



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Paradise in Limbo

WHILE HAWAII buzzed with the excitement of statehood, with which these islands were officially blessed on August 21st, the prime topic of speculation this summer has been the prospect of imminent tourist ruination. The *kamaainas*, or longtime residents, are viewing the hordes of tourists spilling off the airplanes and the Matson liners with all the pleasant anticipation of a farmer watching an advancing cloud of seven-year locusts.

At their *lanai* parties, by the flickering torchlight, the local residents have buzzed loud and long this summer over the advent of the jets, chain-hotel operators, and an unprecedented wave of visitors, all of whom seemed to have descended upon Hawaii almost simultaneously with statehood. The strip of Waikiki just above the Surfrider Hotel has broken out in a rash of ugly boardwalk eyesores. The narrow beach itself, especially on midsummer Sundays, often has seemed as crowded as Coney Island on a sunny Fourth of July. Accidents mounted in the crowded surf. Hit-and-run surfboarders were proving the scourge of the sea, and even that old Hawaii hand, Duke Kahanamoku, the famed Olympic swimmer of other days, took six stitches on his cheek bone from a flying surfboard that hit him while he steered an outrigger canoe. "Danger at the Beach" the local papers shrieked, and the call went out for better traffic control, establishment of a buoy system, expansion of surfboarding areas by blasting out coral, the addition of more lifeguards, walkie-talkie sets, and flat-bottomed dories for lifeguards.

Each passing statesman had his say, and not the least of them was that elder savant, Arthur Godfrey, who found the beachboys "insubordinate," and the pineapple not nearly so tasty as it had seemed to him in other years. Visitors returning here after an absence of a few years have been startled to find tall buildings jarring the skyline view of Diamond Head. And I must confess there wasn't a day when I walked among the nodding tree ferns and the banana fronds of the Halekulani, or had lunch under the shade of its gnarled old hau tree, with the doves bouncing after the bread crumbs under foot, that I failed to reflect wistfully on the approaching execution of this most Hawaiian of all hotels. Much of Honolulu's beachfront land is owned

by Hawaii's big estates and let out on lease. The Halekulani's lease expires in three years, and the new rates levied by the land-holding estates can only be met by a skyscraping hotel. The Kimball Brothers, who own the Halekulani, a comfortable expanse of tropical cottages, say simply, "One can no longer operate a public park." And so they will surrender these soft and pleasant acres to the wreckers and to the builders and take themselves off to the isle of Kauai, where things are still quiet.

A vast expansion plan has been announced by the Sheraton Corporation, which recently bought four of Hawaii's most famous hotels from the Matson Navigation Company, the steamship operators who ply Pacific routes. To make the land pay Sheraton will plant new shops, new parking garages, new hotels, restaurants, soda bars, and cocktail lounges. They have tightened the strings elsewhere in a way that has not exactly endeared them to Hawaiian residents, who are inclined to view them as tight-fisted Yankee traders rather than hotel operators. It is no secret that Sheraton has bought and then sold at profit no fewer than thirty hotels since 1945.

ON WAIKIKI Beach the reservation problem at Sheraton's lovely Royal Hawaiian has been stretching many a visitors' nerve. Stories bandy about the beach: the prominent family from Texas who had booked a large Royal cottage last October, invited their friends, arrived with two children and a nurse only to find the premises occupied by the new Sheraton major domo who proved unmovable; the lady who was charged thirty-five cents extra for ketchup; a principal officer in Diner's Club with which Sheraton is affiliated, who waited for two hours before getting a room; the abolishment of free parking at the Sheraton's hotel lots. For another thing they have abolished the friendly rate for Outer-island residents coming to Honolulu for a day of business or shopping. Nor did Sheraton endear itself on the local scene when it peremptorily offered to shift the incumbent Matson vice-president, Edwin K. Hastings, former resident manager of the Waldorf Astoria, to its hotel in Philadelphia. Hastings quit, and the local press broke out with protesting editorials. One member of Sheraton's board of directors has since implied that

Hastings, as a Matson vice-president in Hawaii, was in reality an agent seeking to deliver the hotels to Hilton.

Strive as it might, Waikiki was far from ready for the onslaught of the jets. After a tour of Puerto Rico with Governor Quinn, whom he had helped elect, a famous island disc jockey named Hal Lewis, who broadcasts under the name of J. Akuhead Pupule, was full of grand ideas. He thought Hawaii needed more entertainment along San Juan lines—land of the big bands, big floorshows, and clicking chips in the gaming halls. There was even a notion afield that Sheraton was planning to bring in Mainland talent to pep up its entertainment program. To old Hawaii hands who felt Hawaii must stay Hawaiian at all costs, these ideas indeed seemed *pupule*, which is Hawaiian for crazy.

IT WAS against this background of changing ownerships, advancing commercialism, and overcrowded hotels that the jet age came to Hawaii late this summer. Pan American announced its scheduled flight time to the Mainland at four hours and five minutes, just about half of the time previously required by the fastest piston planes. The service started slowly and at an hour that was singularly inopportune. The first jet flights for the coast left Honolulu's International Airport at 12:45 A.M., and true enough, while they would ferry the passenger into California in time to start an early working day or catch an onward flight, he would have to be a person of immense stamina. And if he chose to go straight to bed upon arrival in California, chances are his hotel room wouldn't be ready until the previous night's guest checked out, sometime after midday.

Still, by October 15th, Pan American will be offering a dazzling once-a-day jet service in both directions between Honolulu and San Francisco and Los Angeles, as well as twice-a-week service between Hawaii and Portland and Seattle. What with the Pan Am jets winging up from Tokyo (in about ten hours) this one airline alone would be bringing 10,000 additional seats into Hawaii every month. Still to be heard from was United Airlines, which begins its own jet service with DC-8s in January. Western Airlines and Hawaiian Airlines are both jockeying to be nominated as an additional carrier to operate between the Mainland and the palmy islands.

Yet it was certainly true that outside of Waikiki, little indeed had been done in Honolulu or its island of Oahu to make life appealing or even interesting for the chance visitor who might

wander off the glamorous strip. Although heads-up car renters like Hertz brought in cute little rentable runabouts like its wicker-chair fringe-topped Fiat to the islands, few drive-yourself agencies suggested to tourists what beauties lay over the hills. One day we pointed our Pontiac up over the Pali, which is the historic pass in the mountains high above Honolulu, and headed down to the Windward side over the slope of Koolau Range. The view from the Pali was breathtaking with the golf course below and the sea beyond and the flat strip of the Marine Corps air station on the hook of land in the sunlit haze.

On the Pali ramparts I found a marker telling who built the road and when, but where was history's plaque telling of Kamehameha's battle up the hillside, pushing the enemy over the Pali, a story known to every schoolboy and loudly sung in Hawaiian song? And what of the story of the last Queen Liliuokalani who wrote the words of Aloha Oe, the tender ballad sung so often and so romantically here in the islands, while riding up this very pass? Where, for that matter, are the explanations of the graves of the Hawaiian kings that repose with such majesty in the Royal Mausoleum on a hillside above Honolulu?

Unguided, we gave the Pontiac its head and it took us north along the beachroad where seaside parks abound—I counted a half dozen on the way to Laie Bay—but rare is the tourist who ever finds them. Nestling against the dramatic hills at Kahana Bay is a lovely inn called the Crouching Lion, with a beach in front and the rocky buttes rising behind. The walls of the inn are two feet thick and were hand-hewn from the blue stone cliff, but cool is the air and restful the pose, and the menu is brimful of mahimahi, which is dolphin, and teriyaki, which is steak marinated in soy sauce, and a Korean concoction of bell peppers, carrots, soy, sesame, and beef. Just up the line there is equal tropical serenity at the place known as Pat's at Punaluu, where passion-fruit sherbert floats in a pineapple shell, banana fritters bubble in the batter, and an afternoon is as memorable as other idle hours spent dawdling over the lunch on the terrace at Capriccio's in Rome or, in more stable days, at the Floridita in Havana.

The image of Hawaii is the Polynesian girl in a garland of leis and ukeles strumming in the moonlight, but the population is variously Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Korean to mention a few, and true Hawaiians, who have become a minority. All of these races came to Hawaii, like the Polynesians themselves, bringing their own cultures,

and their pageants, florid and colorful, are still staged with considerable pomp and few onlookers. Ancient rites otherwise visible only in Taiwan, in Hong Kong, or Japan are just everyday events here in the fiftieth state. Tourists may jam the trumped-up hotel luaus on the notion that they are about to enjoy pure Polynesian feasts, but their numbers are few indeed at the pageants staged by Hawaii's people.

All summer long the Japanese Buddhists have been holding their bon dances posturing in the ancient steps that date back 1,300 years. They would gather on the lawn in front of the strange angular Buddhist temples, and team after team, each dressed in similarly patterned kimonos, would join the step while up in a tower, a bandanna tied about his forehead, the drummer beat a giant drum to keep the beat. Flutes split the air with reedy tunes, strings of lanterns swayed in the summer breeze, and dance teams donned their straw hats trimmed with cherry blossoms. If it were not for the stand selling soda pop and flavored ices and the sight of a pint-sized, kimono-clad Nisei in a baseball cap it would truly have been a scene out of Japan. But where were the tourists?

One late August day the Chinese Buddhists gathered in Ala Moana Park just below Waikiki to hold the ceremony of the Dragon Boat Day to pacify the deities of the sea so that they would bless swimmers and ocean and air travelers. Two marvelous boats were built of brilliant colored paper—one a dragon breathing the fire of red cellophane, and the other a phoenix, bearing the figure of the goddess of mercy. Incense burned in red sand boxes and perfumed the air, gorgeous paper

dresses, imported from Hong Kong, one for each deity, frolicked on a line, waiting for the fire. A priest in a mortarboard read endlessly from a red prayer book made of accordion pages. Gongs rang, Buddhists closed their hands together and prayed, and food for the souls of the departed waited under the palm trees and was occasionally sprinkled with tea and whiskey. Then the boats were paraded to the sea's edge and were set afire to send them to the world beyond. And bags of paper representing money were sent along, too, to keep the souls solvent in the hereafter. Then to light their way candles were set in decorated paper cups and set afloat at the sea's edge, eddying out among the larksome sailboats, the wheeling catamarans, on their purposeful mission to light the way of the departed ones. Some travelers had gathered for this event for it took place just alongside the yacht club and not very far from the outré tourist cantonment called Hawaiian Village, established by Henry J. Kaiser. But I couldn't help but wonder as I watched the black soot from the departed boats settle back to Hawaiian earth, how Dragon Boat Day, had it been held in Hong Kong or Singapore, might have been event enough to change cruise-boat schedules, or change a tourist's itinerary. Here in Hawaii you could hardly hear the news of it for the strumming of the strings, nor see it for the swishing of the ti leaf skirts. It was enough to make one reflect if the future of Hawaii wasn't in the hills behind Waikiki, in the neighbor islands beyond its shores, in the history of its natives and pageantry of its immigrants from the Pacific, who are its people.

—HORACE SUTTON



Surfing at Waikiki—Walkie-talkies? . . . flat-bottomed dories? . . . insubordination?



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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



TV AND RADIO

Comes the Revolution

ALBERT SALOMON, in his essay "The Tyranny of Progress," tells an amusing anecdote about "coffeehouse intellectuals" who dream giant dreams and fashion utopian blueprints. Two Viennese intellectuals were discussing a Russian revolution while sitting in a cafe in 1916. One intellectual was certain that the revolution would come: the other, a skeptic, asked: "Who will make the revolution? Mr. Trotsky, perhaps, of the Central Cafe?"

I was reminded of this story recently while listening to several of the tapes in the new radio series "The American Republic," produced by Joseph P. Lyford, of The Fund for the Republic, in cooperation with radio station WBAI-FM, in New York. Consistent with The Fund's basic communications philosophy of "clarifying fundamental questions of freedom and justice as they are affected by our highly industrial society," Mr. Lyford, in half-hour conversations with journalists and university professors, takes the long look at several "major institutions in contemporary American society"—democracy, the press and science, labor unions, politics, and foreign policy.

His guests are by no means mere "coffeehouse intellectuals," escaping into Bohemia, where talk is truth. They are sophisticates who know their "major institutions" by long, working experience or scholarly study. But they are men of ideas without immediate power or official responsibility — and therein lies the chief charm of the three programs in the series that I sampled. Invite an office-holder, a candidate for office, or an official representative of an organized interest group to a conversation on the air, and you inevitably get the particular organization line from that individual. The effect is usually stuffed-shirtism, evasion, rhetoric—anything but dialectics, for which there is a great need on radio and TV. The producer-host and the authorities on "The American Republic" series don't employ the dialectical method, but they're not offering or defending anything but their own convictions, and this fact, on the programs that I heard, makes for honest, informative, and radical (in the original meaning of the word, as going to the root of) conversation.

It also makes for what would seem to be intellectual utopianism. For example, Stuart Chase, the economist, on the first half of "The Corporation," suggests that a national planning commission, after the order of a small-town planning

and zoning committee, ought to be set up by foundations or universities to study continuously the development of the big corporations and to recommend steps to contain their power within the national interest. Mr. Chase believes that corporation managers are becoming "generalists," according to the Harvard Business School pattern, and that they would sympathize with such long-range planning for corporations, and even accept modified wage and price controls. Penn Kimball and Joseph Kraft are the guests on "The Publisher and the Press." Mr. Kimball is professor of journalism at Columbia University, and Mr. Kraft is a foreign correspondent for *The Washington Post* and other publications.

They agree that the salvation of the moribund newspaper business lies in the eventual elevation to top management positions of the experienced reporter, in place of the heir of the family publishing property. Walter Millis, military historian, on the program "Foreign Policy and Survival," asserts that the assumption of cold or hot war between the U. S. and the Soviet Union is no longer a useful concept to apply to the problem of survival in a megaton missile age. He thinks that the whole mood of our foreign policy ought to be keyed to the avoidance of nuclear war, and that, as a consequence, a slow but steady peaceful reorganization of international relations would follow. Such proposals for reshaping corporations, newspapers and state departments may be extreme and far from realization at this time; but, on second thought, they may not be as utopian as they seem. Mr. Lyford and Mr. Millis declare that they are pessimists; but the pose of pessimism has always been a false front for the intellectual without power. He is the incurable optimist, else he would not forever be analyzing.

Other conversationalists on the series are Robert Hutchins, president of The Fund for the Republic; Gerard Piel, editor of *Scientific American* magazine; A. H. Raskin, labor editor of *The New York Times*; Stephen K. Bailey, professor of political science, Princeton University; and Theodore White, author and foreign correspondent. "The American Republic" meets the need in broadcasting for penetration-in-depth into big, contemporary issues. It ought certainly to be scheduled by all radio stations who care about the long picture and the public philosophy.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.