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Beatrice Patton's Hawai'i

*"A splendor and a reverence gone forever from the world"*¹

GEORGE S. PATTON and his wife Beatrice Ayer Patton were stationed in Hawai'i from 1925 to 1928 and again from 1935 to 1937.² Patton's glory days as the famous and controversial general of World War II still lay ahead of him. During these years, however, Beatrice Patton came into her own as a person apart from army wife, and her Hawaiian experiences became the foundation for her achievements as a little known but accomplished published author. Beatrice's attachment to Hawai'i was the bonding of person to place that Joan Didion had in mind when she wrote: "A place belongs forever to whoever claims it hardest, remembers it most obsessively, wrests it from itself, shapes, renders it, loves it so radically that he remakes it in his own image. . . ." ³ Didion had James Jones and the Hawai'i of *From Here to Eternity* in mind, but Beatrice Patton was another who remembered obsessively and, after her husband's death, reshaped her Hawaiian memories in an extraordinary and vengeful way.

Patton's family was wealthy, Beatrice's even more so. She was the daughter of Frederick Ayer, who had made his fortune in the patent medicine business and later in the textile mills of New England. Beatrice knew Patton from her girlhood and early on was determined to marry him. By the time he entered West Point, Patton returned her love. He courted Beatrice in the flamboyant style that was to become his trademark. Family members recall an elegantly dressed Ayer fam-

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ily gathered on the terrace of their mansion; Second Lieutenant Patton appeared on horseback, but instead of stopping in front of the house he rode right up the stairs of the terrace, where he dismounted to bow at Beatrice's feet.⁴ Frederick Ayer objected to the match with Patton—he could not see his daughter married to a soldier, and soldiering was Patton's sole ambition—but a brief hunger strike on Beatrice's part settled the matter.

Their marriage had its ups and downs, but throughout the years Beatrice retained her devotion to Patton:

Georgie, you are the fulfillment of all my ideals of manliness and high courage & bravery I have always held for you, ever since I have known you. And I have expected more of you than any one else ever has or will.

Patton copied this into his diary, adding, "I'm glad she likes me."⁵ Patton's devotion was equally strong: "Beat," he would write long after their honeymoon days had faded,

I had almost forgotten how soft you are even with corsets on, to say nothing of your softness in your wedding nightie. I love you so, Bea . . . I am not so hellish young, and it is not yet spring, yet still I love you much as if we were 22 again on the baseball grandstand at West Point the night I graduated.⁶

Living with this man she had chosen could not have been easy, and the shabby quarters and the frequent moves and the separations of military life were difficult, but Beatrice successfully transformed herself from pampered debutante to model army wife. She learned to win over other army wives who might well have resented the stables of horses and the nannies, cooks, and maids accompanying the Pattons in their moves from post to post.

"The Paradise of the Pacific" it was called, and for the wealthy, Hawai'i in the 1920s and 30s so it was. Fortunes made in pineapple, sugar, and commerce supported an indolent and extravagant life style for a small but influential elite. Cruise ships regularly brought interesting celebrities to enliven the local social scene. The beaded flapper gowns glittered and the gin flowed freely. A fading if exotic Native Hawaiian aristocracy, their blood over several generations min-

gled with that of the Caucasian elite, joined the parties. Life was not so sweet for an underclass of Native Hawaiians and immigrant workers. Sometimes ugly realities were exposed to all, as happened in the notorious 1932 Massie case. A naval family, not satisfied with the verdict passed down on five "local boys" accused of raping navy wife Thalia Massie, took justice into their own hands. Thalia's mother and husband arranged the beating of one of the youths and the murder of another, and for these crimes, served one hour in a judge's office. Mainland newspapers followed the lurid case avidly, and readers wondered just what was going on out there in the Islands.⁷ Sociologists prefer to dwell on the huge—and real—gulf between rich and poor in the Hawai'i of this era, but still, by many accounts, many average people in Hawai'i enjoyed a simple life farming their taro fields, casting their fishing nets, and plucking 'opihi from the rocky coastlines. Half-buried in the social structure, battered but still alive, the culture of ancient Hawai'i managed to endure.

The Pattons found island life to their liking. They were outdoorsy people. Patton especially took to the polo set, and in the construction tycoon Walter Dillingham found a soulmate and lifelong friend. Both were men's men, handsome, driven, and both rode their polo ponies with furious abandon. "Goddamn it, Walter, you old son of a bitch, I'll run you right down Front Street," Patton would yell while careening down the polo field. It was one of the many occasions when Patton's hot blood landed him in trouble with his superior officers.⁸ Both Beatrice and Patton joined the more sedate Piko Hiking Club, formed in part to mend the bad blood between the military and local communities so evident in the Massie case. They marched along the trails shouting out the club's motto, a familiar Hawaiian greeting: "*Pehea kou piko*—How's your belly button?"⁹ To launch their second tour of duty in Hawai'i in 1935, they bought a yacht and sailed it from the West Coast to the Islands. Gamely, Beatrice signed on as cook, though she had never cooked a meal in her life. She took cooking lessons, but as it happened, she was so seasick en route that others had to take over her duties.¹⁰

Seduced by the Islands, Beatrice began a serious study of Native Hawaiian history and culture. Her interest in antiquities was longstanding. As a young girl traveling abroad, she once reached into a sarcophagus, broke off a toe from an Egyptian mummy, and carried

it away as a keepsake.¹¹ When Patton was stationed in a desolate army post in Kansas, she found excitement in discovering marine fossils and in realizing that she was standing where eons ago there had once been a sea.¹² It was this ability to immerse herself in the life of varied far-flung posts that made her an exceptional army wife.

Near Schofield Barracks where the Pattons were first stationed, Beatrice began her encounters with the Hawaiian past. She had come to Hawai'i with the idea of researching some distant relatives who once served as missionaries to the islands, but she found that she was more attracted to the old ways the missionaries had tried so hard to eradicate than to the gospels they implanted. Hidden in the sugar cane fields, hiking distance from her quarters at Schofield, she found a scattering of large boulders buried in the red dirt. The stones do not match those of the surroundings and undoubtedly were dragged there from another locale. Beatrice was to learn that these are the birthing stones of Kūkaniloko where in ancient times *ali'i* women came to give birth. The stones, it was thought, not only relieved the pangs of childbirth but also marked the offspring as *ali'i* of the highest rank. Set in the plains of Wahiawā and ringed by the magnificent Ko'olau and Wai'anae mountain ranges, the mysterious, dramatic stones could not fail to impress the active mind of such a woman as Beatrice.¹³ She began to seek out those who might help her understand what she was seeing. The Pattons' daughter, Ruth Ellen, remembered that some of her mother's new associates were not to the liking of the snobbish Patton and he called them her "nigger friends."¹⁴

A visiting relative of the Pattons marveled at the range of Beatrice's circle of friends. "I remember traveling in her company about the Hawaiian Islands where she knew, and was liked by everyone from the Big Four families and the governor to Japanese vegetable growers and native fishermen."¹⁵ The Pattons lived in several worlds by establishing the pleasant habit of living on base during the week and decamping to the elegant tourist hotels of Waikiki for the weekends.

A particular friend was the respected Hawaiiana expert, Emma Ahuena Taylor. This chiefly woman (in fact, Beatrice wrote, descended through incarnation from Pele) shared with Beatrice her store of Hawaiian history and legends.¹⁶ Hawaiians call elders such as Taylor *kupuna* and from ancient times, continuing still today, *kupuna* have passed on stories of the past to future generations with an immediacy

that cannot be matched by book knowledge. Another good friend was Bishop Museum director, Sir Peter Buck. Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa) was a Maori, and as such, able to place Beatrice's understanding of Hawaiian culture in the larger context of Pan-Polynesian society.¹⁷ The half-Hawaiian man of letters, John Dominis Holt, provided additional insights. At the time the Pattons were in Hawai'i, Holt was a young man, and this was long before he escaped to the Mainland to explore being a *haole*, a Caucasian, and long before he returned to the islands to become an authority on being Hawaiian.¹⁸ The acquaintance was a fruitful one, and years after Beatrice's death, Holt was to publish a collection of her short stories and memoirs set in Hawai'i. The families of Taylor, Buck, and Holt were tangled mixtures of Polynesian and Caucasian, typical, then as now, of Hawaiian social patterns and ambivalences. The tensions and conflicts of Hawaiian interracial relations and the clash of old Hawaiian ways with *haole* culture intrigued Beatrice, and she was to draw on these themes in her writings.

Spend a little time in high-rise, high-tech Hawai'i today and you will sense that Hawai'i oldtimers relish their ghosts. "I don't believe a word of this stuff of course," the *kama'aina* will say "but . . ." and then will follow the stories. Pele walks on the road in the guise of a beautiful young girl dressed all in red. Ghosts congregate as "night marchers" at a certain treacherous corner on Old Pali Road where there have been many fatal accidents. Better not buy an apartment in this condo—it's haunted and there have been many suicides.

In her day, Beatrice Patton heard the stories too. She wrote them down with care and in detail, and she wove them into her writings. One of her spooky stories came from an evening at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel when the Pattons entertained some military friends. In 1936, she would write, a lava flow threatened Hilo. To divert the flow, Air Force pilots bombed it. Pele was furious. Of the three pilots involved, one was killed in a plane crash shortly after the flow. A second pilot was a guest at a dinner party hosted by the Pattons. After too many cocktails, the pilot rose to shout: "Phooey to Pele. They say I should give her a pig, but I gave her a bomb. That's what I did—I gave her a bomb!" Hawaiian guests present at the party shuddered, and a local waitress predicted the pilots' imminent deaths. The pilot, Beatrice was later told, was killed in the war, as was the third pilot involved in the bombing.¹⁹

Beatrice's collection of tales grew. A *pueo*, the Hawaiian owl said to be a messenger of death, flew into a Queen's Hospital ward. None of the patients were on the critical list, but in the morning, seven of the eleven Hawaiian patients were found unexplainably dead.²⁰ The black magic arts of the *kahuna*, accorded some credence by a plantation doctor acquaintance of the Pattons, especially seized Beatrice's imagination. The doctor told Beatrice that at least six of his patients had been prayed to death. Beatrice took the stories seriously—very seriously, as she would later demonstrate.²¹

She began to publish her impressions: some poetry in the magazine *Paradise of the Pacific*, retellings of Hawaiian legends, and a novel. Years later, a collection of her short stories interwoven with her memoirs of Hawai'i would be issued posthumously.

Of her books, the partly autobiographical *Love Without End* is the most revealing for the biographer. The book traces her growing attachment for old Hawaiian ways. At mealtimes she forced breadfruit on her unwilling family. When she suffered from aches and pains, she called in the *lomi lomi* practitioner, the Hawaiian masseuse, and for her bronchitis, the *kahuna lapa'au* or medical practitioner came with *noni* leaves and ground-up *kukui* nuts.²² She was given a Hawaiian name. "This name," she wrote, "is a sacred thing to be treasured with love and reverence, a secret not to be shared."²³ It seems clear that in time she came to believe in the power of Hawaiian gods. She was given a small *'aumakua*, a carved piece intended as a family god. With the gift came instructions: "When you unpack him, make him a lei, and give him a little oke [*'okolehao*, a liquor made from the roots of the Hawaiian *ti* plant], but do it only once. He will then know that you have aloha for him but he must not be spoiled." It was a figure of a soldier, and she reported that she gave it to someone who carried it off to the war.²⁴ Whether or not this someone was her husband is not known, but it is intriguing to think of Patton going off to battle protected by a Hawaiian *'aumakua*.

With archaeologist friends she traveled to the outer islands for excursions to the complex of burial caves that lay half-hidden in the rocks. In her time, collectors showed no hesitation in entering Hawaiian burial caves and removing objects found there for display in museums. This practice led in the late 20th century to a campaign by Native Hawaiian activists to prohibit such activities, and federal legis-

lation, the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, calls for the return of Hawaiian funeral objects to their original locations. Beatrice's sensibilities to the wanton desecration of Hawaiian artifacts put her ahead of her time. She made a point of stating that she never took anything from the caves and was aware that Hawaiian guardians stood watch over ancestral sites and often succeeded in bringing back objects improperly taken.²⁵ She mentioned one of the several images of the poison god Kalaipahoa "glowering from behind a case at the Bishop Museum . . . a captive behind lock and key." Beatrice might be gratified to know that today a number of such captive museum objects have been repatriated, though not without controversy, to their original sites.

Beatrice was fluent in French, and she put this accomplishment to use in a privately published work, *Légendes Hawaïiennes* (Paris, 1932), a collection of translations into French of a number of Hawaiian tales. Book connoisseurs value the book not only for the stories but for Juliette May Fraser's beautifully drawn illustrations, each one a careful vignette of some aspect of Hawaiian life. Fraser was a local artist, little known outside the Islands but well loved and regarded in Hawai'i. Few copies of the work exist.

Blood of the Shark, published by Paradise of the Pacific in 1936, is a fully realized novel. "Oh, it's just another of those romantic South Sea novels of the '30s," said a Hawaiian historian when the book came up for discussion. True, there is rather too much talk of silvery moonbeams in the novel, yet Beatrice was a writer capable of turning many pretty and imaginative phrases. Here is the voice of her heroine, calling out while swimming by moonlight: "See those drowned stars looking up through the water. Watch me scatter them!" The book is a passionately sincere effort to communicate all the stories Beatrice had absorbed, all the unique beauty of green valleys and mountains surrounded by a cobalt sea, all the conflicts brought about by colliding cultures. It was begun during the Pattons' first Hawai'i tour in the 1920s, simmered for several years and was completed during their second tour. The plot concerns the unlikely marriage of a young British seaman who travels to Hawai'i with the explorer Vancouver, and a chiefly island beauty. Beatrice takes on two themes: first, an exploration of Hawaiians clinging to old ways and beliefs in the face of encroaching western contact, and, second, the story of a cross-

cultural marriage, a saga of a couple who fall in love, marry, battle furiously, fail totally to understand the myths of one other, and yet emerge after years of marriage as two trees of different species whose roots have grown together. Her hero is Adam, a difficult man who swears fulsomely, kills easily in battle, rides a horse with a furious intensity, and yells at his wife (“You god-damned black wahine.”). He has a taste for poetry and sometimes quotes long passages remembered from his childhood. Beatrice’s model for this man is not hard to guess.

The book’s tour de force is a chapter called “The Net,” in which Beatrice dares to enter the mind of a Hawaiian sorceress intent on doing what she can to stop the flood of foreign influences converging on Hawai‘i. Prominent in the chapter are mentions of the shark, the owl, and the lizard, all creatures, as Peter Buck put it, guaranteed to make the flesh of a Polynesian crawl “for they are the incarnations of the family gods throughout Polynesia and in far south New Zealand. Through these mediums the deified ancestors gave signs and warning to their living descendants.”²⁶ The chapter is a long rant of the sorcerer against the evils brought by the foreigners—diseases that have decimated the native population, and prompted the fading of a culture. “We live in rags, and splendor and reverence are gone forever from the world.” Beatrice takes the sorcerer’s lament as the theme of her novel. It is a lament that continues to be voiced in the 21st century by Native Hawaiians.

Bishop Museum director Sir Peter Buck wrote an appreciative introduction to *Blood of the Shark*. It received excellent reviews in the Honolulu press, and the first printing sold out in a week. There were three additional printings. Beatrice was given a proper Hawaiian-style book party. Peter Buck sprinkled the four corners of the room with salt water in a Polynesian blessing, and Beatrice’s friend Emma Taylor, the cultural consultant for the novel, further blessed the novel with a traditional Hawaiian prayer. “How could the book not be a success?” Taylor said. “The prayer was completed.”²⁷

In all three of her books Beatrice returns repeatedly to one particular element of Hawaiian culture, the art of black magic. She had learned a chant used by Hawaiian sorcerers to pray their enemies to death, and she quotes from the chant repeatedly: “May the Great

Worm gnaw your vitals, and may your bones rot, joint by little joint. . . .”

Patton too tried his hand at writing about Hawai'i and produced a poem about the Hawaiian god Lono. Patton's poem, reproduced here in an appendix, tells the reader much about his passion for war and weapons, his disdain for Native Hawaiians, and even something of his interest in reincarnation, but in contrast to Beatrice's writings so densely packed with the color and characters of Hawai'i, it says little about Hawaiian culture.²⁸

Beatrice's novel was published in 1936, but she was not allowed to enjoy the glow of authorship for long. Family troubles intervened. George Patton had turned 50. All his achievements seemed behind him: he had placed fifth in the pentathlon competitions in the 1912



FIG. 1. Beatrice Patton at Thomas Nickerson's bookstore at 175 South Queen Street, Honolulu, ca. 1936–37. Her book, *Blood of the Shark* is prominently displayed in the store's window. Hawai'i State Archives.

Stockholm Olympic Games. He and his men had tracked and killed several of Pancho Villa's bandits during the U.S. Mexican Punitive Expedition of 1916. He had served honorably in combat for three days during World War I. Was this to be all? Patton was morosely afraid that he would be too old to be in the next war he knew was coming. When Beatrice's niece, Jean Gordon, visited, Patton began a flirtation with the girl. Gordon was a recent Boston debutante, pretty, lively, and the best friend of Ruth Ellen, the Pattons' daughter. Unwisely, Beatrice did not accompany Patton and Jean on a horse-buying trip to a neighbor island, and when the two returned, it was clear to Beatrice that the flirtation had become an affair. Beatrice forgave Patton, and the marriage survived. Beatrice talked to her daughter about all this, and what she said is an indication of both character and enduring love. The quote comes from Patton biographer Carlo D'Este, who had access to the memoirs of Ruth Ellen:



FIG. 2. Beatrice Patton signing copies of *Blood of the Shark* at book party at Thomas Nickerson's bookstore, Honolulu, ca. 1936-37. Hawai'i State Archives.

Your father needs me. He doesn't know it right now, but he needs me. In fact, right now, he needs me more than I need him. Perhaps there is a reason for all this. I want you to remember this; that even the best and truest of men can be bedazzled and make fools of themselves. So, if your husband ever does this to you, you can remember that I didn't leave your father. I stuck with him because I am all he really has, and I love him, and he loves me.²⁹

Not long after the Pattons left Hawai'i, the long and bloody war came, as Patton knew it would. He was not denied the victories and the glory he had sought for so long. On the home front, Beatrice, as the wife of the famous general, was in demand as a speaker for the war effort. She remained fiercely loyal and proud of her warrior: "I am so full of his triumph that I just glow with pride. . . . He is twice the man and twice the commander that he has ever been."³⁰

Toward the end of the war, the niece who had betrayed Beatrice, Jean Gordon, traveled to Europe as a Red Cross "doughnut girl." These were young women who cheered up the troops with home-style snacks and social evenings, all very respectable, of course. Jean was reunited with Patton and sometimes played hostess at his social functions. but whether or not their affair continued remains their secret. Learning of Jean's presence in Europe, Beatrice had her suspicions and wrote a fretful letter to Patton. He replied that she should not worry, that he "was no fool."³¹

Short months after the end of the European war, while on a bird shooting expedition in Germany, Patton's car was involved in a collision with another vehicle. Others in the car were not seriously injured, but Patton's spine was crushed and he was paralyzed. "A hell of a way for a soldier to die," Patton said. There was time before his death, 12 days after the accident, for Beatrice to fly to his side, and they had a few last days together. She read to him from his favorite military histories, Armand de Caulaincourt's memoirs of Napoleon and the like, and he dictated portions of his memoirs. He drifted in and out of consciousness and once as he drifted, he said to his wife: "It's too dark, I mean too late." Beatrice had used this strange and haunting phrase for the death scene of one of her characters in *Blood of the Shark*.³² A blood clot, undoubtedly related to the accident, ended Patton's life.

Patton was buried in Luxembourg on Christmas Eve, 1945. Beatrice returned home on Christmas Day. There remained some unfinished business. Beatrice had never forgiven Jean Gordon, and in the weeks after Patton's death, arranged for a meeting with her niece. Pointing her finger at Jean, Beatrice delivered the ancient Hawaiian curse: "May the Great Worm gnaw your vitals and may your bones rot joint by little joint . . ." Present at the scene was Beatrice's brother, Fred Ayer. Horrified at the malevolence of the scene, Fred ran from the room. Within weeks, Jean Gordon put her head in the oven of a New York apartment and was declared a suicide. She was 30. Various explanations for the tragedy have been offered by the Ayer and Patton family and friends. Two aunts said that when they claimed Jean's body, they found a note: "I will be with Uncle Georgie in heaven and have him all to myself before Beatrice arrives." A conflicting story has it that Jean was in love with a married officer who decided to return to his family.³³

What can be made of this bizarre incident? A case can be made that Beatrice truly believed in the efficacy of the chant she hurled against Jean Gordon. Mysticism and paranormal experiments were strong elements in the family cultures of both Patton and Beatrice. According to one of his finest biographers, Carlo D'Este, Patton genuinely believed that he had lived before, as a marshal under Alexander, fighting as a Viking, as a cavalryman under Napoleon, and that he would live again. Both families experimented with Ouija boards and seances. Dead relatives appeared to the families in visions. After her mother's death, Beatrice consulted a medium in order to apologize for some perceived misdeed. In the weeks following Patton's death, Beatrice gave a glove worn by Patton at the time of the accident to a sister for a seance in which Patton was called upon to reappear. It is clear that Beatrice was enthralled by the Hawaiian spiritual world. The shark was her *'aumakua*, her protector, and because of this she swam without fear in the open ocean (though her nervous husband stood by with a rifle just in case).

She did not make up the words of the chant she used against Jean Gordon. It is part of the *kahuna* *'anā'anā* lore well documented by Hawaiian specialists. *Kahuna* *'anā'anā* were members of a larger order of Hawaiian priests. Some *kahuna* were medical practitioners, some interpreted signs and omens, some specialized in knowledge of the

earth and sea, but *kahuna* 'anā'anā were best known for their ability to pray people to death. As late as the turn of the 20th century, evangelical missionaries to Hawai'i were railing against the power exercised by the *kahuna* 'anā'anā. In Beatrice's time, specifics as to *kahuna* 'anā'anā practices were mostly to be found spelled out in Hawaiian language oral traditions and in Hawaiian language texts; today the published works of such native Hawaiian writers as Samuel Kamakau and David Malo are widely available in English language translations. A text corresponding to the fragments of the chant she used is to be found in Samuel Kamakau's *Ka Po'e Kahiko: the People of Old*.³⁴

In 1953, Beatrice fell from her horse while riding in a race and died at once. She had previously been diagnosed with an aneurysm, and quite possibly this was the cause of her death rather than the fall.

Beatrice Patton emerges, for all her personal charm, literary ability, and inquisitive intelligence, as a woman who crossed forbidden boundaries. Hawaiian chants were not hers to invoke. Though her Hawaiian encounters were only part of a long and adventurous life, they were indelible. Her family and friends mourned her and for years after her death, when they saw a porpoise they would call out, "Hi Bea!" There she was, arching in the sea, living her next life as she always said she would.³⁵

NOTES

¹ A lament and the theme of Beatrice Patton's *Blood of the Shark: A Romance of Early Hawaii* (Honolulu: Paradise of the Pacific Press, 1936) 350.

² Patton biographies consulted in preparing this article include: Frederick Ayer, *Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr.* (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1964).

Martin Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 2 vols. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1972-74).

———. *Patton: The Man Behind the Legend* (New York: Morrow, 1985).

Carlo D'Este, *Patton: A Genius for War* (New York: HarperCollins, 1995).

Ladislav Farago, *The Last Days of Patton* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981).

Stanley P. Hirshson, *General Patton: A Soldier's Life* (New York: HarperCollins, 2002).

Robert H. Patton, *The Pattons: A Personal History of an American Family* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1994).

³ Joan Didion, *The White Album* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1979) 146.

⁴ D'Este, *Patton* 108.

⁵ Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* I: 669; D'Este, *Patton et al* 276.

- ⁶ George S. Patton to Beatrice Patton. Quoted by Blumenson, *Patton Papers I*: 505.
- ⁷ Historian Gavin Daws devoted an entire chapter of his one-volume history of Hawai'i to this significant case (*Shoal of Time*, Toronto: Macmillan, 1968), 317–327. The latest of several books on the case are Cobey Black's *Hawaii Scandal* (Waipahu, Hawai'i: Island Heritage, 2002) and David Stannard's *Honor Killing: How the Infamous "Massie Affair" Transformed Hawai'i* (New York, N.Y.: Viking, 2005.)
- ⁸ See, among other biographers, Hirshson, *General Patton* 214.
- ⁹ On the Piko Club and the participation of the Pattons in this group, see Stuart M. Ball, "The Piko Club: Hiking O'ahu in the 1930s," *HJH* 37 (2003): 179–197.
- ¹⁰ D'Este, *Patton* 358.
- ¹¹ Robert H. Patton, *The Pattons* 109–110.
- ¹² D'Este, *Patton* 147.
- ¹³ For background information on Kūkaniloko see, for example, "Kukaniloko: Famed Birthplace of Aliis," *Hawaiian Annual*, 1912, 101–105.
- ¹⁴ Robert H. Patton, *The Pattons* 228. Robert Patton based much on his family history on conversations with the Pattons' daughter Ruth Ellen.
- ¹⁵ Ayer, *Before the Colors Fade* 43. Ayer was Beatrice Patton's nephew.
- ¹⁶ For a biographical sketch of Emma Taylor, see Barbara Bennett Peterson, ed., *Notable Women of Hawaii* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P), 1984) 369–373.
- ¹⁷ Buck's biographer is John Bell Condliffe's *Te Rangī Hiroa: The Life of Sir Peter Buck* (Christchurch: Whitcombe and Tombs, 1971.)
- ¹⁸ The historian Michael Slackman interviewed Holt and documented Holt's friendship with the Pattons. Michael Slackman, "The Orange Race: George S. Patton, Jr.'s Japanese American Hostage Plan," *Biography* 7 (Winter 1984): 17.
- ¹⁹ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* (Honolulu: Ku Pa'a, 1989). This book is a collection of Hawaiian stories intermixed with Beatrice Patton's memoirs of her Hawai'i years.
- ²⁰ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 98.
- ²¹ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 96. Some of Beatrice's stories came from her friend, Dr. Hubert Woods, a respected plantation doctor.
- ²² Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 96–97.
- ²³ Robert Patton, *The Pattons* 231, quoting from Beatrice Patton's "Thought Book." The "Thought Book" is retained by the Patton family and seemingly not available to researchers.
- ²⁴ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 31–32.
- ²⁵ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 92.
- ²⁶ Peter Buck's unpagged foreword to *Blood of the Shark*.
- ²⁷ Beatrice Patton, *Love Without End* 46.
- ²⁸ Patton's 1927 poem is attached to this article in an appendix. The poem is included in the Patton Papers at the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.
- ²⁹ Quoted by D'Este, *Patton* 359. D'Este based the quote on the unpublished biography of Beatrice Patton compiled by the Patton's daughter Ruth Ellen. The biography is seemingly not available to most researchers.

- ³⁰ Blumenson, *Patton Papers, 1940-1945*, 151, quoting a letter (date not noted) from Beatrice Patton to her brother Fred Ayer.
- ³¹ D'Este, *Patton* 744, quoting a letter of Patton to his wife, March 31, 1945.
- ³² Beatrice Patton, *Blood of the Shark* 87.
- ³³ D'Este, *Patton* 805-807; Blumenson, *Patton* 307.
- ³⁴ Samuel Kamakau, *Ka Po'e Kahiko: the People of Old* (Honolulu: BPBM, 1964) 123-125.
- ³⁵ Beatrice Patton's wish to return to life as a porpoise is mentioned by a Patton family friend, Roger H. Nye, quoted by Hirshson, *General Patton* 704.

APPENDIX

The Sword of Lono

Long have I wandered since, in far castle,
 Fire and the anvil joined to give me birth
 And I appeared a vivid thing of steel
 To 'grave my fame in blood o'er half the earth.

First in a soldier's hand I felt the thrill
 Of ringing combat as we stormed a town
 And drank my fill of blood as through the dawn
 We slaughtered Moors to give our Queen her crown.

Again in memory I seem to feel
 My keen point bite the Unbelievers' mail
 The kiss of frenzied parries as he strove
 Toward my lunge and strove to no avail.

There on a ship I wandered many a day
 Stopping at times to drink some savage gore
 Until at last I came, all white with brine,
 Strapped to a corpse, to rest on Maui's shore.

A rescued sailor polished there my blade
 And long I served him Lono, white and fair
 While as a god he ruled a savage race
 Nor failed I, in his hand, his fame to share.

And many a field I slashing led our van
 And many a dark-skinned chief to carrion sped
 In every isle I quenched my baleful thirst
 Great was my fame, great as the list of dead.

But glory passes and in Lono's death
The clumsy savage little knew my worth
My blade was shattered and in evil hour
I came to stand the sign of God on earth.

Yet soon their childish memory failed to link
My twisted hilt with that white blade of yore
And cast to earth in miserable disgrace
My rusty grip was trampled by the shore.

But though a shapeless wreck I now appear
Midst spear and adze for crowds to look upon
I still am Lono's sword and in his hand
I was the means to all the fame he won.

George S. Patton
1927