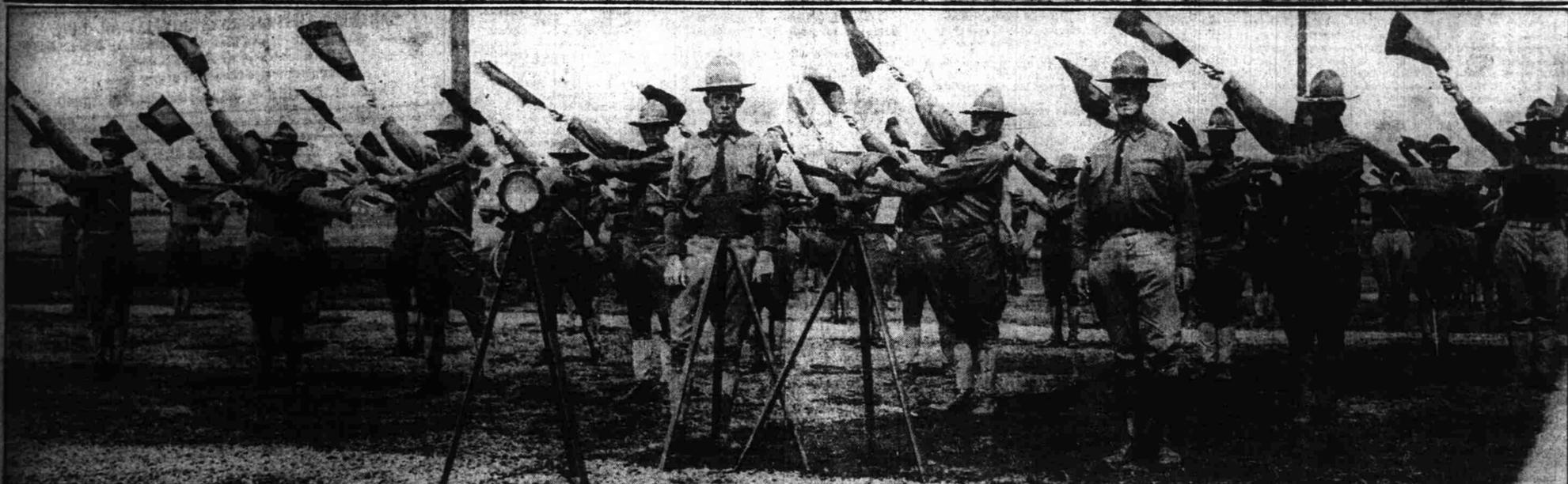
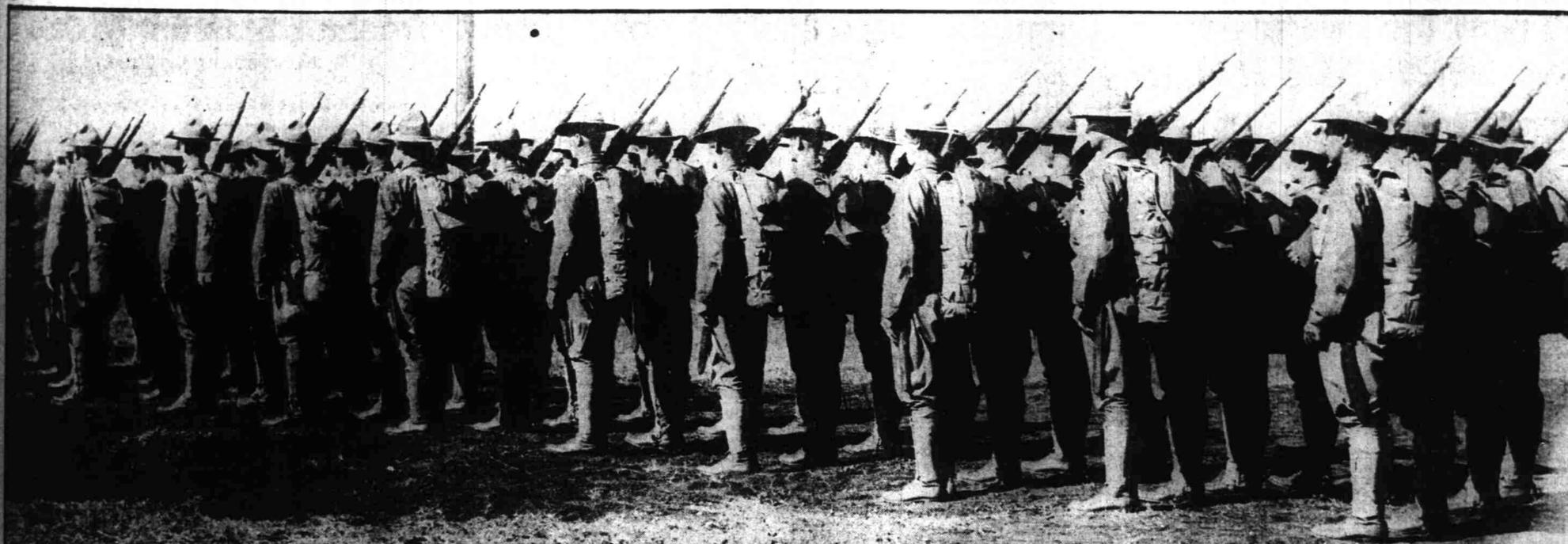


R. O. T. C. GRIZZLIES ARE BEARS FOR WORK THAT MAKES A GOOD SOLDIER

CAPTAIN HUNT DELIGHTED WITH MARTIAL PROGRESS MADE BY PROTEGES



No 'Slackers' To Be Seen Among Rookies

Continuous Drill and Occasional Practise Marches Combine to Toughen Men and Put Them in Best of Physical Condition—Patriotism inculcated as well as Practical Study of Military Essentials

HIGH banked clouds turning from white to pink with the last touches of an evening sun; distant foothills of a Hawaiian mountain range alternately dark and light with dottings of koa and kukui trees; the gray green of the parade ground and the red soil of trenches.

Wherever the vicissitudes of war may call that group of stalwart young fellows now training out on the Lilehua plains to become officers in Uncle Sam's great army, and however it may separate them in the busy months and years ahead—this is the picture that memory will frame for each of them at eventime when "Colors" sounds on the bugle and the Stars and Stripes flutter down from the staff.

Such is the thought that comes with a thrill to the onlooker as he watches that company of hardy, tan-faced men at the close of a busy day. Two weeks old in training and standing proudly at attention for the flag like seasoned veterans all.

Patriotism being taught these men along with the manual of arms, the theory of the bayonet and tactical side of modern war. Each day they listen to a brief patriotic talk from some army officer.

It has been a busy week, this second one at the training camp, and hard work has been plentiful, but to know that the embryo officers are enjoying it one needs only to visit them at their drills and practises and see the healthy tans on their broad smiling faces or hear them say

"Great" when one asks as to their fare.

"Eat Up" Hard Work
One day during the week, Capt. Elvid Hunt, tutelar genius of the camp and officer in charge, made special inquiry of each member to determine if the schedule of work is too hard. Every answer brought out the fact that they were willing to go it one better.

And the captain is proud of every 101th of the men. "See 'em march off there," he commented as the

drab-clad fellows passed by in double column. "Carryin' those shoulder packs as if they were a part of them."
Work during the last week has been a continuation and standardization of the manual of arms and close order drill, both of which have proved remarkably successful.

Those who have been slow in coming to standard form are mostly the men who had practically no previous military experience, but these men have been energetic, according to

Capt. Hunt, and have voluntarily drilled overtime, forming little groups among themselves to qualify. The commander declares their progress has been entirely satisfactory.

Probably the most interesting feature of the week ending today has been the taking up of modern bayonet combat under Capt. Thomas H. Lowe, 32nd Infantry, who has made a special study of modern bayonet work and who, previous to coming to the camp, had developed Company G, 32nd Infantry, to a high state of

efficiency in this line. Points in the bayonet work which Capt. Howe is developing, are precision and accuracy, quickness and agility, and strength. The practise thus far had been only in regard to proper form. Actual work with the stuffed dummies will come later.

Yesterday the company took its second practise march, carrying only a part of the field equipment. Interesting instruction was combined with the march and the company was

R. O. T. C. members in trim for practise hike with full field equipment. What the Star-Bulletin photographer saw at the reserve officers' training camp at Schofield Barracks during the week. Upper, rookies in trim for practise hike with full field equipment; below, Capt. Chas. F. Leonard, 1st Infantry signal expert drilling the men, in which he is having unusual success with aid of his assistant, Cpl. Hurley, Co. F, 1st Infantry; instruments set up are the heliograph and signal lantern; left to right in layout, bayonet line with Capt. Thomas H. Lowe, 32nd Infantry expert instructor in modern fencing and bayonet combat; the five nationalities at the camp left to right, Sam Johnson, commander Hawaii National Guard, Russian; Lewis F. Pagel, former first sergeant, U. S. Army, American; Alvin K. Robinson, Hawaiian; Anthony Y. Seto, Chinese; Kinichi Sakai, Japanese. At the bottom, aiming and sighting drill, Capt. Lowe, instructor

R. O. T. C. BUGLE CALL

"Jack" Atkinson, former captain in the national guard, is one of the liveliest youngsters at the camp. He says his only regret is that he can't have the board of strategy with him for an occasional meal. He'd show 'em what real war is, he says.

During a particularly impressive lecture on the use of the bayonet this week, one candidate suddenly went "down and out" and was carried off to the shade by a hurry-up ambulance squad.

Hogarth Pettyjohn, who used to wield the portrait brush before he joined the camp, is studying the qualities of Lilehua red soil as a base color. He believes it would have its uses for the camouflage painter's art.

"What is the proper position of the forearm at 'Port Arms?'" asked an officer the other day of one of the young officers. "Between the elbow and the wrist," came the answer.

Sam Johnson, who has been given rank of platoon commander, tried an old army stunt on Rookie Bill Hampton the other day at target practise when Hampton was gettin' weary. He kept changing Hampton's sights when the latter was not looking. Four times Johnson worked the stunt and four times Hampton wondered

if he was getting blind. When he discovered Johnson at it he bawled him out before the officers. It is safe to say the crafty Sam won't try the same trick again.

"Come down and hear me shave," calls Magruder Maury each evening after recall when he picks up soap, brush and razor and hits for the dressing room. Maury's face has grown tender in the Lilehua winds and he talks when he uses the razor.

Just before the day's work ended the other afternoon Rookie Clark was having a hard time to get 1 1/2 eyes trained on target practise. "Please somebody go 'old that blamed thing still," he pleaded.

"They are feeding us like kings," is the universal answer to a query on the style of "chow." And a look at the menu card is enough to convince one of the truth of it. Here's what they fed them yesterday:

Breakfast—Prunes, corn flakes, milk, fired oatmeal mush, syrup, milk toast, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner—Clam chowder and crackers, creamed codfish, steamed potatoes, creamed green peas, salmon salad, cottage pudding, bread, butter, lead tea.

Supper—Beef Spanish, baked sweet potatoes, corn bread, canned apples, bread, butter, coffee

(Continued on page 9)