

HONOLULU, Hawaii,
July 28th, 1927

We conclude our labours (?) tonight. As I remarked in yesterday's report, we found a way out of the immigration and emigration impasse by dropping the whole subject after four days discussion but as the main purpose of this conference is discussion, we may be credited with having reached our objective.

Last night Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of Los Angeles spoke most eloquently on releasing women from household cares so as to increase her "mother power" as the records of Los Angeles and California show one divorce for every two marriages - the "releasing" seems to be a success. Honolulu, a city of 100,000 has about 15 divorces a day.

On missions we have concluded, with the aid of the Chinese delegation, that the old missionary must go, that the new missionary should rather go to learn, the final result to be a commingling of Buddhism and Christianity. Personally I shall continue to attend the Anglican Church. I admit I am out of date but at my age I cannot forsake the faith of my fathers to follow after strange gods.

Tonight we debate "the future of the Pacific Conference". If the question was left to me, which it will not be, I would settle it - without further discussion and settle it decisively and finally, as no other subject before this conference has been. I have tried to find some wisdom, some purpose in these debates, these round table conferences, these forum discussions. There is none. We have been busy to no purpose, except to make phrases. It has afforded an opportunity to talk and pose to people who could not carry a ward as poundkeeper - who, if they did arrive at any definite decision, on any subject, are impotent to give it political expression. We have babbled about "political contacts", "thinking internationally", "spiritual contacts", "mother power" "cultural" assimilations", "grafting Christianity on contemplative Oriental thought" and a thousand other phrases. The yard office at West Toronto in the old days was the scene of many debates after the freight house was pulled and the night crew was slack, couched, it is true, in less elegant language but arriving at much more practical conclusions. There was no lack of emphasis, perhaps coloured with some picturesque profanity, and no lack of decision or good sense. The Yard Office settled things.

I must admit I was never before thrown amongst this professorial - YMCA secretary propogandist class. I have never before met a live suffragist. I am out of touch with the higher thought. Never before have I met men of undoubted culture and education who talked on embracing the culture of the heathen and were willing in theory to sleep with a Chink. Never before have I had the inexpressible advantage of hearing self-appointed leaders of national thought, the exponents of