

Koron

MADURO TUNES



EDITOR
STAFF

W. Scoville
S. Scoville
D. Stoughton
D. UMHOEFFER!
J. Reding

/Sour Dough
Nichols

Editor's column

This edition is a shortie for the simple reason that all the brains of the outfit are bogged down with the workaday doldrums that usually accompanys the presence of a ship in port.

We are happy to see some of our cronies back in port Ex the MIECO Queen. The guys aboard apparently had a delightful time in China, but they were certainly glad to get home to jekaroo Isle and mukmuk.

We have been advised by one of the MIECO employees who sports a purdy blue uniform that all persons authorized to wear them are also obliged to do so at the forfeiture of one week's pay for not doing so. NOTE! This was reported by one man only and we're just so awfully sure it isn't so!

Hmmmmmm?

We've received jillions of comments on the last 16 page issue of the Times. All comments were favorable. At the present time the Times has a circulation of 150, give or take a few. This is a long haul from the 50 or so copies Dusty ran off that memorable day when she suprised the whole smear of us with her revival of Vol II. We might just go a step further-farther (for the benefit of puritins!) and state that Dusty has been a big fat sparkeplug in this rag ever since. Of course, Edgar Allen Hootchville has other ideas on that score, and if you don't beleive us, just keep reading and turning pages!

We haven't been running the regular news as we did previously on account of this: Our radio was unhinged for a few weeks, and we're way down on the bottom of the distribution list for the news disseminated from dear old Radio Majuro. Any how, the poop of the world is roughly this here now way, and like that.

Sgt Piquane, the marine cadre who marched his boys into the swamps of the Paris Island Marine boot camp, has been Court Martialed. He was sentenced to nine months of hard labor, reduced to the Grade Of Private with forfeiture of his \$30.00 a month pay while serving sentence, and will then be given a bad conduct discharge.

Letters of sympathy (yet) have been pouring into Piquane from all over the nation. One of the mothers of one of the dead recruits who drowned in the swamp stated she thought the punishment was not severe enough. The father of another who drowned said that he hoped the reveiw board would reconsider the sentence and lighten it; he would rather think Pvt Piquane had just made a mistake.

The International setting concerning the Suez Canaa has eased up. The meeting called by Great Britain to consider making the strip of water an internationally controled area.

So far, Egypt has answered by way of sending troups to the canal and securing it; Red China and Russia back up Egypt's move and China states that if G. Britain moves to intervene, she (China) will send troops. The U.S. has gone on record as backing up Britain and Dulles stated the whole thing isn't really important anyhow. Britain meanwhile has sent a carrier with a Brigad of 2,000 men to the Mediterranean, ostensibly to Cypress. Obviously, Everything is normal.

GETTING OUT OF HAND

Now I know why the other Districts and Guam are writing letters and sending private notes to the Editor of the Majuro Times. Just this last issue I went through four copies of them---I tore them to bits with my hands and my teeth. I jumped on the shredded pieces and bashed them into the living room floor right through the mat. It took four copies before I begin to feel even remotely peaceful again. Three Bears, Indeed! Who does this dds think she is? All these weak attempts at being humorous; such vain ego should never be permitted to pass the blue pencil.

There's far too much in the Times that is ridiculous. Doesn't anyone read the masters anymore? Isn't it time for someone to bring soul to our lovely paper.

Last week I presented The Terror Of The Moors. I was hurt to see it appeared on page 10, but at least, it was ahead of the (ugh!) Bears!

MOURNING WATERS

Edgar Allen Hootchville

Gray, dark gray is the sea today,
It is murky, 'tis dark, 'tis cold;
For neath its rolling waters drear
Lies that which mine arms would hold.

Each ruffled-cap sings out a dirge
Of a love now soaked with the sea;
Its mournful tone groans gainst all
joys
Which inspire sweet melody.

'Twas only a night not long ago
That we pledged our lives as one,
While now the waves do mock my grief,
And my love has sunk with the sun.

The stars will shine on the sea tonite,
The moon's beams will reflected be;
And the waters will gloat o'er their
new made bride,
O'er her, whom was meant for me.

Lives not my love of a few hours
past-;
She is numbered with Death's Talley
score;
For the ocean did surge to greet
her,
To play host forevermore.

Why shouldn't the wild waves rave
Of their triumph (to me unfair)?
Weren't they, like me, themselves
beguiled
By the splendor of her hair?

Were not they keen to sense of lust,
And the blueness of her eye---
Did they not think her heaven
itself,
And claim that bit of sky?

And so it is---I am alone,
And she is gone from me.
Yet the waters are gray and weeping,
For Heaven sleeps under the Sea!



HEARD BY THE WAYSIDE

By (now who d'ya S'pose!)

Dr. Mac: "How did you like Majuro?"
Linda Finale: "All right."

Dr. M: "How did they treat you?"
Linda: "All right."

Heard by the wayside, cont'd.

Dr. M: "Do you want to go back?"

Linda: "No."

Dr. Mac: "What do you think of Majuro?"

Joyce Mills: "Ooooooo, I like Ponape."

Dr. Mac: "How do you like Majuro?"

Dr. Mac: "Love it!"

(Ed Note: You been out here toooo long, Boy.)

Dr. Jaffee: "Did you say you like Majuro?"

Dr. M: "Yes."

Dr. J: "Good---Me too."

(Carl Kunz to figure sitting on wayside)

Carl: "Watya Doin?"

Dr. M: "Driminof Majuro."

Carl: "Why?"

Dr. M: "Like to."

Carl: "Me too."

(Angels from all over heaven sing:
"Come to our home in the blue---Majuro.")

(Ed. note: Well, someone loves us!)

Soft shoe dance by Drs Jaffee and Mac with song accompaniment by all their voices:

"We are the boys from Majuro,
The from-er we are the better Majuro likes us,

Look out here we come,
Take off on the run---
We're comin' hoooooome!!!!"

Ed Note: Think these guys are nuts.

Dr. Jaffe: "Copra bugs don't matter; it's the lack of cigars that gets me down."

Dr. Mac: "Yeh? Everything matters. Even steaks matter and the celery too."

Dr. Jaffe: "That's you---always thinking of food. No wonder you're such a fat slob."

Dr. Mac: "Smile when you say that, Suh. Got any limes?"

Dr. Jaffe: "No."

Dr. Mac: "Okay, then---you get it straight."

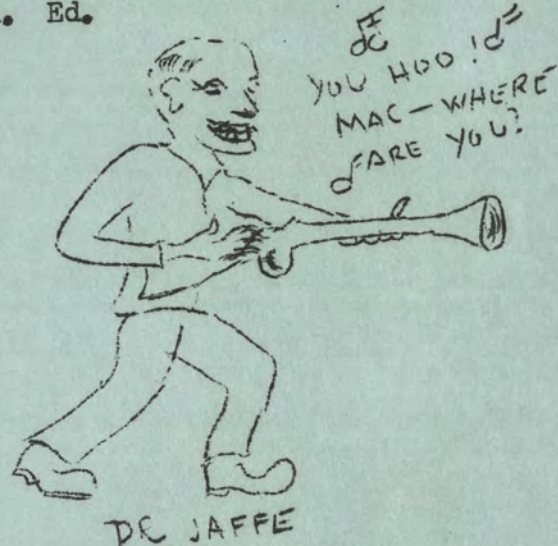
Jaffe: "Hava Doknot."

Mac: "'tain't Christmus."

Jaffe: "To you it is."

Mac: "Naw, it's always my birthday."

Thank you, Dr. Mac. Jaffe will love you, Ed.



Overheard recently: A three year old asked his mother for a cigarette. "Not now dear, I don't have many left." Query: Is this good psychology or just selfishness?



DATELINE EBEYE

R. J. Umhoefer

A curt note attached, undiplomatically, to a shopping list from one of the staff of the TIMES reminds us that we again failed to submit a column for the last issue. What can we say, except perhaps that we were busy shopping? We are filled with remorse, too. And especially so, after having read the moving letter in the last issue from an admirer. We do wish, however, that our admirers were not anonymous. Especially this (or is it that) one. For, frankly, we are as puzzled as we are flattered. Our style, our secret admirer tells us, is that of a Mrs. Wiggins. Can he (or is it she) mean none other than Kate Douglas Wiggins? Or perhaps he meant to say Mrs. Wiggs...you know, of the cabbage patch. She, you literati will recall, was the plucky widow of a drunkard. Now, we really feel we don't qualify there at all. Plucky we may be, but we are not widowed nor widowed, and as for being either (or is it neither) of a drunkard, well REALLY!

Speaking of cabbage patches, we heard there was lettuce to be had on Kwaj. The other day, so we dashed (to tell the truth we were in the DISTADREP boat, and if you think...well anyway) over to the Big Island. So as not to appear eager or give the impression that we came all that way just for a head of lettuce, we took our good friend "Pappy" Stoughton along to introduce him to a few hams. Need we explain these hams were not at the commissary, but at the radio shack? We had "Pappy" meet LCDR Showalter and before we could say "I hear there's lettuce at the commissary," they were QSR-ing and QSL-ing and DX-ing all over the place. It was just as well, too. Our girl had told us to pick up a can of alphabet soup and we darned near forgot.

We have bent every elbow in an effort to keep this column from becoming gossipy, but we just cannot refrain from reporting that our project manager, Bob Shimizu, returned from a week in Guam with two teeth missing. This loss of tuskers he attributes to a dentist, and well he might. However, his story falls apart when, in the next toothless breath, he tells us that he was dizzy for two days afterwards. Not even after seeing the bill. Now, there ARE other parlors from which we have come and remained dizzy for a week. Shame on you, Robert. You and your toothless and feckless grin.

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And speaking of dentists, we have had the pleasure of meeting a wonderful gentleman who has pursued that honorable profession for many years. But what endears us even more to Captain Goldring, DC, US Navy, is his familiarity with the Trust Territory. Not so long ago he took a 59-day trip through the Mortlocks with none other than our own Tony Cruz. The good Captain is now stationed in Kwaj and he looks forward to seeing Tony again soon. He is coming over to Ebeye to meet Freddy Narruhn, cousin of Robert Narruhn who was skipper of the NOMAD, the schooner on which this foray among the islands and dentures of the Mortlocks was made back in 1951. He let us read a log kept by another member of the adventuresome gang that visited every inhabited island in the atolls to the south of Truk. It is the first time we ever got seasick sitting in our Pink Palace. Even the accounts of Tony's good cooking (on shore) didn't cancel out the vivid descriptions of the NOMAD's bouncing and jouncing about in the typhoon-tickled waters.

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We are addicted to shaggy dog stories. We would share our large collection with

the readers of the TIMES were it not for a selfish editorial policy that HI-FI is more refined than shaggy dog stories and therefore will receive more space than even foreign correspondents. At the risk of being given the sack, we'll attempt to sneak in this short one---so short that it can only be classed as a fluffy puppy: A gangster was standing on the street corner. A friend came up to him and said, "Jeez, Mike, howya? I ain't seen ya fer fifteen years." The gangster said with a snarl, "I taught I told youse to wait in de car."

-30-

ON THE WATERFRONT

INDEFATIGABLE FAJAURDO is plenty fatigued as this goes to press. The Hawaii Bear will wind up copra loading operations this p.m.---between 7:00 and 9:00 is a safe guess. She leave for her next port tomorrow morning.

The amount of General cargo for the Territory was a big disappointment, supply personnel report. Out of 22.8 tons (45,790 lbs) of cargo covered by bills of lading on hand, only 6.9 tons (16,788 lbs) actually arrived. It is presumed the balance is on the Chicot or is headed for Shanghai.

Chicot still coming on the 21st or 22d. Not much of a load--something like 240 tons, not counting copra.

FIRE SALE

Jimmie Taneda wants to have a fire sale at his new house, but alas and alak, he ain't got no furniture to burn, much less sell. All Uligans are requested to dig through your household gear and find out what you can donate to the Taneda Cause, 'cause his family will eat off the louzy floor if WE DON'T GET HOT AND GIVE GIMMIE T. SOME FURNITURE!!



By W. Scoville

Just before leaving for Honolulu in June of this year, we were reading in High Fidelity magazine of a record (paraphrase) which will never have to be recorded again. It's Antal Dorati's conduction of Tchaikovski's "Overture of 1812." We had recently acquired our first LP recording of this as put out by Music Treasures of the World. It was good listening, but it certainly didn't have the drive and sparkle that our older 78's versions had, and which was conducted by Artur Fiedler and the Boston Pops. Likewise the reverse side (nearly an invariable coupleing), the "Cappricio Italien" was good fidelity-wise, but it dragged for life and zip.

So, we got to Honolulu and began haunting the old record shops we remembered so well and inquired of this newer version by Dorati. "You know, they use real cannon and chimes?" "Sorry, we don't have it, but we can order it for you." -or- "Gee, yes I heard it at a friends house but we don't have it just now."

We bought the Victor version on LP as re-done by Fiedler. Real fine listening on Vic 12" LM-1134. Then, the following day, we were walking up Hotel for lunch at Ciro's when we spotted a record shop new to us, as much of Honolulu was. The pops and semi classical was upstairs; the overlapping semi classics and classics down in the basement, along with some very superior operating equipment.

Hi-fi cont'd.

And, while looking over the pamphlets and being mesmerized by the beeyootiful photography on the album covers, we saw our record!

Wrap it up. No, let me look at it first. No, I don't want to hear it-- you got one still sealed in the container? Good-- how much?

Really, this is a buy on Mercury 12" 50054. Aside from a superb work of conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and University of Minnesota Brass Band, we hear a genuine 1812 Bronze cannon shot off. It's the muzzle loading type and the particular one we hear on the recording was manufactured in Strasbourg, France in 1761. It is located at West Point where the tape recordings of its blasts were taken.

The chimes heard in the victorious climax of the record were taped and retaped at varying speeds, so to reproduce and approximate as nearly as possible the great 100 ton monster and its 33 smaller companions which hang in the Tower of Ivan The Great in the Kremlin.

The bells actually used were those which hang in The Harkness Memorial Tower at Yale University, New Haven, Conn. The heaviest here is $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, but electronics is quite capable of gross deception and believe us, if your equipment is good and the neighbors are beginning to take your set for granted, here's the one which will let them know you're still around and in there pitching!

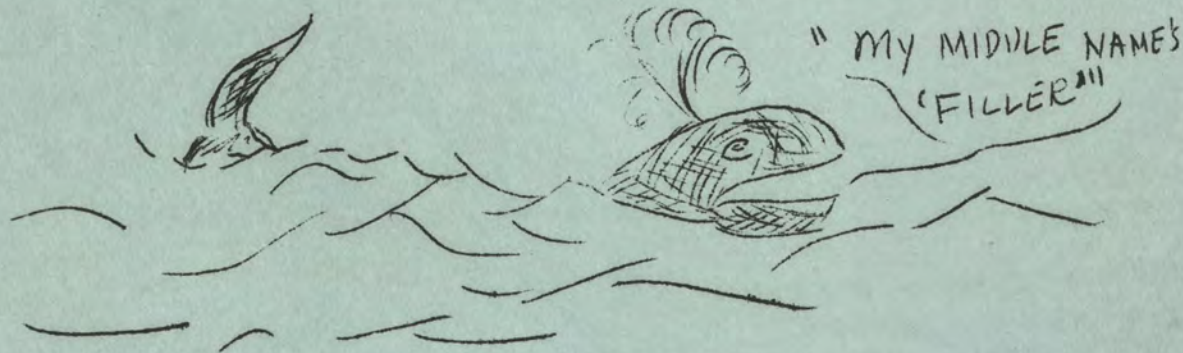
FOREIGN BRIEFS

Two foreigners (Majuro, M.I.), Jack Tobin and Keith Smith did not report to the police the nocturnal ghost that haunted the corridors of Hotel Tropics at 1:30 Ayem with pleas of "Put on some clothes and let's go places!" Tobin, fear-stricken, was heard frantically whispering "Turn off the light - quick! - she might go away if she thinks we're asleep!" Conceit! She was looking for me! - Ed.

After seeing the eye-blinding uniforms of the MIECO QUEEN's crew - blue-gray flat-hat with MIECO QUEEN on the ribbon, bright yellow T-shirts with MIECO QUEEN across the chest, blue-gray (or washed-out purple) pants but without MIECO QUEEN across the seat (this guy's a scream - typists note!) - Trukese sailors were heard saying "Beautiful men!" Admiral Smith wore mufti, but we're sure he has a uniform stashed away somewhere so that all the gold braid won't corrode. Naw - he lost it in a crap game; last engagement with the Eskimo Navy - Ed.

One American housewife, on Truk, overheard asking if Hi-Fi referred to exceptionally faithful husbands. Her companion retorted "No, but that's what you can have in your home that is faithful." We don't get it! Tell us, Willy. Don't know either, Carl - never been in Truk that long! - Ed.

Notice to radio amateurs on Majuro: Bob Patridge, former reefer snapper on Truk, is now on Eniwetok and would like to talk to Lefty Leftwich. Bob hangs around the shack at KX6BP.



KX6NB, Dave, got a patch thru for Dottie Reding, to her sister in Honolulu. Also got Clarence KX6NA, thru to Honolulu. Sachi's only been gone two days and already yet he's callin' her.

KX6ZB with both Xmitters out and Receiver trouble - just haven't heard much. Everything happens at once as usual. SO - O best 73's and Good DXing. Dusty

Pappy went to Ebeye. He was in good shape when he left. Pappy came home from Ebeye. D---i---c---k-----!! What I wanna know from our Dateline Ebeye guy is all about the SAGA OF THE SKINNED SHINS.

Have just heard via the Coconut Wireless that a "Doctor Stone" is coming in. But they couldn't fool us. WE know who's behind that beard. . . it's ol' Skippie, the Ukulele Kid. Back to the luxurious night life of Uliga, he is; back to back the back to the boondocks clan, he is; back to raise his mellow voice (with Horace) on moonlight nights, he is; back to - aw heck Skip - we're just gald you're back!!

ALASKA NEWS
by Nick, your Sourdough Correspondent

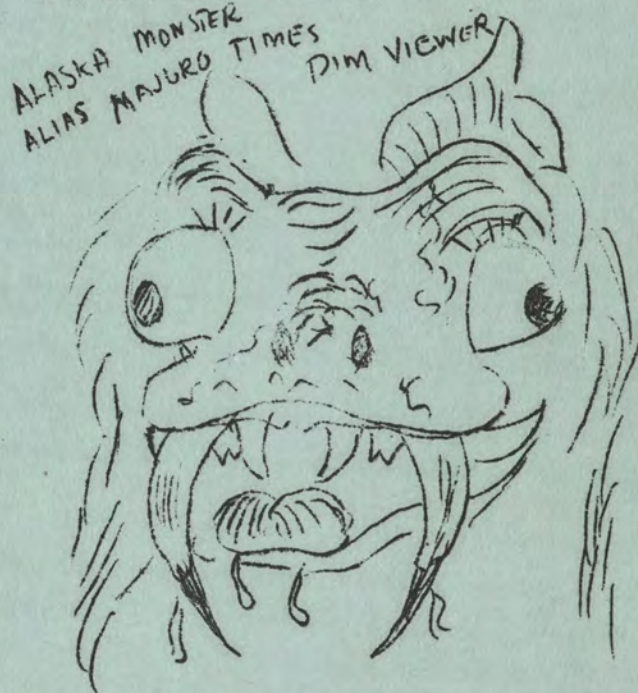
Yakutat Alaska:- A strange hairy coated monster was washed up on the windswept shores of the Gulf of Alaska. It was conservatively estimated to be 100 feet long and 15 feet at its widest visible point. Later inspection showed the monster's skull to be 5½ feet across, its eye sockets between 7 to 9 inches and spaced 3½ feet apart. Reddish brown hair about two inches long covers its thick hide.

Zoologist Trevor Kincaid of Seattle's University of Washington said that the

description did not resemble any pre-historic beast he had heard about, but that the fact that it had hair, precluded the possibility that it could belong to the living whale or elephant families.

Its ribs have been measured and extend 5 or 6 feet from the beasts spinal column. Its teeth are about 6 inches long and 5 inches at the base. The carcass is being rapidly buried in the shifting sands and at high tide the water reaches to about the middle of the animal.

(Ed. note) wouldn't that be a cutie to meet when you come swimming around a coral head, out shelling????
for monster - see below --



"An Eskimo boy is further advanced in his education, than is a boy in the Staes his age," said Fr. O'Connor of the St. Marys Mission at Kodiak. Speaking before the Rotary Club, he also praised them for their sense of justice, education, intelligence and the expressiveness of their language.

The piano player in a local bar was really putting his heart into his work.

(continued next page)

Interesting travelers continue to pass through Majuro like the frequency of the incoming and outgoing tides...DR. HEROLD J. WIENS, of Yale University, who has been in and out of the various atolls for the past several weeks. Neither wind nor rain, nor the usual number of snafus, delays, etc., seem to deter Dr. Wiens from making his appointed rounds to study the geography of the islands. Dr. Wiens made a similar study of Kapingamarangi Atoll in the Eastern Carolines in 1954, for the Pacific Science Board...DR. NORMAN MELLER, Chairman of the Department of Govt., of Hawaii University, arrived here on Aug. 7, on a TRIPP Grant to study the legislative processes in the Pacific. He observed the sessions of the Guam Legislature, and will stay at Majuro for the duration of the Marshallese Congress, which opens on August 27...Former Majuro-ites RAY RIDLE, JO, EVE and SALLY. Jo and kids had to stay over an extra week on account of a full Taloa load, but Jo didn't mind a bit. She now has the unique distinction of being the only woman to stay at our BOQ! (at least in this writer's recollection). The paint was too wet in the Guest House.... IDA GIBSON and Pebroch had been here so long, we were hoping they had become permanent residents of Majuro, but they too departed for Truk on Aug. 1...The biggest celebration the Marshalls had ever seen was held on July 28 when the MIECO QUEEN arrived. "His Majesty O'Keith" was seen on the deck, with flower leis on his head a foot high, shaking hands and grinning from ear to ear. The "Queen Mary" of the Marshalls is now on her first field trip to Ailinglaplap to lift copra and Congressmen....CHAS. "Bud" ROBINSON arrived on July 30 to take a look at us, and evidently has decided he likes what he sees well enough to go back to Truk next week to get Lil. We feel the same way, Bud, so hurry back so we can get better acquainted with both of you. Besides, Danny Aki-moto's getting round shouldered from his double burden!...NAMU HERMIOS and AMATA KABUA, departed July 31 for the Micronesian Self-Government conference at Guam.. Smiling JOHN SPIVEY spent a week with us, holding conferences with AL BELL of KITCO, and KEITH SMITH of MIECO. 'Tis rumored the two boys buried the hatchet....Everyone wept profusely when A.K. LEONG and JOE PENTECOST of the Weather Bureau departed -- AK to Ponape, and Joe back to

the States for another assignment. It would be mighty hard to find two nicer fellows anywhere....Builder RAY HOWLAND Paid us another of his "quickie" visits and Auditor RICHARD MUNDEN returned on Aug. 7 for a three weeks stay....Freckle-faced PETE THOMAS, one of Taloa Gil's young'uns, came down with Pop. When asked if he'd like to be a flyer like his Dad, Pete said "Yup." (He's a man of few words.) Gil says, "Not if I can help it!"... The HAWAII BEAR arrived on August 7, with BOYD MACKENZIE, back from a Honolulu vacation with 23 pigs, and genial "O.B." O'Brien. Boyd really brought back 56 pigs, but 23 were put aboard the Chicot at Guam enroute Koror and Truk. Boyd has asked us to officially squash the rumor that one of his pigs died enroute. The rumor is not true and furthermore, his pigs were so healthy that they doubled their weight on the trip!

continued ALASKA NEWS

socktie awry, hair touseled, and shirt-tail out. A lady tourist, the soul of decorum, stepped up and asked the piano player softly, "Do you know your shirt-tail is out?" "Nope" replied the piano player, "but if you'll hum a few bars I'll play it for you."

next week - the Cook/Admiral Peary Controversy.

TANIDA'S IN NEEDA -- JIMMY that is -- Anyone who has any extra furniture -- a chair, and end table, at pot (oh alright, or a pan) or table or bed or just anything to help out, PULLEEZE notify the Administrative Services Officer, which is a polite ways of saying, "Danny."

Dear M. Uligan:-

The kids are all rehearsing like crazy (altho the girl singer is getting tempermental and insisting upon being allowed to recite a rather earty job lampooning - er - er - well, lam- pooning). Teodor the Toreador has flatly refused to rehearse under ANY circumstances for fear of wrinkling the gorgeous new toreador outfit that Eloise Fisher whumped up for him.. But Jokers (Junior AND senior) are practi- cally tearing the house apart. Dorothy Gwendolyn (named for a coupla fabulous females NOT on Uliga) and who is 45 if she's a day! still in- sists upon acting and dressing as tho she were a deb.

Oh well, all we need now is a portable stage that we can set up in the Club, a lighting panel and a way to divorce the tape recorder from the HiFi set so we can get the proper volume for the thunder over the - you know where. Patience, dear M. Uligan.

Frenziedly yours,
dusty

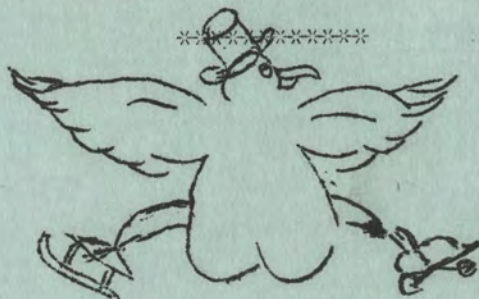


Wonder if we could add a few to Truk Tide's very interesting Bird List?? We may????? OK.

- Red-eyed crosspatch
- Tufted dowager
- Lesser stench
- Double breasted seersucker

- Electric crane
- Week-end ba t
- Extra -marital lark
- bleary-eyed hangover
- Vested interest
- Sammy Kaye's wa rbler
- Running snit

aw heck TRUK! we're only kiddin'



S.A. BIRD

HEARD ON THE BAND

KH6BEH, Bert, the Iron Lung boy from Honolulu way, ran a pa tch for Ernie and Linde Milne the other day. Linde sez times a wastin', and is real keen to get started for our shores.

Sure miss KX6NC's golden voice on the Majuro airways. How about it AK? When are you coming on (like Joshua) with that KC6 call letter??

20 Alaska hams maintained communications during Alaska's Civil Defense drill a coupla Sundays back. Gerry (KL7ALZ) worked herself into practically a bass voice. For a coupla days afterwards the kids didn't know whether it wuz Momma or Poppa callin' 'em!

TRUK/KG6, Duane, up Guam way, hand- led that end of the phone patch for TAL (intrepid but not quiet) Thomas, TALOA skipper, when he was worried over whether Harriet had recovered from the flu.

We are going to put aside Opera for a time and consider the TONE POEM. Sibelius' "Finlandia Op 26" comes to mind; Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite" and of course some of the things done by Liberace might be called light verse.

There has sprung up in TT a small devout group of HiFi and Yoga - - - could I say 'devotees'?? Yes, I will say it - - devotees, who are determined to keep for posterity the Tone Poem that is being written, added to, changed and rearranged, by Trust Territory today. It's fanciful, lusty, haunting and earthy.

It opens in a combination Supply Warehouse and Public Works shop:

"WHAT'S THE LATEST DIRT, GERT?"



We've got those
can't mend 'em
didn't send 'em
who can lend 'em
Breakdown Blues

We've got that
supply-line foul-up
customer growl-up
food howl-up

Breakdown Blues.

We try to fix a truck
And we got no carburetor,
Go to eat our chow
And theres no potater
Get into the Power House
The generator's stat

us quo

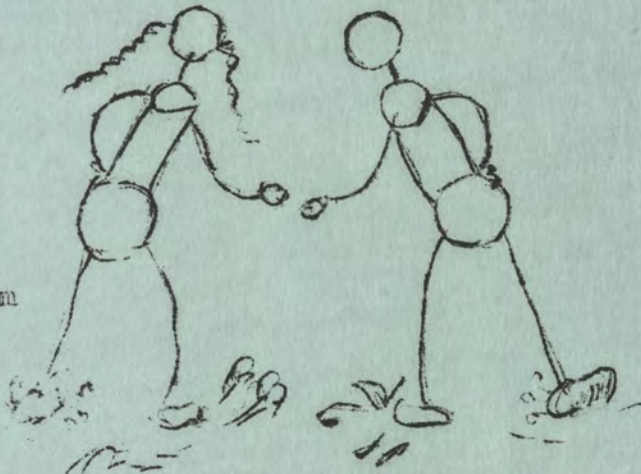
We try to meet the payroll
The forms misplaced
Start to make a pour
On a concrete face
We go into the warehouse
The concrete bags have all

been sold.

10 "WHAT'S THE LATEST DEBATE, KATE?"

Under the tolerant, benevolent, malevolent or kindly (as the case may be) eye of the DistAd, a party is in progress. Theres - "Moon Over Yap", "The Hoocher's Mambo", "We are the Joy Boys of Majuro", "Annie Get Your Spear Gun", "The Royal Palauan Saloon", plus the national anthems of Truk and Ponope all going simultaneously. Eventually, of course the old familiar

"They say that in the TT
The buiscuits mighty fine,
One rolled off a table
and killed a pal of mine,
I don't want no more of TT life,
Gee Mom, I wanna go home.



is started and goes on thru its endless ramifications, descriptions, finger-pointings, at each Island and all the people in the Districts, until everyone either drops from sheer exhaustion, or is prostrated by thirst. Both malady's are speedily dealt with in our efficient Clubs.

"WHAT'S THE LATEST SCANDAL, RANDALL?"

The party congreshing
(with cogs that were meshing)
Came out to our Isles for a look;
They stayed one night here
did three Isles on 6 beers
And went home and writ them a book.

(the excerpts we have gathered are only slightly blathered -)

"Now out in fair TT
A brown maiden on each knee - - "
(Senator X took a look, then he whoaed,
my constituents will, he thought,
get a very great thrill -
er - in fact they might think I'd
been snowed.
i'll start over)

Now anthropologically speaking
We find the indigenous seeking - - -

(he stopped. A sly grin lit his face.
he remembered a tropical bower
where he'd loitered for nearly an hour
in a dusky sweet maiden's embrace)

"OH MY" thought senator x.

" - - There are two and one half million
miles - -"

(he thought of those lazy sweet smiles*)

HE SHOOK HIMSELF STERNLY.

" - Budgetarily we must admit - er -
Strategically they must be fit
To the overall picture - -"

SENATOR !! THE BOOK !

My dear constituents, he wrote,
I do not want a single vote
I'll be gone for awhile
to a tropical Isle - - - -

Now Senator X - (we all call him Tex)
Is one of the sons of TT
He screams like we do
About shortages due
To snafus he always can see

B
U



He writes his protest letters to HIS
senator, and then
SIGNS ANOTHER CONTRACT AND COMES BACK
OUT AGAIN!

The Tone Poem continues building - -
(picture -)

A young man with a guitar, softly strumming
and humming as he watches the golden
trail of the tropic moon weave a path
of dreams on the sea; civilization and
familiar things are far behind, but the
silken strands of the Tropic's snare
are binding him closer and closer.
Unsurely at first, the song begins to be
born - then with more and still more
assurance, it finally becomes a tri-
umphant hymn to the blazing Southern
Cross above him.

Just a little bit north
Of the South Pacific
There are Islands I know
That are always fair.
Just a little bit north
Of the old Equator
The Islands lie dreaming
Without a care.

The moonmist is golden, in this
heavenly place,
It sprinkles the palm trees with
liquid grace.

Just a little bit north
Of the old Equator
The Islands lie dreaming
Without a care.

He smiles. He tries it again and as he
sings he hears the harmony, sure and
sweet of the Island people who have
been lured by the soft chords of his
guitar. Their music swells with his
music, in the tone perfect harmony
these wonderful people are born with.

- - and the Tone Poem grows - -

Down on the shore an Islands girl is
singing, swaying softly to the music.

Suddenly! Thunder. A swift breeze whips over the surface of the sea. The Island people scatter, laughing and the boy still under the spell of the music, stirs languidly - then leaps to his feet and races for the nearby Club as the tropic rain comes down in great sweeping sheets, blotting out all light and sound save that of its own mighty voice.

"WHAT'S THE LATEST SONG, WONG?"

Oh the Chicot 'll bring my family
When she come.
The Chicot'll bring my family when
She comes.
Oh the Chicot'll bring my family - -

(leave us our dreams, says a laconic voice)

The Chicot's bringing jeep tires
When she comes
The Chicot's bringing jeep tires when
She comes - -

the quartette roared on unabated.

Someone rushed in. "Unscheduled plane comin' in tomorrow. No room at the BOQ. Who's got beds?"
The plane crew and passengers unload.
The people converge upon them. Three go to this house, two to that. It continues until all are spoken for.

"WHAT'S THE LATEST SPREAD, FRED?"

What????

You've heard about our shortages?
You've heard about our losses?
You've heard about our suffering?
You've heard we play the hosses?
Listen Stranger!
This is OUR ISLAND. This is OUR HOME.
No intervention
Can make us roam

Listen, we'll tell you just why we stay,
We make our own Heaven, in our own way.

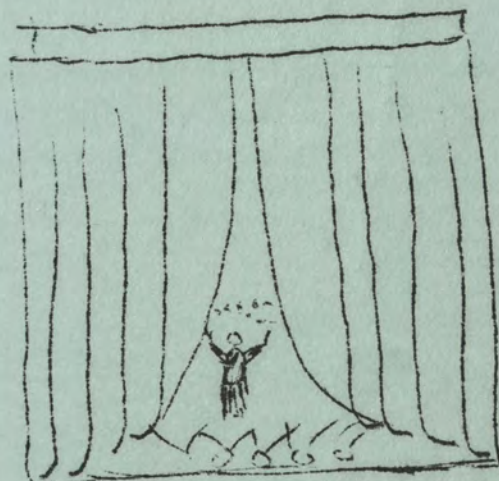
Where else can you laze and dream
Neath tropic skies?
Where else can you work and play
With such nice guys?
The stinkers are few here,
And darned few, the boces;
Where else is there shelling
On sea blue shores?

Our homes are what WE make them
Unhampered by fashion's whim.
(and while the maids are ironing-
We go out to swim!)
The People here are friendly.
We all learn together -
Carburetors and typing,
Wave charts, weaving, weather.

There are few "one-timers" out here
And those who long to roam
Will forever and aye be homesick
For their sea kissed Island home.

- - the Tone Poem is unfinished. It is still building. It combines the great commercial rhythms of a mighty nation with the soft, savage, ancient rhythms of an age-old civilization.... The rhythms blend . . . The Poem builds.

Dusty



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