

# HAWAII

After the long journey from Panama to Hawaii, we welcomed the sight that early April morning of the tall volcanic mountains covered with rich foliage and edged with white beaches. We could smell the green of it all as we passed between the outer islands of the Hawaiian chain.

Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, was marked by the sighting of Diamond Head on the Horizon.



We moored at Pearl Harbor and waited for the mail before going on liberty, as none of us had heard from home in three weeks. Little did we know what delayed mail service was yet in our future.

On the agenda was sight seeing, climbing Diamond Head, surfing, drifting down Waikiki Beach, watching the sunset from Makaha, and eating pineapples. Some rented gold dune buggies; some rented jeeps with striped awning tops for a trip around the island. The International Market Place was a favorite place and there was always one "Coastie" in McDonalds, sampling the last of our good old American hamburgers.



*The Arizona Memorial*

*Sherman moored at Pearl; a bright spot in a gray world*

