



These coeds in this year's Ka Palapala (student yearbook) beauty contest represented only a few of the Islands' many racial groups. From left: Chinese, Caucasian, Cosmopolitan (mixed) and Japanese.

Below: Waiting out the judges' decisions. A beauty queen is named for each of seven major races on campus.



Colorful Campus of the Islands

The University of Hawaii has America's most unusual melting pot full of students. They encounter a multitude of distractions, but most of them manage to get down to the hard business of studying.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Photographs by Werner Stoy



Few other campuses offer such exotic extracurricular activities as sailing off Diamond Head in February.

Nestling against the mountains that rise behind Honolulu, at the mouth of the lush Manoa Valley and a mere two miles inland from Waikiki Beach, is one of the most unusual and colorful campuses on American soil. The physical setting itself is picturesque enough, but what really sets the University of Hawaii apart is the multi-racial make-up of its student body.

Because the undergraduates come from so many different racial strains, new students were for some years asked on the entrance blank to indicate their ethnic background—Polynesian (Hawaiian or otherwise), Caucasian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean or Filipino. Every so often, however, a card would turn up on which a student had checked not one, but perhaps four or five of the races named. At first the registrar suspected undergraduate levity, but upon making cautious inquiry, he discovered it was nothing of the kind. Some students were indeed a blend of several races.

The university rose to the occasion. It added a new race, Cosmopolitan, and stopped keeping records of racial background. The students, however, found the idea of a seventh race much too good to pass up, and the Cosmopolitan category is perpetuated in an annual campus rite.

This is the springtime beauty contest staged by the editors of the student yearbook, Ka Palapala—Polynesian for “the writing.” As the happy Hawaiians see it, only a campus insensible to the finer things of life would settle for a single beauty queen when there’s a perfectly good excuse to have seven of them in a row. Accordingly, the Ka Palapala contest elects a separate queen for each of the seven different racial groups.

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Physicist Walter Steiger is a voluntary exile from stateside to Hawaii, where he can lecture in an aloha shirt.



Beach party at Waikiki. The hula is basic training for island-raised girls, and many of the coeds are experts.



Two Teachers College students (above) conduct an outdoor Phys. Ed. class for pupils from University High School.



The new Sinclair library is a modern building. But the campus is still blighted with temporary barracks left over from the war years.



New president L. H. Snyder and his wife came to Hawaii from Oklahoma.

Colorful Campus of the Islands

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The names of the 1958 queens provide a sidelight on how the races of East and West have intermingled in this melting-pot university. The native Hawaiians voted for Puanani Akaka; the Caucasians chose Mary Catherine Carns; the Japanese, Jane Anami; the Chinese, Elizabeth Ching; the Filipinos, Pauline Navarro; the Koreans, lively Lorna Kim; and the Cosmopolitans, Gordean Lee.

And following the same line of reasoning, the students argue that if seven simultaneous queens are better than one, surely the logical way to improve on the excitement of one beauty contest is to hold a couple of others. Thus, each year, a mere month after Ka Palapala, the campus ballots again on May Day—which is Lei Day in the islands—to pick a beauty to reign over the Pan-Pacific Festival. For this event they ignore the ethnic angle, since all races produce beauties capable of reigning for at least a day. Last year, for instance, they chose a pulchritudinous blend of Hawaiian, Chinese and French named Beatrice Naumu. Her attending princesses were Leona Leong, who is Hawaiian-Chinese-Japanese, and Jaqueline Lau, a Hawaiian-Chinese-English blend. And last fall, of course, they had to have still another queen for Homecoming Week. She was Claire Bowman, another Cosmopolitan.

These campus-queen contests, though only incidental fun on what is known locally as the Rainbow Campus, help point up the fact that the university's 6700 day students, plus 7000 adults in night classes, in effect bridge the Pacific racially. The campus is the Hawaiian archipelago in miniature, with the addition of 1000 or so students from Asian and South Pacific lands and from the North American continent.

Students from the mainland, as a rule, are romantically minded young men and women who choose the University of Hawaii for adventure, because of the climate or for art and social-science studies. They pay precisely the same tuition—\$170 for the two-semester school year—as island students. The regents welcome them without a special entrance fee because the faculty considers them a stimulating influence on the undergraduates of Asiatic background.

"We think it is a good investment to have youngsters from many states and from many countries in our student body," says Dr. Willard Wilson, the university's provost. "If our boys and girls can't go and see what other universities look like, at least they can know what students from elsewhere look like and think about."

This open-hearted welcome is all the more remarkable because many of the university's students go to the mainland for their finishing years of college work, particularly in law and medicine, and in all but two states they have to pay non-residence entrance fees, averaging something over \$300.

A full-fledged land-grant university, Hawaii receives land-grant funds for agricultural experiments and instruction, but, paradoxically, it never received any land from the Federal Government, as did other land-grant colleges. In fact, the university is a squatter on its own 424-acre campus, on which the regents have invested almost \$10,000,000 in halls of learning. Every year the territorial governor has to sign a paper making the squatting legal for the time being.

This odd situation stems from the fact that the university is located on lands ceded to the United States Government

in 1898, when the islanders swapped their sovereignty for promised statehood. Unfortunately, Congress never got around to completing the deal, and the university will remain a squatter on its own campus until the Statehood Bill finishes its snail's-pace journey through Congress. Meanwhile, as a land-grant college, it gets about \$750,000 a year from Federal funds. Nearly all the rest of the \$5,350,000

budget, of which almost one fifth is earmarked for research, is dug up by the taxpayers of Hawaii. The university budget is one of the few items that the economy-minded territorial legislature, in which there are now thirty old grads, passes without protest. The legislators know that their university is the answer to the hopes and prayers of thousands of island families whose forebears were originally imported as plantation laborers.

This friendly attitude on the part of the men who hold the purse strings will doubtless be much appreciated by the

university's new president, Dr. Laurence H. Snyder, who takes over on July first. A noted geneticist and, at the time of his appointment, dean of the University of Oklahoma graduate school, Doctor Snyder will succeed President Paul S. Bachman, who died early in 1957—Doctor Wilson served as acting president in the interim.

Having taught genetics at the University of Hawaii for one session in 1956, under a Carnegie Foundation grant, Doctor Snyder is not entirely a newcomer to the islands. Unlike most mainlanders,

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therefore, he already knows that the happiest Hawaiians of all are not surfboard riders or hula dancers or ukulele strummers, but bookworms. Indeed, the university's students are such dedicated scholars that the faculty worries about them and conspires to divert them from book learning now and then.

Offhand, such student devotion would seem the answer to a professor's prayer, but it has its drawbacks.

"At first, it is frustrating to toss out a challenge to a class, expecting it to be picked to pieces," a faculty man fresh from a mainland college commented. "Instead, whatever you say is accepted as gospel because it comes from the professor." This takes a little getting used to.

"In mainland colleges, you're always putting the brakes on student exuberance," explained Susan Daniels, the lively New Englander who supervises student activities. "Out here it's just the opposite. It is such a cherished privilege to have an education that these young people have to be prodded into having fun."

Thanks at least partly to such faculty prodding, the student body has initiated a number of customs that make the Rainbow Campus a gay place to absorb an education. Among these, of course, are the beauty contests. Another is a food fair, held during the Lei Day International Festival, and at which each racial group tries to outdo the others with highly decorated booths in front of the Student Union. The Hawaiians peddle *poi*, *Laulau*, *lomi-lomi* salmon, barbecued pig. The Japanese offer *teriyaki*, rice with seaweed, fish cakes. The Chinese cook fried noodles with bean sprouts and sweet red pork. At the Korean booth, epicures are tempted with charcoal-broiled meat sticks and pickled vegetables. The Filipinos sell *bud-bud*, which is rice and coconut in banana leaf; or *bitso-bitso*, made of grated sweet potato fried in deep fat; or an extra special known as *maruya*, a fried banana in batter. The profits of the food fair bolster the various student-club treasuries. These foods are largely for visitors; the happy Hawaiian grinds, when they lunch at the crowded cafeteria or the snack bar; order hamburgers in buns, hash dishes, American salads and milk.

During these festivals, the extroverts break out in leis, coconut hats and gay native costumes which contrast sharply with the appearance of the student body on an average day. Normally all the males wear subdued aloha shirts, and the girls swish around in wide-swinging, mainland-style dirndls.

The campus queens are in great demand at these fairs as well as at openings, inaugurations, welcomings and other Hawaiian clambakes. Queenship, incidentally, has proved to be a prized asset in campus politics, which flares periodically in red-hot outbursts like the flow of Mauna Loa lava. Last year, for instance, Donna Kang, the Korean Ka Palapala queen, knowing that everybody who read a book would have to come to the library, appointed herself voluntary operator of the automatic elevator.

"Vote for Kang!" she called every time she delivered an elevator load of passengers.

Miss Kang was a shoo-in for student-body secretary. A nimble-witted Chinese-American, Jann Yuen, who expects to make a career of politics, captured the presidency, while a distaff Chinese-American politico, Bernadine Tom, running as "the friend of all the people," won the vice presidency. The Senate, which governs the student body, is made up of four senators elected by each class. Nine of the sixteen senators are Japanese-Americans, which just about tallies with

the preponderance of A.J.A.'s—Americans of Japanese Ancestry—in the student body.

Every year the university also enrolls forty to fifty students from Guam, Saipan, Tinian and the Trust Territories islands farther south in the Pacific. These easy-going, friendly youngsters, coming from islands where "they threw the clock away," are a special concern because they still have high-school work to complete to qualify them for university entrance. The faculty accepts them, however, and the students from Trust spend part of their time in a campus high school which the Teachers College runs as a training ground, and the rest of the day in university classes or laboratories.

The university has had so many of these special problems dropped onto the campus that the faculty catches them as they bounce. Last year, for instance, three students from Nepal came into Doctor Wilson's office to explain that they had come to the United States on scholarships to learn how to start a university from scratch when they returned to their homeland. After studying at two mainland universities, they had come to Hawaii.

"It's too different from Nepal over there," they told him. "Your students are more like ours. You teach us to start a university."

Doctor Wilson enrolled them and passed the word to the faculty to give them special attention. The same treatment is accorded two solemn diminutive twins from Ceylon, Susima and Sirimati Abeyagunawardene, science teachers who are taking graduate work in education. The Ceylon twins are housed at the Y.W.C.A., but most of the foreign students find shelter in friendly Honolulu homes while they adjust themselves to the informality of American life, both on and off the campus.

"They are pretty baffled both by our casual ways and by our informal instruction," said Dean of Students Harold M. Bitner. "They're not used to the coeducational setup. They're shocked at first to see boys and girls holding hands. They go down to see the legislature in action and come back asking, 'Why don't you fight for independence instead of statehood?'"

Their Hawaii-born classmates try to explain why, regardless of the pigment of their skins, they are Americans, and don't want to be anything else. Many of

Polynesian or Asiatic background, in fact, no longer speak the language of their forebears. The university thinks they should, however, and to make it easier for them to recover their lost native tongues, maintains a unique electronic language room, a large hall divided into eighty cubicles, each equipped with ear-phones and a small switchboard.

In the privacy of his cubbyhole, a student can switch on the tape recorder reeling off the tongue of his choice: Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Tagalog or any of the major European languages, including Russian. The tape recorder that works overtime is the one that pronounces Japanese for students of Nipponese ancestry, many of whom have heard little Japanese since the war. Most of the Hawaiians and some of the Cosmopolitans know enough about Polynesian to sing the songs of the islands, but have to brush up on their native tongue to read or speak it.

Mainlanders, for some reason, are always surprised to find the islanders so unfamiliar with their "own" languages. But then, nearly everything about the university comes as a surprise to newcomers from the States. For one thing, the campus is located within the city limits of Honolulu, making it, as Dean Bitner says, "a metropolitan bus-stop university, like Temple or Cincinnati." Most of the students commute to class from family homes in Honolulu. Many come by automobile—too many, in fact. One of the administration's continuing headaches is how to pack 2100 cars into 1100 parking spaces. Recently, with this puzzler in mind, Doctor Wilson counted the student cars in the course of a stroll around the campus and estimated that they represented at least a \$2,000,000 investment.

"It was quite a side light on a rising generation most of whose parents or grandparents were plantation workers," he commented.

Many mainlanders arrive on the campus expecting to attend classes in grass shacks or possibly under banyan trees. Occasionally, it is true, a professor will move his class outside for fresh air; and the various *huis*, as the Hawaiian students call their fraternities, sororities and clubs, have staked out special trees under which their members may lounge between classes. But the classrooms and laboratories themselves are housed in seventeen halls scattered at random over the campus. Some

are classical in design, some are modeled on the typical wide-roofed buildings of the plantations, others are severely modern. The new library, for instance, described as modern functional architecture, is about as unlike a thatched Polynesian longhouse in appearance as a building could be. And, as a reminder of the rugged war years, when Hawaii was the only American university in the war zone, the campus is still blighted with a clutch of temporary barracks and Quonsets.

Despite this somewhat hodgepodge physical plant, the university manages to carry on a number of rather ambitious undertakings, not the least of which is its summer session. Originally launched mainly for the benefit of island teachers who wanted to earn academic credits for advancement, to the faculty's surprise the summer session soon became a mecca for "mainland *haoles*," white students from stateside. Last summer, out of 5356 entrants, one fifth came from the mainland. Every state was represented. And 200 students came from Asian and South Pacific areas.

A good many of the mainlanders arrive blissfully anticipating pipe courses, including suntan and hula dancing. "You can spot them the first day, because they show up in the brightest clothing on the campus," a university staffer explained. "But they soon find out they have to dig into the books to keep pace with the islanders and the Asiatics who are here to study."

Probably the most colorful summer-session activity is the Orientation Center which the university runs for the U. S. State Department. To this center come Asiatic students bound for mainland universities on scholarships. The several weeks in Hawaii, during which they learn about American life—food, customs and idiom, telephones and TV, coeducation and informality—help them make the leap from Orient to Occident.

"It is an eye opener for them," said Doctor Wilson. "They feel at home on a campus where most of the student body is Oriental in appearance but American in thought. It gives them an opportunity to see democracy in action. They are invited to a service-club luncheon and the president is a Filipino-American. They walk around town without feeling conspicuous."

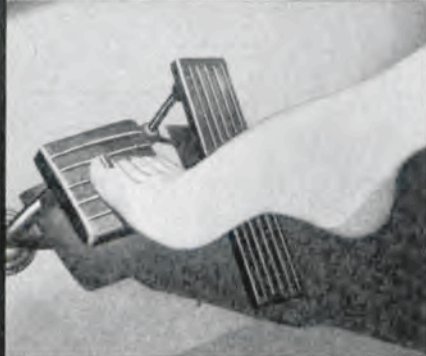
The summer session invariably winds up in a round of festivities in which the students from Burma, Vietnam, the Philippines, Malaya, Indonesia, Japan and other Asian countries show their appreciation with folk dances and music. This is where the mainlanders can learn about the hula. The Hawaiian bookworms, who never let anyone outdance or outsing them, inevitably loosen up with a ceremonial hula.

In addition to helping establish it as a meeting point for East and West, the university's location on Oahu has certain other geographical advantages. One of these is the submerged mountain range, 1000 miles long, on which the Hawaiian Islands perch. Around the islands, the ocean drops off to three-mile depths. This makes the area one of the prized spots on the globe for marine research, which studies the rich flora and fauna of the warm waters, the peculiar layer of clay that paves the ocean bottom, the idiosyncrasies of the ocean currents. Among the University's leading attractions for scientists is the Institute for Marine Studies, maintained with an assist from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Bureau of Fisheries. The institute's facilities include a marine station on a small island off Oahu and a modern oceanic aquarium near Waikiki Beach for studying tropical ocean life.

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(Continued from Page 96) The university has shrewdly capitalized on geography in other ways as well. The mountaintops which rise back of the campus in smog-free air have turned out to be ideal sites for stations in which its scientists can study solar flares and cosmic-ray bombardment. And the live craters on the nearby Big Island, Hawaii, are just what the volcanologists crave. Furthermore, at the upper end of the Moana Valley the university maintains an unusual man-made tropical rain forest, originally planted as an experiment in reforestation to combat erosion on overgrazed land in the islands. Here botanists are now trying to evolve a congenial society of trees, shrubs and grasses; and when funds become available, the university hopes to transform this 124-acre jungle park into a true tropical arboretum.

There are, of course, also certain disadvantages to being stuck off in mid-Pacific. Among these is the special *pilikia*—a much-used Hawaiian word for any kind of trouble—of loquacious Hank Vasconcellos, coach of the University of Hawaii Rainbows. Vasconcellos, who never played football himself, is something of a wonder at overcoming adversity.

The Rainbows' major problem is geographic. Their nearest collegiate rival is more than 2000 miles across the waters from their home field, which is an abandoned quarry on the campus.

It takes some ingenuity to line up a rousing pigskin schedule under these circumstances, and it is rough going to soup up big-game spirit against a rival so distant.

Another dilemma is what to use for a line after the mainland universities finish recruiting footballers in the islands. Back in the '20's, before proselyting became an art, the Rainbows could meet the Pacific Coast Conference teams on even terms. Now Vasconcellos has to make up for lack of weight with speed. His players frequently kick off their shoes in the middle of a game to run and dodge with more agility.

Vasconcellos makes the most of the perplexing situation by scheduling home games with available island teams, notably the Marines, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force. These are good workouts, but they don't keep college football spirit percolating. So, just before classes start each fall, Vasconcellos leads thirty players, two professors and a couple of assistant coaches aboard a mainland-bound airliner. By taking to wing, the Rainbows manage to assault three mainland colleges in as many weekends. Their opponents vary from year to year; but a typical schedule might pit them against Nebraska, College of the Pacific and Fresno State. Between games, the players sight-see and study under the eye of the flying faculty members.

"It's educational as well as athletic, and great experience for the players," explained Vasconcellos. "A lot of them might never see the States, otherwise."

The Hawaiian athletes try to make it educational for their hosts too. As they take off from Honolulu Airport, they are smothered in leis and laden with ukuleles and guitars as well as books. Wherever they go, the Rainbows leave a flavor of Hawaii, strumming and bursting into song at the slightest provocation.

"If we can't lick them, we outsing them," says their philosophic coach.

Actually the islanders haven't done so badly on the gridirons they have invaded, between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi. Their educational pigskin safaris earn expenses and sometimes a profit. The real pay-off comes with the two or three return games during the year-end holidays when stateside collegiate teams

are delighted to visit Hawaii for post-season games.

The campus which plays host to these friendly if hard-tackling invaders from the mainland is strictly a twentieth-century development. It traces its history back to 1907 when the territorial legislature passed an act to convert an agricultural-experiment station founded by Jared G. Smith into a College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Smith had been sent out in 1901 by the United States Department of Agriculture to "teach the Hawaiian people how to grow garden truck" to broaden their diet of fish and *poi*, and how to raise dairy cows, chickens, pigs and forage crops.

... ..

Crow

By R. H. GRENVILLE

What has a crow to do with
this May morning,
This pastel paradise of buds
and wings?
Bursting upon the landscape
without warning,
He spoils the pleasant
harmony of things.
You'd think, by now, that
Nature would have noted
His hoodlum tendencies,
and thrust him out
From the charmed circle of
the silver-throated,
Or in some measure
disciplined the lout.
But no, he roams as
brazenly as ever,
Cawing his maledictions
with a will.
Is Nature being stupid,
then, or clever?
Or, first and last a mother,
does she still
Think it a tiresome phase he
will outgrow,
Given another million
years or so?

... ..

The experiment station blossomed into a College of Agriculture in 1908, when it opened its doors with five regular students and thirty-one specials. This soon became a College of Agriculture and Engineering. Then, immediately after World War I, a Honolulu-born Chinese named William Kwan Fong Yap hit upon a simple idea for educating his large brood, which he did not raise to be farmers. Yap went around town collecting signatures on a petition urging the territorial legislature to found a university in the islands. Responding to his enthusiasm, everybody he approached signed the paper. Impressed by the names on the petition, the legislators voted in favor of the proposed university. Why not? All they had to do was add a College of Arts and Sciences and a Teachers College to the College of Agriculture and Engineering.

When Yap's petition prodded the legislature into founding the university, the College of Agriculture dominated the picture. It is still one of the outstanding agricultural colleges of the country, particularly in tropical horticulture. Its research undertakings have provided the islands with important new crops, notably macadamia nuts, papayas, coffee, orchids,

tropical-fruit products, as well as cattle feeds from waste of the sugar and pineapple industries.

But the descendants of William Yap, and of the Japanese, Korean, Portuguese and Filipino immigrants who came to Hawaii to work in the sugar-cane and pineapple fields, have proved allergic to the study of scientific agriculture. Nor do the native Hawaiians take to farming as a livelihood. As a result, the College of Agriculture has too few students, and concentrates on research, with the aid of land-grant funds and endowments from the sugar and pineapple plantations for special studies.

Nearly all the university's students are enrolled in Teachers College or in the College of Arts and Sciences, the College of Applied Science, the College of Business Administration, the College of General Studies or the Graduate School, and they are training for white-collar jobs.

This stubborn determination of the young islanders to avoid any part of "hoe-hana," as they call the hard physical work of their forebears, is a matter of great concern to the regents of the faculty. The Hawaiian Islands live off an agricultural economy. Many of the plantations have to depend on mainland agricultural colleges for young scientific farmers.

This is one problem for which the university has found no answer but to give the hell-bent-for-culture islanders what they want in the way of education. Responding to demand, for instance, the College of Arts and Sciences offers thirty different courses in music. The theater group stages Broadway and classical drama, and last year even tackled an opera and a Japanese kabuki drama. The art group has given birth to a distinctively Hawaiian school of ceramics. The School of Business is turning out enough white-collar workers to staff all the offices in Hawaii. The Teachers College trains nearly all the islands' school staffs. Sociology students come to study firsthand the mixing of the races in one of the few spots on earth where there is little racial prejudice.

Recruiting the faculty up to full strength, 500 members, is a challenge for the president and the deans. This is one of the pay-offs of the summer session. Mainland educators are quite willing to come out for the summer. Once in Hawaii, some decide to try it for a year. Some stay the rest of their lives. Acting President Wilson is one who did that. So is Dean Bitner. The average age of the faculty is ten years under that of a comparable mainland university.

The university's regents are philosophic about the distance to the nearest campus. In fact, by creating what Doctor Wilson calls "an atmosphere of intellectual ferment," they have been able to attract faculty members from ninety-nine mainland colleges and universities and from eight foreign lands. Among them are some distinguished scholars such as historians Arthur Marder and Ralph Kuykendall, physicists Walter Steiger and Kenichi Watanabe, English teachers Grove Day and Thomas Fujimura, educators Hubert Eberly and Bruce White, artists Claude Horan and Jean Charlot, horticulturists Morton Rosenberg and Baron Goto, the latter a Hawaii-born roving ambassador to the world on tropical crops, especially coffee culture.

"Sure, we lose some of them as they become famous," said Doctor Wilson. "But that's all right, because we don't want to inbreed too much. We need new people with young ideas. We have to be not merely as good as a mainland counterpart; we have to be better because we are building up to keep ahead of Hawaii's burgeoning population." THE END