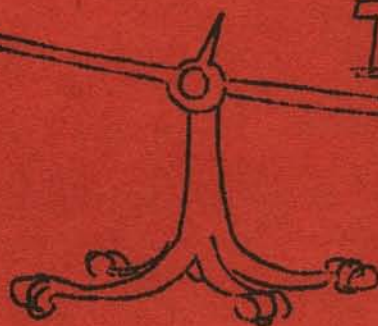


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KTEIC MAGAZINE

ANCHORS AWEIGH AND LIKE THAT

6 June 1962

The USS Hornet loomed above us like a great grey cliff. Three other mesa-like aircraft carriers surrounded it in the vast wet tangle of ships and docks, land and giant cranes that is the Long Beach Naval Shipyard. I hefted about a ton and a half of clothes, camera gear and film and struggled up the Officers brow (or gangplank to you landlubbers) in the wake of Ted Perry, the Lockheed Aircraft writer and representative.

Aircraft carriers are truly vast cities on the water and terribly complex. They are filled with dead end passages, cramped narrow rooms and passageways, vast empty spaces, noise, young sailors, old salts, airplanes and helicopters, two cars that belong to the Admiral, several boats and launches, a huge multi-ton crane, machinery, kitchens, secret passageways and forty or fifty or sixty million dollars worth of electronic goodies. And yet, with all this "floating city" bit Ted and I were to feel pretty cramped after a week or so and damned glad to get off.

They gave us a fine large room with four bunks and lots of closet and desk space about five decks down at the end of a dead end passage. We were two decks down from the hanger deck, where all the planes are stored. There are about 200 decks it seemed to us but in reality the ship is, from keel to top of the mast, about 225 feet, or as high as a fifteen story building. Its extremexlength is 894 feet, from tip of flight deck to other end. Its displacement is 41,000 tons and it is mostly grey. It is a famous ship in the Navy and is the 8th "Hornet" in our fleet. This particular one was named after the 7th "Hornet" which was sunk in 1942. It has such a distinguished record that they must (in our practical present day policy) cover a huge board of Japanese flags and sunken ship silhouettes whenever they dock in Japan.

So much for the CVS-12 "Hornet". We were treated very well by everyone from seamen to captains and admirals and were amused by our unofficial, assumed rank. Admirals and captains treated us as inferiors (never insultingly of course), while commanders (or colonels of the light variety) treated us as equals. Everything from that on down treated us as superiors. This amused an ex-Coast Artillery private (me) and an ex-PFC. Ted Perry served in combat for quite a while in Korea, then on the Stars and Stripes newspaper in Korea and Japan.

Soon sailors and Marines (resplendent in full dress) were lining the flight deck in long lines...people were playing music...flags were flying...a voice over a loudspeaker, usually devoid of any emotion at all, said with real drama, "The Ship is Unnnnder-waaaaayyyy!" The band on deck sequed from the Peter Gunn theme into "Anchors Aweigh" and, frankly, it was rather thrilling.

I had never been on a carrier before, or for that matter, any navy ship or anything bigger than a San Francisco ferry. The last ship I remember being on was a Japanese freighter or something about 1938 or 1937. I wondered if I might get seasick (in a day or so I was totally adjusted and was fine from then on) but was quite delighted with the whole thing.

People stood at attention on other decks and we were well out to sea before they called in the long white lines of sailors and the stiff blue/black/red Marines. It was a grey, gray morning on a grey ship.

Then we sailed majestically from Long Beach to San Diego.

On the way to "Dago" we took aboard a great number of twin-engine Grumman prop planes and a few single engine radar picket planes and a lot of big helicopters and all their flight and maintenance crew. These were the relatively slow (to the big glamorous jets) planes that do the grindingly dull job of anti-submarine warfare hundreds and thousands of miles out. This is a tough, dull, weary job that must be done. And I was there to shoot it for Lockheed Aircraft, who was to put out a 'book' on the subject in the frank hopes of getting more money for the Navy for this job. The fact that Lockheed makes many of the planes and assorted gear that the Navy uses is, of course, beside the point. Ted Perry was there to write it, to interview and get the flavor.

These landings were my first such shootings and I was happy as a clam running all over the ship shooting. From flightdeck to Captain's roost, from flag plot to anonymous balconys there was William Rotsler, Intrepid Photographer clicking away. At last we steamed into San Diego, past atomic subs (or nucs for nuclear submarines, as they prefer.) and big ships and people standing at attention on many a deck...Flags flying...Marines at attention...and so forth. I was still running around with the brand new Nikon F and new Hasselblad that I had bought just for this trip.

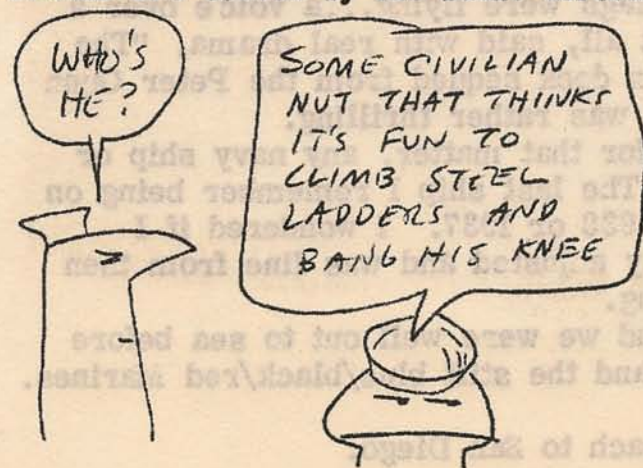
We moored between the famous "Lexington" and the "Oriskany", two carriers of similar size and type, except they are attack carriers with deckloads of sleek, beautiful, noisy jets. Ted and I took the ferry into town and walked some impossible distance (he likes to walk) along Shelter Island to some restaurant he knows that is very pretty, looking out over the harbor and dozens of ships of all sizes and types. After a few drinks in another bar, the Dragon Room, and watching some beautiful colored girls in graduation dresses, we wended our way back to the ship.

TURN THAT BILLION DOLLAR CARRIER A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT

We made a fine, impressive, highly ritualized exit from San Diego and aimed the ship for the faroff-exotic islands of Hawaii. Two days later we emerged from the smog/mist/overcast.

I was all over the ship from engine room with its pounding shafts and hot boilers to the calm elegant quarters of Admirals and the studied excitement of the secret Combat Information Center (or CIC). We were, of course, guests at the officers mess and in the wardroom (8 days of meals costs us \$14), saw movies in the officers mess, in the warrant officers mess where we were guests one night, and on the hanger deck. The best meals were those of the fast disappearing breed known as Warrant Officers. They are the specialists...their rooms are cooled by the same airconditioner as the ammo magazine...their food good because one of their number is the food supply officer, etc. When we saw one reel of some movie and they asked us if we liked it & we expressed mild disinterest they sent out and got another film, and was one I had wanted to see to boot.

It seemed to my landlubber eyes that everyone we talked to was a commander or a lieutenant-commander. In this day and age of electronics and specialties fewer and fewer men must be more and better trained than ever before.



One day they decided to put 1400 or 1500 men on deck and make an American flag out of them. On one side it would say 1776 and on the other 1962 and this was to appear in the Honolulu papers July 4th. We had been working hand-in-glove with Lt-Commander Al Reichel, an affable Public Information Officer (PIO) with a record as a combat pilot in WWII and Korea, a very attractive fashion model wife and a likable manner. He put me into a helo (as we navy types call a helicopter) with a flight suit, a hardhat and a wideopen door about five feet across and hung me in the sky about 1500 feet up.

I stared out the wide door at all that water and that model ship size ship and looked at the canvas safety strap. I recalled a story Ken Clark told me about shooting some skydivers in Mexico. These are the nuts that jump out of planes for kicks. He didn't trust the safety strap despite the pooh-poohs of others and at the last minute tied on an extra rope. A parachutist jumps and he, handholding a movie camera, follows him from the interior of the plane to lean out the window and get his descent and opening. Only as he leaned out the safety strap broke and only the flimsey rope saved him.

In all honesty I must say I was not scared anytime during this entire tour of duty. Apprehensive, yes. Scared, no. I learned the secret, though. I had heard this but really put it to the test on this trip. If you think you are going to be scared, or are scared, just start shooting. I did and was never scared. Of course, it was the bravery and courage of ignorance and stupidity, you must understand. (Besides, I figured the Navy wouldn't put me in a spot were I could really get hurt...but more on that later.)

So I shot the flag on Beck and two days later they did it all over again. Mine were the only ones that were any good. The Navy, like any service, says, "You, you will be a radarman...you, you are going to photoschool...you, you're now a electronics expert." Thus they did not have the best photographers, let us say.

My moment of glory came when the ship's captain called me over the radio and asked how I thought the flag looked. I gave it my undivied attention and said, straighten out the 2...sure enough, seconds later some little ant-like figure came out and scurried from the "Island" to 1962 and straightened them out. A little later I picked up the phone to send a message down, "Please turn that billion dollar carrier to the right about thirty degrees," (so that the sun would be right and give us nice sparkling water at the right angle) and checked the cloud cover ahead as the helo swung in an orbit around the ship at about a 1,000 feet. Sad. We were heading out of the only sun into overcast and I didn't get to give the best line of the voyage. It gives one a feeling of God-like power to be a civilian and turn a carrier and 2400 men anyway you want. Sigh...

THE SEA AROUND US

After several days the sea turned blue, a deep beautiful royal blue. Ted and I leaned on many a rail looking down forty or fifty feet into the foam swirls and just watched. Every once in awhile one of us would say something profound, like "Gee, that's blue." It was great weather by then, once we were out of the smog. Warm, brisk days that became truly beautiful as we neared Hawaii.

Every once in awhile during this 8-day trip to Pearl Harbor (counting a day from Long Beach to San Diego and a day and a night at the other end running around the dark islands) I would go out and stand alone or with someone on the lonely bow of the ship as it rushed through the calm seas towards the warmth of the tropics. The sea at night a thousand miles from land. Silent, with only

the muted rush of water far below. The stars would be out, shining down from between the broken clouds. The moon was filling out as we journeyed westward and I saw it set many a night...big and yellow, with the vast bowl of stars and the silent sea around.

IF YOU BLACK OUT JUST GRUNT

One day they sent me out on patrol. These planes have magnetic detectors and all sorts of gadgets and make sweeps far from the carrier and the cruiser and fourteen destroyers making the run to the Islands. So they send me to a ready room and introduce me to a small, spry, friendly pilot who gives me a checkout. I have a lifejacket and a flightsuit and they hand me a parachute to clip onto the harness.

"Who are you kidding?" say I. "We won't be high enough to give it time to open." He grins and shrugs and later stuffs the chute behind a seat where I never could have gotten it anyway. "I had to tell you, it's the rules," he said.

So there I am, sitting in the front seat of a tight, cramped cockpit next to a very efficient-acting pilot. He points to a hatch over my head that would be just big enough to squeeze out if I had nothing on and tells me to open it, that it must be open during takeoff and landings. He doesn't have to tell me that's my only way out if we goof.

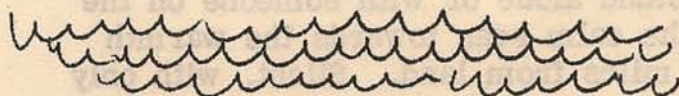
As he is walking around the plane checking it out he tells me that if I start to blackout during the catapult takeoff just to grunt and after awhile I'll come out of it. This makes me apprehensive. I don't like the idea of being flattened out like guys taking off in a moon rocket in a Sam Katzman movie. But whatthehell, I came along on this junket for kicks, a 2/3 my "regular" daily fee plus shaving my five-year beard because I wanted to come. So what's a little blackout?

We are finally ready and I shoot the plane in front of us as they go, then suddenly it is our turn. Head back solid, but with trusty Nikon F at the ready... I manage to get off two shots and we are airborne and it was a snap. I am quite relieved. After awhile he tells me about landing and snapping forward against the straps and I begin to wonder about it all again. But meanwhile I

am kept quite busy shooting the other three planes in the formation as they go through maneuvers, make practice runs on smoke markers, etc. Then we are alone. There is no plane, ship, island, smoke or dot within sight. We are 'way out there. I look down as we dronexalong. That's a LOT of water. I appreciate more and more the tough problem these guys face every day. With me this whole thing is a lark but with this group it is their job, day after day, month after month. A serious, important job made tougher (almost impossible) with Polaris-type missiles linked to the illusive nuclear submarine. They are doing it, fighting World War III (or at least WWII-1/2) with World War II weapons, in the main. They need Big Breakthroughs in scientific research and the like.



AND NOT
A DROP
TO
DRINK-



But after awhile there was the wide flung circle of ships with the carrier in the center, swinging to head into the wind. The pilot said the takeoff wasn't bad because the wind was good. But that on poor wind days they really had to slam them off the deck. I looked at that far-off ship and thought a cliché: that mother really is postage-stamp size. But it got nearly and bigger--though never big enough--and I kept saying, hell, they've done this a hundred times, why worry?

He asked me if I wanted to get some close shots and I said yes and he said he's crowd the ship ahead and they'd wave him off and we'd have another go-around and land and I could shoot as we went by. The plane seems to float in when you are watching it from the ship but when you are up there it seems to be coming up at you pretty fast. I enjoyed it thoroughly. We got the waveoff and he poured the juice on and we slanted up and away.

The landing was a cinch with very little excitement. We were floating down... down...jerk!...and suddenly we were stopped and guys in yellow and red and blue sweat shirts were running around in Jimmie Allen type leather helmets doing things and we taxied to the front of the ship and got out.

Ted Perry--who always crossed himself when I went out--was there to meet me, looking cool and comfortable and I told him it had been fun controlling the ships for shots, moving them around to get what I wanted, etc.

Next time it would be even easier, but I was not to get another catapult ride.

THE DERRING-DO DEPARTMENT

For years, mainly since the war, I've had this image of high seas and tossing ships, of a "high-line" going from ship to ship carrying mail and some idiot in a life jacket. The next day I was that idiot.

Officer after officer told me how they hated and feared the high-line and the catapult and I certainly would not care to do either one in rough weather but in the calm seas we were in I'd do either one for kicks anytime.

So anyway, the carrier was refueling the destroyers enroute and each destroyer would pull along side and they'd fire lines to her and pull across big hoses and fill the empty tanks and exchange mail & movies & the like. I had lots of fun shooting this rather dramatic event for even in a calm sea the bow wake from both ships intermingles and make a rough channel between that tosses the smaller vessel from side to side.

To me this was the most dangerous thing I did all that week except wander around the bow at night by myself where if you fell overboard no one would even know about it. But it was great fun. There I was in steel helmet and life jacket with a Nikon in my hand and my heavy aluminum camera bag strapped around my neck, being tied into a sort of vertical pipeframe stretcher. A score or so sailors were on a line that kept the darn thing taut between ships (so I wouldn't drag in the sea) and a tough-faced Chief commanded them.

I said, well, this is why Dan and I have partnership insurance and camera insurance and they shoved me off. Shimmy and sway then jerk, sway, jerk, sway and I'm out in the middle firing away with Nikon like crazy. Twist, shoot the big looming wall of the carrier with all the helmeted faces looking at me... twist...here was the destroyer...tilting...then going away...shoot, shoot...the sea booming and hissing below...suddenly hands are grabbing me...I hit the deck then bounce in the air at the ship heels and the line tightens before the sailors can adjust...then I'm down and unstrapped. A friendly officer steers me to a wardroom to unload my helmet. He thinks I am spending the afternoon aboard the U.S.S. O'Brien but I have only ten minutes. I break away from him to

run all over the ship, from waterline to poop deck to bridge firing like crazy. The signal comes from the carrier, from Cmdr. Reichel, for me to get the hell back aboard so I grab a few last minute shots, hop back in the rack and get pulled across.

It was great fun, but it takes a lot more brass for me to get aboard a roller coaster or a ferris wheel that it does to go on the high-line. Those things scare me.

OPPOSED ENTRY

It was night. The Hawaiian Islands were all around on the horizon, dim, dark under the full moon. I went down to the CIC to see what was happening. At midnight we were to start the opposed entry into Pearl Harbor and the opposition was the underwater part of the United States Navy. An unknown number of subs (but probably four) were going to try and sink us...on paper. There was a definite combat area assigned and we were not to leave it. The ship and the task force and the subs and the whole Anti-Submarine Warfare (ASW) theories of 3-star Admiral James Thach were being tested.

I had been cleared for Secret and thank God. The CIC is a movie-version of a CIC...dim lights, plastic charts with sailors behind them, huddled figures over radar scopes, officers bent over maps, the Merlin-like goings-on of the men in the special anti-electronic-gear room where even I couldn't shoot...very dramatic. Codes...voices strained with weariness...worried brows...a laugh...a sleep sailor coming to life with crackling earphones.

I went out on deck around three in the morning to shoot some night catapult launchings. Way out on the front right corner of the deck I hunkered down, torso above the deck, feet on practically nothing over the "wine-dark" sea. It was quiet and quite beautiful. The moon was out but there were lots of clouds. Very light at sea at night. I could see destroyers two-three miles off quite clearly. An infrequent red blinker would communicate something or other to us.

Then the moon swung around and the people grew busier on deck, several hundred feet away. When the first plane took off was the only time I felt any kind of fear. Let us call it strong apprehension. It roared off in ~~the~~ the blurred lines of light that I am told will make the cover on the book. But it went off over me. One wing dip and I'd be cut in half. After the first surprise the rest were alright.

I kept thinking, And they'd never even know I was gone. To hell with it. I went back to the CIC and fell asleep in a chair. About every twenty minutes I wake up and document what was going on then go back to sleep. I was pretty tired. That noon they had dropped Ted and I from a helicopter about 75' above a twisting destroyer to the deck of the "O'Brien" to spend the afternoon aboard the ship that commanded the destroyer group. Right down near the water as we were Ted and I felt more like we were at sea than ever. Much better than the from-on-high viewpoint of the carrier.

Naturally I shot going down and coming back up. Before and after our trip on that teeny little line I had made the helo sweep past destroyer after destroyer for "portraits" and had lots of fun doing that. Also took pictures of the ship from waterline to 'way up. Helos are lots of fun. In a steep bank you can look straight down, right out the door and know you are not going to just slide out. You could and I didn't tempt Fate but it was fun. But tiring.

There are conflicting reports that we were sunk either twice or not at all but the subs. I know it didn't hurt.

We roamed around the islands most of the night but come morning we were lining up to head into Pearl Harbor. This was quite interesting. Oahu, Diamond Head and Waikiki from the seaward side look just like they do in post cards and travelogues. But "Pearl" was different.

Sailors stood in long white lines on ships and submarines as we past and "our" crew stood in long white lines on the flight deck. Nuclear subs, regular subs, destroyers, cruisers, another carrier and the myriad of ships that are grey and rather anonymous were everywhere. The Hornet seemed to fill the channel as we drifted slowly past the rusting remains of the USS Oklahoma sticking up out of the water from a forgotten, ruined, unused mooring. The big ship drifted slowly, slowly around Ford Island, which is the big airfield cum multi-headquarters in the center of the Harbor.

We passed and moored next to what I think is one of the most stirring monuments in American history: the USS Arizona. Only a few rusting pieces of metal rise from the water, marking the tomb of hundreds of seamen. An American flag still flies and across the invisible ship a brand new and quite beautiful, snow-white concrete "flying bridge" seems to float. We moored just beyond and the juxtaposition of the big carrier and the monument to unpreparedness was telling.

I was quite moved as we drifted by. The silent lines on deck watched then we heard the sinuous notes of Hawaiian music and found that on the slowly approaching dock were a couple dozen officer's wives doing the hula. I was rather amused that long before we even got a line to the dock that they had folded their grass skirts and had disappeared, no doubt to avoid being raped by the lust-crazed hordes that they had aroused by their sensual display.

"The ship is moored!" was the cry and we had arrived at last.

THE LITTLE GRASS SHACK WITH A VIEW

The Surfrider Hotel is big, new, expensive and lavish. It was the hotel that Lockheed had booked us into and was so expensive that we moved out as soon as we could find another. But it was beautiful. My first glimpse of Waikiki was startling. I couldn't have found a better one. Palm trees screening slightly the white curve of beach...the blue, blue-green clarity of the water...the colorfully clad people...the distant red-brown familiar shape of Diamond Head. I was in the second tier up with Ted right next door. It was very beautiful and I shall never forget the hyper-romantic first look.

We had taken the officer's launch to Merry Point Landing and a taxi in past the pineapple processing plants, the tourist steamers docked at roadside, the Hawaiian Village, the tourist traps and palm trees to the very center of Waikiki. Dry land seemed very nice to use instead of a steel deck. I had smashed my knee against a hatchway trying to avoid banging my camera case and was still feeling the pain.

We relaxed a bit then started calling people. I got ahold of Sharon Strombeck a girl friend of Clark Dawson who was working for us at the time. Clark's brother and sister-in-law were living in Honolulu and I wanted to get in touch. I also hoped they might find me a real "island type" model to do some glamour and naked lady stuff in the lush wilds of the island's far famed scenery.

Ted rents a car, a red Falcon, and we proceed to drink...wander Honolulu, pick up Sharon, walk on beach and so forth. Waikiki--despite the obvious tourist-trapness of it--is beautiful. Nature outposts Man in the sand, the great fine sweeping curve of Waikiki out to Diamond Head...the palms and warm air,

the warm water, blue-green and refreshing. The clouds sweeping past in a grand white display without pause. The warm, sensuous trade winds...no wonder people become beach bums.

My first look at the beach, from the beach, was stirring. The only thing Man added was convenience...and lights. At night the pots of fire, the torches, the strings and rows of lights outlining hotels and restaurants is a very pretty sight.

The bars close at one ayem which is pretty silly. But it does give you time to stand on your balcony and look at the full moon through the palm trees...to glance up and down the beach at the lights and torches and hear the far-off music and the close hiss of the flat, gentle surf.

The next morning Ted and I had fresh fruit and eggs and a hangover about 30' from the surf at the famous Moana Hotel's terrace under some giant banyan tree or other. Then we drove out to Pearl and arrived at the landing just as the admiral's sleek black, white and mahogany launch comes up to the bobbing white landing platform. Just like a movie. Starched white sailors at attention, even when we are underway. (Or is it underweigh?)

We sail past the Arizona and the Hornet (already alien after less than 24 hours) to the Flag Landing, which is the VIP landing. We are met by Commander Howard Sturm, Admiral Thach's PIO. We talk and I deliver my many rolls of film to their photo lab and make friends with the photographers there.

We briefly meet Adm. Thach and have lunch with him, some brass, a Japanese 3-star admiral; plus a lot of Japanese brass.

They show us the super-modern briefing room with rear projection of maps and photos and are given the standard ASW briefing and have just generally made friends and oriented ourselves. Going back in the launch we take aboard LtCdm Al Reichel, our friendly PIO from the Hornet. He doesn't get to ride in an Admiral's launch very often.

That night we have dinner and cocktails with Mel Carr, a retired Commander and friend of Al's who is in the sportingsgood business and owns a lush Hawaiian typexhouse. Afterwards we look about downtown hoping to find a strip joint with a stripper I might know who might be able to find me an island type model...but we cannot find anything worth a damn and give up.

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE AN ORDER FOR A WEEK

It's Saturday now and we spend some time on the beach. I was to eventually get a tan, which is quite an accomplishment for me. I usually just burn, peel and am back to nothing again. We have a fine lunch with the wife and mother-in-law of a co-worker of Ted's at the Tahitian Lanai, which is part of Kaiser's Hawaiian Village. (It is Hilton's Village now however.) From there we go to Queen's Surf, which is the western end of Waikiki and the "hip" part of the beach. This is where the swingers and the bikinis go. We met Clark's brother and a number of nice people, all of whom seem to be working for the airlines or some travel bureau or another. We find that the most beautiful women, the hippest guys all work for these comoanies as stewardesses, travel agents and the like.

That evening we reluctantly go to a big ASW party on Ford Island and see 2-star Admiral Christopher doing the hula in a grass skirt. I said he wouldn't be able to give an order for a week without someone giggling. We meet a lot of brass we were to later interview but soon duck out to go across Honolulu to some scenic heights or other and have a drink or six with an old Stars and Stripes buddy of Ted's who is UP or AP hareau head there.

Between us we decided that Hawaii was not ready for statehood. They truly do not seem to realize that statehood means responsibility. They sort of say, "Well, that's okay for the other 49 but we're Hawaii." They even have an Inter-State Highway system. You figure that one out. Some some reason which no one can fathom they do not give directions as North, South or whatever but as "towards the sea" or "towards to mountains." They claim compass directions have no meaning on an island. They must think their islands float and drift. They do let 20-year-olds drink but the place is a feudal barony. Oh, well, it is pretty.

THE WINDWARD SIDE

Breakfast at the Moana, on the beach...sun at the Queen's Surf this Sunday morning...move into the Reef Hotel, not as elegant or right on the water, but nice and about a half-block from the ocean...then we pick up Val Smith, the extremely attractive wife of Ted's friend and drive across the center of the island past the great grey-green spiky fields of pineapple to the Windward Side.

We stop at the home of a lady who is secretary and right-hand-woman to the famous chinese fella who owns so much of the islands (read "Hawaii"). We were told how Mitchener had stayed there to write the book and how it was so

unfavorably received that the local hood types would break in and ruin the walls and break things and so forth. It did not stop even after Mitchener was long gone until Val's mother and this lady went out and spent many nights playing pool (a favorite island game) until they became friendly with the hoods and told them it was her house, not Mitchener's.

We sat on the porch and looked at the beach and rocks and distant hills and coastline for sometime and ate delicious mangoes. From there we went to a wild dry lava beach. They sunbathed but I grew restless and prowled these terribly sharp rocks and took a few pictures then wander around the neighborhood and sat on a beach rock and caught up on my notes for the thing you are now reading.



We continued around the island at last and things grew more and more green. Actually the Hawaiian Islands are much much drier and deader than you would think. I was very much surprised. I expected lush greenery everywhere when actually this sort of landscape is definitely curtailed to a relatively small portion of the island. It is spectacular when you see it but it is not all over.

The Windward Side is, however, much as I had imagined it--only better many times. The intense, green, incredible drop of the Pali to the lush strip between the volcanic spires and the sea...the fantastic leaps and needles of rock, deeply creased, deep red-brown-black rock almost entirely covered by moss, lichen, plants, thick greenery, etc...the bays and lagoons and islands and inlets...the almost silly, perfect little dabs of islands off shore...the moored rowboats bobbing a few feet out in the surf from the quiet marrow beaches...the overhanging trees...

the tiny shacks complete with jolly fat women in muu-muus and cows and pigs and brown young men tinkering with ancient cars...the warm air everywhere...the twisting, dipping, rising ribbon of black asphalt lined with green wallpaper...the flowers and brown children playing in tidal basins...I loved it.

"Stop the car!" I shouted at one point. Ted came to a halt and I was already out and running back, unlimbering my camera and I went t. A few minutes later I returned, happy as hell at having shot a lot of color on a pure white horse standing in a yard-deep grass in an unbelievably green meadow opening onto the sea.

Don Lord runs a well-known and very sloppy "island" restaurant with great aplomb and much wildness and is an old friend of Val Smith's husband, who used to be a Big Beach Bum in the Islands, running the tourist catamarans at Waikiki and like that. We had steaks and I had a long talk with a very beautiful (read sexy) singer named Norma Calderon who was Don's date and was singing in Honolulu.

We saw the Blowhole by moonlight and as we drove up to it we saw a stupidly impossibly romantic sight: outlined against the full moon's shimmering reflection off the tropic sea was a tall handsome man kissing a very beautiful island girl in a muu-muu, very long unbound dark hair and a flower behind her ear. "Oh, come on!" I said, "The Chamber of Commerce here is too much!"

KAREN CHRISTMAS BELLS SAKAI

As we are driving up to the Halawa landing the next morning Ted says, "They don't have to salute us...but it would be nice!" And they do! We climb into the admiral's launch, sail past nuclear subs going out to sea to have lunch with the submarine captain attached to Thach's headquarters.

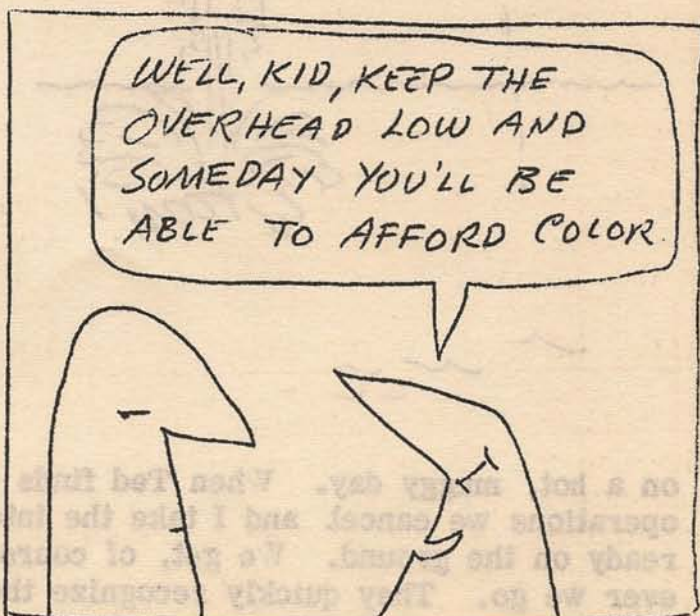
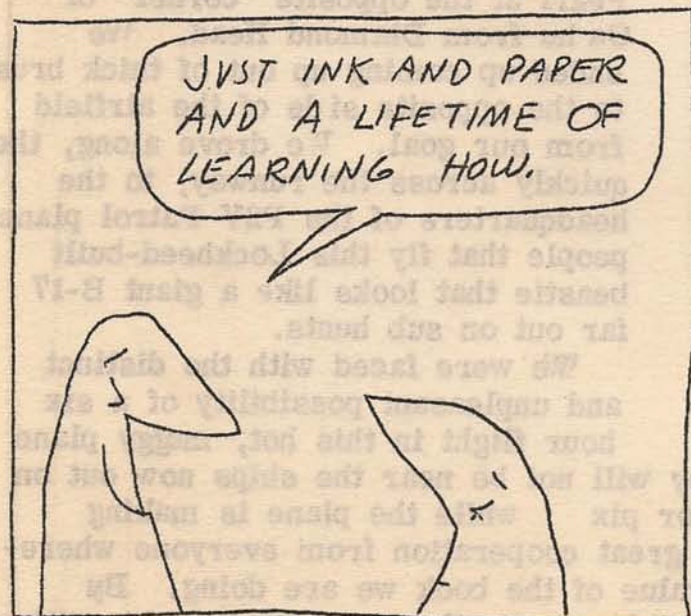
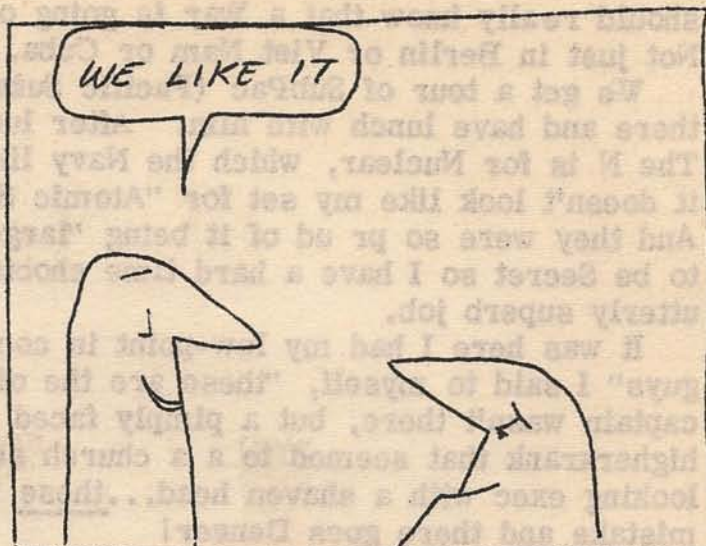
As we interview these bits of high brass I grew more and more confident in their ability to do the job, not to be caught napping and in their decisions. But while my confidence was bolstered by the Big Brass it was to deteriorate in the category of Tomorrow's Admirals. Some of the junior officers I had NO confidence in at all.

After lunch we had another Secret briefing (oh, I know all sorts of lovely secrets) and then interview a tough, fine officer named Captain Slonim, Thach's chief of staff.

Back at the hotel I set up a date with a Japanese girl named Karen Sakai, a friend of Sharon's, by phone and then Ted and I wander around a few bars where I started doing cartoons and found it got me free drinks. Karen seemed very intelligent on the phone and I was delighted. I was later to find she is considered one of the most popular girls on the island...in the monied, high-level society of the islands.

HMM, DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MY ATOMIC SUBMARINE

Leisurely 6:30 awakening...Chief of Staff's launch...photo lab...briefings...I shoot in the OpCon (Operational Control) with its three rear screens, many officers, intricate sound & lighting, etc. Very futuristic. Also damn interesting. I try not to listen to Secret stuff that isn't my concern. My job is to shoot pictures... but I must know what is Secret and/or Classified so that I will not get it into the picture. After all, I am an American too and do not wish--even for the sake of a fine picture--give anything to the Enemy. That's silly. So as a result I heard and saw some beautiful stuff I can't write about or photograph. Too bad. America



should really know that a War is going on out in the various oceans of the world. Not just in Berlin or Viet Nam or Cuba...but right out there beyond the breakers.

We get a tour of SubPac (Pacific Submarine Headquarters) with the PIO officer there and have lunch with him. After lunch we go down in the USS-N "Sargo." The N is for Nuclear, which the Navy likes better than "Atomic". It looks yet it doesn't look like my set for "Atomic Submarine" but it certainly was crowded. And they were so pr ud of it being "large" and "roomy." Everything there seems to be Secret so I have a hard time shooting but of course do my usual, standard utterly superb job.

It was here I had my low-point in confidence in the junior officers. "These guys" I said to myself, "these are the officers running an N-sub?" True, the captain wasn't there, but a pimply faced guy that look a good fast eighteen...a higherxrank that seemed to a a church school 3rd team reject...and a weird looking exec with a shaven head...these were our bastions of democracy? One mistake and there goes Denver!

After that I almost lost my aluminum camera bag (with full gear inside) straight down three decks of the "sail" when my troublesome camera bag strap broke. It was only my fast hip and the narrowness of the hatch that prevented the heavy bag from crashing down on the head of an officer twenty feet below.

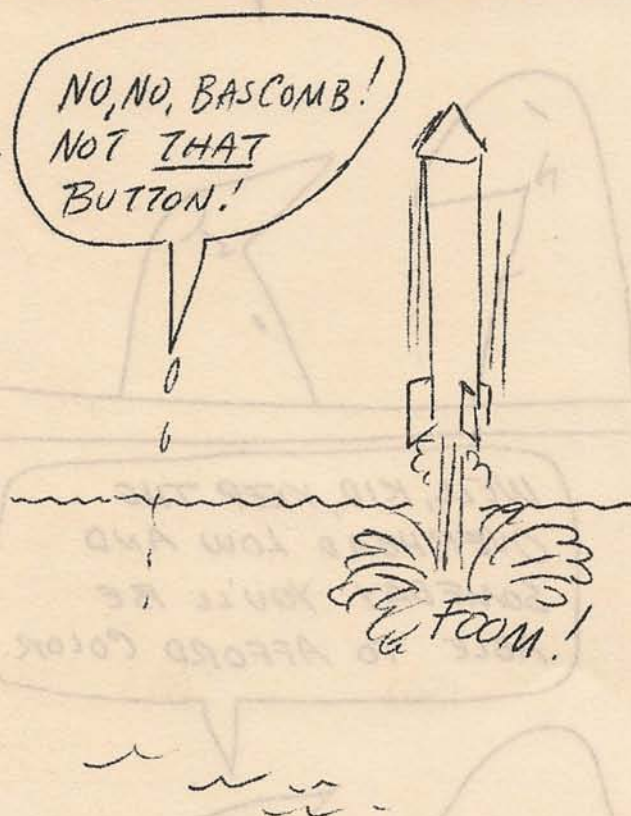
We interviewdd 2-star Admiral Benson, sub commander where I regained a small portion of my confidence. Then back to the hotel where I found Karen's aunt had died and the date cancelled. Despite this we had another long and very delightful phone call and I was gratefully in bed at 8:30 PM.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

Ted and I were up at 4:30 am... misdirected by thickly southern Marine guard at Barber's Point, which is a sprawling air base far out beyond Pearl at the opposite "corner" of Oa hu from Diamond Head. We ended up coming up out of thick brush to the opposite side of the airfield from our goal. We drove along, then quickly across the runway, to the headquarters of the P2V Patrol plane people that fly this Lockheed-built beastie that looks like a giant B-17 far out on sub hunts.

We were faced with the distinct and unpleasant possibility of a six hour flight in this hot, muggy plane

on a hot, muggy day. When Ted finds they will not be near the ships now out on operations we cancel and I take the interior pix while the plane is making ready on the ground. We get, of course, great cooperation from everyone wherever we go. They quickly recognize the value of the book we are doing. By 10:30 I have shot the headquarters as well and was on the beach at Waikiki getting a suntan. A light burn resulted but was amazed later to see I was actually tan.



After lunch Ted wanders off on business of his own and I do things about air transportation back, pay a kid 25¢ to take a cartoon I had drawn to Karen, where she works in Island Holidays, the fancy island travel service, and do more cartoons preparatory to my date with her that evening.

Sharon arrives and Ted has a drink with us and then, at last, Karen comes. She looks, from the front, very very much like Nancy Kwan, though not at all from the side. She is witty, intelligent, small, very well-built, with excellent taste in clothes and conversation. I am much taken.

I am dressed casually and she in the Chinese style dresses she favors. We go to an expensive and very good restaurant. Afterwards I ask her to take me to some terribly romantic place for a drink, since she obviously knows the town.

At the base of Diamond Head, where it runs into the sea, and just farther along Waikiki from Queen's Surf, is a small Japanese restaurant that looks much more like a home than a place to eat. The surf is inches away...a hidden light illuminates two graceful sail boats moored at a thin long pier...the terrace is dark, with vines growing overhead and couples and groups hidden away in the dimness. It is truly a very romantic place, much more than I hoped for.

Ever have one of those nights when you can't seem to make a mistake? This night was one of those. In fact, all the time I spent with Karen was like this. I was witty and charming and marvelous thoughts and phrases just flowed out. Either that or the Japanese have a monopoly on making a man think he is just great.

We just talked and talked and talked and drank and drank and drank and later necked in the parking lot in her car and I was in bed at 1 am.

WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE OTHER ONE IS FOR

On the ferry to Ford Island a little after 6 am, then cancel a flight out to the Hornet (on operations at sea) when we find the man we must interview is still on Ford Island. But a surprise visit by a 3-star admiral throws everyone into a tizzy and we say the hell with it and by 11 we are on the beach.

Nap...lunch...nap...sun...dinner...more cartoons for Karen. The cartoon books were eventually to number about fifteen of ten to fifteen pages each, six panel cartoons to a page and I thought were some of the best cartooning I had ever done. (I don't ordinarily get excited about my own stuff, but this was good.) Long phone talk with Sharon and another with Karen and in bed at 10pm.

Friday, 22 June, up at 5. At the ferry at 5:55, must wait 35min. before I can get aboard...Marine guards stops me...no ticket on car...pull out of line... I miss the ferry by 30 seconds because he is Southern and slow writing out an authorization. I get mad and get on phone and wake up Ford Island and 50 minutes later a special boat finally gets there and takes me to Ford Island. It is a long way from the landing to the airport but I'm in a hurry: I'm supposed to photograph a Marine landing at 7:30. When I get to the airport I get a "What special airplane?" bit. Before I can get mad (this was all settled the day before) a lazy looking chief comes up saying he's my pilot. I am somewhat nervous thinking maybe he wasn't good enough a pilot to be an officer but I get aboard the plane anyway.

We take off the door and I am given a life jacket and a (ha!) parachute and finally we are airborne. We fly along over Waikiki and past Diamond Head and Koko Head to Bellow's beach which is "way around the corner of the island. Here I find the "invasion" underway and we fly around for some time with me shooting landing craft and troop ships and their anti-submarine guard, the screening destroyers and helicopters through the open plane door.

Then we decide we should try and find a submarine somewhere. The ~~pilots~~ pilots say they believed some subs were to be found north of Oahu so we headed that way, flying along at some distance from the shore. Oahu was the lovely, mist-wrapped paradise at that distance. I have one alert when I think I spot the wake of a periscope (this is some achievement!) but it turns out to be a ridiculously small boat or skiff far out to sea. Nothing north so we fly back down along the ~~east side~~ west side of Oahu, very close to the cliffs, which were higher than we were in many places. I took much 35mm arty color straight down into surf and rock formations and then we were out to see again in the area of some operation or other. Still no sub, so I tell them I better go back and shoot some more of the Marine landing. Actually I hope to talk them into flying along some of the lagoons north of the landing area where the "real" Hawaii is--the tree-edged bays, the green green jungles, the tiny boats and big coral heads. We fly over Honolulu and the lovely Pali.

We just start along the shore when they turn and head back, ignoring me on the intercom. Oh, well, I say to myself, they got tired of playing games with me. I still sit in the door, shooting little boats floating--apparently--in midair over huge coral heads submerged in clear water. I shoot the magnificence of the cliffs of the Pali as we fly below them and--whoops--over the hump and down across Honolulu.

Better be getting back into the saddle, I say to myself, and get ready to land. I put everything away except the 35mm (I'll shoot right thru a crash I figure) and as I'm strapping myself in I notice one engine is stopped.

Hmmm. Well, hell, that's what the other one is for. I'm not too concerned. Pearl is directly ahead. I look out the window and see Ford Island and Pearl drift by. Hey! I say, I don't want to get stuck out in the boondocks at Barber's Point. They aren't listening. The only word I can hear clearly (they are off intercom) is "emergency." I don't care much for that but I'm not worried. After awhile Barber's Point comes into view and I see the little red trucks move out and line up. Hmm. Just like the movies.

We move into the pattern and in two left turns we will be sailing in. Nothing to worry about. Then the other engine goes coff-coff-coff! The pilot whips the ship into one big left and we are coming down fast. It's a beautiful landing, considering everything, and I begin to breathe very easily. I hear the tower ask if we want help being pulled off. The nice man at the stick (well, wheel) says no and we start for the edge of the strip...and everything dies and locks into position and we are dead still. I look back and see the world's largest plane about to land on top of us. It's one of those big bulgy top & bottom radar picket Connies and I think the tower hasn't waved them off because they thought we'd be out of the way. Well, we aren't. I want to just hop out that open door and run. Again, I'm afraid my own image of myself won't let me. The pilots aren't running. (I realize too late they don't know it's behind them.) So I don't run. I shoot pictures.

The World's Largest x Airplane lands inches behind us....okay, feet..., well, 15 yards and everything is fine.

Some hours later I have transversed acres of naval ground in a hillbilly driven truck complete with ~~transistor~~ transistor radio tuned to some weird Hawaiian station that played a kind of blend of Hawaiian and hillbilly...in one song....I have met the Admiral's launch at some nebulous landing between two tract homes at the edge of Pearl. The very correct gentlemen in whites cruise us past a small carrier, the two Jima, and back to my car. I spend the afternoon hunting for falls in the back washes of Honolulu, have drink at Trader Vic's, Karen cancelled date because of return of father, the bar won't give me a large cool drink to take to room, the woman next door walks in on me naked, money and depressing news on the home front comes in from Dan. I have a lovely dinner in a lovely place and amuse waitresses and lovely girls drawing cartoons and am in bed by ten.

The next morning is Saturday and after breakfast with Ted I deliver the previous night's crop of cartoons to Island Holiday, spend some time on the beach, go muu-muu shopping with

pretty Val Smith, buy some fancy Hong Kong brocade for a muu-muu for my daughter Lisa (Val, Ted & I all have daughters named Lisa), and Val takes us to the exclusive Outrigger Canoe Club for lunch with Alta May Goffin, who is right hand girl to THE biggest wheel on the island. Afterwards, at Alta May's she does a terrible thing to me...I'll never be the same again...she turns me on to tree-ripened, chilled mangoes. Later I was to buy some regular mangoes in a store but these, direct from her own groves, were THE most delicious fruit I have ever had in my life, and I'm a keen fruit eater. If you ever have a chance, eat them, but get them chilled.

I see more lovely Hawaiian types. Val says island men prefer to marry Howli types and Karen has said island men just don't take her out. That is, oriental island men. She is just too much of an American, I guess. She also believes Japanese-Irish combinations produces the most beautiful children and best beauties. I found that everyone had an opinion as to what combination produced the most beautiful, probably influenced by the beauties they know.

That evening was one of the most romantic I have ever spent. I readily agree I was a ready-made sucker for everything: Karen in a slit Suzie Wong dress, drinks and dinner at Michel's (the expensive place, which is the only club I've ever been in that looks as rich and as romantic as they do in the movies) which is right on the water below Diamond Head and in one of the big new apartment hotels. Very fancy, very good, very romantic.

We go back to Waikiki and have drinks at Duke's (the old Don the Beachcomber's), then another round at the Captain's Galley and a long drive out to Koko Head, past Diamond, where the Pali ends. You can't believe the setting. If I had ordered it special it couldn't have been more perfect: a beautiful girl...a full tropical moon dragging a great chipped train across the sea...tiny lights on Molokai in the distance...the great endless clouds drifting silently by...that marvelous air that truly makes you seem alive...the lifted face of a beautiful woman...the Blow Hole below over jagged rocks making silent explosions by the surf...even music from the car radio to blend everything.

This was the reason I went to Hawaii and I shall be forever grateful to Miss Karen Sakai.

ISLAND HOLIDAY

I'm awake with the sun after 3 hours sleep and have breakfast with Ted, who had been drinking with a friend of a friend, who manages the Hale Kalani, right on Waikiki. We breakfast at this "old line" hotel virtually on the beach. Then I wandered around Waikiki taking pictures until time to meet Karen for lunch. We go to the Hawaiian Village for her breakfast and then drive out beyond Koko Head, where we had been less than twelve hours before. We drive into the Windward Side, cutting away from the sea toward the green Pali and just wander around until time for her appointment at the hairdresser. I caution her not to let any faggot hairdresser cut her very long dark hair.

In the late afternoon and evening we drive around and have drinks in likely spots outside town and talk and talk. Then back into ~~town~~ town to wander through an unfinished modern church, then another church, and a long leisurely fine dinner at well-appointed, well-served (and that's a rarity in the islands!) Fisherman's Wharf. I love most of the food in Hawaii but the service is usually no service at all.

But it was a fine, leisurely evening and she was very beautiful and intelligent and witty and charming and all those neat things. By this time she had about ten books of cartoons (I think she ended up with 12 or 15) and they were some of my finest work.

A PAPER SACK WORTH ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Up at 6...do more cartoons while waiting for Ted...boat to Ford Island...interview...attend a short secret OpCon meeting with Admiral Thach and shoot my brains out...more

Secret secrets are stuffed into my headbone. I'm carrying around a paper sack with film in it that--considering the subject matter--was probably worth a million dollars to The Enemy. An other Secret Intelligence briefing that tells me of the wily USNavy's activities and the Dastardly Enemy perfidities. Very, very interesting. I gained more and more confidence in the Higher Command as this trip progressed.

Back to Waikiki for sun, talks with Karen and Sharon and drinks with a friend of Ted's who is manager of Hale Kalani Hotel on Waikiki. He ran a Tahiti or Moorea hotel for years and was full of fine stories. I'm somewhat pooped...fall into bed, look over proofs, talk to Karen and am asleep by 9:30.

Up at 6am the next day to go to Pearl to shoot analysis of this entire operation at COMASWFORPAC (translation: Command Hqts Anti-Submarine Warfare, Forward Pacific Area). Then I went out to the Hornet and up into the Secret CIC (Command Intelligence Center, the brain center of the electronic/communication devices) where they scrub the secrets off the charts & glass walls & books, etc and I set up and shoot my little heart out with everyone "acting" for me. I got to put in such code words as Greentree, Searchlight, Fanack and Nova and put those daring pilots Easton, Dawson, Saunders, etc on the boards. Very dramatic type shots of radars lighting stern faces, people pouring over dimly lit maps, etc.

Back on the beach at 3pm...lying in the sun getting rained on lightly... then wandered around taking album cover type pictures...talk to Dan on the Mainland about business...Ted & I have drinks at the Shell Bar in the Hawaiian Village (the one made famous in "Hawaiian Eye") then dinner in a palmtree covered hutch someplace and home to the hotel.

MARCONED ON AN ISLAND ALONE

Out at Pearl the next day, Wednesday, we almost do not get an appointment with Admiral Thatch but finally make it...boat connections have deteriorated badly but we get back in time for Ted to catch plane to LA. I insult the United States Overseas Airlines which is giving me trouble about my ticket home. I'm wandering around Waikiki buying postal cards and looking at surf boards and shooting now and again and I run into the photographers from the Hornet. They ask if I've found a model yet and I say no. One guy says he's seen a stripper on Hotel Street with a great rearend and an Italian name. "Gine, the Italian Volcano?" I ask. He looks startled. It is and I make plans for that night.

After shooting sunset on Waikiki pictures I take the Lockheed car and drive downtown to the notoripus Hotel street and find the bar where she is stripping. I'm early and get a front row table where I can put my ever-ready camera right on the stage. I write a note to her and ask the waitress and draw the cartoon of her, The Volcano, going up through the roof of the Body Shop, a cartoon she had liked. I feel she won't know me without a beard. I try to give the note to a beautiful Japanese stripper but she puts me down and the sailors snigger and I feel a bit silly. (I find later the Japanese girl couldn't speak English) Then Gina, whose real name is Judy Joy, comes in...sees me and does a big Hello with hugs & such.

I buy her drinks and we talk and she convinces me it's okay to shoot and not get thrown out. So I shoot her & Sherry Darnell and great groupings of strippers. Between numbers she comes over and we talk about her kids--she's divorced--and getting on 2-3 hours of sleep a night. I get home about one a.m.

About five weeks after I left Gina puts five bullets into the stomach of her ex-husband in the very spot where I bought her drinks...he dies and she gets acquitted, makes a naked lady movie in Hawaii and it is brought over here to sell my the brother of a very good friend of mine.

DON'T RENDER HONORS--IT'S ONLY ME

The Navy picks me up at the hotel and I go out to Pearl to shoot Admiral Thatch on a big portrait-type session. I have decided to shoot him with the might of the Navy behind so he gets all decked out in gleaming white with five pounds of decorations and gold braided. The "word" is sent to all ships that honors are not to be paid to the admiral's launch (Thatch says he'll not pull people away from work just so he can get his picture taken) and we get aboard. Lots of fun with positioning the launch beneath the HUGE prow of the Hornet...with the destroyers and Arizona monument in the background. Adm. Thatch doesn't care to make a Big Thing out of the Arizona monument, feeling it is a preposterous monument to Unpreparedness so I cool it. I scramble around on the hood (or whatever you call it) of the launch getting salty angles...all in the best tradition of photographers who hang by their toes to get a shot.

I cut the Admiral short because I want to get back quickly to have lunch with Ted Kurrus (Star-Bulletin columnist) who is going to introduce me to Poli Tonkin, a beautiful island type figure model. She is lovely and I take her home to her house on the shoulder of Diamond Head. Vander from Queen's Surf to Waikiki taking pictures...return the rented car and just enjoy myself the rest of the evening.

EXOTICA

The next day is disappointing in that I cannot shoot Poli. Desperate, I find that Clark Dawson's brother & his wife are divorcing...so I ask Marti to come model for me. She agrees and we drive over the ever-gorgeous Pali to the beautiful windward side (just the memory of it now is lovely, what with Martin Denny on the record player as I type...where...far-off exotic Hawaii...) where I have a very special, very plush lei made at a florists (cost: \$2). We wander around and find lovely spots to shoot from and in...green meadows...lagoons where MGM type islands are anchored offshore like flower barges...festooned trees impossibly green...and Marti wearing nothing but a genuine Tahitian pareau about her hips, the lei covering her breasts and with the long hair a beautiful picture.

We have lunch at the Crouching Lion and go on to the Sacred Falls, driving way back from the sea towards the incredible rising wall of the Pali through banana and pineapple fields and unreconstructed jungle.

The path narrows to a footprint wide trail through green and dripping jungle so we decided not to walk all the way back and set up to shoot at a crossing where cool water grows white over big wet rocks and trees hang cool and blue/green. We have been shooting with her bare-breasted but turned away when we suddenly discover a pair of Chinese tourists just placidly standing by, waiting patiently so that they may make the crossing without disturbing us. Marti--who is not a pro model--gulps and covers. Did some beautiful things and walk back. We have just stopped by the little coke stand where we left the car (way out in the middle of Nowhere) when out from behind us come six dishelved toughs. This makes Marti very nervous as toughs roam the island in gangs, beating up sailors and raping women and very little is done about it. An old man was senselessly beaten to death and one gang member was given six months in jail. We leave and drive back around Oahu another way, stopping for huge plates of chilled fresh pineapple just harvested from the surrounding field. I'm a fresh pineapple nut and this was heaven.

Back in Honolulu we pick up Mike, Marti's husband and they drop me at the hotel, decanting me from the tiny B.B.G. we had been using. That evening I join Al Reichel (Lt. Commander from the Hornet) and his very pretty wife and we start drinking about seven. Joined by the chief pilot for Hawaiian Air Lines who is a gun bug and reads Grennell's column. He has spent the day dynamiting and jack-hammering out a home site on a hill. We all go to the Shell Bar and have a very fine time listening to the small band there and drinking large fruity Polynesian drinks. We have some of Coco's steak sandwich's on the pilot and he drops us at the big, sprawling International Market across the street from Waikiki. We catch Martin Denny at what used to be Don the Beachcomber's. We see the Ed Kenny show (native Hawaiian songs, history of Hawaii type show).

Doris Reichel is a very attractive woman and some idiot tried to pick her up on the street with such a stupid line that we were all accused. Beddie-bye about 2am. (Nights are so nice out there...)

Up at 9am...Karen cancelled date because parents are leaving...I cancel Poli Tonkin shooting because she wants to start so late I couldn't get any good light (besides it was her period & she was sick). Walk length of Waikiki to sun with Mike and Marti at Queen's Surf. Everyone wears bikinis there and are mostly transportation/travel/tourist bureau types. Very pretty, very healthy, very "hip" (for Hawaii).

Have dinner with Sharon Strombeck and find that Ted Purris has found a model for me. I wander through Waikiki again with gun and camera shooting torches and moonlight. Am in bed around 9 after a near-fight with a Kanaka who came running by with a gang, hits me accidentally, snarls when I complain, starts to pick fight. I put down my cameracase and come up in a karate stance that bluffs him off. Which is pretty good considering I know next to nothing about judo, karate or anything violent. Pain hurts, I always say.

THE LAST DAY

Sunday, 1 July...bought two leis and went around beach shooting them floating in water, on sand, through them at Diamond Head, etc...kept

trying to get in touch with the model Ted had found me...I was later to find she had gone out on a luau and never came by while I was there. I delighted a tiny child by giving her my surf-tossed leis and went off to a Hawaiian Village luncheon with Sharon Strombeck and a friend of hers. I draw one last cartoon series for Karen and tell her goodbye and check my baggage into the airport. (\$20 for overweight). I have solved my transportation problem by finding that Lockheed will pay for it, so eschew the rubberband airline route and take a Pan-Am jet.

The islands are misty beneath the wings as we curve around and head for the "States". The water at 29,000 is sky-blue and there was a rainbow below, peeking through the drifting puffs of clouds.

On the way back I read and drew a long cartoon book trying to entice a beautiful stewardess into modeling and never had the courage to give it to her.

Soon the clouds below are in night and we are in sunset. Then it was night and there were stars below the wingtips.

I think back over the past three weeks and find I had really enjoyed myself. I think of the carrier, great and grey, bristling with a crust of protuberances, thrusting towards sunsets...streaming away from the dawn...I think of the swirl of water down by the edge of the destroyer, of dropping through the air on a cable I (I'll do this again anytime, it was a gas!), of highlining it from carrier to destroyer...of the night takeoffs and the crush of takeoff in the hot sun. I think of the deep blue of deep water and the black islands going by in the night and the tense faces over radar screens.

And I think of the tropical air, that gorgeous wonderful air, and the wind endlessly pouring over the green Pali. I think of the needles of lava rising from green bases to impossible heights like surreal drawings for Bali Hai. I think of the lagoons and beautiful women and the cake size islands offshore. I think of the great circular coral heads seen under the water with the boats floating in the air over them. I think of the palm trees outside Admiral's offices and secret briefings and the way Waikiki looks like a post card. I think of the rusting iron scraps of the Arizona sticking above water and the marks on a map that tells where every Russian sub and ship is. I think of strippers, gleaming wetly with sweat as they work in the warm night air of a smokey club. I think of the boy and girl by moonlight and the tanned young bodies on the hot sand, of thousands of flowers strung up on rings of string and Marvin Denny's music and the touristy shops and expensive hotels. I think of the big tropical drinks and the small fern-filled dell I found behind the Queen's cemetery and the clear warm Waikiki waters.

And I think of Karen, smart, intelligent, charming, beautiful Karen, lifting her face in the moonlight...and running away later when her mind clicked into command over her heart.

Suddenly we were in Los Angeles, with the summer heat distorting the sea of lights. With the fantastic modern two-level airport below we came down with a long silent scream.

An hour later I was in my apartment high up in the Hollywood Hills, looking out over the city, still shimmering, still jewel-laden in all its Big City sprawl. Clark had moved out the week before and the phone

had been disconnected. I was alone. I looked out to where the edge of the lights stopped, where over passed the movie studios and tract homes and oil wells a surf pounded on the sandy edge of our continent. Way out beyond a preposterous group of dreams were anchored in the very center of an ocean, washed by winds too warm, too soft to believe, by an ocean too clear and warm to conceive...and I was here, suddenly, looking out over the heatwaves and TV antennae and streetlights.

Life has not always equal: my imagination's width

Yet the world always wins

and shames my imaginings with reality.

(A petal drops

drifts

dies somewhere out of sight)

EAST TO THE BEGINNINGS

Sunday, 8 July 1962. I waved goodbye to Dan and Erin and Ted Perry and I crossed to the jet through the telescoping entry like some sort of unreal Disneyland ride. The big 707 swings and backs and four hours and five minutes later we were having a drink in a bar in Baltimore, Maryland. The only thing that happened of interest was that after I woke up from a brief nap I asked the person next to me "Where are we?" and instantly the pilot said over the loudspeaker, "Des Moines."

I commented to Ted that it was an unreal feeling being there so quickly, that because of my seat, which was not next to a window, and because of height and clouds I had no feeling of having passed over Denver, the Rockies, Chicago or Fond du Lac.

I called Harry Varner in Hagerstown and then we took a 2-engine prop plane to Newport News and Norfolk, Virginia over the green countryside at dusk. We rent an Olds and drive to the Admiralty Motel which is so big and spread out that a walk to the lobby is a task.

We sack out for a time and make a terrible discovery: there are no bars in Virginia. I said I thought civilization in America was supposed to have started on the East Coast. There is nothing to do in Norfolk so we spend our evenings reading and watching TV and sleeping.

The middle of the next morning finds us at ASW headquarters in Norfolk, which is the largest navy base in the world. PIO Officer Cmdr. Joe Williams buys us a fine Virginia ham lunch and we have a drink leaning on the table that Roosevelt and Churchill used to sign the Atlantic Charter in 1941. We see a roomful of brass from several countries and walls covered with flags and naval mementoes from many countries and several wars. We talk with some brass--for we are still on our Lockheed ASW mission--and Williams takes us on what must have been his 500th tour of Norfolk. We see many, many ships, planes, buildings, mothballed prototypes of planes, mothballed Jap and German planes awaiting completion of the Smithsonian Air Museum. We see POGO, a seaplane taking off, a bridge that has land on all sides, just miss the carrier Enterprise. All very interesting and historic even if I am getting a little tired of battleship grey.

Back to motel to sack out, as we double-check on this Nothing Town. 300,000 people and 180 to 190,000 are sailors. See a spread on Poli Tonkin in Sept DUDE, see Tucker and Liebscher in Aug. ROGUE along with a stripper I know. Late in the afternoon Ted and I drive to Virginia Beach and look at a grimy beach being slugged by a dull-looking Atlantic Ocean. We drive back and see the Ace Detective Agency advertised. I am impressed by the clouds--pale pink against pale blue, with a "nothing-color" in the shady places--which are "larger than life" and look like all the clouds seen in historical painting.

I call Dick Eney in Washington, tell him there are no pretty girls in Virginia and read awhile. Later I go out and watch the sunset...flashes of lighting deep in cul-de-sacs as though Vilcan were at work forging thunderbolts. I notice that the houses hereabouts do not use the rather lush settings around them as they do in Hawaii or even California. The buildings seem to fight Nature, to stay primly away from such crude surroundings, as though they were only temporarily houses and are just awaiting the day when they will be promoted to chateaux or manors.

It feels very far from Hawaii.

WILLIAMSBURG IS NOT REAL

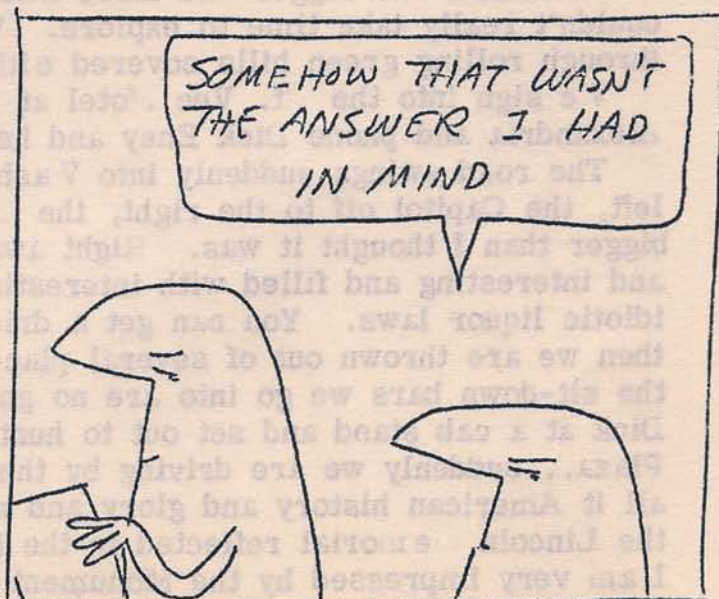
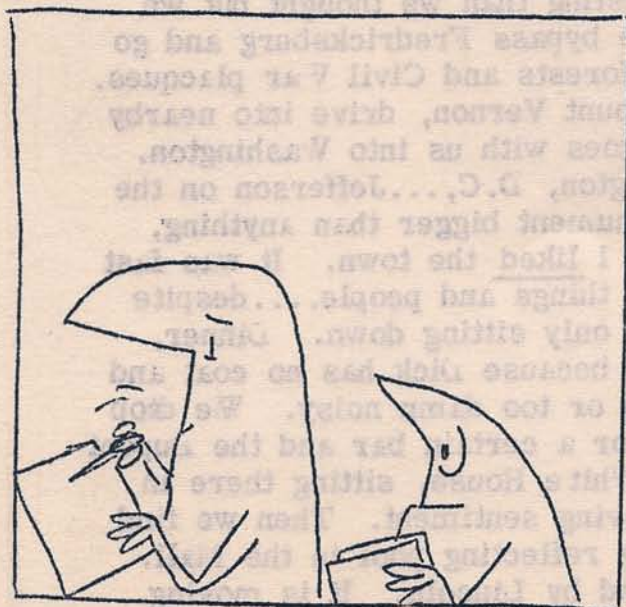
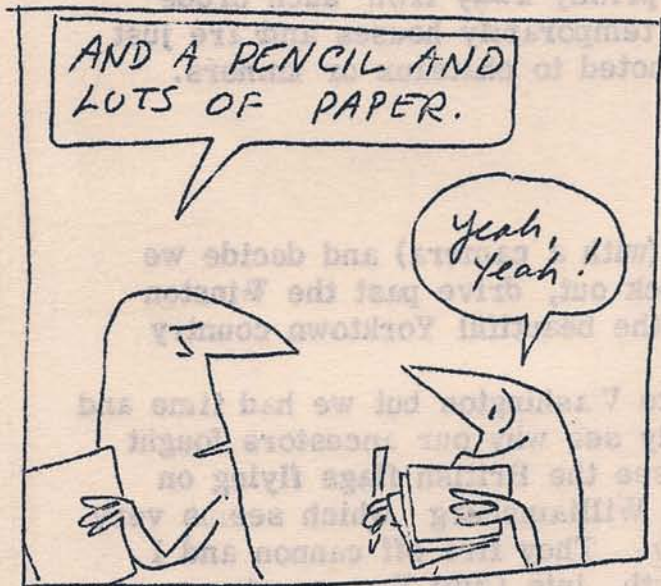
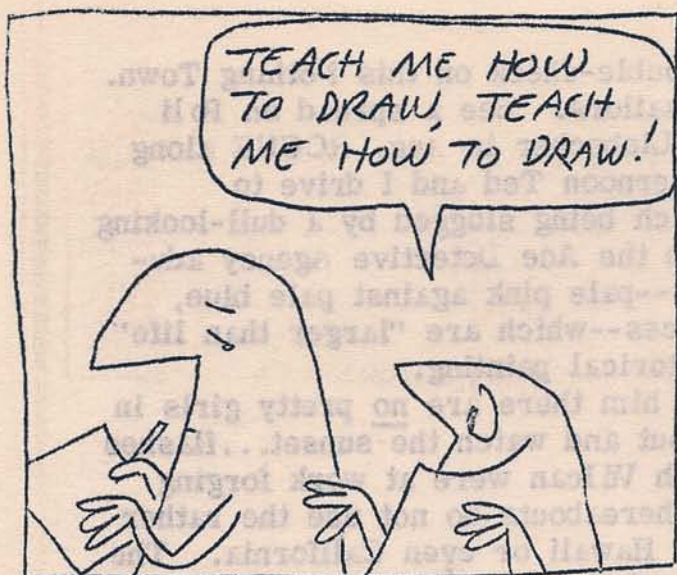
10 July. We shoot Admiral Taylor (with a camera) and decide we cannot stand Norfolk anymore. We check out, drive past the Winston Churchill Air Conditioning Co and into the beautiful Yorktown country going towards Washington.

We had originally planned to fly up to Washington but we had time and it was cheaper by car. We could easily see why our ancestors fought for this beautiful rolling country. We see the British flags flying on the Yorktown battleground have lunch at Williamsburg which seems very historic and terribly unreal and touristy. They fire off cannon and I take pictures and then we are going North, into Civil War country.

Richmond was bigger and more interesting than we thought but we couldn't really take time to explore. We bypass Fredricksburg and go through rolling green hills covered with forests and Civil War placques.

We sign into the Mt. Vee Motel at Mount Vernon, drive into nearby Alexandria and phone Dick Eney and he goes with us into Washington.

The road swings suddenly into Washington, D.C.,...Jefferson on the left, the Capitol off to the right, the Monument bigger than anything, bigger than I thought it was. Right away I liked the town. It was fast and interesting and filled with interesting things and people....despite idiotic liquor laws. You can get a drink only sitting down. Dinner, then we are thrown out of several places because Dick has no coat and the sit-down bars we go into are no good or too damn noisy. We drop Dick at a cab stand and set out to hunt for a certain bar and the Dupont Plaza...suddenly we are driving by the White House, sitting there in all it American history and glory and moving sentiment. Then we find the Lincoln Memorial reflected in the big reflecting pool in the Mall. I am very impressed by the Monument and by Lincoln. It is moving.



OUR NATION'S CAPITOL

Up at 7:30 to see Mount Vernon...the tomb, the Potomac flowing by silently, the manor house...avery well done park. The rooms are small and dark and severe. Here an ancestor of my daughter ran a farm and between times founded a country.

We drove past monuments to our nation's past on the very pretty George Washington Highway to check in at the local Lockheed office and date two secretaries. I go change into a shirt and tie and check into the Dupont Plaza and go back to Lockheed. My time is free so I have a fine leisurely lunch and take a taxi to the Smithsonian, a life-long ambition. It is not as large as I somehow had imagined it, but realize everything they have isn't on display all at once, as I had thought since I was a child. I look at miles of flags, uniforms, aircraft, guns, letters, clothes, rocks, inventions and so forth. A startlingly realistic mannequin of Alan Shepard lies in spacesuit in the Freedom 7 capsule. Rockets and World War I tanks are lined up outside. I was impressed.

I waited in line to go up to the top of the Washington Monument which has a narrow but good view. I note the first impression that was to bear out throughout the visit there: no markings scratched on monuments. Except for one block of stone on one obscure far-off entrance to the Capitol Building I saw no Blank Loves Blank or Blank Was Here or initials scratched anywhere. For a nation that seems determined to mutilate its wonders and monuments this seemed notably restrained.

I then walked across the dusty summer grass and around the Tidal Basin, under the non-blossoming cherry trees to the beautifully designed and set Jefferson Memorial. The memorial seemed a triumph of reason and clarity. Words engraved on its walls were words that every American, every free man, should know.

As if that wasn't enough I took a taxi to the Lincoln Memorial, big, somber, bulky but beautifully executed. I was as impressed by day as I was by night. I took photographs--as I did everywhere--and walked down the Mall towards the Capitol, cut across to the White House many blocks down. I walked all the wall around it, shooting squirrels in the grass and thinking about the men that had lived there, most importantly the man that lived there right then, because right now is most important to this country.

Took a taxi back to the hotel to shoot the first TV show from France via the then brand new telestar. I'm stiff and tired and a shower helps before Eney joins me. We get thrown out of several more bars because Dick still doesn't have a coat (this is particularly silly after the casualness of Hawaii). The Roaring Twenties roared too loud... drop Eney and Ted and I huntup Junkanoo's, a bar we heard was swinging but wasn't.



GROUND ZERO AT THE SNACK BAR

We are in the Pentagon. It is HUGE. Shoot several captains and admirals. Some weeks later Lockheed was to say these portraits I did (framed 11x14s) were the best promotional idea Lockheed has had in ages. Most Big Brass have these conventional hat-and-d-all-braid-on, three-quarters-front formal type shots--but none where they looked like men...so I did all these things where they were in action, gesturing, glowering, interested, laughing, whatever. For backgrounds I used everything from aircraft carriers and huge wall-sized paintings of German submarines to giant three-dimensional maps and models of ships and planes and subs.

We had lunch at the snack bar in the center patio of the huge Pentagon...a spot I said should bear a sign "Ground Zero, World War III". Later I went alone to the Smithsonian. Noted that in the Air Museum (a temporary structure) Lindbergh was the only man whose portrait was not named. Bare-breasted exhibits in the primitive section of the big museum drew some funny comments from the middle-aged tourist ladies. "How could ^{they} go around like that!" "You'd never get me to run around like that!" "Disgusting!"

Dick Eney meets me at the Dupont and we walk to a Japanese restaurant...I'm too tired to squat like an animal over authentic low tables so we sit Western style. Joined by Army officer George Scithers in civvies and after we eat we are joined by that most sane of science fiction fans Bob Pavlat. He takes us on a tour of Georgetown...churches...Capitol...Haines Point where Washington goes to neck...various monuments...and I go to bed very tired.

FRIDAY THE 13th BRINGS OUT THE PATRIOTIC IN ME

Despite getting up at 7am we miss the Under Secretary of Navy... shoot captain, 3-star admiral...look at World War I destroyer pix while waiting. Back across the river into Washington by noon. Then I go to the Capitol to look up John Lindsay (Rep., N.Y., Republican) whose article in Progressive Architecture I had illustrated a year or so before. For some reason the magazine sent me the drawings back after publication and on impulse I sent them to ~~xxx~~ Lindsay. I got back a very nice letter of thanks but thought little of it, really, because Congressmen always answer letters. But months and months later I got another letter from him, saying they were framed on his office wall and that he had been looking at them and just thought he'd write again to thank me and if I were ever in Washington, etc. I was very impressed by this, a pleased, for after all I was not one who could possibly vote for him. So I hurried up ~~ix~~ his office. Walking through the corridors with the famous important names on little plates outside the big heavy doors was rather a kick. (After all I had just read and seen "Advise and Consent")

I go into Lindsay's office and say, "I know this is a little silly but" and I explain about the drawings and that I just wondered if they really were on his office wall. As I'm talking two or three heads of secretaries come up, smiling and interested. One remembers that they are

now on his walls at home, but that they were on his office walls for some time. Everyone is very nice and keep telling me they are sure Mr. Lindsay would want to meet me. I'm a little embarrassed by the whole thing. Every time I've written to a Congressman or a Senator I have not wanted a reply, merely wanting to make my opinion know, and every time I get an answer, (which is policy) even when I tell them I would rather they didn't and spent that time and money doing governmental type things. So while I suppose it would be very nice to meet him because people are talking about him as a possible Presidential candidate a few years from now and he seems a very nice fellow I would just as soon he attend to business.

But everyone is very nice and insistent and they tell me I must have a pass from my Senator or Representative to get into the Congressional galleries and they hunt up the proper names & addresses & I go get one from Senator Clare Engel's office.

I get up in the gallery and look down into the milling throng that is the House and Roll Call is about to begin. Unfortunately I am looking the wrong way when Lenday's name is called. But since a lot of Congressmen are sitting around with their feet on their desks I go down and leave a cartoon with a page and go see the Senate.

This is more impressive as I see all the Big Names: Goldwater, Dirksen, Humphries, Mansfield, etc. It was rather like a movie. It didn't really feel quite real. Big Names. Hallowed Halls of Congress. Senators Humphries and Morse have some exchange which I can't hear too well (the acoustics are not like the movies) nor understand at all so I leave. I take pictures with the cameras I have unchecked and just wander around the Capitol Building.

I am impressed. There are really fine statues everywhere, one at least from every state and of the Realistic school. Obvious Native Sons like Daniel Boone and Will Rogers but a lot of people I never heard from. They all had one thing in common. They didn't look like a bunch of fools, they were real people. I didn't see any statue looking like an Organization Man. A lot of them looked more real than the flesh-and-tired-blood people looking at them.

I was walking through the Rotunda (where, sadly, later Kennedy was to lie in state and where Lincoln had once rested) and I heard some idiot behind me say, "Who are all these jerks in dumb clothes?" My Hero Suit went on faster than Clark Kent in a phone booth. "They are the people who did things that have permitted you to live as you live," I said. Under my breath I added "Though God knows why."

I'm still a little annoyed as I walk to the Big, Impressive Library of Congress. It looked differently than I expected. My childhood image of the LofC was a sort of Super-Library just like one in Oxnard, California. It isn't and yet it is. It's very big and has a great number of galleries looking down into a huge center well where many people are pouring over card files. I see all the important documents like the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. They looked just like those reproductions you see, except not quite as good a condition. I see a White House Photographer's show which is VERY interesting. Some pretty good stuff is done that doesn't see print.

I taxi to the National Archives Building and look through files on film on World War I in the Air, which is an idea for a TV Special we have. I see the National Gallery of Art, which is a nice building but not much of an exhibit.

Later, after prime rib, I'm sitting in the hotel writing the notes on which this thing is based and I'm naked and the maid enters without knocking. I mus

must say I was cooler than she was for I just said "Yes?" Then I crested, did housework cleaning on cameras, wandered around the city, looked at a strip joint, sightsaw, and so forth.

THE WHITE HOUSE IS A HOME, TOO

The next morning I wander around, waiting for the White House tour to start, then wait an hour in line along with all the other tourists. Everyone is very well-mannered and friendly and there is an undercurrent of excitement. I had the feeling everyone was stirred by the prospect.

Finally we started filing through. Mrs. John F. Kennedy was somewhere in the upper reaches but the President was off in another part of the city, I believe. Everyone was a little disappointed, though they knew they wouldn't see him. I think it would have been exciting just to know he was "at home."

My impressions are these: Mrs. Kennedy has done a magnificent job. The White House is a lot more than just the "official residence" for it is an embodiment of American history. Yet, at the same time, in some quite elegant and magnificent way, it is also a home. The blend of officialdom, history, office and home is excellent. It's a museum yet it's alive.

The tour was very quick, no pictures, and keep walking. I'd like to go again. Regards to who occupies it now or in the future it will still be something impressive. At least to an American.

Then I took a train through the drizzle covered lush green countryside to Baltimore, where I was to catch a jet out. I thought there was something to see there. I was wrong. I picked a hotel from a sign in the station and checked in and took a quick look by foot and by checking tourist brochures. It is a grey, dingy, soot-covered city on the hustle for a quick buck. I don't like it. It's on the make for you. After the international significance of Washington Baltimore was a real letdown. I went back to the hotel and read for awhile. When I went out to dinner I found out about "the Block."

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN

When the tourist attractions turned out to be soot-covered brick nothings I found there were more fleshly attractions. "The Block" is a collection of bars, almost all of which have strippers working within sight of the street, arcades featuring nudie movies, and the "Gayety" Theater.

Now I am not easily shocked. I was startled at what I saw and shocked a little at the action. The strippers in the bars had to wear pasties and strip panties and even though they were much, much rougher than any strip I've seen before (they "work the floor" in imitations of sexual ardor, use corner posts on the miniscule stages as phallic symbols, more erotic movements, etc) they were nothing compared to the "Gayety."

First of all there were no pasties used and there were lots and lots of strippers in the show, coming one right after another. Theatrical lovelies like Justa Dream and Baby Doll were featured. The latter nymph did such nicely erotic things as plucking out her well-displayed pubic hair and presenting strands to customers (in pantomime, of course, as she would be bald in a few shows). At no time were any of the girls completely nude. They always had a G-string around one ankle. It was the wildest show I have ever seen.

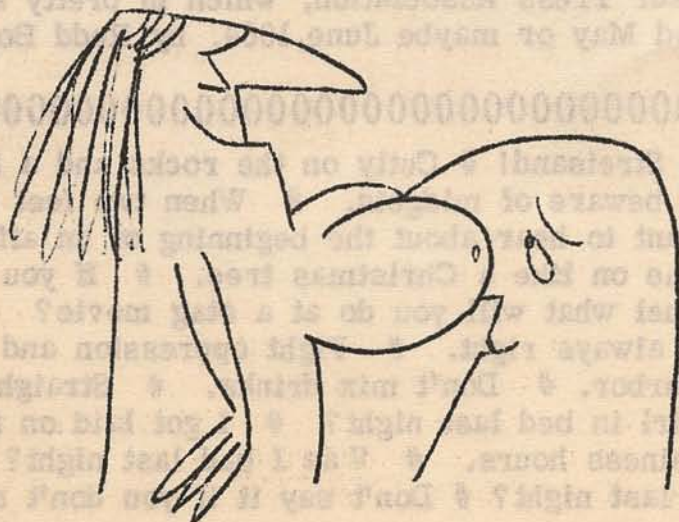
From that experience I go into a strip bar for a drink. I find that, unlike LA, the strippers are B-girling it. Very good-looking bunch, too. Several were beauties. I am virtually assaulted. One very pretty girl geared for abundant lactation comes off stage, steps out of sight and come back in seconds wearing a (honest!) slit skirt and a hardly-at-all-buttoned blouse. She walks straight to to me and sticks her metallic-pastied breast in my mouth. But I'm cool. I pull back my head and look up like this sort of thing happens every day and say, "Yes?"

She starts on her "Buy me a drink?" pitch and I do. After all, what gentleman would not quench the thirst of a lady. She sits down with her back to the rest of the bar, unbuttons what buttons were buttoned, grabs me in an intimate portion of my anatomy and pulls my head down and starts kissing me. I feel like Shell Scott. The drinks come and she dives into my pocket for the coins change. She puts my hand inside her blouse and tries other enticements. I am Mr. Cool and my free hand is just draped casually over the back of her chair. After awhile she goes away to strip and her place is taken by a very pretty colored girl whose salesmanship is confined to rubbing her breasts against my arm.

Eventually the Spanish Dancer returns and runs off the colored girl and resumes her salestalk and groping. Except she does not grope in a fumbling way. She knows where everything is. When I stop buying her drinks she goes away.

There is a beautiful light brown stripper named Carol Valentine that I ask if I may buy her a drink. Her only physical flaw is a faint scarring of her posterior where she claims she sat on a hot radiator. I set her up to shoot nudes the next day. We have a nice talk and she sits across the table.

I go find another bar and quietly start drawing strippers on stage. Once in awhile in art school we used to go down to the Follies and do "action" drawings without looking at the paper. This is somewhat like this except I do look at the paper. Strippers have great body movements and are fun to draw except they never stand still. A B-girl stripper discovers my action in her canvassing of the bar and tells the bartender who gives a drawing of mine to a stripper even while she is still working. Several girls come around after their turn is over and I hand out several drawings and get a freedrink from the tender of the bar and get home about 1:30am.



MAY I BUY YOU
A DOUBLE SHOT
OF SOMETHING?

FAREWELL TO BALTIMORE AND NONE TOO SOON AT THAT

The next day I try sightseeing again but console myself with an elegant breakfast in sepulchred quiet of some fancy hotel's dining room. I head for some local "sight" and bisect the "Block" again, after finding Carol cannot work today. It is early morning but the girls are working and there are even strippers on duty. I hear that the whole "Block" is under pressure from the State government to "clean up." They have a long way to go. I am told by a disgruntled slip of a girl that "nothing is fun anymore."

I take the jet back across that half-seen country of ours and read a very good book on the White House put out by the National Geographic.

It has been a very interesting, stirring, exciting and rewarding assignment. I enjoyed myself and worked my tail off at times. Being dropped out of a helicopter or high-lining it from ship-to-ship is something I'll do anytime. Molokai at night with a beautiful girl is a lovely sight. Planes zooming off into the night with sudden bursts of light and sound. The Pacific stretching in every direction under great scudding clouds. Secrets in closed rooms. Catapults and Waikiki and the Arizona. The Washington Monument, the White House and the moon swinging around in the sky as the carrier turns into the wind for takeoffs. Warm, truly caressing winds blowing at a beautiful girl's lei. The animal greed of a child of nature. The whirr of copter blades throwing you up from the deck. The hush and white and stars of Big Brass. The impossible volcanic cliffs speeding by, impossibly green on green. Big coral heads under the water with tiny boats seeming to float in the air over them. How warm the water is at Honolulu and how gritty and grey the Atlantic is. The great looming bulk of the Pentagon. History and ~~xxx~~ politics and war and men and secrets and purpose. All these things are mixed together in my mind.

I'd do it again anytime. I had a ball.

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KTEIC MAGAZINE #117 is published by William Rotsler, 971 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 69, California, for his own pleasure and with the faint possibility that certain of his friends and acquaintances might find the contents interesting. Kteic is distributed through the auspices of the Fantasy Amatexur Press Association, which is pretty auspicious, ya gotta admit. Published May or maybe June, 1964, by Redd Boggs.

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Click! Whirr! # I love Barbra Streisand! # Cutty on the rocks and a Sweet Daiquiri. # When nine feet tall beware of midgets. # When two feet tall beware of giants. # If you want to hear about the beginning of an affair--well... # Your mouth turns me on like a Christmas tree. # If you get this excited at seeing a jet refuel what will you do at a stag movie? # Say Thank you. # Bill Rotsler is always right. # Fight oppression and injustice. # Remember Pearl Harbor. # Don't mix drinks. # Straighten crooked pictures. # Pretty girl in bed last night? # I got laid on floor. Of business office. During business hours. # Was I bad last night? # Why didn't you leave a note for me last night? # Don't say it if you don't mean it.

