

## 7. Grad school in Hawai'i

**Henry:** I made Phi Beta and few other miscellany. I recall that we talked a little about my applying to graduate school. I wasn't able to get the deal that I needed and wanted at the University of Chicago, but I did get something at the University of Hawaii. It's a fair indication of my disorganization and lack of focus and procrastination and various other shortcomings that I didn't have the vaguest idea what I was getting into by going out to the Territory of Hawaii. You must remember this was 1949. Hawaii was not a State and as a territory it was lacking a lot of things, including political representation. At that time the governor was appointed by the president and in 1949 the president was Dwight D Eisenhower. Therefore, in 1949, the governor was a Republican, regardless of the feelings of the people of the territory.

However, I didn't know any of that. All I knew was some sentimental kind of vision that Hawaii was some kind of paradise on earth in which all cultures and races and ethnic groups got together beautifully...and that I would go out there and study them as a model of what race relations might be like in the United States if one really worked at it hard enough. I didn't have the wits to do any research. I didn't even have the wits to talk to my mentor at Pomona who must have known what it was really like out there, and he must have known the faculty members at the Sociology Department at the University of Hawaii. But I didn't do any of that kind of preparation. I was as naïve as can be.

The trip out was interesting in itself because I had never been at sea before. I took a ship which had originally been a passenger ship before the war and which was used as a troop ship during the war. It had not been reconverted even as long after the war as 1949, so the accommodations were primitive to say the least. The two genders were separated and there were bunks in the male quarters. I don't know what it was like in the female quarters. My most vivid memory is it was my first introduction to feeding on a ship, even though it had very little if any resemblance to a cruise ship. It had in common with a cruise ship that you could order anything and everything off the menu at every meal. Talk about paradise – that was my idea of paradise. I was able to take advantage of it because I had the good luck to have the same family physician who saw me through my illness when I was a junior in high school (she knew about sulfa drugs, which were new at that time, and she saved my life from Scarlet Fever). When it came time for the trip to Hawaii, she knew about Dramamine, which I think was also quite new at that time. I was one of the few people on the good ship Cleveland who took Dramamine and who therefore did not get seasick. I enjoyed the trip.

**Gene:** Where did it leave from?

**Henry:** San Francisco. I guess it took 4 or 5 days. I was met by some member of the faculty of the University who drove me up to what was to be my residence, which was something called

the veteran's dormitory. The vet's dorm (so called) was in fact more like a very large chicken shed in which there were little cubicles held apart by the flimsiest of material between them. There was no glass in the whole building because of the weather out there; it was assumed to be so mild that screens were all that you needed - both screen doors and screen windows. But the price was right. There were bunk beds in each of these cubicles and if you wanted the whole room for yourself, which I did, the rent was \$18 a month. Some of the guys doubled up and that meant they only had to pay \$9 bucks apiece.

Now, I can't recall what the teaching assistants were being paid at that time. It might have been something in the order of \$200 a month. I was on one of those deals where I was only going to be studying ½ time and the rest of the time I was helping with the introductory sociology class sections. Thank goodness, I had another TA. He and I shared the same office space and he had been there the previous year so he knew the ropes; he was a very great help to me in all kinds of ways. He also lived in the vet's dorm. His name was Dick Collier (sp?) and he told me about some of the facts of life. I learned, for example, that there were many and varied ethnic groups out there, all of whom did not get along in perfect harmony, and that the class distinction seemed to go something like: haoilies (who were white) were at the top, and they were subdivided between those who had been there for some time and occupied positions of real power and influence in the business world and political world, and who owned the newspapers and so forth, and then there were the newcomers.

The new haoilies had a different name – I can't remember what it was – but that would include the service personnel, of whom there were a good many, and people such as myself. Below them in the rankings were the Chinese, who were not terribly numerous but they were quite prestigious because of their skills at business and political influence. Then came the Japanese, who were by far the most numerous group (probably at least 50 percent), and had much to do with the fact that Hawaii was having a terrible time getting to move from the position of territory to statehood. Then below the Japanese came Koreans and Puerto Ricans and a few Blacks.

At the bottom of the list came the Hawaiians of whom there were very few left because they had intermingled with all the other groups. There was a lot of difficulty in maintaining the culture and even the language, and it was very controversial as to whether they should be given special privileges.

One of my first acts was to try to organize a Chapter of Student Federalists. I believe I mentioned the fact that at Pomona I had been very active in the World Federalist movement and so I carried that on out there and organized a Chapter which only required that I get 10 dues paying members. The teaching of sociology was rather simple. It was largely limited to the study of social structures like class distinctions (upper, upper upper, lower upper, upper

middle, middle middle, blah blah blah) and social institutions (the family, the church, and all the neatly arranged divisions). It was all very uninspiring.

Fortunately, Hawaii was quite a magnet for visiting professors from the mainland who were able to use their sabbaticals to teach a course or two at the University of Hawaii, and then spend the rest of their time surfing or fishing or enjoying life in the tropics. One of the visiting professors when I was out there was from the University of Chicago, which is where they had the best department of sociology in the country, and this fellow was a breath of fresh air in that he didn't want anything to do with these traditional and arbitrary sociological charts and divisions. He didn't call himself this, but I looked upon him as a humanistic sociologist. He spent a lot of his time at all of his classes (or the early portions of these classes at least) attacking the hidebound ways of looking at human nature and human organization. He attacked the Pavlov theory of condition responses, he attacked the school of social Darwinism, he attacked Freudianism, he attacked the school that believed in innate instincts like the theory that man is by nature a warlike, aggressive being, and so forth.

Herbert Blumer, which was his name, believed that all kinds of things are possible, that people are capable – not only capable of change and choice - but in fact are *obliged* to go through life making choices because they are not given any inborn solutions to situations in which they find themselves. Therefore, when you find yourself in a situation of any type, you have to briefly review experiences that you may have had with that type of situation before and how you dealt with it before and whether you succeeded in dealing with it satisfactorily and whether you were influenced by the people you were with. All of these things were happening almost instantaneously but they happen constantly. You go through life making hundreds of these “definitions of the situation,” as he called it, and although maybe 90 times out of 100 you do something on the basis of what you'd done before, there was always the possibility that you might do it differently, and therefore individuals change and sometimes societies as a whole change. He was greatly interested in that, and that led to a whole field of sociology which he called “collective behavior,” which included things like social movements, fads and fashions, and anything that kicks over the traces of what had been done before.

That to me was like catnip to a cat. *That* was what I was interested in, because as I have said before in some of these sessions, I had become interested in the Zionist movement (one of my first feelings of that sort), then I became interested in what might be called the Civil Rights movement in my position with the Inspector General's office at Fort Lewis, Washington, and then I became fascinated by the vision of a World Federal Government. All of this was in the field of social change, and that was to me the only thing that I found really attractive about the whole field of sociology. Another thing which Herbert Blumer attacked was what was known as the “survey research method” of social investigation, which consisted of going out and asking a

sample of the population a question or two about their opinion of this or that social issue of the moment. Blumer had nothing but contempt for that as being blind to the realities of a society in which everyone is not an interchangeable part. One person's opinion doesn't count much for another person's opinion, depending upon their education and their place in the economic structure, etc, etc. Therefore, it's useless to talk about the results of a survey as though everybody's opinion counts exactly as much as everybody else's. One needs to know the real workings of the society in a qualitative rather than a quantitative way.

All of this I found very agreeable and I began trying to learn the workings of the society of the Hawaiian Territory, as best I could. I learned, for example (I had never known this before going out there), that the ILWU (that's the Longshoreman's Union, that had become quite a power in San Francisco as a result of its tactics in the 1930s) had done something in the Hawaiian Islands that nobody had been able to do in the continental United States at that time, and that was to organize agricultural workers. They had organized the pineapple and sugar cane workers successfully.

I also learned that that was another reason why the spokespeople for Hawaii had a territorial representative in Congress who was allowed (I think) the privilege of appearing on the floor of the House of Representatives along with the representative from Puerto Rico and possibly Guam, but without the right to vote. They did have spokespersons back there in Hawaii who were lobbying at all times to try to get Statehood for Hawaii at pretty much the same time that representatives from Alaska were trying to get Statehood for Alaska, even though the population of Alaska was much smaller than Hawaii and it didn't have any oil and gas industry at that time.

I learned about all of these kinds of things and I remember attending some social gatherings of the ILWU. That was the only time in my life I won a door prize, consisting of a bottle of champagne. I listened to all of the people talking politics. The ILWU was a very left wing union. In fact, I didn't know it at the time, but I had reason to believe later that it probably was Communist dominated. As a friend of mine put it on the basis of his personal knowledge, the only reason Harry Bridges was not a dues-paying member of the CP is that he was too cheap to pay dues. Anyway, this was a new kind of experience for me. I had never known people that far left before and it was part of my education as to how the real life works. Some unions were like that and some unions weren't.

In June of 1950, which was the ending of my first year out there (I had signed up for a two year agreement), North Korea invaded South Korea. The country of Korea had not been independent for a long time. I think Japan took over Korea in the early part of the 1900s. After Japan was defeated in World War 2, the peninsula of Korea was arbitrarily divided into north and south to give the Soviet Union what it wanted, which was a zone of influence, while the US

was the prime mover in the south portion. The north invaded the south and that led to the Korean War, which dragged on for several years and affected me because, as I may have mentioned the last time when I talked about my so-called Army career, my discharge said that I was recommended for further military duty. The draft had never been terminated after the end of World War 2. It was still going strong and all they had to do was bring back the same guys in the draft boards to begin drafting people to send to Korea. I'd learned that as long as I stayed in school, I could get deferments.

When it came to my second year, in which I was entitled to continue as a teaching assistant, a complication arose in that one of the star graduate students in sociology, who happened to have been a Japanese-American, was having financial difficulties and desperately needed a job as a TA. If he wasn't able to get it he would have had to drop out of school. I didn't want to see that happen and therefore I voluntarily relinquished my job and went back into the GI Bill of Rights, so I was able to get along better financially, actually, in my second year than I had been in my first. On the \$200 a month or whatever it was that I was getting [laugh], if you think I am a penny pincher now, you should have seen me in those days. There were long periods of time in which I got along on a dollar a day for food with the help of an occasional care package from home.

Sometimes a friend might invite me out. My friend **Dick Collier** introduced me to the institution known as a luau, which I heartily recommend to any of you who like to eat. If you ever have a chance, take advantage of it. It's wonderful, based around baking an entire pig in an underground excavation called an imu, with all kinds of other dishes – lomi-lomi salmon, chicken Lau Lau, and so forth. All you can eat and all the beer you can drink, so I ate and drank enough on that occasion to see me through about a month [laugh]. Anyway, I got through the year and then in the second year I was able to start going out to restaurants and things like that.

I'm trying to remember if there's anything particularly remarkable... [long pause]

OK, it came time for me to write a thesis to get my master's in sociology. I decided that the subject of my thesis would be an analysis of the World Government Movement, which I would write about from the inside, having been a member and sort of leader of it myself for 2 or 3 years. That's another one of the things I learned from Herbert Blumer, and that's the fact that what is needed in the study of collective behavior was not people from the outside who would go in to interview members of the World Government Movement on the grounds and theory that being objective in their analysis would mean their results were untainted, and that objectivity was a great virtue. Blumer thought, in fact, that objectivity be damned... and that what was needed were people who were on the inside who would be able to shed some insight

on the question of why these people believe in this cause so strongly, and subjective questions of that sort.

I approached my thesis from that point of view but I still was handicapped by my failing of procrastination which dogged me all along through college right until the very end of my senior year when I was due to write a senior paper regarding my research into the housing situation in the ghetto of Los Angeles. It was due by a certain date and I worked on that thing until 11:59 p.m., and snuck the paper under the front door of my mentor at his home which was fortunately very close to campus. But when it came to my thesis at the University of Hawaii, I carried things too far and I failed entirely to get it in by the deadline, which was by the end of May of 1951. I had already made a plane reservation to fly home so I had to get a special dispensation from my faculty committee that I would finish it up at home and mail it back by the end of the summer. They agreed, and my diploma therefore was also deferred.

I got home (we were living in Los Altos at that time) and that particular summer I didn't spend any time supervising the apricot harvest. I spent my time on finishing the thesis, and my mother convinced me to hire a professional typist, so that all I would need to do was crank out the rough copy, which I did. I set a personal record by turning out 30 pages of copy in one day. I did in fact get the whole thing in by the end of the summer and I did get a MA and then embarked on the next step in my education which was to begin in the doctoral program at the Stanford Department of Sociology. I was able to get a teaching assistantship there also, so that took care of the problem of tuition, and the problem of room and board was taken care of by the fact that I was living at home.

The grand old man of the Stanford Sociology Department, who was named LaPiere, had written one of the only books (in fact, I think the only book) in the field of collective behavior, which was the field that I was so interested in. I would have gone to Stanford anyway, so this was just serendipitous. That was certainly a strong argument for studying there for the doctorate. On the other side of the scale was the fact that it was a very small department, smaller than the Department of Sociology at Hawaii, and not well thought of in the academic pecking order of this country. There was one other professor named Paul Wallin, who was kind of their methodologist, while LaPiere was the writer and theorist. Once again, I taught a section of the introductory course.

[laugh] One of my outstanding memories of that year is the shot heard 'round the world, which took place in the world of baseball back in New York, where the New York Giants were playing the Brooklyn Dodgers for the right to go to the World Series. This ultimate game was taking place on the same afternoon in which I was scheduled to meet my section, so I put a sign on the door of that classroom saying I couldn't meet them that day because I was in the student union listening to the baseball game. I was able to hear the so-called shot heard 'round the world,

which was a homerun in the bottom of the ninth to win that game. I'm sure David remembers hearing that because it was rebroadcasted for many years afterward, including right up to the present time.

For the most part, I can't remember much except one thing...well two things. One, I wasn't learning much about making the world a better place to live. In other words, I wasn't learning much about the nuts and bolts of social action. It looked to me as though I could see what was going on among my colleagues, and there were about 6 or 8 of us in the doctoral program. I was on a treadmill going only in one direction and that was to get some job in a minor college or university after I got a PhD. I could probably get a job as an assistant professor someplace if I kept my nose clean for a number of years, and if I could write a sufficient number of articles that were published in some publication or other, I could become an associate professor, and so forth and so on.

That wasn't very exciting, so I began looking for something in the real world and lo and behold I found an ad in the San Francisco Chronicle that they were looking for somebody who knew something about sociology in the California Department of Public Health, which at that time had its headquarters in San Francisco. I had made some applications elsewhere, including some that were pretty preposterous. In fact, there came a time [laugh] when I got an inkling about how the real world operates by trying to sell encyclopedias door-to-door. Actually, I was accompanying someone who was the head of the team. If I had been on my own, it would have been impossible, but it was impossible enough even just tagging along with this other guy.

I was accepted by the Department of Public Health pending my taking an oral and written exam; they said that would be no problem. My beginning position would be as a junior analyst (or something of that sort) in their Records and Statistics Department. I thought that it would be a foot in the door.

Secondly, I have to say that up until this point I haven't been totally forthcoming about my adventures and misadventures in affairs of the heart, and of the spleen and other organs. I don't believe that in the course of this oral history there is any particular virtue to be learned by kissing and telling all. This is to be a history of things that really affected my life in some measureable way. So I now come to a point at which an affair of the heart did have a powerful and profound effect on things that happened afterwards. It began in a meeting of Student Federalists at Stanford, where I was once again active in that Chapter. I was no longer head of the Chapter, which suited me just fine. The head of the Chapter was a guy named Fritjof Thygeson.

At this particular time, I guess it was the fall of 1951 (or maybe 52), after the meeting broke up, Fritjof said there was young lady who needed a ride home and would I give her a lift, so I did.

One thing led to another. This must have been 1952. I began working for the Health Department the day after the election. There was a Presidential election in November of 1952, in which the Democratic nominee was Adlai Stevenson and the Republican was Dwight Eisenhower. All of this overlapped my romance with the lady that Fritjof Thygeson introduced me to, which resulted in our getting married. Her name was Alice VanKleek Enderton, but she was known at that time as Pamela, so that's what I called her. Things went along with my working at the Health Department in San Francisco, my buying a house in Larkspur for \$12,000 - quite a nice house among the redwood trees – and in January of 1954, she had a child who was a son, the first born in the Anderson family.

**David:** Was she involved in the Student Federalists?

**Henry:** She was very active in the Student Federalists, extremely active. I wouldn't have been interested in her if she weren't.

I was getting restive in the Bureau of Records and Statistics because it wasn't really coming to grips with things that were wrong with the world and so I began to look around. One of the things that came to my attention was a fellowship, a grant, or whatever was the terminology, to be given under the auspices of the head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Minnesota, I believe it was, under the direction of an anthropologist by the name of Melville Herskovits. It would have allowed carte blanche to somebody to pursue a research project in the general field of the behavioral sciences.

Even though I did not have much experience with anthropology (I had only taken a course or two), I thought that I might apply for this – and here's the important part – Pam, in her time at Stanford, had made good friends with a couple of guys from Kenya. One of them was a doctor and another one was a political scientist. Between the four of us, we hatched up an idea that would consist of calling upon my two backgrounds (one of them in sociology and one in public health), which would look at the folkways in the field of medicine on the part of the indigenous people of Kenya. [laugh]

It's pretty wacky when I think about it, but at the time I thought I really had a shot at it. I was able to get recommendations from Herbert Blumer (who by this time had moved on from the University of Chicago to become Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Berkeley), the head of the department at Stanford (my friend, Richard LaPiere), the head of the Hoover Institution (who was a very good friend of my mother's from the fact that his child had attended the Anderson Nursery School), [laugh] and a strong recommendation from the father of the IQ test (by this time long retired, but he was a psychologist named Lewis Terman, whose three grandchildren had all attended the Anderson Nursery School). I also got strong recommendations from the two Kenyans, who were destined for great things. As a matter of

fact, after they graduated from Stanford, one of them became highly placed in the health service of Kenya after it became independent, and the other became very active in the civil service.

At the very same time that I had all of these recommendations and my grand plan for original research on the subject of the health ways of the Kikuyu tribe, there came to my attention the fact that a professor at the School of Public Health at the University at Berkeley was looking for an assistant to help him set up a course to be called "Medical Sociology." I applied for that, so I had these two irons in the fire, either of which would have offered me an escape from the boredom of the Bureau of Records and Statistics. It came down to the last day in which the fellow at the university was willing to consider my application and I had not heard from Melville Herskovits at the University of Minnesota (or whatever it was...Wisconsin?...one of those).

Anyway, I put in a long distance call to the Department of Anthropology at that university and was able to talk to somebody who seemed to know what she was talking about. I said I had an application in and I would like very much to know if she had any inkling of whether I had made one of the cuts, in other words whether I had a chance at all. She broke the news to me gently - that I didn't have a chance of a snowball in hell, namely because I wasn't an anthropologist. That's the way the world works. So, I went over to Berkeley at one of my earliest opportunities and talked with this fellow and said that I would very much like to work with him and he liked the cut of my jib (as he put it) and I was hired on the spot. I then gave the word to my friends and colleagues at the Department of Public Health, not to be confused with School of Public Health.

That will lead us onto the next chapter...