
A Man Must Stand Up

The Autobiography of a Gentle Activist



JOHN E. REINECKE

Edited by

**Alice M. Beechert and
Edward C. Beechert**

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A Biography Monograph
Pacific and Asian Personal Papers

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Introduction

Two very different images of John Reinecke emerge from the public record, on the one hand, and the personal history of the man, on the other. When the Commissioners of Public Instruction opened a hearing on the fitness of John E. Reinecke and Aiko Reinecke to continue as public school teachers in the Territorial Department of Public Instruction (DPI), they painted a grim picture of John as a disloyal and incompetent teacher. On November 25, 1947, the Superintendent of Public Instruction announced the suspension of John Reinecke from his teaching position at Farrington High School and of Aiko Reinecke from Waialae Elementary School. They were charged with being members of the Communist Party in Hawaii. Under a provision of a law originally enacted in 1884 that declared secret societies illegal, the Communist Party was deemed to have “existed in the Territory unlawfully without a license, contrary to provisions of Chapter 281 of the revised laws.”¹ The eleven-point charge played various themes involving the Communist Party and the Soviet Union. The central point in the findings of the Commissioners of Public Instruction was charge 8: “That as members of a secret society they are not possessed of the ideals of democracy.”

In the lengthy hearing, the Territory of Hawaii was unable to offer any single example of bias in John Reinecke’s teaching; “the ‘potential danger’ was considered to be great enough . . . to be included among the ‘statements of fact’ in their decision.”² Confronted with a parade of witnesses testifying to the devotion of the Reineckes to effective teaching and the principles of democracy, the Deputy Attorney General explained away this seemingly contradictory evidence: “A teacher must be possessed of the ideals of democracy to teach democracy. . . . The teaching of doctrines opposed to those of American democracy by

teachers as skilled as the Reineckes could not be expected to be open and apparent and evident to all. On the contrary, their teaching would be clever and difficult to detect.”³

An alternative portrait of the Reineckes was presented by a long stream of witnesses, including students, labor figures, neighbors, and others who had known them over the years. These witnesses presented a picture of two caring people who were deeply involved in the community in which they lived. This view was concisely summed up in the introduction to a retrospective of John’s work as a scholar: “John’s steadfast commitment to a working democracy for people everywhere stands as an example to us all. As an academician and an activist, John made a difference in the lives of the people of Hawaii. . . . In John Reinecke, we had a compassionate and courageous man who showed us how this goal can be achieved.”⁴

As the testimony at the hearing overwhelmingly demonstrated, both John and Aiko were teachers who involved themselves with the progress of their students. Person after person came forward at those hearings to testify to the impact that the Reineckes made on their lives. Fellow teachers, although frightened by the witch-hunting hysteria that surrounded the proceedings, made it abundantly clear that the goal of the Reineckes was to impart learning and to help students deal with the difficult task of growing up.

The Board of Commissioners of Public Instruction could find no evidence of proselytizing or misconduct. They were forced to conclude only that John lacked the “ideals of democracy,” and they revoked his teaching credential. Aiko was simply dismissed—her credential was never revoked. Apparently her misconduct consisted of too close a relationship with John. As horrifying as that may sound, other teachers and government workers were dismissed on similar grounds during this period. It would be twenty-nine long, difficult years before this gross injustice was corrected.

Deprived of his work as a teacher, John went to work for Koji Ariyoshi and the *Honolulu Record*. The *Record*, first published in August 1948,⁵ had its origin in the ambition of Koji Ariyoshi to edit a meaningful, socially active newspaper. Ariyoshi had studied journalism at the University of Hawaii and the University of Georgia, graduating in 1941. The two daily newspapers of Honolulu largely reflected the views of the sugar interests and the business community—a predominantly Caucasian, Republican community. The *Honolulu Record*, a weekly, was to be supported by the sale of shares at \$5.00 each to the

liberal community and, it was hoped, to Hawaii's plantation workers. With its labor orientation and radical perspective, the paper featured stories of political ineptitude or malfeasance, along with vivid stories designed to show the existing sharp class differences in Hawaii.

Reinecke had long contributed to the labor newspapers of the 1930s—the *Voice of Labor*, edited by Corby Paxton, and the *Kauai Herald*, edited by Jack Hall. His articles frequently appeared under pseudonyms such as “N. K. Jui.” This name was also used for letters to Honolulu's two metropolitan dailies. Beginning in 1948, his regular column in the *Record*, “Looking Backward,” featured archival research into the history of Hawaii workers. This long-running series was a graphic record of Hawaii's multiethnic working class.

From 1948 to 1951, the *Honolulu Record* refined its techniques of exposing the oligarchical nature of the Hawaiian political economy and worked to extend its subscription base to the workers of the outer islands. The volume of small business advertising in its pages indicates a reasonable measure of support in numerous plantation villages. The plantation work force in 1948 numbered some 33,000 workers, plus their families. Increasingly unified by the success of the ILWU's (International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union) organizing efforts, this community seemed to suggest that a radical newspaper devoted to local interests could succeed.

At at this point, the anti-Communist campaign, which began with the ouster of John and Aiko Reinecke from their teaching positions in 1947 and continued with growing strength during the 1949 longshore strike, took on a new aspect.

August 2, 1951, was the third anniversary of the *Honolulu Record*. Reinecke's column for this edition was a reprint of his first column, “The Iwilei Slave Pen,” from the July 1, 1948, sample edition. The story detailed the operations of the brothels located on two acres of swamp land Ewa of Iwilei. Built after the fire of 1900 destroyed the brothels of Pauahi Street, five buildings, behind a twelve-foot-high fence, were to provide a controlled operation. A highly visible target of reformers, the brothels continued in operation until 1914.⁶ Most issues of the *Record* had space fillers selected from Reinecke's research notes.

A brief paragraph in the third-anniversary edition described the dynamiting of the home of a foreman on Kauai in 1904, allegedly by Japanese workers. Another filler noted that the 1922 application of the United Workers of Hawaii for a corporate charter was refused by the

Territorial governor on the grounds that such an organization would be “un-American.”⁷

The August 2, 1951, third-anniversary edition featured a lead story on money smuggling by Philippine government travelers, using Hawaii travel agents and airline employees. The tactic was to bring in large amounts of Philippine pesos and smuggle dollars back into the Philippines to take advantage of the extreme difference between the official rate of exchange and the black market rate.

The *Record's* campaign for greater safety in the handling of dynamite in Honolulu Harbor resulted in what was hailed as a victory with the announcement of new U.S. Coast Guard regulations banning large shipments of dynamite across the harbor piers. A second “victory” was declared in a story on Kahuku Plantation housing. The company had begun to install flush toilets in the houses, eliminating the old out-houses. The August 1 anniversary of the Inter-Island Steamship strike and the police riot in 1938, known as Hilo’s “Bloody Monday,” was noted with a brief story and a picture of the police assault on the Hilo demonstrators.

Also in the August 2 edition was a forecast of changes to come in the political climate, in a front-page editorial on the testimony of Jack Kawano, former president and organizer of the ILWU’s Honolulu Longshore Local 136, before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington, D.C.: “In 25,000 apparently well rehearsed words, he [Kawano] stoops to the role of fingerman, smearing, fabricating, and becoming a tool of one of the worst, anti-labor, racist agencies we have in the government.”⁸ Kawano testified before the committee to the effect that he had turned to the Communist Party in 1935 and 1936 in his efforts to organize the longshoremen on the Honolulu waterfront. He gave detailed accounts in the manner of other Smith Act informants in that period. Like most of the informers, his memory of events was more vivid than the reality. He placed the editor and publisher of the *Honolulu Record*, Koji Ariyoshi, at Communist Party meetings in Honolulu in 1946, when Ariyoshi was in the U.S. Army, serving in China. Kawano also described meetings Ariyoshi held with a Japanese Communist Party leader by the name of Tokuda. The trouble was Tokuda was at the time serving an eighteen-year prison sentence in Japan.

The week following Kawano’s testimony, the *Record* carried the response of the executive board of Local 136, describing Kawano’s career and his change over the years from a militant longshoreman,

one of the group of original organizers in 1935 and 1936, to president of the ILWU local at the time of the 1949 longshore strike. At that point, Kawano broke away from the union, and he was subsequently dropped from the union for nonpayment of dues and failure to work.⁹

THE HAWAII SEVEN

Early on the morning of August 28, 1951, FBI agents arrested seven people and charged them with violations of the Smith Act. Those arrested were Koji Ariyoshi, John Reinecke, Jack Hall, Charles Fujimoto, Eileen Fujimoto, Jack Kimoto, and James Freeman. The seven were to be charged with being members of the Communist Party and hence a part of a conspiracy to teach and advocate the necessity of overthrowing the government of the United States by force and violence.

The case of the Hawaii Seven was the latest in a series of trials that began with the indictment of the leadership of the Communist Party of the United States (*Dennis v. U.S.*) in July 1948. That indictment, like the Hawaii indictment, charged the defendants of “wilfully and knowingly conspiring (1) to organize as the Communist Party of the United States of America, a society, group and assembly of persons who teach and advocate the overthrow and destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence, and (2) knowingly and wilfully to advocate and teach the duty and necessity of overthrowing the Government of the United States by force and violence.”¹⁰

The verdict in the 1948 trial of the national leadership tested only the constitutionality of the Smith Act of 1940 as it applied to the First and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution. The Court relied on the findings of the Circuit Court of Appeals on the question of whether the defendants “intended to initiate a violent revolution.”¹¹ It is often overlooked that the validity of the evidence against the defendants on this point was not examined in this case. The U.S. Supreme Court said it would evaluate the quality of the evidence and the conduct of the trial at a later time. The Chief Justice wrote: “Whether on this record [nine months of trial, 18,000 pages of record] petitioners did in fact advocate the overthrow of the Government by force and violence is not before us, and we must base any discussion of this point upon the conclusions stated in the opinion of the Court of Appeals, which treated the issue in great detail.”

Based on this decision, the Department of Justice secured the conviction of some 150 people in a series of eight trials. The credibility

of government witnesses remained untested, although repeatedly challenged. In 1954, the Supreme Court, doubting the credibility of some of the informers, ordered a new trial of convicted Pennsylvania leaders.¹²

Finally, in June 1957, the Supreme Court reversed the convictions of five California Communist Party leaders in the decision, *Yates v. United States*. In a sharp reversal, the Supreme Court ruled on the validity of evidence and the conduct of the trial. New standards of evidence were imposed, "which were to render the conviction of the Communist Party officials and members under the law [Smith Act] vastly more difficult."¹³

The Court established a careful distinction between mere advocacy of doctrine and advocacy of action. Only the latter could be prosecuted under the Smith Act. Justice Harlan wrote that advocacy of doctrine "is too remote from concrete action to be regarded as the kind of indoctrination preparatory to action. . . . The essential distinction is that those to whom the advocacy is addressed must be urged to do something, now or in the future, rather than to merely believe in something."

Cold War propaganda had affected public opinion to a startling degree. Seventy-seven percent of the public thought that Communists should be stripped of their citizenship; even more would refuse any type of public employment to those declared to be Communists.¹⁴ Before the trial ended, John Reinecke commented on its political nature: "If this case is decided on the evidence, the Seven will be acquitted. But anyone who knows a little history knows that political trials are not decided upon evidence of guilt or innocence. Their outcome depends upon the balance of forces in the country or community where the trials take place."¹⁵

The convictions of the Hawaii Seven were dismissed by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals on January 20, 1958. In the two cases dealing with Communist Party members, the *Jencks* and *Yates* decisions, the court found that mere speech, unaccompanied by overt actions, did not constitute a violation of law. Mere advocacy of revolution or change in government was protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Despite the First Amendment, the U.S. Constitution did not effectively prevent state constitutions and local government from enacting restrictive legislation until the era of the Warren court in 1954. Hawaii, like most states, had enacted laws to restrict free speech and,

particularly, labor organizing. Before 1935 and the passage of the National Labor Relations Act (the Wagner Act), criminal trespass laws and criminal syndicalism laws made labor organizing a hazardous occupation.¹⁶ The federal courts, for their part, have vacillated in their support of free speech. The deaths of justices Frank Murphy and Wiley Rutledge in 1949 removed two of the strongest protectors of free speech from the Supreme Court at the time of the Truman administration's cold war program and the drive to rally support for the building of an alliance against the Soviet Union.

Even the decision in the Yates case to overturn the conviction of the California Communist Party leaders left open the door to proceeding against those advocating action to overthrow the government. Justice Hugo Black pointed to the anomaly he saw in the majority opinion: "The Court says that persons can be punished for advocating action to overthrow the Government by force and violence, where those to whom the advocacy is addressed are urged 'to do something, now or in the future, rather than merely to believe in something.' Under the Court's approach, defendants could still be convicted simply for agreeing to talk as distinguished from agreeing to act."¹⁷

Two weeks before the Yates decision, the Supreme Court handed down a ruling devastating to the type of political prosecution being carried out by the government. Clinton Jencks, a union organizer, had been convicted for allegedly filing a false non-Communist oath as required by the Taft-Hartley revision of the National Labor Relations Act.¹⁸ The Attorney General had customarily used FBI-paid informers to testify against Smith Act defendants. Their reports to the FBI were ruled to be confidential and not available to the accused. Similar witnesses were used in the Hawaii trial. In the Jencks case, the court held that the accused must have the opportunity of impeaching witnesses against them. In a seven-to-one ruling the court held that the government was required to produce "for inspection all reports of Matusow and Ford [FBI informers] in its possession, written and, when orally made, as recorded by the FBI, touching the events and activities as to which they testified at the trial."

The Yates and Jencks cases put an effective end to the prosecution of people for membership in the Communist Party, with a few exceptions. The court did later (1961) distinguish between "passive" and "active" membership, upholding a conviction on the latter charge.¹⁹ Over one hundred indictments were dropped in the face of these decisions against the government. The greatest protection for citizens in

political trials was the decision requiring access to informer reports, many of which bordered on the bizarre.

NEW HORIZONS

Free from harassment for the first time since 1947, John Reinecke turned to new employment and the resumption of his long interrupted academic interests. Among his other duties, John wrote his Hawaiian labor history column, "Looking Backward." He continued working at the *Honolulu Record* until rising costs, flat circulation, and a decline in union funding forced the newspaper to suspend publication in 1958.

Arthur Rutledge, head of the Hotel Workers and Teamsters unions and president of Unity House, invited Reinecke to work for Unity House in December 1958. Despite their very different political philosophies, Rutledge respected the volunteer service Reinecke had provided in the early days of organizing in Hawaii. John's responsibilities as a researcher, negotiator, and administrative assistant included preparation of arbitration proceedings, contract negotiations, and general research.²⁰

At the request of Rutledge, John produced two pamphlet histories of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers and the old Brewery Workers Union. The University of Hawaii Industrial Relations Center published *Labor Unions of Hawaii: A Chronological Checklist* in 1966. John continued his methodical search through the old newspaper files and materials in the Hawaii State Archives. In 1968 he wrote a monumental history of the 1920 sugar strike and its aftermath. "Feigned Necessity: Hawaii's Attempt to Obtain Chinese Contract Labor, 1921-1923" was a documentary study of the political effort of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association to amend the U.S. Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 to permit the importation of Chinese contract laborers. The study illustrates the political power of the planter group in Hawaii and its near-success in Washington. Hawaiian anthropologist Stephen Boggs has described this work as one of the best social anthropological studies of Hawaii available.²¹

Reinecke also continued research in his primary academic interest, creole and pidgin languages. The publication of his M.A. thesis, *Language and Dialect in Hawaii* in 1969 led Yale University to make John's Ph.D. dissertation available through University Microfilms.

The next monumental task was a typical Reinecke effort. John was the senior compiler for the comprehensive *Bibliography of Pidgin and Creole Languages*, published in 1975 by the University of Hawaii

Press. Reinecke had been collecting materials on pidgin and creole languages since 1934—some materials not to be found elsewhere. These form the basis of the Tsuzaki-Reinecke Pidgin-Creole Collection of the University of Hawaii Hamilton Library.

Following the publication of the bibliography, Reinecke assumed the editorship of the quarterly newsletter for creole language specialists, *The Carrier Pidgin*. The director of the Social Science Research Institute at the University of Hawaii wrote of John after his death in 1982.

Although a retired gentleman and scholar, he could be seen every day sitting at his manual typewriter: answering reams of correspondence from all over the world; compiling meticulous files of bibliographic references, papers, and mailing lists; and composing copy for the next issue of *The Carrier Pidgin*, which he edited until shortly before his death. In truth, John Reinecke never retired. He simply returned to his first chosen career from which he had been so shamefully barred during the McCarthy cloud of American history.²²

VINDICATION

In 1975, a group of friends formed a committee, determined to obtain redress for the 1947 dismissal of the Reineckes by the Department of Public Instruction. They were influenced by a 1976 dissertation on the Reinecke case written by Thomas Michael Holmes, under the guidance of Professor Walter Johnson of the University of Hawaii History Department. A petition campaign aimed at the Board of Education as well as a lobbying campaign in the legislature were set in motion. Kauai Representative Tony Kunimura, a former pupil of Aiko's, assisted the work in the legislature, introducing a bill to restore the Reineckes' pension rights.

A hearing by the State Board of Education began in May 1976 and became the focal point of the restoration effort. A parade of people from all walks of life, including legislators, businessmen, and workers, presented a broad array of testimony to the Reineckes' worthiness, their many years of effective teaching, and their devotion to justice and equality. At the conclusion of the hearing, the Board of Education voted to restore John's teaching credential, to apologize to both Aiko and John for the turmoil and travail to which they had been subjected, and to recommend the restoration of their pensions. The legislature and the Governor followed this recommendation by waiving the stat-

ute of limitations and allowing the state to negotiate in court a back pay and pension settlement. On June 30, the official acknowledgment of the injustice inflicted on the Reineckes thirty years before was made in the form of a \$260,000 settlement. More important, the academic freedom of teachers and students to discuss issues and political problems was reaffirmed as the official policy of the State Board of Education.

The Reineckes' devotion to democratic principles and academic freedom was demonstrated in their active participation in the long and ultimately successful effort to secure the release of a victim of the Chiang Kai-shek government of Taiwan. Chen Yu-hsi was a student at the East-West Center from Taiwan. In 1967 Chen, having completed his degree, was offered a position at Brown University. The Taiwan government refused permission and ordered him to return to Taiwan. Fearful of arrest, he went instead to Japan. After several months there, he was forcibly returned to Taiwan in February 1968 as part of a deal made by the Japanese government to return Chinese criminals to Taiwan. There he was arrested, tried, and convicted of support for the People's Republic of China. Owing to public outcry, his trial was opened to observers, and he was sentenced in August 1968 to seven years in prison, rather than a life term. A campaign was launched at the University of Hawaii and the East-West Center and in Japan to secure Chen's release. The Reineckes worked to drum up public support for Chen's release and return to Hawaii. An investigation of the East-West Center revealed considerable illegal surveillance of student activities by the secret police of both Taiwan and the Republic of South Korea. Chen was finally released from prison in 1971. He returned to the University of Hawaii with his wife and completed a doctoral dissertation in political science.²³

When Oliver Lee, a young assistant professor at the university, was fired for his support of students opposing the war in Vietnam, the Reineckes were active in organizing community support for him. The effort succeeded in restoring Lee to his position.

John became an important source of information when the university's Ethnic Studies Program was established, and he was an adviser to the Oral History Program. His knowledge of the plantation community and the sugar economy was indispensable in organizing new research programs.

Despite a heavy research load in pidgin and creole languages, John and Aiko found time to participate in a variety of community activities

such as the Labor-Community Alliance, the Hawaii Union of Socialists, the American Civil Liberties Union, and The People's Fund, among others. Their support of needy students was carried on quietly and effectively. The number of people who were recipients of John and Aiko's caring friendship in Hawaii is legion.

Shortly after the arrest of the Hawaii Seven on August 3, 1952, on charges of violating the Smith Act, Koji Ariyoshi, the editor of the *Honolulu Record*, began publication of "For This I Stand Convicted," a series of autobiographical sketches explaining his views and actions. Ariyoshi also asked Reinecke to write about his life. Reinecke's articles were published in the *Record*, beginning on October 30, 1952, and concluding on May 21, 1953.

Notes to Introduction

1. Thomas Michael Holmes, "The Reinecke Case: A Study in Administrative Injustice," *Hawaii Bar Journal* 12:3 (Fall 1976), p. 5. Because of the dubious constitutionality of the 1884 law aimed at Chinese societies, the DPI attempted unsuccessfully to omit this charge. This delayed the hearing for eight months.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 40.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 36.

4. Charlene J. Sato and Aiko Reinecke, Introduction to *Pidgin and Creole Languages: Essays in Memory of John E. Reinecke*, by Glenn G. Gilbert (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1987), p. 20.

5. A sample edition was published on July 1, 1948. Regular publication began in August. A total of 8,133 shares were sold. The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) promised support through subscriptions. ILWU Public Relations Director Robert McElrath wrote the prospectus for what was envisioned as a "liberal community newspaper." Sanford Zalburg: *A Spark Is Struck: Jack Hall and the ILWU in Hawaii* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1979), pp. 470–472. For a list of subscribers and a lurid description of the newspaper, see U.S. Congress, House of Representatives, Committee on Un-American Activities, *Report on the Honolulu Record* (Washington, D.C., GPO, October 1950), p. 25.

6. *Honolulu Record*, August 2, 1951, p. 24.

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 15, 23.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 1.

9. *Ibid.*, August 9, 1951, p. 3.

10. The Smith Act cases were tried under statute 54 Statute 671, 18 U.S. Code (1946 ed.), sect. 11. *Dennis v. United States*, 341 U.S. 494 (1951), cited in Milton Konvitz, *First Amendment Freedoms: Selected Cases on Freedom of Religion, Speech, Press, Assembly* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1963), p. 336.

11. *Ibid.*

12. *Pennsylvania v. Nelson*, 350 U.S. 497 (1956); David Caute, *The Great Fear* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978), p. 203.

13. Alfred Kelly and Winfred Harbison, *The American Constitution: Its Origins and Development*, 3d ed. (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1963), p. 884, 919. *Yates v. United States*, 355 U.S. 66 (1957).

14. Samuel Walker, *In Defense of the American Liberties: A History of the ACLU* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1990), pp. 194–195.

15. Sato and Reinecke, Introduction, p. 18.

16. Edward D. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii: A Labor History* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1985), pp. 214–215.

17. *Yates v. United States*, 354 U.S. 298 (1957), Justice Black concurring and dissenting in part, cited in Konvitz, *First Amendment*, pp. 390–392.

18. Ann Fagan Ginger and David Christiano, eds., *The Cold War Against Labor* (Berkeley: Alexander Meikeljohn Civil Liberties Institute, 1987), 2:602–609. The evidence of Jencks' alleged perjury came from two paid FBI informers.

19. *Scales v. United States* (367 U.S. 203 [1961]). The majority opinion held that "active" membership in an organization that advocates the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence constituted a felony under the Smith Act (18 USC 2385).

20. Unity House was created to serve as a headquarters and service organization for the Hotel, Restaurant and Bartenders Union, Local 5, and the Hawaii Teamsters Union, Local 996. See Bernard J. Stern, *Rutledge Unionism: Labor Relations in the Honolulu Transit Industry* (Honolulu: Center for Labor Education and Research, University of Hawaii, 1986), pp. 3, 9–10.

21. Published by the Chinese Materials Center, San Francisco, 1979. The title comes from Oliver Cromwell: "But necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by" (September 12, 1654).

22. Donald Topping, Director, Social Science Research Institute, University of Hawaii in Introduction to *Language and Dialect in Hawaii: A Sociolinguistic History to 1935*, 2d ed. (Honolulu: Social Science Research Institute and University of Hawaii Press, 1988). *The Carrier Pidgin* was published by the University of Hawaii Social Science and Linguistics Institute from the fall of 1973 through June 1981 and by Stanford University Department of Linguistics from 1981 to 1983. *The Carrier Pidgin* returned to the University of Hawaii in June 1983.

23. Yasuyo Kawata, *Prisoner of Conscience: Chen Yu-hsi*, English translation edited by Robert M. Goodman and John E. Reinecke (Honolulu: 21 Century Books, 1975).

Autobiographical Sketches

OCTOBER 30, 1952

When the *Record* asked me to write about my life, I told its editor this wouldn't be easy. It's true that the Reinecke case made me and my wife, Aiko Tokimasa, public figures of a sort. But apart from that case, which most people already know about, mine has been a pretty usual sort of life.

Mine has been the soft and rather limited life of a student and schoolteacher, never far from a library chair. Reading is not just a habit with me but a vice, like tobacco with some people. The FBI agents who roused me out of bed at 6:30 in the morning needn't have been so melodramatic about the arrest: one of them need only have posted himself near a library and he could have caught me a little later in the day.

Almost exactly half my life has been passed in *Hawaii nei*, to which I first came in October 1926. A friend of mine, a Filipino camp steward on Maui, who came to Hawaii about the same year, was once exchanging reminiscences with me. He spoke with some disdain of the "newcomers" of 1946, whose eyes are still turned back toward the Philippines.

"My wife is Hawaiian. Your wife is Japanese. We both marry here, Island girls. We live here, we die here."

I think that Hawaii means so much to me because it is so different from the part of the States where I was raised, southeastern Kansas. Sometimes I remember that country, its biting winters, the summers when a pencil slips in one's fingers from the sweat, the monotonous prairies, the physical sameness of the people; and I am very well content to let it remain a memory. Yet there are some things I got from my Kansas background which I prize, that I could not have gotten in Hawaii.

My father was a farmer and on the side a carpenter. Since he was usually a "renter," a tenant farmer, we moved often, and I can remember five different farms on which I lived during my first 14 years. They were mostly small, 69 to 100 acres, farms which one man could till alone with the help of an occasional hired man.

Our houses were usually small, shabby structures, dwarfed by the big red barns. The last one we lived in, a family of five, had three rooms—a kitchen, a living room and a bedroom. The kitchen was also the bathroom, where once a week we performed the rite of bathing,

squatting in a galvanized laundry tub jammed in between the wall and the blessed heat of the cookstove.

This condition wasn't bad compared to that of the Ozark schoolboy I knew a few years later, who said scornfully after hearing in hygiene class about the merits of a weekly bath: "Bathe in winter! The teacher must think I'm crazy!" He would have been, too, for you could stick a ruler through the cracks between the boards of his house. The mercury went down to zero and in extreme weather, to 15 below.

Farm children begin work young. I remember my younger brother—he was recently elected president of the Society of Industrial Designers—at the age of six, sitting on a cultivator, his feet dangling high above the footrests, holding the reins while a well-trained team of old mares followed the corn rows and made the turnings unguided.

I remember also how I used to keep him at work hoeing in the garden by spinning long tales in which we and the boys we knew went leaping through a jungle on the heels of the latest Tarzan serial. Every once in a while he would lay down his hoe protesting that the action in the yarn was monopolized by us older boys, and I would have to star him in a minor role before he picked up his hoe again.

I did my share of the farm work but I never liked it. I preferred reading. But there is one good thing about farm work: it teaches one to be alone without being lonely. Sometimes I spent the whole day plowing, my only company a flock of crows. I got to recognize the meaning of their cries—one to give a first warning, another to sound a sharp alarm, a third to call the flock to a freshly opened furrow, a fourth the signal for departure.

In those days, when there were no radios and the first Fords were plowing through the mud of unpaved roads, a farmer's life was an uncompanionable one. Each family lived isolated on its own farm. The children were together in school for eight months a year; the men chatted across the fences or drove to town to shop; but the women saw one another only on Sundays, if at all. Sometimes we drove half a day in a wagon to visit relatives. Sometimes the neighbors got together in bare little schoolhouses or equally bare little churches.

It was a bare and narrow and graceless life. A plantation village with its variety of nationalities, its athletics and its movie theater, its picnics and political rallies and union meetings, is a little Paris compared with those Kansas farms.

We were all one kind of people: white, Protestant, plain living small farmers. Some of us were better off than others. I envied the neighbor

who owned a Model T Ford; I looked down on a tenant family who for a few months occupied a bare, old shack, whose small children (we heard) relieved themselves on the floor and whose older children (we saw) came to school with boils and bedbugs.

But essentially, we all belonged to one class, and we children knew no other. The class lines which a person brought up on a Hawaii plantation learns from his infancy would have been unimaginable to me. Each of us grew up feeling himself "as good as anybody else and maybe a damn sight better."

NOVEMBER 6, 1952

Similar as were our neighbors on the Kansas farms, I knew there were other kinds of Americans.

Negroes lived in Fort Scott, the county seat where we drove to shop and visit my grandparents. When I was about eight, I got into a scrap with a boy who lived across the street from Grandpa's. Grandma hauled me indoors and scolded me: "What do you mean, fighting with that little n—r boy?"

"Why shouldn't I fight him?" I wanted to know. Why should any other kid be so different that we couldn't have a comradely fight over a marble game? Thus I began to learn how my elders expected me to think of certain people, not as individuals good or bad, but as members of a group that they considered inferior.

The religious atmosphere that I grew up in was narrow and unlovely, though fortunately, my own family was not bigoted. We didn't believe, for instance, that it was sinful to read a novel on Sunday or to attend a movie. We were pretty free from superstition, too, though my mother doesn't like to be reminded of the time she scolded us kids for jesting at a thunderstorm—lightning and thunder being, in a sense, the voice of God and not to be spoken of lightly.

Emphasis in the churches was not on loving one's neighbor and working with him to make our home life together better, but on saving one's own soul. This was best done by groaning and weeping and praying and then suddenly "getting religion" at a revival.

Some revivals conducted by professional evangelists were entertaining rackets. At one of them I remember the evangelist prancing lasciviously up and down the stage clasp ing a folding chair, to illustrate the sinfulness of social dancing. At another, the evangelist faith-healed ailments of the feet and legs, then made his converts throw away their shoes and buy a special brand of new ones from him.

Catholics, we Protestants believed, obeyed the Pope blindly and weren't allowed to argue religion or read the Bible. Catholics, some people said, had rifles stored in the basements of their churches ready for the day when they should take over the country. However, my parents scoffed at this.

My aunt by marriage was a Catholic. Grandpa used to shake his beard sadly and grumble that his grandsons might turn out to be priests. "Just think of that—priests!" I liked my Aunt Kate. The best teacher I had in the one-room country schools was a Catholic, too, named Pat Kelly; he taught us older boys to play basketball and encouraged us to argue with him on all sorts of questions.

"Foreigners" such as "Dagoes" and "Bohunks" in the coal fields nearby were different, therefore inferior in the sight of the people I knew. Some years later, when I went to teach in the Ozarks, the village banker in whose home I lived happened to say that members of the only Italian family in the community were good people. His daughter, at 16 a perfect little bigot and prig, asked in a shocked voice: "Papa you don't mean they are GOOD people?" "The Orsinis are good people." "Oh"—greatly relieved—"I thought you said ITALIANS were good people."

The Ku Klux Klan movement swept through my part of the country in the middle 1920s and for a while was a powerful political force.¹ It was built on the Protestant Church and fraternal societies. It was anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-Negro, anti-"foreigner" and anti-sin. It announced that it was out to rebuild the old American virtues that were being broken down by the un-American elements. Its members got a great kick out of parading in white robes and conical hoods behind an American flag.

Though not a fascist organization, it was just the sort of thing that furnishes raw material for fascism. Today, with their Christian Nationalist Party, Gerald L. K. Smith and Senator Jack Tenney are using the same sort of sentiment—plus anti-communism, of course—to try and build a fascist movement.

I understand (and hate) the Ku Klux Klan variety of 100 per cent Americanism because I come from the sort of people to whom it appeals. My father joined the Klan, though it must be said to his credit that he soon dropped out and was shamefaced about the episode.

NOVEMBER 13, 1952

The schools I attended were one-room affairs where a single teacher taught all subjects to 15 or 20 students scattered from the first to the

eighth grade. These schools had no recreational equipment, very few maps and books and sometimes no drinking water. They were badly lighted, badly heated and terribly dusty. For me they had one advantage—I could advance as rapidly as I could make my way through the eight “readers.” So, by the time I was eleven, I passed the eighth grade examinations and was ready to enter high school.

Sending me away to town at such an age was unthinkable to my parents, even if they could have found the money for it, so I repeated the eighth grade for three more years in succession. That is a record which the slowest student in Hawaii will find hard to beat.

The First World War brought good prices for farm products and land. When I was 14, my father sold his farm and moved to Pittsburg, Kansas, a place about the size of Hilo, where I could attend high school and my younger brother and sister could have the advantages of a city education.

At first, my parents thought of giving me a two-year commercial training course so that I could get an office job. Accordingly, they sent me, not to the Pittsburg high school, but to a training school attached to the Kansas State Teachers’ College. There, high school and college students took the commercial course together and the former held up their end quite as well as the latter.

I finished my training and promptly got a job as stenographer and clerk in a feed store. It carried two brands of flour, Golden Seal and Fanchon. Some customers swore by Golden Seal, others were like the old Italian woman who insisted: “I wanta da Fanch’.” When we ran out of Fanchon, we emptied Golden Seal flour into Fanchon bags, or vice versa.

My heart was no more in office work than it was in farming. At the end of the summer I quit and went back to school, where I stayed until I graduated from college. I partly earned my way by working in the library as janitor and later as student assistant in the geography department.

Most of the students who attended KSTC came from much the same social level as myself. We were the children of farmers, skilled workers, clerks and small businessmen. It wasn’t a school where one learned much of the social graces, but neither did we who came from workingmen’s homes feel greatly inferior on that account.

To this general equality there was one glaring exception, the Negro students, many of whom came to KSTC to avoid the jim crow college systems of Missouri and Oklahoma. If they ate at the school cafeteria they were confined by unwritten rule to certain tables. A couple of

years after I graduated, a Negro co-ed attended a dance and one of the white boys danced with her. The student council punished him by barring him from all social affairs for the rest of the year.

Some of the faculty members used to show their prejudice toward Negro students in petty ways. A geology teacher, who had a Negro in his class, made a point of repeating with emphasis that a certain rock formation is called "niggerhead." I lost interest in the honor fraternity to which I was elected when the head of the English department gave a "C" to a brilliant Negro student in order to make him ineligible. But Providence caught up with that old windbag: he was fired for tearing the dress of a reluctant co-ed.

KSTC specialized in manual training. Ideas were not much encouraged there. Those students who turned out to have intellectual interests did so in spite of the school rather than through its help. Our college president was the sort of man who could read Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*, one of the most beautiful and sensitive novels in English—and only be shocked by the phrase "that tub of guts." A few miles from Pittsburg is Girard, home of the old Socialist paper, *Appeal To Reason* and its former editor, E. Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the once famous five-cent "Little Blue Books." When one of the teachers had tea at the Haldeman-Julius home, Prexy wrote her an anonymous letter of warning.

NOVEMBER 20, 1952

Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world and the chief glory of man.²

—BERTRAND RUSSELL

Kansas State Teachers' College of Pittsburg was no ivory tower of intellectuals, yet I grew up for seven years on its campus very little interested in the economic and political issues right around me. The

class struggle went on in Pittsburg in a very lively form, but it meant little to me.

Pittsburg is in the midst of a coal field, where the United Mine Workers were strongly organized under fiery Alex Howat, called "the bull of the woods." In 1919, the miners struck, the National Guard camped on our school grounds, and coal was "mined with bayonets."

As a result, the Kansas legislature set up an Industrial Court aimed at preventing strikes by compulsory arbitration—mainly on the employers' terms.³ In 1921, Howat went to jail for defying this law and John L. Lewis suspended him from office. Eleven hundred miners' wives met and threatened to march on Pittsburg and beat up Lewis' man. I didn't take any interest.

Next year my father, a shop carpenter, went out on the nationwide strike of railroad shopmen, 200 of whom were arrested for defying the law. It was declared illegal even to exercise one's right of free speech by putting up the placard: "We are for the striking railroad men 100 per cent." The great editor, William Allen White, was arrested when he tested the law by posting a placard:

So long as the strikers maintain peace and use peaceful means in this community, the *Gazette* is for them 50 per cent, and every day in which the strikers refrain from violence, we shall add 1 per cent more of approval.

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

My father lost his job in this strike, and until he turned to small-job contracting, our family had rather a lean time of it. Yet even this experience didn't stir me greatly. What did stir me were the ideas and emotions I got from reading. The ideas were in awful confusion, for I read at random without any help from the teachers: Mencken, Tolstoi, Swinburne, Mommsen, Bertrand Russell, Gibbon, Goethe, Norse sagas, Sumner's *Folkways*, White's *History of the Warfare of Science With Theology*, Mill's *On Liberty*. Somehow, out of all of this I learned not to fear thought, to respect facts and to appreciate—a little—beautiful things.

My best teachers were two liberal weeklies, *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. I began reading them just as America was pulling out of the worst of the anti-Red hysteria that followed the Russian Revolution. But I must admit it was the stupidity of the "100 per cent Americans" that impressed me more than the injustice and cruelty that underlay the stupidity.

As I sneered at the antics of “patriots of the first order,” how could I imagine that a generation later, FBI agents would be ransacking my bookshelves and carrying off as “evidence” that I was a “criminal conspirator”—a book called “Sin and Science.”⁴

In my freshman year I wrote a term paper on socialism. Most people in my circle thought socialism meant dividing up the wealth equally, whereupon a few smart guys would get it all back in their hands after a few poker games: so socialism wouldn’t work because it was against human nature. That term paper was a big hodge-podge that went all around the subject without catching sight of Karl Marx. But at least I learned that socialism is concerned first of all with producing goods, not with dividing up the goods that already exist.

I don’t recall learning then anything about depressions and wars over markets, but I did learn that our capitalist system gives a few people wealth at the expense of the many, and that there is an alternative to it. From that time on I considered myself a socialist without bothering to seek out the Socialist Party which was active in my county.

NOVEMBER 27, 1952

Only in my senior year at Kansas State Teachers’ College of Pittsburg did I meet two flesh-and-blood teachers who impressed me much. One was a gentle, quizzical, firm-willed woman who taught modern poetry and got some of us students together in a writing club. I wrote four short pieces of verse that were accepted by poetry magazines and then reprinted, three in an American and one in a British anthology.⁵

Nothing else in my life has swelled my ego like that piece of beginner’s luck. It wasn’t repeated.

The other teacher was an instructor in sociology. John G. Scott was a jovial man of 40 who had been an illiterate farm boy until he was almost grown. As an expounder of social science I had my doubts about him, but as a man with guts and the true teacher’s gift of making students argue and think, I admired him. He was one of those old-fashioned radicals who combined anarchism, liberalism, simplified socialism, free thought, free love and a lot of unclassifiable American cussedness.

It was the free love (his teaching, not my practice of it) that got me blacklisted. Knowing that his contract expired with the end of the 1925 summer session, Mr. Scott “went for broke” in expounding his own five-fold scheme of society. In the scheme appeared five “perversions” of the instincts, marriage being the perversion of love.

Explained in the terms of the property-greedy matter marriage too often is, this wasn't as fantastic as it looks. But in the bare black and white of an outline it thoroughly shocked the college president and the department head, an old ex-preacher.

Shortly before the end of the term Mr. Scott and the students came to class to find Professor Trout behind the teacher's desk. "Mr. Scott will collect your assignments. I am taking over this class to make sure that you get the essentials of this course."

"Daddy" Trout, however, was so boiling with righteous indignation that he couldn't stick to his outline of the essentials. Within a couple of days he went off on a personal attack upon anyone who should be so wicked as to teach "promiscuity." Some of us began baiting him with questions, but we were trapped by his substitution of terms.

"Do you believe that anyone has the right to teach promiscuity?" he demanded.

"Depends on whether it is a public or a private school," we answered.

The old gentleman's face got as red as his suspenders. "NO!" he exploded. "NOBODY has the right to teach promiscuity ANYWHERE!"

Our class buzzed like bees over Scott's needless humiliation but did nothing. I wrote an account of the affair and its background to a Kansas City paper, telling them that here might be a good news story. It was. Two days later the paper headlined across the front page:

STUDENTS IN REVOLT AS "SCOPES OF KANSAS" GOES.

This was just after the "monkey trial" of high school instructor John Thomas Scopes at Dayton, Tennessee, for defying the law of that state by teaching human evolution from his biology textbook.⁶ A few of us at KSTC had wanted to stage a mock trial, but the president put his foot down, being afraid the fundamentalists would take offense and get his school appropriation reduced.

And now prexy was getting what heads of institutions hate most, unfavorable publicity. He hinted that he was being most gracious in allowing me to graduate.

Although I had been a student assistant for four years and was near the top of the class of '25, the college placement bureau didn't know of any vacancies whenever I came around. Its staff was considerably surprised when I turned up toward the end of August asking help in getting another teacher for *MY* school.

Two weeks before September 1, an acquaintance told me that a prin-

principalship was open at Goodman, Missouri. I went to that village, in the southwestern corner of the state where the Ozark hills meet the prairies. The reason for the vacancy, I found, was the low pay.

The “superintendent” of the eight-teacher school got \$135 a month for a nine-month term. The primary teacher, for keeping order among 40 tots, received \$55 a month, \$495 a year. Living at the home of the village banker, I learned that it was often with difficulty that funds were found to pay our checks. Some of the country districts nearby could afford only four months of school a year.

DECEMBER 4, 1952

“Are you a Catholic?” was the first question put to me by the school board of the Ozark village of Goodman, Missouri. “You see, the people here don’t want a Catholic or an infidel as a teacher.”

“Well, I’m not a Catholic but I am an agnostic.”

The board was so relieved at finding a male teacher who would take the principalship for \$135 that the members didn’t inquire about the affiliations of the Agnostic Church. Indeed, since there was another vacancy to be filled quickly, they were willing to hire a Catholic young woman friend of mine. The Catholic girl, in turn, was willing to sing in the Protestant church choir if she could land the job. But another young woman beat her to it.

When I look back on the nine months I spent in Goodman, I can now see what opportunities I wasted. The Ozark country is one of the few regions in the United States that still has a folk culture—a set of customs and beliefs handed down by word of mouth. If my mind had not been so full of my own problems and scraps of ideas from the great outside world, I might have learned a great deal there.

As it was, I always felt somewhat superior and was always conscious of being an outsider. The people were friendly but they looked upon anybody from outside as a foreigner. Goodman, the students proudly told me, would not allow a Negro to stay in the village overnight. I retorted that I couldn’t see why a Negro should want to stay.

Half my time was spent teaching high school subjects and the other half administering the school. Considering that I was only two to three years older than many of the students and was younger than most of the teachers, that I was a citified outsider and had no experience teaching a school, not to mention running one, I guess I didn’t do too badly. From that time on, however, I have had no ambition whatever to be a school administrator.

To tell the truth, my mind was more fixed on traveling than on teaching. As soon as the term ended, I slung a knapsack on my back and started hitchhiking to the West Coast.

For nearly a half-year I hoboed in the southern half of California, working in restaurants and on a lemon and walnut "ranch" organized on plantation scale. This was before the Great Depression drove hundreds of thousands of unemployed to sunny California, so I found it fairly easy to find unskilled work—the only kind that I knew how to do. Since I regarded myself as a sightseer, not as a worker, I got remarkably little out of the experience.

Carmel, California, is the home of Robinson Jeffers, a poet who had just come into prominence with a volume of powerful verse which I greatly admired. So that I might meet Jeffers, I got a job as dishwasher in a tearoom, working 14 hours a day for the then fantastically high wages of \$90 a month and all the good food I could eat.

Around the corner, with its rear windows overlooking the sandlot where I lugged the garbage cans, was a little printshop that published the *Carmel Cymbal*. Thinking that the best calling card to present at Jeffers' home would be some of my own verse, I went to the *Cymbal* office and asked for the editor.

He was a short, brisk man with a Vandyke, named W. K. Bassett. Obliging, he accepted a few of my poems and printed them with an introduction featuring a "dishwasher poet."⁷ (They served as a calling card to Mr. Jeffers, all right.) When Mr. Bassett learned that I intended visiting Hawaii, he became quite interested and took an evening to tell me about the Islands. From him I first heard about the Big Five's all-pervasive power, the hangover of "missionary" influence and the way in which unwelcome editors were treated in Honolulu.

In October 1926 I took steerage passage on the MAUI. It was far from being a glamorous ship, but to think that I, who had learned to swim in mud-puddles, should be watching the prow of a real ship cut through the phosphorescent waves—that was something wonderful! My fellow passengers, Portuguese and Hawaiians, were my first introduction to Island people, and I liked them.

DECEMBER II, 1952

Visiting the university campus the day after I landed in Honolulu, I met a young Hawaiian named Alfred K. Bell of Hilo, who invited me to move into a cottage owned by the Hawaiian Board of Missions. That was my home for the next four months or more, and its occu-

pants and hangers-about were the people who gave me my first notions of Island life.

They were all young fellows in the University or recently graduated: Billy Mountcastle, Dan Ainoa, Val Marciel, Howard Kurio, Kenneth Hino and several more, including one who became my brother-in-law, David Tokimasa.

From them I unconsciously learned a great deal about Islanders. Their "ruggedness" or free and easy manners. Their tolerance. Their kindheartedness and their capacity to enjoy life. Their mingled respect for the haole's superior position and half-repressed resentment against it. Most of the things that each nationality says to slur the others. And I also learned to enjoy food "in any language."

I found that money was not particularly abundant, no matter how many times it changed hands in all-night blackjack games. When we felt flush, we dined in style for 25 cents. Often, we walked down to Kekaulike Street and ordered "rice stew" for a dime and then bummed the waitress for bones to feed Kurio's pup.

Getting a job, particularly a permanent job, was something that didn't weigh heavily on my spirit. For a while, disregarding the line between haole and non-haole jobs, I was janitor at the Honolulu Business College. For about a month I worked in the newly opened Royal Hawaiian Hotel. For three or four days I helped move machinery at the Hawaiian Pineapple cannery. "Haole," one of my fellow workers told me, "that word *hapai* [to carry, to lift] is one Hawaiian word you'll never forget."

When I traveled to the Big Island to see the volcano and the Kona Coast, as a matter of form I inquired about a job at Waiakea Mill.

"No, we don't have any opening," a clerk told me. Then he added: "You're not by any chance Scotch . . . ?" If I had been Scotch, undoubtedly I would be a plantation manager today.

I wanted to ship out to the Orient, but not knowing how to go about it, I didn't succeed. Instead I stowed away for Los Angeles.

Before leaving I had filed an application with the Department of Public Instruction [DPI] and had almost forgotten about it. Shortly after arriving in California I learned that I had been appointed to teach at Konawaena School.

"I'll take the job for a couple of years," I thought, "and save enough money to study in New York." After hitchhiking home to Kansas I returned to Hawaii.

For the next two years I lived in a Konawaena teachers' cottage. I

could write a lot about the social life of a teachers' row, the shifting friendships and jealousies and love affairs among us young people; but I can write little about Kona as it was then, for we *malihini* [newcomer, visitor] teachers understood but little of its life.

From the Japanese who made up the great majority of the population, we were almost entirely cut off. Kona, as Koji Ariyoshi knew it, was a foreign country to me. A few years later John and Ella Embree, studying the Kona Japanese community as anthropologists, found it was a foreign country to the local haoles also.

Yet in Kona there was more social mingling than in some communities. Sometimes we teachers were guests in Kona homes.

At the frequent school dances one could see together on the floor teachers, the ranching aristocracy and the more "modern" high school students. There was even a social club of local aristocrats and teachers.

When I went to teach later at Honokaa in East Hawaii, I was surprised to find nothing of the kind. In four years I set foot in a plantation boss' home just once, which was one time oftener than some of my colleagues.

Occasionally some of the plantation haoles condescended to attend a community or school dance. At one of them, a supervisor, in his liquor, explained to a part-Hawaiian teacher that he really oughtn't to be dancing with her, she not being a haole, y'know.

Little as I entered into Kona life, it was in Kona that I began to take root as an Islander. Every day, imperceptibly, a little of my Mainland outlook and memories disappeared, a little more of Hawaii took on meaning for me. Until I die, the shores and sunsets, the coffee trees and pastures of Kona will be part of me.

DECEMBER 18, 1952

On one of my hikes while living in Kona I came upon the battlefield of Kuamoo, where Kekuaokalani and his wife Manono died fighting heroically for the preservation of the old social and religious order with its kapus. At the foot of an ancient lava flow, on a patch of aa, are dozens of rectangular mounds under which lie the bones of warriors who fell in the last great battle of old Hawaii. A lonely and somberly beautiful spot, there could be no more fitting place for their graves. I was so struck by it that I mapped it in detail and took the map to the Bishop Museum.

Consequently, Dr. Gregory of the Museum engaged me in the summer of 1930 to map remains of Hawaii on the Kona Coast. In two

months I covered every yard of the 75-mile coastline from Kohala to Kau, locating and describing every heiau, house site and rock carving I could find.⁸ Though mine was an amateur's job, it was useful, for every year something of the remains is destroyed or lost to sight.

If I had been foresighted, I would have followed through with my interest in Hawaiian culture. But I had set my heart on going to school in China that year.

Attending the University of Hawaii during summer sessions and in 1929–1930 while teaching at Leilehua School, I had become interested in sociology. From wise old Professor Romanzo Adams I got my first real insight into the social organization of Hawaii. The next step was an interest in the society and history of the Eastern countries—and the third step, Yenching University, where I could take sociology courses in English.

I took steerage passage to Yokohama on the TAIYUO MARU. Three times a day the headwaiter bellowed out: “Go-han, go-han, kaukaukaukau!” Knowing that the West Coast and Island Japanese would come aboard loaded with fruits and sweets, the NYK [Nippon Yusen Kaisha] Line saved money on its “kaukaukaukau,” which was about the worst I’ve ever eaten.

Among my fellow passengers were several Filipinos returning from the plantations. Since I chatted with them and wrote letters for them on my typewriter, at the end of the trip one of them paid me a high compliment: “The boys say you not like other haoles. You no sassy.” In short, I was not a luna!

Part of the time I spent on the second class deck, where I made the acquaintance of several Chinese students returning from the States. One of them was Dr. Joseph Li, a young man of my own age, son of a wealthy Catholic landlord in Peking, a typical Northerner, big, fair-skinned and bland-faced. He invited me to accompany him across Japan, Korea and Manchuria to his home city.

When we crossed the border from Korea to Manchuria, nominally part of the Chinese Republic and nominally flying the Kuomintang flag, it was Japanese railway guards who searched my luggage. When they found a copy of Sun Yatsen's “Three Principles,” they became suspicious—that I should take into China a book setting forth the official philosophy of the Chinese government. This was my first encounter with the foreign imperialism which my Chinese friends hated so fervently.

At Mukden, we stopped to visit Dr. Li's cousin, who owned a cover-

let weaving factory, and slept on the hard brick k'ang along with the whole office staff of the factory. At Tientsin we stopped at the home of another cousin, some sort of businessman, the first and last time I had the privilege of sleeping in a Chinese home. Dr. Li grumbled to me: "All they want to hear about is whether it's true in America that women can divorce their husbands whenever they like, and if the skyscrapers are really a mile high."

To save money, Dr. Li and I rode third-class on hard board seats among the peasants and coolies. "Don't tell my family about this; they won't understand," he warned me. Opposite us sat some pigtailed peasants going to look for work in Peking. We were nibbling cheap Chinese candy and chewing gum. I offered a stick of gum to one of the peasants.

"No, no; it's too good for him," my friend advised. "He doesn't know what it is. Give him a piece of candy."

Yet Dr. Li was contemptuous of the old political order in China—the "corrupted old men," as he called the ruling class. "I can become a county magistrate," he said, "and just plant a few trees and be called an enlightened official."

JANUARY 1, 1953

If only I had devoted a few months of serious study to the recent history and the social problems of China before going there!

As it was, I saw China through very ignorant eyes, somewhat clouded with a romantic fog. What an exciting thing it was to be in a country with walled cities, where the people dressed and worked like illustrations from the Middle Ages. To think it was I and none other who was so lucky as to be clambering along the Great Wall or watching the grand funeral processions in the Peking streets!

I could see the surface of the tremendous changes that were going on but I did not understand their significance. Yet even such an ignoramus as I could not help seeing much that helped me to understand later.

There was, most obviously, the poverty. The old women scrabbling in the dump heaps in hope of finding a few scraps of paper, a few half-burned balls of coal dust. The ten rickshaw men who, after pulling a party of us students, clamored for a tip but departed quietly when I gave them to divide—a ten-cent note.

There was the gap between the classes: the contrast between the brutalized faces of the stevedores carrying enormous bales on their

shoulders, and the complacent strut of some portly old bull leading his half a dozen concubines for a stroll.

One day some of my fellow students—I must admit they were *kanakas* [males] from Hawaii and their friends among the most Westernized Chinese—called to me: “Did you ever see a man crucified?” I followed them. There against the wall of a dormitory room stood one of the dining hall waiters, a simple-faced lad, with his head thrown back and his arms outstretched.

Behind his head and each hand was a plate. Although his face was suffused with blood and every muscle was strained, he did not dare move lest the precious crockery smash to the floor. I laughed with the rest; and then suddenly I was very much ashamed and took the plates away.

The students used to tell me how foreigners kicked the coolies in the port cities. Probably they did, but what I saw was a youthful Chinese policeman clubbing a rickshaw man for illegal parking and a fat merchant striking my rickshaw puller because the latter had splashed him with a little mud.

By the end of the year I was aware of a sense of precariousness among my schoolmates even in Yenching, the most expensive and foreign-style university in China. Just as a foul, open drainage ditch ran just outside the wall of our lovely campus, so just behind the ease and the intellectual life of the campus one sensed the humiliating insecurity and corruption of the government, the arrogance of the military, the menace of foreign imperialism and the fear of armed class war.

As a foreigner, I was expected to be interested in Communism. But I wasn't. Therefore, the students did not talk about Communism with me, so I never knew if there were Communist sympathizers among them.

Once I did get up enough curiosity to ask some of the faculty members if they thought the Communists had any chance of winning power (for I knew there was a war going on, vaguely, in the southeastern mountains). Yes, they answered in a matter of fact way, if the Kuomintang government did no better job than its predecessors.

There were two women students with whom I used to go on picnics; twenty years later, I am still in love a little with the memory of one of them. They came from the town of Shaowu, in Fukien province, and late in the spring of 1931 they heard that Shaowu had been sacked by the Communists, but nothing of the fate of their families, who of course, were well-to-do people.

On my way home to Hawaii, I met a medical missionary from Fukien named Dr. Judd. If, as I guess, he is the Dr. Judd who became Chiang Kai-shek's most zealous supporter in Congress, it is ironical that from him I heard the first fairly favorable account of what the Chinese under Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh were doing.⁹ The first thing they did upon taking a town, he said, was to go to the municipal offices and burn the land ownership records upon which the landlord class relied.

As for Shaowu, that city was in a no man's land between Government and Communist forces and had been taken and sacked for three days by bandits operating in that political vacuum, at the end of which time the citizens of Shaowu asked the Communists to come in and chase the bandits out. The families of my friends were safe.

However, I did not endear myself to Miss Liu by remarking that if I were a poor Chinese I probably would be a Communist.

JANUARY 8, 1953

I came back to no job in Hawaii. In 1931, a leave of absence from the DPI carried with it no guarantee of a return to service. My discipline at Leilehua School had not been particularly good, so it was easy for the principal to convince himself, and convey the idea to the department, that I did not intend to return to teaching. I should have been glad to let the department continue thinking so if there had been any sort of job elsewhere.

But the Great Depression, then two years along and approaching its lowest depths on the Mainland, was also affecting Hawaii as it had not when I left in 1930. I was broke and I had no skill that would earn my living outside the schoolroom.

Before my return, my fiancée, Aiko Tokimasa, had gone to the assistant superintendent, Oren E. Long, and pled my case before him. It was her action and Mr. Long's kindness more than my own interview with the superintendent that secured my reappointment to the school system. However, I was "exiled" for the next four years to Honokaa, on the Big Island. Next spring I was married, and my wife joined me for the last three years.

The year had not been an easy one for Aiko; indeed, it left its mark on her health for several years. She was the only unmarried wage earner among the children, three younger sisters and a brother being in school. Her father had worked for 15 years with Libby, McNeill & Libby, most of the time in responsible positions. Toward the end of

1931, the management told him he would be discharged on account of his age. He asked to be kept on until the spring, when another daughter would graduate and go to work. The company pointed out that he already had one girl working, gave him a month's severance pay and let him go.

Somehow my wife and I managed to find enough money for a trip to visit my family in Kansas. The depression was at its worst that summer of 1932. Beggars were almost as common in America as in Chinese cities. One small detail has stuck in my memory as an illustration of what a depression does to wages: I could have my clothes cleaned and pressed in Pittsburg, Kansas, just as cheaply as in Peking, China.

The depression did not make me a student of Marxism overnight, but it certainly gave me a lot to think about.

Next year, the depression came home to us teachers. For the last time in Island history the old cry was openly raised, that too much of "the taxpayers' " money was going to educate Oriental children. For teachers, the legislature threatened a drastic pay cut. In an effort to forestall worse things, the DPI called upon all teachers to sign slips agreeing to a 10 per cent wage reduction.

With an even greater docility than we expect of our students, 98 per cent of us teachers "voluntarily" signed the slips. Only the McKinley and Roosevelt high school teachers balked. The signing did no good, for the legislature not only cut wages by 10 per cent but stopped the automatic pay increments, thus freezing the incoming teachers at \$108 per month.

The first year I spent in Honokaa there occurred an event which left a deep impression upon my thinking and emotions: the Massie-Kahawai case.¹⁰

A Navy officer's hysterical wife accused five innocent local boys of rape. Her husband and her socialite mother kidnaped and murdered one of them and, backed by the Navy and hundreds of congressmen, got off scot-free after being convicted of manslaughter. The Navy commandant, Admiral Yates Stirling, called for commission rule of Hawaii so as to take all political power out of the hands of the "treacherous Japanese and inferior half-breeds."

The Nazi-like arrogance of the Navy "brass," the hysterical racialism in Congress, the way in which Hawaii was regarded and treated, as a colony—all this bit deeply into my consciousness. But it was not until nearly 20 years later, when I wrote a pamphlet for the *Honolulu Record*, that I fully realized the extent to which the *Advertiser-Dillingham* crowd locally supported the Navy.

Mrs. Walter F. Dillingham, who now sits every day in the Federal courtroom looking forward to the conviction of the Hawaii Seven, then sat every day in the Territorial courtroom looking forward to the acquittal of her friend, Mrs. Fortescue and the other murderers of Joe Kahahawai.

JANUARY 15, 1953

During my four years in Honokaa, I had time to reflect on what was going on in the world and on how Hawaii is run. It was during this period that I came to be what I then fondly supposed to be a Marxist.

On my honeymoon trip to the Mainland in 1932, I had my first, last and only meeting with a Communist leader. William Z. Foster, in the course of his presidential campaign, spoke at a rally in my home town in Kansas. After the rally, I was invited to meet him at the home of one of my acquaintances, a Republican lawyer. (Who used to say during political campaigns: "If you idiots had any sense you would vote Communist. But since you haven't, vote Republican!") Mr. Foster looked tired. A few weeks afterward he had a heart attack that left him a semi-invalid for several years.

The only thing I got out of this casual meeting was an impression that Mr. Foster was a plain, sincere man. What really had an effect on me was picking up a copy of *New Masses*, a weekly journal that presented the Communist point of view much as the *New Republic* and *Nation* present the liberal view. For the next three years I read all three magazines, and slowly the *New Masses'* view, reinforced by the logic of events, won out.

Many things helped form my outlook. First, in 1931, I saw how the Western powers in the League of Nations did not lift a finger to prevent Japan from snatching Manchuria. As I had just returned from a year in China, this example of imperialism greatly angered me. Next came the rise of Hitler and his Nazis. I could see how France and especially Great Britain allowed Hitler to come to power because of their fear of a left-wing revolution, and how shamefully the German Social Democratic Party and trade unions collapsed before him.¹¹

Later, after I left Honokaa, the same pattern was repeated when France, Great Britain and the United States abandoned republican Spain to the fascists. That betrayal, which was more a betrayal of our own democracy than it was of Spain, stirred me deeply.

And of course, there was the Great Depression and the failure of the Roosevelt administration to do more than soften its impact; while the Soviet Union, in the face of a hostile capitalistic world, went

ahead to build a socialist order in which everyone was sure of useful employment.

What I saw of plantation life also helped make me a Marxist sympathizer. Under W. P. Naquin, a Creole from Louisiana, Honokaa was probably the most backwardly run plantation in Hawaii.¹² Some of the other plantations on the "Scotch Coast" were not far behind it.

Mr. Naquin didn't believe in education for his workers. When an employee named Yamada sent his eldest son away to high school, the manager endured it, but when the second son followed, Naquin called in Yamada and told him: "Your sons will never come back to work here. You had better take them and move to town."

Plantation class lines were sharply drawn. We teachers lived in a little social cyst in, but not of, the community. On the one hand, the haole bosses had nothing to do with us, and on the other hand, we had little to do with the Japanese and Portuguese workers. The Filipinos were a foreign people to us; nor did they mix much with the other working people. Sometimes they were not allowed to buy tickets to public dances on the ground that the girls wouldn't dance with them anyway.

Plantation pressure went openly against Democratic candidates. I well remember how in 1934, a car with a Democratic banner was chased out of Paauhau by the plantation policeman. Churches, too, felt plantation pressure. Soon after I came to Honokaa, a Protestant minister was transferred because he expressed sympathy for a Filipino strike. The Rev. N. C. Dizon tells me that when he visited Haina selling religious literature, the manager called him in and quizzed him closely.

Physically, Honokaa plantation camps were a disgrace. I once asked our maid how her camp could be improved. "Burn it down," she replied. In Haina Mill camp, the open sewer that carried waste water from the mill had a sickening sweet stink worse than the honest smell of human dung in Chinese ditches.

JANUARY 22, 1953

Sometime in 1934, I sent for a pamphlet on Hawaii by a young Communist named Samuel Weinman.¹³ Mr. Weinman knew Hawaii only from books. His was the sort of mind that fitted what he read into his already formed picture of what a colony should be like. The result was in some details, fantastic.

Rebellious workers in some colonies had been bombed from planes:

Weinman wrote that the new Inter-Island airline had been established so that more planes would be available to bomb plantation workers; an airline wasn't needed, for Hawaii hadn't enough passenger traffic to keep its railroads busy. Most colonies have peasants: having just given figures to show that plantations have taken the place of peasant farms in Hawaii, Weinman still wanted to know about conditions among Hawaii's peasants. Most colonies want independence: Weinman, with figures before him showing that Hawaii has no majority nationality, wrote that the Islands should demand national independence.

With all its faults—I wrote a 13-page letter to Weinman detailing some of them—this pamphlet did analyze Hawaii's economic structure. It set me thinking how facts could be gathered on the spot and analyzed more realistically. It also started me thinking about what might be done to democratize Hawaii along what I then supposed were Marxist lines.

So I sat down and wrote what Governor Stainback years later was to call "a plan of the Communists under which they have operated in the Territory for many years, which is devised particularly for the Territory by one of its so-called brainiest leaders."¹⁴

The gist of this "plan" was that the workers should organize industrial unions (which happened when they organized themselves into the ILWU and other unions) and should form a radical third party (this has not been realized yet). Naively, I supposed that if these things were done, the Big Five would have to take a back seat to the workers.

Along with the main part of the "plan," which still looks like good sense to me, were some trimmings particularly my own, as fantastic in their way as anything Mr. Weinman had written. One was a series of suggestions for anti-religious propaganda. At that time I was very anti-clerical, partly because of my disgust with the "Bible Belt" Christianity I had known in my youth, partly because I knew that the clergy—there are many honorable exceptions—have generally sided with the powerful against social reforms.

Another point was anti-militarism, for I was then also pretty much of a pacifist. My dislike for the military began when at the age of 18 I attended a Citizens Military Training Camp and heard a lecture by an officer who hailed us trainees as "young eagles" who should spread our pinions for the approaching war with "little brown men."

It was these portions of the "plan," naturally, that Governor Stainback read in his 1947 Armistice Day speech to make people's hair stand on end over the menace of communism. Since Mr. Stainback is

an intelligent man, he must have known that he was not reading from a Communist plan—but politics is a game often played without regard for the truth.

How did Stainback get hold of a copy of this “plan,” which I had long since forgotten? I can only guess.

Some months before I wrote it, I had gotten in touch with the writer of a progressive-sounding letter in the *Star-Bulletin's* columns. He introduced me to several other young Oriental men of more or less radical views, and I remember sending a copy of the “plan” to one of them.

I may have sent a copy also, though I do not distinctly recall doing so, to John K. Akau, Jr., who was friendly with this group. Mr. Akau in those days was rather radical, in words. He once wrote me to this effect: “There are two kinds of progressives, those who get out in the sun and work and those who sit in the shade and applaud. Which are you?”

I replied that I was the sort that sits in the shade.

Even then, John Akau had gathered about him a group of young men. When I wrote about it to Weinman in New York, he concluded that it was a branch of the Communist Party.¹⁵ I disillusioned him in my next letter.

JANUARY 29, 1953

“Communist plans” for making Hawaii more democratic took up little of my time during my four years at Honokaa. Most of my leisure time and energy went into trying to make myself a scholar.

Like all teachers of English, I ran up against the problem of Pidgin. Unlike most of them, I decided to learn something about its grammar. This interest in turn led me to try to find out why and how Pidgin arose in Hawaii, and finally to compare it with similar dialects and languages.

With my wife's help I wrote an article on our local Pidgin English for the journal *American Speech*; an amateurish job, but until someone takes the trouble to do the job professionally this article remains the “authority” on the subject. Next came a master's thesis on *Language and Dialect in Hawaii*, and then—but I'm running ahead of my story.¹⁶

The summers of 1933 and 1934 were spent at the University of Hawaii summer school. The first summer I made the acquaintance of Prof. Charles T. Loram of Yale University. A heavy, big, untidy man with a bearish gait, his looks quite belied his abilities, for he was the

most diplomatic wangler and promoter I've known. By birth he was a South African, the son of an English missionary. Brought up among Zulu boys, he had often, he said, lunched with his playmates on field rats which they caught and roasted. He became head of the native (Bantu) school system of Natal province.

In his native country, even Dr. Loram's diplomacy and *hoomalimali* [to mollify with soft words, to quiet, to flatter] were of no avail, for nowhere in the whole world are race relations worse than in South Africa. Two and a half million whites, themselves divided into roughly equal Dutch- and English-speaking nations, are agreed on one point, that they are the master race who must hold the lid down on 8,000,000 Bantu, 1,000,000 Coloured and 300,000 Indians.

The present semi-fascist government, resting on a secret society dominated by ministers who justify apartheid (100 per cent racial segregation) by God's Word, simply carries to its logical end that system that already prevailed when Dr. Loram was in South Africa.

Eight million Natives are represented in Parliament by three whites. By law, certain kinds of work, such as all jobs on the railways, are kept for whites. Whites are paid from three to six times as much as Natives. It is a crime for a Native to strike.

Anyone whom it considers a troublemaker, whatever his color, the government may simply order to move to another province. Natives must carry several kinds of passes; lacking them, they can be run out of town and sent to prison.

Since the Communist Party has given leadership to the fight for racial equality, it has been outlawed; and anyone who advocates racial equality is treated as a Communist.

Dr. Loram once told us a story of some white ladies who, distressed at the racial friction, got together with leading women of the Bantu community to see what could be done about it. One of the white women came up with a practical suggestion: "You know how young men are, even if they shouldn't be so; and in their relations with the native housemaids they so often pick up infectious diseases. Wouldn't it be well for the maids to receive physical examinations and wear badges if they are free from disease?"

"A fine idea," agreed the Native women, "if your sons will do the same thing."

In such a country—where one-eleventh as much per capita is spent on Native as on white students—Dr. Loram felt he was up against a stone wall. He came to America, pulled strings for funds and per-

sueded Yale University to set up a department of race relations, with one foot in the school of education and one in the anthropology department. In it, missionary and government educators, both European and Native, from Africa and other colonial countries would get a broader, more practical training than was possible in their own countries or in the usual departments of a university.

When Dr. Loram offered me a scholarship on the condition that I would study in his department, the offer aroused my latent ambition. Though I insisted on finishing my work for an M.A. degree before I left Hawaii, I began digging away at German and my wife began pinching pennies. In August 1935, just as maritime union organizers were setting up office in Honolulu, we sailed for the States.¹⁷

FEBRUARY 5, 1953

Most of our fellow students in the race relations department at Yale were foreigners. (I say "our" because Professor Loram invited my wife, even though she was not enrolled, to sit in the classes and share in all the department's activities.) There were a Zulu, a Baganda, a Creole from Sierra Leone, five white South Africans and a Hindu. So that they might see what American education is like, Dr. Loram used to take the class to visit all sorts of schools, among them such plush preparatory schools as Avon Old Farm and Groton, which make Puna-hou look poor.

In the spring of 1936 he loaded the department aboard three automobiles and took us on a tour of the Southeastern states, stopping mostly at Negro schools.

Writing this installment, I asked my wife: "What impressed you most on that trip?"

"The squalor," she answered without hesitation.

I did not see the "Dogpatch" country in the Appalachians. One of our Chinese friends who did visit it, told me it was more poverty-stricken than anything he had seen in China. At Berea College, Kentucky, which is attended by many students from the mountains, I heard of a widow whose land was sold because she was delinquent in her taxes—by 10 cents!

What we did see in the cotton country of the Carolinas and Georgia was bad enough. For mile after mile we rode past one- and two- and three-room shacks. Here and there was a better farmhouse, though small and shabby by Northern standards. I am familiar with shacks in Kona and shacks in the worst plantation camps, but at least in these

Islands I have never seen homes that had to be propped up with poles, as they leaned out of plumb like a drunk against a lamppost.

Next to the poverty, the racial segregation impressed my wife most. Raised as I had been in a border state, I expected the segregation, yet by the end of our trip I found that it had set my nerves, too, on edge. In my car, on the home stretch, there were three whites and three blacks, so in order to eat together we had to send someone to buy sandwiches and bring them in a bag to the car.

We came into a little West Virginia town just after daybreak and inquired for food at a cafe. Ordinarily, said the proprietor, she didn't serve Negroes, but seeing that no one was about, we might all come in. But this concession was the last straw to the West African, who was seeing this form of discrimination for the first time in his life. He refused to eat breakfast at all.

"Don't take it so hard," I consoled him. "You are going back to Sierra Leone, but we Americans have to face this thing the rest of our lives."

Of course I was making a mental reservation in favor of Hawaii. Two weeks before, Dr. Loram had had me speak to a mixed group in Petersburg, Virginia, about how the races got along in Hawaii. These good people (I mean the whites among them) had come together because they looked upon themselves as liberals trying to improve race relations. But, as I went on in the most naive way possible, telling about our Island inter-marriages and how anyone present would be accommodated in any restaurant or hotel in Hawaii, I could see the audience freeze. (I should not have been saying such things in the presence of Negroes.)

Within 10 years I found that my remark to my Sierra Leone friend applied to Hawaii much more than I could have imagined when I spoke at Petersburg. I had been jimcrowed when I went, in company with Negro servicemen, to a Honolulu restaurant (owned by a legislator named Glover). I had been turned away from bars where I went in company with a Negro. In my own high school class there had been a heated discussion over the refusal of Oriental girls to dance with a Negro GI student.

Our trip had its lighter moments, too. One came in Atlanta, where we met with some young ladies from the very exclusive Agnes Scott School, and Dr. Loram let fall some flattering words about the responsibilities of such a select group as themselves in improving relations in the South.

"Yes," one of the girls said complacently, "we are the cream of the South, you know."

FEBRUARY 12, 1953

My first year at Yale I spent learning how to be a graduate student. The second year, eleven solid months, I dug through hundreds of books and articles in English, French, German, Dutch, Portuguese and Spanish, out of which I wrote my Ph.D. thesis on "Marginal Languages."¹⁸ It is a survey of about 40 trade pidgins and creole dialects such as our own Island Pidgin English. Certainly it is one of the bulkiest theses ever to be presented at Yale, for it covers 880 pages! I was told it was also considered one of the best of the year.

Of course it is satisfying to know that one has turned out at least one good piece of work. (Its practical value is quite another question.) But if I had those two years at Yale to live over, I should spend far less time in the library and much more getting acquainted with the great scholars who taught there, and with my fellow students.

While I turned myself into a bookworm, my wife was getting an education. All she had to do was market, cook, wash and iron. After these "trivial" chores were finished, she could spend her time attending plays and recitals, reading what she liked, visiting New York and getting acquainted with Mainland life and people.

My one regular break from classroom and library desk was attendance at a club affiliated with the Inter-Professional Association. In it were discussed all sorts of current issues, from the Spanish Civil War to the formation of the CIO [Congress of Industrial Organizations].

We also came in contact with Communists and other left-wing people in New Haven. Crossing New Haven's central park, the Common, one could hear Communists and Socialist Laborites making speeches, and at New Haven town meetings the Communist state organizer would give his party's views on how to raise the town's revenue by taxing the rich, tax-exempt Yale University business properties. I have forgotten whether it was the organizer I heard there, or his predecessor, who went to fight and die in the Spanish Civil War.

Early in our stay, my wife and I visited a debate in Madison Square Garden, New York City, between the heads of the Communist and Socialist Parties, Earl Browder and Norman Thomas. At that time the Communist Party was plugging especially hard for a united front of all left-wing and liberal elements against fascism. But I am afraid that in New York the feud between the two parties was too deep rooted in the

consciousness of members of either party for them to really want a united front on any terms but their own.

We sat next to a little elderly man who stared at us, seeking to size us up. When Mr. Browder spoke and made a good point, and we applauded, our neighbor thawed out and beamed upon us. Then Mr. Thomas spoke: he also made a good point and again we applauded. Disillusioned, our neighbor withered us with a glare.

All good things come to an end, including graduate study. Now I learned that being a student in the little race relations department was of no help in finding a college position, for naturally a university turns to recognized sociology and anthropology departments for teachers in those fields. If I had had the foresight and will power, I should have tried to wangle a scholarship for a third year's study in some "big name" sociology or anthropology department.

But I was tired of living in a single attic room and eating hamburgers. I was tired of the Mainland winters. I was homesick for Hawaii—I used to wake up on cold mornings dreaming of steamy Hilo. I turned my face homeward to the job from which I was on leave, teaching at Kalakaua Junior High.

Pulling strings has always been an art of which I am incapable. Professor Loram, however, had been pulling strings for me. On the way home, I received an offer of a year's appointment (1937–1938) to the sociology-anthropology department of the University of Hawaii as a part-time instructor. Frankly—and very naively—I wrote the department head, Dr. Felix Keesing, that I was a Marxist in politics and economics and considered it my duty to do whatever I could to help the labor movement. He took the letter to President David Crawford, who interpreted "Marxist" to mean "Communist" but okayed my appointment nevertheless. At the same time, he gossiped about my letter, so that I quickly became known as a left-winger.

FEBRUARY 19, 1953

Despite a lack of thorough training in sociology or anthropology, I did pretty well as a teacher at the University. However, I had to learn about practical psychology. When twenty lovely girls from Teachers' College enrolled in one of my courses, instead of leading them on from a couple of easy assignments, I outlined the content of the course in advance. Those lovely girls I never saw again; they had promptly transferred to what they thought would be an easier subject.

For several months I did nothing to live up to the ambition I had

expressed, of helping the unions here. In fact, I was so busy teaching that I did not even try to contact any union leaders.

The labor movement had already attained size and militancy enough to be considered a menace by the employers. A few months before our return to Hawaii the notable National Labor Relations Board [NLRB] hearing had been held on Castle & Cooke's methods of ruling the waterfront¹⁹: the records of the labor-spying Industrial Association of Hawaii had vanished to the Philippines; ex-Governor Lawrence Judd had made his famous remark about paying no more attention to the Wagner Act than to the Desha bathing suit law; Attorney Frank Thompson had caught the flu just in time to avoid explaining how he had goons hired to "dump" organizer Maxie Weisbarth. Antonio Fagel, Charles Cabe and other leaders of the Maui strike of 1937 were on trial when we returned, for "conspiracy to commit unlawful imprisonment" of a double-crossing scab.²⁰

All developments on the labor front I followed carefully in the press, but my interest, for the time being, went no further. What I did do soon after my return was to get together with two University faculty members and a graduate student to organize a Honolulu branch of the Inter-Professional Association [IPA]. I was its first chairman; Dr. William Leslie of Hilo was the second one. For the next three years the IPA met fortnightly and became a rallying center for the few active liberals and radicals outside the labor movement.

The IPA had its share of "big name" speakers and mostly confined itself to talking. On only one point could it by any stretch of the imagination be considered as following the Communist "line"; in 1940 it called for non-involvement in the European war, at a time when a majority of Americans, including the American Legion, took the same position. But long before then it had become known as a red organization and the timid or prudent had been scared away; for the IPA from the start took a position openly and strongly in favor of the unions—something that only Communists would do in Hawaii!

Years afterward, one of the former IPA members was employed at the University in a job which, being partly paid from Federal funds, came under the loyalty program. She was one of the noblest and finest women I have known. An old-time Socialist Party member, she was opposed on principle to communism, as all her friends knew. But some anonymous busybody sent in an accusation that she had used her membership in the IPA to recruit people into the Communist Party. It happened that shortly before she had been stricken with a painful ner-

vous disease. Had she been able at this point to resign or take a leave of absence, she might have been able to whip the disease at the beginning. But she was a fighter and felt that she must stay on the job and clear herself; which she did and then resigned. By that time it was too late for her to recover, and the rest of her life she lived in excruciating pain.

In February 1938, someone invited Jimmy Cooley and Jack Hall of the *Voice of Labor* to address the IPA. Long after they were due, Cooley dashed in to announce that Hall had gone down to the waterfront to handle a quickie strike on an Inter-Island ship, had been arrested and manhandled and was being held by the police. A couple of University teachers immediately went to the police station, but Jack already had been worked over by Sgt. Allen Taylor (now in prison on a narcotics charge). Next morning, a committee of seven, most of us from the University, called on Chief Gabrielson to know why Hall had been arrested. Because he resembled a guy wanted for burglary, Gabrielson said at first; then he said it was because Hall might have caused trouble.

Up till this time, police used to work over and threaten Hall and other union men rather often. The IPA's publicity on this case stopped the practice.

FEBRUARY 26, 1953

Early in 1938 I was given to understand that I would be reappointed at the University of Hawaii on condition that I spend 1939-40 studying at Chicago. A few weeks later I learned that I would not be reappointed. Official reason: no funds. But when I inquired what future opportunities might be should I take the year at Chicago immediately, I was not surprised to learn that there were none. The University was playing safe.

By way of consoling me, a colleague remarked that there is about as much satisfaction teaching in a senior high school as in a university. One trouble with this consolation was that the DPI had made its appointments for 1938-39 before I learned that the University was through with me. During the following months I filed applications, but neither the DPI nor any private school was impressed by a Ph.D. degree. September 1 found me dependent upon my wife.

This was the bitterest blow of my whole life. At that time I valued an academic career highly, and to have my ambitions cut short was a hard blow to my self-esteem. Added to this, with more pressing weight

every month, was the humiliation of living off my wife, with what appeared very little chance of getting a teaching job on any level. Or any job at all.

This unemployment changed the course of my life. Had the University reappointed me, the chances are that within a few years I would have settled into the academic routine, and today I would not be a Smith Act defendant, but an average college liberal, certainly cautious and probably scared.

Up till that time, my personal acquaintance with union men had been slight. Through the Inter-Professional Association's participation in the Progressive League of Hawaii (a forerunner of PAC [Political Action Committee]) during the summer of 1938 I had seen a little of some of the union leaders of that time: Ed Berman, James Cooley, Jack Hall, Louis Welch, Jack Kawano, Manuel Rodrigues, Fred Kama-hoahoa and William Costello of the Newspaper Guild. But it was the months of unemployment that brought me close to some of these men; just as it was the emotional impact of the "Hilo Massacre" of August 1, 1938, that made me certain in which camp I belonged.²¹

The man whom I saw most was Jack Hall, editor of the *Voice of Labor*. Often I dropped into the small room which served, with its typewriter and its army cot, as Jack's editorial office by day and his bedroom by night. Jack became an increasingly frequent visitor at my home. My wife and I appreciated his caustic, dry wit, his keen analytic powers, his breadth of view and his integrity.

At this time, too, I had my first experience as a labor negotiator. Wretched conditions and paternalistic management at the Kress store had driven some of the kids who worked there to form a union. Kress promptly fired half a dozen of them and fought the case clear up to the NLRB, which, about three years later, ordered them reinstated with \$10,000 back pay. Meanwhile, with only a small majority signed up and with no experience or support, the union was trying to negotiate a contract. A seaman named Ted Dolan had beached here in order to head the negotiations, and he asked me and a young social worker named Ah Quon Leong to sit in and give him moral support.

Basic wage at Kress' Honolulu store was \$9 a week, at its San Francisco store, \$15. Day after day, Dolan tried to make a small dent in the company's obstinate position that workers here didn't deserve a raise, let alone parity, because somehow Islanders don't work like Mainlanders do. We knew that the Honolulu store was a gold mine for the com-

pany, but were too inexperienced to know that we had a right to demand figures on its profits which we could have used in bargaining.

When Dolan ran out of breath, he would turn to me and whisper: "John, say something." I would say something. But I won no concessions from S. H. Kress & Co.

For the union representatives, kids in their late teens, the negotiations were an eye-opening experience. It was the first time they had seen anyone stand up to the manager and tell him what was wrong in his store. Sometimes they even told him themselves. "Mr. Jahries isn't so smart," they would say at caucus period. "He can't answer us; he has to let the lawyers talk for him."

MARCH 5, 1953

There was another interest besides unions and the Progressive League to keep me busy during my months of unemployment. Earl L. McTaggart, then executive secretary of the Hawaii Education Association [HEA], asked me to fill the vacant post of chairman of the social-economic plans committee. Since labor unions were a new and interesting phenomenon in Hawaii, the committee members voted to make a study of them.

The outcome of this project was described in an article published by the *Kauai Herald*. There are two details which I omitted from the *Kauai Herald* article: the late Roy Vitousek threatened (politely, of course) that appropriations for the DPI might be cut if the report on labor was not suppressed; and an agent of G-2 came around to the HEA office to read the report. He advised that it be destroyed.²²

The experiences described in that article gave me some idea of how supersensitive the "Big Five" were to the faintest breath of criticism, especially from the teaching profession which is expected to be 100 per cent loyal to *their* outlook upon social and economic questions. I also got some idea of the moral cowardice which is almost an occupational disease of many teachers. The HEA executive board members on Maui, who had suppressed the report upon pressure from John T. Moir of Lahaina, did not have the courage to stand up and criticize the report or defend their action when I told the convention about the pressure—without mentioning names.

At the following convention, in the spring of 1941, Principal Stanley M. Miyamoto introduced a resolution putting the HEA on record as approving the free associations which a democracy allows:

churches, chambers of commerce, trade unions, professional organizations and the like. The press about that time was full of attacks on unions because of strikes in the coal and defense industries.

Eugene Capellas, Sr., (the future senator) argued that since President Roosevelt might soon suppress unions, the HEA should pass no resolution including them in its approval. The delegates, who were presumably among the most active-minded teachers in the department, voted down the resolution by a substantial majority.

So when I heard Prof. K. C. Leebrick, after the war, praise the teachers of Japan for their rapid and thorough switch from the ideals of Mikadoism to the ideals of democracy—on orders from the American military—I was not much impressed. There is a little lizard called the chameleon that is able to change its color in a matter of seconds.

More than a year before the fight over the report on labor relations, I was back in the DPI. In February 1939, thanks to Dr. Miles Cary, I got a temporary appointment, at the minimum salary, substituting for a teacher on maternity leave from McKinley High School. This appointment was over the objection of one of the commissioners who had heard I was a Communist and thought that my taking part in the Kress negotiations practically proved the truth of the rumor.

A few months later I was offered a permanent appointment—but it was on the junior high school level. At that time a job in a senior high school carried more pay as well as more prestige. Not only was my vanity hurt (for my Ph.D. was still almost brand new!) but I so heartily disliked teaching the intermediate grades that I was almost ready to turn down the job and wait for a senior high school opening. I was advised that there was such strong opposition to my getting into the DPI at all, that I had better accept while the chance was offered.

So, in the fall of 1939, I began the first of five years at Kalakaua Intermediate—by good luck, under the same principal, Paul B. Sanborne, under whom I had taught at Honokaa. I wryly reflected that if I had suppressed my ambition and stayed in Honokaa I would now be teaching in the new senior high school there.

The first year at Kalakaua was purgatory. Being naturally impatient and more interested in ideas than in people, it took years before I disciplined myself into a reasonably good teacher. But, during my last year at Kalakaua, I was assigned a class of ninth graders, most of whom could hardly read. When I found that their esprit de corps was better than that of any other class, and that I really enjoyed teaching them, I knew I was learning my job.

Still, I think I would have become a good teacher a lot faster if the DPI had assigned me to senior high school from the start.

MARCH 12, 1953

I know there are people who credit me with influence upon the course of Hawaiian unionism or at least of its major branch, the ILWU. A few years ago I met one such person, a worthy young priest on Maui, who frankly told me so. Their course of reasoning seems to be this: the Communist Party calls the shots for the ILWU; someone in turn must call the shots for the Communist Party; who can do that except a man with a Ph.D.?

Such touching faith in the magic power of the letters "Ph.D." is, of course, not shared by the employers who deal with men like Jack Hall, Art Rutledge, George Martin, Thomas Yagi, "Slim" Shimizu—and several dozen more—and are forced to recognize that ability to think fast and think well is not necessarily decorated with the letters "Ph.D." or even "B.A."

As a matter of fact, I have always been on the fringe of the labor movement, a close enough personal friend of some of the leaders to know generally what was going on, but never well enough acquainted with the details or in close enough touch with the rank and file to help make decisions, even if I had wished to do so. Once in a while I have been able to help with a particular job of research—and that is all so far as the ILWU is concerned.

In 1944, for example, I spent much of the summer digging out figures on the swollen (and disguised) profits of certain sugar plantations, for use in the organizing drive among the sugar workers. But in the period before the war, the time covered by this installment, my only contribution was to write an article every two weeks for Jack Hall's paper, the *Kauai Herald*.

Still, it was the respect given the title "Dr." which led to my acquaintance with Art Rutledge. This was at the beginning of his career as a union leader, in 1939, when he had been business agent of Local 5, "the bartenders," for only a few months. The men who had held that office before him were not trusted by the membership, and Rutledge himself, as a malihini haole [newcomer Caucasian], was not entirely trusted by the Chinese workers at Waikiki Lau Yee Chai who were negotiating a contract under his leadership. So, through an acquaintance of mine who knew one of the workers, I was called in (as I learned later) to help keep an eye on Art.

My usefulness in negotiations was limited to whatever moral value there was in the presence of a Ph.D. at the bargaining table, for I knew absolutely nothing of the duties, problems and wage scales of restaurant workers. Since the employees did most of their caucusing in Chinese, Art himself was often in the dark as to what they wanted, and the timing of their strike surprised him almost as much as it did the employers.

Then, when the strike was under way, the Chinese workers insisted that Filipino unionists picket downtown Lau Yee Chai. They were willing to picket in Waikiki where haoles would see them, but not downtown where Chinese might taunt them for striking against fellow Chinese bosses.

Although my contribution to the success of the Lau Yee Chai strike was nil, this experience was the beginning of a friendship with Art Rutledge. It would be hard to find two persons more unlike than he and I in background, temperament, abilities and political outlook; but we shared two things, faith in the Hawaiian labor movement and faith that the unions would help build equality and fraternity among the many nationalities of Hawaii.

Faith in interracial fraternity had to suffer a lot of strain in the next few years. As relations between Japan and the United States worsened, the old suspicion against the Japanese-American community got more acute. The "liberal" weekly of that time, the *Sentinel*, was a rabid baiter of what it called the shintos. The CIO unions and Jack Hall's bi-monthly *Herald* were about the only forces that steadily spoke out against anti-Japanese discrimination while at the same time condemning the Japanese war of conquest against China.

I remember a big joint meeting of Democratic precinct clubs early in 1940 which went into an uproar when Fred Kamahoahoa, an ILWU officer, presented a resolution defending the constitutional rights of local Japanese to have their own language broadcasts. Senator David K. Trask and Jimmy Needles took off fiercely against Fred, myself and others who defended the resolution, though it's true that most of their anger was against the impudence of "subversive" union people in becoming active Democrats.

MARCH 19, 1953

I suppose that not only every person of Japanese stock but everyone who, like myself, was married to a Japanese, bears an emotional scar of some kind from the period that began with the invasion of China and

ended with Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is impossible to forget the years when the finger of suspicion was pointed ever more insistently, yet nothing could be done but wait for the crisis that would prove the loyalty of people one knew would be loyal.

Then the darkness of 1942, when it looked as if there would be no opportunity to prove that loyalty—when the *Advertiser* was applauding the West Coast evacuation to concentration camps, when the government said nothing to contradict the lying rumors about sabotage on Pearl Harbor day and the OMG [Office of Military Government] treated Japanese-Americans as barely tolerated second-class citizens.

And finally, the slow years while the AJAs [Americans of Japanese Ancestry] were winning with their blood the right to be regarded as Americans, yet at home John Balch was calling for the deportation of 100,000 AJAs and the American Legion was attacking Dr. Miles Cary because he asked for scholarships for Americans of Japanese ancestry.

It is not that my own family was personally “pushed around.” The only such incident came toward the end of the war, when my 80-year-old father-in-law was called in for questioning by G-2, apparently to give some rookie investigator practice. It was the general stupidity of our American racialism, dramatically given free rein by the passions of war, which distressed me.

When I look back, I am ashamed that I was not more outspoken against some of the injustices rooted in that stupidity. Before the war I had written a few letters to the press answering some of the slurs against local Japanese. But when the deportation from the West Coast was ordered, I did not have the courage to write freely my opinion of that business. Perhaps, had I done so, censorship would have prevented publication of my letter—but again, it might not have. The censor didn’t stop John Balch’s pamphlet.

When I did write calling attention, without comment one way or another, that an AJA from Hawaii had challenged the constitutionality of an order connected with the evacuation, my letter drew a foaming-at-the-mouth reply from James Tice Phillips, head of Pacific Chemical & Fertilizer Company. While Americans are being mistreated in Japan, how dare Reinecke mention constitutional rights for Japs!

It seems that in wartime the most patriotic citizens are the ones who call loudest for imitation of the enemy’s worst behavior.

In the summer of 1943, when I was helping about the office of Local 5 of the Hotel & Restaurant Employees, an issue of the International’s journal carried an editorial declaring that the union would give

no help to the War Relocation Authority in placing "Japs" in jobs outside the camps. Arthur Rutledge, business agent of Local 5, felt such a statement must not go unchallenged.

We drafted a strong reply, pointing out that most of Local 5's members, good union men and loyal Americans, were of Japanese birth or parentage; that the same was true of many other unions in Hawaii; and that the International should be ashamed of departing from its position of no racial discrimination.

Not only did the union journal print the letter, but it was reprinted in full in the Mainland AJA paper, *Pacific Citizen*, and the local Japanese press and summarized in the *Star-Bulletin*.

A few weeks later occurred a short walkout at Theo. H. Davies & Co. which occasioned the "smirking Japanese" editorial in the *Advertiser*. This strike brought to a head the undercover attempt being made by some businessmen to use the Morale Committee to discourage Japanese from joining unions. If they did so, ran the argument, they would be attacked as interfering with the war effort. Mr. Rutledge called a meeting of AFL [American Federation of Labor] union leaders and people from the Morale Committee, which was attended by Riley Allen but not by Ray Coll; and that was the end of the attempt.²³

About this time, at the request of someone from the Citizens' Morale Committee, I drew up a memorandum on my views of the place of Japanese joining unions. I used rather strong language. I pointed out that in some Southern communities where Negroes were not welcomed into unions, they were used as scabs by the employers, and thus racial friction was increased. And if the Japanese were treated similarly and kept out of unions, racial friction would result here as well.

Later I heard that the military governor, who thought Mr. Rutledge was responsible for the wording of the ideas in the memo, called him in and "put him on the carpet." Art expressed his views of the military governor in more forceful language than I had used.

MARCH 26, 1953

Hawaii's experience under military rule was disillusioning to one brought up to cherish the rights of self-government and to believe, like our Revolutionary ancestors, in "an exact subordination of the military power to the civil authority."

The men to whom Hawaii has always looked for leadership, the capitalist and business executives and plantation managers—the men who

talk lovingly of democracy as the opposite of communism—these men, when Hawaii was deprived of self-government and its democratic rights slashed away, raised no voice against the Army's arbitrary rule. To the contrary, they clung to it because it guaranteed that their labor [force] would be kept under strict control.²⁴

(I am speaking primarily, not of the seven months between Pearl Harbor and the Battle of Midway, but of the two and a quarter years after all danger of Japanese invasion had passed but the Army held on to its rule in violation of the Constitution.)

All accounts of Hawaii's war years agree that the burden of military rule fell upon the working class. It was the working people who were dragged into court for violating curfew and blackout restrictions and fined a pint of blood—and it was the Chamber of Commerce that wanted to keep the curfew and blackout after the fighting front had moved to Okinawa. It was the working people who were restricted in their movements, frozen to their jobs, unable to use the courts to collect wages due them or to obtain redress of other grievances.

It was the business executives who held ranking positions in the Office of Civilian Defense and who had the ear of Col. Thomas H. Green, the military governor's adjutant, a man who had no use for trade unions, "Japs" and such troublesome rabble. It was these men who kept quiet while elected representatives of the people [e.g., George Watasae, member of Kauai Board of Supervisors] were locked in concentration camps and good Americans, sure of election, were forced to withdraw from political contests because they belonged to the wrong race. It was one section of these men, through their mouth-piece, the *Advertiser*, who called for suspension of elections under military rule and who openly race-baited Japanese unionists.

Rightly or wrongly—wrongly, I hope—since 1942–45 I have been convinced that most of Hawaii's big businessmen would easily fall in with nationwide military rule or even with outright fascism should such a disaster ever befall this country.

I was particularly interested in the impact of military rule upon the labor movement, which on December 6, 1941, was flourishing and growing by leaps and bounds. On Kauai, where my friend Jack Hall had been active, the plantation union was killed when the military ordered it to stop collecting dues, and the longshoremen's union was killed when its president, Ichiro Izuka, was locked up by the Army carrying out the wishes of three plantation managers—the men who decided who was loyal and who was not on Kauai.²⁵

In Honolulu, when employers flouted their contracts with the bartenders and Arthur Rutledge complained to the OMG, he was told in elegant language that OMG would do nothing to enforce the contract, and if the union did anything to enforce it, Mr. Rutledge “would get a bayonet up his arse.”

There was a period in 1942 when plantation workers, frozen to their jobs at wages far below those of “defense workers,” were rented to USED [United States Engineering Department] by the plantations, which received and pocketed the difference in wages.²⁶ One of my friends among the defense workers brought me a notice, which I had photographed and sent to the *ILWU Dispatcher* for publication:

“Employees are forbidden to discuss their wages with unauthorized persons, and especially with plantation workers. (Signed)”

Toward the end of August 1942, the NLRB representative, A. L. Wills,²⁷ introduced me to Joseph J. Zasimovitch, business agent of Local B-1260 of the IBEW-AFL [International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers—American Federation of Labor] who was looking for help in getting out union publicity at Hawaiian Electric Company.

Mr. Zasimovitch had begun organization of the union there in 1941, but it had been stymied for a while when Attorney Montgomery Winn had management organize a company union, and then it had been stopped in its tracks for several months by military rule.

Now, dissatisfied at being frozen to their jobs at wages considerably lower than they could make at Pearl Harbor, the electrical workers were again turning to the union, but they were rather afraid that the OMG might clamp down on union activity.

I helped write leaflets and a radio speech emphasizing that workers, even under military rule, had the right to join and vote for a union; in fact, that this right was one of the things that distinguishes a democracy.

By a substantial majority, Local B-1260 won recognition. This was the first breakthrough of organized labor from the setback it had suffered from martial law.

APRIL 2, 1953

Joseph J. Zasimovitch, organizer and business agent of Local B-1260 of the IBEW-AFL at Hawaiian Electric Company, since he intended to visit on the Mainland in the summer of 1943, asked me to act as tem-

porary business agent during his absence. Though doubtful of my ability to handle grievances satisfactorily, I wanted to build up a shop steward system which could handle them, so I accepted the offer.

However, the city power plant was within the restricted waterfront area. When I went to get a pass I found it unobtainable: "You ought to know why." After a day's run-around I was finally directed to the provost marshal, Col. Steer. Without wasting on me any more courtesy than the military ordinarily dealt to labor officials in those days, Steer told me: "We've got enough trouble on the waterfront without having you down there making any more."

Also, the IBEW vice president at San Francisco, who may have had visions of a "red" supplanting Mr. Zasimovitch in his job, refused to allow a non-electrician to take over his duties even temporarily.

By this time the men and women at the Mutual Telephone Co., under the leadership of Solomon K. Aki, Jr., were also joining the IBEW. Shortly afterward, the telephone workers were chartered as a separate local, which was recognized by the company. Mr. Aki asked me to sit in the union's meetings and assist in drawing up a draft contract to present to management. Thus began an association with that local which lasted until the middle of 1945.

A satisfactory contract was signed on October 29, 1943, thanks in large measure to the reasonable attitude taken by Judge Alva E. Steadman. Afterwards, I helped build up a shop stewards' council which met regularly to discuss the problems of the various departments and compare methods of handling them. At first it was plain that Mr. Aki would have preferred to handle grievances singlehanded; for like many of the first organizers here, he was very jealous of possible competition for leadership. In time, though, he came to see the value of such training for his local's "non-commissioned officers."

During the summer of 1943, also, Arthur Rutledge asked me to lend a hand at odd jobs about his office and particularly, with negotiations at Dairymen's Association, Ltd. The dairy workers had just made Art their business agent—the beginning of his expansion into many fields, which ended with Unity House and its 3,000 members.²⁸ The union had thrown out its former agent, Lawrence Shigeura, concluding that he had sold them down the river by negotiating a contract practically setting aside the union shop to run until six months after the end of the war with Japan!

As the company claimed that the Shigeura contract was in force, it took threats of a strike and pressure from Governor Stainback before

we finally sat down to negotiate. My part in negotiations was mainly to argue over principles and infinitives with the company's attorney, Arthur G. Smith. Apart from that, I dug up figures in the Territorial treasurer's office showing that Honolulu with its wartime ice cream contracts, was a gold mine for the parent Mainland firm. When the union finally landed a contract with raises of around 40 per cent, however, it was not due to the polish of my English but to a quickie strike in the ice cream department, led by a 21-year-old woman.

In constant touch with several AFL and ILWU union leaders and Mr. Wills of the NLRB office, I came to know something about the grievances of labor under the do-nothing, employer-biased regime of the military governor. Especially after the OMG imposed an unfair settlement upon the Drydock Workers' Union at Hawaiian Tuna Packers, organized labor demanded that the National War Labor Board take over in Hawaii and apply its principles here. In March 1944, from ideas furnished by Arthur Rutledge, A. L. Wills and Jack Hall, I drew up a hard-hitting memorandum on the treatment of labor by the military, which was signed by Rutledge and two other union officials (an act that took some courage) and sent to AFL, CIO, and Federal government officials. A few months afterward, the NLRB came to Hawaii.

Many people, I know, have the idea that I have done a great deal of work for the ILWU. This is not so. In the summer of 1944, while the ILWU was sweeping through the sugar plantations, I prepared a series of articles for the local edition of the *Dispatcher* on the fabulous profits of several firms. But for every hour's work that I volunteered for the ILWU, I must have volunteered five for AFL unions. While I should have preferred seeing one union covering all Hawaii's workers, I was glad to see any and all unions make progress here.

APRIL 9, 1953

Negotiations between Local B-1260, IBEW-AFL, [and Hawaiian Electric] began on New Year's Eve and dragged through the first six weeks of 1943. On the union's negotiating committee besides business agent J. J. Zasimovitch and a big delegation of workers were Arthur Rutledge, Gaylord C. LeRoy of the University faculty, and myself. The company's strategy and tactics were handled by Attorney Montgomery Winn, the man who had tried to stop the IBEW by organizing a company union. L. A. Hicks, the company's president, sat like a stuffed shirt through most of the negotiations.

It was soon clear that Mr. Winn was telling the union: "You are

under military rule and this company recognizes nothing but the military government. You can't strike even if you wanted to; the NLRB and National War Labor Board are far away in Washington; the OMG's Section of Labor Control will do nothing for you; you can take the company's terms or leave them."

Having decided upon our own strategy, one night we ran rapidly through the many points in dispute, declared an impasse and walked out. A couple of days later a mimeographed memorandum was in the Military Governor's hands, calling upon him to take action. We had taken the precaution of sending a copy well in advance to the *Star-Bulletin*, which to its credit, offered a certain amount of passive resistance to the behavior of the OMG. Other copies went to officials of the national government and the AFL and CIO.

General Delos Emmons was not particularly pleased to be put on the spot by publication of the main points of the memorandum. Although he had just been making clear that he and not the mere civilian governor had jurisdiction over public utility workers, he turned this hot potato over to Governor Ingram M. Stainback, who appointed a mediation board.

Hawaiian Electric Co. was rather set aback by our unexpected move. Mr. Winn wrote and Mr. Hicks circulated over his own signature a memorandum in reply to ours. It was devoted mainly to attacks on the behavior of the leading negotiators of the union. His chief targets were Mr. Rutledge and myself.

As for Rutledge: "Mr. Rutledge's attitude may be summed up in one sentence. He did not like the Military Governor and he did not like martial law."

As for me: "Mr. Reinecke is well known in this community for certain views on private enterprise entertained, and often expressed by him. . . . He was formerly employed as an assistant professor at the University of Hawaii. He is no longer there."

The IBEW sent down one of its vice presidents, an able negotiator named Milne. After some weeks, Local B-1260 emerged with a good contract, which it continued to improve year by year.

Before Mr. Milne arrived, an incident occurred which showed that Mr. Hicks could not "take it" as well as he could "dish it out." He had filed a memo with the mediators, a whole page of which was devoted to praise of himself for his rise from the ranks and his sympathetic knowledge of the employees' problems. This page amused a certain government official, who pointed out that Mr. Hicks' account of his rise from the ranks omitted one minute detail: he had married the pres-

ident's daughter. This detail the union called attention to in its reply.

Mr. Hicks was so annoyed that Mr. Milne had to make sure a union representative apologized for this thrust when the contract was signed, so that relations might start off on a pleasant basis.

The bus operators at H.R.T. [Honolulu Rapid Transit] were being pushed around considerably worse than the workers at Hawaiian Electric, and were getting a merry run-around from the Section of Labor Control, for H.R.T. President A. E. Kirk was part of the Military Government. Before the war, H.R.T. would not hire Oriental drivers. Under pressure of the wartime manpower shortage, the firm was hiring many AJAs, and apparently it felt that it could take advantage of the pressures on them.²⁹

Henry Gonsalves, president of Amalgamated Division 1173 (now head of the independent teamsters' union), asked me to draft a memorandum similar to that which had got results for the Electrical Workers. I did so; the memo was endorsed by the AFL Central Labor Council, and the OMG dictated a new contract with an average wage increase of 31 per cent and provisions for overtime pay.

A similar memorandum for the Electrical Workers' local at Hilo also helped get results.

APRIL 16, 1953

My association with AFL unions tapered off in 1945. Partly this was because much of my time and energy went into entertaining servicemen; for like many other Islanders, my wife and I turned our house into a "one-family USO." More basically, it was because a rift developed between the ILWU and the Rutledge-Aki wing of the AFL after they had worked closely together for two years. I had good friends in both camps and did not want to be aligned with either side when I felt that both sides were partly to blame.

Some of my time, too, was going into a study of the monopolistic control of the Island economy by the "Big Five"—more accurately, the Big One. Mr. Rutledge had started me on this program by suggesting that I write a pamphlet on the "Big Five" for reading-hungry GIs. The pamphlet never got written; for my scholarly conscience kept me from writing for publication before I felt that I knew the subject from A to Z, or at any rate, from A to somewhere around X or Y.

Though I dug up enough material for use in several classes at the Labor Canteen, and an ILWU-sponsored "CIO School," I was still

digging away when Governor Stainback's axe descended on me in 1947.

It was one day in the spring of 1947, April 21 to be exact, that I received an intimation that my life as a teacher was nearing an end. It came first in the form of a visit from Mrs. E. E. Black, a commissioner of public instruction.

Mrs. Black had looked into my room two or three times before on her annual tours of all classrooms in the Territory. Each time she had almost literally stuck her head into my room and passed on to the next one.

The mouth wash ads say: "Even your best friends won't tell you." Since I never expect to be counted among Mrs. Ruth E. Black's best friends, I am free to tell her what teachers still in service are not likely to say in her hearing, that most of them—though appreciating her interest in the schools—regarded these momentary in again out again visits as half a joke and half a pain in the neck. Not even the most trained of observers can size up a teacher's work or learn what his or her problems are through such "visits."

This visit was an exception. It lasted a quarter of an hour. Mrs. Black came in and looked about her.

"Why is that outline on the board?"

I had written on the blackboard a summary of the Taft-Hartley Bill, then before Congress, and had numbered each of 20-odd points and underlined the key words in each.

"It is follow-up work for a unit on industrial relations."

She stood and read the outline carefully from end to end. I told the students to do the same, for the board would have to be erased that afternoon to make way for new material.

Her reading finished, Mrs. Black turned to me and demanded:

"Why is Communists underlined?"

I looked where she pointed, to Point 15 of the outline: "Union officers must swear they are not Communists in order to use the services of the NLRB."

"Why, the key words in every point are underlined."

"Where is your plan book?"

"In the next room."

"Why don't you have it here?"

"Miss Freitas, the department head, is checking it."

Mrs. Black did not waste time on a "good morning," but slammed out of my room and into the next one, leaving my students wide-eyed

at such behavior. "She seems sore about something," one of the kids observed.

"Do you know what Mr. Reinecke is teaching?" Mrs. Black demanded of Miss Freitas.

Having got no satisfaction from my superior, who saw nothing wrong with my teaching methods, Mrs. Black went to the principal's office and ordered him: "I want that outline copied exactly, underlining and all, before it is erased." Which was done.

A few months later the Taft-Hartley Act was passed practically as outlined, including a provision that union officers must sign an affidavit that they are not Communists before using the services of the NLRB.

When this episode was described during the Reinecke hearing, Commissioner Ruth E. Black's face turned a deep turkey red.

APRIL 23, 1953

Three days after Mrs. Black's visit to my room, while at Iolani Palace with my students, I received a message that Dr. Harold Loper, superintendent of the Department of Public Instruction, wanted to see me at school, immediately. I told my class that they should return by themselves.

"Mr. Reinecke, are you in a hot potato?" one of the boys anxiously asked.

Dr. Loper was waiting in the principal's office. He began the interview by saying that some members of the school board were disturbed over reports that I was a Communist.

"Mrs. Black's visit?"

"Not entirely." "Of course," he went on, "if you are a Communist or a member of the Communist Party the department cannot retain you."

With this fair warning, I said neither "yes" or "no" about membership. I told Dr. Loper that essentially, though not in all details, I agreed with the Communist Party's position.

Then the superintendent wanted to know if I advocated the overthrow of the government by force and violence. "I would be a fool to do so," I told him. But, I added, if the government should become fascist, it would be my duty to fight it by any means to restore democratic rights. "We would all be doing that," he agreed.

Finally Dr. Loper suggested that I appear before the school board and explain my position to them. Since I believed that the board had

no right to inquire into my political affiliations or views, I said that I preferred to wait until the board brought charges against me.

A few evenings later, running into Dr. Loper at the legislature, I learned from him that everything was satisfactory now with the board.

At that time I did not know Dr. Loper himself had been told by Ichiro Izuka that I was "secretary-treasurer" of the Communist Party of Hawaii.

However, a few days before Mrs. Black's descent upon my room, a venomous-voiced female had called me on the phone:

"We have a letter which you wrote to a G.I. telling him that you are secretary-treasurer of the Communist Party."

I scarcely need say that there is no such letter.

"Isn't that interesting? May I know your name, please."

"That isn't necessary. We are going to smoke out you RATS!"
Slam!

It's interesting how such zealous "patriots" are given to anonymous telephone calls and unsigned abusive letters.

And back in 1946, an initial-signed note had appeared in the *Advertiser*, saying that a teacher of social studies in one of the largest high schools, whose name began with an "R," was "perhaps the boss Communist" of the Territory.

About the time of these happenings, I noticed that of all the garbage cans along my street, only mine remained unemptied—only to be emptied on the truck's return trip. Watching more closely, I found that my rubbish was emptied into a special box. Some of the workmen frankly told me that they had orders to give my garbage special treatment. At least once, a special pickup truck was sent around for my two or three gallons of newspaper-wrapped waste; the driver, who spoke English badly, got his wires crossed and apologized, under the impression that I was angry because my garbage hadn't been collected.

Jack Hall's and James Freeman's [another of the Hawaii Seven] rubbish got the same treatment. Mr. Freeman's landlady was curious enough to trail the pickup truck from his place. It was driven to the Army pier at Kalihi.

In view of all these warnings, it was no great surprise when Governor Stainback opened fire on me—at that time, not by name—in his Armistice Day speech as being the author of "a plan of the Communists under which they have operated in the Territory for many years, which is devised particularly for the Territory by one of its so-called brainiest leaders." I had, however, forgotten all about the plan—the

immature ideas I had set down 13 years before, as described in a previous article of this series. [See January 22, 1953.] When Stainback promised a purge of the government employees, I knew that my head would be the first to roll.³⁰

Like a good stage manager, the governor whetted the public's curiosity for a fortnight with "leaks" from Iolani Palace. Two unnamed teachers, or maybe six, would be fired. Meanwhile, just by coincidence (of course!) the Izuka pamphlet appeared.³¹

Today, its ghost writers, Paul Beam and A. L. Wills, probably take little pride in either its style, its contents, or the uses to which it has been put. But there is no denying that they wrote a best seller. Its 31 pages were one of the most descriptive bits of writing ever done in Hawaii, and certainly one of the most profitable financially. "Ichiro Izuka, American," received \$7,000 for telling "The Truth About Communism In Hawaii" as he knew or imagined it.

APRIL 30, 1953

Two weeks of press build-up and suspense followed Governor Stainback's Armistice Day speech in which he promised a purge of Territorial employees. This purge, he indicated, should be an example to "local labor organizations." Stainback was in the midst of a bitter political feud with the ILWU, and the Ignacio Revolt, which he warmly greeted and probably knew of beforehand, was only 20 days in the future.³²

On November 25 I was called out of class by Supt. Harold Loper's office to receive the charges against my wife and myself, suspending us from our jobs. Dr. Loper's signature was attached to the charges, but this was only a formality, for during our hearing he testified that he had only signed what was prepared and handed to him by Attorney General Walter D. Ackerman.

The charges against my wife and me were in almost identical language. After charging us with membership in the Communist Party and setting forth the things usually alleged against that party, the documents went on to say that by reason of membership we were "not possessed of the ideals of democracy," were of doubtful loyalty and should be fired "for the benefit of the DPI."

Not a word was said in the charges or afterward in the hearing against our teaching, which in my wife's case covered 20 years with the DPI, and in my case 16 years.

To add a touch of the ridiculous, Mr. Ackerman also accused us of

being lawbreakers, inasmuch as we were members of a "secret, underground society existing in the Territory of Hawaii unlawfully without license." He was referring to a law passed in 1884 and aimed at Chinese tongs! This law was repealed in 1949 as a dead letter.

What really irked me—and still does—was that Dr. Loper should set his signature to Paragraph X of the charges against me: "That the said John E. Reinecke is so fanatically devoted to the form of government, the policies, the institutions and the way of life which exists under the Communist Party in the USSR. . . ."

Dr. Loper knew me well enough to know that I am incapable of fanatical devotion to any kind of life, whether Soviet, American or any other kind. A skeptical person by temperament and education, any position I take results from weighing several sets of probabilities and I know that I have a good chance of being mistaken through ignorance or faulty reasoning. But I have never seen why, just because my own reasoning is liable to error, I should accept anyone else's orthodoxy as being infallible.

"Fanatical devotion" to any way of life, it seems to me, is most likely to be found in persons enjoying a certain simplicity of outlook such as I observed in Chairman Edward N. Sylva of the School Board during the hearing. Although the basic charge against my wife and me was membership in the Communist Party, and Dr. Loper and Mr. Ackerman were agreed (this was in pre-McCarthy 1948!) that it was perfectly all right for a teacher to hold socialistic ideas, what really distressed Ed Sylva was the thought that the state might take over private property without "just compensation."

Although a lawyer, Mr. Sylva appeared ignorant that our own government freed the slaves by one amendment and ruined the liquor industry by another, without paying a cent of compensation to their owners.

When it was pointed out that moral standards have changed through the centuries, so that what is "just" at one time and place may be very "unjust" at another and, for example, the Ten Commandments meant something quite different to the ancient Hebrews than they mean to us, Mr. Sylva looked about the courtroom impressively; he cleared his throat, and with solemn pauses between his words, said in his most pontifical manner:

"I am sure—that everyone in this courtroom—knows—that STEALING—is wrong. It was WRONG—in the days of the Israelites—and it is WRONG—today."

Perhaps I, too, if I were an heir to one of the pioneer estates, would look upon socialism as stealing.

MAY 7, 1953

To be catapulted from the obscurity of the classroom into being one of the 10 big news stories of the year was an ordeal for both my wife and me, but especially Aiko. I had always liked study more than teaching. Aiko, on the other hand, had spent her entire life in the classroom; she loved teaching and she loved children and in turn, was loved by her students. So when we saw that teaching was closed forever to us—for we had no illusions as to the outcome of a case in which the governor was giving the orders—it was a very hard blow to my wife.

Yet Aiko took the blow with more firmness, she met it with more of a resourceful fighting spirit, than I did. I had always known that my wife sympathized, understood and got along with people better than I did. In this crisis, the “Reinecke case” itself and the years of adjustment that followed, I learned to respect her as a more adaptable, courageous fighter than I am.

Our colleagues in the teaching profession gave us about the same sort of support that I had anticipated, or maybe a little less. When the governor issued his threat, we took care to file as candidates for delegates to the HEA [Hawaii Education Association] convention. Usually there is little competition for this duty, since the convention falls during the Easter vacation. So frightening to teachers, however is the mere finger-pointing of “Communist” that the Reineckes received in this referendum just 6 per cent of the votes.

This at a time when the lay public by the thousands were signing petitions for our reinstatement. We got 9,500 signatures on the petitions and could have multiplied the number many times over had there been the forces to circulate the petitions every day.

Expecting our hearing to begin on the date originally set, December 18, 1947, we scurried about securing character witnesses. In most walks of life it was not difficult to get them. Among teachers, it was a different story. One man, who had been my housemate at Honokaa and my colleague for nine years, was so frightened that he refused even to sit down and discuss the case with me.

Aiko, who had been a leader among the teachers of Waialae School for 10 years, was surprised and distressed when she found, among the dozens of teachers, only one with the courage to appear publicly for her. Being more cynical than Aiko, I was not surprised when certain of

my colleagues at Farrington High gilded the lily of communism by gossiping that I was about to divorce my wife and marry the one teacher there who was taking an active part in our defense. Mrs. Edith Field Keen, another Farrington teacher—one of the three teachers who finally appeared in our behalf—told the School Board flatly that teachers were under pressure and scared to testify.

Governor Stainback frankly wrote that our hearing was intended as an exposure of Communists in the ILWU. By a series of lucky breaks, the hearing was postponed for eight months, when the ILWU had recovered from the intrigues and revolt of Amos Ignacio. Our attorneys, Bouslog and Symonds and particularly Richard Gladstein, took the initiative from the beginning. What had been planned as a Roman holiday with the Christians fed swiftly to the lions, turned into a contest in which the Christians bit the lions oftener than the lions bit the Christians. Ichiro Izuka, the local star witness, was shown up as a self-righteous little liar, inventing and discarding stories on the spur of the moment.

At the very beginning of the case the HEA declared its neutrality. It did, however, hire a lawyer, now Judge Ronald B. Jamieson, to observe the hearing and report if we were getting a fair trial.

Mr. Jamieson's report was distinctly unfavorable to the School Board and pointed out the bias of certain of its members. He reported that there was no evidence of disloyalty or any sort of misconduct on our part; that there was no complaint against our teaching but plenty of evidence that it was satisfactory; and that there was not even a convincing showing that the Communist Party in Hawaii was the monster painted by the Territory's imported "expert," Louis Budenz. Since Izuka could not even say if he knew my wife to be a Communist, the Board's decision to fire her had only one leg to stand on, her refusal to answer the question, "Are you a member of the Communist Party?"

The executive board of the HEA voted not to make Mr. Jamieson's report known to HEA members, as to do so would be challenging the School Board.

MAY 14, 1953

Almost a year of our lives—my wife's and mine—went into fighting the "Reinecke case," with public meetings, a petition campaign, a tour of the neighbor islands and finally, a six-week hearing. It was an exciting 10 months that brought us close to many new friends, but also a great strain for people used to the quiet life of the classroom.

In the midst of the case a friend inquired: "What are you going to do after the hearing? You can't go on being a cause celebre forever."

That was a question we asked ourselves almost daily. Ex-school-teachers in their forties, even those who aren't colored Red, are not much in demand in the labor market.

Aiko, whose teaching certificate was not revoked as mine was, answered two advertisements for private school teachers. She did not receive the courtesy of a reply. Advertisements to do tutoring or (in my case) research brought no response. At this juncture my wife accepted a suggestion to go to Hawaii Island and start building up the *Honolulu Record's* circulation on the plantations.

Up till this time our contacts with workers had been slight. At Lahaina, we knew a few people because we had visited the ILWU headquarters toward the end of the prolonged sugar strike of 1946, and we had friends at Koloa, Kauai. That was the place where Aiko had visited during the 1946 strike and had participated in the housewives' demonstration demanding that the manager release for sale rice hoarded in the plantation warehouse.

Now Aiko began a series of trips among the plantations, selling subscriptions and ads for the *Record*, which work lasted two years and brought her into contact with hundreds of ILWU members, including nearly all the unit leaders of every rank. She was at Kahului during the 1949 dock strike, and every morning before breakfast, she marched in the ILWU picket line before beginning her round of the plantation camps.

This was not the first time Aiko had been in a picket line. When the pineapple workers were locked out in July 1947, both she and I went down to see what was happening at the struck plants in Honolulu. At the entrance to Hapco cannery [Hawaiian Pineapple Company] she found a crowd of women workers hesitating to join the weak picket line. That wouldn't do! Aiko found herself moving about among the women, urging them to get in the line where they belonged, and then, because one cannot urge successfully without setting an example, ended by joining it herself. At the Libby, McNeill & Libby cannery much the same thing happened with me.

Neither of us had any intention of joining in the picketing when we went down that morning, but neither of us could stay out when our participation seemed needed. At the same time, we could see other teachers crossing the picket lines to scab; and Mrs. Ruth E. Black, Commissioner of Public Instruction, was setting a well publicized

example to high school students by going to scab in the pineapple fields.

My chances of getting a job in private industry at the close of the Reinecke case may be judged from my brother's experience a couple of years later. Everyone knows how the local papers, in their wooing of the tourist trade, love to make a big story about any sort of visiting businessman. (But Hugo Ernst, head of a 700,000-member AFL international union, gets a one-inch item when he visits Hawaii.) My brother, who is a highly successful industrial designer and as conservative as I am radical, was here on a vacation, and while here he received news of an award for some of his designing. He was interviewed and photographed by reporters from both the dailies. Then he began scanning the papers to see what sort of write-up they would give him.

Well, there was no story about my brother in either paper.

There is a well-worn saying that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." I've mentioned earlier in this series that from time to time I had done a little volunteer work for Arthur Rutledge's and other AFL unions. As someone put it, at that time it took courage for me to associate with unions, but now it takes courage for unions to associate with me. Art Rutledge's political outlook and mine are pretty far apart. But now, when I was up against it, Art said:

"John used to do a lot of work free for the unions, and since he can do the work, there's no reason why he shouldn't do it now for pay."

MAY 21, 1953

It was good, after the year's strain of the "Reinecke case," to settle down to do congenial work for Art Rutledge's Labor Research Bureau. Besides preparing material for negotiations and hearings and being a sort of all-around research and office assistant, I wrote the histories of the three locals which supported the Bureau. That of the Transit Workers Union was published as *Up From Company Unionism*. Meanwhile, on my own time, I searched old newspaper files for labor history, finding the material that went into several score "Looking Backward" articles for the *Honolulu Record*.

Such a pleasant existence was too good to last. In April 1950, the House un-American Committee came to Hawaii. It was preceded a few weeks by Dave Beck, stridently anti-Communist "czar" of the West Coast Teamsters. What I did for the Labor Research Bureau was purely paper work and I had little contact with the union members and nothing whatever to say about union policy; nevertheless Beck and/or

one of his lieutenants laid down the law, and my services were terminated three days before I was called before the committee and became one of the "reluctant 39."

Mr. Rutledge himself was under pressure then. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, always deeply interested in militant union leaders, even the anti-Communist ones, had just informed Art that he was not an American citizen as he had always thought himself to be. He had been born in Russian Poland and brought to this country while a small child. From that time on, the local press began to talk of "alien labor leaders" whenever the unions led by Rutledge demanded better conditions.

Having no other way to earn even part of a living, I joined my wife as a salesman for the *Honolulu Record*. There is no occupation for which I am less fitted, for I have a terribly bad memory for names and faces, I am always reserved and shy socially and I dislike pressing people to spend their money—yes, even for so good a paper as the *Record* at only five dollars a year! Yet, after a few months' experience, I began to enjoy the selling trips to the outside islands.

Our trips took us to every island. We came to know every camp on many plantations, and in our spare time we searched out little-known scenic spots. For the first time in my life I came to know plantation life and plantation people. Naturally, it was the most active ILWU members who went out of their way to help us in our selling by introducing us to the most likely subscribers. Thus we came to meet and know scores of the people who are the very salt of the Hawaiian earth.

This life, too, was too good to last. Just after a trip to Molokai, which I revisited for the first time in 23 years, I was arrested along with the rest of the Hawaii Seven. Except for one short sales trip to Kauai, I have been busy ever since doing paper work for the Smith Act case.

One by-product of that research the readers of this paper know: the Seven's challenge to the Federal jury list, which was made up predominantly of haole businessmen, largely from certain precincts of the Fourth District. As a result of our challenge, the jury list is now much nearer a cross-section of the community.

This was the third time I had appeared in Federal court as an expert witness. The second time was in 1948, when the ILWU challenged the Maui County grand jury list as also being packed with haole bosses—and as a result, the Territorial jury lists were reformed.³⁴ The first was in 1947, when a Chinese language school successfully challenged the

constitutionality of the act which made it almost impossible to maintain foreign language schools.

That law, passed while wartime hatred of things Japanese was at its height, also penalized the Chinese and Korean schools. Defending the Territory's position and saying that attendance at language schools hurt the kids emotionally and retarded their mastery of English, were such prominent persons as Dr. W. Harold Loper and Territorial Secretary Oren E. Long. A. L. Wirin, attorney for the school, was looking around for someone who could take the stand and testify as an expert to the contrary. I did so. Afterwards, I learned that other people had been approached and had been afraid to testify!

To return to the Smith Act case. More than 20 months have passed since the arrests on August 28, 1951. Sometimes this case seems like a life career to the defendants and their attorneys. The jurors must feel the same way about it.

If this case is decided on the evidence, the Seven will be acquitted. But anyone who knows a little history knows that political trials are not decided upon evidence of guilt or innocence. Their outcome depends upon the balance of forces in the country or community where the trials take place.

In this trial we Seven have against us the whole weight of the Federal government in its long feud with the ILWU. The FBI, that "purely investigative" police force, is combing the Territory for character witnesses against us. The lineup of character witnesses on both sides shows what elements want us acquitted and what other elements want us convicted. Jack Guard's testimony when he was recalled to the stand shows how pressure is applied by the forces that want to eliminate the ILWU from Hawaii.

So the \$64 question is: Will the pressure of the Federal government and of big business and Imua-ism³⁵ weigh more heavily with the jury than the evidence does, and the record of Jack Hall and the rest of the Seven in actively working for democracy in Hawaii?

For the sake of Hawaii I hope that we are acquitted. On the door of the police station (what a place for it!) is a sticker with the slogan, "Courage Is Contagious." Fear is also contagious. I hope that in Hawaii the tide can be changed from the contagion of fear to the contagion of courage.

Naturally, I have my personal reasons for wanting to be acquitted. Five years in prison would doubtless be an interesting experience but it pretty certainly would not be an enjoyable one. There may be honor

in joining the great fraternity of political prisoners that includes Gandhi, Nehru, Jose Rizal, Lenin, Leon Blum, Soekarno and Eugene Debs; but I should prefer the company of my wife and friends, and browsing in the university library, and tramping across the lava beds of Hawaii, or watching the sun set athwart the headlands of Kauai.

Appendix 1

John Reinecke's Poetry

Three of John's earliest poems were published in *The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926 and Yearbook of American Poetry* (Sesqui-Centennial Edition), edited by William Stanley Braithwaite (Boston: B. J. Brimmer & Co., 1926), pp. 351–353. A fourth poem, "Three," was published in *Best Poems of 1926*, edited by L. A. G. Strong (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1927).

Dead at Eleven

Make no threne!
Soldans uphold him:
Knights bear him up and place him
Upon a roan horse with bulging muscles,
Plated round with steel, sheathed in crimson trappings.
Homeric heroes hand to hand with brandished long-spears
Battle sonorously as in their creator's lines.
The brown, suspicious folk of Polynesia, Melanesia,
Flee from Captain Cooks in cloud-winged ships,
and from their sour, sea-hardened sailors.
Indians in never-ending conflict lose their lives
as they ride concentrated about crawling trains of wagons.
And the war-horns sound at Svold:
Make no threne for him; he sees
Eric and Olaf Tryggvason in epic war-shock on the close
 seas meeting;
Sees too Einar Tambaskjelfer, eighteen, silk-haired,
Shooting his singing arrows—
How sweet to see the roll of Olaf's Svold-fight thunder!
In warlike dance Zulus prance
Majestically, tossing assegais and tufts of hair.
The air is full of flying carpets, rukhs;

He surveys the desert spaces and the crescent-bannered
 citadels above jostling bazaars;
 Jinni fly to him.
 Thermopylae pass is held and is forced through;
 Salamis shakes from the shock and the grounding grind of
 the galleys;
 While throughout the Grecian ranks pass the dear tangible
 gods.
 Hercules throws down his club and approaches,
 The lion-skin-clad, great, fierce, adventurous, laughing
 friend of a boy
 With him Theseus in his robe and long hair,
 Perseus the wind-cleaver and Jason one-sandalled,
 The wonderfulest trio, more tangible than the football
 team of the high school,
 Come offering adventures in strange lands never described
 yet or charted.
 Before him are laid out the lists for a tourney
 (Patterned similar to those of Ashby-la-Zouch);
 And the knights issue from pennoned pavilions:
 Everywhere there is ring and flash of steel armor:
 All is motion and color and deeds.
 Make no threne:
 Soldans surround him.

Published in *The Measure*

Proper Nouns

I cannot master the common nouns
 With their shading, precise meanings.
 But the proper nouns—
 I need not understand them,
 Not even place them,
 I have but to see, to hear, to image them,
 And immediately they blare
 Or ring sonorous;
 Each reverberating, dissolving, in ten thousand echoes,
 Each word, whether it be
 Ermintrude, Kenya, or Alor Star,
 Libyssa, Salmydessus.

Published in *The Midland*

Solomon's Ships

Ships, sailing so calmly,
 Gliding so gracefully,
 Why sail you, and whither?
 —We sail at our lord Solomon's call
 To Ezion-gaber.
 —Ships, with your hulls of brass so burnished,
 Burnished past the sheen of white silver,
 What burthens bear you to your lord Solomon,
 Of wisdom and kingly gifts the giver?
 —Peacocks and slaves,
 Apes anthropoidal,
 Rubies and lapis,
 Fine gold in coffers,
 Diamonds from the womb of Afric mountain,
 And ebon wood to fashion three hundred cradles.

Published in *The Midland*

Three

We, sitting here together and yet apart;
 The one of us with keen eyes and chin, watching;
 The other one of us smiling across to his girl;
 And I dreaming
 Dark subtle high dreams of when

We sat thus in Babylon, or maybe in Erech,
 And one of us watched eagerly, hawk-nose a-quiver,
 The tumbler do that difficult trick;
 The other (our host) smiling across
 To the naked babyish little concubine dancing;
 And I dreaming
 That all the pearls of the Gulf
 Grew on the tips of her toes.

Published in *Best Poems of 1926*

On September 4, 1926, four of John Reinecke's poems were published in the *Carmel Cymbal* with an introduction by the editor.

A PAGE OF POETRY BY A DISH WASHER

HE ISN'T EXACTLY THAT—not by chosen vocation—but perhaps by desired avocation, temporarily, is John E. Reinecke washing dishes at present in the Blue Bird Tea Room. He appeared before me last week and a bit tremulously asked if the *Cymbal* considered contributions of poetry. I said that we did, with one, or two reservations—they were not by any direct or indirect reference to apply to Point Lobos or to cypress trees. I explained that writing poetry on cypress trees and Point Lobos was much like writing letters to the papers—everybody thought he could do it and generally it proved as sickening as the average letters to the paper. He seemed to accept those reservations with a smile and departed. I wasn't quite sure whether he had gone to tear up his poetry on cypress trees and Point Lobos or whether he was loftily smiling because he hadn't written any. I discovered when he returned a few days later with what follows on this page that he wasn't likely to write Point Lobos-Cypress poetry. I am printing what he left with me because it is interesting and because, also, it is good. I learned from him that he was graduated from the University of Kansas [*sic*, Kansas State Teachers College] and taught in a suburban school in that state for awhile—until he decided that that was no way to live a creative life and ditched his school books and hickory stick for the open road. The poems that follow, then, are

by John E. Reinecke

Eleazar Maccabeus

The feel of the great hide yielding under my shoulder!
 The yell of the turret's occupants above!
 Oh ecstatic rush of my sword into his bowels,
 The straining resistance as I twisted the blade within him,
 The first blood drops staining my tired hand
 As he shook and trumpeted like the false gods of his master
 before Jehovah,
 And swinging sideways, fell down upon me;
 While my soul escaped from my body under prostrate
 Leviathan
 And stood with the armed archangels, Raphael and
 Michael.

Sea in Languor

Above this mid-place of the sea
 The near-lost winds whine wearily;
 The birds who pass are few and tired;

The water, in the morning fired
 To liquid brass before the sun,
 At evening takes the self-same dun
 It wore for fifty thousand years
 Of sorrow at the sun's old biers
 Of languid wave and scanty cloud;
 And if the moon from shell to proud
 Enticing silver did not change
 A brief sweet while before her range
 Recurs again to that faint rim,
 We should have thought it but a whim
 To speak of time at all.

The Anthropologist

I, the anthropologist, know poetry. I see marriage and birth
 and death, plowing and planting and reaping,
 enwoven with the silk threads of customs.
 All the basic common things of life are familiar to me, near
 and far, among great peoples and among little tribes
 lost in world's corners:
 Circumcision, bride capture, boat-building, friend-feasting,
 head-taking, smelting of iron, dancing, suckling of
 babies.
 I am with the midwife, the sorcerer, and the herbman; I can
 notice the rain evoked, and the little horrid ghosts
 wandering keening outside the huts.
 I can see the chiefs in their judgement seats, and understand
 the reasons for the secret jargon of the women.
 All the romance of the Odyssey, the Aeneid, and Camoens'
 Lusiad pales before obscure folk wanderings as I
 trace them.
 I have my fingers set on the throb of the source of song,
 common particular things, in every place different
 and changing.

Unnamed Verse

The sea, oh the awful sea.
 We folk have loved and feared the sea.
 But as one who loves horses in their sleek strength
 Or fears them rearing in their rage.

We have not seen the middle of the sea:
The million million tons on tons above of silent pressing
 water
And beneath a pressure deeper, darker yet,
On either side no ease from it;
So the soul caught in the flattened body must endure
The ache of unguessed at cold, the ooze
Of matter dead or living falling down
In long slow strings, unmoved to right or left with wave of
 motion,
The black beyond the awfulest blank of night,
Being broken, as the soul imprisoned passes through,
Only as some rays curiously are shed
By dreadful creatures of the mid-abyss.

Appendix 2

Works by John Reinecke in the University of Hawaii Library

John Reinecke's large collection of materials on pidgin and creole languages of the world was donated to the University of Hawaii Hamilton Library where it is the basis for the Tsuzuki-Reinecke Pidgin-Creole Collection.

1930-1939

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2. "Survey of Hawaiian Sites from Kailua, Kona to Kalahuipuaa, Kohala." 1930. Typescript, 111 pp.
3. "Survey of Kahaluu, North Kona." 1930. Typescript, 12 pp.
4. Copies of correspondence received by John E. Reinecke while gathering information for his thesis, "Language and Dialect in Hawaii, 1933-35."
5. "The English Dialect of Hawaii" (with Aiko Tokimasa Reinecke). *American Speech*, February and April, 1934.
6. "Language and Dialect in Hawaii." M.A. thesis, University of Hawaii, 1935. Typescript, 371 pp.
7. "An Analysis of the Changes in Native Hawaiian Culture." Paper for Race Relations 100A, Yale University, 1936. Typescript, 78 pp.
8. "The Hawaiians." Report presented in Anthropology 114, Yale University, 1936. Typescript, 44 pp.
9. "Marginal Languages: A Sociological Survey of the Creole Languages and Trade Jargons." Ph.D. dissertation, Yale University, 1937. 2 vols. Typescript, 880 pp.
10. "Bibliography of Titles Dealing with Language in Hawaii." 1938. Mimeographed, 51 pp.
11. "Labor Unions in Hawaii." In Hawaii Education Association, Social-Economic Plans Committee, John E. Reinecke, Chairman, annual *Report*, 1938, pp. 71-98.
12. "Pidgin English in Hawaii: A Local Study in the Sociology of Language." *American Journal of Sociology* 43:5 (March 1938), pp. 778-789.

1940-1949

13. "Personal Names in Hawaii." *American Speech* 15:4 (Dec. 1940), pp. 345-352.
14. "Memorandum on Japanese in Unions, 1943." Written for Arthur A. Rutledge of Local 5, HREBIU, in answer to a request by U.S. Army Intelligence (G-2). Typescript, 2 pp.
15. "Local 5: Some Highlights in the History of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Union." (Prepared in 1949-1952.) Typescript, 1968. 44 pp.

1950-1959

16. "The History of the Brewery Workers Union, Local 502." Unfinished draft, 1950. Photocopy of typescript, 32 pp.
17. *The Navy and the Massie-Kahahawai Case*. (Pamphlet published by *Honolulu Record*, 1951. 37 pp.
18. "The Big Lie of 1920: How Planters and Press Used the Big Lie of 'Japanese Conspiracy' in Breaking the Oahu Sugar Strike." Typescript, 1958.
19. "Chronology: Activities of the Hawaii Emergency Labor Commission and Related Events, March, 1921-June, 1923." N.d. 38 pp.

1960-1969

20. *English in Hawaii: An Annotated Bibliography*. With Stanley Tsuzaki. Oceanic Linguistics Special Publication No. 1. 1966.
21. "Labor Disturbances in Hawaii, 1890-1925." 1966. Typescript, 19 pp.
22. "Labor Unions of Hawaii: A Chronological Checklist." Compiled for Hotel, Restaurant Employees and Bartenders Union, Local 5 AFL-CIO. 1966. Typescript, 84 pp.
23. "Feigned Necessity: Hawaii's Attempt to Obtain Chinese Contract Labor, 1921-1923." Typescript, February 1967. 573 pp.
24. "Hawaiian Loanwords in Hawaiian English of the 1930s." With Stanley M. Tsuzaki. *Oceanic Linguistics*, 8:2 (Winter 1967). Revised version of list compiled by John Reinecke in 1938.
25. "Local Five: Some Highlights in the History of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Union." (Prepared in 1949-1952 for Local 5.) 1968. Typescript, 44 pp.
26. *Language and Dialect in Hawaii: A Sociolinguistic History to 1935*. Stanley M. Tsuzaki, ed. (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1969), 254 pp.

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27. *A Bibliography of Pidgin and Creole Languages*. Compiled with David DeCamp et al. Oceanic Linguistics Special Publication No. 14. (Honolulu: University Press of Hawaii, 1975), 804 pp.

28. "The Filipino Piecemeal Sugar Strike of 1924-1925." First draft, 1976. Typescript, 132 pp.
29. *Feigned Necessity: Hawaii's Attempt to Obtain Chinese Contract Labor, 1921-1923*. San Francisco: Chinese Materials Center, 1979. 697 pp.
30. "A Selective Chronology of Creole Studies." First draft, 1979. Typescript, 9 pp.

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31. "William Greenfield, A Neglected Pioneer Creolist." Paper presented at the Third Biennial Conference, Society for Caribbean Linguistics, September, 17-20, 1980. 18 pp.
32. *A Selective Chronology of Creole Studies*. Special supplementary issue of *The Carrier Pidgin*, 1981, 9 pp.
33. *Language and Dialect in Hawaii: A Sociolinguistic History to 1935*. Stanley M. Tsuzaki, ed. (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press and University of Hawaii Social Science Research Institute, 1988, paperback edition), 254 pp. Originally published in 1969.

Notes

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

These notes have been added to the text by the editors to provide background information to the items discussed by Reinecke. Bracketed notes in the text are the editors'.

1. The Ku Klux Klan, formed in 1865 by Confederate General Nathan Bedford, quickly spread through the Southern states. To end violent actions of the Klan, in 1870 Congress passed the Force Act, authorizing the use of military force to suppress these activities. Although the Klan was dissolved officially in 1869, it and other organizations committed to violence against the Negro nonetheless continued to operate. The Klan revived following World War I, amidst fear surrounding the return of Black veterans from Europe. It quickly spread to Northern states, particularly in the mid-west. By 1924, it had four and a half million members and was a powerful influence in Kansas, Indiana, Missouri, and Arkansas. See John Hope Franklin, *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of American Negroes* (New York: Knopf, 1950), pp. 322–324, 471–472; Howard Zinn, *A People's History of the United States* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980), p. 373.

2. Bertrand Russell, *Education and the Good Life*, part 2 (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926).

3. Repression of labor unions was characteristic of the 1920s throughout the United States. Criminal syndicalism laws enacted during World War I were intended to make any labor organizing a criminal act. Compulsory arbitration was another popular idea. The Open Shop campaign, a feature of the so-called American Plan of the State Manufacturers' Associations, in 1921, was intended to deny employment to any worker refusing to sign a nonunion pledge. See Philip Taft, *Organized Labor in American History* (New York: Harper & Row, 1964), pp. 364–366; on railroad strikes in 1921, see pp. 372–381.

4. Edward Alsworth Ross, *Sin and Society: An Analysis of Latter-Day Iniquity* (New York: Houghton, 1907). Ross was a founder of American sociology and professor at the University of Wisconsin.

5. John's poetry was published in the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926*, ed. William Stanley Braithwaite (Boston: B. J. Brimmer & Co., 1926). The titles of his poems

were "Dead At Eleven," "Proper Nouns," "Solomon's Ships," and "Three." See *A Supplement to Granger's Index (1919-1928)*, *An Index to Poetry and Recitations* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Cook, 1934), p. 254. See Appendix 1 for these Reinecke poems.

6. Tennessee passed a law outlawing the teaching of any theory "that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended [*sic*] from a lower order of animals." John Scopes, a high school biology teacher was indicted and tried for teaching "evolution." The American Civil Liberties Union secured Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer, to defend Scopes. William Jennings Bryan, three-time Democratic party presidential candidate, was the prosecutor. Scopes was found guilty, but the conviction was set aside on a technicality over the fine levied. James A. Henretta, et al., *America's History since 1865* (Chicago: Dorsey Press, 1987), pp. 730-731.

7. "A Page of Poetry by a Dish Washer," *Carmel Cymbal*, September 8, 1926. The poems and introduction are reprinted in Appendix 1. The *Cymbal* was a weekly published by William Kenneth Bassett in Carmel, California, from 1925 to 1928 and from 1935 to 1941. Bassett had published a weekly newspaper, the *Honolulu Times*, in Honolulu in 1924. A resident of both Honolulu and Carmel, after the war he returned to Hawaii and became a notable political figure in Democratic party politics. He was administrative assistant to Mayor John H. Wilson from 1946 to 1954, when he was killed in an auto accident.

8. "Survey of Hawaiian Sites from Kailua, Kona to Kalahuipuaa, Kohala" (typescript, 1930), University of Hawaii, Hawaii-Pacific Collection. See also "Survey of Kahaluu, North Kona" (1930) in the same collection.

9. Congressman Walter H. Judd, Republican from Minnesota, was one of five representatives who, along with ten senators, were identified as the "China Lobby"—ardent supporters of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang government. Congressman Judd was the most vociferous of the critics of U.S. policy toward China and the 1949 revolution. In 1944, Judd accused the American Communist Party of being "responsible for China's greatest present peril," referring to the strength of Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communist party. See Ross Y. Koen, *The China Lobby in American Politics* (New York: Harper & Row, 1974), pp. 52-53, 87.

10. See the pamphlet by John Reinecke titled *The Navy and the Massie-Kahahawai Case* (Honolulu: Honolulu Record Publishing Co., 1951).

11. See, for example, William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany*, chapter 12, "The Road to Munich," pp. 357-428 (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1960); Noam Chomsky, *American Power and the New Mandarins: Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship* (New York: Pantheon Press, 1969), pp. 23-24.

12. For descriptions of plantation life and conditions, see Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*; Rueben Alcantara, *Sacada: Filipino Adaptation in Hawaii* (New York: University Press of America, 1981); and Ronald Takaki, *Pauhuna: Plantation Life and Labor in Hawaii, 1835-1920* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1983).

13. Samuel Weinman, *Hawaii: A Story of Imperialist Plunder* (New York: International Pamphlets, 1934; prepared under the direction of Labor Research Associates).

14. *Honolulu Advertiser*, November 12, 1947, p. 12. See also Holmes, "The Reinecke Case," pp. 4-5. The "plan," "What We Must Do," read as follows:

What Must We Do?

Goals acceptable to liberal as well as radical elements in Hawaii should be set up and striven for (on the side) as a means of arousing public support. For example:

Anti-militarism: first attack ROTC [Reserve Officer Training Corps] in the high schools, then in the university; attack kowtowing to the military in the local press and in public affairs; weaken the national guard unit as much as possible and propagandize its members to make them sympathetic to unions; attack militarization of the Boy Scouts.

Education: wide extension of education opportunities; removal of fees and rentals; aid to poor students. (See Rex David, International [Publishers] Pamphlet #39.) No discrimination in placement of teachers. It is highly important to win the teachers, and university and high school students.

Civil Rights: aim at legislation abolishing repressive legislation (present laws against "sedition," picketing, and curbing foreign [language] press), and legalizing strikes and picketing.

Religion: as immediate objective, take the Christian religion out of the schools, showing how the other religions are discriminated against in a subtle manner by use of Christian prayers, Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas exercises, use of schools by Catholic priests, etc. Go on to attack Mission Board [American Board of Foreign Missions, originally responsible for sending missionaries to Hawaii in 1820] for its use of ministers and workers to hoomalimali [mollify with soft words; quiet] plantation workers. Attack Roman Catholics for interference in public affairs (as in attack upon sterilization bill). Attack Buddhists for keeping up Japanese chauvinism. Attack exploitation of Mormons by Latter Day Saints Church.

Taxation, social legislation: work for change in incidence of taxation and outline a complete program of social legislation to be agitated for.

Press: arouse public to anger of "sugar coated" press.

15. This group was probably the one that met with Bill Bailey in 1937. Bailey had been sent by Communist Party headquarters in New York to find out if the Party had any members in Hawaii, as was rumored. Apparently Reinecke's correspondence with Samuel Weinman was the impetus for Bailey's trip. See Pacific Regional Oral History Program, University of Hawaii, William Bailey Interview, 1976. See also Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*, pp. 305-306.

16. This master's thesis, completed in 1935, was published in 1969 at the urging of Stanley Tsuzaki, professor of linguistics. With few alterations (principally in the bibliography), it was published as *Language and Dialect in Hawaii: A Sociolinguistic History to 1935* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1969).

17. In 1935, Maxie Weisbarth opened an office for the Sailors Union of the Pacific and established a labor newspaper, the *Voice of Labor*. He later organized the Hawaiian Islands Federation of Labor in 1937. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*, p. 251; Sandford Zalburg, *A Spark Is Struck: Jack Hall and the ILWU in Hawaii* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1979), pp. 6–7.

18. John E. Reinecke, "Marginal Languages: A Sociological Survey of the Creole Languages and Trade Jargons" (Ph.D. dissertation, Yale University, 1937).

19. National Labor Relations Board, 12th Region, International Longshoremen's Association and Castle and Cooke Ltd., Case XX-C-55, Honolulu, 14 August 1937, George O. Pratt, examiner; Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*, pp. 257–258.

20. The Desha Bathing Suit Law forbade anyone to appear on a "road, street, sidewalk, or any public place in Honolulu in an uncovered bathing suit." Terr. of Hawaii, Laws of 1921, sec. 6270. See Edward D. Beechert, "Racial Divisions and Agricultural Labor Organizing in Hawaii," in *American Labor in the Southwest: The First One Hundred Years*, ed. James C. Foster (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1982), pp. 121–123.

21. William J. Puette, *The Hilo Massacre: Hawaii's Bloody Monday, August 1, 1938* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii, Center For Labor Education and Research, 1988).

22. "Looking Backward," *Honolulu Record*, March 5, 1953, p. 8; For the Report see Hawaii Education Association, Social-Economic Plans Committee, John E. Reinecke, Chairman, *Annual Report of the Social-Economic Plans Committee, 1939* (mimeo edition).

23. See Gwenfread Allen, *Hawaii's War Years, 1941–1945* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1950), pp. 143–145; Lawrence H. Fuchs, *Hawaii Pono: A Social History* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1961), pp. 315–316. The Citizens' Morale Committee was created in the Office of Civilian Defense, Morale Section, on December 18, 1941. A Caucasian, a Chinese, and a Japanese were appointed as cochairs. Ray Coll was editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*; Riley Allen was editor of the *Star-Bulletin*. Jack Burns was an important figure in this group.

24. J. Garner Anthony, *Hawaii under Army Rule* (Honolulu: The University Press of Hawaii, 1975), describes the antilabor activities of the Military Government of Hawaii.

25. Izuka was confined on Kauai for 126 days; no charges were ever filed against him. The Civil Defense Board of the island of Kauai was made up of three plantation managers who questioned Izuka closely about the Port Allen–Ahukini strike of 1940. See Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*, pp. 287–288.

26. The United States Army Corps of Engineers was commonly known as the United States Engineering Department, from the initials USED used to mark equipment. The Corps was a major employer of civilian labor during the war years. See Allen, *Hawaii's War Years*, pp. 234–237.

27. Arnold L. Wills established the National Labor Relations Board Regional Office in Honolulu in 1938, after the Castle & Cooke, Ltd., hearings. Until 1947, Wills was a close friend of many labor figures. The Truman Loyalty Program of 1947 frightened Wills away from the labor movement. See Zalburg, *A Spark Is Struck*, pp. 72–75. See also the collection of Wills' essays Arnold Wills, *Labor-Management Relations in Hawaii* (Honolulu: Industrial Relations Center, University of Hawaii, 1955).

28. Bernard W. Stern, *The Aloha Trade: Labor Relations in Hawaii's Hotel Industry*,

1941–1987 (Honolulu: Center For Labor Education and Research, University of Hawaii, 1988), p. 15.

29. Bernard W. Stern, *Rutledge Unionism: Labor Relations in the Honolulu Transit Industry* (Honolulu: Center For Labor Education and Research, University of Hawaii, 1986), pp. 23–27.

30. There was a bitter fight over the Hawaii delegate to Congress in 1946, involving charges of Communist Party influence over the ILWU Political Action Committee and a serious split in the Democratic party resulted. Red-baiting rose to a fever pitch in 1947. Governor Stainback and other federal appointees were worried over President Truman's "loyalty order." See Edward Long and Edward Beechert, "Red Scare in Paradise: The ILWU in Hawaii," in *The Cold War Against Labor*, ed. Ann Fagen Ginger and David Christiano, pp. 453–457.

31. Ichiro Izuka, *The Truth about Communism* (Honolulu, 1947).

32. Amos Ignacio, a Hawaii Island ILWU officer, broke away from the union in December 1947 and in 1947–1948 attempted to organize plantation workers into an anti-Communist union, the Union of Hawaiian Workers. The movement quickly collapsed. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*, pp. 307–308, 313; Zalburg, *A Spark Is Struck*, pp. 210–216.

33. An extensive revision of the histories was published as *A History of Local 5: Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union (AFL-CIO), Honolulu, Hawaii* (Honolulu: Labor-Management Education Program, College of Business Administration, University of Hawaii, 1970).

34. Harriet Bouslog filed a brief titled "Memorandum on the History of Labor and the Law." International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union vs. Walter D. Ackerman, Jr., Individually and as Attorney General of the Territory of Hawaii, Civil No. 828 and 836, U.S. Federal District Court for the District of Hawaii. Reinecke wrote the memorandum and furnished data on the jury panel. Although the district court ruling in favor of the union's charge was overturned at the appellate level, the grand jury selection process was radically altered. Zalburg, *A Spark Is Struck*, pp. 192–193.

35. Imua was an anti-Communist organization formed in Hawaii in 1949 to combat labor organizing. The word means "forward" in Hawaiian. The formal name of the founding organization was Hawaii Foundation for American Freedoms, Inc. Gavan Daws, *Shoal of Time: A History of the Hawaiian Islands* (New York: Macmillan, 1968), p. 387.

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A Biography Monograph
Pacific and Asian Personal Papers

The prosecution, under the Smith Act of 1940, of members of the U. S. Communist Party proved that political persecution for political gain was possible in the American system. An outstanding example of the impact of such witchhunting was the trial of John Reinecke in 1953. Fired from his teaching position allegedly for lacking the “ideals of democracy”—a charge that was contradicted by a stream of witnesses—Reinecke went to work for the *Honolulu Record*, a socially active newspaper of the time. Shortly after Reinecke’s arrest on August 3, 1952, the paper’s editor asked him to write about his life. These articles, annotated by Alice Beechert and Edward Beechert, are reprinted in *A Man Must Stand Up*. They show a man of courage, conviction, and enormous integrity—a scholar who lived what he believed.

Reinecke’s story deals with matters that were central to some of the greatest social and political struggles in Hawaii in the 1940s and 1950s. This autobiography reveals the thoughts of a gentle and principled man destined to play a major role in furthering First Amendment rights.

The introduction by the Beecherts sets the articles within the broader national political climate of the McCarthy Era. It also tells us about Reinecke’s contributions as a linguist and expert on pidgin and creole languages.

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