In the SURF

By SARAH PARK

HERE'S a great suggestion for any hostess bored with here dinner parties.

Invite Waikiki's beach boys to partake of your board.

Introductions would go something like this:

Hostess: "Mrs. McWorkel, this is Turkey. He'll be seated on your left. And on your right, we have another man from the beach, Sally.

"And have you met Steamboat? And this is Steamboat Jr. These are Steamboat's relatives, Tugboat, Sailboat, Lifeboat, and Rowboat.

"Of course you've met Dad. And here are Curly, Splash, Tarzan, Boss, Blue, Molokai, Keeaumoku, Panama Dave, Rabbit, Blackout, Wata, Zulu, Mungo, Eight-ball, Nose, Scooter Boy. Oh, and here comes Dead-Eye."

IF THE PRESENCE of Turkey et al. doesn't spice up the dinner party, Hostess had better return her Emily Post book to the library and maybe take up the art of how to hibernate in a Hawaiian cave.

Sooner or later the subject of the names of Waikiki's beach personalities would wash up to the conversational surface. And here is where Sally would speak.

Sally Hale is head beach attendant at the Outrigger Canoe Club. He says he was named Sally because his father's name was Salisbury.

That takes care of him.

And for the rest, here is what he would report (most of the fellas work for him, so he should know):

Explains Salisbury Hale:

Turkey is Turkey because when he was small he was covered all over with freckles like a Turkey Egg and that's what they called him, Turkey Egg, but now he's sans freckles and the Egg part of his name.

Steamboat is the translation of Samuel Mokuahi's last name. His son is Steamboat Jr. or Motorboat, the latter title if you hope to avoid possible confusion.

Steamboat Jr. recently went to a downtown store to buy a handkerchief or something.

"Cash or charge," the lady said.

"Charge," Steamboat Jr. replied.

"Name and address, please," she smiled.

"Steamboat Jr., Outrigger."

Steamboat Jr. had a hard time convincing her that's the way he does his business.

To continue:

Splash Lyons is really Kepolkai Nawai Lyons. He was inordinately heavy when he was young, so every time he hit the water there was a big "splash!" Hence the nickname.

Dad Center. George, he began life as. "He was a dad to all of us when we were kids on the beach," says Salisbury.

Toots Minvielle is A. E. Minvielle Jr. is Uhu too. Toots says Toots is because his mother's pet name for him is obvious. Uhu is a Honolulu businessman.

The name Uhu got hung on him when he was a young spear fisherman. Though ardent about his spear fishing, he saved his spear for uhu, (parrot fish) which he felt were the only type of fish worth the time, trouble and muscle.

Harry B. Cornwell, a Maui boy, is called Curly because he is fortunate enough to have hair and it's curly.

Alfred William Horner is from Molokai, so he's Molokai to his friends.

Down a ways from the Outrigger, at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, there's William C. Daniels, head beach attendant. Behind his name, Chick, lies a "long story."

Which is what this already has turned out to be!

Just ahead is an all-night drive-in, deserted, awaiting the breakfast trade. The haunting note of a saxophone escapes its die-hard juke box. A few purple-trousered car-hops are jangling silverware inside. Outside, the sleepy mynahs bobble around the parking space.

Walk along. Tap tap. Palms silhouetted against the sky, black on royal blue. Far away, a dove is calling: coo-coo-coo, coo-coo-coo!

An elderly man is airing his dog. He passes by in silence. But he is there and you are there, and everything else is asleep.

TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES and walk. Wet grass between your toes. The scent of plumeria fills the air as you pass a flower-laden bush. Just beyond that, you catch for a moment the small of fresh-baked rolls.

Walk along. It rained last night. Smell the still-damp earth. A tousle-headed boy ziz-zags past on his bike. A little girl with a prayer book. A bored MP in a jeep.

Walk down toward the sea-wall. The ocean is tinted pink. Close to the shore, a gentle plish-plosh; from far out, a deep-throated roar. Out there, a fishing boat and a freighter: In here, a little man with a rake, looking for coins in the sand.

An airliner drones overhead. A barefoot sailor, wearing a tired lei, wades along the shore. The sand is cold underfoot; the water is clear and warm.

Silent workers are busy, washing hotel windows, roping off plots of sand. A boy and girl in bathing suits sit on a blanket, holding hands. A radio plays softly beside them . . . a plaintive Hawaiian tune. Diamond Head is rosy-gold.

THE OCEAN TURNS silver . . . yellow . . . green.

A truck rumbles by on the street. A portly tourist aims his Leica out toward the Waianae Range, where the mountains are just beginning to take on another dimension.

The ocean turns pale blue.

Down at Kuhio Beach, a big Hawaiian man and two boys are hosing down the benches. The man has a friendly smile; stand beside him looking out at the ever-brightening sea.

Coo-coo-coo! Out on the horizon, homebound fishing boats are dazzling white. The last bit of mist is gone.

The sun peers yellow-bright through the trees. The big man scratches his head.

"Another day," he says. And smiles.