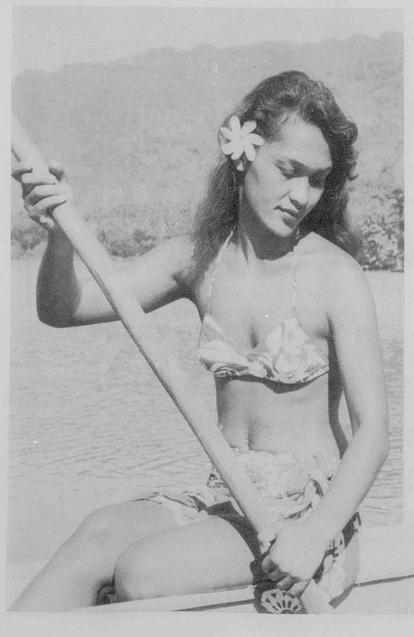
Four times a year a printed schedule of hikes is sent to members, each trip having been carefully planned to afford maximum enjoyment of the varied climate and topography of Oahu.

More and more of the hikes are planned for Saturday afternoons, a favorite hiking time of visitors and Islanders alike, but the Sunday hikes of old are still scheduled and still popular.

Since 1926, the group has maintained a clubhouse in Waimanalo where members often gather for steak fries and interesting evenings of color-slide viewing. Clubhouse chairman today is one of the deans of professional photography in Hawaii, R. J. Baker, now retired but still actively interested in the work of the Club and the profession which he followed for many distiguished years.

Five or six times each year, trips to the outside islands are scheduled, and most of the long-time members have climbed happily over Mauna Loa, explored Haleakala crater and hiked deep into the almost inaccessible valleys that indent the shorelines of the islands.

Kamaainas, tourists, temporary residents, members of the military and nature lovers in general are attracted to the Trail and Mountain Club hikes. In a day when much of the scenery passes most of the people as they whizz along in powerful cars, speed boats and jet planes, it is fortunate that such groups as the Trail and Mountain Club maintain an interest in viewing nature from the best possible aspect - on foot, and with camera in hand.



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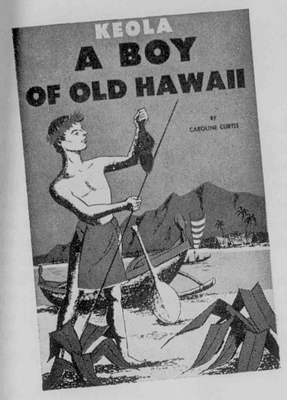
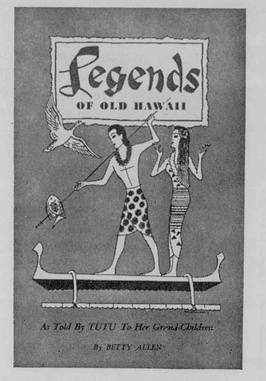


KEOLA, A BOY OF OLD HAWAII, by Caroline Curtis. Exciting to young imaginations is this story of life in ancient Hawaii, authentic in every detail. Delightfully illustrated with color. **$1.98**



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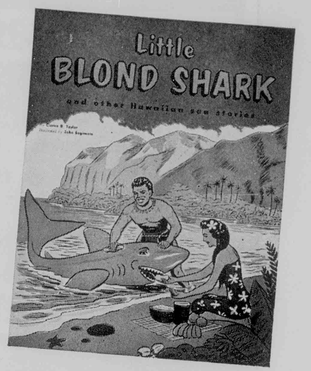

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CHINN HO *Continued from page 96*

and stays that way until the thing is done. Michener is that way when he is writing."

Chinn Ho is soft-spoken but direct, alert, enthusiastic in manner. He has a wavy crop of dark hair, some of which dangles slightly above his gold-rimmed spectacles on the right side. Portraits of Ho reveal a bulbish nose, ridges between his eyes, a bow-tie, a cigar, hands that might easily be taken for a surgeon's, and an expression that is often thoughtful, frequently downright merry.

"I like cocktail parties," confides Chinn Ho. "I love people." This probably explains a great deal about what makes Ho "go." He carries no chip on his shoulder, seems completely secure within himself, and can therefore devote his full energies to working creatively.

"He wastes no time. But he is also a very relaxed person," says Alta Mae Goffin, his secretary since 1945. Long term employment is the rule rather than the exception at Capital Investment, where the average term of employment at present is 11 years in a company just 16 years old.

Hints Ho, "Practically all of them are their own bosses. Loyalty is a big factor. I emphasize this."

And Chinn Ho does enjoy the loyalty of his employees. Gladys (Mrs. George) Shijo, a stenographer of eight years standing at Capital Investment, speaks for her follow workers when she says of her boss, "I'm sure all the employees respect him. He's a nice man, one who always thinks of the employees. I don't know how to say it but I think he's tops. It's not because I'm working here that I say that. His mind is always on work but he finds time for the employees. He makes us feel at ease."

Secretary Goffin sees him as: "A dynamic personality, very thoughtful, very humble, one who has remained so with all his growth . . . (He's) very easy to work with . . . understanding . . . always has time for the little people, never too busy. His thinking: always progressive, for the good of the community, the State. Like Kaiser, he's one of a generation. Not a selfish bone in his body. He remembers people when they're ill, on their birthdays, when they've been advanced in their positions."

Chinn Ho and his wife, the former Betty Ching, whom he married in Honolulu on October 13, 1934, make an impressive pair. Alert, attractive, and agreeable, Mrs. Ho is a small, animated woman. Neither withdrawn and shy nor loud and aggressive, she exudes a nicely balanced graciousness that is warm and thoroughly feminine. Selected as one of Honolulu's best-dressed women during 1959, she maintains that she has few clothes but those carefully chosen to suit her personality. Pastels, basic black, linen, the uncluttered sheath line, over-all conservatism in line, color, jewelry and accessories are keynotes to her wardrobe. A frequent hostess in their relaxed Diamond Head house which is but a few feet from the water's edge, Betty Ho is engaging and charming as she serves coffee and passes home-baked delicacies. She is also pleasantly firm as she scolds Chinn Ho about sneaking bits of cake to Lightning, a beautiful, sleek whippet, household favorite of all eight Hos.

There are six children: Stuart, a student at Michigan Law School; Dean, a University of California graduate who has recently finished officers' training; Karen, a junior at Punahou School; John, a 14-year-old student at Iolani School who—like his Father—is very small; Robin, aged 13, also a student at Punahou; and 11-year-old Heather, who goes to Hanahauoli.

"Chinn drives them to school mornings," explains Mrs. Ho; "He has so little other time to see them."

Ho, a director or officer of many community organizations, wades into everything that he touches with bold, optimistic yet realistic relish. He applies his perceptive brain to all his activities. He is likely to point a finger when he sees complacency, and then to take head-on measures to correct the situation. He has a genius for weeding from his mind all cluttering details in order to lay bare the essence of a problem or situation.

As new president of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, he recommends that the HVB reverse its hands-off policy and take a stand in controversial issues affecting tourism. He points out that tourism is expected to be the

Continued on page 114

punahou poetry

SELECTED FROM the annual literary publication of Punahou School, *Ka Wai Ola.*

the harbor

by BETSY SAMS

Waves lap with cats' tongues
The beach's salty hand
And press in her palm
With milk-foam lips
The kiss of some far-off land.

Dreams of the Orient
Of teak smelling damask,
Of jasmine tea,
Lap my hand.
Shy cat-tongued waves
Leave your salt-kissed
Secrets with me.

milk—1960 style

by HELEN FUJIWARA

Pasteurized
Homogenized
and medically tested

Then advertised
as atomized
and maybe predigested

Packaged
Crated
Refrigerated
Delivered to the diner.

You can't deny
the part played by
the cow
seems rather minor.

determination

by BETSY SAMS

Delicate fragment of life
Clings to my wall
Reaches for the ceiling
Falters and tumbles,
Struggles up
to fall again.

Insignificant speck
In an unconcerned world
Defiant, unconquerable.
Triumphant
Little lizard
That clings to my ceiling.

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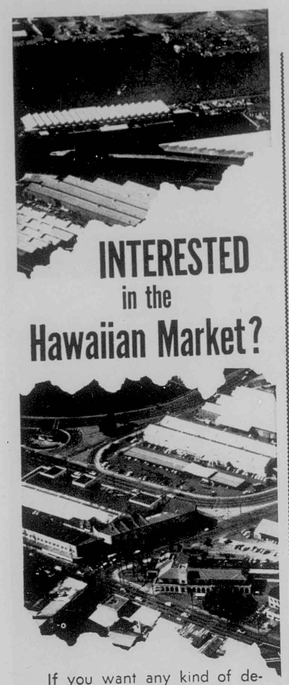

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Continued from page 87

and which Mr. Tongg has worked into the garden scheme with great charm and naturalness.

Situated to take advantage of especially appealing settings are simple stone benches, one looking out at the lily pools, a second commanding a view up the path toward the house.

As the lot narrows at the far end, the path winds back and forth across graceful lily pools with their purple, lavender, cream, and vivid pink blossoms. Framing the path are Natal plum, English holly, variegated holly and Surinam cherry trees.

At one point a group of lemon, orange and lime trees provide both handsome foliage and welcome fruit in season. And nearby stands an ardesia tree with its red berries, a symbol to the Japanese of prosperity.

A Chinese alabaster tree, growing in a natural arbor shape, is off to the left; lichee trees add still another touch of the Orient.

Finally, at the far end of the garden is a second big, old koa tree, dropping some of its limbs with the weight of years but still standing sentinel over a third stone bench which commands a view of the complete garden scene.

The charm of this garden comes from the care and attention to detail with which plants from the far corners of the world have been combined. It comes, too, from the way in which the Hasegawas use the garden.

In the lily pools are mosquito fish, polliwogs and carp which neighbor children delight in catching in their nets. Fruit-bearing trees supply neighbors as well as the family with year-round delicacies.

And although the swimming pool area, set apart from the gardens, is securely fenced for safety, the pleasures of the garden area are shared with neighbors in an especially delightful way.

"The children used to creep through the bushes right here and go down to the lily pools," said Mrs. Hasegawa, "so we built a little rock path for them, to make it easier for them to come in."

A handsome garden used in such a way as this is not only a landscape architect's masterpiece, it is a happy place.

Continued from page 112

Isles' top industry in ten years and that now is the time for long range planning, for firmer, more aggressive leadership, for "bigness in thinking and boldness in action." Hawaii must, he feels, plan for growth, provide visitor satisfaction, maintain standards. "It's time we showed some guts," said he to the HVB Board. The members of his board "buy" his ideas but he is shrewd enough to realize that change is difficult and he is fully aware that at best it will be a little slow.

"Mr. Ho's genuine interest in people is the thing that intrigues me," remarked an Island teacher who recently found herself standing face to face with him in the crush of a large wedding reception. "I turned around and there was this man with a big smile on his face. Right away, he stuck out his hand and said 'I'm Chinn Ho; who are you?' as if he really wanted to know. It turned out that we had a mutual friend, and he was just as absorbed in discussing our friend's newest venture as if it had been his own. Later, I realized that he hadn't said a word about himself. He was charming."

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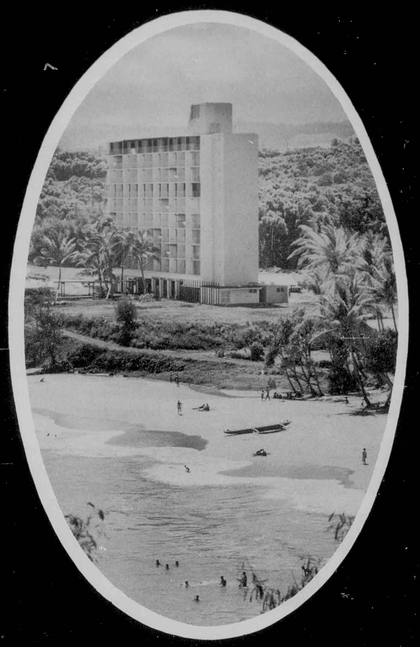

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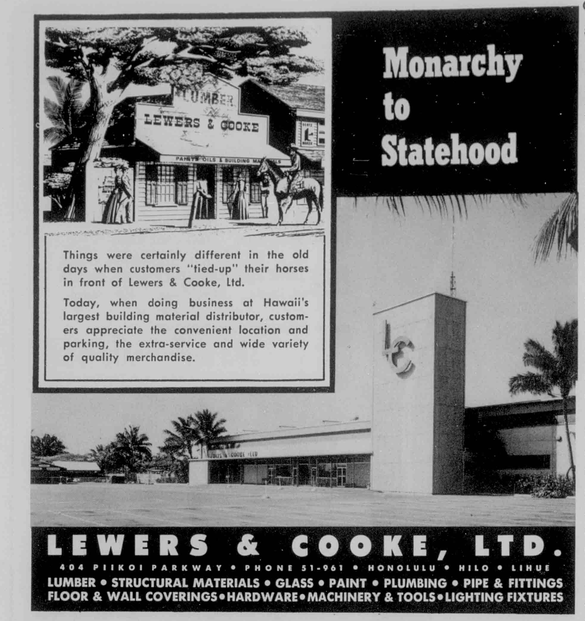



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Continued from page 106

annual Fashion Market Week attended by buyers and fashion writers from key areas of the Mainland. The Guild also uses other devices for the joint promotion of Hawaii fashions everywhere.

Who *wears* Hawaii Fashions? Everyone. Undoubtedly there isn't a man in Hawaii who doesn't own a half-dozen aloha shirts. The more discriminating he is, the more restrained, perhaps, his choice. Gone are the days when violent yellows, reds and purples were the only color schemes available. Today aloha shirts can be almost, but not quite, Ivy League. Naturally to retain their Hawaii flavor a distinctive Hawaiian quality is essential either in fabric, or color or design.

Even as the men keep on hand their favorite shirts for luaus, informal cocktail parties or outdoor activities, the women who live in Hawaii have complete wardrobes of muumuus, holokus, tea-timers, pake-muus and rustling Island print frocks for day or night.

They wear them at home. They wear them almost everywhere. They wear them often with hibiscus in their hair, thong sandals on their feet and the wonderfully relaxed assurance of appropriate, colorful comfort that comes with dressing in Island fashions.

Visitors who first bought Island clothes here buy them a second time on the Mainland because they like them. College girls adore wearing them in their Mainland dormitories, on their Mainland picnics. The sophisticated visitor previously mentioned recently sent back for three more muus to wear in her penthouse apartment in San Francisco!

Hawaii Fashions are not on their way; they've arrived. An estimated $18 million dollar business was last year's figure. More than 1600 people are employed by the industry. Almost without anyone noticing it Hawaii has become a style center acknowledged throughout the world.

Like the rustling palm trees and gleaming white sand, like the singing trade winds and velvet air, Island clothes are as integral a part of Hawaii as Waikiki. But fortunately for the rest of the world and unlike Waikiki, Hawaii Fashions can go anywhere—and do!



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Continued from page 34

institutions for the world at large." He urged that it reach out not just to certain areas of the world but to all humanity.

The Center will function not only as a community of scholars but as a workshop for non-academic training. Leaders and teachers will learn technical skills which aid their countries in providing basic needs in agriculture, public health, socal welfare, public safety, and industry. They will acquire skills needed for their country's future growth in such fields as public administration, engineering, and communications. The technical training agency will make use of the facilities of the International Cooperation Center and other government agencies throughout Hawaii.

Dr. John Stalker, director of the Overseas Operations Program, when questioned by visiting Asian scholars concerning Moscow's friendship university, said, "The U.S. East-West Center is not an effort to win the mind of anybody, but to develop minds together. Its purpose is not to teach people the American way but to develop a common understanding–to provide an environment of social ease in which Asians and Americans can be just humans and learn together."

Central to this environment of social ease will be the complex of dormitories, conference rooms, lounges, cafeterias, and auditorium, located in lush Manoa Valley on twenty-one acres of land valued at approximately $2,740,000.

Buildings will be constructed of materials from both West and East. Of functional design, they will be enhanced by Oriental gardens with ponds and lagoons along rustic Manoa stream which cuts a young canyon through this section of the campus.

Americans attending the Center–and there will be one to every four foreign students–will live in the Center dormitories providing ideal opportunities for casual interchange in the relaxed atmosphere of home quarters.

Center students will attend the same classes and enjoy all rights and privileges as regular students. Other services will be available for their special needs. A foreign student adviser will help with such things as visas and travel arrangements, and there will be interpreters in classrooms and dormitories, tutors, and the English Language Institute.

India's vice-president and spiritual leader, Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who participated in the East-West Philosophers' Conference at the University last year, expresses the motivating spirit that moved the International Center out of the realm of ideas into actuality:

"Peace is the main objective of nations in the East and in the West. . . . If only the spirit of Hawaii could be expanded to a world scale, many of our problems would disappear. Hawaii is a supreme example of a multi-racial society which is free from color prejudice."

Hawaii is not the end of the road for Center students or technical trainees. It is the bridge they will cross to the U.S. continent for further contacts and studies. In her new role, Hawaii may achieve her greatest triumph clothed in an academic robe. If the Center succeeds in helping achieve world peace, the "fair Hawaiian Islands" will indeed be "Isles of golden dreams."



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mark my words

by Micky Baird



Women are such avid fashion-note readers in Hawaii that there's hardly a fashion on the Mainland that they aren't aware of through the magazines they read at home or under the hair dryers. Consequently it's a delightful surprise now and then to discover a very high-fashion design right here in town. The International Market Place has the loveliest "top-side" separate I've seen in years. I predict a tremendous success for it as a year in and year out standby in any gal's wardrobe. It's a lace-over-faille halter top with a tiny, stand-up collar and a tie-around belt. It would be positively magnificent with evening skirt or evening pants. Don Little, the designer, says that one size fits anyone, and although you can buy it in black, white, or pale blue lace he will make it for you in white pique or denim too. $16.95 makes this separate yours in the **Crossroads Hawaii Shop.** It is **so** good-looking!

A truly "different" baby gift is hard to find, but the other day I found the latest in the "newest." Have you seen the silver baby-food jar holder? I think it would be a boon to mothers. This a cleverly designed holder for hot food jars; it has a handle that is easy to grasp and the silver spoon is long enough to reach right down to the bottom of the jar. The spoon has a small bowl to fit a baby's mouth comfortably. A mother who has one of these can serve the heated food directly from the jar. It's a time saver, an easy way to feed the baby (or to let him feed himself with it) and a grand gift. **Paul's Jewelry Shop** in the Ala Moana Center has this for $7.50.

The fashion-wise who know a good-looking muumuu when they see one should go to the **Carol & Mary** shop in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to see what a new designer is supplying them with. These are the most original muumuus yet! Their enchantment lies in the appeal of old-fashioned, tiny provincial prints combined artfully with velvet ribbon trimming. Most of the ribbons are hand-sewn to the bodice, neck or sleeve endings. A great deal of museum research has gone into the cut and styling of these garments and I can't imagine anyone who wouldn't attract favorable attention in one of these. Sometimes I feel the right person is wearing the wrong style of muumuu,

Continued on page 122

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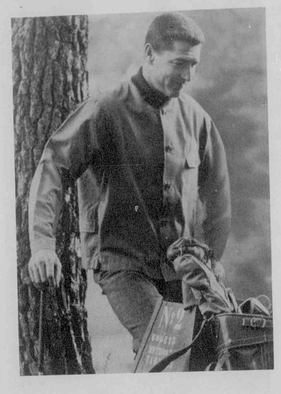
Continued from page 121

but with this one, called the "Bete-Muu-Muu," it would be difficult **not** to look attractive. $24.95 will bring the muumuu collector right up to date.

There's always a certain amount of glamour to an import from Europe. Most of us look twice at anything from a foreign land. I came across a very unusual rain-proof golfing jacket from Vienna the other day in **Reyn's** men's shop



in the Ala Moana Center, and being a golfer myself, I enthusiastically congratulate the Viennese designer, B. Teller, on his model. This jacket is of water-repellent cotton with a knitted collar, adjustable sleeve tags, a hidden backstrap on the INSIDE for fit adjustment, handmade button holes, and a most convenient outside back pocket for cigarettes. The best of this jacket from a golfer's point of view is the very clever underarm sleeve treatment. There is a triangular, OPEN gusset so that the widest backswing would never feel construction or pull. Men would endorse the color, which is a subdued overplaid of dull green. The price is good for an imported garment of this kind, $22.50.

Found — A new and beautiful hanging lantern for porch, garden, or interior. **Shirokya,** that little bit

Continued on page 123

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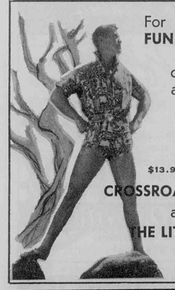

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Continued from page 122

of Japan in the Ala Moana Center, has an eighteen and a half inch cylinder of pierced, gold-color aluminum, lined with white fibreglass, that is the prettiest lighting fixture I've seen in a long time. To use it



for candlelight, you unscrew the base cap, insert candle holder, and replace the base. If a more permanent light is desirable, it is easily wired from the top. Some of the local hotels have discovered this lantern and are doing just this. For a lavish lighting effect you can hang two or three of them together, suspending them at different levels from the ceiling. The overall appearance of this cylinder is so light, airy, and exotic that it is a buy-in-good-taste at $15.90.

Doormats can be very ordinary. In fact, most of them ARE! Decorators and designers bemoan what some homeowners will put up with in the name of "doormat" after their homes have been perfectly decorated. Discover for yourselves the attractive, original, and exclusively-"their own" doormat that **Philippine Handicrafts** offers. This shop on the lower level of the Ala Moana Center resembles the sort of handicrafts center one finds in the large cities of foreign countries but seldom in the United States. In the corner of the shop was a most appealing oval of red and beige hemp stripes. It

Continued on page 124



Sarong with kikepa in plumeria border print, removable straps 100% cotton with satin finish.

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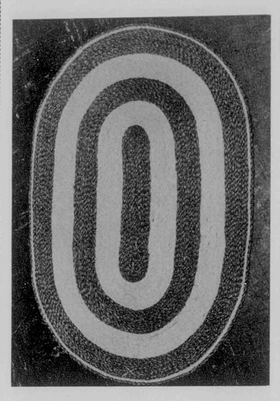
was displaying some other wares, but I discovered that it was a doormat and comes in green, yellow, brown, and beige with beige as



well as the red. These doormats are perfect for Honolulu for either town or beach house. They are $5.95 and always available.

There are monkeys in every conceivable form from the zoo variety to the famous three, and I wouldn't have thought there was anything new anyone could do with the monkey design. Yet there is and it's startling. This one is called "The Wonderful Monkey" and two months from the time you buy it and follow directions you will have a hanging fern in the shape of a monkey! It sounds unbelievable, but the **Smuggler's Den** in the International Market will show you. When you hold this monkey in your hand it looks like a charming toy. The head is carved of wood and one arm clings to the wooden branch of a tree. The monkey's body consists of fern twigs wrapped around moss and therein lies the magic of transformation! You hang it up in your garden and water it nightly, just the way they do in the Japanese tea-house gardens. In due time you will have this fern shaped a la monkey! It's very little to pay — $2.85 — for so much potential fun.

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HAPPI COATS



HONOLULU ACADEMY OF ARTS

by Beryl Sawyer

What's in a name? Whether it's "Kamehameha," "Honolulu Coin Divers Association," "Hawaii Beachboys Service Association" or even "Joe's Fish 'n Poi" printed on the back of a T-shirt, we all seem to love to be walking billboards. So you think this is all something new, thought up by some highly paid PR man in this modern day and age? Well, you're wrong.

Take the "happi" coat for instance: Japanese style, loose, comfortable, cool, knee-length and worn on beaches and boulevards and in bathrooms and backyards. There's a big Japanese character printed or painted on the back—bright, bold and red in a white circular or square frame. Happi coats are usually in indigo blue cotton pepped up with a white abstract design printed around the border. You wear one, he wears one, she wears one and Junior will when you can find a keiki-sized one.

Happi coats have been worn for centuries in Japan and started out as no more than walking signboards. They began in a very lowly fashion as coolie coats and made their appearance during the Tokugawa period, in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the use of family crests on utensils and clothes first became popular. Feudal lords rivaled one another in their choice of conspicuous yet dignified designs painted on the backs of coolie coats worn by their retainers. The fashion became a rage and soon bank clerks, firemen, carpenters and other skilled workmen followed suit. Merchants, too, soon saw the commercial value of the walking signboard and provided happi coats suitably identified for their employees. Free distribution was made at the end of the old year or at the beginning of the new.

Even rickshaw men wore happi coats, giving dignity to their calling by the adoption of the prevailing fashion—but later discarded them in favor of tight fitting shirts.

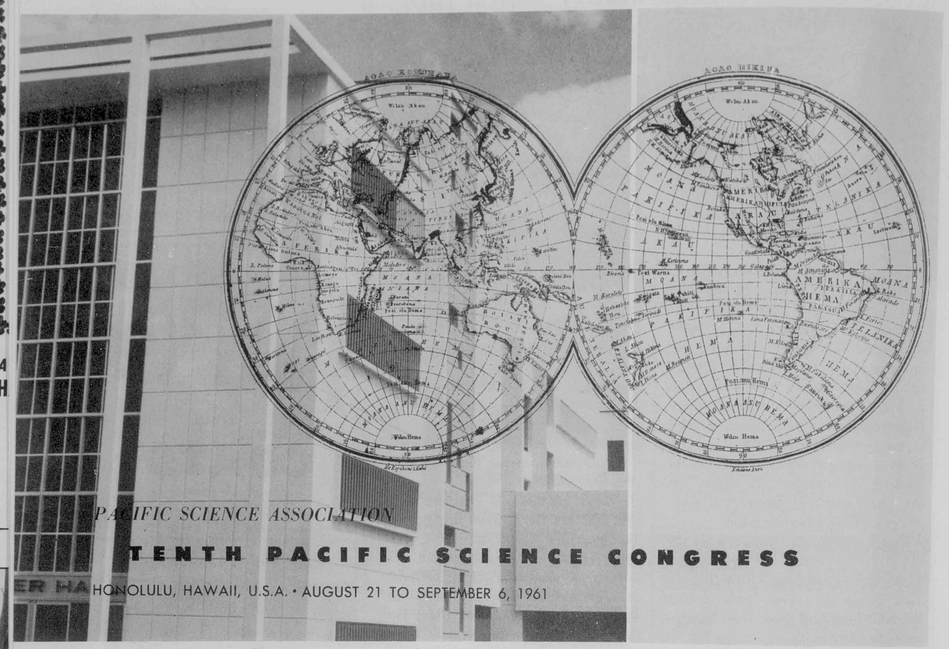
Happi coats were originally made of strong serviceable cotton, dyed with *ai* or vegetable indigo blue, a natural vegetable dye which never fades even in the strongest sunlight. Today they are made of cotton, rayon and natural pongee silk, but in view of the cost, time and labor involved, they are now dyed with chemical dyes. Prices for a 36-inch coat vary between $6.00 for rayon to $19.00 and up for silk. The 42-inch dress length coats come slightly higher.

Some shops in Waikiki are now offering a very modernized version of the happi coat in drip-dry cotton in red, white, black or aqua with customized insignias, hand-painted on the back. Most popular Japanese characters are "happiness," "joy," "gladness" and "thousand," which implies a thousand good things for the lucky owner of the happi coat. Or the coat may be personalized with a simple initial on the back in Japanese-type lettering.

There's another old Japanese custom that has come down throughout the centuries. Side by side with happi coats, you may have noticed in Japanese shops the yukata, or light summer kimono, usually in white washable absorbent cotton. These are the predecessors of the modern terry cloth robe with hotel name stamped across the back, which you will find in the better hotel bathrooms or aboard ship.

The yukata, supplied by Japanese hotels for the comfort of their guests for after-bath wear, is the most democratic of all kimonos, worn by all classes of men and women in summer. Hotel owners thought up their own special designs for identification in bold bright colors when it became fashionable to wear yukata around the hotel for casual dress or for strolls in the immediate neighborhood.

So now you're in the know; skip the lettered T-shirts, leave the hotel bathrobe where it belongs and for casual, cosmopolitan comfort, for yourself or for gifts for those at home (and there will be no pilikia if you've forgotten what size your favorite he or she wears) stock up with happi coats or yukata. You'll be real popular!



HAWAII WILL BE the scene of the next Congress of the Pacific Science Association, which was founded in 1920.

Forty years after that first Congress, held in Honolulu, modern methods of transportation will bring together from all parts of the Pacific Ocean area scientists whose study and work have been important in the development of the area through the years.

Host institutions will be the National Academy of Sciences, Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum and University of Hawaii. At Keller Hall, on the University of Hawaii campus, men and women of many nationalities and racial backgrounds will gather to exchange thoughts on subjects of importance to the Pacific and the world.

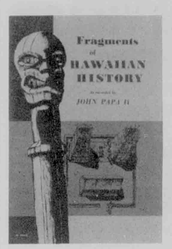
Papers are to be presented in all scientific fields, special symposia are scheduled, and field trips to the neighbor islands will provide opportunity for observation in the fields of geophysics and geography, botany and forestry, crops, soils and animal science.

Sessions at which papers will be presented will be conducted on topics of broad general interest and will be supplemented by plenary sessions, Oahu field trips, public lectures and evening panel discussions, social receptions, visits to marine research ships and other events.

Those planning to attend the Congress from countries outside the United States are advised to apply to the nearest American diplomatic or consular post in order to obtain visas and visitor information in advance of planned travel.

Requests for circulars giving complete details and correspondence on all matters relating to the Congress should be addressed to: Mr. Harold J. Coolidge, Secretary-General, Tenth Pacific Science Congress, Bishop Museum, Honolulu 17, Hawaii, U.S.A. The cable address is PACSCIENCE.

The old and the new in the Pacific. A map of the world, engraved in 1837 by Hawaiian students at Lahainaluna Seminary on the island of Maui, is superimposed on a photograph of Keller Hall, University of Hawaii, where many Tenth Pacific Science Congress meetings will be held.



Six Most Popular Books about Hawaii

HERE ARE the half dozen books in the Hawaiian Room of the Library of Hawaii that had the most readers in 1960. Some are scholarly, some are written in a light vein, but all together they present a rounded picture of the past and present in the Islands.

"Here's Hawaii" by Bob Krauss was the literary surprise of the year. This columnist is the first person read in Honolulu's morning newspaper and if you can't answer "yes" and take it from there to the question, "Did you read Krauss this morning?" you're just nowhere in Hawaii. Islanders were pleased when Bob's book was published but a little lukewarm. After all, they suspected, it would be a collection of what he considered his best newspaper

continued on next page



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columns and when has an author ever agreed with his public? As they read they kept saying, "This is exactly what it's like here." "This is what I've been trying to convey in my letters."

This little book gives the feeling of Hawaii's way of life better than anything ever written about the Islands. This is the answer to all those who want to know why we live in Hawaii in the face of low wages, high cost of living, and a tremendous tax bite. We live here for the same reasons Bob Krauss lives here and which he has written so touchingly about in "This Is Hawaii."

"A Hawaiian Reader," edited by A. Grove Day and Carl Stroven, is a collection of the best writing of the Islands from Captain Cook to the time of statehood. Jack London, James Jones, May Saxton and Kathryn Hulme are some of the authors included.

There is an introduction by James A. Michener who also had the idea for just such a collection. Someone has said that in order to enjoy and understand Michener's "Hawaii' one should first read "A Hawaiian Reader."

"Diamond Head" by Peter Gilman, a former newspaper man of Hawaii, is a novel of present day Hawaii which has already been sold to Hollywood. The subject matter is similar to Michener's "Hawaii," the struggle between the Big Five and the Unions, the love of cultured girls of the best families for the beach Waikiki boys and the strife within the Hawaii's socially prominent families. This novel offers a guessing game to the reader interested in trying to identify the characters but since the characters are a composite no two readers will agree.

"Fragments of Hawaiian History" as recorded by John Papa Ii first appeared in the Hawaiian newspaper Kuokoa from 1866 to 1870. Translated from the original Hawaiian text by Mary Kawena Pukui and edited by Dorothy B. Barrere this tells of Ii's boyhood during the time of Kamehameha the First.

Here is a beautifully written volume of Hawaiian history, with illustrations and glossary, which makes an excellent addition to the library of the serious scholar of Hawaii's past.

"Dr. Judd, Hawaii's Friend" by Gerrit P. Judd IV is another scholarly book compiled from authentic sources, which tells of the missionaries who arrived from Boston on the Thaddeus. This is in answer to the off repeated saying "The missionaries came to Hawaii to do good—and did very well indeed." Whatever their mistakes they were a dedicated group of people who brought Christianity to the Islands.

"Waikiki Beachnik" by H. Allen Smith is a tourist's glimpse of Honolulu and a very funny one it is. There is nothing deep about this book written by an author with a devastating sense of humor. No sacred cows for Mr. Smith and while the whole thing may be pretty superficial, what view of us does the average tourist get? Mr. Smith makes no pretense of trying to do any more than present us as seen through the eyes of the average tourist.

Louise Martin



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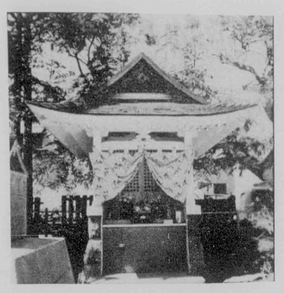

ORIENTAL TEMPLES

THE ORIENTAL TEMPLES of Honolulu, at first glance deeply mysterious, open their doors to a closer acquaintance in various Temple Tours.

The Daijingu Temple of Shinto faith is both simple and lavish. The temple itself is an unadorned building set in the trees in a corner of Nuuanu Valley. The altar is lavish with golden objects and gifts.

The priest patiently explains the Shinto precept of of purification and its symbols: purification by washing of the hands and mouth before entering the Temple; purification by wind with the help of ruffled paper to stir up a breeze; purification by fire in a miniature brazier standing on the altar.

He describes, also, the significance of the mirror on the altar, the offerings of fruit, the tea and water, and the rice folded in small packets of paper.

Shintoism is the ancient religion of Japan, the word "shin" meaning gods and "to" meaning way, therefore "the way of the gods." One of the chief prayers is "Kami Nagara" or "Everything survives according to the Wish of Kami (God)."

One of the oldest Temples in Honolulu, the Kwan Yin Temple, is also one of the most interesting. On the second floor of a frame building in the old River Street section of Honolulu, Kwan Yin Temple is a jumble of gods, statues, old packing crates, vegetable oil bottles—since this oil is used in little lamps throughout the temple—gongs, offerings, altars, tables, and little bamboo sticks which the priestess shakes out onto a table in order to tell fortunes to any who seek a prophecy.

The Chinese Buddhist Temple above an herb shop on Maunakea and King Streets is light, simple and modest, and a diminutive Chinese lady serves tea to visitors, and answers questions.

There are many sects within Buddhism, each differing a little from the other in rites and beliefs, each feeling that it is closer to the original teachings of Gautama Buddha than any other.

There are more than 100 temples of various types and sizes in Hawaii all built since 1899 when Buddhism was first introduced in the Islands. The first temple was established at Waimea on Kauai.

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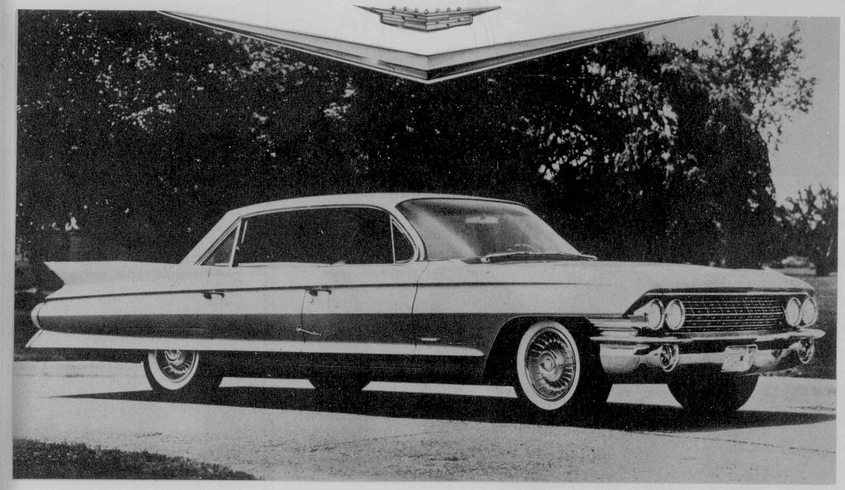

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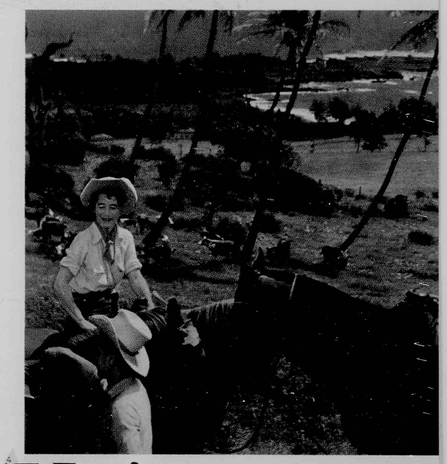
This is the "Garden" Isle, geologically the oldest of the Hawaiian chain and the first to be visited by Captain Cook. Its verdant valleys, bright sunny beaches, vivid Waimea Canyon and Hanalei are among the world's most magnificent views. Other sights to thrill you:

KAUAI

Mt. Waialeale • Spouting Horn • Kalalau Lookout • Fern Grotto • Hanapepe Valley • Dry and Wet Caves.





MAUI

The "Valley" Isle is dominated by majestic Haleakala, 10,025 foot high dormant crater—largest in the world. Quaint Lahaina was once port of roistering crews from whaling ships. Lush Hana and its coastline offer the kind of tropical splendor you have dreamed about. On Maui you'll also see:

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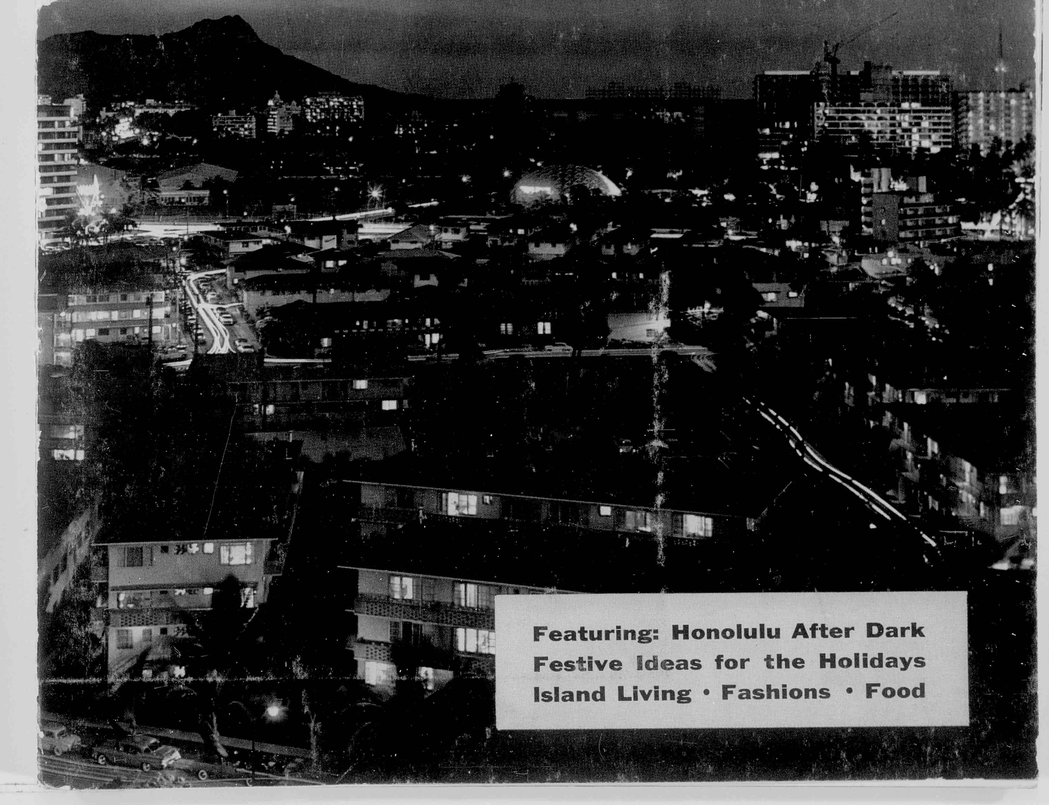

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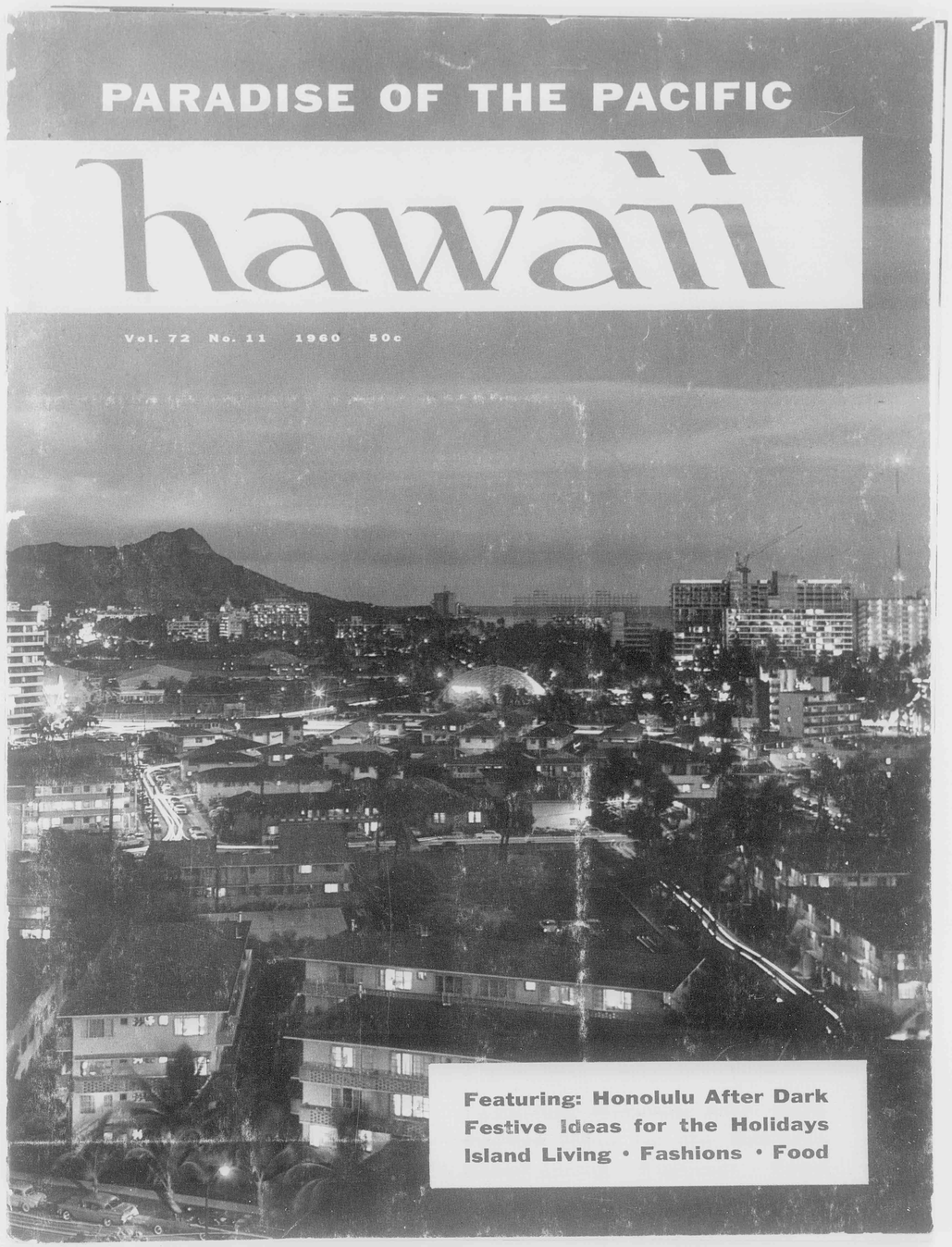
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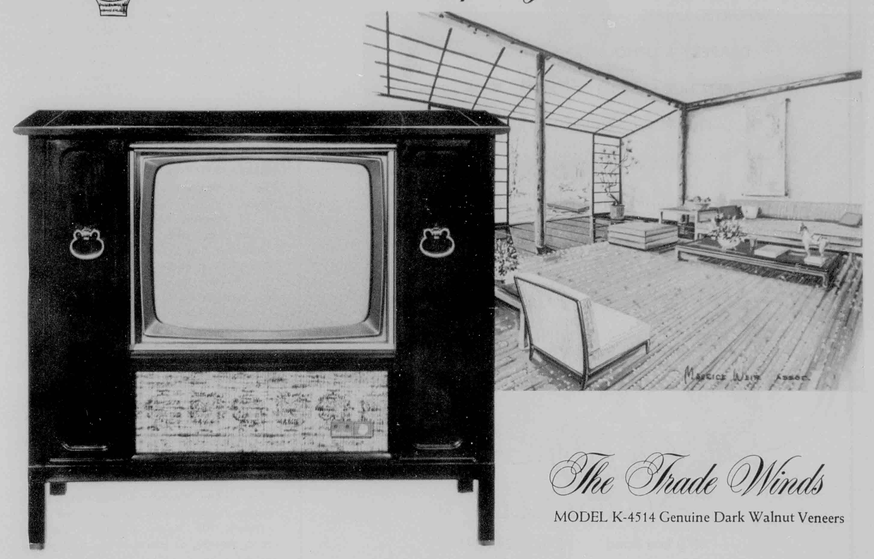

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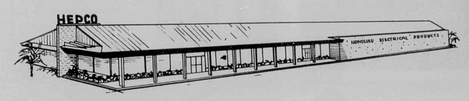

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Kamaaina's Calendar

DECEMBER

2, 3, 7-10, 14-17—"Summer and Smoke," HCT, Ruger Theatre.

2, 3—Junior League Ball, Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

2, 3, 9, 10—"Lo and Behold," Windward Theatre Guild, Kailua Elementary School.

Through the 10th—Annual Exhibition, Hawaii Painters' and Sculptors' League and Honolulu Printmakers. Brewer Hall, Fort DeRussy.

9, 10, 15, 16—Three one-act plays, UH Theatre Group, University of Hawaii.

10—World Fellowship Christmas Tea, University YWCA, 3-5 p.m.

10—Annual Gridiron Banquet, Kaiser Dome.

11—"The Messiah," Central Union Church, 8 p.m.

11, 13—Honolulu Symphony, George Barati conducting, with Glenn Gould, pianist, McKinley Auditorium.

14-17—Festival of the Christmas Trees, Sheraton Meeting House.

14—Christmas Concert, Morning Music Club, Honolulu Lutheran Church, Dominis at Punahou.

16, 17—Ella Fitzgerald, Waikiki Shell.

18—"Amahl And The Night Visitors," Central Union Church.

21—Christmas Concert, UH Music Department, Farrington Hall, University of Hawaii, 8 p.m.

30—Youth Concert and Dance, Honolulu Symphony, Kaiser Dome, 7:30 p.m.

AT THE GALLERIES

The Gallery, Hawaiian Village Hotel, paintings by Juanita Kenda, from December 1.

Gima's, Ala Moana Center, a changing group showing of island artists, through the month.

Library of Hawaii, King Street, Oils and watercolors by Ernest Vaniejas, December 12-January 1.

Kalihi Branch, Watercolors, Ben Diama, through December 12.

Waialua Branch, Paintings, August B. Mundzak, through December 12.

Honolulu Academy of Arts, closed through the end of the year for extensive renovation.

if you're about to change your home address, please let us know!



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PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

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VOLUME 72 **DECEMBER, 1960** **NUMBER 11**

COVER

Honolulu after dark has been dramatically captured by the camera of Thelma Kolitzoff, who took the photograph from the roof of Atkinson Towers. Arrangements were made courtesy of Lemmon, Freeth, Haines and Jones, Architects. At base of Diamond Head, left to right, are: Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Kaiser Dome and Hawaiian Village Hotel.

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PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC, HAWAII'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE SINCE 1888. PUBLISHED BY HAWAIIAN PARADISE PUBLICATIONS, INC., 424 SOUTH BERETANIA STREET, HONOLULU 10, HAWAII UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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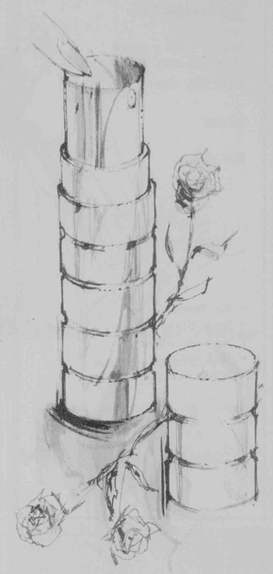

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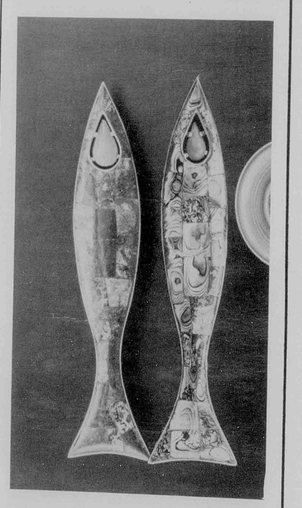
Mark My Words

by Micky Baird

Locating distinguished hardware to finish off the decorating of a room is sometimes a satisfactory pursuit and sometimes not. However, one special collection of door-pulls and drawer-pulls at **W. H. Fiddler's** on Kapiolani Boulevard merits attention. These objects of startling beauty come from Mexico and are handcrafted at a most distinguished (and from a former visit, I feel, the most original) shop in Taxco, "Los Castillo." The pulls are



mosaics in brass. Some are of abalone shell, glowingly translucent; some are entirely of mother-of-pearl. Others are mosaics of malachite and lapis lazuli fragments intermingled. All are bound in brass at the edges and firmly tooled for their purpose. The price range is from five to ninety dollars depending on size and form. Fortunately the Mexican designs are so abstract that these pulls would fit into any decorative period scheme.

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Candy canes you know, but have you seen a **candle cane?** This unique home accessory really is a new and colorful lighting fixture. It is a perpendicular cane, slender and square, of turquoise or tangerine painted wood, trimmed in brass. It suspends from a curving chain bracketed into the wall. Four alabaster-glass cups filled with long-burning, replaceable, candles that do NOT smoke are attached to the cane itself in ladder fashion. The brass trim has been lacquered to retain its bright effect and the tri-color combination of brass, blue, and white, or brass, pale orange, and white is very pleasing. Pairs of these would look charming in a breakfast room. A single fixture on the lanai would cast a soft and romantic light in the evening. This "Candle Cane" is a versatile fixture with possibilities unlimited for decorating dull corners. The price is a modest $17.50 at **F. W. Turner's** on Kapiolani Blvd.

Time and time again when I've been poking around in **Iida's** that beloved store of kamaainas and tourists alike, I've discovered some little gem that I couldn't leave without buying. No matter what it has happened to be, once I've put it in use in my home, some guest notices it and asks me where they can buy one too! The tray that you see in the photograph is just such a discovery. It's the size that makes it so appealing. It is barely ten inches square and absolutely perfect for the host who would carry only one or two cocktail glasses at a time from bar to guest. The man who totes this small tray finds it easy to balance in one hand and doesn't look anything but nonchalant when moving around with it. I love its turned up corners, the lustrous green lacquer color, and the inlay of bamboo lines that discreetly break the otherwise plain surface. This tray is truly an art object. At $1.95 each one could also buy enough to use for place-plates on the dinner-table.

There will always be people who appreciate the odd and unique in this world. For such folk there

Continued on next page

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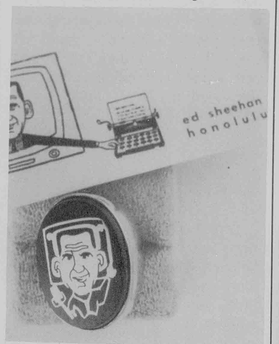
Continued from page 5

is fascinating stone inlay work that **Pex of Hawaii** does in the International Market. Their jade, inlaid with gold or silver is craftsmanship at its very best. This lapidary shop is one of only two in the United States which do this kind of work. They can apply the technique to any stone because it's a very special tool that makes it possible, but jade is the most popular medium because the results are spectacularly beautiful. You will find tie-clasps, key-chains, cuff-links ready-made, but the exceptional pieces of jewelry are custom-made. If you desire your initial, caricature, signature, or



any special emblem inlaid, it is first sawed out of the gold or silver by hand. Then it is welded to the fabulous ultrasonic impart grinder. This is the wonder tool of the century. It vibrates at 25,000 revolutions per second and drops the gold into the jade to a depth of a sixteenth of an inch. Prices start at twenty dollars for the simplest inlays (this includes the medium) and rise correspondingly as the design becomes more involved. For those who like to possess or give the extraordinary — this is **it!**

The one and only **Elsie Das** of style-conscious Kalakaua Avenue has done it again! She has designed, with all of her usual flair, a reversible coat of Thai silk that is nothing short of sensational. Elsie had combined one of those boldly large but softly muted Siamese

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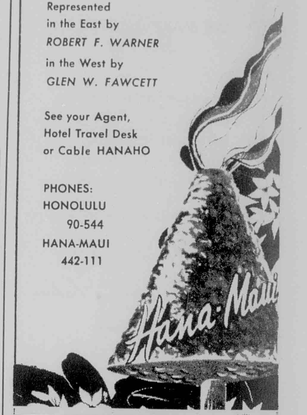

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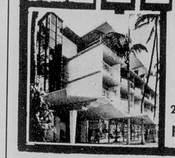

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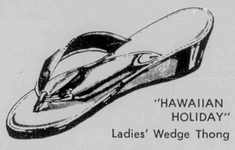

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Continued from page 6

plaids with the palest of solid blues in the model I saw. However, as these coats are made to personal order, one can combine any two colors for the reversible effect. The sleeves of this full length topper have a four inch cuff and stop just short of the elbow. The widening flair of the back cut makes it equally stunning over a bouffant or sheath dress. The colors one chooses allow it to double for night or day coverage. One hundred and sixty five dollars will be what Elsie will charge to proportion this to your figure and to suit your color preference. You couldn't own a nicer coat for the climate of Hawaii or for spring and summer on the Mainland. No weight and much style is a happy travel choice, too!



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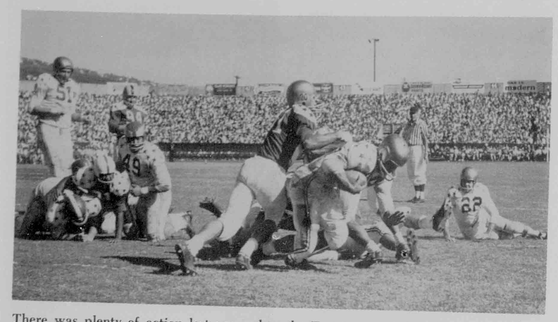
SPORTS in Paradise



There was plenty of action last year when the East trounced the West 34-8 in the annual Hula Bowl game in Honolulu Stadium. Scenes like this one from last year's classic will be repeated January 8 during the 15th annual Hula Bowl game.

HOTDOG SALESMEN are due for busy sessions in Honolulu Stadium.

Judging from advance enthusiasm, Hawaii's two major football attractions—the Shrine Game December 2 and the Hula Bowl January 8—should draw record-smashing crowds.

Forty-eight of the biggest, roughest and best players in the country have been invited to butt heads in the 15th annual Hula Bowl game which gets under way at 2 p.m. on January 8.

Among those already signed up to play in the East-West all-star classic are: All Americans Marlin McKeever of Southern California; Mike Ditka, Pittsburg end; and Bill Kilmer, UCLA's star halfback.

Stadium manager Mackay Yanagisawa says this year's teams will be more evenly matched than last year, when the East trounced the West, 34-8.

Coaches this year will be Washington's Jim Owens for the West and Notre Dame's Joe Kuharich for the East.

The University of Hawaii will clash with San Jose State at 7:30 p.m. on December 2 in the 30th Annual Shriner's Aloha Bowl Game and Pageant. All net proceeds will go to the Honolulu unit of the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children.

Since the first game in 1930, more than half a million dollars has been poured into the hospital fund from proceeds of the annual event.

The special halftime program this year will include a spectacular fireworks display. Only reserved seat tickets are sold for the game.

° ° °

Dr. James A. Smith of Florida took careful aim, slowly squeezed the trigger of his high-powered rifle, and dropped an Axis buck—one of 36 killed by the 75 hunters who took part in the fall season at the Lanai Game Management Area.

The doctor and his wife probably traveled farther than any of the other hunters who sought trophy bucks. Dr. Smith is a determined man, and he knew that Hawaii is the only place in the United States where the rare Axis deer can be hunted by the general public.

Nearly half of the hunters killed deer on Lanai during the season which immediately followed the four-day Molokai hunt.

Thirty-nine bucks were killed on Molokai. Some 113 hunters tried their luck during the season which ended September 25 on The Friendly Island.

° ° °

Calm settled over the bowling scene as the Hawaii State Match Game championships were settled after grueling competition in which Bones Yamasaki copped the men's title and Wanda Quinn emerged winner in the women's event.

Sanctioned competition is relatively quiet now, but bowling enthusiasts in Hilo and Kailua, Oahu, are eagerly awaiting the opening of new alleys which will add 24 lanes in each city to the rapidly increasing number of facilities available for Hawaii's 35,000 bowlers.

The plush Hilo Lanes will open early this month, and Pali Lanes in Kailua is expected to open in March or April.

° ° °

Jimmie MacKenzie's dream is coming true.

For years MacKenzie, president of MacKenzie Travel Organization of Hawaii, has wanted to see "big league" golf competition in Hawaii. It is apparent now that his hopes will be realized during the coming year.

Largely through MacKenzie's efforts a drive has been launched to raise $60,000 to assist in underwriting the first Hawaii International Invitational Open golf tournament, which has been scheduled for October of next year.

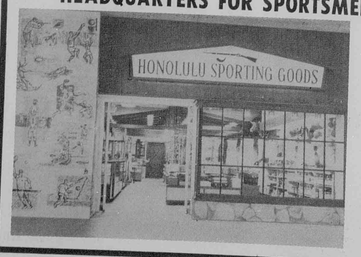
A highly successful dry run for the 1961 tournament was staged this October when MacKenzie and other golf promoters entertained some of the top Mainland professionals in a series of exhibitions in Hawaii.

The exhibitions — featuring PGA Champ Jay Hebert, Las Vegas Tournament of Champions winner Jerry Barber, big Mike Souchak and Tom Nieporte attracted up to 2,500 spectators in matches played on Maui, Hawaii and Oahu islands.

Hawaii's top stars—Paul Scodeller, Jimmy Ukauka, Ted Makalena and Guinea Kop—were pitted against the mainland professionals, and during the final matches at the Waialae Country Club the local players upset the big money winners.

This exhibition series was the spark which has flamed interest throughout the Islands in the first Invitational Open which is expected to draw 24 of the top Mainland professionals next October .

HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN IN HAWAII



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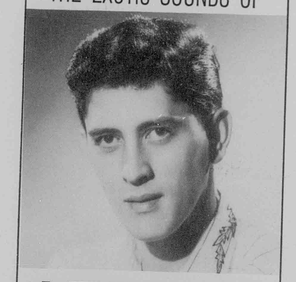

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It is estimated that nearly $100,000 will be needed to stage the tournament. Of this, MacKenzie is underwriting $5,000 for a pro-amateur-celebrity tourney and $25,000 for the 72-hole invitational.

The tournament is being boosted by J. Edwin Carter, national PGA director, who was in Hawaii during the exhibition series. Francis H. I. Brown, former Hawaiian golf champion, will be chairman.

Carter has outlined a plan to assist in underwriting the tournament which calls for obtaining 200 local sponsors, each subscribing $300.

Under this plan, $60,000 will go into a kitty for the tournament and additional revenue will be obtained from program advertisements and sale. More than a dozen local enthusiasts have already pledged to become sponsors.

Within a few years the Hawaii tournament may take its place with top Mainland golf events as one of the major attractions in the world of golf.

HONOLULU SPORTS CALENDAR

DECEMBER

2 Football, Honolulu Stadium, Annual Shrine Game, University of Hawaii versus San Jose State, 7:30 p.m.

3-4 Golf, Ala Wai Municipal Course, Women's 6th Annual International Goodwill Golf Tournament, 18 holes.

4 Golf, Ala Wai Municipal Course, Men's 11th Annual International Goodwill Golf Tournament, 36 holes.

4 Drag Race, Kahuku Air Strip, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

7 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

14 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

28 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

31 Yachting, La Mariana Sailing Club Closing Day Regatta, Keehi Lagoon, beginning at 2 p.m. on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1.

JANUARY

4 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

8 Football, Honolulu Stadium, Annual Hula Bowl Game, East-West College All-Stars, 2 p.m.

11 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

18 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

25 Wrestling, Civic Auditorium, 8 p.m.

28 Tennis, start of the 19th Annual Oahu Amateur, for men, women and juniors. To run three consecutive weeks at the Ala Moana Tennis Courts, Monday through Friday at 4:30 p.m. each day, Saturday at 1 p.m. and Sunday at 9 a.m.

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PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

HONOLULU after dark



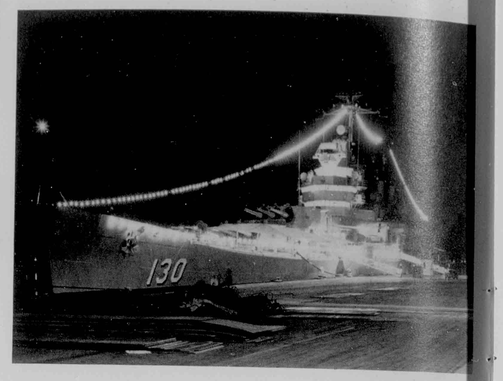
Honolulu after dark is a jeweled tiara tossed on a black velvet bed of ocean. Rubies, emeralds and diamonds glitter in crazy profusion at Waikiki, splash up the hills beyond, string out at the sides from Koko Head to Barber's Point.



Honolulu after dark has softer glows, from luau torches, flares of fishermen along the reef, from rosy coals of barbecues and dim lights of welcoming lanais.

Night blackens Honolulu's daytime







blues and greens, burnished by the sun's gold dazzle.

Moonlight paints a silver frost on rustling palm fronds, tosses phosphorescent sparkles on lacy waves along the beach. It spotlights giant powder-puffs pushed by trade winds across the sky.

Starlight softens the outlines of Diamond Head and the Pali cliffs, making their towering presence more felt than seen.

Honolulu after dark is gay. It is dancing under the stars at the Royal, romancing in the plush candlelit spots of the Beach, laughing with Mossman at the Barefoot Bar, watching the jets at the Sky Room. It's the hectic pace of the burly spots on the fringes of Waikiki, talk and coffee at Greensleeves, window shopping on "the strip."

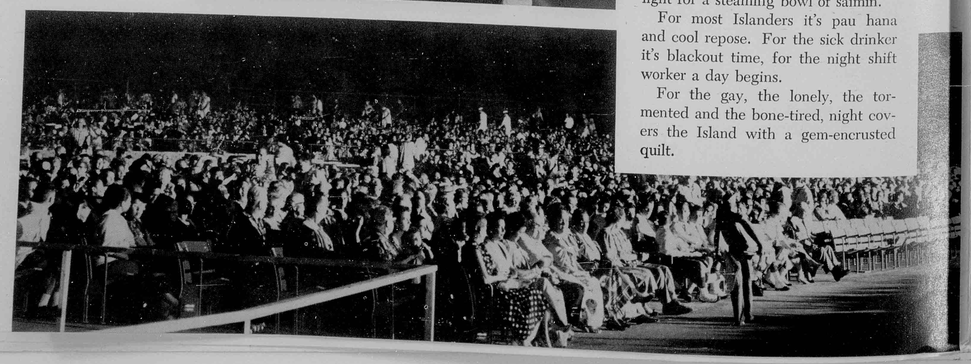
Honolulu after dark is lonely—for the sailor under Hotel Street's gaudy neons, the Filipino bachelor in a dim Beretania Street pool room—for those who lie alone and long for love.

It's the glamor of a catamaran night sail, a beach picnic where guitars sing of South Sea Island Magic, a drive through white moonlight for a steaming bowl of saimin.

For most Islanders it's pau hana and cool repose. For the sick drinker it's blackout time, for the night shift worker a day begins.

For the gay, the lonely, the tormented and the bone-tired, night covers the Island with a gem-encrusted quilt.











Eddie Sherman



Waikiki After Dark

Waikiki, incubator of the Martin Denny and Arthur Lyman groups can be rightfully tagged the Broadway of the Pacific . . . The Polynesian review at the Tapa Room of the Hawaiian Village and the exciting personality of Kamaki, a youngster who spells stardust . . . Guitarist Adomono in the Mandalay Bar and lounge of the International Market Place, the kind of a hit that snagged him a year's contract at a four figure salary . . . Haunanai Kahalewai, of the two octave voice and shy personality charming all who catch her tunes at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel . . . Pua Almeida and trio for cocktails at the SurfRider Hotel . . . The Barefoot Bar and Hawaii's most popular personality, Sterling Mossman. The club—an instant success from the time it opened . . . Burlesque at Forbidden City . . . Japanese talent mixed with strippers at the Ginza, Hubba Hubba and Oasis . . . Big name attractions at the Waikiki Shell or McKinley Auditorium . . . And sprinkled here and there are numerous lounges with keyboard and trio entertainment . . . The visitor has his choice of enough places to visit after dark without repeating in a month . . .

Waikiki, Broadway of the Pacific, playground of the stars. Hollywoodites who've formerly lived in the cinema capital of the world constantly raise an eyebrow or two over the fact that more celebrities can be seen along Waikiki than "back home." And usually it's the tourist who does the double take when the famous stroll by, or accidentally rub elbows with a well known personality on the white sands of Waikiki

Many from the show business world are looking toward Hawaii as the ideal place to invest and maybe have a permanent home.

Loretta Young is planning to open up a charm school in Waikiki. Bob Crosby had the same idea, and may still do it. He first fell in love with the Islands as a Marine, later buying a $100,000 home here. Film director John Ford has his yacht Araner tied up at the Ala Wai Boat Harbor all year round, vacationing every available opportunity.

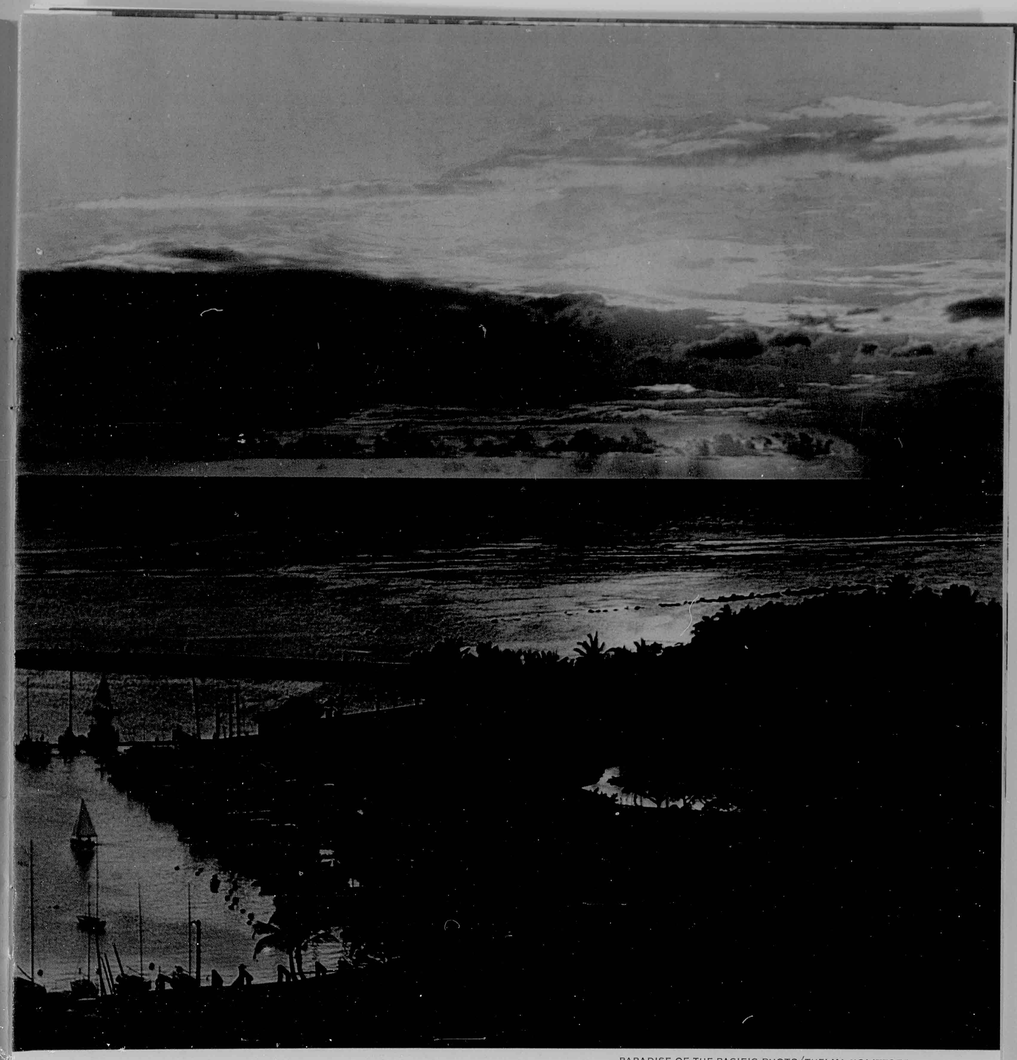
Walk down Kalakaua Avenue any sunny day and you might smack right into a motion picture or television camera crew.

Waikiki may be the playground of the stars and the magnet for thousands of tourists yearly, but to each one who visits a short spell, Waikiki can have a hundred meanings! A sail boat silhouetted against the most famous Hawaiian background of them all, Diamond Head . . . Waiting in line for a movie that the visitor didn't care to see in the first place when it played the neighborhood theater back home . . . A sailor reading a pamphlet "Things to do in Hawaii," while getting a shine . . . Stout, perspiring ladies cooling in the cool brine of Waikiki . . . The leather jacket set, on their motorcycles, cruising along . . . The fresh-faced lei sellers with their fresh smelling leis . . . A frosty beer under the banyan tree of the Moana Hotel . . . An array of shops as modern as any city on the Mainland, with prices to match . . . Those cooling tradewinds, even in the summer . . .

Walking Flower Stands

Boat day, with crowded hotel lobbies, all waiting for a room, and all looking like walking flower stands . . . Waikiki has 11,000 permanent residents . . . The waiting lines at the better restaurants during the dinner hour . . . The fleeting two-week romance, with promises of letters that never materialize . . . Quick friendships that ripen into lasting ones . . . The fancy drinks and the fancy prices . . . The ones who hope for a quick tan and wind up with two weeks of sunburned agony . . . The oft heard quote: "I came here for a vacation 10 years ago" . . . The tired businessman even more haggard after pursuing local belles realizing it's much easier to date another visitor . . . A corned beef sandwich accompanied by a blaring rock 'n' roll tune from the juke box. Why not? This is America . . . The brilliant sunset just like on the postcards . . . A picture with a hula gal at a luau for the folks back home . . . The lack of activity along the strip after midnight . . .

The gay "ad lib" goings on at the Barefoot Bar till the wee hours . . . The disappointed faces of the tourists who just miss their bus for an around-the-Island look-see only to oil up for another relaxer on the beach . . . The throbbing tempo of Saturday night along Kalakaua, just like Main Street at home . . . Aloha shirts dancing in the breeze . . . Servicemen, with noses pressed against fashionable shop windows, gazing at the newest styles, dreaming of their future "uniforms" . . . The sunshine-tinted waves washing Waikiki Beach . . . The pigeons ruffling their feathers as they waddle along the Kapiolani Park lawn . . . The retired lobby sitters in the swank Waikiki hotels touched by the hypnotism of Hawaii, peering into the distant blue . . . The afternoon auto crush minus the horn blast serenade common on the Mainland . . . The nightly Kalakaua face washing by the department of street maintenance, getting the avenue ready for tomorrow's tempo of activity . . . Waikiki, a scrapbook of memories before and after dark . . .



PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC PHOTO/THELMA KOLITZOFF

Sunset, Ala Moana













The incomparable Winona Love made one of her infrequent appearances with Charlie Davis at the Royal.

SPOTLIGHT ON

Charles K. L. Davis

By Mazeppa Costa

IT WAS THE AFTERNOON of his birthday, September 17th. He'd just finished an appearance on the 1,304th broadcast of Hawaii Calls. The night before he'd sung at the Monarch Room. We were now on the terrace of the Surf Bar at the Royal Hawaiian, along with dozens of brightly clad sun and fun lovers.

I was trying, with deadly seriousness, to interview Charles Keonaonalaulani Lewellyn Davis, tenor, winner of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—and above all—Islander, triumphantly returned home and magnificently loving every moment of it.

I might as well have stayed home in bed. Or joined the relaxed set in the sun. Not that I wasn't enjoying myself. It was a tremendous show. For an hour and a half. But an interview it was not.

Who cares? It was Charlie. Charlie at his most lovable, gracious, gregarious, Hawaiian self. It was handsome, hazel-eyed Charlie holding court by the side of the sea; Charlie in a white sport shirt draped with five-strand pikake and red carnation leis; Charlie being hailed from across the room, Charlie being halooed, and Happy Birthday-ed, Charlie clapped on the back, hugged and kissed, congratulated, well-wished, invited, small-talked.

And it was Charlie lighting up at the sight of each familiar face. He seemed to know them all: waitresses, entertainers, socialites, old friends, family friends, beachboys, hostesses, all the same. It was Charlie calling each by name, shaking hands with the men, kissing the wahines, and for most he had a question about some absent member of a family. The few casual observers might have thought this was a scheduled reception for Charles rather than a series of chance meetings. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that a favorite son was among them.

Still I tried valiantly to conduct a legitimate interview. There's material aplenty, I knew, if only I could have a little peace and quiet with Charles. Surely I could unearth some exciting, unknown, or at least little known, facts about Hawaii's tenor. At the very least I had to get a good, solid, straight story beginning with his childhood days at Waialua where his father, Arthur L. Davis, was plantation doctor; lace it with local color stories about Pacific surfing developing powerful lungs perfect for Puccini-prowess; get him quickly through school at Iolani and the University of Hawaii and dwell for a while on the Julliard background, notable teachers there, and then really dig into his professional successes. These would begin when he and Honolulan Jimmy Shigeta teamed up in the early 50's as Charles Durand and Guy Brion and sailed into such choice spots as Hollywood's Mocambo, Las Vegas' Flamingo and Chicago's Empire Room. There they had a sophisticated, white-tie-and-tails act that set them off at an enviable pace until a service stint for Jimmy clobbered the act.

Then I would mention the few lean years that followed in California (perhaps he'd have a suitable "starving artist" story for me) that led up to his meeting arranger-composer Gene Bone and manager Howard Fenton in '56, and their subsequent team-up and move to New York in April of '57.

Next would come the story about Gene and Howard having to convince Charles he should enter the 1958 Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, the winning of which set in motion the exciting upswing of his career. In the three years since that milestone, he's chalked up imposing credits in opera, on the concert stage, on television, as a recording artist, in summer festivals, and in leading supper clubs.

Possibly I could get some "inside stories" about his appearances on the Dinah Shore Show, the Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan Shows. If only this parade of fans would cease or slow down. Or maybe there'd be a usable anecdote about his performances in La Boheme with the Boston Opera last winter. Surely he'd have some provacative experience to tell about his trip to Russia in '59 with Sullivan's special troupe.

And somehow I would simply have to work in some of those glowing press notices from the *New York Times*, the *New York Journal-American*, *New York World-Telegram & Sun*, *Variety*, Boston *Daily Record*, Boston *Sunday Herald*, Los Angeles *Mirror News*, Lee Mortimer in the *New York Mirror*. And of course use that wonderful Lolly Parsons quote, "What a voice that boy has!"

Now I've seen everything. A French beachboy who's going home soon and hopes to see Charles some day in France. Well . . .

Mustn't forget his five albums for Everest Records including the latest, Adventures in Paradise, hot off the presses and a sixth not yet released . . . Honolulans already know about his appearances with the Honolulu Symphony during the summers of '59 and '60 and his engagements for three summers in a row at the Royal Hawaiian. Know about it? The town's been a twitter about it.

Now . . . that Mervyn LeRoy isn't so formidable after all, not in his little anthurium-red bathing suit and shirt to match. I've heard that this movie-maker has said Charles would be great on Broadway. Anyway . . .

The whole thing should probably be wound up with a mention of things to come: Charlie's 60-city tour for the fall and winter season and the fact that there are some movie things in the wind. There's a story for me, and I do believe Sheraton PR-ster Ed Keyes is going to end this Boston conversation momentarily. And now Charles is saying . . .

"Well, Keonaonalaulani is a family name. It means 'fragrant leaves of heaven.' It was a name given to Grandfather by Queen Emma because he wore maile around his Panama hat all the time . . . Thank you, darling, but oh I didn't want ice. No ice. Just gin. Schweppes water. No ice. . . . . That was Charles Augustus Brown, 'Cabbie.' . . . Paul, Ann, how are you both? . . . Wonderful, just wonderful . . . This color is marvelous on you, dear. It makes you glow. You know Mazeppa, don't you? The Livermores? . . .

"Now let's see, where were we? I've been here three weeks this trip. Too short. Too short. I love singing here at the Royal because I'm back home. But it's more demanding where everybody knows you. You're on the spot. And there's something on every minute. The parties . . . I guess there's an average of two a day . . . I never eat before a performance, a drink or two but no ice. Ice has a tendancy to lower the voice. I have to keep it up, you know. Dick Fairservice! You're looking great, Brother, great. Sit down, won't you? Join us for a drink . . ."

And so it went on and on. It was a good show, but no interview. I uncovered very little if anything that Charlie's friends don't already know about him. But this in itself is significant, for with Charlie the characteristic feature is the very thing that kept getting in the way of this interview, his wonderful Hawaiian warmth, love for people of all kinds, interest in them, his charm, his glibness, his openness, almost childlike. With simplicity he says, "I'd like to be the greatest opera singer in the world."

Of course homefolks wish him all his heart desires, but the way they love him best is at a party, after the show when it's pau hana time for Charles and when he extemporaneously sings and sometimes dances the old Hawaiian songs far into the early hour of another day.



ALOHA SONGS IN "SAGEBRUSH STATE"– Multi-colored marquee lights emblazon background of Hawaiian performers Sunshine Beamer, Nalani Kele and Mahi Beamer on famous Las Vegas "strip." Recent dining addition to Stardust Hotel is Polynesian-styled Aku-Aku Restaurant especially designed and executed by Waikiki's Don Beach.



by Maura Brady

Talent Tidal Wave Hits The Mainland

Hawaiian performers star in the "big-time" entertainment world of Las Vegas.

"Hey, honey, do all the men in Hawaii sing so high?" the pretty blonde girl asked in surprise.

She had been listening intently as Mahi Beamer, well-known Island favorite, was performing for the crowded lounge audience at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas, the gay gambling town they call "The Miracle in the Desert."

Her male companion, who evidently had visited Hawaii at one time, explained that in olden days Island women were forbidden by tabu to take part in any religious ceremony. When the singing started, to make up for the obvious lack of female voices, the men learned to sing in a high-pitched, falsetto style to balance the chanting.

Something new for the blasé, sophisticated audiences of the entertainment capital of the world? To be sure. Because Las Vegas, like so many other major cities on the Mainland, has gone Hawaiian. In New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Reno, also, a host of musical ambassadors from our Islands are bringing the songs and dances of Polynesia to national prominence as never before.

Thirty years ago a performer had finally "arrived" if he played the Palace. Today, financially and career-wise, it's Las Vegas. And almost every hotel on the "strip" (a one-street thoroughfare in the middle of nowhere) features Hawaiian entertainment in either their lounge or big show room.

Special interest in Las Vagas among Islanders has developed in recent months. Robert Ishikawa, realtor for the 158-acre residential subdivision on the Big Island has been giving a free three-day vacation trip to Las Vegas to each investor as a bonus.

A spectacular "Salute to Hawaii" was recently presented in the luxurious 800-seat Congo Room of the Sahara Hotel, complete with glorified hula girls, fire dancers and smoking volcanoes. The climax of the show saw a simulated, fiery volcanic eruption that really rocked the stage. An authentic touch was added on opening night when Dan Dailey, star of the show, was presented a calabash filled with black sand from Kalapana, Hawaii.

The "Salute to Hawaii" opens with the Bora Bora Dancers and veteran showman Freddie Letuli. Freddie, who was born in American Samoa, is the proud father of five boys and three girls. Featured spear and fire dancer of the troupe is Johnny Woodd who first saw the light of day at Honolulu's Queens Hospital. He graduated from Hilo High School in 1944 and joined the group in 1947 after seeing service with the Air Force in the Philippines.

Over at the Dunes Hotel, Prince Maaka Pua and his Hawaiian Holiday Revue packs them in nightly. This is one of the most authentic groups on the Mainland. A muumuu-clad "Princess Pupule" explains the hula hand movements and performs a Hukilau festival dance. A real-gone hip-swinging trio dance the wildest Tahitian this side of Papeete.





◀"ORIENTAL HOLIDAY"—Talented seven-year-old Cherylene Lee acts, sings and dances her way through "Oriental Holiday" extravaganza at New Frontier Hotel. Of Chinese ancestry, the cute youngster confides solemnly, "I've been in show-business for almost *three* years." ▲Sequins and Silver—Graceful Japanese ice-skater .Toyoko Mitsumo is featured performer in elaborate "King and I" spectacle in gambling town's Thunderbird Hotel.

But not only Hawaiian shows get a big play. The Far East influence is strongly felt also. The New Frontier Hotel features Oriental revues exclusively. A highly-successful presentation "Holiday in Japan," with a cast of 80 Tokyo performers recently appeared there. The current "Oriental Holday" features Takeuchi Keigo and the Imperial Japanese Dancers. Highlight of the show is the Bath House scene, wherein a well-proportioned "Miss Tokyo" gracefully unveils. A dancing finale depicts the epic "Ballad of Frankie and Johnny."

Largest and most luxurious casino on the strip is located in the newly built Stardust Hotel, owned and operated by the same management as the pace-setting Desert Inn. You've got to be good—real good—to play the Stardust. And Nalani Kele and the Beamers are good. For over a year and a half the trio has been giving four 40-minute shows six nights a week to capacity audiences.

Mahi Beamer, 25 year-old Capital recording star and cousin of Hawaii's beloved actress-writer Nona Beamer, took a two week vacation from the Princess Kaiulani Hotel to visit his sister, Sunshine, in Las Vegas. Nalani Kele, his good friend and star dancer at the Stardust prevailed upon him to remain and join the act. He's been there ever since. He sent this message via *Paradise* for the folks back home: "E Maikai keia aina haole Las Vegas, e no na'e, no'u e Hawaii, wale no! (Las Vegas and the Mainland in general are great, but for me, only Hawaii.)

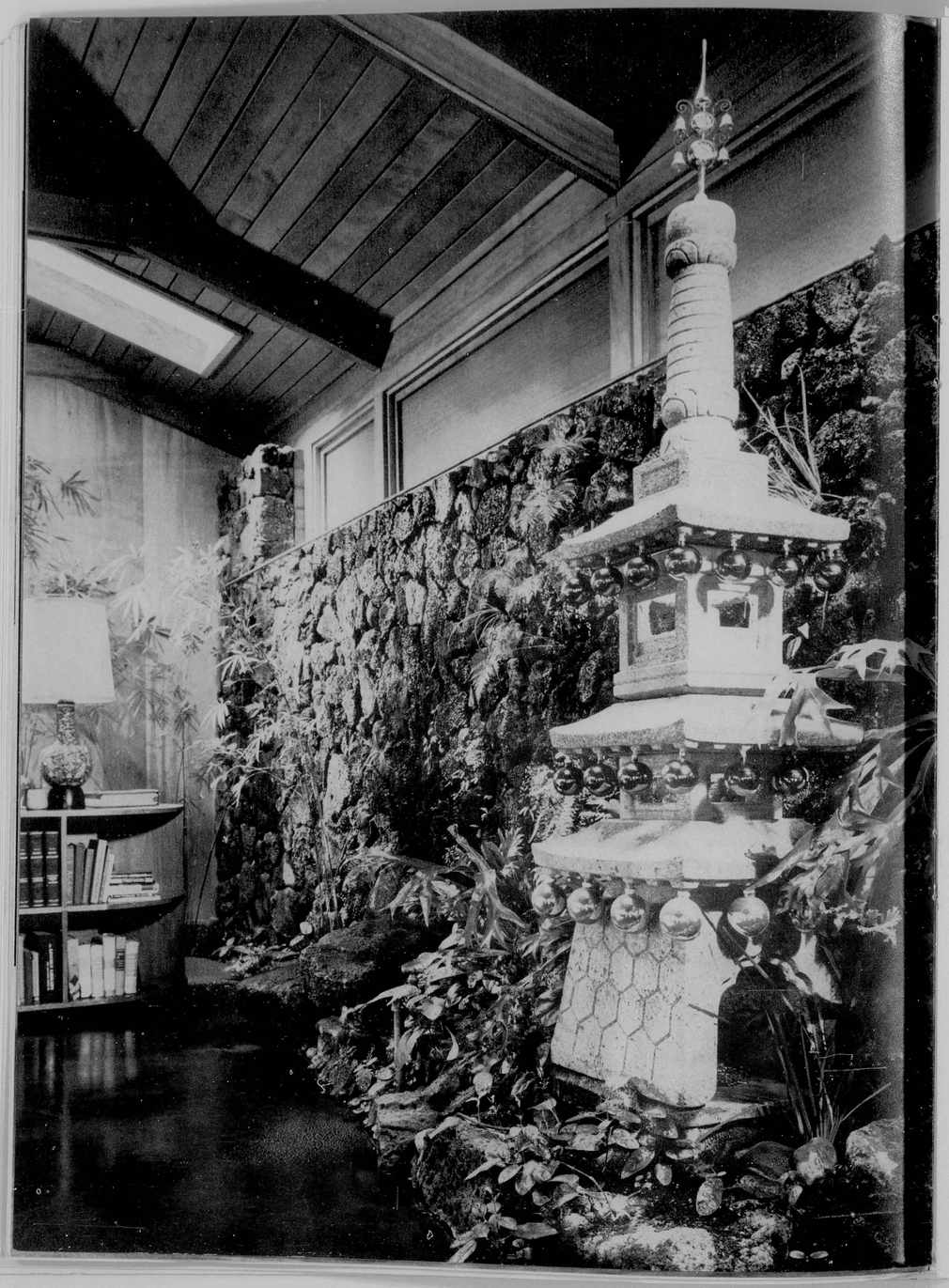
Hawaiian entertainment at the Stardust proved to be such a big draw, the management decided to go one step further. Waikiki's Don Beach was asked to collaborate in the design and execution of an authentic Polynesian-styled restaurant to be erected adjacent to the hotel. The Aku Aku was the happy result.

The sight of pretty dusky-skinned wahines in red and white Shaheen holomuus would warm any homesick

Continued on page 48



A smiling Dan Dailey, star of Hotel Sahara's "Salute to Hawaii" revue accepts monkey-pod calabash filled with black sand of Kalapana, Hawaii from Robert Ishikawa. The local realtor gives a free 3-day vacation trip to Las Vegas as a bonus for investors in the 158-acre residential sub-division on the Big Island. Bora Bora dancers Johnny Woodd (extreme right) and Freddie Letuli, next to Dailey, watch stage presentation.



HOUSE with a GARDEN INSIDE

DESIGNING a house that is unique without being bizarre is challenging to both architect and the client with whom he works.

Seven years ago, architect John H. McAuliffe and Mrs. Frank B. Evarts of Kailua worked out just such a design. In the process they created such an enchanting home on the crescent of Kailua Beach that people are still talking about "the house with the garden inside."

Realizing that salt spray would dictate the use of only hardy beach grasses and sturdy plants outside, owner and architect, working with landscape designer John Dominis Holt, brought the garden indoors.

Circling the first-floor living area, with its glass window walls overlooking the sea, is a planting area green and lush with tropical foliage. From irregular moss rocks sprout ferns and tiny rock plants. In one corner, a banana tree offers a ripening hand of fruit, the third to develop right in the living room.

Height is achieved by clumps of bamboo, with anthuriums and Japanese iris adding interesting shape, texture and splashes of color at intervals. Smooth stones, in graduated sizes, serve as ground cover and as stepping stones for the bronze cranes used as accents.

Essentially a rectangular wing, the living area is indented mid-way by built-in seats flanking a fireplace. Three centers of interest emerge from this arrangement. The beach side of the space is keyed to informal living through the use of rattan furniture, a free-form coffee table and comfortable upholstered chairs.

With its open beam ceiling and glass walls, this beachside room seems almost as if it *were* outdoors. To emphasize this feeling, furnishings are kept simple and subdued in color. Accenting the free space above the furniture grouping are two handsome bronze lighting fixtures, Japanese by origin but given to the Evarts in Cleveland where they spend six months of the year.

Focal point of the center area is the fireplace wall, faced with rough-textured gray brick and capped by a magnificent bronze hood. The built-in seat and chairs, upholstered in violet tones, provide cozy seating for intimate conversation groups. Gray carpeting, contoured to the arrangement of furniture, is used here; other floors, of brown stained concrete, are left bare.

At the far end of the room, a study is arranged with Mrs. Evarts' desk commanding a close-up view of a handsome lava rock wall. Water trickling over the face of the stones has encouraged the growth of delicate green fern and rock plants. A cast stone pagoda sent from Nikko, Japan, highlights the planting of aroids and orchids.

"Many people say they like our "greenhouse living area," said Mrs. Evarts, "but they wouldn't want to live in it. We find it delightful. And it is surprisingly easy to maintain. The stones must be washed occasionally, but weekly window washing is simple. Josie just uses all the water she wants to, right from a hose, and it runs down into the borders and waters the plants!"





STORY BY MARY CONNIFF

PHOTOGRAPHY / MORI YAMADA CAMERA HAWAII

Almost as interesting as the unusual plan of the living area is the way in which Mrs. Evarts did the initial furnishing. Without a decorator, working only with her architect and the builders, she designed and helped with the construction of the built-in seating arrangement, made from lumber scraps.

The free form dining table, occupying little space yet capable of seating thirteen, was designed right where it was to be used in the area opposite the fireplace. "We simply cut a paper pattern into a size and shape that suited the space and built the table from scrap lumber and plywood," Mrs. Evarts explains.

Dining chairs with free-form backs were designed in cooperation with Dick Nolan, Kaimuki upholsterer, and were covered with heavy white plastic to contrast with the ebony finish given the table.

Mr. Nolan contributed to the comfort and charm of the living room by faithfully copying an old upholstered swivel arm chair which Mrs. Evarts had previously inherited from friends.

"The initial furnishing gave us a place to sit down and to eat," says Mrs. Evarts. "I bought the rattan pieces from one of my tenants who was leaving the Islands, and the entire living-dining area was furnished at the time the house was built for just a thousand dollars."

Through the years, handsome touches have been added to the house so that it now has a charm which immediately identifies its owners as people who love their home and enjoy discovering new treasures to add to it. A magnificent Leeteg painting of a Tahitian girl in the surf hangs on one living room wall. An enormous antique pig board, filled with glass fishing floats of all sizes and shapes sits beneath the open stairwell.

Just inside the beachside door stand carved hapu figures and an appealing tiki of native hard wood guards the outside wall.

A row of handsome Hawaiian wood plates stands on a cornice ledge.

Perhaps the most arresting of all the decorative accents in this unusual house is the arrangement of delicate white coral used on the dining table. "I made it myself," Mrs. Evarts explains. "I had one gorgeous piece of coral brought up right here in Kailua Bay. Friends brought others from Truk and Canton Island and I found one of the pieces in Tahiti." Beautifully mounted on a heavy wooden base covered in black corduroy, the arrangement is a striking contrast to the ebony table.

Also on the first floor are spacious laundry and utility rooms, compact kitchen and maids quarters. Bed-, rooms on the second level are reached by way of a massive, open wooden staircase built flush against the glass wall. A narrow balcony commands a sweeping view of the beach and sea, the offshore islets and the curve of Mokapu peninsula.

With all its originality and charm, the simplicity and care with which it is furnished, the zest with which its owners have built it and lived in it, this is truly a house with a personality.

KALIKIMAKA

"A ike aku la i ua keiki la a me
kona makuwahine
o Maria, moe iho la lakou,
hoomaikai aku la ia ia..."

MATAIO, MOKUNA 2:11

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him..."

ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER 2:11





"Mai makau oukou, no ka mea,
eia hoi, ke hai aku nei au
ia oukou i ka mea maikai,
e olioli nui ai e lilo ana
no na kanaka a pau."

LUKA, MOKUNA 2:10

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

ST. LUKE, CHAPTER 2:10

drawings by Joseph Feher

REPRODUCTIONS COURTESY RAYMOND LUM

"Aia hoi, hele mai la na
magoi mai ka aina hikina mai..."

MATAIO, MOKUNA 2:1

"Behold, there came wise men from the east..."

ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER 2:1





santa and sergeant kanakoa

by James J. DeUrso

Illustration by Joy Anne MacConnell

Captain Roger Gerard was about to celebrate his eighteenth year in the service and his fortieth birthday—but that would be in the New Year. Now, his major concern was that Marge, Johnny, and Marilyn, enjoyed Christmas, which was only three days away.

In all the years of moving from one Army Post to another, there had never been a place like Hawaii. Maybe some other areas came close to it, but none could surpass these days in the Islands. Marge had fallen in love with her five room house, like something out of a magazine. Johnny and Marilyn loved Hawaii, too, for their own special reasons: the sun, the sand, the beaches. Every day was like a holiday; out here even school was bearable.

Although he was "sir" to his men at "B" Company of the 25th Infantry Division Battalion, he rated neither a salute from Johnny (except in jest) nor a "highball" from Marilyn, and to Marge he was just "her Rog."

Rog had left the barracks immediately after lunch to meet Marge at the Post Exchange. Together they had shopped for two hours. The car was loaded with toys and their station wagon looked to soldiers passing by like Santa Claus' wagon, ready to travel.

As they pulled away from the Post Exchange Roger smiled at her. "Happy, Marge?" he asked. "Elated," she beamed, "I'm pleased that they had everything we wanted."

"I can't wait to see Johnny's eyes when he sees that Rocket Control Panel. And Marilyn will love the new doll and the shopping cart."

They parked the car in the garage. The children were at school and the Post Bus wouldn't be dropping them off for another half hour. So it was safe. They hid the brightly-wrapped gifts and waited.

The olive drab bus chugged up the road and deposited Marilyn and Johnny at the front door. Marilyn bounced into the house, smiling gayly. She was an affectionate little girl who adored her father. She ran to his open arms, and smothered her dad with kisses. Johnny, however, was not his chipper self. He walked in like a shaggy little dog, waved a half-hearted hello and went into his room, locking the door behind him.

"What's the matter with our little trooper?" Rog asked. Marge shrugged, "I don't know. He's been acting strangely these past few days and I can't imagine why."

It was Marilyn who answered her father's question. "He's sad because he says Santa Claus won't be coming to see him this year."

There was a baffled look on both her parents' faces. Marilyn added, "I think he will though, because he goes anywhere—even to places where there is no snow at Christmas time—like here in Hawaii."

"Is that what Johnny is worried about?" Roger asked.

"Yes Daddy, he says there's never any snow in Hawaii and Santa can't bring his reindeer to places where there is no snow."

They ate dinner quietly, discussing the events of the day. The subject of Santa Claus wasn't brought up for neither parent could supply their son with a suitable answer. When the youngsters were ready for bed, Roger saw his daughter tucked in first. Then, to cheer up the sad little face on Johnny, he said: "It'll be Christmas Eve in another day and boy will we have fun playing with all the new toys Santa is going to bring you."

"Daddy, don't you know he won't come—he won't come here—he won't—he won't." Marge had stiffened up when he'd mentioned the touchy topic, but now she saw the impossibility of trying to reason with her son, so she took Roger's arm and led him into the living room.

The next morning nothing was said. After the children had left for school, Rog and his wife considered the dreary prospect of a sun-drenched Christmas. "In a way, I can't blame John," Rog said. "On the Mainland we always had snow and in Germany we had so much snow we didn't know what to do with it."

"I know," Marge replied, "but I never dreamed that the lack of snow would cause such a trauma in John."

"Don't you see, it's as though we're to blame. We've made the children associate Santa Claus and snow as essentials for Christmas. Because we are adults we can face reality and enjoy Christmas on the beach. But John is too young to cope with the problem."

"Yes Sir, Captain Freud. You're right. But what are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," Roger pondered, "Christmas Eve is tomorrow night, we haven't much time to snap him out of it."

"Let's think about it today and maybe we'll come up with something," Marge suggested. "I'll think," Roger promised, "but I can't say I'm optimistic about a solution." With that Roger kissed Marge on the cheek, headed for the door, went back and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

The evening found them still confused and without a solution. Roger said: "I mentioned our plight to Sgt. Kanakoa today."

"Didn't he have any constructive ideas? After all he's a Hawaiian," Marge said.

"No he just laughed and his big opu laughed with him," Rog mumbled.

"His what laughed?"

"His — you know — Hawaiian for belly," Roger answered. "Oh," was the comment from Marge.

"I'll just tell John that Santa is coming by boat or some such nonsense and that will be that," Roger yawned, as they went into their bedroom. "I guess so," Marge agreed. They both fell off into a fitful sleep.

The dreaded Eve of Christmas was now upon them. Marge, Roger and Marilyn were ready to do anything to cheer Johnny up. Roger was on a three day pass. He had driven into Honolulu in search of some sort of Christmas tree. He walked up Merchant Street filled with its colorful department stores and shops, but there were no trees in sight. As he stood on a street corner in downtown Honolulu he was forlorn.

Then a big, brightly-colored bus passed by. It had been painted white and across its sides were green ropes of leaves and great big colored Christmas balls with lettering in them which spelled "Mele Kalikimaka." The tinkling words spelled out Merry Christmas.

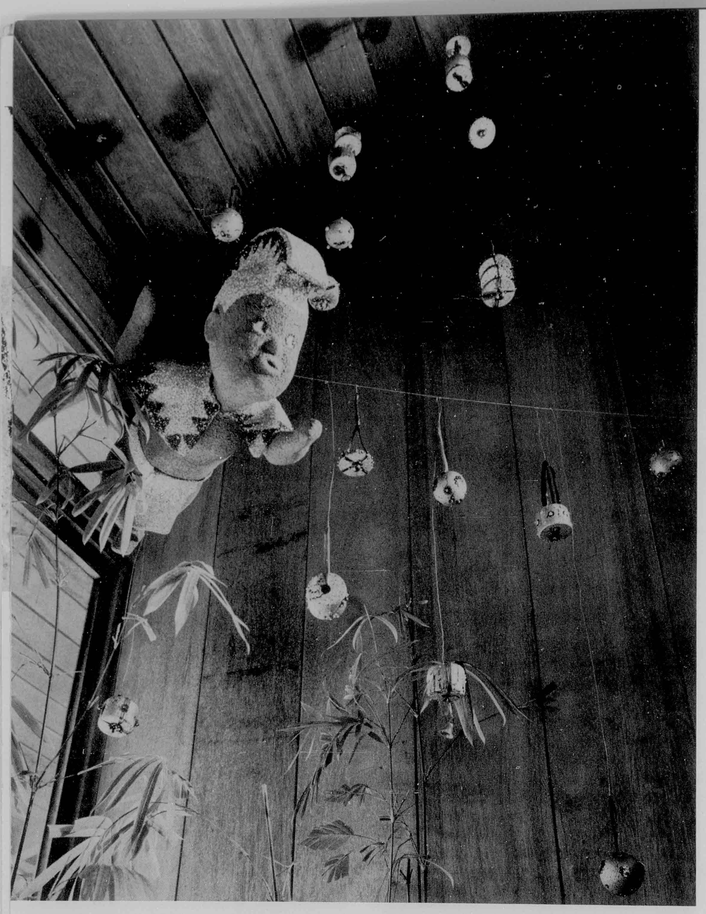
Roger was cheered up. "They've got the Christmas spirit out here," he thought. Then he remembered that Corporal Suzuki had said "I picked up a real Christmas tree in Waikiki. A spruce tree just like they have on the Mainland." So he drove through Honolulu into Waikiki. His car crawled up Kalakaua Avenue. Then he saw them, real Christmas Trees. There were row upon row of them standing in front of Aoki's Market. When he got home, even Johnny laughed for a minute when he saw the tree. But then he returned to the window, where he'd been standing all evening, to resume his staring into the dark void outside.

Marilyn teased: "I'll bet he's waiting for snow to fall. Silly, silly, silly." Johnny turned to look at her with hurt in his eyes. Roger said: "Let's not make fun of John, Marilyn. I'm sure he wouldn't tease you if you felt the way he does."

The evening was long. Roger tried everything to get his son to join the festivities of trimming the tree. Johnny loved the tree trimming and had always looked forward to it. But tonight, he would half-heartedly come near the tree, then wander off. Marge was ready to command him to get into the spirit of the evening but she realized how silly the idea was.

As Johnny's tired eyes peered into the night they spotted a glint of light down the dark road. Soon a car swung into the driveway. Then

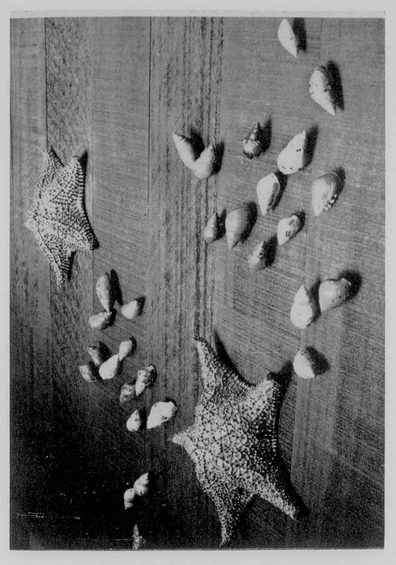
Continued on page 50



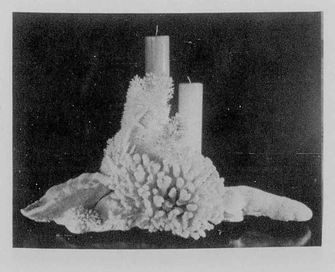
One of Hawaii's elusive menehunes, captured in papier mache by Kay Dooley, is suspended above a corner planting of bamboo in the Evarts' garden room. In his cloak, malo and helmet of red and gold glitter, he sets the color scheme for an unusual holiday arrangement. Cork fishing floats sprayed with gold and studded with sequins add sparkle to the whimsical scene.

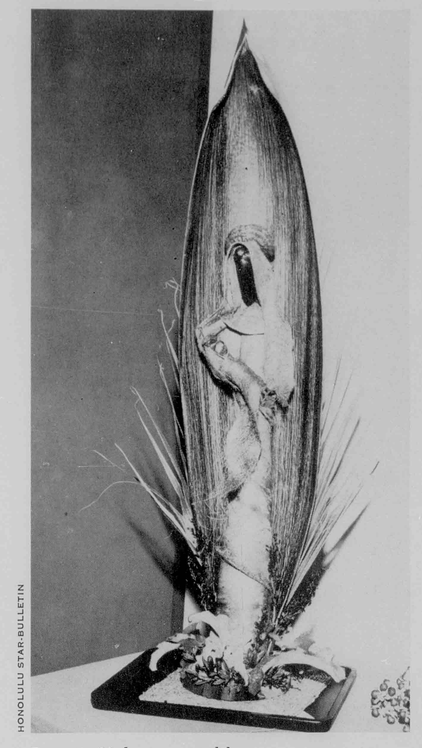
hawaiian holiday decor

Gold-sprayed star fish and decorated African snail shells comprise a unique pattern on the rough, brown-stained wall outside the Evarts' door. The shells, some almost three inches long, have been sprayed with brilliant lacquers and trimmed with sparkling sequins and glitter.



Candles from The Boulevard Shop at C. S. Wo have been combined with Mrs. Evarts' original creation in coral for the holiday season, a stunning centerpiece for a Christmas table.





HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN

Dramatic Madonna, created by Mrs. Thomas Waddoups for a Festival of The Trees sponsored by the Queen's Hospital Auxiliary, is made entirely of products of the coconut palm.

Evarts' Christmas Arrangement/Kay Dooley

Photographs by Mori Yamada/Camera Hawaii

VACATIONS FOR ISLANDERS

First of a Series



ALOHA AIRLINES

Waipahee Slide provides cool refreshment formerly enjoyed by royalty.

KAUAI

by EILEEN O'BRIEN



An "away-from-it-all" atmosphere prevails on Kauai's beaches, such as this one near Lumahai.

ALOHA AIRLINES

ESCAPE from traffic lights and parking meters is but one of many lures offered by Kauai to Honolulu residents suffering from pali panic or the malady that results from driving mauka to makai.

Add to this the movie-set magic of the Garden Island's physical assets, from Waimea canyon to Hanalei. The result is a recipe for enchantment.

Population percentage figures show that Hawaii residents take more long-distance trips than Mainlanders. But Islanders spend less time away from their own home during the head-of-the-house annual vacation than does the average Mainland family—in spite of the fact that dream vacation spots on neighbor islands are beckoning with seductive charm.

Is it the cost factor that makes Honolulu families stay home instead of exploring the mysteries of wet caves at Haena or hiking in the crisp climate of Kokee?

A how-to-do-it study of vacationing on Kauai shows that a Honolulu family of four can unwind their nerves and store memory treasures on the Garden Island for a sum that would not completely upset a moderate-income budget. The much-needed low cost vacation cabins now being planned by the state will make island-hopping vacations even more practical in the near future. But meanwhile Kauai is highly recommended for medium-budget family fun. For those who can afford a "go for broke" vacation, there are endless ways to combine luxurious resort living with loafing under glamorous circumstances and viewing the spectacular sights in comfort.

These include the luxury accommodations at the Coco Palms Hotel, the Kauai Inn, the relatively new Wailua Ranch Hotel and the new Ka Kakian and Kauai Surf.

The Coco Palms, reflecting at every turn the showmanship-in-good-taste of its manager, Grace Busher, is a dream resort of special appeal to visitors. Nothing in Hawaii can top the drama of this spot at night when hundreds of luau torches flicker along the palm—fringed lagoon.

The Kauai Inn, kamaaina hostelry of the island, continues to be a favorite spot of visitors and Islanders in spite of competition from newer hotels. The serene setting of its

swimming pool and spacious gardens backed by jagged mountains is picture-postcard material.

A decided asset to Kauai is the Wailua Ranch Hotel, former home of the Wichman and Sloggett families. There is a special appeal for Islanders in this secluded home–gracious living. It perches on the rim of a pali, with a spectacular view of Mt. Waialeale in the distance and the Wailua River tumbling through tropical grottos below.

Horses are available for enjoyment of fairy-tale trails and swimmers have their choice of a standard pool on the hotel grounds or a natural pool and waterfall in the sparkling river. Colonel J. Albert (Bert) Roesch is the Hawaiian - at - heart proprietor whose gourmet interests have resulted in a fabulous wine cellar and excellent food. His chef, specializing in crepes and other flaming dishes, is Jim Inouye, Honolulu-born and Mainland-trained.

The Wailua Ranch Hotel also operates the new Garden Isle Beach Apartments at Kukuiula-Poipu. You literally step from the lanai onto the beach at these attractively furnished hideaways.

Poipu is also the location of the new Ka Kakian, a luxury manor house with a pool carved out of natural rocks at ocean's edge and handsomely landscaped spacious grounds. Here, too, is the Polynesia Inn offering accommodations ranging from a low-budget "beach house" that could be shared by one or two families with children to de luxe apartments with maid service and American plan.

The new Prince Kuhio Apartments are also located at Poipu, offering twenty-two units including two pent house suites. The hotel now under construction at Poipu by the Honolulu Kimball family of Halekulani fame will be one of the Islands' top attractions when it is completed.

Kamaainas who cringe at the thought of multi-story buildings in Hawaii breathe a sigh of relief when they actually experience living at the Kauai Surf. Here, on an elevation at Kalapaki beach, a skyward thrust has a sense of rightness. How else could every room look out on the sparkling blue water of Nawiliwili Bay? The functonal simplicity of the building manages somehow to convey a tender regard for indefinable essence of Hawaii Nei. A nostalgic atmosphere of pre-war Waikiki prevails at the beach nestling below the Kauai Surf. Outrigger canoes, surfboards and beach boys improvising on guitar and ukulele contribute to the feeling. From the shade of an umbrella at Kalapaki Beach not a single building can be seen. Time is suspended in this enchanting cove.

For budget-minded Islanders, especially -vacationers with children, the Hale Pumehana in Lihue town offers a pleasant headquarters for exploring the Garden Island. Sue Yamasaki, the vivacious proprietor, looks more like an older sister than the mother of her talented daughter, Harriet, who has captured London audiences as lead in "Flower Drum Song."

This family atmosphere hotel is located within walking distance of several good Lihue restaurants and Mrs. Yamasaki provides coffee for her guests whether they're early risers or late loungers. Her many other personal services, such as driving guests to the beach, make Hale Pumehana live up to its name, "house of warmth."

The Palm Haven, across from the Kauai Inn, also has simple accommotions at non-resort prices.

At an even lower cost are the camping facilities at Kokee Recreation area. Located in a mountain meadow at the 3,500 foot level, Kokee offers fresh-water stream fishing, hunting, horseback riding and hiking. Thirty miles of trails lead to various scenic lookouts on the canyon rim and on the edge of drama-packed Kalalau Valley. Rates here start at one dollar per person per night for barracks accommodations. Mattress and pillow (but no blankets or sheets) and bathing, toilet, kitchen and dining facilities are provided. They inclule more comfort in lodges and cabins at $2, $2.50 and $3 per person per night, with children under six years at half rate. Complete information can be obtained from the Division of Forestry of the State Board of Agriculture and Forestry in Honolulu. Kauai residents can make reservations at the local office in Lihue.

Kaumualii Park in a royal coconut grove at Wailua has excellent picnic facilities but no camping is allowed.

Cost of transporting an average size car from Honolulu to Kauai is about forty dollars round trip. Information on this may be obtained from Young Brothers in Honolulu. A ship leaves for Kauai three times a week and reservations should be made at least three days in advance.

A new service of interest to potential Kauai visitors is "Kauai Accommodations" just established by Allan H. Ezell. Ezell has enjoyed a long-time love affair with the Garden Island and has made a survey of places to stay not generally known to visitors. He has discovered rooms, apartments, cottages, complete homes, mountain retreats, motels and plush manors that may be rented for "one night or ten . . . a week . . . a month . . . a lifetime." His business card states that "We can please any taste–from grass shacks to island castles." Information on Ezell's Kauai Accommodations may be obtained by writing to him at P. O. Box 38, Lihue, Kauai.

The Garden Island is like a shy, convent-bred woman whose beauty is apparent at first glance but whose inner charm takes time to know. A vacation of a week or two is a minimum of time to become thoroughly acquainted with the fascination and unique "personality" of Kauai.

This island, first of the Hawaiian group to emerge from the sea by volcanic eruption, richly deserves its title of *Moku Uluwahiwahi*, the island of beautiful growing plants and flowers. Its brilliant foliage, bestowed by nature and abetted by man, climbs jagged mountain ridges, sharply etched against the sky, and extends to the edge of picture book beaches.

Historically free from drought and without the arid areas of other islands, Kauai has been blessed with bountiful resources that were noted even by Captain Cook.

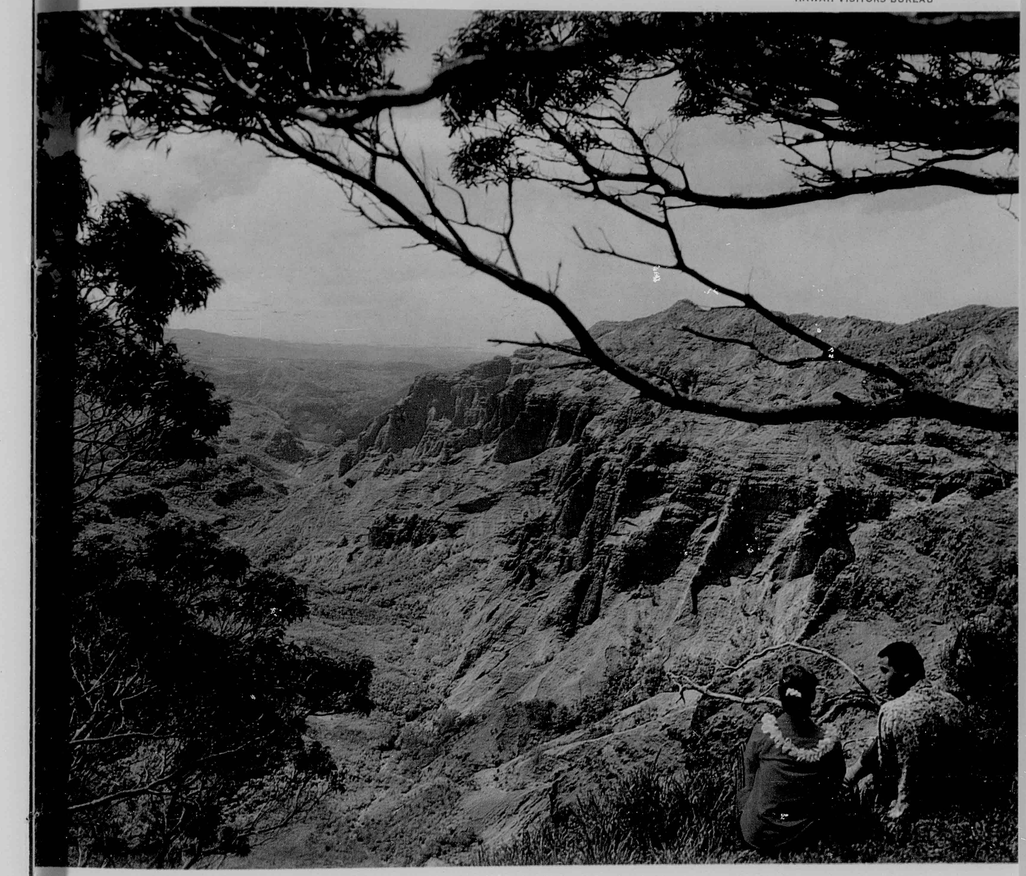
Kauai is of special interest to the devotees of ancient Hawaiian lore. Its alii traced their ancestry directly to the royal rulers of Tahiti and Kauai. Hawaiians still use certain distinctive sounds in word pronounciation that can be traced to Tahitian origin.

The Kauai alii maintained pure blood lines and their women were sought as wives for the rulers of other Island kingdoms. Kaumualii, the last king of Kauai, was one of Hawaii's most romantic figures. His cavalier character impressed the early explorers and traders who visited Kauai and won the attention of Kaahumanu, widow of Kamehameha the Great. He married the Magnificent Matriarch and became the father of Liholiho.

Island families vacationing on Kauai find many exciting reminders of Kauai's colorful past. These include the old Captain Cooks' first landing place, the old Russian fort, the memorial at Prince Kuhio's birthplace in Poipu and the quaint Waioli Mission in Hanalei Valley.

These are but a few of the many interesting facets Islanders can discover for themselves when they take time to look below the surface of the shy beauty that is Kauai.

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU



Hoomamawanui -- 'taking it easy' -- at Waimea Canyon

Photographs taken in the Gold Room of the new Diamond Head Towers, Hawaiian Village Hotel.



"Entertaining fashions" for the holiday hostess

by Marjorie V. Trumbull

DRESS UP TO STAY AT HOME



It will be a temptation this holiday season for many Island fashionables to "dress up . . . and stay home."

Elegance to rival the most lavish cocktail frocks has invaded the at-home collections. So have brilliant color, variety of styles and fabrics seldom before seen off Fifth Avenue. Hostess "gowns" per se are news in Hawaii and some stunning ones in clinging matt jersey, in silk brocade, in filmy chiffon or lustrous slipper satin are offered this year along Kalakaua Avenue.

Lounge suits, culottes, at-home coats, slacks and shirts which look more like Capri, Nassau or the far-off Riviera have come to take their places along with Island designed, Polynesian-colored hostess clothes.

In fact so varied and attractive are these new holiday inspirations, gift giving to feminine members of any family should be a breeze.

This is perhaps the biggest year ever for lush, imported, silk brocades in either vivid or muted colors and are now shown in hostess coats, teatimers, jackets and sleek trousers.

Brilliant velveteen slacks coupled with contrasting silk shirts have the look of being right off Vogue's front cover. Gold and white combinations, braid, baubles and beads achieve a dazzling glitter in flatteringly feminine versions of "what to wear when you entertain at home."

Leopard pattern in cottons or corduroys, handscreened silk prints, whirling skirts, pencil slim trousers . . . all are here for the girl or woman who's looking for something *different*, who's planning at least one big party at home during the Christmas season and several others to sample her neighbor's Christmas cheer!

For those who prefer simple, Island-type clothes during the Spring and Summer now is the time to indulge in the new sophistication which definitely is becoming an integral part of fashions in Hawaii!



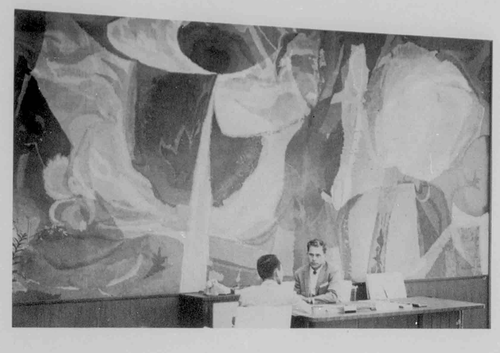
Upper left: Designer Bete calls this her "Holiday Holomu"; a smart hostess could wear it all year round. In quaint calico type cotton print, its gracefully low neck, ruffled hemline and adroitly fitted waist are designed to flatter . . . and do! $29.50 at Carol and Mary's.

Left: "Mele Kalikimaka" . . . a toast that could accompany the wearing *or* the giving of this stunning Dynasty teatimer. Beautifully fitted, meticulously detailed, the longer coat, higher neck and all over water lily pattern make it purely luxurious. $69.50 at McInery's.

Above: As elegant as her surroundings in the new Diamond Head Towers of The Hawaiian Village is Shirley Olson in a Dynasty hostess coat of pure silk imported brocade. The rolled, off-shoulder neckline borrows glamor from the kimono, the obi-type sash furthers the Oriental illusion. Pictured in platinum, available in a score of vibrant colors. $89.50 at McInery's.

Upper right: The "Burma Coat" . . . perfect for holidays on Oahu is worn by Claire Olsen. Its loose-fit, short sleeves and the sheerness of the pure silk print spell all year comfort and chic. In blossom designs of vivid pinks or greens with solid colored trousers. $39.95 at Liberty House.

Right: Young and lovely the Tori Richard "Java Jigsaw" happi-suit selected by Wanda Brennan as the perfect "guest greeting" fashion. In water lily shades of blue, pink and purple, of pure silk it's available at Waikiki's Carol and Mary's at $45.



Collage by Ben Norris forms a handsome background for officers' platform at Kapiolani Boulevard Branch.

Modern designs with a flair for the unusual replace the roll-top desk and cuff protectors



Drive-in windows will be feature of new Kalihi Branch.



Cast stone grille is effectively used at Kapiolani Boulevard Branch.

Beauty and the Bank

HANDSOME COLLAGES by a University of Hawaii art professor, cast stone grilles, sand sculptures and tropical gardens are features of new bank buildings in Honolulu.

Architectural designers with a flair for the unusual are as much a part of today's business world as the old roll-top desk and cuff protectors used to be.

The First National Bank—Hawaii's oldest, founded in 1858—is a leading exponent of this trend in Honolulu. Its branch banks recently completed or under construction are setting a pace for top design in a field once considered prosaic and strictly utilitarian.

One of the new buildings is the striking Kapiolani Boulevard branch, completed last year. Large areas of glass are protected by a specially designed and cast tile facing, which is not only attractive but has a definite purpose. It acts as a permanent sunshade, cutting glare and heat while admitting necessary natural light.

The spacious lobby is divided between a curving line of tellers' windows and an officers' platform. The sleek interior features walnut cabinets and furniture trimmed in gold anodized aluminum. The main notes of interest in this branch, however, are the large collages by artist Ben Norris which hang behind the tellers' windows and behind the officers' platform. The collage behind the tellers line is predominently gold and the one behind the platform is blue. An ancient Japanese art form, achieved by overlaying sheets of various textured papers, collages are refreshingly novel in the business world.

First National's Aina Haina branch, now under construction, will not only be extremely modern in design but will also have a large tropical garden area at the bank's front entrance. Exterior of this building will feature a woven-type metal paneling over glass walls, the metal paneling acting as a sunshade. The bank's interior will have teakwood counters and teakwood paneling behind the officers' platform.

Perhaps the most unusual of the buildings in this series is the new Kalihi branch which will be located on the corner of King Street and Kam IV Road.

This branch will have three drive-in windows on the ground level, and directly over these windows, on the second level, will be the main offices and lobby. Interior of the main office area will have resilient wall coverings, terrazzo floors and all wood paneling will be of teak.

Lava rock, concrete and glareproof glass are scheduled for the exterior walls, two of which will be decorated with original sand sculptures by Edward Brownlee.

At the new branch in Wahiawa glass walls will alternate with cast stone grilles to form the outside walls of the corner structure. Tile grilles, plant boxes along the sides and the pattern in a terrazzo floor will all be based on an elongated hexagon motif.

Plans call for a walnut and black steel screen behind the tellers cages, and abstract elongated hexagon walnut panels over the tellers area.

Results of the bank's interest in building attractive branches have been gratifying to bank officials, who have found favorable reactions from both customers and employees.

Other branches are scheduled—but at present First National is giving top attention to the 18-story building it is constructing next door to its head office on King Street. This will be the tallest building in downtown Honolulu.



IMPRESSIONS of a Malihini

by Worth Hedrick

Illustration Doris Fujii

THERE IS NO use trying to hide the fact, because if you saw me you'd know the truth immediately anyway. I am a malihini.

My skin is a lovely shade of red—the color of a freshly boiled lobster. My lips are chapped, and my eyes are red-rimmed from their first exposure to the Hawaiian sun. In short, I'm a miserable sight.

When I landed at the Honolulu airport a week ago I first heard the term malihini. Suddenly, I knew that I was one—I even *felt* like one. Like a grub must feel when someone rolls over the log he is under and for the first time he is exposed to sunlight, fresh air and the wonderful outside world.

I still feel somewhat like a grub getting his first glimpse of the outside world, but I'm no longer lily white. I photograph very well—in Kodachrome.

It's embarrassing and confusing to be a malihini, but it can be rewarding, too.

It's confusing, for example, when you ask directions and you get an answer like this: "Two blocks mauka, a block and a half ewa and four blocks straight makai." All you can do is move to the next person, and hope he is a malihini who has learned his way around town—someone who still speaks your language.

One of the advantages of being a malihini is that you're sure to have lots of company, though you'll meet a few newcomers who simply refuse to admit that they are malihinis. I met one of these obstinate people my first day at Waikiki Beach. He was sitting next to me in a small restaurant and when I turned to ask him what the word "mahimahi" meant he answered, very matter-of-factly:

"It's an oriental dish prepared with spinach, chopped pork and other tasty ingredients."

That was the fishiest spinach I have ever eaten.

You can see that I'm not like my friend at the restaurant. I have the guts to admit that I'm a malihini—and I even recognize advantages of being in this status.

Who but a malihini can view for first time the splendors of Hawaii? A kamaaina has long ago lost that opportunity and even when he returns to the Islands from a trip to the Mainland, the experience of again seeing Hawaii's beauty can only be compared to a second honeymoon. The beauty is still there, but little of the old thrill and adventure remains.

Certain impressions I have of Hawaii, and particularly of Honolulu, may be tinted somewhat by the fact that I'm a newcomer and may be of only passing interest to a kamaaina. But I hope kamaainas will stick with me, if only to check my spelling of Hawaiian words.

From the beginning, then, here are a few of my impressions:

It was obvious to me when the plane touched ground that everyone was happy it had arrived safely and it appeared almost as though the town had planned a special celebration.

Music was playing and a dozen pretty girls greeted us with leis of brightly colored flowers. I soon learned the meaning of the word "aloha." It means, "Let's neck."

My wife objected to spending the rest of the day at the airport, so I reluctantly hailed a cab and we sped toward the Waikiki area where we rented a room in a large, luxurious hotel overlooking the ocean.

It would be presumptuous for any malihini to attempt to describe the ocean itself with words which have not been used so many times they have completely lost their meanings. Still, you just can't *dismiss* the ocean. It *is* fairly important. So I'll be presumptuous—and give you my impression of the ocean at Waikiki:

The color is blue. Sort of a blue-green. Or green-blue. Maybe with a touch of aqua? Sometimes, anyway. At other times, depending on the cloud formations and the time of day (and how much rum you've had), it's a different color. I've only been here a week, but I have positively identified these other colors: pink, orangish, maroon, red, yellow, mottled, polka dot and gray.

During my frequent wanderings along the beach at Waikiki I have observed that people in Hawaii (kamaainas included) enjoy looking out over the ocean. The sand and the surf attract their constant attention, much as a campfire draws the attention of campers in a dark forest.

There are various reasons why people watch the ocean at Waikiki. For one thing, the water is alive with activity nearly all the time. There are so many swimmers bobbing around some days the sea actually appears to be brown and pink. The pink ones are malihinis.

The children at Waikiki Beach are a kick in the pants. They come in all sizes, shapes and racial mixtures and they are completly fearless. They are so fearless, in fact, that sometimes their antics frighten me. One little chap I was watching disappeared so long in the surf I was ready to call the lifeguard, or even rip off my clothing and leap into the foaming water myself to attempt to save his life.

Just as I was ready to take some sort of action he bobbed to the surface and swam to shore near where I was sitting.

"Golly, fellow, you really had me worried," I said. "I thought you'd never come up."

He smiled at me, his white teeth gleaming in the sun, and his large brown eyes sparkling.

"I was fighting an octopus," he said.

"No fooling," I said. "That must have been quite a struggle. What's your name? I've always wanted to meet an octopus fighter."

"Lloyd Bridges," he said. Then he popped back into the water, disappearing as if by magic. Which all goes to show that even a kid from Honolulu can recognize a malihini.

Even in the massive hotels along the waterfront at Waikiki, you can't hide the fact that you're a malihini, but if the sun gets too bright the hotels offer a shadowy, temporary retreat. There is supposed to be safety in numbers, and you'll find many other malihinis in the hotels.

When I visit the Moana Hotel, which is just upstream (or is it downstream?) from the Royal Hawaiian, I can't resist sitting in the famous courtyard and staring at that crazy banyan tree. It's obvious, when you see that tree, why the price of land is high in Hawaii. Even the trees clutch the soil in a hundred different places.

Trees in Hawaii make me a little dizzy—especially those coconut palms. Have you ever tried watching the top of one on a windy day? It's a very risky sport. You start weaving back and forth and when you're about out of control that palm tree will let you have it. Pau! Right on the old bean.

These Hawaiian words, like "pau," come pretty fast—just a week ago I didn't know a catamaran from a calabash. I used to think muumuu was the sound a cow made when it was in need of being milked. Now that I know about the other kind of muumuu I'm no longer worried about a population explosion on the Islands.

Most people learn about muumuus soon after they arrive in Hawaii, but it takes a time to discover all the other tourist attractions.

One of the best places to begin is at the International Market Place where you can get a good overall flavor of Hawaii's culture, history and industry. It takes about a week to tour the market place if your wife goes along. A man can make it alone in two hours, but all those "pretties" are bound to slow a woman down.

Heavy smokers should remember to carry an ashtray with them. Everything is so spotless, you'll feel pretty darn guilty butting a cigarette once you're inside the gate.

As a matter of fact, all of Hawaii is clean. Even the lizards which scamper across your walls look clean, though I haven't summoned up enough courage to examine one closely. I enjoy most animals from a safe distance.

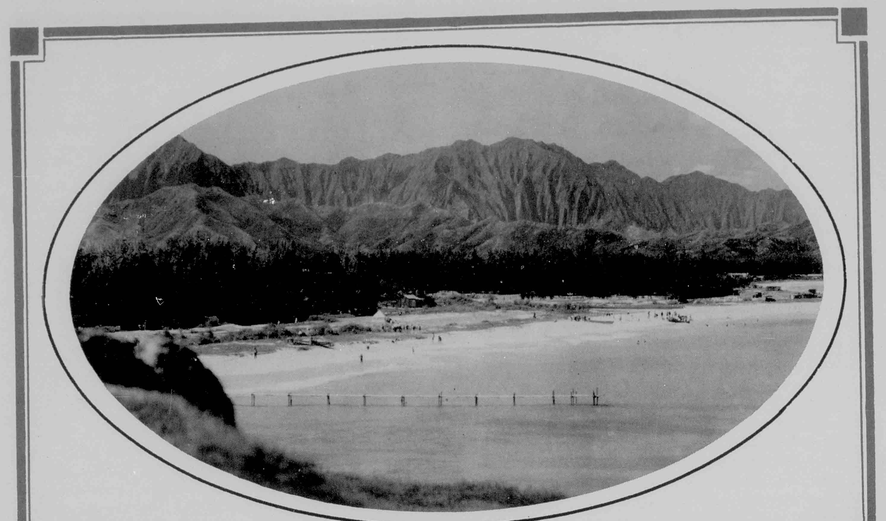
You can do this while strolling through the Honolulu zoo. It was there that I talked for the first time to a mynah bird. The bird took one look at me and said, "Hi there, malihini!"

That was almost too much, because there was a sign on the bird's cage which clearly stated that the obnoxious little beast had been imported from India. I felt like mentioning this to the mynah bird, but decided it would only create a disturbance and everyone would probably end up taking sides against me.

It's ridiculous to argue with a bird, and I don't really mind being called a malihini anyway. Everyone has to start someplace, and I plan to stick around here until I'm recognized as an *old* malihini.

Still, it sort of bugs me when an *imported* mynah bird uses Hawaiian words he doesn't fully comprehend.





Kailua Beach, Windward Oahu, 1929.

This Was Hawaii

Oahu in the late twenties was a place where things happened, just as they do today, but in a far more serene setting than that of the sixties.

Tommy Armour played in the Hawaiian Open at Waialae Golf Course. The National Women's Outdoor Swimming Meet was held at the War Memorial Natatorium.

The Pearl Harbor Yacht Club, mecca of sailing enthusiasts, boasted a membership of 130 and a fleet of 41 yachts.

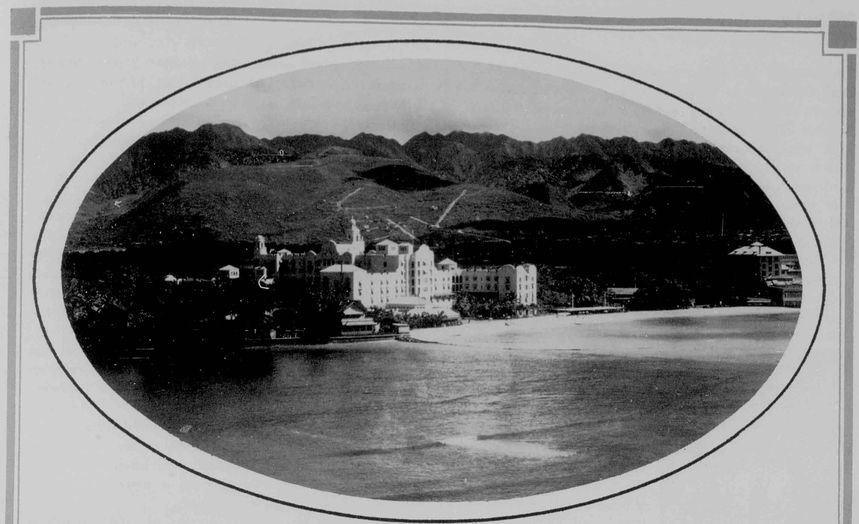
Trader Horn came through Honolulu en route from South Africa to Los Angeles, where the movie about his life was being filmed.

Honolulu's Academy of Arts was described as being a "homelike" place, intriguing to children as well as adults.

The Honolulu Junior League produced a movie, "The Kamaaina," to raise funds for its charitable works.

Out in Waikiki, "Flappers' Acre," the brand new game of surf polo was invented by the Kahanamoku family, with spirited contests taking place daily in the waters off the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels.

The University of Hawaii initiated its Agricultural Extension Service in Cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture.



The Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels, 1929.

Honolulu families built their country homes on the curve of Kailua Beach on Windward Oahu, and drove over the serpentine Pali Road for week-end vacations.

Dillingham Hall on the Punahou School campus was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

Women of the Outdoor Circle held their annual flower show, complete with a Goddess of Flowers who held court amid a profusion of blossoms.

Lawrence M. Judd was inaugurated as the seventh Governor of Hawaii, succeeding Wallace R. Farrington.

Surgeons from throughout the Pacific area came to Honolulu for the first meeting of the Pan-Pacific Surgical Conference.

Local girls were economizing on lunches and marcels in order to afford the latest fad, flying lessons.

Almost every day a boat brought mail from the Mainland.



Manoa Valley, showing the University of Hawaii campus, 1932.

PUA NO KALIKIMAKA

°Flowers For Christmas

by Mary Conniff

NOTHING can add as glamorous a tropical note to a Mainland Christmas as Island flowers, *if* they are carefully chosen, well packed and sent by air mail special delivery.

One obvious answer is to entrust your holiday orders to a reliable florist. But many Islanders of the green thumb variety prefer to send blossoms from their own gardens. A few hints from a commercial florist may prevent these home-grown Christmas gifts arriving frozen stiff or wilted limp—a waste of the time, effort and postage that go into the sending.

Choice of flowers is important. It is obvious that the hardier the blossom the better it will travel. Thus, red and white anthuriums, red and torch gingers, birds of paradise and both common and hybrid vandas are good choices.



Proper packing is demonstrated at The Beach Florist shop located in Waikiki.

Islanders should remember that a color scheme which is striking and dramatic in Hawaii may be out of place in certain Mainland settings. For the East Coast, North and Mid-West, where interior decor is more formal and conventional, red and white anthuriums and red and torch gingers are the best selections. Pastel shades of lavender and pink will not usually be as suitable, unless the color scheme of the home is known.

In the South and West, where informal living lends itself to the use of colors other than the traditional red, green, gold and silver of cold-climate holidays, birds of paradise, pink anthuriums, vandas and sprays of dendrobiums and cymbidiums can be used effectively.

In preparing flowers for mailing, there are several important things to remember.

- Flowers should be cut very early in the morning, before the sun strikes them.
- Long-stemmed flowers should be soaked in deep water for at least two hours.
- Vandas should be lightly sprinkled and kept in the refrigerator until packing time, but should not be soaked unless the blossoms are held out of the water by wire screen and only the stem ends dunked.

Because flower shipments leave Honolulu Airport on night flights, it is important to delay actual packing until the last possible moment. Commercial florists take their orders to the Agricultural Inspection window at the main Honolulu post office beginning at about 2 p.m., but the window is open from noon until 5 p.m., Monday through Friday, and noon until 4 p.m. on Saturdays.

If flowers are to be mailed from a sub-station or rural post office, it is wise to check the local mail truck schedule before taking boxes in for mailing. This will prevent the flowers from spending a warm and wilting day in a local office awaiting transportation to the main post office for inspection.

All flower shipments in boxes measuring 100 inches or less in length and girth combined must be sent by air mail special delivery; large commercial shipments over that size go by air freight, and must be taken to the airport freight office of the carrier after agricultural inspection.

Proper packing of the flowers is essential, and the post office will not accept shipments which are improperly packed. Basic to good packing are the following suggestions:

- Sturdy, corrugated boxes should be used.
- The flowers must be well insulated.
- Each flower must have a source of moisture while in transit.

To insulate flowers from ravages of winter temperatures on the Mainland, boxes should be lined with newspaper which will surround the flowers on all sides.

Plastic tubes with rubber stoppers, moist cotton covered with foil or penny balloons attached with rubber bands may be used to supply water for the individual blossoms.

Because the plastic tubes are expensive, most amateur packers use them only for cattleyas. Moist cotton covered with foil is satisfactory for small blossoms such as vandas, and water-filled balloons are convenient for long-stemmed flowers. One caution in the use of the balloon is that the rubber band must fit snugly enough to prevent leaking but must not cut or bruise the stem.

When long-stemmed flowers are arranged in the carton, small squares of waxed paper should be carefully folded around *each* blossom so that all are separated.

Then, the flowers must be wired to the bottom of the box. Best way to do this is to cover florist wire with tape, poke two holes in the bottom of the box with an ice pick, thread the taped wire through the holes and secure the group of stems at one mid-way point. Florists usually put a handful of shredded paper, or a fold of waxed paper between wire and stems to avoid bruising.

Shredded waxed paper should be added as filler, covered with a sheet of waxed paper or foil and then with the final newspaper layer. The box top should fit snugly.

In sending cut vandas, hybrids, or other short-stemmed flowers, individual blossoms must be carefully nestled into a bed of shredded waxed paper, covered with a similar layer and surrounded by newspaper insulation.

As in the case of *all* boxes sent through the mail, there should be no printing or writing of any kind on the outside of the box except names, addresses and necessary mailing instructions.

This information should be printed in large, legible letters with a marking pen or other broad-nib pen. Do not use pencil or crayon for outside addresses. The words "Flowers", "Air Mail" and "Special Delivery" may be printed on the box.

Other hints passed on by a commercial florist include the suggestion that when sending Island flowers to Mainlanders who have never visited Hawaii a note be enclosed explaining that anthuriums are *real* flowers, not plastic, and that vandas and hybrids *are* orchids. Most Mainlanders think only of the cattleya when they think of orchids.

It is helpful to notify people in advance that flowers are en route, especially if they live in cold climates and in apartments or hotels. Then, they can make arrangements to have the flowers properly cared for if they are not at home when the postman calls.

They should also be told to soak long-stemmed flowers in deep water for several hours, after trimming stem ends, before arranging the flowers.

Generally speaking, it is better to send loose vanda blossoms than made-up corsages, as damp cotton on individual stems will prolong the life of the flowers.

Cattleyas ship well to the warmer states, but suffer from exposure to the rigors of cold weather. The red anthurium is probably the best choice of all, as it will last through the New Year if well packed and provided with sufficient water in the final arrangement. Although woodroses, plumerias, white and yellow gingers and many other popular Island flowers are delightful in the local setting, most of them are poor travelers.

Only careful packing will insure that your Island flowers can say a bright, gay "Mele Kalikimaka" when they reach the Mainland.

Omitted from October's holiday gift wrapping suggestions was the post office plea that a gift box not be allowed to "rattle around" inside the corrugated carton.

At least 1½ inches of shredded paper, crumpled newspaper, excelsior or fiber wadding should be used on all sides of the gift. Otherwise the post office will not insure the parcel.

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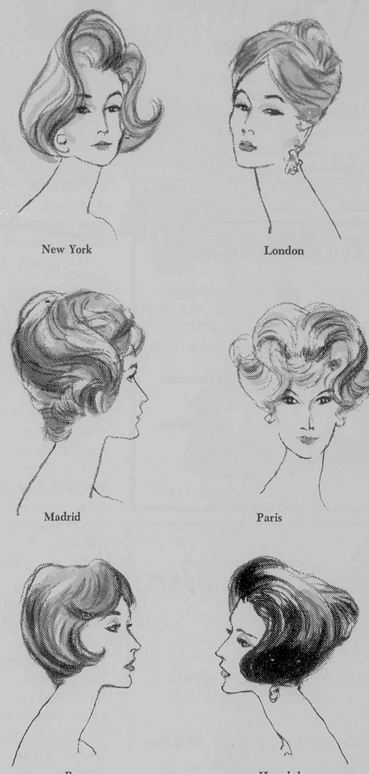

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By Fred Adler

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The first 48 hours after the duck leaves the shell, it is left in the bottom tray of the incubator to keep dry and snug. Then it is moved to a hot shed for a 5 day period, then into a cold shed, slightly steam heated. At 8 weeks the young duck is pure white and ready for the markets. A mature duck should have a breast that is broad and pliable with flesh firm and free from bruises and with a fair amount of fat underneath the skin. The feet and bill should be yellow.

Preparation

Rub inside of a 5½ to 6 pound duck with lemon juice, sprinkle outside with salt. Stuff it with the dressing given below. Sew up the opening. Place the duck on a rack in a roasting pan and roast in moderate oven for 2½ hours, or until tender. Baste duck often with red wine, using 1 cup in all. Remove the duck to a heated platter, skim the excess fat from the pan, reduce the same over a hot flame to ½ cup. Pour the sauce around the duck and serve immediately.

Savory Holiday Dressing

4 cups of stale rolls or bread
½ cup butter
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery and leaves
4 oz. pork sausage meat
1 teaspoon sage seasoning
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ tablespoon salt
one pinch of ground pepper
½ cup of chicken stock (bouillon)

Continued on next page


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Preparation of Dressing

Cut bread in small cubes, melt butter in large frying pan, add chopped onions and celery, simmer till vegetables are tender. Stir constantly on very low flame. Add browned pork sausage, combine seasonings and chicken stock. Fold slightly beaten egg into dressing.

My Little Island Lizard

Before I came to Hawaii I could take lizards or leave them alone. One evening, however, I discovered that I wasn't living alone.

It was love at first sight for a beige bit of life with black toes and matching eyes. The fat lizard waddled to a puka in the stove and, thinking he was hidden from my eyes, stared out at the strange creature who was I. And I, pretending he was hidden, stared at the strange creature who was he.

The other evening, when I returned to my sandwich after answering the telephone, the sandwich eating had been resumed by—guess who? I don't know how long I've been sharing my food with Lizzie, but it's probably been for the six weeks I've lived in my apartment with its built-in pet.

Lizzie and I have no quarrels, no differences of opinions, no negative irritants of any kind. I ask nothing of him and he expects nothing from me, except a crumb of fruit (especially papaya), a drop of malted milk, yogurt or wine. When he drinks the latter I call him Loaded Lizzie.

I hope he never learns to trust me completely, because he might make the mistake of thinking the whole world is to be trusted; and then it might be pau for him. If he learns to love me too much he might want to sleep with me. And I can't stand bed wigglers.

P. B. Hall

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Continued from page 21

heart. The menu is a gourmet's delight. A pink concotion called the "Savage Island Pearl Cocktail" actually contains a genuine seed pearl. Pupus (Wild Golden Bamboo Baby Quail, marinated in Ghenghis Khan sauce and broiled over charcoal in hibachi at your table—$2.00), a Moon Festival dinner, Rangoon Lobster Curry or Teriyaki Steak, Yokohama Style, were some of the other tempting offerings. A Polynesian Chuckwagon is the latest addition for early morning diners.

Speaking of food, the Beamers searched until they found a Japanese produce man in a downtown market who imports all their Island favorites. Even poi. Perhaps that's what helps create those clear, high tones he sings.

And how does a noted Hawaiian authority feel about this sudden upsurge or interest in our music? Nona Beamer's reaction to Mahi's Mainland success is this: "Because our real Hawaiian songs have been so badly mutilated, it is not only our privilege to retain their purity, it is our obligation. What a triumph that the listening public is learning to *feel* and understand Hawaii through our music.

I measure Mahi's success not only by the smiles and applause, but by the fact that he has not profaned his love for Hawaii to capture the brass ring. How well I know this and how much I love Mahailo for it."



Carl Kaizawa

"Harriet . . . somehow that hula skirt doesn't look right."



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GARDENING IN PARADISE

A perfect Christmas gift for almost any Islander to give to another Island resident is a potted plant.

The aroid family offers a fine list of gift ideas. It includes the popular anthuriums, philodendrons, dieffenbachia and spathiphyllum, as well as several others. The thing that all these plants have in common is a flower form similar to that of the ape, with a spathe or petal-like modified bract, and a spadix in which the seeds develop.

The most widely-known aroids are the philodendrons. There are dozens of varieties, some with rounded or heart-shaped leaves, some with deeply cut, lacy leaves, some with pure green foliage and some that are variegated.

The choice of container for the gift plant is important and can lead the gardener on an intriguing shopping trip. A carved hapu pot will add an authentic tropical look in an informally decorated home. Rice buckets make fine foil for dwarf plants, and a stunning container for large-leaved philodendron is a shallow iron Chinese cooking vessel, available in many sizes.

Shoyu tubs, sanded down and painted or varnished are popular locally. Baskets of all shapes and sizes, most of them from Hong Kong, will camouflage metal cans in which the plant is rooted. A visit to a store carrying Japanese pottery will produce many more artistic and modestly priced containers for gift plants.

Repotting the plant should be carefully done. There is less damage to fragile root hairs if soil is just on the dry side. The plant—its roots surrounded in a ball of soil—should be transferred quickly to the new container which should contain broken pieces of clay pot or rocks and a little soil.

Soluble plant food should be applied after the soil is tamped firmly into the new container. If you start early in December you can assure that your gift plants will be in perfect condition for Christmas giving.

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Continued from page 29



Johnny could see that it was a Jeep with something being trailed behind it.

"Dad, Dad," he called, "It's a Jeep —maybe there's trouble at the base and they need you." Roger, Marge and Marilyn hurried from the tree. As they headed for the door, they heard singing, a strange kind of singing.

Roger opened the door. The Jeep had been turned around so that its lights could shine on the thing it had been towing.

There, in the glow of Jeep lights and a bright Hawaiian moon, was a float. It was covered with white flakes that looked real enough to be snow. There was a genuine coconut tree standing awkwardly on the float and underneath it stood a large, jovial Hawaiian, Sergeant Kimo Kanakoa.

The Sergeant wore a big grin on his ruddy face. Around his waist was wrapped a lava lava made of tapa cloth. He held a spear gun and a big red bag.

"Ho, Ho, Ho," Sergeant Kanakoa roared. "May your first Christmas in Hawaii be Mele Kalikimaka." Then he made a mock orchestra conductor signal to the four men with him and sang out, as if tuning them up, "Ahhhhhhh." The four men, dressed in similar fashion, but wearing little red hats with white trimming marked "Santa's Hawaiian Helpers," began to sing. The little hats, which had been made by Mary Chun, a secretary at the base, gave a fairytale air to the occasion. The songs brought tears to Marge's eyes. "Po Hama 'U," which is the Hawaiian version of "Silent Night," rang through the dark. Neighbors opened their doors to listen. In a lighter vein they sang "Hauoli Ka Honua," "Joy to the World." Then with beaming faces they concluded with "Mele Kalikimaka."

Roger Gerard could have kissed this big bear of a Sergeant and his faithful men. Marge was smiling through her tears. Marilyn was dancing about the room humming the tunes she'd just heard for the first time, while Johnny seemed stunned.

Sergeant Kanakoa cheerfully handed little presents out to all the family. Then he stopped in front of Johnny: "We may not have snow on Christmas in Hawaii but did you really think that Santa Claus would forget our Islands?" he asked. Sergeant Kanakoa drew the little boy closer to him. "I'll tell you a secret. Santa Claus comes here every year for his vacation." That made Johnny laugh. "Cross my heart and hope to die. He gets two weeks in July and comes to Waikiki every year." Johnny snuggled close to Sergeant Kanakoa. Then very seriously, Sergeant Kanakoa said: "Johnny, Santa does not forget good little boys and girls, no matter where they are. He will be here tonight!"

As the Jeep headed off down the road Sergeant Kanakoa's shouted "Ho-Ho-Ho and away we go!" His workers strummed their ukuleles.

As the family turned to go back into the living room, Johnny screamed, "Look Dad, he's been here while we're outside . . . look . . . look . . . oh, look!" And there before the tree stood a surfboard wrapped in red, green and white ribbons. There was a note attached for Johnny. Marilyn ran to open her gift. All the gifts that had been so carefully hidden in the garage were beneath the tree as Roger stared in disbelief. Marge whispered, "I tipped them off at the kitchen door." She held Rog's arm very tightly.

They watched Johnny read his note. It said: "Your mother and father have told me that you have been a good boy this year so I thought I'd bring you something special like this surfboard to play with here in Hawaii." Signed Santa. There was a P.S. that said: "Johnny, I was a little disappointed to hear that you thought I'd forget you and all the other wonderful children in Hawaii. I stop by this way every year. I love the climate."

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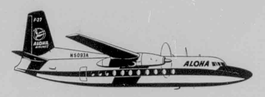

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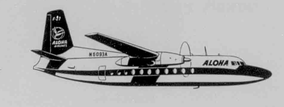

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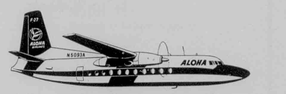

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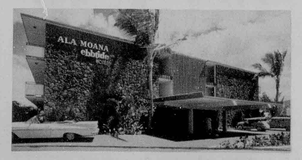

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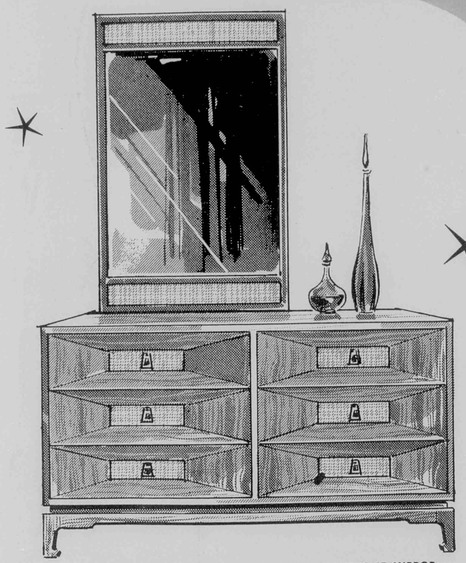

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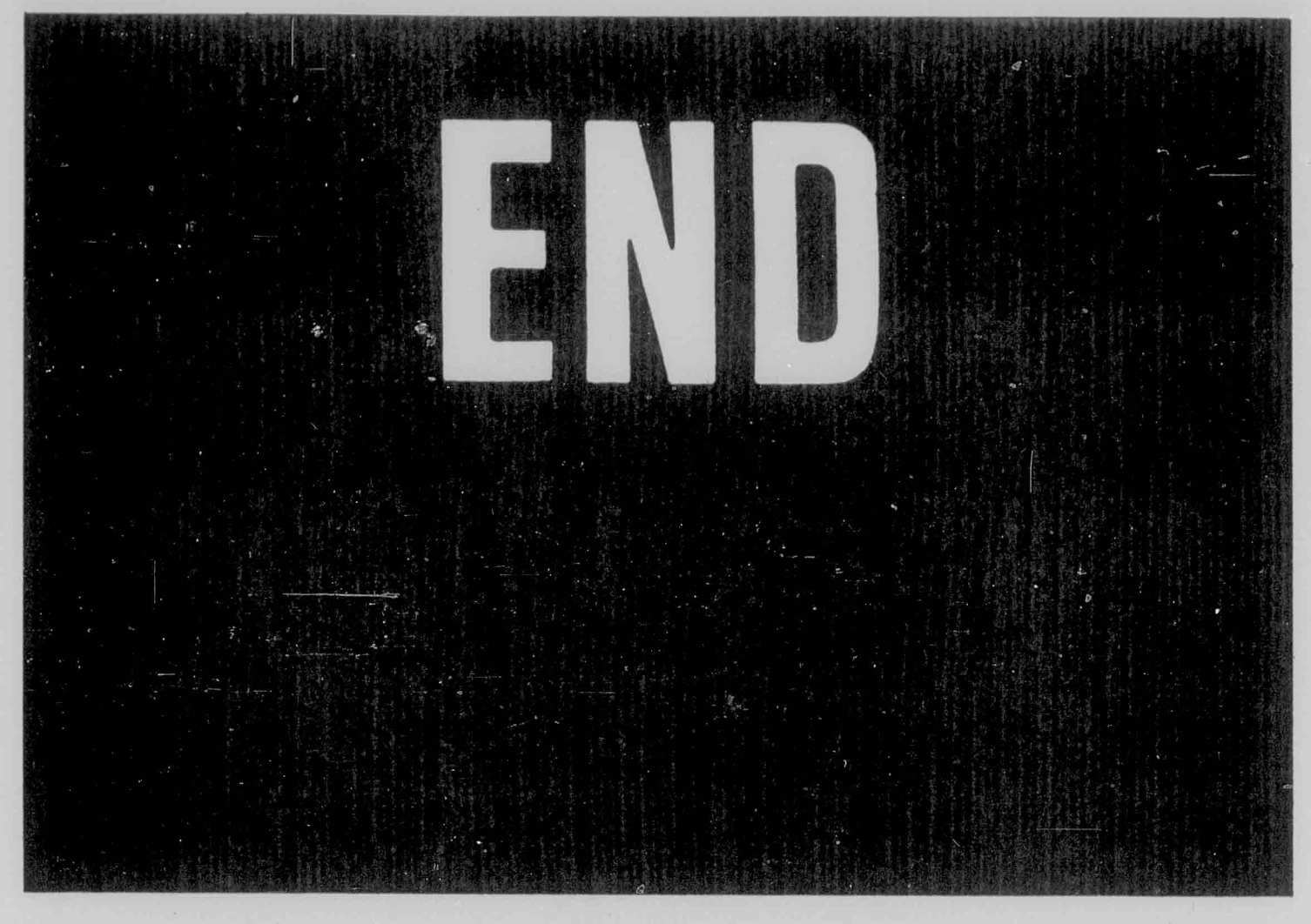

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