

INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS

WWU - 1
The Fiftieth State

The Coco Palms,
Lihue, Kauai, T.H.
December 4, 1958.

Mr. Walter S. Rogers.
Institute of Current World Affairs.
522 Fifth Ave., New York 36; N.Y.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

There is a bit of self-consciousness in Genesis, particularly when my theme for the coming 13 months will be the arguments for neutralism and non-alignment and Hawaii, by not the furthest stretch of the imagination, can be winked into this category. However, Hawaii is difficult to ignore on my way across the Pacific. Added to this, I grew up in San Francisco wondering just how much staring out through the Golden Gate was needed to conjure up its palm trees and guitar strains. Life-long curiosity, the fact that Hawaii may very well become the Nation's 50th State during 1959 and the foreknowledge that a House Territorial and Insular Affairs Subcommittee delegation was to be on tour made it comparatively easy for me to rationalize Hawaii as my first port of call.

I left Washington, Ikedom, I like to call it, on Thanksgiving morning and arrived on the San Francisco Peninsula with plenty of time to spare for my family's Thanksgiving Dinner. As a matter of fact, the United Air Lines plane was early and assorted niece and nephew greeters were late. I was half tempted to find another plane to pop out of so that they wouldn't feel short-changed.

United Air Lines, I found, is not only prompt. It is perspicacious. Although I had clearly paid American Express tourist fare, they had filled out my round-the-world ticket with an "F" for First Class and written in the maximum 66 lbs. as the baggage limit. I had not noticed, but United caught it, along with my excess weight. But when it came to the next stage of my flight, Pan American not only refused to listen to my protests (in faint voice) that I was not First Class, but waved me out of San Francisco with a public relations man and photographer and insisted on making my trans-Pacific flight bearable with gulps of filet mignon and drafts of champagne. And, although I was firmly resolved to enjoy my sabbatical from The Washington Post and the heady dose of six years of national reporting, I had yet to be liberated. My seat companion turned out to be General North, head of the Battle Monuments Commission and a personal and long-time friend of the President's. He allowed as how General Eisenhower should never have broken the soldier's rule against entering politics and I allowed as how President Eisenhower was undoubtedly a good General and we settled down to talking about the elaborate memorials the Battle Monuments Commission is putting up in American cemeteries abroad. I was pleased to learn that General North was not the man responsible for that maudlin military display a half-year back where, in order to bury an Unknown from both World War II and the Korean War in Arlington Cemetery, they played musical chairs with caskets aboard ship and simply shoved the losers into the sea.

Anyway, Hawaii is really a very easy flight from the Mainland and it makes itself dramatically known through the tops of Mauna Loa and Kilauea, floating like sub-islands above the sea of clouds. The descriptions of Honolulu are, of course, available in any travel agency. But I gathered four rather

vivid impressions right in a row: First, the caressing fragrance of the leis, which look like baby orchids; next, the Christmas tree decorations sandwiched between the native palms; then the mink coats displayed in the shop windows (perhaps for that cool outrigger glide back onto the beach); and, finally, the beach itself, Waikiki. I suppose all my predecessor tourists discovered for themselves that this was nothing but an elongated sandbox. But I could only marvel at the talents of Madison Avenue (or whoever it was back in those days) for succeeding in touting this off as the beach of the world.

I checked into the Hawaiian Village, a hotel with five swimming pools and certainly as many dining rooms that seems to proclaim "Conrad Hilton was here" (actually it was Henry Kaiser). I had not been in Honolulu an hour when I walked into the Village drugstore (that's a misnomer) and came face to face with the man I most wanted to see: Leo W. O'Brien, the ex-newspaperman and current Democratic Congressman from Albany, N.Y. who heads the Congressional Statehood group. O'Brien's five-man delegation (Sens. John A. Carroll (D-Col.) and Frank Church (D-Ida.) who, in good Senatorial dignity, stayed at the dinner-jackets-only Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and Reps. E.Y. Berry (R-S.D.), B.F. Sisk (D-Calif.) and O'Brien, who settled for the Henry Kaiser hostelry) were mid-way in their two-week inspection tour of the Islands. O'Brien was the author of the Alaska Statehood bill. He successfully steered it through the House Interior Committee, bypassed the hostile House Rules Committee by obtaining the necessary signatures for the "privileged bill" route and then was the bill's floor manager during the House debate. It was O'Brien who decided that the only way to get Statehood for anybody was to separate the Hawaiian and Alaskan bills (they had been joined in the past). And it now is up to O'Brien to get Hawaii through, since the Senate has made it plain that it will again wait for the House to precede. A few months ago in Washington, O'Brien told me that one of the necessary steps was to counteract the "Eastland Report." This is the 1957 warning against the Communist menace in Hawaii compiled by Chairman James O. Eastland (D-Miss.) of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee which up to now has been regarded as the "last word" on the Hawaiian Statehood situation.

O'Brien said that before leaving the Mainland he wasn't too sure himself how much truth there was to the charges of Communist control of the Islands. (He now declares the Communist menace a "phony" issue.) But O'Brien did want to get the facts for himself so that when the Southerners begin their fight against Hawaii's admission on the floor he would have first-hand counter to the warnings of the Eastlands, etc. that admitting Hawaii would mean admitting two Communists to seats in the U.S. Senate. O'Brien said he also was aware that any Congressional trip to Hawaii was bound to be labeled as a "junket." Even so, since he had never been to Hawaii himself and yet was charged with floormanaging the Statehood measure, O'Brien decided to go. Much to his surprise, all three of his Albany papers gave him their blessing, including an editorial from the usually opposing Republican journal. And so with wives, children (in the case of the Senators), but no staff (O'Brien said that for once a Congressional delegation will be forced to write its own report), the inspection crew from Washington sailed off on the Matson liner Lurline.

I caught up with O'Brien just before he was to give a talk before the ninth-grade civics class of Kailua High School, which is located in a Honolulu suburb that has mushroomed up recently on the opposite side of Oahu Island's high pali. Two girls in the class had written O'Brien a letter inquiring about Statehood. He decided to prove to them that a Congressman sometimes opens his mail-- by answering in person.

Mrs. Ermel Haskins' ninth-grade civics class has 33 students, a good many of whom wear the customary pony tail hairdo and saddle shoes and carry copies of Ayer & Ayer's "You and Your Government" and Hughes' "Building Citizenship." But in many ways it is not an average Mainland classroom. Mrs. Haskins has an orchid in her hair, as have a good many of the girls. There

are a great many Chinese and Japanese and somewhat mixed racial features, enough to make the blond North European stand out. But despite the Congressman's initial stentorian tones (I've often wondered if a legislator flourishes his glasses while he talks in his sleep), the class warmed up quickly. They laughed when he said he had come 5000 miles to avoid a four-cent stamp in answering the girls' letter. They were attentive when he said he already had been labeled as a "fellow traveler" by a local radio commentator for expressing himself as a friend of Statehood. They were also attentive when he said he had found that, "If you don't believe in unions, you can use Communism as an argument against Statehood." I saw one boy with Polynesian features gulp his Adam's apple ever so slightly as O'Brien bluntly said "mixed races" was what the Southern Congressmen really opposed in Hawaii. When it came time for questions, one very blond girl up near the front startled me by asking: "If we're a State, will we have any problems like they do in Arkansas?" O'Brien answered: "If you have any problems, I think you will know how to solve them better than most of the States." Another questioner wanted to know what O'Brien thought of Senator Kennedy's chances as a Presidential candidate (he ducked). Another, how could Hawaii obtain more Federal aid? A boy with a high-pitched voice and a loud checkered shirt wanted to know why the Supreme Court threw out the Smith Act. (In Hawaii, this meant the dismissal of the cases against the seven convicted Communist leaders in the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.)

O'Brien repeated most of his remarks before a combined group of classes in the school library. I made the mistake of preceding him by a bit into the room and was horrified to find I had triggered some hundred or so smiling youngsters into jumping to their feet, all looking as if they were about to greet me with a full round of the Star Spangled Banner. Mr. Ono Tokuji, Kailua Hi's Japanese-American principal, spotted the mistake in identity and quickly gestured the assemblage to their seats until the great moment had really arrived.

O'Brien's is the 23d or 24th Congressional delegation (nobody is really sure) to visit Hawaii since it achieved Territorial status 60 years ago and with it, presumably, the chance for Statehood.

Hawaii with its seven major islands and several dozen smaller ones has a total land area of 6423 miles, larger than that of Delaware, Rhode Island or Connecticut. It has 554,000 residents, more than the populations of Delaware, Nevada, Vermont, Wyoming and, most particularly, Alaska. Alaskans, ironically, were allowed into the Union first, although Hawaiians first voted for Statehood in 1940 and have been waiting in line much longer. What has held Hawaii up is: 1) The Communist issue; and 2) Hawaii's existence as a working example of integration, an example which has prompted some Congressional Statehood opponents to refer to her as "That island of yellow men." Some 38 per cent of the Islands' inhabitants are indeed Americans of Japanese ancestry (although one wordly Tokyo lady once told me that she was frightened by Hawaii because she would go up to what she presumed was a fellow countryman, only to find he neither spoke her language nor understood her ways). Of the rest of the Islanders, some 20 per cent are Caucasian mainlanders, 13 per cent Filipinos who were brought in to work the sugar fields, 7 per cent Chinese, 3 per cent pure Polynesian Hawaiian, 15 per cent part Hawaiian, 2 per cent Puerto Rican, 1 per cent Korean and a final 1 per cent the etcetera. Hawaiian integration is not perfect. The three top clubs admit no Orientals, newspapers openly advertise "Haoles (whites) only" or "Japanese only" and racial discrimination in housing is permitted. But James A. Michener, the "Tales of the South Pacific" author who is now a Honolulu resident, says every Hawaiian is "free where it matters": He enjoys equal opportunity in making money, in obtaining a good job in the civil service and in running for office. Michener, in an article in the December Reader's Digest, also warns that if the U.S. refuses either to accept Hawaii or turn her loose, somebody in Asia may one day relieve us of our burden.

That remark of Michener's brought a furious reply here in Kauai from Norito Kawakami, a fortiesh, unsmiling Lihue attorney who interrogated Japanese prisoners of war for us in the South Pacific during World War II. Kawakami was part of the host delegation for the Congressmen on their Kauai visit and we sat across from each other at lunch in the Kapaa Elementary and High School cafeteria (a cafeteria whose wall was embellished with an imaginative poster of St. Nick and his watersled being towed ashore by a team of fish and captioned, "Santa Gone Hawaiian."). Kawakami said it was pure nonsense that Hawaii would ever throw her lot in with anybody but the U.S. and Michener had no business making such an implication. "It's not just a political idea of gimme-gimme," Kawakami declared. "It's something of which we want to be a part. We want to be equal with everybody else. We want to be equal with the American Union. We go to war and some of us do not come back. Then they give the mother a gold star and say her son died for America. Well, we cannot die for America as a piece of real estate. The mother who lost her son here should be the same as the mother who lost her son in New Jersey. She isn't."

Kawakami made it plain, however, that he thought Hawaiians would impose no ultimatum for their Statehood: "At the best estimate, these islands have been populated for 2500 years and to me it doesn't make a helluva lot of difference whether we get Statehood this year or next year or in the next 10 years." He also showed impatience with the Statehood opponents who fear loss of Territorial status would mean more taxes and higher costs: "The economic advantages or disadvantages are something we have got to take, whether they are good or bad."

Kawakami's was not the only memorable personality I met in the school cafeteria. The school principal, Gladys Brandt, turned out to be a combination of educational matriarch and island political priestess. Mrs. Brandt, a grandmother who looked no more than 35, took the Congressional delegation under her wing with all the aplomb of an Ambassador. She was not only a tall woman, but a strikingly handsome one, with features that seemed part Filipino. Her pearls glistened against her tanned skin. Her carriage was magnificent, particularly in the way she balanced her sweater casually over her shoulders in the most-approved Long Island manner. And as she smilingly led the Congressional delegation up and down the school walkways, Principal Brandt did not fail to let the men from Washington know that her school was very anxious for the funds to build a more adequate cafeteria.

Kauai is known as "The Garden Island." It has a miniature Grand Canyon at one end (Congressman O'Brien let his wife go near the edge; he gets dizzy) and a beautiful winding river at the other where flat-bottomed motor boats provide a fine 1½-hour trip through fern and cave country for all of \$1. But for me, the crowning glory of Kauai is the Coco Palms here. It's an enlargement of the home of the last Island Queen, complete with sacred coconut groves, rooms that overlook ponds bordered by red and white pointsetta and sarong torch lighting ceremonies before the evening feast. The place looks like a setting for "South Pacific" and it turns out that is just what it was -- when Hollywood cameras moved onto the Island at the end of 1957. It's the sort of place where you sit under a thatched roof nibbling your lunch as you watch the fish nibble theirs and then find yourself exchanging introductions with a Catholic priest who is at the next table sipping a martini. Father John McDonald, whose graying crew-cut pegs him at about 50, turns out to be a man of God who knows how to walk with men very well indeed. A native of Colorado, he had only four years of parochial indoctrination, and these interspersed with regular public school. He said he was a great party goer, loved to dance and was a pretty valued member of his college football team. Then, in his mid-twenties, he decided to become a priest. He followed this with a law course at Catholic University in Washington. For a while, Father McDonald was superintendent of parochial schools in Honolulu and served on various civic committees. On one of these, he managed to persuade his colleagues -- 25 strong -- to be at the airport at 4 a.m. one day to greet Harold Stassen, then in grace and head of the Administration's foreign aid

program. McDonald's idea was to sell Stassen on making Hawaii a first port of call for Asian visitors on the way to the Mainland. His group took Stassen to the main Sears store to show him how Oriental bosses Caucasian, to the public schools to show him how a Japanese principal has no trouble giving orders to white teachers. McDonald and his group succeeded in persuading Stassen that if the Asian visitor saw the Hawaiian melting pot first, he would arrive on the Mainland with less need for feeling defensive. An indoctrination course was put into effect, and Father McDonald says it is still going, but for not as long a period, or for as many passers-through as he would like.

For the past several years, Father McDonald has been the Superior of the eight other Catholic priests on Kauai. He has succeeded in putting up three new churches for just under \$100,000 (the one I saw, the largest, is worthy of inclusion in Architectural Forum, for which I once worked). To put up churches on an island where both employment and the economy are on the decline, Father McDonald had to become a master of amortization rates, as well as of fund raising. He also hand-picked the local architects and had a good say in the structural design. And he took particular interest in the embellishments. The altar piece I saw consisted of a Crucifixion whose angels, peaking from over the top of the Cross, had Irish and Japanese faces. A mural on one of the side walls might be called "Madonna and Jeep" for the Holy Mother, with an obviously Hawaiian face, is surrounded by her family, including the family car. Father McDonald said it took him a while to convince his parishioner committee that if the Holy Family came to Hawaii they would not look like Sixteenth Century Italians. At the moment, Father McDonald is particularly proud of his local chorus which offers everything from Gregorian chants and Palestrina to native Hawaiian songs (I was prepared for this, having watched the local Latter Days Saints intersperse their choruses with some damn good hulas in the Coco Palms dining room the night before). Father McDonald has taken his chorus on a fund-raising tour to Honolulu and currently is elated over the demand -- "even on the Mainland" -- for a recording the group has just cut. The priest still remembers his football days enough to use an occasional "Hell" and when he got up from lunch and learned that one of the waitresses, Mollie, a girl with "family trouble" which he has been trying to reconcile, had quietly paid his check, Father McDonald smiled and quipped, "That little devil."

I have hop-skipped on the Communist issue, so now I had better explain. For some years now, Hawaii's major labor organization has been the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, dominated by Harry Bridges on the West Coast of the Mainland, and by Jack Hall in the Islands. The ILWU controls not only the waterfront, which is the source of Hawaii's life-giving imports, but the sugar cane and pineapple fields which, along with the military and tourism, represent Hawaii's major industries. There has been some definite coinciding of Communist and ILWU policy in the past and the 1949 waterfront strike, which crippled Hawaii brutally for six months, is still a rankling memory. However now, much to the unhappiness of the ILWU, the Territorial Government has the power to conscript a labor force of its own in the event of another strike. Anyway, seven of the Hawaiian ILWU leaders, including Hall, were convicted under the Smith Act, only to be subsequently freed, as has already been said, by the Supreme Court ruling. Then too, in 1956, Senator Eastland's investigating committee, acknowledgedly out for blood, was greeted on its arrival in the Islands by a protest demonstration. Lorrin P. Thurston, president and general manager of the Honolulu Advertiser and chairman of the Hawaiian Statehood Commission, said that the protest was a fizzle: "The ILWU called for an all-out walkout of its 18,000 members. Instead it got some 1300 to show up. They walked around the old royal palace twice, it started to rain and they went home."

Congressman O'Brien's group called on the FBI when they were in Honolulu to get some official appraisal of the Communist picture. O'Brien said the FBI was careful not to volunteer, but in answer to questions said there was no evidence of local Communists being mixed up in Soviet espionage;

no Communists holding public office; and not much to show that the Communists were very powerful in getting others elected to office. As a matter of fact, Riley H. Allen, editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin and a half-century resident, says that there are now about 35 registered Communists on the Islands -- "and they are certainly not rampant all over the landscape." Allen also reported that two of the ILWU-backed candidates were elected to office in the November 4 election but these "victories," if they were such, were tempered by the fact that they were not considered key fights and that they occurred during an election when the Territorial Legislature was being expanded. Allen reported that another "left-wing" union, the United Public Workers, had made inroads on the Hawaii Public Employees Assoc. but, as in the case of the ILWU, labor's political influence is considered to be definitely on the wane. The ILWU membership, for instance, is said to be militantly behind Hall & Co. when it comes to labor demands, but indifferent when Hall's aspirations go beyond that. O'Brien's group was told this. And I gathered it from both Allen and Thurston, the heads of the two leading newspapers who are personal conservatives as well as conservative editors. As a matter of fact, O'Brien's group was told that one management firm, Foodland, was secretly delighted that its employes chose the ILWU as a bargaining agent, rather than the less well-established AFL-CIO Meatcutter's local.

O'Brien's group held no formal hearings because the Congressman said he wanted no "professional witnesses," perhaps remembering the Eastland Committee days. Instead, the Congressmen went calling on their own. One of these calls -- to Jack Hall himself, at ILWU headquarters on Honolulu's Atkinson Drive -- backfired in the local press. When the delegation emerged from their off-the-record session, Colorado's Senator Carroll proceeded to tell the waiting reporters that not only was "this Communist domination...a phony issue," but that "these people (the ILWU) have far more democratic representation in their trade union movement than in many areas on the Mainland." Carroll's remark may well be true, certainly when you remember the Congressional testimony that has come out on the Teamsters and Carpenters unions. But such a clean-bill-of-health pronouncement about the ILWU right in Honolulu could not help but cause some local squirming. O'Brien is afraid it will be used to discredit his Committee's report during the Statehood debate. To help smooth things over, Senator Carroll, the next day, issued one of those "What-I-really-meant-was" statements.

The Congressional delegation also called on the local Commission on Subversive Activities, headed by William B. Stephenson, an ex-Navy intelligence officer, and on "Imua," the anti-Communist Hawaii Residents' Assoc. O'Brien considers the Imua visit particularly successful because Imua's past president, Dr. Lyle G. Phillips, a man whom even Hawaiian businessmen say sees a Communist under every rug, conceded to the Congressmen that a State of Hawaii -- with some Congressional help -- would have no trouble handling Communism within the Islands' borders. The Congressmen also visited the University of Hawaii and some smaller schools. O'Brien, having grown up in New York, is convinced that the schools are where the Communists first head. He talked with University of Hawaii professors who had their experience with Communist students in such Mainland institutions as Cornell and NYU. O'Brien said he is convinced that the Hawaiian school problem is less than that in his native State.

And, much to my surprise anyway, I was told by Newspaperman Thurston, a descendant of one of Hawaii's missionary first settlers, that while business may have its misgivings over the ILWU, it is almost wholeheartedly behind Statehood. And that, said Thurston, includes not only the public utilities, all of the pineapple industry and 80 per cent of the sugar industry, but four out of Hawaii's Big Five. The fifth, American Factors, is dominated by Walter F. Dillingham, Hawaii's aging first citizen who contends the Islands are simply not yet "ready." One of Dillingham's business associates said his real opposition has more to do with the fact that "when a Government contract comes up, WFD likes to call Washington direct. He doesn't want to have to bother with two Senators and a Congressman."

Another Statehood opponent is Ingram M. Stainback, the 75-year-old, Tennessee-born Democrat who first came to the Islands in 1912, returned as U.S. Attorney in 1934, became Federal Judge, then Governor from right after Pearl Harbor until 1951 and now is an Associate Justice on the Territorial Supreme Court.

Stainback was my first experience with a Southern accent under jet propulsion. I had a terrible time slowing him down for deciphering. He wears one of his home-grown white Tahitian tiaras ("belongs to the gardenia family") in his button hole, has J. Edgar Hoover's latest, "Masters of Deceit," standing between the law codes on the shelf, "The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis" on his desk and, from inside his desk drawer, whips out his manila folder "Communist file," complete with organizational charts and his letters from Senator McCarthy ("I mean McCarran."). Stainback makes no bones about his views: "Statehood is just a lot of damn nonsense." Yes, he endorsed Statehood measures in 1945 and 1946 when he was Governor. "But I changed my mind after I found out about the Communist menace (through Hawaii's Commanding General at the time) and the economic problem." The "Communist menace" came as somewhat of a surprise, particularly since Stainback had "appointed this goddam Jack Hall to the Police Commission in 1945. He made a pretty good Police Commissioner too until he wrote a scurrilous letter to the newspaper criticizing Judge Rice on Kauai. That's when I kicked him out. I didn't know anything about the Communist business then." As for the economic picture, Stainback is glum indeed. He said sugar is a vanishing industry, tourism an undependable luxury item and the Hawaiian economy is going down and not up. According to Stainback, the only solution for Hawaii lies in a Commonwealth status, such as Puerto Rico enjoys, where things are tax-free and the Federal Government helps out.

Declared the ex-Governor: "They tell us we're 'second-class' but what's 'second-class' about the complete control of your own local affairs? We don't vote in national elections, but we've very little interest in national politics. We don't know anything about it. These Orientals come up here and they don't grasp the Anglo-Saxon way of thinking. It takes a long time. They've got the Japanese Emperor's picture in their home and two-thirds of them are probably Buddhists. I have nothing against the Japanese. I appointed the first one to office."

Regarding the Commonwealth picture, Hawaii's electorate defeated such a proposal by a very large margin November 4. And Idaho's Senator Church said that he doubts that Congress would ever give Hawaii "a free ride in exchange for all the privileges and benefits of association with the U.S." Thurston, of the Honolulu Advertiser, declared: "People here don't want to be Dollar Americans. They are perfectly willing to pay their own way as any other American citizen."

Thurston, as befits the Chairman of the Hawaiian Statehood Commission, seemed to have no trouble summing up his arguments for making Hawaii the 50th State: "I would like to be a first-class American citizen with all the rights and privileges. This includes the right to have a Representative in Congress, the right to be able to elect my own Governor and, from a business viewpoint, the right for automatic consideration -- the same as any other State -- when it comes to Federal appropriations." Thurston particularized: The Federal taxes Hawaiians pay on their gasoline are helping to finance the new \$10 billion Federal road program, including appropriations of an average of \$390 million each to 10 states which pay less taxes than Hawaii. Yet Hawaii gets not one cent of this road building money. Kauai, for instance, has a 12-mile gap in its island circumferential highway, forcing residents at one tip of the unclosed circle to drive more than 100 miles to get to the other. And Thurston also cited Congressional agricultural appropriations which now finance a sugar research center in Louisiana, although Hawaiian sugar research must all be paid for by private industry. As for the Communist issue, Thurston declared: "No one can quarrel with the idea of fighting Communism. But just because we've got 30 or 40 Communists, why should

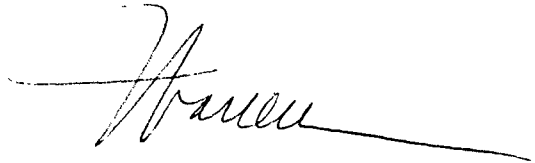
we cite that as a means of depriving 600,000 people of their rights as citizens?"

Thurston's editor, George Chaplin, a Southerner who headed the New Orleans Item until its recent demise, said he thinks Hawaii can teach "a lesson in human relations. I think we can give to the U.S. a basic understanding of the world to the West of us, the people of Japan, China, New Zealand, The Philippines. Hawaiians have an understanding of the way these peoples' minds work. Most Easterners don't even know where Hawaii is."

Chairman O'Brien of the House Territorial and Insular Affairs Subcommittee, Congressional Representative from that very eastern State of New York, seemed to agree. And he apologized to Mrs. Askins' ninth-grade civics class at Kailua Hi for Congress' slowness in Statehood action up to now by declaring: "You will go down in history as the last State in the Union, and that's much better than being in the middle."

So ended my three days in Hawaii, the State to come.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Warren W. Unna", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Warren W. Unna

Received New York December 22, 1958