Thank you, Father

By Aunt Margaret

FOREWORD

Several times after Lil's death, Don and I stopped in Chicago and visited with my nephews and nieces. On these occasions, they would ask many questions about their grandparents and parents. Why did their parents make their home in Chicago? How did they meet? Why did Kungkung and Popo come to Hawaii? When did they come? I gave them the answers I knew; however, there were many questions I did not have answers to.

They suggested that I find out as much as possible about the Goo family, and write a book about our roots.

I had been the first daughter in the family to have a college education, the first to become a teacher, the first daughter to marry another nationality, the first to be divorced, the first to lose a daughter. I was of the first generation, and because of that many family members felt that I had led the way to break down other "barriers" as well.

The members of our families making their homes on the Mainland are increasing; third generations are marrying other nationalities more frequently, and there are relatives now living in many different states. Perhaps it's time.

It has taken me several years to acquire the courage to write about the Goos. In my attempt to enlist help from my brothers and sisters, since most of them are older and must remember much more, I met with little success. Nonetheless, for two years, I have continued to gather whatever information and contributions I could, knowing that the full story may never be told.

George has told me what he remembers at family gatherings. Bessie has been the most helpful. Her daughters, Evelyn and Audrey, have sent their contributions also. Robin, Tin Yau's middle son, was also good enough to send in a recollection of his family. Ada, Karl's wife, sent me a brief resume' about their family. I have not edited any of their work for obvious reasons.

Elizabeth, Mac's wife, sent me memorabilia on Mac and their son, Walter.

To you all, I thank you. I must also thank Bob, my son for his encouragement and nudging my memory and Don, my husband for his patience during the many hours I spent writing.

How to begin. I finally decided that I would write about what I know best — about myself and in the first person — writing about my own thoughts and experiences, weaving in the family as I went along, and including my family, too. This I have done.

I have also taken the liberty to include some history and geography of the areas that pertain to the part of our lives in the islands.

There is also some repetition. This could not be helped as you will see. I have tried to be as accurate as I could while writing about the old days. If you do not agree, please add your own comments to your own copy.

I took the idea from Jan's poem, "Thank You God For This Amazing Trip" to give title to this book. "Thank You, Father," because it seems most appropriate.

I have also listed the names given to me of our family and their children, including the addresses that I have, in case any of you wish to get in touch with each other.

PROLOGUE

King Kalakaua reigned from 1874 to 1891.
Queen Liliuokalani succeeded him, occupying the throne from 1891 to 1893.
The monarchy was overthrown in 1893.
The Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898.
The "Contract" system for importing laborers was forbidden after 1898.

In the 1850's, American consuls and ministers resident in Hawaii had peppered the United States State Department with requests to take over Hawaii in order to prevent some other power from doing so, as Hawaii is located in a very strategic position.

In the 1860's, just after the Civil War, coal oil began to threaten the whaling industry, the chief economy of the islands. Hawaii began to look inward for a living, and they found it in sugar.

During the reign of King Kalakaua, sugar interests kept putting pressure on him and his American consuls to ask Congress to pass legislation that would improve the sugar economy. As a result, in 1876, Congress was influenced to pass a Reciprocity Treaty, admitting Hawaiian sugar to the States, tariff free, in return for a guarantee that naval base privileges at Pearl Harbor would not go to any other power. The United States Navy had long had its eye on Pearl Harbor.

The Reciprocity Treaty had great effect on Hawaii. Sugar quickly became her prime industry and there began a great expansion in sugar production. This led to a booming economy and great demands for immigrant labor, and the complexion of Hawaii's people began to change, too.

In the 1870's, what natives there were did not distinguish themselves as toilers. The Hawaiians did splendidly at jobs they liked, especially as seamen or cowpunchers, but they did not care for the long hours of chopping cane through a choking, sun-baked thicket. Thus, a movement began to bring outside laborers to the islands, but the first imports from the Gilbert Islands, Tahiti, and Samoa proved as unsatisfactory as their Hawaiian cousins.

Finally, some enterprising concerns decided to import Chinese labor. The Chinese predominated the labor market for a generation until the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed in 1882, leading to the importation of Portuguese and Japanese laborers.

In 1890, jealous American sugar interests in Washington found a way to negate the Reciprocity Treaty of 1876 by having Congress pass the McKinley Tariff Act. The Act, which took effect on April 1, 1891, admitted all foreign sugar duty free. Hawaii suffered a deep economic depression as a result because the Act wiped out the competitive advantage of Hawaiian sugar over other foreign sugars in the American market.

The most powerful sugar forces in the islands had either to get the new tariff revised in favor or Hawaii or somehow get Hawaii inside the States' tariff barrier, and that meant annexation.

Kalakaua's ministers prevailed upon him to make a visit to Washington to influence Congress to repeal the Act. Kalakaua was the first Hawaiian monarch to visit the United States. He became immensely popular with his merry manner and he charmed President Grant, his Cabinet, and Congress. He was able to convince the Senate to repeal the Act, which took place in 1894.

Kalakaua died in 1891 and did not live to see his great handiwork. His reign was called Hawaii's Golden Age. He was known as "The Merry Monarch." Not many people know that he composed the words to Hawaii's then national anthem "Hawaii Pono'i." It is now our State Song.

Kalakaua's sister, Liliuokalani, became Queen in 1891, and ruled to 1893. Her motto was "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." She is remembered as a patriot, martyr, and a misguided woman. She was determined to rule as an absolute monarch, and she was supported by the natives who helped her draft and plan a revised Constitution. Thus began the seeds of a revolution.

In 1892, island businessmen who had already been badly hurt by the McKinley Tariff began to scheme to have the islands annexed to the United States, seeing this as the only way to permanently protect their interests. They formed a "Committee of Safety," presumably to study the situation, and they called American sailors from the cruiser, Boston, anchored in Honolulu Harbor, to come ashore to protect American lives and property.

Queen Liliuokalani's forces were ill organized and in short order they had to yield to superior forces.

The Committee of Safety took matters in hand, abolishing the monarchy and establishing a Provisional Government on January 17, 1893.

Queen Liliuokalani appealed to President Harrison to reinstate her as Queen, but he refused.

A few years later, in 1898, President McKinley signed a joint resolution annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. The American Flag was hoisted at the Iolani Palace grounds during the annexation ceremonies.

Sugar stocks boomed gloriously on the Honolulu Stock Exchange, and Sanford B. Dole was appointed Governor of the new government. He was a missionary's son, and had been one of Queen Liliuokalani's ministers. He was known for both his integrity and his ability.

The Queen lived on but was very embittered. In addition to being Hawaii's last ruling monarch, she was a talented musician and composed many beautiful songs, one of which is the memorable "Aloha Oe."

After the annexation of the Islands to the United States, the "contract" system for importing labor was forbidden.

THE BEGINNING

Nochau is a small village on the southern coast of China in the province of Kwangtung. Kwantung lies close to the southern sea coast of China where there are many harbors. Ships from all over the world anchored in these harbors, bringing news from the outside world. My paternal grandfather heard that there was gold being discovered in Australia, so he took Father with him to become rich. But they found no gold and returned home.

A year passed. Father heard that a ship was signing up contract laborers to go to Tan Heong Shan (Land of Sandalwood). The contract was for two years, at which time, you would be given your freedom and could become a Hawaiian citizen if you so desired. This would enable you to make a much better life for yourself.

My paternal grandfather told Father to sign on.

According to the Archives, Father came to Hawaii about 1888. Like so many others from the Kwangtung province he became a contract laborer on Molokai. He wore a queue. The queue indicated his status as a Cantonese, but his plantation boss had it lopped off. Working conditions were poor and he was made to feel as a second-class human being.

Father worked very hard in the blistering sun. He saved his money diligently, and was highly motivated never to work on a sugar plantation again. At the end of the two years, he shook the dust of Molokai from his feet and sailed for the big city of Honolulu on the island of Oahu.

Father settled in the district of Iwilei, close to Honolulu Harbor. He bought a horse and buggy and started a business of his own as a hack-driver. He then sent for Mother, Tom Lin.

My mother had bound feet, but her mother, Popo, did not. I wondered about this as it was the custom in those days for girls' feet to be bound. In mentioning this to my dentist, Dr. K.B. Chun, who has made several trips to China, he told me some of the plausible reasons. His grandparents came from the same area as my parents and grandparents, and in his research, he learned that our ancestors were peasants or farmers. Farmers were divided into different classes: those who were tenant farmers, those who owned small plots of land, and those who owned many acres and leased them out and, therefore, were landlords. My maternal great-grandfather must have been a landlord and needed Popo to work on the farm. When Popo married Grandfather, she married into a higher class, so

she bound Mother's feet. I questioned Dr. Chun about my maternal grandparents coming to Hawaii if they were so prosperous. His answer was that drought, bandits, floods, and famine could have been reasons.

Mother arrived in the Islands about 1892. Mother told me it was a horrible trip, being confined to steerage, and not being able to move about the ship. She was very happy when the ship docked at Honolulu Harbor.

Father established one of the first taxi businesses in Hawaii, and in a few years, because he prospered, my parents sent for my maternal grandparents. Then Father's brother came and they bought another horse and buggy. Later, Uncle went home to China to also bring his family over, but the Exclusion Act was passed and he could not return with his family.

My parents and grandparents became American citizens. All residents living in the Islands before the annexation in 1898 automatically became American citizens.

The economy was good. My parents loved Hawaii. They began a family of twelve children: Mary, Jan, Robert, Amy, Lillian, George, Bessie, Tin Yau, Me, Karl, Elsie, and Edward. They had no desire to return to their native land.

Kungkung and Popo were happy in the Islands, too. They had five children: three daughters and one son, and another son by Kungkung's Hawaiian mistress. Popo raised this son with the same amount of love that she gave her own children. I adored him, too. He was tall and handsome. He spoke perfect Chinese. When he was old enough, he joined Sun Yat Sen's forces in China as an aviator. He was killed.

I have great memories of my Kungkung and Popo. Kungkung had reddish hair as I remember him. His eyes also twinkled. He was well built and had many friends of all races. He was a very good businessman and owned a harness shop, a kodak shop, as well as a jewelry shop. He also owned much property.

Kungkung was also a politician. He was a good friend of Sun Yat Sen who was the first President of the Chinese Republic.

Sun Yat Sen was born on Maui, but he grew up in China. He became a crusader to overthrow the corrupt reign of the Dowager Empress of China. He influenced my Kungkung and others to help him organize the Kuo Ming Tong Party in the Chinese Community to help him with the Revolution and to support his cause.

Popo was a little thing — like Mother. I can still visualize her dressed in her black blouse and black trousers, with a black, velvet, embroidered band over her forehead and bun. She

smoked a long pipe and wore soft shoes that Mother made for her. She was a very sweet and caring human being. She was also broadminded and understanding. She loved my son, Robert. I have happy memories of her. She lived long after my parents passed away. Kungkung died at 63 and Popo at 80.

My parents were happy to have Kungkung and Popo in Hawaii as they were very helpful. Kungkung helped Father financially, too.

This, then, was the beginning of the Goo "dynasty" in Hawaii.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Life dawned for me when I gave my first cry on January 6, 1910 at home in Iwilei at 4 a.m. Mother named me Kam Ngo. Translated, it means "Golden Goose" or "Golden Swan." I prefer the latter for, after all, I am tall and I think, graceful, with a long neck. I was the ninth child and the fifth daughter.

I spent my first four years at our Iwilei home.

Mother sent my name to an astrologer in China, and he told her that I would have two husbands and four children. At the time, this information held no meaning. Later, his prophesy became a reality.

Dr. and Mrs. Min Hin Li, a husband and wife medical team, were our family doctors. They had been educated in China, and the Chinese of that day did not believe in hospitals, or going to the doctor's office. Therefore, the doctors only made house calls, and they made many to our home. My parents were afraid to die away from home among strangers. Then too, because there were ten of us at the time, they came often as we were not exempt from childhood diseases. There were also requirements of the Department of Health to be met, when we were ready for school.

Once, Dr. and Mrs. Li came to vaccinate some of my brothers and sisters. There was a cheaper fee for a quota. Always curious, I stood nearby to watch, as each of my brothers and sisters were vaccinated. Lo, there was one missing — Bessie. It would take time to find her. I had not been included because I was only four then. Nevertheless, the doctors grabbed me to fulfill the quota. To this day, I have a huge, hideous vaccination on my right arm to remind me that curiosity can bring about unpleasant results. I found out later that Bessie had been hiding under her bed — the scrarecrow!

Our Iwilei property had five homes on it; one for Kungkung and Popo, one for us, and three which were rented to families who had come from the same villages in China as my parents and grandparents. My father was a Goo; Mother and Kungkung were Toms; and Popo was a Ching.

Our homes were all built in a row. In front of the houses, there was a large yard. At one end of the yard, was an area roped off for the two horses my father used for his buggy. When I was naughty, I would run under the horses, so my mother could not catch me to spank me; as she had tiny feet and was afraid of the horses.

We fed the horses algaroba beans. My sisters and brothers took me with them to pick the beans, as there was an algaroba forest not far from our home. The algaroba is known as the kiawe tree in Hawaii, and its wood is in great demand for barbecues and firewood.

My father's customers were mostly Hawaiians. Some of them lived in "Squattersville," at the end of Iwilei.

Once we were invited to one of their luaus. After we returned home, I noticed that my mother was in the kitchen preparing a meal. They told me that they had eaten sparingly as the meat that was served was dog. The Hawaiians considered it delicious. I remembered the coarseness of the meat. It took me a long time to forget that luau.

There were other childhood incidents. My brothers, sisters, and our neighbors' children would often walk to town and they would take me with them. In fact, they had no choice. Coming home one day, they remembered that they had heard that there would be a hanging at the prison. The prison was located about a half mile from our home and we had to pass it. There was a tall, green fence surrounding the prison, but the fence had many little knotholes. Everyone was trying to look through one. As I was little, someone lifted me so that I could see. I saw a Filipino man dangling in mid-air. I had nightmares for a long time, but I never told.

At another time, Father had picked up a Filipino as a passenger. He surprised Father and knifed him while trying to rob him. Filipinos were not one of my favorite people.

Honolulu Harbor was not too far away from our home. We would pass it by as we walked to town. I enjoyed seeing the ships in the harbor. I remember the day my eldest sister, Mary, left for Chicago to marry Tom Chan, a friend of Kungkung's. Mother was sad that Mary was going so far away to be married, but Kungkung had match-made Mary to Tom, so Mother

bowed to her father's wish.

Another incident happened that caused my parents grief. We lived next door to a stone quarry. I did not like the quarry. It was noisy and dusty. The barrels of tar were too high for me to climb, so I did not go there, but some of the boys did. They liked to chase each other. My eldest brother, Jan, fell and his foot was caught between the barrels. It was a bad injury. Father took him to the Shriner's Hospital, but they were not able to repair the damage. Jan walked awkwardly and in pain for many years. To this day, he is unable to walk normally.

Once the quarry caught on fire and threatened our homes. My grandparents' home was closest to the quarry. We all helped them move their precious belongings to safety first, then we moved ours. It was very scary. Luckily, the fire was brought under control before it did any damage to our property.

When Father lost the lease to our property and we had to move, I was glad. Kungkung helped Father purchase a lot at 539 School Street, and Father built a five-bedroom home there. We moved when I was five.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DAYS

Father believed that it was best to own one's home, so he owned two homes — the one in Iwilei and the one on School Street. He said that paying rent was like throwing money away. Each of his children own their home today, so he taught us well.

There were only a few homes on School Street when we moved there. Taro patches covered much of the surrounding land.

The Kealohas lived next door, and across the street were the Correas. They were wonderful neighbors.

There were ten of us when we moved, so father built a large home. In addition to the five bedrooms, there was a bathroom, a living room, and a very large kitchen. There was also a spacious lanai, added to the front of our home.

In the kitchen, there was a sink, a pantry, and a large, round table where we had our meals. The Chinese believed in eating fresh produce and meat, so Father did the marketing daily. We did not have an ice box, and of course freezers were unheard of. Father soon built an addition to the kitchen, as he liked to have his food cooked on a wood stove and because this caused black soot. I am describing the kitchen first because we spent

many happy hours there. Mother was a good cook and she made many Chinese delicacies, especially when there was a Chinese holiday.

At one end of the kitchen were stairs that led to the garage.

The house was built with the bedrooms separated by a living room and a hallway leading to the kitchen. In the living room, there were two koa rocking chairs and three uncomfortable, upright chairs. There was a large table separating the rocking chairs where we deposited our homework, newspapers, magazines, and whatever. On the walls hung three large photographs with large, old-fashioned frames. The pictures were of Father, Mother, and Mary. There was a little altar on the wall next to my parents' bedroom. On the altar, there were some joss sticks, and usually a pomelo, on top of which sat a tangerine — this alter honored the memory of Kungkung.

There was a large linoleum carpet covering the floor of the parlor.

In the bedrooms, except Jan's, were the Chinese facsimile of beds. They were boards on wooden horses. On the boards were sturdy, strong mats that had been made in China. I believe that sleeping on those beds in our childhood and teens gave us our straight backs. Father's "pillow" was a concave rectangular, lacquered block. It was black-trimmed with red. The rest of us slept with regular pillows.

Jan's bedroom consisted of a regular bed with a mattress and a large desk at which he did much studying. I was to inherit this room when I was in college and the desk came in handy. I shared a bedroom with Bessie before that.

Having one bathroom for all of us was not at all convenient, especially for Karl and me. The eldest usually had first priority. However, this bathroom was my sanctuary when all had gone to bed. I loved to read and if I read in the bedroom, I would keep Bessie awake. Why not the parlor or kitchen? Because it was forbidden after Mother and Father went to bed.

We had a small back yard. With her small feet, Mother managed to put in a garden. She grew beans, bitter melon, cabbage, green onions, Chinese parsley, and Chinese cabbage.

Father made his contribution, too. He raised chickens by enclosing an area adjacent to the garage.

I remember being awakened one night, by chickens cackling and roosters crowing. We ran to the back stairs to see father beating a Filipino man with a broom. Then he let him go. Father could have been killed, but he wasn't about to let anyone steal any of his chickens.

Our family had very little money, but our meals were always substantial; although I often wished we had a better variety. We had lots of vegetables. The Chinese use little meat, but a lot of pork. Mother would use little slivers in the different dishes. And of course there were the chickens. They were only used for special occasions, however.

I remember the meals consisting of rice, soup, fish (canned or fresh) and vegetables. However, there were many meals of hot rice, with Crisco and soy sauce; hot rice with harm ha (a shrimp sauce); or hot rice with bean curd. All of these sauces are condiments and a little went a long way with rice. Mother always had a dish of vegetables on the table, too. My favorite was the hot rice, Crisco, and soy sauce.

At other times, we had salt eggs and rice or salt fish and rice. Sometimes, Mother cooked sweet potatoes in the rice, too. Now and then, she would open a can of salmon, sardines, or corned beef. She served three hot meals every day; so none of us went hungry.

Jan, our eldest brother, helped out with the family income. Since he was the eldest, this was expected of him. He had wanted to attend college, but he had to sacrifice his goals to help out. He had to be satisfied with a high school education. He graduated from McKinley High School, and after graduation was hired as an auditor for C.Q. Yee Hop, a grocery firm. Jan was very hard working and brilliant. To augment what he earned as an auditor, he studied the stock market and was so good at it, he made money. He has continued to do this and helps out Bessie and Elsie by recommending certain stocks for them to purchase. Bessie and Elsie are widows.

Jan married Elsie Saito, a practical nurse from Kauai. She has been a wonderful addition to our family. She was of great help to Mother when we were all working or attending school. Mother taught her Chinese as well as how to make Chinese goodies, and they got along famously.

In time, Jan and Elsie bought a home and moved. Both are workaholics. Elsie became interested in raising orchids and anthuriums as a hobby. She became so proficient at it, that it developed into a lucrative business.

In the meantime, Jan had left C.Q. Yee Hop to work for Love's Bakery. He resigned from Love's to help Elsie, and they became the proprietors of the Jan Goo Florist Shop near the Varsity Theater. For many years, besides their Hawaii customers, they had loyal customers from the mainland, as well as from all over the world.

In later years, Jan held a family potluck each New Year's Day, at his home in Pauoa Valley.

Jan is 83. He keeps well, and still does all of his gardening and caring for his flower and fruit trees. He has sold his flower shop. By his hard work and shrewd business acumen, he is very well off financially.

Elsie is pursuing a new hobby. She raises some of the most beautiful, as well as expensive fish that I've ever seen.

When Jan fell and hurt his foot, my parents were very concerned about him and his future, but he never allowed his handicap to deter him from accomplishing his goals. He and Elsie have lived full, productive lives. Bessie and sister Elsie visit him often, not only for investment advice, but also because he has been a very good brother. He was one of the first to call me after our daughter Jan died, and he was at our home immediately to offer his help and advice.

Jan and Elsie have no children.

Father always felt badly that he had to rely on Jan's help. With the taxi business, there were days when business was poor. Even Mother had to help. I think this weighed on Father all of his life, especially to see Jan crippled. He believed in education and he was sad that Jan could not attend college.

Mother had to help, too, in spite of her tiny feet and a heart condition brought about from bearing so many children. Popo had honored a centuries old tradition when she bound Mother's feet in China, but I don't believe Mother appreciated it as she suffered immensely.

It was not possible for Mother to wear regular shoes, so she made them herself out of soft felt. Often, I would go with her on some errand, and she had to take very, very tiny steps. Crossing a street was most difficult.

When we returned home, I would help her bathe her feet in warm water. Every time I did this, I felt bad looking at those pitiful toes all grown together and bent under, forming a ball, resembling a fist. I'm glad that the custom of binding women's feet has been abolished.

I started to tell you about Mother's contribution towards the family income. She made gift items from haole koa seeds, such as purses, necklaces, and bracelets. My sisters and I would harvest the seeds, and Mother would cook them and sew them while they were still soft.

Haole koa trees grow prolifically over all the islands, and are a nuisance if they grow in one's yard.

Mother was also an accomplished seamstress. She made

khaki uniforms and caps for the Army and hats for the Navy. Father put a motor on her sewing machine so that she did not have to peddle with her tiny feet. Often she would earn enough to help Father.

Father did the marketing as he would park near the market anyway. Sometimes he would do the cooking on weekends. For the first few years on School Street, we had a wood stove indoors as well as outdoors. Father cooked delicious pot roast and pig heads in his wok.

When Father went to work, Mother always kept busy. When she was not making gift items, she would sew as she made most of the girls' clothing. She did not know how to sew Western-style clothes, so she made us blouses resembling pajama tops and pants like hers. The pajamas were held up by drawstrings. My pants kept falling as I did not have any hips at the time. I hated them as the children in school called me "pake' pants." Mother made each of the girls one set. But I hated my under panties more. Mother's friends gave her flour and sugar bags, which she would wash, then make underwear for us. Need I say more about why I detested them?

During the summer before I began Kindergarten, Mother sent me to visit my cousins, Ah Hung, Ah Lan, and Ah Sim. Mother's sister had married their Father. When he was fifteen, he had bought some leather f rom Kungkung and met my aunt. Uncle bought a rice field in Kaneohe when he was fifty. Whenever he came to visit, he brought lots of goodies. My aunt died when Ah Hung was five. Later, Ah Hung went to live with my grandparents.

The summer I spent with them was a happy one. They had a Hawaiian family as neighbors, who had a son about my age and we fell in love. We spent much time together catching crayfish and shrimp in the rice field. He taught me to eat what we caught — raw! We also had fun chasing rice birds, by banging on large tin cans to frighten them away.

Later, my uncle sold his farm and moved into Honolulu. Then he returned to China as it was not Communistic then. The girls stayed with my grandparents. I have kept in touch with Ah Lan and Ah Sim. Their older sister, Ah Hung, married, but her marriage was arranged and was not a particularly happy one. She worked for a Professor Lee who was teaching at the University, and when he moved to the Mainland Ah Hung went with the family. Subsequently, she moved to California with her children. I visited her once long ago.

Ah Lan is the middle daughter. She married Wah Kwai Shim

on December 31, 1922. Her marriage was arranged, too. Her husband, Wah Kwai Shim, was a librarian in the Federal Court under Judge William Rawlins Lynar. Their marriage is a happy one.

Ah Sim married in 1926 to Ah On Auyong. Her marriage was arranged also. She chose me for her bridesmaid. At the reception, she had to serve tea to the guests. Anyone older than she, had to present her with a lisee, money wrapped in red paper. This was an old Chinese custom.

I am very fond of Ah Lan and Ah Sim. They are the only first cousins I am aware of. I understand I have others. Popo disowned one daughter for some reason. I have not been able to find out why. Uncle Sam's marriage was arranged, too. My Aunt Mable and he had no children. They adopted a daughter and a son. Beatrice, the daughter, lives in Hawaii Kai. She has two sons by a second marriage. You recall that my uncle from Kungkung's Hawaiian mistress was killed in China fighting with Sun Yat Sen's forces.

Our family and Ah Lan and Ah Sim have been quite close through the years. I will always remember the summer I spent with them. They are truly dear people. They took such good care of me when I caught the three-day measles before sending me home to start my first year of school.

Kauluwela School was only a five-minute walk from our home, so my sisters and brothers and I would walk. I don't remember my Kindergarten teacher, but I do recall others.

My first grade teacher was pure Hawaiian and her name was Mrs. Anahu. She spoke softly and you had to pay close attention so you could hear her.

Mrs. Molly Yap was my second grade teacher. She was Hawaiian-Chinese and beautiful with lovely, large eyes. Her voice was low, throaty, and pleasant to listen to. She had a son who inherited her eyes and she named him Dope Yap. He was an outstanding football player. I loved Mrs. Yap. She was like a second mother to me. We remained friends long after I graduated from Kauluwela.

Mrs. Anahu and Mrs. Yap were graduates of the Territorial Normal College. I was to graduate in the last class of this college in 1930. Most of my teachers were graduates of this school.

Mrs. Anahu and Mrs. Yap taught phonics. They emphasized phonetic sounds constantly. So I learned to read and spell at an early age. They taught us to enjoy reading, too, so to this day, reading is an important hobby.

My third grade teacher was a Mrs. McIntyre from Scotland.

She was a "fierce" teacher, with red hair that she wore pompadour style. She wore glasses and spoke with a high-pitched voice. After my first two wonderful teachers, I had a rude awakening.

When I did not give a prompt answer, especially in multiplication, I had to hold out my right hand, palm down, and she would hit my knuckles with her yardstick. When I told my parents, they did not sympathize. They said I would learn and I did. To them, the teacher was always right. Well, maybe they were right. I remember my multiplication tables to this day.

On November 4, 1918, when I was eight years old, my younger sister, Elsie, was born. After seven years, I was no longer the youngest daughter.

After school, when my sisters had to attend to their chores, they would put Elsie on my back, with an Oi Dai. Mother had made several pretty ones.

An Oi Dai is a square piece of cloth about a foot and a half square. Sewn over it in the middle was a patch work of different colored silk material. Attached to this square in the four corners, were long, three-inch wide strips of cloth, reaching to the front of the wearer; two strips tied below the neck and two brought in front below the breasts and tied in the back. Can you imagine the handicap I had, when I was playing hide-and-go-seek, or master? I would be caught frequently, and in my frustration, I would pinch Elsie on the buttocks. She would cry, naturally — poor baby!

A sad event happened when I was in the third grade. A telegram came to inform my parents that sister Mary had passed away. We had lost a sister and gained one.

In 1918, during World War I, there was an epidemic of influenza that swept the Nation. Penicillin had not been discovered. Mary was one of the casualties. Mother cried and cried silently for several days. She did not see me watching her wipe her tears. Father had a sad look on his face, too. I came to understand how they must have felt, when my own daughter Jan died about the same age as Mary, miles away from home. Don and I were fortunate to be at her bedside when she passed on, whereas my parents were not able to be with Mary.

Mary had left home to marry Tom Chan and make her home in Chicago. Tom and Mary had two daughters, Florence and Grace. Their father hired a governess to care for them, but it did not prove satisfactory.

On one of his buying trips to China, Tom brought the girls to us. They were five and four years old and very cute and pre-

cious. Elsie was two, so all of a sudden we had three little girls to care for, but they did not give us any problems.

On Tom's return trip from China, he approached my parents to help him with Florence and Grace. Since I have three older sisters, there should be at least one sister who would be willing to accompany him to Chicago. Amy, my second oldest sister, was in love and so she did not want to go. At fifteen, Lily was the next oldest, and she was willing. However, my parents felt that she was too young to go alone with a married man, so they asked my second oldest brother, Mac, who was attending the University of Hawaii to accompany her.

Lil and Mac left for Chicago with Tom, Florence, and Grace in 1919. The next time I saw Lil and Mac was in 1933, after I had taught school for two years and had saved enough money to make the trip.

Going to school was a happy time for me. I could harly wait to leave home each morning. I liked my teachers, my classes, my classmates, and my recesses, too.

Each morning when the bell rang, the whole school would assemble in their assigned places around the flag pole, from which flew the American Flag. We would all say in unison, "Good morning, Mrs. Creighton." (She was my principal from Kindergarten through the eighth grade.)

One of the teachers would lead us in the Lord's Prayer, and then we would sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hawaii Pono'i."

This never varied. We would have distinguished guests occasionally. Mary Miles Minter, a Hollywood actress, was a visitor one day. After her address, she told us to remember a passage from the Bible, II Timothy, 2:15: "just be sweet and sing." I've always remembered it.

After announcements, all the students marched single-file to our classrooms in a very orderly manner. A monitor would play some phonograph record so we could march in time. Mrs. Creighton stood watching until the last class disappeared.

I was usually the last in line as I was tall. I hated this, because in most of the classes, the last student was a boy. I had to learn to accept certain conditions that cannot be changed.

During recesses, we would play marbles, steal eggs, pee wee, and baseball, depending on what area of the playground we were in. My pake' pants came in handy with some games as I could run faster than the others. Also, I did not have to worry about my underpanties being seen. I had a friend, Lin Hee Wong, who wore pake' pants too. She was as fast as I. We made

good partners and so we became popular. We were usually chosen first, so after awhile we did not mind being called "pake' pants."

Sometimes, I would stay after school to play, instead of going home. Then, I would get a scolding from Mother.

Father never scolded me. He never spanked me either. Sometimes, after Mother punished me, he would pull me down on his lap. Then he would rock me while smoking his cigar. He knew I liked to have fun and loved people as he did. Sometimes, when Mother wasn't looking, he would slip me a few coins. I had no money except what Father gave me. Sometimes, he would give me five cents for lunch. It would buy lunch for two days. For two and a half cents, you could buy chow fun, manapua, or other goodies. The peddler would give us a ticket with a two and a half cent stamp on it when we paid him with five cents. We could use the ticket again the next time we wanted to buy lunch from him. This was a treat for us.

Usually, our lunch consisted of a hunk of bread spread with sugar, or condensed milk, or deviled ham for filling. A loaf of bread cost five cents. We divided it into four parts and each of us would take a hunk.

During the summer, Mother would make all kinds of goodies as we were at home to help her. I would pound rice flour or help mold little doughnuts. We also helped her carry heavy pots. Then the kitchen would smell heavenly with a delicious aroma. My parents never went to a restaurant. When they were invited to parties, they took all of us along.

Mother was truly a good mother. She knew how to cook, sew, and keep house. She could read the classics and would read to me often. She would also tell me stories or sing little songs to me. My only regret is that I did not write them down. Mother kept busy all the time. She never took a nap during the day. Once in a while, I would go with her to a Chinese show. She enjoyed them, but except for the costumes, I did not care for them as they were so noisy and I did not understand what the actors and actresses were saying.

The summers were busy and went by quickly.

When I was nine years old, Miss Branco was my fourth grade teacher. She, too, was a graduate of the Normal Teachers' College. She was Portuguese, tall, and gracious, usually with a smile. She also taught us phonics, as well as the basics. I liked her very much. In the fourth grade, we learned penmanship. She gave us many drills and I acquired fairly good penmanship, which came in handy when I became a teacher. Fourth

grade students were selected to be office monitors. It was a privilege, so we all worked hard and behaved. I was selected often. It was a happy year.

That summer, I was given some grown-up chores to do in addition to "watching" Elsie.

My fifth and sixth grade teacher was Miss Fennell. She was strict and had high standards. She taught us how to read and write poetry and I enjoyed it thoroughly. When Mrs. Creighton made her rounds and visited our class, Miss Fennell would call on me to read. How happy I was to be selected! I was office monitor, too, regularly. After awhile, I became acquainted with all the teachers in the school, as one of the duties of an office monitor was to take messages to the teachers.

Spelling matches were held often. Miss Fennell made learning exciting. With my background in phonics, I had truly learned to spell and was usually the last one remaining standing. I remembered these spelling matches and how I enjoyed them, when I taught the fifth and sixth grades. My students enjoyed them, too.

Miss Fennell decided to teach the sixth grade. She promoted most of the boys and I was the only girl. I felt badly for the other girls, especially for my cousin Mary, who had been in my class. The rest of the students had to repeat the fifth grade with another teacher. In those days, they believed in students repeating grades if they did not accomplish the work of that particular grade.

I enjoyed Miss Fennell for another year. She later became principal of Aiea Elementary and Intermediate School. When we had our reunions, she was always invited and we would reminisce. She never married.

My youngest brother, Edward, arrived on December 12, 1919. We call Elsie and Edward the "rattoon crop" as Mother had them during her menopause. On a sugar plantation, a "rattoon crop" is a new crop which sprouts after a field has been lying idle for several years.

Word came that summer that my sister, Lil, had decided to marry brother-in-law, Tom Chan. She became a stepmother to Florence and Grace, our sister Mary's daughters.

Later, Lil had four girls of her own: Helen, Eunice, Mary, and Priscilla. Then along came two boys: Chung and Pang. Brother-in-law, Tom Chan, was ecstatic. He prospered in Chicago's Chinatown. His noodle factory was supplying a great many chop suey restaurants, and his gift shop was doing a lucrative business.

After Edward's birth, Mother decided that having borne twelve children was sufficient. Here we are according to our arrivals:

1. Mary
2. Jan
3. Robert (Mac)
4. Amy
5. George
6. Lil
7. Bessie
8. Tin Yau
9. Me
10. Karl
11. Elsie
12. Edward

Mother decided to move in with Bessie and me. A modern brass bed was bought — one with a good mattress — for Mother and Bessie. My bed would be at the foot of it — two planks on two wooden boxes at each end and the inevitable straw mat. The best part about our sleeping arrangement was the window next to my bed which I would open as soon as Mother and Bessie were asleep.

I looked forward to September each year. I did well in school and I felt myself achieving. Besides, I had fun.

The seventh and eigth grades were different than the others. They were departmentalized and instead of one teacher, we had several. My English teacher in the seventh grade was Miss Thacher, who had just arrived from England and was a sweet, old lady with gray hair and a lisp. She was a good and conscientious teacher. She was responsible for my name, Margaret. My other teachers had no difficulty pronouncing my Chinese name, but Miss Thacher did. She just could not pronounce the gutteral "ng." Frustrated one day, when my classmates giggled as she struggled to pronounce my name, she announced that she was going to give me an English name. She said, "Since you are a pearl of a student and Margaret means pearl, Margaret you shall be," and it's been Margaret ever since.

She taught us to say either, neither, potato, and tomato. Once in a while, unconsciously, I revert to these pronounciations.

One of the important lessons she taught us was writing compositions. I've always been grateful to her for this.

We went to Miss Barbour for Hygiene. She was short and plump. Like me, she seemed to have had only one change of clothing. She wore a purple jumper with black trim all year, with a change of two white blouses. I was able to empathize with her.

On top of her head sat a tiny little bun. Her eyes were small and watery, and she kept them on us vigilantly, especially when she taught us about the care of the different parts of our body.

When we giggled, she would admonish us severely. I also learned from her.

For Math, we had Miss Carey. She was excellent and dedicated. Fundamental math was easy for me, but when it came to algebra, I didn't do as well. Miss Carey would invite some of her girls who needed help, to her Waikiki apartment on Saturdays. Then she would help us and also give us lunch. She was lovely. I passed math with a "B".

In the 8th grade, I had Miss Lucy Ward for English and Literature. She belonged to an old, kamaaina family who owned the plantation estate adjoining McKinley High School. She had two other sisters. Miss Lucy was tall, and had salt and pepper hair, pulled back into a bun. She had a high nasal voice and it was difficult to pay attention in her class. Fortunately, she believed in student participation. She would perch on top of a stool, pull up her skirt and show her long, black bloomers. She was very strict and tolerated no nonsense.

The three Ward sisters were part-Hawaiian. They lived in a mid-Victorian family home. They were unmarried, rich, exclusive, and mysterious.

A beautiful concert hall, the Neal Blaisdell Center, stands on their property today.

Mrs. Bickford taught us history and geography. She was tiny with a head of lovely white hair. Her voice was raspy, but she was a good teacher. She usually stood to teach and we could see the terrible bunions on her feet. She sent me to the blackboard often to copy our homework, and taught us how to draw maps and to relate them to historical events. She taught us the map of the world, how to locate mountains, rivers, and lakes as well as countries. We had to memorize the States in our Nation and their capitols. So, we learned a good deal from Mrs. Bickford.

The girls had to take Home Economics and the boys, Shop. We had Mrs. Lee and the boys, Mr. Tom. Both of them were Chinese and good teachers.

Mrs. Lee was chubby, personable, and easy to like. She taught us how to cook American dishes, and how to bake cookies and cakes. We had to learn to set a table properly. Then we were taught how to sit at the table and learned how to use the napkins and utensils. (I had known only how to use chopsticks and I was twelve years old). I did not realize there were so many forks, spoons and knives, each for a special use.

In addition to this, Mrs. Lee taught us how to sew, how to follow a pattern, and how to pin and baste before actually

sewing. We learned how to embroider and hemstitch, too, and I still enjoy embroidering and hemstitching. The first thing I learned how to sew was a jumper and I learned quickly. I was becoming very tired of my pake' pants. The first jumper I made was blue and I embroidered white flowers on it and I was very happy with it. Needless to say, I wore it often.

One afternoon in Home Ec. class, something happened that I will never forget. I felt a warm, trickling down my legs. When I looked down, it was blood. I was petrified. One of the girls called Mrs. Lee. She gave me some paper towels to wipe up the blood and sent me home.

I thought my mother would be worried when I told her what happened. Instead, she looked at me and said matter-of-factly, "It is your time." I had no idea what she was talking about. You would think that Mrs. Barbour would have told us about menstruation in Hygiene. No, the subject was taboo, so she did not.

My mother gave me some black strips of cloth, similar to those I had seen hanging on a line behind the curtain in the bathroom. She then told me to take a bath and showed me how to use the black strips with some awful, scratchy paper between my legs to absorb the blood. That awful, scratchy paper was made in China and that was what the women wore. It was terrible. It would scratch my inner thighs and leave blisters. Fortunately, I was introduced to Kotex before long, and a great improvement it was!

That was my introduction to the physiological change that was to help me become a woman. At the time, I wished I was a boy!

This was in 1924 and I was thirteen years old. Some fifty years later, parents and educators are still in disagreement about teaching Human Sexuality in the schools.

The class I enjoyed the most was Physical Education (P.E.). Mrs. Gilliland was our instructor. She was a beautiful, heavy-set, part-Hawaiian woman and she walked very proudly and stately.

Kauluwela School took part in intra-mural sports. We had a baseball team. Mrs. Gilliland was our advisor and she chose me as the team pitcher. We wore middy blouses with black ties and big, black bloomers.

I had to stay after school to practice. For our games, we had to travel to other schools such as Kaiulani, Kalihi-waena, and Kalihi-uka. My parents never knew. I would ask my younger brother, Karl, to cover for me and do my chores. He was very good to me.

We won a few games and lost a few.

Music was also taught by a travelling music teacher, Mrs. Ericson. She came every week. For our graduation, she taught us "Lei Kaahumanu" and "Roselani."

It had been a marvelous eight years. In June 1924, I graduated with about forty others. During the years, my grades were all "As" and "Bs." I was happy to receive my diploma and it did not matter than none of my family was there to see me receive it.

THE REBEL IN THE FAMILY

My parents believed in education, so it was understood that I would continue on to high school. Mary was gone. Amy had graduated from the eighth grade, but she did not continue on to high school. Lil had left school to go to Chicago. Bessie had quit after the fourth grade. So, I was next and my parents wanted me to continue my education. I was happy to comply.

It was a foregone conclusion that I would attend McKinley High School, my older brothers' alma mater. Tin Yau was going there, too. Besides, it was the only public high school. Punahou, St. Louis, and Mid-Pacific were all private schools and they remain so today. George, for some reason, attended St. Louis.

I was filled with high hopes when I registered as a freshman, and it was with anticipation that I went to my first classes. I was disappointed, however. It wasn't the same as elementary school.

There were so many decisions to make. There were so many buildings and so many students. In the freshman class alone, there were over three hundred students. I did not see my friends. There wasn't time to have any fun. Most of my teachers were impersonal. School wasn't great any more.

It was time for me to begin the long process of living in a real world — the education of the development of character. It has taken me a long time to learn how to think and not what to think, and I am still learning.

I studied hard, but my grades were "Cs" except in English and Social Studies. It was a blow to my ego. No matter how hard I tried, I wasn't able to improve my grades. The competition was too stiff. Students from all the elementary schools were attending McKinley and they were highly intelligent.

I was 5'6" tall, thirteen years old and I looked sixteen, so

much more was expected of me.

I felt lost and lonely. I decided to do something about it. I joined the Girl Reserves, an arm of the Y.W.C.A., (Young Women's Christian Association). This group is similar to the Y-Teens of today. Our advisor was Miss Laura Pratt, daughter of a missionary family. Let me digress because the missionaries made an influential impact on Hawaii's history.

The missionaries arrived about 1820. There were no religions in the Islands, so the missionaries established Christianity quickly. They wanted to become a part of the Hawaiian community. They studied the Hawaiian language and they developed an alphabet of twelve letters — five vowels: a, e, i, o, u and seven consonants: h, k, l, m, n, p, and w—making it the shortest alphabet in the world.

The missionaries soon became a part of the Hawaiian community. They began to pressure the government for help in expanding their economic interests. In other words, the missionaries, with the help of the government, became rich, acquiring more lands than the natives.

Miss Pratt was a wonderful advisor. The Girl Reserves met at the Methodist Church after school. The church was only a block away from school across the street. Our motto was to be physically strong and morally straight and to believe that there was only one God. We had to learn about Him.

As a member of the Girl Reserves, I was involved in many outside activities, all happy, learning experiences. The YWCA owned a beach cottage near Gray's Beach in Waikiki, and Miss Pratt took us there often on weekends for picnic lunches or suppers. At other times, she would take us on hikes to Tantalus. We would ti leaf slide once we got there. What fun we had!

I remember one particular evening meeting. It was Halloween. After our business was taken care of, she declared that since it was Halloween, there would be a program. She would read us a story, than we would dunk for apples. She turned out all the lights. With a flash light, she began to read the story. We were all seated in a circle. She passed peeled grapes for eyes, cold spaghetti for intestines, and you can imagine the screeches and hollering as each of us was handed these articles in the dark. I remember being particularly horrified as she read the story of "The Corpse." Our imaginations ran wild! When the lights were turned on, it was a relief that the articles were only grapes and spaghetti. Whew! After the excitement subsided, we bobbed for apples.

Miss Pratt urged us to attend Sunday School. Some of the

members were already church goers. As for me, I had never been in a church.

Mother was a disciple of Buddha and Confucius. From their teachings, she tried to instill in us the following: do unto others as you would have them do unto you; ancestor worship was important; honor one's parents; do not covet; and to pay all one's bills before the beginning of a New Year. I don't remember ever having a Christmas tree and presents under the tree. I had never received a doll. I do remember celebrating Christmas in school, with the Nativity Scene, and some children bringing presents. Somehow, I took it as a part of school. The Christmas and Easter vacations were planned to give us a holiday, I thought.

Our family celebrated Chinese holidays. I recall a few like Chinese New Year, Chinese Easter, Chinese Memorial Day, and Chinese Harvest Moon, because Mother would prepare special foods on these days. Amy, George, and Bessie still observe these holidays.

I asked Mother if I could attend Sunday School. Her answer was "no." We were Buddhists.

Who was Christ? How was He different from Buddha? Why was it important that I become a Christian to be a Girl Reserve? How do I find these answers?

Miss Pratt said it was important that we attended Sunday School. Some of my friends were attending Sunday School at Mission Memorial. It was a red, brick building quite close to the civic center in downtown Honolulu. I joined my friends without telling Mother.

Theodore Richards, a wealthy philanthropist, was a pillar of the school. Reverend Lloyd Davis, who was to be my son's godfather, was a teacher. He had come to Hawaii to teach religion at Mid-Pacific Institute He was from Cotuit, Massachusetts. Later, I called him "Dad" as he took a few of us under his wing and called us his daughters. His wife, Alice, had been a missionary to India. They had one son.

After attending several Sundays, Dad Davis recruited me to sing in the choir. I had been sneaking out Sundays to attend Sunday School and I did not know whether I could get out on Thursday nights for choir practice. However, I figured, why not! So, I joined the choir, but I told Mother I was going to a meeting. It did not take long before the Lord started on my conscience. I told Dad Davis the whole story. When he took me home after choir practice, he told me that he was going into the house with me. I was glad. I knew I would have to tell Mother,

and while it would have been much better to do so without Dad Davis being there, I was afraid. So, I told her, with Dad Davis smiling all the time. What could Mother do? Well, she was a lady. She did not say a word, nor did she show any emotion. She was very quiet. Oh! Oh!

After Dad Davis left, her mien changed. She showed disapproval. She did not speak to me for a couple of days. I finally could not stand it and I told her why I felt that I had to attend Sunday School. I had to learn for myself whether I wanted to be a Buddhist. Certainly, if Christ is a good man like Buddha, there would not be any harm in my learning about Him. She gave a big sigh and acknowledged what I said. You can imagine my relief in not having to sneak out anymore.

Attending Sunday School, I learned about my Lord. Dad Davis had presented me with a Bible and I learned that Jesus and Buddha both taught love for our fellow man. The difference between them is that Jesus' birth was Immaculate, and He died so our sins may be forgiven. This is what I gathered from my Sunday School lessons and from reading the Bible. As I read the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes, I realized why it was important that members of the Young Women's Christian Association became Christians.

I was baptized when I was fifteen. I was too self-willed to be a good Christian. Later, much later on in life when I became reborn, I understood the true meaning of being a Christian and this influenced my life and gave me peace.

At the time, I was mostly interested in me and what I could get out of life.

After Sunday School, we would go to Kokokahi in Kaneohe, to a piece of property that belonged to Mission Memorial. It was overgrown with haole koa trees. The school directors felt that there should be an extension to their work, and, the plan was to build the Kokokahi Y.W.C.A. that now stands on the property.

The lot had to be cleared first, so a group of us would go out every Sunday. Dad Davis was in charge of the kitchen. Sometimes, he would ask me to help and I learned how to make New England fish chowder. Dad cooked this often as it was delicious and it was also cheap.

After the day's work, Mr. Richards would take us out to Coconut Island in his boat that was anchored at the pier. The pier was on the church property. I remember when we reached Coconut Island, we would jump from the boat to the beach where there were fish flopping on the sand as each wave

washed them in. Many were mullets and we had such fun trying to grab the slippery things before the next wave came and washed them back into the ocean.

The activities in school and church kept me physically busy and happy.

At home, I was busy, but I was not happy. There were too many restrictions for me and I could not reconcile myself to obey.

Associating with other races was forbidden. Because of the Japanese atrocities in Manchuria, having Japanese friends was akin to being disloyal. The white devils (haoles) were untrustworthy. I was told that the boys were not interested in a permanent arrangement; they are only interested in going to bed with you. The Hawaiians were good people, but not dependable as bread winners. As for Filipinos and Negroes, one would be out of their minds to associate with them. The part-Hawaiians were not acceptable either.

The Chinese were the only race that I could trust! This, then, was too stubborn to accept this philosophy. I reasoned, when I meet some-one I like or dislike, I am not going to say, "You're Chinese; I like you." or "You're Japanese; I do not like you." I believed each person a human being, and I still do. If I had accepted my parents philosophy, I would have had a difficult time as a teacher, looking at my children of Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and Filipino ancestry. How could I like only the Chinese children? When I stood iny classmates were of all races. I found them to be no different than I was, and I enjoyed being with them, so I had friends of all races. I wanted to be able to invite all of them home, but I could not.

This was not the only problem.

When I went to high school, I became a part of a larger community. There were other places to go, such as Honolulu town and Waikiki. The Y.W.C.A. headquarters was in Honolulu. There we played volleyball, other games, and swam. When Miss Pratt took us to Gray's Beach at Waikiki, we swam and played cards. Although I was forbidden to wear a bathing suit, I bought one. I wasn't about to go swimming in my clothes. What would my friends think? In those days, swimming suits were not like the skimpy bikinis that are being worn today. Mine covered me pretty well. However, it made me feel free and unencumbered. It was a glorious feeling and I saw nothing wrong in wearing a bathing suit. I am the only daughter who can swim. was the consensus of opinion of not only my family, but of the

entire Chinese community. How great it is that times have changed!

I rebelled. How could I not associate with other races? I don't know how my brothers and sisters did it. I guess I was too stubborn to accept this philosophy. I reasoned, when I meet someone I like or dislike, I am not going to say, "You're Chinese; I like you." or "You're Japanese; I do not like you." I believed each person a human being, and I still do. If I had accepted my parents philosophy, I would have had a difficult time as a teacher, looking at my children of Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and Filipino ancestry. How could I like only the Chinese children? When I stood in front of them, I saw children, not nationalities.

As each group of immigrants came to Hawaii, they sent their children to school to become educated. Besides, the law said that all children under sixteen were required to attend school. Therefore, my classmates were of all races. I found them to be no different than I was, and I enjoyed being with them, so I had friends of all races. I wanted to be able to invite all of them home, but I could not.

After our swim, we would play cards — donkey or hearts. I saw nothing wrong in playing cards.

Shorts were taboo as it exposed too much of our legs. When it was warm, my friends were shorts. I bought shorts and wore them too. I was not going to be different and I saw nothing wrong in wearing them.

These were some of the restrictions: no swimming, no cards, no shorts, and no dancing.

And so it continued. I often felt guilty for disobeying Mother, and I became lonely trying to find answers. Why are my sisters obedient and not me? The answers were not forthcoming, I buried myself in books. I would read four or five books a week. I enjoy reading as a hobby and as an escape.

My intent when I began to write this book was to exclude all negativeness. I mention the above because I was young and did not understand. The good Lord made it possible for me to become a counselor. In studying to be a counselor, I learned that each and every one of us are conditioned by our cultural, environmental, and educational backgrounds as well as by our families, peers, and friends.

My mother's culture forbade the baring of one's body. Sports and cards were forbidden to girls. Girls must learn to cook, sew, and keep a home. Most importantly, she must abide by the wishes of her husband as well as serve and obey her mother-

in-law. Honoring and obeying her parents were an obligation. It was of utmost importance also that she associate only with her own people.

My parents were only trying to teach me what they were taught. At the time, it was hard to accept what I thought were meaningless restrictions they were trying to impose on me.

To retrogress, when I went to high school, I became more conscious and aware of a larger community. When I went to elementary school, it was mostly from my home to Kauluwela School and back again.

To attend McKinley, I took the street car. For five cents, it would take me past the Civic Center on the main arterial route, a distance of five miles. On Sundays, I would take the street car or walk to Sunday School, a distance of three miles.

Across from Mission Memorial is Kawaiahao Church, which is often called the "Westminster Abbey of Hawaii." The coral stone church was built in 1842, and is one of Honolulu's most interesting and significant, national, historical landmarks.

Kawaiahao, according to legend, means "The Springs of Ha'o." It received its name from Queen Ha'o, a sacred alii of the past who refreshed herself in the fresh water pool on the church grounds.

These spacious grounds were a generous gift of King Kamehameha III. Many historical events took place at Kawaiahao Church; among which were the crowning of King Lunalilo, the marriage of Queen Emma, the funerals of Queen Liliuokalani and Prince Kuhio. This also was where the victims of the great Chinatown fire were housed, and the ceremonies welcoming Statehood to Hawaii took place here.

In my larger community, I would go with friends to see the "steamers" come in at the pier near where the Aloha Tower is today.

For decades, "Steamer Day" was an important occasion in Honolulu. Everyone was gay and happy, carrying leis for returning friends and arriving visitors. Launches filled with greeters met the steamers off Diamond Head, and the gaily decorated ship would be surrounded by a fleet of small boats.

Steamer Day was important to me. As I watched the passengers disembark, I made up my mind, God willing, that I would be a passenger, too, some day. As the Royal Hawaiian Band played a concert of welcome, everyone would be kissing each other, all smiling and teary. It was beautiful.

At this point, I would like to include a few pages about certain areas of Oahu, the island on which we were all born.

Oahu means the "gathering place." It has the greatest number of tourists. It is the third largest island in the Hawaiian chain.

On Oahu lives three-fourths of Hawaii's population. Honolulu is the capitol of Hawaii. The world-famous, Beach at Waikiki, is on Oahu. It is my favorite island, not because I was born here, but because of what she has to offer. If I want solitude, I would go to Makaha on the leeward side, or go to Kahuku on the windward side where it is plush and green. If I want to go swimming, there are beautiful beaches. If I prefer crowds, I would go to Waikiki or Hanauma Bay. If I prefer solitude, I can find it on my side of the island at Kailua Beach or Lanikai Beach where I live.

For entertainment, if I have a desire to hear the Honolulu Symphony, or see a play, it is only a thirty-minute drive to Honolulu. Night clubs are numerous in Waikiki. Likewise, there are many fine restaurants such as The Third Floor, The Colony Surf, the Halekulani Hotel, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and the Willows, where our son Robert is entertainment director.

In addition, Honolulu's population is exotic. You can identify the Polynesian and Oriental peoples found nowhere else in the world. Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino cultures contribute to the unique character of Oahu. Our temperature is ideal, from a low fifty-two to a high ninety during the summer.

The airplane came to Oahu after World War I. Not far from our School Street home, two pilots offered a flying course. I was passing by the hangar one day and they offered me free lessons. How could I refuse? On my second lesson, as the plane was taking off, it hit a rock and turned over. As we were turning over, I said to myself, "well, here goes my last moment on earth." Luckily, the pilot turned off the ignition and we hung upside down in the plane until we were rescued. I'm sure you understand that I decided not to continue my lessons.

In 1920, Hawaii's first commercial airplane flew out of Kapiolani Park and took daring passengers for their first airplane ride over Oahu.

I believe most of you will be interested in a brief history of the Chinese Community. Chinatown was in the opposite direction from Waikiki. Sixty-five years ago, Maunakea Street was Honolulu's main street instead of the King Street of today.

In 1915, horse-drawn carriages were the taxicabs. Our father owned one. Often, it was the only means of conveyance for Chinese women with bound feet like my mother.

Thousands of Chinese men who did not come as contract

laborers on sugar plantations were brought here by Chinese employers to work in other business enterprises, including rice plantations. Next to sugar, rice producing was the most important industry then. These plantations also employed thousands of Chinese who had completed contracts on the sugar plantations.

At the same time, the Chinese farmers developed other enterprises such as the growing of taro, coffee, bananas, pineapples, vegetables, meat, poultry and egg production. Dairies, commercial fishing, and even ranching for raising horses were tried.

Over half of the pre-annexation migrants ultimately returned to China with or without the fortune they dreamed they would make. Of those who remained, many married or established common-law marriages with Hawaiian women, becoming ancestors of the large part-Hawaiian population we have today. This group has become so large that there are only a few pure Hawaiians left.

Many successful Chinese sent for their wives and families to join them in the Islands, so Hawaii became their permanent home and the future of their descendants. The young Chinese became educated in many skills, and they took over skilled clerical and professional occupations. They were ahead of the Japanese, Korean, and Filipino immigrants.

By 1950, most of the Chinese men, by now predominantly island-born, were employed in Honolulu. At present, 95% of all Chinese still live in Honolulu and other urban areas of Oahu. They have become by far the mostly highly concentrated ethnic group in the Islands.

Many island-born Chinese were sent to the United States for professional training before it was available in the Islands. This strong emphasis on education has resulted in a favorable position for the Chinese men and women in Hawaii. Nearly three-fourths of them, when they returned from college or graduate school, were employed in higher level jobs, and because of this, the Chinese enjoy the highest median income of all the ethnic groups. A few of the giants in industry were City Mill, founded by C.K. Ai; C.Q. Yee Hop & Co.; Loo Goon, who owned fish ponds; Lee Lup, who was a lumber merchant; and Lee Lit, who owned shops and real estate. Today, we have such giants as Senator Hiram Fong, who was the first Chinese to represent Hawaii in Congress as a Senator. He owns banks and all kinds of businesses as well as real estate; Chun Hoon, who owns a market and much real estate; Chinn Ho who owns

banks, hotels, and much real estate, to name a few.

Although it is commonly thought that the present-day Chinese in Hawaii are descendants of sugar plantation contract laborers like our own father, this is a misconception. A large number of island-born Chinese families sprang from plantation owners, independent farmers, craftsmen, merchants, and professional men who found Hawaii a pleasant land of opportunity. Thus, they made it a home for themselves and their descendants, many of whom are now fourth, fifth, and sixth generation island-born.

Finally, the Chinese, while secure in Hawaii's multi-ethnic society, also look back to their ancient culture and traditions with pride and self-satisfaction.

My classmates in high school consisted of many third and fourth generation Chinese. My first year at McKinley ended without incident. It hadn't been much of a year. Things didn't matter one way or another. I was fourteen years old, skinny, homely, and 5'6" tall.

Summer arrived. What to do?

Everyone was working at home and contributing except Karl, Elsie, Edward, and me. There was little money to spend on frills like pretty silk under panties.

I decided to go to work. Some of our neighbors worked at the Dole or Libby pineapple canneries. From their conversation, I gathered that Dole was the cleaner one and the workers were better paid, and so Dole's pineapple cannery was my choice. I sounded out my family. The answer was an emphatic "no." Girls who work in the cannery get into "trouble." "Trouble" usually meant getting pregnant without benefit of a marriage license.

In as much as I was already considered a rebel, one more act of disobedience wouldn't matter. I carefully thought out a plan. Luckily, my bed was next to the window. I would climb out of the window very early in the morning, while Mother and Bessie were still asleep.

At four thirty one morning, with my heart in my mouth, I climbed out of the window that I had carefully raised to the right height the night before. The whole household was asleep as I made my way very quietly out of the front yard. I met some of my neighbors on their way to work and I joined them. It was a good half-hour walk. I did not mind as I was full of anticipation.

I was early when I arrived at the cannery, but there was a long line seeking employment. This was during the Depression and many people were seeking work. When it was my turn to be

interviewed, I wished I was at home, warm and comfortable in bed.

Mr. Levy, who was doing the hiring, looked very stern. I was ready to turn around and go home. I was petrified. I was not able to move. I lied about my age. I was fourteen, but I told him I was sixteen. I had the presence of mind to smile at him. In those days, it was not essential to produce a birth certificate.

Nice, old Mr. Levy believed me, and I was hired. What a relief! I was issued a metal disk called a "bonco." It had a number on it and it was to be mine. I had better remember it if I wanted to get paid.

I was told to report to the supply room. They handed me a pair of yellow gloves, a muslin apron, a long paring knife, and a white cap.

Emma, a middle-aged, short, fat, pure Hawaiian woman, was the overall forelady. She waddled as she walked. She supervised all of the tables in the cannery; the trimmers as well as the packers, all women. I was hired as a trimmer. Emma was to be my friend for six summers. I liked her.

I was assigned to a table of twenty trimmers. The women taught me how to hold the pineapple while I trimmed it. You put your left thumb in the hole of the pineapple and you trimmed off whatever skin or eyes were left. I wish I had a picture of me with my cap, apron, gloves, and knife.

There were other foreladies besides Emma, one assigned to every five tables. Mrs. Liu was the one assigned to my table, and she told me that I would be paid thirteen cents an hour. If there were lots of pineapples, I would be working eight hours a day. Hooray! Thirteen cents times eight hours equals a dollar and four cents for a day's work. We did not have to pay taxes then. When the weather was good many pineapples could be picked and we worked overtime.

I fantasized that if I worked six days a week, I would be earning about twenty-five dollars a month. The first thing that I planned to buy was silk panties.

After awhile, I took stock of my surroundings. There were twenty women, including me, at my table, ten on each side, facing each other. All of us were dressed with a cap, apron, and gloves. Each grabbed a pineapple from the many that came tumbling on to a moving belt.

The ginaca machines on the platform were outside of the canning and cooking sections of the cannery. A partial glass wall divided them. Crates of pineapple were delivered on to the platform by trucks. There was one man to each ginaca machine.

The men fed the pineapples into the machines, which took off most of the skins as well as the cores or hard centers. The result was a long, round pineapple with bits of skin and eyes remaining. The machine then "shot" it into a chute that was attached to the wall of the cannery. Through these chutes, the pineapples fell onto the moving belt in the middle of the table in front of the trimmers. Under the table was another belt that took the debris away after it was shoved through a slot on the table.

The large pineapples each weighed about two and a half to three pounds. They came tumbling through the chutes very rapidly so the trimmers had to work steadily. Each trimmer had to pull her own weight, otherwise, the pineapples would pile up on the belt and the forelady would come running and there would be "hell" to pay.

There were old ladies and middle-aged ladies and a couple of youngsters like myself. The oldsters trimmed fast and steady. I watched the old timers until I finally got the hang of it. Then I tried to beat them. It was important that all of your trimmings were small. The forelady would check your trimmings to see if you sliced off too much. She made her rounds conscientiously, so you did not dare sit too often no matter how tired you were.

After a few hours, monotony set in. I was hungry, too. My arms and hands were beginning to ache. I wondered whether I could last out the day. It wasn't as much fun as I thought it would be. Should I stick it out? I decided to stay, especially when I saw the old Chinese ladies happily trimming away. It meant money to put food on the table. Some of them had small feet like my mother's, too. By golly, if they could do it, I could, too.

We were allowed a short break in the morning and in the afternoon and a half hour for lunch. A relief lady took our places when we went on breaks.

After we trimmed a pineapple, we would replace it on the belt, which then carried it through another machine called the slicer that separated the trimming tables from the packing tables. As the pineapples passed through the slicer, they were washed and sliced, and were then placed on a moving belt in front of ten packers. Most of the packers were young. I understood why, as I watched them pack in the slices. The first three packers had to be the most agile. With very deft fingers, they picked out the most perfect slices that were usually in the middle of the fruit. What the first packer missed, the next two must

pick up, while the next three picked up the "second best" slices, those that had slight imperfections. The following three girls picked up the leftovers that were still whole, but sometimes had leftover skin and eyes, while the last girl picked up pieces that were broken. The girls were called packers because they must pack the pineapple slices into cans on trays placed before them. The first packer was paid the most.

What was left on the belt went to another part of the cannery where it was cooked into jam, then canned.

The lunch whistle was loud and long. I watched the women lay down their knives on their gloves in front of them. Then they filed out, joining others to go to another part of the cannery where the lockers were situated. Each worker was given a locker. Many brought their lunches. Those who did not went to the company cafeteria.

I had not been assigned a locker. New employees were not assigned lockers until the end of the first day because some quit before then for now obvious reasons.

I kept my wits about me and observed a group of ladies heading into another direction. I followed them and, sure enough, I saw the cafeteria. There were many tables for the workers. I had a quarter and that bought a delicious plate of stew. Anything would have tasted delicious. The cafeteria was large and clean. Usually, there was only one entree, but there were several choices of sandwiches, salads, and desserts.

I realized after lunch, why most of the women brought their lunches. It took the whole half hour to be served in the cafeteria. You did not have a chance to relax and socialize.

At the end of the day, I was told to report to the office. There, I was given a key and number for a locker. I was told where to dispose of my dirty apron and where to wash my gloves and knife. I was to keep the cap, my gloves, and knife in my locker. In the morning, all the workers were to go to the laundry room to be given clean aprons. My bonco and key were important items. The bonco had a hole in it so you could use a safety pin to attach it to your apron. The workers kept their keys on the same safety pin. The bonco, with your number, had to be pinned to the front of your apron every day. When the timekeeper came around every morning, he did not have time to wait for you to produce your bonco. So, it was essential that your number was readily seen if you wanted him to give you credit for the hours that you worked.

My first day at the cannery was an introduction to a working world. It had not been romantic at all and it had not been fun. I

was tired and stunk of pineapple. I did not care much what would greet me when I got home.

Everyone was at home when I walked into the house, even Father, for which I was glad. They all looked at me and my odor told them where I had been. My mother gave a sigh and sadly said, "So you have gotten a job at the cannery in spite of our objections. How did you get it? You are not of age?"

I answered wearily, "I lied and told them I was sixteen," and left the room to take a bath. Nothing else was said. I think the fact that some of our neighbors and some of Mother's good friends worked at the cannery may have influenced her change of attitude about my working there.

At the dinner table, everyone questioned me about my job. Then I knew everything was going to be all right. The fact that they accepted my going to work in the cannery made me glad. I was too tired to argue anyway. Needless to say, I went straight to bed after dinner.

I was up bright and early the next morning and I cooked rice and took some of it with me with some meat and vegetables in a lunch tin. I ate a hearty breakfast and it was with a lighter heart, when I joined my neighbors to go to work.

The second day was easier, although my arms and shoulders were still aching. I went to the laundry room for my clean apron. Then on to my locker to get ready to go to my table. I was early, and so were a few ladies whose lockers were near mine. They were friendly and from them I learned a few things, such as which foreladies were easy to get along with, who the foremen were, and who the overall superintendent was. There were many people walking around trying to look important and it was wise to know which ones I needed to watch out for.

The morning passed slowly. I could hardly wait for the lunch whistle to blow. There were places to sit in the locker room to enjoy our lunch. I was happy to see that many of the women brought lunch tins with rice and vegetables, too. I enjoyed the socializing and I discovered that many of the old Chinese ladies had wonderful senses of humor. I liked being with them.

At the end of the six-day week, I had worked forty-eight hours. When pay day came, we went to the paymaster's window according to tables. I was on table eleven, and at last it was my turn. I'll never forget the moment my pay envelope was given to me. I counted the money in it, eight dollars and twenty-four cents. It had been six days of hard work and I had truly earned every penny.

With a happy heart, I showed my mother my pay envelope

and gave a few dollars to her. At last, I could justify my disobedience. I was glad that I had stayed on.

At the first opportunity, I bought two pair of silk panties and went to a movie. There was money left and I put it away so I could shop for clothes later.

My sophomore year came and went. School was okay. Nothing really great happened. I wanted to date, but did not care for the boys who approached me.

When summer came, I went back to the cannery and was rehired, this time as a packer. Their work did not seem as monotonous as trimming. In fact, it looked more challenging and the girls were having more fun even if their hands were busy. I could hear them singing and laughing while they packed.

The forelady, Emma made me the third packer. I discovered that not only must you be alert and agile, your eyesight had to be excellent.

Within a few weeks, I became number two, and then number one packer, and I was given a raise to twenty cents an hour. Whoopla! The foreman and foreladies were happy with my work. I felt worthy and achieving. I looked forward each day to going to work.

Also, the young people planned picnics on the Sundays we did not work. Some of the foremen were teachers at McKinley and Washington Intermediate schools. Teachers' salaries were meager and they augmented them by working in the cannery. There was a lot of fellowship and fun in the packing department, and I was happy that I had made the change.

I shared this with my family and they came to realize that people who work in the cannery were not second-class citizens. Working in the cannery kept me busy summers. The money I earned helped me with my school expenses, in addition to improving my wardrobe.

In my junior year, I was nominated into the M.C.C. — the McKinley Citizenship Club. They had certain initiation rituals. I was taken one evening blindfolded in a car and deposited in the old Oahu Cemetery on Nuuanu Street. I was told to sit quietly for five minutes and then I could take off my blindfold. When I took it off and saw where I was, I almost collapsed from fright. I shrieked and I don't believe I have ever run as fast as I did that night. I don't remember to this day how I got home. If it wasn't for the fact that the M.C.C. was a status club, I would have resigned. My values were not the best. In my counselling classes, I learned that the acceptance of peers is of primary importance. I wanted to be accepted by this particular group, as

most of the members were school leaders.

The last part of the initiation was held during the noon hour. I was made up to look like an Indian girl. All the initiants in different disguises were lined up to face a gauntlet of two lines of M.C.C. members holding wooden paddles. If you were able to run fast enough you were able to sit the next day. I wasn't that nimble so I had to wait several days before I could sit without hurting. It had been great fun and it boosted my ego. I was a member of the M.C.C. Big deal!

I was sixteen, going on seventeen. I had had a few good dates with the single teachers who had worked in the cannery. One of my favorite dates was with a part-Hawaiian boy from Hilo. I would sneak out on these dates and when I returned, Mother would be waiting with a stick. Poor Mother was worried about her headstrong, impulsive, rebellious daughter, whom she had never understood.

All of life moves in patterns and cycles. My impulses and actions put me into places and situations of which my family disapproved. I felt often stifled. My parents had a set of rules that told me how to live my life. My brothers and sisters accepted them. Why didn't I? It would have been so much easier; life would be calm and peaceful. Instead, my mold was different. I wanted answers to satisfy my restless curiosity. My impulsiveness continually got me into trouble. I needed to feel worthy. I needed to feel that I was growing in the right direction. I needed to feel important. I needed to feel approval, especially from my family and peers. So, I grew up feeling disapproval (perhaps, imagined). If I had been a boy, there would not have been so much concern. They were so worried I would get into trouble.

My older brother, George, often showed consideration and sympathy. George is the third oldest son. I have good memories of him. He was the only son to attend St. Louis. It is well known that those who attend St. Louis, learned beautiful handwriting. That he has.

While attending school, he had a newspaper route in the afternoon. He owned a motorcycle with a passenger seat in which he would load his newspapers. Often, he would take me with him. I would sit in the passenger seat surrounded by papers. I would throw them on to his customers' lanais or yards. It was fun.

While attending the University of Hawaii after St. Louis, he enrolled in the R.O.T.C. program and so became a part of the National Guard. When I had to wash his khaki shirts and pants

and had to polish his boots, I wished he wasn't, although he would often reward me with a dime or a quarter. He has always been good to me, although I am sure that he did not approve of my behavior at times.

He was a light-weight boxer in the National Guard, and was good. When he was punching the punching bag, he was very accurate with the rhythm, and he became a champion. He could do almost anything. At National Guard camp, as one of the chefs, he became an excellent cook.

I am seven years younger than George, but he took me to some of the socials at the University.

George graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree and married Florence Lee, whose father had been a wealthy merchant and landowner. Florence's brother, Robert, became my pediatrician on Maui, when I gave birth to our son, Robert.

George and Florence had two daughters: Amelia and Lianne. Amelia graduated from the University of Hawaii and became a teacher. She married Alfred Chee, a certified public accountant. They had two boys: Alan and Spencer. Spencer was born in November, 1969. Tragedy struck the little family when Amelia passed away at thirty-three on April 11, 1970.

Several years later, Alfred married Jacqueline Loo. She was a very good mother to the boys. Alfred and Jackie waited until Alan and Spencer adjusted to the loss of their mother, especially Alan. Then they had two children: Kevin and Karyn.

George and Florence visit Alfred and Jackie often and to see their grandsons.

Amelia passed away a few months after our Jan died. George, Florence, and I know how it feels to lose a daughter.

Lianne attended Roosevelt and then went on to Greeley, Colorado for college. After graduation, she married Marti Rardin. They have three children: Dana, Patrick, and Anne and they make their home in Greeley, Colorado.

George, Florence, and her brother, Joe, had a catering business and it was successful financially, as they were all good cooks. Today, George and Florence keep busy with the market that houses meat, fish, and vegetable stalls that are rented out. The market is owned by the Lee family and George manages it.

When George was young, he helped grandfather in his harness shop. He recalls quite a few incidents from the past which he has shared with me, and I've included them elsewhere in this book.

The summer of my junior year arrived too quickly.

I decided to continue as a packer, but after a few weeks, I was

promoted to be a relief forelady. A relief forelady reports to work thirty minutes before the workers on her tables arrive, which meant I had to check in at 6:30 a.m. I had to see that everything was in order and that the tables were clean. When the girls arrived, I checked to see if they were properly dressed, including the bonco pinned to the front of their apron visible to the timekeeper. I had five tables to supervise, examining the packed pineapples by spot checking. Occasionally, I had to call attention to some slices that had been packed improperly, and if a girl made too many mistakes, she would have to be shifted.

In addition to examining the pineapples, I relieved the girls when they went on their breaks; hence, the term "relief forelady." As for myself, I took my breaks after all the girls had had their turn. I worked overtime quite regularly, particularly when there was a bumper crop.

With my new job my pay was raised to thirty-five cents an hour. I was able to earn over twenty dollars a week, more money than I ever had in my life. That summer was so busy that I did not have time to date or have fun. We worked Sundays and holidays and when we did, it was time and a half. It would not have been wise for me to be absent on those days.

I reported to work every day; I was seldom ill. Perhaps it was because Mother believed that old philosophy "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I told you that she grew bitter melon in her garden. She would cut the vine, then boil it. Then she would fill bowls of it for each of her children. Beside the bowl, she would lay a cube of Chinese brown sugar. The broth tasted horrible. I would hold my nose until I finished, then I would pop the sugar into my moutn. She said that the medicine contained quinine and it would clean out our systems. She would make us take it about once a month.

At other times, she would serve seaweed soup. To this day, I don't know what all she put into it, but this soup was not bad; in fact, it was delicious compared to that awful, bitter melon water.

Once, I saw her opening a package she had bought from the herbist in Chinatown. When I looked into the pot, there were all kinds of twigs and bark in the pot, including a dry cockroach shell. Ugh! Ugh! I made myself scarce when she served that.

I'm sure that with all the "goodies" she served us, we were able to be immune from the colds to which we were exposed.

Anyway, what I earned during that summer, enabled me to buy my senior class ring, graduation dues, and a yearbook. I

was also able to buy Mother a few goodies, too. She loved asparagus and fruit. It pleased Mother that I was able to take care of my school expenses.

I studied hard during my senior year.

My English teacher, Miss Dorothy Stendel, was an old maid and she dedicated her life to teaching. Tin Yau, my brother, was one of her favorites, although he would fall asleep in her class because he had an early morning newspaper route. She was a no-nonsense teacher, but I didn't mind. She taught me grammar so well, that I was able to remember much of it when I taught it.

In addition, she made Shakespeare come alive. She also encouraged me to write. Whatever we handed in, she graded with comments. I admired that so much, that I made it my policy when I taught. She gave me a B. From her, a B was a good grade.

Another of my favorite subjects was American Problems, taught by Mrs. Cora Smith. She had a smile on her face every morning and I looked forward to her class. She associated American Problems with the stories of great American patriots. As with Miss Stendel's class, there was a lot of student participation and you had to be prepared. She gave me an A.

My algebra teacher was young — a short, homely bachelor. Wouldn't you know! If I had had a tall, handsome bachelor, I would have worked harder. As far as I was concerned, he was ineffective because he was never sure of himself, which led me to believe that he did not know his subject. Am I rationalizing? He gave me a D.

For P.E., I received a B. I don't remember the other subjects and teachers.

After the examinations, I was told I would be able to graduate. I was jubilant. I went shopping for a baccalaureate dress and a graduation dress. I bought a pink pastel dress for baccalaureate as all dresses had to be pastel in color. We had our baccalaureate at Central Union Church. It was so very beautiful, like going up the aisle in a wedding party.

My graduation dress was short, with tiny sleeves and a lace front. There was no dress requirement, as long as it was white. I looked forward with anticipation to graduation day.

In June 1928, I stood with about three hundred seniors in the school auditorium to receive my diploma.

That morning, before my brother Jan went to work, he handed me a little box. I was very surprised and pleased. It was my only present and it was a beautiful jade pendant on a gold

chain, and it had a ruby in the center. I will never forget his gesture of affection. I realized that under his gruffness, there was a caring person. He had known much pain and loneliness and never talked about it because he had no self-pity. He just accepted the role he had to play.

So, I was graduated and I was the pround recipient of a high school diploma. Hooray!

Mother was very happy when I graduated. It was too early in the year to work in the cannery, so I spent a couple of weeks at home with Mother. Our relationship was the same. She still disapproved of my friends. However, when I was home with Mother, we would plan meals together. I remember, one day, she wanted me to help her kill a chicken. No one else was home. I had never killed a chicken and I couldn't bring myself to do it. Mother sat on a stool in the back yard with a sharp knife in her hand. She laid it down as she held the chicken tightly, so as to pull the feathers under its neck. Then she had me hold the back part of the chicken, while she slit its throat. Blood spattered all over me. Mother was calm, but I was not. She tucked the chicken's head between the twisted wings and dropped it on the ground, where it continued to flounder about helplessly. I looked at it with consternation. Mother told me not to worry, that it would stop in a few minutes. To my relief, she was right. I helped Mother change while she kept laughing at me. I felt close to her and I dearly loved her at that moment. But believe me, that was the first and last time I had anything to do with killing a chicken. I would rather not eat one if I had to do it again.

I detest cleaning fowl. When Mother was weak with her heart condition, the herb doctor recommended a broth from young squabs which he said would improve her health. Little squabs have innumerable, tiny, fuzzy feathers which I had to pluck, with revulsion from their lifeless little bodies. I do not remember who killed them or how they were killed. Their throats were not slit, however.

After they were cleaned, Mother would wash them thoroughly, then place them in a crock with herbs and steam them for several hours. She did not partake of the meat, only the broth. I imagined it helped, as she lived quite a few years longer.

During these times, Mother would tell me stories, especially about the Harvest Moon holiday. This was celebrated in August. The moon would be very large and round. She told me if I looked hard enough I would see a beautiful lady. I didn't see any lady, and I don't remember the story. However, she cele-

brated this holiday, hence, we had to kill a chicken. There were other goodies she made, and some that she bought, such as Moon Cakes with black sugar or salt eggs in them. Then there were Chinese escargots, only we called them snails. Mother cooked a huge pot of them with herbs. When they were ready to be eaten, she would fill a large bowl and set it before us. Then, we would devour them using a toothpick. They were similar to the black pipipis that we dould pick from the rocks on the beach, only five times larger. If you liked them, they were delicious. As we were taught to eat everything, they were delicious. I also remember the lung kok. It was black, shaped like a bird, and filled with white meat that tasted of chestnuts. I haven't seen any since.

Mother would also make grass jelly. She would cook a particular grass that would stain the pots and pans she used black. Whatever she used to make it jell, I don't remember. After it jelled, she would cut a large mass into cubes. It tasted bitter without brown sugar syrup poured over it. You can buy it today. I use honey over it. I like the taste of it as I like the taste of bitter melon cooked with meat. These tastes have to be acquired, I'm sure. Our family enjoyed both of these dishes, one as a dessert, the other, a vegetable dish. Both were beneficial in our diet according to the Chinese because they had a cooling effect on our bodies.

The Chinese people prefer not to fry foods; we seldom did. Our food was usually steamed, boiled, or stir fried quickly. It was believed that shell foods, hot foods (such as curry and pepper), roasted peanuts, and milk products cause the body to produce mucous, pus, and phlegm.

We all take pleasure in eating curries, but we rarely had it. There were no pepper shakers in our kitchen. We ate boiled peanuts. The only milk product we had was condensed milk.

We consumed lots of rice with fish, chicken, and vegetables. Meat was a rarity. On one special occasion, Father brought home an enormous Porterhouse steak. Father pan fried it and cut it up in bite-size pieces. It tasted very delectable. With dinner that night, Father served German beer. The bottles were green and tall. Father rarely drank and when he did, it was only on festive occasions. That night, he served the boys a little glass, too.

Mother made her own wine using all kinds of herbs. She kept it in a jug behind the curtain, next to the bathtub in the bathroom. She would take a little of it in a little wine glass, as large as an oversized thimble. When I had menstrual cramps, she

would give me a swallow. I did not care for that warm feeling in my stomach as I drank it. When I became anemic because of menstrual problems, the doctors gave me apricot brandy. I would drink about a quarter of the bottle and pour the rest down the drain. I did not care for the taste of alcohol and its affects, and I still don't.

Another goody mother made was what we call joong. The ingredients are no mai fun (a particular kind of rice), salt eggs, and salt pork for the salty ones. I like these the best. You wrap the rice with the salt egg and salt pork in the middle with special dry leaves you buy in Chinatown. You shape the joong thusly, and tie it with a string and it is fattening, but good.

My sisters can make grass jelly, joong, ip jai, and gin dooey. Ip jai are made of rice flour filled with sweet meats or char siu wrapped in ti leaves and steamed in a wok. Gin dooey are large, round doughnuts filled with shredded coconut, crushed peanuts, and sesame seeds, or pork with black-eyed beans. They are made of rice flour and deep-fat fried in woks. They are crunchy and delicious.

These can all be bought in Chinatown and when I am in Chinatown, I do buy them. My husband, Don, likes most of them except the grass jelly, joong, and ip jai. He prefers the manapua (buns stuffed with char siu or black sugar) siu mai, rice cake, egg cake, and the shells baked with custard.

This is all making my mouth water. I had better continue.

Our large kitchen held many marvelous memories for me. The family congregated there often. It was always busy, as there was much to prepare for meals. For such a large family as ours, it took time to wash and prepare the vegetables, and to clean and slice fish or pork.

I forgot to mention one very important chore — doing the laundry. I had to do it in the bathtub with a wooden wash board — scrub, scrub, scrub over the tub. The soap we used was large and mustard colored. The washed clothes had to be put into a bucket, then the bathtub had to be filled with water several times to rinse the clothes. Those khaki uniforms were "dillies" to launder.

After the clothes were washed and rinsed, they were separated — those that were to be hung promptly and those to be starched. I would make the starch, Chinese starch. It was easy to make and it was the best starch I have ever used. While waiting for it to cool, I would hang the other clothes in the back yard.

The starch being cooled by then was mixed with water to the

right consistency, too much water would make the clothes limp, and too little water would make them too stiff. After doing it so many times, I can do it with my eyes shut.

I have included these thoughts because I believe that some of you of my generation may recall these memories with pleasure. Then, too, the third and fourth generations may have no idea what pleasures we had as a family, all participating as contributing members.

We did not have a radio, or television, a washer, dryer, dishwasher, or heater. Our most modern convenience was a gas stove. When I was in college we got our first telephone.

When we wanted a hot bath, we boiled water in a kettle and it took several kettles to fill the tub half full.

In fifty years, there have been so many improvements. We now have an electric stove and oven, washer and dryer, dishwasher, refrigerator and frigidaire, a microwave oven, a roaster, several telephones, a stereo, several radios, and a television set. These are great conveniences, but I miss the old days. I had to work hard, but I was contributing my share; I was part of the family, although I didn't appreciate it then.

THE COLLEGE YEARS

I had hoped to be a member of the employed community when I graduated from high school. However, my mother "told" me I was going on to college — no arguments — period! Am I happy today, that that was one time I did not rebel.

To realize my parents' ambition for me to become a teacher, there was only one recourse. This was to attend the Territorial Normal Teachers College. The University at the time did not have a teachers' college for elementary school teachers. My brother, Tin Yau, graduated from the University with a Bachelor of Science degree and was eligible to teach science in the high schools.

I was interested only in teaching in the elementary school, so the Normal Teachers' College was for me. It was only a two-year college. I did not wish to spend another four years in school.

I had written to the McKinley High School office to send my records to the College. During that summer, I was notified that I would be accepted if I passed the written and oral examinations. I was to report to Mr. Benjamin Wist in September.

Come September, I reported to Mr. Wist. He sent me to the

auditorium where I joined others for the written examinations.

After that test, I was told to report to another room for my oral examination. I entered the room with trepidation as the thought of standing in front of a panel of professors was something I did not relish. However, when I entered the room, the panel of four professors (two men and two women) made me feel at ease with their smiles of welcome.

I stood about three feet in front of them expectantly and told myself to be calm. One of the women, Miss West, asked my name and nationality and where I had attended school. I answered quietly and clearly. I knew that was important. I knew that one of the prerequisites of a good teacher, was that she be able to communicate clearly with her students.

She went on to ask me to speak about how I spent my summer. I was pleased to be given that subject, as I could tell them much about working in the cannery. After a few minutes, she stopped me and thanked me while smiling all the time. She was young and pretty and was my English teacher, later.

After a few days, I received a letter telling me that I had been accepted. I relayed this information to Mother and she was elated.

The college offered teacher training in three divisions of teaching: the primary, including kindergarten through the third grade; the intermediate, including the fourth through the sixth grades; and the grammar division, including the seventh and eighth grades and the Home Economics and Shop Departments.

I was interested in the grammar division. It was a wise choice because the training and experience in this area led me to be recruited as a high school counselor.

On September 10, 1928, I became a junior in the Territorial Normal Teachers' College. There were only two classes: Juniors and Seniors. There were just as many boys as there were girls. I was surprised as I thought that the boys, like my brothers, were interested only in teaching in high schools. However, my interest in school picked up.

Again, I found my English teachers well informed and excellent instructors. Music was also required and Mrs. Dorothy Kahananui was my instructor. She taught me how to enjoy music, as well as how to read and teach it.

Attending college was an exhilirating experience. The college was small, about two hundred in the whole school. I became acquainted with all the students in the grammar division. There were about thirty of us. We had many socials. Some of

the fellows, like John Kwon, Thomas Takamine, and Lordi Kaulili formed an orchestra. John played the guitar; Thomas, the sax; and Lordi, the guitar and ukulele. Ernest Ing, a Senior, played the bass guitar. We had a good time.

My mother was relieved that I decided to continue my education. My sisters were very obedient; I was unpredictable and impulsive. Trying to imbue me with Chinese mores had been most difficult for Mother. My behavior justified her anxieties as some of her teachings were not acceptable to me. I continued to swim in a bathing suit, to wear shorts, to play cards, to date, and to acquire friends of all races.

I knew very little about men and women relationships. Mother insinuated that most men, especially foreign men, were only interested in impregnating me and the result would be an unwanted pregnancy. Her greatest fear was that I would become pregnant without benefit of marriage. The understanding of that fear was realized when I too became the mother of a daughter.

My first kiss was very nice. It was on the lips. Later, when I was given a French kiss, I didn't like it one bit. I didn't know it was a French kiss then. A Chinese classmate gave it to me. I avoided them afterwards. I often wished I could share some of my experiences with my mother. I'm sure she would have been reassured, but I kept silent in my loneliness. How I longed to be able to share some of my inner feelings with someone I could trust. Later, when I became a counselor, I impressed upon the parents of my students, how important it was that their children feel that they could trust them enough to confide in them. When I had our Jan, this was the avenue that I kept open to her.

The first months went quickly. During the Christmas holiday, I found work. I was hired as a hostess by Me P.Y. Chong, owner of the famous Waikiki Lau Yee Chai. Some of you may remember the old Lau Yee Chai. It was a fabulous restaurant, in decor as well as food. The clientele included famous people, as well as others from all walks of life. I was truly flattered to be hired.

Mother was so unhappy about me working there however, that I soon gave notice. She was not feeling well. I realized how terrific a mother she had been, and I often wished I was not so self-willed and could have made life a lot easier for her.

I was able to find another job, as a salesgirl at the Kam Variety Store on Nuuanu Street. It wasn't as exciting as being a hostess in a famous restaurant, but Mother was much happier about it.

The store had two floors, the upstairs floor had to be reached by a ladder and it was a warehouse. I climbed those stairs all

day long and earned my weekly check of twenty-five dollars. I could have earned much more as a hostess. Oh, well! I worked Mondays through Saturdays, from 7:30 in the morning until 9:00 at night. I did not have much time for dating. Mother was satisfied and that pleased me.

My junior year was a successful one. I was quite content, although my sister, Bessie, married and left home. We had shared the same bedroom for many years. Bessie crochets, knits, cooks, sews, embroiders — all with excellence. She taught me how to crochet and embroider. She had made many things for her hope chest. She was sweet, obedient, and hard-working, but she is a worry wart. She is not as much of a "scare-crow" as when she was a girl. She was the first to drive an automobile, and when I saw her driving, I told myself that if Bessie can drive, I can, too. So, I am driving. I have to thank you for this, Bess.

I have asked her to contribute to this story and she has been most cooperative. This, then, is Bessie's story. (Quote)

"My name is Kam Sai Young, although some of my family call me Bessie. I am the fourth girl and seventh child of Goo Dow and Tom Lin. My sisters: Mary, Amy, and Lily were older. We went to Pohukaina School in Kakaako. We were living on Prison Road. They called it Prison Road because there was a prison there. It is now called Iwilei Road.

"We lived In a court with five families. Kungkung and Popo (grandfather and grandmother) and cousin (Ah Hung) Violet lived next door to us. Cousin Violet lived with Popo because she went to Chinese School with us and also helped to take care of Popo. Popo was always sick. She had rheumatism in her legs. Kungkung often boiled water with herbs for her to bathe her legs. Violet's two sisters (Ah Lan and Ah Sim) lived with their father, Young Lee. He owned a rice farm in Kaneohe. (Margaret spent one summer with them when she was four years old.) Their mother died when they were quite young. They came to Honolulu once or twice a year. We looked forward to their arrival. It would take them half a day to make the trip. Yee Jeong (Uncle) drove a buggy with a horse, too. Each time they came, the buggy would be loaded with goodies like preserved mangoes, mountain apples, and all kinds of vegetables. When the girls came to town, they were happy. They were always in tears when they had to go home. It was so far away from us and they had to work very hard on the farm. They usually stayed about two weeks before going home, although

their father had to return to their home the next day.

"Pop drove a hack. He went to work early in the morning and returned late at night. We seldom saw him. Jan, Mac, and George took care of the stable and the horses.

"Mary, Amy, Lily, and I walked to Pohukaina School every morning. After school, we would walk to Chinese School where the Pali Long's Drugstore is today. Sometimes, when Pop and Sam Sook (Pop's third brother) had a customer going to Kakaako at noon, they would wait until school let out and then take us to Chinese School. We felt like 'big shots' sitting on the back with the horses galloping away. The children would watch us with envy. This was a big treat for us!

"We were poor. I had only one pair of white shoes and one pair of white stockings. I had a stain on my stocking which I could not wash away. I washed and wore them everyday, and one of my classmates asked me why all of my stockings had a stain. I was so embarrassed that I walked away without answering. I hated her.

Father raised about one hundred chickens. I had to feel every chicken each morning to see whether they had eggs or not. On weekends, I had to clean the coop by shovelling the droppings and putting them on the plants. Mom steamed eggs practically every meal. She made the best steamed eggs that I have ever eaten.

"Sister Mary was match made by Kungkung to Tom Chan. She was married quite young. She did not want to go to Chicago, and on the day she was to leave, she hung on to the clothes lines and cried, declaring that she wasn't going. Pop had to pull her away. A Mr. Tom Mee, Tom Chan's good friend, accompanied her to Chicago.

"After Mary left, Amy and I had to work harder. We tried to help Mom as much as possible after school. Mom had bound feet, couldn't stand or work too long. She often scolded Popo for binding her feet. In China, if women did not have bound feet, they were not considered for marriage. Men would think they belonged to the low class, mountain people. (I have a few friends whose parents were not mountain people and their mothers did not have bound feet.)

"We helped Mom wash buckets of clothes. With our brothers' heavy khaki pants, it was difficult to wash them in the sink. We usually hung five long lines of clothes.

"Often we also had to go to the keawe forest to pick beans for feed for Pop's horses. What they did not eat, we sold for ten cents a bag. Each of us could pick about five bags a day.

"We also had to go to the pier to pick firewood with our wheelbarrow whenever a steamer came in. After the stevedores had cleared the freight, then we were allowed to gather the wood. All of our neighbors did the same. Brother Mac chopped the large pieces and piled them ready for use.

"Mom was very strict with me. We all had our chores to do. We received a good spanking if they were not done. Often we would go to Popo's to hide! If she did not catch us during the day, she would catch us at night. She would yell at us with each wallop, 'now you can run, and see how far you can go.' There was no place to run as there was only one door to the bedroom, with the beds pushed against the wall. It was easy for her to get to us.

"Although we had our chores, we managed to find time to play marbles, pee wee, and jump rope. We had a big front yard, and our neighbors, the Chongs, the Choys, the Chings, had children our age, too, so we did not lack for playmates. When we were having a lot of fun, we forgot about our chores as children usually do; as a result, we were spanked.

"When the lease of our home expired, Popo bought another lot on School Street and built a home on it. Kungkung and Popo bought a home in Palama that was about a five- or ten-minute walk from our home.

"Pop bought a Ford car and business was good. He was one of the first to own one. At that time, Jan was working for Love's Bakery as an auditor. He married Elsie Saito and Mom and Elsie got along fine as they lived with us.

"Mac was attending McKinley then. He had a paper route for the *Honolulu Advertiser*. People on his route would give him fruits to bring home. After he graduated from McKinley, he went on to Chicago and became an architect. He lived with Lily until he married Elizabeth. He died young from a tonsil and adenoid operation in Washington, D.C. His son, Walter, was five when his father passed away. Today, Walter is a doctor in Washington, D.C.

"When we moved to School Street, we attended Kauluwela School. I entered the fourth grade. The teacher kept after me to have my tonsils removed. I didn't like her and I didn't like English School, and I was poor in arithmetic. A Japanese girl sat behind me and she was very good in that subject. She was poor in the other subjects, so we made a pact that I teach her the other subjects, if she would teach me arithmetic. However, when exams came, I kept my promise and she didn't. Was I dumb! When I asked her to show me the math papers to study,

she ignored me and pretended that she did not hear me. That taught me a lesson — not to be so trusting. When our grades were given us after the exams, they were all 98 except 75 in arithmetic. She received a better grade than I and I got mad at her and didn't speak to her again.

"After the fourth grade, I decided not to return to school. I finally had to have my tonsils removed when I was fifty years old.

"I went to work for a Chinese newspaper called *The Liberty News* when I was fourteen years old. I became a typesetter. In the afternoon, I attended Chinese School. After I graduated from Chinese Grammar School, I worked full-time at the newspaper and earned about fifteen dollars monthly.

"My husband, Young Kong Chin, was manager of Lee and Young Co., a grocery store. It was owned by my nephew, Munny Lee's father and relatives. It was located on King Street opposite Liberty Bank. I didn't know at the time that someday, Munny would marry my niece, Ellen.

"Later, Kong Chin was offered a position to be principal of Hoo Cho Chinese School on Liliha Street. It was a small school and had a small student body. He was there only a short time.

"Chung Shan Chinese School offered him their principalship. He increased the student body to over seven hundred students, the largest that they ever had. He also took a part-time job at *Liberty News* as translator. Here we met and became good friends. We were married March 14, 1929.

"Kong Chin bought an old store from Tom Chin on Palama Street, near Likelike School. His father looked after the store. His brother, Ah Fai also lived with us.

"We had been living in an old cottage in the district of Kaimuki. This house was haunted. At night, I could hear the rustling of the newspapers on the table. The toilet seat also made noises at night. During the day, as I dressed, I could feel someone tugging at the collar of my dress. At first, I thought nothing of it. One month before I bore my first child, Evelyn, Popo came to stay with me for a few nights and she told me that the house was not haunted because she had not seen anything, as she was able to see ghosts.

"Evelyn was born May 1, 1930. Violet, my cousin, had come to help me. She said that she heard noises, too. That was it! I was petrified; that scared the daylights out of me. As soon as Evelyn was a month old, we moved to the old store. We didn't have much money to move anywhere else.

"The next year, June 21, 1931, my second daughter, Audrey,

was born. We call her Tootsie. Elsie, Jan's wife, came to help me bathe the baby who was so chubby and cute, that she was the one who named her Tootsie and so it remains to this day.

"After Sis Mary passed away, Mother's health began to fail. Pop took her to Dr. Reppun. He said that Mom had heart trouble. Her hands used to shake. Sometimes, they shook so badly, she was not able to hold her chopsticks. She had goiter in addition to the heart problem. Since it was not diagnosed correctly, Mom did not regain her health. She became thinner and thinner and her eyes bulged. She was like this for many years. As I recalled years later, I had the same symptoms when I had my goiter.

"One day, her feet hurt. She tried to doctor it herself. She bought a piece of Japanese tofu and bandaged it under her feet to ease the pain. She did this for many nights. I think the tofu must have been too cold for her as she caught a cold. Then it developed into pneumonia.

"Dr. Richard Chun wanted her to go to the hospital, but she refused. After a week or so, she passed away. She was fifty-eight years old. Before she passed away, Amy and I struggled to put on her burial clothes, that she had laid aside for this purpose. Mom did not suffer much. This was the first time I saw someone die. I was really afraid.

"When my daughters were three and four years old, my husband asked me to teach Chinese School, to help out with the household expenses. I was reluctant at first. I taught three hours a day, five days a week, plus a half day on Saturdays. I was paid forty dollars a month. I taught a class of forty-five to sixty-five students in the first grade. Every time a new student came in, Kong Chin would stick him in my class. It was a tough job. There was only one first grade, so I could not blame him.

"First, I had to teach them how to hold a Chinese brush pencil. Then I had to teach them how to write. Kong Chin was surprised that my class behaved so well. He had thought I could not control so large a class.

"Perhaps, it was because I was a 'wild beast teacher' and my students were afraid of me. One parent told me that her daughter learned over one hundred words a year. This made me feel proud. I taught until World War II. Then, all the language schools were closed and we were all out of a job.

"Before the war, Kong Chin had sold the old store and bought a bigger one on Liliha Street called Hope's Market. Business was fair. Somehow, luck came. One day, Kong Chin met a friend in Chinatown who asked him if he cared to open a chop

suey restaurant. He told Kong Chin that he owned two chop suey houses, one in Waikiki and one in Kaimuki named Mui Lau Inn across from the Queen Theater. He wanted to sell Mui Lau Inn as he could not manage two restaurants. He wasn't able to find cooks and waitresses. But he wanted $4,000 and we didn't have the money.

"We decided to ask my sister, Amy, and her husband if they would like to be partners. They agreed and so we bought the restaurant and business was good. We worked very hard and we owned it until 1946.

"A couple of years before the end of the war, we moved to Anukea Street. We sold Hope's Market.

"Alan was born June 27, 1947. When Bill Chock, my younger sister Elsie's husband, went to work on Guam, she moved in with us.

"Our home had two bedrooms. The girls and Elsie had one bedroom and my husband and I had the other. My father-in-law and brother-in-law lived in the basement. Elsie was with us a year.

"Business was slow after the war. The soldiers returned to the Mainland and so the bar business fell. In the meantime, my brother-in-law, Ah Fai, bought a home on Vineyard Street. We sold our Anukea Street home on Maunalani Heights and Mui Lau Inn and we all moved in with Ah Fai. We lived there for many years. Then my father-in-law passed away on October 22, 1955.

"Language schools were reopened. Kong Chin returned to his job as principal of Chung Shan. Another Chinese School, Mun Lun, had reopened first. Consequently, many of Chang Shan students went there. My husband worked until he became ill.

"In the beginning, he noticed he couldn't swallow well. He had X-rays taken. They showed a spot as large as a pea in his esophagus. He went for a biopsy. The doctor was unable to find the pea-like spot, so nothing was done. Then the swallowing became more difficult. Then it was too late. He was operated on for cancer in the esophagus. He passed away a week later on October 2, 1961. He was sixty-four years old.

"The community was shocked. He had a big funeral. Williams Mortuary had to put up tents to accommodate the big crowd. The Chinese newspaper said that it was a great loss to the Chinese society. Well, God wanted him; that's one thing nobody can do anything about. I miss him.

"Ah Fai had married and moved to Kaneohe after his father

died. Alan and I were afraid to live in the house alone, so Sunny, my son-in-law, and Evelyn, my daughter, and their children mvoed in with us for one year. Then they built their new home at 1430 Apana Street near Tripler Hospital and Alan and I went to live with them for five years.

"Alan was only fourteen years old when his father died. After he finished Kawananakoa School, he attended Farrington High School and then the University of Hawaii. While he was a sophomore at the university, I bought a condominium on Thurston Avenue where I still live. After his graduation from the University with an engineering degree, and a hotel management degree, he married Elenita and moved to Los Angeles to work. He was a very obedient son and never gave me any problems. He studied hard and made good grades. It was a big joy to have him around and I miss him very much. He is a tax lawyer and Elenita, after receiving a Master's Degree in Social Work, is working for a doctorate in microbiology. They live in Seattle and have a son, Anthony Joseph.

"After a few years of loneliness, I took in Dominic Chan mostly for companionship and to help him out. He is a Hong Kong boy and was recommended to me by my Hong Kong friend. I did not know anything about him. My friend told me he was a poor boy with no father, only a mother and two brothers. He had heard that the University of Hawaii was rated the best school for Travel Industrial Management. He wanted to take up that course. My friend said that he is a good boy and well-behaved and that I wouldn't have any trouble. So, I took my friend's word. Fortunately, he was exactly what my friend had told me. He worked hard at a part-time job while going to school. He lived with me for three years. During this time, we developed a good relationship. He says that I am his second mother. I treated him like my own son and he respects me.

"After he graduated, he married his Hong Kong girlfriend, Edith Lai, and they moved to New York as the Lai family lives there. Dominic also went there to look for work. He still calls me frequently to chat. He said that he will never forget me for helping him through his most difficult years.

"Margaret asked me to talk about the Buddhist Temple as so many of our family have their plaques hung there.

"The Buddhist Temple, Dai Hoong Bau Din, was established about twenty years ago. Many, many Chinese families "put" their ancestors there. The names are written on a plaque and hung on a wall. Each name cost a hundred dollars in those days. It has now gone up to three or four hundred a name. The

first hall has already been filled, so they built another up front. If you are husband and wife, both of your names can be written on the same plaque even if only one member has died.

"The Chinese people put their ancestors and loved ones there because the young generation does not need to pray to them at home. However, many don't know how. The Temple burns incense and serves tea every morning and night. On Chinese holidays, and Buddha's birthday, the monks chant and serve tea and food for all who have gone on. The family would bring goodies and flowers for their ancestors. On Chinese Memorial Day (Ching Ming) and Chinese Christmas, the family burns paper money themselves, or you may leave them in the hall and the monks burn them for you. Therefore, the people know that their ancestors and loved ones will have food and care.

"Kong Chin, Mom and Pop, Tom Chan, Mary, Lil, Mac, Karl, and Bill Chock are there. I recall one incident about this. Elizabeth, Mac's wife, did not ask to put Mac into the Temple. He did not want to be left alone, however. One morning, he entered my older sister Amy's dream and one of the monk's dreams as well. So, the next morning, Amy went to the Temple to put Mac on a plaque. She told the monk about her dream and the monk told her that he had had the same dream. The reason Mac chose Amy was because Amy is a devout Buddhist and goes to the Temple every week. Mac wanted to be remembered by his family and be with them. Anyway, it's up to you whether you want to believe this or not.

"I have been going there to burn paper money, ever since our family names were on the plaques. Every Ching Ming and Chinese Christmas, I would fold paper money enough to fill eleven shopping bags. Then I would put their names on them and burn them. Sunny, Evelyn, and I bring flowers for everyone, also.

"Elsie Saito Goo always remembers those days. She would send beautiful anthuriums for the family. We would donate twenty-six dollars, the amount the Temple wants, to help defray expenses. I will continue to do this as long as my health permits. After I am gone, I told Evelyn to forget the ritual. We have already paid the Temple enough to care for us all.

"I am seventy-four years old, will be seventy-five in June. I have eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild. I hope that my family, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren will read this someday and know that their grandmother had to work very hard during her girlhood days. They are very fortu-

nate with what they have today.

"I also want to thank the good Lord, for blessing my family and me, as well as my brothers and sisters with good health, throughout their remaining years.

"I have had a pretty good life. I have a wonderful family and I know that my children will love me and care for me the rest of my life, as I have cared for them.

"Last, but not least, I want to thank sis, Margaret, for working out the family tree and for writing this book about our family, giving me a chance to share my memories with all of you." (UNQUOTE)

The following is Evelyn's (Bessie's daughter) contribution. I am going to include her two daughters' articles at this time. (Quote)

"My name is Evelyn Pei Kee May Young Lam. I am the eldest of three children, born to Kong Chin Young and Bessie Kam Sai Goo Young.

"My dad was principal of Chung Shan Language School. He was actively involved in the affairs of the Chinese Community and was a member of many organizations.

"He came from the village of Buck Toy in Canton, China.

"He helped to raise funds for a village club house, in which villagers from Buck Toy congregated. Today, this club is located on Vineyard Boulevard, near Liliha Street. Several stores on the first floor help to provide income for the club.

"Because Dad was principal of the school, he was often regarded as stern, but as a father, he was very mild and gentle. He would take us to K. C. Drive-In for waffle hot dogs whenever we had time. We did not often go on picnics or outings, but often went for drives instead, which Mom enjoyed.

"Uncle Man Fai, Dad's younger and only brother, returned to Honolulu after a visit to China when the Sino-Japanese War began. He was a bachelor and remained one until his early forties, when he married Beatrice Chang. Since Dad was often away from home, Uncle Fai was our father image. He had a little room in the Liliha Street store at the club, which I enjoyed visiting. I liked to climb the flight of stairs to get to it and he was usually busy speaking to his friends on his ham radio. He exposed us to Strauss waltzes and modern Mandarin songs sung by women with high wailing voices. He would teach us to develop films and how to listen on his ham radio. In addition, I learned popular songs of the day, from listening to the records he played.

"Until he married, he remained an important, but very quiet member of our family. He put himself through the University of Hawaii and became an electrical engineer. He helped me pass my high school algebra.

"My grandfather, Young Chak Quan, managed the stores and seldom went out. He loved to smoke cigars that I liked to light for him. He was a good cook and made very good pork hash. We loved him as he was good to us in his own way.

"My dad left his mother and two sisters in China. I never met them. Dad did not see them again, but he kept in touch with them through letters.

"Mom was a housewife. She was also a graduate of the Chinese Language School and was very literate in reading and writing Chinese. She taught the first grade where my dad was principal, to help out when Dad was short a teacher.

"Since there was no one then to care for Audrey and me, we attended Chinese School at four and five years old.

"A few weeks after I was born on May 1, 1930, my maternal grandfather, Goo Dow, passed away. Grandmother, Tom Linn, died a few years later. I remember attending her funeral in the evening and the women wore white shrouds. They walked down Nuuanu Street and circled the area near the funeral parlor in the dark. Men carried torches as though to light the way for Popo. It was an overnight affair and the family remained at the funeral parlor, while my sister and I were taken home.

"The Goo family is large. There were six boys and six girls. Mom always maintained close contact with her family; most of them live in Honolulu.

"The cottage in Kaimuki where I was born, still stands. We moved to Palama Street and then to Liliha Street, within a period of five years.

"It was at the Palama Street store, that I first saw hail and heard it striking the roofs of buildings. It was there also, that I first saw live frogs because we were raising them for food. They were kept in tin tubs with screens over them.

"When World War II began, we were living with Uncle Fai at Grandfather Young's store. Mom had taken my only sister, Audrey, and me to visit Aunt Amy in her little corner store in Kaimuki. There, we heard that something was happening at Pearl Harbor and there were many fires in different parts of town.

"Although the Japanese had started bombing early in the morning that Sunday, December 7, 1941, we were not aware of it. Rushing home, we learned that a bomb had dropped only a

half block away from our home and people were beginning to hoard food. Within a few days, all food and staples had been sold and we had to close our store.

"President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared war on Japan. We kept close to the radio, all day and night. There was no television then.

"Martial law was in effect. Blackout was enforced. My dad covered all our windows with black paper. The hanging, ceiling light was painted black. It was frightening, especially at night when everything was dark and squadrons of planes would be heard droning overhead. Visions of bombs dropping on our homes came to mind. The sounds of siren warnings over the radio were threatening, too.

"The blackouts should have been conducive to studying, but they weren't. My dad was home more often. He wanted us to study our Chinese lessons. We were not motivated to do this and I have often regretted this. Instead, we would read the latest comic books, such as Superman, Batman, Green Lantern, Captain Marvel, Flash Gordon, and Buck Rogers.

"At school, we learned to use gas masks. We had many practice drills in school, so we could learn to put them on quickly. Our teachers would time us.

"We did not have to attend Chinese school any more, since all language schools were closed. They were considered alien and unpatriotic. My father and mother were out of jobs.

"All students were asked to work in the pineapple fields to replace those men eligible for military service. I was asthmatic and allergic to dust, so I was given an exemption. Instead, I went to the Red Cross Office to help fold bandages. I also learned how to make cardboard slippers for wounded men in the hospitals. I was thirteen years old.

"My Aunt Amy and her husband, Mun Kan, decided to go in the restaurant business with my parents in 1943. They owned the Mui Lan Inn on Waialae Avenue across from the Queen Theater in Kaimuki. My sister, Audrey, and I would help clear dishes off the tables on weekends. We were given five dollars for this.

"Fifteen years after the birth of my sister, my mom became pregnant again. We moved to Kaimuki to our first real home. I was happy to live in a house with a yard and no store attached to it.

"Our baby brother, Alan, kept Mom very busy. He cried all day because he had colic. Mom hired a little, old, Chinese lady to cook for us since we had not learned how to cook. Mom had

not had time to teach us.

"We attended Kaimuki Intermediate and High School. I would go to the library after school. Then, I would do the marketing. The War was still on and there were two shifts, since there was only one public high school in Kaimuki then.

"The seventh, eighth, and ninth graders went to school in the morning and the tenth, eleventh, and twelth graders went from eleven to four p.m.

"I would go home on the bus every day with Winnie, my cousin, who was a mighty Senior, while I was a sheltered and naive Sophomore.

"I did not go out much and was the bookworm of the family. My parents were very strict and would not allow me to work in the pineapple cannery. (She learned it from Popo.) They would not allow me to go out with my peers, either. They wanted us to go out only with Chinese boys. (Does this sound familiar, Aunt Margaret?) However, I was allowed to attend my junior prom with a Japanese boy. I did not date him again.

"When I was a sophomore at the University, majoring in education, we moved back to Kalihi and lived there until my marriage.

"It was at the University that I met my husband, Sun Kien (Sunny) Lam, who is a Navy veteran and was a member of the Peng Hui fraternity. I was a member of the Chinese sorority, Young Chang Hui. The sorority activities taught me how to meet people and socialize. After a three-year courtship, with my Mom's encouragement, Sunny and I were married on June 21, 1953.

"We have been happily married for twenty-seven years. We have three children: a son, Amery Mun Chung; and two daughters, Karen Kwai Ngee and Avis Kwai Chee.

"Amery is now twenty-six years old and was recently made manager of one of the Finance Factors offices in Hawaii Kai. Karen is twenty-three years old and is an internal auditor at Territorial Savings and Loan. Avis is a senior at the University of Hawaii and majoring in accounting. Both Amery and Karen graduated with business degrees from the University of Hawaii. Amery was the first boy of the 3rd generation to marry; his wife being Karen Young.

"Our daughter, Karen has moved out and is on her own, but she visits us weekly.

"I am presently teaching a third grade class at Pearl Harbor Elementary School. Sunny is working as a certified custom house broker at his brother's brokerage firm.

"After the War, Dad, with the help of Senator David Akana, was able to have the Chinese Language School reopened. He returned to his job as principal until he became ill with cancer. He died of cancer of the esophagus, on October 2, 1960 when my youngest child, Avis, was a year old. He didn't suffer, but complained of a slight pain when he swallowed his food. He underwent surgery. A few hours after the operation, upon returning to his room, his heart stopped beating. His internist, Dr. Richard Chang, who happened to be on the same floor, gave him resuscitation of the heart and started it beating again, but he went into a coma and never came out of it. His brain would probably have been damaged due to the heart stoppage, so perhaps it was best. He had purchased a piece of property in Moanalua Gardens, below Tripler Hospital, and was going to sell it, when he died.

"Sunny and I bought it from Mom and built our home. Alan and she came to live with us for a few years.

"Then, Alan and she moved into a condominium where she still lives. Alan married and lives in Seattle, Washington.

"We take Mom out every Saturday for a ride or for a walk, then we have lunch.

"On Sundays, she comes to visit us and her grandchildren. At seventy-four, she still drives.

"My sister, Audrey, married a dentist, Dr. Clarence Fong, a Honolulu boy. They live in Palos Verdes, Los Angeles and have three daughters and a son: Valerie, Carol, Conna, and Larry." (UNQUOTE)

Here is what Bessie's younger daughter, Audrey, has written — and again, I QUOTE.

"I am Audrey Pui Sheong Young Fong, second daughter and second child of Bessie Kam Sai Goo and Kong Chin Young, born June 21, 1931. I am known as "Tootsie" to most of my relatives. Auntie Elsie Saito Goo gave me the nickname shortly after I was born because, according to her, I was such a "cute" baby.

"I remember Mom telling me about the house-store on Palama Street, that we lived in, in the thirties. It was next to Likelike School which is still at the same site. Kungkung Young and Uncle Man Fai Young lived there with us also. We lived there until I was five years old; then we moved to another house-store on Liliha Street, where we lived for about ten years. I have many memories of that place. Some of them are: the time Pop, Kungkung, and Uncle Man Fai, had a manhunt

for a huge rat that was in our warehouse; the huge chalk board that Evelyn and I spent many hours playing games on; looking down into our store from our 'see through' window from our bedroom loft; and just watching people go by our store daily and the fights that went on about us in the neighborhood. Also, I learned how to communicate with a mute, who lived in the back of our store, by having her teach me the sign language. We were poor, but I never really was affected by it. In those ten years, World War II began and ended.

"Those were fearful years because I remember the day Pearl Harbor was bombed, December 7, 1941, and there were smoke and bombs bursting nearby. Uncle Jan and Auntie Elsie asked us to live with them for a few weeks since they lived near the foot of Tantalus Mountain. Uncle George, Uncle Tin Yau, and we lived there until it was safe for us to return home. While there, we attempted to dig a trench for an air-raid shelter, but that was never completed. We were required to carry a gas mask wherever we went, for protection, in case the Japanese attacked us with gas bombs.

"Getting back to our house-store, we had all the 'goodies' we wanted, such as ice cream, candies, see moi, magazines, and comic books. We also worked in the store after school, selling, stacking, and cleaning. Our store was like a headquarters where many of our neighborhood friends congregated. At night, the other children and I would play in the lane next to the store until 8:30 p.m. That was our main playground. There was also a stream nearby that I played in, catching little fishes, and where I was bitten by mosquitoes a lot.

"Every Saturday, our family went to Chinese school, besides going there during the week after English school. Pop was the principal and Mom taught first grade. Mom would pick me up after English school in our old Packard, which was quite elegant. Then she would take me to Chinese school.

"There were many activities at Chinese school (Chung Shan) so much of our time was filled with participation in these activities.

"Dad was a dynamic speaker and was very active in the Chinese community. I admired my father for his leadership and for his prominence in the Chinese community.

"He was also a very strict disciplinarian. I recall the whipping I received from the reed he used on me whenever Evelyn and I fought. There was much rivalry between us, so we fought often. Sometimes Popo would feel sorry after spanking us. There was one incident in which he whipped me so hard that

he left black and blue bruises on my legs. Later, he rubbed my bruises with herb whiskey that we used for bruises.

"When Mom became pregnant with Alan in 1945, we moved to our first home on Anukea Street in Kaimuki. Along with this first real house, came many household chores, things that we never had to do before. We now had to clean windows, vaccum the rugs, oil the wooden floors, and do the yard work, too. Before this, we never had a yard, nor rugs, nor so many windows. Because we lived on a hill quite a distance from the stores, and the bus stop, I had quite a way to walk. Living on Liliha Street in a house-store had its advantages after all.

"After Alan was born, I had to do the diapers because Mom did not think the wringer-washer did a good job. I dreaded that chore so much that I counted every diaper that I had to wash every day. There were between fifteen and twenty-two diapers every day. I cannot say that the hand washing was any better than the machine. I thought it was worse, but Mom could never be convinced. This went on for months.

"At that time, Kaimuki High School had to share their facilities with Kaimuki Intermediate School. Anyway, school did not begin until 12:30 p.m., so there was much time in the mornings to do our chores and homework.

"During 1946-1949, we owned two restaurants, Mui Lan Inn in Kaimuki and Lan Tang Restaurant in Waikiki. Evelyn and I worked on weekends at Mui Lan Inn — washing dishes, helping with the take-out orders, and cleaning tables. Our pay was five dollars for a weekend.

"In 1949, I attended the University of Hawaii for two years. After that, I worked as a repair clerk for the telephone company. After two and a half years, I left the phone company to marry Clarence Kwai Wah Fong, son of Ah Kin and Helen Fong.

"Clarence was a junior attending the University of California Dental College. We were married on May 22, 1954 in Los Angeles and spent our honeymoon touring the West Coast of California and visited Yosemite National Park, too.

"Clarence began his practice in Wilmington, California in 1956. In six months, he established a successful practice until his retirement in 1977.

"We bought our first home in 1958 in San Pedro. By then, we had Valerie, then two years old, and Carol, six months old. Larry was only two months old when Pop died and he did not see his grandson.

"In 1963, Clarence and I went on vacation, on a first visit to a foreign country. We visited Mexico City, Taxco, Morelia, Patz-

cuaro, and Acapulco. We spent two weeks there.

"On our first night in Mexico City, we had an unusual experience. Clarence unknowingly left his wallet in the taxi and when it was returned an hour later without anything missing, we could not believe it. Miracles do happen.

"Donna was born in 1964. A year later, we moved into another new home — bigger and more luxurious, on one-half acre in Rolling Hills Estates. We have lived here for sixteen years. This grand home has been really well-used and visited by many friends and relatives.

"In 1972, we toured Mainland China, Canton, Kwonchow, Hongchow, Nanking, Shanghai, and Peking. We were one of the first Americans to enter China, since the Communist takeover in 1949. As a result, we were really treated royally by the Chinese people, as well as officials everywhere we went. Because we were with a dental group, we were allowed to see oral surgery performed, while the patient was conscious and anesthesized by acupuncture. That was an unusual sight, as the patient was drinking orange juice through a straw during the surgery.

"The Great Wall of China was a magnificent sight to behold. Everywhere we went, the Chinese people would stare at us. If we went to a play or to a sports event that was indoors, they would stand and clap for us as though we were celebrities.

"The most important event in my life happened in 1975, when I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and committed my life to Him. A short time later, Clarence also became a believer. Because of our changed lives, we had a strong desire to visit the Holy Land. This tour included the ancient city of Petra in Jordan, and Masada.

"We also visited Copenhagen, London, and beautiful Switzerland on this trip. I shall never forget London, not because of my fondness for it, but because of the souvenir I have. I fell on the cement stairs when there was a fire at our hotel at two a.m. I now have a permanent lump on my derriere.

"Our eldest daughter, Valerie, now lives in Marin County, California. She attends San Francisco State University, furthering her studies. She graduated with honors at Sonoma State University in biology.

"Carol is married to Michael Gavin and now lives in Mesa, Arizona. They have a daughter, Marissa, who is the cutest little granddaughter anyone can have.

"Larry, our third child and only son, attended UCLA for two years. He now attends an evangelical school called 'Youth With

a Mission' in Sunland, California. He will be going to Thailand soon to help with the Cambodian refugees.

"Donna, our youngest, is sixteen years old and is our only child who lives at home now. This house is getting pretty big for us.

"If the good Lord wills that we return to Honolulu to make our home after Donna graduates from Rolling Hills High School, it will be a very big move after living in Southern California for twenty-six years." (UNQUOTE)

I am certainly grateful to Bessie and her daughters, Evelyn and Audrey, for their dissertations. I learned much as I read them.

To continue, during my senior year, in my Drama and Speech classes, Mrs. Edna B. Lawson appointed me student director for "Romeo and Juliet." Our class decided to produce the play; Ululani Robinson was to be Juliet; Maurice Pilares, Romeo; and Harriet Barboza, the nurse. These were the three main characters.

We had such good times during rehearsals that I looked forward to school.

After the third rehearsal, Ululani decided that the part was too much for her. In appearance, she was an ideal Juliet, but when it came to saying her lines, she was not able to project her character. Mrs. Lawson decided to replace Ululani with a Chinese girl, Margaret Kamm. Margaret and I were friends and I knew she was a marvelous actress. Mrs. Lawson recognized her capabilities, too, and with clever make-up, she did not look Chinese.

When the curtains went up in the Princess Theater, I was behind them with the script as I had been doing during rehearsals. The cast was almost letter perfect during rehearsals, but when they had to perform to a full audience, it was another matter. Some of them had the jitters and it was well that I was there to prompt them. During dress rehearsal, everything went very well. We were all excited. There had been much publicity about Margaret Kamm, a Chinese girl, playing Juliet. Mrs. Lawson was the editor of the drama section of the *Honolulu Advertiser* and so our play was well publicized. Needless to say, the play was a tremendous success; it was sold out for all the performances.

Margaret and I became very close friends later. So that our friends would not be confused, and because we had the same first names, she called me Kammie, the first part of my Chinese

name meaning gold.

Margaret was very cute and popular and had several boyfriends. On some of her dates, they would go around the island. On occasion, she would take Lennie and me along. Lennie Wong was a classmate and a neighbor of Margaret's. They lived in Bingham Tract and this tract was called Chinese Hollywood because so many Chinese lived there.

On our trips around the island, we would stop at Kailua Tavern where they served delicious hamburgers with chilled coconut milk in its shell. At other times, we would go boating on the Ala Wai Canal, right out into the ocean.

Margaret was also an usherette at the Princess Theater. She could get as many passes as she wanted to the Princess Theater, as well as the Hawaii Theater.

I was attending Chinese School, but I detested going, so I would play hookey and go with Margaret and Lennie to the shows at either theater. I regret not going to Chinese School.

I had enjoyed attending the Territorial Normal Teachers College especially my senior year. I had made some good friends. Soon it would be time to graduate and I looked forward to that.

The incident that was really traumatic for me was the death of one of my students. I was doing practice teaching under the supervision of Mrs. Lucy Blaisdell whose husband later became Mayor of the City and County of Honolulu. Lordi Kaulili and I were the practice teaching team in the Smith Hughes Department. The Smith Hughes Act provided funds for a program to teach boys, Shop and the girls, Home Economics. I had the girls and Lordi had the boys. If we had social activities, we would combine our efforts.

One afternoon, we took our students to Waikiki Beach with Mrs. Blaisdell. Some of us went swimming. Lordi and I both went with our students. One of my girls, Sally Wong, became ill. Mrs. Blaisdell took her to the doctor and his diagnosis was that she had caught a cold in her abdomen. She was menstruating when she went swimming. She died a few days later. I felt very sad as she was so full of life and so young.

In May, close to the end of the school year, a friend drove my father home. He told me that my father was drunk, and that he had seen him driving wildly on the street. I know that my father rarely drank, and when he did, it was only when there was some kind of celebration at home.

One look at my father told me that he was very ill. The doctor said he had suffered a stroke, cerebral hemorrhage, he called

it. His left side was paralyzed. He would not go to the hospital, so we had a nurse on twenty-four hour duty. He laid there so helpless that my tears would well up. He was gone within a week and it was a blessing. I missed him very much. I did not attend my graduation which took place a couple of weeks later.

Father's funeral was held at Borthwick's Mortuary. Our family sat all through the Buddhist ceremony grieving and when there were no more tears, we had to pretend to cry when friends came to pay their respects.

The monk would chant at certain intervals telling about father's journey to nirvana, his ascendancy to heaven.

After the services, with a police escort and a Chinese band, we walked behind the hearse, wearing shrouds over white blouses and trousers. We walked as far as Thomas Square and then we boarded limousines to Manoa Cemetery. Mother had remained at home with Grandmother, Elsie, Sam Sau (a relative) and a few neighbors.

The next night, Mother prepared some food that Father enjoyed and set the dishes on the table in the living room. The fish was cooked whole, carefully with skin and eyes intact. The bag of rice in the dining room was left uncovered. Then Mother told us that Father would give us some sign when he returned to say good-bye. I remember that suddenly, our dog began to bark. Then the car doors of Father's Model T began slamming. Mother said, "Your father is here." I was petrified. Later, mother said, "Only the living can hurt you!" Then she told us that we must leave the room.

The next morning, she showed us the signs that Father had left to show that he had been there. One of the eyes of the fish were missing, neatly taken out and nowhere to be seen. There was a hand print clearly indented on top of the rice in the rice bag. How can I not believe that there is life after death?

After Father's death, his insurance was to be spent to further Elsie's and Edward's education. The estate was to be divided amongst the boys after Mother's death. The girls each received a dollar.

In 1930, I graduated from the Teachers' College. It was still during the Depression and teaching positions were at a premium. A law was passed that all married teachers had to give up their positions. All prospective teachers had to teach eight years on the neighbor islands before they would be assigned to a teaching position on Oahu.

Very few of my classmates received a teaching assignment. I was not one of the fortunate ones.

At the time, it was decided by the Legislature that my Class of 1930 would be the last graduating class of the Territorial Normal Teacher's College. Instead, the University of Hawaii was to implement another college into its program, namely, a Teachers' College. It would be a four-year college and a degree of education (EdB.) would be given upon graduation. All graduates from the Normal Teachers' College would be accepted into this College and credit would be given for the courses that were taken there. Since it was important that I become a teacher, I decided to continue at the University of Hawaii.

For the summer of 1930, I went back to the cannery to earn money for the next school year.

In September, I registered as a junior in the College of Education at the University of Hawaii.

I felt again as I had in the beginning of my freshman year in high school — that I was a little frog in a big pond. I had to "hop" from one campus to another as the College of Education was across the street from the main campus. Some of the courses, such as philosophy, and introduction to psychology, and English, were being given in the College of Education and they were required courses. Other required courses, such as geography, industrial geography, and world history, were given on the main campus. There were usually two or three hundred students in those classes.

However, it was different with my elective courses, music and speech. These classes were small and were held on the main campus.

My philosophy teacher was Dr. Madorah Smith, a dear, old lady. She was very dedicated and had taught in China, but I had a difficult time keeping my eyes open in her class. A few of us would cut her class so we could go to the famous Barbecue Inn in Waikiki for delicious pork sandwiches, then drive to Hanauma Bay for a refreshing swim after a game of bridge. She gave me a "C" for her course. I deserved it.

I received mostly "As" and "Bs" in English, Music, and Geography. For my exams in Speech, I had to speak on assigned subjects in front of business groups. To pass the course, the class had to choose a leading character in a play and dramatize the part in front of the class. It was a difficult assignment for me. I finally chose Olga in "Idiot's Delight."

In English, I learned to write poetry, essays, short stories, and all kinds of compositions. I continued to take music from Mrs. Kahananui and thoroughly enjoyed her classes.

In Geography and Industrial Geography, we had to learn to

draw maps by heart. We had to put in the rivers, mountains, and countries in the different continents, too. This helped me a lot when I taught history and geography. I presume this is the reason why these were required courses for prospective teachers. Introduction to Psychology was very interesting, too. It helped me enough so that when I taught I was able to help my adolescent students. This was recognized by Mr. Charles Clark who was my principal at Kailua High School when I taught there. He requested that I be his counselor when he continued to be principal at Kailua High.

Mr. Charles Clark is now Superintendent of Schools in Hawaii. He was a wonderful principal. He usually knew what was happening in the classrooms and he supported his teachers.

It was study, study, and more study in my first year at the University, although I was actually a junior because I had had two years of college at the Normal Teachers' College. It was 1931. Something was missing that year. I dated, went to dances, and went on picnics. I was restless, impatient, and lonely — not to mention impulsive. So, I had my beautiful shoulder-length hair cut!

Having short hair was the "in thing" that year. I was twenty-one years old, had no steady boyfriend, and life seemed dull and monotonous. So, I joined my girl friends when they had their hair cut, and dared me to have mine cut. Those were fighting words. I submitted to peer pressure again.

After the deed was done, I became aware of what I had done. It wasn't much fun any more. I had to go home and face my family. Besides, I regretted it as soon as I looked at myself in the mirror. How immature of me, I thought. My beautiful long hair was now a thing of the past. I had to accept the consequences.

My family, especially Mother, was very disgusted with me. I didn't blame them. Was I stupid! Let me tell you, I could hardly wait for my hair to grow back. Talk about learning to be patient!

That summer, I almost decided to look for a permanent position. I didn't want to continue school. However, Mother was feeling poorly.

So, back to the cannery I went. I reconciled myself to returning to my senior year at the University of Hawaii.

However, something happened in July to brighten my spirits greatly. I received a letter from the Department of Public Instruction telling me that I was appointed to a teaching position in Huelo, Maui — a little town about ten miles from Hana. If I was interested, I was to appear for an interview with the per-

sonnel director, Mr. Gus Webling. I didn't care if it was in Timbucktoo. I could hardly wait to see him.

I had a teaching job! Mother will finally be happy with me. She was! Thank heavens, at least I did that for her, (and for me, too) as she passed away two years later. At least she hadn't failed in raising me and she didn't "lose face" as I did not become pregnant without benefit of clergy.

I decided to quit the cannery. I had had enough. Don't misunderstand. I still love pineapple. The cannery helped put me through high school and college. I met many fine people working there. Most importantly, it taught me diligence, discipline, and patience; how to relate to all kinds of people, young and old, from all races and all walks of life. But I wanted a vacation and, most important, I wanted some time to go to Huelo, Maui. I had never been away from home except the summer that I spent with my cousins when I was four.

THE BEGINNING TEACHER

I was elated! I had a job, a respectable, status job. To be a teacher in those days meant you were somebody. I felt happy. I had finally proven to my family that I was capable of accomplishment. However, there was still the Depression and jobs were important.

When I finally came down from the clouds, I asked Mother if I could visit my prospective home on Maui. She concurred as my brother, Tin Yau, was teaching at Lahainaluna High School in Lahaina, Maui and I could lodge with him. He took care of the farm and the vegetable garden during the summer and he and his family lived on campus at the school, the oldest school west of the Rocky Mountains.

It was 1931 and I was twenty-one years old. I wrote to Tin Yau for permission, and he said I could come.

In those days, there was no plane travel between the islands. Three steamers (the Humuula, the Waialeale, and the Hualalai) provided the transportation between the islands. The Humuula was small and took on cattle before the passengers boarded and the passengers disembarked after the cattle were released. I was to become very familiar with the "smells" of these three steamers.

For my first venture, I bought passage on the Hualalai. She certainly couldn't compare with the Matson liners, but she looked beautiful to me. It was a beautiful trip even if my stomach did feel queasy. We docked at Kahului Harbor.

Tim Yau met me and drove me through Kahului, then through the main town of Wailuku and, in a blink of an eye, we were on a very precarious, winding "Pali" road to Olowalu, a plantation town. Within a few minutes, we were in Lahaina and were driving up the driveway to his home on the campus. It was a large boarding school for boys from all over the island. I spent a week with Tin Yau and his wife, Beatrice, and met some of his friends who were kind enough to take me scenic driving, and on to Huelo.

Maui is the second largest island in the Hawaii chain and is often referred to as "The Valley Isle." This nickname is derived from the fact that centuries ago, two volcanoes erupted, forming separate mountain masses which eventually became connected by a valley, like an isthmus.

The terrain on Maui is wide and varied.

Lahaina, where Tin Yau lived, was made the capitol of all the Islands in 1795. It became the core of the missionaries' educational activities. This was also the center of the whaling industry.

The missionaries established the Lahainaluna High School, the only one in the entire Pacific Ocean. The Hawaiians received instructions in religion, business, and government affairs. In addition, Hawaii's first book, a Hawaiian English Speller, was produced here. The first newspaper in the islands was published here, too.

Lahaina was the hub of the whaling industry. This is where hundreds of whaling ships lay anchored in its harbor, as whalers came in to repair their ships and acquire provisions. Today, the Lahaina "roads" are still a primary viewing place for the mating of humpback and sperm whales, as well as for the cavorting of newborn whales.

On the opposite end of Lahaina is Hana, located on the eastern side of Maui. On the way to Hana, can be seen some of Hawaii's most beautiful scenery. I was to know this road quite well with its hairpin turns that run alongside the ocean, and with its dense jungles of fern and rubber trees. I saw its beauty both early in the morning and late in the afternoon.

Hana is a little town with a distinctive charm all its own. Many famous people have discovered it. One is Charles Lindbergh. He loved it there and asked to be buried there. His grave marker reads, "Charles Lindbergh. Born Michigan in 1902 — Died Maui in 1974 — "If I Take the Wings of the Morning and Dwell in the Uttermost Parts of the Sea."

The cost of property in Hana today has reached an all-time

high. Jim Nabors has bought many acres. His friend, Carol Burnett, has also purchased many acres and is making it her home. Another is Richard Pryor. These are Hollywood stars who can afford the prices.

Our nephew, Carl Lindquist, who is publishing this book, has bought property in Hana and intends to make it his home in the near future.

Too bad that I did not have the money and foresight to buy land there when I taught in Huelo. Huelo is not far from Hana. When the first airplane landing strip was completed in Hana, all of us drove there to be spectators at the opening ceremonies. This was almost fifty years ago.

At the time, there was only a tiny store. We were told to take refreshments in case the ones at the luau ran out since the entire town had been invited. Today, there is the Hasegawa General Store — so famous that a song has been written about it. It is a **general** store and it carries everything you can think of — and more! There is also a meat market and a gas station, and that is about all. I hope that Hana remains this way — uncluttered by high-rises and fast food chains.

A friend took me to Huelo. It was a little town half-way between Haiku and Hana. I say "was" because it is no longer there.

The road to Huelo was very rugged — bumpety, bump — as we rode over the washboard road with narrow bridges. The road also snakes its way through thickets of hau, kukui, eucalyptus trees, and mango trees.

We finally arrived at the school after a two-hour drive. On the grounds was an "outhouse." I was in the middle of nowhere — on a knoll overlooking the coast and the ocean. There was also a teachers' cottage some hundred yards away from the school. This, then, was to be my home from September 1, 1931 to June 10, 1932. I had mixed feelings as I observed the surroundings and the school. I was truly grateful for that assignment — for reasons I will explain later.

When I returned, Tin Yau asked me about the school. The best I could do was tell him it was "okay."

Tin Yau is two years older than I. He had graduated from the University with a Bachelor of Science degree and was teaching Science and Agriculture at Lahainaluna High School.

Tin Yau has three sons: Ronald, Robin, and Sidney. Ronald is an insurance salesman. His full name is Ronald Gum Tong Goo and his wife's name is Dixie Ann Haliimaile Chu Goo. They have three children: Ronda Yuk Wan Kamalani Goo,

Roseanne Hoong Wau Kahoakakulani Goo, and Russell Kihapiilani Kun Mun Goo.

Robin, the second son, is a teacher, a girls' volleyball coach, and a counselor at Roosevelt High School in Honolulu.

Sidney, the third son, manages the Niu Nursery, which is the family business.

Tin Yau is semi-retired. Several years ago, he wasn't well and had to have five heart bypasses.

He visited Don and I just before Christmas after attending a service at St. Andrews Cathedral and to pray for his recovery from the operation. This was one of the rare times he has attended church. I'm glad that he believed that the Lord would answer his prayers.

Today, he is doing fine, can travel, and Bea and he dance-up a storm at Senior Citizen dances — something they didn't really know how to do before. How about that?! It goes to prove it is never too late to learn — Tin Yau is 74.

The following is Robin's contribution. I thank him for his contribution and cooperation.

Robin went to St. Theresa's School on School Street (near our family home) from grades 1 through 9. He also attended Roosevelt High School when he was a sophomore and graduated from there. Now, he's on the faculty.

For his college education, he attended the University of Hawaii and received degrees in Sociology and Counselling.

He enlisted in the United States Army and became a second lieutenant. He was stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia and Fort Ord, California.

The following is his story. (QUOTE)

"We lived at the School Street residence until April 1953, when I was sixteen years of age. Then we moved to Niu Valley and resided there until I married in June 1965.

"As a child, there were many moments camping, playing with friends, and going to relatives' homes. It seemed that I was always sleeping at someone's house. My father's family nicknamed me 'Blondie' because of my brown hair. During the War years, Dad opened a restaurant on the corner of Liliha and School Streets and called it 'Blondies.' With the money he earned, he was able to buy the land in Niu Valley.

"During the forties, Dad also began to develop his nursery business and Ronald and I helped with the preparations.

"I remember also that we sold hapuu, taro peel, plants, and

flowers. Our first big customer was Sears, Roebuck & Company. We worked mostly on weekends. Later, we moved Niu Nursery to Date Street. We had a friend on Date Street who owned a stable of horses. This is where I learned to ride. After Chinese School, during the summer, I would catch the bus to Date Street and water all the plants that Dad was raising for sale. This continued until we moved to Niu Valley and everything was kept there. One of my jobs was to drive to Young Brothers and pick up the hapuu my Dad bought from the Big Island. I would unload it and put it in the many sheds that we had. My brothers and I would prepare the orders for delivery on weekends and holidays.

"During my college days, I would take the loaded truck to school and make deliveries after classes. The brunt of the work, such as making deliveries, rested with me because Tongee was in the Navy and Sidney was too young to drive.

"While in college, I was a member of the Tu Chiang Shek Fraternity on the college campus.

"After graduation, I joined the Army, and was on active duty for six months. I spent the next twelve years in the Reserve Component, 442nd Infantry, 100th Battalion.

"After my short stint in the Army, I returned to college and earned a teaching certificate. My first appointment was at the Detention Home on Alder Street — for one year. Then, I received an appointment to Waianae Intermediate and High School for another year. Then an appointment came to teach at Roosevelt High School where I have been since 1962. At Roosevelt, besides teaching and counselling, I am a coach for the following sports: Junior Varsity Baseball and Basketball, Varsity Baseball, Girls' Volleyball, and Boys' Volleyball. We've been most successful in the area of volleyball.

"The boys' team has won the O.I.A. Championship four times and the State Championship three times. The girls' team has won the District championship four times, the O.I.A. twice, and the State Championship twice, also.

"In 1965, I met Marvis Barboza. We were married on June 19, 1965. Her father is Abel Barboza and her mother is Bernice Leong. She is one-half Portuguese and one-half Chinese.

"We have two children — a son and a daughter. Robin Charles Dow Goo was born November 25, 1966. He was named after Kungkung. Kelli Ann Ngit Wun Goo was born on May 22, 1969. She was named after my mother. They are both one-fourth Portuguese and three-fourths Chinese.

"Robin Charles attended Kilohana Pre-School, Aina Haina

Elementary, and is currently attending Holy Trinity School.

"Kelli Ann attended Kilohana Pre-School and is currently attending Aina Haina Elementary School.

"Dad is a very intelligent and knowledgeable person. He has a lot of friends and he seems to know everyone wherever he goes. He has a very pleasant personality and is loved by all. He is a good cook and he is famous for his smoked pig heads, spare ribs, and char siu. He would help prepare these for his friends when they gave parties. He is a hard worker and, as a child, I don't believe I fully appreciated him and his foresight.

"I hope I have helped Aunt Margaret a little with my memoirs." (UNQUOTE)

The week with Tin Yau was a nice, short vacation — my first time, away from home.

When I returned home, I had much to tell Mother; I felt closer to her. The rest of the summer was a happy one. I made all kinds of plans as to what I would do with the money I was going to earn. My family was glad that I was going to settle down with a good position. So it was with anticipation that I looked forward to September and my first real job — teaching and being on my own completely.

In September, I embarked on the Waialeale. At Kahului Harbor, I met two of my fellow teachers — Janet Kurata and Christine Dodds — who were to teach at Huelo, too. We took a taxi and rode out to Huelo together. We arrived late in the afternoon a few days before school was to begin.

I have mentioned the outhouse before. We used it only when there was a drought. I discovered that there was no electricity and I would have to learn to use kerosene lamps. I also would have to learn how to use a charcoal iron.

There were three bedrooms in the teachers' cottage. Janet and I were to share one. It was a fairly large room, with two small twin beds made of brass or iron. There were bullet holes in the bathroom and we were told that one of the teachers had seen a peeping tom so she shot at him. We covered the window.

As I laid in bed, unable to sleep that first night, I thought of my responsibility as a teacher. In practice teaching, I had been supervised. Here, I would be on my own.

What should be my goals as a teacher? What must I do to inspire my students to learn? What techniques should I use — lectures and demonstrations followed by free-choice experiences? How should I help the students develop positive atti-

tudes toward school? How should I develop a consistent good sense of humor? How should I communicate to my students that I am always available to them? How should I teach them good values? How should I make each child feel he is special?

There was literally nothing in Huelo except for the school and the cottage and a church. Kailua, the next town, was two miles away.

Huelo is a little pineapple town. I would be teaching green, country kids in a little red clay town. The school was a combination elementary school. Facilities were non-existent. The students used the outhouse. There was no library.

This meant that I would have to be quite resourceful. I decided that if every student can't have a book, no one will. We'll use newspapers, old books, clippings. We'll use our own experiences and we'll use "dittoed" material.

I had a good deal to learn.

Mr Richard Meyer, the Maui Schools Superintendent, came to our first teachers' meeting to greet us and to welcome us. Except for one teacher, and the principal, the remaining four of us were new. Mrs. Catherine Watson, a pure Hawaiian, was the principal. She lived in Huelo. She was a graduate of the old Normal School and had taught the fifth and sixth grades for many years. I was assigned the seventh and eighth grades. In addition to teaching these classes, I was to teach the girls sewing and the boys football and agriculture. When I heard this, my spirits dropped. FOOTBALL! What did I know about football?! NOTHING! As for agriculture, I supposed I could learn from the students who came from homes with vegetable gardens. But FOOTBALL!

My first reaction was to rebel. Then I remembered that teaching positions were scarce. I would have to learn how to cope and to adjust.

Besides my teaching program, I had to learn to live with four other teachers. We had to take turns doing the cooking and the housework. We all were responsible for our own rooms, but had to share the cleaning of the bathroom and living room. It was quite an education, and an experience which enabled me to help our daughter when she went away to college and lived in a rooming house for college students.

The first day of school arrived. I remembered that I had been critical of the appearance of my teachers, so I looked my prettiest. My students came into class looking at me with apprehension. I put them at their ease by greeting them with a smile and welcomed them. We said the Lord's Prayer, saluted

the Flag, and sang The Star-Spangled Banner and Hawaii Pono'i. This was to be our daily morning exercise as it was when I was in the seventh and eighth grades.

Then I looked at them slowly. They were mostly Japanese, Hawaiian, and Part-Hawaiian. They looked eager to learn. I called their names and separated the seventh graders from the eighth graders. I was aware also that there were several husky boys. All the students were barefoot, girls as well as boys. Some of the boys were toothless.

I told them that students expect teachers to know everything and I assured them I didn't; that I would learn from them, too — especially football and agriculture.

The first day went without incident. I looked at the lesson plans that I had been taught to write in practice teaching. Part of it was obviously not practical and would have to be revised — I had to do a lot of revising.

The boys wanted to play football. I knew there was a quarterback and the purpose of the game was to carry the ball to a touchdown. As for the plays to accomplish this, I was totally ignorant of how to go about planning them. So, at each practice, I allowed them to carry on in their own way. As a result, they were not improving. They were into the intra-mural program and wanted to win, and I was concerned. What to do!

This frustrated me so much that it affected my classroom teaching. I became totally disenchanted with teaching and would often cry myself to sleep at night. What a world!

In college, we were taught book learning. So what did I know about teaching two grades at one time? We were given a curriculum book. How do I accomplish what has been prescribed? Mr. Meyer lived in Wailuku. Mrs. Watson lived away from the school and she left for home as soon as the students were dismissed. My fellow teachers were in the same predicament. Okay, we would just have to do the best we could.

Let me tell you, it wasn't easy for any of us. None of us had encountered anything close to this situation in our practice teaching. I was ready to throw-in the towel, especially when I was given a directive to examine the students' heads for pediculosis — boys as well as girls. When I learned that pediculosis meant "nits," I could feel them crawling on my head.

In case some of you are as ignorant about pediculosis as I was, pediculosis, or nits, are head lice. They are tiny, gray bugs that crawl all over the hair. A common sign of head lice is the presence of small, pearly, oval-shapped eggs (nits) firmly attached to the hair shafts especially at the nape of the neck

and above the ears. Ugh! Ugh! Head lice are transferred from one person to another by the sharing of hats, clothing, combs, brushes, and even by hanging clothes together. To prevent reinfestation, all clothing, bedding, and combs and brushes must be washed carefully in hot, soapy water.

Each morning, I would take a pencil and gingerly, lift batches of hair. Those whose hair was infested, I would send home. Afterwards, they would return with their heads shaven, especially the boys. One poor girl, with shaven head, was teased unmercifully.

Self-pity is destructive and certainly not conducive to improvement. I felt a lot of self-pity.

To quit would be an admittance of failure. I could not fail, especially when I thought about Mother and my family. I had to do some soul-searching.

Here I was, twenty-one years old, and considered mature and grown-up by my family. How little they knew! It goes to show that the ones closest to you sometimes do not know you. I was such a firebrand in my youth, always fighting for some principle I believed in. Parents think that having passed through adolescence, one would inevitably become a grown-up. A grown-up was someone calm, self-assured, realistic, and steady. A grown-up was someone who had worked through turbulance and conflicts to find serenity and wisdom. I know some sixty-year olds who aren't grown-ups.

The ideals surrounding grown-up-hood were somewhat like those to do with marriage. You got married and lived happily ever after. There was no mention of dirty dishes, soiled laundry, unmade beds, untidy rooms, unpaid bills, dirty stoves and ovens, crying babies, and bill collectors.

I have tried to live right by my own principles, taken risks, played the long odds, been through enough good and enough unhappy situations. I was too intense, too emotional, too energetic to handle youth well.

I don't believe people are very grown up before forty — at least in my case.

I had fallen short of the maturity I had envisioned. It was time for me to revise my goals. It was time to seek wisdom and learn real discipline. What a dreamer! But I had to try.

Each moring as I stood before my mirror — brushing my hair or my teeth — I told myself that I would like teaching. The astrologers say, a Capricorn steadily plods along until the project is accomplished. I'm a Capricorn. So, I made a promise

to myself. Lots of external things you can't change, but you can change your attitude. I had better begin.

One of the teachers was quite manly. One morning, I heard her swearing loud and clear while playing football with the boys. I approached her about teaching football to my boys and I would teach sewing to her girls. She joyously grabbed my hands and said, "It's a deal."

Life was quite bearable after that.

I became more aware of my responsibility as a teacher. I began to realize that I would have some effect on the minds and futures of those individuals sitting in front of me.

I realized also that as a teacher, it was important that I give my students some self-confidence, a little bit more self-esteem, a little more belief in themselves. This would be more important than just teaching academics.

Each morning, I had a choice. I could say, "What's going to be new at school today? What's going to happen with these kids today?" Or, I could assign "busy work."

A good sense of humor was very necessary. I learned that as soon as I got one thing straightened out, something else was going to happen.

My students were not problems if they received attention and support. It was important that I was enthusiastic and stimulating, that I provide experiences in which they could accomplish and take pride. Most of all, they had to feel that I cared about them, and that I enjoyed teaching them and was sincere about it. Students can easily spot a phony.

It was difficult that I be constantly conscious and aware of them as people. I was concerned with my own desires, too. But gradually, I learned to forget about myself when I stood in front of them as their teacher.

And we became friends. They learned that I really was available to them at any time. I learned to talk to them, person to person, instead of teacher to student. I shared some of my experiences with them. They learned that I was a real person, that I cried, I hurt, I laughed, and I could be mean sometimes; and they understood that, too. For once, I was thinking of somebody else instead of myself.

In time, I discovered that my students came to school with all kinds of experiences. Life had made many demands on them that had made them grow as individuals and, in some ways, that I hadn't yet experienced.

Huelo is far away from the City, such as it is. Wailuku "rolls up" its sidewalks before ten at night. My students were totally

naive, unsophisticated, and very unrealistic in their goals. And they were poor. Education beyond Huelo was an impossible dream.

Most of them had worked in the pineapple fields, as Huelo was as pineapple town. They had worked in the pineapple fields with their families during the summers. Where did their future lie?

Maui High School was many miles away. It would be impossible for them to continue their schooling there.

How was I going to help them find jobs? Job opportunities were few and far between, and graduates from Maui High School filled most of them.

I learned that there were some openings at the Haiku Pineapple Company. Some of the boys would soon be eligible for military service. So, I counselled.

A few years after I left Huelo, the pineapple growers decided that the industry was not profitable in that locale, and they moved away to find better opportunities for themselves and their children. Huelo, and the surrounding towns, such as Kailua and Peahi, became ghost towns.

One of my seventh grade students, Tesei Katekaru, was an outstanding all-around student. He did as well as any of my eighth graders, too. His sister, Chiyo, was in my eighth grade. I talked to her and impressed upon her that her brother had great potential. I asked if it would be possible for him to attend Lahianaluna High School. She was doubtful.

I told her that I was going to let Tesei graduate with the eighth grade. I would try to get him into Lahainaluna, but she would have to help. She said she would. Chiyo found a job as a maid in Lahaina and put Tesei through high school. He graduated from Lahainaluna and came to Honolulu. Chiyo found a job in Honolulu, supporting her brother and herself. He matriculated at the University of Hawaii and graduated from there. Today, he is on the staff at the East-West Center.

I prepared my students academically as best as I could. I made sure they could read and write, as well as spell. I also tried to teach them to appreciate the value of work and to do as well as they could at whatever job they could get. Even being a garbage collector has dignity. Any kind of work is meaningful.

I began to like teaching. I learned a great deal. In doing so, I learned about myself. I was not as emotional, self-willed, or impatient as I once thought. When I stood in front of my class each day, I saw youngsters in the "terrible teens" like I was. Only, they didn't have the advantages I did.

As for the boys, they taught me how to lay out a garden, something which certainly came in handy when we had to plant Victory Gardens in World War II. They taught me how to plant and what to plant. Except for keeping some for the teachers' cottage, I gave the produce to them and they were grateful.

One day, when we were in the garden, I heard the boys tittering. The horses had come to graze in our schoolyard, and instead of grazing one of them was on top of the other. The boys continued to titter. I asked them to share the joke with me. They pointed to the horses. It was the first time I had seen intercourse. I asked the boys the meaning of it. Their answer was, "that's the way they make babies."

Can you imagine anyone being that ignorant? Yes, to my amazement, over thirty years later, when I became a counselor, I discovered that there were many girls who were totally ignorant of "how to make babies." Yet, as mentioned earlier, there is controversy today as to whether Human Sexuality should be taught in the schools.

When I told the girls about the incident, they had a good laugh. With my new-found knowledge, I began to notice roosters on chickens, fly on fly, cockroach on cockroach, dog on dog, and what have you. Heretofore, I had thought they were just playing.

I would not trade that year in Huelo. I had to learn through trial and error. It was painful often. One lesson I learned, I cannot be totally independent. Otherwise, I would be all alone.

I still am very independent, but at the same time, it's important that I feel I am dependent, and that my loved ones feel that I am dependent on them, too.

I am an enthusiastic person by nature. Without it, there would be no colors to life. I am enthusiastic in whatever project I undertake and I tend to overdo.

There was so much for me to learn; to be conscious, to be alert, to be aware. Most of the time, I was just the opposite.

For the first time in my life, I could do anything I wanted. I was away from home. I had no hours to keep. I was accountable only to myself. I had looked forward to this. Yet, life wasn't that great. I had to make new friends. The only fellows I could date if I wanted to were the local boys of Huelo, Peahi, and Kailua. They came to the cottage to visit us, sans shoes and mostly toothless. They were "nice" youngsters. One night, out of desperation, all five of us teachers piled into a pick-up truck with a group of them and took a ride in the moonlight. That was

the extent of our dating.

Every Friday afternoon, after our rooms had been mopped clean with water our youngsters had to haul up from the beach (the school was high on a knoll), we would climb into Mr. Tokunaga's banana wagon. He would drive all of us to Wailuku — and we would all go our separate ways. A classmate and I stayed with a Mr. Kam, who was teaching at Makawao. We would go to the beach at Kahului or go to a movie, and on Monday morning, at 5:30 a.m., Mr. Tokunaga would pick us all up in Walluku and drive us back to school. The trip from Haiku to Huelo is a beautiful drive in good weather, but I didn't particularly enjoy it — as I sat in the back and the gas fumes nauseated me. In addition, when it had rained, the wagon would slide from side to side on the "highway" and there were sheer drops into gulches that made up the country side. Fortunately, Mr. Tokunaga could drive the road blindfolded, and we were always transported safely to and fro from our school.

One night, for lack of something to do, we decided to go to a movie starring Lana Turner titled "Madame X." The movie was in Makawao. We called a taxi; the driver agreed to come out for us from Makawao — for two dollars apiece — ten dollars for the trip. It was cheap and worth it. It was the first time I had been to a roofless movie house and sat on chairs on a dirt floor, the walls built from corrugated pieces of iron. But it was a good movie, and we had great fun!

I forgot to mention that as a beginning teacher, I earned a monthly salary of ninety dollars. Ordinarily, beginning teachers received a hundred and ten dollars, but because of the depression, all teachers' salaries were cut ten percent. I was happy to receive it. I sent about thirty-five dollars a month to Mother. She sent to China for rich, silk material and made some outfits for herself. When she died, I was given one that had not been worn. After almost fifty years, I still have it and it is as new as the day she made it.

With part of my salary, I bought myself a wrist watch. Salesmen for magazines and other articles came all the way to Huelo to sell us their goods, but I needed a watch to anticipate recesses!

I had conveyed to Mr. Meyer that I would like a transfer as I was not happy with Huelo. He prevailed upon me to complete the year and he would insure a transfer to Puunene School. Many teachers in the country wanted to transfer to Puunene School because the teachers' cottages were attractive, and the principal, Mrs. Boyum, was well liked and respected.

Before the end of June, I was notified of the appointment at

Puunene School.

I have gone on and on about my year at Huelo. It was such an important year for me. I had to express my feelings, my thoughts through that year of acquiring knowledge and experience amidst selfdoubt and turmoil; through dimensions other than books and family.

There was much more to learn, but I had made a beginning.

Huelo was a turning point in my life. It had been a very good year, but I had no desire to teach two grades simultaneously again. I felt that I was not able to do justice to my chosen profession. I had mixed emotions when it was time to leave my students. I am most grateful for that year because I found out that I enjoyed teaching, that I like youngsters; that I could relate to them and vice-versa.

I didn't return to work in the cannery that summer, or ever again. I had a salary for July, and August even if I did not have to teach during those months. Our salaries were prorated into twelve-month increments, although we taught ten months. Teachers need the summer months for a vacation or further study; although some need to find employment to augment their salaries.

At one time, teachers were paid their salaries for only the ten months they taught. However, they ran into financial difficulties during the months of July and August, when they did not teach. They had often spent their entire salaries during the months they taught, and did not have any money left for July and August, so were forced to borrow from questionable loan companies. When they were unable to repay their loans, the companies attached their salaries, and many teachers found themselves in the predicament of losing their jobs, if they continued to be in the clutches of the loan companies.

The Legislature then passed a law that teachers' annual salaries were to be prorated over twelve months, although they taught only ten months.

So, I repeat, I had a salary for July and August and, for the first time since I was thirteen, I had a wonderful summer and didn't have to work. I was twenty-one. I had a wonderful summer with my friends and even did a little dating.

But I was eager to return to teaching in September. I went a few days early to see what I needed to have for my room in the teachers' cottage.

Mrs. Boyum, my principal, came to see me soon after my arrival. She lived with her family in a teacher's cottage in front of ours. Mrs. Armstrong lived with her husband in another

cottage several hundred feet from ours.

Our cottage was very large. There were two ordinary-sized bedrooms. Two teachers, Miss Zane and Mrs. Lum, had taken these rooms as they were old timers. In other words, they had taught at Puunene School the year before and had previously lived in those rooms. Miss Morimoto and I were the new teachers and we were to have the last bedroom. It was a very good-sized bedroom. There were two excellent bathrooms, and we shared one with Miss Zane who was on our side of the cottage. There was a very large living room and the kitchen was away from the main part of the house. We arrived at the kitchen by a walkway outside of the living room. All the rooms were well furnished with single beds and a couple of chairs, and a desk. There were also dressers and closets. Hallelujah!

The living room was pleasantly furnished with punees and chairs. We had quite a few visitors. If we wished to feed our guests, we could do so in the privacy of the kitchen. It was a fairly large-sized kitchen with a table and several chairs. There was a kerosene stove to do our cooking, but, hooray, we also had electricity! The teachers' cottages were all furnished by the City & County, and we did not have to pay rent. Esther, Katherine, Shizuko, and I decided we would like to share in the food expenses and take turns doing the cooking. We had to buy our own kerosene, but we did not have to pay for the electricity. It was wonderful to be able to take hot baths.

There was a large parking area outside the teachers' cottages. Mrs. Boyum's cottage faced the highway and she had her own garage.

Puunene School was several miles away from the cottage. Katherine owned a car, so she invited us to ride with her and we volunteered to share the gas and repair expenses. There were two car stalls built together for garages and Katherine used one of them.

Katherine and Esther took us for rides to Kahului which wasn't too far from our cottage. We shopped at Ah Fook's Market, the only market then. There was a beautiful theater, and I remember going there to see Dorothy Lamour in "Hurricane."

Also, there was a large community hall for social events, which included weekly dances. There was also a race track and a stadium where the annual Maui Fair was held. There was a handsome bank down the street and a few little restaurants. Wailuku was a ten-minute drive away; Lahaina was half an hour away. There was much that we could do.

Our school was attended mostly by the children of Puunene Sugar Plantation workers, and they were Japanese, Portuguese, and Filipinos. The school had eight grades and the teachers well all women except for Mr. Texeira, Mr. Kamiya, Mr. Okomoto, and Mr. Sakamoto. They had been teachers there for many years and their homes were in Puunene.

I met the teaching staff at a teacher's meeting on a Thursday before the school year began. All in all there were twenty of us.

Mrs. Boyum introduced us and gave us a pep talk. In those days, teachers were graded. Mrs. Watson, from Huelo School, did not grade her teachers, as she taught two classes and had no time to do any observing.

Mrs. Boyum's office was next to my classroom. I had been given the 6th grade to teach. Mr. Sakamoto taught the other 6th grade. I was happy with the assignment.

The school was a two-story, stucco building. I was on the first floor.

I was fortunate to have Mrs. Boyum for a principal. As I mentioned before, she was highly respected. For some reason, she took me under her wing. Also, when she went to observe in different classrooms and to check plan books, she would often stop in my classroom on her way back to her office. At first, I didn't know whether I liked it or not, but she was so pleasant and motherly, I did not mind at all.

In thoses days, teachers reported two days before school to familiarize themselves with the school, meet the principal, and get acquainted. There were also assignments and instructions. The old timers had to remain through the meeting, even if they had heard it all before. After the meeting, we went to our assigned rooms to check on the room that was to be our home for the next ten months. We were given a list of supplies to obtain from the supply room and our textbooks had to be counted and checked for damages.

My classroom was very pleasant. It was large and airy. There were walls on which to hang some paintings and pictures. The blackboards were black and quite ample. There were spaces for bulletins, too, and in addition to this, there were shelves for textbooks.

At the back of the room, there were tables that could be used for group studies or individual work.

There were four rows of ten desks. I was told that I would receive my list of students on the first day of school.

The first staff meeting began at eight in the moring, and lasted two hours. We were to spend the next two hours prepar-

ing our rooms — getting them ready for our students.

I found out where the supply room was and, with my list, checked out the supplies I needed, such as scratch paper, drawing paper, chalk, erasers, crayons, rulers, tacks, paste, and a plan book.

The next business was to get my textbooks from the library where the books had been checked and stored in June. To my amazement the library was large and well stocked!

It was time for lunch and I went back to the cottage to get a sandwich with the rest of my roommates. We were to have an hour for lunch, so we chatted as we ate. Shizuko and I were new and Katherine and Esther were old timers. They were very nice and helpful.

They gave us old magazines and pictures to place on our bulletin boards.

After lunch, we reported back to school, and I took stock of my classroom.

The teacher's desk was good size and had many drawers. I sat down at my desk and looked around at my surroundings. I felt good about everything so far.

Our first dinner together at the cottage was very sumptuous as we had gone grocery shopping and divided the expenses. Katherine volunteered to do the first week of cooking and cleaning up. She fixed sukiyaki and it was delicious.

We visited in the living room and set about learning a little about each other. Katherine was the only one who was married. All of us come from Honolulu.

When it was time to go to bed, Shizuko and I each chose one section of our bedroom. We were to be roommates for two years and we became good friends. She was an only child and her family sent her weekly goodies. She was very neat, pretty, and very likable. Mr. Omoto fell in love with her, but she was Momma's girl and never married. He finally married someone else.

Shizuko was also a very conscientious teacher. She taught the third grade and her grades as a teacher were good.

Esther and Katherine both taught first graders. Katherine was having marital problems and Esther and she both had Japanese boyfriends who often came to the cottage. Mr. Okumoto called on Shizuko and I had several men friends, too.

On Friday, we were to report to school for another full day of indoctrination. There was much to do. I had to study my Course of Instruction for the sixth grade issued by the Department of Public Instruction. It covered what was to be

accomplished in English, Arithmetic, Geography, Science, Reading, Spelling, and Physical Education.

Every subject had a list of proposed goals to be accomplished by the end of the year, and the textbooks related to those subjects for each semester. There was also a pamphlet relating to the teaching of moral conduct.

Every teacher was required to keep a plan book, in which plans were to be written for each subject and the units to be covered. There was a daily plan for each subject to be taught, the books to be used, and the pages to be studied and completed.

Mrs. Boyum checked all of our plan books each week. Sometimes she would check mine on Monday and other times on Friday. I never knew when she would drop in.

On Fridays, I would list the goals achieved, the textbooks studied and pages to be covered in my plan book.

So, on the Friday before school began, I had much to study, and to write. Lesson plans had to be written around the text-books, so I wrote them in school as they were to heavy to carry home.

That first weekend, the girls took us for a ride around Puunene. Half a mile up the road toward the school was the Puunene Country Club, the meat market, and many plantation cottages where the overseers lived. There was another section where the plantation workers lived.

Puunene wasn't like Huelo at all. I was close to stores, to a theater, to a bank. I had somewhere to go everyday if I wanted to I could go shopping, I didn't have to walk two miles to have a hot, tub bath and there was lots of running water for mopping the classroom.

At the community center in Kahului, a dance was held every Saturday night. We decided to attend on our first Saturday night.

Teachers were respected and admired in those day, and none of us lacked partners. We had a great time! On Sunday, I cut pictures from magazines for my classroom. I washed my hair afterwards, and attended to personal chores, as I wanted to make a presentable appearance on the first day of school. We wanted to be in school by 7:30 a.m. and all of us were anxious to get there.

The secretary gave me my list of students. There were thirty-three names, sixteen boys and seventeen girls. Another identical list was posted outside my classroom wall, so my students would know where to report. One by one, they came

in slowly. Usually, students were not allowed in the classrooms unless they were monitors, or if the teachers had work for them. However, that first morning, I allowed them to come in. They each chose seats close to their friends.

I had written my name, "Miss Goo," on the blackboard.

When the bell rang, all of my students had reported. I introduced myself. Then we had morning exercises: recited The Lord's Prayer, said the Pledge of Allegiance, and sang The Star-Spangled Banner and Hawaii Pono'i.

I appointed the first person on the list to collect lunch money. In Huelo, each student brought his own lunch or shared it with others who, for some reason, did not bring a lunch. At Puunene School, there was a cafeteria. In fact, the school reminded me of Kauluwela School, my old elementary school.

I called the names on my list alphabetically and I asked them to please sit accordingly. It would be much easier for my monitor to take attendance and fill out the report for the office, if the student were seated this way, a situation which I explained to the students and which they seemed to accept quietly. I felt I would be happy with them. They looked anxious to learn, and sat respectfully waiting for me to give them instruction.

I appointed the second, third, and fourth names on my list to pass out supplies and books.

In addition to the instruction about how to take care of their supplies and books, I told them what I expected of them and what they could expect from me. Since what I had taught my students in Huelo had been well taken, I decided to repeat the same philosophy with my Puunene students.

At Huelo, I didn't have "Form 13's" to keep. These forms were to be sent on to the high school that the graduates chose to attend, and inasmuch as none of the Huelo graduates went on to high school, there wasn't any point to keep a record of each student — at least that was the reason given me.

These Form 13's held much information about each student from the time they entered school. This included a brief family history, age, birthplace, racial background, parents' names, their occupations, and addresses and telephone numbers in case of an emergency.

The grades each student earned each year for each subject were also entered, as were the test scores each earned on the California Test of Mental Maturity (CTMM) in the first, third, fifth, and seventh grades. Then there were test scores from the California Achievement Test (CAT) given in the second,

fourth, and sixth grades. The CTMM scores helped to assess the mental capacity of the student and the CAT scores were supposed to show how much the student had learned.

There were spaces filled in with the evaluation from each of the students' teachers in each grade and I did not approve of these evaluations as I considered them judgemental. Negative evaluations can do great harm to students.

As soon as school was over that day, I went to the office where the Form 13's were kept. I took my list of students and got their Form 13's. At the end of the school day, I took my register home as I had to list the names of my students alphabetically — girls on one page and boys on another page. I had to date each line vertically from Monday to Friday. And each day, if anyone was absent, I was to put a slanting line opposite his or her name. This is how a teacher was to determine how many days the student was present and how many days they were absent during the school year. The days that the students attended must equal the number of days prescribed by the District Office and sometimes when an error had been made, it would take many hours to discover the error.

Other forms were required for us to complete. The Federal Government had a form for us to fill in regarding the number of military dependents. In Puunene, we did not have any. Later, in Kailua where I taught, there were many military dependents because of the Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station. The State receives funds according to the number of military dependents in our public schools.

Another form was required by the State regarding the nationalities of the students.

Sometimes an enterprising college professor would send forms to fill in order to help him with statistics needed to write a book.

The enrollment at Puunene Elementary School was about seven hundred students. It varied little from year to year.

The first time Mrs. Boyum came to observe in my room she told me that I made a lovely picture in front of my students and that my poise was good. She felt my enthusiasm and sincerity would help me be a good teacher. She said that I had made a good beginning, and made a few suggestions. It was important that I study each of my student's Form 13's. Knowing the background of each student would help me understand their potential, she said, as well as their problems, and past achievements.

Another suggestion she made was that children learn best through seeing, hearing and writing what they are to learn. All

these processes are necessary. Also, that every child should have an opportunity to display his work — displayed with positive comments.

She was of great help. I did as she suggested. Each morning, I would dress as if I were going on a date. In those days, teachers were required to wear dresses and shoes — no muumuus, no pants, no slacks, and no sandals.

I would be sure that each lesson was presented with some visual aids. I repeated each lesson carefully and would have the students write the lesson. Then I would give them a test.

I took a few Form 13's home every night to study. Some students would be too quiet, or too noisy. I took their Form 13's home to study first, and found much in their backgrounds to guide me.

Mrs. Boyum had told me it was more important that I know my students and make my classroom a happy place than to concentrate on academics only.

A student living with just one parent may have a problem; a middle child sometimes has problems, too. This information would help me understand my students and aid in the learning process. It was very important that I gather this information at the beginning of school. I could concentrate on academics later.

Mrs. Boyum was a marvelous person as well as principal. She set a good example for us.

I learned about teaching homogeneous and heterogenous groups. I had a heterogenous group — a group in which the students had a wide span of abilities and talents from 124 I.Q.'s to below 80. So, I had students with exceptional ability and students who were slow learners — and all abilities in between.

Homogeneous grouping meant that the grouping of the students was geared toward those whose abilities and talents were almost equal.

I preferred working with the heterogeneous grouping because the students with high I.Q.'s in the top groups tended to look down upon the other groups. Students in the bottom group became discouraged when they were assigned to these groups year after year and identified themselves as failures. They were "tagged" as stupid. Teachers with seniority were usually assigned to top classes, so year after year, they got to teach the cream of the crop. Finally, in heterogeneous grouping, the brighter students set good examples. Sometimes, I would use them as teacher's aides.

It is, of course, more difficult to teach a heterogeneous

group, as the teacher must use different levels of textbooks and materials and she must prepare lesson plans for each group. Furthermore, as there are different levels of ability, the students must be divided according to their levels of ability.

As one method of teaching, we did unit work. We would discuss what units to study. Then I would put one bright student as the chairman of each group. Different students of different abilities would be assigned to each group by me. It would not have been wise to allow the chairman to select their committee members as all the bright ones would be chosen first. The chairman and his committee decided on their goals. He or she would decide who would do the written work and who would do the reporting. Every student was required to contribute. Oral reports were given by different ones to the class and the evaluation was a class project. These were listed on the board, then the students copied the lists. The class was tested on the evaluation by the students.

I graded them on their presentation as well as on content. Oftentimes, they were allowed to grade the students and they were fair. Sometimes they graded harder than I.

Then, too, I would suggest that an average student with leadership qualities be chairman of a group. They had to learn to cooperate with one another.

My students were children of plantation workers. They were used to seeing their parents work hard. They, themselves, had to work hard at home. They did not have a lot of material things. They "carried" their attitudes and work habits into their school environment.

As I had only one class to teach, I was able to concentrate on the basics of learning for each subject. In other words, I taught them to read, write, and spell in each subject.

Sixth grade students are wonderful to teach. They usually are eleven years old, on the threshold of adolescene, the beginning of awakening to many things — mental, physical, and physiological. They are beginning to be interested in the opposite sex, although the girls are more mature and aggressive then the boys.

I tried to teach them reading and to enjoy it. I would read a few chapters from books such as "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," or "Knights of the Round Table." I would stop at places of suspense. If they were interested, they would pursue the story. Usually, they did, as book reports were required in English literature. (I taught English grammar as well as English literature).

I would drill them on phonics and spelling, just as I had been drilled, and we would have Spelling Matches just as I had experienced. They enjoyed them as much as I did.

I taught them how to draw the Hawaiian Islands, as well as the continents of the world.

I would list the mountains and rivers that were in different countries and have the children locate them on their maps; I would have them locate the capitols of the different countries; I made them learn to draw a map of the United States; put in the mountains, rivers, and lakes. To help them remember, we would have Geography Matches; I would give them a mountain, river, or lake and they had to name the country where each was located. We played the same game with the States. There were only forty-eight at the time. I would give them the name of the State and they had to answer with the capitol and vice-versa.

They were very competitive and we had great fun. Now and then, I would offer a prize to the one remaining standing the most often.

For Science, I remember that for one project, they brought crown flower leaves with caterpillars on them. They would watch the caterpillar turn into a chrysalis, and, from it, slowly emerged a beautiful monarch butterfly. The children would watch all of this with great fascination. I taught them that this was called a metamorphosis. They learned to spell "metamorphosis" and "chrysalis" so that they could use it in their composition about the monarch butterfly.

I can still see the walls of the classroom with many crown flower leaves with caterpillars.

Teaching was a joy! I looked forward to each day. There was much fellowship among the teachers also.

Mr Sakamoto, who taught the other sixth grade, and I had Physical Education classes together. We walked our students to the newly-finished swimming pool, which was a half mile down the road from the school. He would take one group of students by the pool and have them all lie down. Then he would put them through the paces of all kinds of swimming exercises. When one group finished, he would allow them in the pool to practice what they had learned. Then he would take another group and repeat the same procedure.

With this kind of training, he produced two famous swimmers, both of whom broke world records. Both Takashi Hiroshe and Bunmei Nakama attended Ohio State University and later became members of the college swimming team. Mr.

Sakamoto was given proper credit for their prowess and the University of Hawaii later invited him to be their Physical Education Director, where he continued to produce swimming champions. When our son Bob was 12, I sent him to Shoichi for swimming lessons.

My first year at Puunene was a happy one. I have mentioned that teaching was a status position and teachers were highly respected. I had quite a few dates with different young men and I would go dancing every Saturday night at the Community Center in Kahului. I exhilarated in my freedom and I must say I was not at all discriminating with my dates.

The children liked me and I liked them. I felt I was accomplishing. I felt worthy and wanted. June came all too soon. It meant that the school year would be at an end. I had made some plans. I had often dreamed of taking a trip, especially to Chicago where some of my brothers and sisters were. I had saved some money, but it was not enough, so I borrowed a few hundred dollars from the Teachers' Credit Union and reserved passage on the Monterey, sister ship to the Lurline. It cost one-hundred sixty dollars for a roundtrip ticket.

I met John Edward Nelson at one of the community dances. Everyone called him "Eddie" as his father's name was John Edward, too. He was lots of fun. I had known him for almost a year. He said he would take me to Lahaina to "catch" the Hualalai. And he wanted me to meet his family, so I was invited to dinner.

School was out on June 10th. The last few weeks of school with the children were busy and pleasant. There had been conferences to appraise them of their grades and promotion. Their books had to be checked for damages, after which they were sent to the library to be stored. We had a farewell party; it was planned by the students. I had been notified that I would return the following year, so I told them it was not good-bye, and that I would see them again. They had planned a beautiful farewell program, so our parting was pleasant.

My cottage mates all had different plans. Esther was planning a trip to the Orient. Katherine was staying on and Shizuko was going to attend summer school at the University. Best of all, I was going to Chicago! We had had a farewell dinner the night before and we discovered that we were all reappointed to Puunene School. So, we said our good-byes knowing that in two and a half months we would be all together again.

Eddie picked me up at the cottage and we went to his home

for dinner. His father was well known on Maui as Johnny Nelson. He was very well liked. He was Swedish. Eddie's mother, Emma, was also a school teacher. She was part Polynesian and part Polish — and full of fun. Eddie had four beautiful sisters: Eileen, Marjorie, Joy, and Yvonne. He also had two handsome brothers: Robert and Ralph, the latter known as "Rope." My dinner was very pleasant. The senior Mr. Nelson asked me to bring him a pail of water from San Francisco. I was never to see him again as he was killed by a car a week after I had left for Chicago. Yvonne was only two when that happened.

Eddie drove me to Lahaina and we barely made it. In those days, ships had to be anchored out in the harbor beyond the reef. The mail boat took the passengers out to the ship and the passengers carefully jumped on the ship's ladder, then climbed up the ladder onto the ship. I had caught the last trip of the mail boat.

It was with anticipation that I had planned my trip to Chicago and to see Mac, Lil and her family, Karl, Edward, and Elsie. A friend of my brother's, Herbert Chun, was engaged to be married to Gertrude Nip, a Honolulu girl. Mac had written to me to get in touch with her. Gertrude and I made plans to take the trip to Chicago together.

I had only a few days to be at home as the Monterey was scheduled to sail on June 14 for San Francisco. I did some frantic shopping for a few things. Turbans were in style, so I bought one, along with gloves, a few dresses and new shoes that were needed for San Francisco, especially.

I could hardly sleep the night before departure. I had packed early. I could not believe that I was finally going to make one of my dreams come true. Mother was happy that I was able to take this trip and see my brothers and sisters. Our family and friends came to see Gertrude and me off and brought many leis.

The Royal Hawaiian Band was playing. The whistle blew and I found myself walking up the gangplank, misty-eyed, but happy. I was twenty-three, it was 1933, and I was off on another adventure.

Gertrude and I joined the other passengers on the uppermost deck. We were all happy, shouting good-byes while the band played "Aloha Oe." What an ecstatic feeling I had, standing on this beautiful white ship with leis around my neck. I had been to the pier in the past so many times watching and envying the people on the Lurline. The Monterey was newly built and she

was spanking clean and beautiful.

The liner slowly steamed out of Honolulu Harbor. It was about noon on a beautiful sunny day. The sky was blue and covered with delicious, bubbly, fleecy clouds that are often seen in Hawaii. As I looked down on the water, there were native youngsters diving for money that the passengers were casting overboard. We waved our last good-byes.

Fortunately, neither Gertrude nor I were seasick. We encountered quite a few friends, fellow teachers, who were also going to the Mainland. We would not be lonesome on our trip. Gertrude and I decided to go to our room. It was in the "hold" and was really small for two people. Luckily, we had a porthole. We spent very little time in our room. We checked to see where the bathroom was. It was just down the hall and used by four rooms. There was also a communal shower shared by the same people.

We were young, foot-loose and fancy free. Gertrude was much heavier and shorter than I. With my long legs, I had no trouble climing to the upper berth each night and I slept well.

We started each day with a very hearty breakfast in the main dining room. One morning, one of our fellow teachers joined us for breakfast. Gertrude and I had ordered a very substantial breakfast: juice, waffles, ham, eggs, and coffee. This fellow teacher ordered waffles, hotcakes, bacon, ham, sausage, an omelet — practically every item on the menu. I think he gained ten pounds on the trip. I wished I had been able to consume as much as he. It was there for us to eat and we were told what was left over was tossed overboard. What a waste! (or waist, as the case may be).

After breakfast, there were all kinds of activities, including games such as horse races, bingo, and shuffleboard. I usually played the horse races and won. Then about ten, tea was served with all kinds of goodies. And before you knew it, lunch was being served. Again, we had been assigned the first sitting. What food — all kinds of meats, salads, and desserts that caused the salivary glands to work overtime — the whole array arranged in tempting colors.

We were thankful for the many deck games that kept us active, morning and afternoon, as they helped us to work off some of the weight we could have otherwise acquired.

We dressed for dinner. Our table mates were friends who taught on Maui. We ate and ate for dinner, too, and later, we danced and danced to the music of a wonderful orchestra. We were not allowed to mingle with the first class passengers and

there was a rope dividing our area from theirs. However, we could hear the orchestra and we danced to its beautiful music. The nights were glorious with cool, evening breezes and the stars twinkling overhead. I did not lack for partners. It was a magnificent four nights and five days on the beautiful blue Pacific, to cross the 2,200 miles to San Francisco.

The trip was over all too soon. We packed our bags, said our good-byes, and almost before we knew it, Gertrude and I were walking down the gangplank.

Gertrude had friends in San Francisco and they met us and took us to our hotel in Chinatown. They took us on scenic drives in San Francisco, also a ferry boat trip across the bay to Oakland, (before the bridge was built).

We were wined and dined on Chinese food. Although I had not missed it, I thoroughly enjoyed the San Francisco Chinese food which was somewhat different from Honolulu's Cantonese food.

After three days in San Francisco, we bade good-bye to our generous hostesses at the train depot.

Gertrude and I had decided to take the train to Chicago on the advice of Mac and Gertrude's fiance, Herbert. We had a compartment. Again, I took the upper berth. The train facilities cannot be compared to what we had on the Monterey. It was quite a come down, but it was a pleasant ride and a new experience. The porter took our bags to our compartment and showed us the bathroom and dining room. There was no shower room.

We tried to sleep with the click, clack, clacketing of the train wheels. In the morning, when we blew our noses, our handkerchiefs would show the black soot that we had inhaled. We had to scrub our faces several times to remove the soot from them.

Gertrude and I passed the hours looking out of the window in our compartment, after the porter had put away our berths. We watched the scenery as we passed the different cities and states. Finally, the next stop was Chicago and there at the station to meet us was Lil and her husband, Tom Chan, Mac, and Herbert. It had been fifteen years since I had seen Mac and Lil and we were very happy to see each other again.

Lil had five children of her own besides Florence and Grace, Mary's children. Florence graduated from Northwestern University, and married Spalding Chau on February 2, 1946 in Chicago. They have two sons and a daughter.

Thomas Kong Wo Chau was born January 25, 1947 in Chi-

cago. He is presently married to Nancy Huntsman and they live on the north side of Chicago. He is a real estate developer with Investors Realtors of Chicago and they have no children.

Andrea Moan Kum Chau, was born December 16, 1949 in Chicago. She married James Fisher, Jr. of Cleveland, Ohio. They are presently living in Victoria, Canada. Andrea is a teacher of Special Education, teaching the blind, deaf, and retarded. Jim is a social worker with the Canadian government.

The youngest, Brian Kong Chih Chau, was born October 26, 1950 in Chicago, too. He's married to Barbara Button of Park Ridge. They just had twin daughters, Kristen Gia-Ling Chau and Erica Gia-Ling Chau born December 26, 1980. Brian is operating manager of WMAQ radio station, which is affiliated with N.B.C.

All three children graduated from Ohio State University.

Grace married Harry Chun in Chicago in 1945 and they own their own business making Chinese hors d'oeuvres and sweet'n sour sauce. They have three sons.

Cliff, their number one son, went to Wright Junior College. Robert, their second son, majored in Sociology at the University of Illinois and graduated in 1976 from dePaul with a law degree. He took a year of post-doctorate work in taxation at dePaul and, in the process, was presented with the first Robert H. Monyek Scholarship Award.

Both of these boys have joined their parents in the family business, so, consequently, they are expanding. Harry's health has been failing, but, with their sons' help, their business will continue to prosper.

Geoffrey graduated with a degree in psychology in 1974 at the University of Illinois, magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa and a James Scholar. He finished medical school at the University of Illinois in 1978, interned for a year at Evanston Hospital, Northwestern University, and is now in a three-year residency program (1979-82) in diagnostic radiology at the University of California. He loves California weather as he can play tennnis the year round.

Lil and Tom Chan had four daughters: Helene, Eunice, Mary, and Priscilla; and two sons: Chung and Ping.

Helene married Blas Guererro and they have no children. They live in Chicago and she is an important member in the family business. Helene received her B.A. from the University of Illinois.

Eunice (Sambo) received a B.S. degree from Northwestern University. She is married and divorced. She has a son, Jan,

who majored in Economics at Ripon College in Wisconsin. Jan also works in the family business.

Mary went to junior college and has never married. She works very hard in the noodle factory. She is very important to the business.

Priscilla received her B.A. at the University of Illinois. Priscilla married Ming Foo and had to move to St. John's, Michigan where Ming is a hospital administrator. They have two daughters. The first was Karen, who graduated with a Liberal Arts degree. Karen and her husband, Doug Roeding, started a business selling tools from a van (competitor of Snap-On Tools) and is doing well in San Diego. The second, May Ling, is in pre-med and is a junior at the University of Michigan.

Lil's older son, Chung, passed on in September 1980. Everyone was shocked; he was only forty-nine years of age.

When Lil died, Chung sacrificed his personal goals, as his Uncle Jan did, to help the family. Chung graduated from Northwestern with a B.S. degree, then went to work in the family business to help Lil after his father passed away. He worked very hard.

Chung married Nancy, a Chinese girl from Chicago, and they have two children: Chip and Lauren. Chip received his B.A. from Yale and then worked with his father in the family business. Lauren is still in school in addition to being in show business. She is doing very well dancing in "Chorus Line" both on the road and in New York.

Before Chung passed away, he had been appointed by President Carter in 1979 to serve on the White House Conference on Small Businesses. He was known as a community leader in Asian-American relations and a champion of the small businessman in the United States. He served as Chief Executive Officer of Mah Chena and the Chinese Noodle Company, Griesebaum Meat Co., and Lekil Pail Co. He also was Chairman of the U.S. Asia Institute and was director of the Chinese Community Center in Chicago.

Chung came to the Islands several times during the years, at which time his aunts and uncles would have a family dinner to honor him. He will be sorely missed. I have included his eulogy because it is so beautiful.

"Tom is my brother-in-law and to have been asked to present the eulogy during this very solemn mass is an honor and privilege which I will always cherish for the rest of my life. I had and still have the utmost admiration and respect for Tom because he was a paragon of goodness and he represented what life

should really be.

"His perception of life was more than the axiomatic definition from the dictionary — existence or simply to exist. Tom firmly believed that God places people on earth for a special reason — to contribute to the enhancement and enrichment of mankind. Using this philosophy as his guiding star, he charted the directions of his life toward purposeful and meaningful goals. He was cognizant that one's life span is a relatively brief one and time is of the essence. To be stagnant in ambition and in thought or simply to twiddle away one's precious time meant a degradation of one's contributions.

"Tom was a very philosophical person and his actions were dedicated to the pursuit of his beliefs. As an illustration, I would like to quote an excerpt from one of his favorite books, entitled "Illusions - The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah," by Richard Bach. I quote, 'Here is a test to find whether your mission on earth is finished: if you're alive, it isn't.' Unquote. Tom loved this passage and he followed its principle to the very last moment of his life.

"He was more than a philosopher and a man of conviction. In the pursuit of his beliefs and objectives, he was a man of great sincerity, compassion and empathy. The rich, the poor, the handicapped, the gifted; it made no difference. He was dedicated to helping all people, especially young people and those in the category of the under dog. He was an extremely selfless person, the welfare of others being paramount to his own personal goals. In terms of the vernacular, Tom was the type that actually would give the shirt off his back, just for the asking. I know that many of you in this congregation can corroborate this.

"There is another excerpt from the book 'Illusions' which Tom liked very much and I quote, 'There is no such thing as a problem without a gift for you in its hands. You seek problems because you need their gifts.' Unquote. The significance of gifts in this message does not mean money or some similar remuneration, but rather it means gifts in the sense of obtaining self-satisfaction in helping others. To Tom, this was a dear, dear gift.

"He also had a favorite expression. He always would say, 'I get to' rather than 'I have to.' 'I get to help people,' rather than 'I have to help people.' Think for a moment about the difference. This was the kind of man Tom was: benevolent, generous, and altruistic. During the time of crisis or during the time of need, he would be among the first to volunteer his assistance.

"Tom was a brilliant leader in every sense of the word. He set the example by deed rather than words. He always approached tasks and challenges with perseverance and a positive 'can do' attitude. He was a man of courage, a man of principle, and a man of righteousness. He was a strong believer in fair play and would not implement drastic decisions without first fully justifying and explaining the element of 'why' for his actions. He was a forceful individual on one hand; on the other he was humble and understanding. He was candid, but his straightforwardness was always characterized by qualitative intentions and love from his heart. His outstanding traits and attributes had set him apart as a leader of the highest caliber, whether it be in business, community affairs, or in areas of special interest.

"Tom has taught us goodness and the true symbology of life, a life that is contributory; self-less, purposeful, and meaningful, and above all, one that is characterized by total humanitarianism. Tom left us with an everlasting banner of accomplishments — a banner that flutters majestically in the breezes of success, awaiting to be carried forth. As Tom looks back, he can proudly say, 'I contributed.' And when it is time for us to be beckoned forward, are we equal to the task and can we similarly say, 'We contributed!'

"In closing, I would like to say, 'Well done, Tom! You served mankind well. You accomplished your mission in a most commendable manner. You gave us a better insight as to the true meaning of life. We respectfully salute you. Be thou at peace. Amen."

Chung's brother-in-law, James T. Dare evidently called him Tom. This was given in St. Therese's Church, 218 W. Alexander Street, Chicago, Illinois on September 15, 1980.

I repeat, I have included this eulogy because it is so admirable and may be an example to others. Our Heavenly Father has called Chung home. In his short life, he has accomplished much, especially in obeying one of our Saviour's teachings, "In as much as you have done it to one of mine, you have done it to me."

Lil's younger son, Ping, received his B.S. from Northwestern University and then went on to graduate with a law degree. Needless to say, this educational background was of tremendous help to Lil with the family business. Lil also sent Ping to China to study the language, as much of their business was with Chinese proprietors of restaurants and shops. Chung and

Ping worked side by side with their mother after their father passed away, as well as with their older sisters. So, all-in-all, it was truly a family business.

Ping married a girl from Honolulu, Valerie Ching, and they have two sons: Darrell and Bubbles. Ping and his family visit Valerie's family and our family when they come to Hawaii. It is always a joyful reunion and we often wish they could visit more often.

Tom Chan died when his children were quite young. Lil ran the business and saw to it that all of her children graduated from college. She was a very remarkable parent and because she was very industrious and applied her business acumen wisely and fairly, she left this legacy to her children.

During my trip to Chicago, I visited Lil and her family often and we would reminisce far into the night. Lil's name was Lillian Kam Oi Goo. Kam Oi means "golden love." All of us called her Lil. She raised sister Mary's two daughters, Florence and Grace, as well as her own children. She came home one year, bringing the children, when her husband went to China on a buying trip. I remember her making several Hawaiian quilts to take home to keep warm during Chicago's severe winters.

She would set the quilts on the lanai, and anyone who had a few minutes and who could sew would contribute a few stitches. I was too scatterbrained to do any sewing. Every Christmas, Lil would send noodles to her family. She was very good to all of us. After she passed away, her children continued to do so, although we did not expect them to do so. After all, they are running a business.

Tom Chan and Lil took me around Chicago in their huge, black Cadillac that seated all of the children, too. Tom was known then as the Mayor of Chinatown. He would be recognized often as he drove around Chinatown. For lunch, we would often stop at some friends' restaurant where we would be given carte blanche, especially if the proprietor was young and was looking for a bride. Lil often tried to arrange a match for me as she wanted me to make my home in Chicago, too, but our Lord had other plans for me.

The apartment in which Lil lived with her family was built around their noodle factory and gift shop. Mac had remodeled them into a modern building with glass bricks. It was a very large apartment as it had to be because it housed her family and my sister Elsie, as well as my brothers, Karl and Edward. Each of her children had four closets, one for each season.

On the very top of the building, Lil had Mac build an enclosed

hot house. There, she would enjoy her plants, which she said was her therapy. She loved plants and flowers and was raising some beautiful roses when I was there for the first time that summer of 1933. She was also trying to raise some plants Mother had sent her.

In 1951, I visited Lil and her family with my first husband, Eddie Nelson, when he and I made a trip to the Mainland with our son Robert and our daughter Janis. This was eighteen years later and she was a widow. We spent two days talking about our children and our family. And in 1957, Don Thomas, my present husband, and I visited her again. This was the best of all the visits. We had both mellowed some and we shared much with each other. She wanted to buy diamonds and other jewelry for me at very low prices. I didn't have any money to do this, and I told her I didn't care for jewelry. Lil was about eight years older than I so I learned much from her about her first days in Chicago, about her business dealings with Tom's relatives and trying to keep the business. It had not been easy all the way, but she persevered. She was chubby, with a delicious sense of humor and she had beautiful tiny feet, not like my clodhoppers.

But back to my story. As I told you, Mac, Lil, and Herbert met us at the train depot. I went home with Mac as I was to be their guest in their apartment. Besides, they had more room. Elizabeth and he had no children then.

Robert Yau Goo, although we call him Mac, (nobody knows why), saw the light of day on October 30, 1900, in Honolulu. He was ten years older than I.

He attended Pohukaina School, graduated from McKinley, and went on to the University of Hawaii. While there, he was employed as an observer for the Weather Bureau of the Department of Agriculture in Honolulu from 1920-1922.

He married Elizabeth Mon Tsin Chung, July 25, 1924, in Honolulu.

He went with Lil to Chicago to care for Florence and grace. He attended the University of Chicago and the Amour Institute of Technology from which he graduated. He was an architectural draftsman for the architectural firm of John B. Fischer from 1924-1926. He was also a designer for the Evanston Planning Committee in Evanston, Illinois from 1927-1928.

According to the 1938 news bulletin of "America's Young Men," Mac's occupation at that time was Chief Draftsman with Tallmadge and Watson, a firm affiliated with the Diversey Housing Project under the U.S. Government Housing Division.

Mac belonged to the Progressive Club, a political organization, and his hobbies were antiques and fishing and his favorite sports were swimming and boxing.

He was also the superintendent of the Architectural Committee of Building in Chicago, and in addition, he supervised the construction of Colonial Village, and was the architect of the Chinese Theater and restaurant in the Chinese Pavilion at the Century of Progress, the World's Fair in 1934.

On my first day in Chicago, Mac and Elizabeth took me to the World's Fair. There, I saw the beautiful Chinese Pavilion and Restaurant. They were exquisite. Tom also owned a booth in the Fair that sold many Chinese goods that he had imported from China.

Tom had passes for the family and the workers of his pavilion and he gave me one, too. Otherwise, it would have cost me forty cents each time to enter the fairgrounds. Tom was generous to give me a job to sell in his booth and paid me a salary, too. Mac was at the booth every day to supervise and to watch over us. With the exception of a few days, I went with Mac every day to the Fair. I saw many interesting people and shows, and it was quite an education.

Different races, such as American Indians, Hindus, Eskimos, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos came to the booth, and since I had never seen many of these races it was a rare opportunity to observe them first-hand. I discovered that they were no different than I. Their physical features were somewhat different, but they laughed and exclaimed with enthusiasm as they made their purchases. The American Indians are handsome people. I especially liked the cute children with their straight bangs, brownish-olive skin, with great, big, round eyes. The Hindu Indians were intriguing to me, with their dark eyes and sporting a black, round mark on their foreheads, wearing the beautiful saris and coverings of beautiful silks over their heads. The slant-eyed Eskimos were interesting, too, with their colorful clothes of furs and skins which they wore even if the day was warm.

When there were more than enough workers in the booth, Mac would tell me to take a walk around the fairgrounds. Sometimes, I would take Grace, Florence, Helene, Priscilla, Sambo, and Mary with me. At other times, I would go alone. Once, I saw a village of little people.

The most memorable was a Ripley side show. It was mind-boggling. I saw a nurse holding a Negro baby girl with six arms. In the same show, I saw a man pull a wagon with a woman in it

across the stage with a rope hooked to his eyelid. Ugh!

At other times, I would patronize the concessions of different countries and sample their food. Those were wonderful, carefree days.

Gertrude's marriage was to take place later in the summer, so she was free. We took a few excursions around Chicago together. Once we became lost in the Loop and a policeman helped us find our way home. The commuter trains rode high above the buildings and at first they were scary, but the trains seemed to always stay on the tracks, so we became accustomed to riding them.

When we were riding around Chicago, we saw many burlesque posters, so we decided to see a show. We were ashamed to tell our families as it was too risque.

One day, we found ourselves on the south side of town. We looked around and sneaked quickly into the theater. Talk about being disappointed! What we saw were middle-age women with sagging breasts and wrinkled bodies prancing on the stage.

When Mac asked Gertrude and me what we did that day, I told him sheepishly. He laughed and said, "Elizabeth and I will take you to a good burlesque on the north side of Chicago, Sis." This they did. It was a beautiful burlesque titled "Indian Love Call." All the women were young and statuesque with gorgeous breasts and bodies as they danced and sang on a stage with magnificent waterfalls and trees. Mac warned me about the south side of Chicago, so I never did go there again.

Another show Mac and Elizabeth took me to was at the Chicago Theater to see Sally Rand. The theater was magnificent and large. The seats were expensive, so we sat way up in the mezzanine, but we had a clear view of Sally. She was dazzling as we looked down at her sashaying with two huge colorful feathers and she never once bared her front or back. It was done with impeccable taste. At the time, she was young, graceful, and enchanting.

Mac gave me many beautiful memories that summer. I cherish those memories especially since that was the last time that I was to see him.

In 1938, Mac and Elizabeth became parents of a son, named Walter, after Elizabeth's brother. Walter had gone to the Mainland to play basketball for the University of Hawaii and decided to remain in Chicago after the games to study medicine. He became a doctor. Mac and Walter were very close, so they named their son after him.

In 1942, during World War II, a Mr. de Goleyer telephoned Mac from Washington, D.C., asking him to assist in the completion of the specifications for the Pentagon. He went to work with other architects on this project and his name is listed with the other architects on a plaque on the Pentagon building.

Mac needed to have minor surgery every year to scrape some cartilage in his nostrils. It was a simple operation and he had had it done each year in Chicago. However, he passed away, at 43, during this surgery in a Washington hospital. The date was May 2, 1944.

Walter, his son, was five years old. Walter grew up to be an outstanding young man like his father. When he was sixteen years old in 1954, he represented Roosevelt High School's Orange Team in Washington, D.C. With two other classmates, they won the Weekly Inquiring Editor Quiz in the W.T.O.P. television. The quiz program was sponsored by the Washington Post and Times Herald and the broadcast station as a public service. The idea behind this program was to boost interest in current events in the high school.

After graduation from high school, Walter went to Harvard University, graduating in 1960 as a pre-med student. He then continued his medical studies at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio — one of the finest medical universities in the nation. He graduated as an M.D. in 1964.

In the meantime, Elizabeth had remarried. We met her new husband, a Mr. Lau, at their Washington Chinese restaurant, when Don, Jan, and I made a trip East. We had lunch at their restaurant. The Chinese siu mai was delicious and we were hungry for good Chinese food. Walter came with his family to meet us. He had married a Chinese girl whose father had been the Chinese ambassador to Argentina. Walter and Jay have three sons: Robert, David, and Michael. It was the only time I met Walter, Jay and the boys. Walter came to the Islands to visit his aunts and uncles as a young man, before his marriage. Walter and Jay were divorced later.

He married Brent Nunnelly in 1966 and in 1968, he became Captain Walter Goo. He spent three years in the U.S. Army Hospital in Munich, Germany with the 7th Army. Elizabeth spent one and a half years with them travelling to all the countries of Europe, Egypt, and Morocco. Brent was elected President of the American Society of Women while Elizabeth was visiting them.

When Walter was reassigned to the United States, he was Surgeon General at one of the Army hospitals in Washington,

D.C. Today, he has his own medical practice in Washington.

When we met his sons, they were little fellows. Today, Robert is attending American University in Washington, D.C. studying religion. Davis is attending Tufts in Massachusetts as a pre-med student. Michael is at Vassar in New York majoring in English.

Wherever you are, Mac, I know you are proud of your son and his family.

I hope that someday, Walter will bring Brent to visit his aunts, uncles, and cousins. This goes for his boys, too. We would like very much to see them all. It was in 1960 that we met them — 21 years ago. How time flies!

While I was in Chicago, the summer of 1933, I did not get to see much of Karl, Elsie, and Edward — my younger sister and brothers — who were attending colleges in Chicago.

Karl is a year younger than I. We were very close, growing up. He was a very dear brother and was very beloved by my parents as he was very helpful, obedient, and sweet in manner.

Many a night, Karl and I would walk the five miles to the Library of Hawaii on King Street to do research or borrow books. On the way to the Library, we would walk in the middle of Liliha Street as we had to pass an area called Hell's Half Acre. He would do my chores when I was practicing baseball after school.

I missed him a lot after he left home. He attended Armour Institution of Technology and graduated as an engineer. He married Ada Jow of California in July 1940. They have three children: Kenneth Daw Goo, Linda Ellen Goo, and Carol Ann Goo.

Karl worked for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as a civil engineer for twenty years. His family had many "moving" experiences and did much travelling abroad when Karl was with the Corps. They lived in Washington, D.C.; Long Beach, California; Guam, Marianas Islands; Okinawa, Ryukyu Islands; Karachi, Pakistan; and Tehran, Iran.

Karl and his family moved back to California in late 1961, when Karl retired early due to ill health.

His children have inherited some of the strong Goo traits of being individuals and willing to try the new and unknown in the job fields, in living environments under different social and cultural conditions and of being able to adopt and flexible enough to change. These are the words of their mother, Ada.

Kenneth became a civil engineer and also has an M.A. in Electrical Engineering specializing in electronic communications.

Linda was a Math and Science major with experience in high school teaching. She is now a computer analyst.

Carol is an elementary school teacher in the Los Angeles School District. This district expects its teachers to be bilingual, so Carol has learned to speak and read Spanish for the classroom.

Karl passed away in February 1965 in Los Angeles from heart failure. Ada worked as an Adult Education teacher in the Los Angeles area and is thinking of early retirement. She has arthritis in her hands.

When our father died, it was decided by my brothers to use father's insurance on Elsie's and Edward's college educations. Elsie and Edward went to Chicago to live with Lil. Elsie went to Northwestern University and graduated with an M.A. in Education. She returned home and taught in the primary division in the public schools, first on Maui, and then in Honolulu. She married William Chock and they have one child, Brenda. Brenda went to Michigan State. She also spent a year in Taiwan. She married a theological student, David Arkney, and they are both living and working in Chicago.

Edward, the youngest in the family, attended Armour Institute of Technology to study engineering. Today, he is an engineer for Hawaiian Electric. When he married Phyllis Fong, I gave them a reception. They have two children: Ann Phyllis and Paul.

Ann Phyllis is married to Roger Wong and teaches in California. Paul Married Lynn and he is in the advertising business.

The trip home was short and smooth. I spent a few days at home, with my parents asking many questions about Mac, Lil, Tom, and their grandchildren. It made them very happy when I told them all was well and the business was successful and everyone was prospering.

My thoughts carried me to Maui. Eddie had written me about his father's accident and had wanted me to cut my trip short. It was good to be with my family and I couldn't see how cutting my trip short would help. However, I decided to go to Maui a week before school resumed in September.

My sister, Amy, was living at home with her family. Amy had married Mun Kan Chung, a nephew of C.K. Ai who owned City Mill. Mun Kan had attended Mid-Pacific Institute where he graduated. He was a good looking man and took meticulous care of his appearance. When Amy was dating him, they would often go to Moanalua Gardens. Mother would insist that I go along with them, but I did not mind. They never paid any atten-

tion to me and the gardens were a lovely place to explore.

Amy was teaching Chinese School when she met Mun Kan. They lived with us after their marriage.

When their first child, Ellen, was born, Mother cooked chicken soup with lots of ginger and whiskey and pigs' feet with lots of ginger with large duck eggs "swimming" on the top of the vinegar. It is a Chinese custom. The ginger is supposed to replenish blood and energy. I enjoyed the pigs' feet. There was always a great big pot. It was cooked primarily for Amy, but the rest of the family was allowed to share it and, boy, share it we did!

When Ellen was a month old, I remember having to slice ginger real thin and helping to dye cooked chicken eggs red. Relatives and friends, who had brought the baby gifts were recipients of two red eggs, some ginger, and about one pound of delicious roast pork. Mun Kan had bought a roast pig from the market and had had it chopped into chunks of about one pound. The recipients in turn put a li-see, money wrapped in red paper, on the tray. I think it was a great custom. This custom is now a rarity especially since roast pig is so expensive.

After Ellen, came Bowman, Leatrice, Wyman, Winifred, and Edmund whom I called "Kamehameha" — three boys and three girls.

In time, they moved to a place of their own in Kaimuki (in 1936) where they bought a little corner store. It was one of those wonderful little corner stores that children liked. The store had a little of everything like candy, ice cream, Chinese preserved fruits, comic books, hot dogs, and some groceries. Amy and Mun Kan made many friends in their little store. They made lots of money and bought property.

During the War, Amy, Bessie, and their husbands jointly owned the Kaimuki Chop Suey House and they prospered.

After Mun Kan's death in 1959, Amy continued to keep the store and that kept her busy, so she wasn't too lonely.

The children grew up, married, and left home.

Ellen, Amy's oldest daughter, graduated from Farrington in 1939. She attended the University of Hawaii from 1939 to 1940. She decided to become a hair dresser, and attended Honolulu Beauty College from 1940 to 1941. After graduation, she bought a beauty salon and operated it alone.

In 1949, she married Munny Lee. They have five children: Monica, who received a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Hawaii and a Master of Science degree from Boston University and is now a dietician at the Straub Clinic.

She was the first 3rd generation girl in Hawaii to marry and her husband is Winston Kung Quon.

Leland received a B.S. from the University of Hawaii also and a dental degree from Northwestern University.

Curtis received his B.S. degree from the University of Hawaii, and is now interning at the St. Mary's Medical Center in Long Beach.

Jonelle graduated from the University of Hawaii with a B.S. degree and is now attending law school there.

Darrell passed away with leukemia when he was twelve.

Leland has just begun his vocation as a dentist with Ellen, his mother, as receptionist.

Munny and Ellen have raised a fine family of achievers and have much of which to be proud.

Amy's oldest son, Bowman, attended the University of Hawaii, then continued his education at the University of Michigan. As a computer analyst, he went to work for General Electric in Sterling Heights, a suburb of Detroit, Michigan. He became councilman there. He married a school teacher, Lillian Yee, and they have three sons: Brian, Bruce, and Barry.

Brian earned a music degree from Michigan State. He is married and now resides in Los Angeles.

Bruce graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as an engineer, but is now studying medicine.

Barry is a General Motors trainee.

Wyman is Amy's second son. He attended the University of Hawaii and went on to Michigan State to earn a degree in business. He is now Vice-President and Treasurer of Inter-Island Resorts which owns several major hotels in Hawaii. One of them is the Naniloa Surf on the Big Island of Hawaii. Wyman married Shirley Kam, a school teacher. They have five boys, including the first set of twin boys in the Goo family: Stephen and Gerald, the twins, are attending Kalani High as seniors; Michael is a sophomore at Kalani High School; Kerwin attends Kaimuki Intermediate; and their youngest son, Nathan, is not in school as yet.

Amy's middle daughter, Leatrice, graduated from the University of Hawaii with a B.S. degree. She also graduated from the University of Illinois with a M.S. degree. Ted Towne became her husband. Ted is a mechanical engineer who formerly lived in Chicago. They met when he made a trip to Hawaii. They have three daughters: Carole, Bonnie, and Laurie.

Ted is now Supervisor of Maintenance at the University of California and they reside in Santa Barbara, California.

Carole, their eldest daughter is practicing real estate law in Chicago; Bonnie is a commercial artist living in San Francisco; Laurie graduated from Radcliffe and is now attending Harvard Medical School.

Amy's youngest child, Winifred, graduated from the University of Hawaii with a B.A. in Business Administration. She married Dr. Herbert Wong in 1952 while he was attending Marquette School of Medicine. Herbert has his own practice in Honolulu, practicing internal medicine.

Herbert and Winifred are parents of four children: Roger attends the University of Pacific Dental School; Carolyn attends the Georgetown School of Law in Washington, D.C.; Sandra attends the California School of Arts and Crafts; and Kendric is attending school at home.

Amy's youngest child, Edmund, lived only to the age of twelve — when he became ill with strep throat. He entered the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father when he did not survive.

(NOTE: I am writing this on March 30, 1981. I am going to mention that, today, there was an attempted assassination on President Ronald Reagan's life. Perhaps this will be of some interest.)

Amy took care of Mother and learned much from her. Since Mother was a disciple of Buddha and Confucius, by osmosis, as well as by learning from Mother, Amy, today, is a devout Buddhist and contributes to the support of the temple that she attends. She learned "Tai Chi" at the temple and is very adept at it.

My sisters, Amy, Bessie, and Elsie, are close. They load me up with goodies whenever I visit them.

When I left for Maui, I knew Mother was in good hands.

Eddie Nelson was waiting for me. He enthusiastically told me that he had planned an excursion to the top of Haleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world. The excursion was planned for the next day. I assure you that I did not share his enthusiasm as I was still tired from my trip.

In 1933, there was no highway to the top of Haleakala, (the name of which means House of the Rising Sun). So, early the next morning, a group of us hiked up, with Alexa Betts and I crawling up the last half mile of black sand. It was difficult to breathe at that high altitude — the elevation was 10,023 feet above sea level.

We didn't camp at the summit. There was a dwelling of some sort with a fireplace where we spent the night. We played strip poker. As I had my long hair back and a lot of hairpins for

"payment" I did not have to worry. The coffee was the best I ever tasted.

Early the next morning, we all went outdoors to watch the glorious sunrise. It was very cold. I'll always remember the huge ball of red fire rising above the crater. I was grateful that Eddie planned the excursion. It was well worth the trip and it was added to my collection of beautiful memories.

All-too-soon, it was time to report to teachers' meetings before the school term began.

I saw a lot of Eddie and we were married on September 23, 1933. We chose that date because my cousin, Reuben Goo, was on Maui and he could give the bride away.

MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE

We were married at the Church of Good Shepherd in Wailuku, Maui. Eddie is Episcopalian. I did not wear the traditional wedding gown. After my trip, I could not afford the expensive "trappings" of a wedding. Eileen, Eddie's sister, was my bridesmaid.

When I married Eddie, I thought that all marriages were like my parents' — a constant give and take. There was no disharmony between them. My marriage was quite different. After Eddie and I were married about six months, I had a telephone call (in March) that Mother was very ill. I took the first flight home, but it was too late. When I married Eddie, she told me that she was not surprised. All she cared about was that I be happy — dear, wonderful Mother. She was not physically affectionate, but she took care of us. I came to realize that she wasn't the tough lady I thought she was. I can think of her with compassion and love. She served as a model of personal strength through qualities of perserverance, patience, and diligence.

In March, I became pregnant with Robert. When you are carrying a child, the Chinese say, "I have this great happiness in me." That was the way I felt when I discovered I was pregnant. Eddie and I had not planned a family so soon, but when the pregnancy test was positive, we were happy. I don't believe we were ready to be parents, but parents we were going to be, so we had to get used to the idea.

I'd go to school and have the classic "morning sickness." At night, I would send Eddie for watermelon or saimin. What a combination.

Nature works magic, though, and before I knew it, I actually

enjoyed my new role as a mother-to-be. I tried to imagine our child in my arms. My baby was due in November. I was four months pregnant in June, so I took maternity leave in September. However, times were pretty hard so I took a job under WPA working in the Wailuku Library, mending books, and was paid sixty dollars a month. Eddie had a newspaper route. On Saturdays and Sundays, I would ride with him to collect money. Once we were in the country, and our Willys Knight would not climb a hill, so Eddie backed it up. We lived in a little cottage in Wailuku and paid twenty dollars a month rent. I grew a tomato plant. We could buy sardines for five cents a can. We ate a lot of tomatoes and sardines.

Robert was due in late November. I was bulging by that time. I could feel and see the beating of his little heart on my stomach — or was he breathing? In the library yard, there was a mango tree and we could help ourselves. One day, when I had been too piggish, I started to have pains. Eddie took me to the only hospital on Maui, called the Maui County Hospital. It was a false alarm; it was only gas pains from eating too many mangoes. They sent me home and I went back to work, being careful about not eating too many mangoes.

The next day, I had pains again. Eddie took me to the hospital again ... this time at midnight. Robert was born on November 26, 1934 at 7:30 a.m. He weighed in at seven pounds and twelve ounces. Some mango pain! Dr. Robert Lee, my sister-in-law Florence's brother, delivered Robert.

In the Delivery Room, all the beds were cots. There were no bars to help you "hang on." So with every twenty-minute pain, Eddie would lean over so I could put my arms around him to bear down. With each push, I would scream, no matter how hard I tried not to. Eddie later told me that he would never let me go through another pregnancy. Finally, the last thing I remembered was a practical nurse putting a cone of ether over my nose. At last, no pain. Dr. Lee was old fashioned and did not believe in anesthesia until the last moment. Wow, the pain was unlike any that I had ever experienced. I think that if men had to endure that kind of pain, the population would decrease.

When Robert was brought to me, he was bathed. I checked him all over to see if everything was normal, and it was. He was such a beautiful baby and, in a few days, I forgot all about the pain.

In giving birth to Bob, I ended up with twelve stitches, so I was not able to walk when I was released from the hospital. I hired a little Japanese girl, Shizuko, to do the chores and help

me with my baby.

I asked her if she knew how to make coffee. She said, "yes." The coffee tasted abominable so I asked her how she had cooked it. She had cooked it in the frying pan. She was very sweet. I was paying her $10 a month, a good salary in those days, and she was very helpful.

I was nursing Bob and she would bring him to me. When I was nursing him, I was unprepared for the sheer sensuality of it, that sensory gratification, so simple and yet so heady, smelling his fragrant baby smell, and feeling his warm body against mine. Nursing confirmed for me as nothing else the "power of the female "I." No one had told me of the rapture I would feel when my baby would smile and coo with delight. Unfortunately I could only nurse him for ten months.

When Jan came, I made sure that I would be able to nurse her, too. Such beautiful, loving memories are forever a part of me.

I would sit up on my bed, put the baby tub between my legs and Shizuko would fill it with water while I held Bob comfortably in it — what a joy to be a mother! Sophacles said, "Children are the anchors that hold a mother to life." How true. I have known such golden moments of joy, playfulness and laughter with my children. We had special talks, greetings, good byes, "secrets." Jan was to tell me later that the special talks kept her sane.

When Bob was born in 1934, the philosophy was don't hold your baby too often, don't cuddle him, feed him on schedule every four hours. Bob was no slouch of a baby and he was hungry long before feeding time. After deliberating about it as he cried so often, I fed him poi mixed with a little of my milk and then I would nurse him. That put an end to his crying. Perhaps this led to the foundation of a big man, as Bob is six foot seven today.

Eleven years later, Dr. Palma at the Straub Clinic, my pediatrician told me to nurse Jan whenever she was hungry, rock her, hold her, cuddle her whenever I wanted to.

A few years ago, we had a Dr. Spock and his permissive philosophy. I believe it's a matter of common sense, mother instinct and love, for after all, who should know her child best but its mother.

When I was able, I would take Bob for long walks in his stroller. My friends would say, "What a beautiful, little girl." Bob was very fair, had long curly, blonde hair that framed his little face. I would also take him to the park after he had learned to

walk and he would chase the birds, laughing all the time. Another outing was to take him to the beach at Kahului. Once we were on a friends' boat that was anchored to the beach. I wanted Bob to learn to swim — I had read somewhere if you "threw" your child into the water he would use his arms and legs, naturally to surface. He did after an interminable moment. It was too traumatic an experience so I did not do it again.

As soon as he was able to sit on my lap and hold a book in his little hands, I would read to him and as he grew older, I would dramatize the characters in the story book. When he learned to read I would read some lines and he would try to read some, but most of the time I would read, stopping at an interesting place. He would always ask me to finish the story. When he was in his teens, I would display interesting magazines and books around the house. They would all be picked up and read. This was how I enticed my children to read.

When Bob was about ten months old, he walked. The doctor said that he was "quick" in this. He did not crawl very much. He was in his pen often and he would pull himself up and walk around the sides of the pen holding on.

Just after his tenth month he was selected "Baby of the Year" by the Carnation Milk Company people. His picture was in all the papers and we were awarded a case of Carnation Milk.

I bought a phonograph and story and music records and played them for him at naptime or when he was ill. I did the same for Jan and they always enjoyed listening to the records.

Eddie went to work for Wailuku Plantation and I went back to teach at Wailuku Elementary School. We had a plantation home at Iao Valley. It was rather a hike to the shops on Main Street in Wailuku and when Robert was two, and I had to take him shopping, it was too long a walk for him, so I would carry the bag of groceries in one arm and Robert in the other. It was too much. I was going to learn to drive.

Bessie came to Maui to visit her friend, Reverend Kim On Chong. She knew how to drive. By golly, if Bessie could learn, I could too.

We had a Model T Ford and a pick-up truck. Eddie took the truck to work and left the Ford at home. One day, after Eddie had gone to work, I enlisted the help of my neighbors and pushed the Ford on to the highway. Our home was on a hill. It started to roll down the hill and you should have heard me screaming, "HELP," as I hung on to the wheel. Finally, I had the presence of mind to turn it into the embankment where it stopped. That was the last time I pulled that stunt. Eddie took

me down to Maalae where there was a great expanse of flat land and showed me how to use the clutch and step on the gas at the same time. Sometimes, he would yell at me. He never did have a lot of patience. Anyway, one day, I thought I had mastered the technique, so I went to apply for a license.

A policeman named Joe, took me to Main Street. He told me to park. Eddie had not taught me to park on a slant. I shot over the curb, blew my two front tires, and almost crashed through the plate glass window of a dress shop. Poor Joe was scared out of his wits but he fixed and changed my tires and took me home. The next time, when I tried again for my license, he took me to Iao Valley near the cemetery, where there were no stores or traffic. It was a short hill and when he asked me to stop, I did, and the car began to roll back. He hung on for dear life until I "jerked" our way up the hill. He drove me to the station and gave me my license. So, you see, I really did not ever learn to drive.

When we moved to Honolulu in 1939, we rented a home on Sierra Drive on Maunalani Heights. Eddie was working at Sears. I was to pick him up after work. Robert was five. I went down Sierra Drive in neutral and then wondered why the brakes would not hold. Robert hung on to my neck yelling, "Mommie, Mommie" and I was yelling "get out of my way" to oncoming cars. When I told Eddie, he gave me "hell" and told me to shift to first when descending a hill. I did better than that — I avoided hills afterwards.

When we moved to Honolulu, I was given a year's appointment at Lanakila School. The teacher I replaced had gone on a teaching sabbatical, which meant that one may take a year off to travel or to study after having taught for a minimum of seven years. Part of her salary would be paid to the teacher who replaced her. The following year, I was happy to receive a full appointment to teach at Waialua Elementary (in 1941). Miss Rankin was principal. In those days, teachers with seniority received appointments in the city. I didn't have enough seniority, so I had to go to the country. I didn't mind as long as I had a job. Miss Rankin was an excellent principal and I liked teaching in Waialua.

I remember Miss Elizabeth Collins, also, who was our supervisor. She taught me that we can learn from constuctive criticism. She would come into my room and watch me work with the children. I was teaching the sixth grade. She told me that my classroom radiated enthusiasm and a happy climate. In music, I taught the childen "My Grandfather's Clock," "The Lit-

tle Church in the Vale," and rounds of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." When Miss Rankin heard us, she would come and join in with Miss Collins. They enjoyed observing when we had spelling matches, too.

We had no idea that in a few days, the whole world would be involved in World War II.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, I had taken my son, Robert, who was seven years old at the time, to Sunday School at the Church of the Crossroads. I stopped at a friend's home for a visit. Her brother worked at the Honolulu Advertiser.

When she saw me, she exclaimed, "Kammie, what are you doing driving on the streets? We are at war with Japan!" My reply was, You're kidding, Lennie." Then she turned on the radio and the horrible truth was verified. As soon as I heard about the attack, I dashed out to my car to pick up Robert. It seemed hours until I had him in my car, and it seemed even longer until I drove into our garage.

As soon as I entered our home, I turned on the radio, which assaulted me with a stream of orders. All service personnel were recalled to the base; all doctors, nurses, volunteer aids, civilian workers of the Army and Navy, and employees of various firms were called in. Residents were ordered not to use their telephones, to attach garden hoses and fill buckets of water in order to fight possible fires, and to stay under cover.

Then came the announcement that the Islands were under martial law and the commanding general of the Hawaiian Department of the Army had become Military Governor of the Islands. Martial Law, with some relaxation from time to time, lasted until October 24, 1944. It provided authority for the military orders which covered civilians as well as service personnel.

Blackout and curfew were instituted immediately. Starting with the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor, no lights could show from 6:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m., and no one without a pass could be on the streets and highways, or in parks or beaches.

Honoluluans rushed to stores on Monday for black paper, black curtains, black paint — black anything — with which to cover windows. Materials soon ran out.

The first room to be blackened out usually was the bathroom. Robert and I would huddle in the bathtub every time there was a warning on the radio. Even when other rooms were blackened out, Bob and I would sit with blackened windows closed until it became too hot and stuffy; then I would turn out the lights and open the door to air out. Eddie, at the time, had volunteered as Air Raid Warden, and was gone most of the time

to see that all lights in the neighborhood had been blacked out. He also checked out anyone who smoked cigarettes. Another responsibility of his was to take care of all pregnant women who needed hospitalization.

As summer approached and the days lengthened, blackout time was moved to a later hour. Eventually, blackout became a "dim-out" and curfew was set as late as 10:00 p.m. Under the dim-out, one dim-out bulb of 25 watts, painted black except for a one-inch circle at the bottom, was allowed in each room. It was not enough to read or sew by, but it did prevent running into the furniture. Venturing on the streets after dark was still an adventure.

Street lights were not turned on for more than a year after the War started, and then they were fewer and dimmer than before. Car headlights had to be painted black except for a small circle of blue. I almost ran down a pedestrian at 6:30 one morning as I was on my way to school. I had to start early to pick up the teachers at their homes and my car was the only one allowed to drive the teachers to Waialua.

Then our neighborhood dug a bombshelter. There were trenches in everybody's yards and all the parks. Victory gardens started up everywhere and many graced the curved roofs of bomb shelters. This produce helped to alleviate food shortages. There was no rationing of food in the Islands as there was in some parts of the Mainland, but the shortage of transportation for non-military goods effectively prevented extravagance. By and large, Hawaii ate fairly well during the War. It was a common joke that we were always out of something, but, luckily never out of everything at the same time.

There was liquor rationing; most of the time, each adult was allowed three quarts of wine, one case of beer, or one quart of liquor a week.

There were other shortages off and on. Photograph film, often; toilet paper, frequently; furniture, lumber and other building materials, household appliances, linens, dishes, pots and pans, almost always. Kress had half of its counters closed a good part of the time. Sears leased most of its space to the Army and the Red Cross. Many small stores closed all together.

Schools on Oahu remained closed from December 7 until early February. I was assigned to do enumerating and carrying out orders for registration and fingerprinting the population, and distribution of gas masks.

Plans for fingerprinting had been made a part of pre-war preparedness, and by 1:30 p.m. on the day of the attack, printing

presses were rolling on the first of thousands of identification cards. By military order, Islanders were required to carry the cards, and also gas masks, at all times. Occasionally, persons on the streets without cards or masks would be hauled before the provost court. Citizens were usually fined $5 or $10, but aliens were charged $25 to $50.

Everybody hated the gas masks. They were heavy and awkward. I had to carry one at all times and so did all of my students. We had drills with them to see how fast we could put them on.

The masks were too big for infants and small children and some mothers refused to carry their own masks if their children were not protected. So, "bunny masks" were invented. They were made with long ears to resemble a rabbit and bags into which babies could be placed bodily.

During this time, from December 7, 1941 to February, I had to do enumerating in the district of Kahala. I had to go to each home to list all of the members of each household, their ages, and occupations. I really became acquainted with the lush area and the beautiful homes.

When schools reopened, enrollment in the upper grades was sharply reduced because both students and teachers had gone into war-time jobs. Many of the schools were in season only four days a week. On the fifth day, the students worked in the sugar and pineapple fields to relieve the manpower shortage. Those who could not, for medical or other reasons, worked at the Red Cross to knit stockings or roll bandages.

Many of the teachers went to work for the Censorship Office. They read every outgoing leter, carefully clipped out everything which was considered to be dangerous information if it were to fall into enemy hands, and then resealed the letter with a tape saying, "Passed by the Censor." There was similar censorship on the West Coast of mail destined for Hawaii.

Many school buildings were taken over in whole or in part by the military. The entire Punahou School Campus was used by the Army Engineers. My husband, Don, worked there all during the war. Kamehameha School for Girls became an Army hospital as did St. Louis College and Sacred Hearts Academy. Language schools (Japanese and Chinese) were closed immediately.

Classes were held in the language schools, in church buildings, in private homes, or in half-day sessions in the classrooms still available.

Many other buildings were taken over by the military. The

Royal Hawaiian Hotel became a rest station for officers, as well as the Haleiwa Hotel. The YMCA at Camp Erdman in Mokuleia became a fleet recreation center, and dozens of other large buildings, both public and private, were similarly turned to military use.

All beaches were covered with barbed wire to impede possible invasion. Many parks were dug up for community air raid shelters. Iolani Palace had ramschackle extensions built on both sides and its grounds were covered with offices for the military governor and his staff. I went there once a week, on Friday afternoons, to get my gas rationing for the following week so I could drive the teachers and myself to Waialua. Most of the other teachers lived in teachers' cottages or had their own homes in Waialua.

As I could not leave my son, Bob, alone in Honolulu, in case of an air raid, I took him and five other teachers to school. He was in the second grade and little, so he could squeeze into the back seat.

Business was governed by all kinds of military orders and regulations. Some goods were "frozen" for military use only; permits were required to obtain shipping space for goods coming from the Mainland and, often, the shipments would be delayed for weeks or months. The entire fleet of tuna boats was taken over for patrol duty and so the Hawaiian Tuna Packers devoted its shipyard division to Navy repair work; its cannery to assembly for aircraft equipment; and most of its cold storage to Army supplies.

The Hawaiian Pineapple Company sold most of its entire output to the services and also at military request, opened a candy factory for servicemen in forward areas. Some of this candy found its way into civilian stores. Do you remember Midway or Ack-Ack Candy bars?

With so many people going into war work, the employment problem became acute. Every able-bodied island resident was urged to take a job. Plantation workers were "frozen" to their jobs, causing much unhappiness, for plantation wages were far lower than the inflated wages paid for defense jobs.

All automobiles, parts and tires were frozen on December 7, 1941, but some were gradually released. No cars were brought in from the Mainland for civilians during the War.

Most of the travel between the Islands and from the Mainland had been by ship, but all the ships were taken over by the military. Any travel now required permits.

An evacuation plan was set up to clear possible fighting

areas of civilians in case of invasion by sea. Service dependents were taken from the islands immediately after the attack. It proved much easier to get passage to the Mainland than it did to get back. Some Islanders caught on Mainland trips on December 7th didn't get home for nearly a year.

I hope we'll never be involved in a war again.

At Waialua, Bob's teachers felt he was too bright to enter the third grade; that he should skip it. As he was physically tall, I took their advice. The next school year, in September, I enrolled him in the fourth grade of the Seventh Day Adventist School, located near our Keeaumoku St. home.

One day, we had to roast pork for dinner. Bob said, "Mommy, we should not eat meat." I ignored him. Later on, as we were going to a movie he said, "Mommy, we are bad." I answered, "why?" "Because we are going to a movie," was his reply, "my teacher said so." That did it.

The following September, I took him to Punahou, a private school, also close to our home. He passed both the written and oral entrance examinations. He spent the remainder of his school years from the fifth through the twelfth grades at Punahou. When he graduated, he helped to write his graduation song.

I have loved music all my life and yearned to played the piano so I bought an upright piano. I would sit for hours, trying to play, taking lessons from a piano studio. Bob seemed interested. We would play "chopsticks" together and little ditties. I was never able to make my left hand play simultaneously with my right hand.

I learned that Miss Bacon at Punahou School was an excellent piano teacher so I enrolled Bob in one of her classes. She taught them to play classical music for recitals. Later, she told me she was frustrated with Bob, as he would hear the music and with very little practice, he could play the piece.

After a few years with Miss Bacon, Bob became bored with classical music. He wanted to learn to play music with chords so I enrolled him with Herbie Low.

After a couple of years with Herbie, he took theory from a Mr. Thanum, who was the organist at St. Andrews Cathedral.

After the year with Mr. Thanum, Bob would sit for hours at the piano, improvising his own style. He was in high school then. I had told him I would buy him a baby grand if he would really learn to play, if I did not have to remind him to practice.

He would play for hours. We enjoyed his music and the neighbors did, too. Sometimes I could hear him working out

his frustrations on the piano. He was very sensitive, he was six foot five then. The physical education teachers and coaches wanted him to play basketball. He had no desire to do this but they kept after him. He buried himself in his music for which I am glad as he is a very good pianist today.

There have been many happy hours with the family singing around Bob's playing especially during the Christmas holidays. Hale had a beautiful voice and Michael's isn't bad, and we would harmonize.

After Waialua, I was assigned to Waiahole, where my classroom was again next to the principal's office. I taught American History and English to the eighth and ninth grades. Mr. Sanjume, the principal, told me I should return to the University of Hawaii for a year and earn a Bachelor of Education degree and teach in the high school as I had an affinity with teenagers. I held an elementary life certificate, which meant I was eligible to teach in elementary schools only.

I took Mr. Sanjume's suggestion and earned a B.A. at the University of Hawaii. After a year of study, I wasn't sure that I would be appointed right away. I was and taught American History and English at Waipahu High School. I received a great deal of satisfaction teaching there.

Those were very happy days.

When Bob was eighteen and Jan, six, Eddie decided he wanted a divorce. He asked for this just one week before we were to celebrate our twentieth wedding anniversary. It was the most devastating thing to happen to me in my entire life. Where had I gone wrong? Again, I did a good deal of soul searching. After a year of hoping that we would reconcile, I decided to let Eddie have his divorce. He remarried a few months later.

When Eddie and I were married, we were both immature. I have since learned that marriage is a career. It requires concentrated effort and dedication to make it a blessed experience. Two persons are brought together into an intimate relationship; each has their own likes, dislikes, interests, prejudices, tastes and physical make-up. The fact that there is a marriage doesn't do away with these differences. You have to try to get along with these differences or live in perpetual conflict. Each person wants to retain what is distinctive in themselves.

A joyous, stable marriage is a precious thing. Few people know the complexity of marriage before entering it. Maybe this is fortunate, otherwise, they might never begin.

There must be a sharing, a mutual interest in music, good books, or otherwise, sports, opera, theater, not forgetting humor. These form a field of enjoyment together.

Eddie and I had very different interests. We went our separate ways often or I would join him to be together as a family. We said unkind things to each other as we so often disagreed.

During the war, I borrowed money from the teacher's credit union to pay for a truck so he could have an express business, something he's always wanted. Subsequently he'd called his business "Nelson's Express," and he added other trucks.

We had a pick up truck, also. Eddie would take the big truck for heavy delivery and Bob and I would use the pick up during the weekends and summer. We took care of the light deliveries such as chairs and tables. I also kept the books as we could not afford a bookkeeper then.

Eddie decided that he did not want me to continue to do heavy work so he bought another truck and hired another driver. He paid good wages and he worked hard. The business prospered. I felt I was entitled to a salary as I was still in charge of our books. He wanted no part of this although he would spend his very foolishly at the bars.

Once he accused me of infidelity because I went to a matinee with a "friend" he had invited home, so we had words. There just wasn't any faith or trust. I decided I had had it so I took Bob and registered at the Blaisdell Hotel during Easter Vacation. I went to see a lawyer. He was an old fashioned lawyer and suggested that marriage at best is a very difficult institution, to accept the way things were and to make the best of it. So Bob and I went home.

I must say Eddie was glad to see us as he bought me my first diamond engagement ring and a pair of beautiful jade earrings.

I had failed to see the sign posts of a deteriorating marriage. I was contributing to its failure by not dealing with our problem constructively. I should have tried. When negative remarks are made, they cannot be recalled. Pleasing one's partner at all costs is felt to be of paramount importance but fun times decline in the face of unexpected demands and tensions. There must be much caring, sharing and dedication if a happy home is the objective.

There never seemed to be enough money and who is to control the purse string and pay the bills is important. What if both worked and one squanders his salary. Also one member may be disciplined and the other disorganized, as it was in our case. I was raised with much discipline, Eddie had maids to

pick up after him, to wait upon him, when he was growing up. Values and habits imbedded in each spouse before they meet surface as subjects of dispute. We had quite a few.

Both of us failed to lay the groundwork for a mutual growth relationship that would enable us to count on each other as the person we love the most in life and in whom we considered a good friend.

Therefore, Eddie and I had not really been happy as a couple, especially Eddie. I had taken the lawyers advice and accepted my marriage. We had two dear children and I had a job I enjoyed.

Then Eddie met someone he thought with whom he would be happier.

It took me two full years to recover. My friends arranged dates for me. They were very kind but God had His own plans.

Jan & I attended St. Christopher and I sang in the choir. I met Don, my present husband who also sang in the choir.

After Don's divorce, he had custody of his two sons, Herbert Haleola and Michael Hauoli. They made their father promise that they would be consulted should he choose to remarry.

Hale (he disliked Herbert) had been in my seventh grade. When I chose to be assigned to the eighth grade class, Hale was again one of my students. One day, he brought me a gift from his father, a record, "The Nearness of You." When Don called me to make a date, the boys heard him and they told him that they would approve of Mrs. Nelson, should their father choose to remarry.

Don asked me to be his bride on his birthday, April 10, 1955. It was on an Easter Sunday, at the Methodist Church that we were pronounced husband and wife.

Don and I are Episcopalians, members of St. Christopher's Church. If one has been divorced less than two years, marriage was not possible in an Episcopal Church. I had been divorced over two years but Don had been less than a year. However, our minister sat in the front pew and smiled at us all during the ceremony. I guess that meant he gave us his blessing too.

My matron of honor was a fellow teacher, a very dear friend who first acquainted me with my first copy of "The Prophet." Her name was Thyra Smith. She was so nervous, her hands shook so hard, her husband, Frank asked her to whom she was waving.

Jan was my junior bridesmaid.

Jim Madden was Don's best man.

Don and I spent our honeymoon at Coco Palms on Kauai.

We we arrived there, we were greeted with leis and the musicians sang the Hawaiian Wedding Song, "Kekali Nei Au" to us. It was very romantic. We sent the boys to our friends, the Hatfields and Bob and Jan kept house.

After our return, we settled down to being one happy family; well, maybe I am exaggerating. The happy didn't come until much later.

Michael would not call me anything and I advised Don to leave him be. A couple of weeks later, I heard "Mom, telephone," it was Michael.

Hale had adjusted easily but Michael was another story. He was "afraid." If he only knew I was as scared as he.

What does it mean to be a step-mother? I knew I had not been an adequate mother to my own children and I had not known what to do about it. What does a step-mother do with two strange teen-agers?

One day, the boys ran away from home. Hale told us later that they had spent a miserable night, hungry and bitten by mosquitoes.

When they returned home of their volition, Don told me to spank them. It would hurt more coming from one. I was in love so I did it. I did not do it again.

I learned long afterwards that the living and the learning had to take place as it was in my case. The ingredients to development of maturity are sincerity, honesty, love, faith, trust, integrity, persistence, acceptance, forgiveness and most importantly, time, lots of it. Don and I had to set examples, we could not be phonies, we could not play games and there can be only one set of rules, not one for them and one for us.

When Don and I were married, I had long hair that I wore in a bun. It took me twenty minutes every morning to do this.

Don and I arose at 5:30 each morning. He would start breakfast while I dressed, then I took over the kitchen until time to wake the children. Hale and Michael were easily awaken and always happy. Jan was the sleepy head; she was a night person, spending most of the night reading or writing or studying. When I tried to get her out of bed she would demand for more time to "finish her dream."

Everyone helped to set the table and just before breakfast was served, they had to dress. They enjoyed left overs, especially left over stew. Hotcakes were another favorite and they each could eat ten or twelve with eggs over easy over them plus maple syrup. This wasn't my favorite - in fact I did not want any breakfast. They told me if I did not eat breakfast,

they would not either, so I ate breakfast. Oatmeal wasn't one of their favorites but it was mine so we had oatmeal twice a month. Michael to this day will not eat oatmeal. The children took turns doing the dishes. I kept running late for school.

One day, without saying anyting to anyone, I had my hair cut short. This time I had it styled and it did not look too bad.

When the boys and Jan saw me, they all cried, "Oh mom, why did you do it?"

When Don came home, I could see the disappointment in his face.

I explained why I felt I had to do it. As a result, it took me five minutes to brush my hair, we were through breakfast early and I was never late again except when Michael took his time, brushing his curly hair. One morning, I got tired of waiting for him and left without him. He was on time after that. I was to report no later than 7:30 a.m.

I have been most grateful for my counselling courses and experiences. They helped me with my new family; Don, Hale and Michael. I told my step-sons that I would not try to be their mother, but I would like to do for them what mothers usually do.

There was a eleven-year gap between Bob and Jan and Bob had wanted brothers — and now he has them.

After a year of marriage, Don and I decided to take the whole family on a trip to the Mainland. We figured that the trip would bring us all closer together and it did.

Bob was working in a bank at Sausalito and I wrote and insisted he join us, something I should never have done. I have made some "lulus," (bad mistakes.)

We spent several weeks in Seattle as Don was attending a training program at General Electric. He was able to get a job for Bob, too. I worked at the Aurora Motel where we had a cottage. Don and I had the one bedroom and the children slept on the floor. The motel was near a public park; Michael met many girls there. Hale took to fishing in the lake and the owner's daughter fell in love with him. One early morning before any of us were up, he took a boat and went fishing. It was very cold and then he had to go. He could not unbutton his jeans and so he wet them. We teased him about this afterwards.

Jan would go horseback riding. We have some beautiful memories of that trip. Barbara March was a classmate of Bob's at Punahou. She came to visit us and introduced Joe King, her cousin, to the "crazy" Hawaiians. Joe took us to North Beach one early morning at 2 a.m. There we caught razor clams. It was fun. There were three girls in the family he introduced to

us and that made it more interesting for the boys.

Another happy excursion was on a beautiful boat, whose owner Joe knew. He took us through the Puget Sound at sunset — a beautiful ball of fire peeking through tall green firs. We went through the locks. The boys had been drinking German beer. When the boat docked, Hale fell into the water as he tried to walk on the hawser that he thought had tied the boat to the pier. We laughed and laughed until Hale exclaimed, "Dad, come on, pull me out."

We are still friends, Barbara and Joe are almost family. In fact, Joe brought Pat, his wife and son, Chris to our 25th wedding anniversary.

We had a grand time in Seattle. Nannie, Don's mother, surprised us with a visit. She lived in Los Angeles but made an annual trip to Seattle to visit her cousin, Byrd. Byrd brought her to the motel. I was in a housecoat, full of holes, and I had my hair in curlers. Is this the way to dress to meet your mother-in-law, especially for the first time?

After Seattle we drove to Los Angeles to visit Nannie and Uncle Lloyd Davis and Aunt Nellie who lived in Claremont. Bob and Jan were guests of Uncle Lloyd while the rest of us stayed with Nannie and Clara, her daughter, and Don's sister.

I'm glad we took the trip for after only a year or so, Hale became ill. First, it was water diabetes, an illness of which we had never heard. Gradually, there were signs of deterioration. We had all the doctors in Honolulu look at him — even a visiting doctor from the Mayo Clinic. Tests were sent to the Stanford University Clinic. The doctors were all puzzled. Finally, our regular doctor at the time, who was also a Seventh Day Adventist, advised Don to take Hale to the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles.

Hale had been given innumerable brain scans and spinal taps. All the results puzzled the doctors, as Hale was gradually losing his memory, his eye sight, his mobility, and his appetite.

In fact, one of them prescribed a year of psychiatry. He did receive this treatment, but this doctor, too, finally decided it was not an emotional illness, but a physical one.

This went on for almost four years. We were very distraught. Hale (meaning "Full of life") was such a sweet, sensitive, young man. He was a beautiful, physical specimen. He was on the Kailua High School Basketball team. He called me "Mummy" and I first fell in love with him when he was in my seventh grade class. Now he was my step-son, was dying, and we didn't know why.

Soon after arriving at White Memorial in October, Hale went into a coma from which he never awakened. He was brought home the day before my birthday and he passed away when he was nineteen years old.

Our doctor requested an autopsy to determine the cause of the illness in the hope that it may help them to diagnose other similar cases. It turned out that Hale had cancer of the pineal gland. The pineal gland is a gland whose function is undetermined. The cancer was fibrous and had attacked the pituitary gland. The pineal gland is in the middle of the skull and was undetectable by x-ray or other means, then.

This was my first experience with losing a member of my own family. There was an emptiness for a long time and I turned more to the Lord to understand His will. And I did.

Michael Hauoli graduated from Kailua High School. He was a football star. We went to see him play every game and when he was at the bottom of a pile, our hearts would be in our mouths, so to speak. However, he graduated unscathed. He was named All-Star on the Windward All-Star Team.

His football coach got him a scholarship to attend BYU in Utah. After the first year, he returned home. He married a lovely Island girl, Juanita Kenney, and they have three sons: Jon, Jay, and Jac. Jon will be graduating from Kalaheo High School this June. Jay is in the ninth grade, and Jac is in the fifth grade at St. Anthony's School. They are a great family. Today, Michael is a fire inspector and coaches football and golf.

Janis Margo was born August 13, 1946. Whereas Robert had lots of blond, curly hair, Jan had very fine, sparse, brown hair. She weighed in at seven pounds and eight ounces at the Queen's Hospital in Honolulu. I had hoped for a daughter and the Lord gave my Janny.

For many years, I had wanted another child. My doctor told me to take a leave of absence, and in due time, I would become pregnant. The opportunity arose when I decided to take a vacation from Eddie. Business was prospering, he neglected often to call me if he was not able to be home for dinner.

So I took Bob & bought a couple of tickets to Hilo. Eddie followed me and Jan was the result. Bob was eleven years old. I looked through many books to find a name for her, and learned that Janis meant "Child of God." I was influenced, too, to name her Jan because my eldest brother's name is Jan.

The previous year, my sister Bessie was pregnant with her son, Alan. She gave me all of her maternity clothes. Her doctor, Dr. McCorriston, at the Straub Clinic was also my doctor, and

Dr. Palma became our pediatrician.

I wouldn't say that Jan was the most beautiful baby in the hospital but she was to me. Dr. McCorriston thought I would have another son, so when he told me my baby was a girl, I felt that the Lord had answered my prayers. I asked the doctor to show Jan to me before they took her away. I made sure that every bit of her was normal and that she was a girl before I went blissfully to sleep.

She was a wonderful baby. We had bought a home on Twentieth Avenue in Kaimuki and had added a nursery. After she was nursed, she would sleep until time for me to bathe her. At night, she would have one feeding and sleep till morning. If she awoke early she would make baby noises and I would hear her. She would wait until I was ready for her usually around 7:30 a.m.

She had a tiny fuzz to cover her little head. When I took her for walks in the perambulator, that I had bought with my poker winnings, my friends would say, "What a cute little boy you have," and I would tell them that her name is Janny. Finally, I would tie a little pink bow and tape it on her head as her hair was so fine and so few. As we walked along, I'd talk to her about the flowers, the trees, the clouds, the dogs and the cats. Sometimes I felt that she understood me.

Later as she grew older, we called her our little "old lady" as she seemed so wise in so many ways.

When Jan was three, we bought a lot in Lanikai and built a home on it. We are happy that our home is in Lanikai. The children spent many happy hours on the beach. Michael paddled for the Lanikai Canoe Club.

I had taken maternity leave for three years. Nelson's Express was doing well. I received a directive, that it was time for me to return to a teaching position or I would lose my tenure.

I enrolled Janny in Mrs. Lai's Nursery School, in Lanikai and accepted an appointment to teach English in the ninth grade at Kailua Elementary and Intermediate School. There was no high school in Kailua at the time. This was in 1949. My parents and students told me that they learned more grammar in that year than any of their other years.

I continued to teach there, enrolling Janny when she was five in the kindergarten class. It was very convenient.

I had thought of sending her to Punahou with Bob. He suggested that I keep Janny close to me. I'm glad I followed his advice.

I taught Jan to read everything, to enjoy reading. I taught her

how to create and use her imagination. I bought her a pair of puppets and we would make up stories. She would put on puppet plays for her kindergarten class.

When she was eight, Don and I married. She was reading in her room one summer day, when I heard her sobbing. I went into her room and found her reading the Bible. She was sobbing because they had crucified Jesus.

For her birthday, when she was nine, I gave her a diary. I told her that there will be much that she would not want to share with anyone and there will be many times when she would be unhappy. I told her to write all of her feelings and thoughts in her diary. As she grew into her teens, she wrote daily in her diaries. She also did this all through college as I found them in her belongings when they were sent to me.

I had told her when she reread her problems the next morning, when the dawn breaks, she would find that her problems would not seem so unsurmountable. Sometimes this happens, but not always as we all know.

She began to write much poetry too, to express her thoughts in her diary.

For holidays and such and birthdays, I told my children, their father and I would much prefer creative gifts by them than store bought gifts.

Jan would write poems as gifts or create little articles that Don and I appreciated very much.

A good relationship between mother and daughter does contribute to a daughter's positive mental health. She adored her father and when he left, she clung to me. When Don and I married, she felt lost. I was too busy with my work and studies to realize that she needed more attention.

One summer, I dropped all activities and decided she would have all of my attention. It did not help.

She heard me calling our minister one day, to make an appointment for family counselling. She said, "Mom, I'm the one who needs counselling." So, she went to Claude duTeil every Wednesday for a whole year. I did not know her problem until she was in college and we were having one of those long mother-daughter chats when she was home during the summer. I said to her, "Jan, what was the problem that summer when you were so unhappy?" She said, "Mom, your standards were so high. I tried and tried to reach them." I answered, "But, Jan, I did not impose my standards on you." "I know, Mom, but they were there." "Are you all right now?" "Yes, because I am an achiever now and I have been able to accomplish much, too,

as well as have many friends."

Youth is so impatient. I was, when I was her age. So, I understood why I could not help her then. Daughters struggle to carve out their own lives to win both independence and approval. Most mothers are dominating and slightly manipulative and I have to confess, I was.

The inherent conflict in many mother-daughter relationships are not permanent on-going battles. It is simply a part of that difficult process of growning up. My mother and I did not talk much. We were of different worlds, I thought.

With Jan, I could talk with her because of my counselling training, but I wasn't able to reach her. Then I remembered that my mother couldn't reach me either. I began to understand and appreciate the strains and problems of a mother's life.

Jan graduated from Kailua High School and decided to attend Washington State College in Bellingham, Washington. It was a small college. It had an enrollment of thirty-five hundred in 1964 and noted as an excellent teachers' college. I had been very careful not to influence Jan in any way in her choice of a career. She planned to be a journalist, so she took a Liberal Arts course in college.

In her junior year, she decided she wanted a major in French besides a major in English.

She went to Nice, France and, during that year, she travelled to Scotland, London, France, Yugoslavia, and Morocco. When she returned to Bellingham, her grades improved tremendously earning her straight A's.

While in France, to earn extra monry, she tutored high school students in English and learned that she enjoyed teaching. When she returned, she was able to qualify for the teachers' college and she did her practice teaching at Everett High School in Everett, Washington. She met Don Patterson there. His home was in Pueblo, Colorado, and during their Easter vacation, he took Jan to meet his family. While there, they thought to assess teaching possibilities. Jan was offered a job teaching at Colorado State Teachers' College during the summer.

We went to Jan's graduation in June. Those were happy days. She was ecstatic as she had accomplished so much. She felt worthy and loved.

Don, her future husband, and she moved to Pueblo after graduation, so she could report to her new teaching assignment after school. She had always wanted to teach in college and she reported happily on June 14th.

Her students that summer had IQs of 124 and above. All of them had police records and were on drugs or alcohol. This was part of the Upward Bound Program. Each of her students were drop-outs. She wrote, "As you well know, teaching is full of joys and frustrations. Each new day is a challenge and as soon as my students realized that it was a give-and-take relationship with us, their attitudes would change. Why is there so much pride in all of us? There is so much to do in our beloved United States among those underprivileged and deprived and how much I have learned from them." She was offered a contract to continue teaching them in the Fall.

Don and Jan came home to be married the middle of August after the summer sessions. They were married August 23, 1969 at St. Christopher's Church. She was looking forward to happiness, a family she had always wanted, and a bright future in teaching. Two months later, she was gone. Mrs. Taussig, the International Club advisor, was due to retire and wanted Jan to replace her. On the way to the meeting at the college, as Don was driving her, someone drove his car into their van, hitting them broadside. Jan was thrown out. This was on a Friday afternoon.

I have often heard about people receiving emergency calls from the local police. This is how we heard about Jan's accident. My Don and I flew to Pueble on Sunday. On Saturday, I had to contact my students in the home instruction program whom I had been teaching. I retired after Jan died.

Our Lord gave Jan to us for a week. She suffered horribly as she had been crushed. Then she joined our Father in Heaven. I was glad as I could not bear to see her in such pain.

Her Don brought her ashes home and after her services at St. Christopher's Church, we took her ashes and cast them off Lanikai Beach, where she had played and swam most of her life. I want my ashes to be cast there, too, some day.

It was Mrs. Stanley one of her associate teachers, who wrote "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure woman, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children, who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul, who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it, who has already looked for the best of others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory is a benediction." She said this was what Jan represented.

Professor Townley, an associate professor and her administrator, wrote to us, "the loss of our program resulting from Jan's death is immeasurable. She had the rare, even magic gifts of insight, enthusiasm, and genuine concern for her students, that are seldom found in proper proportion in teachers. We will have difficulty finding a suitable replacement for the rare combination of talents that Dr. Galt and I saw when we hired her. God must have greater use of her talents elsewhere. If part of the meaning of immortality is to be found in the residue of influence incorporated into the hearts and souls of her bereaved associates, then Jan has earned immortality. And by associates, I mean not just her family of professional colleages, but even more importantly for Jan, in the lives of the poor, and neglected, to whom she was so naturally and beautifully drawn in her work as a college professor."

Mrs. Anna Taussig, another associate professor, wrote, "I have known Jan only a short time, but I loved her from the first minute she offered to help with the Foreign Students Program. People, as a rule, are not spontaneous and generous. It was delightful to have her with us even for such a short time, for we were charmed with her beauty and sparkling personality. In my mind, she seemed like a beautiful goddess who appeared on earth to show us how full and exciting life can be. I shall always remember her this way."

My memorial to my daughter reads, "You hve lived a full and exciting life, Jan. The future is a mystery no more. You have been true to yourself and in the end, you have earned self-esteem and self-worth as well as the love and respect of your fellow man on your very short 'trip to earth.'"

As for me, your mother — dear Jan,

Our love story, yours and mine, began when
first you were put into my arms,
And ever since, I've been your greatest fan.
Through laughter, tears, joys, sorrow, and pain,
Success, failure, confusion, heartache, loneliness —
First prize in speech contests,
Second prize in beauty pageants.
No one really cared but you, Dad, Bob, Mike, and I,
Whether you walked in the sun or in the rain
Our love envoloped you and kept you safe.
You have run the gamut of tests,
On life's highways and beyond the mountain crests,
All on your own to great heights you have soared,
And though Dad, Bob, Mike and I will see you no more,

Our love story will go on till the end of time, forevermore.

There were three dreams in Jan's life — first, a good husband and children; second, a teaching position in college; and third, to have her poetry published.

A colleague at the college felt her poetry was good enough to be published, so he arranged a meeting with his publisher the Monday of the week she passed away. Her husband, Don, decided to have her poems published.

The title of her book was "Thank You, God, For this Amazing Trip."

I am going to includes some of her poetry which I hope will be of interest to you.

I thank you God, for this amazing trip,
For the green spirit of the palm trees here,
And the blue, true dreams of sky and sea —
For everything that is natural and beautiful,
Which is Infinite, which is, mother, father, and you.

I am alive again and this is the sun's birthday of life and love.
And wings to bring close the spirit of those far away,
The gay, great happening of earth and birth.

How should touching, hearing, seeing, breathing
Any sense of activity be lifted
From the no of nothing human into the bind
That would make me love you more.

"Guess Why Birds Leave Home"

Guess why birds have to fly,
Guess why children must leave home,
Because they must or die,
Because they sometime must be along.

Guess where daughters seek solace,
Guess where birds make their nest.
In the hearts of those who care,
In the branches where danger is rare.

Guess who teaches birds to sing,
Guess who thinks she knows everything.
The happiness that comes from peace,
The girl who belives all she sees.

Guess what pain hurts the worse,
Guess what problem ingnites the greatest curse.

It is the child who has gone and slipped;
It is the wings of the bird that has been clipped.

Guess when the child returns,
Guess when the bird has nothing to learn.
She comes back when she has something to give,
The bird is content to fly and let live.

"Can It Be?"

I love you for no reason at all
I just Love.
Love heeds not to beck and call
Nor to push and shove.
The you, you are, not what your say or do,
Whether near or far is loved.
It matters not who or what you are.

Love requires no need at all,
It first is and is always.
There to accept or reject,
As you've surmised
It matters not .... It has no limits,
No ties.

For it is woven of eternal fluff,
Tender soft, yet as stong
As a spider web.

It cannot be killed, warped or hurt
For it exists our of time and form,
Invisible yet, oh, so warm!

It contains all beauty,
All emergency, all life,
In essence, it is all three,
For without Love
Nothing can ever be.

"Me Love"

Me love has blew, him did I dirt,
Me didn't know him, him were a flirt.
To them in love, they I forbid
Lest they be done as I be did.

"Mother's Day"

A pretty great ma
Married a pretty great pa.
Raised some pretty "wild" kids,
And that ain't all —

A mighty fine instructor.
The kids all love her,
And the system couldn't buck her.

Whiz at cards, wise in the kitchen,
Wild in the garden,
In the mind, nothing missing —

Mother, wife, teacher, friend,
Nobody better than I know of,
President, scholar, Christian,
All the more of Mom to love.

Though one day isn't enought to tell
How every day you're loved so well.
And though of flesh, mother, you be,
You bore the spirit that came out of me.
For what I am is because of you
I want my children raised as true.

God made me a wonderful Mother!
A mother who never grows old;
He made her smile of sunshine,
And He molded her heart of purest gold;
In her eyes, He placed bright shining stars,
In her cheeks, fair roses you see;
God made a wonderful mother,
And He gave that dear Mother to me.

"My Old Man"

My old man's dark and tall,
My old man's handsome and dashing,
My old man's got a warm, black chest,
My old man's swinging and smashing!

My old man's got big curly barbes,
My old man's got one golden arm,
My old man don't wear fancy garb,
My old man overflows with charm!

My old man's got nice legs,
My old man tells good jokes,
My old man's got Flash Gordon eyebrows,
My old man can smile when he smokes!

My old man can still hold me on his lap,
My old man never grows old,
My old man grows younger each year,
My old man's laughter is never cold!

My old man's got everything,
My old man's the best dad in the world.
My old man is my kind,
My old man's greatly loved by his little girl.

"First Lesson about Fathers"

The thing to remember about fathers is they're men!
A girl has to keep this in mind!
They are dragon-seekers,
Bent on improbable rescue,
Someone chock full of qualms
And romantic terrors!
Believing change is a threat —
Like your first high-heel shoes,
Like your first bicycle
It took so many months to get!

Driving on roads at night
They'll warn you about other cars —
Climbing and they'll fear that you'll fall,
Karate, angular boys,
Or swimming in deep water —
Fathers distrust them all!

Men are worriers, especially fathers,
It's different for them
To learn what they must.
How to have a journey to take
And very likely
For awhile, will not return!

And a certain father knows
That wherever I may be on the map,
I will return, as quickly as he,
where I belong — back on his lap.

"To Dad"

For the man who has no peer,
Just a little cheer
For my daddy dear,
Cuz I'm sad to hear
That you've got trouble near
The place you hold your beer!

I don't have too much fear
That the seriousness is mere,
And you'll get well by sheer
Fortitude and rest on your rear!

Take advantage of your rest,
And stay away from your desk.
For you've a vacation that is best,
Cuz mom's treating you like a guest.

Obey her and your doctor, lest
You'll find yourself in a bigger mess.

Will be thinking of you during my mid-term test,
All my love and prayers,
Your devoted little pest.

"Music"

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found,
Or God has given.
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting mystic lay
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit for all to love.

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To college, to college to get a fat degree
Home again, home again where I always should be.

"Make Up"

My sexy eyeliner conceals (I hope)
My knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope.
My moisturized skin and brush-on glow

Artfully masks all I know.
There are potions and lotions
To tighten the pores,
Creams to soften
The skin he adores.
Ingenious things
To cover dark rings;
But none can provide
The inner beauty
In each of us abide.

"I Am Mine"

From early youth, I ploughed the restless world,
My mind as restless and as apt to change,
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length to be a wiser girl.

From poor to rich I went, and poor I still remain,
Day after day I strove, but strove in vain
And hardships manifold did I endure,
But God and fortune design to smile
At last a resting place is found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure
In my heart on this our favored isle.

A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound —
I had it in my all the time —
And now I know I am mine.

As I read and reread some of her poems, and what she wrote to me in one of her last letters, "God gave me no greater gift or no better start in life then when He put me in your womb and in your heart for I know now how great was His love for me" I thank God for giving me Jan for twenty-three years.

Don mourned Jan quietly. He loved her as his own.

I grieved more openly. I couldn't stop the tears. There were so many feelings to deal with.

Hale's death, I understood. It was merciful, but Jan was at the prime of her life, doing something worthwhile that she had always wanted to do. I went through a period of self-pity. I learned grief can include rage, despair, guilt, and all sorts of other feelings.

Recovery would take time. I studied reincarnation, Edgar

Cayle, anything.

But mostly, Don and Bob helped.

Don was always patient and understanding. Bob taught me as long as I grieve for Jan, she would not be free to do the Lord's work in His Heavenly Kingdom. That gave me comfort and I stopped grieving.

Gradually, I learned that life has to have some meaning if death is to have some meaning, so I let Jan go with love.

I discovered this poem recently among her things. Don will read it here for the first time.

Once many years ago.
A man came to say hello,
A child, wide eyed of eight.
Began a journey of resentment and hate,
Before the tot had known pain
That came from having a need in vain,
Her early moments were filled with fear,
From having an inconsistent love so near,
That love departed but left behind
A feeling of not understood guilt in her mind.
The new kind of presents to her so free and real
Disturbed the soul that fought a great deal
Against the hours shared in laughter and tears
Leaving her confused and quite insincere.
Of what was missing, she didn't know
Only that she tried and couldn't show
Need of a man who believed in her
Paternal blood she could not transfer.
Therefore, a relationship incapable of change
Instilled in her an attitude strange
Not until the grower was convinced by years
Of reassuring attention that didn't disappear.
With games of conceit, mood and despair,
Sadistic drives to test his care
She didn't perceive until recently
That seventeen was old enough to see
That perhaps just maybe, he accepted what she was.
Though he didn't approve all that she does,
But too much awareness on his part
Would probably only hurt his heart.
Or so she wrongly had so long thought,
He must now see she had realized a lot
For all he'd done, he didn't want thanks,

And when trying to communicate, it hurt to draw blanks
Apology, words, gestures, frustrated
Deserve the sensations of all that's regretted
The stranger who has set her standards for a man
Would probably forget all because he understands,
Makes worse the child who hasn't learned
The agony of affection unreturned.
Weakened by an environment of giving
The babe has received the secret of living
The better isn't necessarily the creator.
But recurring love is the person maker
No longer a legal responsibility, tame or wild,
She's no longer just a step-child.
Doubts imprinted so scarringly on the mind
Can only be healed by a chronic medicine of time.
An inadequacy on her part she shares
With him a growing ache that bears
A love that's between often never heard
At least not so by so many words
Binded no longer by a woman's ring—
I've put away my childish things
And face my father still with silence but different
In the precious knowing love that's present.
The tiny soul with its pride between its legs
Hasn't felt before such a need to beg
In hell, I've forced you to live
Father, forgive.

Jan, your daughter, who can't and probably won't ever know how woderful you really are.

Oh! Jan, you knew that you weren't long for this world.

After Don and the boys came to live with us, and after our trip to the mainland, Bob enlisted in the infantry. Much to his disgust, he served his military duties at headquarters at Ft. Shafter.

He continued his musical studies, composed many songs.

Today he represents Hawaii in A.S.C.A.P. — the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. At present he is entertainment director of the Willows.

He was married to Susu Sanders from Missouri. They have three children — two daughters, Tala and Derra, and a son, Skya. Derra was born on our kitchen floor. Bob and Susu are divorced, and she lives in San Diego with the children.

Bob is now married to Irene Jay, a local girl who is now my god-daughter. There are reborn Christians and do the Lord's work. Bob teaches religious science and does religious counselling. He also holds seminars for new composers to acquaint them wit the benefits they can derive from their creations and the pitfalls to avoid.

Bob has a God given talent. He has given joy with his talent to his family and friends. He remains a joy to me and is the kind of son every mother hopes to have.

He has had his own heartaches and joys which show in his songs.

I would like to include some of Bob's songs here. "Hanalei Moon" was selected Song of the Year in 1976.

When you see Hanalei by moonlight,
You will be in Heaven by the sea.
Every breeze, every move will whisper,
"You are mine... Don't ever go away."
Hanalei, Hanalei Moon is lighting beloved Kauai.
Hanalei, Hanalei Moon
Aloha no wau ia oe
Aloha no wau, Hanalei Moon.

"Maui Waltz"

I hear the Maui Waltz.
It brings back memories.
I hear the Maui Waltz
And you are haunting me.
The night you told me that you loved me so
But no one told me that when the dance was through,
I'd be losing you.
I hear the Maui Waltz
My arms are empty now
I hear the Maui Waltz
It doesn't hurt somehow
You're here with me when the music starts to play.
Play on, play on, Maui Waltz.
Play on, play on, Maui Waltz.

"Just a Little Girl"

Just a little girl in the eyes of a mother,
Just a little girl to love.
Just a little girl in the eyes of a father,

Just a little girl to love.
Love her and teach her all the good things in your heart,
For just when you reach her, it's time to be apart.
She will know as she grows,
How she was loved by you,
When she has the eyes of a Mother, too.
Just a little girl.

"Lonely Summers"

Summer sands can be lonely sand,
When you're walking by yourself.
Summer songs can be lonely songs
When you sing them by yourself.
Summer nights can be lonely nights,
When there's no one there to call —
Summer games can be lonely games
When you play them by yourself.
Summer dreams can be lonely dreams
When you're dreaming by yourself.
Winter time will be all the time,
If there's no one there to call.
Lonely summers, just aren't summers at all
Lonely summers, lonely summers.

"Take the Time"

Take the time to look at someone
When you make that someone cry.
Take the time to look at someone,
You may see in those eyes
All the love a heart can hold.
For you, if you care
All the love a heart can hold.
Just for you, if you dare,
Take the time to look at someone,
See the tears fall from those eyes
They're the tears of love undying,
If you'd only realize you are loved
And you belong to someone
If you'd only take the time,
You gotta take the time
Night and day, take the time.

The following song was written for his sister, Jan, as a wedding gift. When she passed away a few months after her wedding, he put it away, only to take it out to be sung by a girl resembling Jan who wanted to sing it in the Tokyo Music Festival three years ago.

"From Today"

I came to you in the sunrise of my life,
Trembling in the sun, I walk to you alone,
Knowing that I'll never be alone again.
I come to you through the echoes of a dream
Echoes of a dream that you and I can share,
Beauty, truth, and goodness, we can share today.
There's a hope in my heart today,
There's a prayer in my heart today,
My heart beats faster than my footsteps
As I come to you,
Where do we go?
I will know and I will care
As Time will show
There's eternity to share it all.
Today, we will promise to be the way
That we dreamed we would be
No matter what life has in store for us
From today, From today,
From today, From today.

These are some of the songs he has included in the album he produced last year. He is continuing to write. He has completed an opera on the life of Princess Kaiulani, a beautiful young princess of Hawaii and friend of Robert L. Stevenson. She died at an early age.

Hale and Michael continued their education at Kailua High. The teachers were very unhappy with them because they did not show an interest in school and did not turn in assignments. The teachers were unhappy with me because their mother, a teacher, could not induce her sons to produce.

One day they were suspended because one of their teachers found a package of cigarettes in their pockets.

Don and I made them smoke Filipino cheroots to try to get them to stop. They became violently ill and promised that they would not smoke again.

For a week, they kept their promise. Then they started smoking and were caught again. Does this tell you something? It did Don and me. We did not force cheroots or anything on

them anymore. We just let them face their consequences.

The following year I applied for a transfer to the Elementary School. It wasn't fair to the boys, nor to me to be at the high school.

One day, Michael asked his father and me to attend a P.T.A. meeting on vocational guidance. We attended, and that was the night Charles Clark, who was principal there, asked me if I would like to be the counselor as Mrs. Bishop was leaving.

I was surprised and pleased. I had tought under Charlie for several years. I was his student government advisor, his student police advisor, head of the English Department besides teaching Junior and Senior English and American Problems.

I accepted, and for the next eight years I was a counselor. I returned to the university to study to be a counselor as a good counselor provides vocational guidance and must be proficient in testing the students so that they can be guided properly. Tests and Measurements were the subjects that were the most difficult. I attended classes after school and during the summer.

My school hours were very busy. When the principal and vice-principal were away, I would be in charge. I became ambitious and decided I would like to be a vice-principal. I continued to take courses at the university; this time they were administrative courses. When I took the principal's exam, I passed with a 97.

Then i became ill. I had pushed myself beyond my limits. I caught a cold; developed a bronchial cough, could not get rid of it and became very tired. Jan was worried and insisted that I talk to my sister Bessie, who advised me to consult Dr. Richard Chang. He was busy and referred me to Dr. Winfred Lee.

He checked me over and I was promptly installed in Queen's Hospital for a month. I put on weight while there.

When I was released, Dr. Lee advised me that it would be unwise to return to teaching on a permanent basis. I weighed 170 lbs., and he wanted me to lose a pound a week by cutting my meals in half. Then he told me that I was to rest and when I felt stronger, I was to do only one chore a day. If I was going to pay bills, that was enough for that day — and so on.

So I took early retirement.

Teaching and counselling were a part of me. I enjoyed the climate, the teachers and the students.

After I grew stronger I decided to do some substituting, but each time I received an assignment it was long term. I might as

well teach full time.

I looked elsewhere to augment our family income. Amfac, where Don worked for many years, does not pay their people well.

I decided to sell lingerie and detergent, quite a combination. It was hard work and not my "cup of tea."

Then I was asked to do home instruction at the ridiculous sum of three dollars an hour. However, I did pretty well. Besides, I enjoyed doing it as it was teaching and counselling, on a one to one basis, students who were unable to function in a regular classroom, students who had been injured physically, pregnant girls, emotionally disturbed youngsters. I travelled to homes in Waimanalo, in Kailua, in Lanikai, in Kaneohe, in Punaluu and Kahului. Part of the income I earned helped Jan put herself through college.

Then Jan died and I stopped teaching altogether.

Before Don and I were married, a dear friend told me that if I ever have any doubt about being married again, I shouldn't do it. When I met Don and began to know him, I did not have any doubts, so when he proposed, I accepted.

I am very careful about our relationship as husband and wife. I yield to Don without causing disharmony. (He is an Aries.) I am also very careful about what I say. I remember well that once anything negative has been said, it cannot be undone. We have a mutual admiration society.

We have now been married twenty-six years. Our sons, Bob and Michael, gave us a luau to celebrate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Our family is close, and we care much for each other.

My life has been, on the whole, wonderfully happy because it has never been boring. It's been challenging. I've discovered I can paint. I wanted to learn to make Hawaiian quilts, and I made two king-sized ones. When we renovated our home, I learned to do hook rugs and made two 90 by 64 rugs to cover our ohia floors. Don tells everyone I am the oldest hooker on the hill.

I have known sorrow and much joy.

I am seventy-one. I never think of age at all. One should not waste time thinking about things one cannot change. I used to be afraid of death until I took Claude du Tiel's Short Course on Death. I do not fear something that is inevitable and unchangeable anymore. Besides, death may be great, just a short step to a heavenly kingdom without cares or suffering.

I am still going to try to be the best person I can be no matter

what age; and I am going to arise each morning enjoying our blue sky and fleecy clouds, our plants and home.

I believe the ability to think, to be alert, to be conscious, to be aware is what is important. I want to improve my knowledge, to live a fuller, more productive life. The mind, like the body, must remain active or it will wither.

I reiterate, I am a very independent person, but I am not totally independent and, more importantly, I don't want to be. I need my family, my friends, my relatives, the people who care about me, especially my Don. Hale Aloha is the name of our home which means "House of Love."

We all try to live by the words: love, acceptance, forgiveness, and that truth, beauty, and goodness are what our Lord has taught us, too.

In conclusion, my brothers and sisters are healthy. They are family oriented and are good parents. To recap:

1. Jan and his wife Elsie have their own home. Jan has his hobby — he takes care of his flowers, plants and fruit trees and does all of his yardwork; and Elsie's hobby is raising beautiful fish.

2. Amy now lives in her own home, does her own yardwork, attends the Buddhist Temple regularly and does Tai Chi. She has an apartment and a house that she rents, so she's quite well off.

3. Bessie lives in her own apartment and keeps busy visiting her friends. She still drives all over the city and tends to her own needs. She has done much traveling and visits her son Alan who lives in Seattle.

4. George and Florence have their own home and they go daily to the market that he manages.

5. Tin Yau is as healthy as ever since his heart operation. He has his business, Niu Nursery, that his youngest son, Sidney, manages. Bea and he go dancing, and they are enjoying life.

6. Elsie lives in her own home. Although retired from teaching, she works part-time in a jewelry store, and she does her own yardwork. She travels to Chicago to visit Brenda, her daughter.

7. Eddie is still working for Hawaiian Electric. Phyllis and he do much traveling, especially to visit their daughter, Ann Phyllis, who teaches in California.

I still live in Lanikai. Don and I do a lot of gardening — and he does most of our yardwork with the help of grandsons.

Don has his own business since he took early retirement. Although I don't know anything about his business, Don

Thomas and Associates, I am a paid secretary. He is very happy with this new business; he has the better of two worlds — he is his own boss, and he still does business and has lunch with his old friends.

We have just returned from a trip to Europe. We will be making a trip to Hong Kong, Singapore, Bangkok and Taipei — these are pleasure trips.

We make an annual business and pleasure trip to different parts of the United States.

Don and I are in good health except for a pain or an ache here and there.

The descendants of Father, Goo Dow, and Mother, Tom Lin, have impressive records. I know they would be proud of all of us for we have inherited from them the qualities that deserve love and respect. We thank you, Father and Mother, and especially you, Father, for making your trip to Hawaii. And we thank you, Mother, also for joining him — for without you, there would not be any descendents. Most of all, we thank you, Father in Heaven.

Aloha (love) to you all, and God bless you.

Notes: Dow Goo married Kam Lin Tom in No Chau, China about 1872. Dow Goo presumably arrived in the islands about 1894, as a contractural laborer for about two (2) years on the island of Molokai. Dow then migrated to Honolulu establishing a carriage taxi business. Dow sent for Kam Lin still in China about 1896. Kam Lin's parents, Leong and Popo Tom arrived in 1897.

Grace, our niece, sent the following information about her father after the book was written, so I'll just add this, as is, at the end.

Tom Chan (1882-1944)

1882 Born on September 25 in the village of Ha-k'ou in Chungshan county, Kwantung Province, China; the second of seven children.

1898 Immigrated to Honolulu, Hawaii at the age of 17; worked as a typesetter (compositor) for the Lung Chi Pao, a weekly paper used by Dr. Sun Yat-sen as a revolutionary mouthpiece.

1906 Continued to work as a compositor when the Lung Chi Pao was reorganized into the commercial Min Sheng Daily.

1907 Helped to raise funds to establish the Tzu Yu Hsin Pao (Freedom News).

1908 Moved to the U.S. Mainland, first to New York and then to Chicago, to learn and do business, convinced that industry and commerce were essential to financing the revolutionary cause.

1909 Joined the Midwest branch of the T'ung Meng Hui (Revolutionary Alliance) which Dr. Sun established during his visit to Chicago in November.

1911 Founded the Chinese Noodle Company (later also the Chinese Trading and Min Sun companies); gave active financial support to Dr. Sun's revolutionary movement which experienced a setback with the Canton uprising in April; helped to raise travel funds for Dr. Sun to return to China via Europe from the U.S. after the successful Wuchang Revolt (October 10), which marked the downfall of the Manchu Dynasty and the beginning of the Chinese Republic.

1915 Married Mary Goo.

1922 Married Lilian Goo, Mary's sister, after the death of Mary, his first wife.

1926 Represented the main party branch in San Francisco at the Second National Congress of the Kuomintang in Canton (January 4-19), visiting China and seeing his father for the first time in almost 30 years.

1928 Appointed director of the main party branch of Kuomintang Central Executive Committee; elected inspection officer at the second congress of the main party branch (October 21), which adopted his proposal

to establish a Chinese newspaper in Chicago; elected to various other posts at subsequent party branch congresses.

1929 Revisited China as a delegate to the Third National Congress of the Kuomintang in Nanking (March 18-27).

1930 Became General Manager of the San Min Morning Paper; first published on March 18, this was for many years the only Chinese newspaper in the Midwest, with circulation in Southern U.S., Central Canada, and Mexico.

1934 Served as Vice-Chairman of the China Relief Association in Chicago, one of the earliest of such organizations in the U.S.

1941 Appointed member of the People's Political Council by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; went to China to attend the Second People's Political Council (November) and the Ninth Session of the Kuomintang National Congress.

1942 Took an eight-month tour of the U.S. and Canada to give encouragement to overseas Chinese by order of the party.

1943 Served on the five-man presidium of the All-America Chinese Congress of Resistance and Relief Organizations in New York (September 5-11).

1944 Strenuously pushed for the sale of war bonds at the seventh anniversary of the Marco Polo Bridge Incident (July 7); fell ill on July 14, and died in Wesley Memorial Hospital on September 3 at the age of 63, survived by his wife, 2 sons, and 6 daughters.

In the year of our Lord, 1981, nearly a Century Later...
Descendents of Goo Dow and Tom Lin — 108
12 Children
32 Grandchildren
63 Great-Grandchildren
1 Great-Great Grandchild

First Generation	*Second Generation*	*Third Generation*	*Fourth Generation*
1. Mary Tom (deceased)	Florence Chau 9220 Maple Court	Thomas Andrea	
2 Daughters	Morton Grove, Illinois 60053	Brian	Erica Kristen twins
	Grace Chun 1301 Lundergan Avenue Park Ridge, Illinois 60068	Robert Geoffrey Cliff	
2. Jan (no children)	2789 Booth Road Honolulu, Hawaii 96813		
3. Robert (Mac) (deceased)	Walter 5321 MacArthur Blvd., N.W.	Robert David	
1 Son	Washington, D.C. 20016	Michael	
4. Amy Chung 3766 Waialae Avenue Honolulu, Hawaii 96816	Bowman 8379 Crestview Drive Sterling Heights Detroit, Michigan 48072	Bryan Bruce Barry	
4 Daughters 2 Sons	Ellen 5270 Maikalena Drive Honolulu, Hawaii 96821	Monica Leland Curtis Jonelle Darryl (deceased)	
	Leatrice Towne 6 E. Constance Avenue Santa Barbara, California 93105	Carol Bonnie Laurie	
	Wyman 3860 Pokopahu Place Honolulu, Hawaii 96816	Steven Gerald Michael Kerwin Matthew	twins
	Winifred 4223 Sierra Drive Honolulu, Hawaii 96816	Roger Carolyn Sandra	
	Edmund (deceased at age 8)		
5. Lillian (Lil) (deceased)	Helene Guerrero 5932 H. Richmond Street	No Children	
4 Daughters 2 Sons	Chicago, Illinois		
	Eunice (Sambo) Wong 2263 Wentworth Avenue Chicago, Illinois 16	Jan (a son)	
	Mary Tom (unmarried) 2263 Wentworth Avenue Chicago, Illinois 16		
	Priscilla Foo 418 Meadowview Drive St. John's, Michigan 48879	Mae Lynn Karen	
	Chung Tom (deceased) 1000 N. State St., TH #15 Chicago, Illinois 60610	Chip Lauren	
	Ping Tom 6945 N. Lexington Lane Chicago, Illinois 60648	Darrell Bubbles	

6. George 2744 Booth Road Honolulu, Hawaii 96813 2 Daughters	Amelia (deceased at 34)	Alan Stephen	
	Lianne 2611-52 Avenue Greeley, Colorado 80631	Dana Patrick Ann	
7. Bessie Young 1456 Thurston, #401 Honolulu, HI 96822 2 Daughters 1 Son	Evelyn 1433 Apona Street Honolulu, Hawaii 96819	Amery Karen Avis	
	Audrey 3 Stagecoach Road Rolling Hills Estate California 90274	Valerie Carol Larry Donna	Marissa
	Alan 1035 Daley Street Edmond, Washington 98020	Anthony Joseph	
8. Tin Yau 5846 Kalanianaole Hwy. Honolulu, HI 96821 3 Sons	Ronald 947 Kauku Place Honolulu, Hawaii 96825	Ronda Rose Ann Russell	
	Robin 5846-C Kalanianaole Hwy. Honolulu, Hawaii 96821	Robin Kelli	
	Sidney 41-1011 Kakaina Street Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795	Sidney Steven	
9. Margaret Thomas 344 Lama Place Kailua, Hawaii 96734 1 Daughter 1 Son	Robert 14 Auilke Street, #508 Kailua, Hawaii 96734	Tala Skya Derra	
	Janis (deceased at 23)		
10. Karl (deceased)	Kenneth Linda Carol Ann		
11. Elsie Chock 2151 Hillcrest Honolulu, Hawaii 96817	Brenda		
12. Edward	Ann Phyllis Paul		

Popo, our maternal grandmother

Jan, Uncle Mac, Dad, Mary, Mother and Amy.

Wow — Lil sitting.
Bessie and Margaret
standing.

Mun Kan, Amy with
children Bowman,
Leatrice, Winifred, Ellen.

Eunice, Grace, Florence, Helene, Priscilla, Lil, Ping, Tom Chan, and Chung — 1933.

Mac, Elizabeth — 1926.

Grace, Mac, Florence, Elizabeth, Elsie — Century of Progress, Chicago World's Fair, 1933.

Chinese Pavilion at Chicago World's Fair, 1933 — designed by Mac.

Evelyn, Bessie, Kong Chin, Toots, and Alan.

Leatrice, Mun Kan, Winifred, Margaret Evelyn, Toots, Wyman, Amy, Bessie, Alan and Bowman aboard the Lurlina.

Elizabeth, Chung, Walter and Lil.

Evelyn, Florence, Amelia, Elsie, Toots, George, Margaret, Bess, Kong Chin, Brenda, Phyllis and Paul, Aunt Mable, Cousin Ah Lau, Le Ann, Ann,, Phyllis, Alan — June, 1952 at Honolulu Harbor.

Mun Kan, Amy, Ellen, Bessie, Evelyn, Herbert, and Winifred.

Jan Nelson, 1955.

Bob Nelson

Margaret and Don Thomas, April 10, 1955.

Sunny, Evelyn, Toots, Bess (with Emory in her arms), Kong Chin and Alan in front.

Valerie in Toots' arms. Clarence when he graduated from dental school.

Brian, Bowman, Lil, Bruce and Barry.

1960 — Winifred ano Amy — Herbert with children Carolyn, Sandra and Roger.

Walter Goo — Mac's son, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., June 16, 1960.

Rep. Kamaka presenting Jan the trophy she won in a speech contest in 1963.

Emory Lam — Evelyn's son, Mgr. Honolulu Finance-Hawaii Kai.

Popo and her grandson, 1967.

Elizabeth, Capt. Walter Goo in Germany, 1971.

Bess, Chung, and Tin Yau.

Sidney — his 2 sons, Sidney and Steven, 1976.

Chung, Wai Mun — 1975.

Edward, George, Elsie, Bessie, Amy and Tim Yau — 1976.

Phyllis, Elsie, Evelyn and Bess.

Niu Nursery Ltd.

Tin Yau Goo, owner of Niu Nursery Ltd., says his company name is "a real misnomer."

"We're not in Niu Valley at all and we don't have one single green plant," he says with a grin.

Niu Nursery is at 3686 Waiwai Loop in the airport industrial area and is a wholesaler for plant supplies.

With obvious relish, Goo — whose son Sidney is part-owner — recounts how Niu Nursery came to be where it shouldn't:

"I first started the company 40-some odd years ago and was out at Niu Valley. Then I had a nursery. During the war, while I was growing orchid plants, I couldn't get a hold of osmunda fiber (used for growing orchids) so finally I started to experiment with tree fern.

"I branched out into manufacturing tree fern for all the orchid growers. I was in Niu Valley until progress decided there was to be a subdivision next to my house.

"When the subdivision grew around me, I moved to the industrial area. Today we're located in a pretty sizable plant."

Niu Nursery still get phone calls from local gardeners.

"Everybody thinks we're Niu Garden Center, which we're not. (Niu Garden Center is in the Niu Valley Shopping Center). People ask about plants and how to grow plants," Goo says.

Even without a plant in sight, in the wrong business with the wrong name and the wrong location, Goo's employees know about things green and growing and gladly dispense the right advice.

Honolulu *Advertiser*, Aug. 6, 1980.