

HAWAII CLIPPING SERVICE
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Victoria Custer Elaine Stroup
HONOLULU ADVERTISER
DEC. 13 1968

Wrong-Way Passenger

His Flight to Isles Colder Than Usual

Honolulu Thad Ekstrand boarded a flight in San Francisco for Hawaii this week—and ended up in London.

Ekstrand said he was well into his second martini when the pilot announced over the loud-speaker: "If you will look out the port side, ladies and gentlemen, you will see Lake Tahoe."

"I looked out and saw snow," said Ekstrand. "That sure can't be the Farallon Islands, I said to myself."

"I called a stewardess and asked her what flight I was on."

"Why the one for London, sir," she said.

Ekstrand was wearing his Outrigger Canoe Club blazer, a turtle neck T-shirt and a pair of slacks. His luggage was in San Francisco. He had no passport, no visa.

He's the Hawaii sales manager for National Biscuit Co. and was returning home from a sales meeting in Miami, Fla. After a stop-off in San Francisco, he went to the airport to catch his flight to Hawaii.

"That was on Sunday," he said. "They marked my ticket and I got on the plane they told me to get on."

He said he was traveling first class and that there were three no shows on the flight. Had the person been there whose seat he took, the crew probably would have checked his ticket and discovered the error.

"There was a lot of consternation when they found out they'd put me on a flight going the wrong way," he said.



Advertiser Photo by T. Umeda

London, cold? Ekstrand shivers thinking of it.

"But they were very nice about it. The pilot asked me if I had to be in Hawaii for any reason, if so, he'd turn around."

"But my business wasn't that urgent. They'd have had to dump fuel. So I just went along to London."

He said the stewardesses strung a lei of vanda orchids used to decorate food trays and put it on him as he disembarked in London.

"They took very good care of me," he said. "That night I saw 'Fiddler on the Roof.' But first I went to a department store and bought a shirt and tie."

Ekstrand said before he went out to dinner and

the theater, he called his wife in Hawaii.

Said he: "It was 6 p.m. in London and 7 o'clock in the morning in Hawaii. She thought I was calling from Honolulu airport. I told her I was in London getting ready to see 'Fiddler on the Roof.'"

"You're WHAT?" said Mrs. Ekstrand.

"I'm in London," said Ekstrand.

"You're kidding?" Ekstrand said he made the 10-hour return flight from London on Tuesday, landed in Los Angeles, then caught a plane for Hawaii.

"It was sort of interesting, in a way," he said yesterday. "But that's too much flying for me. I'm pooped."

I Say, Old Boy! *Week in Review*
"If you will look out the port side, ladies and gentlemen, you will see Lake Tahoe,"

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HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN
DEC. 15 1968

Executive Jack Keating dies after long illness

Millionaire businessman John D. (Jack) Keating, 62, died early today in St. Francis Hospital after a long illness.

Keating, who lived at 3175 Noela Drive, was hospitalized Nov. 4 and had been under intensive care.

Funeral arrangements are pending at Borthwick Mortuary.

Keating, born in Portland, Ore., had world-wide business interests ranging from radio and television stations to electronics firms and apartment houses.

His most recent Hawaii venture involved vigorous attempts to obtain a lease on State property that would allow him to build a sight-seeing aerial tramway to the peak of Diamond Head.

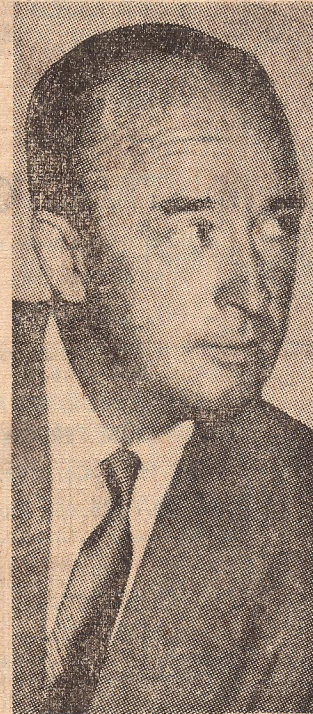
THIS PLAN was opposed by various conservation groups.

A family friend said Keating's present business interests included being chairman of the board of Travel Management Corp. in Los Angeles, part-owner of several radio stations including KPOI in Honolulu and one in Macao, and the owner of extensive property in Los Angeles and other west coast locations.

He also owned a ranch at Kona.

Keating once owned a major interest in KONA-TV here.

He recently sold his shares in Concordia Electronics, a Hong Kong-based firm.



John D. Keating

His survivors are his wife, Dorothy; a daughter, Kelley, 10, and a son, John, 5.

Keating was a member of the Waikiki Yacht Club, the Outrigger Club and the Oahu Country Club.

The family has requested that flowers be omitted.

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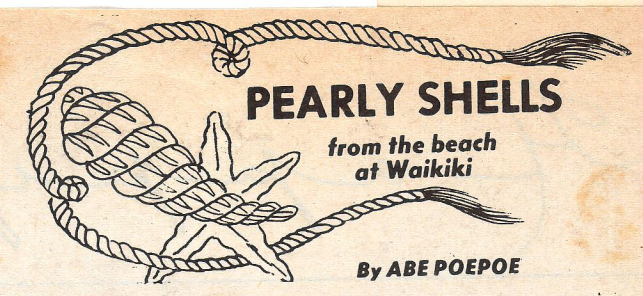
proclaimed the captain of the jetliner which minutes before had taken off from San Francisco.

That was when passenger Thad Ekstrand, Hawaii sales manager for National Biscuit Co., realized he just might be on the wrong plane, heading the wrong way. He thought he was en route home to Honolulu after flying to San Francisco from a sales meeting in Miami.

And so Ekstrand, resplendent in an Outrigger Canoe Club blazer, a turtle neck T-shirt and a pair of slacks, wound up in London.

The airline, which had put him on the wrong plane, paid his expenses. Ekstrand bought clothing more suitable for an evening on the town in the British capital, went to see a play, stayed overnight in a hotel, then caught a flight back to the United States.

"It was sort of interesting in a way, but that's too much flying for me," Ekstrand commented when he finally got home. "I'm pooped."



'CHARLY'

Cinerama Releasing Corporation has been distributing some of the most exciting films of the year, two of which should be serious contenders for Oscar nominations. We intend to review both pictures more fully when they show here.

One is Selmur Pictures' "Charly," directed by RALPH NELSON and starring CLIFF ROBERTSON and CLAIRE BLOOM. It is a poignant tale of mental retardation filmed entirely in Boston, using in one segment actually retarded children. Robertson plays the very sensitive role of Charly who hurdles near idiocy to become a genius. Medical fiction? Perhaps, but, according to director Nelson, closer to truth because of our tremendous gains in medical transplants.

Assisted ably by Miss Bloom (the filming was held up three weeks so that she could play the female lead), Robertson brings to the wide screen a dimension in acting that tugs at your emotions and leaves you frustrated but hopeful. Under Nelson's exquisite guidance, his transformation and subsequent regression never strain credulity.

The film is a masterpiece of love from actors, director, executive producer SELIG SELIGMAN, screen-writer STIRLING SILLIPHANT and composer-recorder RAVI SHANKAR.

'HELL IN THE PACIFIC'

The other movie of exceptional worth is "Hell in the Pacific," another release by Selmur Pictures. It focuses brilliantly on two men, an American (LEE MARVIN) and a Japanese (TOSHIRO MIFUNE), both World War II non-combatants who must face the possibility of killing to survive on an incredibly beautiful island. Unable to communicate because of the language barrier, the enemies learn to co-exist until a move via raft to a cluster of islands re-introduces the reality of hate and plunder.

Marvin and Mifune are the entire cast, and they are powerfully magnificent. Mifune is a specimen to behold—handsome and a pillar of strength. Marvin has never been better.

The movie, filmed in the Palaus, is being shown in Japan with no subtitles. The American showings likewise have no subtitles.

LEE MARVIN claims the Palaus will soon rival the Kona Coast in attracting deep sea fishermen. And this comes from a long time fan of the Islands and particularly of the Big Island. How did he and Mifune, who understands English but speaks through an interpreter, communicate during the four and one-half month filming? "Indian style."

TOSHIRO MIFUNE stars next in his 16th Century Japan production, "Furin Kazan," due for a Hollywood showing in February. "Hell in the Pacific" (a dreadful title) should put Mifune back on the young Japanese moviegoer's list, says Marvin.

The raft scenes are for real. "When we had to cross the reef through breaking surf, it became pretty dangerous," Marvin told us. Any stand-ins? "Absolutely not. Our movie is a realistic one."

CHARLES K. L. DAVIS, Hawaii's own tenor, stars in a four-hour spectacular on radio KCCN on New Year's Day, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. The radio station (1420) is the only one up a tree...in the International Market Place.

You don't have to go to Japan to get the flavor and atmosphere of the place. Kaimana Beach Hotel has a Japanese restaurant, Miyako, that features superb food beautifully served. You may dine at a conventional table or while sprawling on the floor. Try any complete dinner—you'll be awed by the amount of food.

Dillingham Corporation's p-r honcho NORMAN REYES and his lovely wife JEAN open their St. Louis Heights home for a Holiday Recovery on New Year's day. Per usual the food will be fantastic.

Maybe it's because we're not soul-swingers that Capitol recording star LOU RAWLS doesn't turn us on. But the opening night audience loved him, and that's really what counts. He's appearing in the Crown Room of the newly opened Imperial Hawaii Hotel on Lewers Street, and it's the room that captures our attention with its several levels all looking directly onto the performer. One wall will consist of a swimming tank complete with frolicking mermaid. We hope manager GORDON BOEDER, who had his share of preview problems, will do something about the sound system that comes close to knocking you clear off your seat. Bugs or none, Boeder has a keen eye for attractive waitresses, all splendidly leggy in their page boy outfits.

We watched Apollo 8 streak through the Hawaiian night from the Outrigger Canoe Club last Thursday, and we must admit to a tremendous lump in our throat and a magnificent pride in our nation's accomplishments.