

WARTIME PASSAGE

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As in the past, it is the aim of this volume of "Social Process" to bring you an article which is not entirely analytical, but which will indicate the personal feelings and opinions of residents of the Territory of Hawaii. Dr. Embree, in "Wartime Passage" has given us an insight into the attitudes of a representative cross-section of the wartime Island population.—Ed.

Just before the end of the war—but before most people realized the end was just around the corner—the writer sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu aboard a Matson freighter. The trip was being made in connection with an assignment to the Pacific Area for the Office of War Information. Since there was little to do on the ten-day voyage, notes were kept on the conversations and attitudes of the 21 passengers and some of the ship's officers. This report is simply a summary of these notes presented for their value in revealing a cross section of attitudes on various matters among a group of people from Hawaii.

The 21 passengers included the following:

Defense workers, most of them returning to the Islands after a paid vacation	13
Medical Doctors	2
Ministers of the Gospel	2
Civil Servants	2
Agricultural Engineer	1
Mechanical Engineer	1

The conversations of the passengers and the attitudes reflected therein are of interest from two points of view:

1. In showing how the passengers without really knowing each other, and actually having quite different social backgrounds and points of view, managed to adjust their personalities sufficiently to get along under uncomfortable conditions for a ten-day period. The fact that we all knew that any relationships temporarily established under these circumstances would carry no obligation beyond the end of the trip undoubtedly made accommodation of conflicting ideologies relatively easy. Also important was the fact that there were no women on board whose presence would undoubtedly have created more complex relationships.

2. As reflecting rather basic American attitudes on international affairs and race relations which no amount of fine public statements can cover up and which, therefore, indicate a fundamental problem of social education on the home front if our efforts at cooperative relations with foreign powers are to have the necessary home front backing to make them effective.

The data presented here corroborate observations of the writer made during conversations with the natives of various

states of the union during the war and from observations as a government worker in Washington of the pressures to which Congressmen and in turn, government agencies must respond. All governments should lead, but a democratic government by definition cannot lead against the set views of the people. And the American people have strong views on many subjects which are conditioned by more complex factors than income or social class. There are, for instance, regional factors, ethnic group factors and occupational factors, some of which are reflected in the conversations of *War-time Passage*.

July 3

We were originally scheduled to sail yesterday, but at the last minute were notified to appear this morning instead. Before boarding the ship, our baggage was inspected by a naval officer for contraband such as firearms, cameras and liquor. Once on board and assigned our bunks in the dog house, we were not allowed off the ship again which made the additional wait especially tedious. Just one more example of the "hurry up and wait" characteristic of wartime activity.

While waiting for the ship to leave I went up on the deck where two men who turned out to be medical doctors were standing talking and watching the ship being loaded. The doctors are both from the Islands, returning after a visit to the mainland. Evidently they did not know one another before, but met in San Francisco while awaiting the sailing. They appear to have made the rounds of San Francisco night life together and to have become good friends. (One of them is a successful Honolulu physician with a lucrative practice. He had his training in New York, was something of an iconoclast in his youth, and on a visit to Honolulu some years ago liked the place so well he had made it his home. He is tall, handsome, and self assured, the American stereotype of the medical practitioner. He is interested in learning to speak Japanese, partly because he has had Japanese patients, and so has with him on the trip Eliseef's Japanese texts. Let us call him City Doctor. The other man is from one of the outer islands where he has practiced many years. He appears older than City Doctor; he is much less sophisticated; and his mind is slower moving. He is heavier set than City Doctor with a thick "peasant" face in contrast to the other's patrician appearance. He has a naive faith in bootstraps education via books which tell one how to apply psychology, how to use words, etc. Let us call him Island Doctor. The two men would hardly have been boon companions if it weren't for their being at loose ends together in San Francisco and finding they had a profession and a

home in common. But it is probable that neither one realized this adventitious nature of their friendship.)

When we finally pulled out, a Russian ship, plainly marked USSR on the sides, also pulled out. Island Doctor said that it irked him to see it sailing off to Russia with supplies. He made this remark after some initial comments on the craziness of the international set up whereby Russian ships could go through Japanese waters unharmed.

We had supper in the ship's officers' dining room. The room is about ten by twenty feet with a long leather cushion covered built-in bench on the forward side, and four fastened down swivel chairs by the opposite side. There is a single chair at each end, one of these being the captain's place.

Since there are more officers and passengers than seats, we eat as space becomes available and sitting over one's meals is not encouraged. But the food is good. For lunch there was bean soup, and a choice of tongue or roast beef; for dinner bean soup and lamb chops or sausage and scrambled eggs plus vegetables, cake and stewed apples. The fare is plain, but substantial, well cooked and very satisfying to appetities already whetted by the smell of the sea.

July 4

While awaiting breakfast this morning, I stopped for a talk with the three men bunked in the hospital. They have more space and are warmer than those of us in the dog house on top deck. They also have lights and better bunks. However, while we froze last night, they will sweat a few nights hence since they are right next to the galley.

The group here consists of Island Doctor, Agricultural Engineer, and Mechanical Engineer. Agricultural Engineer is going out to Honolulu from a career in the Mid-West in agricultural experiment station work and state college teaching. He is a man whose face and manner give the impression of being serious minded, but friendly. With brown wavy hair, a broad swarthy face, and eyes that light up when he smiles, he is similar to the American conception of what a solid, good tempered citizen of a Mid-Western community should be. Mechanical Engineer is of the practical type who looks after engines and boilers. He comes from St. Louis, is married, and has about five children, two of them sons in the service. He was formerly a sailor and bears generous tattooing on his arms and chest as evidence thereof. Since then he has come up a bit in the world and is a little ashamed of his decorations. He is heavy set with a full face. A sense of humor is something he lacks completely and in this respect he rather resembles Island Doctor. It would be difficult to sway his dogmatic opinions by recourse to logic. He is on

his way to a job as engineer for a pineapple company on one of the outer islands.

During the conversation which went on as I stood in the doorway, a number of interesting attitudes emerged. Mechanical Engineer, who has been with a good number of ships and who is an American born of a British father, has a strong prejudice against the English. He told us how dirty their ships are, what terrible slums were to be found in English port cities before the war, and so on. In the course of the conversation, a special resentment against lend-lease came out. He resented the fact that the British set up their own governments in Pacific Islands which we took from the Japanese; he resented the alleged fact that we pay rent for bases in the Pacific Islands under British control; and for the use of air fields which we built in Britain and which are used to protect the British Isles. On the other hand, in response to a remark by one of us, he was willing to grant credit to Britain for holding out against Germany before the United States entered the war.

When the slums were being described, Island Doctor chipped in with a comment to the effect that the Prince of Wales didn't lose the throne because of a commoner wife, but because he spoke out against slums and so the powers-that-be wouldn't let him remain king.

At breakfast, when a radio announcer said the Big Three should stick together, one of the ship's officers made a sarcastic remark to the effect that the big powers in Europe are busy gypping the United States.¹

Twelve of the thirteen defense workers bunk in the larger dog house and eat in the crews' mess hall. The thirteenth man bunks in the smaller dog house with non-defense workers and eats in the officers' dining saloon. The division of sleeping and eating quarters appears to be an arbitrary one of convenience, but it re-enforces a cleavage between two groups. The defense workers tend to hang together for conversation and recreation as do the non-defense workers. The lone defense worker in the small dog house is a young man

¹Two standard prejudices in the United States as of 1945 were those against Britain and Russia. The anti-British attitude is old and cuts across social class lines. The general attitude as found among anti-British Americans, is that Britain is always trying to cheat the United States and that in general she is a hypocritical nation. Many people are actually bitter in their attitudes even though they may never have been to Britain or known an Englishman personally, nor been in a business that competed directly with a British enterprise. The anti-Russian attitude existed before the war and goes back at least to 1919. Despite Russia's important role in defeating Germany, many people, especially business and professional men, have retained strong feelings of fear in regard to Russia. Many of these people regard as inevitable a war between Soviet Russia and the United States.

These two antagonistic attitudes in regard to two of the important countries of the world can easily become fertile ground for propagandists interested in exploiting cleavages in American society, especially if post-war social and economic problems become acute. Communists, for instance, can exploit to their own ends the anti-British sentiment ever latent in the United States, while fascist minded persons can rouse Americans to intolerance through exploiting current fears of Russia and communism.

whose wife is coming out on another ship. He oscillates between the two groups.²

During the day I got into conversation with one of the defense workers of the large dog house, and the subject that seemed to be bothering him was race. He wonders why the "Japs" are not evacuated from Hawaii as well as California. But he admits of some good in Japanese Americans—his real dislike centers on the "Chinaman." "Put a shirt on his back and he thinks he's the boss." He then cited examples of Chinese Navy Yard workers "tattle-tailing" to the boss instead of telling co-workers of an error or suggesting correct ways to do the job.

In my dog house are the following: City Doctor, Hawaiian-Portuguese Priest, Missionary Priest, Customs Official, Defense Worker, and Myself.

City Doctor has already been introduced. The priest is a young man returning home after training in a theological school in the east before going to Mexico. He is a Honolulu product and speaks with a variant of the local dialect. He has acquired some of the more set patterns of middle class morality. City Doctor, for instance, has decided not to shave for the duration of the trip—a fairly sensible decision considering the circumstances. One day the priest commented on this with disapproval saying, "Nobody respects a man who does not respect himself." The misapplication of this borrowed motto, intended for use in raising lost souls from the gutter, is a good index of the priest's level of understanding.

The Missionary was born in one of the British colonies, but is now an American citizen. He has lived and worked in India and Burma.

The customs official is a rather quiet man who keeps pretty much to himself reading books and magazines. His few entries into conversation are of a moderate and rational sort.

The identity of the writer during the trip was that of a government man working in O.W.I. As might be expected, he had a tendency to defend the activities of bureaucrats and also to reiterate occasionally the basic points of the O.W.I. line concerning the virtues of international cooperation, democratic race relations, etc.

July 6

This morning another conversation in the hospital cabin: Mechanical Engineer expressed his interest in education and regret that he couldn't go through college for an engine-

²Defense workers are men from the mainland who work on the various defense projects in Hawaii. As white laborers they are something new in a society where Orientals usually do the manual labor and whites or "haoles" the administrative work.

ering degree. But he intends to see that his two sons do so. He says he realizes the value of education.

This was part of a lengthy discussion on education, educational opportunities in the United States, the I.Q. of people in the slums, and so on.

Agricultural Engineer felt that people in the slums have a lower general I. Q. than the rest of the population. (Those of better I.Q. would get out; those of lower I.Q. drift or stay in.) City Doctor disagreed. I also made some comments on educational opportunities and background and their effects on I.Q. ratings.

Somehow the conversation turned to Europe and City Doctor said that there is no difference between Russian Communism and German Naziism except that in Russia the means of production are nationally owned. In reply to a remark of mine on the Russian treatment of minorities, he countered with the liquidation of the *kulaks* and others who did not string along with the regime. He said the groups persecuted in Russia were different from those in Germany—i.e., economic and ideological, but that the persecution was just as ruthless as the German treatment of the Jews.

I noticed a striking sunset tonight. City Doctor noted it out the dining saloon port hole. Quite independently Mechanical Engineer came in and called our attention to it. It was notable that this sight could arouse similar reactions in all three individuals of markedly different background and attitude. Evidently this conditioned reaction to certain phenomena of nature is general in western culture.

July 7

This morning the defense worker of our dog house and I joined some other defense workers in a poker game. They have been playing off and on for some days now. Mechanical Engineer also joined us. The game with a 25 cent limit was uneventful. One of the defense workers pretty well cleaned up.

After supper an interesting conversation developed in the saloon. The group this evening included the Captain, the Chief Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Agricultural Engineer, the two doctors, the Customs man and myself.

The Captain is an old German who has been sailing the seas for thirty years or more. He is stocky in build, has clear blue eyes shaded by bushy brows and moves about with the abruptness stocky men often have. He appears generally good natured and to have the respect of his crew. He speaks with a distinct accent and his English is by no means perfect, but he has an amazingly broad education acquired as a boy in Germany. The Chief Engineer is a fat and cheerful soul

who has been around Honolulu for years. He can remember when Honolulu was burned down to cure the plague.

The discussion got off on how to select a doctor or dentist, and the problem of shopping around among M.D.'s (disliked by M.D.'s) vs. having consultation (preferred by M.D.'s). City Doctor took up the defense of the M.D.'s point of view, while Agricultural Engineer and I argued from that of the patient.

July 8

By today it is fairly easy to classify the passengers into three categories.

1. The Defense Workers. They hang together pretty well. One section of the group spends a good deal of its time at poker. They are all housed in one dog house and so have geographical as well as occupational unity (except for the one young man in the small dog house. He associates a good deal of the time with other defense workers, but when in the dog house or in the dining saloon, he mixes with the other groups.)

2. The Intellectuals. These include the two doctors, Agricultural Engineer, the Customs man, and myself. Mechanical Engineer is also of this group, though scarcely an "intellectual." He bunks in the hospital cabin with Island Doctor and Agricultural Engineer. In status and interest he stands midway between the defense worker and the professional engineer. On board he participates in group conversation with the intellectual clique more than with the defense workers or the religious men. This may be partly due to the accident of location in the hospital cabin; but it is also, doubtless, due to conscious efforts to associate with white collar society.

3. The Religious. These consist of the missionary and the priest. They do not really form a group, being of different faiths. They are two individuals who do not fit into either of the first two groups. The missionary spends a good part of each day writing on his thesis on Youth Training. When he comes to meals or joins a group, he always makes a cheery remark to all present in a YMCA leader tone of voice, "Good morning! Well, orange juice today-indeed, I'll try some of that." The rest of the table usually receive these remarks in silence.

The Portuguese-Hawaiian priest has been studying in the East and is going home on vacation. His conversation reflects a rather unoriginal mind stocked with poorly assimilated information.

Today is Sunday and there is to be a service for the crew by the missionary and perhaps also by the young priest. The

defense worker of our dog house says he is going to play no cards today and is going to church.

The climate is changing. Last night we passed the half-way mark to Hawaii and the first flying fish made its appearance, skipping across a couple of low waves in the morning sunlight. We are really in a tropical environment now—balmy atmosphere and broad horizons of limitless almost calm blue sea.

During the morning the intellectual clique gradually gathered about the mid hatches. We were eventually joined by the Captain and the Chief Engineer. Island doctor has been reading a book on applied psychology and he was this morning reading a book on how to read and was engrossed in word lists of "unusual words frequently used." (Never mind the paradox, Island Doctor never noticed it.)

A discussion of attitudes arose—i.e., British-U.S., French-U.S., etc. The Captain diagnosed the trouble in Europe as (a) many diverse languages, (b) many diverse and nationalistic history lessons in school. This is in contrast to the United States where all speak the same tongue and have a more or less common history. He noted that people from all the warring countries of Europe come to the United States and here they live in peace.

In discussing wars, he commented on their complex causes—e.g., the Civil War and the stated issue of slavery, but real causes more complex. He agreed with a comment of mine at this point concerning an industrial North and plantation South and the economic conflict thereof.

Occupational associations are notable on board. The two M.D.'s, though of rather different backgrounds and mentality, consort together a great deal. They sun bathe together and exchange information on books they have read. The Chief Engineer and Mechanical Engineer, who was once an engineer on a ship himself, sometimes talk together for long spells, sitting on a hatch or at the table in the dining saloon. The defense worker in our dog house tends to play cards and association with the other defense workers more than with any of us in the same dog house.

Xeno, a defense worker who seems to be of a higher status category than the others, tends to be isolated from them. He does not join the poker games and spends most of his time out on the cargo deck reading.

An interesting local habit observed by both officers and passengers is to wet and comb their hair before coming to dinner. They all do this even though their attire may be both informal and a bit on the dirty side. (If there is one thing

American mothers insist on it is that their boys wash their hands and comb their hair before coming to the table.)

Tonight, as we gathered about the saloon table, talk turned to the Bible. City Doctor was looking at a modern translation and we came to discuss the merits of the King James version as against those of modern translations. Most of us favored King James, though the young priest, to whom the book belongs and who came in later, favored the modern translation. City Doctor knows large sections of the Bible by heart—he learned them in Sunday School in order to win prizes.

July 9

This morning the news got around that the curfew has been lifted in Honolulu. City Doctor regrets it, but not too seriously. Some of the younger single defense workers are happy about it, although some don't like it. One, evidently a Southerner, predicted a crime wave and spoke darkly of the large number of natives who will now be on the loose. He says there are a lot of "niggers" who will snoop about asking for jobs, but who are not really looking for jobs. He says he has three licensed firearms in his house and they are all loaded. If anyone comes snooping about his house, he is going to shoot him down. If he is dead, then there is only one side of the story to be told.

The objector then went on to tell of something that happened to him in Honolulu. One day when his wife went down to the garage, she found the back cushion up in the front of the car. When he came home from work, she told him about it. He went down to verify her account and found foot prints on the cushion as well. And on looking around, he found a pair of glasses and then a pair of false teeth. Obviously the cushion had been taken out on the floor of the garage and used by a couple.

So he wrote a letter to Miss Fixit in the *Advertiser* and said that he would return the glasses and teeth if the owner would come and wash the car. Then, instead of putting the letter in her column, it appeared the following Sunday on the front page written up in a humorous manner. Then the next Sunday an answer appeared on the front page saying that the glasses and teeth were of no value to the finder and were to the owner and that Von Hamm-Young could clean the car for ten dollars.

So he turned the items over to the editor and, having already cleaned the car himself, he took the ten dollars. But he had hoped to see the owner; the teeth were small and he thought they might belong to a woman.

The Captain of this ship is a remarkable man. Born and bred in Germany, he received a thorough German education in his youth including trigonometry and calculus, many years of French and Latin, and an intensive training in geography. He knew of Maunakea, for instance, long before he ever saw Hawaii. Added to this classical European education of a generation ago which could make a narrow scribe of a man, the Captain has had several decades at sea, mixing with all kinds of men, visiting many foreign lands, serving as mate and finally as captain of a number of ships. He makes a conscientious skipper as evidenced by the care reflected in stories of how he had had to look after live cargo on various occasions—chickens, dogs, even horses.

As I have already stated, the Captain has the respect of his men, a good sense of humor, and a real intelligence about both world affairs and the vagaries of human nature at close quarters. But you would never know all this on first sight or on first hearing. He appears and sounds a rough captain of an old freighter with perhaps a shrewd knowledge of how to run a freighter, but not much else.

Yesterday, during one of our group conversations, talk turned to the need for a common name for people of the United States. Americans is not satisfactory since it applies to all of North and South American and people of other countries in this hemisphere resent its use by the people of the United States. Columbian wouldn't do even if it had currency because of Colombia in South America. Then it was noted that Yank is coming into more general use, at least abroad, as a term for people of this country; but the Captain pointed out that it really only applied to Northeast United States. Then Mechanical Engineer gave an incident from New Orleans where he was talking to a fellow worker on some repair job who asked, "Why don't they give the South some credit for winning this war? We have soldiers fighting in France just as much as they do in the North." This complaint puzzled Mechanical Engineer and he inquired further and the other man then gave as evidence a newspaper account which spoke of the Yanks doing this and the Yanks doing that, but never mentioned the rest of the people in the country. So, while to a foreigner and even to a Northerner in the United States, Yank means an American, to many people in the South, it means a "damn Yankee from the North" and nothing more.

I'd been wondering if Mechanical Engineer's extensive tattooing would cause any comment. It came today after lunch when the Chief Engineer, who has no tattooing, remarked on it. It seems Mechanical Engineer got it when he went to

sea as a young man of 15 or 16. He has had no additional tattooing since, and he has told his boys in no uncertain terms not to come home with any. He says it is sometimes embarrassing, and he would not go swimming at Waikiki, for instance.

The Chief Engineer remarked that Wacs and Nurses, etc., are getting tattooed now, but mostly in a small way, initials, and so on.

The second Engineer sitting by, a rather brow-beaten looking little man, has a few modest stars and figures tattooed on his arm. He nodded assent to Mechanical Engineer's comment of getting tattooed overseas in order to maintain one's prestige among the other sailors, and felt also that the regret comes considerably later.

July 10

This morning the Captain, talking with me in following up a breakfast table conversation on Solomon, Sheba and their descendant, "the Jumping Lion of Judah" in Ethiopia, remarked on slavery in that country, dictatorships in Central and South America, and why do we call them all democracies? My answer was that it was done simply because they are allies. "Yah, I suppose we must butter them up a bit." Then he veered to Russia and its lack of democracy, commented on shipping Poles to Siberia, concentration camps, and the shooting of dissenters. He has talked with Soviet seamen and officers in various ports and learned a good deal about the iron discipline maintained over the behavior of their crews and officers in foreign ports. He did not approve of all this iron rule. "They think two human beings are made like two Ford cars; they aren't."¹

There are a number of regular navy officers on board and they form quite a distinct group—or rather type—since they have not formed themselves into a social group. A Mormon University teacher is one of them. He is a Lt. j.g.; the radio man is another, and there are one or two others. They usually wear khaki shirts open at the neck, whereas other officers are usually to be seen in white undershirts. They are all quite young, probably in their twenties. Except for the

¹Recalling Island Doctor's comment on the Russian ship leaving San Francisco and his "instinctive" reaction of antagonism as compared with the Captain's objections to Russia, Island Doctor and in a rather similar manner Mechanical Engineer, just don't like Russia. They have a prejudice against it without knowing too much about it. The Captain, on the other hand, dislikes not so much Russia as the existing conditions of the country, and the fallacy of calling it democratic. He prefers the United States to such a country. His dislike of Russian methods is based in part on first hand observation of social conditions on Soviet ships and conversations with officers, one of whom from the Baltic states spoke German and so could exchange information more freely. While one could say Island Doctor and the Captain are both alike in disliking Russia, actually they are not alike at all and if it came to practical dealings with Russians, the Captain could act more intelligently and without blind prejudice, whereas Island Doctor would either be blinded by his prejudice or be completely duped by the pleasant personality of the individual with whom he was negotiating—in either event he would make a mess of things.

Mormon Professor, one suspects a touch of social and intellectual snobbishness among them, which is quite unwarranted, since I am certain some of the regular ship's officers outrank them in both brains and experience.

July 11

There is a good deal of rivalry between the navy and the regular ship's officers, or rather a certain mutual disdain which, combined with some of the divided authority inherent in the situation, can lead to serious friction.

The navy gunnery officer and his crew are on board for the protection of the ship, but the ship's captain, not a navy man, and his non-navy crew are responsible for navigating and running the ship. One navy officer recently tried to take his function too literally, testing drinking water, insisting on nosing into the engine room, and as a last straw so far as the captain was concerned, setting his crew to chipping paint off the gun mounts on Christmas Day. The Chief Engineer finally ordered the navy man to keep out of the engine room; the Captain ordered the men off the bridge on Christmas and then took the case to his superior officer in Hawaii and finally to still higher authority there and got rid of the man and his whole crew. This seems to be a case of a young newly commissioned officer taking his job too literally and aggravating all the ship's regular officers, who happened to be older, more experienced men.

The ship's officers, at least the Captain and the Chief Engineer, speak well of the present gunnery officer. But a chronic resentment of the Navy keeps cropping up in their conversation and stories of experiences in convoys, etc., most of which have as a moral the fact that the Navy doesn't know what it is doing half the time.

The slightly-built defense worker who happens to be in our dog house seems to be a young man whose family responsibilities have brought to renewed life a conscience developed in his youth. During the first few days of the trip, he was usually with other defense workers and played a good deal of poker. On Sunday he said he was going to go to church and not play poker. I haven't seen him in a game since. This may be partly due to some losses, or partly due to being in a cabin with two religious men, or it may be because he has reluctantly left his wife behind on the coast. She had recently recovered from a serious illness. Natural concern about her has perhaps been heightened by the lurid talk of the defense worker group about what happens to women left alone in Hawaii.

City Doctor is an interesting example of a professional man whose early idealism and iconoclasm have been partially covered over by the practical exigencies of life as a

successful private physician. As an M.D. and a graduate of an eastern college and evidently of some old family, he clings tenaciously to the symbols of private property (land) and individual enterprise. "They are part of human nature;" "They go far back in history." etc. Naturally he resents government controls and is now especially bitter about the OPA, mostly because of troubles in getting gas coupons.

Yet he is very iconoclastic about many other things. As an intern at X - - - hospital he took an interest in nurses' woes and advised them to organize in order to better their position.

He does not think our boys are fighting and dying for democracy—in fact, that is why they want to get them young, "when they'll believe all that stuff." He is willing to grant that brains and ability are to be found in every social and racial group and that circumstances can hamper opportunity through lack of education, but he also holds the opinion that those who have money deserve it and should pass it on to their children. (In this last Mechanical Engineer heartily agrees. "I wouldn't go on working if I didn't think I could leave what I make to my children." But Mechanical Engineer is a very orthodox man in most of his other beliefs also). Except in the field of medicine, his general thinking is more or less the iconoclasm of H.L. Mencken in the early *Mercury days*.

4:45 p.m.

"The best laid plans o mice and men . . ."

The Captain has just received a message to go to Kahului, Maui, instead of Honolulu, probably because Honolulu Harbor is too full. This has been a trip of delays—leave a day later than scheduled, slow down to a snail's pace three days out, and now—dock at Kahului! We speculate as to what next and whether or not we can hop a plane to Honolulu.

July 12

We landed at 7 a.m., the Captain making a perfect landing. The pier was very quiet, there being only a couple of sailors on guard and four men around who quietly put hawsers on cleats. One of the defense workers observed, if this were a Navy ship, there would be 100's of sailors on hand, not just a few men, and Japs at that! Another wanted to know the whereabouts of the American Consul (he'd been much in China) and when I reminded him that this was American territory, he snapped, "You'd never know it." (He is the same man who keeps three firearms and will shoot on sight.)

The pier remained rather quiet for about half or three quarters of an hour. Then, in the middle of breakfast, Mr. W. arrived. Everyone turned on him since he is Matson

representative and general big shot in Kahului. All this we had previously learned from the Captain, including the way he used to run the harbor with an iron hand, but that now with unions and Army and Navy, he is a broken man and seldom comes down to the pier except on necessary official business.

The two M.D.'s, a defense worker who has spent eight years on Maui and Oahu, and myself went down on the dock to investigate airplane transportation. Mr. W. a florid gentleman, acted with noblesse oblige, giving us the use of a car and driver to go to the airfield. The flight clerk was somewhat non-plussed at the prospect of 15 or 20 passengers, and in response to an inquiry about chartering a plane said that that could not be done without permission from Washington. But he did look over his passenger lists and decided he could squeeze us in at the rate of four passengers a day. I suspect that he picked the number four simply because there were four of us at the rail. At any rate, the next move was to get priorities from a major in Wailuku, which we did. He simply gave us all 4's which seemed to be adequate— thence to Hawaiian Airlines ticket office in Grand Hotel where a beautiful girl of Hawaiian mixture took care of us, putting us all on the 5:05 to Honolulu. To my request for an earlier plane in order to get in before the end of a business day she smiled and remarked, "Doesn't another business day begin tomorrow?"