



Aloha kind listeners. Your sea-goin' reporter and broadcasting station have come a long way since leaving the dear old mainland. Two or three days of rough and tumble weather—just enough to put the land tainted sea legs in good condition and give us the proper stance—cold blustery days, cloudy grey days, warmer, warmer, then into the sun drenched blue of the tropical Pacific.

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This week has been one of routine drills, watches and shakedown in preparation for the more serious pauses of Problem XVIII; consequently Adam has little to talk about. The star performers who usually make excellent copy for the script used in Nosey News have reformed—we hope. Most of the hodge-podge and pot-pourri presented will be of a different kind than you have come to expect from the smiling cut-throat who dubs himself Adam Chatterbox.

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Chatterbox Chats: You will read much about Honolulu and Hawaii and though most of it will be dry, it is worth reading. You can't know too much about this self-styled "Paradise of the Pacific," and most of what you'll read, and hear, is literally true. This is the tropical Garden of Eden. Several years ago, Adam came to Honolulu for the first time. Those were his impressionable years and he found this outpost city of Uncle Sam's far flung domain a delightful surprise. He kept a log of all his travels then and in browsing through it now his impressions as scribbled at the time seem interesting:

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Honolulu Harbor: Suddenly we are in the harbor. Speed boats, outrigger canoes circle around; a half-pint sea-sled spurts over the waves like

a drunken flying fish. Excitement lines the rail. Each white clad sailor's eyes glisten... This is something new and thrilling. Tug-boats and fishing trawlers bring laughing, jostling crowds, arms filled with lovely flower leis. Brown heads dot the water, coaxing merrily for coins... The slim grey ship slides alongside a swarming dock. A native band plays the Song of the Islands. Smiling faces of every nationality greet us... Coco palms wave an invitation from the shore.

Balmy air, freighted with the scent of many blossoms. Blue ocean, emerald bay—green hills wreathed with feathery mist back of Honolulu. Behind us Diamond Head juts out to sea, shutting away the pressure of a long hard grind across twenty-two hundred sea miles. There's fabled Punchbowl hill. High Tantalus mountain. We had expected all this, but it is a surprise. Hawaii, the breeze-cooled tropical land where, "You can't remember what you came to forget."

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Heavenly Hawaii: Old Sol paints the western sky a medley of glowing color. Fort De Russy's gun salutes the sunset. Five o'clock on Oahu. The sun drops down, down, for its dip in the southern sea. A golden moon arises majestically behind Diamond Head. Purple shadows begin to tint the sea's white wavecrests. Across the warm yellow sands Waikiki's lights are twinkling to the early stars. Tinkling music of guitar and ukulele mingle with low-pitched laughter from a nearby lanai... Away on the distant coral reef the puff of white surf, the mystic flare of torches where natives fish with spears. The queenly moon is trying to make us forget the sun's brief absence. Clear and mellow, her radiance bathes the land with silvery light. Pools of cool mysterious shadow under every tree and shrub... Each caressing breeze laden with sweet perfume of hibiscus, plumeria, gardenia. This is the land of romance!

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See Sights: There is much to see—fern jungles, tropical fruits, sugar and pineapple plantations. Awe compelling cliffs, volcanic craters, green-clad, towering mountains; flying fish, ancient villages, exotic oriental shops. Hawaii is lavish with color—flame trees, flowers in unbelievable pro-

"MY SAILOR SIVAK"

Gosh! Aint he nice, aint he sweet!
Look at that uniform, aint he neat?
Look at that salty hat; aint that mean?
Look at them red stripes, aint they keen!

Aint he swell, aint he grand!
I aint got no morals when he holds my hand.
Just see them trousers, aint they class?

Cee, I'm slipping, sure and fast;
One look at him makes my heart bend,
He's coming up to see me next week-end.

(One week intervenes.)

Who is that ugly little galk?
Who's that sloppy lummo coming up the walk?
Somebody else go to the door.
I aint got no clothes to give the poor!
What! You mean he asked for me?
Now who could that crumbled creature be?
Heaven help me! My Steve in civ's!

CORRECTION

In last week's article relative Engineering Competition, the HOUTON'S standing was given as seventh place. This statement was in error, as the ship actually holds tenth place.

fusion. Unique native houses. Quaint side streets where all the races of the earth rub friendly elbows—Japanese and Chinese, Korean and Filipinos, Hawaiian and Malayan, Portuguese and Norwegian, Negroes and Englishmen, Main Street Americans and Porto Ricans. This is truly the "Melting Pot of the Pacific"—the world, in fact. The wonder of it all... These people are all American citizens; all honoring and serving the same Stars and Stripes. Their flag is Old Glory, too; Uncle Sam is their Uncle. See all this and much more... Carry back deep in your memory the picture of an enchanted land—a remarkable people.

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That's all for this week folks... Thanks for sticking. Since the Hawaiian's "Aloha" means any and everything in the way of friendly greeting and farewell, may Adam again say, Aloha friends, both near and far.