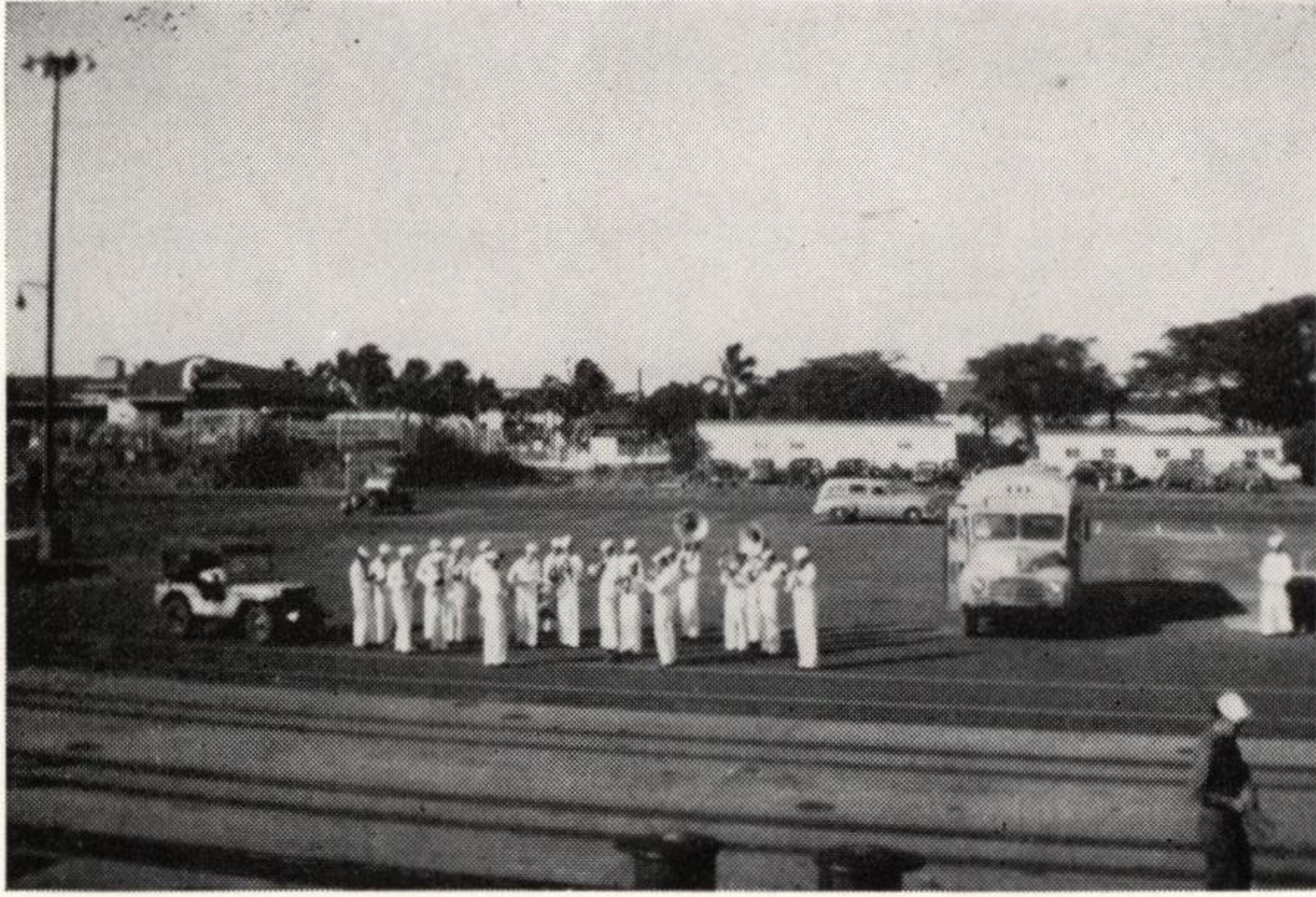




The Pacific ocean was a welcome change to us. Accustomed to the habitually rough Atlantic, the calm water of the Pacific was an unexpected relief.

The weather was warm and clear, sunbathing took over our spare time and every available space on deck was occupied.

As we entered Pearl Harbor, we passed the mast of the USS Arizona, all that is visible of the ship still sunken at its anchorage. The flag flies from the mast twenty-four hours a day, in memory of those men who went down with her on December 7, 1941.

Although we expected the traditional "hula girl welcome," we were not too disappointed by the Navy band which greeted us on the pier (upper left).

For liberty there was Waikiki Beach. We felt like bona fide tourists, lolling on the beach in front of the lush Royal Hawaiian Hotel (center). Nerriccio, D'-Amico, Taylor, Damanti and



Levine pose for a picture with famous Diamond Head in the background.

After basking in the sun all day, we quenched our thirsts at Don the Beachcomber's. Going native we tried such dishes as maki-maki (dolphin) and poi.

There were tours of the island and a visit to the Dole pineapple plantation.

All too soon, however, with the sound of the soft breezes in the palm trees, the glistening moon on the ocean and the strumming of the ukeleles in our ears, we bid a fond aloha to this ancient tropical paradise.

