

## Look What's

By JIM BECKER

*Illustrations by National  
Geographic Photographer  
BATES LITTLEHALES*

“**H**OW'S THE WEATHER out there?” asked a friend in New York when we spoke some months ago by long-distance telephone. I glanced out the window of my apartment in downtown Honolulu.

“Beautiful blue sky, nice warm sun as usual,” I said. “How is it there?”

“A typical New York day for this time of year,” he replied.

“Oh?” I said. “What time of year is it?” My friend was startled, but I had honestly forgotten.



**High tide of prosperity** washes over Honolulu, where record numbers of visitors and new residents trigger a construction and business boom. Here, riding the trade winds, sloops race past two towers of the Hilton Hawaiian Village, center and right, and the Ilikai Hotel in Waikiki.



Yet grace and beauty of bygone times remain. With bodies swaying, hula dancers tell with their hands a tale of life and love. For rhythm they click castanet-like *ili-ili*.

## Happened to Honolulu!

The more I think about Honolulu, the more significant the incident becomes. The climate in this city, which I know well as a newspaper columnist and as an on-and-off resident for nearly 20 years, surely must have been designed for paradise. No recorded temperature downtown has ever exceeded 88° F. or dropped below 56°. But climate is one of the few things untouched by change in the epochal decade since Hawaii became the 50th State.\*

In 10 years, statehood and the jet airliner have transformed the Hawaiian capital from a picturesque Pacific crossroads to something approaching an outpost of Southern California. A tourist searching a postcard rack for a typical Honolulu scene might as accurately select one showing cranes flinging up new buildings as one of palms swaying in the

\*See "Hawaii, U.S.A.," by Frederick Simpich, Jr., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, July 1960.

balmy breeze. And he might hear the *wham!* of pile drivers as frequently as happy rhythms strummed on ukuleles.

Honolulu today is a boomtown. Its population is growing 3 percent annually—more than double the national rate. In 1968 the value of new construction approached \$415,000,000.

So many visitors surge into Honolulu—more than 1,200,000 in 1968—that tourism has become its second largest enterprise. Only the Federal Government pumps more money into the economy, principally from large military installations.

#### City Limits Span 1,350 Miles

Honolulu means "sheltered haven," an apt description of the snug, reef-girt anchorage on the southern coast of Oahu first surveyed in 1796 by William Broughton, a British Navy captain. However, Honolulu can mean a great deal more, for it covers a vast area.

During Hawaii's 59 years as a territory of the United States, city governments, as separate from county ones, were never established. Therefore, there are only four local governments in the state. One of these is the city-county government of Honolulu, whose jurisdiction includes all 608 square miles of Oahu, and a score of smaller islands, stretching as far as 1,350 miles to the west.\*

These islands, a string of coral dots uninhabited except for Tern and Kure where the Coast Guard has navigation stations, make Honolulu technically the most far-flung city in the world.

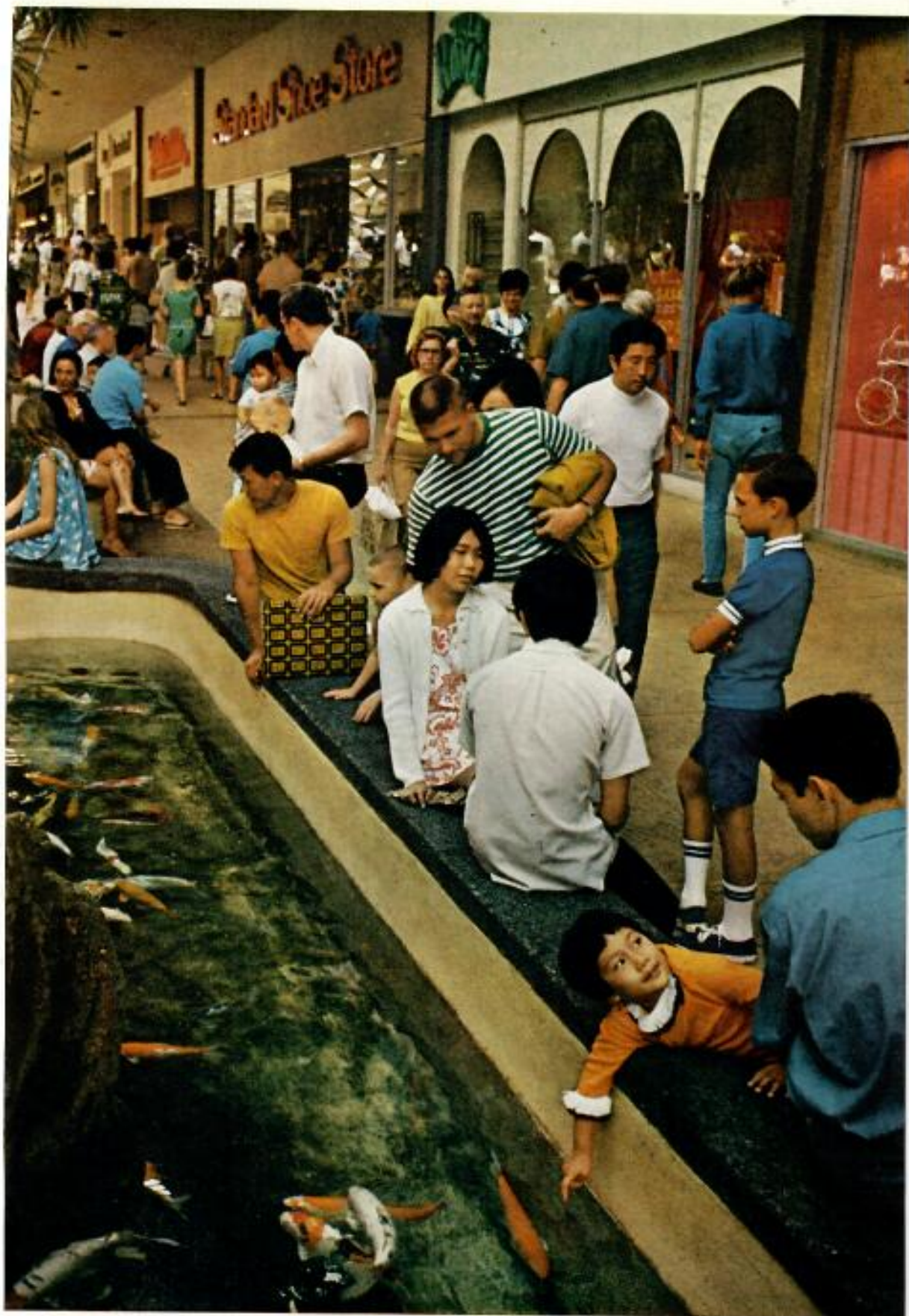
Thus I can write of Honolulu as a city of pineapple and sugar-cane fields, placid lagoons, suburbs, lonely islands, mountains rising as high as 4,000 feet, and forests and valleys so little touched that it was possible to film, within an hour's drive of City Hall, most of the movie *Hawaii*, which depicts island life in the 19th century.

\*See "Honolulu, Mid-Ocean Capital," by Frederick Simplic, Jr., *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC*, May 1954.

Easy island style pervades Ala Moana Center, where shaded walkways, piped music, palms, and pools bright with goldfish, locally called Japanese carp, enhance shopping hours. Its 155 stores make this one of the world's largest retail complexes. Cash registers sing as customers buy everything from Philippine handicrafts and Swiss cheeses to Hawaiian play clothes (page 514).

Here faces reflect the heritage of a rich blend of many peoples: Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, and *haoles*, or Caucasians. Inter-marriage among these groups contributes to a notable lack of prejudice.





Hawaii's setting, the Makaha Valley, has since succumbed to development. "We finished the movie just in time," Julie Andrews, the film's leading lady, told me on a recent return to the scene. "If we made it on the same spot today, we'd have to contend with two 18-hole golf courses and a 200-room hotel that seem to have sprung up as soon as we left."

To most people, however, Honolulu means a 20-mile-long urbanized strip of Oahu's southern plain, between Pearl Harbor and Koko Head, with fingers reaching into the Koolau Range (map, pages 506-7). This area encompasses modern downtown Honolulu,

with concrete towers rising twenty stories and more, the playground of Waikiki, and such fast-expanding residential areas as Hawaii-Kai near Koko Head. This last was created by the late industrialist Henry J. Kaiser, who lived in a pink mansion on the shore.

Whether you apply the narrow or broad definition of Honolulu's size, the city is the mainspring of Hawaii. The developed southern coast of Oahu contains nearly half the state's 808,000 people. The entire island, third largest in the Hawaiian chain, is the home of 80 percent of them. Appropriately, Oahu means "the gathering place."

Lately it has been gathering more and more *haoles*, or Caucasians. An estimated 38,000 moved to Hawaii from the United States mainland in 1968, most to settle in Honolulu. This is part of a continuing migration that has grown steadily in recent years.

#### Varied Strains Blend Smoothly

Honolulu's population has long been a melange of people, cultures, and languages. It is a rare Miss Hawaii, for example, whose ancestry does not include at least half a dozen racial strains. A third of all marriages in the state are interracial.

This results in a merry mixture of offspring and attitudes. Not long ago at a Honolulu high school, I heard a girl with distinctly Chinese features say to a schoolmate, "Guess what. I'm Jewish. I just found out."

"How do you know?"

"My mother told me."

"How Jewish are you?"

"I don't know. I forgot to ask."

I asked and discovered the girl had a Hawaiian-Chinese father and a mother who combined Chinese, Irish, and Jewish ancestry.

Chinese were imported to work in the sugar fields beginning in 1852. In all, more than 46,000 came, and some stayed to work their way off the plantations and into urban life. Japanese and Portuguese began arriving in large numbers in the 1880's to work in the fields. In this century about 125,000 Filipinos were brought in, along with Koreans, Spaniards,



ESTACORNE © N.A.A.

**Blessings for a first-born son:** In the Izumo Taisha Mission, a Shinto bishop prays that a young citizen of the 50th State will enjoy good health, education, and a long and prosperous life. Like many of the city's Japanese Buddhists, the child's parents seek Shinto blessings on happy occasions.

and Puerto Ricans, to take their turn on the sugar and pineapple plantations.

So smooth a mixture was the resulting population that when the late Governor Samuel King was asked how Hawaii coped with the problem of minorities, he replied, "The secret of Hawaii's racial harmony is that we're all in the minority."

Hawaii's population at that time, the late 1950's, was roughly described as a third Caucasian, a third Japanese, and a third "everybody else," including Hawaiians, part-Hawaiians, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, and a smattering of others.

In Honolulu today, the Caucasians and the Japanese are still the largest single elements of the population. But the haoles, who are continuing to migrate in great numbers from the United States mainland, are increasing faster. More come from California than from any other state.

"Why is Honolulu such an attractive new frontier?" I asked George Sowers, who moved here from St. Louis three years ago with his wife and daughter.

"The climate, for one thing," he said. "I'm 44, and the older you get, the less beautiful snow becomes—especially when you have to shovel it. Then there was racial tension back there, and all the violence. I couldn't see any end to it. One day I read an ad in the paper that said the Navy needed civil engineers in Honolulu, and I jumped at it. This is home now."

#### Comforts Balance High Costs

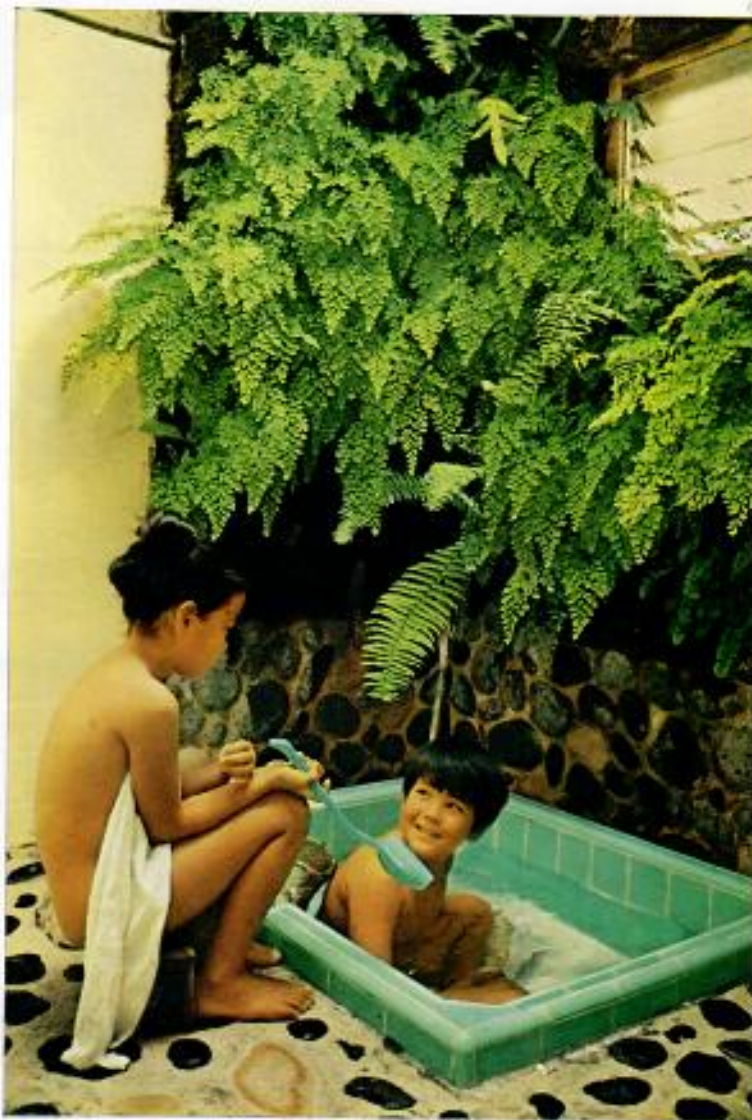
His wife Peggy added, "We love it here. Of course, we can't afford to buy a house—the prices are murder. So are rents. They say Honolulu living costs are 20 percent higher than on the mainland."

But there are compensations. "We don't need any heat and we don't buy winter clothing," Mrs. Sowers said. "We dress casually; George wears a suit about twice a year." She added emphatically, "And if it does cost more here, it's worth it."

According to one U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics survey, Honolulu is the most expensive city in

the United States. Middle-income families require \$10,902 a year to make ends meet—almost a thousand dollars more than in runner-up New York City, and nearly three thousand more than in Austin, Texas, the least expensive city in the bureau's study.

Practically everything islanders use, from peanut butter to color television sets, must be shipped 2,500 miles from the mainland, which explains part of the high cost of living. But a Honolulu newspaper recently did some comparison shopping and discovered pineapple juice, grown and canned in Hawaii, selling more cheaply in Maryland. Macadamia nuts



EXTENSIVE BY BETTE LITTLEDALE © N.G.S.

"You scrub my back, I'll scrub yours." Young cousins Adrien Miyake, left, and Japanese-Caucasian Winston Gamble take turns soaking in the family *furo*. Their great-grandfather arrived before the turn of the century with the flood of Japanese who came to work the sugar fields.

## Honolulu

THE "SHELTERED HAVEN" of the Hawaiians became a popular port of call for sailing ships in the 19th century and a strategic military outpost after the annexation of the islands by the United States in 1898. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, plunged the U.S. into World War II. Now the capital of the 50th State, Honolulu is a boomtown of office towers, resort hotels, and sprawling suburbs. Its population grows 3 percent a year, including some 38,000 new residents from the mainland. Waikiki's sand and surf attract a growing tourist trade.



**POPULATION:** 650,000. By percentages: Caucasian, 28; Japanese, 28; Filipino, 7; Chinese, 6; Hawaiian, 1; part-Hawaiian, 17; other, mostly mixed, 13. **ECONOMY:** United States Government installations make largest contribution, followed by tourism, sugar, pineapples. **CLIMATE:** Pleasant and equable; downtown recorded extremes, low 56° and high 88° F.



—a delicacy also grown and packed in Hawaii—were 93 cents in San Francisco and 94 cents for the same size jar in Honolulu.

The high cost of living notwithstanding, mainlanders continue to pour in. And the effect of the influx has been profound.

"We learn from these new people," former Mayor Neal S. Blaisdell, a native Honolulu who retired last fall after nearly 14 years in office, remarked to me. "Our kids pick up



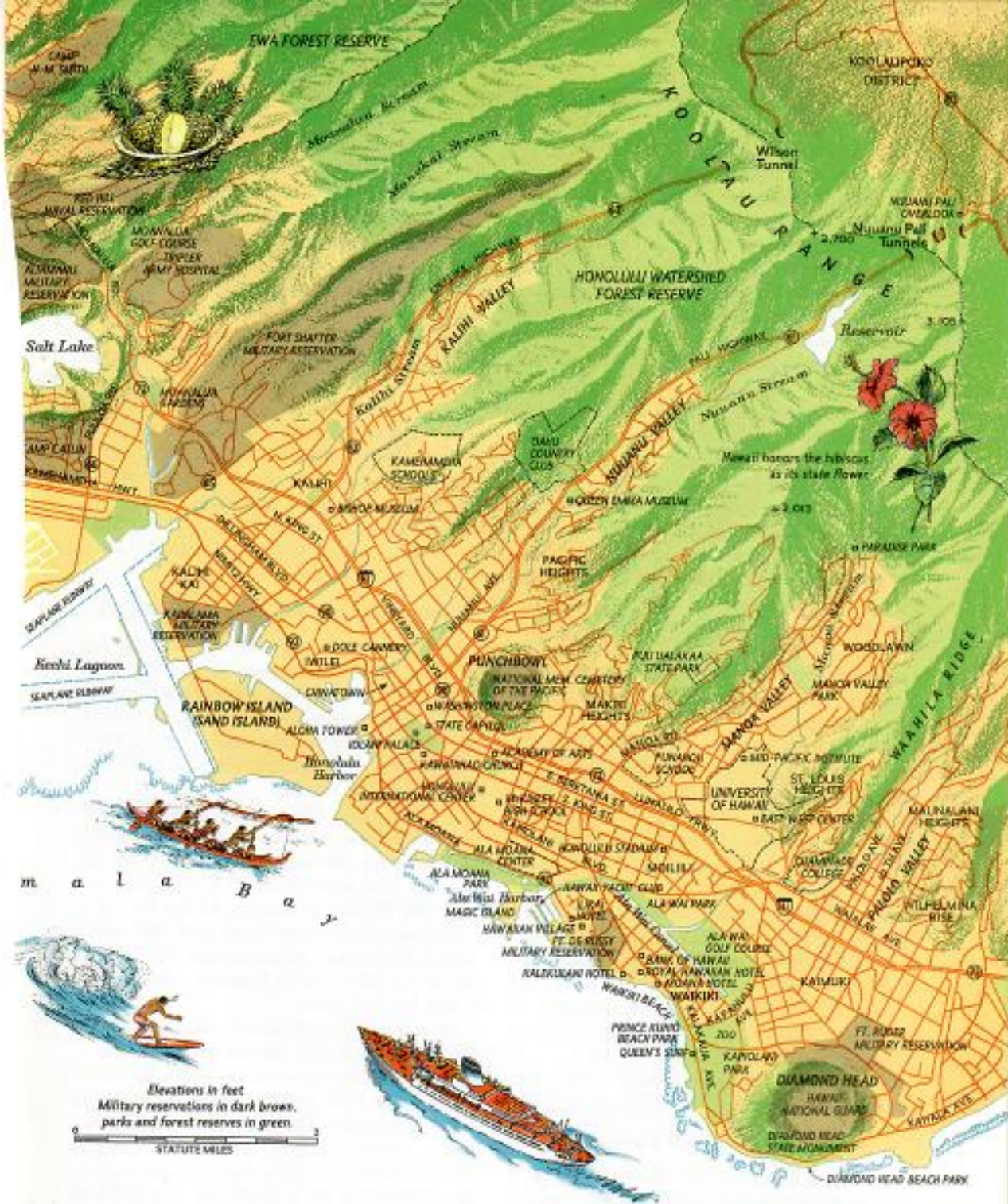
DRAWN BY SNEJINKA STEPANCYK  
COMPILED BY GERARD J. RUTINS  
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"The gathering place," as Oahu means in English, saw its first arrivals more than 1,000 years ago when Polynesian seafarers sailed here in double canoes. In 1820 Yankee missionaries came to convert the Hawaiians to Christianity and to preserve the island language in writing. Some of the New Englanders' descendants stayed, helping to lay the cornerstone for today's prosperity with sugar and pineapple plantations.

that haole get-up-and-go." Blaisdell himself is Hawaiian-Scotch-Irish; for a time he was a professional baseball pitcher on the mainland.

"Look at our kids today—lively, bright, talk your arm off," he added. "When I was a kid, you couldn't get a Hawaiian or an Oriental kid to open his mouth—including me."

I saw the difference myself when I returned recently to McKinley High School to keep a speaking engagement. I had spoken at the



same school 17 years before. On that occasion my audience, largely Oriental, was so shy and polite that I thought I had lulled them to sleep. After my last talk, on Viet Nam, I was nearly knocked down by students rushing to the platform to debate with me.

Their elders have changed, too, as I found when I poked through Chinatown in downtown Honolulu, one of the last of the old ethnic neighborhoods left, and itself greatly

reduced in size by urban renewal. Dozens of blocks have been leveled to make room for middle-income housing.

In a noodle factory on the ground floor of a tipsy old wooden frame building, a dozen Chinese men in crisp white aprons and undershirts were patting up clouds of flour dust. At the same time they were vigorously debating—in English—the possible outcome of the weekend football game.



At the Sun Yee Hing meat market, amid dried octopus, Portuguese sausage, and raw fish for the Japanese dish called *sashimi*, I found the day's special: "Good lean stew beef."

A theater down the street was playing a Chinese-language picture entitled *Battle of Inchon*. A sidewalk poster proclaimed: "Filmed in Korea with a cast of Koreans, Chinese, and Marines."

A few blocks away stands a huge Buddhist temple, with a Japanese-language school attached, and a meeting room for the Young Buddhist Association, which arranges youth functions similar to those of the YMCA. And freshly relocated on a new street carved out of the lanes of old Chinatown is a Chinese-oriented Buddhist temple, where I found a busload of visiting school children.

"We've become a regular stop for sightseeing tours," a friendly temple member explained. "In fact, last Chinese New Year's a tourist couple noticed that our members left token offerings of food and drink. They insisted on leaving a case of Coke and a package of hot-dog buns."

The new patterns of life in Honolulu are well illustrated at McKinley High, once known as "Tokyo High" because so many Oriental families sent their children there, while many Caucasian children attended private schools.

"We don't keep records by race," principal Ed Toma told me, "but judging from the last names of students, our Oriental enrollment is down to about 55 percent. Two of our last five student-body presidents were haole kids. And our basketball team this year has four."

Among the many prominent graduates of McKinley are both of Hawaii's present United States Senators, Republican Hiram L. Fong and Democrat Daniel K. Inouye. No other American high school can make that claim.

#### Big Five Built Island Commerce

Although Honolulu has developed such a case of mainland-style urban sprawl that the view from many a lookout point is a sea of shingled roofs, its downtown also has grown—but upward. Some buildings rise twenty stories or more. Two of the tallest house the largest banks and the quarters of lawyers, construction companies, and insurance firms.

Downtown Honolulu is the home of the storied Big Five—Castle & Cooke, Alexander & Baldwin, Theo. H. Davies, Amfac, and C. Brewer—which for many years dominated economic, political, and social life in the is-

lands. Merchandising launched most of the firms; later they branched into such fields as shipping, pineapple and sugar production, real estate, banking, and land development.

Hawaii's Montana-born Governor John Burns, who was brought to Honolulu as an infant, points out that although Big Five firms continue to grow, expanded shipping and communications facilities and the arrival of mainland firms since World War II have loosened their hold on the islands' commerce.

"The Outdoor Circle may have more power than the Big Five these days," Burns added with a grin. He was referring to the group of energetic ladies—my wife among them—who have succeeded in saving trees from bulldozers, eliminating highway billboards, and keeping other outdoor advertising down to a moderate size.

#### Dillingham Corporation Makes It Big Six

Other firms are growing; one already has revenues larger than four of the Big Five. This is the Dillingham Corporation, which has diversified enterprises ranging from British Columbia and California to Australia and Southeast Asia, including much U. S. defense building in the Pacific.

A spectacular Dillingham achievement in Honolulu is the Ala Moana shopping center, built between downtown and Waikiki on salt marshes that were filled with coral dredged from the Pacific. It was one of the first such complexes ever constructed and still ranks among the world's largest (pages 502-3). Signs on its escalators urge barefoot shoppers to please use the stairs.

At times I have trouble finding a place for my car among Ala Moana's 7,800 parking spaces. Its 155 stores sold \$127,000,000 worth of goods in 1968, nearly double the business done downtown. The center's 300-foot office tower, topped by a revolving restaurant, is Honolulu's second tallest building. The tallest, also developed by Dillingham, is a 340-foot apartment building nearby.

Honolulu's boom has propelled some citizens of modest means to spectacular heights in finance and business. One is Chinn Ho, graduate of McKinley High School and grandson of a Chinese rice farmer (page 526).

Ho, 65, told me he began work as an office boy in a Big Five bank and later entered the brokerage business. From his savings he bought land in various parts of Oahu. "Then local people started asking me to invest the

funds of their little *huks*," he said. A hui is an informal syndicate; its pooled funds may be \$100 or \$100,000 and more.

"During World War II, when people moved back to the mainland, I bought up a lot of land," he continued. "I was able to purchase some in Waikiki for 75 cents a square foot." When some beachfront property there reached \$70 a square foot, a Honolulu newspaper tried to photograph 70 silver dollars laid out on a foot-square plot. They wouldn't fit.

Ho also bought much of the Makaha Valley, 25 miles northwest of Honolulu, and is turning it into a delightful residential and resort community that retains much of the area's natural charm and beauty.

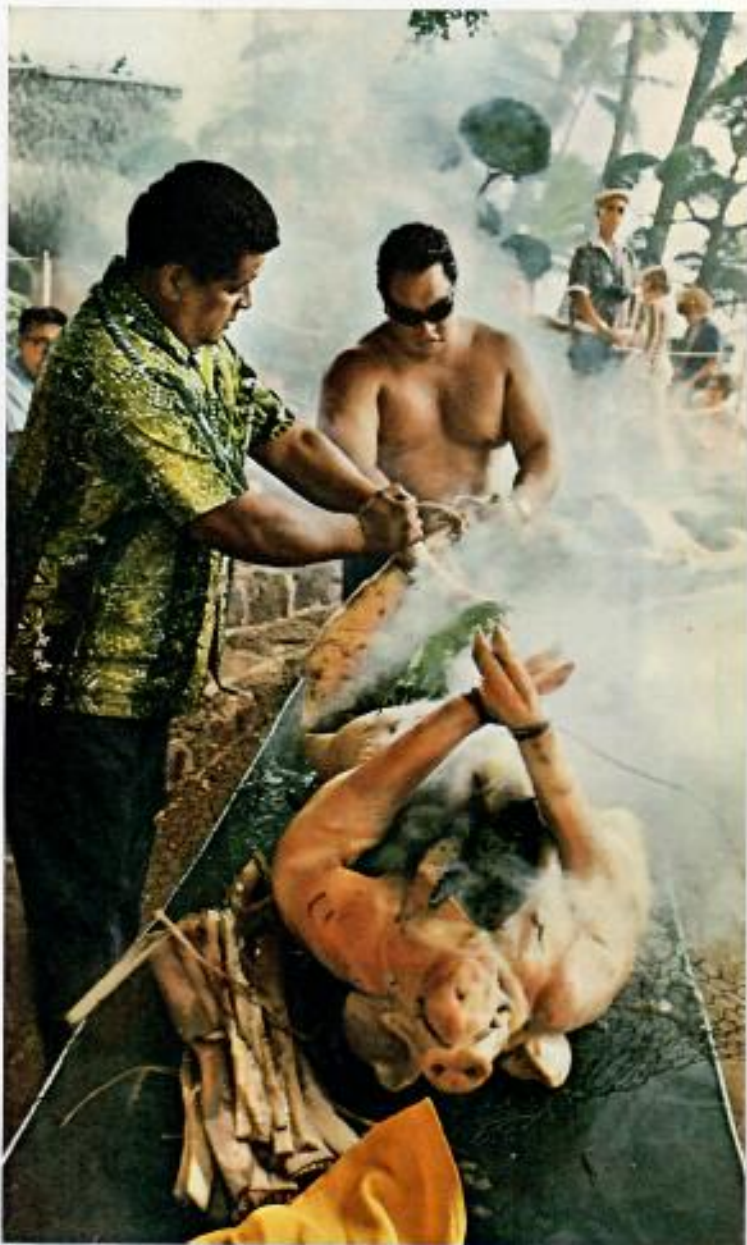
Chinese have thrived in other businesses, as well as real estate. As a group, they have the highest annual income in Hawaii. Many Japanese have moved into the professions. Filipinos, the most recent to arrive, still are mainly concentrated in pineapple and sugar work.

Among Hawaiians some have done extremely well, but others have failed to adapt to the mainland-oriented cultural and economic patterns. "Hawaiian Homesteads," enclaves where state land—seldom of the highest value—is leased for a very low price to persons with at least 50 percent Hawaiian blood, are dotted about the city and the state.

**Luau fit for the kings of old:** A 170-pound pig lies trussed for roasting. Cooks fill the carcass with hot lava rocks, then lower it into an *imu*, or underground oven, also lined with rocks. Four hours later guests at Queen's Surf, a restaurant in Waikiki, dine on the steaming pork, butterfish wrapped in ti leaves, chicken with taro leaves, and poi. Henry Kama-kawiwoole, left, and Wilfred Keale are Hawaiian, a term reserved for descendants of the islands' original inhabitants. Approximately 300,000 lived in Hawaii when Capt. James Cook arrived in 1778; today those of pure blood number less than 10,000.

A traditional trade for Hawaiians, who frequently grow to great size, is stevedoring. For it was the harbor that made Honolulu—and still nurtures all life in the city.

These days most of the ships calling at the port are freighters bringing the goods Honolulu requires, from automobiles to canned soup, and carrying away such home-grown products as sugar and pineapple. Even Christmas trees are among the nearly 10 million tons of cargo that enter and leave the port annually. Oddly enough, Hawaii exports about 10,000 each year—Norfolk pines grown on island



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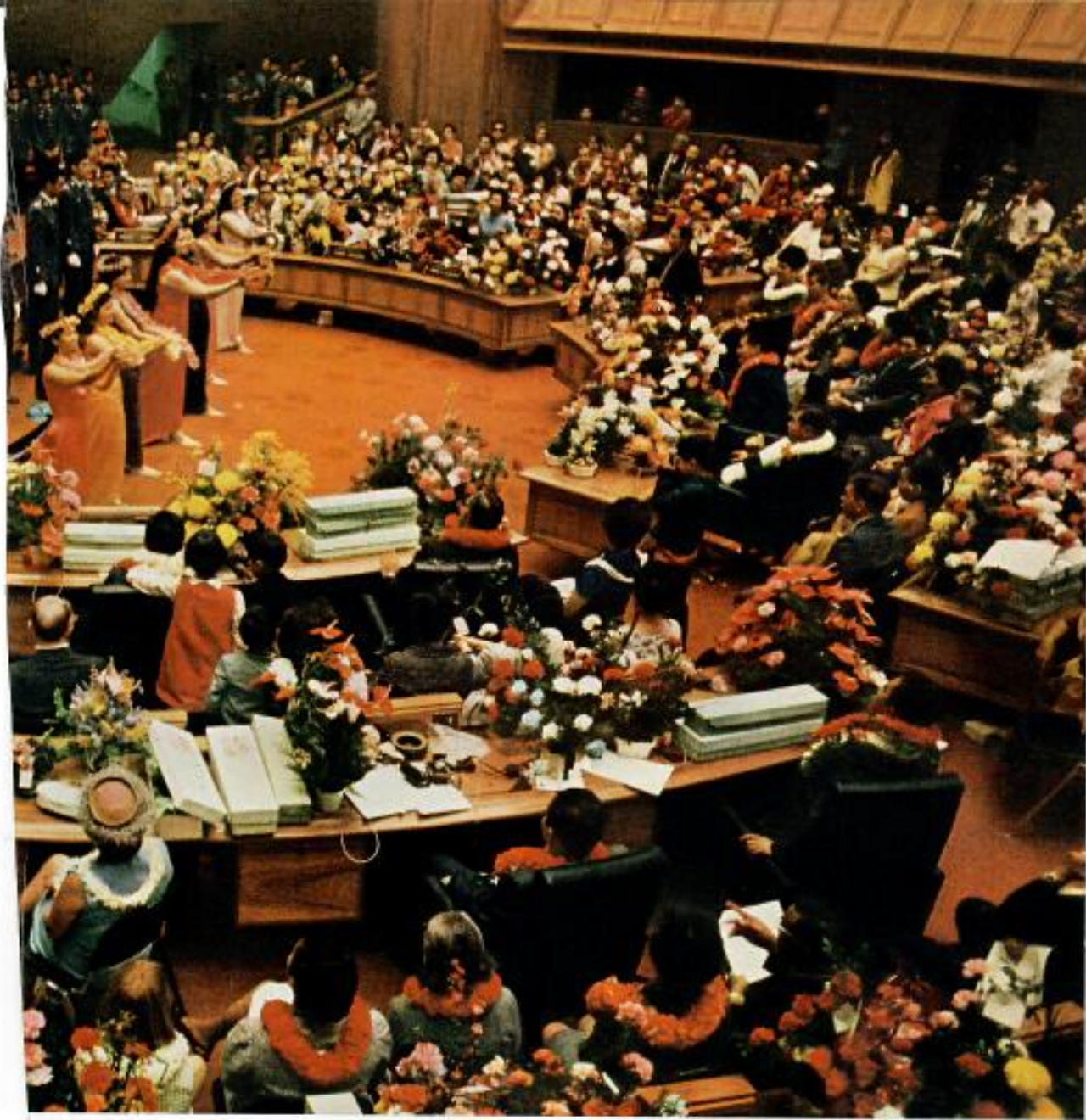
tree farms. But most Honolulu residents still prefer firs imported from the mainland.

Not many years ago—before jet service was introduced—the harbor catered to much of the tourist trade. As many as five liners might be tied up in port at the same time. Brown-skinned boys dived for coins beside them. On the pier the Royal Hawaiian Band played “Aloha Oe”—fast and lively when a ship came in, slowly and sadly when it departed. Now, most visitors come by air, but the traditional dockside welcome still awaits an increasing number of cruise ships that stop at least briefly at Honolulu each month.

The 10-story Aloha Tower, at the end of

the pier where many passenger ships dock, was once the city's tallest structure. Recently I rode the elevator to an observation room at the top, where crowds of tourists used to watch a man regulate harbor traffic, much like a controller in an airport tower. He and I were alone. I tried to imagine how the harbor looked in earlier days, when all who reached the islands had to come by ship.

A Polynesian village, a handful of huts on the plain known as Kou, existed on the waterfront even before the explorer James Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands and named them the Sandwich Islands for the Earl of Sandwich. Captain Cook saw Oahu from a



**Essence of Hawaii**, distilled in song and dance, launches the 1969 session of the State's 76-member Legislature last February 19. Girls from each of the major islands dance traditional hulas. Families join representatives at flower-decked desks of koa, a native hardwood.

The festive ceremony occurred in the airy new capitol (right), where House and Senate met for the first time this year. The cone-shaped roof suggests Hawaii's volcanic origin. After landscaping is completed, a pool will encircle the \$25,500,000 structure.



AKINOHIME (UPPER) AND KODACHROME © A.S.S.

distance a year before he was slain by natives on the island of Hawaii in 1779. But the reef opening leading to Honolulu's safe anchorage was not discovered until 1794.

Word of that anchorage spread among mariners at the beginning of the 19th century and shaped Honolulu's destiny as a Pacific crossroads. Ships put in to trade, to buy Hawaii's fragrant sandalwood, and to find both provisions and pleasure among the uninhibited islanders. By the time the first missionaries arrived in 1820, the budding port was thriving.

Even the Russians, then owners of Alaska, tried to found a colony here. Russian ships arrived in 1815-16, and their crews built a blockhouse which has long since disappeared. They also constructed a now-crumbled fort on the island of Kauai. Encouraged by American traders, the Hawaiians expelled the Russians a year later.

At mid-century so many whaling vessels were sometimes moored in Honolulu Harbor that a man could walk their decks for half a mile without getting his feet wet. Rough-and-ready crewmen frequently clashed with the stern missionaries, who were determined to protect the islanders from abuse and sin.

#### Sugar Paved Way for American Rule

Honolulu gradually became the commercial capital of the islands and, in 1845, the political capital moved there from the island of Maui. In this period, Hawaii was ruled as a constitutional monarchy by the successors of Kamehameha I, who had made the islands one kingdom before his death in 1819.

The last of the Kamehamehas died in 1872 when American interests in Hawaii—especially in sugar—were growing, stirring sentiment for annexation to the United States.

Matters came to a head in 1893: Queen Liliuokalani was deposed and replaced by a

republican government headed by Sanford B. Dole. Royalist attempts to restore the monarchy failed, and in 1895 the Queen was convicted of treason and briefly confined to Iolani Palace. She received a full pardon the following year. In 1898, at the behest of Dole's government and President William McKinley, Congress accepted annexation, and two years later Hawaii was constituted a territory of the United States.

Honolulu still preserves symbols of her past: One of the frame houses that were prefabricated for the missionaries in New England and shipped around the Horn in sections; Iolani Palace, which housed Hawaii's government until a new capitol was completed this year (page 511); and treasures of the Kamehamehas in the Bishop Museum.



**"Hill of Sacrifice."** Thus translates *Puowaina*, Hawaiian name for the Punchbowl, site of the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. Some 21,000 graves lie sheltered within the crater of the extinct volcano. For Memorial Day, Boy Scouts decorate each marker with flower leis made by school children and flags contributed by the U. S. Army.

Of Hawaii's men in uniform during World War II, about half were of Japanese ancestry. Many of them, excluded in the early days of the war, flocked to serve their country when the opportunity came in 1943.

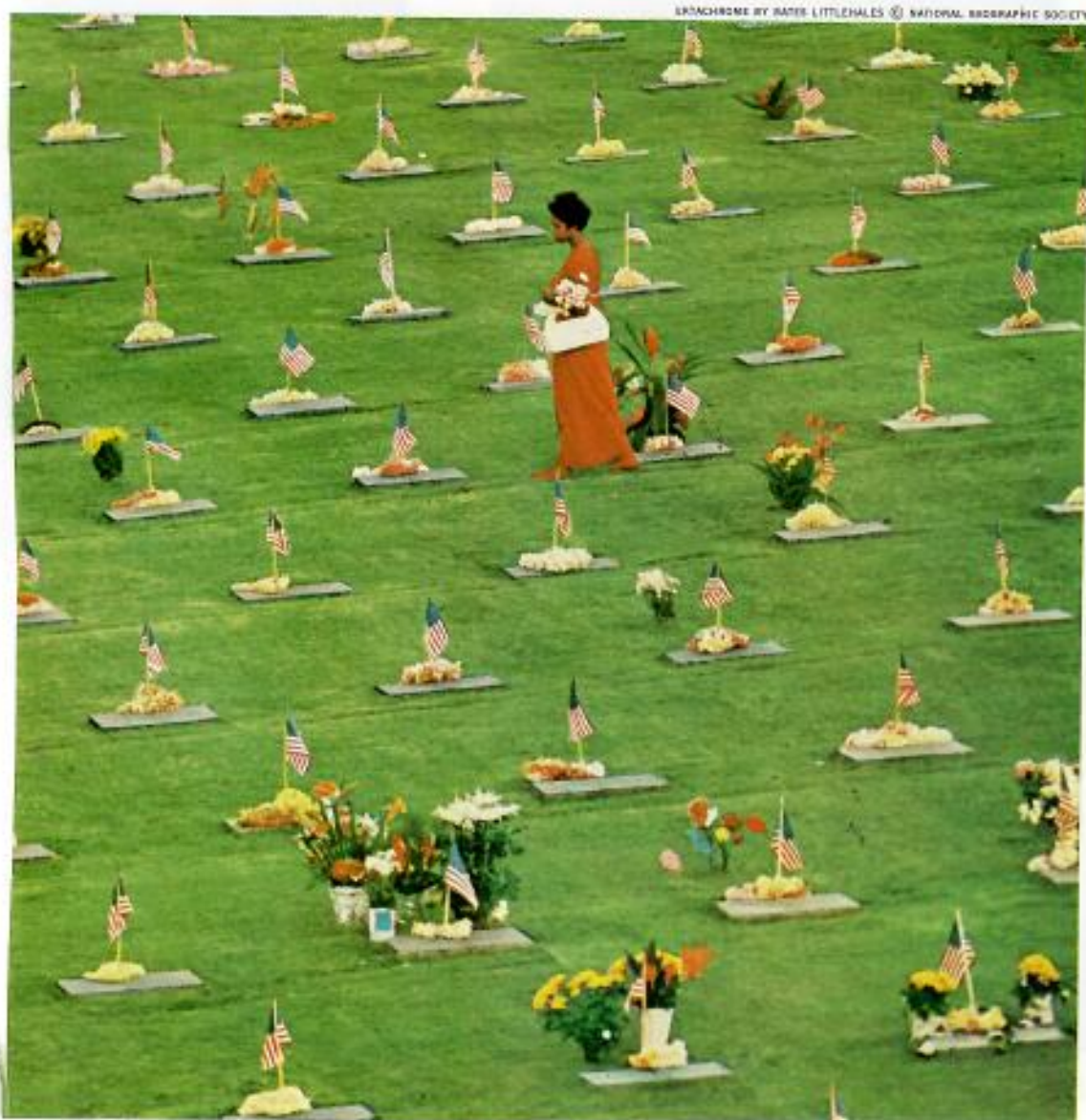
The museum has sponsored much research into the islands' past. Archeological excavations of early occupation sites have revealed that by A.D. 1000 all the major Hawaiian islands were inhabited by Polynesians; the first ones had probably come from the Marquesas Islands in eastern Polynesia about A.D. 750. Voyagers arriving from Tahiti around the 13th century strongly influenced the culture and introduced new kinds of plants and animals. This was the last big migration until modern times. The islands slipped into a period of isolation from which they did not emerge until Captain Cook's arrival.

Today's migration affects all of Honolulu but, from the tourist standpoint, focuses on the curving strip of glittering sand called Waikiki Beach (pages 518-19).

The strand is about a mile long, a third of it controlled by the Sheraton Corporation, which owns the famous Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels and operates five others. With Leonard L. Gorrell, Sheraton Hawaii president and general manager, I looked out upon the beach. Bronzing bodies crowded the sand; occupants have an average of 44 square feet at Waikiki, compared to 57 at Coney Island in August. The waves were dotted with surfers on their boards.

"To be honest, it isn't a big beach and never was," Mr. Gorrell said. "It's certainly inadequate to handle the demands that will be made upon it. But we have plans to cut down on erosion and enlarge the area."

The beach's limitations have not affected its popularity. In 1967 the number of tourists



SPRACHROME BY BATES LITTLEHALES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



**Muscle counts** as a worker aligns steel reinforcing rods, a common sight in a city bustling with construction activity. Yet housing remains in short supply and may cost twice as much as on the mainland. The high cost of living reflects the expense of shipping most goods from the West Coast, 2,500 miles away.



**Golden cylinders** of pineapple, peeled and cored by machines in the Dole Company cannery, slide past women who inspect and trim the fruit. Hawaiian fields, which produce 40 percent of the world's pineapples, earned \$127,600,000 last year. Only sugar, with a \$199,000,000 annual gross, outranked the fruit as an agricultural money-maker.



**Bright colors and bold patterns** capture the lighthearted spirit of a city that revels in flowers the year round. Experimenting with blossom shapes, David Rochlen designs fabrics to be printed in Japan; he then creates sportswear that sells under the name Surf Line Hawaii, Ltd. Last year, Honolulu's garment makers shared a \$30,000,000 market.



TEXTACHROME (ABOVE) AND BODACARBON © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

attracted to Hawaii, most of them by Waikiki, increased by a phenomenal 40 percent, topping the million mark for the first time. In 1968 it went up another 20 percent. Figures for the first months of 1969 indicate that tourism will rise again by 20 percent this year. In 1968, Waikiki hotels enjoyed an occupancy rate of nearly 90 percent—the envy of the hotel world.

"We have a glamour name," Mr. Gorrell went on. "This is probably the best-known beach in the world."

Miami Beach might dispute that, but there is no disputing what tourism has done for the economy. The annual crop of visitors now earns Hawaii more money than its traditional sugar and pineapple harvests combined. "We figure that visitors spent \$460,000,000 in 1968," Mr. Gorrell said, "about 80 percent of

that in Honolulu, and mostly in Waikiki."

There is a royal precedent for holidaying on Waikiki. It was known as the "King's Grove" when Mark Twain visited it in 1866, gathering material for his *Letters from the Sandwich Islands*. Twain wrote: "The King's flag was flying from the roof of one of the cottages, and His Majesty was probably within. He owns the whole concern thereabouts, and passes his time there frequently, on sultry days 'laying off.'"

#### Hotels Creep Toward Diamond Head

No hotel intruded until 1901, when the wooden Moana was built. Considerably altered, it is still in business. It was joined in 1917 by the Halekulani and in 1927 by the Moorish-style Royal Hawaiian, favored by presidents, kings, and famous entertainers.



When I first came to Honolulu 20 years ago, the Royal was the most prominent landmark on the beach. Looking down from Diamond Head recently, I had difficulty locating it among the concrete towers erected in Honolulu's frantic hotel boom (page 528).

The tide of visitors has risen steadily since World War II. Spurred today by jet service and round-trip economy fares of about \$200 from the West Coast, tourist traffic is expected to reach three million a year by 1975.

With real estate prices soaring in Waikiki, even the lower slopes of 761-foot-high Diamond Head were recently threatened with a clutch of hostelrys up to ten stories high. A public outcry, marked by thousands of "Save Diamond Head" bumper stickers, resulted in a City Council vote last June to purchase the contested land for park purposes.

Meanwhile, three multistory hotels along Waikiki's main street are scheduled to open early next year. "I've seen a rendering of what Waikiki will look like when we are through," a local businessman told me. "A solid wall of concrete."

I asked Mr. Gorrell where it will all end.

"You hear about the point of diminishing returns, 'concrete jungles,' and all that," he answered. "But I think the people who worry about those things are working from a fallacious premise. Tourism is absolutely the best industry for any area that can attract it."

#### Men and Money Already a Problem

Nevertheless, there are concerns about the growth. Where will the money come from? Honolulu's Mayor Frank F. Fasi, originally from Connecticut, has proposed a tourist tax as one answer. Where will new workers come from? Honolulu's unemployment rate already stands below 3 percent.

One who raises these questions is Honolulu-born Lieutenant Governor Tom Gill, whose father, a New York architect, came to Hawaii as a tourist. When his ship stopped briefly at Honolulu in 1898, the senior Mr. Gill got off—and never got back on.

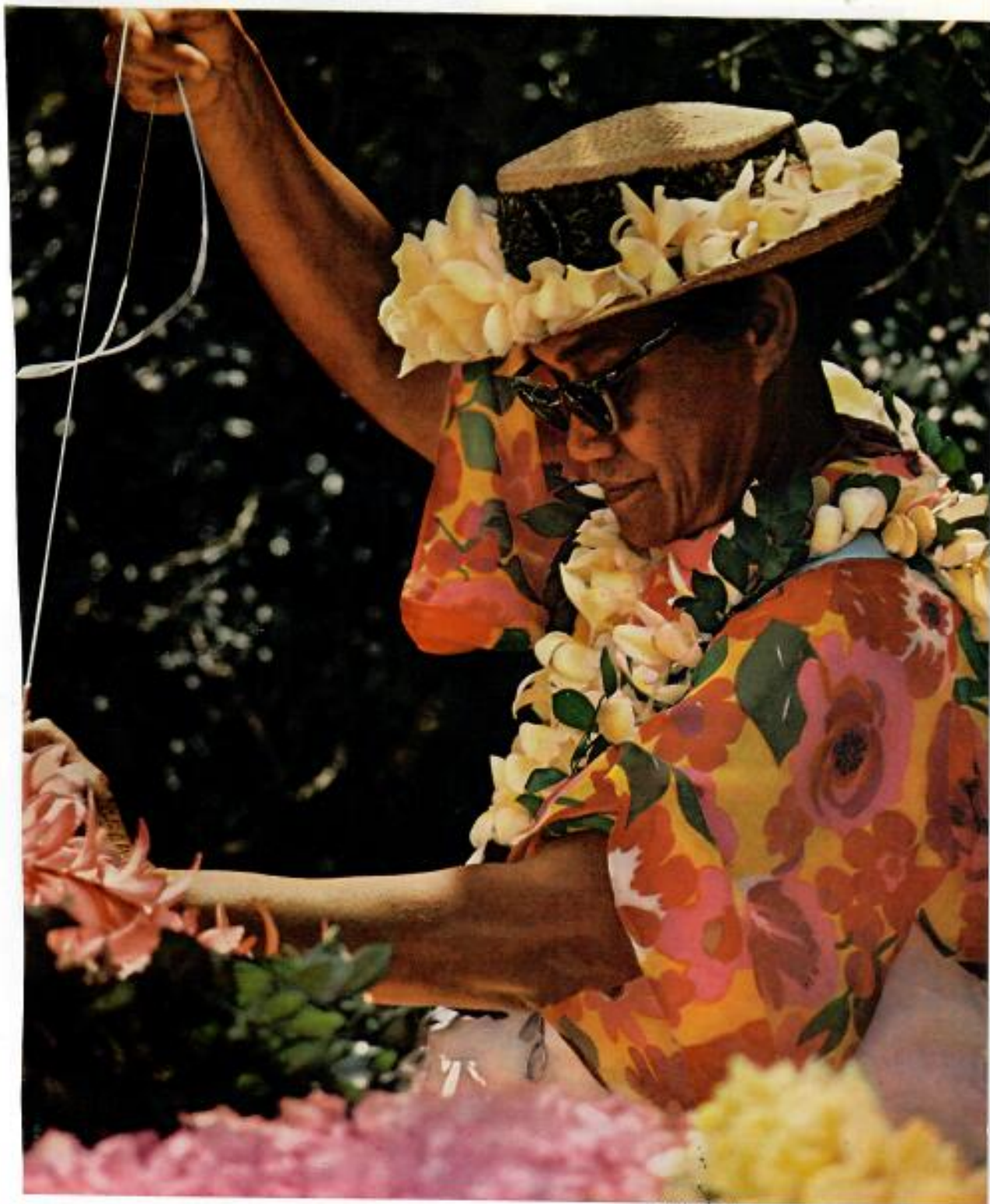
"We get estimates that we will need 20,000<sup>3</sup> or even 30,000 new hotel rooms by 1975," Lieutenant Governor Gill commented. "We get other estimates that we will need 30,000 or even 50,000 workers to man them. If we have to import labor, and if the imported worker has a family, this leads to an estimate of around two-thirds of a billion dollars needed for new housing, community facilities, roads, schools, and so on."

Mr. Gill walked to the windows and looked out over Iolani Palace, fronted by a double row of palms, and Kawaiahao Church, built of coral blocks by the missionaries in 1842. With its steeple and peaked roof, it would be in character on a greensward in a New England town. Beyond, the sea was a ribbon of blue.

"Happily, nature has put a boundary on our mistakes," Mr. Gill said. "Most of our hills are too steep to subdivide, and our ocean is too deep to fill. We're going to have to work out a way of life with what we have, and with the newcomers who are coming here to live. And with tourism, which can make us or ruin our way of life."

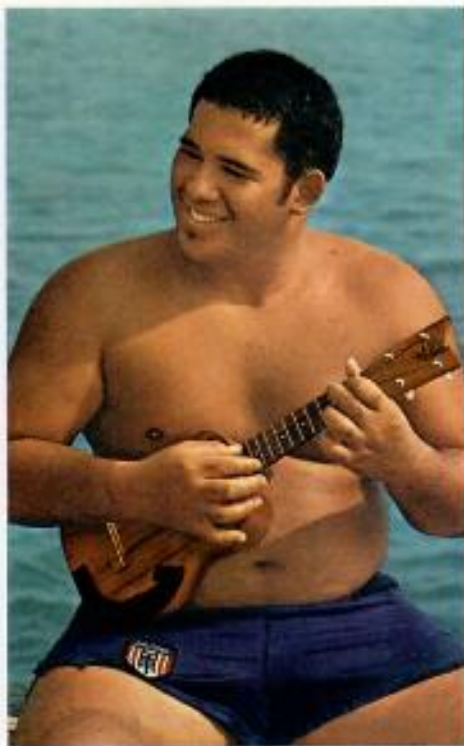
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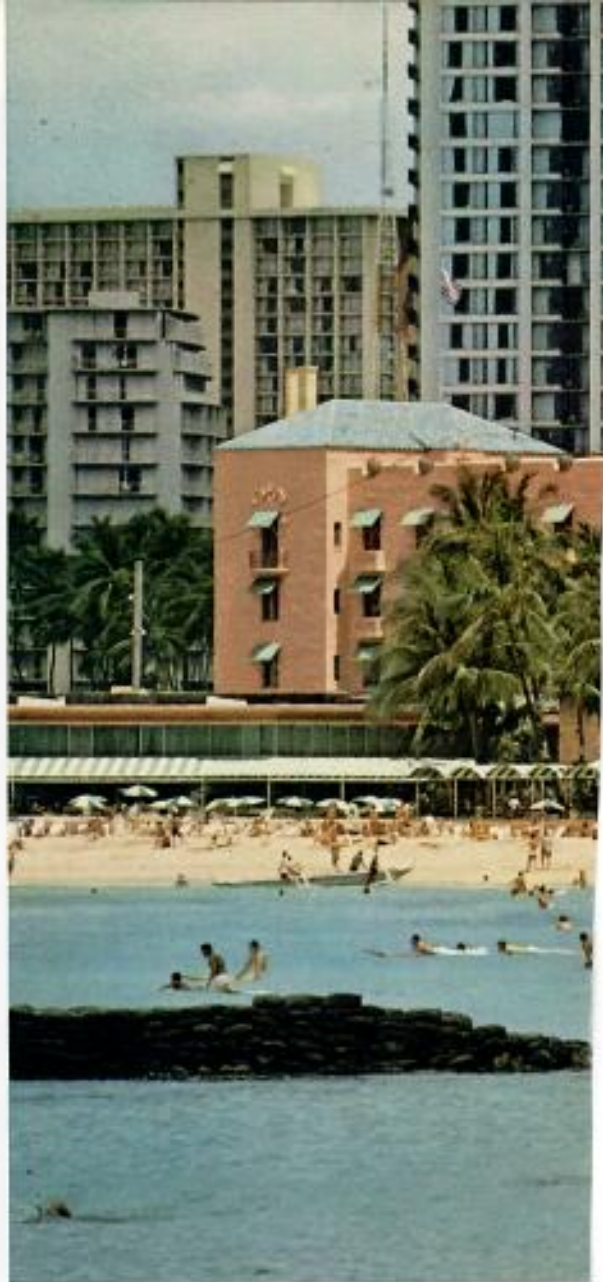


EDMUNDSON © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

"Memory imprisoned on a chain," poet Don Blanding called a flower lei. In Kapiolani Park, Rufina Lee strings a fragrant necklace of plumeria, or frangipani, fresh from her yard, on Lei Day, May 1. The poet suggested the holiday, first observed in 1928. These garlands of blossoms are the tokens of aloha, that warm Hawaiian word for love, friendship, best wishes, welcome, and farewell. At airport or ship dock *malihinis*, newcomers to the islands, often find themselves smothered in ginger, carnations, orchids, *pikake* (jasmine), gardenias, and plumeria.



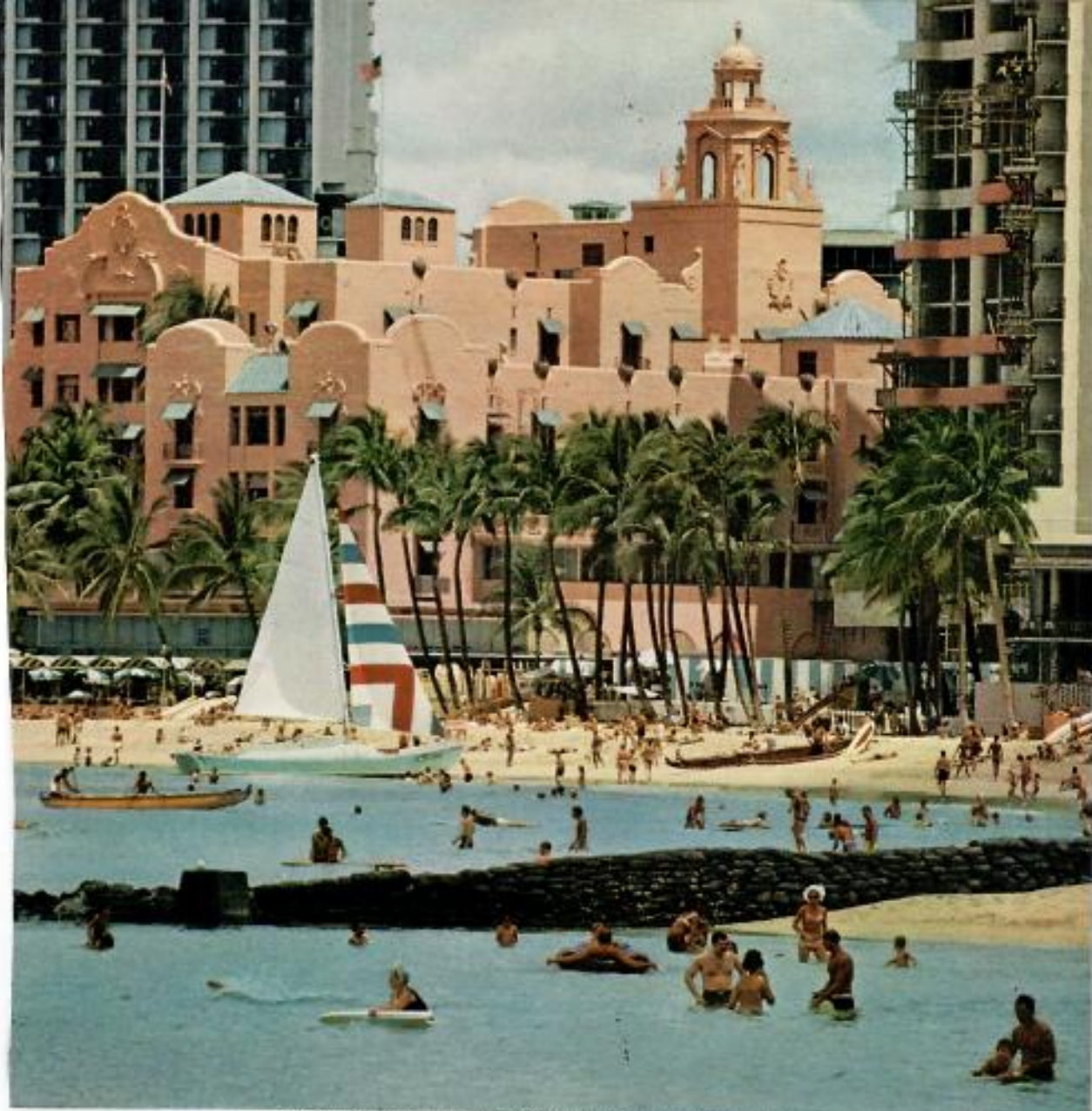
Waikiki and young people go together! Ukulele-playing Honolulu Mark Borden takes time out from the Job Corps center at Koko Head, where he trains to operate heavy construction equipment. Sun-bronzed blonde (below) rolls up her beach mat at day's end.



**Dowager Queen of Honolulu's hotels**, the coral-pink Royal Hawaiian shared Waikiki Beach only with the Moana and Halekulani in the late 1920's. Now, as skyscrapers encroach, the Royal raises her own 16-story addition at right. Crumbling sea wall a quarter mile away from it appears close by in this telephoto view.

Hawaiian monarchs chose Waikiki for their feasts, swimming, and surfing. Last year more than 1,200,000 tourists came to Honolulu, many of them just to visit the famed beach.

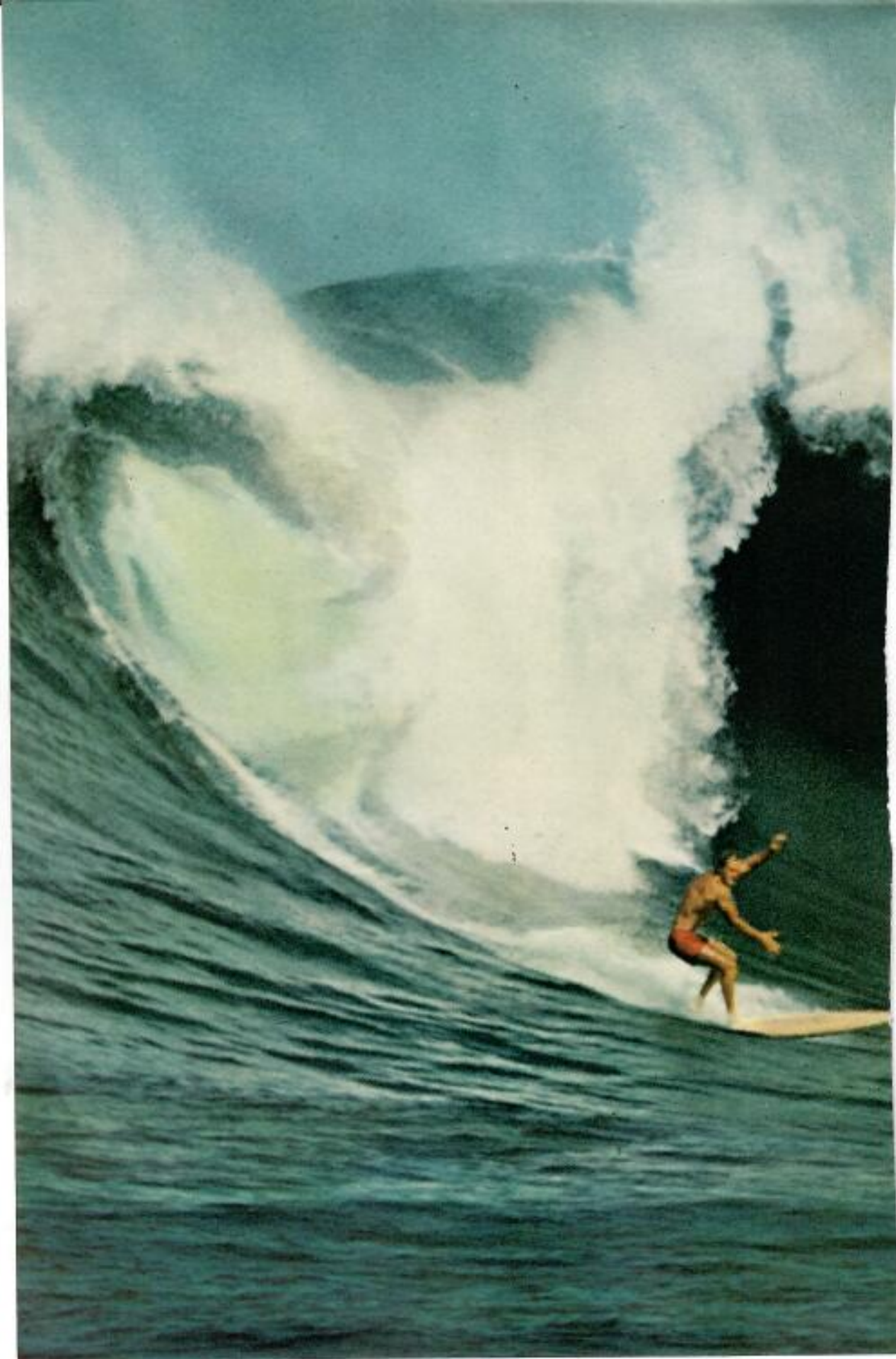
At night people flock to restaurants and night clubs. Television and recording star Don Ho (right), whose songs range from old Hawaiian to contemporary, invites a member of the audience to share the spotlight at Duke Kahanamoku's, a night spot named for the late Olympic swimming champion.

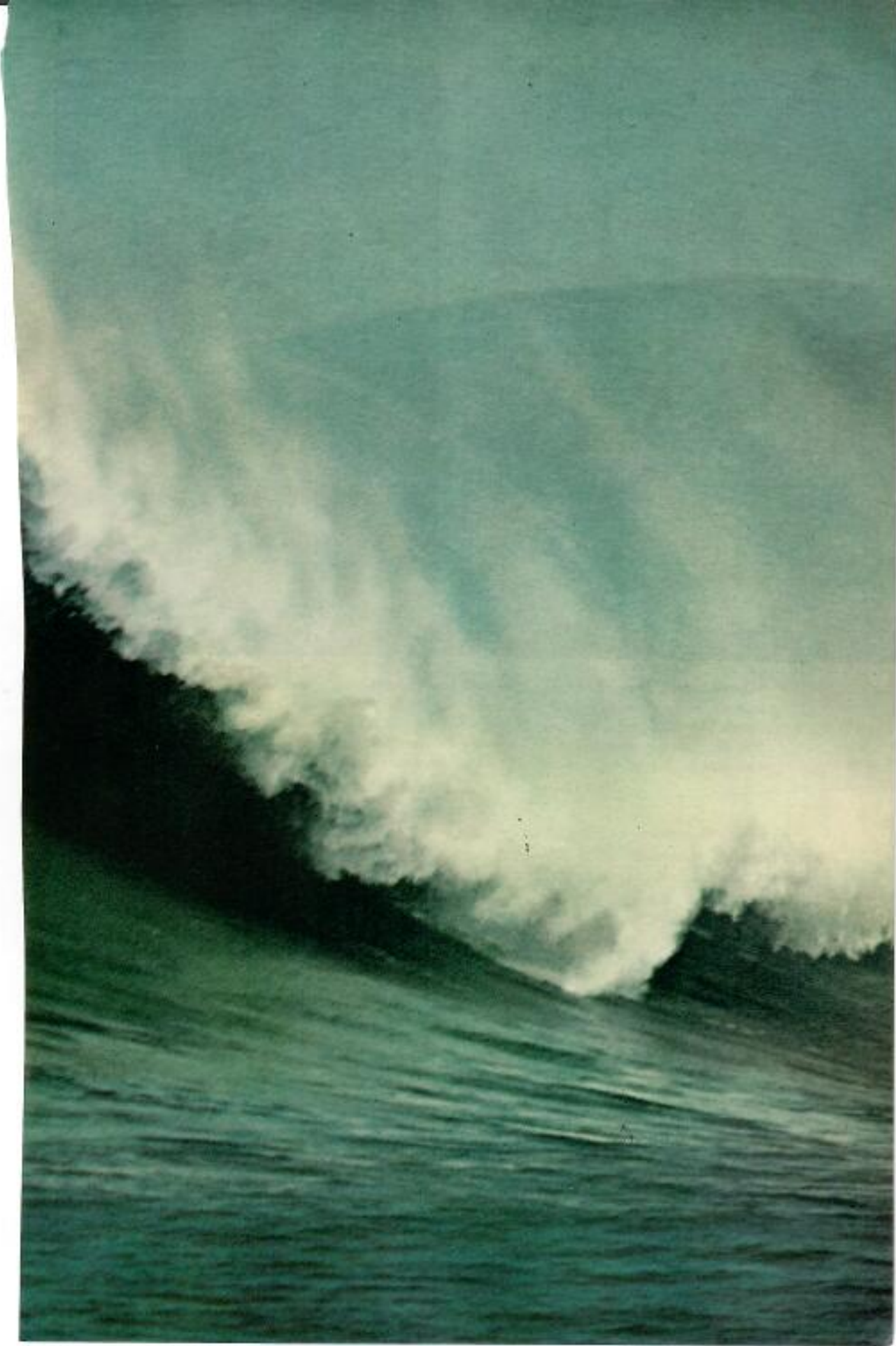


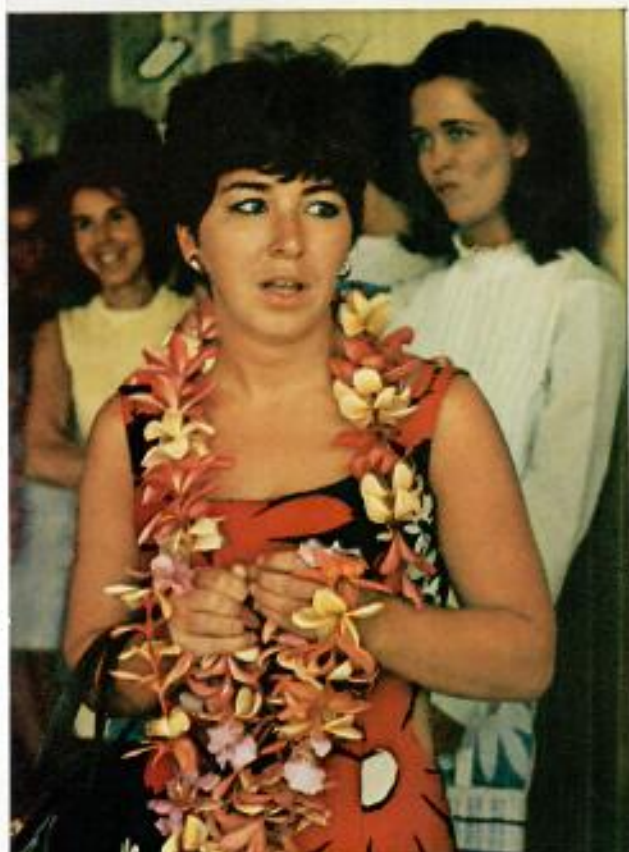
ERTACHROME (BELOW) AND KODACHROME BY BATES LITTLEHALES; KODACHROME (FOLLOWING PAGES) BY ROBERT B. GOODMAN © S.A.S.



On an awesome roller coaster, a surfer faces the ultimate challenge—the winter waves at Sunset Beach on the north shore of Oahu. After catching the swell at its crest, he dropped down the sheer face and here prepares to ride the curl. But he tumbled in the white water—a wipe out. Surf spawned by north Pacific storms gives the daring few a 30-to-60-second, 30-mile-an-hour thrill on the highest rideable waves in the world—as tall as 30 feet.







**Where is he? There he is! We're together.** After flying in from Colorado, Mrs. Thomas Bujakowski waits anxiously (left) at Fort De Russey for her husband, an Army captain due from South Viet Nam for a five-day rest-and-recuperation leave. Joy fills her face when she sees him. She flies into his arms, tossing a lei that just misses being a ringer. Their poignant reunion is but one among many; each month 10,000 battle-weary men arrive for "R and R" in Honolulu.

Even the University of Hawaii, at its campus between shoulders of the Koolau Range, has tourism on its mind. As befits a university a mile north of Waikiki with a view of the surf, it offers many courses related to hotel management and the travel industry.

Keeping pace with the growth of Honolulu, the university develops new programs and facilities there for some 22,000 students. Its East-West Center works toward the fusion of Asian and American cultures.

"Any building more than twenty years old is considered hallowed," remarked President Emeritus Gregg M. Sinclair, a Minnesotan who joined the faculty in 1928. That was 21 years after the university was established to teach agriculture and the mechanical arts.

"There are more professors in the English department now than we had on the entire faculty when I came," he said. "The university is doing things we could only talk about in my first years." He cited courses in ocean-

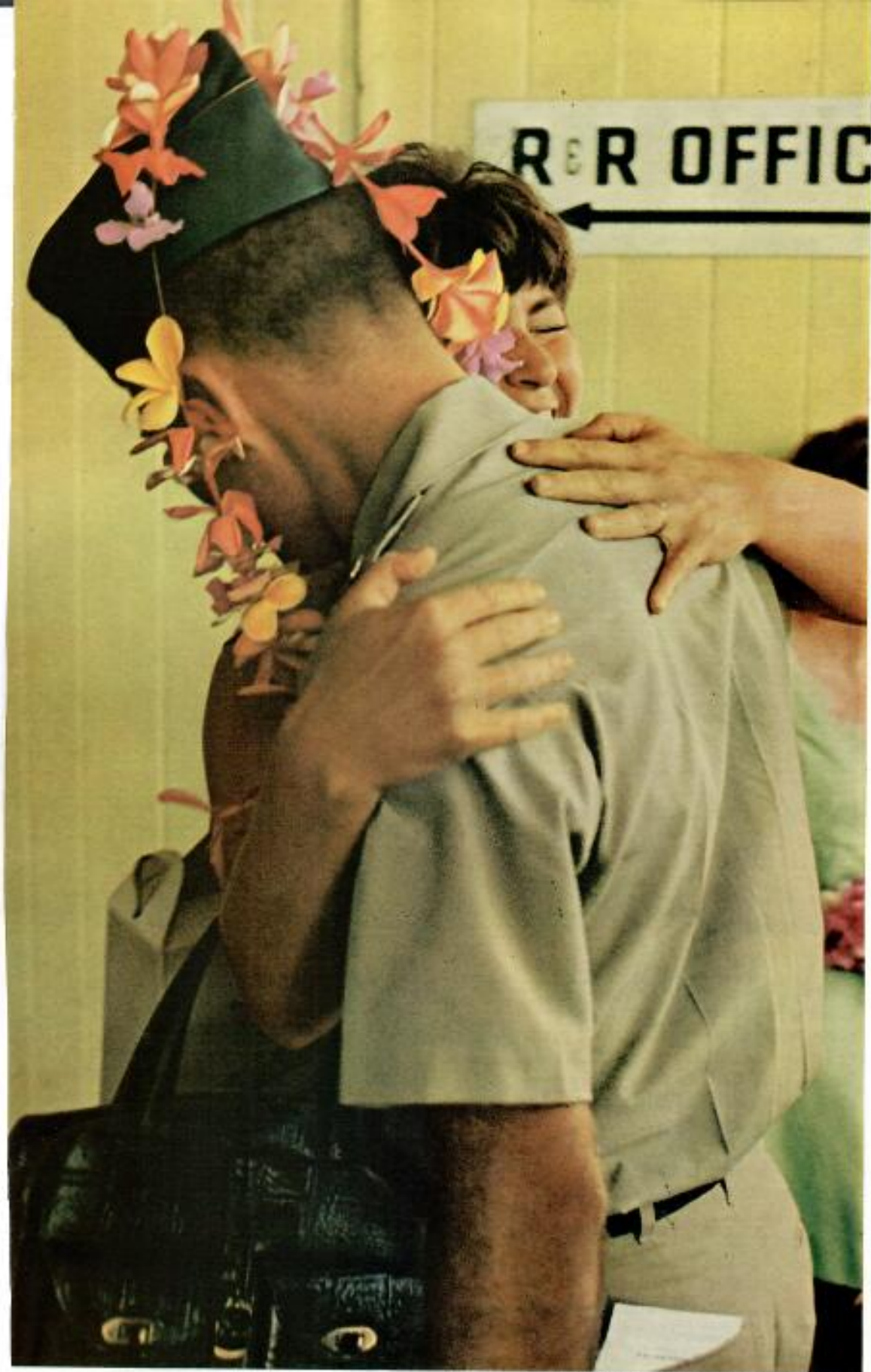
ography and art, and a thriving cultural curriculum, particularly outstanding in drama.

I sat in on a class in hotel management. The students were preparing a formal dinner with \$4-a-pound beefsteak, champagne, and two dinner wines. As we disposed of the repast—worth an "A" on anyone's grading scale—I remarked that this seemed to be a splendid way to go to college.

"Not always," a student responded. "Yesterday we had to eat cherries jubilee at 8:30 in the morning."

So many students earn money during the summer at the huge Dole pineapple canning factory in the downtown section that it is said, "Half of Honolulu went to college at the cannery."

Dole, owned by the biggest of the Big Five, Castle & Cooke, employs 1,100 women on each shift at the peak of the canning season (pages 514-15). It is the city's largest single employer, counting temporary help.



EXCHROMES BY RATES LITTLEHILES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY





At the Dole plant, fruit picked in the morning may be canned by nightfall. Pines, as they are called, are trucked from the fields to make their way through a series of sorting, chopping, slicing, and juice-making machines. After slices are finally packed into cans by hand, only a few wisps of fuzz remain unused. Even the rind has value; it goes into cattle feed.

On the packing line I met Katherine Nagafuchi, one of Honolulu's many working wives. "I put two daughters through business college with the money I made here," she told me. "Most of the wives in my neighborhood work to make ends meet. The schools make special arrangements to keep our kids until we can pick them up at four or five o'clock."

Agriculture workers in Hawaii are the highest paid in the world, and strongly organ-

ized. Field hands on sugar plantations earn at least \$2.19 an hour, but mechanization of field and factory operations has been intense.

"We use only about a sixth as many men as we did thirty years ago," Soichi Yonemori told me at the Kahuku sugar plantation on the northern tip of Oahu. No hand-cutting of cane takes place in the fields. When the cane is ripe, the sea-green fields are burned, filling the air with billowing black smoke and the smell of braised sugar. The fire removes the leaves, leaving the stalks, protected by their high sap content. Then bulldozers scoop the stalks into piles to be trucked to the mills.\*

Many workers displaced by mechanization

\*The pineapple and sugar industries were described by Frederick Simpich, Jr., in "Because It Rains on Hawaii," NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, November 1949.



have moved into hotel and construction work, where they are more than welcome.

The largest enterprise in Honolulu continues to be the Federal Government, with enormous military and naval bases, 50,000 servicemen, and an equal number of dependents. The Government fueled Hawaii's economy to the extent of nearly \$900,000,000 last year, most of it spent on Oahu.

#### Air Attack Took Tragic Toll

With Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field on her western flank, and Schofield Barracks 18 miles northwest, Honolulu was a strategic bastion well before the morning of December 7, 1941, when Japanese bombers found eight battleships, the backbone of the Pacific Fleet, in Pearl Harbor (map, page 506). Like sitting ducks, seven were berthed in a row.

Five of them were sunk or beached. Thirteen other ships sank or were damaged; 188 planes were destroyed. Among some 2,400 persons killed were at least 57 civilians who perished when the attack spilled into downtown Honolulu.

When the battleship *Arizona* settled into the mud, she took more than a thousand men with her. On the memorial built over her protruding superstructure, Mr. Robert W. Hart lectures to an average of 850 visitors a day.

Many tourists ask if the Japanese had exact knowledge of American ship dispositions.

"No," replies Mr. Hart. "In fact, they thought at least one of the American carriers, which were at sea, would be in the harbor."

Did spies ashore help guide the planes? "No. From the air, Pearl Harbor is the most visible landmark on the island, and hard to miss."

"A terrific explosion on the forecastle, apparently from the bomb penetrating the magazine. . . the ship blew up and caught fire. . . she was a mass of flames . . . the bodies of the dead were thick." Thus survivors from the U.S.S. *Arizona* (above) remember the Japanese air attack of December 7, 1941. For more than a thousand crewmen, the wreckage became a tomb.

Today a simple shrine supported on pilings above the *Arizona's* shattered hull (right) honors all who died at Pearl Harbor. Naval officers pay their respects last Memorial Day.



U. S. NAVY, KODACHROME BY BATES LITTLEHALES © N.S.S.



KOSACHROME © N.S.S.

Why hasn't the *Arizona* been raised? "We sent divers down in 1947 to see about bringing her up, but their cutting torches touched off gases inside the hull. Two divers were killed in the explosion. It was decided to leave her on the bottom."

Pearl Harbor is still a bustling naval base, with a busy off-duty program of entertainment and sports for the men, centered around Bloch Arena, which by a quirk of fate was dedicated on December 6, 1941, with a "battle of bands." The winner was the band from the *Arizona*.

Sports and entertainment in Honolulu today demonstrate an easy mixture of Eastern and Western cultural currents. At Honolulu Stadium during the baseball season, many spectators eat hot dogs. But others eat *saimin*, a sort of Oriental chicken-noodle concoction, with chopsticks. *Saimin*, served in a cardboard bowl, sells for 35 cents at the stadium. It contains Japanese-style noodles in a clump, plus Chinese-style bits of meat.

"We must be the only baseball team in the country buying chopsticks by the box," Jack Quinn, general manager of the Hawaii Islanders, told me. Honolulu, he says, is the most sports-minded city he has ever been in.

"We led the Pacific Coast League in attendance in 1968," he said, "and in 1963 we led all of the U. S. minor leagues. If we ever win the pennant, we might attract more peo-

**Island success story:** Grandson of a Chinese immigrant farmer, Chinn Ho plays an influential role in Hawaii's business life. His investment company built the Ilikai, one of the world's largest hotel-condominiums (page 500), and a new resort community at Makaha. Here, in the Ilikai's penthouse, he wears a brightly patterned shirt on Aloha Friday, the weekday when everyone is encouraged to dress in island style.

Many Chinese came as plantation laborers. Saving their money, they became landowners and merchants. Today, Chinese comprise only 6 percent of the population.

**Fast-paced change** overtakes Kalakaua Avenue in Waikiki. A revolving restaurant tops the 21-story Waikiki Business Plaza. The pineapple inspired the shape of windows on the Bank of Hawaii, distant left. The frantic pace of Honolulu's building boom has caught up with the Liberty House department store, right. Photographed only a few months ago, it has already been partially torn down; soon it will occupy the first floor of a new skyscraper hotel to be built on the site.

ple than some of the major-league teams."

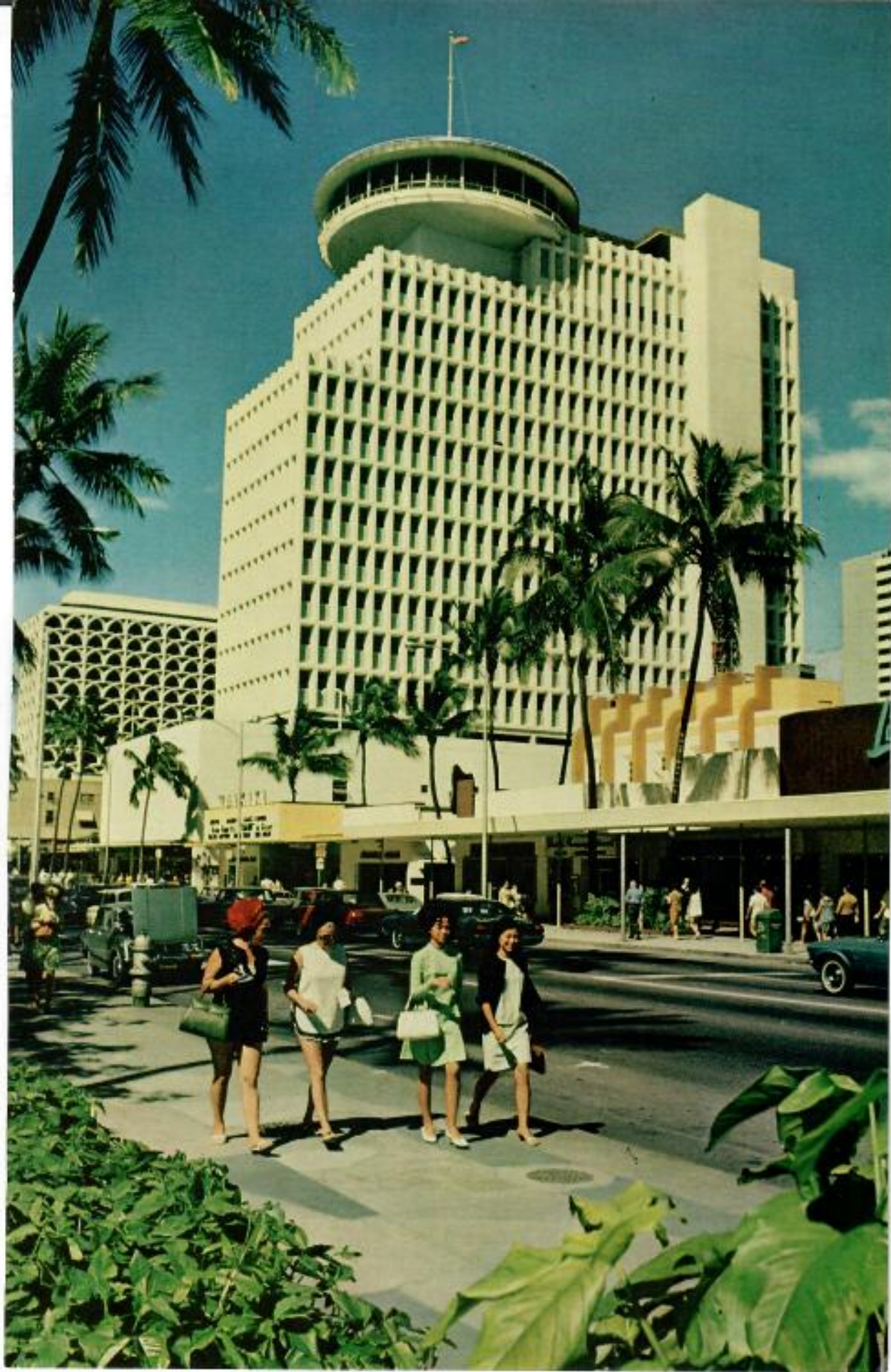
The Hula Bowl, Honolulu's contribution to midwinter football, is always a sellout, and even local high-school games may attract a capacity 25,000 fans.

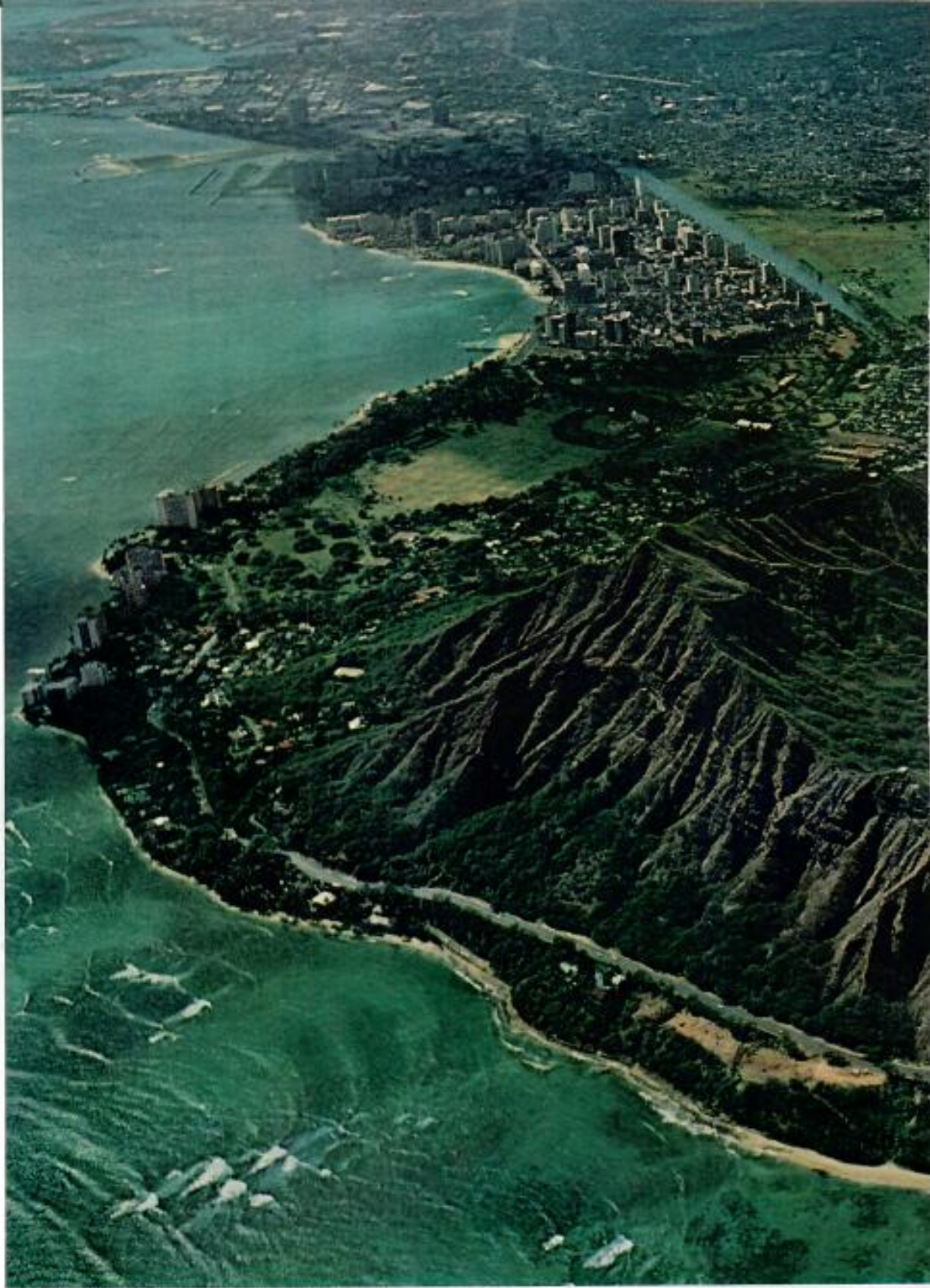
An 11-million-dollar theater-convention hall complex, the Honolulu International Center, provides an elegant home for other entertainment, ranging from ballet to basketball. Honolulu is proud of its symphony orchestra, which has a budget of \$600,000. In addition to subscription and youth concerts, it offers a winter opera season of six performances.

Such achievements prompted former Mayor Neal Blaisdell to declare, "This city is exciting. We jumped from a sleepy little place out in the Pacific practically into the 21st century. We're good, and we're going to get better."

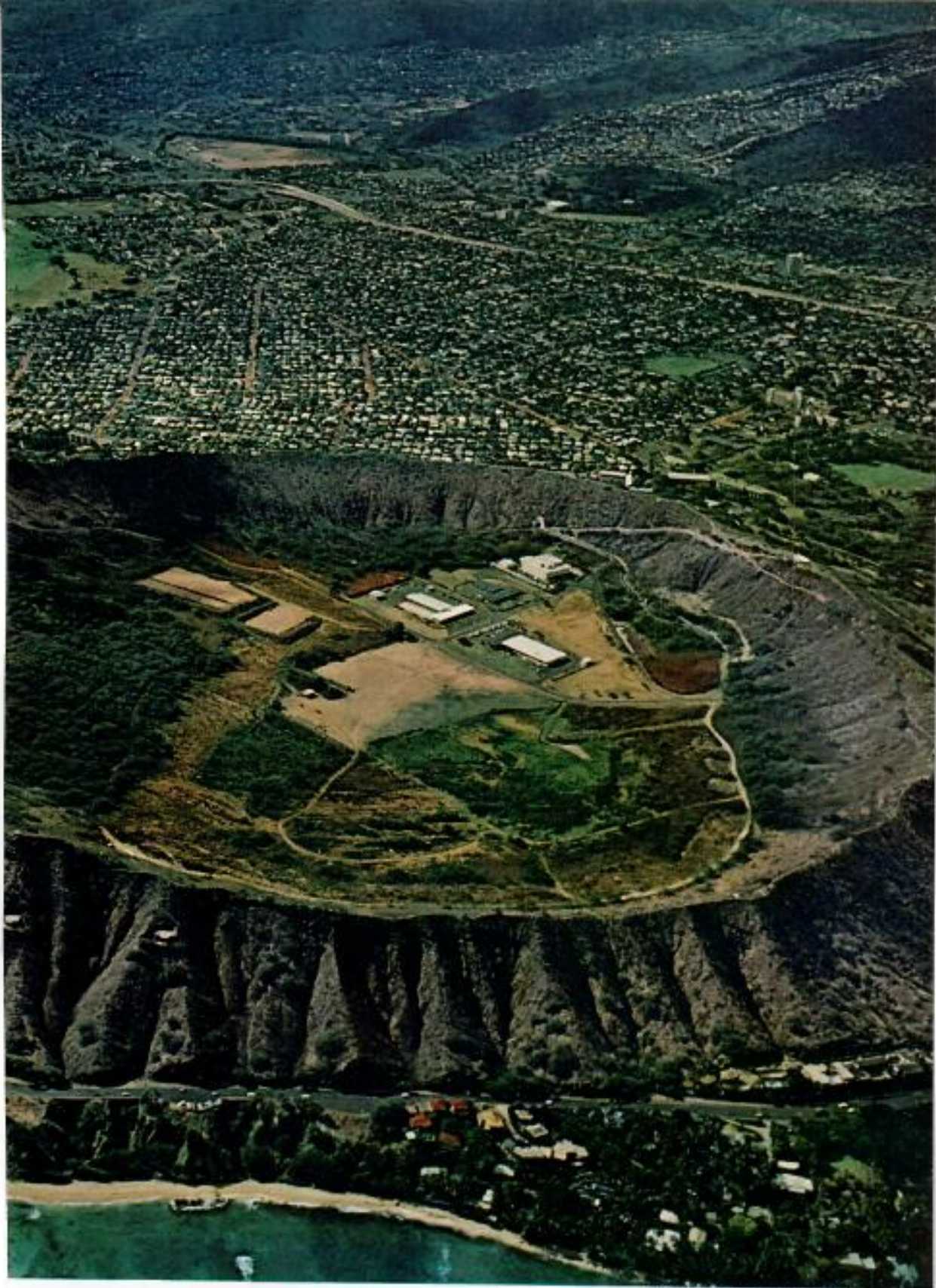
Honolulu long felt they had an uphill struggle to convince fellow Americans that they speak English, pay taxes, send their children to school, and have rush-hour traffic. Almost everyone has a story about the misconceptions other Americans have about the islands. Mine concerns a New York producer who gave permission to the lively Honolulu Community Theater to present his play while it was still on Broadway—and was incensed to learn it was being performed in English.

Now some *kamaainas*—long-term residents—fear that, with the rapid development of Honolulu and the flood of new residents and





**Jewel of Honolulu**, Diamond Head thrusts its rugged slopes above the city. State owned, the extinct volcano holds National Guard and Federal Aviation Administration facilities in its crater; beyond, to the northwest, stretch Waikiki and Honolulu Harbor. Across the Ala Wai Canal the



BOOKSHOWER BY BATES LITTLEHALES © N.A.S.

city skirts a golf course and reaches into the rain-washed Koolau Range. Cries of "Save Diamond Head" resounded when high-rise buildings threatened to creep up its lower slopes. Last June the City Council voted to purchase residential property at far left for eventual use as parkland.

tourists, the celebrated "aloha" spirit of the islands has been over-commercialized, if not buried. "Aloha" is the word Hawaiians use to say hello and goodbye, and to express an assortment of emotions. It symbolizes the hospitality and graceful style of life for which the islands have long been known.

As the pace of life has increased, and with many more people to be hospitable to, there have been distortions of the old ways. Some leis hung round the necks of new arrivals lack the fragrance of the tropics, for they are made of plastic. It costs more to say aloha with flowers now.\* At a recent luau I attended, the traditional poi—the starchy dish made from taro root—was served in paper cups.

One of the persons concerned about such changes is ex-Mayor Blaisdell, who is 66, healthy, sports-minded, music-loving, open-

armed, and in many ways epitomizes the city he governed so long. It pains him to hear what passes now for island music, he told me.

Still, Mr. Blaisdell is confident the aloha spirit will survive. "People make the aloha spirit," he said, "and I don't think they'll lose it. The Chinese always conquered their conquerors. We do the same thing here."

I think I agree with him.

Sometimes it takes a newcomer to remind us kamaainas how exceedingly beautiful Honolulu's setting is. A tourist did me this favor as we both looked down on the city from the 500-foot-high volcanic cone of the Punchbowl (pages 512-13).

The man handed me his camera and asked me to take not one but two pictures of him-

\*See "The Flowers That Say 'Aloha,'" by Deena Clark, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, January 1967.

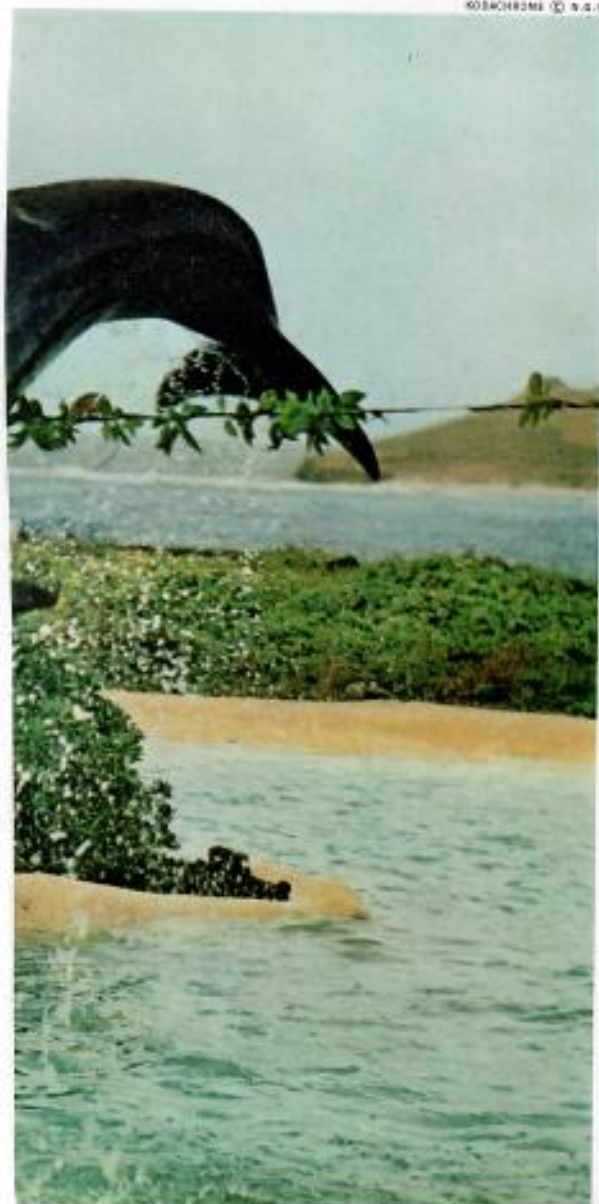


self and his wife; one with the ocean as a backdrop, another against the mountains. "I just can't believe the colors," he said.

He was right. I looked beyond the city to the ocean, shading from pastel green along the shore to the deepest blue, with feathers of white where the surf plunged over the reef. Behind us stretched the Koolau Range, tinted purple and a dozen shades of green, colors Gauguin used in his paintings of Tahiti. As many times as I had seen the view, I was enchanted all over again.

So far, pile drivers and cement mixers have spared this view, but they have practically eliminated the little grass hut which Americans long associated with Hawaii. I know of one, however—on the northeast side of Oahu. It is the boyhood home of Kekoa David Kaapu, Honolulu's urban renewal coordinator.

KOBACHROME © S. S. S.



His full name, by the way, is Kekoaualiio-napalihauliuliokekeoolau David Kaapuawao-kamehameha. His first name refers to a tree that grows on the steep cliffs of the mountains behind Honolulu, and his last name means "cup bearer to King Kamehameha." City Hall colleagues call him Dave.

"I slept in this house until I went away to college in 1954," Mr. Kaapu said as we entered the waist-high opening in the thatch. He explained that his father, who is descended from Hawaiian *alii*, or chiefs, wished to rear his children as nearly as possible in the life style of his ancestors.

"He thought it was a good way. We didn't wear many clothes around the place. My sister and I climbed the trees for coconuts and fished in the ponds, and played in the mud of the taro patches."

But even in Mr. Kaapu's boyhood, that was an unusual way for Honoluluans to live, and the neighbors were upset.

"They formed a delegation and called on my father," he told me. "They said they were sure my sister and I would come to no good end. Years later, when my sister had become a college teacher and I had graduated from Harvard, they came back to apologize."

Mr. Kaapu's parents have since moved into a gadget-filled house behind the grass one; it is easier to manage now that both are in their 70's. Mr. Kaapu's own two children are being reared in a suburban split-level home.

Such is the evolution of Honolulu.

Mr. Kaapu suggested a cool drink, and, taking up a long pole, knocked two coconuts from a tree. With a machete he chopped off one end of each and gouged a hole through the white meat. I raised one to my mouth and drank.

The pale liquid tasted fresh, untamed, and invigorating.

"It's only like that when it's right off the tree," Mr. Kaapu said. "That's one thing they can never change in Honolulu." THE END

**Synchronized stars**, two false killer whales (*Pseudorca crassidens*) leap a rope in opposite directions in Whaler's Cove at Sea Life Park; hand signals from their trainers sent them flying. Visitors to the 20-acre preserve can also peer through glass at a cross section of coral reef inhabited by some 2,000 marine creatures, and watch porpoises cavort in the 850-seat Ocean Science Theatre. Such shows, attracting half a million spectators annually, help finance sea-life studies by the affiliated Oceanic Institute.