



GASSHO

August
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"Hands together in reverence & gratitude"



PURE NOSTALGIA

by rev. roland k. tatsuguchi

Nostalgia is "... yearning for a past that is not recoverable." Being nostalgic is to be full of paradoxical feelings of loss and endearment. Genuine nostalgia, however, sobers us to the truth that "all things are impermanent (*sarva dhamma anicca*)," that is, "life is full of ups and downs, hopes and fears, as well as with the actuality that "life does not go as we truly wish" (*dukkha*). Paradoxically, nostalgia also makes us realize the fact that "one is living as well as dying in each moment that is passing us by." However, genuine nostalgia awakens deep gratitude and profound reverence for each passing moment of life. To be truly nostalgic however, is to be free of critical opinions and judgments, especially as spawned by superstitions and prejudices that are illusory and delusory.

Due to my past karma, I was born and raised in Pawa during the Great Depression years. It was a time when the New England missionaries had already arrived (first wave in 1820). They were raising their children in their own exclusive schools and churches. For the Hawaiian Ali'i (royalty) they had converted, they also had established the Royal School exclusively also for the children of the Ali'i. As the descendants of missionaries became mercantile minded, they began interlocking with powerful European and American investors and businessmen. As of consequence, the Native Hawaiians' primitive implements and weapons made out of wood, stone, bone and seashells were no match for their machines and weapons, especially the amenities and conveniences of Western civilization born of the scientific and industrial revolutions in Europe.

When the New England missionaries as descendants of their Pilgrim forefathers and Puritan pride came to the Sandwich Islands, they saw the Native Hawaiians as worshippers of idols full of superstitions, living their lives in shameless naked sensuality (sinfulness). On the other hand, the American and European entrepreneurs with the political and military

MONTH'S THOUGHT



... The name of the transformative center, *anahata*, has the curious meaning "not hit" ... signifying "the Sound ... not made by any two things striking together." For every sound heard by the physical ear is of things rubbing or striking together. ... the intuitive recognition of this creative tone within a phenomenal form is what opens the heart to love. What before had been an "it" becomes then a "thou," alive with the tone of creation. Joseph Campbell. *Climbing the Lotus Ladder*.



backing of the United States saw the islands as a "land of opportunity," and a place of "milk and honey." In less than a century (1803-1893), both businessmen and the descendants of missionaries had formed an oligarchy that came to be dubbed the "Big Five." They had toppled the Hawaiian Monarchy and were running things to their own mercantile gain and personal advantage.

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REMINDERS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

SERVICES FOR AUGUST 2011

1st SUN Aug 7th:

9 A.M. Eng. Service
Dharma Talk
For Children & Adults
Rev. Tatsuguchi

2nd SUN Aug 14th:

9 A.M. Eng. Service
Dharma Talk
For Children & Adults
Rev. Tatsuguchi

3rd SUN Aug 21st:

9 A.M. Eng. Service
Dharma Talk
For Children & Adults
Rev. Tatsuguchi

4th SUN Aug 28th:

No service

WEEKLY ACTIVITIES

KARAOKE CLASS Mon 7 - 9 P.M.
Mr. Nelson Yoshioka

KARATE Tues/Fri 6 - 9 P.M.
Shihan - Walter Nishioka

FUJINKAI SEWING CLUB Wed 9 - 11 A.M.
J. Kobuke/A. Murata

HAWAII EISA CHIMUGUKURU DAIKO
Mr. Van Shimabukuro
Wed/Thur 6.30-8.30

Rev. Tatsuguchi will be
off island from
August 26
to September 6

THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS DONATIONS!!

At the turn of the 20th century, the Big Five were already profiting not only from sugar and pineapple, but also from their hegemonic control over the judicial, educational, religious and social institutions as well as the key business enterprises, such as in transportation, shipping, banking, real estate, tourism and so forth. Beginning in 1835, the "Big Five" began establishing sugar plantation communities that required huge numbers of foreign plantation laborers to cultivate and harvest their canefields because the Native Hawaiian population by this time had been drastically decimated and reduced by the diseases and vices introduced by the White man such as measles, syphilis and alcoholism. In 1852, the "contracting" of Chinese laborers is said to have resembled the slave trade of European nations that had begun long before the American Revolution in Europe. By 1865, the first contracted Chinese plantation laborers began leaving the plantations for better economic opportunities in suburban Honolulu. In 1868, the Japanese, as of consequence, were recruited as plantation laborers in their place.

The Hawaiian chiefs (*ali'i*) were eager to assimilate the material amenities, conveniences, luxuries, creature comforts and status symbols of royalty based upon western culture introduced by the New England missionaries with their presumptions of Manifest Destiny and sense of *Noblesse Oblige* rooted in and justified through specific biblical passages. Due to the underlying Native Hawaiian's openness and hospitality, the initial encounter with missionaries and earlier foreigners, such as the Spanish did not result in major tensions or alterations. Nevertheless, the missionaries' notions of racial purity and presumptions of Anglo-Saxon superiority were more than evident and obvious, especially in the keeping of their "bloodline" and their children separate from that of Native Hawaiian commoners, especially from the Chinese and Japanese who were then increasingly considered to be a growing "Yellow Peril" in those days. By 1840, Hawaiian royalty had learned about the rest of the "civilized" world that had been colonized by the Europeans and then by the Americans with their overwhelming machines and technology. By then, the descendants of missionaries

WORDS OF SHINRAN

... Shan-tao has written ... Sakyamuni rejoices in the person of shinjin saying, "He is my true companion." The person of shinjin is the true disciple of Buddha; he is the one who abides in right-mindedness. Since he has been grasped never to be abandoned, he is said to have attained the diamond-like heart. He is called "the best of the best," "the excellent person," "the wonderfully excellent person," "the finest of people," "the truly rare person." ... SBT-Series. *Letters*. No. 2. p. 24.

and the American and European entrepreneurs had formed the Missionary Party to garner key positions in the Provisional Government that they themselves had set up. Amazingly, they were several freed black slaves who had come to Oahu. One came as a missionary and the other as a businessman. They had successfully established themselves in Honolulu such as a Betsy Stockton who had come as a missionary and an educator. Did you know that the land that is now Washington Middle School was once bequeathed to an African American engineer named Anthony Allen? Because of his contribution in helping and advising the Ali'i he was given the land that extended from Washington Middle School towards and into Waikiki.

The Depression Years began in 1929. The Waikiki area between Diamond Head to Barber's Point, before the whalers, missionaries and entrepreneurs came, was then yet full of tidal flats, natural inlets, ponds, marshes, and estuaries fed by the waters of mountain streams, natural springs and artesian wells. The area was full of fresh and ocean water fishponds and taro patches tended by Native Hawaiians (*kanaka mao'i*). Everywhere there were various kinds of sacred sites (*heiau*). The tidal reefs and mud flats and lands from Barber's Point to Diamond Head.

By the 1920s, were already being converted into rice paddies and duck ponds by enterprising Chinese and Japanese immigrants who had left the plantations. This phenomenon signaled the beginnings of a complete transformation of Honolulu from an idyllic rural agraforest and aquaculture way of subsistence living to the megalopolis that Honolulu has become today.

That the landscape between Kapahulu-Moiliili to Kakaako-Kewalo was once full of natural springs, gushing

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artesian wells, fish ponds and taro patches was affirmed by an Adelaide Ka'ai McKinzie in her oral history interview conducted by a UH interviewer as follows:

"Where the Ala Wai (Canal) is (today) was all swamp. All that area was swamp down to Kalakaua (Avenue). ... There were no houses, just a few houses here and there, but (the whole area) was all swamp with those tall weedy things and ducks. ... Just get off the street car and go through the bulrushes and find, (chuckles) and come home holding our blouses full of duck eggs."

Her interview refers to a time when tram cars pulled by mules (1888) had been replaced by electric street cars with safety grills on both ends that were running on tracks powered by electrical lines above (1901).

Such streetcars on steel tracks were already going past the Moana Hotel on Kalakaua Avenue between Waikiki and Honolulu Harbor. Kalakaua between (below the Ala Wai Canal) up to the foot of Diamond Head then was called Waikiki Road, a road paved with crushed coral and rock. The Moana Hotel at that time was the first luxury hotel on the Waikiki shoreline that was opened in 1901. Dominating the shoreline, she was dubbed the "First Lady" of Waikiki. These were times also of horse drawn buggies and coaches bringing tourists to the Moana Hotel all the way from Honolulu Harbor. On "Steamer Days" or "Boat Days" local people of various ethnicities would flock to the harbor front to welcome the tourists as hula dancers swayed back and forth to Hawaiian music played by the Royal Hawaiian Band. The streets were lined with lei vendors.

Therefore, the words of Adelaide McKinzie as quoted above confirms the fact that the areas of Ala Wai Elementary School, the Ala Wai Golf Course and the residential areas beyond them in Kapahulu, Moiliili, McCully, then down to Pawaa, Ala Moana shopping center and the Kakaako neighborhoods were once full of inland ponds and sectioned off paddies fed by streams springs and artesian waters channeled through irrigation channels. The whole area was dotted with gurgling streams, bubbling springs and gushing artesian wells like the one at the Pagoda Floating Restaurant and Hotel. Waikiki means "waters" (*wai*) "bubbling forth" (*kiki*). Similarly, Waipahu means "bursting waters," Waialua means "two converging streams," and Waianae means "waters full of mullet."

Before Ala Wai Canal project was completed in 1928, the confluence of mountain streams from Makiki,

Manoa, Palolo valleys and from Maunawili Heights flowed into the low lands of Kapahulu, Moiliili, McCully, Pawaa and into the mud flats of the Ala Moana-Kakaako neighborhoods. They then flowed directly into the sea at Waikiki and Ala Moana. In Manoa alone there were six streams beginning as cascading waterfalls tumbling down steep cliffsides converging down into Manoa Stream. They were the Aiualama, Waihi, Lua'alaea, Naniu'apo, Wa'aloa, and Waikeakua streams. The lowland flat areas of Pawaa, Moiliili and Kapahulu were full of neat rows of vegetables and flowers beds, rice paddies, terraced taro patches and fishponds tended by Chinese and Japanese farmers.

The Apuakeau once flowed into the sea where the Surf Rider Hotel stands today. The Kuekaumahi once also emptied into the sea between the Moana and Royal Hawaiian. This stream is now covered over by Kapahulu Avenue and instead flowed into Ala Wai Canal through an underground channel. The Pilanaio used to flow between Fort DeRussy and the Reef Hotel into the sea. Fort DeRussy itself was once the acreage that was known as the Kalia fish ponds. There seems to have been another stream called the Hamohamo that once flowed between Ohua and Paoakalani avenues where Queen Liliokalani's summer cottage once was right off Kuhio Beach.

Many immigrant families during the Great Depression as I remember were just making do with what little they had. Women as wives and mothers then were fabulous "unsung heroines" enduring hardships for the sake of their children (*kodomo no tame ni*). Beef was an expensive item and many *issei* mothers resorted to canned meats, wieners, sausages, baloney, luncheon meat, canned sardines, and especially corned beef and other meat substitutes such as fish, crustaceans and limu that could be directly harvested from the sea. Mothers, for example, would stretch the main dish by slicing wieners on the slant and stir fry them with lots and lots of vegetables like head cabbage, onions, potatoes, bean sprouts and so on. In doing so, mothers were able to increase the volume of the main dish to feed their families with lots of rice to fill the stomachs of her family.

During the Depression years mothers on plantations played a vital role in keeping their families intact and together. Much of the real work they did, in addition to working in the fields, was the unseen work they did at home. A mother would be up at 4 a.m. to prepare breakfast and pack bento lunches. After working a full day in the fields, they prepared supper, fed their families and washed the dishes. Then they

would be up late into the night catching up on their household chores. The work they did while at home was taken for granted. Their simple, unadorned, neat homes, however, had central places for their *butsudan* (Buddha shrine) and *kami-dana* (Shinto altar). Today, this is no longer the case. Television sets, air-conditioners and other push button control modern appliances have replaced them where once a family gathered to "pray together and stayed together." They were fewer outside sources of distraction then.

The breastfeeding, child caring, house cleaning, laundry and meal preparation in those days were done with their hands full of "tender, loving care" (no convenient push-button gadgets like vacuum cleaners or automatic dishwashers). They did not have automatic washing machines or dryers or rice cookers with timers. Television, air-conditioners, cell phones, satellites, etc. were then unheard of. Nor did they have permanent press "wrinkle free" clothes or ready-made milk formulas in plastic bags or disposable diapers that could be discarded after use. Everything was prepared from scratch with their loving hands often full of calluses.

Birth of a baby did not stop these undaunted *issei* mothers from working with their hands. Mothers after giving birth would strap their babies on their backs and go about cooking, washing dishes, house cleaning and do laundry on a wash board with a cake of soap and a scrub brush. They could not hire a baby sitter or domestic help as did the rich affluent "*haole*" families belonging to the "Big Five." In fact, many *issei* mothers also worked as part-time domestics to supplement their husband's insufficient incomes.

I also remember mothers bleaching the print and colors out of rice bags the old-fashioned way. The rice bags were made of sturdy cotton material. They were unraveled, hand scrubbed and washed, then boiled in a pot or a 5 gallon can of caustic soap water over a wood fire. Then, the sheets were rinsed, wrung dry by hand and then spread on grass to dry under sunlight. Somehow the rays of the sun helped the bleaching process. This process was tediously repeated until the stiff sheets became soft, pliant and as white as snow. Then, they would sew many useful things like underwear and curtains by hand.

Some were fortunate enough to own a singer sewing machine (first machine invented in 1775). *Issei* women in those days knew how to sew blouses, skirts, shirts and a pair of denim or khaki pants or shorts. They were quite deft in chopping vegetables, scaling, gutting and filleting a fish. Every edible part of the fish was used. Nothing was wasted. Did you know that

SHINRAN'S WASAN

By virtue of Sakya and Amida
awakened is the desire
for Bodhi Mind!
Only by entering Wisdom
is genuine faith awakened
Whereby one becomes enabled
to express gratitude
to Buddha for his
Great Benevolence!

Shozomatsu Wasan No. 34
rkt translation.

hand sewing is an art that is over 20,000 years old? The first sewing needles were made of bones or animal horns and the first thread was made of animal sinew. Iron needles were invented in the 14th century. The first eyed needles appeared in the 15th century. The Vikings, by then, were already colonizing parts of Newfoundland even before Columbus discovered Hispanolia in 1492. The first Polynesians had already settled on the Hawaiian islands between A.D. 300 and 600 when Europe itself was still in its Dark Ages (A.D. 437 to 1000).

Speaking of his mother in the days of Great Depression (1929-1941), an oral history interviewee said:

Because my dad didn't have no money (my mother) have to do laundry work. Laundry work (for her) is the hard uniform which the hotel workers wear. That (was) one for five cents. She always tell me "only five cents those days." Ho, that hard job for five cents. She had about a dozen or so uniforms to launder, I guess."

This interviewee was Harold Minoru Aoki, son of Mr. Niro and Mrs. Mizuno Aoki. They eventually began their own family operated Aoki Store on Kalakaua Avenue right across Kuhio Beach between Ohua and Paoakalani avenues. Mr. and Mrs. Aoki were from Hiroshima (Aki monto). Mrs. Aoki was one of the key persons who helped my father and mother relocate Shinshu Kyokai from Kaheka Lane to Beretania Street after WWII.

Another interviewee of Portuguese descent recalled:

My dad lived through the Great Depression, living on a Sugar Plantation all his life in Hawaii.

By the time he got married and had children he was in his late 60s. I used to see him clip coupons. He used to buy up the store limits, often returning every day of the sale period to purchase more products up to the store's limits. ... dad bought and hoarded until he had a hefty supply of toilet paper, rice and various canned goods. ... It's amazing how much food just one canned good (like Spam) can provide when you combine it with fresh vegetables from the garden.

Then, this interviewee further recalled how he used to get an "earful" from his most frugal and thrifty mom whenever he was wasteful with things, especially with food.

Another *nisei* interviewee spoke of his family's difficult situation. He relates that they:

... were just able to make do. ... Times were difficult ... we hung tight as a family and we didn't have anything. ... I recall my mom making school bags out of denim material ... a kerosene stove. ... we had no refrigerator. ... I recall the iceman. ... We had the old icebox. ...

Then this interviewee also remembered when he was treated as a five-year-old to a "beef stew" lunch by his dad after he had gone from door to door selling his father's homegrown vegetables and fruits. He speaks nostalgically and fondly of the event as follows:

I recall going to a restaurant for the first time with my father and we ordered just plain beef stew with rice and it was so marvelously delicious. That's the first time I went to a restaurant and it was thirty-five cents. I remember that very well.

Indeed, such first time unforgettable moments leave indelible impressions that become the stuff of nostalgia that makes us nostalgic whenever we recall them to our consciousness.

This interviewee made me recall my own days as a five-year-old growing up to be a 10-year-old adolescent (1935-1940). As a kid I chased after the ice truck up and down Kaheka Lane (former Aloha Lane) with the other kids in the lane. The iceman would stop, then get out and go to the back of the truck, step up on the rear ramp and onto the flat bed of the truck. Then, with a pair of ice prongs, he would pull out a huge block of pre-sectioned ice out from under the heavy, protective canvas covering that kept

the blocks of ice from melting too fast under the scorching sun. He then, with an ice pick, would chip out the proper size square block of ice as ordered by the family. Then, he would clamp on the ice block with the ice prongs. Then, he would carry it and place it in the family's ice-box (pronounced '*ai-su boku-su*' by *issei* who could not pronounce English words, like '*ra-ji-o*' for radio). In the meanwhile, we kids would scramble for the chips of ice that had broken off the truck's flatbed before they melted. Oh how the chips of ice tasted cool and refreshing in our mouths, especially when crunched and chewed.

Recalling such '*ai-su boku-su*' also makes me recall that many families then had only kerosene stoves for they could not afford gas stoves. A few families cooked their rice in heavy cooking pots with thick wooden lids over a firewood hearth (*kamado*). It takes skill to know exactly when the rice was cooked and steaming just right. You had to be ready at the exact moment to deftly and quickly pull out the burning pieces of wood and red hot embers or the rice at the bottom of the pot would get crusted and burnt (all '*koge koge*' as they used to say).

Back in those days of the 1930s, *issei* families heated their bath water either with fire wood or charcoal fire (no automatic electric or gas water heaters with thermostats then either). The Japanese bathtubs were made out of cedar or redwood. Some families owned bathtubs made of sheet metal that had openings in them in which fire wood or charcoal would be burned to heat up the bath water. There was a chimney to it that went out through the roof or the wall. If the water got too hot, you had to add tap water in order to cool it down. This also reminds me that there were then still irons in which red embers of charcoal were placed to heat up the iron to iron clothes. Each piece was sprayed with a flour-starch-water solution to make them smooth and wrinkle free when ironed (no automatic electrical steam irons then also). You had to be extra careful not to scorch the items you were ironing.

By 1928, the Ala Wai Canal had been completed and the waters in the rice paddies, fishponds and taro patches were completely drained. The areas were then filled with the material dredged from the canal and other landfill materials. This was true of the Honolulu International Airport and Honolulu Harbor areas as well. The Waikiki, Ala Wai and Kapahulu areas were turned into profitable fee simple real estate plots for sale or lease (in the late 1920s already ads were in the papers advertising 5000-square-foot fee simple lots for just \$9,500 in the heart of Waikiki. A similar lot in Moiliili cost

\$1,700). There were then truck vendors going through these neighborhoods selling materials like denim and khaki as well as bolts of linen and dress materials. Housewives back then were capable of sewing pants, shirts, dresses and other things for their families. There were other truck vendors selling fish and meat products packed over and under ice, while others mainly sold fruits and vegetables and assorted canned goods, candy and miscellaneous household utensils.

I remember well the Chinese bachelor peddlers with two shallow wicker baskets full of vegetables swaying back and forth from the ends of a pole on their shoulders. They went up and down the lane to sell the vegetables and fruits they had grown. I also remember the "*manapua* man" carrying two round tin-can containers with tight lid covers also on the ends of a pole on their shoulders. They would keep repeating "*manapua pepeau*" as they passed by the houses. Besides *manapua* and *pepeau*, they had other goodies like *chow fun*, sugary black bean buns and glutinous rice cakes and so on. For a nickel or dime you could buy enough to fill your stomach in those days.

During the 1920s, 1930s and up to December 7, 1941, the residents of the Pawaa-Sheridan, Kakaako-Kewalo, McCully-Mo'ili'ili, Kaimuki-Waiialae and Kapahulu-Waikiki areas all lived within walking distance of family operated mama-san stores and papa-san shops in their tightly knit neighborhoods. Many of the families then lived in the back of their family operated stores. These stores and shops provided all the daily basic needs. Both customer and store owner knew each other on friendly first name basis. As a kid, people fondly called me "*botchan*" because I was a minister's kid. When I was mischievous, they, however, would call me "*itazura kozo!*" When naughty, "*waru bozu!*" Today, these neighborhoods that once were full of closely knit families are passed through or over and hardly was noticed by people in cars with power steering, air conditioning and all kinds of push-button controls.

The Sheridan neighborhood of *issei* with their *nisei* children, like other intra-ethnic communities, has also been completely displaced. The area has now been completely transformed. Keeamoku Street between King and Kapiolani in the 1930s did not exist. I remember well the family operated Ajimura and Torii stores right across each other on Sheridan Street because of their generous delicious ("*ono-ono*") plate lunches for a quarter and the various flavored shaved ice in cone-shaped paper cups and other goodies like "Milk Nickels" costing only five pennies. The Sheridan Theater with its corrugated metal sheet walls and

roofing once stood where McDonald's is now. The Sheridan Shingon Mission is as it was then. Because of Keeamoku Street's extension, its back side is today fully exposed to constant heavy traffic that goes all the way down and across Kapiolani Boulevard up a driveway right into the second level of Ala Moana Shopping Center.

On the Diamond Head *makai* corner of Sheridan and King, there once was a Chinese market (Zen Market). Diagonally across it was the Civic Auditorium, now the American Liberty Bank Building. The Standard Trading Co. was next to the Zane Market. After Standard Co. there was a narrow driveway and next to it was a hardly noticed tiny Joe Arruda's Electrical Center. There was a huge Banyan tree on the *makai* Diamond Head corner of Keeamoku and King on the open grounds of the Territorial Board of Agriculture and Forestry, which is still there with its exotic tropical trees. I remember swinging on its vines and yelling out like I was Johnny Weismuller playing Tarzan.

Further down Sheridan Street there was the Dairyman's Depot (garage and parking). Right across it was the Dairyman's Milk and Ice Cream Department and Facility. I remember well the clinking glass milk bottles with milk covers (pogs) and the cylindrical gallons of ice cream, the popsicles and Milk-Nickels being produced in the facility. Then there was a Liona Lane between Sheridan Theater and the Dairymen's Depot garage down this lane toward Ahana Lane, there was an *Inari Jinja*, a shrine. Then down on Sheridan, next to Dairymen's milk and ice-cream facility there was the Ajimura Camp and the Ajimura Store. Then next to it was the Coca Cola Bottling Co. (formerly the Rycroft Soda Works). Right across this facility on Sheridan Street was a Rice Mill. There was also a residence for the Chinese bachelors who worked the various paddies and the vegetable garden plots in the Sheridan Pah'ke Patch all the way down to Kapiolani Boulevard where there were duck ponds. There was a pen next to the bachelor's quarters where they kept a water buffalo.

There was then a grassy lot that separated the Sheridan Pah'ke Patch from the Pawaa Pah'ke Patch. This narrow stretch of tall grass and scrub trees connected the dead end of Ahana Lane to Kapiolani Boulevard. The KGMB station and its radio tower was the only visible facility on this stretch of land full of tall grass, bulrushes, brambles and Kiawe. The entire shoreline area from Kewalo to Waikiki, as attested to by Adelaide Ka'ai McKinzie above, was full of duck ponds, paddies and marshes. A map of those times in 1900 shows Kapiolani Boulevard to be non-existent and

that Kalakaua Avenue was still a road paved with crushed rock and coral that connected to Waikiki Road all the way to Kapiolani Park. The whole area was then called Kalia. And most surprisingly, in 1901, there was also a taxi stand in Kakaako with electric powered taxis. Ala Moana Boulevard itself on a map of this time is listed as Moana Beach Road. Ala Moana Park and Ala Moana Shopping Center did not exist then. The area was full of marshes and scrub land. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt dedicated the Park in 1934. This was some 25 years before the Ala Moana Shopping Center was completed and opened in 1959.

That this was the case was told to me by Mrs. Mildred (Isono) Okayama (now 93 years old). She told me that her father and mother (Mr. and Mrs. Tokuchiro Isono) in the 1920s had come from Koloa, Kauai to live in the Aloha-Ahana Lane community in Pawaa comprised of *issei* families from Hiroshima Prefecture. She recalls that her mother would take her and her siblings down to Ala Moana Beach for a swim. Back in those days they had to walk on dirt pathways built up of earth packed down tight that neatly sectioned off the paddies and ponds. They also had to walk through scrub vegetation, tall grass, brush and Kiawe trees full of stones and coral rock and cross "Ala Moana Beach Road" to get to the beach. In the famous Thalia Massie case of 1931, she refers to "Ala Moana Road" in her testimony. Her testimony indicates that even after the Ala Wai Canal had been completed in 1928, Ala Moana Boulevard was still was a "road" and not an asphalt-cement paved boulevard as it is today.

In talking to Herbert Ogasawara (present Board member and Advisor), this situation was also the case in the 1920s throughout the whole area from above and below Kapiolani Boulevard from Moiliili to Kapahulu and between the Waikiki and Ala Moana shorelines. All the neighborhoods in the lower McCully, Moiliili, Ala Wai and Kapahulu areas below Kapiolani were once full of taro patches, rice paddies and fish ponds. Old timers recall that the acreage that is now Kaimuki High School was once also full of rice paddies. Enterprising Chinese and Japanese who had finished their five-year contracts were leaving the plantations to start businesses of their own in Chinatown as well. Some of them began leasing the taro patches and fish ponds that were abandoned by the Native Hawaiians who had been forced to relocate elsewhere during the land reclamation project. These abandoned taro patches and fish ponds were then turned into neat rectangular rice paddies and plots of vegetables, fruits and flowers, or irregular duck ponds.

During WWII and the post-war years and the years following statehood in 1958, Honolulu began to change drastically and is still changing rapidly. Sakyamuni said: "*sarva dhamma anicca*" — all things are impermanent and constantly changing. So also said Shinran of this living world which is to be: "living in this impermanent world of burning house, all things are empty and vain, therefore, untrue." Many of the things we *nisei* as children used to do in the 1920s, 1930s, and up to 1941, the places we used to go to eat and "talk story," see a movie during WWII and up to 1958 are now completely gone, ... mere faded and dim shadows of yesterday, ... mere nostalgia. It is as Shakespeare said, "life is like a revolving stage where people keep appearing to strut, dance and pretend then to pass on, signifying nothing."

Today, our *sansei* children, our *yonse* grandchildren and now our *gosei* great-grandchildren are unable to make their own playthings out of natural materials like rocks, branches and discards like strings, wrapping paper, burlap bags, scrap lumber and other discarded or trashed items. Everything now is made of plastic like bottles, cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons that are trashed after use and replaced by other disposables. Everything in a wink of an eye becomes obsolete and discarded, so and replaced by other disposables. Therefore, people too have become expendable and replaceable. They have been replaced by computer intelligence and automatic robotic systems that have taken the place of human hands and legs. Artificial intelligence is a brain without a heart and therefore without a conscience. Such heartless "thinking" machines feel no sense of remorse, regret or shame. Therefore, machines have no feelings of gratitude or reverence for things sacred and a sense of dimensions spiritual. Neither do they rave or exhibit feelings by remorse, regret or penitence.

Now, here are a few things I used to make out of natural things and discards:

- making a kite using the bamboo ribs of a broken *jamome* (Japanese umbrella) and discarded tissue wrapping paper.
- making bow and arrows out of same discarded *jamome* umbrellas.
- cutting off both ends of a hollow Papaya stem to make a straw to blow soap bubbles from hand soap solution.
- making slingshots out of the fork of a tree branch or heavy gauge wire ("Y").
- constructing skateboards and scooters out of discarded wheels using scrap lumber.

- constructing a soap derby car complete with a steering system and hand brakes from the wheels and axles of a discarded baby carriage and scrap lumber.
- making spear guns with a door latch trigger attached to a block of wood, powered by strips of rubber cut from discarded inner tire tubes.
- making a canoe out of discarded *totan* (corrugated iron sheets) complete with outriggers made out of discard 2" x 4" pieces of lumber.
- making a swing by securing a discarded car tire tied to the limb of a tree with a length of hemp rope.
- playing improvised baseball using a branch or a stick as a bat, a piece of cork for a baseball and burlap bags filled with dirt as bases.
- making improvised V-shaped "horseshoes" out of 6" nails as well as larger U-shaped ones out of discarded pieces of reinforcing iron bars.
- weaving and making things like hats, headbands, baskets, balls and animals shapes out of coconut fronds.
- playing all kinds of marble ("agates") and pocket knife games.
- stuffing old discarded *Durum* tobacco bags to make "bean bags" to play all kinds of games like "steal eggs."
- cutting old broom or mop handles into two pieces, one about 18" as a bat and another about 4" with one end beveled. By hitting the beveled end of the short stick to pop it up we would then hit it to see who could hit it the farthest.

You may have similar cherished recollections of your own childhood that are of especial nostalgic significance for you as well.

Now I would like to conclude with a few places of special significance to me. One of them certainly would have to be the old Honolulu Stadium that is now a park. I have fond memories of attending ethnic baseball games with my dad before WWII. The teams were studded with local-born athletes. The Asahis (founded in 1905) were made up of local nisei athletes the likes of Masa Yonamine and Peanuts Kuniyama. The 1920s and 1930s were the "Golden Era" of *nisei* baseball. It is interesting that even in those times teams from the mainland, Japan, Philippines and other places were already playing in the "Termite Palace" in 1902. The *nisei* team then dominated and won several championships. The Braves were composed of local Portuguese and the Wanderers by local Chinese athletes.

The Asahis had to be changed to the Athletics after December 7th because Asahi meant the "Morning Rising Sun" that symbolized Imperial Japan. Before WWII people took pride in their ethnic heritage.

The stadium came to be known as the "Termite Palace" because during those muggy, humid nights during the termite season, swarms of termites would swarm up into the stadium lights during a night event. This phenomenon of termites swarming was true throughout Honolulu that was full of wooden homes that were termite-ridden. The toads then would come out of their hidden lairs to hop about and with a flick of their sticky tongues begin feasting on them. It was a fascinating thing for me as a kid to watch. Then the next morning there would be several dead toads up and down Kaheka Lane and on the other streets, crushed by passing cars at night.

The fact that there are no such toads when the termites are swarming, this is a grave indicator of how Honolulu has become a jungle of reinforced concrete buildings, asphalt-covered roads and cement-covered super highways whose airs are being constantly polluted by the toxic fumes emitted by cars day and night. The waters we drink are also polluted by all kinds of harmful chemicals and wastes.

Those born after WWII do not know that in 1933 Baby Ruth once played in the "Termite Palace," and that on June 4, 1944, Sergeant Joe DiMaggio playing for the visiting Air Force team in an exhibition game hit a bee-line (not a looping) 435-foot home run straight over left field right across Isenberg Street into the Drier mansion tower. This mansion once belonged to Adolph B. Spreckels, the sugar magnate in San Francisco. It was disassembled piece by piece and reassembled on the corner of King and Isenberg Streets, only to become Chunky's Drive Inn, now the First Hawaiian Bank.

The area under the stadium was once called Kapa'akea, which means "white coral." In fact, the whole area up to the intersection of University, Waiialae, Beretania and King streets, up to the foot of Saint Louis Heights, was once full rice paddies, duck and fish ponds. In fact, once there were three ponds fed by underground waters flowing down from Manoa out under the old Rock Quarry to the Varsity Circle all the way to the Willows Restaurant's ponds at Hausten Street. These ancient ponds were fed by underground karst waters that were believed to have healing restorative powers. Therefore, they were once of sacred and spiritual significance for ancient Hawaiian royalty and Native Hawaiians.

In fact, in 1934 and in 1950 there were several significant ground collapses (cave-ins) in and around these vicinities. Crystal-clear waters gushed out from the ruptured underground limestone cavern channels that began flooding the area for several days in 1934. There were mullet and crustaceans without eyes that were flushed out with the crystal-clear waters to the surface from the underground channels that backed out into the pond at Varsity Circle. The koi from the Willows Restaurant's pond were drained and flushed out with the backing waters gushing out from the cave-ins. Could this be the origin of the local expression: "You blind like one blind mullet?"

I also become nostalgic whenever I recall having once gone to a matinee movie on Saturday morning. As a kid under 12 years of age I paid only a dime for admission. What can you buy today for a dime, a nickel or even a penny? Not much. Do you remember the Mickey Mouse Club on Saturday mornings at Pawaa Theater? Can you recall all the cartoon movies like Donald Duck, Three Little Pigs, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Fantasia and the other scary one's like the Vampire, Wolf Man, Frankenstein and the Hunchback of Notre Dame? How about the Three Stooges, Burt Ives, Tarzan and Charlie Chaplin? Did you know that the Charlie Chan movies were based on the real life of a Chinese-Hawaiian detective on the Honolulu Police Force named Chang Apana (1871-1933)? The Pawaa Theater opened in 1929. It became the Cinerama Theater in 1962 and closed in 1999. Then it became Checkers, an auto-parts store, and now another one, the O'Reilly's.

I also recall going to the Toyo Theater and the Kokusai Theater built on a vacant lot right behind where the Nakamura Hotel and Travel Agency with other hotels like Kobayashi and Yamashiro was once on the mauka side of Beretania Street across Aala Park. The vacant lot is now where the Oahu Teacher's Credit Union is. In the 1930s the vacant lot was the acreage of the first Catholic Chapel and School for Boys. This is why the Ewa side of Nuuanu stream was once a street called is College Walk. It is now a promenade with a shopping mall. This area was also destroyed by the Chinatown fire that spread out of control over Nuuanu Stream. There was once a Hall Street that connected Kukui and Beretania streets on the Ewa side of Aala Street. Aala then was called Aala Lane. Both ran parallel weaving toward Liliha way back then. Aala Park was split in two by Aala Street that cut right through its upper third to King Street.

On January 20, 1900, the Board of Health officials set fire to Chinatown to get rid of the bubonic plague that infested the area. Due to a sudden shift in winds the fire quickly got out of control. The fire spread over several blocks all the way down to the harbor area and down to the corner of Bethel and Merchant streets. A total of 38 acres was destroyed. The *Izumo Taisha Kyo*, a shrine, was later built on the corner of Kukui and College Walk in 1923. During WWII it was transferred to Young Street just between Artesian and McCully streets and after the war, restored to its original site at Kukui as a historical building.

Another place that brings nostalgia is the Purity Drive Inn where the new Pawaa Hale Building now stands on the Ewa side of Keeaumoku Street between Young and Beretania streets. I remember the "onolicious" ice-cream sodas and milkshakes for only a dime. I especially remember the ice-cold refreshing half cantaloupes with two generous scoops of vanilla ice cream for a quarter. You could enjoy them in the ice cream parlor or in the comfort of your car on a tray that was hooked on the slightly raised car window and secured to the car door by a bar. This was also true at KC Drive Inn that was once located on the corner of Ala Wai Boulevard and Kalakaua Avenue and the Kapiolani Drive Inn that is now the Wailana Coffee Shop on the corner of John Ena Road and Ala Moana Blvd. I also recall the Kau Kau Korner on Kalakaua and Kapiolani.

I would now like to recall the old Sears & Roebuck Co. Sears first began as a "catalog store" on October 11, 1939, at the corner of Kapiolani Boulevard and Kamakee Street just below McKinley High School where the former Kodak Film Co. was (sponsor of the Kodak Hula Show in Waikiki). Do you remember the Brownie cameras with just a lever to click to take a picture? Pictures were in black and white then and not in color.

Many locals do not know that Sears opened its new department store on the 8th of December, the very next day after December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese Imperial Navy. It was on the Diamond Head half of the block bordered by Kalakaua Avenue and Keeamoku Street between Beretania and Young streets. High rise condo buildings now stand there. Sears & Roebuck also had bought out the properties of what is now the Pawaa Neighborhood District Park for needed additional parking. Between 1941-1955, Shinshu Kyokai on 1014 Kaheka Lane, with its temple and parsonage, came to be surrounded on the makai and mauka and Ewa back sides by this additional parking lot. This former Sears

parking lot property, before becoming a park, was the Honolulu Police Department parking lot with its service garage and Judo-hall. The Police Department is now located on the corner of Alapai and Beretania streets.

My father, unknown to us on what President Roosevelt called the "day of infamy," had gone down to *McCully Nihongo Gakko* where he was teaching (Senator Daniel Inouye was one of his students). He had gone there to help out with the casualties from one or two misfired anti-aircraft shells that fell on Jun Miyamoto's Drug Store (a Shinshu Kyokai member) with other mom and pop stores and shops in the vicinity of the Ewa-makai corner of McCully and King streets, across McCully Chop Suey that closed recently. Military documents show that there were 72 such misfired anti-aircraft shells that fatal morning of December 7th. Lunalilo Elementary School also was damaged. My father that very evening was arrested as an enemy alien and incarcerated for the duration of the war. That evening remains quite vivid in my mind, for suddenly, my mother was left with six children to care for on her own. This is why I have mixed feelings about Sears.

Paradoxically, I also have fond memories of Sears because of having played in their parking lot (touch football, soft ball and other games like "tag, you're now the "it." meaning the tagged person in turn becomes the person to tag another to make him or her the "it," who then, in turn, had to "tag" another and so on). This, of course, was after closing hours when the parking lot entrances were chained and closed. I remember the two common mango trees on the Beretania side parking lot. We used to pick the green and half-ripe ones and eat them with shoyu or salt and pepper. We also used to climb the coconut trees to get the young coconuts for their "spoon meat" (soft gelatinous like coconut). Then two years after WWII on June of 1947, Sears & Roebuck Co. opened its second floor. The first two-way escalator was then a novel fun thing to ride up and down. To help with the air-conditioning system, they had also built a shallow artificial lake on the second story rooftop filled with all kinds of tropical fish (not tilapia as reported).

This shallow lake on the second floor roof was not general public knowledge. Whenever there was a prolonged heavy rainstorm, some of the tropical fish would be flushed down the drain and become trapped in the depths of a gutter entrapment on the lower Diamond Head Young Street side of the parking lot. So, those of us who knew about it would lower an improvised baited trap made out of scrap screen down into the gutter's entrapment. As soon as the fish

came on, we would pull up the screen. We would deposit the swordtails, cellophane, rainbow and colorful moon fish into a galvanized bucket or glass jar. This, of course, was after Sears was closed for the day. There were crayfish and snails as well that were caught in this manner. In 1959 Sears relocated to Ala Moana Shopping Center, the same year Hawaii became the 50th State. I hope you enjoyed my nostalgia and being nostalgic.

BUDDHIST PASSAGES AND STORIES

... To keep ourselves free from prejudice, superstition, and delusion, and seek to understand the true nature of life ... To refrain from pointless and harmful talk and speak kindly and constructively ... To see that our deeds are peaceable, benevolent, compassionate, and pure, and to live the Teachings daily. ... To earn our living in such a way as to entail no evil consequences ... "The Eightfold Path" *Praises of The Buddha*. p. 149.

QUESTION AND ANSWER KORNER

QUESTION: What are the "six inferior courses?"

ANSWER: The phrase refers to six ways in which human beings are living which, in fact, are the "six ways" of transmigration.

From the "lowest" to the "highest" they are: first, a life of violence and bloodshed (demonic life), second, being envious and insatiable (living like a "hungry ghost"), third, living like brute beasts (living like predators), fourth, being argumentative, confrontational and self-righteous (a "fighting titan"), fifth, being confused, uncertain and troubled (being all too human), and finally, sixth, living amidst affluence and comfort (god like). The "Six Inferior Courses" are also called the "Six Evil Courses" because of their karmic consequences that bring about much "suffering."

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