

MAR 2 8 1971

## dawn comes up with memories of Waikiki-that-used-to-be

By HOWARD H. GOSS  
Special to The Advertiser

It's five in the morning. The first silver brush of dawn is making itself known. I'm sitting on the cool sand in front of the Moana Hotel at the center of the crescent of that beach called Waikiki.

The fresh cool air with its mild trace of salt . . . and maybe a bit of seaweed, triggers a great relief just to know that I'm here. I look through the muted light and see the bright sparkling surf of many years ago and feel the excitement and thrill of David Kahanamoku shouting "Jump out keeds! . . . look out for the ama," as we pearl dived on my first canoe ride. I am ten all over again.

It's a great mood I'm in. Over to the left, near the rental surfboard lockers, stands the Waikiki Tavern . . . brown shaked and tilting slightly . . . but with an undying character of its own. Many an under-age beer was welcomed there. My mind pauses . . . checker players at the tables shaded by the green awnings.

**BEHIND ME** the Ewa Wing of the Moana Hotel looms in my mind. The Moana bathhouse locker rooms, always damp from salt air and shower water, housing a few ukuleles and guitars and sometimes a bass . . . for those impromptu moments when long forgotten beachboys felt the urge for their casual and unforgettable music.

And over there is where Clem and I used to belly skim on the shallow fan of the waves after they hit the beach and spread themselves up the gentle slope of the sand.

### AND MORE memories:

The grassy vacant lot where the Surfrider Hotel now stands and the old Outrigger Canoe Club, with nothing but its surfboard lockers, volleyball courts, palm thatched beach pavilion . . . and the great round clock standing at least twelve feet high.

Redwood "planks", cigar boards and spiffy redwood and balsa laminated surfboards, come into focus with names carefully painted on them . . . like "Duke", "Ehu Kai", "Aloha", "Panama" and "Eleu". That five-foot clunker of a plank I found washed up on the beach early one morning . . . tough to surf on, but fun when the waves were big and I had guts enough to try them. Suddenly I almost detect the unique smell of coconut oil . . . see the slick, shiny shoulders . . . and then remember the continual blisters that left my nose raw.

**THE ULUNIU CLUB** with its kamaaina casual aloofness, next to the monstrous Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The Royal . . . memories of hot afternoons, standing on the beach, early in the war, leaning on the seawall and watching our girl friends dancing with sail-

ors and marines to the great live sounds of Artie Shaw and Claude Thornhill.

The sun's coming up now . . . lights are signaling movement in the big apartments at Diamond Head and in the many hotel rooms surrounding me. Time to think about getting into my Merchant Street clothes and looking at the reality of today. But I linger a little longer . . .

**I TREAT MYSELF** to a quiet breakfast at the Royal's Surf Room Lanai. Papaya . . . a special taste of Hawaii . . . conjuring up visions of tropical islands.

I look across the bay. A few tourists walking slowly down the beach . . . a couple of girls in bikinis with surfboards under their arms, heading for the water . . . a few early rising surfers already out at "Queens".

HAWAII CLIPPING SERVICE  
P.O. Box 2033 - Honolulu, Hawaii  
PHONE: 734-8124  
Victoria Custer Elaine Stroup  
HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN

MAR 2 9 1971

## Guy N. Rothwell Dies; Kamaaina Architect

Guy N. Rothwell, architect and engineer who helped design City Hall and other Honolulu landmarks, was found dead Saturday at the Arcadia Retirement Residence. He was 80.

A Requiem Mass will be said at 10 a.m. Thursday at St. Pius X Church, on Lowrey Avenue near East Manoa Road, followed by burial in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, Punchbowl. Borthwick Mortuary is handling arrangements.

The family has asked that flowers be omitted, and has suggested that friends may make donations to their favorite charities in his memory.

Mr. Rothwell died less than a month after his wife Mary Louise, who died March 2.

She was the daughter of Charles W. McCarthy, governor of Hawaii from 1918 to 1923.

Mr. Rothwell was born in the same spot he died.

"I WAS BORN on the spot where the Arcadia stands now," he recalled in an interview in the Star-Bulletin last year. "And by coincidence I live in the Arcadia now."

He said he grew up on the beach at Waikiki, in a house where the Moana Hotel now stands.

"My father and his partner built the Moana, around 1895 or 1896 as I recall," he said.

"They tore down our house and put up the hotel, but they were ahead of their time and they lost it."

Mr. Rothwell said that because of the plague in 1900 and a Mainland depression in 1907, visitors stopped

coming to Hawaii for a time.

But the development began by the senior Rothwell marked the pattern for the younger Rothwell's life.

Mr. Rothwell is credited with having designed or assisted in designing more than 1,000 buildings on Oahu.

**HE DESIGNED** Honolulu Stadium and the old police station now housing Honolulu District Court at Merchant and Bethel streets. Another of his designs is the former Sears Roebuck store on Beretania Street, where the police station and other City agencies are located.

In the interview last year, Mr. Rothwell reflected on the growth of Waikiki:

"The build-up was too hasty and too helter-skelter. But I think it will come out all right, although frankly I can't drive down Kalakaua Avenue these days. Can't stand it."

"I drive around it."

"But there are things we can do. The buildings can be painted shades of green . . .

"Nothing can take the scenery or climate away from us, and if we watch it, this place will always be beautiful."

**MR. ROTHWELL** was educated at Punahou and various technical schools on the Mainland. He became a Navy employee in 1911 at Bremerton, Wash.

In 1913 he became an architectural engineer and took a post at Pearl Harbor. The next two years he worked for Mainland engineering firms, then joined Hawaiian Electric Co. in 1916.

With World War I, Mr. Rothwell went on active duty in the Navy in 1917 and was discharged two years later as a lieutenant (junior grade). He returned home and became a consulting architectural engineer with various local firms, organized his own consulting firm in 1922 and became a registered professional architect in 1923. He specialized in harbor, communications and defense projects while presi-

dent of Guy N. Rothwell and Associates.

From 1928 to 1941, he served in the U.S. Naval Reserve, retiring as an honorary lieutenant commander.

In 1930, he was appointed as a naval aide of Territorial Gov. Lawrence Judd. He served as chief engineer of the Territorial Office of Civil Defense from 1941 to 1944, and remained as a civilian naval aide to the Governor until 1945.

He was a regent of Chaminade College, a member of the Waikiki Beach Improvement Panel and the Board of Hospitals and Settlements from 1928 to 1957, and was a Harbor Board commissioner from 1957 to 1963. He was a past president of the Hawaii Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and also belonged to the Engineer Association of Hawaii, Elks, Waikiki Yacht Club, Outrigger Canoe Club and Blessed Sacrament Church.

**MR. ROTHWELL'S** survivors include three sons,

**THE DAY IS UPON ME.** Time to get going. I sip my coffee as I look at the towering concrete buildings around me. Each built to honor, in a way, this wonderful strip of sand and the personal romance it holds for all who participate in its happy, healthy atmosphere . . . at whatever time in history and for whatever reason. Be it honeymoon, long anticipated vacation or just sitting around living in its embrace.

Luck has been with me. Waikiki has been mine, off and on for almost a lifetime. A little painted up and gaudier now than I would prefer . . . but maybe that 10-year-old out there climbing into a canoe with his brothers and the husky beachboy will find his unforgettable thrill this morning if the bow spray of his speeding canoe stings his face . . . or he hears the shout from behind him . . . "Jump out keeds!" . . . look out for the ama."



Guy N. Rothwell

Frank N. and Guy N. Rothwell Jr., both Honolulu engineers, and Robert M. Rothwell, a deputy corporation counsel for the City; a daughter, Mrs. John R. (Mary Louise) Lloyd, of Pittsfield, Mass.; 19 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild, who is the seventh Rothwell generation in Hawaii.