

papers made considerable fun of it, as an unheard of and unpronounceable word, and for many years called it "Nap'lis" for short. The principle reason given in favor of adopting the proposed name was that

the Greek termination would indicate to all the world the locality of the town; *polis* being the Greek word for city and the combination *Indiana-polis*.

A Vacation

WILLIAM G. SPELLMAN

We were going to Hawaii for a rest. The doctor had said we needed a short vacation, but that was his idea, not ours.

We flew up to the island of Mani from Honolulu. The sun had just risen out of the ocean and, through patches of mist, we caught intermittent glimpses of palm trees, pineapple plants, and long stretches of white beach. It is impossible to give names to all the shades of green that cover tropical islands. The long black runway seemed to leap up under the plane and we were rolling along the ground. It was hot! How can anyone be expected to rest on a vacation that takes him from one hot climate to another? We shouldn't have come. We might just as well have stayed on Tinian.

Mrs. Anderson was nice, a small woman in a cool print dress, with grey hair which was almost completely hidden under an oversized white hat. We liked her immediately because she made us feel at ease. The sun had burned away the mist and, while driving, our hostess maintained a steady stream of chatter, first on the names of the mountains, then on the names of each group of flowers we passed. If one is ever at a loss for words in the Hawaiian islands, the hosts of flowers and plants will provide an endless source of material.

We were getting up higher now; the

air was cool and sweet. We turned into a driveway and, at the end of two long rows of stately royal palms, a beautiful home could be seen. This was a long way from Tinian; this was civilization. Our rooms were large and cool; the beds were soft and clean. Our meals were eaten slowly to the accompaniment of gentle conversation and the soft padding of the sandals of the two Japanese serving girls. The days were spent in pursuit of pleasure. We went swimming, played tennis, and drove up into the mountains and down to the beaches, through fields of pineapple and sugar cane. The evenings were spent quietly and leisurely playing cards or reading, just living like human beings again.

It came to an end, as all good things do. We said bood-bye and promised to come back, but we knew, and I believe they knew, that we would probably never meet again.

The black runway moved slowly at first, then more rapidly and the ground seemed to drop away beneath us. Through patches in the mist, we could see a few familiar landmarks. Then it all became a blur of many shades of green and the mists closed in, blotting out the island forever.