

Beach Attendant Calls On Mystic Power Of Ancient Kahuna To Bring Big Surf

By ALEXANDER MACDONALD

If you were walking along the beach at Waikiki and saw a fellow thrashing around in the shallow water with a handful of leaves, mumbling to himself, you'd perhaps say, "Oh well, it takes all kinds to make a world," and pass by. So would I.

But this was Sally Hale. Sally's No. 1 man of the Waikiki beach attendants and just as matter-of-fact as mutton. What could he have been doing yesterday thrashing around out there? I walked nearer to ask.

"Eer—Sally. Something wrong?" Solicitous-like.

He didn't hear me. Kept beating the water and murmuring something like a chant. I caught the words "Mail! Ka nalu nui. Mail! Eku!" Not till he was finished and waded ashore did he spot me.

Then he said, "Guess that'll make 'em come up."

"What come up? What's it all about?"

MAKING KAHUNA

So Sally explained. He was making kahuna, he said, so that a big surf would come up.

"Look out there. See how quiet the ocean is?" Indeed there was hardly a ripple stirring. Where there should be surf was flat as a plate.

"Well, you come out here Wednesday or Thursday and you'll see

plenty of waves. Big ones. If there aren't, it'll be the first time I've missed."

The ceremony, as I got it, was to wade out into the water with a number of pohuehue vines. Then you thrash the water with the vines and murmur your incantation. Translated, it goes something like this:

"Arise, ye great surfs from Kahiki!

**The powerful curling waves,
Arise with the pohuehue,
Well up, long ranging surf!"**

Your chant done, you walk ashore and place the pohuehue vines as far up on the beach as you want the waves to come. Then you wait.

WANTS BEEG ONES!

That's what Sally did. He walked up the beach as far as the Outrigger club clock and built a little sand mound, in which he thrust the vines.

Funny part about it, Sally's worked it every time. He sincerely believes, he says, that it will work every time. Fact is, he's kind of touchy about it. Last time he worked it—when the fleet was in—one of the scoffers standing around was Elmer Lee, well-known Waikiki tenor and trader. So when Sally worked his kahuna he hid the pohuehue vines under Lee's grass shack shop by the

beach. Darned if the surf didn't come up the highest in months and trickle in the door of Elmer's grass shack!

But yesterday Sally had an eye open for business. Wednesday and Thursday are due to be peak days in the tourist trade and a heavy surf will mean plenty of business for the beach boys. He hasn't a doubt that the waves will be rolling high by then and is ready for a banner day.

Me? I'm waiting for Wednesday!

