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A POCKET GUIDE TO

HAWAII

Illustrated b
W/O Robert a

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W/O Robert Bach

THIS IS ABOUT HAWAII, to introduce you to a new country. New countries are like new friends. You can't get to enjoy them until you've learned something about them—until you know the score. So here's the score on Hawaii.

Your Hawaiian Islands are a chain of volcanic peaks reaching up out of the Pacific about halfway between the United States and Asia.

The base of this mountain range is some 18,000 feet below sea level; so if you climb to the top of Mauna Loa—the 14,000-foot volcano on the Island of Hawaii—you can boast that you've stood at the summit of the highest mountain in the world. Even when you're at sea level you're high up the mountainside.

Eight of the Hawaiian Islands are big enough to write home about. Some of the rest of them are so small that there isn't a pen point fine enough to put them on the map.

Before the Japanese went berserk, the Hawaiian Islands had three salable products—sugar, pineapple, and climate. The sugar and pineapple were shipped to the Mainland (continental U. S.) where you ate them. The climate was used by an ever-increasing horde of enthusiastic tourists.

It all worked out pretty happily.

Then came December 7, 1941—and the foul blow that brought us all to Hawaii, soldier, on the way to Tokyo.

The main island of the Hawaii group is called Oahu. It isn't the biggest, but it's the most important, because the city of Honolulu is on it. Oahu is only 40 miles long and 26 wide; but here you'll find an astonishing variety of scenery, floral beauty, and bustling human activity.

Honolulu is 2,091 nautical miles from San Francisco and 3,394 from Yokohama.

This means that it's a long way home from Honolulu, via Japan.

The first thing you will notice about the city of Honolulu is that it's full of drug stores, department stores, soda fountains, movies, offices, and even Americans. It has busses that charge 10 cents a ride, three tokens for 20 cents.

There are cops, public schools, dial telephones, churches, hot-dog stands, public libraries, YMCA's, restaurants, daily newspapers, radio repair shops, gas stations, public parks, and playgrounds.

On the streets you'll see such sights as newsboys hawking evening papers, people from offices jostling to get on busses so they won't arrive home late for supper, taxicabs dodging traffic, red fronts of the 5-and-10, and the little wire baskets on wheels in the supermarkets.

So you're not as far away from home as you think.

Of course, you'll see palm trees, giant ferns, tropical flowers that may be unfamiliar to you. And in the background will be the mountains.

When you go outside the city, around the island of Oahu, you'll see fields of pineapples stretching for miles. And more acres of sugarcane.

You'll see people working in those fields. They'll be just as American as you. And just as proud of it.

Maybe you'll go to one of the other Islands in the group. The largest is Hawaii. Most people think that Honolulu is on Hawaii. But that's only because they don't know. It's 200 miles from Oahu to Hawaii.

The island of Hawaii is big—as big as Connecticut and Rhode Island put together. It is 83 miles long, 73 miles wide, and 283 miles around—more than 4,000 square miles of land.

Some of the most beautiful scenery in the world is on Hawaii. There are snow-capped mountains, two of which are more than 13,000 feet high, and there are two volcanoes, active hot stuff.

The people out here say that sugar is king in Hawaii. That's because the Islands produce so much. But they also are proud that one of the largest cattle ranches in the world is on the island of Hawaii—the Parker Ranch. When you eat fresh meat at mess out here, chances are it came from this ranch.

The other six large islands are Maui, Kauai, Lanai, Molokai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe. Sound like hard names to remember. But after you've been out here awhile you'll learn how to pronounce them and they'll become as familiar to you as Massachusetts, Iowa, Connecticut, or Arkansas.

Maui is second in size of the Islands. It is called the "Valley Island" because of its several beautiful winding streambeds. It's famous for its hospitality and for a volcano 10,000 feet high with a burned-out crater 15 miles across.

Kauai is the "Garden Island" of the group, because of the breath-snatching beauty of its lush foliage and flaming blooms. Its highest peak is called Waialeale, which is pronounced Wah-ee-ah-lee-ah-lee, and means "rippling water" without the bubbles. A good name for a mountain peak that's all wet with 500 inches of rain a year. Sixteen miles away, at Barking Sands, the annual rainfall is only 20 inches.

Kauai is also renowned for the astonishing beauty of

the Canyon of Waimea, which is Hawaii's own Grand Canyon.

Lanai is called the "Pineapple Island" because it is completely owned by a pineapple company.

Molokai is the "Friendly Island," a title that has been earned by its hospitality to homesteaders and its harboring of the leper colony which Robert Louis Stevenson made famous in his description of the great and good work done by Father Damien, who devoted his life to the welfare of those afflicted with that tragic disease.

Kahoolawe is the stepsister of the Islands. "Goat Island," or "Dust Island," they call her. There are no streams or springs on the island and practically no foliage. Last figure on population was two (2) people.

Niihau is another dry spot, but it possesses a tableland which gives good grazing; entirely devoted to stock raising.

That's the list of the big ones. You'll come to be as proud of them as the people who live here are proud of calling themselves Americans.

WE, THE PEOPLE

There are a lot of civilians on the Islands. Most of them were here before the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. And they have every intention of staying when we GI's go home.

In 1941 there were 465,339 inhabitants.

You're going to meet these people. They're your neighbors. And it's a good idea if, right at the start, you know a few things about them. It may prevent you from making mistakes.

There's one primary point to remember. No matter what the color of their skin, no matter how they appear, the civilians you see in the Hawaiian Islands are Americans. They're just as proud of the Stars and Stripes as you are. Never forget that.

You're going to run into a lot of Japanese during your stay. In 1941 there were 157,990 people of Japanese descent here. That means that 34 out of every 100 civilians were Japanese.

Now get this straight. Most of these went to Ameri-

can schools. They learned to pledge their allegiance to the same flag you salute. They like American soft drinks. And one of their favorite radio comics is Bob Hope. They're Americans.

What's more, many of them have husbands, sons, and brothers fighting for Uncle Sam. These Japanese-Americans (Nisei) aren't just talking patriotism. Their battalions proved, in the battle of Italy, that they are willing to die for it. Don't sell them short.

The native Hawaiians are a much smaller group. In 1941 there were only 14,246 pure Hawaiians and 52,445 part Hawaiians.

These Hawaiians are fine folk. Don't let any fantastic fiction you may have read about them back home throw you off the beam. These people have certain fundamental ideals: They believe in strong bodies, in clean living and in democracy.

The second largest group on the Islands is composed of the folks from back home who came over here to live, and their children. In 1941 there were 139,299 of them. Some arrived for a visit and liked the place so well they never went back. Others came out to work for a year or two, fell in love with these hunks of America in the Central Pacific, and remained.

Talk to the business people in the center of Honolulu.

Again and again you'll hear the same story: "I came over for a year in '24. But I'm still here. I only wish you could see our city when we don't have a war on."

You've probably heard Hawaii referred to as the Crossroads of the Pacific. That's an apt phrase. People from all the far-flung corners of the world have come to live in Hawaii. The big influx started back in the 1860's when shipload after shipload came over to work on the plantations.

In addition to the Japanese on the Islands, there are 8,000 Puerto Ricans, 29,000 Chinese, 7,000 Koreans, and 52,000 Filipinos.

Today these people are fired with a common purpose—to do their level best to help win the war. Not only have a great many joined the armed forces, but they're buying bonds, doing Red Cross work, taking part in all the civilian war activities the same as the people at home.

But keep this in mind, when you meet the people over here. They've been under attack. They've been living in a war atmosphere for a long time. They've been working long hours, suffering the inconveniences of overcrowding, curfew, gas rationing, and other necessary wartime restrictions.

They haven't complained. They aren't complaining now. But it hasn't been easy for them. So give them a break, and they'll meet you more than halfway.

A LITTLE HISTORY

If you're ever on a quiz program and the $64 question is "From what race do the Hawaiians come?" you'll take the money if you answer "Polynesian."

Scientists who study races have plucked out their beards arguing the origin of the Hawaiians. But the most generally accepted theory is that they emigrated from Asia more than a thousand years ago, sailing thousands of miles across the Pacific in double canoes. Here they set up a feudalistic farm system.

Recorded history in the Islands begins with their discovery by Capt. James Cook, British, on a Sunday morning in January of 1778.

Cook had come from the Society Islands in the southeast Pacific and was hunting for a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He had a quick temper, a flowing beard, a couple of ships, and a great uncertainty about where he was going.

When he arrived, he didn't know where he was.

The natives were equally confused. Believing in a large number of gods and never having seen a white man, they hit upon the idea that Cook was a chief god (Lono).

He had them eating out of his hand. The Islands (he called them the Sandwich Islands in honor of the Earl of Sandwich) were his. But he made the mistake of hanging around.

The natives got to trading with Captain Cook and his boys. And pretty soon they came to realize that white men were a long way from being gods.

The natives, like all people who find their confidence betrayed, were considerably sore about it, and Cook's men annoyed them still further by chopping up a couple of their sacred idols for firewood. During one of the ensuing scuffles a native chief, with close combat training, stuck a wooden dagger into Captain Cook's back. He died on the beach at Kaawaloa on the Island of Hawaii.

The rest of the expedition took to their boats and no other white men visited the Islands for 7 years.

Up until 1795 there had been a number of little kingdoms throughout the eight islands. There was plenty of room for all of them, but a few big chiefs wanted more than their share. The result was war, plenty.

Then a chief of Kona, named Kamehameha, decided

that this wrangling had gone on long enough. He was a big bayonet; you can see a statue of him in a golden feather cloak outside the Judiciary Building on King Street in Hololulu. He decided the only way to crush force was with greater force. With the help of some white advisers he conquered all the other chiefs on the Island of Hawaii. Then he built a fleet of outrigger canoes, some mounting brass ordnance, and set out for Maui and Oahu. It wasn't long before he had united all the islands under one rule, and he proceeded to govern with a firmness and wisdom which won him the title of Kamehameha the Great, and gained Hawaii real respect.

When Kamehameha was a boy, Hawaii was living in a stone-age culture, worshipping pagan gods, and was unknown to the rest of the world. Within one lifetime all this was changed. Stone tools and weapons were scrapped when metal tools and weapons arrived.

Wooden idols were burned and deadly tabus broken.

Kamehameha I died in 1819. The next year a boatload of missionaries arrived from Boston. They spread Christianity and they started schools. Hawaii became a bit of New England in the tropical Pacific. As a result, by the middle of the 19th century, the Hawaiians were just as well educated as the average throughout the United States. Well-to-do families in California sent their children to Honolulu for schooling. The result is that when you're in Hawaii, you're in an enlightened part of the United States, and one of the most democratic. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, was educated here in Hawaii.

While this was going on, Western people and Western ideas were taking hold. Trading posts were set up. Ships docked to take on cargoes of sandalwood, salt, food, and water. Whalers established a great base here.

In 1840 a British sea captain gained control of the Islands. But

after a few months, his superior gave them back to the reigning king, Kauikeauoli, son of old Kamehameha, better known as Kamehameha III. His nephew, Alexander, who ruled as Kamehameha IV, also favored Great Britain, but this was balanced by strong American interests. The rulers were worried about the possible fate of the Islands as long as they remained independent. Apprehensive looks were cast toward Germany and Japan.

Back in the States, Washington was interested too. Hawaii was the perfect site for a naval base to guard our West Coast. Then, too, American economic ties with the Islands were growing stronger. For example, the Monarchy and Uncle Sam in 1876 signed a treaty which, among other things, let Hawaiian sugar enter the States duty-free.

In 1893 an internal bloodless revolution dethroned Queen Liliuokalani, and a provisional government, headed by Sanford B. Dole, was formed. Annexation to the United States was requested, but President Cleveland disapproved. Disappointed, the provisional government set up an independent republic. This functioned until 1898. Then a new move for annexation was made, and this time Congress ratified the treaty. President McKinley signed it, and Hawaii became American soil. In 1900, the Organic Act made it a full-fledged Territory.

By that act Hawaii became an integral part of the United

States. (So from now on you'd better speak of the "Mainland.")

You have only to look around to see the result—one of the finest demonstrations anywhere of practical Americanism. Democracy, to the Hawaiians, is taken sincerely. They practice it. And it works, knitting many people of different races together in a concerted effort to build a better, freer, and happier life for all.

Nowhere in the Pacific do Asiatics live so well. There are many problems to be met, as there are back home; but the people of Hawaii are tackling them as an American democracy in an atmosphere of freedom and good will. A striking example of what we're fighting for.

Progress on the Islands since the turn of the century has been steady, but unspectacular. For example, in 1903 the biggest event, red lettered in all the books, was the opening of the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau.

In 1910 a daring young man by the name of Bud Mars made the first flight in Hawaii in an airplane.

The next 30 years saw the tourist boom. The swamps around Waikiki were filled in. Hotels and apartments were built. Hawaiian music became the rage back on the Mainland.

Life was placid and pleasant. It might have continued that way had it not been for December 7, 1941.

Subsequent history? You'll help make it.

HULA AND HULA

You've heard a lot about the Hula. Hawaii and the Hula!

Maybe you're one of those gullible guys who saw

glamorous movie stars swinging their sarongs, against a gorgeous Hollywood tropical backdrop, and thought you'd find a babe just like her under every palm tree.

Well, you're going to see the real McCoy now. So it's a good idea if you get rid of any notions you may have had and learn the truth.

First of all, the Hula is not a dance!

"Not a dance," you say. "Then what is it?"

The Hula is a style of dancing, or, if you wish, a "school" of dancing.

Before the white man came to the Islands, dancing was a part of the religious ritual of the natives. Each group worked out its own routines. These were complicated or simple to fit the occasion.

There were ceremonial Hulas and festival Hulas, Hulas for fun and Hulas for funerals. There was even a type of Hula for the chubby folk who preferred to go through the movements while sitting down. But all the various dance ceremonies worked out by all the groups were known as Hulas.

Now, if you see a pretty Hawaiian girl wearing a grass skirt and dancing some form of the Hula, go easy. She may be a graduate of the University of Hawaii with a Ph. D. in——The Dance. Well, why not?

GOVERNMENT OF, BY, AND FOR

Government in Hawaii is pretty much like that back on the Mainland, with three big differences:

First, the Governor is appointed by the President, but he can't be a *malihini*. A *malihini* is a newcomer.

Second, the people can't ballot in the Presidential elections.

Third, Hawaii, not being a state, lacks a vote in Congress. But don't get the idea that it doesn't swing weight in Washington. It does—through a Delegate who sits on vital House and Senate committees, and otherwise carries the banner for the Islands.

Many of the people here favor statehood. After the war you can expect a lot of discussion pro and con. Whatever the outcome, Hawaii will continue to be a friend of the United States.

As a Territory, Hawaii has its own legislature. The Senators (15) and Representatives (30) are elected by the various counties. They meet, pass the local laws, and send them up to the Governor, to be approved or disapproved.

If someone tells you the Governor is operating at the "old stand" in Honolulu, he simply means that the Capitol used to be a palace. King Kalakaua held court there, as did his sister, Queen Liliuokalani.

You can remember the King's name by looking at the corner signs on the avenue along Waikiki Beach. You won't have any trouble with the Queen's name either. Just remember that back on the Mainland they called her "Queen Lil." You also might like to remember that Queen Liliuokalani was the composer of the haunting Hawaiian melody "Aloha Oe" which she adopted from an old American ballad entitled "The Lone Rock by the Sea." Her song has become one of the most popular tunes in the United States.

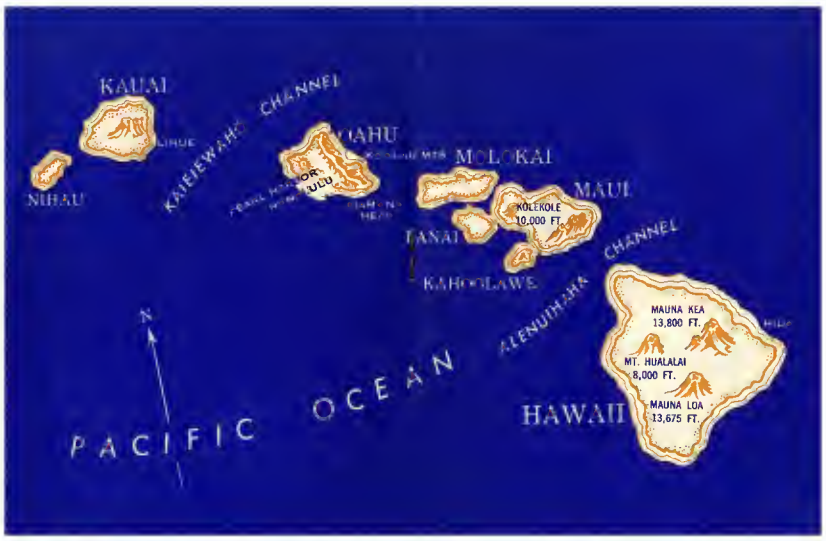
When the United States annexed the Islands, all the treaty signing was done in an elaborate building, surrounded by beautiful grounds, which you'll find in the civic center of Honolulu. This is the Iolani Palace. It's a building worth seeing. You can pick up some local history by looking over the paintings in the halls and chambers. You can see how the kings of Hawaii lived in the days of the monarchy, and a glance at the woodwork will show you what good craftsmen can do with the wood of koa and kou trees.

But don't expect to see any fancy titles on the doors

in the Capitol or other government buildings. They're the usual American: Attorney General, Treasurer, and Director of Institutions. There is even the familiar D. A.

For the local angle, you can drop in on the Territorial Circuit Courts (the President picks the judges), or the District Courts (the Territorial Supreme Court names the magistrates), and see how justice is dispensed in a Territory of the United States.

There's taxes, too. We warn you that the Tax Collector will enter your life if you buy one of the Islands' 78,000 cars; which leads us to advise you to pick out a light one. The tax is levied by the pound. Cars don't grow here.


KAUAI
NIHAU
KAIEIEWAHA CHANNEL
OAHU
MOLOKAI
MAUI
KOLEKOLE
10,000 FT.
LANAI
KAHOOLAWE
ALENUIHAHA CHANNEL
MAUNA KEA
13,800 FT.
MT. HUALALAI
8,000 FT.
MAUNA LOA
13,675 FT.
HAWAII
N
PACIFIC OCEAN

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY! YES, INDEED!

Major industries on the Islands can be counted like twins.

Up until 100 years ago, sugarcane in these parts was simply chewing-gum-on-the-stalk. It just grew.

Then someone discovered that the word "sugar" meant

money, and sugar refining began. From then on, it's been a growing industry.

A million tons of sugar are produced each year on the Islands from a quarter-million acres, and bring in 50 million dollars.

The 40 major plantations used to average a thousand workers each, but now are down to half that number; we need guns more than sugar.

It takes about nine chunks of cane to get a chunk of sugar. Plus a year and a half to two years for growing. Plus a lot of water for irrigation.

Refining is done on the Mainland, except for one plant at Aiea. If you're ever up that way (it's on Oahu), a guide will be glad to show you the process.

In addition to raising a lot of cane, the Islands do a right smart business in pineapples, which is surprising when you consider that the pineapple wasn't a Hawaiian fruit at all.

Pineapple, Model 1493: In that year it seems that, having found America, Columbus discovered the pineapple. But he discovered it on the Island of Guadaloupe in the Caribbean Sea. Apparently he left it right where he found it until an Englishman named Kidwell imported the Smooth Cayenne variety from Jamaica to Oahu.

That was in 1885 and the industry has been slicing

right along ever since; 20 million cases are packed off 75 to 80 thousand acres and bring in 50 million dollars.

Eight big outfits run the show. When they can get them, they hire more than 30 thousand workers. Right now they can't get that many.

Incidentally, don't leave the Islands without going through a cannery. Just phone one of the larger ones and find out what day you can come. The tour takes only about 45 minutes—and you'll be served all the juice you can drink.

After pineapples and sugar, come tourists. Pre-war they contributed 10 million dollars a year. There's a lot of talk floating around about the trade having been killed off by the war. But that's strictly a false rumor.

Matter of fact, there are more visitors here than ever before. Granted, most of them are wearing white or khaki uniforms, but they pack a lot of purchasing power.

Before Pearl Harbor a lot of the sojourners came out on the big Pacific liners, successors to Capt. Bill Matson's schooner the *"Emma Claudine"* which first said "So long, 'Frisco; Hi, Hilo" in 1882.

After Pearl Harbor—they still came out on the big Pacific liners, temporarily under new management—U. S. N.

Right along in the "T" column with Tourists is Tuna. And there the war has hurt. In the "old days," seven out of every ten tuna on your favorite grocer's shelf were born right here. After the Jap attack, the lid clamped down. Now, Uncle has let a little commercial fishing resume, but not enough to excite even the tuna.

Another Hawaiian enterprise which you probably never saw in the movies is cattle-raising. It doesn't begin to match sugar or pineapple production. But it's still important, and sizable quantities of meat products, tallow, hides, and skins find their way to the Mainland.

THE ARMY

You've heard about carrying coals to Newcastle? Not that it has anything to do with the Army——

Except that, soldier, when you arrive in Hawaii, all fresh and snappy in your best GI CKC's, you're going to stand out just exactly like a chunk of coal in that Old English mining town.

The Army has been established on the Hawaiian Islands a long time. In fact two batteries of U. S. Artillery landed here as far back as 1848. They were on their way from Boston to Oregon by the long route around the Horn and dropped in for a friendly visit. When Hawaii became part of the United States, the Army became part of Hawaii.

When an army isn't moving it needs posts, camps, and stations. To solve the housing situation, Major General Schofield came out to the Islands 72 years ago and made a survey. The Army has been busy building installations ever since. You'll probably be stationed at more than one of them from time to time, so it will be well for you to know what traditions lie behind the names they bear.

Schofield Barracks is the biggest installation on the Islands. It was established in 1909 and was named in honor of that same Maj. Gen. John McAllister Schofield who made the survey. He had commanded the Army of the Ohio in the Civil War.

Fort Shafter was the first permanent post. Built in 1906, it was named in honor of Maj. Gen. William R. Shafter, who led the United States Forces which freed Cuba. Remember the Rough Riders, and San Juan Hill?

Fort Armstrong was named after Brig. Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, who hailed from Hawaii, battled with distinction in the Civil War, and attained lasting fame as the founder of the Hampton Institute in Virginia.

Fort De Russy bears the name of Brig. Gen. Rene Edward De Russy, of the Corps of Engineers.

Maj. Gen. Thomas H. Ruger was another distinguished veteran of the boys in blue. His name was given to the coast defense installations at Diamond Head.

Fort Kam, originally named Fort Upton, after Gen. Emery Upton, was renamed in honor of as great a warrior as the Islands have ever known, their own King Kamehameha the Great.

Luke Field, on Ford Island, honors the name of Lt. Frank Luke, an ace of World War I, who was brought to earth behind the German lines after downing his 18th enemy plane and who shot it out with the ground troops rather than surrender. He was a Texan who died with his boots on.

Wheeler Field honors Maj. Sheldon Wheeler, killed in a crash on Luke Field; and Lt. Col. Horace M. Hickam, who died in a crash at Fort Crockett, Texas, is honored in the name of Hickam Field.

Today the Army is entrusted with the safeguarding of Hawaii. It is the Army's job to make it a grim mistake for any enemy force which tries to land on any of these Islands. It is the Army's job to make the Islands the springboard for the leap to Tokyo. Which are good points to bear in mind—because, soldier, you are the Army!

THE NAVY

In 1843, the U. S. S. *Constellation* visited Honolulu. In 1845, the U. S. S. *Constitution* came here. Salutes were fired to the Hawaiian Flag, and to King Kamehameha III, whose Kingdom had been restored to him by the British Government. About this time, the Navy discovered a harbor which would be big enough to float

the fleet. This harbor, famous for its pearl oyster beds, came to be known as Pearl Harbor.

Now; when anyone says Navy in Hawaii, he means Pearl Harbor.

There are other bases, of course. Such as the one at Kanehohe, which is also on Oahu. But none of them can begin to touch Pearl Harbor.

Back about 1887, the Navy first secured the rights to set up a repair station at Pearl Harbor. Then it went to Congress—and came out with a hundred thousand dollars.

The money was used to start the job.

First, a coral bar had to be amputated. It blocked the harbor entrance. And a big drydock had to be built. More funds were asked, and granted. Work moved along and the dock was about ready for business in 1913 when hydrostatic pressure wrecked the foundation.

The Navy revised its plans, got back to work, and in 1919 broke out a bottle of champagne for the dedication.

To date more than 50 million dollars have gone into making Pearl Harbor the world's finest naval base. It is one which not only the United States but Japan long will have reason to remember.

THE MARINE CORPS

As usual, the Marines were first to land. A hundred and thirty years ago Lieutenant Gamble, U. S. Marine Corps, landed on Hawaiian soil as commander of a prize

ship captured in the War of 1812. As a contact man he was a great success, winning from the Hawaiian people a lasting respect and friendship for the Marines.

Their first job on the Islands was in 1845, when Lieutenant Joseph Curtis, of the Marine Guard aboard "Old Ironsides," made the Navy survey that showed Pearl Harbor to be the best site for a naval base in the Central Pacific.

Seven years later, Marines came ashore to help King Kamehameha III quell riots started by foreign sailors. They stayed awhile to train the King's troops. This probably prevented an invasion of the Islands. A gang of adventurers from the California mining camps had chartered a ship for the purpose, but got cold feet when they found out what they were up against.

The Marines landed again in 1874, 1889, and 1893, to quell rioting, and each time they achieved success without bloodshed because of the respect the people had for the Leathernecks.

In 1898, the Marines took part in the ceremonies that raised the Stars and Stripes over the Hawaiian Islands. In 1904, they established a shore station and moved in to stay. Today the Marines are regarded as *kamaainas* (which means they are not only old-timers, but are a part of Hawaii itself).

THE COAST GUARD

Some time ago you discovered that a sailor with a small shield just over the cuff of his right sleeve is a Coast Guardsman.

Established 1790, the Coast Guard is Uncle Sam's oldest seagoing service, and all over the Pacific they're going to sea. They landed Marines at Tulagi during the first Solomons attack. They helped to seize Amchitka and Kiska in the Aleutians. They landed soldiers and marines and equipment on the beachheads of the Gilberts and the Marshalls.

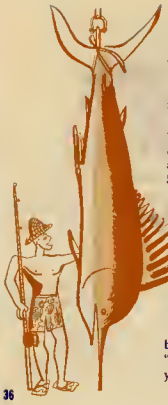
The Coast Guard now operates under the Navy, and its job never ceases. It provides port and water-front security patrols on shore and afloat. It operates cutters and patrol boats on war missions. It works 24 hours a day perfecting methods of rescue and life-saving under war conditions, and runs a training station here, where are learned all the tricks of the Service for duties at sea and ashore.

The Coast Guard is an important part of the combat team which is advancing us all to attack.

RECREATION

Girls are scarce in Hawaii. When you've been off the boat for as long as 23 minutes, you'll find that telephone numbers here carry the same classification as war plans. They're marked "Secret" and kept in money belts.

If, by hook or crook, you latch on to a few numbers besides the laundryman's (and his isn't as easy to get as you might think), you may wind up with a date. If



this miracle occurs, the two of you can go swimming, walk, take in a movie, or dance. If you're numberless, you can still go swimming, walk, or take in a movie.

Which is to say that a uniform here is about as novel as a light bulb in a pre-war sign on Times Square. And there simply aren't enough *wahines* (gals) to go around.

Sooner or later (sometimes sooner than a week, sometimes later) you'll get around to what philosophers call "Acceptance."

You won't have any trouble knowing when you've "accepted." It's the night you decide that what you

really need more than anything else in life is a double malted, chocolate flavor.

Having "accepted," you can settle down to having a good time in your off-duty hours, because the Army knows the situation even better than you do, and is doing plenty about it. It has established a big Special Service Office which devotes its full time to seeing that you have ample opportunities for recreation.

Recreation means refreshment after toil or weariness. It means pastime, diversion, or play. The Special Services Division helps out on your recreation and athletic programs, operates your Army Library Service, and the Post Exchange. Special Services and the Signal Corps work together to bring you motion pictures. U. S. O. shows too are sent around by this outfit.

Another organization, the Information and Education Division, is designed to lend help to you in your more serious interests, especially about the issues and progress of the war. YANK, Armed Forces Radio Service, Orientation and Educational programs are a few of the things which come under this office of the War Department.

If you're interested in swimming, dancing, seeing movies, sightseeing (on Oahu or the other islands), downing a bit of chow or drink of beer, shooting pool, playing golf, tennis or ping-pong, enjoying a concert of good jive

or classical records, or doing anything else to relax and enjoy life—get up and go. Find out where the recreation centers are and make good use of them.

But suppose you're one of those who know that an education is as good as money in the bank? Perhaps Pearl Harbor caught you right between your senior year and a diploma, and you want to use some of your spare time to catch up with your education. The Army can fix that, too.

Right here in Hawaii is a fully equipped branch of the U. S. Armed Forces Institute. USAFI can arrange a correspondence course that will make it possible for you to earn credits at your high school or college back home and keep abreast of the education that was temporarily halted. If it's a business course or technical training you want, USAFI can fix you up with that, too.

Get in touch with your Information and Education officer and he will tell you how to go about it. If duty allows, you can arrange for group classes with the use of self-teaching texts that are turned out by the USAFI. They're good stuff, and we hear that foreign language lessons can be fun in off-duty hours, the way they're doled out through a phonograph record for the crowd to repeat in chorus.

You Can Write . . . Once you've arrived in Hawaii, you'll want to get off letters telling the people back home where you are and what it's like.

Right then is where you run into one of the most misunderstood individuals who ever saved a soldier's life or helped to win a battle. You know how it feels, now, to hope that your transport won't be sunk by a submarine—by now you can find plenty of old-timers who can tell you how fervently you'll pray that any attack you may be concerned in will catch the enemy with his pants far from up. Well, that's where the CENSOR comes in. Censor is an old Roman word meaning censor. It's his job to know just what information the Nazis or the Nips would like to have about our war plans, and to prevent that information getting out and about. To do that he's got to look for it everywhere. So he scrutinizes all communications which leave this area. (Scrutinizes means scrutinizes. All means all. Communications means all that's "written and transcribed.")

At first you may not like it. You'll say, "my folks know the score. They won't spill anything they shouldn't."

The answer to that is, sure they won't—not intentionally.

But you know how we Americans like to talk. And the Axis knows it, and is listening. That's why a word

dropped over a coke in a Sheboygan drugstore, plus a name mentioned on a Charleston street corner, may add up to a grim finish for some of your friends on an island beach.

So you can see why you can't discuss the activities of units when you write, or give the exact location of your own. Why you can't name any ships, not even the one you came over on. Or tell when they sailed or when they docked. Why you can't mention the number of men who are with you. Why you can't say you're stationed at Schofield, or Armstrong, or Ruger, or any of the other posts. Why, in short, you have to lay-off the military when you're writing home.

You'll have a couple of talks by your Censor on what you *can* write about, and you'll find it's plenty. You may be assigned to duties or sent to places where you'll be under certain restrictions for an indefinite period, during which you can't locate yourself in letters home any more specifically than as "somewhere in the Pacific." But if you're not under such restrictions, you can come right out and say you're in

Hawaii. You can say you went to Honolulu on your last pass, swam at Waikiki, had a few beers at Maluhai. You can describe your dull love life, or tell of all the exciting afternoons you spend in the Public Library.

A good technique is simply to forget you're in the Army and limit your writing to strictly non-military subjects. Once you get the hang of it, you'll be turning out long and interesting letters and relieving the Censor of a job of editing, which he doesn't like any better than you do.

You Can Wire . . . If you're slow on the letter writing. It's a good idea to keep the folks from worrying by sending them a cablegram as soon as you are allowed to let them know you're here. Your GI post office has stock messages (Expeditionary Force Messages) that will say almost anything you want. And for only 75 cents. (Self composed wires come higher and also have to be censored.)

You Can Phone . . . If you get too lonesome for the sound of a certain voice, and your communications aren't restricted, and you're still in the first flush of pay-day

prosperity, you can take a whirl at the trans-Pacific radio-telephone.

You just have to check in with the Base Censor, fill out a form which asks who you're calling, why, and what the topic of your conversation will be, have it approved by your Unit Commander, and put in your call. Pick up blanks at Base Censor's office or at the Mutual Telephone Building. At either place they will answer any questions.

The cost? A 3-minute call varies from 10 dollars (West Coast) to 16 dollars (East Coast). If it's the wrong side of pay day you can reverse the charges.

Maybe You Can Learn . . . By visiting the libraries and museums and civil center, and gardens, countrysides and villages, by getting to know the people and listening to their tales, you can learn to know the legends, the history and personalities of the Islands, their trees and mountains and natural wonders so well that Hawaii will soon cease to be a strange place to you. It will become a part of America, full of wonders to enjoy and of friends with new and different viewpoints, brought from the four corners of the world. Once you have learned to know Hawaii, the kindly sound of ALOHA will get under your skin and stay with you wherever you may go.

What Else Can You Do? . . . Well, here are three little

words, three little matters to think about, even in blue Hawaii. But their importance is Army-wide.

If you just like to sit around and shoot the breeze in your spare time, that's good. It's Army. It's that old refrain, the G. I. Bull Session.

But take it easy on RUMORS, and remember about MILITARY SECURITY.

In Hawaii, you are at one of the busiest wartime cross-roads. You might pick up a lot of so-called hot dope. Well, why not keep it to yourself? If you don't, Nip spies may pick it up and go to work. Don't blab, unless you want to give "aid and comfort" to the enemy. And no right guy wants to do anything like that.

You Can Help Yourself to Good Health . . . Hawaii is a healthful place compared with many other parts of the world. The Islands have a good record in disease control, and you ought to pitch in and keep up the good work. But the most important fact is that your health means a great deal to the Army, and to the total war effort of the United States against Japan.

Of course, it means something to you too. You are not like the Jap who will slice his gut at the drop of a hat for the sake of Hirohito. Neither do you want to kill yourself the slow way, by sickening with disease.

Well, there are rules to follow. They all add up to good sense. All you have to do is to take heed. Stay clean; stay in good shape; the result is simple, but good. You are in good health.

You won't usually get sick if you take care of yourself. For example, if you catch venereal disease, the finger points right at *you*.

The best way to avoid gonorrhea and syphilis is to refrain from sexual intercourse outside of marriage. If at any time you fail to live up to this code, be sure to make full use of all the Army prophylactic materials (pro kits) and facilities (pro stations) which are provided for your use.

You Can Save Some Dough . . . Storing up good health means that you are saving up something that will be valuable to you after the war. Putting away some of your pay each month will also mean something later. Mostly it is your own business, like your health, and the last decisions are yours for keeps.

Adding up all the things you do for yourself today and tomorrow in Hawaii, along with what you are doing for the Islands and for the Mainland, you can feel right proud to be so much in the swing of things. From these mid-Pacific beauty spots, halfway between America and Asia, you'll be glad to write home "Well, safe, and love."

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