

In the early 1960s, my grandmother was working at the Alameda Shipyard in the San Francisco Bay. She was taking college classes while raising six kids. At one point she was taking a public speaking class and was preparing for it during her breaks by taking computer punch cards and typing her speech.

These are the cards.

The corrections you see on it were done while she was waiting for her turn to go in front of the class. My grandmother was a Native Blood Hawaiian, born and raised on Oahu. You can see her 'Pigeon Language' in her writing.

At the end of her speech, as with all others before her, she asked if there were any questions.

She had only one.

That question was, "You were actually there?"

All others in the class were silent, with eyes as big as dinner plates in shock.

She showed me these cards. I asked her to sign the last card.

Jon Flores  
Town of Smithfield  
IT Director

TONIGHTS TOPIC WILL BE: A <sup>memorial</sup> STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF REALITY

*(This incident took place when I was a little girl)* It was about ~~the~~ time 7.a.m. in the morning, all the children including myself were getting ready for the weekly trek to church, which was to begin at 8. About thirty minutes had passed, we were heading out the door, suddenly, there was a loud boom followed by several crackling sounds. More booms and more crackling sounds. <sup>we</sup> <sup>heard</sup> The noises sounded like someone lit several strings of firecrackers all at once.

It was rather odd, for firecrackers were slightly early for that time of the month. Although fireworks are part of the celebration that are normally used for ~~the~~ New Years, <sup>we</sup> this noise however, was untimely.

*As of reality, that is a Memorial*

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That morning the sound seemed to be coming from several houses away. Looking to see if anyone were playing out, we were disappointed for no one was around. Further investigation took us about a block away from home towards a slight incline.

Situated on this incline is a Banyan tree, this tree at times were used as a base for our hide and seek games. Much to our surprise, we saw what looked like tiny toy planes diving and climbing. Their target was the huge ship berthed at port. View at ~~spectator~~ <sup>Venture Point</sup> distance of this port is approximately ~~5~~ miles radius. The excitement of that fireworks brought us running home to share with the rest of the community the <sup>splendor</sup> and <sup>sight</sup> beauty of the scene. All that was in vain, for <sup>we</sup> were ~~to~~ totally ignored, but herded off to church.

*Commotion*

*Sight*

The community in which we lived were poor. Most of the families bread winner were employees of the sugar plantation. Of course, radio or any type of communication at that time was unheard of and to possess one as such is a luxury.

Meantime in church, an announcement was made, and we were told to go home. Word by mouth traveled from family to family and were told to take refuge on high grounds. Everyone did as told but, the young ones were reluctant to move. At ages ranging from nine to thirteen, nothing registered; for all we knew was work or play.

Just about dusk we were all told we could go home. Early that evening, my brother and I played our nightly game of gazing at the sky waiting for falling stars, so wishes could be made. Because I saw the first falling star, my brother gave me a teasing kind of shove on the shoulders. There a simultaneous action took place. As the shove was made, a bullet whizzed between us at that instant.

We were petrified and flabbergasted. Somewhere in the sky we could hear the droning sound of an airplane. Terrified of that incident, we made tracks towards the house. Pausing on the porch, we gazed upwards tuning to the sound of the plane's whereabouts. Our gazes were suddenly interrupted by an instant crack. A bullet came whizzing only inches away from our backside right through the rafters.

The horror began later that night. The dark sky brightened and displayed an awesome sight-like stars shooting to and fro. For two days we were kept indoors. When we were finally allowed to play outdoors, I snuck over towards the Banyan tree for some kind of assurance. <sup>I wanted to know</sup> Was ~~it~~ really what I saw or was it just some nightmare we all shared. ~~That~~

It was reality alright. I saw floating in the water debris of all kinds near the big ship. The ship was tilted half-way in the water and dismembered extremities floating every which way.

This tale may be morbid, may sound gruesome and horrifying, but the reality was there. The USS Arizona sunk, the day Ford Island in Pearl Harbor was bombed.

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