

Home Life in Hawaii

Unfortunately I was so busy being a Company Commander in the 35th Infantry and running the 25th Division NCO Academy at Schofield Barracks I neither had the time nor inclination to 'vacation in Hawaii' all the time. Just living there for three years, with its very laid back Hawaiiin style was vacation enough for me.

So I don't have many pictures of those first two years when we lived in Wahiawa and in goverment housing on Schofield Barracks. Patsy with her close friend Cindy Adams with whom we served both during Charlie and I were getting our Masters Degree at the University of Pennsylvania, and for three years at West Point, did much of the sightseeing in the family. Cindy, of course, had Bucky who was several years older than David, and Christy who was older than Becky, so the two 'mothers' had lots in common with shopping, entertaining their children.



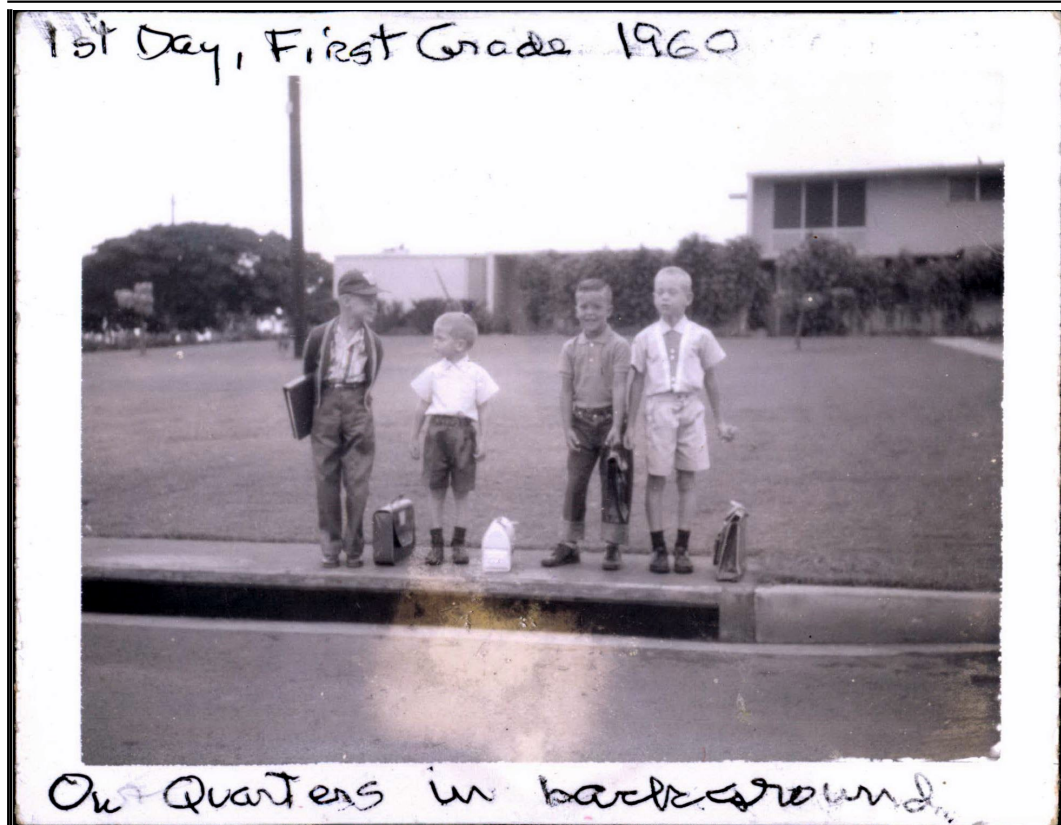
Married Life (9) Life in Hawaii

Category: Married Life (1)

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Written by dave

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But here is one photo that showed a bit of domestic life while we were in quarters at Schofield Barracks. Our 'quarters' are in the background across the field, as young David was off to 1st Grade in 1960. He is second from the right.

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I do not think the girl in the picture is Rebecca. She would have been only 3 years old - too young for school.

You can see, even through the damaged photo, that the school bus was taking the kids to 'Trinity School' - a church run private school. Patsy always tried to get her kids, especially Becky into schools operated by churches - Lutheran and Catholic in Colorado Springs later.

So home life when we lived on the post, was pretty much like living on a military post everywhere else, except the

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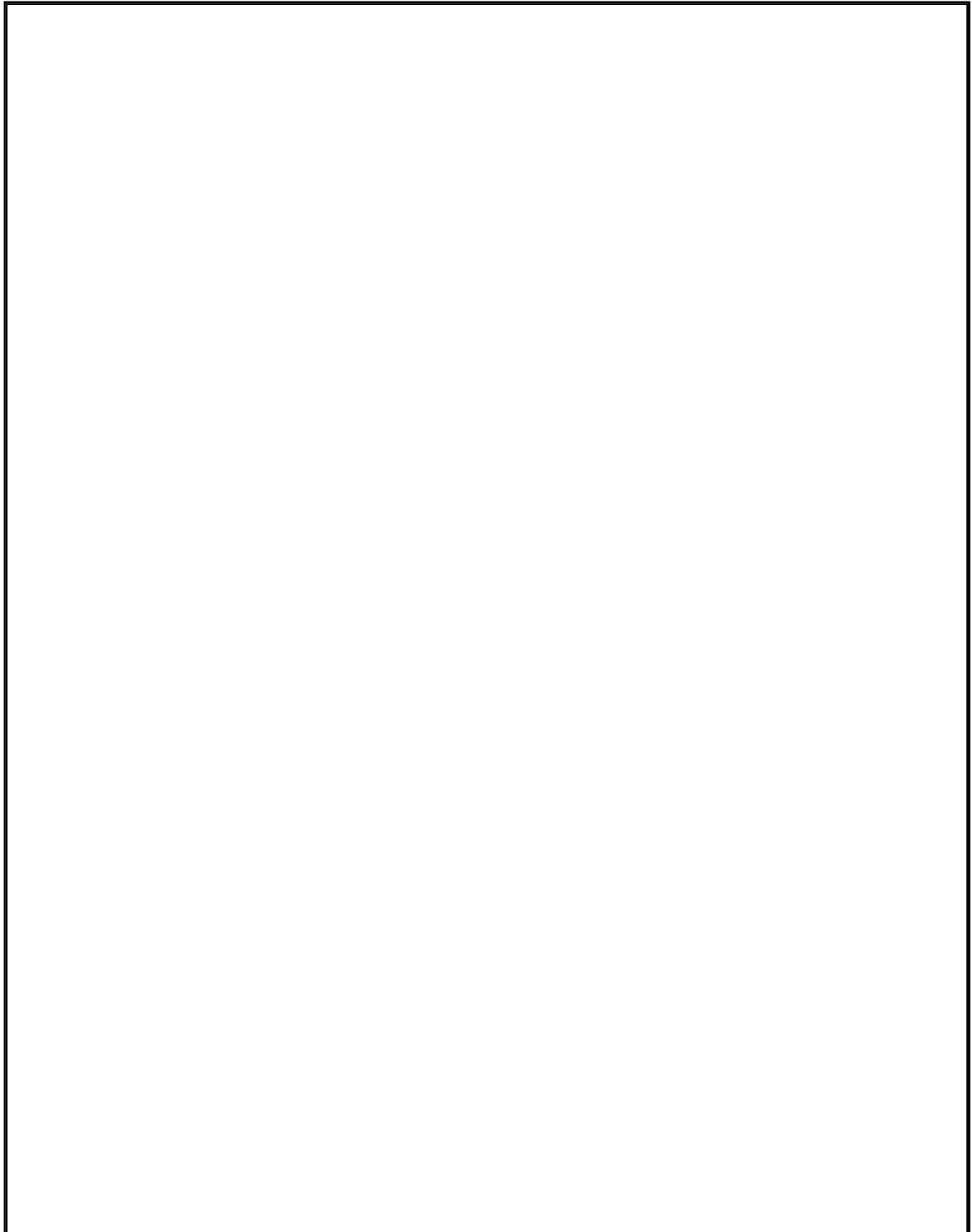
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weather was wonderful always.



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And we had a little mutt for a dog which Patsy named 'Kilauea Icki' after the volcano on the Big Island that started to act up while we were there.

While we lived on post, we could have the dog, but it would never have worked when we moved down to Mokolaleia on the beach. Don't remember who we gave him to.

I regretted not scrambling to fly over the volcano while it was active the, on tourist flights.

I do remember sitting on garden chairs outside our home on post, and impressed by the beautiful flora - flowers, plants, trees everywhere - I tried my hand - once only - at painting the scene I could see. That painting is still around my house somewhere. Maybe my kids will find it, recognize it for what it was, and keep it as a memory of my very shortlived 'painting' period.



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My first, and last, Painting - of the scene out our yard at Schofield Barracks on Oahu Island in Hawaii. At least the colors were accurate! The Japanese flew right over that northwestern Oahu mountain on December 7th, 1941.

Meanwhile, go to the next Married Life chapter to see what the very difference 'Living on the Beach' was like. My last year in Hawaii, my duty assignment did not require that I live on Post at Schofield Barracks - close to my military unit which might be called upon to ship out to some trouble spot on short notice.

So we rented a place for out last year which had long ago been homes where the Sugar Cane managers lived on the isolated north western shoreline of Oahu. It was only 20 minutes on a back road down through the sugar cane

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plantations to the beach. Perfect for our little Morris Minor
- with its top down.