

SHEENAGH M. BURNS

Jack Burns: A Daughter's Portrait

Editors' note. John Anthony Burns dominated Hawai'i's post-World War II politics. Burns helped bring life to the Islands' moribund Democratic Party by forging a coalition of returning Japanese-American veterans and the membership of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union. He served both as O'ahu County Chairman and Territorial Party chairman. In the latter post, Burns helped recruit the candidates who won control of the Territorial legislature for the Democrats in 1954.

As a political candidate himself, Burns lost races in 1946, 1948, and 1954. In 1956, however, Hawai'i's voters sent him to Washington as the first Democrat Delegate to Congress since the Depression. During his three years in Washington, Burns helped steer the Hawai'i Statehood Bill through both House and Senate. His reward, in the 1959 state gubernatorial election, was defeat at the hands of Republican William Quinn.

In 1962, however, in a rematch with Quinn, Hawai'i's voters gave Burns an overwhelming margin of victory. Reelected to two more terms, Burns presided over the development of Hawai'i into a modern state. Long a champion of ethnic equality, Burns enjoyed the continued loyalty of Japanese-American voters and union households until his death in 1975.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that my father, Jack Burns, was a man who happened to be in the right place at the right time. Naturally, I believe that he would have been a force to reckon with at any place or time. Superimposed on his intelligence was an acute intuition that allowed him to envision a utopian future for Hawai'i.

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The Hawaiian Journal of History, vol. 24 (1990)

My father combined this visionary mind-set with a pragmatic and adaptable style. This combination of qualities was to set in motion forces of change in Hawai‘i that will continue to influence the Islands for generations to come.

My interest here, however, is in the private and family man. Perhaps this discussion of his complicated and contradictory nature—his heroic struggle with “the devil within,” his confusion and discomfort with the role of father, his intelligence, and his breadth of vision—will shed light on the man who contributed so much to Hawai‘i’s modern history.

Jack Burns was born in Fort Assineboine, Montana, on March 30, 1909, to Anne Florida and Harry Jacob Burns. He was christened Harry John. At his teenage confirmation in the Roman Catholic Church, he chose to drop the name Harry and add Anthony, just as his brother Edward dropped Elmer and added Joseph. Thereafter, he was formally known as John Anthony Burns. His family and friends called him Jack.

He was a strong, healthy boy except for a bout with measles at the age of four, during which he almost died. From then on he was highly susceptible to ear infections and had to deal with an allergic syndrome complicated by severe sinusitis. His youthful love of the water encouraged the ear infections, and it wasn’t until after high school that he gave up swimming.

Initially, Jack’s family moved around a lot because Harry Burns was in the Army. Little is known about Jack’s father except for descriptions of his looks and personality. He appears to have been charming and extroverted. But he was undoubtedly a sociopath. He was a dashingly handsome, intelligent, fun-loving man who could have married any one of a number of beautiful girls. He chose Anne instead.

Anne Burns never had any illusions about her looks or her personality and described herself as plain. She was a large woman, tall, big-boned, and heavy-set. An extremely intelligent woman, her personality was very different from her husband’s. She was introverted, hard working, strong-willed, religious, and responsible. She clearly adored her husband. He in turn appreciated her warm and loving nature, the quick sparkle in her eye, and the same shy, sweet smile inherited by her first-born son. She could

be a tiger when aroused but generally possessed a calm and pleasant nature.

The young family moved to Hawai'i in 1913 on Army orders. Harry Burns was stationed at Fort Shafter. The two youngest children, both daughters, were born in Honolulu, a second son having arrived earlier in Fort Des Moines, Iowa. The rigors of family life with four young children soon proved to be too much for Harry. He became more irresponsible than ever and at times even abusive toward his children. However, it was his final irresponsibility that created the single most powerful effect on his eldest son and completely changed the course of his son's life. In 1919, Harry deserted his family.

Although crushed by this turn of events, Anne quickly set about to care for the four children (fig. 1). To earn money, she washed dirty diapers for the old Tripler Hospital, and Jack bundled them up and delivered them in his wooden wagon. Anne's brother Jack, an Army sergeant, was also stationed at Fort Shafter, and he coached her in arithmetic so she could pass the postal exam. She entered the U.S. Postal Service, becoming Postmistress at Fort Shafter and eventually clerk at the Honolulu Post Office, retiring in 1944. She died in August of 1958. Earlier, Ann had moved with her family from Army base housing to a succession of rental units, finally settling in Kalihi where mother and children lived sparingly. It was not a well-to-do part of town, but the neighbors were friendly and helpful, and the Catholic Church was a positive influence. The Church became her substitute for a supportive husband, and she used its assistance to raise her children to be decent, God-fearing adults. Although it was a severe financial hardship, she insisted that her children attend Catholic schools to receive proper discipline and religious training. Her parish priest, Father Alphonsus Boumeister, SS.CC., became a close family friend and a model of nurturance for young Jack Burns.

The effect of these childhood years on a young, impressionable boy was marked. As the oldest child, and a male as well, Jack stalwartly assumed the adult role of man-of-the-house, feeling it was his duty to help his mother earn money and keep the other children in line. His siblings didn't always appreciate his self-



FIG. 1. Anne Burns and her children: (*left to right*) Helen, Edward, Jack, and Margaret Mary, c. 1921. (Author's photo.)

imposed authority. That didn't stop him, however, and he became willful, autocratic, and more headstrong and forceful than ever. The stunning *fait accompli* of his father's desertion tormented Jack for the rest of his youth and for most of his adult life. Unintentionally, his father had bestowed on him a terrible burden.

In Freudian terms, Jack was struggling with an Oedipal complex¹ to fight a psychological battle he didn't even realize he was fighting. His father was gone. On the surface, Jack felt betrayal and rejection, but lurking beneath the surface he felt an unwelcome sense of gratification that was immediately followed by a surge of shame and guilt. Although he and his family had been rejected and abandoned by a pleasure-seeking, macho, often abusive father, Jack's formidable burden of Oedipal guilt would not allow him to repudiate outright all that his father had been. Rather, it created in him a maelstrom of conflict and ambivalence

that was to last for a very long time. I believe that from these seeds of turmoil sprouted the struggle that gave rise to the strength of Jack Burns. At the same time, however, they sabotaged his attempts to be a good father to his own children.

Anne was now the sole adult in control of Jack's young life, and she was no ordinary woman. Here was a woman with a powerful personality who had married a sociopath, a man who played by his own rules—a weak, footloose man who was never much of a challenge to her strength. She had maintained an easy domination over him. As the children came, she demanded a much greater sense of responsibility from him than he was able to achieve. When he could no longer cajole and manipulate her with his charm, he left. In so doing, he created an enduring and almost unendurable psychological conflict for his eldest son.

As he grew to manhood, Jack's dilemma increased. In time, he would have to make a choice and end the ambivalence. What role would he choose? Which parent image would he reject? These questions lurked beneath his conscious mind. Driven by his need to choose, Jack experimented with his father's role first. He liked it. It fit in well with the beer drinking, easy living, macho style of his local buddies. His mother worried. She consulted Father Alphonsus. She wrote many letters to her brother who was now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Young Jack was well on his way to becoming a juvenile delinquent, with his smoking, beer drinking, rebelliousness toward authority, gang affiliation, shirking of home and job responsibilities, and uneven grades in school.

There was more. In Jungian terms, Jack was engaged in another kind of psychological conflict, that between the anima or feminine side of the male psyche, and the animus or masculine side of the female psyche.² Jack's father had failed to resolve this conflict. Jack's choice was still under formation. Just below the surface, however, one of the seeds sown by his need to end the ambivalence was germinating. Jack was acquiring a keen sense of loyalty to his local roots and laying the groundwork for the ideals to which he would come to dedicate his life and family. As he told many people later, he and his peers were life's outcasts. They couldn't get into the best schools. Although he attended a so-called private school, Jack knew how difficult it was for his mother

to keep him there. He and his friends didn't speak good English—they used street talk and pidgin. They were gauche. They couldn't get the best jobs, buy houses, and raise their families with all the advantages money could buy. There weren't any advantages for them. They could never be "the boss." Jack and his companions grew angrier and angrier at the system that had shut them out.

A shy, introverted young man, he was brooding and darkly handsome. He used alcohol to help overcome his shyness. He also wanted to develop some sex appeal, and he would practice in front of the mirror to get just the right smile. Being a "real man" meant he had to attract the girls, so he became very active in sports to develop his body. (As a young child, I remember Pop lifting his t-shirt to expose a virile, flat stomach and swearing to his wife, with his children as witnesses, that it would still be flat at 40. It was.) Besides, if a guy was good at sports he could be somebody important and maybe even get a scholarship to a good school.

There was another role model present in these years, but it was one that caused confusion and ambivalence in Jack. Father Alphonsus was a traditional parish priest who had developed and refined his own anima, or the feminine and nurturing part of himself. He was a caretaker and a conscience, a guide and a leader. Jack admired and respected him immensely. He perceived him as powerful, almost as powerful as his mother. He firmly believed that both his mother and his priest received their power from the same source—the Good Lord.

In 1925, Anne made a decision. She figured that Jack needed a strong male role model. Her brother, Jack Scally, was such a man. Young Jack admired and respected his uncle and namesake. So Anne sent him to Kansas where he lived with his uncle for almost two years. While there he attended Immaculata High School and then transferred to St. Benedict's High School after the latter trounced Immaculata on the football field. (Later, two of his children would graduate from Benedictine College, an affiliate of St. Benedict's, in Atchison, Kansas.)

Then, in 1927, Jack joined the Army and entered officer's training. He didn't stay with it, however, because he had trouble tak-

ing orders. Eventually he returned home to Hawai'i, but Anne's objective was achieved—his wild, delinquent behavior was curtailed. Jack managed to complete his senior year and receive a diploma from St. Louis College (as the high school was then called) in 1930, the same school he had attended prior to his departure for Kansas. He then briefly attended the University of Hawai'i. (Although he never earned a college degree himself, he was a firm believer in the value of an education. He continually demonstrated his commitment to education by mortgaging the Kailua family home several times over the years to finance college educations for all three of his children.)

Gradually, as he grew older, the struggle within Jack became more refined. Subconsciously, he found a way to satisfy the conflict between the mother and father images that fought for domination in him. He placed his mother upon a pedestal and made her a saint. (As a child, I remember his livid declarations of her sainthood whenever we children teased or mistreated her in some way. I also remember her death in 1958. My parents were living in Washington, D.C. where my father was the non-voting Delegate to the U.S. House of Representatives from the Territory of Hawai'i. He had been elected in 1956. Pop flew to Honolulu for the funeral services. Sitting at the Nu'uanau funeral home near my grandmother's open casket, I saw my father walk purposefully down the aisle toward his mother's body. He walked erectly as he always did, looking ramrod tall in his dark suit and appearing much taller than his 5 feet, 11 inches in height. Without a flicker of emotion or expression on his face, he was truly the "Great Stone Face," as the newspapers were so fond of reporting. Ritualistically, without overt emotion, he bent over the casket and kissed his mother's forehead. Then he turned and walked outside to greet and thank his friends for coming. He had surrendered his mother to heaven many years before. There was nothing new in death. Heaven is eternal. She would always be alive for him.)

Jack's adult life as his mother's male fledgling now began in earnest (fig. 2). One May afternoon in 1930, 21-year-old Jack rode in a jalopy full of young men like himself to a beach picnic with a group of young Army nurses stationed at Schofield Barracks. Jack happened to pair up with a pert, vivacious, 25-year-old Midwest-



FIG. 2. Jack Burns on a farm in California, c. 1928. (Author's photo.)

erner who had just been in Hawai'i a month. Her name was Beatrice Van Vleet (fig. 3). Gallantly, he spread his coat out on the sand for her to sit on. Listening to him talk, she was impressed with the caring way he spoke of his family and of his dreams for the future. They were married on June 8, 1931.

Jack unknowingly had found the perfect mate. Beatrice was a fine young woman, a personification of his saintly mother that he could dominate and marry. She supported his role as head of the household and accepted her role as homemaker. Symbolic of her innocence and purity, she wore no makeup. He was quite vocal in his dislike of makeup on women, and as his career progressed and she used it for their public appearances, he only grudgingly acquiesced.

Among my childhood memories is the impression that there were lots of times when I thought my mother acted more like a mother to my father, particularly in her attempts to set things right when his behavior was unacceptable to her. She seemed to know some things better than he did. As time went on, he sought her advice and reassurance more and more. Later on, when I was a teenager, she became fiercely possessive and protective, watch-



FIG. 3. Beatrice Van Vleet (Burns) as a young nurse stationed at Schofield Barracks in 1930. (Author's photo.)

ing over him like a mother hen. I can still remember her bitter anger towards J. Akuhead Pupule and Joe Rose, two radio personalities who vilified him on the air. Her motherly behavior reached its zenith during his final illness. She had no other thought then. Tenderly, she nurtured and nursed him until the moment he died.

Through his marriage to this exemplary woman, Jack had found another way to relieve his Oedipal guilt and cut the umbilical cord. His marriage and his love for his wife removed him almost completely from his mother's domination. Furthermore, he had gained a father who was the moral opposite of his own. Beatrice's father, the son of a Methodist minister, was a stern, righteous, moralistic school principal. It was a good thing that



FIG. 4. Beatrice Burns and children after polio struck. (Author's photo.)

Jack and his father-in-law, both bull-headed and strong-willed men, lived far apart from each other because they rarely agreed about anything. Yet Jack admired and respected the man who complemented his family.

Jack and Bea were well on their way toward establishing a family (fig. 4) of their own with two children and a third in utero. I was the second child (fig. 5). It was the time of the Great Depression, and, like many people without specialized training or education, Jack was struggling to support his family. In 1934, he joined the Honolulu Police Department (eventually to become Police Captain in 1941).

Suddenly, affairs took a turn for the worse. In 1935, the family was struck by the dreaded polio virus. The children recovered.



FIG. 5. Father and daughter.
(Author's photo.)

Bea didn't. Seven months pregnant, she delivered a handsome, red-haired boy, a replica of her brother Bill. Baptized and named William, he lived only a few hours. Bea could not attend the burial for she was completely paralyzed. The doctors did not expect her to survive. However, as she did many times after that, she fooled them all (figs. 4 and 6). Over a period of several years, she eventually regained partial use of her upper body, but she never walked or rode her beloved horses again. (She had been an excellent rider.)

Jack was devastated. In some way he felt responsible and that he was at fault and being punished. Desperately he tried to help her. He nagged her incessantly to practice walking with crutches. Wherever they went, Jack took along the crutches. As a very



FIG. 6. (right) The young Burns family, late 1930s. (Author's photo.)

young child I can remember hearing their loud, emotional arguments and his frantic attempts to bully her into using the crutches. Sometimes she would make brief, feeble efforts to comply, but then she would collapse, weeping. "It hurts too much," or, "It's no use," she'd say. Slowly and painfully, he began to accept the fact that his lovely young wife would never walk again.

Stoically, he also began to accept his new responsibility. He became her legs, carrying her in and out of the car and in and out of the house, eventually in the process crushing two spinal discs. The realization came to him that he would need all the faculties, talents, and wits he possessed to get him through this adversity. The drinking blackouts that had followed him into marriage

would have to cease, but he knew he couldn't conquer his problem alone. Unerringly, he turned to the most powerful source of strength he knew, the same source that was the mainstay of his mother and his priest. In doing so, he unintentionally devised his own Alcoholics Anonymous program and guaranteed that he would never touch one drop of liquor again. The Mass became his AA meeting. Later on, when he became Delegate to Congress, he would correspondingly increase his presence at Mass to daily attendance.

In overcoming his drinking problem, the symbol of his hyper-masculinity, Jack successfully equipped his budding anima with the armament it needed to accept the nurturant caregiver role that exemplified his public life. In one simple but eloquent move, he combined the two most powerful influences for good in his life —his mother and his religion, the latter personified by the nurturant figure of Father Alphonsus—and consolidated his as yet underdeveloped anima into an acceptable form that eventually became the most directive and strongest force of his life. It was a force that enabled him to inspire and lead those he considered his “children,” the people of Hawai‘i, who were disadvantaged outsiders to the promised land, against the most staggering odds.

As if in answer to his prayers, he received a sign. Despite her paralysis, Bea was pregnant. Jack and Bea were ecstatic. The doctors were unanimous in declaring it a medical impossibility, but Jack knew she was right. Because he had made the right choices, a merciful God had forgiven him and granted him one last child, just as Isaac was given to Jacob in the Bible. This child would be the symbol of his new life, his rebirth, and his baptism by fire.

The doctors didn't even bother to examine Bea. Almost until the moment of birth, they disputed the claim of this poor, unfortunate, deluded woman who wanted so much to be a “normal” woman again that she actually thought she was pregnant. Even when labor began, they denied it. Soon there came a time when they could no longer deny her, and she gave birth to a healthy son. From that day forward, James Stanton was their “golden” child, their gift, and their blessing. They never forgot. (When they died, the half-acre Kailua property that had been in the family's possession for about 40 years was left solely to him.)

As time went on and it became evident to Jack that they couldn't have any more children, he wanted very much to adopt. He wanted to adopt all kinds of children, from all races and creeds. Bea refused. She was determined never to be a burden to her husband, and she already had her work cut out for her. Jack was not well-versed in the ways of the world. He was an idealist, a philosopher and historian, a philanthropist and a visionary, a romantic and a poet. She knew he wasn't interested in making money and that they would never be wealthy. She must also have had some inkling that he wouldn't be home very much and that the pragmatics of raising the family would fall heavily on her shoulders. She knew that three was enough (fig. 7).

My memories of our home life begin in Kailua. Although I was born in Kalihi, my brothers John and Jim and I grew up in what was real country in those days. There were few people, mostly local, and fewer houses. Our tiny, two-bedroom home was surrounded by tall coconut trees and a pine tree forest. As soon as my mother recovered from the more life-threatening effects of polio, and my father realized that nothing more could be done for her in the Islands, she was flown to the Mainland for an extended stay at a rehabilitation center with specialized treatment for polio patients. When she finally returned home, I was in my seventh year.

At first my mother was confined to bed and unable to care for us. The children took over many of the chores, but as the girl, more was expected of me in household tasks. Pop was a detective on the police force, feverishly trying to earn enough money to pay off the enormous medical bills accrued from Mom's illness. In desperation, he hired some of the disadvantaged girls from the Girls' Home in Kailua to help care for his family while providing the girls with paychecks. He was unaware that it was a sad decision for his children. Most of the girls treated us very badly. Life had not treated them well, and they were quite willing to return the favor. Two of them, however, did turn out to be warm and loving women who eventually became part of our *ohana* (extended family). As kids, we adored them.

Gradually, Mom's stubborn determination and strength of character allowed her to regain control of her life and her family. There was no stopping her once she learned to use the wheelchair to her advantage. From then on she did more than her share. She



FIG. 7. (*left to right*) Jim, Jack Jr., and Sheenagh Burns as school children. (Author's photo.)

was always working. She wore her old stained dress to work in, saving her one good dress for Sunday Mass and special occasions. It wasn't long before she became an excellent cook and seamstress. Her chocolate cake was known throughout the neighborhood, and she made all my clothes over the years, except for my Sacred Hearts Academy uniforms. (My brothers attended St. Louis College, and we spent long hours in the drive over the old Pali Road to fulfill Pop's mother's credo of religious discipline.) I remember that for many years Pop had one dark suit that he wore to Mass. If it weren't for Mom it wouldn't have looked half as good as it did. Pop flew home from Washington, D.C. in that suit after he lost his job as Delegate to Congress.³ Mom noticed that the cuffs were beginning to fray. Without any fuss, she snipped them off and turned them around so Pop looked great again.

As her health improved and her arms grew stronger, mother took over most of the cooking chores, with me as her assistant. When I was in kindergarten, my mother would give me directions from bed so I could cook and serve the dinner meal. Later I learned to cook and serve on my own. Generally, the kids did what she couldn't do, such as sweeping and mopping, ironing, setting the table, putting things in cupboards and retrieving them, and running errands. Mother washed our clothes by hand, and we hung them up to dry.

Mom and the kids did most of the yard work, too. The boys usually mowed the lawn. I could wield a pickaxe at the pesky koa trees that flourished in our yard, and pull the tough tap roots out of their sandy home. We were good little farmers, too, planting flower and vegetable gardens under Mom's direction and often with her assistance as she slid from her wheelchair, down the cement stairs, to a spot in the yard.

I remember Pop as a milkman, policeman, and liquor store owner. He took over the bankrupt store from a relative. With Mom's help and his own long hours, he managed to make it a success. It was more than a liquor store, though. It became a neighborhood gathering place. It seemed to sell everything except clothes and prescription drugs. It was a real family affair. We all spent some nights and most weekends cleaning and stocking up. I can remember pushing Mom along the bumpy road in her wheel-

chair, often late at night, for the ten blocks from our house to the store. Pop was usually busy at the police station or at one of his constant meetings, and that was the only way for us to get home.

Because of Pop's frequent absences, tensions at home increased. I can remember the arguments, shouts, and tears, as Mom tried to persuade him to concentrate more on her and his family. But like her own father, Jack had a job to do. I don't think Mom made up her mind to support Pop fully in his ambitions until he first ran for Delegate to the U.S. House of Representatives. His vilification at the hands of the public media and rumor mills horrified her, and she rallied all of her energies to protect him. Her anger at the unfairness of these attacks and rumors produced a steely determination to help him prove his worth.

There are other memories, however. Maybe it was a good thing Pop wasn't home much. He was a strict disciplinarian who believed in the maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He demanded perfection from children who were not perfect. He was a very angry man. A spilled glass of milk would send him into a rage. Holidays were nothing special except for the fact that they provided relief from school. On Christmas eves, Pop would come home very late, scrape some money together, and take one or two of the kids with him to search for a Christmas tree. As the night progressed, Pop's temper would get shorter and shorter. With the advantage of maturity and hindsight, I now suspect that he felt awful because he wasn't able to give his family a better Christmas, but I wasn't aware of it at the time. Another occasion comes to mind. When I was in high school and allowed to join our parish Catholic Youth Organization and play on the girls sports teams, at times in my haste I'd leave the rice cooking and burning on the stove (there were no rice cookers then). A grim-faced Pop would show up at practice to retrieve me. Our home often seemed angry and unwelcoming.

There were good times, too. Pop's interest in sports led him to join a group of other Kailuans to establish the Mid-Pacific Country Club where he taught the boys to caddy and to play golf. He was also a die-hard Yankees' fan, and he liked to listen to weekend baseball games on the radio when he was home. Birthdays were special. Pop would be gone, and Mom always let the birthday child choose the dinner menu, sometimes over the vociferous

complaints of the other children. During summer vacations, we would climb trees in my grandmother's yard (she lived next door) and play on our nearby cousins' swing set, play football and commandoes, ride other kids' bikes, go to weekend matinees whenever the movie was appropriate for children, climb in the hills at Lanikai, eat green mangoes dipped in shoyu, make crackseed out of dried prunes, pull homemade taffy, and go to the beach. However, there wasn't a lot of free time to go around, and the work was always waiting at home. Many people would be surprised to hear that Pop was a romantic. Among other things, he enjoyed listening to music and had an impressive collection of old records. At such times he'd reveal the same shy, sweet smile his mother had. Sometimes when a familiar band song came on, he'd grab me and dance around the living room floor, singing loudly. His voice had a lovely quality, but he sang in a monotone—he was Johnny-one-note.

Pop wasn't especially good around the house. He wasn't a good handyman or Mr. Fixit. He wasn't good at chit-chat either, but the people who came to our house seemed to appreciate his shy friendliness. At those times he tried hard to be less introverted so they'd be more comfortable, and they always seemed to understand and appreciate it. Although he got much better at making polite conversation as he got older, he was always more of a doer than a talker. He was also poor at matching clothes and colors, and he knew it. Mother took charge of his appearance, and he gratefully trusted her judgment. When he was Governor it became even more important to him, because by then he knew that his appearance reflected on the job he was doing. He had finally learned that he needed to present himself well to get his message across.

Looking back, I think the seeds of Jack's calling began to sprout during Bea's early illness, and his reaction to her illness provided added impetus. Jack had never felt comfortable in the role of father. And Bea brooked no interference into her territory. She adamantly refused to be a useless appendage in her own home, and she had definite ideas about her role as mother. Inadvertently, Jack was compelled to accept the role of father. But a father is absent, a father is tyrannical, a father is macho. He is the High Priest, the Lord and Master of a home that revolves around

him. That was the only way Jack knew to be a father. His father script had been written in the pain and anger of his childhood. Yet he would never permit himself to be just like his father.

During World War II he had been the head of the Police Department's Espionage Division. He had helped to organize a Police Contact Group, a community liaison with Island citizens of Japanese ancestry and their alien parents. Because of his roots, he believed absolutely that the Japanese in Hawai'i should be treated equally. Jack found his motherhood role when all the young veterans of the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, returned from their hard-earned victories. They were restless and unsatisfied. Never again would they accept the old status quo. Looking for leadership, they found it in Jack Burns. Inexorably, relentlessly, it seemed as if a benevolent fate was pushing him onward.

In the meantime, his work as a policeman had aided him in not just controlling the lawlessness of others, but in increasing his own sense of control over himself. As a detective on the police force, however, Jack occasionally ran into trouble taking orders in a job where taking orders was important. His zeal and intelligence sometimes got in the way of police politics, and when he was passed over for Chief of Police for a second time, he decided it was time to quit. From 1945 on, he managed to support his family with various jobs: running the liquor store, working for and then forming his own real estate company with his brother Edward, playing penny ante cribbage and golf games, serving two terms as Chairman of the City Traffic Safety Commission, and filling the position of Honolulu Civil Defense Director from 1951 to 1955. During this period, he became leader of the Democratic Party. Finally, after several losses, he won the election of 1956 as Representative from the Territory of Hawai'i to the U.S. Congress. His rise to power over the years in the Party, the Territory, and the State is a well-known story.

Through all these years, the smoldering anger that originated in his childhood continued to threaten him: anger at the father who had abandoned his family; anger at the mother who had not prevented it; anger at his own anima, the representation of his mother in him; and anger stemming from his battle to inhibit, suppress, and repress his father's tendencies and impulses within

himself. Relentlessly, furiously, he fought the battle over and over again, forcibly molding himself into the exact opposite of the father who had betrayed his family and exacted such a terrible price from his eldest son.

Gradually, by sublimating the powerful energy of that anger into more useful channels, he became more like his mother and his priest. In a sense, he achieved his own priesthood, and his children were an integral part of this. Normal childish imperfections in his children would call forth violent, explosive rage. I remember numerous times when he hastened to protect us from its force by bolting out the back door, face white-hot and bloodless, to deal alone with "the devil within." When the anger finally dissipated many hours later, he would return home. Over and over again, as his children watched, he met the enemy within himself.

In the vulnerability of our youth, we did not understand. Now I know that he must have felt there was no escape from this torment. In his unrelenting struggle to control the hypermasculine persona in himself, Jack unremittingly called on his religious faith to assist him. At first, when the influence of his father image was still so strong, he drew sustenance from the style of religion that matched the intensity of his anger—the rigid, hypercritical, moralistic, heaven-or-hell, black-or-white, polarized style of thought exhibited by the "old" Catholic Church. He felt safe and secure in fitting his life pattern to this credo. It made all his choices perfectly clear and life easier to bear. Gradually, however, as his anima blossomed, he was able to temper his judgments of human frailty with maternal compassion and acceptance. As Governor, he could even let the Hawai'i abortion bill become law in 1970, albeit without his signature.

Ultimately, Jack was able to triumph over the abhored hypermasculine part of himself by letting his newly configurated anima guide him into making more appropriate choices. For example, in choosing to stay with his stricken wife, he accepted even heavier responsibilities than those his father had chosen to reject. In choosing to confer sainthood on his mother, the highest position possible in the Church for a woman other than that of the Virgin Mary, he was able to accept and exploit his own femaleness. Fur-

thermore, he chose to equate that femaleness with all that was good and right and holy in his own life and with his religion.

By incorporating powerful values within himself, he was free to exert power on his world. He could now define his life's goal and give reason to his existence. He could then choose all the people of Hawai'i as his children. Like a mother, he would care for and nurture them. Like a priest, he would surrender and dedicate his life to them. He would find a way to give them hope for the future, to give them the means to make a better life for themselves and their families, and to give them strength and pride in themselves. He would teach them by example that "The Impossible Dream" could be fulfilled by a local boy from Kalihi. To this end he dedicated everything that he had—his family and his life. He never swerved from that chosen path.

Pop's will power and strength of character were evident to all who really knew him. When he was faced with insurmountable obstacles, he bore them stoically or worked his way around them. Even bodily pain didn't stop him. He suffered from a terrible sinus problem all the years that I knew him. Additionally, he had a long-standing battle with ulcers, and the ulcers almost won. He demonstrated stoicism and sacrifice during the Catholic liturgy of Lent for which the custom of the time was to sacrifice something meaningful. Every Lent Pop stopped smoking his three packs of Camels a day, cold turkey, and resumed the habit right after Mass on Easter Sunday. In the end, when he finally submitted to the fatal illness that took him from us, it was too late. His stoicism had allowed it to progress too far. After an extended bout with cancer, he died, on April 5, 1975, at the age of 66, with his family around him at the Kailua home.

NOTES

- ¹ Sigmund Freud, *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, trans. and ed. Dr. A. A. Brill (New York: Modern Library, 1938).
- ² C. G. Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconsciousness*, trans. R. F. C. Hull (New York: Pantheon, 1959).
- ³ John Burns returned to the Islands in 1959 to run against William Quinn for Governor of the new 50th State. He lost the election but went on to defeat Quinn in 1962.

