

NOTES OF A WAIKIKI BEACHNIK:

THE MIGHTY BATTLE AGAINST THE MYNAH BIRDS

EDITORS' NOTE

■ Fred Allen once described H. Allen Smith as "weighing about 110 pounds with his bridgework in and the complete works of Dale Carnegie under his arms." That weight would increase considerably if Smith started lugging around his own writings, even as light and breezy as they are. Since 1941, he has delighted audiences with 18 books, the latest of which, "Waikiki Beachnik," you are about to sample.

Not that this reputation did Smith much good in Hawaii. He learned that nobody since Captain Cook has staked a claim to as much of the Pacific as James Michener, author of "South Pacific" and the current best seller, "Hawaii."

"In fact," says Smith, "one of the first things I did on arrival in Hawaii was to check in with him and apply for my license. He controls all literary endeavor in the Pacific. This Ocean belongs to him, scribblewise. If anybody else wants to write about it, he must make application to Mr. Michener and state his qualifications, and then deliver one wheelbarrow load of coconuts to the Michener apartment on Lewers Road in Waikiki and, after that, perhaps he will get his license. When Mr. Michener handed over my papers, he said, 'Remember now, no laughs.' And I replied, 'Don't worry.'"

Here, then, is a witty tale proving, we think, that Mr. Smith didn't quite keep his promise to Mr. Michener.

