COH shares its work at various venues

“Women in World War II Hawai’i: An Era of Change,” a program focused on the effects that war had on the lives of island women, was held at the Hawai‘i State Judiciary History Center in Honolulu this March. Featured were the experiences of COH interviewees Agnes Rho Chun, Mary Samson Hendrickson, Elizabeth Lindsey Kimura, Gussie Ornellas, and Ruth Ishibashi Yamaguchi. Storyteller/actress Nyla Fujii-Babb and COH’s Michi Kodama-Nishimoto presented dramatic readings of the narratives, introduced by Warren Nishimoto, COH director. The program was funded in part by the Hawai‘i Council for the Humanities with additional support from the “We the People” initiative of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The Hawaiian Historical Society invited the general public to its membership program, “Talking Hawai‘i’s Story,” in May. The program, co-sponsored by the Hawai‘i Council for the Humanities, featured dramatic readings of selections from Talking Hawai‘i’s Story. Narratives of Martina Kekuewa Fuentevilla, Henry K. Duvauchelle, and Alice Saito Gouveia were read by Fujii-Babb, Ha‘o, and Kodama-Nishimoto. All narratives were introduced by Nishimoto who also led a discussion on oral history.

“World War II in the Pacific: Exploring Hawai‘i and Pacific Island Perspectives Using Primary Sources,” a five-day institute for Hawai‘i K–12 teachers, held in July at the Pearl Harbor Visitor Center and Tokai University Pacific Center, featured a talk on World War II Hawai‘i by Nishimoto, followed by dramatic readings of narratives culled from the COH collection of interviews. The institute also included panels of military and civilian survivors, moderated by Nishimoto and Kodama-Nishimoto. The institute was sponsored by the National Park Service, Pacific Historic Parks, and the Hawai‘i Council for the Humanities.

Nishimoto and Kodama-Nishimoto presented a paper, “Oral History Interviews with Japanese in Hawai‘i,” at the International Symposium: Interdisciplinary Approaches to Oral History Data, in Honolulu. The August symposium was sponsored by Japan’s National Institute for Japanese Language and Linguistics with support from the University of Hawai‘i Center for Japanese Studies, in cooperation with COH, the Department of Linguistics, and the Japanese Cultural Center of Hawai‘i.
Harriet Kuwamoto
A public health nurse in Hawai‘i

Harriet Kuwamoto, one of twelve children, was born in 1909 in Kona, Hawai‘i. Her family moved to Honolulu, where her father opened a blacksmith shop. The Kuwamotos moved to Kaimukī when their lease expired in 1920.

Kuwamoto attended St. Mary’s Mission, Territorial Normal and Training, and McKinley High schools. After graduation, she studied nursing at San Francisco’s St. Luke’s Hospital and the Children’s Hospital. She returned in 1932, continuing her nursing studies at the University of Hawai‘i.

A public health nurse on Maui for four years, she transferred to Honolulu in 1937 to work at the Pālama Settlement venereal disease (VD) clinic for about a year. She then attended the University of Pennsylvania, returning in 1939.

At the onset of World War II, Kuwamoto immunized civilians for typhoid. She then worked as a VD control nurse at Kapahulu Health Center and Pālama Settlement.

Although prostitution was not legalized during the war, it was regulated. Kuwamoto’s work involved testing prostitutes for VD and following up on their sexual contacts who were mostly servicemen.

She retired in 1969, but remained active in volunteer work. Kuwamoto died in 2009 at age 99.

Joe Rossi interviewed Harriet Kuwamoto in 1992 for An Era of Change: Oral Histories of Civilians in World War II Hawai‘i (COH: 1994). This narrative is based on that interview.

Family home
My father came first to work in the [sugar] plantation. Then after he finished his contract, he went back to Japan and brought my mother and my oldest brother, who was about seven or eight years old.

I was told that he opened a blacksmith shop in Kona. After we lived in Kona for several years—my two older sisters, three brothers, my other sister, and myself were born—then the family moved to Honolulu. I recall 1950 South Beretania Street. We had a blacksmith shop at that address, and living quarters right next to the blacksmith shop.

He [i.e., father] did all the shoeing of the horses. See, with the shoe, they have to heat it up and hammer it to fit the hoof. My brothers did most of the heavy work. But we all had to help.

I remember the living area had a big room where at night we would get all of our futon, line them up on the floor, and we all slept. Then separated from the main house was a kitchen. We had a sink and table, so we would go over there for our meals. I think it was even a dirt floor in those days.

Then around the kitchen we had the Japanese furō—you know, the bathhouse—and around that we had the toilet. We had the redwood tub and we would burn [wood to heat the water]. We soap ourselves, and then rinse ourselves,
and then go into the hot tub and just soak.

We also had a stream, and we used to once in a while catch the shrimps. They call it ‘ōpae.

Then there was a lane that went to our neighbors. Mostly Japanese. On the other side there was this huge Chinese vegetable garden, so the Chinese lived there. They had a long house right on the street. I suppose each man had a room. At night they would come out and sit on the porch and eat their food. (Laughs.) That I remember.

I have friends who are professional people and who grew up in the plantation, and they still carry that resentment. You know, because probably they were put in the specific Japanese section, Filipino section, and so on. But with us, especially in my father’s blacksmith shop, we used to have all nationalities come in to have their horse shoed and wheels fixed. And then going to St. Mary’s we would go home, and my mother would always have some sweet potatoes or soybeans. We ate the beans as we walked to Japanese[-language] school. You know where the Mōʻiliʻili Community [Center] is? That used to be our Japanese school that we attended.

We learned to speak Japanese, but I’ve forgotten everything now. We had to speak Japanese at home to our parents. My mother always used to say as we grew older, “When you are speaking Japanese to anyone, if you cannot speak properly, don’t open your mouth. That way you don’t embarrass yourself.” You know, just nod, (laughs) and they think you understand.

After high school, my brother attended College of Hawai‘i for two years. He studied sugar technology. Then he worked about two years at Kōloa Plantation as a chemist. When he came back, he then enrolled in the College of Hawai‘i as a junior. In his senior year, he was injured in a football game. He died on November 3, 1917, at the home of David Crawford, coach of the football team.

I remember on that day, the youngsters were at Japanese school. They were having what they call—it’s really kabuki. I think that was it, or a school program. My mother would fix up some bentō or lunch, and we would all go there and sit down on the ground in a measured space, about a yard square for each family. When we came home that evening, lo and behold, the house was completely changed. My parents are Buddhists, so as soon as, I think, the death was notified, they brought the shrine out. The neighbors were all there.

[After St. Mary’s] we were going to Ka‘ahumanu [School]. But they wouldn’t take my older sister and I in. I don’t know what the reason was. So we moved on to Normal [and] Training School, which was a few blocks away. It’s equivalent to the lab school, where the student teachers come and teach us. I went there from—oh, they repeated us, we had to go back one grade—from third grade up to eighth, and I graduated from Normal [and] Training school in eighth grade.

Move to Kaimuki

[In 1920] the lease was finished, so we had to get out. And my father had a piece of property up on Eighth Avenue. Oh, once we moved to Kaimukī, we couldn’t have the blacksmith shop here. But we brought some things over—you know, like the anvil.

We had a big area down below, being an acre of land. We had a pasture—I don’t know how many cows we had—and we had a milk shed. My brothers used to milk the cows, and we would deliver the milk to neighbors who had ordered it. Inspectors used to come from the health department to take
some samples to be sure we were within the regulation. Then gradually, I suppose, we got rid of the cattle, especially when we grew up and were doing our own work.

**Maid work**

Every summer I worked for this family. Mrs. [Elizabeth] Scott was from Australia. Mr. [Ralph] Scott was from New Zealand, and he was head of the Bishop Insurance [Agency] here. And the children were John and Joy Scott. I worked for this family every summer from that time on until I left for San Francisco.

I think I was about thirteen. Our home was Japanese—sleeping on the floor, no furniture at all. Whereas when I went to the [Scott] home, she taught me how to clean the house properly. I learned to polish the silver, set the table, and I think I had to do some laundry, too. I always am very grateful to having worked there to learn the American way of living.

I stayed there, because it was such a long ways from there to my home. I would come home for weekends, and early Monday morning I would go there. I got paid five dollars a week during the summer. Oh, that was big money.

During the school year, if they were going out they would ask me to come and baby-sit. I would go up there, spend the night, and they would bring me to school, McKinley High School. They always gave me a nice lunch. (Laughs.) That’s a big help, you know. Then when I baby-sat, they would pay me a dollar a night. That was a godsend. They [i.e., parents] said keep it so that I could save it, you know, for my trip to the Mainland and so on.

**Girl Scouts**

I became kind of leader in the Girl Scouts. I think I mentioned to you about doing our community work by going to the Kalihi Receiving Station, where the leper [i.e., Hansen’s disease] troop was. You know, once every so many months we were told that it’s our turn to go over there and have a group meeting. Then whatever communication we had to do, it was over the hibiscus hedge. There were, as I remember, at least about ten, fifteen girls, because I remember two lines. They would have chairs, and we would have chairs on our side, too.

We would take refreshments—juice, cookies, and what have you—and then put it on this hibiscus hedge. You know, put a tray there and they would pick it up. We could not go in, because it was isolation.

**Nursing school**

I was a Girl Scout, and we had a first-aid course. That was sort of extracurricular activity. I worked in the first-aid station at McKinley [High School]. Oh, when students came in, we had to take their temperature. We had a wonderful teacher who was our first-aid instructor.

Then I decided that probably nursing would be a chance to go to the Mainland. I didn’t want to go to the university. I hated to write book reports. My classmate, she was going there [to St. Luke’s Hospital for training], so we decided to go together. Well, being an Episcopalian, and that was an Episcopal hospital.

On the way to St. Luke’s, we were on the SS Sierra. It was a little tub. That afternoon, when the man came to take my trunk to deliver it to the pier, they put my trunk on SS President, which went to Japan.

Foolishly, this friend of mine who went with me had put her coat in my trunk, also. So my coat and her coat were in my trunk, which was on its way to Japan. I was informed that the company will pay for my new clothes. The student nurse from Honolulu who met us at the pier in San Francisco took both of us to a dress shop to buy the coats and dresses we needed. We both bought coats with a little fur. I said, “We should have bought a [full-length] fur coat!” (Laughs.)

We had a beautiful nurses’ home. And there were two of us in each room. See, by staying in the nurses’ home, it didn’t cost us anything. And they gave us five dollars a month spending money. But many times, most of the money was taken to pay for broken syringes. When we would break a syringe, they’d take it out of our five dollars.

My family used to send me a little bit, because they couldn’t afford too much. But as long you are having three meals a day and a roof over your head, you don’t need much.

[The training ran] from August 1928 to end of December 1930.
But they asked me to stay in the dormitory, because the classmate of mine who went with me had developed tuberculosis. They wanted me to take care of her. By that time I had finished all my courses, so I was graduated.

She stayed in the hospital, and I was allowed to remain in the nurses’ dormitory. She never finished her training. When she was able to come home, she was transported straight to Lē‘ahi [Hospital] and never left Lē‘ahi.

Well, after working a couple of months, I went to Children’s Hospital in San Francisco for eight-months’ postgraduate course. Then I worked for a few months at St. Luke’s Hospital to earn enough money to come home. I took the California State Board examination and returned home in February 1932, and in September I applied for the second public health nursing certificate course and was accepted. We had quite a varied group of nine nurses. The first semester was all academic, except for limited home visits, but second semester we were out in the field. My practice area was at Water-town, which is now Hickam Field. It was a small community.

Our field experience in general-ized public health nursing included child health conference, mothers’ clinic, tuberculosis clinic, and school nursing. At the mothers’ clinic, pregnant mothers in that small area were examined by the obstetrician. Newborn babies and preschool children attended the child health conference, which was staffed by a pediatrician who examined the attendees. The children were given all the immunization they needed.

And the tuberculosis clinic was conducted the same way. The doctor would come in, examine them. If an x-ray was ordered, patients were sent to the x-ray department of the health department.

First, I had two months’ assignment in Honolulu, just sort of a relief nurse. I acquired my driver’s license shortly after I became a relief nurse. What an accomplishment. Let’s see, June and July [on O‘ahu], August and September [on] Hawai‘i, and then I went to Maui in October on a permanent position. And I was there for four years, from October ’33 to ’37.

Maui experience
I enjoyed my nursing in Lahaina, because I was carrying on both public health nursing and some social work to help the family. When the social problem was too much to be handled by me, I would bring in the social worker.

[There was a] mass tuberculin testing program—I think it must have been about late ’36 or early ’37—for the entire school population of the island. All male and female plantation workers were x-rayed. Nurses came from different districts to help, and I also went over to their districts to help. When you think of it, it’s a wonderful case-finding method for finding tuberculosis. Tuberculosis was still quite prevalent in those days. We found quite a number of high school students—Lahainaluna High School students—who had early tuberculosis. They were all admitted to Kula Sanatorium. They didn’t stay there too long, because they were all minimal cases. The treatment was rest regime and good food.

We had a large tuberculosis clinic every month. Children with positive tuberculin gave us entry to follow the family members. There
was no special x-ray in Lahaina in the beginning, so many of the suspects had to be taken to Kula. I provided transportation to the children. Twenty-five miles from Lahaina to Wailuku to Kula—fifty miles [for a round trip].

**Communicable disease work**

They did bring me back [to O'ahu] because I said I’d like to have a transfer, but my transfer did not assure me a position in public health nursing field, so I was put under Dr. [Richard] Lee in the communicable disease branch. At that time, he was writing a paper on venereal disease history in Hawai'i, so I worked with him in gathering statistics. And then at the same time I worked in the VD clinic, because they needed a nurse.

When the VD regulation was passed making VD reportable, all contacts of infectious cases had to be followed. And once VD became a reportable disease, the health department became involved in the contact investigation program.

I remained at Pālama until '38, when I was granted a U.S. Public Health Service scholarship under Title VI of the Social Security Act to advance VD nursing education. And after I finished the three-months' course in November 1938, I went to Philadelphia VNS [Visiting Nurses Service], a private visiting nurse service in which nurses made home visits to provide bedside nursing services.

In January 1939 I went to Phipps Institute, a tuberculosis research center. They had chest clinics where patients came in and were also followed at home. Here I learned for the first time the nurses were segregated—black nurses and white nurses in different offices. Patients were segregated also. I was allowed to attend both clinics and make home visits to both white and black patients.

In February 1939, I was a full-time student at the University of Pennsylvania College of Nursing, and I took courses there pertaining to public health nursing in different areas that I felt I needed to increase my background. I finished the semester in June and started visiting more places on my way back to California, where I was scheduled to attend another course in August, a three-weeks' course at the University of California at Berkeley. From June to August I traveled on the train and stopped here and there. Wherever I thought they had VD clinic, TB clinics, or anything, I’d stop by.

After I returned from my one-year leave, I did a lot of educational programs until the war days. I visited all the neighbor islands and educated the nurses about VD, the nurse’s role in case finding, and the patient’s continued treatment. I also visited plantation doctors, who were also government physicians, and discussed VD clinics. Some of the physicians had already started treating VD cases in their practices. The health department provided them with VD drugs from Honolulu.

**Wartime**

The community had established units throughout the city where we could educate the people in first aid. I volunteered at St. Patrick’s School unit with another public health nurse. This was part of the civil defense program. We met regularly until the day of the blitz.

What happened [on December 7, 1941] was, because I was employed [by] the health department, I was called to report to the health department. Therefore I could not report to the first-aid station. The other nurse was also unable to be at the station because she was an alien. All aliens were ordered to stay at home.

However, there were other nurses in our area who were called to take over the first-aid station. It was unfortunate that we didn’t prepare for it better. We didn’t think that there was going to be war and we would be called.

The war started on Sunday. We had arranged to paint the kitchen that day. In the morning we heard all this bomb, bomb, bomb going on. We looked toward Pearl Harbor, and there were dark clouds. We thought, what is happening?

When the painter came, we told him we had all the dishes out of the kitchen and everything else so he could go in and paint. And about nine o’clock or so, I received a call from the health department saying, “Please report to the health department.” By that time we heard over the radio that we had been attacked and that’s why they were calling me to report to the health department.

So I got in my 1929 DeSoto coupe—old crate—and drove to the health department. As I went
along Kapi‘olani Boulevard, at every intersection towards town there were sentries with guns. I was stopped. “Where are you going?” I said, “Oh, I have to report to the health department. I’m a public health nurse, and they called me.” So, “Okay.”

Well, I finally reached the health department. Many other nurses who had been called were already there. We assembled in the basement, and we said, “What in the world are we going to do?” The health officer wasn’t around. I don’t think the director of nurses [was there either], just a group of us who had been called.

So we thought, well, we’ll make some dressings with the gauze we found. If I remember correctly, we made dressings—three-by-three or four-by-four [inches square].

Whenever there was a plane flying over us, we would look out to see whether it was our plane or the Japanese plane. You could always tell, with the round red spot for enemy planes.

We were told about five o’clock to go home, because we’re going to have a blackout. By early December, it was already getting dark by five or six o’clock. As I drove home, the streets were deserted.

When I returned home, lo and behold, the painter was still there. We told him, “Rush home, because you may be stopped.”

Provost court
The health department received an order from the military to immunize all residents of O‘ahu for typhoid. The military provided the supplies—such as syringes, needles, cotton sponges, alcohol, and the vaccines—and transportation to deliver the supplies to the immunization centers.

The public health nursing office organized the immunization centers. Volunteers were recruited through community organizations. After the stations were set up, people were notified to report to the stations in their area. My end was the supply unit, to see that each center had adequate supply of everything needed.

On one visit to a center, I was driving along King Street with a nursing supervisor. A cop stopped me, and he said, “You’re speeding.” I said, “This old crate doesn’t go very fast, and I’m a slow driver.” But he gave me a ticket.

I was ordered to appear at the provost court on a particular day. I was a sight before the judge. I was in my blue uniform with a white collar and a gas mask over my shoulder. We all had to carry gas masks all the time.

And he said, “Are you guilty or not guilty?” I said, “I assume I’m guilty.” And then he gave me the verdict—license removed, five-dollar fine, and something that I don’t remember.

I said, “I’m in charge of the immunization program as ordered by the military for the civilian population. I have to have a car to visit the stations.”

He said, “Then, would you be willing to donate blood?” I said, “Yes, Your Honor, I’d be more than happy to donate blood.”

Well, shortly after that, two men came. They were cops in civilian clothes. “Harriet Kaw—” I thought he said “Kuwamoto,” so I
said, “Yes, I’m Harriet Kuwamoto.” He said, “You are under arrest.” I said, “Under arrest for what?” He said, “You were told by the provost court to donate blood, and you haven’t donated the blood.”

I said, “I just went there. You can still see the mark here.” I said, “If you don’t mind, would you please come in and telephone Dr. [John] Devereux, who will verify that I was at the blood bank.” These two officers said, “Orders are orders. You have to come with me.” I said, “If I have to go with you and stay in the cell block, I better get my toothbrush and my personal things so I’ll have some comfort in the cell.” (Laughs.)

So anyway, I got in their car. They took me to the police department admission place, and the two men said, “This young lady says she donated the blood.” The officer inside said, “Well, if she donated the blood, that’s all there is to it.” The two men were so embarrassed. I was cussing them under my breath. (Laughs.)

They said, “If you want to go home on your own, you may.” I said, “I refuse to drive in the blackout.” Of course, I didn’t have a car with me, so they had to take me home. (Laughs.)

Well, I wasn’t satisfied. I knew something was wrong, I double-checked with the police department. I called and asked them if a Harriet Kuwamoto had been charged for anything. They looked at the records and said, “No, Harriet Kuwamoto has a perfect record. There’s no charge under her.”

After a while I called again, and I said, “I’m calling from the health department. I’d like to know if you have anyone by the name of Harriet Kawamoto who may have been picked up by the police for one reason or another.” And they said, “Yes, Harriet Kawamoto was charged for speeding on King Street.”

See, what happened was the policemen reported me as Kawamoto. The blood bank reported me as Kuwamoto. They couldn’t put the two together.

**VD program**

After the immunization program was completed, I think I went back into the VD program. By that time the houses [of prostitution] were reopened, after having been closed briefly following the Pearl Harbor attack. And I worked in the clinic until the houses were permanently closed in ’44.

VD was a reportable disease, so all infected cases were reported to the VD branch. Our responsibility was to be certain that the infected patients were under medical care, privately or at Kapahulu or Pālama VD clinics.

The VD clinic was staffed by a private doctor on contract, a clinic nurse, and a practical nurse. We had public health nursing students report to the clinic to observe as part of their field experience.

We got to know the military workers personally. We had parties at Kapahulu Health Center and invited all the VD workers in the military—navy and army. I remember inviting them into my home so that we could get to know them socially.

This navy medical man had invited Dr. [Samuel] Allison and myself to their station in the navy. We never got the invitation. They finally told me that he had told Dr. Allison that he was sorry but he could not invite me up there. It was because I’m of Japanese ancestry. He was not aware of the restriction when he invited us. That’s okay. We don’t worry about that.

During the war we worked closely in the VD area with the military, because they were interested in eliminating all the bars where girls were being picked up. They put them off limits.

I don’t think the military ever put any house off limits, because the madames cooperated so well. If a military man had contact with someone he didn’t quite know, except how she looked, the madame would refer several of them to the doctor. The source would give the prostitute’s description—blonde, brunette, short, and so forth. You would call the madame, and she would say, “Oh, it must be So-and-So.”

They’d go to their private physician. See, if a person was named as a contact for gonorrhea, for example, they would have to have three smears and cultures. So they could not work for five days, because cultures took two days. On the fifth day, when the third culture came back and it’s all clear, then they would be allowed to go to work.

And if it’s syphilis, it’s a different story, depending on what the stage
of the disease is, because it would take a longer period. Of course, if the boys develop primary syphilis, then the girl must have it. And if she is examined and everything is negative, then she would not be the source of the young man who has the infection. As I recall, we never had infectious syphilis among the prostitutes. It’s mostly gonorrhea that they were named as contact.

We had two types of houses here. Most of them were run by haole madames and [employed] haole girls.

When new prostitutes arrived from the Mainland, they had to go to the police department and be fingerprinted and photographed before they can register at the house of prostitution. Then they had to have three days of examinations for gonorrhea and Wassermann tests—examination for syphilis—at Pālama Settlement. They would come in three days, and then on the fifth day—if they’re negative—we would let the madame know that she had now completed her examination and was considered free of gonorrhea and syphilis. A photograph of the prostitute was kept at the police department, and they were closely supervised.

The local houses were run by local people. They were not run too well. They had local girls of different nationalities. They would be visited by mostly local people, particularly the Filipinos. [In the 1920s the ratio of Filipino men to women was 19 to 1. In 1950, it was still a disproportionate 6 to 1.]*

Now, with the local ones, I don’t think they were registered with the police department, even though they were a known house of prostitution. Very rarely did the military go to those places.

Local men visiting the haole-run houses would have to enter from the back [of the house]. When I made a visit to one of the houses, I discovered this. A private doctor asked me to visit this prostitute. I think she was ill for one reason or another. When I got to the front door, they had this little opening. I don’t know whether I rang the bell or what. Anyway, this woman came to the window. I said, “I’m Miss Kuwamoto, public health nurse. Dr. So-and-So sent me here to visit with So-and-So.” And so she opened the door.

Of course, when I walked in, there’s a big lobby. The girls parading here and there, and Filipino men coming in from the back door. She took me to the room where the girl was. I took her temperature and talked with her. I don’t think she had anything that I could see. That was my first visit to the house of prostitution.

Streetwalkers were a problem until we learned who they were and where they hung around to be picked up by the men. We worked with the owners of the bars that the streetwalkers frequented. The owners were very cooperative in assisting us in identifying those we were trying to locate.

Dance hall girls were often named as contacts, so I arranged with the owner of a Hotel Street dance hall to carry on VD education with both the girls and the customers. I timed it before the dancing started so I could talk to them. I talked to them about venereal disease. If I had a chance to show them a film on venereal disease, I would show them and ask if they had questions. They were a rather unresponsive group, but at least I was trying.

I also worked with the plantation personnel office to go to the Filipino camps to educate the men about syphilis and gonorrhea through films and talks, so they would be more cooperative in providing us the identity of their contact.

After the war

In the late ’40s, a male investigator was employed to do some contact investigation involving street girls, and a public health nurse was assigned to the VD clinic. I was gradually going out into other areas. The VD branch spread into chronic disease control program, which included heart, cancer, diabetes, and so on.

In 1954, I was sent to New York Memorial Hospital [for] Cancer. And when I returned, I carried on cancer education. I showed the film Breast Self-Examination to different women’s groups and at the same time encouraged the women to include Pap smears in their physical exams.

Before I retired from the health department [in 1969], I did diabetes detection program throughout the state for about

five years. As part of our chronic disease program I was conducting a diabetes case-finding program on non-diabetic adults thirty-five years of age and older on all the islands. All family members of a known diabetic were encouraged to be tested.

Active retirement
I retired on June 6, 1969, and the next day, I went on a three-month bus tour with another retired nurse, Miss Winifred Golley, a former public health nursing supervisor. We flew to Los Angeles. From Los Angeles the first stop was Flagstaff, Arizona. Next day, we went on an all-day tour to the Grand Canyon. From there, we moved on to Kansas City, St. Louis, Michigan, and Canada.

I spend one afternoon a week at St. Andrew’s Cathedral as a receptionist and another afternoon at the economy shop as a cashier. I like to cashier, since you deal with the customers. Most of the volunteers like to work in the back room where donated items are received. That’s where you can find the good things. With me, I rather work with the people.

Glossary
bento  box lunch
furo  bathtub
futon  bedding
haole  Caucasian
kabuki  Japanese drama
'ōpae  shrimp

For more information, see:
Bailey, Beth and David Farber. The First Strange Place: Race and Sex in World War II Hawaii (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press), 1994.


The oral histories of Harriet Kuwamoto and social worker Jennie In will be featured at the 2011 Distinctive Women in Hawaiian History program, Saturday, October 29, Hawai‘i Convention Center. Website: http://www.distinctive-womenhawaii.org/

Yes, I want to support the Center for Oral History with my contribution of:
☐ $10  ☐ $25  ☐ $50  ☐ $100  ☐ $____

Please make check payable to: UH Foundation

Mail to: UH Center for Oral History, 2560 Campus Road, George Hall 212, Honolulu, HI 96822

Name: ____________________________________________________________
Address __________________________________________________________
City/State ___________________________________________ Zip ______

For credit card payments only, please complete the information below.

Bill my: ___ VISA  ___ MASTERCARD  ___ DINERS CLUB

Amount $ _________

Name on card: __________________________________________________________
Card Number: ___________ -  ___________ -  ___________ -  ___________ -  ___________
Expiration date: ____ / ____
Signature: __________________________________________________________
Phone: (_______) ___ ___ _________-__ ___ _________

☐ Do not publish my name in your newsletter.

Comments: __________________________________________________________

Thank you for your contribution. Contributions are tax-deductible as provided by law.
We acknowledge our generous donors—including twenty-four who asked to remain anonymous—for your support in 2011.

Your donations through the UH Foundation enabled COH to purchase office and computer supplies, software, newsletter printing and postage, library books, a replacement laptop, and to engage performers for oral history readings at public programs throughout the state.

All of us at the Center for Oral History wish each of you the best in the new year.

William and Lily Agena
Shizuko Akamine
Doris Arakaki
Henriette Arakaki
Dr. Thomas Armbruster
F.L. Ascencio
Balbi Brooks
Adella and Robert Buss
Timothy and Thalia Cantley
Janet Chow
Lila Chrystal
Agnes Chun
Victor and Sue Ann Chun
Samuel and Mary Cooke
Patricia Couvillon
Lynn Curtis
gael Doyle
Paul Duvauchelle
Elaine Eguchi
Mook-Lan Fan
Gary and Grace Fujii
Robert Fujimoto (HPM Building Supply)
Brian Funai
Edward Gerlock
Robert Gordon
Bette Gushiken
Colleen Hanabusa
Harry Hasegawa
Carol Hasegawa
Mary Samson Hendrickson
Betty Higa
Herbert and Elaine Higa
Anne Higgins
Gloria Hirata
Hannah Ho

Kristin Holmes
Howard Howarth
Jennie In
Frank and Janet Inamine
Dr. Melvin and Noreen Inamasu
Eleanor Ing
Yutaka Inokuchi
Suzanne Isonaga
June Kadomo
Patrick Kaneshiro
Tomoyo Kaneshiro
Pauline Kaneta
Laurie Kauleinamoku
Karl Kawahara
Haruo Kida
Kenko Kina
Robert Kinjo
Masuo and Alice Kino
Diane Kishimoto
Yoshiko Kitagawa
Julie Kobashigawa
Wayne Kobayashi
Michi Kodama-Nishimoto and Warren Nishimoto
Fred and Carolyn Koehnen
John and Shizuko Koster
Gordon Kushimaejo
Eric and Myra Kusunoki
Rex and Ethel Kuwasaki
Asako Kuwazaki
Linda LeGrande
Minnie Mana
Joan Mau
Patricia McGuire
McInerny Foundation
Laura Miho
Marla Miyashiro
Alice Morisako
Christine Morita
John Moriyama
Colleen Murakami
Mary Muraoka
Arthur and Sachie Murata
Donald Nagamine
Hiroko Nagata
Joyce Najita
Dr. Kenneth and Karen Nakamura
Marsha Nakamura
Janet Nakashima
Beatrice Nishizawa
Lorraine Noda
Howard Noh
Sueko Oguro
Osmond and Elaine Okazaki
Dr. Michael and Evelyn Okihiro
Nelson and Joan Okino
Kenlen Ono
Herbert and Etsuko Osaki
Fumio Oshiro

“[I] enjoy the oral history of . . . individuals who made Hawai‘i unique.”

“Thank you for your tireless efforts to keep Hawai‘i’s story.”

“It gives me great satisfaction to once again support the Center for Oral History.”

—comments from donors

Sandra Oshiro
Nellie Owyang
Jim and Amy Provines
Judith Puluole
Jacqueline Rath
Helen Rauer
Georgia Sagawa
Eunice Saito
Norman and Marilyn Sakata
Jonille Sato
Betsy Sekiya
Takeo and Betty Shimabukuro
Gerald and Eileen Soneda
Cynthia Sorenson
Patsy Suyat
Jane Takayesu
Janet Tamanaha
Edith Kawakami Tan
Shigeru Tanoue
Dr. Ron and Arlene Terry
Sheldon Tom
Ted Tsukiyama
Ellen Uchara
Kazue Uyeda
Sally Uyeshiro
Jessie Varble
Verizon Foundation
Brent and Julia Watanabe
Puanani Woo
Kay Yamada
Claire Yamashiro
Oscar and Cathy Yang
Mac and Patsy Yonamine
Carol Zakahi (Carol’s Beauty Boutique)
George and Harrier Zakahi

In Memory of Robert Kiyoshi Hasegawa
Carol Hasegawa

In Memory of Masa and Ushi Toyama
Mary Lou Toyama