



Labor-riot victims. During the 1949 Hawaii dock strike, 19 nonstriking stevedores were injured in a fight with communist-led ILWU men.

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

We Almost Lost Hawaii to the Reds

By RICHARD ENGLISH

For 177 days in 1949 the American territory of Hawaii was held captive by communists. One of the leaders of that siege, now an ex-communist, recently revealed to a Post reporter how close the islands came to catastrophe—and why the next attack could be worse.

HOW about the FBI having to pick up those seven commie leaders right here in Honolulu?" the crew-cut Navy officer asked. "Why didn't you just scuttle them yourselves?"

His voice cut through the drowsy surge of the surf and there was a little pause. Then, because it was still Sunday in paradise, the other guests at the lovely beachhouse laughed and turned back to the music of the beach boys. This was the Hawaii of the travel brochures, bright, gay and friendly, and here on the windward side of the island of Oahu the trade winds sighed through the palms, and clouds scudded across a flawless sky.

When the cocktail-hour murmur had picked up its beat again, only the hostess, gray-haired and quietly handsome, remained silent. Watching the Navy

Jack Kawano, Hawaiian labor leader and a top communist for 13 years, recently quit the party.

FRANK ROSS



officer, she forced a little smile. "I wish we could just scuttle the Reds," she said. "It's awful, this gradually finding out how they had moved in everywhere. It's like living on a volcano and feeling all that lava surging beneath you, ready to erupt at any moment." And, half-apologetically, she added, "When I realize now that it was actually a handful of communists who strangled the islands during the longshore strike, I keep thinking of what they might do if there ever was a war."

The hostess was not one of the islands' alarmists, those who whisper that "the communists have already decided who'll be walking and who'll be riding within another ten years." But at long last the sensitive subject of communism in Hawaii has been brought into the open. Embarrassing as it has been both to politicians and to officeholders, it is now

freely discussed in the musty halls of old Iolani Palace, the seat of the territorial government. You hear it, too, in the soundproofed offices at Pearl Harbor and on the handsome parade grounds at Fort Shafter as the military talk quietly of the local infiltration. Regarding the islands as an important bastion in the defense of the United States itself, they talk guardedly of what steps might be necessary in time of war.

Even the tourists, although bemused by the languid climate and by the orchid leis and undulating hula girls, soon sense the communist problems that have seethed beneath the post-card prettiness of Honolulu. For Honolulu is still a relatively small community, and you are sharply aware of local dilemmas. Businessmen lunching at the swank Waikiki Beach hotels frankly admit that communist-led strikes have cost the islands almost \$100,000,000 in the past five years. Labor, finally learning that some of its top leaders have long had a Moscow ring in their noses, hesitates. It is torn between loyalties to the past and fears for the future.

Historically the lush islands could hardly avoid becoming a prime communist target. There was not only their importance as our bulwark of democracy in the Pacific, but, unhappily, too many races had been held down too long and were ripe for militant leadership. Much of the resentment that the communist leaders cashed in on must be attributed directly to the labor policies of the legendary Big Five, the five major factoring companies who so long ruled the islands' economic destinies. Springing up in the days of the clipper ships, the Big Five were, at best, benevolent despots, and not until some ten years ago did enlightened management in general take over. By then it was almost too late.

Unhappily for all concerned, communist leaders were in the labor saddle by that time. In general, the spread of communism in Hawaii has been roughly as far and wide as the spread of communist-dominated unions. Though there are the usual white-collar Marxists, they have largely been of the sound-and-fury variety. The real malignancy has always been deep in the tissues of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, more commonly known as the ILWU. Harry Bridges, the union's long-time president, is now out on bail, appealing a jail sentence for perjury—the charge was based upon his denial, made in naturalization proceedings, that he had ever been a communist. It was the violent charge of Bridges' red brigade that led to much of the islands' troubles.

The best explanation of how communism rose to frightening power in Hawaii is told in a drab shack

far up the misty Pauoa Valley. A half hour from Honolulu, this is the home of Jack Kawano, whose final break with the Communist Party has caused reverberations from the handsome mansions on Diamond Head to the sprawling sugar camps on the farthest islands of the Hawaiian archipelago. For years Jack Kawano, a man of Japanese parentage, was one of the top labor leaders; only recently he admitted that for thirteen of those years he led a busy life, too, as a Communist Party functionary, serving two terms on the islands' executive board.

Kawano is a solid man of forty. His black hair is flecked with gray, and his mouth is thin and contained as he talks. Leaving school after a seventh-grade education, he worked first on the rugged island of Hawaii—some 200 miles southeast of Honolulu and the largest of all the islands that form the Hawaiian archipelago—as a cane pruner and mule driver, coming to Honolulu about 1932, where he presently sought work on the wharves.

Labor Climate That Invited Red Organizers

"IN those days," he told me, speaking, slowly and rubbing a brawny arm, "the gang foreman runs everything on the docks, and if he does not like you, you do not work. And to be one of the guys he likes, you are supposed to give him things—part of your wages, groceries, even auto tires. Guys like me, with not even rice at home, we can't give him nothings. And so we think we should be organized. But the AFL unions won't take guys of Oriental descent, so we make up our own union, an independent outfit called the Honolulu Longshoremen's Association. And when I am not working on a sugar gang, loading a ship, I work for this union, without pay, as an organizer. I figure that if by having a union more work is spread around, then I will have more work too. It is not then I am so much a union man; I am just hungry."

About that time the first real symptoms of the red fungus that was to spread through the cane fields and sugar camps broke out on some of the islands. There were abortive strikes on sugar plantations and a bitter longshoremen's strike on Kauai, the fourth largest island and famous for its lovely gardens. When those strikes failed, the Communist Party, which had relied on local Japanese Marxist groups, began sending *haole* (white) organizers from the mainland. Among them was a thin, bony man named Bill Bailey, who spotted Jack Kawano as a rising labor leader.

Kawano sucked in his lips. "It is in the summer of 1937 that I am invited up to Bill Bailey's booming

house. By then I can no longer get work on my old sugar gangs—I have spent too much time talking among workers on the docks, and I am blackballed by the employers for being a labor agitator. Bailey knows this, and that is why I am asked up. There are that day some eight or ten of us, and the first thing we notice is a big red flag on his wall. Bill Bailey tells us then that he is a communist and that this is the flag of working people everywhere.

"But what he talks most about is why our strikes don't work. He says we must all be together against the bosses. He said one twig alone is easy to break, but twenty twigs together, you can't break them. And when he is through, we all sign up in the Travelers Club, which is what they call the party out here then. All most of us care about is that these communist guys are working stiffs, too, and they will help us organize."

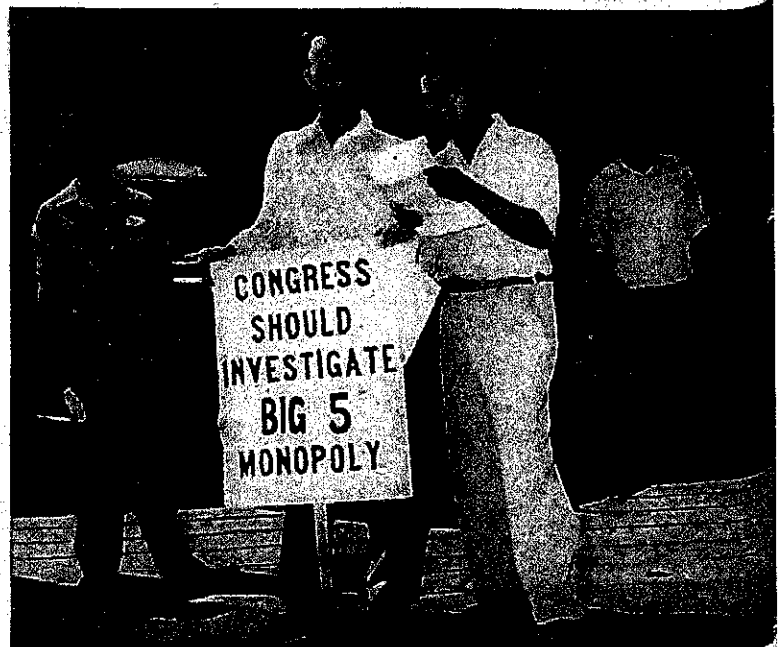
The first party meetings were held in the offices of a labor paper called *The Voice of Labor*. Its editor was Jack Hall, whose rise to labor power was to parallel that of Jack Kawano. In time Hall was to become Harry Bridges' mechanical man and, wearing a coconut-fiber hat for a halo, Hawaii's No. 1 "labor martyr," subjected to what the ILWU termed "vicious smear attacks as an alleged communist."

"There are other peoples at those meetings, too," Jack Kawano said; "professional guys and teachers from the University of Hawaii, and at first I don't understand such white-collar guys being communists too. But these guys help us plan how we should organize the docks and set up the first cells. It is decided we shall divide into an uptown group, which is professional guys, and a downtown group, which is longshoremen and sailors. There are only perhaps twenty communists in all the islands then, and eight of them are in the downtown group, of which I am chairman."

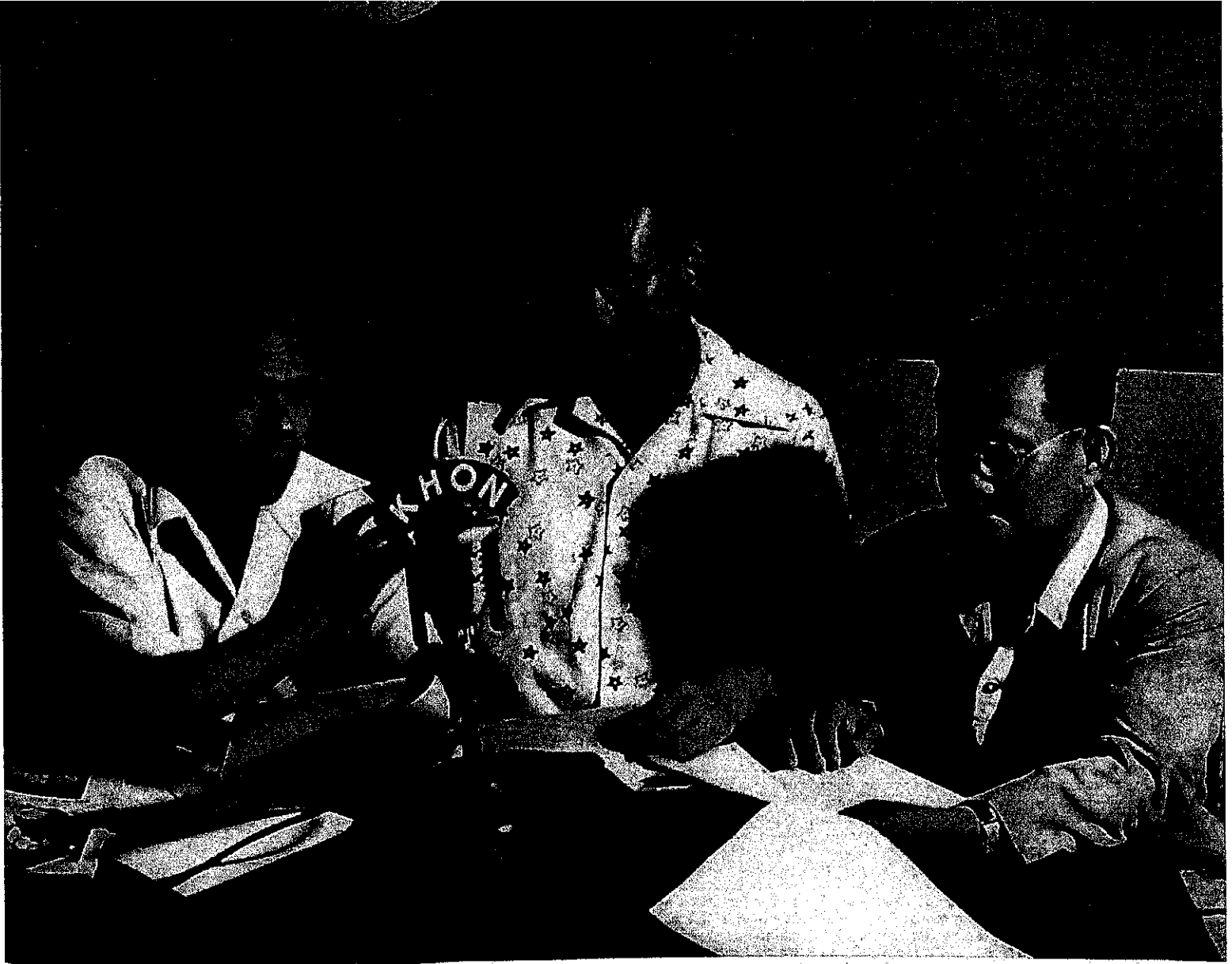
From the beginning, the party concentrated almost entirely on organizing the stevedores, following the consistent communist policy of making a beachhead on the docks of the world. It was this primary concern with labor that was to become the party's strongest asset, and it boasted that its leaders were "for the people all of the time." And it must be reported that much of labor's gain in Hawaii does trace back to the days when, with mainland unions showing no interest in the islands' varicolored workers, the communists kept up that trade-union pitch. It was not, however, until 1938 that Harry Bridges extended the strong left hand of communism in taking the Longshoremen's Association into his ILWU-CIO.



Islander housewives picket the ILWU pickets during the dock strike. Communist-led strikes have cost Hawaii about \$100,000,000 in the last five years.



ILWU boss Harry Bridges (center)—currently appealing a conviction for perjury after denying he had ever been a communist—on the Hawaii picket line.



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ILWU broadcasters Robert McElrath, Jack Hall and Rev. Emilio Yadaū, in a Honolulu station. The union spends \$20,000 yearly for radio time in Hawaii.

"It was then that the party decides I should have special leadership training," Jack Kawano said. "They want I should go to San Francisco and, that I may do this, my cell votes to support my family while I am gone. When this is arranged, I ship out on a freighter and get paid off in San Francisco, where I go right to the party headquarters on Haight Street."

His training in that school is grim proof of how communism in Hawaii was always to be radar-directed from the mainland. As the first man selected for such specialized indoctrination, Kawano simply led the way for all the others who were to be trained for one, and only one, purpose: the final taking over of the islands themselves. "But at that time," Kawano said, "I think only of it as going to school. They have made arrangements for me to stay with another Japanese fellow, and the next morning I report for classes. Never is any time wasted. For lunch and supper they have even a cook who makes us our meals and we are there every day from nine until nine."

"For six weeks in San Francisco I do nothing but listen and learn. In this school there are perhaps sixty students, mostly from California, but also one Mexican. There are classes in everything—Marxism, analyzing and preparing propaganda, how to agitate union matters, and a history both of the American labor movement and of the Communist Party. All day we hear nothing but lectures."

Kawano's training proved valuable when he returned to the pineapple-and-poi front. His shaky union was in danger of coming apart at the seams and, filled with his new knowledge of propaganda, Kawano started leaflets flowing on the water front, and pierhead meetings sprang up. Jack Hall was carrying the ball also, and they combed the waterfront, seeking pledge signers for a coming NLRB election. With such communist guidance, the ILWU finally crashed through as the dock workers' bargaining agent in 1941.

"By then, I think communism is all right," Kawano said. "While Russia and Hitler are friendly the uptown group passes out leaflets protesting against the trial blackouts that were being held. But the downtown group don't have to do this. The dock workers are interested only in Hawaii and, until after the war, the party accepts this. And always they are helping us from the mainland. When we need a guy to help Jack Hall edit the labor papers, they send us Bob McElrath."

Robert McElrath, a slight, wispy party who is now the ILWU's director of propaganda, promptly became the towering Hall's admiring shadow. Both married Orientals, and the wives were to prove valuable as showpieces when Hall and McElrath later settled down to the serious work of needling the field workers against their white bosses.

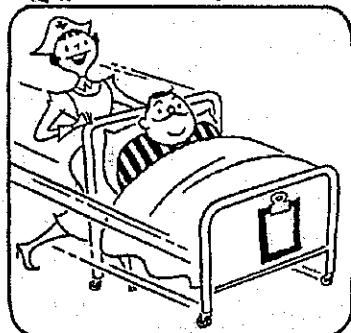
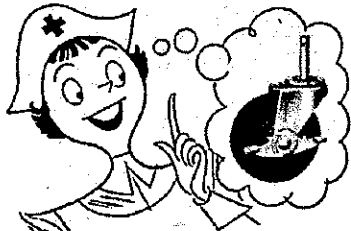
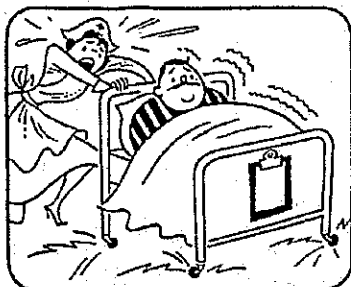
Jack Kawano had, after six years of unpaid work, at last become a paid union functionary, serving as

president and business agent of Longshoremen's Local 137. Two thirds of the ILWU's total membership of some 1500 were in that local, and some twenty-odd were hard-core communists. And then, on that shattering Sunday morning of December seventh, Pearl Harbor was attacked.

How completely Hawaiian communism was dominated by Russia's over-all objectives is clearly illustrated by the fact that within two weeks after Pearl Harbor the Hawaiian party was ordered to disband for the duration.

"This instruction was so important," Kawano said, "that it is brought by two special couriers who work as stewards on boats. And these couriers tell us that the California state committee feels Hawaii is such an important defense post, and the military so anticommunist, that we must not upset things. Therefore, as long as the military is now forced to help Russia anyhow, we are to consider this disbanding as our communist duty."

The party did break up, thoughtfully burying its records, but some members still functioned as organizers. Despite their precautions, Kawano, although head of the longshoremen, was banned from the docks by the military. "The Army and Navy do not tell me why I am barred, but I know, of course. But the members of my local who do not know I am a communist think this is only because I am a strong labor leader, and perhaps also because of my Japanese ancestry. (Continued on Page 50)



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WE ALMOST LOST HAWAII TO THE REDS

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That is why, during the war, I still had time to go out and organize the sugar workers." He smiled wryly. "Having nothing else to do, I keep up what I know best."

It was early in 1944 when Kawano set out to organize the restless sugar plantations. There was a fertile field awaiting him, for the unskilled plantation workers were grimly watching the more fortunate tradesmen grow rich. There was resentment also at the strangers flowing in from Stateside and earning top wages on Government projects. To complete the picture, though the AFL had moved in on the plantations' carpenters and welders, they ignored the discontented Oriental field hands. And so, Jack Kawano had little trouble signing 14,000 sugar workers in six months. Harry Bridges, quick to spot a good thing, promptly took them into the ILWU.

Realizing that the labor weapon was now growing important in these tropical islands, Bridges appointed Jack Hall as the ILWU's regional director. And Kawano and McElrath, who had already started working on pineapple workers, grabbed them in another few months. By the time the war ended, the communist-led ILWU had swollen from its original 1500 members to a highly militant 29,000. There was good cause for self-congratulation when the party formally reorganized at a clandestine convention in 1946, electing Hall and Kawano to its executive board.

Hawaiian employers first faced the harsh new facts of life when, with the sugar companies anxious to get back into business as usual, the ILWU called a sugar strike. This came soon after the communist convention. By calling out the vital irrigation workers, they nearly ruined the \$175,000,000 sugar industry and forced two plantations to close up for good. In a seventy-nine-day walk-out that, in wages and crops lost, cost a staggering \$27,875,000, the ILWU finally won a twenty-six-cent-an-hour increase. In the two brief years since Jack Kawano had signed up the first field hands, an uncertain baby had become a swaggering giant.

"The bosses and laborers don't know it then," Kawano said, "but all the strategy of that sugar strike was decided at communist executive meetings. We keep the peoples stirred up, organize all the propaganda. From the communist position, it was a good thing to have the strike then; it would give the peoples in the sugar industry training for the future. Even if they lost, the field hands will have been taught to band together, to fight against the bosses whenever the party wishes it."

There was, however, a struggle for power going on within the party itself. Now, with 170 members in the islands, the uptown group sought more voice in ILWU matters, resenting the fact that the labor communists, numbering some eighty, were of top importance in the communist timetable. Kawano himself was riding high. As president of Longshoremen's Local 136, a combined group representing 2400 stevedores on the four major islands, Kawano was earning \$300 a month. And Jack Hall, with an increasing zest for political power, was trading on the steadily growing labor vote. In September, 1945, he won an appointment from the then Governor Stainback to the Oahu police commission. Oahu is the island

on which Honolulu is located. The party was definitely on the rise.

"It was then," Jack Kawano said, "that we decided to start our recruiting among the Filipinos who are brought here as contract workers after the war. First there is a careful analysis of what makes up these Filipino guys, and we learn that they have no particular aloha for their bosses and that in most cases they are Catholic. So the party says that a man can be a good Catholic and still be a communist, and this talk about commies being against the church is bosses' propaganda. That is why the ILWU started using Reverend Yadao."

The Reverend Emilio Yadao is another symbol of the constant "battle for minds" that is being waged in the islands. Apparently a man of some ministerial experience, Yadao is listed as the ILWU's "Filipino radio director." As such he takes to the air at the brisk hour of five A.M. each weekday and, in a program beamed at the field hands, is heard over a network made up of four island stations.

Large as Yadao's following may be, it cannot compare with that of Bob McElrath. Five nights a week McElrath broadcasts over the same stations in English, and so waspish is his invective that he leaves the employers hurting in every nerve. Including a weekly Japanese-language program, the ILWU spends more than \$20,000 a year for radio time.

Arrogant in its growing strength, the Communist Party, back in 1946, calmly decided to move in on island politics, confident that within a decade it could control every officeholder seeking the labor vote. From the first, the communists revealed a shocking strength. As they have done elsewhere, the communists essentially cashed in on the lethargy among precinct workers, seizing those offices for themselves. The ILWU-PAC successfully backed eighteen of the members elected to the territorial House of Representatives in 1946, but learned, to their chagrin, that they still had little power in party caucuses.

"When that happens," Kawano said, "the executive board decides that to be a real power out here we must take

over an existing party. That is why we moved in on the Democrats, who are weak. We start this by working in from the precinct level, getting our boys in as delegates to the conventions. With Jack Hall, I am on the political commission set up by the communists, and within a year we have as our third member Wilfred Oka, who has hurriedly worked his way up to being secretary of the Oahu Democratic county committee." During this time the Republicans also played footsie with that potent labor vote, but were too strongly organized to allow any real communist penetration. "All our strength," Kawano said, "was in the Democrats, and how strong we are is shown by the 1948 Democratic territorial convention. Forty-one of the 500 delegates are communists, and they influence at least 100 more delegates."

Not until the House Un-American Activities Committee held open hearings in Honolulu two years later did the local politicians finally admit the extent of commie infiltration. Shaking the islands more than any volcanic eruption, the House subcommittee exposed the real depth of communism in Hawaii, and there was a prompt and wide-open split in the Democratic Party. Men like Oka were ousted from their posts, but the effect on the Democratic Party was shattering.

The longer a man has been a communist the harder it is for him to break with his past. In the case history of Jack Kawano, though he began to feel some private qualms in 1947, he was not to leave the party until 1950, and did not break openly with them until later on. His gaze bleak, rubbing his arm slowly, Kawano said, "It was not until after the war, when the party tries to run the union in all ways, that I began to wonder. But at first, knowing only about labor here in the islands, I do not think too much about it. I think all labor is like this."

"But in 1947, when I go to a CIO convention in Boston as a delegate from the ILWU, I see how different we are from other laboring peoples. At this convention I meet men from all kinds of unions, and they try to work to-

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"Don't interrupt your mother, dear, while she's summing up."

(Continued from Page 50)

gether for the good of all workmen. But the ILWU keeps wanting things we can't get, things that sound good, but don't work. And I know the things it is wanting are part of the communist line, that they have nothing to do with union matters. I begin to think then that something is haywire; we are more communists than we are laboring men. And then, with what happens to me in New York —"

How the Communist Party has attempted, wherever possible, to combine espionage with routine party activities is shown by Kawano's strange visit to New York City at that time.

"While I am at the Boston convention," Kawano said, "it is suggested by someone that I drop in the national offices of the Communist Party on my way home. And at the party office I talk with Betty Gannett and Eugene Dennis, the secretary of the party, and then Gannett brings in an old guy. His job, she says, is getting information. This old guy is kind of father type, not too clean shave, and he talks very slow. He wants to know all about Pearl Harbor, Schofield Barracks, and how much military activity goes on. He wants to know how much war materials are sent to Far East and what contact system we have with communists in Japan and China. Most of all he wants to know about defense operations. I tell him I don't know about such things. Then I wonder do they want me to be a spy or something, and I don't feel so good about it."

Though Jack Kawano's gradual disaffection had begun, he remained a communist and, despite growing friction with the party, was elected to the executive board again in 1949. But he spent less and less time following the strict party line and when he refused to get signatures for a petition protesting the arrest of the eleven communist leaders in New York City around the time of their trial before Judge Medina, he was subjected to party discipline.

Nor was Kawano the only leader that was experiencing friction within the party. Tempers were flaring, and things were no longer all roast pig and poi among the more prominent Reds. The uptown faction, still trying to muscle in on the ILWU faction, wanted both Jack Hall and Kawano to become "open members" of the Communist Party, thus forcing them to follow the party line in all things. The California state committee backed the uptown faction and things reached such a state that Mr. Hall stormed to the San Francisco offices of the ILWU for a showdown.

Jack Kawano relates, "When Hall arrived in San Francisco he saw Harry Bridges and all the other top ILWU leaders, including Louis Goldblatt." Goldblatt is the ILWU's icy secretary-treasurer and heir apparent to Harry Bridges.

Kawano continued, "Jack Hall told Bridges and the others that he cannot always follow the local communist line because sometimes it conflicts with his ILWU orders from San Francisco, and he is fed up. So Bridges works out this compromise: whenever such a problem comes up, Hall is to refer it to the ILWU home office. They will then try to work it out with the California state committee. Whatever they both agree on, Hall is to do. If they cannot agree, Bridges is to appeal this matter then to the national Communist Party headquarters in New York. The national headquarters knows the international party line at all times, and they will then make the decision. And,

whatever they decide, both the ILWU and the state committee must accept, and Hall is to carry out that decision in Hawaii. When Hall comes back and reports this, I know then that the ILWU is no longer a labor union, it is an arm of Moscow."

At that time Kawano stopped paying his communist dues. A creature put into power by the communists, he knew then that he could never leave the party without being smeared as a traitor to the working class from which he came, and he continued to put off any final decision. The party was likewise stuck with the man they had so often draped with the lei of a great labor leader. But there was no open discord until after the longest strike in water-front history, led by Kawano's own locals. The strike was to be an outstanding communist experiment in how to capture democratic islands, putting the first Americans behind an Iron Curtain in their own land. And Jack Kawano, about to leave the party, was to be considered one of the top villains in a strike that for 177 red-bordered days held Hawaii captive.

The strike was called in 1949 on May first—May Day, the international-working-class day throughout the communist world—and Kawano, though the head of the longshore locals that called the walkout, was more of a figurehead than a leader. "While I had voted that we should strike," Jack Kawano said, "and my name is on the negotiating committee, I am not in on the talks. Instead I have been assigned as the ILWU lobbyist in the legislature, and I know then that the sealing-off process had started—that the party now trusts me so far and no farther."

As the communists had planned, the water-front's closing cut the very lifeline of Hawaii's existence. The islands cannot feed themselves, and the lifeless ships along the wharves were grim tokens of Harry Bridges' power. No longer could Hawaii export its wealth or import its necessities. From the first days, commodities were scarce, and as the yeast supply dwindled, housewives lined up before bakeries,

seeking bread. Some of the more irate formed a "Broom Brigade" and picketed the grim ILWU offices on Pier 11.

Union fanaticism was matched only by the employers' grimness, and both sides took to the newspapers and radio in a tremendous propaganda war. The tourist business shattered, the hotels rattled with emptiness. Splinter fleets of barges towed potatoes, canned milk and flour to the islands and an emergency food committee saw to it that essential medicines, baby food and rice were imported in military cargo ships. A grim riot in which nineteen were injured occurred when more than 300 communist-led ILWU members stormed a group of "independent" stevedores trying to unload ships in Honolulu. And over all was the dark fear a general strike might yet be called and the rising class-consciousness flare into open warfare. And the Communist Party did consider a general strike.

"That happened when the strike was about two months along," Jack Kawano said. "An enlarged executive-board meeting was held and it was decided that now the sugar workers should go out, and later the pineapple workers. In that way everything will be tied up, and so the executive board orders the communist members of sugar locals to get those locals on record with a strike vote. But I was against this, as I know it is only the help of the sugar workers that is keeping the longshoremen going by donating moneys, rice and canned goods. If the sugar workers go out, they can no longer support the longshoremen, and I fear we will lose the strike. But I am the only one voting against sugar striking also, and then I am really through, I attend no more meetings."

When he walked out of that meeting, Kawano had walked out of the party also, and he promptly went to work among the sugar workers, urging them to stay out of the strike. As one of the original organizers, he had a large following, and his advice was followed. "Actually," Kawano said, "they do not have much moneys anyhow and they are in no position to strike then.

What is important is that these guys, who are uneducated peoples like myself, will listen to me. By then I know that communism never cares about peoples. It cares only about communism, and what I am thinking then is that if it wins everywhere, on that day the workers will lose all their gains."

When the strike was finally settled on October 24, 1949, the ILWU winning a twenty-one-cent-an-hour wage increase for the stevedores, the islands totaled up their losses. In the six months that 170 communists, working through one longshore local, had ruled the lives and destinies of 490,000 people, labor and management had lost more than \$40,000,000. Communists were to cost the islands another \$20,000,000 in the long ILWU strike of the world's largest pineapple plantation on Lanai Island, which was only recently settled. When the loss previously incurred during the sugar strike, plus that of half a dozen wildcat walkouts, such as the one staged when Harry Bridges was arrested on the mainland, is added, it reveals the communist infestation has cost the islands almost \$100,000,000. For, in almost every instance, management had offered sizable cost-of-living raises that would normally have forestalled any strikes, and only the Communist Party, playing on an increasing theme of class hatred, had anything to gain by a strike. And strike they did.

Not long ago Kawano voluntarily went to Washington and testified in a closed session before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Though the ILWU promptly blasted him as a "labor rat," carefully ignoring his communist charges; the local reaction was not quite as they had expected. Two ILWU locals strongly endorsed Kawano's stand, and Jack Hall personally persuaded still another local to reverse its approval.

Those endorsements may well be the first salvo in the inevitable battle within the ranks of island locals to rid themselves of their Red leadership. But Hawaiian labor as a whole, with its dangerously low educational level, will be slow to turn against the Halls and Bridgeses. Long ago the party, preparing to go underground, sold the workers on the idea that any attack on their leaders is aimed at stealing the gains the ILWU has won for them. And not even the arrest of Jack Hall by the FBI, along with six other members of the Hawaiian Communist Party executive board, has changed things greatly. Freed on bail, Hall promptly accused the employers of using the FBI as a labor-busting device, and returned to business at the old stand.

Hawaii has now done a good job of putting its house in order, ousting the communists wherever they may legally do so, particularly in politics. But, Hawaii's chances of statehood, an issue that is almost as popular among local politicians as deep breathing and motherhood, has particularly suffered. There can be no doubt that opponents of Hawaii's becoming the forty-ninth state will continue to play upon its pink tinge in the sunset.

The first Americans to be subject to a communist invasion are still stunned at finding it can happen here. And where, in the past, Hawaii's boosters hoped that by minimizing communism it would, like yesterday's tropical rain, just go away, they know better now. They realize that the strong red roots of the ILWU beanstalk on which the communists climbed to almost terrifying power are much too malignant for that.

THE END



"They throw in an extra billion here, an extra billion there . . . it all adds up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST