

## World War II and the State of Hawaii

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, there were about 50,000 American military personnel in Hawaii. There were also about 100,000 whites including Portagee, about 14,000 full-blooded Hawaiians at most, about 50,000 part-Hawaiians, and nearly 250,000 people of Asian descent living in Hawaii, including about 50,000 Filipinos and about 28,000 Chinese. Of the 250,000 people of Asian descent living in Hawaii, about 160,000 of them were Japanese. The Japanese residents of Hawaii were very identifiable because they had tended not to intermarry since first arriving in the Islands as plantation workers during the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. But they were now a conspicuous presence in a suddenly dangerous time.

The war in the Pacific was a long series of sea, land, and air battles. By the middle of 1942, the United States had recovered from the disaster of Pearl Harbor only six months earlier and was engaging the enemy, first in the Coral Sea near Australia and at Midway Island near the northern tip of the Hawaiian Islands, and then slowly but inexorably at points further east. Bloody naval battles were waged in astonishingly beautiful waters, dead bodies littered white sand beaches on tropical islands and atolls, and fighter squadrons took flight from palm-lined runways.

The early 1940s was a time of intense anti-Japanese sentiment, when vicious war propaganda was projected onto innocent civilian populations. On the west coast of the American mainland, Japanese-American families were rounded up en masse and herded off to internment camps far from the Pacific so they could not conspire with the enemy should they invade. In Hawaii, where relocation to internment camps was a logistical improbability due to geographical distance and war related shipping disruptions, the American government declared martial law and converted the entire territory into an internment center. During the war, and despite the paranoia of white America, no “fifth column” of Japanese resistance ever materialized, on the mainland or in Hawaii. On the other hand, many islanders of Asian descent—including Japanese—volunteered for American military service and fought bravely in the war, mainly in Europe.

Martial law in Hawaii was directed at the Japanese, but it affected everyone. The military took control over every aspect of civilian life, including the operation of government and the proceedings of the judicial system. Fundamental constitutional rights were suspended. Islanders were forced to submit to fingerprinting, curfews, food rationing, and censorship of all personal communications. Foreign language telephone calls, newspapers, and radio broadcasts were expressly forbidden. Identity cards were required, and military courts replaced civilian courts. The Japanese were singled out for the harshest treatment. They were not even permitted to own radios or gather in public.

Martial law in Hawaii lasted until October of 1944, and was the longest period of military rule in U.S. history. After the war, the United States Supreme Court found that martial law in Hawaii had been unconstitutional. “Our system of government clearly is the antithesis of total military rule and the founders of this country are not likely to have contemplated complete military dominance within the limits of a Territory made part of this country and not recently taken from an enemy. They were opposed to governments that placed in the hands of one man the power to make, interpret and enforce the laws. Their philosophy has been the people’s throughout our history. For that reason we have maintained legislatures chosen by citizens or their representatives and courts and juries to try those who violate legislative enactments. We have always been especially concerned about the potential evils of summary criminal trials and have guarded against them by provisions embodied in the constitution itself. Legislatures and courts are not merely cherished American institutions, they are indispensable to our government. Military tribunals have no such

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

standing. For as this Court has said before, ‘...the military should always be kept in subjection to the laws of the country to which it belongs, and that he is no friend to the Republic who advocates the contrary. The established principle of every free people is, that the law shall alone govern, and to it the military must always yield.’”

During the course of the war, the population of American military servicemen in Hawaii rose from the 50,000 pre-war figure to nearly 400,000 in 1944, which was almost half of the territory's total population at that time. The huge population increase changed the landscape of Honolulu forever by boosting housing starts and creating a demand for new businesses. Later in the century, old time residents would frequently comment on the dramatic changes to the city brought about by the population influx of World War II. By war's end, however, the huge military presence was largely discharged. In 1950, there were only about 21,000 American military personnel in Hawaii. With the advent of the Korean War, the military population rose again and leveled off for the remainder of the decade at about 50,000.

Meanwhile, labor finally managed to unionize after the war. By 1945, plantation workers and industrial workers were both permitted to organize, and one result during the late 40s were strikes by longshoremen, sugar industry workers, and pineapple industry workers. It is important to remember that most of Hawaii's labor force was non-white at this time, so tensions between labor and management arising over work stoppages must have had a racial component.

The takeover by Mao in China in the late 40s and the advent of the Korean War in the early 50s converted previous white-held anti-Japanese sentiment into general anti-Asian sentiment all across America. At the same time, however, there was momentum growing in Hawaii for the acceptance of Asian-Americans as Americans, a suggestion offered by Asians themselves and by their liberal supporters. By the late 1950s, the quest for acceptance and fairness became a quest for statehood. The sons, daughters, and grandchildren of immigrant plantation workers were now openly advocating for statehood. Having been born in the Territory of Hawaii and therefore American citizens, and having proved their loyalty during World War II, this mostly Asian group of advocates was convinced that statehood was the best way to guarantee their full voting rights as citizens. For them, statehood meant nothing less than citizenship rights equal to those of whites. Moreover, scholars such as Andrew Lind were singing the praises of Hawaiian society generally, and Asian-mixes specifically, presenting the case for statehood by arguing that Hawaii's celebrated collection of races was coming together as one American people, both white and local, who would form a responsible and educated electorate.

Resistance to the idea of statehood came on two fronts. Captains of industry in Hawaii were worried that statehood would strengthen the power of labor unions, and widespread anti-Asian sentiment on the mainland, particularly among southern members of Congress, was strictly opposed to the admission of a state that was mostly populated by a minority race. According to experts, however, a white territorial delegate to Congress won the day for the advocates of statehood. John Burns, who would prove to be both pro-Asian and pro-labor, is said to have twisted all the right political arms, enabling Hawaii to become a state. By the “Admission Act” of March 18, 1959, “an act to provide for the admission of the State of Hawaii into the Union,” Hawaii was “declared to be a State of the United States of America” and “admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the other States in all respects whatever.” And its first state constitution was “found to be republican in form and in conformity with the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and is hereby accepted, ratified, and confirmed.” Burns became governor of the state of Hawaii in 1962.

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

The election of Daniel Inouye as one of Hawaii's first representatives in Congress tended to soothe anti-Asian sentiment on the mainland. A Japanese-American elected with the support of Hawaii's large Japanese population, and the first ethnic Japanese ever elected to Congress, Representative Inouye was a decorated veteran who lost an arm in World War II. Moreover, he was handsome, articulate, and likeable, and he promised to represent all of Hawaii's people in Washington DC. In 1962, Inouye was elected to the United States Senate, and has been Hawaii's most prominent politician ever since.

Other prominent political figures in early statehood were Hiram Fong, a Chinese-American politician and one of Hawaii's first two U.S. Senators; and Patsy Takemoto Mink, a Japanese-American attorney who was elected to the House of Representatives in 1965. Hiram Fong was the first Asian-American to sit in the U.S. Senate, and Patsy Mink was the first Asian-American woman to sit in Congress. Interestingly, Senator Fong's father had emigrated from China in 1872 to work as a contract laborer on Hawaii's sugar plantations. And all four of Congresswoman Mink's grandparents had come from Japan in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, also to work as contract laborers on Hawaii's sugar plantations.

Statehood coincided with the economic boom of the 1960s throughout America. Eight years of life "under paid, under sexed, and under Ike" was just about enough for anybody. Statehood also coincided with the invention of the Boeing 707, which was a very fortuitous circumstance for Hawaii's tourist industry. Tourism jetted to new heights in the 60s, and then skyrocketed for the remainder of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The result was a construction craze and massive hotel development. Waikiki was now almost unrecognizable to native Hawaiians because wetlands and ways of old were things of the past. The demographics were also changing. Honolulu's population nearly doubled between the beginning of the 50s and the end of the 60s. And the state's population of whites more than doubled from the beginning of the 50s to the end of the 60s. By the mid-1960s, moreover, Hawaii was receiving about a million visitors a year, visitors who were mostly white and mostly from the American mainland. Visitors who wanted to experience Hawaii's foreign yet familiar life-style.

Meanwhile, chroniclers were sounding the alarm about the falling numbers of full-blooded Hawaiians. The part-Hawaiian population was rising due to interracial marriages, and the mixed-Asian population of Hawaiian look-alikes was also rising due to intermarriage, but the native people themselves were disappearing. Between 1940 and 1960, the part-Hawaiian population grew from nearly 50,000 to over 90,000, and by the mid-60s their numbers included almost 120,000 people. Asian mixes, moreover, tripled their numbers from the beginning of the 50s to the end of the 60s, from about 20,000 to about 60,000. By the mid-1960s, there were over 50,000 Asian mixes living in Hawaii, most of them in Honolulu. Simultaneously, however, the native population had fallen from 14,000 at most in 1940 to about 11,000 in 1960. By the mid-60s, there were reported to be only about 7,500 of them surviving in Hawaii. Interestingly, the movement from an original homogeneous Island society to a modern heterogeneous society had by this time become so complicated that few statisticians even tried to subdivide the part-Hawaiian population or the mixed Asian population into ethnic groupings. The situation became even more complicated with the appearance of Samoans in the 50s and 60s. There weren't many of them, but Samoans and Samoan mixes looked a lot like their Hawaiian cousins.

### **Military Buildup in the mid-60s**

The decade between 1965 and 1975 gave rise to increased development and construction. New hotels continued to spring up in Waikiki as the Hawaiian economy boomed, mostly due to exponential advances in the tourist industry. Interestingly, the tourist industry in the 70s was partly propelled by huge numbers of visitors from Japan, many of whom shuffled off to enclosed resorts rather than mixing with other tourists. But this was also the decade of the war in Vietnam, when another military buildup in Hawaii contributed to Hawaii's economic expansion. This time, however, it was not so much the number of servicemen that made a difference, but the amount of money made available by the Department of Defense for civilian employment. In 1960, there were about 50,000 American military personnel in Hawaii, and that number pretty much held throughout the 60s and into the 70s. But civilian employment on big military installations was growing, and by the mid-1960s it was not unusual to see civilians working side-by-side with servicemen on any number of projects. There were also companies in Honolulu that only existed because of military contracts, and waitresses and bus drivers who only worked because they found jobs on military bases.

The Vietnam War, like the Korean War before it, was a product of the Cold War. Communism had spread throughout much of Asia, and according to the "domino theory" that prevailed at the time, if it wasn't stopped in Southeast Asia who knows what might happen next. In 1965, the American war in Vietnam began in earnest, and by 1966 it was common knowledge among American servicemen still stationed stateside that overseas assignments were imminent.

**June 25, 1966**

**Dear Diary:**

Joining the Air Force to escape the draft didn't seem like a good idea at first. I had a very tough time of it at boot camp in San Antonio, but I am doing much better now. I am assigned to a Strategic Air Command base in Merced, California, and they treat me pretty good here. It's a funny place, though. We all wear small radioactivity meters on our uniforms because our B-52s carry nuclear bombs, and I guess there's a chance of a radioactive leak. We don't tell the local news media about this, of course, as everything here is at the very least "classified." I personally have a "secret" clearance, which is above "classified" but below "top secret."

Something really curious happened last weekend. At the weekly movie hosted by the base commander's male secretary, we were shown the usual propaganda films about how great things are going in Vietnam, followed by Stanley Kubrick's new movie "Dr Strangelove." Why this particular movie was shown, I will never understand. It is decidedly anti-war, and it's a hilarious parody of the Strategic Air Command. During the movie, we all looked at each other and shook our heads. Whose mistake was this? All we could imagine was that the secretary in charge saw the words "Strategic Air Command" in the film's promo and decided it was something for us to see. More than any other experience, this movie has made me realize the pathetic nature of our jobs.

Oh, by the way, I have received an overseas assignment and will be leaving Merced soon. My two roommates got Thailand, and I got Hawaii. We are all three grateful that we didn't get Vietnam.

**Sept 8, 1966**

**Dear Diary:**

It's a good thing our neighbor Bill Boeing invented the 707, because I can't imagine travel to Hawaii otherwise. 2500 miles is a long way to go by any means. Words cannot describe my first impressions of Honolulu. The view from the plane was amazing. I don't know what I saw first, the variously shaded turquoise waters or Diamond Head, but the total effect was shocking. I have never seen such color in my life. People here say that I will get used to it, but I don't see how that

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

is possible. When we opened the hatch and walked out onto the tarmac, I was bombarded by the humidity and the sweet smell of fruit and flowers.

I was assigned to Wheeler Field, but by some bureaucratic hocus pocus I am actually stationed at Hickam Field. And not exactly Hickam Field, because I work at a civilian-run military enclave situated off base on the Nimitz Highway between Hickam and the Honolulu Airport. In a creaky old group of wooden structures that pre-date WWII.

We took a tour of Hickam today. The headquarters building still has bullet holes from the strafing it took on December 7, 1941, twenty-five years ago. No one explained why the bullet holes were still there, but I took it as an official warning to be ever vigilant.

**Oct 20, 1966**

**Dear Diary:**

Few civilians probably give it much thought, but Hickam Field is sensational beachfront property. I have joined the Hickam Sailing Club where I get access to dinghy, sun, and star class sailboats. Somebody told me that the waters off Hickam Field by the Airman's Club used to be a royal playground, and I believe him. The transparent turquoise waters near the entrance to Pearl Harbor are beautiful, and the view of Diamond Head is amazing and unobstructed because Honolulu Bay curves in and so we get a direct view of the crater.

The sailing club is practically the only good thing about Hickam, though. It's an old place, and the barracks are terrible. The walls in my barracks actually have large holes in them from when somebody in the past punched his fist through them. And the food on base is awful. We avoid it all at costs, except on Sunday nights when they serve cold cuts. The highlight of barracks life is watching "Gunsmoke" on a neighbor's new color TV while eating takeout food from Chicken Delight. They deliver directly to the base and get a lot of our business. Like the ad says, "Don't cook tonight, call Chicken Delight!"

I've gotten to know the Hawaiian woman who is the waitress at the café in the complex where we work. She is a big momma, and a real crack up, always making jokes, some of them off-color. But she is older than us and so can be parental tough with us at times. One day for lunch I ordered a tuna sandwich and an egg salad sandwich. But instead of getting what I thought I had ordered, she brought me two sandwiches with both tuna and egg salad on them. "Not tuna and egg salad on the same sandwich," I complained. She looked at me without smiling, said my name sternly, and then barked: "Just eat it and shut up." So I did.

An old high school friend just visited me while on R & R from Vietnam. I took him to the ramshackle open-air movie theater that we have here on base. He said it was just like the open-air theaters that they have over there in Vietnam, except that over there movie watchers need to hit the dirt occasionally because drive-by shooters like to spray the theaters with bullets.

**November 5, 1966**

**Dear Diary:**

It is interesting that the Air Force considers Hawaii an overseas assignment, because it really does feel like a foreign country over here. Off base, everything is very Asian, and whites are definitely in the minority. If I didn't know better, I would think I was in Hong Kong or someplace. When I'm walking around Honolulu or Waikiki, I sometimes feel like an ex-pat in some exotic faraway land. Of course, having never traveled much, I may be more impressionable than most people. But I tell you this, it really does seem more like an American territory than an American state. To get a State of Hawaii drivers license, for example, all you need to do is show them your mainland drivers license.

It's fun to walk around and explore and look for landmarks. In Waikiki, the famous Royal Hawaiian Hotel is lost in a forest of taller and newer hotels, and can't be found unless you search for it or already know where it is. But when you get there, you can walk from the street entrance straight through the lobby and right onto the beach.

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

Something very different about Honolulu and Waikiki is that there is no north, south, east, or west, only "mauka" (mountain), "makai" (ocean), "Ewa" (an area out by Pearl Harbor), and "Diamond Head" (the boundary of Waikiki). So if you want to meet a friend for drinks in Waikiki, for example, and are giving directions, you might say something like "on the Mauka side of Kalakaua just a few doors Diamond Head of the International Center."

I'm getting more comfortable here all the time, and love being in an Asian part of the world. It's very different from what I'm used to, but I'm charmed by that aspect of it.

### **December 5, 1966**

**Dear Diary:**

The best place for Christmas shopping around here is the gigantic new Ala Moana Shopping Center. It's also a great place to buy yourself clothes and books, and it's fun to browse all the Japanese specialty stores. In fact, about every other store there seems to be owned by Japanese people. Everybody shops at Ala Moana it seems, so it's also a good place to see and be seen. Downtown Honolulu is old and run down, so nobody shops there, and Waikiki is new and pretty but it is overrun by tourists and tourist shops. It's where the beach is, though, so we go there regularly to swim and sunbathe.

Like I said before, downtown Honolulu is old and run down, and is almost a ghost town on weekends. We go there for Chinese dinner sometimes, and bring our own beer. They don't care, they're just happy to have customers. Regarding Honolulu's appearance, a transplanted radio disc jockey from San Francisco calls it "Stockton with palm trees," and the standing joke around here is that the best job in town is that of lifeguard at the King Street Car Wash. Well, I guess you have to be here to appreciate the humor.

In two days it will be the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. I visited the Arizona Memorial a few weeks ago, and you can actually see the ship resting on the sea bottom. It kind of bothered me to think of all the skeletons rattling around down there.

### **February 10, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

Boy, when the rainy season hits around here, it really hits. Aunt Millie and Uncle Vern visited me for a week and it rained everyday they were here. I was very disappointed for them, and have learned to enjoy the breaks in winter weather whenever I can. A couple other guys and I from Hickam have begun exploring the island by car, and this is great fun, rain or shine. Last weekend we were driving along a lonely stretch of road on the windward side of the island near Kailua when we discovered an old Hawaiian man living in an old shack without water or electricity. It was inland, off the Pali Road, and we didn't expect to find anybody out there, but there he was, standing on his front porch, wearing only a lavalava. We didn't want to gawk, but we drove very slowly by his house and gave him a long look. I can't say he was pleased to see us, but at least he didn't yell at us. Further up that road we came to a wide clearing near the base of the mountains, and saw a wire fence and a large building off in the distance. We stopped the car and read the sign on the fence. It was a reformatory for girls, and boy was it ever in a desolate location. All of a sudden, "Strawberry Fields" came on the radio, and we hummed along like never before. "Let me take you down, 'cause I'm going to, Strawberry Fields, where nothing is real, Strawberry Fields forever." By the way, we've been learning to body surf in perfect four and five foot waves at Yokohama Bay on the leeward side, a great desert wasteland that most people just ignore, except for occasional surfing contests at Makaha.

### **March 25, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I have joined the Hawaii Trail and Mountain Club. It's a great way to meet people, and it's a wonderful introduction to Oahu's topography. So far I have done three hikes with the club. The first outing was a hike along the mountain ridges on the south shore, the second outing was a hike up Oahu's tallest peak, and the third outing was a bewildering free for all in the jungles

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

behind the north shore. The hike along the mountain ridges offered great views and really helped me put Honolulu's physical location in perspective. The walk up Mt Kaala wasn't as easy as I thought it would be, but it's fabulous to be able to say that I stood on top of Oahu's tallest point. The hike through the jungle near the north shore was the best, though, because we found wild bananas, passion fruit, and guavas. I also stumbled upon a gravesite when I accidentally got separated from the group, and I've got to tell you about that.

We were far back in the jungle when I somehow got separated from the other people. In my panic, I scrambled down a cliff toward a creek, thinking that if I followed the creek I could probably find my way out of the jungle. It was here that I found a skeleton, lying in a normally inaccessible little cave, which was more like a recess than a cave, on the face of the cliff. The skeleton was complete and it was short, so I figured it was either an adolescent or a small adult, and it was partly covered by tattered little pieces of colorful fabric, probably weathered pieces of a dress or blanket. I was so surprised and shocked to find the skeleton that I scrambled away, leaving it just as it was, and didn't tell a soul about it. Actually, I still haven't told anybody about the gravesite because I don't know who to tell. It's not the kind of thing you read about in the newspapers, and the UH seems focused on the East West Center, so I don't know who would be interested in a native gravesite.

**April 12, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I've got to tell you about local politics and radio and that sort of thing before I leave here and forget all about it. Not that I am planning to leave Hawaii, but you never know. The most heard about and talked about politicians are federal congressmen. U.S. Senators Daniel Inouye, a Japanese guy, and Hiram Fong, a Chinese guy, are held in very high esteem, and so is Patsy Mink, a Japanese congresswoman who is always in the news. Local politics seems to still be in development, however, and strikes me as being a bit sophomoric, except for city councilman Frank Fasi, who is a really good guy. Both Honolulu newspapers are good, but of the two I prefer the Advertiser, probably because it is the morning paper and the Star-Bulletin is the afternoon paper. On radio, DJ chatter shows are all the rage, and the competition actually creates some scintillating programs. The top radio personality is J. Aku Head Papuli, a haole and a real character who is practically the spiritual leader of Honolulu. I remember one time asking a Hawaiian saleslady at an Ala Moana clothing shop some general question about Honolulu, and she answered, quite sincerely, "I don't know, ask Aku." I also remember Aku himself riding by our workplace one day on the Nimitz Highway, on his bicycle, on some kind of prank. He was stopped at a traffic light and when he saw us waving at him and calling his name, he turned, raised both hands from the handle bar, and signaled to us like we were all old friends. My favorite radio station is KGMB, and not just because of Aku. It is very homey and comfortable, and I think I like it for its self-promotional ad as much as anything. "One of the good things, about Hawaii, is wonderful, KGMB." The same musical promo also runs on KGMB-TV. Someday I want to live here and not be in the military.

I also want to tell you about Asian society, as I have come to understand it in just a short period of time. You don't hear much about this sort of thing, but there is definitely an ethnic hierarchy here that you can see. The Chinese seem to own the most expensive properties, the Japanese are the merchants and shopkeepers, and the Filipinos are the bus drivers and janitors. In between are the Portagee, who are locals and thus sort of Asian, and they have come to occupy a niche as artisans, for example cabinet makers. And then there are the Hawaiians, who you mainly don't see, at least not in Honolulu, except as service industry people such as waitresses or salesladies.

I've also got to tell you about "locals," who have pretty much replaced Hawaiians. Locals in a general sense are any non-whites, including Portagee, who have lived here for a long time. But locals in a specific sense, as in "big local guys," refer to Polynesians or Polynesian mixes, such as Hawaiians, Samoans, or Hawaiian or Samoan mixes. And they can even be something else all together, as long as they are big and look Polynesian. Big local guys don't have a good reputation in Honolulu, and it's good to stay away from them. Most of them seem to live on the windward

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

side of the island, anyway, in places like Waimanalo, so it's not difficult to avoid them, unless you're really stupid.

By the way, the word "haole" is mostly a negative term these days, at least when spoken by locals. But when used by whites themselves, it doesn't have a bad connotation at all. Sort of like two sides of the same coin.

One more thing. There seems to be local resistance to white colonization in some quarters here, with sporadic guerilla attacks against the military and tourist industries. No one in the media makes such a dramatic statement, but it nevertheless seems to be true. About once a month a dead sailor is dropped off at Pearl Harbor's main gate. Big local guys drive up to the main gate late at night, toss the dead sailor out of the car, and then speed off to safety. Other typical actions include the frequent and never solved homicides at Kaena Point, at the northwest corner of Oahu, where there is no connecting road between the leeward side of the island and the north shore. Every resident of Honolulu knows better than to visit Kaena Point at night, but apparently no one in the tourist industry tells tourists about the danger, because about once a month young haole honeymooners are found dead there, killed presumably by local gangs. In years to come all this might sound crazy, but it really happens.

**June 2, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I've been doing a lot of traveling to the outer islands recently. It's great to explore. I feel like a modern day Robinson Crusoe. I went to Maui with a buddy of mine from Hickam. We got a ride from the airport with two big local guys who told us the legend of Lao Needle as we drove past it at sunset. At first we were a little afraid of the two local guys, and even hesitated to get into their car, but they turned out to be all right. They were impressed that we were from Honolulu and asked us what it was like because they had never left Maui in their lives. They took us all the way to Lahaina, which was very nice of them. To our surprise, Lahaina was all closed up and looked like a ghost town. Practically every storefront was boarded up, and we really had to hunt to find someplace that was open. We finally found a dilapidated café with wooden plank floors and an old Hawaiian waitress who was surprised to see us. The only other customer in there was a sailor in uniform, and where he came from I don't know. We camped out that night on the beach with a dog who had befriended us while we were walking around the town. He was a good boy, and the next morning it was tough telling him to go home, but we were leaving and he couldn't go with us. I finally had to throw rocks at him and yell "go home" to get him to stop following us. We walked out of town on the dirt road and got a ride down to Kihei Beach, where we discovered to our delight that there was nothing but pristine beach all the way to Makena Point. The longest and most beautiful stretch of white sand beach I have ever seen in my life. The only people we saw down there were some hippies who warned us about the kiawe trees.

Went to the Big Island by myself to see Halemaumau which was erupting inside Kilauea Crater. Passed through Hilo, which is a lazy little town surrounded by dairy farms. The most happening place in Hilo is the post office, and the only thing to do in town is to visit the orchid gardens. But the crater and the eruption were very impressive. Standing on the makeshift viewing platform with its rickety wooden fence was pretty scary, though, because it's a long way down to the bottom of the crater, but the view was sensational, especially at night. There were only a handful of us on the platform when I visited, so we had no problem sharing the telescope. The lava fountains were orange and red, and they flowed into glowing rivers that spread all across the crater floor.

Had a romantic weekend adventure on the island of Kauai with a haole girl from California who I met on an outing with the Hawaii Trail and Mountain Club. Nothing long-term came of our brief encounter, but Kauai itself was great, and our visit there will be a lasting memory for me. There doesn't seem to be anything new on Kauai but the airport, at least we didn't see anything new. We camped out on a desolate strand of beach at the south end of the island. The beach was wide and long and very sandy, and it bordered a thick jungle. There must have been a resort in the area, because on our way back to the main road on Sunday evening we got a ride with a Hawaiian woman in an old-fashioned stretch taxi that had a huge luggage carrier on top. She was

in her 30s or 40s but was very pretty. She had long black kinky hair, was a little overweight, and looked Mexican, but she wasn't. We didn't talk to her on the ride up the hill through the tropical forest, but she liked us, and kept looking at us through the mirror, and smiling. Somehow I was reminded of the movie "The Night of the Iguana" with Richard Burton, but I don't know why.

### **The Anti-War Movement**

The Vietnam War buildup in 1965 and 1966 created a corresponding anti-war movement in 1967 and 1968, all across America, and even in Hawaii. Liberals and college students tended to disagree with the conservative authored "domino theory," and the point was made that Congress had never actually declared war on Vietnam. The country quickly split right down the middle on the issue of the war, especially since things weren't going so well for America on the field of battle, as was plain for everyone to see on the nightly television news. The situation became even more polarized when the Civil Rights movement joined forces with the anti-war movement. At that point, everyone really was part of the problem or part of the solution. When Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. were assassinated in 1968, it seemed like war had been declared on the liberal half of America. Protests and marches resulted, followed by police repression, until eventually there seemed to be no way out of the deadly embrace that the whole country was locked into. Finally, when Richard Nixon declared victory and evacuated American troops from Vietnam, the focal point of the explosive late-60s disappeared, and even the Civil Rights movement passed to a quieter level.

Meanwhile, Honolulu had been a hotbed of anti-war activity during '67 and '68, and a hotbed of anti-war music. Almost every major folk and rock band came to town in the late 60s, and they came to either protest the war or offer an escape from it. And it was obvious to anyone watching that the younger generation, whites especially, was only concerned with national issues and national music at this time, and that local issues and local music would need to wait for the war to end.

**June 28, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I've got to tell you about the beach scene in Waikiki. The beach there is really not very long at all, and the surf is terrible, but it's a good place for sunbathing and people watching, and besides it's the best beach in Honolulu, so everybody in town goes there, except when they travel to the windward side or the north shore. Waikiki Beach proper stretches from the Queen Surf near Diamond Head about a mile in the direction of Honolulu, and then stops because mammoth resort hotels have cut the beach off from public access. Within that approximate one-mile stretch of sand, however, there are various beaches for various crowds. There are beaches for tourists and beaches for residents, and beaches for families and beaches for young adults on the prowl for other young adults. It doesn't take long to figure it out. I, for example, avoid the tourist beaches, and when I'm on the prowl I go to the young adult beaches, but when I just want to relax and forget about everything, I go to the family beaches. Family beaches don't necessarily mean little kids, but can mean teenagers or young adults with their parents for a picnic or a quick refreshing dip.

Increasingly, I use the beaches to regenerate my soul. Being in the military is starting to get me down, especially with this war going on, and so going to the beach for me is an opportunity to wash off the dirt of the day and get away from everything. It really is rejuvenating to take a swim and relax in the sun, and I think if I didn't have this terrific getaway, I would either be nuts or in jail by now. I have decided that I am opposed to this war, but there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about it except protest like the other kids, which I have started to do. Whenever a march or rally is called, I attend and participate, even though it is against military rules. But let's not talk about that now. I much prefer just thinking about the beach and forgetting about everything else.

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

At first I would go to the beach with one or two of my like-minded friends at Hickam, but more and more I have started going to the beach with my friends at the UH. They are more interesting to me, and it's a chance to get even further away from the military scene. I've taken a few classes at the UH, and so I bump into people and get to know them. The classes themselves have been pretty interesting, too, especially a psychology class that I took where the professor was actually the prison psychologist at the Oahu State Prison. Boy, did that guy need to spend time on the beach. Whenever he began his lectures he would always spend about 15 minutes just blowing off steam built up over the course of the day. And sometimes the entire lecture was not on psychology at all, but on criminology and the need for prison reform. A really cool guy, and I'm glad I took that class, but I'm supposed to be telling you about the beach, right?

One of the best things about going to the beach is girl watching, of course, but girl watching is extra interesting here because of all the various kinds of Asians. I find Asian women to be extraordinarily beautiful, and it's really fun to try to figure out their ethnicity. It's not often that I strike up a conversation with any of them, but I like to guess. Some Asian women are very easy to identify, but others are very difficult. The ones that are a single race are easy to figure out, but you really don't see many single race Asian women on the beach. Mainly what you see are Asian mixes, and that can be very tricky to figure out. Asian mixes are fairly simple to identify if they are half Filipino and half white, for example, or half Chinese and half white, but if they are half Filipino and half Chinese, or some other Asian/Asian mix, it can take some serious study to figure out. Luckily, it's serious study that I enjoy, and so I sometimes spend whole afternoons just looking at girls on the beach and trying to identify them. Boy, I could talk about this forever, and I wish I could.

Most of my weekend evenings are spent lost in conversation at the Blue Goose Tavern near the UH or at the nearby Quaker-run American Friends Community Center. But one lucky night just recently I made a phone call to a friend of mine who owns Mamma Mia's New York Style Pizzeria. "Hey Momma," I said to him. "How about sending a large deluxe to the Islander Hotel room 216." "The Islander?" he said. "What are you doing? Shacking up?"

**July 19, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I have a girlfriend. She is half white and half Chinese, or more exactly half French and half Chinese. She is amazingly beautiful, and is tall with a fabulous face and body. We met on the beach at Waikiki, where I was fortunate enough to have the courage to open my mouth and start a conversation. We both liked each other's looks immediately, and things went from there, fairly quickly. Her French father is a very prominent figure in Honolulu, and her mother wears traditional Chinese dress around the house. Quite a combination. I am very happy.

We do everything together. Two weekends ago we went to the Don Ho Show in Waikiki, which is rather like driving around the island because it's something you have to do, even if only once. During intermission, Don Ho actually came over to us and greeted my girlfriend, who then introduced me to the local star. After we talked for a while, he withdrew politely to prepare for the second half of his show. By then, people in the audience were all looking at us like we were a famous couple traveling incognito, and I was very impressed, so I told her. "Gosh, you seem to know everybody in town," I blubbered. "Oh, he's a friend of my parents," she replied, smiling widely. "And, besides, it wasn't me that he was interested in, it was you." I was shocked for a second, but soon recovered and kissed her. "Not interested in you? Too bad for him," I said, thinking about the long night that still awaited us.

This past weekend my girlfriend insisted that we go to a nightclub on Hotel Street that Frank Sinatra frequently visits. I wasn't crazy about the idea, but she wanted to do it, so I said okay. I parked the car and we walked to the intersection nearest the theater when she suddenly changed her mind. We were all dressed up and ready to go, but the thugs and pistol-packing crowd walking the streets frightened her, and made me feel uncomfortable too. "Let's go back," she said, and started to turn around toward the car. I squeezed her hand and pushed her forward. "We can't turn around now," I said quietly but firmly, as we walked toward the entrance of the

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

nightclub. Once inside the club, she quickly recovered, but I was caught off guard. The waitresses were all transvestites, and they all called me honey. As it turned out, the show was good, and we were both glad we went, but neither of us wants to go back to Hotel Street again.

**Sept 20, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I can't even begin to tell you how many folk concerts my girlfriend and I went to this summer. At the Shell in Waikiki we saw Joan Baez, Mimi Farina, Peter Paul and Mary, and a bunch of other groups that I can't even remember at the moment. It's really quite fun, and very anti-war. It helps to have so many wonderful musical allies, but it doesn't really take my mind off my military situation.

We've also been going to the north shore a lot for a pure escape. Body surfing is good there, and when it's not good for body surfing it's great for snorkeling. Last weekend there were no waves to speak of, so we were snorkeling in Waimea Bay when I saw some little local kids lining up next to a giant rock and went over to find out what they were doing. As it turned out, there was a tunnel about five feet below the water surface that went through the rock all the way to the other side. I gave my mask and snorkel to my girlfriend and got in line. The kids were all giggling and happy, and my girlfriend swam around to the other side of the rock where kids were popping out and rising to the surface. Everybody was so happy I didn't even think at first about how long of a swim underwater this would be, but soon the thought occurred to me because it was my turn and the kids pushed me under. I dove and followed the little guy in front of me down to the hole in the rock, which was about four feet across, and I could feel the little guy behind me hitting my toes with his fingers as he swam. I could almost hear those kids giggling underwater when it suddenly occurred to me that this was kind of dangerous. It was impossible to turn back, and the only hope for me and for everybody else was to just keep going. So I decided very quickly to put the danger out of mind and just swim like the devil. I tried to keep up with the kids ahead of me, and I tried not to slow down the kids behind me, but I was clearly the slow poke in the group. We must have been about 45 seconds into the swim and two-thirds through the rock when I began to have doubts again. But I thought of my girlfriend and pushed on. When I exited the tunnel, I was a happy boy, but the exit hole was actually about 12 feet below water level so I still had to make it to the surface before my lungs burst, which I did, thankfully. "Hey, so now you're a local kid," said my girlfriend. "Let's not talk about it," I said.

**Nov 9, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I should probably say something about my military experience per se in Hawaii, which has developed into something so socially ugly that I try to avoid it whenever possible. There are people who I work with that I really like, such as my handful of friends who separate themselves from the crowd because they actually aspire to be something, and there are people who I get along with because they are characters, such as the goofy airman who whenever you ask him how he is always responds "nothing," and the crazy Russian civilian with the thick Slavic accent who walks around all day entertaining everybody with the same joke: "Do you like pussy willows? How did you know my name was willows?" There is also a great mass of guys who I hardly know but maintain cordial relations with anyway, like the Italian airman from New York who asked me one day what region of Italy my family was from. "I'm not Italian," I said, "I'm Spanish." "Then you're not really proud," he kidded. "Smile when you say that," I answered "or I'll cut you into little pieces." For the most part, lieutenants are nicer than enlisted men because they are better educated, and civilians are more pleasant than military servicemen for the same reason. The worst, most obnoxious servicemen are the career enlisted men, called "lifers," and white first-term enlisted men from the American South who tend to be very poorly educated and totally racist. For them, Island locals are "pineapples" and "Buddha heads," and the people of Vietnam are "gooks." I despise these racist creeps, and do not associate with them in any manner, and even have a difficult time being in the same room with them. I swear, if any of them ever says anything nasty to me about my half Chinese girlfriend, I will knock his damned head off.

Oddly, Island superstitions seem to transcend all differences. Everybody I work with thinks superstitions are nonsense, but none of them has the courage to drive over the Pali with fresh pork in his car. And to be fair, some of the creepiest guys I know have had Honolulu experiences that tend to reinforce their racist attitudes. One airman from the South was driving back to Hickam early one Sunday morning after attending an all night wedding reception when he fell asleep and crashed his car into a telephone pole on the Nimitz Highway. He was okay, and his car was salvageable, but when a big local guy cop and a big local guy tow truck driver showed up, it was determined that the creepy guy's pink slip was exactly the price of his negligent driving ticket and towing fee.

**Dec 31, 1967**

**Dear Diary:**

I've been having some trouble at Hickam recently, and haven't been able to get off base very much. They tried to court martial me because of my anti-war activities, and for a while I thought they might succeed. There were two incidents. The first was a so-called case of insubordination that my supervisor thought he could nail me on and which turned into a huge affair. When I went before the base commander and he read the charges against me, it did sound pretty damning and I thought I was a goner. But he then asked me if I had anything to say on my behalf and I said, "Yes sir, I do." I then proceeded to rattle off my side of the story and he said, "Oh." He then asked if I had been planning to visit my parents on leave, and I said that I had but that my leave had been cancelled. "I see," he said. "Well, go ahead and take your leave."

The second incident involved a specific anti-war activity that I was involved in. Nothing illegal or anything, but seriously frowned upon by the Air Force, and I had pissed a lot of people off. This case against me had even bigger possible consequences than the first case, and there was even a chance that I might have to spend some time behind bars because they were trying to break me of my views and my activities and I was determined not to be broken. This time I was called before the military commander of our military-civilian joint operation, not the base commander, which didn't seem favorable to my case at first but turned out to be in the end. As it happened, the commander of our unit was a black man, the only black officer I had ever seen in the Air Force, and he was very nice. When we met in his office, he didn't even read off the charges against me, he just started talking about how he understood that some people were against the war and that even his own daughter was against the war. He was in fact so nice that he completely disarmed me. In the end, he just asked me very nicely to stop with the anti-war activity that was pissing everyone off, and I said okay. A very clever guy, that man.

Meanwhile, my relationship with my girlfriend had become very strained. She didn't like the idea that I was in the Air Force in the first place, and she especially didn't like the idea that I hadn't been totally honest with her about why I sometimes had been unable to see her. I was ashamed of my military affiliation, and at the same time I was always too embarrassed to be completely honest about it, and in this case it killed me. She broke off with me yesterday, and I'm dying. Just dying.

### **The Last Hawaiian King**

The hubbub of the late 60s totally obscured the fate of full-blooded native Hawaiians. In this period of heightened sensitivity to various causes, the fact that natives were no longer a visible part of Island society did not seem to raise any eyebrows in the white or Asian communities. There were too many other very serious issues at hand, and, besides, the emergence of a large part-Hawaiian population—whoever they were, and wherever they were—seemed an ameliorating factor. Also, in fairness to liberal whites and Asians, the Samoans to some extent served to camouflage the problem because they looked a lot like Hawaiians and seemed to take their place. By 1968, there were no daily headlines in the local newspapers broadcasting the plight of native Hawaiians, and there were no regular pronouncements forthcoming from the university on the subject of extinction. Instead, the loudest outcry heard was from the Kamehameha Schools, which by the late 60s were forced to lower their racial admission

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

standards from half Hawaiian to one-quarter Hawaiian because there simply weren't enough half Hawaiian school aged children to keep them in business.

When Duke Kahanamoku died in early 1968, Island society was shocked into thinking about native Hawaiians again, if only for the moment. Honolulu's two major newspapers were filled with articles about his life and times, and his legend found new audiences. According to his family, he had been a distant relation of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, the last direct heir to the Kamehameha dynasty and the founder of the Kamehameha Schools. The Duke himself had never laid claim to that distinction, but the fact that he was the most famous full-blooded Hawaiian of the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century made him something like royalty anyway. As foremost icon of native society in modern times, moreover, the Duke seemed to be the last truly important Hawaiian personality. His passing therefore seemed to mark the end of an era for native Hawaiians, and the end of the era *of* native Hawaiians as well.

### **Feb 19, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

Duke Kahanamoku died last month, and two of my friends from Hickam went with me to his funeral. The newspapers said everybody was invited to the historic event, so as far as we were concerned it was something not to be missed. In a traditional Hawaiian ceremony at Waikiki Beach, the Duke's ashes were scattered into the ocean by a large colorfully dressed native woman riding in an outrigger canoe. It was an appropriately overcast day, and the standing-room-only crowd in front of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel was hushed, but there weren't nearly as many people in attendance as I had expected. I had particularly thought that there would be more local people at the service, especially big local guys and Hawaiians. But I guess they had paid their homage in some other way, and in some other place, outside the view of gawking tourists.

I spent the next several days painting a picture of the Duke from a newspaper photo. At the time I was doing a lot of artwork as a way of expressing my emotions. For about two weeks I drew a lot of watercolors of Vietnam battle scenes, for example, with villages burning and people in various states of despair and disrepair, so it was nice to draw a subject that had nothing to do with war. And I thought my painting of the Duke was pretty good, so I kept it with my favorite things, and am still quite proud of it. More recently I have been writing poetry, because my brain has been on fire with anguish. I hardly ever show my poems to anybody, but an acquaintance at Hickam who has been trying to get out on a psychiatric discharge asked me a few days ago if he could borrow one of my poems. It didn't occur to me at the time what he was going to use it for, but they sent him home yesterday, a bona fide nut case they said. Well, I'll be damned if I'll ever show my poems to anybody else. The nerve of that guy.

### **May 26, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

A pretty neat thing happened to me recently. A friend of mine at the UH who is working on his PhD took me and a few other friends of his down to Honolulu Harbor to see a Russian scientific ship that had pulled in for R & R. With the Vietnam War still going on, and the Communist scare still in effect, the appearance of the Russian ship caused quite a scandal in town. The newspapers were full of it, and when we got there a huge crowd had gathered and even a few policemen were there to keep the peace. As it turned out, my friend from the UH spoke Russian, so we pushed our way to the front of the crowd and my friend yelled out a greeting in Russian. We were quickly whisked past the police and onto the Russian ship, where we were welcomed by oceanographers who gave us a tour of the ship, including a viewing of the core samples that they had taken from the ocean bottom. We were all then invited for lunch, where we enjoyed authentic fat-Russian-lady-prepared-and-served borsht soup. During lunch we friends whispered together about the absence of our Russian scientist hosts, and we finally concluded that they were absent because we were eating their lunches. Shocked by this discovery, we determined to befriend the Russian scientists and show them a great time. For the next two days we gave them a full dose of

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

Hawaiian hospitality. The best food and drink that Honolulu had to offer, and dancing high above the city to the breezy sounds of a slow-dance live band. The fact that my friends' girlfriends danced them into something like ecstasy was even better. When our time was up, they wished us and our country the best of luck, and we did the same for them. Technically, I suppose, I have now been on Russian soil, and I've learned that good people exist wherever you go. I was very surprised by their poverty, but it was their generosity that I will always remember.

**June 17, 1968**

**Dear Diary**

It took me a while to get the courage to write this installment, but here goes. I was at Eugene McCarthy headquarters in Honolulu, where about a hundred UH students, both white and Asian, had come clean for Gene, when news arrived of Robert Kennedy's assassination. We couldn't believe it, we didn't want to believe it. First the euphoria of LBJ's surprise decision not to run for re-election, and now the horror of another Kennedy assassination. We were devastated. The anti-war movement in the state and throughout the country was devastated. Kennedy had just won the California primary, and his star suddenly seemed to be rising. But now McCarthy would have to take on Humphrey by himself, without Kennedy waiting in the wings. I remembered the sounds of girls crying in my high school class five years earlier when JFK's assassination was announced over the intercom. Now I wanted to cry too, but my anger stopped me. This is too much of a coincidence. It is not the work of a single madman. It is an attempt to halt the momentum of the anti-war movement. Kennedy would have beaten Nixon, and everybody knew it. And coming so soon after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr, it is doubly tragic and doubly devastating. Now both the anti-war movement and the Civil Rights movement have lost the biggest part of their leadership. Everybody was convinced that the FBI shot King, and now they suspect that both assassinations were the government's doing.

There was a big protest parade in Honolulu after King was assassinated, and I marched in it, along with a lot of other people, mostly from the UH. But there were very few blacks at the parade because there aren't many blacks in Honolulu, except in the military. I purposely marched next to one black guy who was about my age in order to offer him some companionship and to show solidarity. We talked, and it turned out that he was in the Air Force, stationed at Hickam, and was taking a chance by being in the march, but he didn't care. I cringe when I think about it now, but when he said that, I responded by saying I used to be in the Air Force too, and that I understood. Again I wasn't being totally honest about my situation, and again it backfired on me, because about a month ago I saw him on base. He recognized me from the march, but I pretended not to see him, or at least not to recognize him. Just the opposite of what I really wanted to do, which was to greet him as brothers and give him a hug.

**Aug 29, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

I have a new girlfriend. She's white, but she's nice, and we hit it off very well. She is tall and quite pretty, and is very well educated. Plus she likes doing all the things I like to do, and she has a sense of humor, so this relationship looks like a keeper if I want it.

Things have been manageable at Hickam since I withdrew from the bitter fight with them over my anti-war views. Plus, servicemen who have attained a certain rank have been given permission to move off base permanently, so my new girlfriend and I now have an apartment near the Punchbowl and convenient to the university.

We've attended several rock concerts this summer, all anti-war groups of course, and we plan to see even more. Of the groups that have hit Honolulu this year and last, or plan to show up later this year, the biggest names are Jimi Hendrix, Steppenwolf, The Moody Blues, Jim Morrison and the Doors, Eric Burton and the Animals, Mitch Rider and the Detroit Wheels, and Credence Clearwater Revival. Most of these groups are fiercely anti-war, and they all perform protest music of some sort. Our favorites so far this year have been Mitch Rider, with his Motown rock-rhythm-and-blues big band, and Credence Clearwater, which was an undercard to a bigger name but

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

surprised everybody with their striking Southern sounds. There is something of a drug scene at these concerts, but my girlfriend and I stay away from that. Even without drugs, though, it's a pretty mind-blowing experience to listen to this music live. These guys really know their audience, and they are all great artists.

We do a lot of exploring and picnicking at various locations around Oahu, and I think my new girlfriend loves this island as much as I do. Recently we went to Makapuu on the windward side, which is one of my favorite beaches. My girlfriend wouldn't body surf with me because the waves were too big, but there were some little local kids in the water with me and they were catching waves that I wouldn't even dream of trying. There was one huge wave that I remember in particular—it must have been 20 feet high. I went under immediately, to let it roll over me, but on my way down I saw the little local kids proudly shouting from the top of the wave to their families who were picnicking on the beach. Showing off on top of one of the biggest waves I had ever seen, while I played dead beneath the surface, waiting for the enormous crush of water to release me.

My new girlfriend knows all about my military situation but doesn't care. She even drops me off and picks me up at Hickam despite the stares and catcalls of all the other guys. She ignores them, and is practically unconscious of anyone but me, and I'm lucky to have her as my daily companion.

**Sept 17, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

I've got to tell you about our Squadron Commander, Captain Major, who recently became Major Major to everyone's delight. He is young and very cool, and he has been concerned about me ever since my trouble at Hickam, even though he has never said anything to me about it. About every three weeks he drives down from Wheeler to pick me up in his Squadron Commander car and take me over to Honolulu Airport for a haircut. We seem to have some sort of unspoken understanding about hair length—I can let the top grow long, but the hair around my ears needs to be trimmed fairly severely. Which is okay with me, because on the beach and in town I let my hair fall where it may and nobody ever guesses that I am in the military. He always reads a newspaper while I am getting my haircut, and, afterwards, when he drops me off at work, he always smiles and says, "I'll see you again in two or three weeks." We both know what he is really doing, however. By his very presence, he is protecting me from my immediate superiors, and protecting me from myself, and I appreciate that.

My girlfriend has also been insulating me from reality. We read Dostoevsky together, and this is a great diversion. She likes to tell me that I am like Dmitri in *The Brothers Karamazov*, but I don't understand what she means.

**Nov 3, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

Maybe it's rock fever, or brain fever. But the fact is I have grown very weary of the tourist industry here. It pretends to define Hawaiian culture, but it actually defiles it and makes a mockery of native tradition. It is phony and pathetic, and a painful display of commercialism. Sweaty, mascara-dripping Asian-mix girls whoring themselves out as grass-skirted and lei-offering airport greeters. Local guys in traditional dress dancing at garish hotel luaus in front of haoles they hate. And businessmen feigning "Hawaiian style" hospitality and the "aloha spirit." There is a joke going around town that says the phoniness is on a sliding scale. When tourists spend money and go home, the chamber of commerce says "Aloha." But when tourists spend a lot of money and go home, the chamber says "Alooooha." And when tourists drop their entire life savings and go home, the chamber says "Alooo-ha!" I think I probably need to get out of here.

The other day I saw Jack Lord and his TV crew shooting an upcoming scene for "Hawaii 5-0," which just began airing this year. He was wearing a suit and tie and was sweating like a stuffed pig. His handlers had to sponge him off about every ten seconds because his heavy makeup was threatening to leak onto his white collar. They were on location in the Jungle, trying to convert that

## A Traveler's History of Hawaii

hippie-student-working class neighborhood behind Waikiki into a gangster haven for TV purposes. It all sort of fit, if you ask me. Because everything around here is make-believe.

Sorry for the lousy mood today, but I'm sick with a stomach ulcer that seems to affect everything I say or do because I never know when I'm going to keel over in pain. The Air Force sent me up to Tripler Army Hospital where they ran some tests on me, including an upper GI series, and what do you know, there it was, just as plain as day, a peptic ulcer. The doctors say it is from stress, so I am hoping it will go away as soon as I am a civilian again. Meanwhile, I drink a lot of milk, which is the only thing that really helps, especially in an emergency, and I get a lot of hugs from my girlfriend, which relaxes me and soothes my soul. Three more months and I will be out of the grip of the military forever.

**Dec 25, 1968**

**Dear Diary:**

How things change. Christmas of 1966, my first in Hawaii, was spent with a friend of mine from Hickam at his old aunt's house near Kapiolani Park. His aunt is a longtime resident of Waikiki who was originally from Massachusetts. Over Christmas dinner she told us many stories of Honolulu before and after World War II. It was great being with her, because I was still missing home at the time and she was very much like my own aunts. We got to her house by public transit, and we said the obligatory "Mele Kalikimaka" to the bus driver. He was half Hawaiian and half Filipino, I think, and he was not in a good mood, either because he was sick of haoles saying "Mele Kalikimaka" or miffed by having to work on Christmas Day. He was a big, quiet guy, though, and I liked him. He and my friend's aunt still stick out in my memory of Christmas that year.

By Christmas of 1967, I was acclimatized. I didn't spend the day with my friend or his aunt, but instead spent it—like most everybody else—on the beach, working on my tan, reading a paperback novel, and greeting everyone I knew who passed by. There is really something strangely perfect about ignoring a major holiday like Christmas. Because in Hawaii all the major mainland holidays seem silly. It is sunny and 80 degrees on Christmas Day, no different than most any other day here. Trying to make it more meaningful than that is only imagination. I had a car by Christmas of 1967, and a girlfriend. And some good friends at the UH. The war was getting me down, but my time off base, when I could get it, was sheer bliss. I was feeling rather like a local, even though most of my friends were haoles. And I was considering staying in Hawaii after my discharge, which couldn't come too soon.

It's now Christmas of 1968, and I'm living with my girlfriend in a one-bedroom apartment off Wilder. Not the same girlfriend as last year, but a different one. My girlfriend in '67 was a local girl of some distinction, and my girlfriend this year is a haole girl of some distinction, from the mainland. We have been very happy together, mostly because she is a very good sport. We cruise the north shore on weekends, and I have taught her the basics of body surfing, but she still gets nervous when she sees a big wave. We also go to movies a lot, and seem to have very similar tastes. I'm getting out in a few weeks, and I'm planning now to leave Hawaii and attend college on the mainland. My girlfriend wants me to live with her in Berkeley and attend school there, but I'm thinking of school in Seattle where I can begin a new life alone. Nevertheless, I will miss her, and I will miss Hawaii.