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VOLUME I, NUMBER 1

ka lono



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ka lono

VOLUME I, NUMBER 1

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Volume I, Number 1

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editorial

With this issue, we begin another in a long and, until now, ill-fated series of attempts to produce, with some regularity, a college magazine on the University of Hawaii campus.

We will not burden your ears with the unhappy history of such attempts — not yet, anyway. This summer season should be one of joy and lightsome thoughts, and so we reserve more serious topics for later issues.

To our visitors from the Mainland, we extend our aloha. We hope you will be entertained and edified by the contents of this first *KA LONO* which we have put together with you in mind.

In addition to some serious prose and poetry, we have collected humor, in the form of parodies and cartoons, and instruction, in the form of where-to-go and what-to-do articles. You are invited to swim, surf or fish in the daytime, and to consult our theatre guide for your evening pleasures.

Our name, by the way, has nothing to do with the Hawaiian god Lono. "Lono" is also a noun meaning "report," or "news," and a verb meaning "to hurl." Make what you will of that, and read us in good health.

J.M.B.

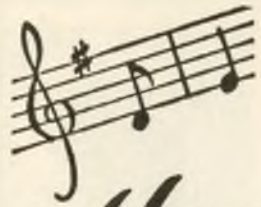


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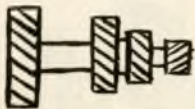
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AT FIRST I
THOUGHT SEX
WAS HAPPINESS



BUT THEN I
CHANGED MY
MIND AND
DECIDED LEARNING
WAS TRUE
HAPPINESS



I WAS
DISCOURAGED
BY THE
PEDANTS



SO I TURNED
TO WILD KICKS
AND BOOZE



THAT WAS TOO PHONY
SO I TOOK UP STAR GAZING



BUT, THE
STARS CONFUSED
ME



SO, I BOUGHT
THESE

**nacl + h2o
= a ball!**



by jim sturdevant

Hawaii, in case you haven't noticed, is surrounded by water — about 70 million square miles of it, if you're interested in statistics. This information isn't of any real value unless (1) you're looking for an excuse for claustrophobia, or (2) you happen to be a water sports enthusiast. If you fall in the first class, well, aloha, but if you belong to that rabid group that enjoys spending its time in, on or around the water, summer in the islands can be a ball.

For those robust individuals who like aquatic activities of the strenuous variety, like swimming upstream with a school of salmon, the University of Hawaii has devised a water sport with a real challenge — it's called "Dodge The Sprinkler System". No special equipment is necessary, and the game can be played at any time . . . just attend classes on a normal schedule and wear old clothes. The maintenance men will take care of the rest.

Volume 1, Number 1



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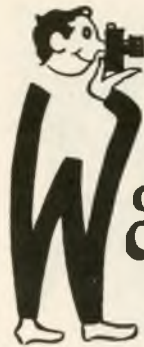
by ROSS SUTHERLAND

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Surfing, either with or without a board, is another violent, energy-consuming way to amuse yourself. Board surfing can be done at many different spots on Oahu's coastline. "How well" you surf should always determine "where" you surf. If you have never surfed, or are a beginner, Waikiki is the spot to go. A board can be rented for about \$1 an hour, and almost any beach boy will be happy to show you how to use the thing. (That if, if you're a girl . . . guys, forget about it) If you're an experienced surfer, and have access to transportation, try Makaha. If the surf's up at all, you'll get some good rides. Body surfing, the poor man's version of the bit with the board, can be done almost anywhere on the island. Have someone who knows how it's done show you, though, because lack of know-how in this particular sport can produce some drastic changes in your anatomy.

Skin diving, and its advanced cousin, aqua lung diving can be done virtually anywhere on the island's shores. Again, "how well" you dive should determine "where" you dive. If you've never done any diving, the best idea is to have a competent diver show you the ropes. If you are not a strong swimmer, forget about lung diving. You can still have fun galore just paddling around with a mask, snorkel and flippers. If you swim well, and want to try lung diving, learn from a qualified instructor. Don Johnson, who runs Skin Diving Hawaii, is one of the better teachers around. His lessons include complete orientation in a pool as well as a post-course trip to the reef. He's not inexpensive, but he supplies all of the equipment, and he's good. (This, by the way, is an unsolicited opinion . . . Don's too poor to advertise.) Anyone who is an experienced diver, and is interested in doing some spearfishing, might try the Sandy Beach side of Makapuu Point on a calm day. This spot is also a good area for shelling, incidentally.

Water skiing, for those of you who enjoy that high speed sport, can be



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done out in front of the Hawaiian Village Hotel, or in the lagoon off Sand Island. If money isn't important, you can charter a boat and skis at the Hawaiian Village Hotel or Skin Diving Hawaii. Otherwise, find someone who has all the equipment and break your neck in "his" favorite spot.

If you dissipate too often to really enjoy exerting yourself, then do some fishing. All over the world, fishing is recognized as one of the few ways in which you can do absolutely nothing, yet look active . . . Hawaiians have mastered this art. Some of the better places to drown worms are Maili, Waianae, Kaena Point and Makapuu Point.

Sailing, if your interest lies in that direction, has a large following in Hawaii. Probably the best way to weigh anchor is to just keep nosing around the Ala Wai Boat Harbor until you run into a friendly skipper . . . look sad, that's supposed to help.

Finally, if you're "really" lethargic, you can always just take advantage of the lovely island beaches and just lie around ogling the girls . . . or boy, depending upon your interest. The Moana Surf rider and Reef hotels are known as choice spots for this red-blooded pas-time.

So, no matter how much energy you do or don't wish to expend, Hawaii's shores can offer you something in the line of water fun - have a good, safe, wet summer.

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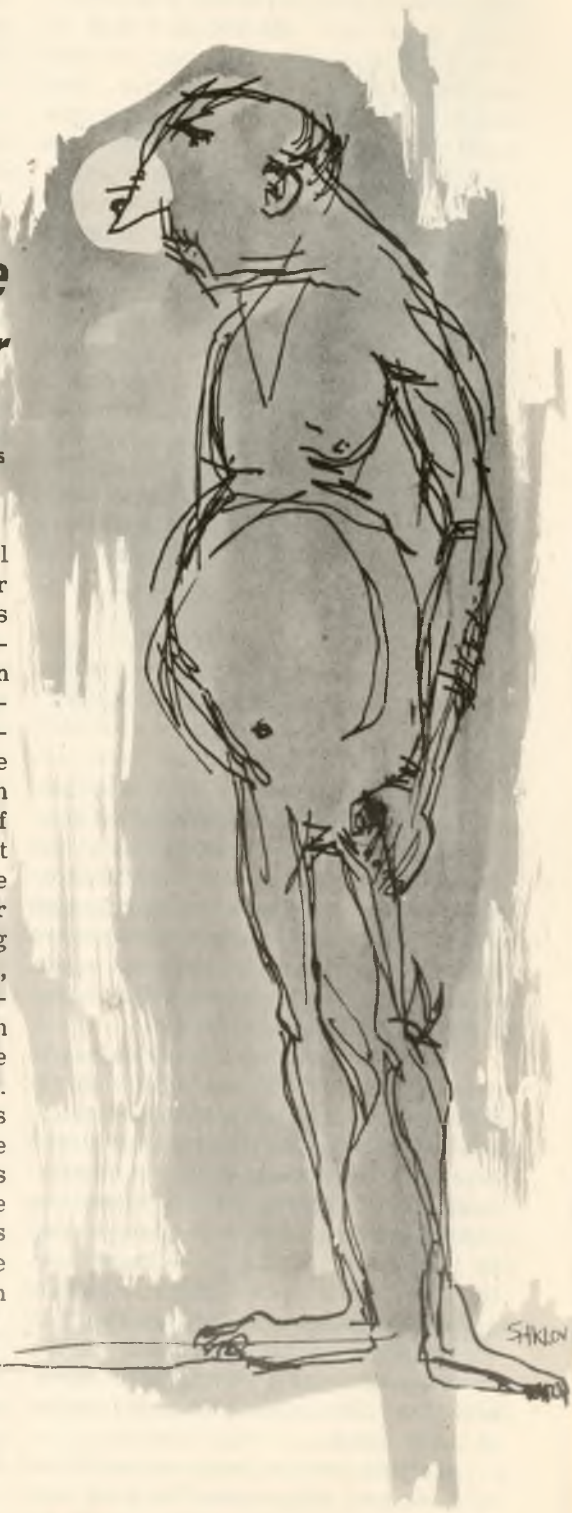
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*the
beautifier*

by t. m. bass

When the Beautifier was a small child, he would cross the street rather than pass close to someone who was crippled, or who had a noticeable physical deformity. Even the twisted, rough hands of the peasants who brought vegetables to the city market place seemed somehow wrong to him, and the sight of a hare-lip threw him into such ecstasies of pity that he would run off by himself and hide, weeping his heart out for those who were unfortunate enough to be maimed and hideous, or out of proportion in some revolting way. Yes, he was revolted by them, but he did not hate them. On the contrary, he loved them, and it was through the love he bore them and the pity he felt for them that he conceived his plan.

He perfected the plan while he was still a young man of twenty-three. He was not overly handsome, but he was pleasing in face and form. His nose was neither too long nor too short, his ears were set upon his head in just the way that ears should be, and his mouth



was exactly the size and shape that harmonized most perfectly with everything about him. He verified this by long hours spent examining himself carefully in front of his mirror. The more he looked at his own face, the more determined he became to wipe out all ugliness from his Fatherland.

The logic behind his plan was simple enough: No one likes to look at ugliness and, while one may pity it, one cannot help being made uncomfortable by its presence. This discomfort is reflected in one's behaviour toward the person who is grotesque, and that person in turn is made unhappy. Therefore, if those who are ugly are done away with, everyone will be happier. Though few of those who would benefit by it would have the courage to do for themselves what he intended to do for them, he was sure that, deep down inside, they would welcome his plan.

The movement started slowly with a small circle of friends—fine, clean-cut young men like himself. The Beautifier, besides being perfectly formed, had also a wonderful voice, rich, vibrant and persuasive. With this, and a sincerity born of his innermost convictions, he gathered his forces and welded them into a hard core of dedicated men. As the movement gained momentum, the meetings were moved from the leader's apartment to a small rented lecture hall, and finally to the largest auditorium in the city.

When he declared his candidacy in the National elections, his pleasant appearance, his ingratiating manner, and his zealous followers sent him to represent his district in the Parliament. From there, offices in the various Ministries were stepping stones to the chair of the Vice-Chancellor. His men were placed in all important governmental posts, and on the fifth anniversary of the Party's formation he compassionately strangled the aging, arthritic Chancellor and took control of the country.

His real purpose was not announced immediately, of course. The plan was, after all, quite a new thing, and the

public had to be educated slowly, led to the realization that his way was the only way, that it would really be the best thing for everyone.

His first act was to sever diplomatic relations with surrounding countries, and the borders of his land were sealed to travelers. Bitter notes were received from foreign ambassadors, but he firmly rejected them. For the time being, at least, his country must be sufficient unto itself. Later, perhaps, when the rest of the world saw how he would arrange things, he might think of the possibility of extending the benefits of his plan to all mankind, but for now, he had plenty of work to do here at home, and he set about it with great determination.

He discarded the title of Chancellor and proclaimed himself Beautifier. Beauty Squads were formed, composed of strong, well-proportioned young men whose business it was to seek out and take into custody anyone whose appearance made others uncomfortable.

At first the Beautifier himself passed final judgment on those who, reported by a few exceptionally alert citizens, were brought to trial. Soon, however, the populace had been sufficiently indoctrinated and had, so to speak, gotten into the spirit of Beautification, and it became necessary to appoint many other judges.

He chose them with care, for strict impartiality must be maintained. His choices were, without exception, dedicated men; men who, like himself, spent many hours in front of their mirrors, seeking to the depths of their souls for truth. He nearly always picked, from the ever-growing list of applicants for judgeships, those who let it be known that they spent more than the required number of hours in the House of Reflection, that church-like building with its row upon row of small, mirrored pews, where citizens went to have their faith in themselves and the movement renewed. The House of Reflection had proved to be extremely popular with the common people, but not many could afford to pay for more

than their necessary two hours each day.

Things went well for the Proportionists, as they were now called. Of course there were flare-ups now and then, led by some wild-eyed reactionary who mouthed heresies about everyone having a right to live, even though his appearance might prove offensive to decent people. But these revolutionaries, if you looked hard enough, almost always had some kind of defect themselves, which satisfactorily explained their attitude toward Beautification.

When the cleansing of the nation started, the hare-lips, poor creatures, and the unfortunate palsied, were the first to go, followed shortly by the strawberry-marked. Those with club feet or one short leg were disposed of, and there was a brisk run of cauliflower ears, though these didn't last long. Based on the report of a scientific investigating committee, legislation was passed allowing the existence of freckles, but the fact that the people had become enthusiastic enough to make such an investigation necessary warmed the Beautifier's heart. It proved the inherent rightness of his plan.

After ten years in office, things were going so well that he began to think of retirement. The possibility that the cares of office might bring wrinkles to mar the smoothness of his brow confirmed his decision. The Party could run itself now, so he withdrew from public life and lived quietly in a small house on the edge of the city. He spent his days in his study, a lovely room whose walls were entirely paneled with mirrors. He maintained no direct contact with public affairs, but followed events in the daily papers.

The man who was elected Beautifier in his place was unquestionably a dedicated leader. The earlier legislation regarding freckles was revoked, and the ex-Beautifier thought that perhaps that was a good thing after all. He had no doubt been too lenient, and if the sight of freckles made people uncom-



fortable, then it was only right that they should be done away with. Laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cosmetics, passed early in the first Beautifier's reign, had always been winked at by the authorities, but now they were strictly enforced. The former leader nodded approvingly. They were the Devil's paints, used only by those who had a sin to conceal.

One night when he was sitting in his study, reflecting happily on the beautiful State he had created, the doorbell chimed. As the echoes died away in the silence of the house, the man responsible for destroying all ugliness in the State went to the front door and opened it wide.

"A beautiful evening to you," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Of the three fine, clean-looking young men who stood there, one spoke, his voice soft and well modulated.

"Your medical record tells us that you have a large mole on your left shoulder. Come with us, please."



WHEN I GET UP IN
THE MORNING I SCRATCH
MY MUSCLED YOUNG
CHEST AND YAWN



THEN I PUT ON MY
SUN-BLEACHED, SMIILY
TEE-SHIRT, WHICH I
BOUGHT AT THE
SALVATION ARMY
THRIFT SHOP.



AFTER THAT I PUT
ON MY OFF-WHITE
GREASY "LEVIS";
WITHOUT BEHT LOOPS
OF COURSE



THEN I SMEAR MY
FACE WITH "SUN AND
SAND" SUNTAN LOTION
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE
TO BE BRONZE WITHOUT
THE AGONIES OF
EXPOSURE TO THE SUN.



AND FOR BREAKFAST
I HAVE BEANS AND
ONIONS



AT SCHOOL THEY
CALL ME A SURF
BUM

SHKLOV

Ka Lono

the reddish-brown hills of aiea

by ernesto hamenguay
(randall utsumi)

A stinking odor of chicken manure and Manila cigars filled the overhighly-fenced yard. We two were squatted on the hardpacked dirt ground, readying our prize cock. The small crowd which gathered was noisy with bet-making and laughter. T.O.M., my Old-English-Speckled game cock, seemed annoyed.

"Goddam mosquitoes," I said, caressing T.O.M.

"Mosquitoes no bother," said the other man.

"My bird don't like em."

"My chicken no care."

"The hell with your chicken."

"You are jealous, maybe?"

"Nothing can beat my bird."

"I no think."

"Want to make a big bet, Benny?"

"Yea, I want."

"Two hundred dollars?"

"Maybe more, I think."

"Five hundred?"

"Okay."

I carefully attached my imported 13-cm. *Ilocano* gaff to T.O.M. The
Volume 1, Number 1

cockkicked hard with the death-dealing weapon. "Okay, go!" yelled Antonio.

I let T.O.M. go. Benny let his cock go.

The wings flapped violently, but their sound was drowned out by the shouting crowd. The cocks met in a leap and fell to the earth. They met again, this time in a fury of blood and feathers. The audience cheered, enjoying the spectacle immensely. T.O.M. bled from a gash on the wing. Stringy bits of pink flesh hung from the sides of the cut. He was losing blood but remained strong. The blood-dripping blades continued to fly through the air. Both birds were splattered with red. T.O.M. suddenly leaped to make the kill. The 13-cm. *Ilocano* stuck fast in the breast of Benny's white Sumatra game cock. A jet of blood shot from the wound, and the white Sumatra sank heavy-bodied to the ground. T.O.M. desperately pulled to free himself of the slain adversary.

I hurried to free T.O.M. Benny was outraged at defeat. He held his bird in one hand and sliced its head off. This delighted the audience. Shouts of victory filled the air. Happy bettors made the rounds collecting their winnings.

"Good old T.O.M.," I said, wiping off the blood.

"Good fight, Blala," said my old friend Antonio.

"It wasn't me. It was T.O.M."

"You deserve most of the credit."

"No. It's T.O.M."

"You trained him."

"He did the fighting."

"You own him."

"He's a natural fighter. I do almost nothing."

"Without you he'd be nothing."

"Nah. T.O.M.'s the greatest there is."

"You're a great trainer."

"With T.O.M. it's easy."

"Let's go celebrate."

"No. I think I'll just stick around and enjoy our glory. Isn't it great to win?"

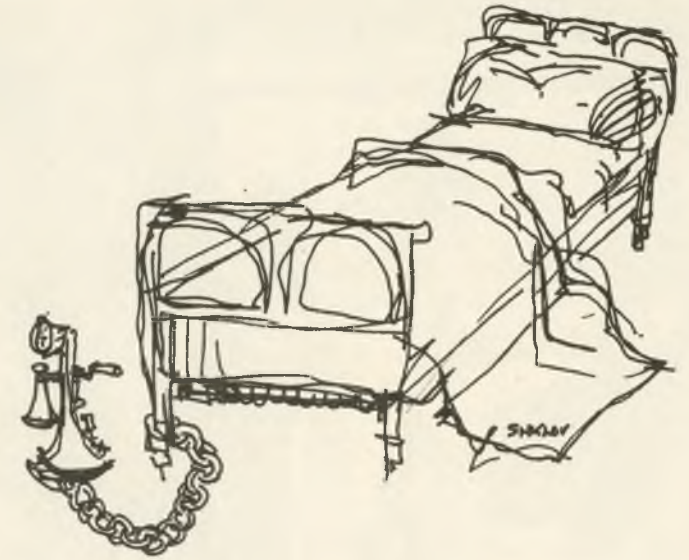
Antonio agreed, and we began to count our winnings.

**for
the deaf
mute lady -
who lives upstairs**

by rosaly de maios

Tonight's the quarter-moon,
and there is a gentle hammering over head
in the house where the walls have finally learned whispering.
My eyes asked the question
of my ears (and Phyllis said no—she said no, don't
ask) The fabric of poems should be the ti leaves, the rose
that pounds the green outside the door—
or possibly, the smallest gray pigeons with wasting blue eyes
who pour their garrulous feathers on my floor.
That's an intrusion makes me think all's not well
in the squaring of nature; can't make poems
out of partial tranquillity.

I can only think
of the lady upstairs and her cactus plants;
they live forever. She's seated them on her window sill
in neat statements. Each day at three she leaves them,
readying two pinafores, one towel for drying.
Sometimes she'll feed the gray birds Tuesday's bread—
and that shows a thinking-feeling out of a sleeping head.
None knows what it's like—the passing weeks, not from those eyes—
Her wobbly world of dream stopped growing (maybe) when those pinafores
reached out and stayed a maximum size.
And how they bow, clothespinned in the wind, blue calico frames for time.



I know she can not
hear my steps, her coffee-cups, where he comes from
but she has come to know a lot—she doesn't say how glad
she is to see him again. (Phyllis says he's eighteen years
in coming) Perhaps she listens with her teeth, if she could talk
she'd stop it all, if she could hear he'd kill it all.
But flesh sends little messages back and forth this way,
only words die in the clothespinned calico,

It took time but we are used to—
(we are six, each with some evening portion of this house)
to him, a soft yellow jacket wrapped around a green
grin in the darkness. He is all hours around our house.
(Phyllis says this is not cruel—that this is life)
But if he takes her no-noised will rawness merely swallow rawness?
It's not for me to wonder, but O God I hope
they try reading each other's eyes aloud.

Though he's a man I'm told
with all his five and unfine senses intact,
maybe a wife somewhere, I'm on the side of the lady with the cactus plant,
drying her pinafores at three. Maybe we'll learn not to hear
the screendoor banging in human grasping and animal-warmth—
Maybe we'll learn that love can stay in total silence,
tenderness in absence of talk—

The lady lets,
—the door is slammed for us,
but still who can sleep
with a gentle hammering over head?



darrah lau with male chorus of mikalo

photo by f. zublick

curtain time

by ka lono

"The play's the thing to which we would the Summer co-eds bring." This line, from a hitherto unpublished Quarto (two-bit) version of a well-known drama, is currently on the lips of a surprising number of people around this small but histrionic island of Oahu. With high hopes and low budgets, theatre-minded citizens of this community have put together a varied selection of dramatic and entertaining

Ka Lono

fare to be offered this Summer. The pitch you are about to read is entirely unsolicited, and is presented solely with a view toward promoting higher culture, a broader liberal education, and several swinging nights out on the town for all interested parties.

First let's take a look right here on campus. Almost within spitting distance (please, just take my word for it) is Farrington Hall, where the Univer-

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sity Theatre Group holds forth. With admirable catholicity of taste, this group probably draws from the widest range of plays you'll find anywhere. They pay no attention to national, temporal, or linguistic boundaries, tackling anything from *Oedipus Rex* to *Waiting For Godot*, from Japanese *Noh* drama (noh remarks) to Ibsen, and back around the world again for this Summer's offering, an Indian drama by Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore. At this writing a choice has not yet been made between that playwright's *Sacrifice*, and his *The Post Office*, but either should make for an interesting evening. Performances are at 8:30 pm, on Friday and Saturday of the fifth and sixth weeks of the summer session. Admission is free with your activity card, and all seats are reserved.

Across the Pali the Windward Theatre Guild will offer a musical comedy, *Little Mary Sunshine*. A light-hearted spoof of the old-time operettas, *Little Mary* has a successful "off-Broadway" run in New York. She'll be doing her turn on Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:00 pm, from August 18th through September 9th. Performances are given in the Kailua Elementary School Cafetorium. Go with someone who has a car, or split cab fare with a group. Prices are ridiculously low—\$1.00 for students, \$2.00 for the peasantry.

Word from Hickam Field has it that the Air Force will return from the wild blue yonder sometime in July—they've thought of something better to do with the sky than fly around in it. The "something better" is *Light Up The Sky*, the Hickam Theatre Guild's summer show. Calling themselves "Oahu's only road company," they trudge about from Hickam to Schofield Barracks to Fort DeRussy and Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station. Playing dates and times are uncertain, but admission is free (unless you're a taxpayer, in which case you've already paid), and you can check the daily papers for exact information.

17



photo by f. zublick

Should you ever find yourself in Waikiki (don't laugh—some of our best people go there), wander in to Hilton's Hawaiian Village Hotel, where Oumansky's Magic Ring Theatre takes over the Tiare Room on Friday nights at 8:30. They have no set policy for ending a show's run—as long as it draws a crowd, they keep it going—so you may have a chance to see *The Drunkard*. If the old boozier succumbs to the D.T.s (diminishing trade), he'll be replaced by a still-to-be-selected comedy. Whatever it is, you'll enjoy it: the bar is *right there!* Admission is \$3.00.

Remember the fairy tale of the princess and the pea? That's the story on which Honolulu Community Theatre's summer musical, *Once Upon A Mattress*, is based. HCT, which probably pleases more people than any other theatre group in town, draws heavily upon current Broadway shows, as well as such old standards as Shakespeare and Gilbert and Sullivan. Many of HCT's performers have graduated to roles in "Big-town" productions—Ed Kenny to the lead in Broadway's *Flower Drum Song* and Harriet Yamasaki to the London lead in the same show—which may give you some idea of the professional quality of their offerings.

Once Upon A Mattress opens July 13th, is on view Wednesday through Saturday evenings until August 19th. Week night curtains are at 8:00, weekends at 8:30. Prices are \$3.25 and \$2.75, with special rates for students, and it's a good idea to make reservations in advance for this one.

That's the picture from the spectator's point of view, but if you prefer your theatre injected directly into the vein, most of these groups would welcome your participation. Tryouts for casting are announced in the entertainment section of both papers, and the scenery construction and other backstage departments can always use your help. Whether you are a doer or a viewer, Honolulu's many theatre groups can help make this a more enjoyable summer for you.

AFTER ALL, IN THIS
BROOKS BROTHERS
AGE THERE IS
SO MUCH CONFORMITY
THAT SOMEBODY
HAS TO PROTEST.



A VOICE CRYING OUT AND
BEING SMOTHERED BY
"COMPACT CARS" AND
"EASY, LUXURIOUS, SUBURBAN
FASHIONABLE, INEXPENSIVE,
RUSTIC" TOOTH PASTE. THE VOICE
SCREAMS UNHEARD AMIDST
CADDY TAIL FINS AND ELVIS
PRESLEY B.V.D.s



I MEAN, WHEN I
THINK OF THESE BEN-HUR
EPICS I ALMOST CRY



MASSES AND MASSES
OF PEOPLE JUST
CROWDING THE THEATERS
MERGING THEMSELVES
WITH THE GROUP

NOBODY TODAY IS
AN INDIVIDUALIST
EVERYBODY LETS THE
GROUP MAKE UP HIS
MIND FOR HIM
CONFORMITY, CONFORMITY!
THAT'S WHY I FEEL
I MUST CRY OUT



SAY, THERE'S
BETTY THOMPSON!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE
HER OUT BUT
GOD! WHAT
WOULD PEOPLE
SAY?



SHKLOV

the awakening

by fred west



As the tentacle brushed across his throat Georgios struggled frantically. He clawed and kicked, but it seemed that he was struggling in a vacuum. He got nowhere.

Again the tentacle snaked across his neck. A wrenching groan of despair burbled deep in his throat, and abruptly the youth stopped struggling. It was useless. He was dragged down and down and down.

"Georgios!"

His descent stopped suddenly. His eyes opened and flashed wildly back and forth, taking in the familiar setting in an ecstasy of relief. His mother leaned over his narrow cot. She was in her nightgown and her greying hair hung down in long plaited braids.

"Georgios! You must get up! Mr. Politis and Paulos will be waiting for you."

The youth sprang out of bed, pulled on a worn pair of trousers and slid his feet into a pair of sandals. He followed his mother into the tiny kitchen, pulling a torn sweater over his head at the same time. As she put a cup of strong coffee before him, her eyes fell on the torn place.

"You should leave that sweater here for me to mend today."

"It's all right, Mama. I'll leave it tomorrow." He gulped down the thick coffee, swallowed some water, and shoved his bench back from the table.

"Take some bread, Georgios."

He grabbed up a chunk of the brown loaf. Then he darted back into the bedroom and took his diving mask from its peg in the wall over his bed.

His mother waited for him at the door. He paused to kiss her, then rushed out, stuffing his mouth full of bread. She crossed herself and muttered a prayer as his slender figure disappeared down the path and into the early morning haze of the waterfront.

Mr. Politis scowled dourly as the tardy youth hastened aboard the caique. He grunted a reply to Georgios' good morning, brushed a sunbrowned hand across his moustache and waved to his son Paulos to cast off the mooring lines. He himself took the tiller as the two boys handled the lines.

As the small boat chug-chugged across the narrow harbor and headed seaward, the boys had a chance to relax and exchange greetings. Paulos tried to restrain his excitement, but his black eyes fairly danced.

"Did you remember to bring your mask? But of course, there it is. If this trip brings much profit, we can buy tanks and tubes and go to a hundred feet after sponge. It'll be more profit in the end. Papa says so. Instead of you and me staying aboard to handle lines and hose for Papa to dive, we can both dive with our skin-diving outfits, and Papa can tend the boat and the baskets."

Georgios nodded happily. They talked as if the skin-diving outfits were theirs already. A reluctant grin spread across Mr. Politis' leathery face as he listened to them chattering like two magpies. They were good boys. They would do well today on the shoals at No Name Island. There was much sponge there; he had seen it himself; and it was so shallow that it would be foolish for him to don his deep-diving outfit for just a few feet. Let the boys enjoy themselves free-diving with their masks.

The faint mist of early morning vanished and the sun seemed to rocket up into a cloudless sky of deep blue. The little caique chugged steadily southeast across the smooth sea, which was only slightly deeper blue than the sky now with the sun's glare brightening it. The white froth of the boat's wake whipped gently in the faint breeze, then folded over to vanish, leaving no track.

Paulos and Georgios checked and rechecked the baskets and lines for hauling up sponge. They took turns clambering up the mast to look for the island which was their destination. The morning wore on and the boat kept up its pace, a tiny black beetle crawling across the immense plane of the sea, but their excitement scarcely abated.

Finally Georgios sighted the island, a tiny peak barely emerging above the flat level of horizon. "There it is!" he called out exultantly. No oceanic voyager looking for new lands filled with gold and precious gems could have felt more elated than he. There was land; beneath it were sponge beds, and the sponge would buy him a skin-diving outfit.

"Come down now!" Mr. Politis shouted. "Eat. You will need your strength this afternoon." He brought out a net-covered bottle of retsina wine, a loaf of dark bread, and a huge sausage. They fell to.

The caique reached the island before they had finished their meal, so Mr. Politis cut the engine and let the boat drift. It hardly drifted, however. The slight breeze had died, and now the sun was broiling hot and almost at its zenith. Nothing was in sight, nothing but the island and it was practically nonexistent. In fact, most of the time it was nonexistent. Some years it was totally submerged, while other years it would reappear as if by magic and seem to float on the surface of the sea. It was no more than forty or fifty feet long and less than ten wide. Nothing was on it but a thin sprinkling of a tenacious scaly weed, nourished by bird droppings.

They lay on their backs on the fore-castle deck of the boat. Mr. Politis would have liked to take a siesta, but he knew the boys would be too impatient to allow him to rest in peace. He sighed deeply and shaded his eyes with his hand to gaze up at the cloudless sky. Like a big bowl, he thought. An inverted bowl trapping them on the flat table of the sea. The thought bothered him, so he closed his eyes.

There was a splash. Without opening his eyes, Mr. Politis knew what it was. There was a second splash. He sighed once more and raised himself. The boys just couldn't wait. Well, it was their day. He would stay aboard this time and handle the baskets. He moved over to the mast and unslung the boom, then swung it out. He looked down into the water and just caught a glimpse of one of them plunging even deeper into the sea. But the glare was too strong for him to see well. It reflected from the water, rendering it opaque.

Under the water, Georgios headed straight for the shoal of the island. Through his mask he could see quite

clearly, and almost immediately he sighted the bed of sponge, growing like a garden of tan-colored vegetables along the sloping shoal. He grinned and stroked lazily along over the bed. This would be easy. They could make a splendid haul. He wondered briefly why this bed hadn't been harvested earlier. Then he went up for air.

Paulos broke the surface just behind him. Paulos too was grinning. "We'll fill the boat in two hours," he boasted to his father. "Keep the basket moving."

Mr. Politis wiped away his own grin with his hard hand and growled, "Never mind about the basket moving. You just keep it filled."

Like dolphins they rolled and plunged below again. This time the weighted net basket followed them down. They separated, Paulos going to one side of the shoal, Georgios to the other. From their belts they unhooked their sponge blades. Paulos had made them from tire tools borrowed from his cousin's garage. He had ground the ends to a fairly sharp edge, and they worked just fine to pry and hack the sponges loose from the shoal. The basket was quite full when they broke off and went up for air again.

When they went down again, they separated even farther, working gradually away from the center ridge of the shoal. Then, on the third trip down, Georgios noticed a dip on his side of the shoal. He followed it down, surprised to find that it opened into a sizable ravine. He looked over toward Paulos, to signal him that he was going down, but Paulos' back was turned. Georgios hesitated a second, then headed down.

The crevice was wide enough; there seemed little danger of his getting trapped in a tight place. Cautiously he stroked his way downward. It was a bit darker at the lower depth, but he could see that the ravine bottomed out to form a lower level of the shoal, and this level, like the one above, was thickly covered with sponge. From the pressure on his eardrums he guessed

he must be more than thirty feet down, but he wasn't suffering for oxygen yet.

The edge of the crevice jutted laterally to form a shelf, and Georgios went along it, hand over hand, holding himself down against the buoyancy of the water. After several feet of this, with the shelf slanting gradually downward, he saw what seemed to be another crevice below the one he was now in. Jesus, he thought, if that ravine too had a bed of sponge, they could harvest it on a later trip, after he and Paulos were equipped with tanks and breathing masks. Still clinging to the shelf, he tried to peer deeper through the darkening water.

The tentacle flickered out from below the shelf. For the briefest part of an immeasurable instant Georgios had a premonition. He sensed the gripping thing even before it wrapped around the calf of his leg. But in that tiniest segment of time he couldn't move; he only felt a crushing horror as he realized what was happening. The devilfish! His scalp tingling with fear and revulsion, he bent to beat at the leathery arm clamping itself with dozens of suction cups to his leg.

He struck once at the large, tough tentacle. Then the monster sprang out from beneath the ledge, its hideous weight fixed on the youth's back and bore him downward.

As a tentacle brushed across his throat Georgios struggled frantically. Again the tentacle snaked across his neck. A wrenching groan of despair burbled deep in his throat, and abruptly the youth stopped struggling. It was useless. He was dragged down and down and down.

"Georgios!"

His descent stopped suddenly. His eyes opened and flashed wildly back and forth, taking in the familiar setting in an ecstasy of relief. His mother leaned over his narrow cot. She was in her nightgown and her greying hair hung down in long plaited braids.

"Georgios! You must get up! Mr. Politis and Paulos will be waiting for you."

*Staff - this will definitely not do - we are a high class magazine, and this contains possibly objectionable material. We don't want to hear America bitching, do we?
Ed.*

i hear america bitching

by *!/&!/?*#*
(lindsey ozawa)

I hear America bitching, the varied bellows I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one bitching as it should be
done, ugly and loud,
The carpenter bitching as he distorts his thumb
with a hammer,
The mason bitching as he drops and shatters a brick,
The boatman bitching about his shot-to-hell boat,
the deck hand bitching as he is handed a mop
and a bucket,
The shoemaker bitching as he puts a sole on a heel
and a heel on a sole, the hatter bitching as he
watches his hats being blown away,
The woodcutter's bitch, the plowboys as he breaks
a plowshare or a harness, or bites his tongue,
The never ending bitching of the mother, or of the
young wife at work, or of the girls washing
dishes or doing the ironing,
Each bitching about what belongs to him or her and to
none else,
The days belongs to the hangovers—at night the
winebibbing of the men, women and children,
all robust and uncouth,
Yelling with open jaws their crude withering ditties.

*Ed. yes!! J.S. W.A. G.J.M.
M.H. R.B. C.C. R.D. K. D.V. F.M.D.*



julia

by robert johnston

The change maker looked up, floating in the yellow light of his cage. "What?" he said.

"How do I get to Bank St.?"

"Walk down Seventh Avenue a ways. Turn right."

"Thanks."

He walked up the iron-rimmed steps of the subway entrance and into the slag air of an overcast winter night. He glanced around him uncertainly. He took a cigarette from a flat, leather case and saw his initials on the rim take the light from a street lamp. Lighting it he looked back at the blue and white sign above the steps leading down into the butter-colored light. It said: IRT Broadway-Seventh Avenue Line. Downtown, South Ferry, and Brooklyn.

He walked looking carefully for the names of streets. He passed Thirteenth and then Twelfth Street. A dirty, wide street crossed the avenue he was on diagonally from his right. He stopped at the shore of the two crossings, while traffic swept by. Then, looking for someone to ask, he caught the name Bank St. just behind him. He smiled and hurried to the corner of it and in, glancing at house numbers.

There was Twenty-Six. He dropped the cigarette and stepped on it. The pitted iron gate squealed softly as he swung it in; the gray flags between the small bushes in the front yard resounded differently from the city pavement.

At the top of the front steps, in a tiny hall, he looked for names and buzzers. Julia lived on the fourth floor. He tried the front door before pressing her bell and found it open a crack. The person before him must have closed it slowly and softly.

As he climbed the stairs, steep, narrow, and tilted, as at the house he was living in, he noticed how clean and fresh-smelling the stairwell was. There was even a rubber plant marooned in a niche on the third landing.

On the floor above, by her landing, there was pasted up a postcard reproduction of a painting showing people carrying umbrellas. He caught his breath and knocked. A warm, small smile edged over his mouth. He heard paper rustling inside and her voice calling: "Was the door unlocked? Just a second. You should have rung anyway."

He breathed out, and in again. His smile broadened. There was the sound of the door chain being drawn and then falling against the door while her voice said, "Just a minute, I'll . . ."

And then the door was open and they were both there, leaning a little forward, staring. She looked messy.

"Hello," he said and stepped to her.

"Arnold!" She tilted into his arms.

"My God!" he said, "it's seemed so long." Then he kissed her. "Come on, we shouldn't stand in the door like this."

He let her go and stepped into the room far enough to let the door clear and swung it shut behind his back.

"Oh, don't slam it," she said.

"Sorry." He came into the middle of the room with his arms folded, frowning slightly. "Let me look at it."

He noticed how the couch she was sitting on stuck out into the middle of the room, with its back to the two tall windows. One end of it seemed too close to the tiny, rounded hearth of the coal fireplace. A small figurine of a medieval soldier stood at attention on the soapstone mantelpiece. He then looked down and around: a coffee table with a copy of the *New Republic* on it; a carpet nearly wall to wall. Large cushions on the floor. And by the door, where he hadn't noticed it when he'd come in, a desk made of a piece of plywood and spindly, bent iron legs.

"It's a nice place, Julia." He folded his overcoat over the end of the couch by the fireplace.

"Do you like the colors?"

"The colors?"

"It's all blue and white, silly."

"Oh, yes. I see, now. Yes." He sat down on the couch beside her. He said, "Do you remember the place in Falmouth?"

"Yes."

"It was all brown, but you could see out over the Bay." He leaned forward some and turned to look at her. "That was a good summer."

She smiled slightly: the corners of her mouth barely twitched upwards. Her eyes left his. "Yes. That was a nice summer."

"Where do you sleep, Julia?"

"Sleep? Oh. You haven't seen everything. There's a bedroom, but it's messy. You're not to see it."

"Oh, I don't mind that. You know I don't mind that."

She jumped up and went to the tiny kitchen in back. "Let me heat some coffee. You came so suddenly, I . . . Well, there was no time . . ."

The sound of water splashing covered what she was saying.

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"What's that you say?"

"Nothing. It was just so much of a surprise . . . But you'll tell me about it, won't you?"

"About what?"

"Why you came here."

"Here?"

"To New York."

"Oh. Yes." He glanced down at his shoes, then up at her standing in the narrow doorway, leaning against the jamb. "Come and sit down by me and I'll tell you."

"It's all right. I'll sit down here." She folded up onto a large, pale blue cushion, clasping her legs with her arms and looking at him over the tops of her knees.

"You still wear long skirts. I remember from last summer."

"The others embarrass me. How did you find out my address?"

"By asking. Sarah had it. I knew you'd tell her."

"But . . ."

"I've been here only a few days. I'm staying uptown, on West Seventy-Fourth St. . . A friend of mine . . . he . . . well, he's letting me sleep on the floor there."

"But you never even sent a letter. Or anything."

"We agreed. At the end of the summer."

"Well, then, you should have telephoned."

"My God; you were the one who suggested it."

"Oh, please! Don't start."

"I'm sorry."

"That coffee must be ready."

She unfolded herself and went to the kitchen. He remained on the couch, frowning, and began to flip harshly through the *New Republic*. In a minute she was back, carrying a tray with willow pattern cups on it, and a turquoise coffee pot and sugar bowl and creamer. She set it on the coffee table and sat down on the couch.

"What will you have in yours?"

"Dammit, Julia, you know how I like

it. That's cruel." He rolled the magazine up and tapped his knee with it.

She set a cup of black coffee on the table.

Then she turned to him a little and tucked her legs up under her printed viridian skirt. He looked at her and bit his lower lip. He opened and shut his mouth. He seemed about to say something. She looked at him over the rim of her coffee cup.

She said, "Then you've left the place on Greene St. ."

"Yes."

"Who was there when you left?"

"Who was there? I don't have a roommate."

"A nurse from Mass. General?"

He said nothing. He unrolled the magazine and rolled it up again the other way.

She reached out and touched his knee with her right hand. "I'm sorry. I was jealous. I was jealous of your being there alone and free."

"I love you, Julia." His left hand settled on hers. She freed it gently from between his hand and his knee. There was the small sound of the magazine falling to the floor.

"That was a nice summer," she said. "I remember the storms at night and the boats passing during the day." She laid the cup down.

"That's not what I meant," he said.

She sighed. "Will you have some more?"

"Hmmm? More? Oh. No, no thank you."

"What are you doing now?"

"I don't know. I suppose I'm looking for a job."

"But you had one in Boston."

"I left."

"But"

"You know why I left."

She sighed. "The same kind of thing?"

"What do you mean?"

"The same kind of job?"

"Yes . . . well, no . . . maybe something . . . oh, I don't care."

"People have trouble getting jobs here."



"It's an ugly, filthy place: no soul, no love!"

"Mmmm" She put her legs out in front of her and leaned back, stretching her arms up. She could sense his eyes on her. She turned to him, smiling. Her look strayed beyond to the desk and searched out the face of a small clock.

Her hands rested in her lap, now. He put his arm timidly about her shoulders. He said, "Sarah told me you'd gone back to NYU."

She relaxed and leaned into him a little. "She did? You like her pretty much, don't you?"

"Well . . . what do you mean? Sure. We all do. I mean, she's nice. Pleasant to be with."

"I bet you started seeing her right after the summer."

"I took her out a few times."

They listened to water dripping into the sink. The sound became louder as they listened to it.

Then she said, "Yes, I've gone back. I'm taking English courses. Courses in Elizabethan Literature, and modern poetry, and Dr. Johnson, and" Her voice faded out. She looked up at the ceiling, just above the door to the kitchen.

"And . . . ? And what?"

"Oh, Victorian novels."

"Is that with that guy who was at

Ka Lono

. . . no, I can't place it. What's his name?"

She said nothing for a little, then: "Dr. Gierasch."

"Oh."

They listened again to the sounds of sounds, coming from the kitchen or coming faintly up to them from the street below. Twice they heard a number ten bus wheeze and gasp as it came down Seventh Avenue.

She said, "How was it, then . . . in the fall?"

"Bad. It was . . . it was" He took his arm from around her shoulders and took out his cigarette case. She was not looking at him and heard a tiny sound the spring in it made as he opened it. There was a motion below her. She looked.

"No, thank you," she said. She heard the case click shut. She heard a match flare. She sighed.

He went on. "In the mornings when the subway went over the Longfellow Bridge, I'd always look out on the upstream side, where the Charlesgate Yacht Club is. I'd remember the Bulls-eye we had in Sippewisset when Locky wasn't using it. I'd remember everything." He pulled on the cigarette and let a stream of smoke out through his nose. "No, maybe. Not everything. Not all the time. I've kept feeling . . . well, that . . . that it was all wrong in some way, that I was doing the wrong things . . . hurting you."

"No . . . please. Don't think that."

"Just by leaving . . . just because it ended."

"No . . . no. I said I'd always remember it. It was so good."

"It wasn't neat enough." She looked at him. He was letting smoke drift lazily out of his nostrils.

"Neat? What do you mean?"

"The ending. The raggedness of it. It tore me to pieces; the New York train being late and the waiting with you on the platform in Falmouth; and then the next morning early, me waiting alone for the Boston bus in front of that phony coffee house with all those phony people, and then . . . well . . . I don't

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ED HAMAMOTO

General Manager

know. It should have been some other way."

She slumped down into the cushions of the couch and seemed exhausted. She murmured, "You don't understand . . ."

"What if I don't?" He got up quickly, scattering the ashes from his cigarette over the coffee table. He strode to one of the two windows at the front of the room, which came almost to the floor and stared down into Bank St., lit by the unwavering light of a streetlamp below him.

He left the window to grind out the cigarette in an ash try on the desk and then returned. He put his foot on the sill and found that his elbows reached to the top of the lower sash. He rested his chin on his clasped hands. Presently he noticed that someone walking by on the sidewalk opposite the house had stopped in the lamplight. He didn't look in his pockets; he didn't light a cigarette. Arnold looked down at him idly from the window. The man below in the lamplight seemed to be looking up at Arnold. Then he moved on, out of the circle of light.

After a time a sound behind him like that of furniture creaking late at night made him straighten and turn around. She had turned on the couch and was looking at him over the back of it, resting her face on her right forearm. Hardly more than her eyes showed. He knew they were a faded brown, with splinters of green and yellow scattered in them; and then he wanted her.

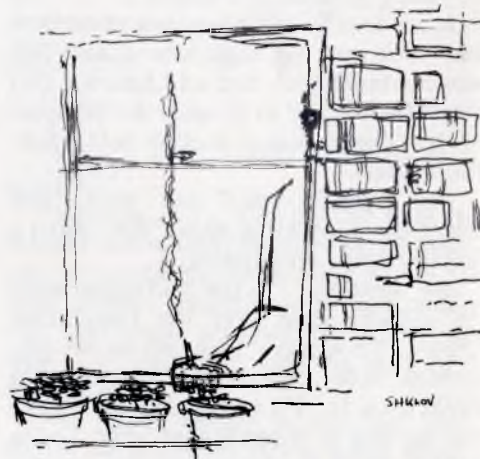
He came quickly to the couch and sat down by her. He put all he might say to her into a look, and she fell slowly back into his arms. She closed her eyes when he kissed her; then as his fingers touched all the forms of her face, he breathed into her ear, "Julia please let me stay here and love you please it's so bad outside it's been so bad you don't know please please . . ." She seemed to try to remain as she was, but he had felt her stiffen.

He swallowed, waiting. She waited. It was difficult to breathe now. She opened her eyes, looking full into his

for a second, then shifted them away, toward the ceiling. She cleared her throat. He shrank away from her a little.

She said, "You're uptown, now. You'd better go there."

He let her go as she righted herself and turned about enough to be able to lean against the back of the couch. They looked at each other dumbly. He was frowning slightly, and his lips trembled. She seemed quite neutral. She went on softly, "You have to work



a real start. You have to do it yourself." She stretched her hands a little ways and took his in hers.

He murmured pleading, "I have to sleep on the floor up there. It's filthy and sad. Please . . ."

"No. You'll wear me out. You must go."

He breathed in, deeply, audibly; it was nearly a gasp. His features went taut. He leaned over to her, bringing his face very close to hers, while she did not dare move; and what he said to her was nearly as low as a whisper.

"You wouldn't be this way if you'd ever meant anything you'd said, if you ever loved as you said you wanted to. I don't know what you've got now, but you've got a dirty soul and an ugly body. All squeezed, squeezed the last out of your heart and love. Ugly. You didn't know that, did you?" He sprang up and grabbed his overcoat from the edge of the couch.

She remained gazing bleakly ahead of her. Her right hand moved slowly, caressingly, protectively, up to her throat. She did not know if she were speaking or not as she said slowly, "You can't . . . you can't either . . . you never could." She saw one of the buttons of his overcoat; around her was tweed cloud towering up; she did not look.

"I said you didn't know that, did you? How stupid and ugly you are, how many times last summer I hated you."

The door shut indifferently. She murmured, "You don't understand . . .," and listened to the sounds of sounds, the hall door closing downstairs, the water dripping in the sink, and once faintly, the wheeze of a number ten bus coming down Seventh Avenue.

Outside, he leaned against the lamp-post panting. He took a cigarette from his case and snapped it shut. He snorted, lit it, and looked around carefully. No one had seen. There was no one there. The light from the streetlamp showed the color of the bricks in a few buildings part way up. The windows were mostly blank. He looked up then at Julia's windows. He could see the light of her lamps steady on the ceiling and the bulbs in the ceiling fixture. The cigarette glowed warmly. He walked back as he had come.

He saw on the other side of Seventh Avenue a diner beached carelessly in a parking lot, outlined in blue and red neon. He crossed to it. There were only a few people inside. He ordered coffee, black; and sipping it, he looked slowly up and down the counter. The man sitting next to him tapped a cigarette from a crumpled package. Arnold set the cup down in the pool of coffee slopped over into the saucer and ran his index finger around the rim. Something falling nearby made a small, flat sound. He glanced down: a paper matchbook, empty, the cover open. The man sitting next to him turned and said, "Excuse me, you got a match?" Distastfully, Arnold struck a match and held it to the man's cigarette. During this the two found themselves suddenly

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scrutinising each other as if searching at the same time in the memory for a forgotten name. But it meant nothing: a reminiscence, an error.

Arnold stroked his jaw between thumb and forefinger, then rubbed the corners of his eyes. He stared at the aluminum coffee urn. As he walked out he saw settling into a telephone booth near the door the man who had been sitting next to him, his arm raised stiffly up now to drop a dime in the slot.

There was little traffic now. A piece of newspaper blew up against Arnold's leg and then whipped away.

Julia stood by the telephone, her hand heavy on the receiver. Once she breathed, "Thank God he called first," but that was all. She was still standing with her hand resting on the telephone when her doorbell rang once, then twice again. Listlessly she leaned forward to the button beside her door that would unlock the door downstairs. The tread on the stair made her feel weary and a little sick. She had to sink into the desk chair and support her chin in her hands, her elbows resting on her water-blue desk pad.

At the knock on her door, she jerked upright to unlatch it and stood back. She said softly, "Michael . . ." at the ungainly figure coming in, who lumbered on into the room without looking at her and threw his overcoat onto the couch. He settled heavily onto the couch and then leaned over grunting to unlace his shoes. When Julia had let the door shut almost without a sound, she stood straight and hard against it, tilting her head up slightly and to the side, so that the lamplight could come curling about her throat.

But he didn't notice that. He said, "Well, at least you've put up that Prendergast postcard outside the door. I must have given it to you a month ago." Then, sprawled back and looking at the ceiling above the door to the kitchen: "But my God! what a tedious day! First Gierasch mumbles through his lecture. All of us grad. assistants were in the back of the room as usual,

bored out of our minds. We started passing notes back and forth. And that wasn't all. They called a department meeting. Ben Brower kept getting upset about some committee or other." Breathing out, he reached lazily into his shirt pocket for a cigarette. It was a fresh package, which he tore open. He put his feet up on the coffee table, shoving away a saucer with his heel to make room, and smoked with hardly a sound or motion.

Julia stood against the door still. She said, "How did the work go?"

"Oh, hell. I got stuck again. Had to throw away what I'd done over last weekend. Spent the afternoon reading around in the stuff. The social attitudes . . . that's the whole thing. Hard to fix. O'Clair gave me his own doctoral thingummy to read, now. It's his course after all. So I've got to. I had a desperate meal at the White Horse. Stayed drinking. Stupid kids there don't stay in Julius's where they belong. . . . But what the hell, anyway, you know? For five dollars a head grading the kids in the course, the department can do what they want." He leaned forward after a moment and flicked the ashes from his cigarette approximately over the edge of one of the coffee cups. Julia stiffened and moved away from the door.

"Please don't do that. You do that every time."

"Yes, yes, I know. I do something like that every time. I'm as messy as



Ka Lono

you, only not in the same way." He stretched his arms above his head as he sank back and subsided. He yawned. His right arms lay now listlessly on the arm rest of the couch. Smoke from the cigarette he held raised a thin, blue, wavering line between them.

She came slowly up and knelt by the edge of the couch, letting her head fall sideways against his arm. She reached up her left arm to touch his shoulder. Across the emptiness of her gaze, the column of smoke from his cigarette passed in focus up and down. She said hesitantly, "It's not that. You know it's not that. Please, can't you be good and try to make things nice when you're here with me? It's so useless, isn't it? Just to be vicious and selfish all the time?"

Her left hand reached up to stroke the back of his neck. She went on, "No, please . . . I'm sorry . . . it's not that . . . it's . . . oh; it's all . . . I just don't know for the moment what it is."

For a long time he did not notice that tears had started from her eyes.

She lifted her head when he brought the cigarette to his lips and when he pushed his arm forward to grind it out in one of the saucers on the coffee table, but then only.

At length he said, "Well, is there any drink left, or did you give him all of it? You might as well tell me."

"Him? Whom do you mean? What are you . . .?"

"Oh, Jesus, will you stop that? I saw it all. Coming here from the White Horse up Bank St. . . I looked up in your window, and there he is, looking right down on top of me. My God! So I go over to George and Harry's to drink coffee for a while; and what do you know, he walks in himself, when I'm on the second cup: the same guy was in the window. I even ask him for a match. Then I go and . . ."

She interrupted: "His name is . . ."

"Then I go and call you up . . . what?"

"His name is Arnold Barrie. I knew him last summer, on the Cape."

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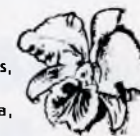
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"Good God! I don't care what his name is. Why don't you just get him out of here in time? And keep him from fooling around with my things! Look!" He scooped the rolled-up *New Republic* off the floor and brandished it in her lifted, dulled face. "Look at this! What the hell was he trying to do? Hit you over the head with it? Jesus Christ!" He flung it across the room, and it hit the wall and then the floor and lay still.

She gripped his upper arm, leaning her head against him, and whispered, "He isn't anything; he just came to visit. We . . . went together just that summer . . . last summer. . . ."

"You're trying to excuse him now? So I have to share you with him? You're lucky he didn't ask you to sleep with him; you'd have been tempted to say yes." He did not look at her. "Well, what about it? Is there any left, or did he drink it all?"

Without saying anything she went to the kitchen and returned with a bottle of J.W. Dant bourbon a quarter empty and a glass. She arranged the coffee cups on the tray and then took it out again to the kitchen after setting down the bottle and glass. Shortly she returned with a small bowl of ice and a pitcher of water. She sat down on the couch beside him and watched him get himself a strong drink. He said to her, "Don't you want any?"

"No."
"Well, like they say, if you don't keep drinking. . . ." He grinned at her. "Look, Julie, I don't care about this guy; so don't get upset. You know? Who cares?"

She sobbed once, twice then, and began to cry. When she buried her face in his shoulder, he, surprised, and with awkward tenderness, put his arm around her. She trembled with her weeping, which became more and more intense. He muttered something helpless; then, with his right hand, absently undid his necktie. He settled back to wait for her to stop, listening, sipping his drink.

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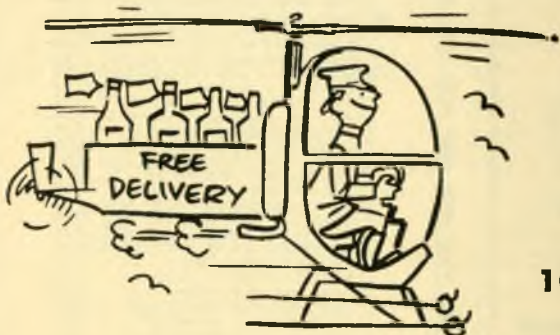
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VOLUME I, NUMBER 2



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EDITORIAL

The following editorial was written for publication before Christmas. Publication was delayed for several reasons, some of which are the attitudes discussed herein.

Merry Christmas to all . . .

The Yuletide is almost upon us, a season of good cheer when our hearts grow warm toward our fellow men of good will. But we must not forget that soon after Christmas comes the time for making New Year's resolutions—a time of soul-searching, when we look at ourselves as objectively as possible and ask ourselves, "How, noble creature, can you be even nobler in the coming year?" A difficult question? I am sure some find it so—those of you who are aware of your own near-perfection—and it is chiefly to you that this editorial is directed. I hope that you will find herein one or two suggestions, implied if not stated, to help you with your resolutions.

* * *

The task of publishing a college magazine is not an easy one. It is hard enough to find people who are willing to do the work necessarily involved in such an undertaking (e. g., reading and judging manuscripts), but we of Ka Lono have suffered from what seem to me to be unnecessary complications (e. g., obtaining manuscripts). Where are the writers, where are the artists who, I think, should be more than willing to see their work published in Ka Lono? (I exempt, of course, those of you whose work is of a quality to command rewards greater than the modicum of fame our circulation of 2,500 can offer. If The New Yorker or the National Gallery is hounding you for "something—anything," by all means give it to them.) In conversation I hear many references to "a little story I wrote," or "something I'm working on—of course it needs polishing." But few of these reach Ka Lono, and I think I know what part of the trouble is.

(Part of the trouble is not, by the way, an

evil reputation on the part of the magazine. This was often advanced as a reason for not submitting manuscripts to Asterisk when, before its decease, I used to try to solicit material for that publication. It is a stupid reason. Asterisk was as bad as it was because the people who could have submitted good material wouldn't. In any case, Ka Lono has not existed long enough to acquire any kind of reputation.)

Part of the trouble is a lack of artistic egotism. In the natural course of events the creative artist is not usually content without an audience. There are exceptions to this, but these are cases in which the artist is more abnormal than artists normally are.

Not that egotism is lacking on the U. H. campus—God knows there is an abundance of it—but it is confined mostly to externals. The blatant adulation accorded the ubiquitous beauty queen is only the most obvious homage to the ego of externals. Less obvious, perhaps, but still unmistakable signs of the importance invested in outward shows are the beards and the carefully careless dress affected by the Would-Beat and the Angry Young Boy. Mere difference in appearance is substituted for that more important internal difference which reveals itself in some kind of artistic expression—painting or poem, protest or paean—on life and the human condition. These, whose uniqueness is confined to the superficialities, may be thought of as the extrolectuals. But what of that which is not visible? What can these people show us from inside? Is no one as proud of the tangled growth of his individual personality as of the hair on his face? Proud enough to let it speak out? Proud enough, in short, to look in his heart and write?

"Go to the English Department," you say. "Try the writing classes."

Ha!

But that brings to mind people who talk about a lot of other things and never seem to do anything. These are the orallelectuals, comprised chiefly of newly arrived faculty members and graduate students, but includ-

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ing a generous sprinkling of oldtimers who have been singing the same sad song for years. These people are fond of gathering in small groups and agreeing with each other that there is, indeed, a lamentable lack of "intellectual stimulation" at this university. A remedy is at hand. I propose a Society which, if simple quantity will suffice, could, for real, gutsy intellectual stimulation, rival anything since the London coffee-houses. Let the orallectuals sit around and, rather than complain about the lack of intellectual stimulation, stimulate each other! I submit to this group the name, Honolulu Stimulation Society, or, more simply, H. S. Society. No charge.

In conclusion I would like to make one more suggestion, one which occurred to me in my frantic scrambling for material for this, the second issue of *Ka Lono*. I propose that we adopt, as the Official Flower of the University of Hawaii, the Shrinking Violet. (The violet is of the same genus as the pansy, but that is only a fortunate coinci-

dence.) I wish I could have originated the line, "Is there anyone here I haven't offended?"

... and to all a good night.

F.M.B.



Lament for the Lost Laika

By R. ASATO

Somewhere up along the great galactic avenue,
A drunken idiot staggers along the celestial sidewalk;
And suddenly, this happy fellow,
in his happy condition,
Suddenly, he bumps into this diving board,
and tips over this swimming pool,
spilling over forty five and two thirds
gallons of wet stuff;

So-

Then he looks down
and sees:
mother,
earth, that is,
way down there,
so tiny and so small,
yes,
like a rubber tennis ball;

And he says:

"Dammit,

"Now how the hell did I get up here?,"

and just then,

he happens to be clobbered
on the noggin
by this crazy Sputnik deal,
you know-
with this sad-looking pooch
in there,
(cutest eyes you ever saw on a pup)
and he's in there,
all by himself,
so lonesome,
just howling and wailing
this haunting, mournful cry-
saddest sight you ever hope to see
this side of our universe;
and-

Returning to our jolly drunken idiot:

he's back on terra firma, now,
and suddenly he remembers,
and looks up toward the sky,
and it's raining now,
and he feels terrible.

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GOODBYE

By MARGARET C. SOLOMON

Peter lay on his back and squinted. His eyes were almost shut so that the lacy pattern of sun and grass above became slightly blurred through his eyelashes. He lay perfectly still for a while, feeling the ground beneath him moist and warm. It was a perfect hideout. Beamer and he had trampled down the tall grasses carefully, close to the stone fence, so that a shady roof of green still leaned over toward the wall and covered their nest. It would take Beamer another five minutes to get here from his house, but Peter was glad to be

alone and quiet for a few minutes. There was something funny about the conversation he had just left. Something bothersome.

He had been surprised to see Dad when he came home from school. Surprised and glad.

"Hi, son: How's school?"

"O. K. How come you got home early?" He didn't really care. He began thinking of the creek at once—and Beamer—and how Beamer could use his pole if Peter could use his Dad's. There were plenty of worms. He had been watering the mound in the back yard every day.

"... so I'm just lucky today," Dad was saying, at the end of some kind of explanation.

Mother said something about getting out of his school clothes. She wasn't doing anything. She had her apron on, but she was just standing there with Dad.

"We can go to the creek, huh, Dad? We got time before dinner." Peter saw a glance pass between his parents.

"Your mother and I are discussing something, son. Not today. You run on out now and play."

Sometimes it paid to argue and sometimes it didn't. There wasn't much use when the two of them turned their backs and forgot him. Peter walked slowly to his room and began to pull off his good jeans. He might as well let that old worm garden dry up. He heard their voices in the kitchen.

"God! You can imagine how I felt. Here I've been driving him to work for six months. J. T. was great—said he didn't have any doubts about me at all—but, believe me, I've been getting it from the F. B. I. all day. I was in there for questioning from 9:00 o'clock until just before lunch."

"But Jack—maybe they think you helped him. You brought all those papers home—"

"They know I'm loyal. Don't worry about it. But they kept trying to get me to remember some time when I'd left him alone in the car—you know—with the briefcase.

God—I couldn't remember. I might have stopped in for cigarettes maybe—but I couldn't remember. But you know, now that I think of it, he did try to pump me a lot. When I look back—"

Peter walked into the bathroom and shut the door. He ran the water in the bowl for a long time, and the rushing water reduced the voices to drones and staccato notes. When he turned off the faucet he watched the swirling water suck an ant swiftly down the drain. Then he went back to the bedroom whistling shrilly. He kicked his shoes under the bed. Mother was talking.

"I'm glad I never invited her to the bridge club. I always thought she was peculiar. I wonder if they'll pick her up too."

"I'd say if they don't pick her up she'd better find herself another town to live in. God knows how many more Reds we've got worming their way into prominent places in this town. Letting their kids mix with our kids—"

Peter went out the front door and shut it softly. He headed straight for the hide-out and wriggled into it feet first. There was room for two, but only long-ways. He and Beamer had to put their heads together in order to talk. Peter rolled over on his back and lay there, squinting.

An ant crawled over his palm and he lifted his hand to where he could watch the tickling insect run in and out of his fingers. He waited 'till it got back down into his palm again and then he closed his fist tight. He caught a sowbug and flicked it off his knee. He turned over on his stomach and pulled a few stems of grass to chew on. Beamer didn't come for a long time. Finally he heard the swish of the grass being tramped down. A brown head ducked down to peer in and then Beamer wriggled in on his stomach.

"Hi," said Peter, "what took you so long?"

Beamer shrugged. His feet were sticking out of the hideout, because he hadn't crawled all the way in. There was a silent

ritual of pulling grass stems out carefully and chewing on the tender white ends. Beamer's eyes were half downcast, but Peter was looking at his friend's face. He hadn't noticed it much before—maybe because their heads were usually practically bumping. He remembered his own freckled face from the bathroom mirror, and he saw, with some surprise, that Beamer didn't have any freckles. His face was smooth and brown, and his cheeks didn't bulge out as much as Peter's. Peter noticed, too, that his friend's eyelashes were dark and black all the way to the tips, and his mouth had lips that looked something like his mother's—not wide and thin like his own. Beamer was opening his mouth.

"I'm going to move away," he said. Peter felt a small jerk in his stomach.

"What for?" he asked.

"Because I'm going to go visit my aunt for a while. She lives in Chicago. I might go on the train." Beamer studied his grass stem carefully.

"Are you going all by yourself?" Peter asked, incredulous.

"No—Mother and me. We might go tomorrow."

Peter began tearing a grass stem into little bits.

"Do you want to go?" he demanded.

Beamer shrugged again. He didn't answer for a minute.

"I guess I have to," he said, finally, and looked at Peter for an instant. "I can't stay," he said. "I have to go back home. My mother said to come right back."

He didn't move, though. Both boys lay there in silence, and Peter put his head down sideways on his arms. Then they both turned over and looked up through the grassy network into the sky.

"I wish you wouldn't go," said Peter. "I wish you didn't have to."

"Me too," said Beamer, and suddenly he scrambled out of the hole. "I'll see you in school tomorrow," he said, and he was gone.

Peter lay there alone, but the dampness from the ground was becoming cold, and the

sky through the grasses was turning from blue to grey. It wasn't a very good hide-out. Rain could come right in if it wanted to. Without bothering to wriggle out the end, Peter stood up and thrust his head through the grass. He stalked over to the wall, crushing the roof of the nest as he went.

When he got to the house, his father was waiting for him out on the sidewalk.

"Wasn't that the Bemerman boy I saw coming over the wall a few minutes ago?" he asked.

"That was Beamer," Peter reminded his father. Mr. Murphy stared down the street for a moment.

"Whatever happened to Tim—that red-headed boy you used to play with across the street? Don't you like him any more?"

"Sure. He's okay."

"How come you don't have him over? I never see him."

"I dunno. I just play with Beamer." Peter thought about Tim for a minute, and remembered the time Tim had come out of the grocery store with two extra popsicles for him and Beamer—and had bragged he got all three for only one dime.

"Tell you what I'll do," Peter's father was saying. "Next Saturday I'll take you and Tim fishing down to the creek. Why don't you ask him?"

"Beamer too?" Peter was about to say, and then remembered Beamer wasn't going to be here any more. "Okay," he said.

Mr. Murphy took Peter's hand and turned to go into the house.

"Come on. Mother has dinner ready."

Beamer was waiting on the same corner the next morning where he usually waited to walk to school with Peter. Neither of them said anything about Beamer's going away, and Peter began to think that maybe things were not going to change after all. Maybe Beamer had been mistaken about moving. They dawdled some on the way to school, picking up stray marbles and finding

a few treasures sticking out of apartment-house trash cans, so that the bell rang just as they got to the classroom.

Peter found comfort in the routine of class, watching Beamer's grave face across from his own and trying to copy the neat, straight letters Beamer made on his paper. Then Miss Cullen from the principal's office came in with a note for the teacher. The teacher called Beamer up to the front and whispered something to him, and then Beamer went off with Miss Cullen. After that, Peter did very poorly with his writing. He couldn't concentrate on copying the words, and made so many erasures that he finally tore his paper in two, crumpled both pieces, and threw them on the floor. Mrs. Grimes looked up and raised her eyebrows until Peter picked up the crumpled paper and carried it to the wastebasket.

At recess, he was the last one to leave the room. But, when he got outside, he saw Beamer coming out of the principal's office in the other wing of the school. He wasn't walking toward the classroom; he was going down the walk to the parking space in front of the school, and Peter saw that his mother was waiting for him in the car.

The second graders, though, were running up to Beamer, curious to find out about his being called out of class. Just before they reached him, a sixth grader, one of the playground helpers, planted himself in front of Beamer with his hands on his hips.

"What're you doing on this schoolground, you little Red? You're a communist. Whyn't you go back to Russia!"

The second graders all stopped in their tracks. They stared at Beamer.

"Yah! Communist!" shouted the sixth grader, and pushed Beamer on the forehead. Then one of the second graders picked up a handful of dirt and rushed at Beamer.

"Communist!" she shrieked, and threw the dirt. In an instant it was a screaming mob of children, throwing dirt and calling names.

Peter had stopped short, a little behind the crowd, and he could just see Beamer's

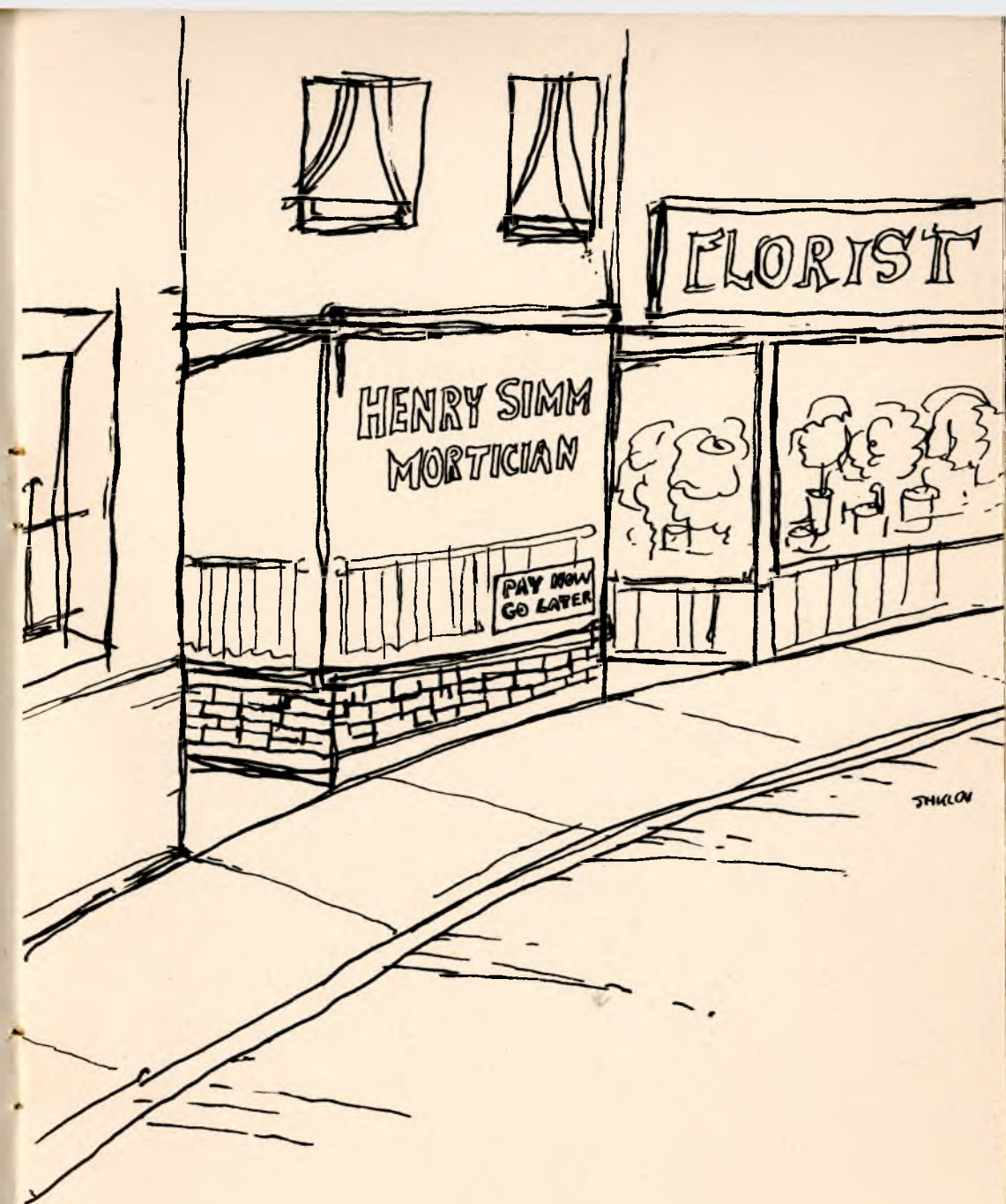
head past the other children. Beamer was looking around wildly, and then he spotted Peter. Peter tried to move, but his legs were stiff and heavy beneath him. All he could do was stand there, paralyzed—staring. For a moment Beamer looked at him and then he covered his face with his arms and started running. His mother was pushing through to him, and she grabbed his arm and half carried him to the car. Some of the children ran after the car, but in a moment it was gone.

After a while Peter's legs became unparalyzed, and he walked with the excited children down to the room. The rest of the day was a bad dream. The legs that had not run toward his friend now twitched and convulsed restlessly beneath his desk. He saw Beamer's frightened face on every page of his reading book. At drawing time he drew black stairsteps all the way down the sheet diagonally, and at the bottom he put a big stone. And the stone was Beamer's face, but he colored it all black so that he couldn't see it.

Peter didn't go home right after school. He turned deliberately in the opposite direction, and after he had walked a long, long time he came to the railroad tracks. He squatted down and played with the gravel on the railroad bed. His throat ached, and he felt that he might be sick. When he heard the westbound train coming, he stood up and backed off a ways so he could see the windows. The train was still going slowly. It hadn't picked up much speed since it left the station. Peter watched the passenger cars come up and searched each window as it went by. There were many faces looking out, but none of them was Beamer's. As the last car went slowly by, Peter picked up a handful of gravel and started running after the train.

"Communists!" he shouted, but his throat ached so badly it didn't sound very loud. The train was getting farther away and he could hardly see it through his tears.

"Dirty, rotten Reds!" he yelled, and kept on running.



CEREBRAL LAUNDERETTE

By R. ASATO

Sinking
down, down,
and deeper,
I descend
Into the miasma
that is modern life—
From magazine
covers and pages
Burst forth
the diabolical
schemes of
Madison Avenue
ad-men
Armed to the teeth
with psychological tools
and motivational research—
From glaring, hypnotic
one-eyed tubes
in everyman's
livingroom,
Illusion, image,
and delusion,
flash and flare—

From children
barely able
to walk,
Jangling jingles
and convincing
commercials,
Slippery slogans
clearly spoken—
Mass-circulation,
business reply,
no postage necessary,
Bumper stickers,
hospital-proven,
clinically-tested,
money-back guarantee,
And now a word
from our hosts . . .
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For a special limited
time only,
Have your brain
washed by
specially-trained
experts,
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Only a dollar ninety-eight
plus three box tops—
Why not,
who can resist?

ashes in the coffee

By DONNA OBERHOLTZER

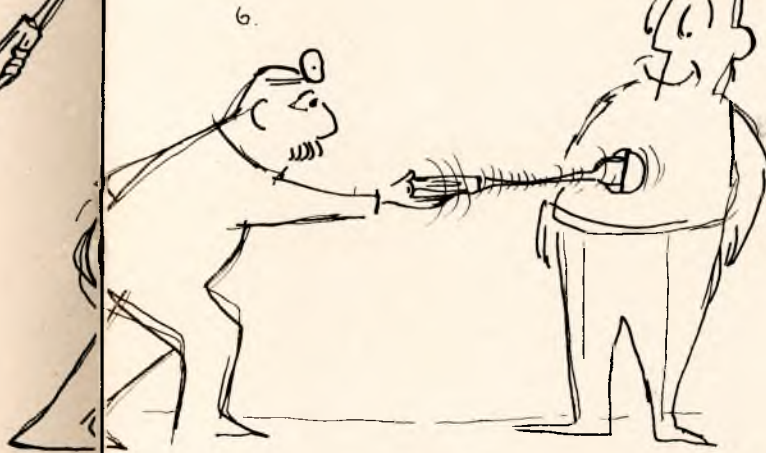
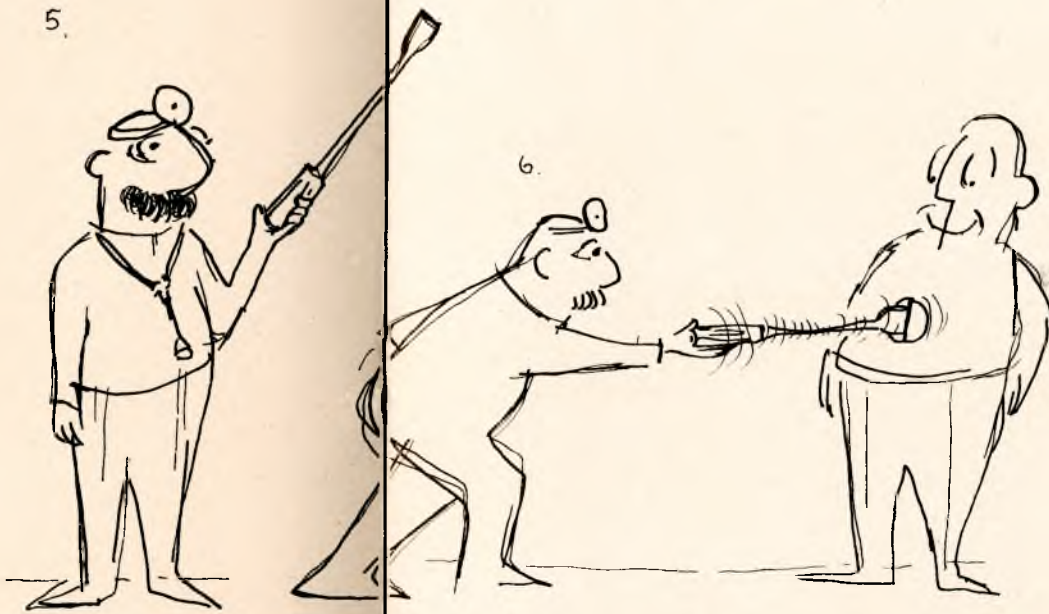
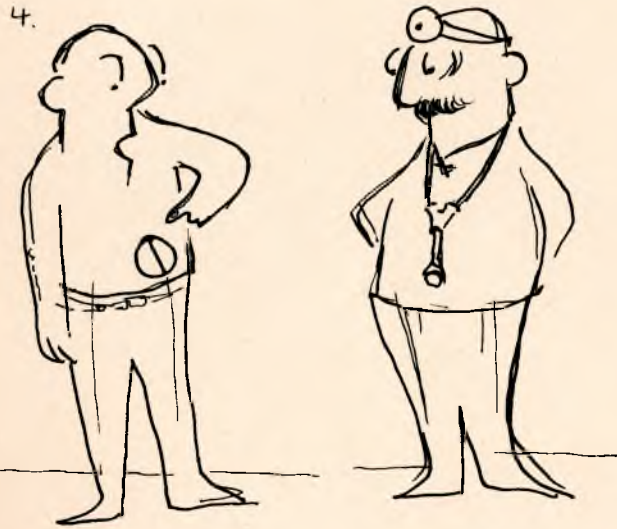
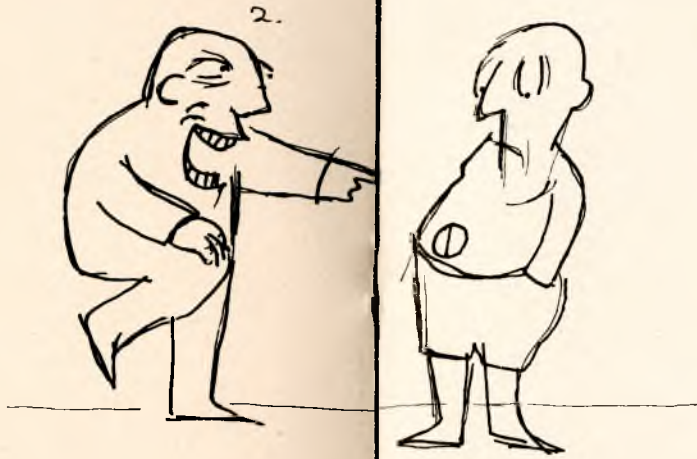
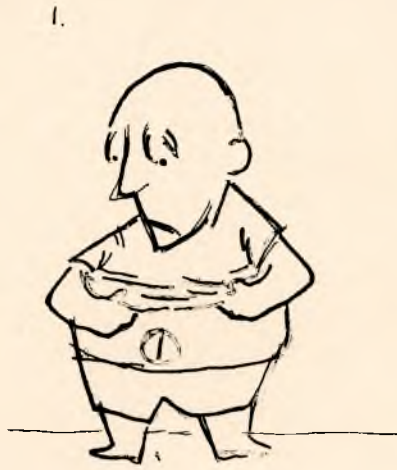
Wind blew
humming highly an indiscriminant tune
Snow fell
not so softly—
Rather in a hurried
panicked flurry
As if
somewhere was where
it was going,
but nowhere
always got in the way

They sat
together
Alone
talking softly in an indiscriminant tone
A haze of cigarette smoke
from hours and
hours
of talking

Searching
they had found
what seemed
the answer
They reached
seeking
finding
sharing
understanding—
almost loving—

Tomorrow
snow will fall
softly
Wind will become
still
The air
clear
And there will be
Ashes in the Coffee







By KENNETH D. SMITH

wednesday

On the roofs of the tenements across from the Art Theater, people were sitting on orange crates and leaning on cracked wooden ledges drinking beer and eating pretzels. The men hooted and stamped their shoeless feet, the women prudently gasped and quickly stuffed pretzels into their mouths each time the drunk's head snapped back.

On the street below a kid's hairless fist snapped at the drunk's face. The graying head flopped on stooped shoulders. The jealous crowd winced, the men on the roofs hooted and stamped their feet, the women prudently gasped and quickly stuffed pretzels into their mouths.

The kid removed his leather jacket, folded and handed it into the sweating

crowd. The drunk, his eyes buried beneath folds of purple flesh, his hands dangling at his side, forgotten, swayed under the screaming marquee lights.

The kid smiled at the jealous crowd, turned and placing his bruised hands on the drunk's shoulder to steady him, winked at the crowd and whispered: "Come on, friend, be a good sport, just stay put one second and I'll take care of you. OK, buddy, that's a good fellow, now don't move—fine—that's fine." Reassured, the drunk stood motionless grinning broadly.

The kid wrapped his fist in a white handkerchief thrown from the crowd, tested his stance, signaled for silence, threw a few punches at the air, breathed deeply, and swung out at the drunk's grinning face.

The drunk's graying head snapped back, the jealous crowd winced, the men on the roofs hooted and the women prudently gasped and quickly stuffed pretzels into their mouths. His legs trembled and blood spurted from his flattened nose, but the drunk didn't fall.

The jealous crowd, disappointed, boomed; the hooting men threw beer cans, and the women yelled: "Ya bum!" The kid, shamefully joined his laughing friends who had already left the crowd and started down the street.

The crowd laughed easily and loud when "Sad Sam," the blind beggar, balled up his withered fists, lunged at the swaying drunk, missed and fell into an old woman's sweaty arms. She shrieked gleefully, and leading blind "Sam" by the hand disappeared into the crowd laughing.

The crowd cursed easily and loud when a college kid in white jacket and all, politely excused his way through the jealous crowd and standing with his back to the drunk signaled for silence: "Fellow Americans," he began to whine; "The only way to vote on Tuesday is Democratic. Only under our candidate will --," seeing his laughing friends continue on down the

street, he politely excused himself and running called to his friends to wait.

Some of the crowd left when the marquee lights went out after the late show; others, not to be cheated, remained; sure that each new contender would send the damn drunk crumbling onto the pavement and free them to scurry home satisfied. Across the street on tenement roofs, some picked up stained orange crates, threw newspaper fans down onto the street and went to bed; others drank beer and watched the shadows hoping to detect a falling figure.

A baby, cuddled and safe in the hairy arms of anxious parents, cried. The crowd winced and glared momentarily over their shoulders at the negligent parents. It was too God-damn late for a kid to be out. The crowd was getting restless; they pressed closer, stepping on their own shuffling feet, breathing expired air. Each time the drunk's head snapped back and he tottered, the crowd chanted: "God-damn you! -- fall -- fall -- God-damn you!" His legs buckled and blood spurted from his chipped face, but he didn't fall.

The chanting of the crowd echoed through vacant streets and seeped into tenement flats. Cheated, the men cursed and threw beer cans from bedroom windows; the women slept soundly. Annoyed at the drunk, someone telephoned the police—a drunk swinging a lead pipe and cursing was standing in front of the Art Theater; no one could sleep.

The chanting jealous crowd heard the siren before the police car turned onto 2nd Avenue. Growling, they marched over the swaying drunk, trampling him under their feet and scattered. The men closed the bedroom windows and snuggled into sweaty arms.

The police arrived. It was obvious to them what had happened—an old drunk had beaten himself to death with a rusty iron pipe. They didn't look for the pipe—it was too obviously suicide.

3 poems

By R. ASATO

—THE DEATH OF THE SUN

The death of the sun
was observed by oneself,
and one noticed
that its dead-blue corpse
sank slowly
below
the scummy waters,
and was swept by rushing currents
into a twisting maelstrom
where it was whirled unmercifully
down the drain
and into underground sewer pipes,
after which, one proceeded
to scrub one's dirty tub
with its filthy bathtub ring
with ajax . . .
or was it comet?

—IN THE COURTYARD

The statue stands in the courtyard
Dignified, courageous, undaunted,
With sword held high
Proud, magnificent, grand-
Lifeless.

—ILLUSION

Beside a forest path,
I sit with hopes and dreams—
A play of illusions:
Like birds heard but unseen.

Return

By ANITA PAULING

Sun-scorched road hot under my feet and gravel-grey dust in my sandals. Prickly-heat on my face, a fresh flutter of air up my back. We did not walk up the pale steep road very often. Sometimes on Saturdays, on holidays, for a game of tennis, for companionship; to get away from our rooms, our relatives who seemed, then, so oppressive. It was just the same, walking up this hill: head hot and heavy; hills and sky merging beneath a simmering haze of grey. Heat grey. Perspiration in the eyes. And a little breeze stroking our damp arms . . . How much I love these hills, seared by the rainless summer! Time and weather-rounded slopes, pale gold and bronze, sweeping down to the valley mists barely hiding the horror of dreary candy-colored homes clustered in airless squares and circles. All around, beneath a narrow arch of bright blue sky, brown stubby fields spread in patches along the tops of crests and ridges, dotted with little round molds of haystacks. Dusty grey brush scraggling down the canyons among feathery yellow weeds. Scent of sage, hot and pungent. Could it be that this is why I really came back? And didn't know it? I had forgotten. Forgotten how lovely, how enrapturing, how much I missed it . . . You can tell the ocean is there, over the hill, round the bend. It's there, in the color of the sky, in the evening fog-drifts slowly seeping up the canyons from the other side.

A little farther, beyond the curve: there it is, all the same. The trees have grown. Sickle-leaved eucalyptus with clusters of hard bell-shaped seedpods. Oleander. (I wore it in my hair all the while it bloomed.) Ivy and hibiscus. Hacienda School. Vine-draped porches; evocation of so much that is gone . . . Saturday afternoon of a holiday, and no one around. Empty, lonely, quiet. Yet not deserted, not forsaken. Desks in serene rows; books neatly stacked; variations of familiar pictures on the walls; maps, charts and a well-remembered equation on the board. Do we leave nothing when we go, no individual mark, since it all

remains so unchanged? Whilst we, we take so much with us: awakening perceptions, hopes and fears, all the new-stirred, tinglings of mind and body—along with the scraps of things and sentiments found years later in the back of a drawer . . . I like this quiet, this sitting in the past, alone. Perhaps I can gather courage for tonight. Perhaps, sitting at this table, its carved and worn edge under my fingers I shall find a small message, preserved from those joyful days. Not that they were always joyful. I remember the late spring stirring of—what was it? Compounded excitement and sadness; tremulous anticipation of some great and unknown fulfillment. It was all mixed with love (I was already in love with Randall). Soft sensory tendrils seeking each other—confused with the quest for noble ideas. Emerging awareness made life so new and fresh, like the spring itself. And so sad, perhaps because of the deep untaught knowing that things don't happen as we dream them in the slow buzzing hour of early noon . . . In its silent dimness, the long polished hall still holds some echo of all the padding, shuffling, running feet; a muted ebb and flow of phantom whisperings round the cupola at the centre; memory-sounds dispersed by the harsh whir and clang of the bell doling out the day in hours. On the long droning afternoons (of late spring) the bell would startle us out of our lethargic reverie, that peculiar state of wide-awake sleep to which we were seasonally prone, and spin us back into activity. We were, it seems, forever spiralling between the two poles of dream and action, yearning wordlessly for that tranquility which might cement them into a single purpose.

Deepening shadows: forerunners of night. Follow the steep dirt trail down. Darkness does not descend from above; it spreads from below, creeping up from ravines, out of clustered trees, invading the luminous surfaces singled out by the sun's last sharp rays. Haloed hill-crests. At my feet, dry clay-earth packed round the hollow stems of tall tired grass bent beneath the weight

of its seed . . . The white gate has not been painted, not for ten years perhaps. Beyond the gate, the road, pale grey in the dusk of dense pepper trees. A gentle dry rustling overhead; Mustard grass glowing softly among the pebbles along the side. Walking slowly; soothed, somehow, by a bitter-sweet melancholy, like the happy pain of a furtive caress.

I have been back two days, roaming the roads and the hills, pricking the nerve-centres that have known these colors and sights and sounds. Two days of escaping and seeking; of finding and losing. Randall loved it here, the town, its people. Yet he left it. He understood it but was not held by it. He could step back and look at it, perhaps as an artist can look at an early painting, with possessive discredit . . . We walked a lot in those elusive days, along the rocky scalloped coast and over the wild unsurveyed regions of this convoluted peninsula. Our moods turned themselves to the elements around us. We talked or were silent; we kissed. We acquired exhilarating and disturbing knowledge for which we had no words. Sitting in companioned isolation, chin on drawn-up knees, watching the splendid orange sun sink into its own rippled reflection on the darkening sea, our thoughts explored much that we did not yet understand . . . And always, when we were late, Randall defied his mother's sharp inquisitions . . . Yet all this does not evoke much of Randall. The image of him as boy must be lost in the image of him as man. As a man he still created his own world, only more solitary; lonely and absorbed. A lonely, solitary world for those who loved him.

When I came back I thought it would be like it was ten years ago. This town is so much a part of my soul's diary that I thought I would simply be the returned emigrant. It is not so. I went away; the others stayed. Returning, I am a stranger; for I have missed all the in-between time. They feel that they have kept moving, slowly, almost changelessly, but all together in the same

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direction, a right and known direction. They have not seen me, and so they think I have moved away, in the wrong way.

Randall had the gentle ability to flow in and out of the compass of the town, his family, their friends. He could be with them, of them—yet always subtly apart, aloof. He would not take seriously their seriousness, their mental ledgers of who was in and who was out, their minutely graded scale of who was who . . . This lovely town—all hidden in trees. White and buff and pink houses; red tile roofs. Trees sparkling with fresh moisture as the swirls of fog back out to sea each morning. A town of geranium-lined streets curving, swerving up and down the hills. Glorious clashes of red and purple and orange flowing across steep gardens to the sidewalk. An Italianate, arcade-encircled square with a majestic baroque fountain.

Why did I come back? To assure them that I was his wife? What difference does it make now? No one has him any more. No one ever had him. His greatest unuttered fear was to be held in someone's net. With red eyes and sad indignant hearts, they think I took him away; now they think they possess him again. In death they recreate him: their boy, their loss, their grief.

And then tonight . . . A party in honour of—Oh, I can hear them! "But you know, my dear, how much of pain there is in it. For her, of course, we must go on, poor child. Though she never did quite belong. And she was rather—possessive. Imagine, we saw so little of him! Our Randy. Oh, it's been so hard. Well . . . Just a simple party, you know, a subdued affair really. So she can see everyone. We'll do our best to be a little cheerful. After all, for her. Though really, I must confess—well I simply haven't fathomed how much she truly cared. Do come."

Do come, do come. "Yes, of course . . . It must be terrible for you, poor dear!" But how thoughtful of you." And behind their condoling eyes a brightening glint: the curiosity, old as human communion, to wit-

ness the pain of others—and the lust to tear it apart.

Dimming sky; trees growing dense with the shadow they embrace; scattered night-fall trilling of birds. Chill whisper of dying day on my arms. Clear calls of little children caught in the last flurried instant of motion before the darkness of sleep. Cars panting up the roads, doors closing, a burst of talk, a radio moaning " . . . true to you—ou," clink of ice on glass. And all around a gradual settling, a pulling of oneself and ones own within the walls, within the light, in to the familiar before the coming of night, of sleep, of oblivion. (Later, in the dark, the restless, the bold, the unhappy will set out again to prowl, to seek, to vanquish.) . . . Dull pounding of surf on rocks beyond the grove; receding hiss of waves on sand. Lane angling to the right; a wall; a hedge. Sweet honeysuckle: a balm with each breath. Behind the hedge, ten tall cypress, ten black spears thrust at the silver sky, sentinels of the great white house. Tile roof, grilled windows, great pots of hostile ornamental cacti in the patio. Spanish influence. Low bulky furniture covered with coral and zebra cloth, vast expanse of mirrors, chrome, brass, and a wild purple painting. Modern. Cold, bare and unloved. A house for others to see.

Maria whistling in the kitchen; fresh starched apron. A festival for her: right company, glitter and lots of laughter. Soft lights, yellow and rose; roses in a crystal vase; bottles on the sideboard (a drinking party, despite the grief); turkey, naked and trussed, on a bed of lettuce; jellied salad, insecure outside its mold; tidbits that will vanish over a laugh, round a word. Polished and quiet, a house waiting for a party. Everyone dressing, secretly wishing it were over with: Ann Frick, wanting to hear what will be said tomorrow; Herb, deliberate and taciturn, already feeling the grey weariness of morning, dreading it; the guests, aware that it will be more amusing to talk about than to come to. ("Did you see her laughing with . . .? Imagine her spending so much time with a man on the

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make like . . .! And wasn't Ann Frick just lovely! So kind.") . . . Their kindness! The Fricks and their friends and their cousins. Bosomed matrons in strapless gowns and soft painted faces; tan indeterminate women in tucked and darted sheaths. All the women who belong to the set and pass judgement on those who do not. The women who admire and emulate; those who compete; those who are afraid of a snub; and those who gloat because they have nothing to fear. The men are not so bad, not usually so bad in this. Mostly they don't say, they just go along. Or does that make them worse? It doesn't matter. They don't make me feel it so. If only Randall were here! From his serene apartness he would make me know that all this doesn't matter. For it doesn't, not really . . . And Steven? Strange, so much like Randall, and yet I often forget about him. Quiet and remote; like a bright-eyed kitten, watching but taking no chances. Poor Stevie. I must take him to the beach tomorrow. Perhaps he's busy with the business of making his own world, like Randall; wrapping himself in the insulation of aloneness in order to survive all this. How painful when one loves them.

There are no shades to my window in the study. The carved oak desk and little inlaid tables are cluttered with family portraits and framed photographs: effigies of respectability, hard work and success, following me around the room with vacant eyes. They removed all the pictures of Randall. If only he were here! . . . No curtains to my window above the front door. In the evening I tap my way about like an untaught blind man. Only this morning she said, "for months I have meant to get something for that window." She never will. Sitting there, at the end of the table, behind the silver coffee pot, looking neither rested nor disarranged by the night: Mrs. Frick. Carefully, painstakingly creating her illusion, like a spider's fine web. Mrs. Frick says, Mrs. Frick thinks, Mrs. Frick does. Known as "Dovey" by her friends and relatives. For the first time I called her Ann. It startled her and hurt; it set a distance that others

would notice . . . Is that she going downstairs? Properly laced, properly powdered; probably wearing dove-grey. Perfect portrait of subdued sorrow subtly displayed. I admire her poise . . . I'll wear the red dress, Randall's favorite. They won't know that. They'll think it somehow shameful. Red is the color of sin and scandal . . . Car lights turning into the lane, flickering a moment on all the silent framed faces around me. I must hurry. Hurry and get it over with.

Hurry and get it over with. Hurry and get it over with. That's, oh god, that's like the night he died, when the little stooped doctor came to the third floor sitting room, that small stuffy room with the too-large flower print, where I went to sleep a few hours while the white, the starched nurses bathed him and fed him and made him breathe, and who was there that night? A nervous young man waiting for his first baby and his wife had lain in bed for the past four months and it was so late and I was so tired and he came to say there was nothing more, it was a matter of hours. And all I could think was, hurry and get it over with. Hurry and get it over with. And I didn't want to go see him die, and it didn't make any difference because he was unconscious, and I didn't want to see him dead. And when I called Ann she screamed and asked what did he look like, she wanted to know what he looked like. I hung up.

Clip of heels on the patio stones. Modulated greetings . . . Tears—oh no! I can't, I mustn't, not right now. Will it show? Check by the light of the hall. If only Randall were here. Why, why have to go through this, all this terrible friendliness? . . . Clatter and clink and hello. Maria tripping by the foot of the stairs; the little flirt, melting chocolate eyes over the older men, or the very young ones. I wonder, do they come see her, at night, out by the orange trees? And Steven? Has he explored her woman's mysteries? . . . Go down now. Perhaps, amidst the chatter, the scrutiny, the imperceptible shrugs, there

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will be a few who will understand, who will not say all the cold brittle things. Down the stairs, down into the swell of their sound, through the undertow of their looks. I, Louisa, Randall's wife, down the stairs.

Dizzy starry night. Patches of light on the terrace. Over the wall, shimmery shadow of olive trees; over the salt wind, scent of orange. My self sitting on the wall looking at me. One and the same, split in two, looking from inside out, and from outside in. Everyone gone, almost gone, belonging neither inside nor out, a world apart. I went down the stairs: they saw me. Part of me went on down to where the heart cries without tears: they did not know. Now I come back together, sitting on the wall. Starry night, salt breeze and scent of orange: in the quiet dark the halves mend and I'll slip to bed between cold slick sheets and smile in the morning and speak of success. Go now, to sleep. Sweet sleep. Sweet dreams, Louisa. Go now, from this quiet of night to the quiet of sleep. But wait a moment, linger another moment beneath the firmament's vast eternity, lest something be left to the salt breeze and the scent of orange.

Come, he says, and gently takes my hand. Down the path to the little wooden gate. Down the path to the rocks by the sea, to the small crescent cove of clean fine sand. Smell of sea and seaweed and all things aging and rotting in the sea. Black water breaking into white foam beneath the stars, black swells rushing at black rocks, sucking through caves where sea creatures lie. Beautiful; terrifying... Man smell; tobacco smell (like Randall's); whiskey smell (does it matter now?). Yes. No. I do. I don't. Does it matter now? Or does only this matter? Right now, only this. Moment of nothing, no thought. Moment of everything. Suspended moment, wet with sea-spray, lovely because not alone, sad because always alone. A kiss in the dark, come out of nothing, going nowhere. A tender caress, saying all that need be said and leaving us having said nothing.



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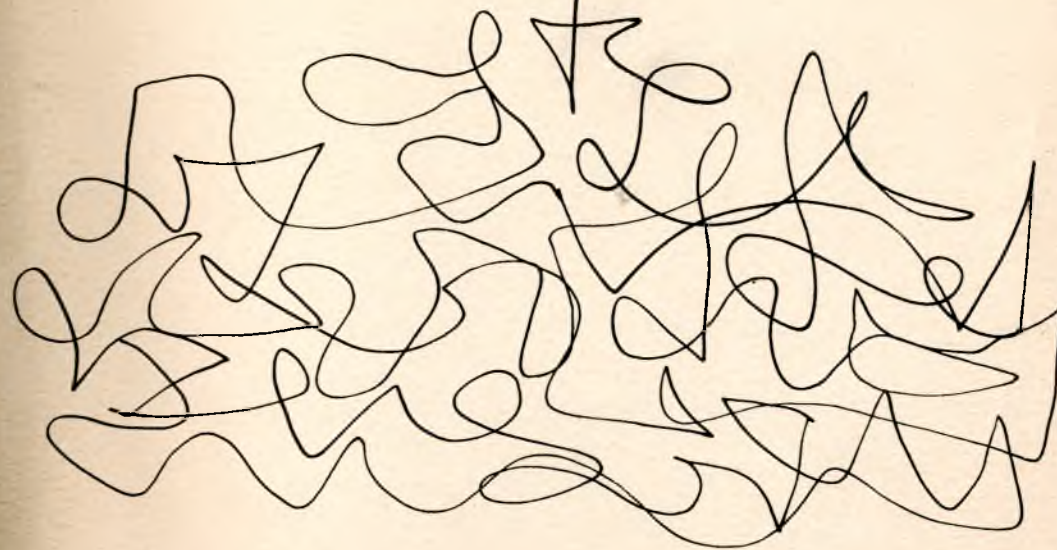
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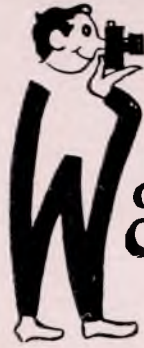
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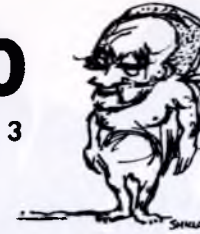
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a matter of heart and entrails

By GEORGE DICKER

When I was twelve I had my first friend. I became slavishly devoted to him, and I idolized him as twelve year olds often idolize their best friends. John and I, both faculty children, lived on the University of Hawaii campus. He was three years older than I, his voice had changed, and his glasses and lanky built gave him a manly, intellectual air. He was the best athlete in the neighborhood. I watched in admiration, stopwatch in hand, as he pedaled his racy Schwinn bicycle around the football field track; when he played football with the big guys I sat abjectly at the edge of the field, waiting for the game to end so that John and I could talk about religion. He was a Catholic, and he loved his faith because it stimulated him spiritually and intellectually. He wanted to convert me; this desire was the main reason for his interest in me.

When he started to preach to me, I was delighted. I raised every objection I could think of to his Catholic views. My arguments concerning divorce, hell, purgatory, and his conviction that the Catholic Church was the only true Church were partly a game, for I knew that he would convince me. However, it pleased me to have him sweep them aside until finally the truth reigned beautiful and uncluttered in my mind. We nearly always talked while walking on the hot, dusty campus roads; he, half a head taller than I, barefoot and with the yellow jersey he wore every day (the other guys wore T-shirts). I with socks and sandals. Our walks took epic proportions for me; we walked very far and for

whole afternoons, and all the while John expounded his ideas in his calm, fluid, paternal way. Soon he persuaded me to take catechism lessons; one day we walked to Sacred Hearts Church and he introduced me to Father Avery, a young, plump priest with kind eyes who talked a lot about how "beautiful" God, the Church, the Mass, and the sacraments were.

Almost as soon as the catechism lessons began I sensed that my heart remained unresponsive. Father Avery sometimes asked me a startling question, "How is your faith?" to which I answered, feeling unsure and silly, that it was steady and strong. The only part of catechism I liked was the dialectical part, the attempts that Father Avery made, that I induced him to make, to prove the truth of the Catholic Faith. The other part, love for God and trust in the Church, did not come easily. I could love only the aspects of God and religion that I felt through my senses: the ritual of Mass, the stained-glass windows, the silence in church. The person of God remained aloof and somewhat frightening. I did not like to pray.

To convince myself of the reality of my faith, I began to preach to the kids at school. I was then a new student in a Protestant school, and my religious fervor made me the object of ridicule. Out of pride, and because I sensed that there was an obstinate element of fraud in my faith, I became self-conscious and aggressive about religion. I genuflected ostentatiously in chapel and accused my one Catholic classmate of not living up to his faith, for he



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refused to back me up when I preached. Then I told Father Avery about my scraps in school, expecting praise and more arguments to use. One day that I was particularly excited he cautioned me not to be proud. Immediately I felt guilty, but I did not confess that I had been imperious and conceited in school for I knew that thereafter, feeling personally responsible for my reaction to catechism, he would treat me more like a child. I realized that he liked me because I was enthusiastic, but that he perceived no inkling of the reasons for my enthusiasm—to him I was an innocent young soul to save; he often asked me in all seriousness if I would like to be a saint.

A combination of factors gradually made me realize that I did not have or desire faith. One day John told me that he was going to work backstage every day at the University Theater and would not have time to see me any more. I was very hurt, and momentarily lapsed into hideous self-pity. Nevertheless I continued to go to catechism because I did not know how to tell Father Avery that I had lost interest. By that time he was confident that I would be converted, so instead of giving me my lesson he usually took me to St. Francis Hospital and left me to pray and fidget in the chapel while he visited various patients. When he did instruct me, he emphasized what I ought not to do.

We started to study the commandments. When we got to "Thou shalt not commit adultery," he explained that adultery meant making love to someone you were not married to. Marriage was completely outside the scope of my ideas, nor did I expect to make love to anyone; therefore I accepted the commandment without question and with a trace of adolescent curiosity. He then specified that one of the worst forms of adultery was harming one's soul and body by evil thoughts, and especially enjoying such thoughts. I did not understand what he meant by evil thoughts or by harming one's soul and body. He explained that it was a mortal sin to think with desire of a woman you were not married to.

I was astonished, and then shocked and grieved. As far back as I could remember I had been in love. I had loved Snow White and my first and second grade teachers because they were beautiful, and at twelve I was more passionately in love than ever. I would have given myself heart and soul and entrails. I invented torrid fantasies in which I shared unendurable embraces and unending avowals of love with my loved one. Had she suspected that she was the object of such lavish affection, I would have been mortified; however, the idea of shame, and especially that of sin, never spoiled the beauty of my fantasies. Following Father Avery's disclosure, I tried for a week not to love. When my loved one came near, I tried to feel nothing. It was like trying to ignore, even trample, a tall, divinely perfumed rose that kept springing up close to me, deploying its petals. And then I knew that what Father Avery had said was wrong, a man-made, ugly assumption that desire for union with a beautiful being was bad, that beautiful fantasies were sinful. As I look back upon this realization now, I know that it was absolutely sincere—I felt it so strongly that I did not for one second feel afraid. I was joyful to be freed of a regime which made God seem cruel and petty and Man seem wicked and stripped of dignity.

Recently I saw John again. He is studying to become a priest and to write Church history. We had coffee at the International Market Place, and he asked me, "Just how smart are you, my friend?" to which, had I not been too awed by his air of wisdom to speak, I would have answered that I am not very smart, but that maybe I can build up to that if I realize that the scores of enlightened people, books, and institutions that demand recognition and approval are each ultimately and forever separate from me, so separate that before loving them I must breach a gulf of separateness, and between me and another man's conviction, teaching, or ideal, the only bridge is total understanding and communion; anything less is but a twelve year old's offering of heart and entrails.

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Stone Lions and Plaster Cats

By ROSALY DeMAIOS

Always the same words,
sandpapering the rough edges of stone lions—
sleeping womblike in the man,
balancing him upright in his angels' journey,
waiting for the slightest turning
of the crib or the cage.
Then—war.

"Now look love-object
let's dispense with emotion
and talk, and all nonsense
that people propagate
for the sake of

democracy
security
sanity.

We're old enough
and young enough

not to have to say
dammit
those three words
you-know-what."

Always the same reluctance
pouring itself into encasement
of plaster mold for the cat,
the woman can bear only what she can bear.
The animal stalks inside of her
and when the clay hardens
Then—tears

"I know what you know;
I have seen them kill
each other with words,
forgetting long agos, maintaining
chatter
a nice home
the things in the good book.

Yes, I am willing
to engage myself with you
OK Dover Beach
OK no responsibility
OK no poetry—truth.

The lion rested for a moment;
the battle ceased—the cagedoor swung
back and forth on its hinges.
And the cat wondered
about the possibility of prey or mercy.

Ignoring the pact—she implored
"Tell me you love me—"
And the lion destroyed her—
"You know" he said not tasting the words.
"You know . . ."

And order was restored in the kingdom.

I'll Take You Away

By MICHAEL F. HILL

Billy stood small in front of the massive oak door. The solid sounds of the big, brass knocker cut the silence which flourished around Miss Jessica's mansion. He waited, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He lifted the knocker again, pounding anxiously until it slipped from his grasp. He stepped backward, his tight jeans pressing closely against his muscular legs. He waited.

"What you want?" The high-pitched voice came from behind the opened door.

Still, he waited. Slowly a blunt, dough-like face appeared from behind the door. It fixed its olive-size eyes on his almost five foot, ten inch frame blankly.

"Is Miss Jessica in?"

The entire form came into view. A Negro woman with gleaming, grease-coated, graying hair stood defiantly in the doorway. She was wearing a faded yellow dress partially covered by a grass-green apron. In her right hand, she clutched a damp, blue cotton handkerchief.

"Is Miss Jessica receivin callers today?"

"Depends on whose a callin," she said, bringing the damp handkerchief up to her mouth to catch the spittle which oozed constantly from her thick, loose lips.

"You go and tell her Mr. Billy wants a word with her." He kept his hands stuck deep into the pockets of his worn jeans and kicked slowly at the rotting step while he talked.

"I don't recollect youse callin here before. Miss Jessica don't see no strangers," she said, dabbing her frothy mouth with the damp handkerchief.

"You just go on and do like I told you to do," he said, kicking at the rotting step.
damn her!

"Well, I ain't none too sho it's proper. Miss Jessica is a havin her medicine now. I can tell youse right here, that she sho

don't like nobody a botherin her when it's medicine time." She patted her chin, trying to catch the two, thin trickles which had crept down from her mouth.

Let the good Lord protect us colored folks in our old age agin such white trash.

"Now I already told you that I have business with Miss Jessica. You just go on in there and announce my being here."

"I's got my position to keep up, yes siree. She won't take none too kindly bein aroused at medicine time." She slipped her left hand into her apron pocket; held it there for a moment before withdrawing it, and then made a slightly simian movement with her handkerchief—clutching right hand to open the half-filled bottle. With her head tilted back, and her spongy lips parted, she inserted the bottle mouth into her own and finished it greedily. She threw the bottle down carelessly, causing it to break at his feet. He stood perfectly still, looking, without moving his head, from the smelly whiskey bottle to her, and then back to the fragmented bottle.

guess I's showed him a thing or two. ain't no white trash gonna come here and git smart with me. No siree. good Lord a protect us old folks.

"I's been havin a heavy cough as of late," she said thickly. Her mouth oozed almost uncontrollably now and with the wet handkerchief, she patted around its edges as if applying powder.

thinks he's a too good to look at me. i knows about him though.

"Well, I ain't got all day to stand around and beat my gums with strangers. We don't want no magazines. Miss Jessica not none too fond of readin, and I ain't got time." She turned and walked unsteadily, slamming the door hard behind her.

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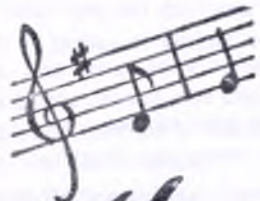
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goddamn that nigger! she's hidin
behind that door.

He took a quick step forward and reached
for the knocker again, but the door swung
open before he caught it.

"Miss Jessica done give me call to ad-
mit you," she said loudly.

"Git outa my way," he said, shoving her
aside as he passed through the door.

white trash! treatin a lady in such
a fashion. don't know what I's a
gonna do, with my cough an all. i
knows about him—yes siree. ain't
foolin me none.

He found Miss Jessica, a thin, tired-
looking woman smoking a cigarette through
a long, jeweled holder.

"What is it you need, Billy?" she said
without looking at him.

he's finally come.

"How have you been feelin, Miss Jessica?"
he said to come to you.

"All right," she said, looking up at him.
just like his father was twenty-five
years ago. same yellow hair and blue
eyes. oh! he was so handsome. little
smaller than his father was. might be
as handsome as his father was—perhaps.
he doesn't know.

"I'm mighty glad to hear that Miss Jes-
sie," he said, turning his sweat-stained hat
around in his hands.

"Paw always told me to come to you if I
needed anything. Well, since he died, and
maw run off, I've pretty much been runnin
the farm. It's been doin right well up until
now. The hail got my whole crop last
week, Miss Jessie!"

oh, Billy.

"Is it money you want?" she asked coldly,
avoiding his pleading look.

"I'm not askin that you give it to me. I
just want a loan to tide me over. We can
set it up like they do at the bank," he said,
still fumbling with his old hat.

paw said to come to you. he must
of had a reason.

"How much do you want?"

it's all yours soon.

"About five hundred, Miss Jessie."

"That's a great deal of money for some
seed."

"I know Miss Jessie, I . . . Judy's baby is
due anytime now. I wanted her to have a
nice hospital room with flowers and all.
She ain't been away from the farm since we
got married."

oh, Bud. you didn't do right by
"Ophelia! Bring me my box!"

paw said to come to you—why?

She came slowly into the room carrying
a small, leather-covered box in her left
hand. Her right hand patted slowly around
her mouth.

"Here you is Miss Jessica," she said,
placing the box beside her. "Is there any-
thin else I's can do for you?"

"Leave," she said stiffly.

"Yes um."

white trash. comin in here an a
causin trouble.

She opened the box and counted out ten
one hundred dollar bills without looking at
him.

"Here. Take it."

he said, I'll take you away. no one
will know about it. you didn't do
right by me Bud. i've waited for
him to come, and now he doesn't
even know who I am—oh, Billy.

He looked at the money and tried to say
something, but the words wouldn't come.
They both looked at each other—him stand-
ing, twisting his old hat in his hands, and
her, sitting on the old, empty sofa—and said
nothing.

"Well, I guess I'd better go," he said,
turning.

damn it! what's
the matter with me?

"Don't come back, unless there's trouble."

He turned quickly and hurried out the front
door, not looking back. She put another
cigarette in her jeweled holder but did not
light it. Her face turned toward the big
picture window, and she gazed out upon
the empty, weed-filled yard, blinking her
wet eyes slowly.

it's too late now. always has
been too late for Billy and me.

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'Le Truck'

By RICHARD DALE

Every voyager returning from an extended stay in the enchanting islands of the south Pacific is faced with the perplexing problem of communicating to the more domesticated souls of his homeland the mysterious attraction and fascination of the south sea island life. He may struggle after the proper words to convey the unique, hypnotic beauty of an evening in Papeete, Tahiti, as the tropic sun slides down among the volcanic peaks of the neighboring unreal island of Moorea. Or, perhaps, he will attempt to present the emotional quality and power of a Rarotongan church congregation singing with assurance and zeal on a lonely six-mile-long island lost in the South Pacific Ocean. He will surely want to praise the provocative charm and beauty inherent in the simplicity of the Tahitian's daily life. But struggle as he may, our traveler will usually discover he has left unsaid that which he really wanted most desperately to express: the "spirit" of the South Pacific.

It is this spirit, solidly entrenched in the lives of the people themselves, which most forcibly resists communication.

To me this spirit is recalled by reflecting upon the unforgettable half-year I passed in the home of a Tahitian family in the district of Teahupoo on the island of Tahiti; and, most particularly, by the recollection of the trips I frequently made to the distant town of Papeete by way of an ancient conveyance lovingly referred to by the Tahitians as "le truck."

"Le truck" served as the only connecting link between the primitive, simple life of rural Teahupoo and the civilized, cosmopolitan world of Papeete sixty miles to the west. From the bamboo-constructed shelters of Teahupoo, the coral road, barely distinguishable from the surrounding jungle, threaded its way to the modern hotels and merchant buildings of Papeete, and somehow, in the process, became transfigured into a wide, paved highway bustling with

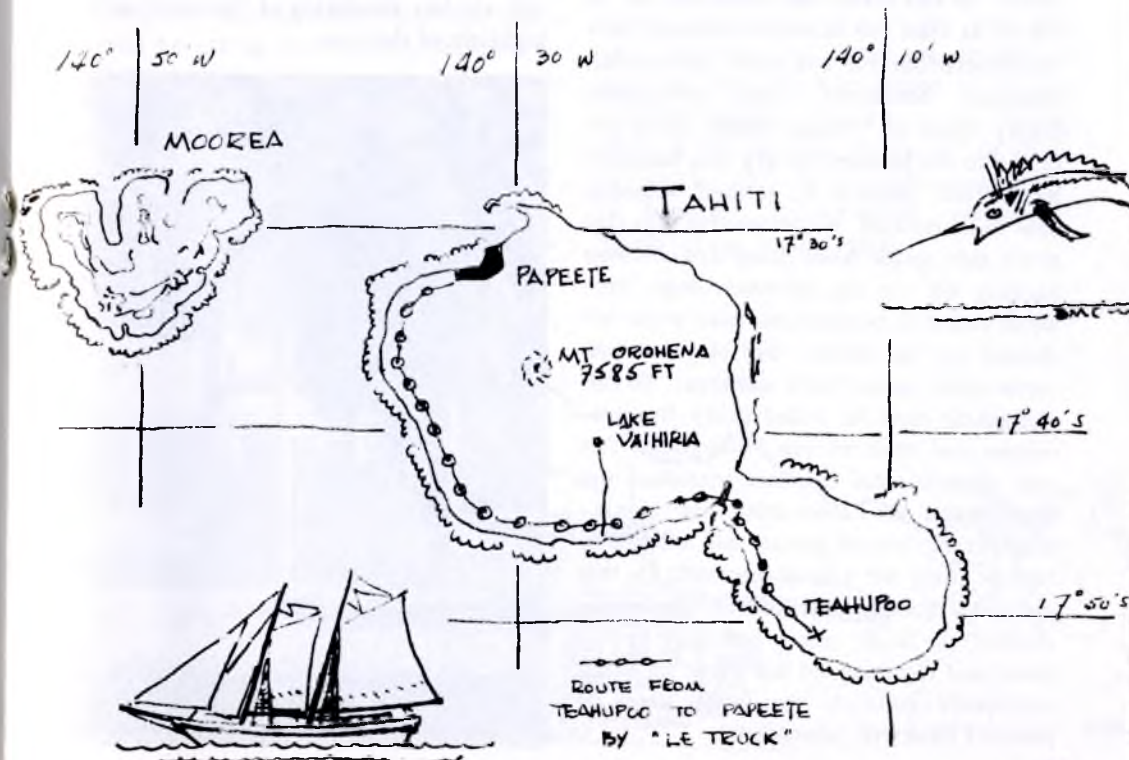
cars and motorbikes. I never made the journey to town without experiencing the accelerated rush of time and civilization—a sensation certainly not attributable to the actual speed of the passage, which was most remarkably slow.

A routine trip would begin about two o'clock in the morning and terminate some time around noon or early afternoon, depending upon an infinite variety of incidents encountered along the way. For example, if the truck happened to be transporting a number of cases of "Hinano Biere" there was always the possibility that the driver would become too intoxicated to drive. This, however, was not a serious offense; the prestige of the driver of "le truck" was irreproachable, and no one in the district except the chiefs commanded more respect than this individual. Deservingly so, for all that civilization offered was embodied in this man and "le truck."

Boarding "le truck" was a simple matter. Before going to bed at night I would place

a palm leaf across the coral road as a reminder to the driver of my wish to go to town. Coming upon this palm leaf in his path, the driver would stop the truck, shut off the engine, and come inside the house to awaken me. We would then casually light the stove and prepare coffee and perhaps even breakfast on jam and French bread before making any move towards departure. This procedure could take as long as half an hour and produced absolutely no malice among the passengers waiting in "le truck."

Frequently one of the passengers would halt "le truck" to make an impromptu visit with relatives along the road, culminating, on more than one well-remembered occasion, in a party in which all the passengers joined. On another memorial ride "le truck" was flagged down by a toothless old Tahitian lady who proceeded methodically to kiss everyone on board on both cheeks before allowing us to continue. We were all, of course, delighted by this show of affection.





Carrying people was only a minor function of "le truck." Every house between Teahupoo and Papeete would stop the truck to load on goods of some sort. My amazement never diminished at the variety and quantity of cargo that found its way to Papeete via "le truck." On one particular passage I attempted a running inventory but gave up in despair after covering only five miles. In this period we transported on "le truck" at least one thousand coconuts, several hundred bunches of bananas, pineapples, mangoes, breadfruit, taro, avocados, empty cases of "Hinano Biere" to be returned to the brewery, empty rum bottles to be refilled, shoes to be resoled, kerosene cans to be refilled, numerous live pigs tied on the side upside down, many live chickens hanging off the top platform, dogs, firewood, radios to be repaired, mail to be delivered by the driver, two bicycles, one motorcycle, and a baby carriage. To this menagerie must be added thirty-five passengers and their various belongings. The pigs squealed, the chickens squawked, the dogs barked, the babies cried, and the passengers sang, played guitars and shouted to friends along the side of the road. On this particular occasion the French gendarmes stopped "le truck" about half-way to Papeete and reprimanded the driver for being overloaded—certainly the fairest piece of justice I have ever witnessed.

Almost immediately upon entering Papeete the driver would begin rounding up customers for the evening trip back to Teahupoo. The unwary traveler many times found himself sitting on the back of "le truck" from two o'clock in the afternoon until actual departure at sundown. During this interval, "le truck" careened up and down the narrow streets of Papeete as the driver mailed letters, delivered messages, purchased groceries, and, in general, went sight-seeing through the town. Many Tahitians boarded "le truck" hours early simply to participate in the entertainment. Armed with bottles of beer and guitars, they could be seen and heard rattling through the streets, singing and shouting to envious friends on foot. The driver was a master of deception as he made his dash down the "Rue Paul Gauguin," turned left at the "Quai Bir Hakeim," and continued down the road until "le truck" was out of sight. Yet, a few minutes later, "le truck" would be seen patrolling back up the street looking for more passengers. It was all great fun and, to be sure, many Tahitians considered this aimless wandering of "le truck" as the highlight of the trip.



People took the long ride on "le truck" for many different reasons. The pretty young girl in the red "pareau" was probably leaving Teahupoo for the first time and blushed with anticipation as she heard the older passengers talking of the glories of Papeete and of the lover she would find there. The slightly older girls sitting on the tailgate were "going to town" for the excitement of the music and dancing they knew awaited them in the many bars and nightclubs along the Papeete waterfront; and, more than likely, their boy friends were due in on the next freighter with their pockets full of money. They chatted eagerly of "Quinn's," "Le Col Bleu," and "Lafayette." The men had fish and coconuts to sell at the busy market in town. This time they would try to get enough money to purchase that outboard motor so they could fish farther outside the barrier reef. That more sober middleaged couple would probably be attending the big Morman religious meeting on Sunday, yet they smiled tolerantly at the promiscuous antics and talk of the young girls on the tailgate. Perhaps the old man riding beside the driver would be taking the morning boat over to Moorea in the morning to visit the children and grandchildren he hasn't seen in several years.

And to the young, impressionable American, pressed submissively into the corner, there was always another entity riding "le



truck" to Papeete. In the midst of the chaotic assortment of coconuts and live pigs, sprawling out across the dismantled beds and rusty bicycles lashed to the top platform, singing joyfully to the pulsing strum of the peculiar rhythm of the Tahitian guitar, rode the invisible companion—the haunting, indescribable, everpresent "spirit" of the South Pacific.



It was a hot afternoon. It was such a hot afternoon that, while the last visa applicant of the day was in his office, Mr. Henderson began to think that the American air-conditioning imported from America was a mixed blessing. The heat encouraged fewer people than usual to come for the tiny square stamp in their passports that would let them land in the United States; but then, the handful who did come in wanted to stay as long as they could in the cool, dry and humming air.

The man who was just now in his office asked another question about the Midwest, then another. He had been there for an hour, questioning, chatting, reminiscing about his own drab life, and from time to time darting up to the window and back. He had clearly not been so cool since last February.

Finally on one of his trips to the window he saw the buildings in the plaza below disgorging clerks and typists. He reacted at once. He much regretted, he said, but if Mr. Henderson would please . . .? In one minute, his visa stamped clearly and evenly

in his passport, he was on his way to the street.

Mr. Henderson left his office soon after. He went up to the consul's washroom on the third floor, a privilege he had had a while; and there he washed his face and hands carefully. He looked at his thin nose in the glass. He looked into his own eyes.

"I really deserve a different sort of face," he thought. He adjusted his bow tie slightly to the left. "But, what the hell."

Mr. Henderson was going home, and it was a few minutes after five; but even so, the sun was in the sky in such a way that the shadows of things were as large as they were themselves. Mr. Henderson bicycled to and from work; and his way was a road going by the shore that rose at times to the tops of bluffs, giving thus a fine view of the bay, and descended again at times to the level of the beach and the sea. He wore a light-colored straw with a brown, pleated band; and as this was on the top of his head, it rose alike with him and his bicycle at times to the tops of bluffs and at times descended again to the level of the

beach and the sea. This afternoon, his way led by some small flowers at the side of the road, blue going into lavender at the insides, by which he stopped for a moment to fix the clothespin that held the bottom of his right trouser leg.

"Marigold has a dress that color, or really between the purple and the blue," he thought.

Marigold was his wife, whom he sometimes found at home waiting for him when he got there, and sometimes not. Flowers had an easy time reminding Mr. Henderson of her. It was not that she liked flowers especially, or that her name was that of a flower; but that her handsomeness seemed an accidental and a mute thing. She did not toil; she did not spin. She was not quick and alert; nor reflective and thoughtful, as he was himself. She was what he had to call serene. She had a way of standing in the living room and gazing out over the bay, one arm held so: her cheek resting on two fingers of the hand, the elbow sustained lightly by the palm of the other hand; standing, and wavering in her air between inscrutability and satisfaction close to overflowing into words; standing so, as she might be surrounded by the conversation of a dear, but invisible, friend.

It was not much that they said to one another. Mr. Henderson recognized that there was not much that needed to be said. When they lay in bed together, some small and fragile thing, such as his tracing her cheek with the tip of his middle finger, from the corner of her eye down to the corner of her mouth, around her chin and along her throat, had to him the meaning of many words and things done in the light of day. It made him feel relaxed about his place in the world and sent away from his mind some of his preoccupations. And then, anew, he would marvel at how indifferent her body was to the passage of time; and that it was an accident like the beauty of a flower. Often some old verses would find his mind ready to think them. They were these:

And thereupon
That beautiful mild woman for whose
sake
There's many a one shall find out all
heartache
On finding that her voice is sweet and low
Replied: 'To be born woman is to know—
Although they do not talk of it at
school—
That we must labour to be beautiful.'

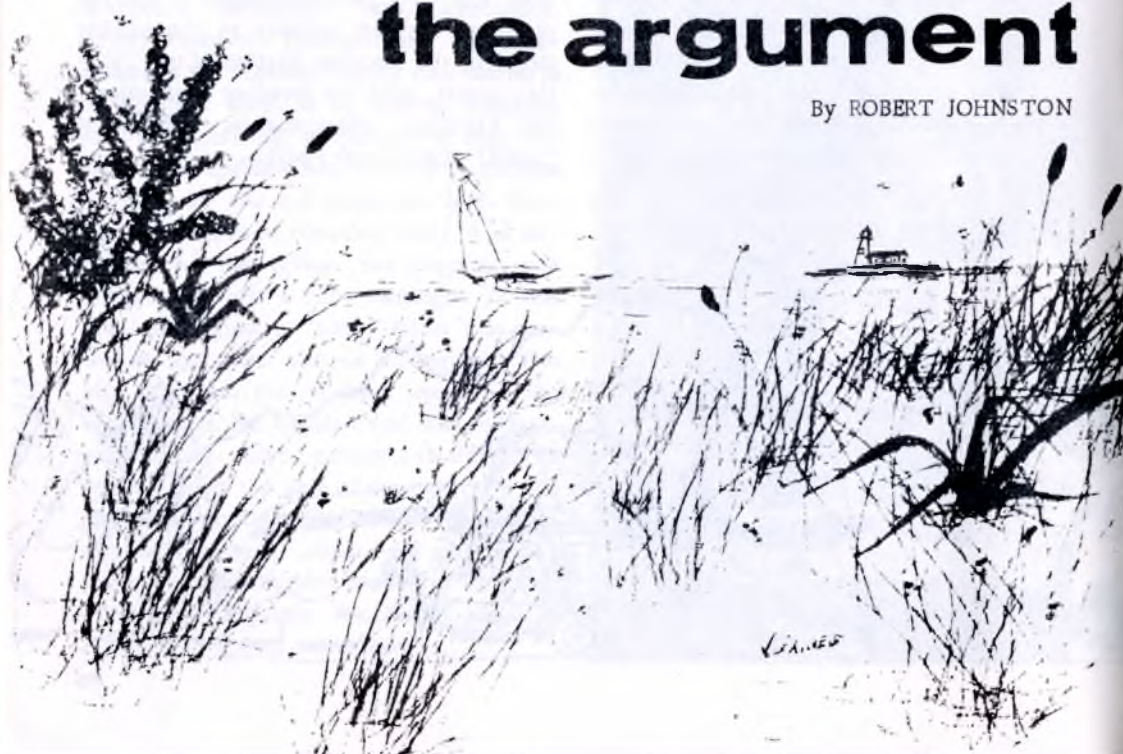
And he would feel proud to be beside a woman for whom these verses were wrongly put. He felt it also in the mornings. Folding and unfolding as he got out of bed, he would feel like the bottom of a summer thundercloud; and looking back upon his wife, he would often find her in a distant and even sleep still, as if she were a sloop far below, sailing wing and wing before the wind, the sun illuminating her sails, mysterious, beautiful. When once or twice it had occurred to him how little energy in her life came from being with him, he had felt piqued. But this had passed.

But now he was pumping along home on his bicycle. At each apogee of their strokes, his knees rose higher than they ought, because the seat was too low, and he had never bothered to fix it. He had instead accommodated himself to it. His light, brown-banded straw was set squarely on his head; and buttoning only the top button of his jacket left the skirt of it to billow and flap lazily in the breeze of his passing. He glided down a long hill descending to the beach and the sea, past white buildings with indifferent tile roofs; past boys, like him, on bicycles; past men pushing wheelbarrows and leaning forward in the way of gondoliers as they pushed; and past a fishing ketch drawn up on the beach, that appraised him with her painted eyes. He looked about him, looking at what was to be seen. As he passed the last few buildings, his attention fixed on a rotting poster for the Queen's Cinema. It showed Humphrey Bogart embracing Ava Gardner. "I haven't seen that," thought Mr. Henderson.

A while after, coming slowly to the top of a bluff, he glanced over the bay and saw a sailboat moving in a direction opposite to

the argument

By ROBERT JOHNSTON



his, and quite far out, so that she could easily be hidden by a hand held at arm's length. He noticed then, as he set his feet on the pedals to glide down the other side, a dark area on the water, of fair size, creeping up on the boat from behind. He started to glide; some bushes hid the bay from view. As soon as he could, he looked back and forth from the road to the bay. The boat was heeling far over. "She looks in trouble," he thought. Bushes and rocks hid the bay again. He went on down.

A brace of ancient green buses labored past him at the bottom, on the other side of the road buses festooned with people leaning out of the windows to cool off. There was a choice now, for a road that went inland met the road along the shore at this point. The road that went inland here cut across a projection of the land into the bay, while the other continued along the shore; and thus that road was a shorter way for Mr. Henderson, whose house lay nearly on the other side of the cape. It was his usual way, because it took less time. But this afternoon, with hardly a full second spent in the decision, he continued on the road that went by the shore. Being able to be arbitrary he felt was a measure of his detachment. This did not mean he was impulsive; better, that he had little compunction about doing one thing instead of another.

This road that went by the shore climbed first a way, and then went in and out, nearer to or farther away from certain coves, and then climbed higher and higher still; and so it went around the cape at the top of it, ever going in and out and up and down, as escarpments or cuts obliged to it. Presently, Mr. Henderson came to a reverse curve. He mounted a short rise curving to the left between bushes and broken rock; and then, just as he started to descend, curving this time to the right, he saw something over the edge of the road, assessed it, and found himself gripping the brakes so hard, that the bicycle skidded to the side and collapsed awkwardly beneath him.

Now he carried the bicycle uphill across the road a short way and concealed it behind a rock. He had to move it quite carefully so that it balanced where it was and stayed out of sight of the road. He heard a car. He crouched and held his breath until it passed. Then he crossed the road with elaborate caution, walking on the balls of his feet. Once on the opposite side, he fixed himself among rocks and bushes just over the edge of the slope in such a way that he could see about him without being noticed by someone in a car or on a bicycle.

What he had noticed from his bicycle was a small beach that shelved into a small cove, a beach inaccessible save from the sea, and one of many on that cape. More particularly, what he had noticed from his bicycle was two people walking up the beach after a swim. Mr. Henderson was positive that the woman was his wife, although the two figures of a man and a woman were in fact too far away for him to identify them beyond doubt. When he peeked through the bushes at them, the man and the woman were sitting, or between sitting and lying, close together on a red and yellow striped beach towel. They were so: their legs extended, their bodies supported by an arm. They were facing one another, so that the man was on his right side with his back to Mr. Henderson, and the woman on her left side, her face partially shadowed.

They were poised without sound or motion, with the unreality about them of puppets on strings: two facing one another; the third far above at the edge of the slope, suspended leaning forward on hands and knees, in expectation. Mr. Henderson concentrated upon them so much that they seemed to grow larger in his eyes; and what held them all, the beach and the cove and the cape and the blue bay and the sky and the sun, seemed to recede and disappear.

Presently the left hand of the man figure moved to the right shoulder of the woman

figure and slid around behind her, until it must have been resting on the small of her back. The man figure pulled the woman figure to him. Mr. Henderson thought that for an instant he saw the flash of eyes that were blue, and then it was obvious that the two figures were kissing each other. The right arm of the woman figure crept around the shoulders of the man figure; the two free arms trailed stiffly toward one another through the sand; the arms collapsed at the elbows; and then the two were lying together side by side, embracing.

Mr. Henderson, rapt, leaned farther and farther forward as he looked until his losing his balance and nearly pitching forward broke his transport of attention. He felt sheepish as he retreated, as he walked across the road and extricated his bicycle from behind the rock. Indeed, as he mounted the bicycle and began to glide the rest of the way down the rise, he felt as though he were wearing a white silk suit with lavender pom-poms, and a conical, white silk hat. But his being positive had not changed:

"So," he thought, "that is what has been going on. Years, maybe. So long as that, to be distant and dreamy. Here is the reason for it. And I have to find it out this way. So much time, I suppose. And then to find out. Ah . . . we'll see."

He pedaled along and pedaled along, but differently now from the way he had been pedalling before; for he no longer held his head up, looking about at what was to be seen, but held his gaze more or less fixed on the point at which his handlebars joined the frame of his bicycle. If asked, he could not have told how long it had taken him to ride home from the cove where he had seen the man and the woman. With his right hand he carried the bicycle, held up dumbbell fashion, up the few steps that led through the gate, then wheeled it up the walk to his house. He balanced it against a drainpipe at the side, then felt for the chain in the bag hanging from the seat. He gave the combination lock two full, fierce

turns and then tugged at it to make sure it was fast. He raised his right leg, bent at the knee, and felt about the ankle for the clothespin that kept his trouser cuff away from the chain. It was not there. Mr. Henderson thought it must have fallen off at the cove.

He shut the door quite sharply, but did not call out to his wife. He did not expect her to be there. He went to the kitchen. He washed his face and hands. He went to the living room, where he put himself to reading the latest number of "Encounter," starting from the beginning; but the article on race riots in Notting Hill, however engaging ordinarily, and the long Open Letter to Mrs. Peter Rodd, however amusing under other circumstances, passed him by as incomprehensible as announcements of trains in foreign railroad stations. Farther along, in the middle of a poem by John Betjeman, he heard the door open and shut gently.

At once he called out, "Marigold!" in a drill sergeant's tone. She sailed into the living room, in a white dress with a scoop neck and puffy sleeves, her blue eyes wide open in surprise and pleasure, her hands up-raised on either side to the brim of her picture hat.

"Where have you been?" he said, as a father might.

She took off her hat and sat down on a hassock, shaking her head to free her light brown hair. "Swimming," she said.

"Where?" he asked, this time as if just to make conversation.

"At the Club," she said.

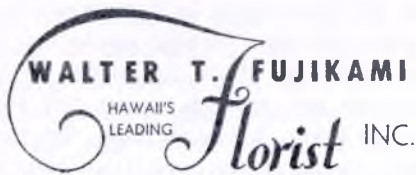
"You didn't take a boat and go around to one of the beaches," he said.

"Oh, no. You know I don't like to go in swimming alone."

"Yes, I know." He closed the magazine and put it on the table beside him. "What's for dinner?"

"Oh. There's a can of shrimp. I'll make a curry sauce for it. And there's all that Montrachet in the icebox. Do you want a drink?"

"Of course."



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She mixed a large gin and tonic and put a dash of bitters in it. Mr. Henderson read his magazine through to the end. Mrs. Henderson appeared and disappeared, at length settling down in the living room to a copy of "Time." Mr. Henderson went after another drink. When he returned, he began looking through the "Atlantic Monthly." At twenty minutes to seven she said, "Well, I'll go and get dinner."

Mr. Henderson said, "Hmm."

He took the "Atlantic Monthly" in to table with him and read in it intermittently, or made a show of doing so, all through the meal. And he drank. When he had gone to get his second gin and tonic, he had looked in the icebox and had noticed three bottles of Montrachet inside. He divided his time between the magazine, the curried shrimp, and the wine. Several times, he held up his glass in front of his face and twirled it by the stem, looking at his wife through the wine. He appreciated the distortions that resulted. He emptied glass after glass. Eventually, they started on the third bottle.

"I've never seen you drink so much wine," she said. "Is that so really very good?"

"Fair," he said.

They took coffee in the living room. Mr. Henderson offered his wife brandy, but she declined. He poured himself a tulip glass three-quarters full and drained it.

"I'm going out for a walk," he said.

He strode resolutely, first toward the City, and then in the opposite direction, on the road that ended high up in the mountains. He was amazed, and his annoyance was increasing. He had certainly given her ample opportunity to lead into a calm confession of her behavior. He was positive he had conveyed to her unmistakably that he knew at last what she had been up to for so long. He had mentioned the beach. It ought to have been enough, enough to bear some satisfaction for him. Then he could begin learning to forget. He knew there was nothing he could do to change what he was, and the ribald name it merited. Be-

ing a cuckold was like growing bald. It was always too late. But he could do something to compensate for the amount of time, for the afternoons, the weeks, the months. Years, maybe. He'd have to put it to her, now. Yet, she might pay no real attention. He would unpack his heart; and she would attend with distant fascination, as though present at an opera that was being projected across the room, against the opposite wall. No, he would put it to her in the name of the community. She probably would not enjoy contemplating either the indignation, the laughter, or the indifference of the community. Mr. Henderson turned again home.

He shut the door gently as he came in. His wife called from the living room, "Is that you, dear?"

He heard music. His wife was playing records. "Turn that off," he said.

She turned to him and looked at him instead, dressed in her white dress still.

"Turn that off," he said again.

She rose from the hassock and went to the turntable, removing the tone arm from the record. She moved across to the amplifier, on a shelf of the bookcase, and switched it off.

She looked at him calmly and directly, and moved forward to him a step. "What is it?" she said.

"I want to know about these rumors I hear."

"Rumors?"

"Rumors about your having an affair with that man."

Of course there was a silence, during which Mr. Henderson moved to within a foot of his wife and stood, his arms akimbo, looking intently, challengingly even, into her eyes. She herself looked not altogether so serene as usual. She looked to be on the resigned, or possibly the anxious, side of serenity. She stood with her arms at her sides, the palms of the hands turned out. She did not appear to want to look her husband straight in the eyes.

There was a silence, but variously so. For there were no rumors, and Mr. Hender-

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son had no one in mind whom he could name when he referred to "that man." Further, Mr. Henderson had absolutely no concrete evidence in his possession to the effect that his wife was having an affair at all. On the other hand, Mrs. Henderson was indeed having an affair, and so had she been for some time; and therefore had much to keep silent about. But she had not been enjoying this affair on the beach, or at the Club, or anywhere in the open at all. The secrecy of it was an arrangement of her lover's; and thus it had all been taking

place in a cheerful rented room on the outskirts of the City. Her lover was a noticeably short man, in his fifties, about six or seven years older than Mr. Henderson with a moon-shaped brown face and complacently large front teeth. He was an informal entrepreneur. He was a jolly man, not always laughing or smiling either, sometimes only looking. But he was always communicating interest and concern and a desire to cherish.

So, then, after this space of their staring at one another, Mrs. Henderson murmured and then said to her husband, "But my dear, is it really so bad?"

"Well," he said; and then his hands dropped to his sides. His shoulders relaxed. It seemed an attitude of defeat. But then his left hand moved, stopped, moved again. It settled lightly upon her right wrist, and the fingers curled smoothly around it. Now they were truly looking into each other's eyes. He held her wrist harder and harder. Her eyes widened; the pupils enlarged. It was as if a cloud had passed across the water and so changed its color. She said, "Oh," afraid. Then it was a surprise: his right hand shot up, and the fingers spread; and he slapped her smartly in the face four times. She tried to pull away from him, but relaxed at once.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said. "There was no time left. There was nothing else to do. I've hurt you more now. It was for you to forgive me. That was why. Please. You will, won't you?"

She nodded, sobbed. Tears streamed down their faces. It occurred to Mr. Henderson that he was still holding on to her wrist. It looked fairly silly. His hand slid down across hers; their fingers locked together, and so he led her from the room.

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