

Hui Lima Kokua Hawaii Club Newsletter

November 2021

Website: www.huilimakokua.com. Have a great Thanksgiving Day and a Happy Veteran's day..

Newsletter. Sorry for the late newsletter, our Corresponding Secretary is in Hawaii to be with her ailing brother and he just passed away on November 9. **Lynette Inouye** is now busy making arrangements for his service. Our sympathy is with her and the family at this time. So I'm here to pass the word that there will be no Hui Lima Kokua meetings in November and December. We are still concerned about the pandemic. The Board will meet in December to plan the agenda for 2022. We will keep you updated.

Word to the Seniors. For your reading enjoyment and just for the heck of it, I have attached some words to the seniors in the club below, those born between 1930 and 1947.

Mike Nakamura

Special Group Born Between 1930 – 1947

Today, they range in ages from 74 to 90. Are you or do you know someone “still here.”? Interesting facts for you...

You are the smallest group of children, born since the early 1900s.

You are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

You are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

You saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans and bought war bonds.

You saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

You remember milk being delivered to you house early in the morning and placed in the “milk box” on the porch.

You are the last to see the gold stars in the front windows of grieving neighbors whose sons died in the War.

You saw the “boys” home from the war, build their little houses.

You are the last generation who spent childhood without television, instead, you imagined what you heard on the radio.

With no TV until the 50's, you spent your childhood “playing outside.”

There was no little league. There was no city playground for kids.

The lack of television in your early years meant, that you had little.

On Saturday afternoon, the movies gave you newsreels sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared (party lines) and hung on the wall in the kitchen (no cares about privacy).

Typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage and changing the ribbon.

“Internet” and “google” were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on your radio in the evening. As you grew up, the country was exploding with growth.

The Government gave returning Veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. Loans fanned a housing boom.

Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans opened many factories for work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility.

The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands.

Your parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

You weren't neglected, but you weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad you played by yourselves until the street lights came on. They were busy discovering the post war world.

You entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity, a world where you were welcomed, enjoyed yourselves and felt secure in your future though depression poverty was deeply remembered.

Polio was still acrippler.

You came of age in the 50s and 60s.

You are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland. The second world war was over and the cold war, terrorism, global warming, and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease.

Only your generation can remember both a time of great war, and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty.

You grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better.

You are “The Last Ones”...

More than 99% of you are either retired or deceased, and you feel privileged to have lived in the best of times.

Now I ask you: What do you remember of the “Good Old Days?”