

2627 Kaaipu Avenue,
Honolulu 15, Hawaii,
December, 1944

Dear Friends:

The beginning of the fourth year of the war finds us once again agitated about the fighting in the Philippines, but with greater confidence regarding the outcome than we had in December 1941 and the early months of 1942. That much hoped-for-end-of-the-war seems to be receding, though the general situation is somewhat more favorable than last year.

Recently when I was annoyed about a number of small items relating to the present emergency, I tried to be a cheerful Job-ana and think of all the things I had to be thankful for. That struck me as a possible theme for a Christmas letter. If this seems a very personal thankful message, please remember that in turn it is about each of you personally that I should like to hear. We can all read in books and magazines of thrilling exploits in the war, of the tangled international situation, of the problems that must be solved, etc, but a little personal visit helps to get our minds off some of these weighty problems and to make folks friends.

I am thankful that I have a good job and sufficient health and energy to carry on. (Several friends and colleagues have recently suffered an accident or serious illness). When I hear that they need women out at Pearl Harbor to fill cartridge belts, I sometimes wonder if I should resign and do some real war work. However, they tell me there are more people who can do that type of work than what I am doing; and since food and nutrition are closely allied to the war effort, I grind on at what sometimes seems very remote. (We have about finished revision of our bulletin on local fruits and a new manuscript for a bulletin on vegetables). My research staff is finally up to prewar strength, with everyone new but myself. There have been two new additions to the teaching staff but it will continue to be reduced until after the war when the student body increases.

I am thankful that we have a comfortable home of our own. The housing situation is so acute in Honolulu that we feel almost guilty to have a spare room, even though it is frequently used by newcomers and visitors.

I am thankful that we have space to raise most of our own fruits and vegetables which give us a better diet and means just that much less food to be shipped in. Ada does most of the hard work gardening partly because I have had a "rheumatically" shoulder and partly because she enjoys it greatly and seems to have more time and energy than I do. I try to make myself useful about getting advice from my scientific colleagues on vegetable crops and horticultural problems, and on how to control insects. I am the "official entomologist" for the Erwin-Miller garden and even apply chlorpicrin

as a soil fumigant. With no freezing weather to kill some of the obnoxious arthropods, all one can do is to keep them at bay. We long for DDT to be released for civilian use but such insecticides as we have keep most of the pests sufficiently repressed except the fruit fly and the rose beetle. To keep the latter within a relatively harmless number and give us continuing good crops of beans, I go to the garden after dark and with the aid of a flashlight pick the beetles off the leaves and drop them in a little can of gasoline. That sends them to their happy hunting ground in a hurry!! It is slow but sure and keeps the "beetle population" down to a point where they do but little damage. We have quite a variety of vegetables the year round -- lettuce, carrots, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, celery, green peppers, beleme (Xanthosome brazilinsis -- the leaves resemble taro leaves) as a perennial year-round green, and in the summer months some okra. Kentucky Wonder pole beans are our favorite variety because they are rust resistant and bear longer than most bush beans. Ada's delectable vine ripened red tomatoes delight our occasional dinner guests. The vines must be staked to keep them off the damp and buggy soil and each fruit is covered with a little cloth bag to protect it from the melon flies.

We aim to keep 8 to 10 bearing papaya trees. The agricultural extension division recommends a tree for each member of the family, but that doesn't give us enough for breakfast each morning, so we have about three each. Papayas are richer in vitamin C than oranges and although we use some oranges in our packed lunches, for variety and convenience, when they disappear from the market for several continuous weeks, we don't worry about having our teeth fall out. In addition to papaya, we keep a good stock of home bottled guava juice and several kinds of jams and jellies made from local fruits. We have by far the best garden in the neighborhood, although there are men in all the other families. Some do not have the time or place for a vegetable garden, others are just too lazy or indifferent. We have no food rationing here except as shipping facilities enforce some limitation of certain products.

We are indeed grateful for the help that we have. When one's professional life is predicated on having adequate and reliable maid service for all housekeeping duties and then such help suddenly vanishes, a house and its keeping become a real burden in addition to professional duties and the extra-professional and community activities that one is expected to perform. A girl from one of the other Islands who is attending business school is with us for the second year. She prepares the evening meal and washes the dishes. Her repertoire is limited, but she really does very well.

And we have a yard man! (A good many do not). He is as temperamental as Samule in Bertha Damon's book - Sense of Humus (recommended as amusing reading, especially for gardeners). The yard man comes once each week, except now and then when, for reasons known only to himself or at least not divulged to us, he stays away. We await his return apprehensively, fearful that we have mortally offended him. But if he has gone away mad he finally

returns in a relatively good mood. He keeps the lawn, flowers (what we have now) and the borders in good shape and by dint of considerable humulimuli (Hawaiian for soft-soaping) he is persuaded to do some weeding around the papaya and the banana trees or to dig up a bed for vegetables. Ada protests (to herself or me, but not to the yardman) that he never digs the bed deeply enough, but at least it makes it a little easier for her to do it properly with the spading fork.

We are thankful that it has not been necessary to restore the black out. We can now turn on any kind of lights anywhere, any time!! (Except, of course, during an air raid alarm). The curfew at ten remains, however, and we are even thankful for that. It curbs noisy neighborhood parties (or usually does) and assures longer hours of undisturbed rest. Only once in three years have we been away from home after 10 p.m. I talked in praise of dietitians at the Hospital Day radio program which was given one night between 10 and 10:30 p.m. and rebroadcast next day. Ada went along "to protect" me on the way home. She was afraid we wouldn't be stopped by the military police, but we were and she had the opportunity of displaying our permit to be out at that time of night. Gasoline rationing remains, but restrictions on headlights have gradually been modified. Black paint and hoods are off, and we have full lights.

Air raid alarms in the middle of the night are not exactly something to be thankful for -- unless it is that such a good system of detecting "unidentified planes" exists. I think we shall all be conditioned to sirens for the rest of our lives. It is a fearful sound that penetrates to your bone marrow. I awaken at the first wail, but I understand that some can actually sleep through the din. I have a special assignment only in case evacuation of certain districts should be necessary, but some of my friends on duty at OCD stations and hospitals must rush off to their posts and remain there until the "all clear" sounds.

I have a small radio that brings me only local programs but I am thankful for good musical programs whether from regular records or rebroadcasts of such programs as the N.B.C. symphony concerts. We rarely seem to find time or energy for movies any more -- one every 2 or 3 months seems to be our pace. The local symphony concerts given since the war on Sunday afternoons are attended regularly. The first two this season have been outstanding. The orchestra is a regular "League of Nations." The concertmeister is a German refugee formerly concertmeister of a large symphony in Germany who fled to Japan and thence to Hawaii even before our entry into the war and who was interned for several months after Pearl Harbor. The conductor is English born and for many years a resident of Australia before he came to Hawaii. Players represent all colors and races, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Hawaiian, and Caucasians of various national origin to say nothing of the mixtures. The orchestra has been augmented by a number of players in military uniform. There is a number of professionals with real ability, some from big symphonies on the mainland. The concertmeister mentioned above and a group of service men

recently gave the most delightful chamber music recital that I ever hope to hear.

We are thankful for an occasional treat such as a concert by Menuhin, who was here to play for the service men but who gave several for civilians also. Maurice Evans a noted Shakesperian actor has given superb performances of Macbeth and Hamlet. Most performances were for service men only, but each time several were open to civilians.

There are many other things for which I am thankful but along with millions of others, the event which will evoke the greatest thankfulness will be the end of the war.