

# TROUBLES IN PARADISE

BY HUGH PATRICK

ONE hundred and fifty years ago Captain James Cook, an intrepid British navigator cruising in the broad Pacific Ocean, officially discovered the Hawaiian Islands. I say officially because it was Cook who definitely fixed the location of the group. Other navigators had touched it many years before his time, but it was left for him to make it known to the world. This was while the Thirteen Colonies were gaining their freedom from the Potsdam tyrant, George III.

Some years afterward, or at about the time of the death of George Washington, Hawaii's patriarch, Kamehameha, succeeded in establishing a monarchy comprising all the islands in the group. Then, in 1820, came the Boston missionaries to convert the heathen Kanakas. In 1893 the go-getting descendants of these holy men succeeded in launching a revolution which resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic. In 1898 the republic gave up the ghost and Hawaii was annexed by the United States.

Now, thirty years after annexation, the Territory yearns to become the forty-ninth State in the Union. An influential group in the islands would have another star added to the flag. But those Congressmen who have been sounded on the subject still lift their eyebrows and cough behind their hands. Their doubts do not lie in the fact that Hawaii is twenty-one hundred miles from mainland United States, but in the fact that the overwhelming majority of the population of the archipelago is of oriental ancestry, and particularly Japanese. To this the statehood advocates answer that, while the oriental citizen

would surely be a serious factor in Hawaiian politics, he would be less dangerous a factor if the Territory were granted statehood, for the reason that he would hesitate to send a representation of his own race to Washington. Meanwhile, if Hawaii remains a territory, he will undoubtedly gain control of the local government, and the local big-wigs fear that this may lead to disastrous consequences. They believe that it may even cause Washington to take away such rights as the people of the Territory now possess and set up a colonial government indistinguishable from that of the Philippines.

It is this latter threat that scares the sugar barons. Hence, they desire statehood, for once statehood is acquired, it can never be taken away. With it in hand, they are willing to gamble on their chances of controlling their oriental fellow-citizens. Already, indeed, they are busy with enterprises to that end. These enterprises are of a highly patriotic character, with overtones of the pious. In no other section of the realm, not even excepting rural Ohio and the plains of Kansas, has organized Babbittry been given the freedom of the highways as it has at the Pacific cross-roads. In the name of Service it raises hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in Honolulu. The greater portion of the money is turned over to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other similar organizations, to be expended in teaching the oriental how to become a high-g geared, 100%, God-fearing, flag-waving Americano. Several hundred cooing secretaries are paid fat salaries to work among the yellow and brown boys and girls, and

\$1,000,000 cathedrals of the uplift have been erected by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. to provide congenial pens for those in the process of being saved for God and the flag. Meanwhile, the idealistic and Utopian Pan-Pacific Union, headed by Alexander Hume Ford, is hard at work inserting happy and Utopian thoughts into the minds of the intellectuals among the orientals—the student and business groups. The Union is the high-school, the university for those who have been prepared for the honor of citizenship by the soft tongues and oily hands of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

But idealism is not all. While these consecrated men are preaching goodwill, fellowship, loyalty and brotherly love, the United States is hard at work strengthening the military and naval defenses of the islands. Thus airplanes zoom overhead and huge guns boom in practice from the forts along the palm-fringed shore, as the sugar barons and their virtuous henchmen labor to protect themselves through the Pan-Pacific Union and the Y. M. C. A. In other words, Hawaii's orientals are being trained to love the flag under the close and watchful eye of earnest imperialists. They are being taught that if they are to become good citizens they must follow the inspired leadership of the white man; that he must always be their master.

Alexander Hume Ford is Hawaii's ambassador of love to the Orient, and to Japan especially. He is an old-time Chicago newspaper man. Some thirty or forty years ago he jumped into national prominence by organizing a church in Chicago that had as its motto: "Deeds not creeds; act in this world, and theorize in the next." There were on the board of directors of that church a Catholic priest, an Episcopal rector, Methodist and Baptist preachers, a Jewish rabbi, and even an agnostic in the person of Bob Ingersoll.

"For many years," says Mr. Ford, "this church worked along the lines of Service. Its physicians healed the poor free of charge, its lawyers protected them from in-

justice free of charge, and its women went to the police-stations and rescued girls brought in from the red light districts."

When the machine-guns began to roar in Chicago, Mr. Ford moved to Hawaii. He saw a fertile field for his Big Idea among the heterogeneous peoples of the islands. The melting pot had just begun to boil when he arrived in Honolulu. The cane planters were beginning to worry over the oriental problem that they had brought upon themselves by importing Chinese and Japanese labor for their plantations. They recognized in Mr. Ford not only a pacifist of the first Utopian order, but also a patriot. Here was one who was not a grafter or faker—a man who cared nothing for money and its comforts, but instead yearned only to bring in the Kingdom of God.

"I'll organize a Pan-Pacific Union," he said, "and help to solve your oriental problem, which can only be solved through mutual understanding and a spirit of goodwill and fellowship."

The sugar planters told him to go to it, whereupon he jumped in with both feet and is still at it seven days a week. He organizes endless Pan-Pacific meets in Honolulu and dashes off to Japan, China or Australia to round up delegates to them. Australia has given him a cold reception, but he is one of those idealists who can't be insulted or put off. Kick him out the front door and he's knocking at the back in two minutes.

Thus, at the age of sixty-six, he is as busily engaged in the pursuit of his Big Idea as he was forty years ago. Whenever you catch sight of him he appears to be going to places. He wears a preoccupied air and his shoulders are a trifle stooped, as though weighted down with a heavy burden. He is too busy to bother about his personal appearance, and as a result affects collars and cuffs to match the frayed bottoms of his baggy pants. But there is a shining light in his eye that has not dimmed, and whatever may be said of his Idea, he himself has unbounded faith in it.

## II

Does the oriental make a good American citizen? The Governor of Hawaii, the visionaries of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Education, and last, but loudest of all, the Pan-Pacific Union, shout in unison: "Yes!" But a glance behind the scenes shows that this loud hallelujah may be only a shield to cover fear. Not a fear that in the event of a war in the Pacific the Japanese-American would root unlawfully for the land of his fathers, but one that he may soon or late usurp control of the islands, just as the New England missionaries did and their children after them.

The Hon. Wallace Rider Farrington, B.S., Governor and Captain-General of Hawaii, in his 1927 report to the Secretary of the Interior, states that of the 333,420 persons residing in the islands, there are 79,279 American citizens of Japanese parentage and 52,964 who still owe their allegiance to their Emperor. There are likewise 14,421 American citizens of Chinese parentage and 10,777 alien Chinese. The Governor does not say so in his report, but the fact is that the majority of so-called American citizens here are the children (and of the first generation) of alien orientals who settled in Hawaii before the recent immigration laws were passed. Of the 62,208 school children in the territory, fully 60% are such orientals. Governor Farrington discreetly glosses over the fact by stating:

The 62,208 school children in the Territory are divided among American-born and aliens as follows: American-born children, *who are, therefore, citizens of the United States*, 60,675; alien children, 1533.

The Governor's figures show that of the oriental population of Hawaii the majority are American citizens, but they don't show that this majority is confined largely to children who are still under alien home influences.

Blood has long been known to be thicker than water. Among the orientals, as

among the Jews, it is particularly thick. That's why the moguls of Hawaii are now fearful that their neatly compiled figures on citizenship and population may lie unpleasantly when the opportunity presents itself.

How much of the sweet essence of Pan-Pacificism is going in one ear of the oriental and leaking out the other? How much of the half-million dollars annually expended on his uplift is being wasted—exclusive, of course, of the amount which goes to keep the swarm of Y. M. C. A. secretaries on Easy Street? And which is making the better citizen in Hawaii, the Japanese or the Chinese?

There are about 70,000 Japanese males and 50,000 females in the Territory, of whom approximately 30,000 males and 25,000 females are under the age of twenty. There are about 20,000 Chinese males and 10,000 females, of whom 6,000 males and a like number of females are under twenty. The difference in the figures between the Japanese and Chinese is due to the fact that the Chinese were the first oriental laborers imported into Hawaii, and that the exclusion law against them went into effect many years ago. At the time they were brought into the Territory, it was under the old Hawaiian monarchy and the plantations were in a rudimentary state. Later, when the Japanese were brought in, the plantations had advanced and more labor was required.

Three hundred million dollars represents the total capital now invested in Hawaii, and the greater part of it is invested in sugar and pineapple plantations. Hawaii's annual exports of raw sugar run to 1,500,000,000 pounds, with a value of \$60,000,000, and in addition 20,000,000 pounds of refined sugar is exported, at a value of \$1,000,000. The annual output of pineapples is 9,000,000 cases, with two dozen cans to the case, or a total of 216,000,000 cans, valued at \$35,000,000. The total property value in the Territory is \$400,000,000, of which \$270,000,000 is real and \$140,000,000 personal. These figures, of

course, show assessed values. The actual market value is close to double the amount, since Hawaii has no tax equalization board, and assessments are thus often far below what property sells for.

Let us turn now to another set of figures: those showing the assessed values of real and personal property, for 1927, of the oriental. Three thousand, three hundred and seven Japanese possess real property assessed at \$8,871,087, and 7,463 Japanese possess personal property assessed at \$8,537,142, or a total of \$17,408,229. Two thousand, six hundred and eighteen Chinese own real property assessed at \$14,309,457, while 2,698 have personal property assessed at \$3,164,743, or a total of \$17,474,200. In other words, the 5,316 Chinese own more property than the 10,770 Japanese.

What does this mean? Probably that the American-born Japanese are turning over a good portion of their earnings to their parents, who in turn are sending the money back to Japan. In 1923 \$513,000 was transmitted to Japan by the Honolulu post-office. In 1924 the amount was \$554,000. The following year showed a decrease, but in five years a total of \$2,105,479.83 in money orders has been sent to Japan. And a great deal more goes through the banks.

The sugar barons originally brought the Japanese to the islands to work on their plantations. But today, of the more than 100,000 Japanese in the Territory, only 11,000 are employed on plantations. When they began to desert the cane-fields for more lucrative and easier work, the planters imported Filipino labor, and there are now about 27,000 Filipinos at work in the fields. The pineapple industry has absorbed some of the Japanese, but most of them are now gathered in the city and towns. From canefield laborers they have turned into merchants, so that the majority of the retail merchandizing of the islands is now carried on by them. And those who have not turned merchants have turned bootleggers. Many have also found that bootlegging may be carried on as a side issue to their merchandizing.

The favorite drink in Hawaii is known as okolehao, commonly shortened to oke for tourist purposes. The name is Hawaiian and belonged originally to a native drink made from the mash of the ti-root, a plant peculiar to the islands. Ti-root oke is still obtainable, but it is the new Japanese variety that is generally preferred these days. This is distilled from a rice mash and if properly aged is the equal of any pre-war Bourbon. True, it is manufactured and consumed in such large quantities that proper aging is usually neglected, but even so it is without the poisonous effects of the mainland's bootleg stuff.

All the big bugs in the territory have their cellars well filled with oke, which they proudly pour for visitors and proclaim it better than Scotch or rye. In fact, the bootleg in Hawaii is so good that there is little or no demand for pre-war goods. Champagne is about the only drink smuggled into the islands in any appreciable quantity.

### III

As the Japanese have deserted the soil for merchandizing and bootlegging, their children are being turned out of the public schools by the thousand as bookkeepers, stenographers and clerks. The result is that Hawaii's white-collar mart nears the saturation point. While the sugar barons preach 100% Americanism and brotherly love through their Y. M. C. A. retainers, they neglect to provide the young generation with a practical education. Many of them now realize that the orientals need instruction in manual labor and agricultural pursuits, but to give it to them would involve a drastic reorganization of the public school system, which, under the Federal laws, can't very well be attempted. Agricultural and manual training courses may be offered, but they can't be made compulsory. The trouble is, fundamentally, that once the oriental student receives a taste of knowledge, he aspires to the white-collar class. One well-known

sugar-planter, at a recent pow-wow of the moguls, came out with the bold declaration that the yellow children in the schools should be denied any education beyond the elementary grades, thus leaving them with little more than a reading and writing knowledge of English and so forcing them into manual labor to earn their livelihood.

"Teach them their three R's," he said in effect, "and after that train them to work."

When this pronouncement appeared the Honolulu papers, the pedagogues, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and other uplifters let out a horrified yelp. They protested bitterly, and made long-winded speeches at Rotary Club luncheons. To all this the militant sugar planter replied: "If the orientals want better educations for their children, let them pay the bills just as the parents of the majority of the white children in the Territory are paying them, since they won't permit their youngsters to attend the public schools with the orientals."

The public schools of the Territory are given over almost exclusively to the orientals, while the white children are being educated in private and parochial schools. Many of the native Hawaiian children are also being educated through the same private mediums. True, one public school building in Honolulu has been set aside for English-speaking children, *i.e.*, children who are required to pass a stiff test in English before admission is granted. This concession was made by the Board of Education only after many protests had been filed that children of English-speaking parentage who could not afford the private schools were unable to progress in the regular public schools because of the retarding influence of the oriental pupils. Obviously, the method of teaching a young oriental must be much different from the approach to a child of English-speaking environment.

But by the time the oriental has passed through the elementary grades and into high-school he has acquired a thirst for

knowledge. At the conclusion of high-school he would go to college. To appease this thirst the Territory supports a university at an expense of several hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. And what is taught? Nothing worth a damn so far as fitting the student for a place in the economic life of the Territory is concerned. He can learn modern languages, all the garden varieties of history, and art and psychology, but when he's through he's no better off than he was at the start. But the professors at the university learn a lot in teaching him, especially the professors of psychology. The institution has become a clinical laboratory for exchange professors who write monographs on the mental development and reactions of the various hyphenated peoples represented in their classes.

Of course, of the total number of school children in the Territory, only a small percentage reach college. Most of them stop at high-school, where a commercial course fits them for cheap office jobs. One outstanding fact has been noted, however, and that is that despite all the education absorbed by the xanthine school children of Hawaii, only a very small percentage learn to speak correct English, with a correct pronunciation. Even among the better educated there is a strong oriental flavor to the pronunciation, while among the vast majority pidgin English reigns supreme. Only recently, in an article appearing in the *New York Times* dealing with pidgin English, Hawaii was called its citadel.

The greatest conquest the pidginists have made . . . is in the Hawaiian Islands. Here it may be called the common tongue of some 300,000 people. It is the means of intercourse between the Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Chinese, Russians, Spaniards, Koreans, Hawaiians, and English-speaking peoples. Peppered and spiced with words (or caricatures of them) from the languages of each of these groups, it takes on greater color and becomes what someone has termed the true Mongrelian tongue.

Pidgin English is the common language of the Territory. In the continental United States, the children of European immi-

grants, upon entering the public schools, quickly lose their foreign accent, and after two or three years speak English as well as any child of English-speaking parentage. The reason, of course, is environment, the immigrant child being greatly in the minority. But in Hawaii the opposite is the case, for the immigrant's child is greatly in the majority. And since there are several different varieties of immigrant, with the oriental in the majority, pidgin English has come to be the common tongue of the Paradise of the Pacific.

Yet that doesn't worry Governor Farrington. He believes that all is well in Hawaii, and in his 1927 report to the Secretary of the Interior he says so:

The record of the twenty-nine years that Hawaii has been a part and parcel of the United States presents so much to commend and so little to condemn that we must conclude that there is more invention than real cause for apprehension among those who appear to be worried about our people.

Population statistics indicate a steady increase in the percentage of American citizens and a steady decrease of aliens. The population trend, with the racial antecedents of the citizens, is very accurately set forth in the tables prepared by the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Territorial Department of the Public Health. The total population, June 30, 1927, is estimated at 333,420, of which 217,618 are American citizens.

The table follows:

	<i>American Citizens</i>	<i>Aliens</i>
American and European . . .	60,944	3,997
Hawaiian . . . . .	20,931	.....
Part Hawaiian . . . . .	24,645	.....
Filipino . . . . .	7,148	44,976
Japanese . . . . .	79,278	52,964
Chinese . . . . .	14,421	10,777
Others . . . . .	10,251	3,088

#### IV

A very neat set of figures. The Governor has totalled them up and discovered to his satisfaction that there are 217,618 American citizens as opposed to a little more than 100,000 alien residents, a ratio of two to one. But the table does not show that the group of aliens represents mainly the parents of the group of American "citizens." Take the Japanese item, for example. There you see 79,000 American

citizens as opposed to 53,000 aliens, but practically every one of the 79,000 are the children of the 53,000. The age of these children ranges from babyhood to about thirty years. Every tourist who has been to the Orient knows that one of the strongest principles of the religion of the oriental is his deep-seated respect for his parents and his unquestioning obedience to them as long as they are alive. Thus in Hawaii we have oriental American citizens surrounded in their homes by alien orientals and in the school-room by other orientals.

The fact is recognized by the sugar barons and is one of the chief reasons why they are so friendly to the Y. M. C. A. and other such agencies. The soul-savers have been told to go out into the highways and take these young orientals, and, under the cloak of Bible classes and boys' and girls' clubs, to teach them to forget the teachings of their parents and take for their models the good Christians about them. To help this benign process the Pan-Pacific Union has been turned loose on the other nations of the Pacific to foster goodwill and a better understanding, that they may dismiss the indignation of their subjects who have gathered in Hawaii and unwittingly begotten 100% Americans.

One of the accomplishments of the Union has been the practical abolition of the old dual citizenship of Japanese-American children. It was an early practice of Japanese aliens in the Territory to record the birth of a child with the Japanese consul and register him as a subject of Japan, though he was automatically an American by virtue of his birth on American soil. The Japanese government was prevailed upon to frown upon these registrations, and so they are not being made so freely as formerly—or at least not so openly. Likewise, a number of the Japanese so registered have been prevailed upon to renounce their Japanese citizenship.

Meanwhile, the oriental in Hawaii does not seem to realize that he is a problem. Unaffected by the efforts made to save

him, he pursues the peaceful and even tenor of his way. There are some very fine fellows in his ranks, and the younger generation is grabbing politely at the occidental ideas handed to them on flag-draped platters. But the yellow man is already in a majority in Hawaii and that majority is rapidly increasing annually. The question is: Will he become a liability or an asset? Governor Farrington dismisses the question by waving his hand toward his table of figures showing that the majority of orientals are already American citizens. "Hawaii has no more population problem than the great State of Kansas," he told a recent gathering of school teachers, nevertheless, the bold fact remains that Hawaii is overwhelmingly oriental in population and ideas. Only a negligible few of her yellow and brown citizens have ever been to the continental United States. Their associations are wholly oriental; they don't know the American mind as it works in continental America. Very few of them have the American background that is behind most Americans on the mainland. While the young oriental in Hawaii acts on the surface as an American, he still thinks as an oriental, for his entire background is oriental, and so, for that matter, is his foreground. There is probably only one way to make a genuine American citizen out of him and that is to isolate him among Americans for a generation, where he can have no further intercourse with orientals, and no chance to think or act as one.

Governor Farrington says that Hawaii has no race problem. He says the oriental alien influence there is negligible. Nevertheless, in the first real skirmish with that Japanese influence the Territory lost. The Governor sought to put a halter on the Japanese language schools by placing them under the regulating influence of the Department of Public Instruction. The Japanese claimed constitutional rights for their children, and, carrying their case

into the courts, finally won. And so the Japanese children continue to attend the Territorial public schools each day, only to hasten to the language schools at the close of the public school sessions. It is in the language schools that the parents are waging their battle for the traditions of their forefathers.

At present, of the 40,000 registered voters in the Territory, only 3,002 are of Japanese ancestry and only 2,906 are Chinese. But it has been remarked before that the majority of the 79,000 American citizens of Japanese ancestry are not yet of age. Governor Farrington believes that in ten years only 25% of them will be voting, which will leave them in the minority with only 20,000 registered voters. Possibly that will be true in ten years, but how about twenty? The 79,000 Japanese "citizens" already total more than any other racial group in the Territory. What will happen when they all vote?

The Japanese are propagating more rapidly than any other group. They increase, according to the 1927 statistics, by more than 4,000 a year. There were 5,751 Japanese births during the year and only 1,160 deaths. No other group approaches that figure. The Japanese increase at a ratio of about four to one, while the other groups, with the exception of the native Hawaiians, increase at the rate of only about two to one. As for the Hawaiian, he is gradually slipping from the picture. His net decrease at present is only about 100 annually, but there are little more than 20,000 full-blooded Hawaiians remaining in the Territory—the last of a mighty race. Of part-Hawaiians there are about 24,000. They have mingled freely with the Chinese and the white man. Last year there were 653 Hawaiian deaths and 527 births, while 372 part-Hawaiians died and 1,569 were born. The Hawaiian's story is but a repetition of that of the American Indian. But he is being crowded out, not by the white man, but by the Japanese.

# WINDFALL

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

**A**LTHOUGH the well had come in soon after midnight, and it was now the middle of the afternoon, Cora had not seen it. At first she was afraid she would be in the way. Afterward, she was too busy in the kitchen, for beside her own family she had the crews to feed, and six or eight oil men who couldn't take the time to drive thirty miles to town for their meals. And immediately after dinner, the girls, who were sometimes willing to help her, went off to the well and left her alone with the work. "I'll go down when I finish the dishes," Cora promised herself.

By the time the work was done, however, she was tired, soiled and sweaty, and the pasture was full of people who had driven in to see the well. She would have been ashamed to go down as she was. "I'll get cleaned up after a while, and then I'll go down," she thought, as she threw the scraps to the chickens gathered around the doorstep.

With the empty bucket in her hand she stopped for a moment in the doorway, under the newspaper fringe which rattled in the hot wind, and gazed into the far corner of the pasture. She could not see the well from the house; she could see only the mast of the drilling machine and the shiny new storage tank rising above the cluster of cars and people. Luke, she knew, was there, and her three girls, and her two boys, and most of her neighbors, for it was Sunday, and no one was working in the fields.

She went through the kitchen and into the bed-room. It was fully as hot as the kitchen, but it was dark, except for the pattern of the sun on the cracked window

shade, and there was a bed to lie upon. Cora sat down on the edge of it and took off her house slippers. Her bare toes felt as though they had been glued together with the heat. She stretched them, and rubbed them with a towel she found on the floor; then she lay down on the crumpled sheet with her hand on her cheek.

Now and then, while she rested, she rubbed the side of her nose, or the corner of her mouth, or her neck. She was very tired, and this was the first time she had had the bed to herself since the drillers had come, three weeks ago, and had taken the other bed-room and the other two beds. The girls had moved in with her, and the four of them had lain, night after night, across the bed in a row, with their feet hanging over the side, while Luke and the boys had slept on pallets spread down on the kitchen floor.

Cora got up after a few minutes and began to put the room in order. The girls had gone off without making the bed or picking up their clothes, and Cora had to hang their pink nightgowns behind the curtain in the corner, and stuff their stockings in the dresser drawers, and empty the slop jar, which had stood all day full of dirty water, and wipe out the bowl and the soap dish before she could bathe herself.

The cool water made her feel a little better. She sat as long as she dared with her feet in the bowl, but she knew she must hurry if she were to see the well before supper, so she dried herself, after a moment, and put on her clean underwear, and sprinkled a very little of the girls' talcum powder on her neck and arms.

When she had put on her black shoes