

Early Life and Pre-war Years

The Japanese immigrants were mainly farmers who came alone. They had hoped to earn enough to return to Japan, marry, and raise a family. When they got here they realized that they could not earn enough to return home with abundance; the *luna* (foreman) positions were held by the Hawaiians and Portuguese. Instead of returning to Japan to get married the men ordered brides from picture books and brought their brides here.

Unlike the Japanese who came to Hawaii to find their fortune, the Chinese came already having some money. They also came as families, rather than as individuals.

The Uchida Family

Father, Kameji Uchida, was born in Kumamoto, Japan. At an early age, he came to Hawaii in the late 1800s.

Mother, Yobu Kato, was also born in Kumamoto, Japan on March 17, 1877 and came to Hawaii. They were married in 1905. Mother was then 28 years old.

Father was only 41 years old when he died of illness in 1919, leaving his widow and five small children ages 2-11 years. Because of his early death, we know very little about him and his family. Whether he came as a contract laborer for the sugar plantation, we don't know. Did Mother come as a picture bride? These questions remain unanswered.

Father farmed on a piece of land on Kauai leased from the Robinson family who owned Niihau and much of south Kauai in Waimea, Hanapepe, and Makaweli. It was located several miles up the Makaweli River Valley. The Makaweli River merges into the Waimea River before flowing into the ocean about 1-1/2 miles below. Father's brother, Nisaku Uchida, and his family farmed about 1/2 mile above the river junction on the Makaweli River side, and our farm was several miles up this valley.

When I was born into the family on March 15, 1914, three siblings, all sisters, had preceded me. The first was Shizuko, followed by Fujiko and Misao. Following me was Kazuto (Walter) who arrived in 1916.

Nellie recalls that Grandma was a very quiet and dignified lady. When Gary went off to war, she did not cry, even though her daughter Elizabeth was crying. Grandma was a generous person. (Note: Elizabeth was Fujiko, Nellie her daughter.)

Earliest Recollection_(Age 3-5 years)

Only a few things that took place during those early years remain in my memory. My whole world was our home and immediate surroundings. There were two horses -- Charlie and Pokina. One was very docile and the other was more active. I was told in late years by my Monji sister that the tame and docile one was Poki. I recall arriving at the stable gate on the back of one of these horses. It must have been on Poki. The house was at the foot of the mountain. On the right

of the house was a low stone wall, a gate, and one or two mango trees.

There was a door that led into the kitchen/dining area and on the right were steps that led up to the living area. I recall quite clearly an incident which took place while the children were at the dinner table. The three sisters, all older than I, were talking and laughing. Father looking down at us from the top of the stairway scolding us for laughing and talking at the table. The three sisters got along very well and always had fun together. They spoke "*marudachi Kumamoto*" Japanese, a formal version of the dialect from Kumamoto.

The Japanese settlers in Hawaii came from five main areas of Japan: Kumamoto, Hiroshima, Yamaguchi, Fukuoka, and Okinawa. Each of these areas had its own unique dialect, so in Hawaii, these dialects blended together and mixed with English and Hawaiian in order for the Japanese groups to communicate with each other.

A small ditch ran in front of the house. A small area of the ditch was widened and deepened to wash and prepare vegetables for marketing the following day. After a flood, some oopus usually collected in this deepened area. We children had a great time catching them for the dining table.

My three sisters were of school age, and they walked every morning to Waimea School. After school was over about 2:00 p.m. they attended the Japanese School which was about a five-minute walk. At 4:00 p.m. they would start for home. During the winter months, when the days were short, Mother would walk down the road to meet them as it would already be dark by the time sisters got home. I remember, on occasion, accompanying Mother. We would carry a kerosene lantern to light the way. We usually met them by Shinohara Hill. When we heard them coming, we would call so as not to scare them.

About two or three times a week, Father would load the vegetables onto his horse-drawn wagon for marketing in nearby towns -- Waimea, Pakala, Makaweli. There was quite an activity on the nights before these marketing trips. The vegetables had to be harvested, washed, and tied in small bundles. Mother worked way into the night to get everything ready. Father returned at night from these trips. On occasion, he would be asleep on the wagon. The horse knew the way home. At the gate it would whinny to announce their return. Father would drink away most of his earnings from the sale of produce.

I knew of only one family living fairly close by, just *mauka* (mountain side) of our farm. The Ikeda family produced charcoal from the *kiawe* wood which was plentiful. I do not recall the couple nor their daughter, but I do remember seeing their son Torakuma passing in front of our house. Kitazaki sister tells me that there was an Ueda family living directly across the river from our house. She also told me that there were Chinese farmers much farther up the valley. Further down river, between the two Uchida farms, lived the Yamagata family. I remember the two sons -- Koichi and Yoshizo.

When Father died, I was only four years old. The only thing I remember about his passing is seeing Mother sitting beside his still body and crying, while sitting on the other side was his brother, Nisaku, calling *Anja Hito, Anja Hito* (Big Brother, Big Brother). He was buried in a cemetery near the ocean, between Waimea and Kekaha. Nisaku was the father of Doris and

Isami.

At Father's funeral, Mother cut her hair and put it in the coffin. This told him that she would not remarry. A Buddhist priest suggested that she marry an available man, but she refused because she did not know how this man would treat her children. Cutting the hair like that was a *samurai* custom. These are about the only recollection I have of my early years at the farm.

Shortly after Father's death, Mother not being able to manage the farm, moved the family further down river at the junction of the Makaweli and the Waimea Rivers. Uncle had his farm about 1/2 mile upriver. His household consisted of his wife, Hatsu, and three children - Shizue, who was born in Japan, Hisayo (Doris) about my age, and Isami (Billy). Many years later Doris told me that her father came to Hawaii to farm at the urging of his brother (my father) and did not come as a contract laborer for the sugar plantations. This led me to believe that Father also came from Japan directly to the farm.

At the foot of the mountain which separates the Makaweli from the Waimea Valleys, lived the Sakai family only about 20 yards away from Uncle's who was located close to the river. The family consisted of Father and Mother, Hatsue, Tadashi, Masae, Asae, Tadao (my age), Tamae, Katsue and Masao (Roy). I have a faint recollection that the Sakai family lived in a portion of Uncle's house before their house was built nearby.

Thinly scattered in this valley were some Hawaiian families, each having its own taro patches to make poi, their staple food. I remember the name of one family -- Kapepe.

On the Waimea Valley side, just *mauka* of the river junction, lived the Matsudas, Ogatas and the Hayashidas. They all farmed. The Matsudas had a son, Seichi, who in later years became a policeman in Waimea. A nephew of the Matsudas who lived in Koloa, stayed with them. He was my age. The Ogatas were related to the Sakais, so were the Hayashidas. The Ogatas had a son, Masuo, who in later years became the Koloa Branch Manager of First Hawaiian Bank, then known as Bishop Bank. There were several daughters among whom were Shigeko and Hideko. The Hayashidas lived across the Waimea River from the Matsudas. Their daughter Masako was my classmate. In later years, she got married to Tadao Sakai, also my classmate. Further up the river were the Takatas. Their son, Haruto, became a teacher at Waimea Junior High.

Our house was about a hundred yards from the junction of the Waimea and the Makaweli Rivers. The Waimea River was about 50 to 100 feet from our house. A large abandoned rice mill was located nearby. It was known as the Ako Mill. A huge "Pride of India" tree stood directly in front of our house. A clump of banana trees which bore red bananas grew a short distance from our house on the riverbank. In the back of the house was a small ditch which drained into the Waimea River.

The whole area was devoted to taro and truck farming. The Yokotake family, owners of the Waimea Poi Mill, owned most of the taro fields. About 300 yards below the junction of the Waimea and the Makaweli Rivers there was a swinging bridge spanning the river. On the Makaweli bank near the bridge was the Motoyama family - a couple, daughter and son, Kazu. A short distance *makai* of the Motoyamas was the Mukai family. One of the sons, Matsuto, was one

or two years younger than I was. According to Keith Robinson, Matsuto retired in later years as head carpenter of the Robinson sugar plantation.

It was while living at this river junction that our youngest sister, Misao, was adopted out to a Mr. and Mrs. Taguchi, a childless couple. They lived in the Eleele area. I remember accompanying Mother on one occasion visiting the Taguchis.

The Big Flood

It was about 1920 - a beautiful Sunday morning. Sisters were attending Sunday school in town. Mother was in the house sewing. Brother Kazuto and I were playing in the yard. At first we did not take particular notice of the rising river waters. This took place quite frequently. Huge chunks of debris started to float down. Soon we saw some chickens floating down on floating logs. The skies were still clear but there must have been heavy rains in the mountains.

The ditch in the back of the house started to rise. At this point, we ran inside the house to alert our mother. The ditch started to overflow. We helped Mother carry as much of our belongings into the second floor of the abandoned rice mill. Soon, the whole area was flooded. One of our neighbors (I believe he was from the Matsuda or Ogata household) waded down to our house to help us. A Hawaiian man who lived nearby also came to the mill for safety. The water kept rising. It almost reached the eaves of the house when it started to move and slowly drift downward. Very fortunately, it floated up against the huge "Pride of India" tree and was stopped. The whole valley was under water. The Makaweli River had also flooded, and waters rushed down from both valleys. A huge pig came floating near the mill. The Hawaiian man got into the water and killed it. The taro plants were all submerged in the brownish flood waters.

Right at that point was a rice mill built by the Ako family. Spending the night there in the mill saved their lives. A descendent of the Ako family was Kathleen Ako Sagara, Ronald's wife. By late afternoon, the waters had subsided. Our sisters were returning from Sunday school and appeared on the other side of the river. They called. We waved them back as there was no way for them to come across the river. They left. Later we learned that they spent the night with a Harada family. We spent a sleepless night in the abandoned rice mill because the air was thick with mosquitoes. Not having mosquito netting, we spent the night slapping our faces. The old mill had saved our lives.

Uncle's house was built about three feet above ground in one section and about six feet in a newer section. Both floors were spared from the flood. We stayed with them for a short while before moving further down river about half a mile below the river fork.

The Neighborhood

We rented a small house from a Yamamoto family who owned several houses on two sides of a rectangular rice field the size of an acre. The Yamamotos consisted of a couple, two children of Mrs. Yamamoto by a former marriage - Kenichi Mukai and his sister - sons Shoichi, Zenchi (Raymond), Takeo, Yoshito, Akira, and a daughter Fuiko. Takeo was my classmate.

Their house was located on the *mauka* of the long side of the rice field. On the shorter side were three houses. The one closest to the Yamamotos was occupied by the Kajiwara family, consisting of a couple, two sons, Teruo and Mitsuo, and a daughter. Mr. Kajiwara looked after a power plant at Camp I located way up in Waimea Valley. Teruo was about a year older than I. I remember riding on horseback up to his father's pumping station one weekend. His mother was a heavy Hawaiian woman. I also remember her taking the children and me up the valley for a day's outing. For lunch we took only *musubi* (rice ball). For *okazu*, we caught *oopus* and steamed them wrapped in ti leaves. Guava and plums were also plentiful during the season. They mentioned to me that sometimes about midnight they would hear the strumming of ukuleles in their house.

The next house was occupied by a bachelor named Ishikawa. The one beyond was also occupied by another bachelor by the name of Nomura. Both of them worked in the cane fields. In the back of these three houses was all sugar cane contracted by a Mr. Yamada for whom Mother worked in the fields.

On the *makai* side of the rectangle, across from the Yamamotos, were four houses. A large dwelling belonging to the Kagawa family was closest and facing the valley road. The Kagawas were a large family. Besides the couple were Shikiyoshi, Kanji, Yone, Miyako, Saburo (KaiKai), Fumio, Seigo, and Nora. Yone was a teacher, and in later years Miyoko became a nurse. Fumio was about a year younger than I.

Directly back of their house was ours. A small dwelling unit with one bedroom, parlor, dining area and a cooking area. None of the houses in this part of the valley had electricity, hence no refrigeration nor electric stoves. There was a table and a "safe" in the dining area. As there was no refrigerator the food in the "safe" was either dried, salted, pickled, or soaked in shoyu sauce. Cooking was done in a "*kudo*" made from a five-gallon kerosene can. It was raised about 3 feet above ground. Below the *kudo* the firewood and kindling branches, as well as a bottle of kerosene, were kept. A single pipe located a few feet from the house supplied all the water for cooking, drinking, dish washing, etc. At the back of our house was the Yamamoto rice field, and the front faced the Yamagata cane field which was about an acre in size.

In the house next to ours lived a big Hawaiian man. He was a special policeman during the time of a serious strike of sugar workers and was killed with three others. About 14 of the sugar strikers, mostly Filipinos, were also killed.

In the last house in our row lived a Filipino couple and beyond that was our "*furo*" (short, deep bath tub made of wood). Cockfighting was a favorite Filipino sport. Almost every weekend, participants would gather with their cocks. Betting was quite heavy as I saw bundles of bills change hands. Razor sharp blades were attached to each of the cocks' feet. Sometimes one of them would die after the first clash.

Beyond the Filipino house at the very end of the property was our "*furo*", a vegetable garden, a chicken coop, a small pig pen, and our outhouse. Mother would always keep a small pig and raise it to be sold. The garden and chicken provided us with vegetables and eggs.

One of our daily chores was to fire the *furo* each afternoon. On weekends, my brother and I

would go to the nearby mountain to gather firewood for the *furo* and for cooking.

Running across the Kagawas front yard was the Menehune ditch which came down from the valley. It irrigated the farms, taro patches, and cane fields in the valley. Running almost parallel to the ditch, running *mauka* - *makai* (ocean side) is the Waimea Valley Road. Another hundred feet or so beyond and running parallel to the road is the Waimea River. In this strip lived the Fukumoto family directly across the Kagawas. Mrs. Fukumoto's family consisted of Jackie, Toshiaki (To), Saburo (Sa), Yoshio (Yo) and Yuki, the youngest. Sa was my classmate, and we used to fish together with our throw nets.

Below the Fukumotos were the Hironaga couple and son Morris. Below, *makai* of them was the Sanwo store, the only grocery store in the valley.

Sanwo Store

- Owned by the Sanwo couple who were childless.
- Masao Morikawa worked for them. He had room and board there.
- His duties were to go to homes in the valley, take their grocery orders, fill the orders, and deliver the goods to the customers.
- Below the Sanwos was the Shii family.
- Below the Shii family was the Tanita family. The couple had two sons and a daughter-- Misano, Kaoru and Senroku.
- Across the road from the Tanitas was the Yaguchi family. One of their sons, Hideo (Pop) was my classmate.
- Coming back up the valley was the Kameshita family who made tofu. Their son, Seiso, was in the 100th Inf. Bn. with us. His daughter is taking an active part in the Sons and Daughters Organization.
- Next was the Hashimotos. They sold fish. They had several children, one of them was Torao who died rather early in an accident. Another son, Seian (Cowboy), lost one of his eyes in later years.
- Just *mauka* of the Hashimotos, across from the Sanwo store, a road ran towards the mountain. At the foot of the mountain was a Japanese church (*Odaisan*).
- Nearby was the Kurizaki family with several daughters and a son Takaoki (Cliften). Among the daughters were Teruko and Tora (schoolteacher). Cliff was my classmate. He spent much of the time in Japan and he died at an early age. The Kurizakis had a rice farm.
- Going *mauka* from the Kurizakis, a footpath led to the Morikawa family. They had 3 sons -- Tanga, Masao who worked at the Sanwo store, and Muggsy who later was a medic in the 100th Inf. Bn. This family moved closer to town, and
- Taira family moved into the vacated house. They had at least 2 children -- Minoru and Masao. Between their house and ours was all sugar cane. One of the larger sugar contractors was a Mr. Yamada for whom Mother worked in the fields.
- Nakai couple made ice cream.

On the cliffs between the Odaisan and the Tairas were many small caves filled with bones. We believe that the old Hawaiians used these caves as burial sites. Near the Taira house was a large

cave. In our early visits there, we saw an object that looked like the lower half of a casket. There also was one side of a shoe that looked like a moccasin. We were told that the cave was very deep and came out near the town of Kekaha. It may be part of the tunnel which was built by the plantation to transfer water from the Waimea Valley to the Kekaha cane fields. Below this cave was a huge pile of gravel which resembled freshly excavated rocks.

The reason for our frequent trip to this place was the existence of a patch of papapa vines, which yielded delicious beans like the lima beans. The leaves excreted a stinking smell which lingered on your clothes. If you went near someone without changing your clothes, he would know immediately that you went papapa picking.

Just *makai* of our house, across the Yamagato cane field, lived the elderly Nakai couple. Whenever there was a special event up the valley, such as an outdoor movie, wrestling, bon dance, etc. they would grind fresh ice cream using a lot of cream. For us, a nickel a cone was expensive but on occasion, Mother would allow us to "splurge" on a cone. It was delicious.

On the *mauka* side beyond the Yamamotos and on the valley road was the Makaila family. Behind them lived the Akanas. Two of the younger children were Paul and Kalehua, my classmates. Just *mauka* of the Makailas were the Matsumotos. Their son, Shigeyoshi (Shiek), in later years managed the Waipahu branch of the First Hawaiian Bank.

Mauka of the Matsumotos was the Okamoto family - a couple, 3 sons, Masao, "Jira Jira" and Richard, a daughter, Hanayo, who was my classmate.

Early school years (Age 6-12 years old)

Have no recollection of my first day in school. I do remember during the early days walking to school with my sisters, then later on with my classmates, who were my neighbors - Sa Fukumoto, Take Yamamoto, Fumio Kagawa.

Sometimes I would join Shigeo (Richard) Yoshioka who lived further up the valley with his mother, older brother, Seichi, and one or two sisters. He and his family moved to Honolulu before we graduated Waimea Jr. Hi. He gave me his bicycle before he left. It became my prize possession. In later years, he worked for Matson Navigation Co. and was a friend of Elsie Chang, Kathy's mom.

We all carried a khaki bag which was slung over our shoulder with a strap. In it we put all our school things such as books, pencil, ruler, pen, ink, etc. On the way home, if we got a long piece of cane from the caterpillar which was pulling a load of cane on the main road, we cut it into short pieces and put them in the bag. For many of us, lunch consisted of a rice ball (*musubi*) with an *ume* (salted plum) or some shoyu soaked *iriko* (small dried fish). Some families were able to afford *musubi* covered with *nori* (dried seaweed).

On occasion, I would be given a nickel instead of *musubi*. With the nickel, I would run to the New Bakery in town and buy a loaf of bread cut in half. One of the halves would be quartered and the inside would be pasted with butter on one side and jelly on the other. Munching on the

bread, we would slowly return to school. A ticket would be given us to redeem the second half of the bread on a later date.

Our early elementary school teacher was Mrs. Chang whose daughter was in our class. Our principal at that time was Mr. C. C. Wise, who with Mrs. Wise came from Fruitland, Idaho. She taught the 6th grade. During that time, at Christmas, we all received apples which were sent from home. Mrs. Wise was my teacher during my 6th grade. She had us correspond with her former students in Fruitland. Keith Strawn was the boy with whom I corresponded. Many years later when I was working at the Halekulani, I met one of our guests at one of our Tuesday night parties who registered from Fruitland, Idaho. I casually mentioned to him about my writing to Keith Strawn many years ago when I was in the 6th grade. To my surprise, he said, "I had lunch with him a few days ago at our Chamber of Commerce meeting." What a small world.

Most of us who were of Japanese ancestry continued to the Japanese school after the English school was over. During the earlier years, the principal of the Japanese school was Mashita *Sensei* (teacher). He was later succeeded by Kubota *Sensei*. He and his wife were assisted by Kawahara *Sensei*. Mr. Kawahara was the older brother of Thomas Kawahara, my classmate. In later years, he became a lawyer and assisted the colored people in Washington, D.C.

During our elementary school years, we engaged in simple sports such as betting marbles, spinning tops, making windmills from redwood roofing shingles, fighting with slingshots, peewee, carving canoes out of dry hau branches.

Oopus were plentiful in the river. On weekends, a few of us would spend the day hooking or catching them. Sometimes we would hook on to catfish which we called "Pake Oopu." Shrimps were also numerous. The oopus were also used for crab bait. About 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. on a weekend morning, 3 or 4 of us would take our crab nets, hand lines, and poles to the Waimea landing. We were careful to avoid mornings with a large moon or the crabs would be lean with very little meat. Certain times of the year, the halalu (small akule) and aweoweo would come into the bay. The aweoweo schools were so thick that a line with ten hooks would bring up at least 5 or 6 fishes, sometime 10. Baits used were slices of halalu or their stomachs. The crabs were the walari or white crab. Sometimes a lobster would be caught in the nets.

Hukilau

When large schools of fishes were spotted in the bay, the Hawaiians would dispatch long nets beyond the fish in two row boats, tie the ends together, form a large semicircle and bring in the ends of the net. Sometimes it seemed that the whole community was out on the beach to help pull in the net. As the pocket got closer to the shore, many fishes were gilled. Sometimes one or two huge sharks would be brought in. On occasion, they would tear the net and thousands of half dead fish would be washed ashore. Those with small scoop nets would almost fill their *panko fukuro* (flour bag). When the net and fishes were brought in on the shore, all those who helped pull in the net would sit in a circle. A large basket of fish would be brought into the center. A Hawaiian man would then distribute them to all the participants. Households would be busy that day, cleaning and salting the fish. The next morning, most clothes lines, especially those near the beach, would be heavy with strings of fish hung in the sun to dry.

In the late summer or early fall each year, mountain rains would cause small floods in the river. With the water came thousands of oopus heavy with eggs ready to spawn in the ocean. Many did not make it to the ocean - some were caught and some got stranded because of insufficient floodwaters. In pockets of water left by the floods, dozens of dead or half dead oopus could be seen. Hungry dogs would dunk their heads into the water to catch and eat them.

During the mid-30s, I used to spend my yearly vacations in Waimea with my cousin, Billy. One night, while crossing the river after a movie in town, we noticed the water rising. Before long, it came into a dry creek where Billy had build a *yana* - fish trap. Soon the water came into his trap and before long, we heard the splash, splash of oopu. Billy went home to get a bucket which we soon filled. He made many trips to home to empty the bucket. We quit about 2:00 a.m. When I got up late in the morning, Billy had taken the oopus to market and returned. He said that we had caught about 800 pounds of oopu for which he received 10 cents a pound. The fish dealer sold them for 20 cents a pound.

The oopus which made it to the ocean with the flood soon spawned. In a few weeks, millions of hinanas (baby *oopu*) would come up the river against its current. Those that survived would eventually reach the place where the other came from to complete its life cycle, similar to that of the salmon. The only difference is that the salmon returns to the stream to spawn.

Junior High 7-10th grade (Age 12-16 years)

Mr. Dallas McLaren was the school principal during our Junior High School years. Mrs. McLaren also taught a class. He had a very good memory, remembering many of the students by their names. Many years after leaving Waimea School, while working at the Halekulani, I saw Mr. McLaren at the hotel. He addressed me by my Japanese name, Kazuo. Some of my Junior High School teachers were:

- Mr. Hirano - Math
- Mrs. Shoemaker - typing
- Mr. Kenneth Kawaguchi - Ag? He was the first person I saw on a surfboard.
- Mr. Takeo Nakamura - Besides teaching a class, he also coached our softball team.
- Mr. Ahn - Music
- Fusao Tanabe - School secretary
- Mr. Carlson - Football coach
- Mr. Sessions - Science
- Mr. Millet - Shop
- Miss Kimiko Kawasaki - In later years, during WWII, her brother Isaac was our Battalion physician.
- Miss Cooke - Cafeteria
- Miss Manoron

As schools in the nearby towns - Kekaha, Mana, Eleele -- had only elementary grades, our Junior High was heavily sprinkled with students from those schools. Instead of seeing the same faces in the classes at the elementary level, we now had new personalities. I began to take my studies more seriously.

Some of my good friends from outside Waimea were:

- Giichi Fujimoto from Eleele
- Masao and Yoshito (Dan) Fujikawa (Yoshito skipped couple of grades and was in the same class as his brother.)
- Minoru and Tamotsu Nitta from Kekaha. They were cousins.
- Nobuharu Kobashigawa, also from Kekaha.
- Katsumi Yoshida from Eleele.

Sports

Football was the dominant sport. Mr. Carlson was our coach. In a game with Kauai High School (it may have been its Freshmen and Sophomore class team), I sprained my right wrist and was out for the rest of the season. My position was right guard. When softball season rolled along, I was one of the pitchers of the team. Mr. Nakamura was the coach.

Clubs

There were two clubs which I joined. The Pioneer Club and the Hiking and Camera Club. The highlight of the Pioneer Club activity was the occasional overnight outing to Barking Sands. Here we gathered driftwood for a huge bon fire for our marshmallows. We sat around the blaze and listened to ghost stories. Sometimes we gathered at the mouth of the river where driftwood was in abundance. For some reason, sand crabs would crawl right into the fire. Their roasted legs were tasty.

Fishing

I sewed my first throw net when I was in the 7th grade. Shoichi Ibara, who was also sewing a throw net, and I frequently got together to sew. My net was made of #10 cotton sewing thread because it was the least expensive. Shoichi sewed his with linen thread, which was quite costly.

Excitement ran high as Shoichi and I headed for the beach with my newly completed net. Our destination was the Russian Fort near the river's mouth. With the net in readiness, I crouched as I approached the coral head from which I planned to cast. Just as a wave broke over the coral head, I mounted it and threw blind. I felt a fish kicking in the net. Not wanting to lose it, I dove and grabbed its tail as I gathered the rest of the net. Shoichi was watching and waiting on the shore. As I threw the net on the sand, I saw blood by my fingers that held the fish. Our first catch was a kala about 18-20 inches long. It had two sharp knives on its tail. Shoichi said, "I better kill this fish before it causes more problems" and proceeded to grab the fish's tail to dash its head on the rock. The fish kicked. Shoichi sustained identical cuts on his hand as mine.

One side of the mouth of the river was lined with huge lava rocks. Deep in the water grew mussels. We dove for these bivalves and tossed them over a fire. When the shells opened, they were done. These were the days before goggles, fins, gloves, *tabi* or spears but it was clean, good fun.

Occasionally, I would take my throw net and walk past the Russian Fort towards Pakala. On one occasion, I saw an object swimming from the shore to a loose piece of coral about 2 inches diameter. It was not a fish. To satisfy my curiosity, I threw my net over the coral which was in 2 feet of water. As I slowly turned the coral over, I discovered that octopus was clinging to it. This was the first tako that I caught.

Between the Russian Fort and the Pakala landing was a large bed of coral near the shore. The water there was always murky. There were lobsters in this coral. Some of us would dive and feel for the lobsters' antenna which, when moved, made a squeaky sound. We would then feel for its head, push it against the coral, then yank the lobster out. The large ones were very difficult to dislodge as their powerful claws clung to the coral. Sometimes, our hand and fingers would run into the sharp needles of the wana (sea urchin). The needles were very difficult to remove. They turned our hands blue. Now that we know more about eels, I shudder as I think of what could have happened if one of them was encountered. I am told, however, that there is no eel where there are lobsters.

Saburo Fukumoto and I frequently walked to the Pakala landing to wait for uluas to chase schools of mullet shoreward. When lucky, we would catch over a dozen with one throw. When the Waimea River mouth was just about closed and ocean waves ran over into the river, mullets frequently rushed from ocean into river or vice-versa. Fishermen waiting along the banks would throw their nets to catch them.

Brother Walter and I would, on occasion, walk along the beach past the Waimea landing towards Kekaha to a place called Shiokiri. Near this beach is located the grave where my father is buried. Here we would throw our hand lines. If lucky, we would catch papio for our dinner table.

There was a Mr. Hunt who operated the Winch on the Waimea landing when the Humula or other Inter-Island freighters anchored in the bay to discharge cargo. He told us that the crew wanted to buy frogs, that he, Hunt, would pay us \$1.25 per dozen. This was big money for us. So during the day, we got our poles, attached a pomegranate flower and caught frogs. They were attracted to anything that was red. No hooks were necessary as once they bit the bait, they rarely let go. The taro patch and ditches were full of them. At night, with flashlights, we would go the riverbanks. Blinded when the lights were shone in their eyes, the frogs were easily caught.

My first jobs

When I was in the 7th grade, still too young to work for the Robinson plantation, an opportunity came by for me to earn some money. A Chinese family had contracted to raise cane in a few acres below the Mukai house across the river from where we lived. I remember a Chinese lady, working with us in the field, urging us to *Hana Hana, Hana Hana* (work, work). The job consisted mostly of *Hoe Hana*, the cutting of weeds with a hoe which was our primary tool. Irrigation *Hana Wai* was done by older people. The first pay day came after working 3 days in the sweltering sun. I became richer by 75 cents, which I gave to Mother who placed it on the *Butsudan*, a small temple on the wall.

During later summers, I worked for the Waimea Poi factory owned by the Yokotake family. Our

job consisted mostly of pulling weeds in the taro patches and burying them in the mud with our bare feet. During the first week or two, our fingers were swollen and sore but we soon got used to it.

Harvest time, we would break off the taro roots by implanting about 8 inches of a 3-foot pole along the taro root. The upper portion of the pole would then be moved in a circular motion to break as much of the roots as possible. The taro could then be pulled easily. The remaining roots would then be removed by hand. The taro would be piled for someone with a small flat bottom "boat" to come and gathered to take to a nearby dry spot. Here the taro was cut at the stem. Taro would be bagged to be taken to the poi factory to be steamed and ground into poi. The stem, minus the leaves, would be kept for replanting.

During harvest time, I would help my neighbors (among them the Yamamotos and the Kurusakis) cut the rice plants heavy with golden grains. The patches would be dried. We would each take 5 rows of the plants. As many plants were cut as could be held with one hand. The lower part of the cut plants would then be held between our thighs and another cut was made about 15 inches from the top with the grain. The lower part would then be laid carefully in the ground and on it the upper part would be laid. After awhile, the rice stalks would be gathered and tied into bundles about 12-15 inches in diameter to dry. These bundles are later gathered by a man with a 5-foot pole sharpened on both ends. One end would be imbedded in a bundle and the other end arranged into another bundle and neatly in a huge circle with the grains facing up. A team of horses would then run on the grains to separate them from the stalk. After this phase is completed, the men folks with pitchfork would cast the stalk into the wind. The grains would drop almost straight down while the light stalk was blown further away. This process continued until grain and stalk were completely separated. The grain would then be bagged and sent to the rice mill to have the husk removed from the rice.

Some of the grain would be kept for next spring's planting. A small area would be prepared to receive the grain. Before long, the patch would be green with soft seedlings. In preparation for the planting, the ground would be tilled by a person back of a plow pulled by a horse. The field would then be filled with water and the ground harrowed.

Long parallel lines were then drawn about 5 feet apart to mark the lines for planting. The seedlings were pulled and tied in small bundles about 4 inches in diameter and scattered in the rows for planters. Each planter took one row and would proceed to plant the seedlings spaced about 8 to 10 inches apart. This was the backbreaking part of rice planting.

A few times before the grain appears, workers enter the field to pull weeds and bury them in the mud with their feet. As the grain matured, rice birds by the hundreds would come in flocks to eat them. To chase them away, farmers placed 5-gallon kerosene cans in strategic areas, tie a long cord to each of them and pull from one central area to make a lot of noise. This scared them away initially. Later some birds got accustomed to the noise and stayed. Farmers frequently combined this noise with their voices.

Robinson Plantation

When I was about 15 years old (about 9th grade), I was old enough to work for the Robinson Plantation during the summer vacation. The pay was much better than what my first job paid. For a day's work, we received \$1.00. There was a Mr. Kakuda who recruited and paid the workers from the valley. A large truck would come by the Sanwo store about 3:00 to 3:30 a.m. in the morning. About a dozen or more of us youngsters would climb aboard with our lunch cans in tow and be trucked to fields assigned to our group. The work consisted mostly of *Hoe Hana* (cut grass with the hoe) and *Hana Wai* (irrigate the cane). Those doing the *Hana Wai* had to be particularly careful of centipedes looking for a dry spot as the water began to flood the rows of cane. Even if the trousers were tied at the ankles, they would manage to climb in the trousers, often times to the crotch where it was warm and moist. It was quite an operation to remove them.

The two whistles that we all looked forward to hearing were the lunch whistle and the *Pau Hana* (finish work) whistle. Sometimes the *luna* (foreman) on horseback would come and give us a certain field to *uke pau*. This meant that our workday would be over as soon as we finished the field. Everyone would work fast and the work would be finished 1 - 2 hours before the normal quitting time. After we got home, soaking in the hot *furo* relaxed our tired and aching muscles.

Cane Harvest

In about 18 months to 2 years, the cane would be ready for harvesting. The areas to be harvested were isolated from the rest of the field by a fire break. The *pula pula*, or the upper part of the cane stalk would be cut and kept for later planting. The cane would then be burned usually in the early morning. Cutting of the cane would then be made easier without the dry leaves. A team of *kachi ken* (cut cane) men with sharp cane knives would proceed, cutting the cane near the root and at the top to eliminate the leafy part of the stem. Following behind the cutters would be the *Hapai Ko* men (loaders of the cane) onto trains or trucks. Each man usually worked as a team with a woman who neatly gathered the cane in piles that could be comfortably carried by the partner. They were usually paid by the train or truckload. The new shoots from the original plants provided the second and sometimes the third crop.

Shizuko Sister Gets Married

- It was while we were living in the Yamamoto rental house that Sister Shizuko got married to Genji Kitazaki, a plasterer from Honolulu, working for the Monji Plastering Co.
- Sister Fujiko went to school in Honolulu. She worked in private homes while attending school.
- This left three of us - Mother, Kazuto and myself.
- Occasionally, Mother would ask me to write a letter to her older sister, Tanayo, or to her Father, Kato Kuniki, in Kumamoto, Japan. She would tell me what to write and I would do so in *Katakana* or *Hiragana*, except the address which I would copy in *Kanji*.
- She always said that she is *Buji de Arigatai* (thankful that she is fine) and inquired about their health.
- I could sense that Mother was sad and longed to see her family.
- Occasionally, I would massage her back, using my fingers and elbow. Her joints were covered with plaster to ease her pain.
- She enjoyed good health - I do not recall her being ill.

- At bedtime, she would frequently admonish Kazuto and me to be thrifty - do not waste. That one day, we must own our own home and to do our best in our work and studies (*isho ken mei*) and not do anything that would bring shame (*haji*) to the family.
- I remember a Japanese father almost committed suicide because his son swam across the river and was caught stealing a watermelon.
- She would also tell us that we must take care of ourselves (*yojin shinasai*) that we are responsible for our own bodies.
- I have never known the admonition of a father as he died so early.

Waimea Junior High School - Graduation 1930 from 10th grade

- There were 56 in our graduating class.
- I believe Dan Fujikawa was the valedictorian and Tadao Sakai the Salutatorian.
- The most visited memory of the graduation was the purchase of my first pair of shoes.
- My young "luau feet" were so uncomfortable that after graduation, I took them off, tied the two shoelaces together, slung them over my shoulder and walked home barefooted.
- Early that summer, I worked for the Robinson plantation with several other graduates.
- My big question was "what do I do when school starts?"
- One alternative was to go to Kauai High School. The cost, however, was out of reach for me.
- Daily transportation alone by bus was about \$11 per month.
- In addition, there was the cost of lunch and books. It was way beyond my reach.
- Another alternative was to quit school and work for Robinson in the cane fields. Several of the graduates did quit school and worked in various plantations.

Honolulu 1930 - Age 16

About midsummer, while still working in the sugar fields, Sister Kitazaki, now living in Honolulu, invited me to stay with them and I could attend McKinley High School. This was a good solution to the question of what I should do, so I accepted.

Morris Hironaga, who lived nearby, was going to Honolulu and he agreed for me to go with him. We boarded one of the small inter-island cargo boats. There were two types of passage - sleep in a room (cabin) or the rear or steerage on deck. We naturally took steerage as the fare was much less than the other. Upon reaching Honolulu Harbor, we took a cab. I was let off at the Kitazakis in Moilili while Morris continued on. This country boy marveled at the tall buildings, the density of the people, the street cars and the lights at night.

The Kitazakis lived in a small camp on Houston Street owned by the Matsumotos. Sister and her husband occupied a duplex. Their nextdoor neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Ono, an elderly couple. In the next duplex were the Sakais who had 2 daughters and a son. Mr. Sakai worked for one of the local Japanese newspapers. The adjoining unit was occupied by a Watanabe family. Across them was another duplex. One of the units was occupied by Mr. Sakai's younger brother and his wife. He was a painter. There was a 2-car garage below a rental unit. Across from the Kitazakis was an elderly couple, the Higashis. They taught *Shamisen*, a Japanese stringed instrument. Kitazaki worked for the Monjis, a large family who owned a plastering company. There were Mr.

and Mrs. Gengo Monji and oldest son Naotoshi, who later married my sister Fujiko. Then came daughters Sakae, Yoshimi, Yoshitashi, Helen, Suetoshi, and Mary. They had their business and home on Kalo Lane in Moilili.

Moilili

Liliha was the largest community of Japanese immigrants. Moilili was the second largest. Moilili was the home of the second Boy Scout Troop - Troop 2.

During these days, there was much athletic activities in Moilili. The Old Honolulu Stadium was located there. The old Moilili baseball field was also near the stadium. This field is still there but the stadium was torn down some years ago due to hazards caused by termite infestation in the wooden structure.

The area where Date Street runs from McCully to the Manoa stream was quite swampy and much of the land was devoted to taro and lotus farms. Part of McCully, east of the trolley tract that ran into Waikiki, was usually flooded after a heavy rain.

Shizuko lost her first 2 or 3 babies through miscarriages. When their first child, Mitsuno Marjorie, was born, there was much jubilation.

When the day's chores were done, some members of the camp came out in the cool evening breeze and talked stories. I remember the elderly Mrs. Higashi teaching Marjorie how to imitate grandpa (*Jii san*) and Grandma (*Baasan*). The little 2-year old would bend slightly forward, clasp her hands in the back, and wobbled slowly forward as everyone encouraged her by repeating "*Jiisan, Baasan; Jiisa, Baasan*", much to the enjoyment of everyone.

About this time, my sister Fujiko got married to Naotoshi Monji. As I recall, it was quite an event. It was a Japanese style wedding.

The Kitazaki family consisted of Genji's parents, his older brother, Genki, sister Natsuyo and a younger brother Kazutaka (Kenneth). Genki had several sons and daughters among whom were Masumi, Takeo, Fumi, Wataru, George. There were couple of others whose names I cannot recall. The family operated a pig farm on Oili Road and later moved to Wailupe near the present fire station. One summer, Genki had to undergo an appendectomy. Toshi Nakayami, a long-time family friend of the Kitazakis, and I went to their home to help by collecting slop from homes and businesses. We started very early in the morning and had breakfast in Moilili. In the evenings, Toshio, Wataru (Genki's oldest son) and I would go to the nearby beach to catch *opaelolo* (shrimp) with a net. These shrimps were considered good bait to hook *papios* but we ate what we caught.

McKinley High School - September, 1930

Principal was Miles Cary. First year, a Junior. It was during the Depression. It was a lonely experience entering a very large school in unfamiliar surroundings and knowing no one. I believe there were other students from Waimea Junior High -- Esther Ako, Yutaka Tsuchiya, and Walter

Lee but I rarely bumped into any of them.

Slowly I got into the routine and began to make some friends. With no oldtime schoolmates to socialize with, I spent much time at my books. For recreation, I frequently joined other residents after school or during the weekends to play touch football or baseball in the old Moilili field which was located only a block away from the Kitazakis.

Summer Job

During the summer, I worked for a short while at CPC (California Packing Corp.) in the canning department, doing night shift. Then to Dole Pineapple Cannery in the cafeteria. A Mr. Lee picked me up each morning to work. He was a year-round worker in the cannery. This was ideal for me as we had free breakfast and lunch, all we could eat. Our job consisted of cleaning the cafeteria, setting the tables for lunch, and serving the meals when the employees started to come in.

I learned to carry 5 full plates to the tables -- 4 with my left hand and one in my right. The old timers carried as many as 7 or 8 platefuls. Sometimes when the gravy got on our hands, we would unload everything on the nearest table. Occasionally we would hear a loud crash of falling plates filled with food. After the main course, those who wanted ice cream would form another line. To those whom we knew from school, we would give them a huge scoop.

As the dining room was vacated, we would remove all the plates, silver, etc. from the tables on small carts. The floor was then swept and mopped. Every few days, it would be scrubbed. The most welcome day was payday. I believe I started with about 15 or 16 cents per hour.

Senior Year 1931-32

I was more relaxed during my senior year as I became familiar with my surroundings and made more friends in school and out. I also got more involved in school activities as I was elected student body clerk and voted into the exclusive McKinley Citizen's Club. To become a member of this all male club, a student had to go through initiation: running through the Mill blindfolded, subjected to electrical shocks, and selling newspapers on Fort Street, etc. I was also elected into the National Honor Society. During the Christmas vacation, I worked as a typist for Dr. Doolittle in the Tuberculosis Bureau of the Board of Health.

Ernest Takara was our class president, VP Ruth Bow, Secretary Edna Hamamoto and Treasurer Henry K. H. Lee. Our Student Body Government consisted of Francis Ching, President, Annie Johnston, Vice President, Seide Ogawa, Secretary, Clarence Chang, Treasurer, and I was the Clerk. I worked very closely with Seido, he being the Secretary. Francis in later years became mayor of Kauai. Clarence became a physician. All of us also belonged to the Executive Council.

Riley Allen, editor of the Honolulu Star Bulletin, was highly civic minded and took interest in getting the students to become familiar with the business world. Each Monday he would invite a member of the office training class to lunch at the Pacific Club where they always had a guest speaker. I was fortunate in attending one of these lunches with Mr. Allen.

Job Interview

By the spring of 1932, most seniors like myself must have started thinking about their plans for the following fall. Whether to continue to the University of Hawaii or join the work force was a big decision. As for me, U.H. was out of the question as the cost was beyond my reach. My only alternative was to join the others, thousands of them, to look for work.

The whole country, Hawaii no exception, was in the midst of a deep depression. Jobs were scarce. I could go back to the Cannery at least for the summer. At the end of the summer, when many students go to the University, the job situation might get better.

It was in April when I was called into Mr. O'Neil's office. He was the placement director. He said that the Halekulani Hotel had an immediate opening for a front office clerk. It meant leaving school 2 months prior to graduation but I could return for night school and receive my diploma. Would I be interested? He consented to give me a day to consider. After weighing the whole employment situation, I agreed to go for an interview. I could take the job if offered to me, until I could get a civil service job. My desire was to be a Court Reporter.

On the appointed day, I went to the Halekulani Hotel on Waikiki Beach and was interviewed by its owner, Clifford Kimball and was hired! Clifford Kimball was a huge, kindly New Englander from Newton, Mass. His wife, Juliet, was a sister of the wife of Kauai's senator Rice. The Kimballs had two sons; George, the elder, was a student at Harvard Law School and Richard, who was with a ranch on the Big Island. Clifford Kimball had a sister, Helen, who owned the Oriental Gift Shop on Lewers Street.

The hotel consisted of a main building which was just completed. The first floor consisted of offices, living room, library, dining room, and the kitchen. The basement was used for storage and worship. On the ocean side of the building was the Hau Tree *Lanai* (roofed porch or veranda). Adjoining the building on the Diamond Head side was the Second *Lanai* which was also covered by branches of a huge hau tree.

Near the ocean's edge was an ancient kiawe (algeroba) tree under which various Hawaiian groups played their musical instruments and danced the hula. for appreciative guests. Near this tree was the famous "House Without a Key," an open *lanai* immortalized by mystery writer Earl Derr Biggers in one of his Charlie Chan detective stories. It was also known as the Brown's *Lanai* as the strip of property in which this *lanai* was built was once owned by Sheriff Brown.

On the Diamond Head side of this parcel was the former Gray's property, now part of the Halekulani.

Besides the Main Building, there were 17 bungalows, not including the one occupied by the Kimballs, with a total of 105 units in about 4 acres. The ocean frontage was about 500 feet. On the Diamond Head end of the property was Gray's beach.

My First Full Time Job – Front Office Clerk

Already working there in the office were: Joseph Ho, Chief Clerk, on the day shift, Mickey Nakahara on swing shift. He also had a room in this building to answer phones after the midnight closing hour. He was a cheer leader at McKinley, a year ahead of me. There was another day clerk whose name I do not remember.

Charlie Chang was the head night clerk. University student Henry Hu was also on night shift. Mickey, another clerk and I were on the swing shift from 5-12 midnight - 2 weeks day and 1 weeknight.

Bookkeeper was Walter Crandall, a bachelor and a retired banker, from Wichita, Kansas. He was born in Hardwick, Vermont. While visiting Hawaii and a guest of the Halekulani, he was offered the job by Clifford Kimball.

Day Shift Duties

Operate the switchboard, give information to guests at the counter, sell cigarettes, stamps, etc., sort out mail and place in guests' boxes. In the afternoon, deliver mail and messages in guests' boxes, assist guests in any way possible.

Night Shift

In addition to the day shift duties, we turned on the night lights for the main building as well as for the bungalows, set up card tables in the living room after dinner. As there was very limited entertainment in Waikiki, most of the guests remained at the hotel in the evening. The hotel operated on the American Plan (the daily rate included room and 3 meals). After 8 p.m. when the dining room closed, we also filled orders for ice, soft drinks, sandwiches, etc. We didn't mind doing this because we usually received tips.

Our Guests

Most of our winter guests were from the East Coast, many elderly and retired. Many were returnees and stayed 2-3 months. Summer guests were younger and came from all over the country.

Permanent Guests:

A number of guests made Halekulani their home, among them were:

- Peter McLean, vice-president of Bishop Trust M.B. (Kit) Carson, executive of Inter Island Steamship Co., the forerunner of Hawaiian Airlines.
- Frank Boyer, retired
- Tom Crawford, retired

These were all bachelors and occupied rooms in the "Bachelors Quarters". Rate for the rooms was \$6.00 per day which included 3 meals.

Other permanents were Mr. & Mrs. Harry Dawson and son Jeffrey. Mr. Dawson was the manager of the travel dept. of T.H. Davies with an office at the Halekulani. Mrs. Dawson was of the *Kamaaina* Waterhouse family of Honolulu. There were also the elderly sisters, Mrs. Meier and Miss Mist.

Economic Conditions

The hotel, as well as many other businesses in Hawaii, was undergoing difficult times when I started. In addition to the national economic depression and the stock crash of the early 1930's, it was burdened by the mortgage on the newly completed main building. During the off season, which were the Spring and the Fall months, the waiters and room boys (there were no maids during those days) were placed on a 2-week on and 2-week off schedule. During the off-schedule weeks, they were given the opportunity to do maintenance and landscaping work. I was given a room in the old Grays building.

Mr. Kimball had a stenographer come in 2-3 times a week to type his letters. As I was trained for this, he gradually shifted this work to me. Two incidents which occurred during this time dwelled indelibly on my mind.

The whole nation was suffering from a deep depression. Times were hard and money scarce. One day while I was in Mr. Kimball's office, Mr. Crandall came in. "Mr. Kimball", he said, "Today is pay day but there is no money in the bank." Looking at Mr. Crandall for a while, Mr. Kimball replied, "They have families and have to eat. I'll go to the bank and borrow the money. Plan on making the payroll today." Unlike today, making up a payroll was a rather simple matter. There was no withholding for group insurance premiums, Social Security, Credit Union savings, etc. The only withholding occurred once a year, a poll tax of \$10.

At another time, a room boy came in and said, "Mr. Kimball, I want to borrow some money until next pay day." Mr. Kimball replied, "Yama, you know that we are having a hard time. There is no money to lend. What do you need the money for?" "I cannot pay my insurance premium," was the reply. Mr. Kimball looked at him and said, "Yama, that is one thing I want you to keep up; I'll lend you the money."

Jack Ruggles

About this time we had a change in the assistant manager's position. Jack Ruggles replaced Harry Royal. Ruggles was from a wealthy New Jersey family. His father owned a seat in the New York stock exchange. The depression wiped them out clean, and they had lost everything. He soon took over the reservations as Mr. Kimball was not too well. His wife Kay was hired as a social director. She was a kin of the Robinson family of Kauai.

Ruggles recognized some names of those requesting room reservations. By midfall we were usually completely booked for the Winter season. Ruggles was very selective of our guests. He checked the New York social register and "Who's Who in America" for applicants' names. If their names did not appear in those publications, the cable reply would read, "Regret nothing available." Many applicants would give references of prominent persons or of our regular guests.

Halekulani was the first hotel to give leis to incoming guests. On boat days Mrs. Victor would come with an expensive koa calabash filled with leis...plumeria, ginger, mauna loa, etc. Each arriving guest received a lei. They were also given leis on departure.

When hotel representatives were allowed to go off port to greet incoming passengers, the Halekulani guests were given fragrant flower leis. While the Honolulu Visitors Bureau started with paper leis, it soon changed to flower leis. The passenger boats were always greeted at the pier by the Royal Hawaiian Band.

Howard Suyetsugu preceded me at the Halekulani. He was a year ahead of me at McKinley. He was in the rooms dept, and we got him into the office. Kenny Tosaki, who came after me at Halekulani, was also transferred from the rooms dept to the office. Kenny was also a McKinley grad. Howard and I shared a room and Kenny had a room by himself next to ours. My brother Walter also was hired at Halekulani in the rooms dept.

Activities

Being on the ocean, much of our activities were centered on the beach. When on night shift, I usually took a long swim before breakfast. Mickey had a surfboard of solid redwood about 9' long. While he was on duty, some of us would take it out to surf. Later I built an 11 footer with redwood strips 1x4x12 hollowed and glued together. It lasted for many years. Fishes were plentiful during those days. If we wanted fish for dinner we would take our throw net and walk past Fort DeRussey up to the Niu Malu Hotel. We almost always caught a few mullets which Bob Chang, a cook, would steam for us.

If not surfing, Kenny Tosaki and I would mostly likely be spear fishing for menpachi, aweoweo, manini, kole, to name a few. Late afternoon about sunset was a popular time to go trolling along the reef on our surfboard for papios. During dark nights when there was no moon, a popular sport was torch fishing. Scoop nets and spears were used to catch octopus, kumu, weke, etc.

After a good rain some of us would take young guests for ti leaf sliding up Tantalus, above Manoa Valley. On occasion we would also go on a day's hike up Sacred Falls in Hauula or to Waimea Falls. Beach barbecue parties were also enjoyed by young and old. On the Diamond Head end of Ft. DeRussey was the YWCA Beach House managed by Richard and Ethel Oyadomori. Because there was a tennis court there, Howard Suyetsugu and I took up membership to use the facilities. We frequently took guests who were tennis enthusiasts to play at the convenient nearby court. Touch football on the sandy beach was also a popular pastime.

Mr. Crandall, Howard and I frequently took trips together. One popular trip was driving around the island, stopping at Cooper's Ranch Inn at Hauula for lunch. The Inn featured hibiscus blossoms of many colors, placed in the dining room. The Oahu Railway train commuted regularly from the Iwilei station to Haleiwa where there was the popular Seaside Hotel which was managed at one time by Clifford Kimball before he purchased the Halekulani. On occasion we three would board the train and enjoy the scenic route through Ewa, Nanakuli, Maili, Waianae, Makaha, Makua Pass, Yokohama Bay to Kaena Point where we got off. The train continued to Haleiwa. We enjoyed exploring the beach, looking for shells and glass balls. At lunch time the basket, prepared by the hotel, was opened and its contents spread on the sand. The turkey and beef sandwiches, as well as fruits and ice tea, always tasted good. In mid afternoon, on the return trip of the train we would flag it down for a relaxing ride back to Iwilei.

We three took several trips to the Big Island and Maui. On one of these outings to Hawaii, we took a young man from Boston, Massachusetts by the name of William Dwyer. He came to Hawaii as a companion to an elderly couple by the name of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Kerr. While driving up the hill from Kealakekua Bay to Capt. Cook, we stopped on the roadside and picked some papayas from an abandoned farm. Soon afterwards the car broke down. We attributed this problem to a *kahuna* for picking the papayas.

The Capt. Cook service station had to order the needed parts from Hilo. This being Saturday, we were told that the parts could not be delivered until Monday, and the car would be ready by Tuesday. We hired a cab to Kona which was our destination. Mr. Crandall stayed at Kona Inn while the three youngsters registered at the Ocean View Inn. The next day being Sunday, Tom (William Dwyer?) suggested that we three attend a Catholic Church and perhaps break the *kahuna*. So the next day we attended church. Before entering, Tom gave Howard and me each a quarter. When we asked what it was for, Tom said, "You will soon find out." We followed Tom, who upon entering the church, went through various motions, kneeling at times. Howard and I stood motionless. The service was all in Latin and I doubt if most of the congregation, including Tom, knew what was being said. Ushers came along with long poles with a bag at the end. When it came to our pew, Tom said, "Now put the quarter in the bag."

After church we were quite relieved at the thought that the *kahuna* might be broken. We decided to enter a deep lava tube which ran along Hualalei Road under Kailua town. We were told that if we went far enough we could hear waves breaking overhead. So we bought new batteries for our flash light and entered the tube on Hualalei Road several hundred yards *mauka* of Kailua town. The tube sloped downward slightly towards town. There were smaller tubes branching off the main one. Suddenly, to our horror, the flashlight did not go on. The bulb must have burned out.

Cold sweat oozed out of the pores. There was complete darkness. The palm of your hand an inch away from your face could not be seen. We groped our way uphill. Finally, after what seemed hours, we saw a pinpoint light, the entry into the tube. We all gave a great sigh of relief. The *kahuna* for taking the papayas was not yet broken.

This was election time. The night before several politicians also stayed at the Ocean View Inn. The night before, they were up all night drinking, playing musical instruments. An old Hawaiian native of Kona told us a story about a hiker in the Kau desert, finding a lava cave with many Hawaiian artifacts. He wanted to show his discovery to someone in the Bishop Museum. He carefully marked the area and landmark before leaving. When he returned with an archeologist from the Museum, he was unable to locate his discovery.

Our next stop was Honokaa. Mr. Crandall stayed at the Honokaa Club. We three registered at the Oshima Hotel. That evening we took a bath in an outdoor *furo*. It was rectangular in shape. On one side was the door and a large window with clear glass on the opposite side. As we were washing a young lady passed outside the window and looked our way. Tom got all "shook up", jumped to his feet and slammed shut the transparent window. We all had a good laugh.

Trip to Maui

On another vacation, we three, Mr. Crandall, Howard, and I went to Maui. We stayed at the Maui Grand Hotel in Wailuku. It was owned and operated by Mr. Ed Walsh who was a good friend of the Kimballs. Through him we met the assistant superintendent of Public Instructions who was on Maui on an inspection trip of schools. One day we accompanied him to a small school in Kohakuloa located almost on the north western tip of Maui. Kohakuloa was a Hawaiian community. There was only one classroom which housed classes from 1st - 8th grade. A couple of German descents were the teachers. Their two blond sons stood out from among the 15 - 20 dark skinned Hawaiian students. The couple must have been very dedicated teachers to choose to be located in such a remote area. The road ended at Kohakuloa and during heavy rains the road was inaccessible.

On another occasion we accompanied the educator to Hana. Arriving there quite early, we looked around for a restaurant for breakfast. We located one. The menu selection was very limited. Among the items was T-bone steak which we all ordered. It was the best T-bone I've had.

Ed Walsh arranged for us to go up to Haleakala early one morning to see the sunrise. As daylight gradually replaced the darkness, the red sun majestically made its appearance. It was a sight to behold - a trip well worth the effort.

Someone told us about a phenomenon that rarely occurred; not many Maui residents have even seen the unusual spectacle called the "Specter of the Brucken". It is so called because this occurrence also takes place in Brucken, Germany. One afternoon we decided to take a chance, drive up to Haleakala, and hopefully see it. Conditions have to be just perfect for this to occur. The right amount of sunlight, its proper angle, sufficient clouds and fog. The afternoon was overcast. After waiting at the crater rim for quite a while, we decided that it was not our lucky day. As we walked back to the parking area and got into our car, the clouds parted and a streak of sunlight came through from the West. We hurried back to the crater rim. Facing the eastern rim of the crater with the sun at our backs, the fog came in, blanketed the eastern wall causing a huge white screen on which our shadows were portrayed. They waved back at us from a mile away as we waved. It was an unusual experience. It was our lucky day. We saw the Specter at our first attempt while many Maui residents, after many attempts, had yet to see it.

Sports Fishing

During the summer months sports fishing was very popular. Harton Singer, a regular summer visitor with his family from Sewickley, Pa., frequently took half-day charters. He would ask me to join him, his younger sister Peggy Ann and her governess. Our favorite boat was the "Ehukai". Mahimahi, ono, aku and small yellow fin were plentiful. I can't remember a time when we were whitewashed. Marlin and giant ahi, however, were never caught.

One day we decided to go shark fishing. An old nag was purchased from a stable on Farmers Road in Kahala, trailered to Pier 2, and shot. It was dragged to the mouth of Pearl Harbor and had its stomach cut open to attract the sharks which, we were told, were plentiful there. After drifting about most of the day we finally cut the horse loose and headed home. Not a shark was sighted.

One summer I took Harton to Kauai on my vacation. We had a great time firing at flying doves with my 12-gauge Winchester shot gun. To this day after almost 60 years, we are still in touch with each other.

Most of my vacations were spent on Kauai, helping at my Uncle's farm, fishing, and hunting with my cousin, Isami (Billy). I remember the *Hana Wai* days (water the plants), *Ho Hana* (cutting the weeds with the hoe), harvesting cucumber, tomato, green peppers, radish, carrots, etc. These vegetables were fertilized but I do not recall them being treated with pesticides. The young center of the head cabbage had to be checked for caterpillars which fed on the young leaves. Flocks of rice birds had to be chased away from feeding on the golden rice kernels before harvest. This was done by clanging 5-gal. cans placed in various parts of the field and pulled by cords at a central point. Flint lock guns were also fired to scare the birds.

Harvesting lotus roots was a muddy job as they grew 1-3 feet below the surface. To get the best price, the lotus root had to be dug whole and unbroken. They grew up to 3 feet long.

Hunting

Because my family was a tenant of the Robinsons in years past, Tadashi Sakai was able to get permission from the Robinsons for me to hunt up in the Makaweli Valley. Tadashi, Tadao, Isami and I would ride up the Valley on horseback. We used the 30-30 rifle, a very popular gun to hunt goats. We always shot some. They were gutted and head cut off and brought home for skinning. The billy goats usually had a strong gamey odor; the nannies were less smelly. A popular way of preparing goat meat was stripping, salting, and drying as there was no refrigeration.

One August night, when returning from a movie, Isami and I were crossing the river to his home when we noticed the early stages of a flood. We went to his oopu trap (yana) which was built across a dry stream bed. As the flood rose, water started to come into the dry bed and soon sieved through the dry bed and soon sieved through the trap. The debris accumulating in the yana had to be removed continuously to enable the water to sieve properly. Soon we heard the splash, splash of the oopus. Isami made his way home to fetch a couple of buckets. As they were filled, Isami took them home to be emptied. We continued for several hours into the early morning hours. Exhausted, we went home to sleep. When I finally got up, Isami had already taken the oopus to the Hashimoto fish market. We sold the oopus for 10 cents a pound and the Hashimotos sold them for 20 cents. I was told that there were several hundred pounds of oopus.

All this time I was taking non-credit courses at the University of Hawaii. Among the subjects taken were Business English by Muriel Bergstrom, Principles and Practice of Real Estate by Milton Miyagawa, Trust and Probate, and others.

Civil Service Test

Still wanting to be a court reporter, I took a Civil Service test. The Civil Service Commissioner at that time was Ransom Sherretz. Not long after taking the exam, I was called one evening by Sherretz for a job opening right away as a police reporter. My classmate, Tsukuo Nakagawa, had already taken a similar job in the police dept. I told Sherretz that in fairness to my employer, I needed to give him at least a 2-week notice and I declined. Sherretz was understanding and said that he would call when the next opening occurred. A few weeks later on a Sunday evening while I was at work, Sherretz called and said, "Give your boss 2-weeks' notice and report to work." I said, "OK."

Jack Ruggles, assistant manager, was on duty that night and I gave the news that I was leaving. He tried to dissuade me in every way he could from leaving. He said that in the police dept, I would be working among the worst criminal elements, while at Halekulani my contacts were the best type of people. He said, "Wait. I'll go see the boss." He was away for some time and finally returned with word that I would get double my pay which would bring it a little over a hundred dollars plus room and board. After weighing the matter and remembering what Ruggles said about my contacts and association at the Police Dept, I finally decided to stay.

When I called Sherretz and told him what had happened, he said that I owed him a cigar as he was responsible for my increase in pay. So we both laughed and parted friends. Some years later his son worked for awhile at our front office.

Leis off the Port

Boat days in Honolulu were an exciting and colorful time. Both arrivals and departures were greeted with the Royal Hawaiian Band and friends with leis. Piers were scented with plumerias,

ginger, tube rose and other leis. Once again, Halekulani was the first hotel to greet its guests off port. Every Wednesday I would pick up a bunch of leis, board one of the Young Brothers tugs with reporters, representatives of other hotels, Hawaii Tourist Bureau (name was changed to Hawaii Visitors Bureau some years later), customs officials, Transfer Co. Reps - HC&D or City Transfer. The tug took us off Diamond Head where we would board the Lurline or the Matsonia. On other days Mariposa and the Monterey also brought passengers enroute to Australia. Customs prohibited our boarding ships like the Aorangi and the Niagara which belonged to the Canadian Australian lines.

Purchase of Wela Street Property

About this time, having saved a few thousand dollars, I started thinking about purchasing a home as my mother and brother had a small rental duplex on Houston Street in Moiliili where both of my sisters lived.

After looking at several properties with Dick Warfield of A.H. Rice Co. (a real estate company), I was taken to a house on Wela Street in Kapahulu. The owners wanted to return to the Mainland as the wife could not endure the hot weather. The property consisted of a fully furnished house, an old automobile and an adjoining vacant lot. The older house had 2 bedrooms plus a family room in the back which was added on, a kitchen, a parlor, and a 1- car carport.

Price was \$4,200. The assessed valuation was house - \$1,101.00, lot - \$481.00, empty lot - \$477.00. Total - \$2059.00.

On 4/4/39 I purchased this property. What a good feeling, rather awesome, to own your own home. From absolutely nothing 7 years earlier after graduating McKinley to a property owner. Of course, I had to borrow money to make the full payment. Mr. Gibson, head of First Federal Savings and Loan on Fort Street, granted me the loan. Over the years I developed a good credit rating with him.

Now I thought to myself, I'll make mother happy by giving her a home. So one day I arranged to drive her to the house. I got the shock of my life when she told me that she would not want to leave Moiliili where her two daughters lived in walking distance. Stores were also nearby. Kapahulu was too far "in the country." She would miss the visits by her grandchildren. I put myself in mother's position and I fully realized how important those reasons were to her.

Now, what to do? The alternatives were: (1) sell, (2) rent it out, and (3) for me to give up my room at the hotel and move into the newly purchased house. After giving this matter much thought, I decided to rent it. The first tenant was the Tom Robs family, a couple and 2-3 children.

Gwynne Austin

When the Inter Island Steamship Co. built the Naniloa Hotel in Hilo, Jack and Kay Ruggles were tapped to open and manage it. Replacing Ruggles as assistant manager was Gwynne Austin. About this time Richard, the younger of the two Kimball sons, took over the managership of the hotel. Clifford Kimball was not well and relinquished the reigns. Richard, being an outdoor man and not one to be tied down to the office, left much of the operation to me, such as much of the day-to-day correspondence, advance reservations, etc.

One thing I must be thankful for is that no pressure was exerted on the reservation staff when the hotel was booked full and no room was available to fill requests from important business people

for their mainland friends or business associates. A very bad situation existed when a boatload of visitors arrived on Wednesday with no one leaving the Islands until Friday when the boat departed.

Several years earlier when visitors to Hawaii were on the increase, Mr. Clifford Kimball foresaw this overlapping problem and reserved a number of rooms for guests who could not get a room at Halekulani until Friday. When the ship arrived, Halekulani guests had rooms at the Royal Hawaiian for the two nights and moved to the Halekulani on Friday when guests departed. In the meantime, guests destined for the Royal or the Moana had to stay on board the ship until Friday before they could check into their hotel.

Sometime later Matson officials got wise and scheduled their boats to arrive in the morning and leave the same afternoon, eliminating the 2-day overlay. On board the ship, we went to the purser's office to get a passenger list, also the VIP list. Almost always there were more passengers on the VIP list for the Halekulani than for the Royal.

Off Port

We would page our guests and give them leis as well as information on baggage and transportation to the hotel. During those days almost everyone came with one, two, or more steamer trunks. Hardly anyone traveled with suitcases. Like an arriving passenger, we would go on deck and enjoy the noisy greeting from those below on the pier. The Royal Hawaiian Band played for all arriving and departing ships. Flower leis were in the arms of almost all greeters ready to drape them over their arriving friends. Sometimes I would see an acquaintance below who thought I was returning from a Mainland trip.

Upon arrival at the hotel, a returning guest would most likely be greeted with leis from other guests who arrived earlier. They became friends from previous visits. As many guests returned each year for 2-3 months and occupied the same room, they would have their same room boy and same waiter (no, there were no waitresses or room maids during the early years). The room boy or waiter, too, may be there at the front to greet the guests.

When a guest went to his room, he may find his bed already raised 6 inches at the head as required in previous visits. As he approached his breakfast table the next morning, his waiter went into the pantry and brought out to his guest his favorite papaya with a piece of lemon.

In the early 1930's each hotel provided its own evening activities for its guests as there were hardly any other amusement places in Waikiki. One of the popular pass times at the Halekulani was the card games. One of the duties of the office clerks was to set up card tables for the guests after dinner. A permanent jigsaw puzzle table was in one corner of the living room. This was a great attraction for some of the guests. Great friendships developed around the table. The puzzles were rented from a person who cut them. When he retired, the hotel purchased the equipment. Bob Chang, a chef, and I cut the puzzles in the evenings. Mr. Crandall was in charge of putting out new puzzles and disassembling the completed ones.

Strolling musicians almost nightly serenaded guests outside their lanais with their ukuleles and

steel guitars. It was common for groups of guests to gather in their lanais for cocktails before dinner. Men usually wore tuxedos.

There was a change in assistant managers about this time. Gwynne Austin returned to the mainland. Replacing him was Jack Pearse, a young mainlander just out of college. He got along well with everyone. Many employees remember him as the one who introduced in our staff dining room the miso soup with tofu and ulua center bone.