

HELL OVER PARADISE

We awoke on Sunday morning, December 7th, to the roar of dive bombers and the detonation of bombs. Our neighbors yelled, "It's war!" But we refused to believe that war had been brought right to our doorstep. While we watched, we said, "Why such a thing is impossible! It can't happen to us! This must be only simulated warfare. These are just necessary maneuvers, but it seems to us that more consideration should be shown for the civilian population."

A strong tradewind was blowing. Black billowing clouds rolled up and out of the Pearl Harbor area and poured seaward. Wasp-like planes were diving and circling these clouds. "What a smoke screen they are laying down to conceal Pearl Harbor!" we remarked. So we turned on the radio to learn what all the fuss was about. An excited announcer kept repeating over and over again: "Get off the streets, and don't use the telephone. We'll let you know soon what it is all about." and then a long, long time afterward: "This is an emergency. Get your cars off the roads. Park them on the lawns if you have to but get them off the roads. Go home and stay home. This is the real McCoy. Oahu is under enemy attack. We are not fooling. This is the real thing."

So, believe it or not, this was something else besides maneuvers. We hoisted the colors to our masthead and climbed up the ratlines, the better to see where the bombs were falling. Some of them landed outside the reef as a sign of our KUALOA, sending geyesers high into the air. Our ships were out there with guns pointed skyward, blazing away at the planes which kept circling and gaining altitude. These ships were dodging falling bombs by swift dashes. When one of them made a quick turn, it seemed to lie almost flat on its side.

Many bombs fell inland, some harmlessly, others causing sudden fires. It was spectacular and thrilling but it made us angry. If we only had guns — guns that could reach those planes, we, too, would blaze away at them. We cursed our individual futility. But we still muttered, "I don't believe it. It doesn't make sense. It just isn't possible." Then, over the radio, we heard the governor declare martial law in the Islands, and the radio went off the air.

Don't blame us overmuch for our disbelief. We had often been told that in the event of war, even in the Pacific, Hawaii would be the safest place in the world. In fact, it was considered so safe that shiploads of defense workers and service personnel families were continually unloaded here, causing a sudden leap in population, in rentals, in food and commodity prices. Honolulu became a boom town. Those of us who were neither in boom business or on defense jobs found it increasingly difficult to make both ends meet on our Honolulu salaries. This condition had forced me to resign my position with the University and accept a defense job about a week previous to the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor.

So here we were being smacked on the chin and we didn't quite believe that it was happening to us. Towards dusk all defense workers were ordered to re-

port for duty. So I left Tary and Lorna on the KUALOA and reported to a newly created area of the U. S. Engineers. Here trench work and invasion repelling preparations were going on in the dark at a hectic pace. A few hours before dawn, orders were issued to move elsewhere. Switchboards were dismantled, trucks were loaded and crawled away without lights in long guarded convoys. I was left in charge of some materials until trucks could return to haul more stuff away.

Then an officer discovered that 756 cases of dynamite had been left behind. I located a truck but couldn't start it. Someone else came along and got it going and over to the dynamite. Filipinos handed the cases up and two of us stacked them in the truck. My helper disappeared. I stood by until another officer came along to whom I could tell my story. But there wasn't a truck driver around. "Could I drive it?" I knew nothing about these seven or eight-shift things, but I'd try. He said to take it to so-and-so, and "should you hear planes, park the truck under some wide-spreading tree, get away from it, and stand by until they're gone." And he, too, disappeared.

So I fussed around with the gear shift until I got it moving forward. I found the next shift. After that the gears kept clashing but I had to leave well enough alone and rumble along cautiously. Just about the time I'd get her rolling, some sentry would pop up out of the dark and stop me. Too much was too much — there should be some password and I found it — it was "dynamite." No more stops were necessary.

As for getting out at the approach of planes, the racket of that truck drowned out everything. So I said: "Nuts to the damned planes. If a bomb hit this load, I wouldn't know anything about it anyway." I leaned over the wheel, peering into the darkness, and kept her rumbling along.

When I reached my destination, they didn't want me and dynamite or any part of us around. A major instructed me to take the load up a valley, park it under a tree, preferably away from houses, get away a few hundred feet and stand by. I did, but it started to rain so I crawled back into the truck's cab and tried to sleep in spite of the mosquitoes. Twice before dawn I heard planes overhead and hoped they were ours. After noon the following day, I eventually got rid of my dynamite load but did not reach the Kualoa before daylight on Tuesday morning.

We receive all manner of questions from our Mainland friends. Many of them it is



Priešo torpedų nuskandintas laivas

best not to answer. As regards cruising, pleasure craft are moored for the duration. I'm on defense work for the duration unless I step into uniform again. It is quite probably that most of our local Japanese-Americans are loyal; we've had no report of authenticated cases of sabotage yet. We are under martial law. Some of you bemoan half-hour blackouts; we laugh about this — you don't know anything about blackouts; there have been no lights in the Islands since the Jap attack. Violators are heavily penalized. Identification cards are required of everyone and persons without proper authorization are not permitted on the road after dark. Gasoline is stringently rationed. There is no joyriding, no visiting. Traffic violations call for stiff fines. Liquor sales have been prohibited (a system of licensing has just been inaugurated 2-25-42). We work all day and rush home — there are no amusements for us. This is no doubt hard on many but the KUALOA crew doesn't mind it as we have so many interests on our boat home, which is perfectly blacked out, that it keeps us well-occupied — in fact, too much so.

Every effort is being made here towards fortifying the Islands and preparing for an unscrupulous enemy's next move. When he strikes, it will be suddenly but the Islands will be prepared. Meanwhile, Islanders are neither frantic nor in the doldrums of despondency. They manage to live as normally as is possible under the circumstances.

It appears to them that Coast people are much more jittery. Hawaii is the front line of attack but so what? If and when the second attack comes, the preparations are made — meanwhile the training goes on under a huge war program and you may be sure the Islands will render a good account of themselves.

Aloha from the TRUMAN TRIO.
Vytautas Brazevičius,
Fred E. Truman.
Honolulu.



Vienybės atstovas
SCRANTON, PA.
W. A. MĚSKUNAS
132 W. Market St.

SPAUDOS ZODIS — AUKSO GIJA, KURIA SIEJAMA ŽMONIJA.

WOODLAND CAFE
B. J. TRIBULAS, sav.
Tai didžiausia ir gražiausia pasiūžonėjimo vieta vakarinėje miesto dalyje.
63rd St. at Woodland Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Tel.: SARatoga 9656
WEST 4117

Jonas Sutkaitis,
LAIKRODININKAS, sako:
Laikas ir erdvė — didžiausi žmogaus priešai. Bet, turėdamas gerą, teisingą laikroli ir, naudodamas moderniškomis susisiekimo priemonėmis, žmogus įveikė savo priešus.
KULTURINGAS ŽMOGUS NE GALI GYVENTI BE LAIKRODŽIO
JONAS SUTKAITIS
449 GRAND STREET
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HENRY'S
SALDAINIŲ IR LEDŲ KRAUTUVĖ
199 GRAND STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.
(šale Vienybės)
GARDŪS NĀMIE GAMINTI LEDAI. GERIAUSIOS RŪŠIES SALDAINIAI, ĮVAIRŪS UZKANŽIAI, SODE
Pietūs tarp 12 ir 2 val.
HENRY FICK, Sav.
Tel. EVergreen 4-8848

BROOKLYNO LIETUVIAI GYDYTOJAI
VALANDOS
8-10 ryte
1-2 popiet
6-8 vakare
Šventadieniai susitarus
Tel. Evergreen 8-9229

DR. BLADAS K. VENCIVS
VALANDOS:
9-12 ryte
2-9 vakare
Penktadieniai uždaryta
Tel.: ofiso STagg 2-0706
Namų—Jamaica. 6-3834

DR. A. J. STALONAS
Valandos:
1-2 p. p.
6-8 vakate
Tel. APligate 7-1433
arba Academy 2-7400

DR. A. PETRIKA
VALANDOS
9-12 ryte
1-8 vakare
Penktadieniai uždaryta
Tel. EVergreen 7-6868

DR. ADAM V. VALMUS
VALANDOS
10 val. ryto iki 8 vak.
Penktadieniai ir Šeštadieniai pagal susitarimą

Hartford Ave. Lunch
A. SVIRINAS, sav.
Geriausias rūšies likeris, vynas ir alus
Mūsų restorane patiekiamas
puikiausias maistas
Visados draugiška nuotaka,
skubus ir geras patarnavimas.
36 Hartford Avenue,
New Britain, Conn.
Tel.: 6639

Universal Package Store
M. S. DAUNIS, sav.
Įvairiausių rūšių degtinė, vynas ir alus
Kreipkitės į mus — geriausias patarnavimas.
235 Elm Street,
New Britain, Conn.
Tel.: 2036

LIETUVIAI ADVOKATAI
JOHN W. ANSELL
15 Park Row
New York, N. Y.
Worth 2-3497
S. BREDIS
197 Havemeyer St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
EVergreen 7-9394
WM. J. DRAKE
225 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.
REctor 2-5917
K. JURGĖLA
359 Union Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
EVergreen 7-1199
R. JOHN UREVICH
55 Liberty St.,
New York, N. Y.
REctor 2-4194
CL. VOKETAITIS
66 Court Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
TRiangle 5-3622
ALF. J. WENTZ
219 South 4th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
STagg 2-7177
ANTHONY WESLAN
16 Court Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
CUMberland 6-1260

PARK FLORIST
GELININKAS
MOTIEJUŠ MAZEIKA, SAV.
79-01 Jamaica Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.
Tel.: Virginia 9-3112
Gėlės įvairioms progoms: laidotuvėms, vestuvėms, baliams ir t.t.
Taip pat nuomojam palmes.

ANTANAS DAUKANTAS
Jony's Bar & Restaurant
948-950 JAMAICA AVE.
Tel. AP. 7-9793
RESTAURANAS IR BARAS
Didelė, graži salė vestuvėms, parėms, šokiams ir kitokioms pramogoms
GERAS PATARNAVIM
JAUKI NUOTAIKA
TONY'S BAR & GRILL
ANTANAS DAUKANTAS, sav.
948-950 Jamaica Ave. Cypress Hills,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF
SCHOLES BAKING, Inc.
V. LUKAS, Prop.
LIETUVIŠKA DUONA — Geriausia duona
SCHOLES BAKING
532 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. EVergreen 4-8802
Lietuviška duona, pyragai ir įvairūs keikšai pristatomi į visas Brooklyno miesto ir apylinkės dalis.
Mūsų duona pristatoma ir į kitus miestus.
Mūsų kepykloje galite gauti vestuvių, krikštynų, gimtadienių ir kitokių iškilnių pyragų

KULBOKŲ DEGTINĖS KRAUTUVĖ
(SUMNER-HART LIQUOR STORE)
132 SUMNER AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Lietuvis perka pas lietuvi!
Brooklyniečiam pažįstami Kulbokai visados yra pasiruošę patarnauti su geriausios rūšies degtine, vynu ir gerais importuotais gėrimais.
PRISTATOMA Į NAMUS
Tel.: EVergreen 8-7047
Lic. No. L1030



