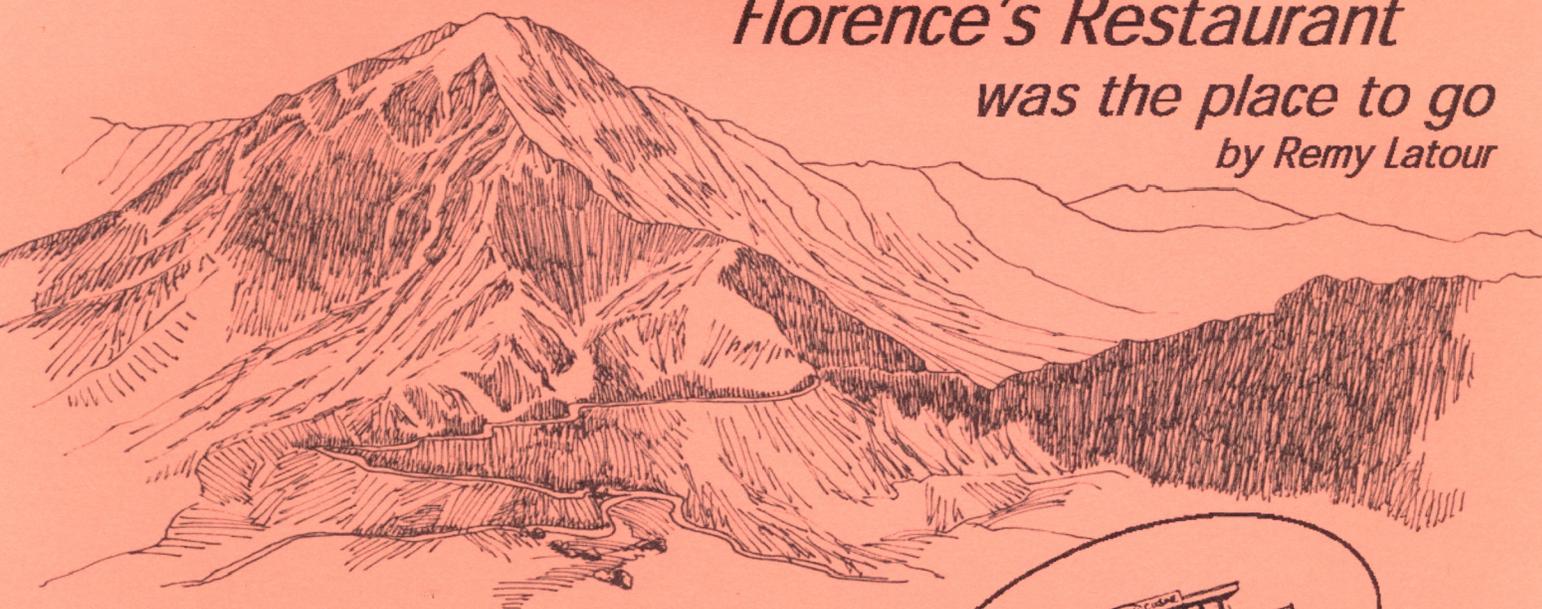




Cover Art by Tamara Moan  
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*Kailua way back when...  
Florence's Restaurant  
was the place to go  
by Remy Latour*



*Kailua Historical Society*

*presents...*



The story of the Jovinelli family was written by their good friend and business consultant, Remy Latour. R.E. Cole edited that story and provided descriptive text on Kailua town.

Cover created by local Windward artist Tamara Moan. Photos and Text may not be reproduced without permission.

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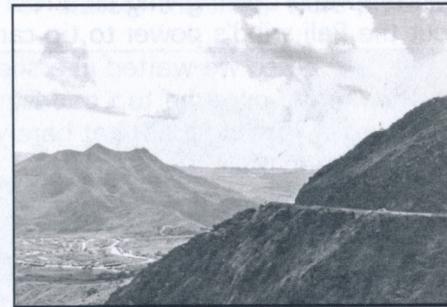
We thank Pamela Braugham for her editorial assistance and Keith Patterson for his technical skill in producing this booklet.

The Kailua Historical Society's goal in publishing this booklet is to capture the lifestyle and spirit of by-gone times. In spite of careful scrutiny, inaccuracies sometimes occur in publications such as this, which is based on the recollections of people and events in the past. The Society apologizes but disclaims responsibility for any mistakes or misidentification.

## *Kailua Way Back When . . .*

*Florence's Restaurant was the place to go  
By Remy Latour*

Let me tell you about Kailua way back when Florence's Restaurant was a very special place, and about Gerardo and Florence Jovinelli, my good friends, whose talents, friendly spirit and hard work made it one of Kailua's most popular family restaurants. But first let's take a look at Kailua town in those early days - surely a place of great natural beauty even then, but not at all like the boutique beach community it is becoming today.



*U.S. Army Camp at present-day Pali  
Golf Course as seen from Pali  
Highway, 1945*

*Photo: Bishop Museum*

The year was 1951, barely six years after the end of World War II. The heavy military presence in Kailua was mostly gone; the strictly enforced blackouts, the nightly low-level air patrols, the large Army camps in Coconut Grove, Mokapu, and at the site of today's Pali golf course, the hilltop bunkers, barbed wire strung along all our beaches which we had to dig under and crawl through just to surf or swim, the military vehicles that crowded our streets. Our brave, weary veterans had returned home after a long war, ready for the peace time life they had dreamed about - eager for jobs, families, homes. Rural, quiet Kailua, seemingly so distant from the big city, began to look more and more attractive as a community to settle down in--especially as road improvements were planned and as more powerful, reliable, post-war automobiles became available. Kailua was surely poised on the brink of change.

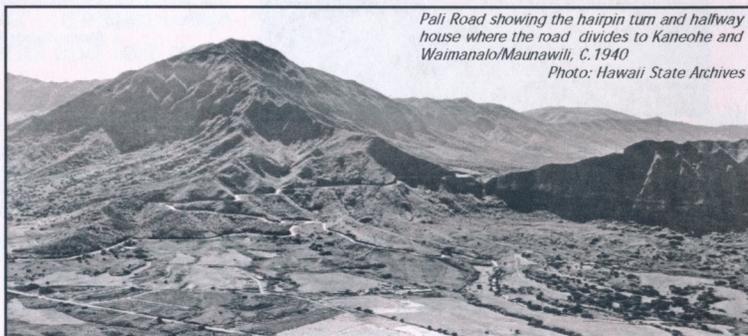


## *First Glimpse of Kailua*

My wife, Wili, and I were living in Honolulu but couldn't find a new place to live that we liked. We were told by a friend to

go to the other side of the island to look at a town called Kailua, where they have a nice beach and not many people. So we took a drive over to see for ourselves.

The road over the Pali was very picturesque as it took us up through Nuuanu Valley and wound its way through the lush topical forest of the Old Pali Road. At the top we reached an area called the Pali Lookout, an overlook from which you could see the whole panorama of the Windward side extending from the mountains to the lowlands and finally to beautiful Kailua Bay. We didn't spend much time taking in the sights, however, because the wind was so strong it made the car bounce up and down giving us a real fright. We had been warned about the Pali wind's power to tip cars over and even blow them right off the road so we waited in a sheltered spot for a brief calm spell, then drove over the top as fast as we could and headed down the narrow, winding road that barely clung to the vertical walls of the Koolau Mountains.



*Pali Road showing the hairpin turn and halfway house where the road divides to Kaneohe and Waimanalo/Maunawili, C.1940  
Photo: Hawaii State Archives*

This was almost more excitement than we had bargained for and made us wonder if we really wanted to make that trip on a regular basis. Historians tell us that the steep, rugged Koolau Mountains had insured Kailua's isolation for centuries. Access over the Pali pass began as a foot-path in pre-contact times, was improved to a horse-trail in the 1850s, and to a one-horse wagon road in the 1860s. Mayor Johnny Wilson's major re-engineering and widening project, completed in 1898, provided access for team-drawn carriages and, shortly after, for Hawaii's first automobiles. Extensive widening and paving completed in the 1920s produced the road we traveled this day. On a good day and under ideal conditions the 13-mile trip could take over an hour. In commuter traffic, a solid line of cars formed at the Pauoa/Nuuanu intersection

and was bumper-to-bumper all the way. If one of those old cars even burped, the tie-up would last for hours. Sure, there were plans underway to build a tunnel and a modern highway, but that might take years.

Worries aside, we soon found ourselves winding our way through the settlement of Maunawili, then on to more level ground. After passing by Matsuda's store, we drove along the edge of the vast open spaces of the Kawai Nui Marsh, which extended over a mile across to the Kalaheo Hills that formed the northern boundary of Kailua. Bordering the Marsh on our left side, where today we have a row of stately churches, were five or six vegetable and fruit



*Aerial view of Kailua's Business District centered on the Banyan Tree Intersection.  
C.1940  
Photo: Hawaii State Archives*

stands that also sold eggs and live chickens. We entered the town over the bridge crossing the Hamakua canal. On our right was an ice house, the barns and sheds of the Campos dairy, and an open pasture for their large herd of milk cows. We also noticed that, as we entered the town, the Government's nice paved road that had brought us down the Pali gave way to Kailua's mean streets made of crushed rocks and stones, with plenty of water-filled potholes. A block on up the street on the left was Magoon's Kailua Theatre (now long gone) and a half block further on was what is still today Kailua's main intersection - what I'll call the "Banyan Tree" intersection - where Oneawa Street bears sharply to the left, Kailua Road bears to the right, and Kuulei Road heads straight on down toward the beach.

The town had a small shopping area to the right of the banyan tree consisting of two or three mom-and-pop lunch places, a couple of saimin stands where they made their own noodles and broth (sets my mouth to watering just thinking about it), a small bank and Hughes Drugs and Soda Fountain where you could purchase an ice cream cone for five cents, a root beer float for 15 cents or a banana split made with vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry ice cream and half of a banana on each side, topped with real whipped cream and a cherry on top, all for 50 cents, if memory serves me. Hughes also sold beer and liquor.

In 1951 there were not many places to eat in Kailua. The most popular spot for food and drinks was the Kailua Tavern, on the corner where the Shell station is now. This was a popular stop for men returning home from their workday in Honolulu where they might have a toddy or two and talk story with their neighbors. If

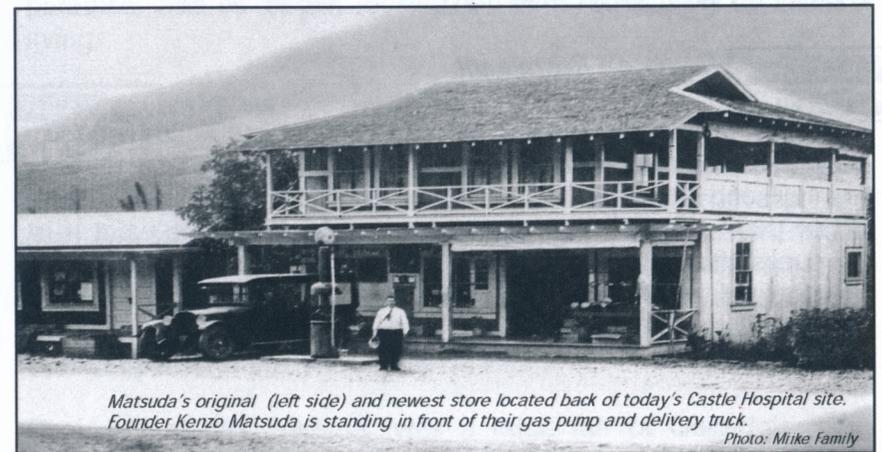


*The Kailua Tavern, at this date called Carl's Coconut Grove. Francis Hughes Drug Store shared the site for a short time in 1942.*  
Photo: Hughes Family

these sessions continued on, the wife and kids might join their mates for dinner. Or if a husband was headed on home for dinner, he might pop into Harada's Store just across Kuulei Road from the Kailua Tavern to pick up some last-minute groceries. There was a barbershop somewhere in that area where you could get a haircut for 50 cents. I don't recall a beauty shop though as my wife had to go to town to have her hair done.

If you turned right at the banyan tree onto Kailua Road you were headed toward Lanikai which was actually more developed than most parts of Kailua at this time. The large area bordered by Kailua Road, Kuulei Road and the beach was pretty much undeveloped farm land in 1951, much of it groves of papaya trees and watermelon patches. Turning left at the banyan tree took you into the Coconut Grove area in which Alfred Hyde Rice had planted over 100,000 coconut trees back in the early 1900s in a failed attempt to market copra. Later he would build his home on Oneawa Street and begin subdividing his plantation and selling building lots among his ever growing coconut trees some of which still stand today.

This all looked pretty interesting to us so we stopped at a real estate office and asked about buying a house. The realtors took us all over the Coconut Grove area and showed us houses in several small, scattered developments. I seem to recall that the going price was about \$7,000 fee simple. Over by Kaimake Loop, near where Kainalu School is today, we saw the area that had once been a



*Matsuda's original (left side) and newest store located back of today's Castle Hospital site. Founder Kenzo Matsuda is standing in front of their gas pump and delivery truck.*  
Photo: Miike Family

horse racetrack. Parts of the fence that guided the horses around the track were still up. We could see a healthy but untended crop of watermelon and papaya trees growing in the track's infield amidst rows of beehives. I guess those horses left behind some pretty good fertilizer.

Traveling over toward the beach, we passed a Navy Officer's Club near what is now Kai Nani Place, which we learned was a very popular recreation center for the military. Early one evening about a year after we had bought our house nearby, we heard fire engines with bells ringing race by our street on their way to a fire at the club. We ran down to the beach to see what was happening. It was a big fire and when it hit the liquor storage area there was a huge explosion that sounded like a bomb going off and the clubhouse burned down. That was a really big event in our quiet little Kailua town in the '50s. The house we ended up buying was on Wilikoki Place, on the ocean side of Kalaheo Avenue where there was only a scattering of houses. It was a leasehold property owned by the Wilcox family from Kauai who lived in a big house that is still there at the ocean end of that street. The street was named after their daughter. We paid \$12,000 for the house and paid \$15 a month leasehold rent for the land. A few years later, we bought the land for \$12,000.

So our trip over the Pali was a great success. We had a fine little home just a short stroll from one of the most beautiful beaches in the world in one of the best little-big towns in the islands. We couldn't do much better than that.



### *Florence's Restaurant*

That gives you some idea of what our Kailua was like back then. But this is mostly a story about Gerardo and Florence Jovinelli and their restaurants. I will give you what they told me about their early life and go from there. Memory being what it is, I'd guess the details are about 90% accurate with maybe 10% ho'omalimali added to tie up loose ends and put a bit of frosting on the cake.



### *Gerardo*

Gerardo Jovinelli was born in Naples, Italy, in 1910. He received his professional education in Rome, where he earned a PhD in literature and a law degree. He served as a soldier in the Italian Army in the Italo-Ethiopian war in the 1930s and again in World War II where for a good part of his service he served as a journalist in Germany and later in North Africa. In between those wars he was a journalist for an Italian newspaper covering the Spanish Civil War. When North Africa fell to the Allied forces and American troops invaded Italy, Gerardo did the smart thing and took on work as a civilian journalist and an interpreter for the Allied forces. He stayed on until the war was over.

In 1947 he moved to New York City, where he wrote radio soaps for the Italian station WOV. Since New York City had an Italian population of over two million, Gerardo gained a large following, and the pay was good. But he got tired of it and asked for his old job back with the same chain of Italian newspapers he'd been with in Italy. This time he was transferred to Hawaii with the idea that he'd be admitted to Korea as a foreign correspondent to report on the Korean War. He was denied admission, however, since the quota for correspondents was filled. So he stayed on in Honolulu and asked his boss what he wanted him to do. "You are in the most beautiful spot in the world! Write some feature stories about Hawaii." So for about a year he covered Hawaii. Finally, he told his boss they were not paying him enough to stay alive, even in paradise, and he began looking for some other way to make a living.



### *Florence*

Florence Pillori was born in Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital on June 29, 1914. Her parents enrolled her in a private boarding school in Florence, Italy at the age of six or seven, where she stayed until she graduated from high school. At that time she seriously considered becoming a nun but ultimately returned to New York City, working first for a drug company and later as a bookkeeper for a linen company.

Florence's mother, Victoria, was a huge fan of Gerardo's radio

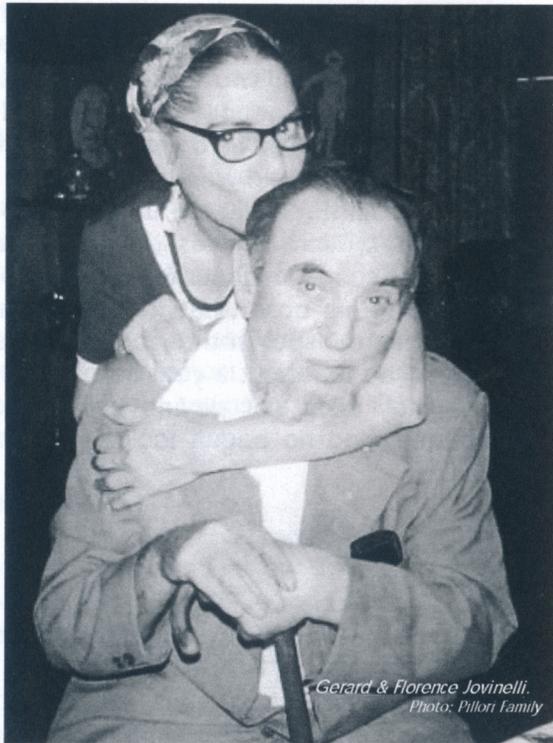
programs, she'd stay glued to the radio for hours. Through a family friend, Victoria arranged to have Florence introduced to Gerardo, and being a good *mama mia*, invited him to dinner to get to know him better. So after a nice meal, Victoria excused herself and went next door to her friend's house. "Maria, I have good news," she said. "I think I caught my daughter a nice fresh fish." "Wonderful," said Maria. "I will say a rosary for her tonight." "No," said Victoria, "better say two—that is much better."



### *Florence's Cottage*

After he was denied entry to Korea as a journalist, Gerardo Jovinelli decided that he must do something else. There was an Italian restaurant by the name of Little Joe's on Alakea Street in Honolulu that put out fine food. Gerardo ate there often and became friends with Little Joe, as they were both from Naples. So Gerardo told Little Joe his problems. "Since you are Italian," Little Joe said, "you must know something about food." "Yes," Gerardo agreed, "I know something about Italian food; I have been eating it for forty years."

Little Joe had heard of a small restaurant for rent on the other side of the island in Lanikai. Gerardo wrote to his girlfriend Florence in New York and asked what she thought about coming to Hawaii to open up a restaurant. Florence was very skeptical because she knew that Gerardo knew nothing about business and very little about cooking. But Florence



*Gerardo & Florence Jovinelli.  
Photo: Pillori Family*

took a chance and joined Gerardo in Honolulu in January of 1950. The first thing she wanted to see after she'd landed was the restaurant. They immediately made a deal to rent the space, which took most of their money. The second thing she wanted to see was the church . . . to get married, and they did!

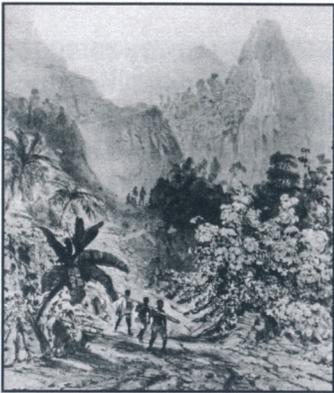
With Little Joe's help they cleaned the place up, bought the necessary food, applied for their beer and wine license, and did all the other work you must do to get a restaurant started. They called it "Florence's Cottage," and it was at the same location across the street from Kailua Beach Park where Buzz's Lanikai Steak House is today. Gerardo called it "Florence's Scratch House" because they scratched for every dollar and because of the bugs and fleas in the place before it was cleaned up.

So Florence's Cottage was open. Though business the first few weeks was slow it gradually improved as people returned and brought friends. At first Gerardo did the cooking - or rather, the serving up, as most of the items were made during the day - lasagna, eggplant, polenta, sauces, etc. Florence acted as waitress. There were not many deliveries to Kailua in those days so Gerardo had to go to Honolulu three or four times a week to pick up supplies. They also bought as much of their produce as they could from the little vegetable stands on Kailua Road. And there was a lady in Lanikai who raised rabbits that she sold to Florence all cleaned and ready to cook. Once a month Florence prepared them in a wine sauce served with pasta, a nice salad, and French bread. My favorite!



### *My Connection*

Back in the early 1950s, I started as a salesman for Dohrman Hotel Supply Company after a brief stint of studying drafting. After a few months of training I went out on the road to sell restaurant equipment. Florence's Cottage had been open only about two weeks when I stopped by to see if I could sell them something. Florence, who seemed to be in charge of things, said she needed a small coffee maker and asked how much it would cost. After looking it up and showing her it was \$29 she asked, "Can I have it tomorrow?" I told her she could. She said she would pay me at the end of the month. I pointed out that she didn't have



Pali Trail Windward Side. Artist Fisquet from French ship "La Bonite" in 1863.  
Copied from a greeting card, April 1977 by B.K. Merham



Pali Tunnel construction, C. 1955'  
Photographer: Unknown



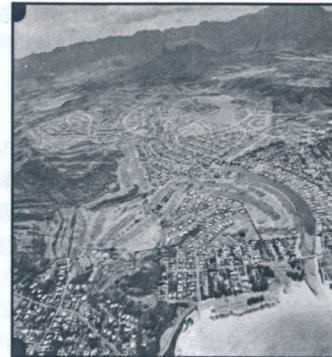
Kailua Theater looking down Kailua Road towards the Banyan Tree, 1945.  
Photo: Barkley Collection

Kailua Road looking towards Pali, 1945.  
Photo: Barkley Collection



Kailua ladies attending a sneak preview of Bentley's - the new restaurant in the Waikiki Airlines Terminal. (Florence is the second from the left).

Photo: The Press, Oct 17, 1962



Enchanted Lake to Lanikai, house lots on Akiakala and Akiiki are being formed, 1970-71  
Photo: Air Photo Tech. Inc., Honolulu, 96814



Kailua Racetrack Winner's Circle. C. 1940  
Photo: Kailua Historical Society



Frances Hughes in front of his Drug Store on Kailua Road, C. 1944

Photo: Hughes Family

Hughes Drug Store, also the site of the Lanikai (Kailua) Post Office, occupying their new building on Kailua Road, C. 1944.

Photo: Hughes Family



Lanikai, 1927. Photographer: Unknown



any credit. "I will pay!" she said loudly, all the while giving me stink eye. So I paid for it out of my own pocket, which I really couldn't afford. And at the end of the month she paid for it just like she said. That started a friendship that lasted 45 years.

Florence ran the business, and I am telling you she was a smart woman. She put out good food and saved pennies every way she could. No salesman could put anything over on her - she always knocked the prices down. I had no trouble with her, since after all I came from New York like she did and she knew I was honest.



### *After Success, A New Venture*

As time went on, business boomed. Especially on weekends, the place was packed. We went to dinner almost every Friday night about 6:30. The place was almost always filled up, with people waiting outside but no one in a hurry to leave. Gerardo gave me the name of "Marquis" and my wife Wili he called "Marquise Latour," and that was that as far as he was concerned.

One day in 1953 Gerardo asked me to stop by to discuss something. So I arrived at the appointed time and was greeted by him and the two six-month-old police dogs someone had given him. (Gerardo gave them some fancy Italian name which I don't remember.) He led me out to the back yard, where there were some chairs and a small grape arbor; this was where he did his reading and the articles he still wrote for the newspaper. I followed him and the two dogs followed me. The next thing I knew I let out a howl louder than a dog. He turned and asked, "Marquis, what happened?" "Your damn dog bit my o-ko-le!" I sputtered.

Well, he laughed so hard that tears came to his eyes. But not for long - I dropped my pants and there was a big bloody wound with teeth marks imprinted in it. "I'll be right back," he said, so I tried to clean myself up backwards with my handkerchief and started to pull up my pants. The next thing I knew, there was Florence pulling them down again and I let out another howl. She told me to shut up while she put iodine on it and to stand still while she put the bandage on. Gerardo felt really bad. "They are only puppies," he

said. "Puppies, my okole," I answered. "They are full-grown dogs and fat on all the pasta and steak bones you feed them." He asked Florence to bring a soft pillow and a beer for the Marquis. Well, it did not take me long to forget my pain and get a big smile on my face.

Seeing I was now relaxed and happy, Gerardo made his proposition: "Marquis, we need to expand the restaurant and move to another location, so we've taken over a space in the new Kailua Shopping Center where we will be in the town's central business area and with plenty of parking. We want you to do the whole thing: hire the contractor, design a big kitchen, and a bar, and figure out the air conditioning. We need everything! When can you get started?" I had done only small restaurants and bars so this was my first big job. Never did I realize that this was the start of a great career for me.

Things started to roll along for the new place. My draftsman finished the plans and had them approved. We ordered the new equipment and were hoping for an opening in just 90 days, and by golly, we made it! If I do say so myself, we had created a really fine restaurant. It was a major step up from the quaint "cottage by the sea," and we now called it "Florence's Restaurant" to reflect the modern design and the higher quality of its features. We had a nice, quiet, "soft" opening. You must do that with a new restaurant, to get the staff to know the new menu, the cooks to get settled, and to get the bugs out of the equipment. In two weeks Florence announced the Grand Opening and the place was packed, customers both old and new loved it, such delicious food, such fine décor, such a friendly atmosphere! Florence's Restaurant was on a roll, and it continued on through the years.

Florence's stayed in the Kailua Shopping Center from 1953 until 1962, when the owners of the shopping center decided they wanted a percentage of the gross. Well Florence was not about to give anybody even one bit of her hard-earned money! So she looked for a new location. Here we go again.



### *The Next Incarnation: Kainehe Street*

The Jovinellis found space for rent in one of the Kanetake buildings over on Kainehe Street just a few blocks away from the shopping center and just off Kailua Road where it crosses the Hamakua canal on entering the town--a pretty good location all-in-all. There were three small apartments on the second floor. I looked it over and told them it was too small and that they'd have to add an extension—12' in front and 8' on the side for warehouse space. We drew up the plans and kept things very quiet from their



*Florence's Restaurant's Grand Opening in 1962 at its new location in the Kanetake Building on Kainehe Street. Photo: Pillori Family*

current landlord. We used as much equipment as we could from the old place, and one of their good customers, Charlie Clark, gave them a beautiful crystal chandelier. Florence also bought an elegant service of Syracuse china called Chantilly, hand-painted in blue, red, and green. A real Italian look! This was a very fine restaurant that had a special Jovinelli family touch.

We made the big move and the customers came right along with us! The crew was already well-trained and there were few changes to the menu. Florence had all of her waitresses memorize it so they never had to write anything down. She had some real loyal employees: Kay the waitress, Mike the dishwasher, Gladys was

food prep and cook, and then Philippe the bartender, a neat-looking Filipino. Philippe did not read English but set up his bar and knew all the bottles by their labels. He never made a bill; his mind was like an adding machine. People could sit at the bar for hours, run up a tab, and when they were ready to leave he knew exactly what they owed. He was also one of the money men at cock fights. I went with him one time and he went around and took bets. He had a fistful of money, no notes. After the fight he would pay off scores of bettors, no mistakes.

Philippe was with Florence for a long time, then quite unexpectedly, died in his sleep. We missed him. Now, though, Florence had to find a new bartender in a hurry. A customer by the name of Harry had arrived recently from New York - my friend Arnold the banker's father-in-law. Everybody liked Harry, and coming from New York, that was fine, so Florence hired him. This proved a fine arrangement, but only for the short-term. Harry may never have worked as a bartender before but he knew how to mix drinks from long experience sitting on the other side of the bar, and he was good at telling stories and jokes. He probably lasted there about eight months until he became a little too friendly, giving away every third drink on the house just like in New York - and also one for himself. This ended his career at Florence's.



### *Back to Gerardo*

Meanwhile, by this time Gerardo left the restaurant every chance he got, as work did not seem to agree much with him any more. One of their customers had sold him his pretty red Thunderbird, and he just loved that car. He spent as much time as he could at the University of Hawaii (where he tried to get a job teaching journalism, but with no luck). There he met many people who became good friends and loyal customers, like Professor Ernst and his friend Starley. He also became involved in the Windward Theater Group, which was going big in the fifties and sixties. Gerardo, with his experience in writing and radio production, helped them polish some of their plays, and Florence was made an honorary member of WTG. So after opening night most of the players and some of the audience would come over to Florence's for cocktails. After they'd been there for a while and were

beginning to feel happy Florence would serve pupus such as deviled eggs with cottage cheese and herbs, prosciutto, anchovy on crackers, salami, carciofini (baby artichokes), stuffed mushrooms, and tortellini tartuffo (round pasta filled with meat or vegetables) served hot with a sauce - all so delicious!

One morning Gerardo called and asked me for a ride to the university and back on my commute, as his car would not start; the garage mechanic would stop by afterwards to take a look at the car. At the end of our work day we sat in his living room chatting (at this time Florence and Gerardo had a nice two-bedroom house in Lanikai). The mechanic arrived and almost immediately rushed back in, exclaiming, "Mr. Jovinelli, you had better come and look at your car!" We hurried out and he lifted the hood of the car. "Look!" he pointed. "Somebody stole your motor!" Well, Gerardo exploded! I could see the steam coming out his ears and expected the roof to blow off the garage. After a while we got him to settle down, but that was the sorry end of the Thunderbird.



*Florence and her nephew, Mark Pillori*  
Photo: Pillori Family



### *Florence's Winds Down*

Florence had her mother, Victoria, come from New York to stay for a long visit. She furnished a small apartment for her over the restaurant which was very handy, and she could keep an eye on her. But Victoria was not about to stay in her place. The next thing we knew she was working in the kitchen, so happy to be with her daughter -- she just loved working. By 1983 business was still going great but Gerardo's health had begun to fail. He delegated his work to the kitchen staff and Florence had her nephew, Mark Pillori, come over from New Jersey to help her run things. Gerardo stayed home now and spent most of his time reading in his small library. Florence also took a small part of the warehouse in the back of the restaurant and set up a lounge chair and a small table with a small overhead TV for him. He had a small

bell that he rang when he wanted service. There he would happily read, smoke, and have something to eat surrounded by cans of tomatoes, bottles of olive oil, jars of spices, packages of dry pasta, and cases of wine. If some of his special friends came to dinner he would go out and chat with them.

Sadly, after a few more months of declining health, Gerardo passed away, with Florence and Mark at his side. Gerardo had arranged for his body to be donated to the University of Hawaii School of Medicine, fulfilling to the last his great love of knowledge and the University. His ashes were eventually scattered at sea. Yes, my good friend was gone . . .

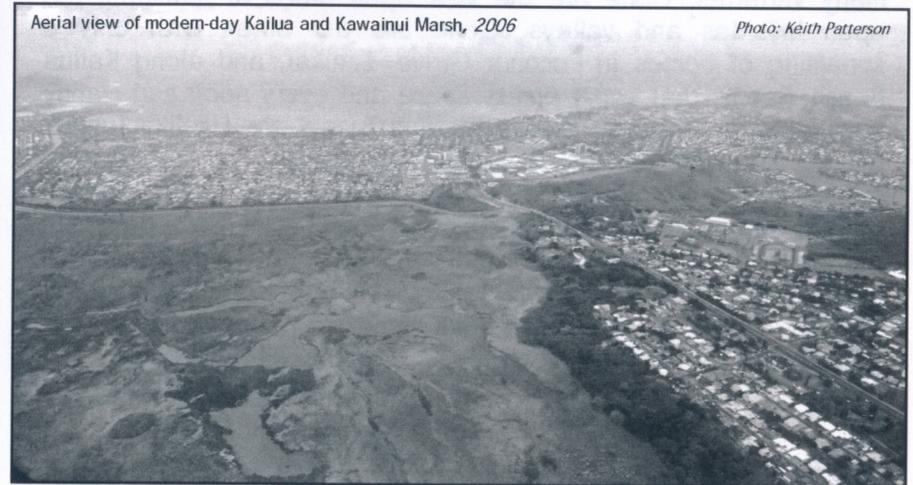


### *Florence's Finale*

Florence and Mark were left to continue their routine. By this time Florence's health was not very good either but she did not want to be a burden to Mark so she still arrived at 10:30 am to help with the final preparations before the noontime opening. Then she took her seat under Gerardo's portrait - with a glass of wine and cigarette in hand (she was a heavy smoker) ready to greet her customers with a smile and a friendly word. Eventually as she grew weaker Florence's brother Gaston and his wife Rosalie (Mark's parents) came over to take her back home to live with them in New Jersey. It was a sad Aloha for her, and there was not a dry eye in the house. After living with her family in New Jersey for a few years she decided to return to Florence, Italy, to live with

Aerial view of modern-day Kailua and Kawainui Marsh, 2006

Photo: Keith Patterson



the cousin's family she had grown up with. She died in 1995 at the age of 81 and was buried in the family plot.

Mark was on his own after she left, and after a few years he went into partnership with Freddie and Barbara Mueller. They called their place the Kailua Bistro, and it was a very popular eating spot for a good five years, but times and tastes changed leading them finally to close their doors and move on to other endeavors. They had a wonderful Aloha party for all of their customers in appreciation of their business over the years. Not many restaurants do that.



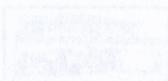
### *Afterword*

And so ends my tale of Kailua way back when . . . Florence's Restaurant was a special place where the people of our town could enjoy the good food and friendly atmosphere created by Gerardo and Florence Jovinelli. I miss those good friends and the good times we all had at Florence's. But people pass on and times change. You can surely believe that Kailua has changed during that 30-year period. Changed from a sprinkling of 8,000 residents to a more tightly packed 40,000. Changed from an agricultural economy operated by mostly Hawaiian, Japanese, and Chinese farmers to a bedroom community for Honolulu's professional and white collar workers. Gone is Florence's Restaurant, of course, replaced by scores of other eating places of many varieties. Gone are the vast open areas of farmland, the open hillsides and valleys. Gone are the areas with only a sprinkling of homes in Coconut Grove, Lanikai, and along Kailua Beach. Seems that every empty space and every nook and cranny now contains a house! There's the Pali Tunnel, the Likelike Tunnel, the H3 Freeway! There's a seven-story condo . . . an 18-story condo! Gone are Magoon's Kailua Theater, the Kailua Tavern, Hughes' Drug Store & Soda Fountain, and both Matsuda's and Harada's Stores. They've all been replaced, along with the town's crushed rock streets. One of the few remaining landmarks is the banyan tree at Kailua's main intersection - and it's grown some.



the cousin's family she had grown up with. She died in 1995 at the age of 81 and was buried in the family plot.

Mark was on his own after she left, and after a few years he went into partnership with Freddie and Barbara Morfer. They called their place the Kailua Dishie, and it was a very popular eating spot for a good five years, but times and tastes changed leading them finally to close their doors and move on to other endeavors. They had a wonderful Aloha party for all of their customers in appreciation of their business over the years. Not many restaurants do that.



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