

JUL 24 1979

Aloha!

Today is Tuesday,
July 24, 1979

Hawaii

About 200 concerned citizens listen to some tough talk at the Outrigger Canoe Club about crime.

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Campers without permits along the Waianae Coast are being warned to leave or face the possibility of being cited.

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The Nation

Harris Survey shows the president's popularity up from 25 percent to 29 percent.

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Washington

Senate lifts the authorization limit on the food stamp program and prepares to approve an additional \$620 million.

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Money Matters

Blumenthal, the departing Treasury secretary, says the fight against inflation must be pursued vigorously despite pressures from "timid politicians and mindless poll-watchers."

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Editorial

The "success" of the Geneva refugee conference, while it may alleviate some of the emergency of the boat people, should not calm the conscience of the world into the conviction that the problem has been solved.

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People

From the many-faceted mind of Steve Allen, you may get a tune, a lyric, a joke, a social comment, a book title or simply a little pragmatic advice.

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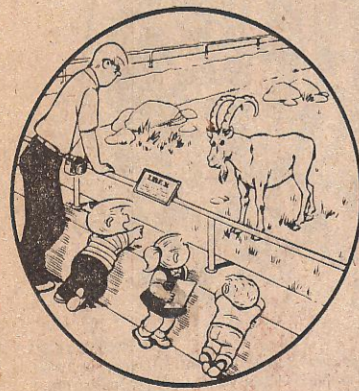
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The Family Circus

By Bil Keane



"I bet he'd be easy to ride. Look at the handlebars."

JUL 24 1979

Angry words and emotions punctuate anti-crime gathering at Outrigger Club

By BARBARA HASTINGS
Advertiser Staff Writer

Like a roller in the ocean, it appears an anti-crime momentum is gathering force.

Take last night. Almost 200 people turned out for a meeting that originally was expected to draw a handful, and at times the rolling force appeared about to crash ashore.

These people want, in the words of a prosecuting attorney, freedom from fear.

They met at the Outrigger Canoe Club. Many were wealthy, others highly educated, some were both. They came for the answer from the mayor, from the police, from the judges, from lawyers.

Certain incidents drew them out. A gang rape in Nanakuli, a few soldiers getting beat up in the same area, a man convicted of rape left out on bail, a neighbor being robbed.

They listened as Mayor Frank Fasi told them the laws are too lenient, they applauded when Chuck Marsland, a prosecuting attorney, told them compassion for criminals is "bullshit."

They applauded again when a police officer told them, "Lock 'em up and throw away the key," and when a defense attorney told them it'll take swift and certain conviction.

They had compassion when a rape victim told of her trauma, how rape had messed up her life, and how she had to put the pieces back together.

These people want to walk on the beaches, they said, on Kalakaua Avenue at night, to be safe in their homes.

They waited for an answer — THE answer — but it didn't come.

If there was one overlapping kernel to what the officials and lawyers had to say, it was something akin to "get tough." It's how that draws different answers.

These people listened to Fasi tell them Hawaii is better than just about any other city in the country of its size when it comes to violent crimes, but they were more receptive when he said, "The worse you can do is make it easier for a juvenile offender. We need stricter laws relating to juveniles."

They didn't seem to like it very much when David Schutter, a prominent attorney, told them, "You all are talking flat racism. That's it, baby."

He said when it was their own children, they wouldn't be so much in favor of mandatory sentences, "you'd applaud your fool heads off for leniency."

Fasi countered on the racism charge. "I don't agree with that, because I went through it," he said, in an apparent reference to his own

son, who has a criminal record.

Schutter said more money is needed for more and better paid police, prosecutors and judges.

There are two ways of preventing crime, he said. One is morals. If that's not operating, "then it's a fear of getting caught."

He said it might get to the stage of vigilantes, because there aren't enough police officers.

And, he said, something has to be done to rehabilitate youthful offenders. He said many of the hard-core criminals operating today were identified as early as 8 years old, when they were confined in the state boys' home.

"They hate you, they hate your goddamned guts. You locked 'em up and you didn't do a thing. I'm talking about rehabilitating an 8-year-old."

Prosecuting attorney Marsland's solutions were to take bail and sentencing powers away from judges. This will eliminate "intercession by do-gooders and politicians."

He suggested too, to "turn the spotlight of publicity on the judiciary," and he added, "demand that justice be swift, certain, predictable and tough."

"You're faced with who's going to run this city, punks or people. It's your island, your government. I suggest you take it back."

One suggestion from the audience was "that we have to start looking at crimes as personal events, and not as infractions" of laws.

The rape victim who spoke brought that idea home. She talked about how for months she could not walk on the street without checking it, of sitting in her apartment with no money and afraid to go out to the bank.

The man she accused of harassing her, (she chose to press this charge instead of rape) had a therapist who convinced the authorities he could be treated as an outpatient, she said.

"Now, he has allegedly raped another woman, burglarized a home, and harassed another woman," she said.

"I want to be safe, I want other women to be safe," she told the crowd.

JUL 26 1979



bob krauss
Advertiser columnist

The fabled Union Saloon rises again

Hang onto your volleyball, Pacific Club. Watch out for your surf board, Outrigger Canoe Club.

Get a good grip on your putters, Waialae and Oahu Country Clubs.

A new status symbol has appeared in the rarified regions of Honolulu society. It is the Plaza Club, located in the penthouse atop the Pioneer Plaza Building downtown.

Being the only penthouse private club in Hawaii is not what threatens its rivals.

The secret weapon of the Plaza Club in kamaaina-conscious Honolulu is its pedigree. It is the direct descendant of a social institution which reigned supreme in Hawaii for 50 years, the Union Saloon.

The Union Saloon was located on Cunha's Alley between King and Merchant Sts., 21 floors below what is now the Plaza Club which opened last night.

"We are proud to inherit the site of the Union Saloon and hope that we can live up to its noble traditions," said Jerry Kremkow, founder of the Plaza Club and chairman of the board of governors.

It won't be easy.

The Union Saloon was entertaining royalty when the Oahu Country Club was still in underbrush. The free lunch at the Union Saloon was better than dinner at Iolani Palace.

Major controversies at political conventions in Hawaii were resolved at the Union Saloon.

Proprietor of this unique institution was Emanuel A. Cunha who wore pongee suits and striped shirts and looked, according to one observer, like a contented peacock. He took over the saloon in 1874.

Advertiser files show that Cunha hired young bartenders from good kamaaina families who approached the pouring of drinks like the tellers gave out money in Bishop's bank across the street.

Disreputable customers were not served. If they tried to order drinks, the bartenders simply did not hear them. Impropriety did not exist in the Union Saloon.

If Charles R. Bishop had been a tipping man, he would have gone to the Union Saloon. Customers included Judge Abraham Fornander and, of course, King Kalakaua.

They sipped their whiskey amid koa furniture, a library, plush carpeting, marble-topped tables and walls hung with gilt-framed paintings of Hawaiian royalty. For this reason, the saloon was officially known as the Union Art Gallery.

The paintings and the free lunch established Cunha's reputation as Hawaii's foremost saloon keeper.

He once recalled to a reporter a time in the

1880's when two Russian naval ships, Africa and Vestnik, were in the harbor. The Russian officers lavishly entertained one of Cunha's customers whom he referred to as a Personage. Obviously, this was Kalakaua.

The King wanted to return the Russian hospitality. Since Cunha's food was the best in town, Kalakaua asked the saloon keeper if he could bring his royal party in for the free lunch.

Proud to be hosting royalty, Cunha laid in oysters, a Macedonian salad, fish au gratin, pickled pears, thin cuts of sausage de Lyons, caviar sweetbreads and mushrooms, chilled muskmelons, stuffed olives and garganzola cheese.

The saloon keeper prominently displayed glasses which, by filling with booze, he would pay for the food.

But Kalakaua failed to order drinks for his party. The feast was almost over before the king beckoned a waiter and whispered, "My good man, bring us a quart of claret and, oh yes, put it on my bill."

The Union Saloon was so popular that, if you couldn't reach a prominent businessman at home or in his office, the first place you always looked was in the saloon.

This proud tradition came to an end in 1918

when Cunha died and the nation voted in prohibition.

The Advertiser reported results of an auction of the famous paintings and antique furniture. It's enough to make you cry. An 80-year-old French clock sold for \$10. King Kalakaua's etching fetched \$2. Eighteen sherbert glasses he had given Cunha brought \$3.

A long marble-topped table and six leather-upholstered koa chairs went for \$20. Highest price of the day was \$100 paid for an oil painting of Kamehameha the First.

But the tradition of the Union Saloon lived on, in spite of prohibition, when its patrons formed the private Commercial Club on the 4th and 5th floors of the McCandless Building.

For many years, the Commercial Club rivaled the Pacific Club as THE executive watering hole. Finally, the Commercial Club, too, succumbed.

But the Union Saloon has risen again, 21 floors to be exact. Waiters have been in training for two weeks. Antique furniture has been arriving from all over the world. A list of the members shows that practically all major corporations in Honolulu are represented.

May I raise my glass in a toast to the contented peacock himself, the patron saint of the swank new Plaza Club, saloon keeper Emanuel A. Cunha.