

The Way It Was

NAME : Joseph R. Blaise,

UNIT:

TIME PERIOD: 1939

SOURCE: National Park Service

DATE RECEIVED: 1986

Introduction

At the end of 1977, Joseph R. Blaise retired from a distinguished and much honored career as a Special Agent of the United States Department of the Treasury. But Mr. Blaise did not set out in his youth to make a career in law enforcement. Instead, in 1939 he joined the United States Army, and before long he found its way of life agreeable enough that he began to think of himself as a “30-year man,” a career Regular soldier.

Mr. Blaise served honorably in the days of the waning peace in the United States and in Hawaii. When the war erupted—he was on the scene, and is a life-time member of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association—he served with distinction in the war zone of the central Pacific, returning late in the war to Hawaii as a gunnery instructor in the Army Air Forces, then to the United States for reprocessing. Grounded as a result of injuries sustained in an airplane crash, he was honorably discharged at the end of the war.

As Joe Blaise explains in the oral history that follows, it was not the war but the changes in the Army after its expansion that ended his plans of becoming a 30-year man. He perceived that once the hordes of “civilians” entered the barracks, much of what had been most attractive about Army life disappeared forever. But old soldiers never quite even fade away, and Mr. Blaise joined the Army Reserve soon after the war, retiring as a warrant officer in 1959.

The memoir that follows grew out of a continuing series of interviews and discussions over the years between Mr. Blaise and myself, regarding many parts of his varied and colorful career in military and civilian life. Mr. Blaise possesses the ideal attributes of a memoirist—a good memory of the events of his life, and the born storyteller’s way of saying just what happened.

More important, he possesses a truly remarkable memory for the small, mundane conditions of life that most people forget, deliberately or not—and a singular willingness to discuss them. (I might observe that the accuracy of his memory for detail is borne out by the fact that when he is queried about something that he does not remember, he says so.)

The oral history presented here was distilled from taped interviews at Mr. Blaise’s home in Springfield, Virginia, in November 1982, supplemented by notes and recordings of other discussions. What follows has been rearranged and organized not just for the usual oral-history purposes like the elimination of redundancies, but to serve the purposes of this report, which are to offer interpretive insights into the physical nature and social conditions of life in the barracks of the Old Army.

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The account of barracks life that follows is unvarnished, and treats some of the facts of life that were and are unavoidable realities for soldiers, usually swept under the rug or ignored outright by the fastidious. Those of an excessively delicate sensibility are therefore forewarned. But anyone without personal experience who really wishes to understand military life must come to grips with its less ideal conditions, including the utter lack of privacy, even for things generally regarded in our culture as exceedingly private. Nor has the Army ever been a gathering of grown-up Boy Scouts (and it might be observed that locker-room talk at a Boy Scout camp seldom does credit to the shining faces on Scout posters.) But I must also observe in advance that the account that follows demonstrates that the favorable qualities of barracks life far exceeded the unsettling, explaining why on the whole it was a good life for young men.

Without further ado, the reader is left in the hands of Joe Blaise, soldier, Regular Army.

David A. Clary

Summary of Career

I joined the United States Army in 1939 at Fort Totten, Long Island, New York, the 62nd Coast Artillery Anti-aircraft Base. I remained there until early or mid 1940, when I went to Fort Eustis, Virginia, as part of the cadre for a Coast Artillery training base they wanted to open there. Then I had an opportunity to transfer into what they called the foreign service at that time—Hawaiian Department.

When I went to the Hawaiian Department, I went in grade with several other noncoms. That was the first time that they had ever transferred anybody in grade over the water. They usually gave them a “salt water allowance,” they called it, filling them in on the table of organization when they arrived in Hawaii.

When I got to Hawaii I was stationed first at Fort DeRussy, as part of the 55th Coast Artillery, then I went up to Fort Ruger on Diamond Head, also in the 55th Coast Artillery. We had 155mm cannons there, which we used on maneuvers on the other side of the island about 35 miles away. We used caterpillar tractors, which had a top speed of eight miles an hour, to haul the cannons the 35 miles. We used to roll out of Diamond Head about 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning and wake up all of Waikiki—they thought an earthquake was happening.

From Fort Ruger I transferred to Fort Shafter, which was the Hawaiian Department Headquarters. I got out of the line outfit at that time, and went into an outfit that serviced the General Staff offices. We were attached to Quartermaster for rationing and clothing, and to Headquarters for administration.

From there I transferred into the U.S. Army Air Force, after the war started, and I was stationed at Hickam Field. I became an aerial gunner and flew down to the central Pacific with the Air Force. Then we came back, and I was stationed in Hawaii again, at Hickam Field, as an aerial gunner instructor, armor. I remained until 23 December 1944, when I got onto a C-54 and flew back to the United States.

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First I went to Atlantic City for R&R (rest and recuperation) and processing, at which time I applied for a second tour of combat as an aerial gunner, and was sent to Denver, Colorado, to get onto a B-29 crew. I transferred back into B-24s and was sent to Tindall Field, Florida, for a proficiency test in gunnery. From there I was sent to Lincoln, Nebraska, for a new crew. At that time I was grounded and disqualified from any further overseas duty, on account of injuries from an airplane crash in the islands. After a while they sent me back to Fort Totten, the place where I enlisted.

Fort Totten wasn't the same place any more. It had a different outfit, not Coast Artillery. It was a service post for the Air Transport Command. I had to wait three months, and was finally discharged in September of 1945, out of Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Barracks, Fort Totten, 1939

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NAME: Lucy Bowman, Wife of Frank O. Bowman

UNIT: 3rd Engineers, Lieutenant

TIME PERIOD: 1921 to 1923

SOURCE: Excerpt from her diary

DATE RECEIVED: April 1987



Notes on going to Hawaii (TH) 1921. Stationed at Schofield Barracks

July 27, 1921- Sailed on transport "Buford."

July 29- General and Mrs. Summerall still eating on deck. Seasick?

Aug. 5- Friday. Landed! Welcomed by 7 aeroplanes, and boys diving for pennies. Drove up to Schofield. Hugh Oram's car. Five passenger car and in it were 2 Bowmans, 2 Chorpenings, a young lady (who was visiting Cpt. (?) Oram and his mother at Schofield) and Cpt. Oram's airedale dog just released from Quarantine, and delirious with joy, in the front seat!

Aug. 8- Chorpenings and Bowmans each bought a second-hand Essex! Ours did pretty well. Frank did his own upkeep, once making a new muffler from a large tin in which saltines came at the commissary. The Chorpenings' car seemed to be a lemon. Each car \$300 down and \$75 a month. We were poor!

Aug. 9- Called on Gen. and Mrs. Kuhn, lower post. They were playing bridge, and as we entered through the screen door Mrs. Kuhn called out sternly, "Shut the door." Scared us to death! We said the necessary few words and departed.

Aug. 11- Gen. and Mrs. Kuhn's reception for Gen. and Mrs. Summerall.

Sept. 16- Moved in 4 trips down to our new quarters. Chose concrete one. Chorpenings took wooden one.

Sept. 17- Chorp ran into a truck and smashed his car radiator, certainly hard luck.

Sept. 18- Went to Waimea with the Chorpenings and Hardins for swim and picnic supper—broiled steaks. But Frank's and the Chorpenings' bathing suits were stolen while we were not watching.

Sept. 23- Rest of our crates of furniture came except bedsprings. Some china broken and chairs broken.

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- Sept. 24- Frank sawed off part of white bookcase in living room and will use it in his study.
- Sept. 26- Frank left at night on a wagon train.
- Oct. 21- Our electric stove is up at last. (The quarters had large iron wood and coal stoves. We had bought the electric stove in San Antonio and used it at Camp Travis.)
- Oct. 22- Went to the Review of the Hawaiian Division—in tin hats! Aeroplane battle and combat firing by the troops, etc. All this for the Press and Congress.

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NAME: Bessie G. Edwards, Widow of Dr. Thomas H. Edwards

UNIT: 5th Cavalry, 2nd Lieutenant

TIME PERIOD: 1909

SOURCE: Letter sent to the commanding officer. Edited by Linda Hee

DATE RECEIVED: August 26, 1959

As you know, our camp was in a wide open space, with a carpet of red and yellow dirt and devil grass. Not far in the distance was wild guava fields. Also there were large fields of pineapple.

There was an unfenced quicksand bed, which was dangerous for loose horses or for anyone that did not know it. We were too far from any beach to get there often. If we went to Honolulu on the train, we had to stay all night.

We had dirt roads and no sidewalks. In a distance, in back of our houses, were long sloping hills or mountains. A nice polo field was between some of the houses and the hills.

Polo was our main pleasure and interest, we had a wonderful team. There also was a good team from Honolulu and Fort Shafter, or the team was made up from surrounding places. Perhaps some came from the Parker Ranch, Dillinghams and etc. Captain Bill Forsythe and Dr. Edwards use to buy all the horses from Parker Ranch. It was a rough, hard trip in those days, in that small boat.

Down in small valley below us as you would go over the pass, as we called it, a Chinaman had a garden and some fruit trees so he supplied us with a few fresh things and our cooks would bring things from Honolulu. When they go homesick and went down. The greater part of the meat for the camp was butchered in an open field or pen over in back of the men's quarters. I guess it was issued to the troops (through Q.M. and sold to us) through the commissary. They, of course, could have got some extra in Honolulu, but I know Dr. Edwards had to inspect it before and after it was killed.

The cattle there had longer horns than any I ever saw in Texas. We even brought home a pair, to prove it. As you no doubt know, Texans are like Missourians, they have to be shown- but all are fine people. Our houses were high off the ground so the wild long horned cattle kept us awake trying to reach the grass under our floors. The sentry was kept busy all night, chasing them away.

We had that small train from Honolulu in one day and out the next. The Conductor was a very friendly and popular man. He always had a handful of real pearls he hired Natives to get for him. I imagine he sold many at a great profit.

Among our many battles was a constant battle with those awful grass stickers and red and yellow dirt. Our long dresses, skirts, hose, even shoes and bottom of the men's trousers gathered those stickers by the thousands. So at the end of each day, we scraped them off with knives and picked by hand, trying to get rid of them. Also, all of our clothes had a reddish pink border that by hand washing could never remove.

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In Schofield the large red ants were so bad our tables, beds, etc. had to be set in tins of coal oil, and our floors of wide boards had to be mopped up with it each day. All dry food we kept in tight cans.

We had a movie so many times a week, which was a great help for the enlisted men and all in the camp. We had a small Post Exchange and Commissary, not much in either.

Of course, we did the usual things by calling (and many carrying a lantern), exchanging dinners, some played cards, dances at the Club, occasionally gossiping, riding and of course, the men played ball.

There were not too many white families in Honolulu at that time, but they were very nice to us and entertained us in their nice homes. However, they did enjoy our Polo games. It was a trying life for our large and fine bunch of bachelors, as there were very few young ladies in Honolulu to go with. None in our camp, unless a relative came from the States. Lt. James was a good-natured fellow, so they amused themselves, playing many tricks on him.

One could not only hear them singing under the showers, but almost see them as a wide screen was at top of the wall. Our toilets were like the showers, rough boards, with wide screening all around. There was large cans of dirt, or containers, and we had to put a shovel of dirt in as we used them. However, our problem was when to use them as the prisoners came at different hours to change the cans. So it was nothing unusual to jump and yell. I do not mean to be vulgar in telling you this. It was one topic of conversation and a funny side of life there. We did not have many prisoners.

Lt. Philip Sheridan had a small red sport car. WE called it the little Red Devil. Since there were no roads to speak of and he became bored with camp life, or had a bit too much to drink, he would turn that car full speed on the Polo field and cut corners, go in circles and even try to play Polo with it. Some of the young officers would refuse those rides. We all wondered how he ever came off alive.

The only other car in our camp was owned by Capt. Willard Holbrook. He and Mrs. Holbrook were wonderful to everyone, trying to give all a trip to the nearest beach. I think the officers and their families of the 5th Cavalry there were among the best we ever served with. Clean and wholesome. There were very few cars in Honolulu and most were foreign make.

It was most impossible to go around the Island by road, we were told. In Honolulu, we rode a small street car and the few places it went and we walked to most places.

We slept under heavy mosquito nets in all places, as mosquitoes were thick and large. Between those heavy nets, the long horned cattle trying to reach the grass under our floors, the poor Sentry's chasing them, and our odor of kerosene, I often wonder how we had any sleep. As you know, our houses were of boards, wide strips of screening, some tent drops, two small windows in front, one in bedrooms, built rather high off the ground and rough inside. Rough dining and kitchen tables built in. As the boards shrunk all over, we had many wide cracks.

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We decided to make our front room more livable so we papered it with flour paste and a cloth like burlap we bought in Honolulu. It no more than dried when we and our guests ever after were entertained by a cracking, popping noise we could not understand, until we discovered it was beetles eating the paste. Some of the homes were nicely furnished, but others, like ourselves, used QM beds and had just enough furniture to get along with. But all fought ants with kerosene and all cooked with it and used it for lights.

If you all pay high prices for servants, it all started in old Schofield. The Japanese couples, as cooks and maid, and the Chinese cooks were so glad to get work, they charged a fair wage in those days and were happy to be well fed and working. But a lieutenant's wife suddenly came into some money. She kept paying here servants more and more, showering them with gifts and doing by far more than many could do. So they formed a little union of their own and raised salaries. Promotion being very slow in those days, one needed extra income to meet all that was expected of them.

Our servants quarters consisted of a floor, half frame and tent covering. We had hard wind and rain at times, so the tents flopped and the wind whistled. One officer awakened one morning to find his servants' tent in front of his house instead of the rear. They hated those tents. They were gradually replaced or boarded up, according to the rank of the officer. Our Chinaman got mad at his because he could not sleep and he slashed it all over with a knife. For which he lost his job, yet he was about the best cook in camp.

There was a good cook at the small club house. All enjoyed the Club, as we could entertain there or borrow dishes and silver and extra help, if entertaining at home.

There were very few children in camp. Lt. Stuart had a small son and daughter. Lt. Morrison had a son, Lt. Hathaway a son, someone had a baby and small children up the line and we had two sons. I think at the time, the non-coms and enlisted families lived in Honolulu or elsewhere.

Some dogs were born in camp, most all died from awful swellings of heads and throats. Dr. and I managed to save two, but I had to treat and care for them like a baby with croup and feed them with a dropper over a long period. I used red flannel and old fashioned southern remedies that would shock this modern age. Even Dr. laughed at me, but the old Sergeant that owned their mother and them could never praise me enough.

Small things were of interest in our rather isolated camp. One being if the officer that mounted the guard had to be away, his horse, if not used, would break loose and take his place and go through the whole ceremony alone.

I must not forget to mention, we had a fine band and a wonderful Bugler—his calls were loud and clear, and made one feel far away from home and all things.

One beautiful picture will always remain with me. Most each day as I rode through the sweet scented pineapple fields, I would ride through one shower after another, but always ahead was a shower crowned by a beautiful rainbow. And on a Sunday afternoon, the Japanese maids in their

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beautiful costumes, their hair bedecked in jeweled combs, some carrying fans, as gay parasols, would take a stroll. It was a picture of sure beauty, and made one feel in a far away strange land.

One thing we enjoyed very much, more mushrooms grew wild all around us than we could use. We took the pure ripe pineapples, extracted the juice and froze it in our hand ice cream freezers. It would whip up like cream.

My first dinner I had a small, whole pig. I sent my cook to town to find some apples. He returned the next day with one for each guest. I cooked the apples myself, Kentucky style, with brown sugar, butter, and spiked inside with a good apple brandy. They all could not figure out what was in them. Captain Holbrook says, Mrs. Edwards, I know no Chinaman cooked those delicious apples, may I please have another? I still blush with shame from having to tell him I had no more. There had been no time for another two day trip for more. I never did tell anyone how I fixed those apples, as it was hard to have many changes there. Very few of the ladies in those days drank at all, and fewer ever smoked.

The Alexander Young Hotel was usually our Headquarters in Honolulu. When a transport arrived, there was a ball given at the Moana Hotel. That was a treat, but the mosquitoes were awful. The Moana had one wing then. There were few people on the beach. There were not many places to shop. Most were small shops that were open on the street. One yardage store I remember and we bought our china, silver and hardware at Halls. Honolulu was like a beautiful quiet village then. Of course there were a few taxis. And the native band always met boats, but the native women all dressed in the old fashioned mother hubbards. They sold beautiful flowers on the streets. They also sang in the band. And the boys swam all around the boats, diving for pennies—I am sure they would be worth dollars, now.

I could almost write a book from memory, but in these days, no one would believe it. In closing, I will say there is not much of interest to tell of old Schofield and life there. All I have told is what I recall.

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NAME: Herbert B. Enderton

UNIT: 11th Field Artillery

TIME PERIOD: 1934-36

SOURCE: Excerpt from the Enderton family biography compiled by Herbert B. Enderton, 1976. Edited by Linda Hee

DATE RECEIVED: 1997

Arriving at Honolulu on 23 October 1934, they were met with leis and by WAD Thomas, a classmate, who informed Herb that Colonel Lawson, commanding the 11th Field Artillery, would welcome him with open arms for they badly needed a Track Coach, and athletics were very important in Hawaii. Herb reminded Thomas that he had played football all four years at West Point and had not been on the Track Team. But the more Herb insisted, the more modest about his track experience was he considered by Thomas, who was the Regimental Athletic Officer, and later by the other officers of the regiment. (Thomas probably realized that he had confused Herb with some other classmate in lauding his qualification to his commanding officer, but it was too late to change his story and admit his mistake.)

At Schofield Barracks, Herb was assigned to Headquarters Battery 2d Battalion, 11th Field Artillery as Regimental Intelligence Officer, Assistant Adjutant, Athletic Officer, and (you guessed it) Track Coach. He served in these capacities until 23 September, 1935, producing a winning track team by studying books on the various events and recalling how he threw the discus some twenty years before at Tempe. He received a Commendation as Regimental Track Coach from Col. L. Lawson, Commanding Officer 11th FA, in Memo Hq 11th FA dated 16 March 1935.

Herb was promoted to Captain as of 1 August 1935, and commanded Battery B, 11th Field Artillery from 24 September 1935 to 16 September 1936 when his tour of duty ended. His battery, a 155 Howitzer battery, also had to man two anti-aircraft batteries and fire at targets towed by airplanes.

All officers had to be acquainted with the many trails which crossed the mountains on the island of Oahu, and were required to traverse them on foot. (In some places where the trail was only a foot wide on a knife-edge with cliffs dropping off on each side, some officers preferred to crawl on hands and knees- especially if there was a wind. One officer had to be carried over one portion of a trail.)

The Endertons had an assortment of quarters at Schofield Barracks. First, they were in the "1000 block," then moved to the more desirable quarters facing the parade ground. They even moved into the Colonel's empty house for two weeks just so the girls could have a fireplace on which to hang their stockings at Christmas.

As Alice was bothered by asthma in Hawaii, Herb requested a station with a warm, dry climate, and in being assigned to Marfa, Texas, got just what they wanted. They again sailed on the transport "Republic" on 17 September 1936.

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NAME: MSGT William P. Garrett

UNIT: 11th Signal Company

TIME PERIOD: December 1934 - April 1937

SOURCE: Sent by his daughter, Janice Roseman

DATE RECEIVED: July 2006

In July of 1933, while working for my brother, OT, at a Service Station in San Antonio, Texas, I met three of my brother-in-laws, who were in the Army at Ft. Sam Houston. I wanted to enlist, and they recommended the Signal Corps. I took their recommendations, and on October 3, 1933, enlisted in the 2nd Signal Company, 2nd Infantry Division, at Ft. Sam Houston. While stationed there, I received a small amount of military training, strictly as a non-combatant.

My NCO in charge was Technical Sgt. Arthur Lowe. Under his guidance, I decided I wanted to learn telephone communication, which was mostly field wire and field telephone, all old WWI equipment.

About a year later, the Army was advertising for two-year enlistments to Hawaii. I had a friend, Grady Poland, who suggested that we take a short discharge, and re-enlist for Hawaii. We took a discharge, and then re-enlisted for the two-year stint in Hawaii. We traveled to Angel Island near San Francisco, California. From Angel Island, we sailed to Hawaii aboard a US Army transport ship, the US Grant. The US Grant was a flat-bottomed boat, making the trip an interesting experience.

We arrived in Honolulu in December 1934, and rode the narrow gauge railroad to our assignment with the 11th Signal Company at Schofield Barracks. Our first week at Schofield Barracks, we lived in a tent in front of the 11th Signal Company Barracks. The 11th Signal Company was the communication service for the Hawaiian Division. We trained for the first six months in field communications for the Division, participating in several field exercises during that time.



Lived in this tent at Schofield during first week until moving into barracks.

One of our jobs was to maintain a bracket circuit telephone line over Kolekole Pass and onto the Lualualei ammunition storage area. There were rockslides on a regular basis, causing poles to break, and we would have to replace them, as well as splice the wire in order to get the circuit back into operation. 2LT David P. Gibbs would usually be with us.



11th Signal Barracks. I lived in the center room on the 2nd floor

Soon, I was assigned to the Broadcast System at Schofield. The barracks and quarters at Schofield were wired with speakers. The system had a receiver station above the town of Wahiawa. (This was north of Schofield towards a sugar cane farm.) We operated the station every night, and piped the radio broadcast back to the station at Schofield and to all the quarters and barracks.

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PFC Chapman (on pole) Lt. David P. Gibbs (on the phone below)



Schofield Barracks had a football conference of about eight teams made up of military players who were stationed there. We would broadcast the games on weekends so that those at home could hear it. The games were very popular with everyone. One time, when I was working at the receiver station, I was supposed to make the switch from music to the game. I didn't know how to make the switch, so the broadcast man at the game had to call and give me instructions on how to make the switch.

My company had a man on the Special Services Team. He was always bragging about his superior football abilities. During one of the games, he intercepted the ball, ran the wrong way, and was downed in our end zone, resulting in a touchback. Needless to say, he never bragged about his great football abilities again.

I worked at the Wahiawa receiver station in my off duty time for about four months, until I was placed on TDY with the 9th Signal Detachment. The 9th Signal Detachment operated and maintained the telephone system for Schofield. Because of all the service men returning to the states, they needed operators, thus I was

assigned as an operator. After about a year and a half, I was promoted to Corporal. Because of the rank, I became the Assistant Chief Operator for about two months, until the Chief Operator returned to the states, and then I became the Chief Operator. I remained Chief Operator until I returned to the states in April of 1937, and was discharged at Angel Island, California.

I remained out of the service for two years and seven months. About the only work I could find was driving a truck and farm work. About the time the crops were ready to harvest, I decided that I had had it as a farm worker, and re-enlisted in the Army. I enlisted in the Quartermaster, in December of 1939, since that was the only available opening in Hawaii. I was assigned to Ft. Kamehameha, located between Hickam Field and the water. I was only in the Quartermaster for about a month when the 9th Signal Company at Ft. Shafter had an opening. In January 1940, I transferred to Ft. Shafter. My NCO in charge was once again, Arthur Lowe, who had also been my section chief at Ft. Sam Houston during my previous enlistment.

My first assignment with the 9th Signal Company was switchboard operator. I worked nights so that I could attend dial telephone school, and installation and repair of telephone lines. I also studied cable splicing.



Post Switchboard Schofield

The Chief Operator at Ft. Shafter was discharged in 1940. Upon his discharge, I became the Chief Operator. Later, I was placed in charge of installation and repair of telephones at Ft. Shafter. I was a SSgt, living in the telephone exchange at Ft. Shafter, rooming with SSgt (later Major) Fred Brezee, who was a cable splicer. Fred and I were living in the exchange in order to take care of problems, should they occur, on a 24/7 basis.

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On the night of December 6, 1941, I spent the night with a friend, who lived in the Damon Tract near Hickam Field. We planned to get up early the next morning, and go to the beach.



On the morning of December 7, 1941, we were getting ready to go to the beach when we saw some planes flying over with the “rising sun” on them. I remember saying, “That’s funny, rising sun on those planes,” and thinking that the Navy must be having some maneuvers. Then a police car with the siren going came by with a sign on the window that announced that the Japanese were attacking Pearl Harbor. Our trip to the beach was cancelled!

We got into a car belonging to a fellow soldier, and headed back to Ft. Shafter to get into uniform, and report for duty. Once there, I took 8 cards (used to control the issuance of weapons) to the company supply room to get guns issued for telephone exchange personnel and myself. The person issuing guns put the cards in the trash, gave me 8 guns and 3 rounds of ammo for each gun. We also had to acquire explosives for the exchange, in the event that we had to evacuate, we would destroy the exchange to prevent it from falling into Japanese hands. We were so busy that we didn’t have time to get scared.

My OIC, 1Lt. George Sampson (later Major General), told us that if we had to evacuate to the mountains, to join any combat unit we could find. He said it didn’t matter if a PFC was in charge, he would be our leader as we were not a combat-trained unit.

We got into our trucks loaded with telephones, installation material, and tools, and went to Aliamanu Crater, the battle command post. The command post was underneath the crater, and consisted of interconnecting concrete tunnels. There was an old switchboard there that was disconnected, so we had to reconnect the switchboard, and hook up telephones for the command post. There was a new switchboard that had been ordered, on a ship headed to Hawaii, however, when they heard about the attack on the radio, they turned, heading back to their port of embarkation.

I stayed at the Command Post for about a week, working at the command post, unable to shower or change my uniform. (I can still smell myself after a week without a bath.) At the end of a week, Lt. Sampson came and told me to go back to the barracks at Ft. Shafter and get cleaned up. I was to start interviewing telephone operators. I had to interview, hire, and train women to replace the soldier operators that were needed for other duties. I had a lot of fun in the interviews, and in all, I hired about ten or twelve women. I continued as Chief Operator for several months, to train the new operators, and to find someone to take over my position. I finally assigned a Corporal to take over as Chief Operator so that



I could return to my duties as Wire Chief. Thereafter, we only used soldier operators at night. I was promoted to Tech Sgt in November 1942, and assigned as Wire Chief for Fort DeRussy, Fort Ruger, Fort Armstrong, and Sand Island.

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In October 1943, I was sent with a communication group of about 20 men to Palmyra Island, to relieve a Marine Communications Group. The Navy needed the Marines for the invasion of the Marshall Islands. We returned to Hawaii about April of 1944, and I was assigned as Wire Chief at Fort Kamehameha. Every time I returned from TDY somewhere, I was usually given an easy assignment because my commanders knew that I would be going out again soon. The job as Wire Chief at Fort Kamehameha was one of these positions, and it was something to keep me busy while waiting for my next assignment. In this case, the next assignment was Leyte Island with Army Garrison Force 248. I was assigned as Wire Chief for Army Garrison 248 in July 1944.

We staged at Ft. Kamehameha for Leyte Island. The staging took us about two months, getting all of the equipment packed and ready to load aboard the ship, the USS Arthur Middleton (AP-55). I was the ranking enlisted man (Tech Sgt) at Fort Kamehameha, and was in charge of the morning formations, exercise, and drilling. That was just about all I had to do for the last weeks before we shipped out for Leyte Island.

I returned to the states in January 1953 as Wire Chief at Headquarters, Signal Office at White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico, now called White Sands Missile Range. I completed 20 years of military service there, retiring from the Army on March 31, 1956. Two days later, I returned to the same desk in the same office, as Wire Chief, but as a Civil Servant. While working for the Civil Service, I was Acting Post Signal Officer on several occasions, and later transferred to Engineering of the Range Signal Division from which I retired in January 1972. I am still going and am now in my 90's.

Sgt. Bud Garrett



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NAME: Lillian Letteer

UNIT: Husband was in the infantry

TIME PERIOD: 1948-49

SOURCE: letter sent to her daughter, Barbara Wambaugh

DATE RECEIVED: May 28, 2004

I will try to remember most of what went on in the year that we lived there.

We left Williamsport (PA) in the last week of September. Drove to California. We left our car at the port of embarkation. If I remember correctly it was Oakland. Then we had to have our immunization shots. Within the week we were taken on board the U. S. Army Transport "Sergeant C.E.Mower". I was sea sick part of the way. The children, Barbara age 7 and Catherine age 1, enjoyed every minute of the trip

We arrived within five days .I don't know if we arrived at the harbor in Honolulu but I was overwhelmed at the blue ocean and when I saw the welcoming committee I thought they had arrived in their night gowns {mu-mus}.

When we first arrived at Schofield we lived with Corporal Joe Nettles and his wife Mary who were kind enough to give us a bedroom and use of their house. The building was originally built for Filipino laborers. The building was close to the Pineapple fields. The rats used to run in the ceilings and the exterminators would come to eradicate them. We had a large avocado tree in the back yard. The children played in the mud after the frequent showers and the red mud didn't come out of their clothing.

Finally we were assigned permanent housing in the Officers Quarters. The building was a Quad and our neighbors were a Captain I don't remember their name, a Lieutenant Phillips and his wife, a Mess Sergeant, and finally us on the end unit.

We had a lovely back yard with a hibiscus hedge; on the other side of the hedge were single units of high ranking officers.

There were Elephant Ear plants and a banana tree beside our back door. Along the front sidewalk we had miniature hedges and flowers. Once a month there was an inspection of the grounds and if you weren't taking care of the property you were immediately requested to move off of the post. After the inspection the names of the people that had the nicest yards were honored in the Post papers. We always made the honor role. We could go to the nursery for plants at any time. I THOUGHT I WAS LIVING IN HEAVEN.

THEN KOREA: What a frightful time - Everything was sudden and Secret. All of the Men were at the Post Headquarters. Then Good Bye and Tears. We didn't know where they were going. The next morning the troops were moving out and we all stood along the streets and waved goodbye, Mrs. Phillips running along side waving and crying.

The Way It Was

The Way It Was

We received orders to be ready to leave within ten days and would be returning to the Mainland. They came and packed our belongings and put us on a plane for California.

Hope you can make so sense out of this.
Love Mother

The Way It Was

NAME: Vicki Michaels

UNIT: Father was in 21st Inf.

TIME PERIOD: 1930

SOURCE: Sent by Mrs. Michaels along with
photographs

DATE RECEIVED: 25 February 2005



Rank has its Privilege

I was becoming aware in my very young world in the 1930s that there was a class system which governed my life. This class system divided the rank of officers and enlisted men- my father was in the latter.

I remember on evening in particularly when my Mother and Father got all dressed up. They said that something called "Protocol" required them to call on the Commanding General on this special date. My Mother wore a long Black gown with lots of hanging pearls in front and high black pumps. She told me that a Lady could go around the World in that very same outfit and be considered well dressed anywhere, even to visit Royalty. I took her word for it. My Father was not in uniform as it was Peace Time Army and personnel could wear "CIVVIES" as it was named. He had on a black suit called a Tuxedo and he even wore black patent leather shoes that looked like dancing slippers. I guess the Protocol visit was a success but my Mother did say that the General's wives did not speak to the Colonel's, the Colonel's Wives did not speak to the Major's, and so on down the line or ladder of promotion. I myself did speak to the General directly!

One afternoon, my best friend Betty Jo and I walked our doll carriages rather far from our houses. As we strolled, we came to a circle of homes and the one in the center was huge, a two story with a veranda and lots of flowers. We wheeled our doll carriages around and started back home. As we circled the main drive, we noticed a large black car come to a stop at the curb. It was very shiny and it had Flags in front with Stars on them. A very large man got out of the back seat. He had on a uniform with lots of colorful ribbons and medals on his chest. He walked over to Betty Jo and me and said as he bent down to look inside the carriages, "Good Morning, Ladies and are the babies today"?

I replied that mine was wet and hungry. As he climbed back into the backseat of his car he smiled, winked and saluted! We took this as a natural everyday occurrence and went on our merry way.

I knew all along that my Father certainly out ranked anyone – after all, my Father was Sergeant Major of this whole regiment. Besides, my Father had more ribbons including the Silver Star and a French decoration called a "Croix de Guerre". He showed me these things, so I knew! Surely he out ranked the Commanding General of the post.

The Way It Was

NAME: Larry J. Ponza

UNIT:

TIME PERIOD: 1944c.

SOURCE: Sent by Mr. Ponza in an effort to locate the paintings.

DATE RECEIVED: November, 2002

THE SAINT MOTHER CABRINI SHRINE/CHAPEL

During the course of World War II, the American and Allied forces defeated the German and Italian armies in North Africa, and many Germans and Italians were taken prisoner and removed and contained in prison camps in the United States of America and its territories. A large group of Italian prisoners were sent to the island of Oahu, in what was at that time the territory of Hawaii, and held in a large prison camp near Schofield Barracks in the high plain pineapple growing area.



This prisoner contingent was highly skilled in construction and engineering, and as a voluntary effort they were used extensively on many construction projects around the island where skilled labor was, at that time, in short supply, particularly around Honolulu Harbor, Sand Island, etc. As these prisoners would return daily to their prison barracks after a days work they would bring back with them whatever excess construction materials they could gather. They stockpiled them until they finally had sufficient material to start to build their own religious chapel, which they decided to dedicate to the memory of Mother Cabrini, who was at that time

being considered for sainthood for her earlier good works in the United States, and who was subsequently canonized as the first American saint by the Vatican around the year 1946.

With permission from the prison authorities, the prisoners, having qualified architects and engineers amongst their officer staff, designed and started to build a shrine and chapel on part of a pineapple field across the road and adjoining the prison complex. Finally completed, the chapel was a very beautiful and imposing structure, as can be seen by the photographs on the reverse side, with a beautiful altar and decorated with two large magnificent oil paintings of Mother Cabrini, painted by the prisoners themselves. The chapel had a full basement for vestments and religious articles, and a large area out in the open in front of the chapel was paved and filled with well constructed concrete benches acting as pews for a thousand or more worshipers that could attend a mass ceremony.



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Upon the chapel's completion, Sunday mass was celebrated every week with the prisoners exiting the prison compound in order to attend the services, seating themselves in the open air pews. As word spread to the adjoining areas, Pearl City, Honolulu, Nanakuli, and even as far as Waikiki, a small group of Catholic worshipers started to drive up to the chapel on Sunday mornings to attend the services. In a short time worshipers came in larger numbers and the attendance swelled to crowds well beyond the seating capacity, and then standing room only became the norm.

Sunday morning mass at the Mother Cabrini Chapel continued to be a pleasant and popular experience to many Catholic worshipers up until around May 8, 1945, when the war ended in Europe, and all prisoners, both German and Italian were repatriated. The Italian prisoners in Hawaii were quickly evacuated and repatriated to Europe. The large prison compound with its huge barbed wire enclosure and tall watch towers were tom down and all evidence of its existence quickly removed. Only the little white chapel with its forlorn rows of pews remained in the open field across the road, to fade away into history.



Many months later, the author of this vignette, then living in Waikiki and having attended services at the Cabrini Chapel a number of times during its active existence, decided to drive up to the old prison site to see what had become of the chapel, fully expecting to find that it had been demolished along with the prison camp. I found a very lonely and desolate area where the prison camp had been. No one was around this rather remote area and all traces of the large prison compound with its barbed wire and watch towers were gone; but across the street in the pineapple field the chapel was still standing. The seating

benches or pews were gone, and the entire area was overgrown with weeds as can be seen by the accompanying photos. Wind had blown debris all over the area. It was a desolate scene. However, when I went up into the chapel itself I was very surprised to find the after area in excellent condition with the religious materials still in place and on the back wall two very large paintings honoring Mother Cabrini, photos of these oil paintings also are included in this vignette. Also on the altar was a very large leather-bound memorial album, which had the signatures of every prisoner that had contributed to the building of the chapel, with rank, serial number, and home town address. It appeared to include thousands of names. I wondered how this remarkable journal had



The Way It Was



survived out in the open chapel for the many months since the chapel was abandoned and how the altar area had remained in such remarkable condition with the general area being in such a desolated condition, and why had such beautiful large oil paintings of Mother Cabrini been abandoned and left to the vagaries of the elements and potential vandalism.

I felt a strong impulse to somehow save the paintings, the journal and the religious articles by taking them with me and saving them for posterity, but I decided that Someone connected with the Catholic Church in the territory of Hawaii must be aware of these religious icons, particularly the paintings of Mother Cabrini, who was at that time

being considered for sainthood, and was actually canonized in 1946, and would be aware of the condition of the abandoned chapel. With a last nostalgic look around the area, I took a few photographs, which are shown in this vignette, and returned to Honolulu, to Waikiki.

As the next few days passed. I found myself thinking more and more about the journal and the religious articles that I had seen in the now abandoned chapel. These items were too historically important to be left to deteriorate into oblivion in the deserted pineapple fields of Hawaii's highlands. I decided that on the following weekend I would return to the old prison site and rescue these artifacts and preserve them for a future time.

The following Sunday I drove back up to the lonely site, eagerly anticipating saving these artifacts, but when I arrived at the chapel, I was stunned to find that the items I had come to rescue were gone. They had survived for many months untouched, but one week after my initial visit, someone had removed the journal, all religious artifacts from the altar area, and also the magnificent oil paintings of Mother Cabrini, shown in the attached photos. I returned to Waikiki shaken by the coincidence, and although I made a number of inquiries as to what may have happened to these artifacts, I was unable to learn anything about their disappearance.

I returned home to Santa Cruz, California, in 1959, and during the last 50 years I have many times thought about the little chapel in Hawaii, and wondered if some responsible persons saved these artifacts or have these artifacts been retained by the Catholic clergy in Hawaii. The journal itself would be of great value to those men that built the chapel/shrine to honor the first American saint, Saint Mother Cabrini, although today they would all be in the twilight of their lives.

I continue to wonder if the beautiful paintings shown in the attached photographs are hanging in some place of worship, or were they destroyed by mindless vandals many years ago. There will be no resolution to these questions, however, by documenting the story of the last days of the Saint Mother Cabrini Shrine/Chapel and the Hawaiian Island of Oahu, I feel that I am bringing closure to a very significant historical incident in our time and place.

The Way It Was

NAME: Marvin F. Ritter

UNIT:

TIME PERIOD: 1935-1938

SOURCE: Email from his son, Marvin Ritter, Jr.

DATE RECEIVED:

Wednesday, March 17, 1937 Fair Warm Kawaiiloa - Hawaii Amelia Earhart has been expected at Wheeler Field from Alameda since Monday.

However, she hadn't yet taken off yesterday morning so unless she has taken off today we may yet return to Barracks in time to see her land. It is something which I should like very much to see. However since Monday I am the only one out here doing duty and must stay here all day.

Thursday, March 18, 1937 Fair Warm Kawaiiloa - Hawaii This is absolutely the last week for us out on this job. We move in on Saturday.

This evening, although it was raining, I took a nice long walk. The rain poured down for a while but it was nice anyway. I was interested in the Buddhist Temple down at Twin Bridges just below Haleiwa. It was all lit up like a Christmas tree.

Monday, March 22, 1937 Fair Warm Schofield - Hawaii Today was my first day working on the Officer's Club in the Artillery Area.

The Carpenter Gang was my choice and I'm working for Brennan. This evening Woods and I worked out at the Gym. My arms are very weary. But I still weigh 174 lbs, far too much for my height although my fat is beginning to disappear quite fast.

Tuesday, March 23, 1937 Fair Warm Schofield - Hawaii This morning when we fell out Sgt. Nicholson, who leaves on today's transport (retired) gave his leave to us and there were tears in his voice. After giving us all the final farewell, he came to attention, gave us fellows his last salute and with an unsteady gate left us forever. I'm sure many of us felt the lump of sorrow rise in our throats for it really was heart-rending.

Wednesday, March 24, 1937 Fair Very Warm Schofield - Hawaii Today an order came out making Woods corporal. I'm glad. He's my friend and I guess I should be but I am, too. He's happy about it and modest.

Maybe that's why we're friends. We plan to do so much together, I wonder how much of it we'll accomplish.

Thursday, March 25, 1937 Fair Warm Schofield - Hawaii This carpenter work at the Officer's Club is really swell. I've not been so satisfied with the Army since I've been in it as I have been these last few days. Of course it may not last. But I find myself laughing much more than I have been in a long, long time. And that is an infallible sign of contentment.

Friday, March 26, 1937 Fair Warm Schofield - Hawaii We did have a heavy shower this morning that caused us some inconvenience on the job. But the real cause of it was - or rather is - that we must put one roof on without causing any interruption to the service. And as it rains at least once a day we may not remove the old roof until the new one is complete.

Saturday, March 27, 1937 Beautiful Warm Schofield - Hawaii Went up to the fights tonight - the last smoker of the season. "What-a-man"

McCann, former Dempsey sparring partner and reputed to be nearing 45 yrs. of age, is well enough preserved at that age to become heavyweight Champ of Schofield, a garrison of about 16000 men at present. "What-a-man," indeed.

The Way It Was

NAME: Carita Rodby

UNIT: Father was 1SG for 1st Field

Artillery

TIME PERIOD: 1911

SOURCE: Interview by Ann Joesting.

Transcript edited here by Linda Hee

DATE RECEIVED: January 28, 1971



CR: We came in 1911 from Fort Sill, Oklahoma. That was the 1st Field Artillery and my father was a first sergeant. WE came overland by train. The families traveled with troops in those days. So all I remember of the early days in Schofield then was 1911 when the 1st Field Artillery arrived here. That is up where the chemical warfare service is, up toward the Pass.

AJ: Kolekole Pass?

CR: Kolekole Pass.

AJ: How old were you then?

CR: Eight, so I don't know much more than just that as far as the history goes.

AJ: Can you tell us about 1911 on, then? What did the Army do in the area?

Well, there were five of us, five children, and we lived in that area. My dad was entitled to quarters so we had a little tiny house. Five children, I don't know where Mother put them all! Later they added a bedroom. Those that were not entitled to quarters could build their own, so there were several houses that the soldiers had built themselves. They would come over and then they sent for their wives or their sweethearts and they were married there. They were married aboard ship. They had to go meet them with the chaplain right with them, no funny business! So, many of them had built their houses and had them all ready for them such as they were.

The Way It Was

We started school in a little, sort of preschool, and gradually we had our own school. We were there until 1917. From 1911 to 1917.

I know there was nothing in the houses. Our things had arrived and Dad had put a tent out in front and all our things were stored in there. Mother was so worried about her sewing machine. We stayed with friends at Fort Ruger until Dad got the house straightened out. So then we had nothing. No stove or anything, but Mother had a little two-burner kerosene stove. She had insisted on that. They told us not to bring any heavy furniture like upholstery or this little stove, and in those days they had ammo boxes lined with zinc. She used that for a refrigerator but I don't know where she got the ice, or if she got ice. I don't remember that. It was the only stove in the neighborhood for several weeks so whoever borrowed it in the evening invited us to dinner! So then gradually we got it furnished and fixed up.

I know that where the golf course is now was King Kalakaua's hunting lodge. That was called Leilehua Plains. We were the 1st Artillery, then the Cavalry arrived, then later the 1st Infantry and the 32nd Infantry. That was more down toward where the golf course is now. That was the infantry area. The Cavalry area was right next to where the 1st Field Artillery was.

AJ: Did the Cavalry bring their horses?

CR: Yes, and the Artillery had horses then, too. Everything was horses. The first tanks came in just before we left for the mainland. That was the 1st World War and Dad was commissioned, ordered to the Middle West somewhere and we stayed in California. The first tanks were coming in, before that everything was horses. Our school bus and everything was horse-drawn.

AJ: Then they had a large stable area?

CR: Oh yes, there were stables and everything, oh yes. Everything was horses all the way through. There were stable up there and the long barracks buildings, of course that's all gone now. We were up there a couple months ago trying to find the area where we lived, where I had explained to the kids. We went up there several years ago and my son went through the undergrowth and he said it was just as I had described it—the back, the gulch and everything—but it was all overgrown. The houses and everything were gone for many, many years.

Now it is all built up again. We were up there, as I said, a couple months ago and it's all houses. Now we couldn't find anything that looked the least bit familiar but the old polo field and that's the motor pool. That was a polo field at that time. Another lady was with me that had lived there at that time too, and we just knew where it was located. Otherwise, we never would have known.

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Every thing was very, well, in this day and age you would almost consider it primitive. You know, the living conditions and all but of course we weren't used to a great deal so it didn't matter that much. We used to go to town by train once a year to Christmas-shop.

I remember we were walking toward the train one day and we were late and Mother sent my brother on ahead to tell them that we were coming and they held the train till we got there. It was quite a walk but of course you walked everywhere in those days.

AJ: Did they have a train depot right in Schofield?

CR: Yes, oh yes. It went right through Schofield there where the golf course is. It had what they called the Pineapple Special, which was small, sort of like a shuttle, and we used to ride that to school and back. Then the regular Oahu railroad had their train right through Schofield.

AJ: What was the area like then? Was there a lot more forest land?

CR: Well, up there where we were was all guavas. We used to go up and pick guavas and Mother made everything from the guavas. Everything was guava bushes up there then, up toward the pass.

AJ: How close to the Pass did you live?

CR: Walking distance. We used to walk there all the time. We used to walk up on school days, you know in groups, what you call field trips, now. I remember once we went to Wahiawa by train. Do you know the place called Hasabe Area up there? See, that's all gone, too. There are some old buildings there that we saw. And the train was in that area.

This is strictly a family point of view, you know, the things that happened to us as kids. I was still a little young when we left here again, about 14 or 15 years old. By the time we came back after the war everything had changed.

When we first came, there were contract companies there and the Oriental laborers lived nearby. They were in the process of building, I guess, the barracks. I remember when we used to walk up at night and they would be in there in the big bathhouse. You know, everybody bathed together. They did. We were the only ones that had any kind of a bathroom at all. I don't know what the other folks did because every once in a while someone would ask me, "Is your father home?" and I would say yes or no and Mother would say, "Don't tell them that, they want to use the bathroom." They used to call the honeyman to come around and empty it. Mother said "Don't say that Daddy's home because they just want to use the bathroom." So I'd say no, he wasn't, or something like that.

The Way It Was

There was building, there was contracting and the man that owned Kemoo, before Dick Rodby took over, was the contractor up there. They must have been building barracks then. Perhaps there were just enough barracks to house the people we brought and then they may have added more. It seemed to me that was it because there was a restaurant and that was in a tent. Everything was tents so they were in the process of building. I don't think you will find anyone that was around before 1900. Well, there may be.

By that time, before we left, they had a couple of big trucks—and Santa Claus came around in a great big Army truck.

And then we had all been sick with diphtheria and part of the family was in a tent in front of the house and my sister and I and Mother were in the house and Santa Claus brought such beautiful gifts. A package for each one.

AJ: Did you see anything or hear anything of Hawaiian royalty?

CR: Yes. When the church was dedicated in 1914 Queen Liliuokalani was out and we saw her then. She was just a shrunken little old lady then. She came to the dedication of the church and that was up in the upper post. I understand that's the same church that's now by Conroy Bowl and that it had been moved down there. But it was farther up in the post, I couldn't tell you just where. It's the 19th Infantry area. She gave a pair of candlesticks or something like that to the church. Now, that you may find in some history of the church.

AJ: What was the name of the church?

CR: It was everybody's church. All the different ones had their services there. It was the only church at that time in Schofield. The school was located there in a little school building.

AJ: Did you ever take a train out to the Kahuku area?

CR: Not in the early days. Later we did. I don't know, maybe the railroad didn't go all that way around, I'm not sure. We had never been over that way. I guess if we went to town once a year and to Wahiawa, why, we just about had it as far as traveling was concerned.

You know we came back in 1921 and soon after that we were all married.

AJ: Did you settle in Schofield again when you came back the second time?

CR: Yes, we lived, well, I think the 13th Infantry was right where the Officer's Club is. And the houses are still there. Everything had changed. This was after the 1st World War. Everything was mechanized by then. No more stables, no more nothing. No sentries walking post at night on horses. All of a sudden you would hear "Who goes there?" You had to stop if you were out running around at night, which we didn't do very much, but

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one night I was running home with my doll and I guess it scared the daylight out of me. They were just young kids, too. They'd yell "Who goes there?" and it would scare the daylight out of me. But I managed to explain that I was just going next door.

The troops were sent out away so much. There was a water shortage in Schofield one year and they sent the troops over to Kailua way because of the water shortage. So, many times the women were all by themselves on the post so guards kept a wary eye on everything. That was a very dry year, at least on Schofield. Maybe the reservoir wasn't finished. They worked on Ku Tree Dam up there, the engineers.

AJ: Could you tell us anything more about the Ku Tree Dam, because that is part of Schofield area, too, I think.

CR: They were working on that when we came back after the war. My brother worked up there. I don't know how long it took them or anything. We made one trip to see it. You know we just didn't go places. We just played around our area and stayed in our area.

We had one trip to the beach which I remember. We got there by horse and wagon. It must have been an awfully long trip. It was so exciting that we didn't pay much attention. I remember coming home. It was dark and Dad had to walk in front with a lantern to guide our way. Everybody was singing and when we came into Schofield we had to be quiet so as not to disturb anybody.

It was a real Army post with the bugle calls. Everybody got up. In early morning it was reveille. At noon the band turned out and played and marched. In the evening the flag came down. It was all in that little period where we lived.

AJ: Do you remember that big stone up in the Pass?

CR: Well, that is there and I think there is a plaque or something there. We had never heard of it in those days. There wasn't too much history or anything. No, we never heard about that until even after I lived in Wahiawa. By that time they began to become interested in these things, legends and things like that. We studied a bit of Hawaiian history, I remember. About the goddess Pele, the volcano goddess. We studied a little bit about that but that was all. We were still very young and our first school... some girl or someone would come over to visit her brother. She'd get a school started and immediately get married and that was the end of that till another one came along. They went along until, oh, it must have been 1913 or 1914 that the Department of Education took over the school and then we really got down to business. We had regular school teachers. So we went until we left here in 1917. It must have been in June. Dad went overseas. Then we came back in 1921. By that time he was a warrant officer so we had very nice quarters. Then in 1924 I was married on Schofield and moved to Wahiawa and I have lived in Wahiawa ever since.

The Way It Was

NAME: Otto Sandman, COL

UNIT: USASCH

TIME PERIOD: 1941-1945

SOURCE: Excerpts from a letter written to his wife. Original letter donated by his son, James G. Sandman.

DATE RECEIVED: 1 May 2006

Sunday Evening, August 13, 1944

Well, the big story was finally told upon the President's return to the mainland and in his broadcast from Bremerton navy yard yesterday. When he left here we didn't know, of course, where he was headed for but it since developed he went up to the Aleutians and then landed at Puget Sound.

I got the first intimation of the visit on Friday the 21st when the G-3 came out and advised as to the super secret plans – at that time I was one of only five in all Hawaii who were in on the story and I was given the proposed program as most of the Army part of it was to be on Schofield, the Navy having the rest. There were a number of jittery days and almost sleepless nights and on Tues. the 25th we pulled address rehearsal, with troops shoulder to shoulder on both sides of the streets for over four miles, the review, and even a dry run on the luncheon.

On the 27th Gen. Richardson came to Headquarters about 10 AM and I went with him to see that preparations were satisfactory to him and we went up to the top of Kolekole Pass about 11 to be sure to be on time as we were to meet the party there at 12:20. Well, I got to know the other side of the General as we waited up there for over an hour and found that he was just as human as the rest of us, as nervous as a young colt, and with problems far above those some of us think we have.

Promptly on the dot the party climbed the mountain out of the Naval Reservation at Lualualei and hit the Pass at 12:20. They were in a 7 passenger closed Packard, the General greeted the President and presented me as Post Commander. And the two of us got in the car to go through the Post with them.

The President was in the right rear, next to him was Gen. McArthur and then Adm. Nimitz, Gen. Richardson & I sitting in the jump seats, a secret service man and the driver in front. Well, my darling, that was an experience and as we drove down 3 miles before we came to the troops they discussed many highly secretive matters the public would never hear of. The President really is a wonder and I can well see how people have wilted before that charm and personality. He seemed much older than his pictures show him and looked drawn and tired but the personality blossomed continuously with a continuing spread of humor mixed with deep seriousness.

He had previously been on Schofield 10 years ago to the day and of course was astounded at the growth, and related various incidents that occurred on his previous trip.

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McArthur is another wonderful person with pink cheeks and a charm, while different from the President, reflected what many of us had imagined in him. He looked more like a man of 36 than one of 66.

When we got to the start of the troops we had tanks and then crews lined up solidly on both sides of the streets for a mile and a half and then 2 ½ Miles more of solid troops through the main Post. We stopped at the swimming pool where we had 2000 men in swimming trunks in and around the pool and the President was amazed at the size, the number of men, the beauty of the surroundings, for he is a great swimming enthusiast himself. (That was really a show). Thence to Wheeler Field (adjoining Schofield) thence through the solid wall of troops to North Sector Hospital and then to the club.

I was rather surprised that he cannot walk and had to be lifted into his wheelchair and moved by that means every foot. We had a portion of Peacock Alley, adjoining the Lanai, closed off and served cocktails to his immediate party and Gen. R. presented the General officers of the Post to him there.

The luncheon was served on the spacious Lanai and in addition to the 12, or so, in the official party there were over 100 other officers and guests invited. The Lanai and Peacock Alley were one mass of gorgeous Hawaiian blossoms (I had insisted on Hawaiian flowers only) and I have never seen anything like them—white ginger, yellow ginger, red ginger, torch ginger with stems seven feet long, anthurium, gardenias, tuberose, bird of paradise—in fact the flower bill alone was \$400.00. It was a garden truly.

I had our club chef fix up the enclosed four menus and Gen. R. himself checked off the items. He had some of his own china sent out, sent a Captain who had been in the hotel business on the mainland, got some of the silver service from the Royal Hawaiian, the waiters were all immaculately garbed in white and it was a grand luncheon.

There were twenty at the head table—the President, Gen. McArthur, Adm. Nimitz, Adm. Leahy, Adm. Ghormley, Gov. Stainbach, Elmer Davis (head of Public Info.), Judge Roseman, who writes the President's speeches (sat next to him), Gen. Richardson and many more 3 & 2 star Generals and I (as Post Commander) was honored also being the only field officers at the table.

The President was overcome with the beauty of the flowers, the luncheon and the setting generally and made a very gracious short speech following the luncheon. Then the party moved over to the review field through continuous lines of troops again where the 7th Div. put on a grand review. We had erected a platform upon which his car was driven now in an open car) and he took the review from there, making another very nice short talk to the troops. Then again through the canyon of troops down to Macomb Gate at 4 o'clock where he said aloha to Gen. R. and myself. He was very high in his praise of the Post, of the show etc. and said that in all his service he had never seen anything to compare with it. That was fine coming from the President of the United States to a lowly colonel but then when I shook hands with Gen. McArthur to say good bye, he said (and I put it down immediately so there would be no mistake) "Sandman, in all

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my experience in the service I've never seen a finer looking Post or Garrison." Boy o boy!!! What a send off, coming from Gen. Douglas McArthur.

Well, sweet lover, a million things could have gone wrong but in spite of all odds, theories of probabilities, etc. this time a million things went right. Of course, we did do an awful lot of work to lick all the bugs but generally something bogs down—this time everything clicked right on the nose.

After the party left Gen. Richardson shook my hand and in his happiness was most prolific in his praise and gratitude and it's borne out in the enclosed letter. The original with the signatures of Gen. Richardson, Burgin and Blount (6 stars total) are in my 201 file at Headquarters but this copy tells the story. Those boys don't write those letters very often and of course I was (and am) very proud of the way things went and of the opportunity to have ridden, sat and talked with the President and Gen. McArthur. Adm. Nimitz I have met a number of times before and it's always a pleasure to be in his presence.

After all the visitors had departed I got DuPree and Gini, we went over to the quarters and in about a half hour we killed a quart of Old Grandad and we felt better. It was a great load off our shoulders and everyone really put out. Only a very few actually knew the President was here, there was much conjecture however, and rumors were going around that Churchill, Stalin, Chiang-Kai-Shek, and many others were here but most all were surprised to see the President. Nobody was surprised to Eleanor when she was here last year.

Well, that's the story, darling, and we can tell our grandchildren that on July 27, '44 the old man entertained the President of the U.S. and all the big shots in the pacific and way stations.

For two weeks no mail was allowed out of here, so secret was the whole move and that accounts for the delay in some of my letters to you. I got quite a bang out of it what next AM early when Gen. Richardson, Gen. Burgin and Gen. Blount all rang me to again express their appreciation. They're still talking about it but the next time anything goes wrong out here I suppose I'll catch H----. But those things used to concern me but not any more. 2 ½ yrs. On this job and I've learned to take things in stride.

The Way It Was

NAME: Mrs. Leslie Clark Stevens

UNIT: Widow of Vice Admiral Leslie Clark Stevens, sister to MG John Millikin

TIME PERIOD: 1910

SOURCE: From a photocopy found in the files at Tropic Lightning Museum

DATE RECEIVED: unknown

I visited Schofield Barracks in 1910, when my brother, 2nd Lt. John Millikin was stationed there. The reservation encircled with mountains on which lehua bloomed, was called "Leilehua." The area had been a large cow ranch and the contract of sale allowed the cattle to stay on until after the next calving season, so only temporary quarters were built and often cattle would stroll through and even rub up against our bungalow.

There were three divisions- the Artillery (3rd, I think!), the 5th Cavalry and 1st Infantry- (commanded by col. Rumbough (artillery), Col. Wilder (Cavalry), Col. McCullough)- with parade grounds between the regiments which also served as polo grounds! There were no roads, white washed boulders outlined paths through which we rode horseback and kicked up turf to make sort of roadways. Philip Sheridan (son of Civil War hero Gen. Sheridan) had the first automobile. There were 3 unmarried girls, and 52 bachelor officers! We three girls enjoyed the auto rides, on which Philip Sheridan often took us! At about 18 to 25 miles per hour!

Army life was very pleasant and somewhat "non reg." On the annual maneuver the 5th Cavalry rode around the island of Oahu and wives, daughters, sisters were allowed to follow on horse back. The daily ride was about 30 miles. The band and cook wagons went ahead, so that when the regiment arrived food and music were there! And usually swimming near the night's camp, and dancing on the green! It was great fun!

The Cavalry had excellent polo players and there were games with teams from other islands. Walter Dillingham lead the oahu team, and there were the Rices, Baldwins, etc., from other islands.

My first trip around the island with Cavalry took 3 days (30 miles per day.) The next in Philip Sheridan's car took a full day with lunch at haleiwa. My next trip 13 years later in an improved car took 4 hours and that same year we followed the road around in a navy plane in 45 minutes, in 1925. Navy wives were permitted 2 plane rides yearly.

The transport from islands to mainland were about 8 days. This past year I flew in less than 5 hours! And felt like Rip Van Winkle to see the changes in Schofield and Waikiki.

The Way It Was

NAME : Clarence Templeton

UNIT: 11th Medical Regiment

TIME PERIOD: 1936-1938

SOURCE: Account written by Mr. Templeton

DATE RECEIVED: October 3, 2001

I enlisted in the U.S. Army (choosing the Medical Corps) on December 10, 1935, in Trenton, New Jersey. We were allowed to choose between the States, Panama, Alaska, and Hawaii for our service tour. Boot camp was at Ft. Slocum, New York.

On March 14, 1935, I left Brooklyn, New York, with a temperature of 15 degrees below zero, on board the U.S. Army Transport Republic. This ship was originally a British liner and was seized by the Germans during WWI. The U.S. seized it from the Germans during the War, using it for a transport ship. There were 1,800 troops on board. Of course, there were no troop transport airplanes at this time flying over the ocean.



We went through Cape Hataras, a sever storm tearing a barnacle off the bow of the ship, resulting in our having to close off one bulkhead.

We docked in Colon, Panama, five days later, with a temperature of over 100 degrees with very high humidity (quite a change from 15 degrees below zero in Brooklyn). We had shore leave that evening in Cristobal, having to report back by 11:00 p.m. We left Colon the next morning and proceeded through the Locks via Lake Gutun from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, which took eight hours. We then went through more locks, docking at Balboa, Panama. As we waited for shore leave we were told that spinal meningitis had broken out on board ship and we would be quarantined in Ft. Clayton, Panama for eleven days. Two men died of the disease.

While we were in quarantine the large hole in the ship from the barnacle was repaired in dry dock.

We left Panama going up the coast of Central America and California on up to San Francisco. We were there five days when sailed on to Honolulu, Hawaii. While in the middle of the journey, we lost a propeller, continuing on with only one. (On the ship's 13th trip, the one prior to our crossing, the Captain was lost overboard).

We arrived at Aloha Tower on May 10 (approximately). The U.S.A.T. republic was the largest ship that could be docked there at that time. We were greeted by many women doing the hula and selling leis. Shipmates were throwing coins in the water and natives were diving for them. The docks had a wonderful aroma of flowers.

The Way It Was

We walked to the train in downtown Honolulu to take us to Schofield Barracks, where 25,000 servicemen were based. The only servicewomen were in the nurse corps working in the hospital. Honolulu consisted of two traffic lights at that time, one being at Fort and King Streets. There were only a few hotels in Waikiki, the Moana and Royal Hawaiian were the largest. There were only a few scattered homes (shacks) between Honolulu and the base. There were no businesses at all. The road was tar and gravel.

We were assigned to our barracks, which were in a wooden structure with open front, screened-in porch all the way through, with only windows in the back to prevent rain from coming in. We were given our khaki and fatigue uniforms (which were blue denim, including the hat).

Had boot training. We were asked what kind of jobs we would like to have, and naturally all wanted a truck-driving job! But the people who wanted a driving job got a wheelbarrow to use. All were assigned to regular jobs, me being appointed an ambulance driver. I was responsible for my own ambulance (#33413), which had to be kept clean and ready for use at all times. We even had to keep the undercarriage of the vehicle washed. This vehicle was a 1936 Ford ambulance, which at that time was a delivery truck, with the open doors in the back, linoleum on the floor and there were four stretchers mounted on the inside of the walls (two on each side). You just picked them off the wall and carried them. The ambulances were olive green Army color, with a red cross on the side.



I was also assigned a Dodge transport truck, similar to what is used today. Later on I was relieved of the truck temporarily, being assigned to a 1939 Ford car. I was chauffeur to the attending doctor, Captain Baird, for a few months. His duties included doctoring only servicemen with families on the post. Each day personnel would phone in their "aches and pains"; i.e., even headaches (many times hangovers) and the Captain would go to their homes and treat them, no matter how minor their problem was. If it was serious and ambulance was called.

One day Captain Baird, who lived at Kileau Beach, was Officer of the Day. He told me to go down with his car and get his wife and child and bring them up to the base; I told him I did not have a territorial license. He said he would give me a note stating his permission. I picked them up and on the way back his wife wanted to stop at Wahiawa at Castner's Department Store, one

The Way It Was

mile from base. It started to rain, so I pulled up on the left-hand side of the street and let her and the child out. She said she would only be a minute.

While I waited, two civilian police pulled up and told me I was on the wrong side of the street. (Army personnel and civilian police were always enemies). I explained that Mrs. Baird would be right out. They asked to see my driver's license. I showed them my Army license. They wanted to see my Hawaii license and I told them I didn't have one and showed them the note. They dismissed this and said it "didn't count." They told me to leave the car sit there and they would move it. They left and went around the corner and Mrs. Baird came out and got in the car, telling me to take off. The police caught me just before I got to the base gate. They took the car and Mrs. Baird home and they took me back to the Wahiawa police station. If Mrs. Baird had not sent the military police to the police station to rescue me, they would have locked me up. They insisted I buy a territory license for \$15.00, which was almost a month's pay!

November 11, 1935, (Armistice Day) I was driving Captain Baird to Wheeler Field (this was before there was an Air Force Corps). We saw an airplane come down into a power dive, but unfortunately it went right into the ground; it did not explode. The pilot, who was married and had a small baby, was killed, with every bone in his body broken. That afternoon they ordered all planes in the air, with somewhat of an air show, so that other pilots would not lose their courage.

In 1937, pilots were practicing dropping bombs on targets over guava patches. We were watching the planes and saw one that the wings fell off and then heard a large boom. The ambulances immediately went up there and discovered the plane had fallen in flames near the target. They found out later that the trap had opened to release the bomb, but the bomb caught in the net and exploded. After the fire was out and the dead pilot removed, they found one bomb that had not gone off.

There were twelve wards in the base hospital, among them one was assigned to critical care, another for venereal disease. There was also a morgue and medical laboratory. One memorable experience for me was when a private was on guard duty for 24 hours, being relieved at noontime. He ate dinner and went to the latrine, planning to commit suicide with his 30/30 rifle. He put it to his chest, however, when he pulled the trigger it went into his side. He was taken to the hospital with around-the-clock guards to prevent him from trying again. I was one of the guards. I had to shave him so he wouldn't use the razor to harm himself. One day when I was shaving him he stated "I didn't know how important life is, I will never try it again." He got a medical discharge and was sent home when he recuperated.

Another memorable incident was when a Staff sergeant shot himself through the head one night. While transporting him to the hospital the officer on duty said there was no urgency because he probably would not live until he got to the hospital. He did survive, and Major Thomas operated on him and found that a portion of the brain had been damaged. They removed some of this brain in the surrounding area. Four months later he was sent back to the States in good health. It had not permanently affected him.

The Way It Was

All deaths required an “autopsy.” (Not a medical diagnosis like today’s autopsies.) This involved removing all the organs, including the brain, stuffing the torso and skull with cotton soaked in formaldehyde and sewing the body back up. The body was put in a reed basket and taken to Fort Ruger to be returned to the States. It would sometimes be 2-3 months before the remains arrived back in the States, perhaps waiting weeks for a ship to take it back.

In 1936, we went on maneuvers for two weeks with 1916 GMC ambulances, resembling a closed wagon. They had no battery, but magnetos, and had to be cranked. Their headlights were carbide gas. The side doors were like barn doors; they rolled on a track. A red cross was on the side. We were told they did not want the vehicles in running condition when we returned. As long as they were in running condition they could not get them replaced with new ones. So we had fun trying to comply with these orders! We were using WWI tanks and other equipment. All this old equipment was replaced when we returned from maneuvers. Our ambulances were replaced by a fleet of Chevrolet ambulances. Everyone was aware that war was eminent and updated equipment and technology was necessary.



I was paid \$21 a month. Laundry cost \$0.75 a month; Old Soldier’s Home was \$0.25 a month. I went to the movies; a book of 20 movie tickets was \$2.00. I also went to the base gym to workout and played cards for fun (I did not gamble). Wednesday afternoons were always for swimming. We took a convoy of trucks to Haleiwa Beach; I drove one of the trucks. This beach was considered “Soldier’s Beach.” We always went swimming on Christmas and New Year’s Day.

In mid-January 1938 at about 10:30 p.m. I had been to the day room writing letters and had just gone back to my bunk. Everybody else was asleep. My buddy Byron York, from Purvis, Miss., had a brindle dog (servicemen were allowed dogs in the barracks then) that slept on a chair between our bunks. When I got into bed I heard a noise and thought it was the dog scratching fleas. Our building was an open wooden structure that started to creak; then I realized it was an earthquake. I yelled “earthquake” to waken the others and jumped through the window, catching my shirt on a hook. The others all got out the doors or windows. The electric light poles were swaying. There was not major damage or injuries. Sergeant Gerber and his wife were at the NCO Club and he had encouraged Mrs. Gerber to drink a glass of wine. When feeling the earthquake she said “If wine does this to you, I am not drinking any more.”

One weekend when we had a pass on Friday night for Saturday and Sunday, Charles Lasher, Frank Lovely and I got a pass and took our pup tents and gear and went up on Waianae Mountain, above Kolekole Pass. It was dark by the time we got to the top so we pitched our tents and didn’t get back until Saturday afternoon. They had sent airplanes to hunt us.

The Way It Was

The Way It Was

In 1937 we were on maneuvers; I was driving the reconnaissance car (1929 Ford sedan) and we were supposed to camouflage them. I drove into the bushes and pulled the bushes back up so no tracks were showing. Later when we were to return, I had difficulty finding my vehicle. I was given a commendation for having it camouflaged so well.

The post had a gold course and polo ground. Billy Mitchell, world champion golfer at that time, played the course and I was required to have my ambulance on hand. The movie stars, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford, had just gotten married and were honeymooning in Hawaii. They were playing polo. As the ambulance driver and first aid person I had to bandage his hands from playing polo. He hollered and danced around with pain when we put Mercurochrome on the blisters!

On May 1, 1937 Helen Keller appeared at the Royal Hawaiian Palace to celebrate May Day. We saw her and heard her speak through her interpreter, Miss Sullivan.

We always counted our days remaining, starting on our arrival. Men would holler out how many days they had left, regardless if you were a "short" or "long"-timer. I had gone away from home to work on a farm for the summer when I was 8 ½ so I was used to being away from home and did not get homesick. Many did get seriously homesick, causing some even to commit suicide.

I left Schofield Barracks to come home on May 10, 1938, on the same transport ship I come over on, the U.S.A.T. Republic. I was happy it was a large ship. Many others on smaller ships got very seasick. I did not see anybody sea sick going over to Hawaii, but many of us got sick just leaving port after hitting bad storms. We traveled back to San Francisco, California, being stationed at Angel Island for five days. Then we passed back through the Panama Canal and returned to the Brooklyn Army Base, where I was discharged.

On the very day I arrived home in New Jersey, I visited my brother, where I met a beautiful young woman, whom I married a year later and had 12 children.

The Way It Was

NAME: Barbara Wambaugh

UNIT: Step-father was in the Infantry

TIME PERIOD: 1948-49

SOURCE: Email sent by Mrs. Wambaugh after visiting the museum in May 2004

DATE RECEIVED: 27 May 2004

It has been 55 years since I lived in Hawaii, and still I have these vignettes running through my memory:

My Mother, Lillian Letteer, driving from the East to West Coast with me, a 7 year old and my 1 year old sister, Cathy. Mother had advertised in the local paper for help driving and found a woman who wanted to visit her family in California. Along the way I remember visiting a trading post in "Indian Country" and having the Painted Desert pointed out (I couldn't "see" it.)

I remember getting sick after our inoculations, and my Mother being sea-sick when we first boarded the ship for the trip to the Islands.

I remember being greeted with a lei, when we finally arrived. (Hawaii didn't mean anything to me at the time...it was just another place my family was going to live.)

At first we shared a house with another young couple. It seemed old and didn't have many amenities. We hung our clothes from a pole hung across the corner of our room. (I'm now told that it was temporary housing.) We had a nice view of the sky...I recall waking up early and watching the beautiful colors of the sunrise; golds, and blues, purples and pinks!

I recall seeing the fields and fields of pineapples growing somewhere near where we lived. I thought they were very strange plants.

It was a strange Christmas, with no snow. I believe we went to the beach.

At some point after that we moved into a newer four family house that was close enough to the swimming pool and the movie theatre that I could walk alone to those two places.

The area around our house had a garden with a banana tree, and ginger plants. There was a yellow hibiscus hedge between our house and the houses behind. And a mimosa tree growing along the road that was small enough to climb.

The house was located at the end of a cul de sac, with a weedy area at the end where we sometimes found golf balls.

The favorite games were marbles, and one we must have invented as I never saw other children playing it: milk came in bottles, then, closed at the top with a round of cardboard, printed on one side. The game consisted of piling up your milk bottle lids, writing side up. The one whose turn it was flipped another lid, much like tiddly winks, on the side of the pile. You got to keep all that

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turned over.....or maybe it was all that stayed right side up.....the object was to get as many as you could! Competition was fierce!!

We were taken to school by bus, and my second grade teacher's name was Mrs. Waters. I felt very smug as I had learned how to spell all our spelling words the year before, in first grade in the States.

Our lunch room consisted of long tables with picnic benches for seats. We thought it great fun to rock the bench until it turned over.....

Outside the school, where we boarded the buses was a large stand of bamboo, another plant I had never seen before.

The Island of Hawaii was sparsely inhabited then, compared to today. We often drove for some distance (or so it seemed to me) before we reached another village after leaving the base. The thing I remember most was the smell...I now know it is the smell of soy sauce and fish, but could not identify it then.

I was impressed that we could drive around the whole Island in just one afternoon. And the Pali Pass was an area that stayed in my mind as I often drew pictures of it after we returned to the States.

My parents had friends named Walters who lived in a house near the sea. It was a great treat to visit and spend the day on the beach. They had a German shepherd named "Huki" which I was told meant "pull". I was fascinated by the seaweed and plants growing near the Ocean. Finding seashells was another activity. We spent the Fourth of July at their house and shot Roman Candles out over the water at night.

When the Korean War broke out we were sent back to the States and my step-Father, Joe Letteer was sent to Korea.

This time we took a plane and a *loooooong* train trip back to Pennsylvania, a year and a half after arriving.

The Way It Was

NAME: Theodore A. Wurm, Chief Musician
UNIT: 18th Infantry Band
TIME PERIOD: 1898
SOURCE: Found in files- edited for this presentation.
DATE RECEIVED:

June 25, 1898- San Francisco, Cal.

Orders received to go aboard the S.S. Ohio for passage to Manila, Philippine Islands.

June 26, 1898

Marched out from Camp Merritt at 10 o'clock A.M. Headquarters N.C.S. & Band and Companies "C" and "F" 18th Infantry, Col. Van Valzah, 18th Infantry commanding, adjutant F.D. Evans, Quarter Master T.W. Griffith. Went aboard ship about noon and pulled out into the Bay at 5 p.m. where the ship cast anchor.

June 27, 1898

Ship got underway, for departure for the West (East) at 3 p.m., there being aboard the 18th as above; Batteries "G" and "L" 3rd Artillery, commanded by Captains Randolph and Berkheimer and four companies of Wyoming Volunteers. Also a detachment of the Hospital and Signal Corps.

Ships composing the fleet: the "Indiana" Gen. McArthur (Brigadier General Commanding); "Ohio"; "City of Para" and "Morgan City." Weather fine and every available place packed with people to give a last cheer as the ships passed out of the bay. Also a great many steam yachts were in evidence and accompanied the ships down past "Lime Point" and the Presidio. Soon got out in the Pacific and it proved rather rough. Everyone got sick the first night and plenty water got into the port holes before being closed. The odor caused from the thousand sea sick vomiting was very bad. Very few could eat or cared to see others do so--- In fact, no supper was served.

July 4, 1898

Independence celebrated or commemorated. Some National airs by the band. Reading Declaration of Independence by LT. Griffith and oration by Sgt. Burrett, Wyoming Battalion, followed by athletic sports.

July 5, 1898- Hawaiian Islands

Arrived at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands—distance 2100 miles from San Francisco—at 10 o'clock a.m., the "Para" having arrived at 5 a.m. same date. Were met some distance out by a Honolulu ship with government band aboard (composed of 28 natives and whites) who played American National airs while escorting us in to harbor. The 18th played also. As the ship went into the dock the National Air of the Republic was played by 18th. At 2 p.m., 18th Battalion with band and Battalions "G: and "L" 3rd Artillery marched out to Base Ballpark for exercise with arms. Returned about 4 p.m. and was granted leave to go ashore at will. Found Honolulu just like American city. Did not meet a single native who could not speak the English language. It did

The Way It Was

The Way It Was

not appear to me that I was away out in the Pacific Ocean on a small island, but just as if I was in an American city.

July 6, 1898

Same Command marched out to “Diamond Head,” a point of the mountains and near the beach, for a surf bath. All had the bath and returned to the Capitol, which with grounds takes a block, and there found a nice meal awaiting us which was served by the best ladies of Honolulu while the government band discoursed music to entertain us while eating. Of course, our troops were not the only ones there, but freely 2,000 were served and this treatment has, I am told, been accorded every American soldier who has stopped at Honolulu in route to Manila.

July 7, 1898

The ships are all in harbor; also the “Valencia” and “Newport,” the latter with Gen. Merritt aboard. No other news by “Newport” about annexation of the Islands which is a great disappointment to the people of Honolulu. At 10 a.m. went ashore again and made the march to Base Ballpark as before. The troops drilled while there and the Band laid off in the shade and enjoyed the fine breeze.

12 noon. Orders for no one to leave ship as expect to pull out at 3 p.m. Got ashore again at 6 p.m. with leave. Attended K of P. Lodge as also the night previous.

July 8, 1898- Friday

Underway at 7 a.m. Got out of harbor and waited for quite a long time for the “Newport” and “Valencia” which were still being supplied with coal. They finally came and we got underway again. Newport in lead. In not more than two hours “Indiana” signaled distress. She had broken some part of her machinery and had to be towed back by the “Ohio.” All five ships cast anchor to wait for the repair of the Indiana, just out of the harbor from Honolulu. “Newport” went on her way alone.

July 9, 1898

2 p.m. We are underway again and everyone is glad. The five ships are to remain together the remainder of the trip to Manila and as they can always be seen it makes matters appear more bright. Nothing of importance has happened since the breakdown.