

HUI LIMA KOKUA HAWAII CLUB

OKAKOPA (OCTOBER) 2021 NEWSLETTER

Aloha! E kala mai ia'u. (Pardon me.) This newsletter is on "Hawaii time" (late). Life gets busy, even during this pandemic. Remember "the good ol' days" before COVID-19 and decades before that? I emailed you members and even called some of you who don't have computers and other technical devices to share memories of days past. Mahalo to Ron Wong who said:

"I grew up in Honolulu during the 1930's and 40's. Of course, the most disruptive few years during that time was World War II. I was 10 when Pearl Harbor was attacked....Life was filled with blackouts at night, air raid wardens and tests, bomb shelters in back yards, and carrying gas masks, even to school. Downtown Honolulu was overrun with military personnel, centering around Hotel Street....Tires and gasoline were rationed.... Fresh meat was mostly unavailable. That's why Hawaiians learned to love canned Spam.

During my youth, Honolulu was a slow, sedate town. The only high rises were the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels in Waikiki and the Aloha Tower and the Alexander Young Hotel downtown. The town's most exciting activity was boat days that featured the Royal Hawaiian Band playing Aloha Oe as the Matson passenger liner pulled away from the pier. Leis littered the harbor waters, thrown by those on the departing ship who wanted to return to the Islands.

Kapiolani Boulevard was an avenue bereft of any buildings other than those of radio stations KGU and KGMB until one got close to Kalakaua Avenue. The boulevard's makai (ocean) side was white with ground coral dredged from the harbor. That's where Dillingham, the dredger, built its big Ala Moana Shopping Center in 1959."

Tom Fraser, who grew up in Boulder, Colorado, remembers when gasoline was 25 cents a gallon. Tom joined the U. S. Navy in 1958, two years after graduating from high school. The hydrographic survey ship on which Tom was stationed had Pearl Harbor as its home port. He remembers the locals in Hawaii did not like navy personnel. The Hawaiians would throw rocks at them from cars as they were walking along the streets of Honolulu. At the Hilton Hotel in Waikiki, he was not allowed to swim in the pool. Why? He had a tattoo.

Makawao, Maui, native Joyce Tashiro, remembers walking over a mile every day to school barefoot. She loved walking barefoot, especially when it was raining. As a retired special education teacher, Joyce probably was a rascal as a child, from what she related. She got paddled on her bare legs by her teacher when she in the second or third grade for talking during nap time. She, as well as other students, had to pull weeds outside as further punishment.

A sweeter memory is of May Day celebrations at school. Wearing fresh flower lei and a new, floor-length muumuu her mother sewed every year were special.

Mahalo nui loa to Tom and Joyce!

Hauoli Halowini (Halowina? How DO you say Halloween in Hawaiian?)

E kala mai ia 'u,

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