



By Ron Haworth

Outrigger Koa Log is an endeavor to sift for snippets in the sand of our century glass, so that we might rediscover the misplaced and forgotten as well as pumice our modern image and achievements.

Seventy-three years ago this December 7th Pearl Harbor and other Oahu military installations were sneak attacked by planes and submarines from Imperial Japan. It is appropriate that The Koa Log frames memories of our members who lived on Oahu that DAY OF INFAMY... highlighted hours of their youth caused by America's entry into WW II... a world conflict which in 1943 created the 442nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team made up of Americans of Japanese ancestry which went on to become the most decorated unit in American history.

Front Row Balcony

By Bob Clarke

I lived on Aiea Heights December 7 with my parents and two brothers and we saw the entire attack on Pearl Harbor. Our second floor vista was directly down onto Battleship Row. The family was still asleep when we heard the first explosions which immediately yanked us from beds to the sitting room overlooking Pearl Harbor.

Before we got to the window we were guessing a tunnel storing dynamite at my dad's quarry in Halawa Valley had exploded. But we immediately saw what was happening and my dad grabbed a camera and began recording the attack. Planes flew around and over our home with the red ball insignia on their wings.

The next day my brothers and I found a crashed Japanese plane in a nearby sugarcane field and salvaged parts I still have.

Dad, because he was a contractor close to ground zero, got an early morning phone call from the Corps of Engineers to round up his employees and report to Hickam Field to begin repairing the heavily damaged installation. We hardly saw him for the next month.

Dad was worried that he would not get his film back from the camera store so used a *Life* Magazine photographer friend who had access to a lab. Sadly it was all confiscated, and a year before he retrieved some but not all. My experience is recounted on a DVD "Sunday December 7, 1941", which is available for download on the Historical Committee's website: www.occhist.com.

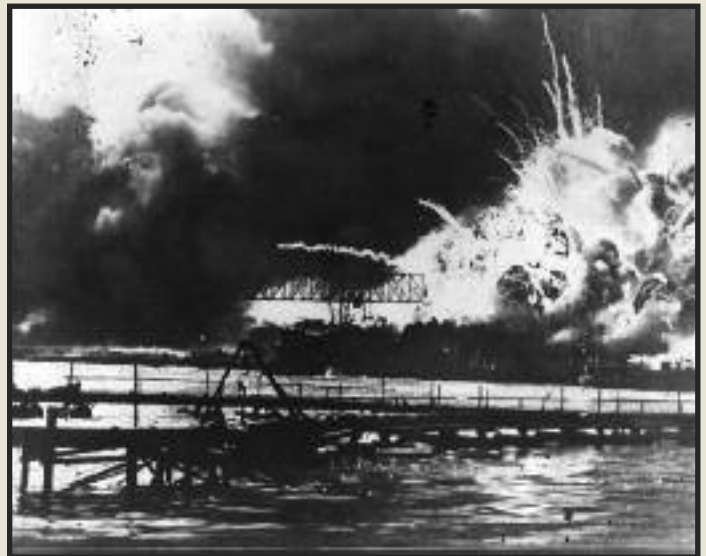
The entire state went to blackout that night as guns were shooting at any imagined movement. We watched as tracers streaked the sky over Pearl Harbor. So chaotic was that night that a later to be friend, Jim Daniels, was the only member of his squadron not shot down as they flew from their carrier to Ford Island.

A View from Round Top

Paul M. Dolan Autobiography

The Japanese attack commenced at 7:55 a.m. and I stood on the front porch at 2193 Round Top Drive, I could observe U.S. Navy patrol ships zig-zagging offshore to escape friendly and foe gun fire. I saw Japanese planes flying over Honolulu toward Pearl Harbor.

Martial Law was declared that afternoon and initiated rationing,



Japanese bombs burst over Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

blackouts, and curfew sunset to sunrise. Everyone was later vaccinated and finger printed.

My dad, who was a journeyman electrician and worked at Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard, was called to duty that morning. Mother drove him to Oahu Railway & Land Depot at Iwilei where he took a train to Pearl Harbor. He didn't come home for three weeks but occasional phone calls kept us informed.

The afternoon and evening of the 7th were filled with rumors of landings and airborne assaults, which were unfounded. The next door neighbors had armed themselves with rifles, shotguns and pistols. Sleep that night was a premium.

No Advertiser

By Barbara Del Piano

That morning our family went to Mass at St. Augustine's Church in Waikiki. As we drove home through Fort DeRussey we heard loud explosions and I asked, "Daddy, what's that noise?" "Just anti-aircraft practice," he replied.

When we got home to Manoa the only thing unusual was the Sunday Advertiser wasn't on the doorstep. Daddy called the paper but the line was busy. Finally, a hysterical operator answered, shouted something into the phone and hung up.

My sister offered to drive down Punahou Hill to buy a paper but when she got to the car a neighbor whose sister lived on Alewa Heights shouted, "Betty, don't go anywhere Pearl Harbor is being bombed!"

Daddy said, "Don't be ridiculous!"

My mother then calmly suggested turning on the radio and it was then we learned Oahu was being attacked by Japanese planes and everyone should take cover. Mother thought we should stock up on food but we must have been the last people in Manoa Valley to be aware of the bombing and when we reached the Manoa market the shelves were bare. I returned home with one box of oatmeal.

On the way back home we saw a Japanese plane fly over Tantalus and drop a bomb on the barren hillside.

A Tale of Two Horizons

By Ron Haworth

A split screen horizon was my introduction to WW II as I watched toe-headed and bronzed beneath the Kuhio Beach banyan. Passing clouds grazed like fleecy sheep in a blue heather sky; a gentle swell felt the bottom at Queens Surf, peaked, teased, and feathered into froth; waves' perfection were unmarred by surfers.

Shattering this post-card illusion, the Waianae Range was obscured behind a black, oily, mourning shroud of smoke rising high above Pearl Harbor; the villainy vision appeared thick enough to walk upon. Strangely...my memory is void of explosions...a silent war movie...so near...yet...so far...from a peaceful and placid Waikiki; one bomb I recall fell not too distant, and beyond the total comprehension of a ten year old.

At one point during that morning on the near horizon, where the sea shades to a darker blue, I watched a silver Japanese plane circle a small merchant ship, it dropped a bomb, the subsequent splash confirming a near miss.

And how did I manage to escape my parents, walk across Kalakaua from where the Pacific Beach Hotel's 280,000 gallon aquarium now entertains buffet diners, to witness war not chaperoned?

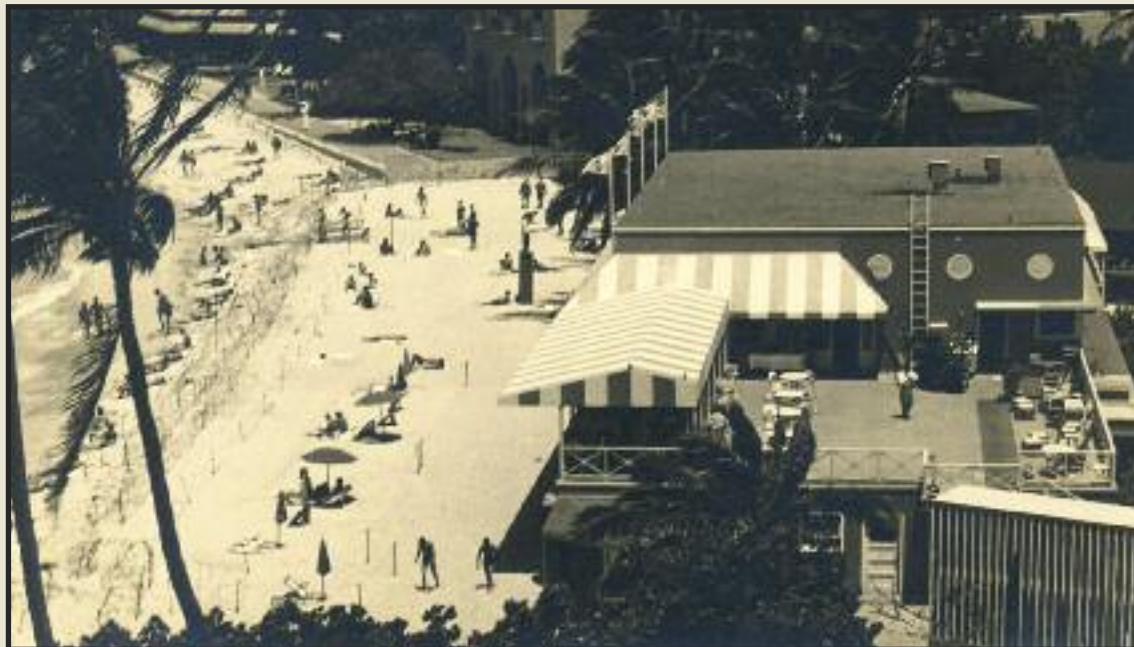
Change of Plans

Alexander "Pug" Atherton 1987 Interview

My brother and I were planning to go for a sail that morning where we kept our boat at the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club...but there was a slight interruption. We were at home in Kahala when my sister phoned; awaking me after a late night at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, explaining Pearl Harbor was being bombed.

"Oh, sure, just another maneuver" was my sleepy response. Later we were told to fill bathtubs with water in case the water supply became contaminated and buckets with sand in case of incendiary bombs. Living next to the beach, the sand was easy.

Depending on where on the island you lived it was as late as two o'clock before some people were convinced it wasn't maneuvers.



It wasn't long after December 7 before barbed wire was installed in front of the OCC Clubhouse to protect Hawaii shores from foreign attack.



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