

**O U R**  
**H A W A I I**  
*B Y*  
**ERNA FERGUSON**



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## A NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION



The Hawaiian language is easy to pronounce.

Each vowel has only one sound, as in Spanish.

Every vowel should be pronounced as a separate syllable, though Hawaiians themselves often elide them.

There is no use trying to get a rule for accent. I was told to accent every word on the penult, but when I tried it I was often wrong. Just let the accent fall the easiest way; that is pure Hawaiian, anyhow.

Many words which look complicated turn out to be only repetitions of the same easy syllables. Break them down.

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*OUR*  
HAWAII



I

CAPTAIN MATSON AND  
THE *MATSONIA*



THE *MATSONIA* MOVED AWAY FROM THE DOCK IN MAJESTIC disregard of puffing tugs; of piffing paper streamers, torn and left adrift in aimless filaments of color; of shrilling passengers aboard leaning downward and waving to people ashore facing upward. San Francisco, as the steamer swung round and took command of herself, rose above the dock-sheds in pale piled-up cubes with twinkling windows. Between a dove-gray sky and a cool gray sea, mists entwined the buildings' tops until wind frayed them out and swept them off among the hills. Both city and hills tip steeply down into the bay; for the bay region and the Bay City lie close to the sea, drain into the sea, are swept, garnished, veiled, and given mystery by the sea. Without the sea both hills and city would be very different indeed — in history, in present actuality, and in future possibilities.

I gazed at the city we were leaving. With the continent at her back, but for most of her history cut off from it by bee-

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tling mountains and implacable deserts, San Francisco early formed the habit of dealing with the world by water. Though her white discoverers came by land, Spanish captains were not long in finding the best bay on their empire's two-continent Pacific coast. In the sixteenth century Spanish galleons, on their way from Manila to Acapulco or Panama, found haven in St. Francis' Bay. As a Spanish outpost little Yerba Buena was connected with Mexico and with Spain by sea.

During the Gold Rush thousands came into "Frisco Bay" by ship, having sailed round the Horn or trekked across the Isthmus. Even before that Yankee skippers made a regular round from Alaska, where they got furs, to the Orient for tea and rice, visiting the Sandwich Islands on both passages. Whalers, the toughest seamen afloat, outfitted in San Francisco. Among them they gave the town's Barbary Coast a reputation as the luriddest port west, or east, of Suez.

The Pacific was San Francisco's empire. Everything that moved across that vast expanse paid her tribute. The Orient was at home in San Francisco, and still is. The Sandwich Islands, as Hawaii was then known, sent New England's culture to California while Spanish was still her native language, and supplied wheat and meat to men too gold-crazy to plant a field or tend a herd. Foodstuffs go the other way now to islanders too intent on sugar to raise their own supplies. But the well-traveled sea lane from San Francisco to Honolulu must be as clear in a mariner's eyes as a wagon trace across a grassy prairie.

Two disappointments await the island-bound traveler who has read only the advertising copy. Three hundred miles of cloud bank, shivery and dreary, lie between the coast and that warm and sparkling blue so luridly depicted on the folders. And every steamer puts into the port of Los Angeles either going or coming. It was my bad luck that the *Matsonia* was

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making the southern port on her outward journey. So we woke to a view of dull dock-sheds and to the clank of loading chains, which kept on all day. Many passengers departed for the city; others, experienced travelers, had come from San Francisco by rail; and the most favored ones held up the steamer for an hour as they came sailing grandly in by plane. It was too bad, really, and a dreary anticlimax to the thrilling departure through the Golden Gate. But in these days the man-made port of Los Angeles does more business than San Francisco's perfect bay, and most of the commerce with Hawaii goes in Matson ships. The last threat to the Matson Line's supremacy disappeared when Captain Matson bought out the Los Angeles Steamship Company about 1900. The "old captain" was a kindly soul who preferred partners to rivals and all his life he wooed or bought his competitors over to his side.

The grandeur and success of the Matson Line make one wonder about the man who founded it. But getting at the truth of Captain Matson is a baffling task. Old employees refuse to answer even innocuous questions, fussily fearful of betraying the tiniest mole on the revered founder's face; and incontrovertible facts run so close to the standard *Immigrant Boy Becomes President* that one is inclined to let it alone. Diligent delving might bring up a shadow or two with which to round out a portrait, but the few items that flicker through the mists of adulation hint at a likable personality and one important as a vital link between Hawaii and the mainland.

The best information about the captain comes from his daughter, Mrs. William Roth of California, who is so proud of her father that she seems to feel no need to prettify the tale. William Matson was born in 1849 at Lysekil, a tiny fishing village in Sweden. Both his parents were killed when he was very young, and his earliest recollections were of harshness and bleak religion in the home of relatives. When he was

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ten, William ran away and shipped as handy-boy on a coast-wise sailing ship. Of these years he seldom spoke. He had a gift for freeing his mind of hurtful images, and his childhood was nothing to linger over. But he told his daughter that he was so fearful of the cat-o'-nine-tails that he always ran quickly at every order. Whether he understood what was said or not, he ran. So he was seldom whipped. Between journeys he attended school a bit, but what he learned of Swedish books he forgot, though he always spoke the language.

At fourteen William shipped aboard the *Aurora*; doubtless still as "handy-boy," but growing fast into the stoutly built, hard-muscled man he was to be. His eyes were blue-gray and twinkling, his hair black, his skin — and this was true all his life — as fresh and delicate as a baby's. He left the *Aurora* in New York, where he learned English and heard all about the glories of California. In '67 he sailed before the mast on the *Bridgewater* round Cape Horn for San Francisco. At eighteen Will Matson was a full-grown man, two inches short of six feet in stature, with barrel chest, broad shoulders, and step as springy as a colt's just in from pasture. If he had not yet attained the weight he was to carry most of his life, he was living in a way to build a hundred and eighty-five pounds of solid muscle. A big, quiet-voiced fellow, and still willing to run to do whatever was to be done, he had no trouble finding work. He sailed as seaman on a couple of voyages to Puget Sound; but it was on a coal barge in the Sacramento River that his future awaited him. The *William Frederick*, Captain Charles Rock, was carrying coal from Mount Diablo to the Spreckels sugar refinery in San Francisco. Everything the young Swede needed for his start was involved in that run.

Within two years of his landing in San Francisco, William Matson owned the *William Frederick* and Captain Rock was working for him. Captain Rock had lent him the money: the

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first of many men to size up William Matson as a man to trust. It was said he never asked for money he did not get, even when he was needing millions rather than a few hundreds. As captain, William Matson found it almost impossible to hire men who could keep the pace he set. His idea of that coal job was to load all day, sail all night, and unload the next day for the return run that night. Nobody he hired ever lasted long enough to find out whether the twenty-one-year-old captain took Christmas Day off or not. But he found time at the refinery to make friends with John D. and Adolph Spreckels, sons of old Claus, who dominated the waterfront and was building up a sugar business in the Sandwich Islands. Young Matson was always wise in his friendships.

In 1882 Claus Spreckels advanced him twenty thousand dollars to buy a three-hundred-ton schooner, which he named for Miss Emma Claudina Spreckels. With a cargo of lumber and manufactured articles he set sail for Hilo on the island of Hawaii. Captain Matson was on the bridge of his first sea-going vessel and he made a phenomenal run, bringing her into Hilo Bay in only three weeks from San Francisco.

In those days a ship's master was a trader. Every cargo was a speculation. He had to sell it as dearly as he could and buy cannily for the return voyage. So in Hilo Captain Matson was a very busy man, rustling business, trying to repay that twenty thousand dollars and save money toward another ship. He had to have ships, more and more ships. But busy as he was in Hilo, he had time to indulge his other love — for horses. William Matson learned to ride well in time; in Hilo he wanted only to ride fast. He raced with everybody, always determined to win. And he endeared himself to the Scots who had settled Hawaii's shore by his liking for cards, his gift for gambling, his ready sociability. He did not drink, but he could cuddle a glass of liquor convincingly. These Hilo friends of the cap-

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tain became his business associates in many ways that linked his growing business with island sugar interests.

Hilo Bay was the scene of "our hero's" only shipwreck — a fortunate one, as it turned out. Lying there becalmed one night, his ship was caught in one of the bay's treacherous currents and smashed up against the harsh lava-girt coast. Down she went with all her passengers and crew. People ashore heard the crash and with ropes and baskets hauled all ashore; nobody was lost. It was a disaster; but in losing his ship Captain Matson had acquired a bride. For one of the passengers was Miss Lily Low of San Francisco, going out to teach at Hakalau. It was not long before Captain Matson and Miss Low were married. Their only child was named Lurline after the Spreckelses' yacht, a name which was to be further perpetuated by a brigantine, by a splendid "luxury steamer," and finally by a granddaughter whom the captain never saw.

Those early years were not easy. Besides the constant uncertainty about cargoes there was brisk competition from half a dozen lines of ships. Most of them made China, Australia, or the South Seas their objective, with Hawaii as a way port. Captain Matson always saw Hawaii as the objective and he made friends of important and influential islanders. He bought ships constantly; by 1900 he owned a dozen schooners, barks, and brigantines. And he was never afraid to try something new. His ships were consistently the first — at least on the Pacific — with each invention.

By 1900 Captain Matson was ready for big business. In February 1901 the Matson Navigating Company was incorporated with a capitalization of five million dollars, Captain Matson as president, and Walter D. K. Gibson as secretary. The next year the company bought its first steamer, the *Enterprise*, equipped her with a wireless, and converted her from a coal-burning to an oil-burning vessel. Matson was first in both

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regards. It was characteristic of the man. In 1908 his company acquired twenty sailing vessels from the Planters' Line, owned by island people who were factors for sugar companies and who took stock in the Matson Company in exchange. The captain was true to his policy of getting his competitors to join in.

William Matson was no longer commanding a ship from the bridge, but directing a corporation from an office. It was a one-room office, crowded all day with captains reporting and taking orders, clerks with bills of lading, passengers buying tickets, friends calling, and Swedes telling their troubles. Harry Gregg, the company secretary in those days, remembers that the captain indignantly refused to give him a separate office where he might add his columns in peace. The captain, who never added his own figures and who liked a lot of people around, thought privacy all nonsense.

One gets a picture of a strong, shrewd man, self-confident and able. In ruthless San Francisco, where weak men disappeared completely, Captain Matson commanded both respect and liking. A man who was never associated with him said: "The captain was always far-sighted and knew just what he wanted to do. He couldn't always put it into figures, but he always had somebody who could. He was an excellent judge of men; he had employees he had picked up in Newport News, in the islands, or hired away from other companies. He paid them well and gave them opportunities to invest in his enterprises. I don't think any man ever lost a cent through trusting Captain Matson."

The captain was aware of his limitations; his lack of schooling always troubled him. He wrote nothing except his own large angular signature, which he used to trace over and over as he pondered a problem. He read print readily, though reading was never one of his pleasures, but handwriting baffled him utterly. He used to puzzle a long time over a letter, hand



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it to his secretary, and say: "Now tell me frankly just what it says." In dictation his English improved constantly, for he re-read his own letters, noted corrections quietly inserted, and used better phrases next time.

William Sellander, the captain's private secretary and the company's oldest employee, sums him up: "The old man could take somebody's skin off in sailors' language in the morning and then appear the smoothest diplomat you ever saw at night. He knew everything that went on. As soon as a ship docked he was aboard her. If any other skipper had made better time, if there was a spot anywhere, if the cargo had not come in perfect shape, the captain never missed it. And when it came to telling a man, he could do it. Just looking at a skipper waiting in the outer office, you could tell if he was due for a dressing down. But the old man was fair too. He was just as apt to give a bonus."

The captain's daughter remembers the same man, but with the half-amused, all-loving slant of a man's womenfolks. The first home she remembers was in San Francisco. She will never forget an April morning when she and her mother fled from its shaking walls and toppling chimneys; nor her father's annoyance, when he came into port next day, to find his family had left a comfortable house for a tent in the park. Fright was not an emotion the captain understood. After that they had a house in the country. And horses. The captain gave his daughter a love for fine animals, and they used to ride together, or race in their buggies. All together she had a happy childhood. Mrs. Matson was "socially wise," they lived well and did the necessary entertaining. But generally the house was informally full of people. The captain served as Swedish consul and he often brought compatriots home or recounted their stories, emphasizing his own accent and twinkling merrily. He hated to go to bed, but when he did he slept like a child until about

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three in the morning, when he awoke and did his thinking. In the morning he generally talked over his plans with Lurline. Even when she was small, men used to try to get her to tell what the captain was planning. But his daughter could keep a secret too.

The man who had chosen ships in his youth never faltered in his allegiance to them. He invested in plantations or ranches only to provide cargoes for his ships. And he went into oil to get cheaper fuel for his steamers. Characteristically he studied the situation by himself, and before even his closest associates knew what he was about he had leased thousands of acres of oil land near Bakersfield, California. He had also acquired the right-of-way for a pipe-line under specifications which permitted "telephone lines, water lines, or any other lines." To get the project started he needed \$100,000 in a hurry. In those days the San Francisco banks would lend any one individual on an unsecured personal note no more than \$33,000. But the Crocker National Bank accepted the personal notes of two of Captain Matson's clerks to make up the amount he needed. It is the most striking instance of the way men trusted the captain's judgment as well as his integrity.

Captain Matson's last years were serene. His business was a success, he was happy at home, genuinely liked by his employees, an important figure in San Francisco. His last active day passed as he would have wished, in his office. In the late afternoon he went to the Pacific Union Club, where the chits he signed mark his courage and his stubborn refusal to give up. One is firm and clear; the next must have been written after the stroke, waveringly and weakly. But he went home alone and kept his mind clear until his beloved daughter could reach him.

Sitting in a "lanai suite" of William Matson's namesake ship it was inevitable to contrast its luxurious elegance with

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the little boy running fast to escape the cat-o'-nine-tails and the young captain proudly commanding his coal barge. The *Matsonia* is the "hotel afloat" of the advertiser's dream; so like a hotel or a country club that one quite forgets the sea — at least on a calm passage. But even the stately *Matsonia* had a stormy youth, as I learned from the memoirs of her first captain, Peter Johnson. Built in 1927, she was the first merchant steamship built under specifications drafted after the *Titanic* disaster. She cost six and a half million dollars, had a capacity of 565 passengers, and was named the *Malolo*, "Flying Fish" in Hawaiian. Therein, according to some Hawaiians, lay her jinx, because a flying fish is famous for running away and anything named for so cowardly a creature would be sure to come to a bad end.

The *Malolo's* beginning seemed most auspicious; and Captain Peter Johnson, as the final honor of his career, was named to take her on her maiden voyage to Honolulu. When he looked her over he found her construction and workmanship the best he had ever seen. She was soon to prove her seaworthiness. They sailed from Philadelphia on a Monday morning. On Tuesday afternoon they were rammed by a Norwegian freighter. I quote from Captain Johnson's memoirs:

"The *Malolo* was rammed in the most vital spot, flooding the two fire rooms with over five thousand tons of water. No other ship afloat at that time could have survived. The bulkheads held. The ship kept an even keel but, steam and electricity being cut off, they had no way of cooking; but that night a Nantucket fishing trawler came alongside with food." Most of the *Malolo's* honored guests spent the night awake and worried; but Captain Johnson, sure of her worthiness, slept peacefully. Thursday at noon a tugboat arrived and towed them into New York harbor. What with wrangling among the insurance companies, the builders, and the Mat-



Captain Matson, and the *Matsonia* Docking near the Aloha Tower  
[photos, Pan Pacific Press]

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son people, it was October before the *Malolo* was ready for the sea again. Captain Johnson remarks that as the Matson men had plenty of time, they thought up many improvements, and when she slid down the ways for the second time, "we had a more completely constructed ship than if we had sailed from New York in May."

The *Malolo's* maiden voyage was worthy of the most luxurious passenger steamer in the Pacific. She carried government officials and Army and Navy officers; and in Honolulu her reception was — so Captain Johnson said — the grandest any ship ever received. Off shore she was met by a flotilla of outrigger canoes. Incongruous with the stately steamer and with the solid brick and stone city, nothing could have so well symbolized the welcome Hawaii has always given the outside world. Since the first little sailing ships dropped anchor in this bay, ships have been greeted by canoe-loads of flower-decked people singing and shouting: "Aloha," "Love to you." The *Malolo's* greeters were dressed like ancient Hawaiians in feathered cloaks and helmets and attended by hula girls. The tallest, stateliest actor, as Hawaii's great conqueror, Kamehameha, presented Captain Johnson with a roasted pig on a platter of koa wood. After due meed of speeches and dances, the captain blew a long blast to announce he was coming into port, which he did so gently that the canoes seemed to be leading the great steamer by leis of flowers as the old schooners were towed ashore by ropes.

That *Malolo* is now the *Matsonia*. Company officials will not admit that they yielded to a silly superstition. They say they changed her name because an older *Matsonia* had gone out of service. Maybe so. At any rate, I liked my ship, her history, and the men who operated her. Her captain was still Captain Johnson — a younger man, as old Captain Johnson died several years ago, but as devoted to his ship. When I

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mentioned to him old Captain Johnson's boast that the *Malolo* was the finest steamer afloat he countered, quick as a flash: "She still is!" Then he laughed at himself, but would not hedge. "I don't say that just because she is my ship. She really is!"

In five days, to the appointed minute, Captain Johnson had brought the *Matsonia* over that invisible path across the Pacific from San Francisco to Honolulu. Cool San Francisco, with her rolling fogs and all her colors delicately gray, even blue shadows on green hills softly shaded. And Honolulu. Here too were hills near the sea, blue shadows on green swale, city buildings. But instead of chilling fog, cloud puffs like ostrich plumes rode a sparkling sky, the sea sparkled, everything sparkled; even the shadows had light, and every color took on a new and special hue.



## II

# VACATIONERS' PARADISE

**A**N AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN MET ME. TYPICAL IN THE clothes he wore, the words he used, the masterly way he steered me through the crowd, saw my luggage across the dock, caught the flash of traffic lights, and changed his course to catch the green. From New York to Los Angeles they snap along like that, talking easily, squiring a woman expertly, but never missing a chance to speed it up a bit, to avoid even a moment's delay. We ducked into a men's furnishing store, passed quickly through it, and were out in a hidden parking place before I realized we had left the dock.

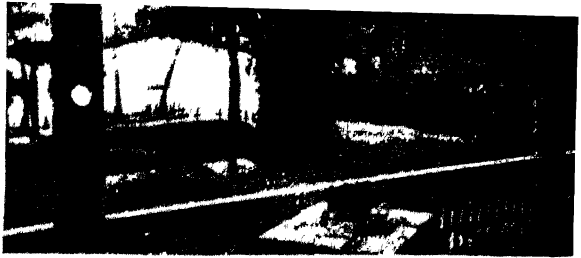
"I always park here; it's quicker for getting away." Quick indeed. We were in the car and I was breathless with the speed which had metamorphosed the ship's world into a world with pavement underfoot and the tempo of a city. I got a confused impression that palms and ferns grew out of big buildings, that steamers nosed their white immensity right into motor traffic, and that probably only the slightly larger bulk of blue-green mountains a couple of blocks inland would stop their taking over the city at once.

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Then I looked again at the friend of a friend who had been sent to meet me. Business man, yes. Completely typical, no. His handclasp had been warmer and softer than the quick shake of either New York or Los Angeles, and his voice gentled the familiar phrases into very un-American modulations. As he walked ahead of me I had noticed that he trod springily like a noble cat, his big muscular body balanced as no Caucasian's can be without years of training. His skin was no browner than many hours' sunning could account for, but under the brown red flashed as though from a very deep center, his eyes seemed softer and his hair more vigorous than one sees in northern climes. Clearly he was Hawaiian, or partly at least. I talked while I thought and he, too, thought while he talked. Even in that first casual conversation I was made aware of the reserve which is as characteristic of the Hawaiian as the warmth of greeting, the quick smile, the lei. Oh, yes, I had a lei. I even had several, for a girl from my town, a Navy wife now, had brought one, and George Armitage from the Tourist Bureau, who patrols the deck for unadorned ladies, had hung one on me too.

Honolulu is the prettiest little city. From Diamond Head to Pearl Harbor it follows the bay's curve for miles; and from the sea to the hills is never more than an easy walk. Even among the tallest buildings breezes blow down the green-clad valleys between ridges stiffly pleated, and out to the many-colored sea. We soon had the sea on our right. The Quarantine Station, Fort Armstrong, Kewalo Basin, where turquoise-blue Japanese sampans lay at anchor, and a mile or so of new-made park. Some day it will be a place of shadowed beauty; now its trees are stubby, its grass new, its arched bridges and winding walks too obvious for charm. Beyond that one gets a hint of an older Honolulu. Tiny shacks, probably beach homes not so long ago, make a welcome incon-





ABOVE, the Banyan Court at the Moana Hotel, Honolulu  
CENTER, the Kona Inn at Kailua    BELOW, Steamers Appear  
to Sail up Bishop Street, Honolulu [*photos, Pan Pacific Press*]

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gruity in the city's rapid growth. Smothered in bougainvillia, shower of gold, and hibiscus, their ricketiness seems only charming. Beyond a large, ornate, and secret-seeming Japanese night club is Fort DeRussy, with its parade ground and offices and a sentry parading and wheeling. Then small houses again, but this time as parts of tourist hotels. Then we came out into Kalakaua Avenue, the artery of Waikiki.

Old houses have been turned into hotels or burst open to permit the display of clothes and curios through plate glass. New buildings, freshly white, are solid show windows full of color and temptation. Especially Gump's store, impressively guarded by Chinese horses, offers suggestive arrangements of Oriental arts and Hawaiian carved woods in tall windows. Outdoor eating places — South Seas, Tropics — with bamboo fences or striped parasols alternate with Chinese restaurants. In battered cars along the curb Hawaiian women and children string leis as varied and intricate as jeweled necklaces. The long gardens of the Royal Hawaiian hide behind hibiscus hedges of red, yellow, pink, and cerise; one sees only the hotel's ornate pink top with blue vases high above the clustering palms. The Waikiki Theater, drug store, shops, Tavern, Inn. Everything is named Waikiki.

Of the renowned beach nothing, except now and then a sign: "Public Way to the Beach." And bathers. Or at least wearers of bathing suits.

Of every shade, from the painful pink of new sunburn to the deep brown which seems man's natural color, they are of every age, from the period when brown bareness is beauty to that when it can only cause acute embarrassment in the beholder. I never ceased to marvel at the complete unselfconsciousness of middle-aged ladies who prissed or wobbled along, clasping handbags as though fully clothed, even gloved, their well-coifed heads quite unaware of their bareness below

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and behind, as incongruous as a trick photograph. And their men with aloha shirts fluttering open over bony or hairy chests, adorned above the waist only with a strap to hold a camera on. Among them native islanders, casual and easy in dress, but dressed! Most of the women hatless and with a hibiscus in the hair, many in sandals. And threading quietly through every crowd, enlisted men of the United States Navy, their white uniforms setting off the crowd's bright colors as white flowers high-light a garden. Hundreds of sailors, all different, but all alike in their good manners, their scrubbed look, and their slow and easy ways.

All this passed in a flash, and we were entering the Moana Hotel, whose lounge opens on a wide lanai and a vista of the striped sea beyond. Indoors pale blue walls form a perfect background for flowered chintzes and masses of Hawaii's flower, the hibiscus. Hibiscus needs no water; its ephemeral beauty passes in a day anyhow, on its shrub, in water, or worn in the hair; and tomorrow it has bloomed again in profusion. Beyond the lanai is the Banyan Court, where an immense banyan's trunk of many stems upholds a wide umbrella that continually drops more roots trying to anchor through cement. Constantly they are cut back, leaving only a few to indicate the jungle the tree would like to make. And beyond the Banyan Court is the beach of Waikiki and *moana*, the Polynesian word for "broad expanse of the ocean."

The Moana Hotel was built in 1900 when "the Nicaraguan Canal" promised great increase in foreign travel, and the Spanish War had made the United States aware of the Orient. Lately it has been out-glittered by the newer Royal Palms Hotel, but the old Moana is as friendly as a home and Mr. Royal, assistant manager charged with making newcomers feel welcome, never lets one forget how lucky one is to be in Hawaii, at Waikiki, and in the Moana Hotel.

## VACATIONERS' PARADISE

There is something in what he says. Anybody who settles down in a swing in Banyan Court can only abandon all hope of ever doing anything again. I knew at once that I should never write a book about Hawaii or any other book. I should be too busy. First, watching the human life of beach and sea. Trying never to miss a single surfer paddling out to the reef, flat on his board, or skimming in on the crest of a wave, sailing like a bird or spilling with a splash; trying to distinguish a Hawaiian beach boy from a well-toasted tourist. Or watching the launching of outrigger canoes and their bobbing progress with paddles rising rhythmically. Besides that I should be forever absorbed in trying to name the shifting colors of the ocean.

Waikiki's narrow crescent beach, growing narrower every year, faces southwest. It begins below Diamond Head, a dead volcanic crater, weathering starkly down into gullies of rock and sand, and making its own face arid by forcing the trade winds to round its flank and descend on Honolulu obliquely. Its cactus-grown stoniness never relents; it holds a fort in its uplifted cup, and even when it throws back the sunset light Diamond Head remains as adamant as its name.

From the Banyan Court one can see how the island's shore curves out to Barber's Point beyond which the pale blue Waianae Mountains dip into the sea. It is a very tender backdrop for the stern actors that appear before it. Every morning battleships, cruisers, airplane carriers, destroyers, and submarines steam out against the sky line and off beyond the horizon. Now and then puffs of smoke and delayed booms indicate that they are spending powder and shell. A Japanese hotel boy said: "They doing target practice all time, but I never saw them hit anything." All day planes zoom by overhead and the knowing ones can tell whether they are Army, Navy, or civilian. The arc of the shore and the ships on the

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horizon make a frame. Palms and lesser growth along the shore give it a green mat. And the picture — at least for one's first few days in Honolulu — is the sparkling splendor of the sea.

When I first saw it before ten o'clock in the morning it was milky green in the breakers. Beyond swelling rollers lifted splotches of lavender and lilac as though flowers floated just under the water's surface. Farther out it deepened into clear jade where bobbing black dots marked swimmers. And against the horizon lay a heavier streak of lapis lazuli. It was, they told me, rather a dull morning. But it was as much iridescence as I could have stood for a first dose, especially as all the color notes were set in the silver filigree of foaming wave crests. Then a breeze came ruffling along crosswise and turned my milky absinthe frappé into sharp clear emerald. I sent my bags upstairs, chose a comfortable swing, and settled down to watching the surf-boarders.

A boy ran out with his lavender board and cast it and himself flat on a wave. Paddling with both hands and feet he cut the billows and shot like a fish through them to the coral reef which makes Waikiki so safe. His pink and blue garment, like a lei round his loins, was so bright that I did not lose him for a long moment. Then he merged into a row of black dots. Surfers are very patient waiting for the perfect breaker, and often a dozen or more will gather on the reef. Then, when the wave rises, they throw themselves on it and come skimming in as smoothly as a duck. One and then another rise to stand, balancing, slim and straight as a candle, or stoop to put their hands on the boards. Both successes and failures come riding in, stomach-flat, with feet and hands in the air.

Children paddle along in the shallows learning the balancing of the board with a beach boy walking alongside. I saw one making a family of children ride with their faces

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under water. One little girl paddled her board, face-down, with roses on her behind and a white cap on her head. Later I recognized her strips of covering as a double-loaded board came sailing in. The girl was ahead and a brown Hawaiian in electric-blue trunks lay with his breast between her brown knees. Paddling with both hands and feet, they sent the board running like a water spider on quick long legs. Another lovely young girl wore green in tiny spots as though Eve's fig leaf had sprouted into three on the slim brown tree of her body.

Caucasians, I was sorry to note, tend to lead with the chin and knees — not a pretty sight. The Hawaiian does not lead at all. His body, centered on its own axis, seems to move in air, not on the ground. When he runs with his surf board, it seems to wing him along, not weight him down; when he paddles it, it runs; when he stands on it with outspread arms, he flies. Always he and his board make one.

Surf-boarding was a favorite sport of ancient Hawaiians, but it almost disappeared during the nineteenth century when almost everything was called wicked. It was revived thirty years or so ago by white men who found that California redwood made the best surf boards. Hawaii Nei (all Hawaii) has been curiously remade by mainlanders many times and in many ways. Even the tradition of the beachcomber has been modernized. Instead of the derelict white man surrounded by warm brown beauties, Hawaii knows the mainland society woman attended by a handsome beach boy.

Watching the play on that friendly beach, I found myself acquiring a new appreciation of the ocean. Always before it had seemed sad and self-pitying to me, souging and moaning, sighing: "Oh my, oh me!" and spilling over into loud sobs on the beach. Much as I loved the sound of running water, brisk and gay or tearing along with loud whoops of rage, the ocean bored me with its endless complaining. On Waikiki

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Beach the sea comes up with long slow swells, to be sure, and soft ruffings on the sands; but there its sound is the soft sigh of philosophic age. Here on this lovely beach the ages have met and the races mingled; the sea has brought them together. Men of all heritages come to be the same color; together they play with waves that mean no harm, that do no harm. Surely the peace of this gentle place has helped to quiet man's dreadful fret into the possibility at least of understanding and of living decently together.

Along in the afternoon singers appear on the Moana's lanai. Hawaiian men in aloha shirts. Hawaiian women in long flowered *holokus* (descendants of the calico wrappers in which the missionary women clothed their converts). They move with slow grace, with flowers in their hair and smiles too warm to seem professional. For an hour or so they try out their voices, thrum their guitars and ukuleles, chat and laugh. The mike is set up. The announcer appears. Boys place chairs in the Banyan Court and people drift in from nowhere: hotel guests and townfolk calling on newcomers; people in bathing suits from the beaches, and sailors ashore looking helplessly around, glad of any diversion. About five, as the sundown light enriches everything, the announcer swings into it. "Hawaii calling." The sad and sentimental songs of Hawaii now most popular, appealing for nostalgia.

Before the end of the concert the beach is deserted. The beach boys, free at last, take down their surf boards and go out to rest themselves from a long day's surf-boarding by surf-boarding alone until the last light has gone. As the glow deepens in the west, lines of big ships come in across it. They look very comforting, sliding across the reflections in the water and coming to rest like a rampart of maneuverable, almost sentient steel. All night they stay brightly awake flashing messages in dots and dashes of light. At first they prick



ABOVE, Lei-sellers Meet the Steamers      BELOW, Surf-boarders  
[photos, Pan Pacific Press]



## VACATIONERS' PARADISE

ineffectually against the sky's burning. Then, as the sunset fades and the sea turns black under starry heavens, the ships' lights snapping at each other in red and yellow grow more important than the stars themselves. Small boats approach big ones in tiny constellations of red, green, and yellow, bow politely, wait patiently, and then run off again across the tessellated floor of light on water. Now and then one of the forts projects long wands of pale light into the sky, and there they wheel, cross each other to make stars, or bump into a cloud and mushroom out into a white disk.

Evenings are for dancing in Honolulu. Every hotel and restaurant has a dance floor on an open lanai, and there orchestras play sentimental ditties which place the moon over Waikiki and pronounce *sweetheart* as *kuu ipu*. A part of every program is the troop of hula girls who begin in the old-fashioned ti-leaf skirt but end in shimmering and revealing shreds of cellophane. By day tourists photograph hula dancers who gesture slowly for the movie camera and pose for stills against a grass hut such as nobody lives in any more and men in malos such as nobody wears, pounding poi as poi is no longer pounded. It is a thoroughly staged and standardized performance. But the setting is extravagantly beautiful, with Diamond Head thrusting its bulk out into the opal sea which wavers off iridescently to a deep purple edge.

All together Hawaii — the Hawaii of advertisers and vacationers — was beginning to seem too lush for the taste of one uninured to perfection. Even a sketchy reading of the books of the enthusiasts, and an earful of what is told to visitors, were giving me a queasy feeling that I might find no toehold here. They say the weather is of a changeless temper, varying only between sixty-five and eighty-five per cent. They insist that every plant reaches its apogee in Hawaii and every fruit excels its own ideal. Even the volcanoes, it seems, are so tame

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that they never cause trouble, but merely suffuse the sky, now and then, with a rosy announcement that sightseers will have time to travel to Hawaii in luxury and look safely down into boiling lakes of flame-shot lava. Even the lava in Hawaii, I was told, seldom breaks bounds, but runs harmlessly off into the sea, where steam rises in delicately tinted clouds and the fisherman's catch is cooked before he hauls it in!

Island people, my informants said, were of a loving disposition acquired from the Hawaiians, whose sweetness is beyond compare. There is no scaling the pinnacle to which this sort of talk is piled by lay as well as professional advertisers. The old cynic's fear of heaven haunted me. Was there no spice to this pudding, no acid in this honey?

I decided to get my eyes off the sun-striped sea, move away from the beach, and try to find out for myself how much — if any — of this vacationers' paradise was true.



### III

## FROM THE HEIGHTS



WAS CONDUCTED TO THE HEIGHTS ONE DAY, THE ALTITUDINOUS and social heights. Higher and higher we drove along a ridge building up fast with new pine houses. Hawaii's climate permits of the lightest construction, and architects are experimenting with plain boards, upright or arranged in patterns, stained or thinly covered with plaster. Bamboo is used instead of awnings and set upright to form fences. Hillside garages are sometimes under a house, sometimes on top; but a garage is seldom walled in — a latticed pergola rather. This very new development was meant for people with small incomes.

We came to a house which must have been a distant country place in the horse-and-buggy days. Gabled and turreted, even in its unpainted state it maintained a stiff consciousness of superiority, seemed to look down with upper-class disdain on the simpler pretensions below it. We passed it on a quick turn, entered a wide gate, and stopped under the porte-cochere of a wide flat-roofed house spread along the hill's edge. Here was no self-conscious stiffness, but a clever adaptation of the

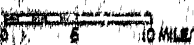
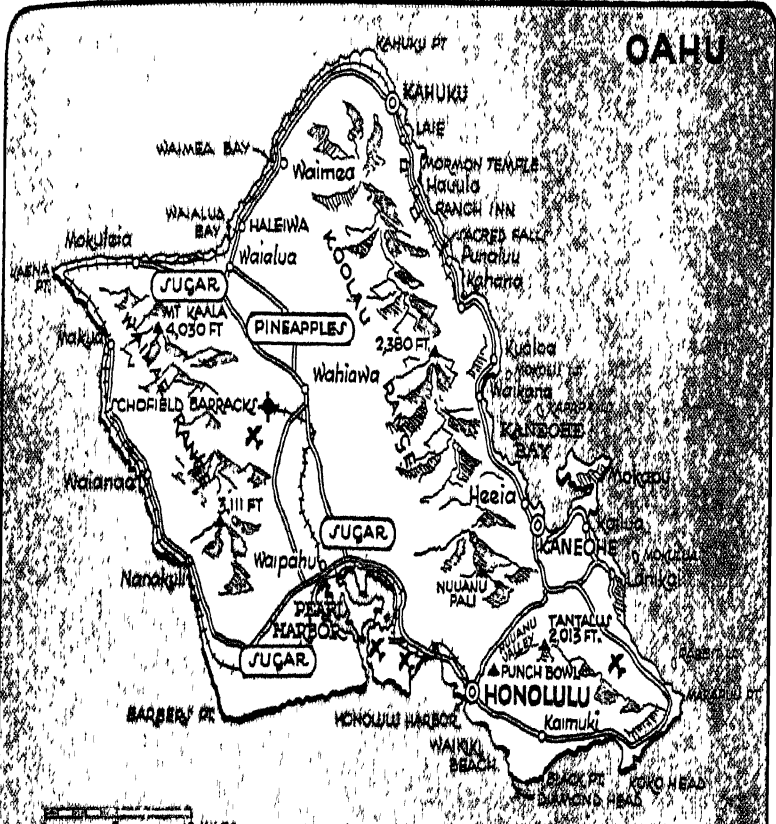
## FROM THE HEIGHTS

house to its situation. Its entrance was against the hill. Stepping across a lawn, we looked straight down into a gulch where the Waiomao stream, cutting its way, had left only one pointed hill. Crags and peaks worthy of the Rockies were, as always, draped to their tips with soft green velvet, mottled with the whitish green of kukui trees and slashed with patches of red earth where cultivation was going on.

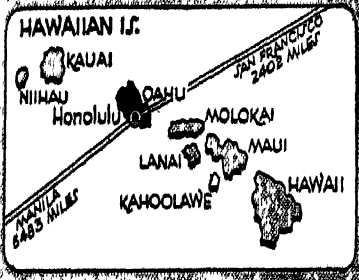
Sliding doors let us into a wide hall and then into a drawing-room which seemed to step aside, like a gracious beauty, to show the view from windows nearly as high as the ceiling, almost as wide as the walls. Below sloping lawns and bright flower-beds, a rock wall overgrown with red bougainvillia shut off tennis and badminton courts. Upthrust rocks here and there reminded one of the lava underneath, and far down lay the round crater of Diamond Head, flattened from that height. It was the best view of the city I had had. Rounding Diamond Head, Honolulu follows the shore line; but its strivings to become a typical checkerboard city are forever foiled by the curve of the bay, the thrust of the hills, and the shining streams and canals that cut it. Nature has decreed that Honolulu must always drive along curving thoroughfares, fan out into mountain gorges or along the ridges. Beyond the city the full sweep of the bay faded into the sky, where faint outlines of Molokai and Maui showed deeper blue. The sun was sliding off toward the west, where, between us and the Orient, stood the sentinel battleships.

Only when I turned from the view was I conscious of the room's loveliness and how it held something from every phase of Hawaiian history. Chinese rugs and furniture, a baby grand piano, paintings by Hawaiian artists, and one from a French school, a kimonoed Japanese maid bringing tea on a tray Paul Revere might have made, and a tea service of old English lustre. And books and books. Books set into the walls

# OAHU



--- Railways  
= Roads  
X Airports



## FROM THE HEIGHTS

of every room; made handy in revolving cases; stacked on tables and chairs; waiting in unopened packages on the floor; ready in racks by couches and chaise-longues; and, as I saw later, tumbling off bedside tables and dressing cases. Never saw I so many books in such comfortable and familiar intimacy with everything in a house.

As they served tea and talked, two gentlewomen opened a door into a world of utter security, of undisturbed serenity. Both, I was to learn, had long been ill. Doubtless they had known sorrow and disappointment. Nothing, surely, had ever sullied by even the shadow of a doubt their calm acceptance of their life's eternal rightness. War they knew. They knew God most certainly, the God who spoke from the ocean's vastness and the grandeur of the hills. Like their missionary forebears they had no doubt that what they believed was right. They accepted humbly, but without question, the manifest destiny of their position on the heights while others dwelt below. They were charitable in multitudinous ways, with magnificent public gestures and in secret tender understanding. They knew criticism of their class, smiled about it, untroubled and untouched. All this was not spoken; it shouted loudly through light and amusing talk at tea.

One said: "I believe in the younger generation. If they must stiffen themselves for difficult times they can do it. I don't believe the old virtues are gone; character may even become fashionable again."

The other: "We had here one of the most truly cosmopolitan societies in the world. Every race was here in every combination. Students can tell you of one prominent family that had every race in its make-up — Polynesian, Oriental, Caucasian, even a hint of Negro. We heard many languages when we were girls, we knew the ways of courts."

Her sister took it up: "The Hawaiian court was modeled

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on the British, you know, and very correct. The alii, the chiefs, had as strong a sense of family, knew their family trees as well as any European genealogist. At Queen Liliuokalani's court I have seen an old lady, dressed so poorly as to be almost in rags, given precedence over women dressed in Paris. The court chamberlains always knew. Many of the alii really outranked the Queen. Her brother was an elected King; they did not belong to the highest alii. Many of those women married British because the British respect tradition. Naturally their families were people of breeding, with a high sense of responsibility. They still are; you will find them all over Hawaii."

The other laughed. "Unless they have gone altogether to the bad. They did that too." She caught herself. "But on the whole they are very fine people indeed. Americans were apt to be less discriminating, having less pride of race of their own. And when an ordinary American married an ordinary Hawaiian — well!"

"Still, our society was really beautiful until a heavy influx of the type of malihini (the stranger, you know) whose prejudices were so strongly implanted that it was difficult for them to understand the harmony in which all races here had learned to live together."

Her sister carried it on. "When the Army and Navy first came, there were only a few officers and we entertained them and made them welcome as we would anyone. They fitted in all right, in spite of mainland prejudices, especially those of the South. But now mainlanders come in such numbers, especially with these great new naval bases and their civilian employees, that they are our principal social problem. Assimilation of Orientals is not a real problem. They sift in very smoothly. It is the assimilation of all these mainland people

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with their mainland notions. . . . Delightful people, many of them, delightful! But they are clannish.”

The other had thought it out. “Of course if they can learn — and many of them can learn — they come to our ways. But if they cannot learn — and many of them cannot learn — the situation is hopeless!”

We all laughed as I promised to quote that for the guidance of mainlanders. Then I was shown the house. Every room opened widely on at least two views. The favorite lanai, with deep chairs and couches and the books most read at the moment, overhung the Waiomao gorge. Just then its windows were reflecting the sunset and, by a curious and uncalculated trick, they mirrored also what looked like a fairy castle in the clouds. Only a closer look disclosed that the towers and turrets were not in the sky, but on the ugly Victorian house across the street, transmuted into glory by a double reflection. So, I thought, with banality, one who lived so loftily apart might see the world's ugliness passed through the sunset clouds and reflected in a remote and shining window glass.





#### IV

## HULA FOR TOURISTS



HE HULA IS OLDER THAN HISTORY IN HAWAII. ONE hears that it was a temple dance or somehow sacred to the ancient Hawaiians. Doubtless its ritual significance has been lost; Hawaiians have been Christians for a hundred years. But somewhere there might linger a knowledge of the old rites; even (I hoped) a surreptitious practice of them. When I asked where I might see the hula in its ancient form and learn its significance I got two replies: "Far out in the country on the other islands"; and "At a *luau*."

Luau is, to start with, taro tops cooked like spinach. But the word has come to connote the national feast. Luaus are given on anniversaries and holidays. Politicians woo the voters with luaus, and distinguished visitors to the islands are so entertained. The stranger's difficulty is that a luau is a private party. One can no more drop into a luau than into a society wedding. The next best thing was to attend one in a dance studio where old hulas were promised.

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A flare marked the gateway; not the kukui nut whose oiliness lit ancient Hawaiian feasts, but such a smoky blob of flame as marks a modern road torn up. But its flickering light was suggestive of primitive doings. Inside the garden, beyond banks of parked cars, a low light and the sound of soft stringed music came from an open house where people moved about. We bought tickets at the door and found ourselves part of an uncomfortable group of tourists wondering what to do. Some sat unhappily on benches; others stood trying to look at ease. Really at ease were the Hawaiian women in trailing Princess-style holokus. Each wore a large hibiscus in her well-brushed hair, and one lei of smaller flowers, or of peacock feathers. Smiling with their remote calm, these ladies offered trays of cocktails. "This has something in it; this has not." None stopped to chat; we were gently moved along to benches around a bare room with deep eaves and no walls.

There four or five mature women sat singing to their own thrumming of guitars and to a bass viol played by a man. Young girls rose to dance. All Hawaiians, someone said, though one had the thin lips, impassive face, and narrow proudly set head of the Japanese, and one's Hawaiian lushness had been paled down by some Caucasian ancestor not far remote. To the tune of *Beautiful Hula Hands*, they floated their delicate hands, swayed their hips seductively, laughing, now and then throwing into the music a phrase which was not quite of it and yet in exciting harmony with it. The older women, sitting softly spread, were laughing too. It was as though these tourists were too amusing not to laugh at; they must be entertained as children are, with as little effort as possible.

Then supper was announced and we were expertly drifted across to the dining-room. Properly guests should be seated

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on floor mats and the meal laid on ti leaves spread on mats. On this occasion tables and chairs had been provided for maladroit malahini, though one low table invited the young and limber to sit on the floor. Ti-leaf table-covers were scattered with flowers and at each place was an array of curious little bundles of soaked and soggy leaves. What they were I could not find out because my neighbors were as ignorant as I was. I wished the lovely ladies would sit with us, talk, and show us how to handle the strange food without forks. But they sat back against the walls, smiling as mothers do at a children's party. I had not felt so cast adrift in an incomprehensible world since I left kindergarten. There were all those bowls and bundles of food. What should I do? There was a fork. I knew that was a concession and to use it would mark me forever as one who could not learn. There were also a fingerbowl and a napkin. I decided to sail in.

Later I found out all about it, and I put it down here for the guidance of future travelers who may find themselves adrift among the poi, the limu, the opihi, the turmeric, and lomilomi salmon, helpless and alone.

The basic dish of any Hawaiian meal is poi, a paste made by pounding the dampened taro root. I recognized it in its coconut shell. It should be eaten by dipping in the fingers, giving them a quick swirl, and carrying the ball quickly to the mouth. We neighbors tried, but did not like it well enough to learn the trick. The leaf bundles unfolded to disclose soft and savory meats — pork and beef. This is laulau. The salmon had been rubbed with new onions, tops and all, and tomatoes. Lomilomi is the Hawaiian massage. Massaged salmon! Opihi are a native shellfish, the size of a dime and tough, but tasty. They should be eaten with poi as butter is with bread. Raw fish, which we were not offered, is a part of a complete luau. Tuna is cut into squares most unappetizing to

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the squeamish; shredded mahimahi (mullet) looks not too bad. Roast pork from the imu is the *pièce de résistance*. The best dish to the uncultivated palate is chicken served in a sauce of coconut milk and taro tops. Small dishes held the relishes: red salt, which is turmeric, tiny dried shrimps, and chopped kukui nuts.

We all ate heartily of roasted sweet potato, drank our pineapple juice, and still had space to stow away large slabs of pineapple and watermelon, big wedges of coconut cake, and several cups of coffee. A confection which looked like Turkish delight was so good I later asked for the recipe. It is coconut milk boiled with cornstarch and flavored with crushed pineapple.

All the time the hula girls had been dancing. There seemed little difference in either gestures or music. What were they doing? What did it mean? I asked the lady in charge, but she replied that "knowing what things mean was like depriving a flower of its scent." I still wished to know, so I moved back from the table to join a gray-haired Hawaiian lady who was wearing an exquisite yellow feather lei. She was Mrs. Harris, and the obligato of gentle muttering she had been keeping up made me hope that she might give me some help.

"No, no," she was complaining. "That's not Hawaiian! Those girls don't know what they are doing! They are Hawaiian, yes, but they don't even understand the words. The dance tells the words. If you don't understand the words, you cannot dance."

As the tables were being removed, the director sat beside me to explain her plan. "First we do these English songs and the sort of thing you have seen because the tourists demand it. Now you will see real hulas."

I doubt that tourists demand the spurious. Most people who get as far as Honolulu have seen a good deal. Such dances as

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we had seen are danced in night clubs on the mainland. These white people, *haoles*, had come to see authentic old hulas, and I thought their response to the haolecized hula had shown their disappointment. They had talked right along, not particularly interested. But when the director rose to introduce her "real hulas," she was respectfully and hopefully attended to.

The hula, she told us, was an ancient and honorable art, and very serious. We should now see fine examples of it under the direction of two people who had devoted years to its study: Mrs. Katherine Kanahale and Mr. Fred Kahea Beckley. True to her principles, she gave us no inkling of the theme of any of the dances. Perforce I settled back to enjoy what I could see. And I did enjoy it, thoroughly.

The girls, the director had said, would dance first in the old dress of tapa cloth. I had hoped for dull soft colors, beautiful bare breasts. But the combination of modern tabus and sewing machines had produced shirred skirts and sleeveless blouses of pink cotton imitation tapa.

The girls danced prettily, soft feet padding on the floor mat, soft arms waving, and hips always rotating. Then they rustled out in fresh ti-leaf skirts which swished and let their legs show through. They danced once seated on their heels, swinging their upper bodies to the beat of split bamboo which each held in her right hand, slapping it against the left or crossing with her partner's like a game. They were not used to this dance; they made several mistakes, giggled like schoolgirls, caught on again, and continued. Their behavior was clearly displeasing to old Mrs. Kanahale, who knelt beside the huge shark-skin drum beating their accompaniment. In another dance the girls wielded feathered gourd rattles which sounded like the swish of retreating waves on sand or the shimmer of a wind in leaves. Now and then a girl's sweet voice uttered a soft phrase, light and casual, as though on impulse, and it

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was quickly picked up and woven into the pattern of the accompaniment.

They were lovely feminine creatures, dainty, seductive, graceful; and they were wickedly doing what they were paid to do — swinging their hips, flashing their eyes, carrying through the gestures of a song that brought no old life back to them. Their laughter, which might have been part of the dance, was silly giggling.

Mrs. Harris was not watching them. Her eyes looked back into the life she remembered as she silently chanted the words of the song.

“Without words it’s nothing. They don’t know; they don’t know.” Then, as the girls slipped back across the grass mat, beckoning with pretty arms and fingers: “They beggin’ their Queen come back. They beggin’ her come back, but she don’t come no more.” She laughed freshly, but the expression of her long nose put an edge of scorn to it.

We ran into a long silence. Surely the affair had got out of haole hands and was drifting with the native Hawaiian currents.

Mrs. Harris expressed her gratitude for the quiet moment.

“Hawaiians,” she said, “never had to make a big noise to have a party. No need to keep the neighbors awake. Could sing and dance, make music, have a good time, and neighbors sleep all right. Now it’s all changed.” She had spoken too softly to disturb the silence. Mrs. Kanahale was announced. Nothing happened. A breeze came through, touching the leaves outside and drying the dampness in the edge of my hair. Then a voice, soft and muted, away from the house. It was not a song, like the tunes we had been hearing. This was a chant, truly the primitive cantillation. Mrs. Kanahale entered. An old lady, plump as one must be after a lifetime of poi, wrinkled as any life leaves one, serenely assured as an

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artist who does correctly what she knows how to do and is full of respect for her own art. She carried a tiny drum which lay in her lap as she sat on her heels. She smote the big drum too, and as she sang, the two instruments sang with her, emphasizing the rhythm and deepening the tone. Her voice was old, but so true and she managed it so well that its effect was pure sweetness. An old mele, Mrs. Harris told me, one of the chanted legends that were primitive Hawaiian history. This one might have told of a long journey across the sea. But it might have been anything else; I did not know.

The audience's response was sufficient answer, I thought, to the complaint that tourists do not like the authentic and the old. Mrs. Kanahale's incomprehensible words, in a tuneless chant, had been listened to respectfully by strangers just off the ship. Her serious performance had reached an alien people and made them feel the significance of a meaningful thing well done.

Mr. Beckley then showed us some ancient Hawaiian instruments, dismissing all the strings as modern and foreign. Even the ukulele, which seems so Hawaiian to the uninformed, was introduced by Portuguese. Hawaiians, delighted with its gay note, named it jumping bug (ukulele) because of the way the fingers frisk on the strings. The ancient instruments were drums of many sizes, gourd rattles, and bamboo flutes. One he held to one nostril and blew a gentle tone. Most beautiful was a fluted conch shell from which he produced a haunting sound. "To call soldiers a mile or more away," he explained, "or fishermen far out to sea." Its mellow call, which softly filled the room, might well carry over miles of ocean or of lea.

The party was over. An unsatisfactory evening all together, leaving one uncomfortable with unanswered questions. Was Mrs. Kanahale's chant a prayer? If so, what was being prayed for and what god was invoked? If it was a legend, what did



ABOVE, Hula Dancers      BELOW, LEFT, the Holoku Hula  
BELOW, RIGHT, Hula Dancer with Ti-leaf Skirt and Flower Lei  
*[photos, Pan Pacific Press]*



## HULA FOR TOURISTS

it tell? It was serious to her. Is seriousness going out of the hula as old people drop off? Clearly the girls were not serious, giggling at their own mistakes.

It was still too early for bed, but just right for Hilo Hattie, who was then appearing at the Waialae Club. We walked in as she was beginning and stood through her first song because everybody was too tickled with her performance to seat us. Hilo Hattie fluttered no fripperies of rustling green skirts or flowers in rippling hair. Her oft-washed holoku trailed behind but had shrunk up in front. On her head rode a rough straw hat wreathed with paper flowers.

“A costume of her own devising?” I whispered.

“Not at all, that’s what they really wear in the country.”

Hilo Hattie was just ending the song which gave her her popular name.

When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop,  
The folks in Honolulu start to close up shop,  
For everything and everybody comes to a stop,  
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop. . . .

That wahine has an opu with a college education,  
There’s no motion that she won’t go through. . . .  
She doesn’t leave a thing to your imagination. . . .  
Hattie does a dance that no laws allow,  
The crater got a look and is sizzling now. . . .

“The wonder of what she does,” my companion was murmuring, “is that she achieves so much with so few gestures.”

Hilo Hattie is Mrs. Clara Inter, who as a teacher liked to liven up a party by doing comic hulas. As her burlesques improved she began to present them in public, and finally the school board suggested that she choose between teaching the young and amusing the mature. Mrs. Inter chose (happily, it seems to me) to make laughter.

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Mounting a hobby-horse and making faces, she presented the *Cock-eyed Mayor of Kaunakakai*:

He was just a lazy malahini haole boy  
But all the girls were crazy  
To share his fish and poi.

He wore a malo and a coconut hat,  
One was for this, the other for that.

Hilo Hattie offers proof enough that the hula is not a dying art. Perhaps her genial humor, able to burlesque without giving offense, may free the hula of many cloying sentimentalities and clear the way for a fresh and modern art, both lively and Hawaiian. But I came away from the evening resolved to learn all I could about the old hula and what it meant to ancient Hawaiians.



## NATURE'S KINGDOM AND HUMA' NACHA'



TO VISIT THE FAMOUS DAVID MALO KUPIHEA, THEY SAID, would take just the right introduction. "Now that he is no longer billed as a tourist attraction, they've got a *kapu* sign on the gate: no admittance. You might just spoil your chances by trying to crash it."

True, perhaps. But Honolulu air was muggy with the wind from the south; the motion of a car would stir a helpful breeze. So we went, unhampered by plan or introduction. The road to David's hide-out lead up Nuuanu Valley between fine gardens where the rich and important summered in the horse-and-buggy days and where they still lie, quite as importantly, in their cemeteries. Beyond the last home the highway winds upward through a forest of ironwood and koa trees where big-leaf vines hang from the branches, tall ti plants march along, and the incense of ginger blossoms spices the cool dampness. Then it debouches onto the sheer cliff of Nuuanu Pali, which commands the sweep of Oahu's windward shore.

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I remembered how different that view had looked every time I had seen it. Blue sky, blue sea with blue islands, and blue shadows — and infinite variety in blueness. In long easy grades the road descends; at the foot of the mountain it runs past little homes; always it is bordered by hibiscus hedges and there is never a signboard. Hawaii's Outdoor Circle has seen to that.

Kaneohe and then Punaluu. We passed an encampment of khaki-colored tents with their sides rolled up, mules staked out, and soldiers on holiday lolling on cots. Across the road rough grass ran almost into the surf and there one group of men was practicing with a football and another with baseball and bat. The tide was high; the surf foamed so close that the stiff wind was stinging with salt. No muggy stickiness here. Not far beyond, the road cut along between a parkway and a very tall bamboo fence.

In the roadway two brown men stood talking. One wore shorts, sun-helmet, and dark glasses; the other a red malo and a white flower behind his ear. This, then, was it. I approached, stated my name and business.

It was the sun-helmeted one who spoke. "So you're from New Mexico? Do you happen to know . . . ?"

We New Mexicans know each other, and this was Colonel So-and-so, friend of my friend since West Point. If it took an introduction to meet David of the many moods, I had one in the best military tradition.

David was the perfection of a host. His white teeth flashed, his hand felt soft and warm, his red malo fluttered in the breeze as he opened the gate and bowed us in. We stood on coarse grass under coco and royal palms, with pools to the left where big-leaved taro stood in water, and beyond that bananas and a tall breadfruit tree. Among several finished grass houses were the frames of others still unthatched. It was

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so quiet that the rustling of birds was a noticeable noise, and a mourning dove sounded loud.

Martha Beckwith, in her *Hawaiian Mythology*, writes of this establishment:

“On the edge of the royal fishponds below Kahili, in a house built for King Kalakaua, lives David Malo Kupihea, holding among his kindred, who have settled close about him, a position corresponding in humble fashion to the old patriarchal dignity of the past. Beyond the soft fringe of overhanging cassias shimmers the surface of the ponds outlined in enduring stone, and there are dusty exhalations from neighboring dump-heaps to which the one royal area has been consigned as the creeping population of the city seeks to build up firm land upon the bordering marshes. There Kupihea rules alike over fishponds and dump-heaps. Descended from a long line of sorcery priests of Molokai in the high-chief class, educated in the best English-speaking schools of Honolulu side by side with the children of newcomers, inheriting from his fathers the office of guardian of the royal fishponds, he keeps his love for the old learning taught by the elders of his own blood, and takes an even emotional interest in discussion with those who show a willingness to learn.”

To us David modestly said nothing of his priestly descent, as he explained that he was modeling his home on that of “the religious high-chief class.” It consisted, he said, of eight separate houses, including those for eating, sleeping, cooking, for the women apart, for the canoe, and for worship.

Gesturing about his domain, “Heah,” David said, “I live the life of old Hawaii. Nacha' gives sun and rain, food plants from the earth, fish from the sea. Depression? Wha's depression? I don' unnerstan' that word. Heah I live as my ancestors lived. I have ev'ything for me and my family.

“See the taro? From that root we pound poi. And with fish,

no better meal on earth. When I fish I say the prayah my people used to say to the fish god, and always I get plenty fish. Theah you see coconuts, bananas, the hala — what you call pandanus tree — to make mats. Ev'ything! And heah I am makin' my home."

He turned so quickly his malo flew, and moved off on bare feet as springy as the damp turf he trod. An undercurrent of laughter ran through all his talk.

"This is the boathouse. You see it is made without a nail. Lehua wood makes the posts, bamboo and rattan the roof beams, pili grass the roof, and ev'ything tied togethah. Next will be the net house, but so far I haven't been in the mood to make that."

A couple of naked children ran up. The little girl gave her hand politely, though shyly, but the boy stuck his behind his back, shaking his head like a stubborn imp. "He's not in the mood," said his father. "Not in the mood jus' now."

This was David Kekoalauliionapalihauliokeekoolau Kaa-puawaokamehameha, whose lengthy name was once cited by the *Washington Star* as conclusive argument against statehood for Hawaii. It might, if its bearer should ever be elected to the Senate, congest the *Congressional Record*. Honolulu's *Star Bulletin* reporter, sent to interview young David on possible senatorial ambitions, found him fishing in a taro patch. "He was as naked as the day he was born, about four years ago. 'Aloha, Senator!' No answer. The Senator did not even look up. His gaze remained fixed on the bent pin dangling at the end of a cotton string. He evidently expected a fish to emerge at any moment from the muddy patch and bite the hook which was as naked as the Senator." Young David refused comment; his father explained that they were waiting on his mood.

We went on then from house to house, remarking the orderliness and immaculate cleanliness of everything. Not even a

fallen leaf marred the grass. "For the Hawaiian," said David, "like for heaven, cleanliness is the first law. Cleanliness first for the home, then for the body, then for food, then for living." He checked them on stubby fingers. "Cleanliness of living, of thought, of spirit. . . . Some reach the pinnacle." He raised an arm high. "Some half-way." He illustrated with another gesture. "Some quatah. Some low, very low. But don' criticize. Enjoy what you fin'. Don' criticize, enjoy! It's huma' nacha'." Both hands flew out and a deep chuckle escaped through flashing white teeth. "Huma' nacha'," chanted David as he spun about, red malo flying, and led the way to the next house.

It stood apart, across the slow-moving water which fed the taro patch and which here bore a mass of close-packed green leaves with pale yellow blossoms standing among them.

"Ladies' house," David explained. "Tha's wheah she stayed ten days, away from her family, during her period. Then she was sprinkled with water and salt, the house was cleaned, with eve'ything cleansed she came back to her family. Ladies' house!"

He indicated a large room. From a distance one could see right through it, for its wide eaves spread far beyond the uprights and there were no walls. "Not finish' yet. That mood died out three years ago. Some day, when the mood comes, I'll finish. . . . Tha's the recreation room, family room, or, as you say, jus' plain living-room. And nex', over theah, will come the flaming-room. Flaming, you know, fire to cook." Laughing, David darted off and stopped before the tall skeleton of a house with its steep roof already on, but neither floor nor walls. "This is the god house. Heah I come to be with my god. When it finished, the floor will be heah," indicating a spot about four feet above the ground. "Theah I'll pray. This house is high because God is high. I make it when I feel

the mood jus' right. God house, David's god. Nobody else will come heah."

He turned quietly away. "This the bedroom. It's too small. When I made it I was a bachelor. It should be ten times as big. . . . Now you come in as you do. Later I'll show you the right way. Be careful of you' head, the door is only three feet high." The floor was covered with mats plaited into honey-colored squares, light and dark, and across one side thicker mats made the bed. In a corner hung an old-fashioned quilt to hide clothes perhaps, a few boxes indicated occupancy, and on a crossbeam stood a black pottery jar. Yes, looking closer, it was San Ildefonso pottery, signed by Tonita of that New Mexico pueblo. A gift from someone who thought that Stone Age pot from the Rockies would not be incongruous in the Stone Age house in mid-Pacific.

"Now I show you how Hawaiians go in and out." David sat in the doorway, revolved on his haunches, and his feet were outside. To enter he sat on the doorstep, rotated again, and slid along on the smooth soft mat, away from the door. "See? Always done quickly because one must not pause in the threshold; that would block the good luck coming in.

"That way good for men to come in. Even better for ladies. Hawaiian ladies very fat, you know. They stayed fat because men like them from two hundred to three hundred pounds. When a girl was not fat, the doctors gave her a medicine for five days and then she'd be fat; maybe even she'd weigh three hundred and fifty pounds; that was the favorite size. Jus' like now, white ladies starve to be streamlined the way men like them. Women will do anything to make men like them! And tha's huma' nacha'! What have you?" David chuckled at everything he said.

"Well, the house expressed welcome. Welcome to gods, to human beings. Let no person remain seated in the doorway.



'*E mai*,' they called, 'come in.' And the one comin' moved quickly back from the door to leave open the welcome to all. . . . A good thatch, like this, will last ten or fifteen years. Then we make a new one. The wood lasts longer, much longer; maybe as long as I live.

"Heah the guardhouse." It was a ring of stones, breast-high. "Heah the guard stood to watch the king's fishponds. Certain fish were kapu for the common people, saved for the king. Always a guard stood here to see that nobody defiled the royal ponds."

In the old days, I knew, death was the penalty for a commoner who caught a royal fish. David did not mention that. He went off on another tangent.

"Who comes heah," he said, "fin's me as I am. They don' like my ways, they don' need come. This my home, my castle. Here I dress as I like. When I go to my neighbor's house I dress his way. I do that for respect. And when I go to Honolulu I the best dressed man in town! . . . No, I don' go much. As less I mus' have to go I go to Honolulu."

David did not conduct us to an arbor where a wire toaster hung above a stone fireplace and a stone table was laid with lauhala mats. Perhaps he had heard something, for he called:

"Children, children! Mamma!" The youngsters galloped off to open the gate, and a roadster drove in with a woman at the wheel and packages piled on the seat beside her.

Before her marriage Mrs. Kupihea was a teacher who loved to rough it and who wanted to go places. So she taught her way around the world. In Hawaii she met David Kupihea when she went with a group of tourists to visit the man in the typical Hawaiian home. She went on then, taught for a while in Japan, and finally made her way back to her home in the Northwest. But the Pacific, or something she had seen there, called her. She sailed for Hawaii again. On that visit she met

David not as a tourist, but as a woman, and they were married. The two brown babies were hers.


She spoke a friendly greeting as she passed out packages and bottles of milk to the tiny boy. "No," she said, "you're a big boy; you can take them both at once. . . . Here you are. Put them in the kitchen." She did not consult her son's mood; he obeyed promptly and pleasantly. She excused herself then and came back a few moments later in shorts and a bra.

"What a relief," she sighed, stretching, "to be home and out of clothes again!"

A happy woman if ever I saw one. Merry chubby children. A man convinced of his way, happy to show his home and his family to admiring, perhaps envious strangers. And a way of life not too primitive to include bottled milk for the youngsters, a frame house just visible through the trees, a wife whose mood (surely she did not violate her mood) sent her off every morning to teach in the village school.

But, as David had said, one must not judge, must not criticize. I can still see him smiling as he said, deprecatingly with both hands out and palms up in surrender: "Huma' nacha'. Huma' nacha'!"

## AWAY FROM THE BEACH



**A**S RENTER AND HOUSEKEEPER I NOW BELONGED TO A city of quickly built apartment houses, spreading over every vacant lot, shutting off air, even blocking streets. In a city doubling its size within a few months, every property-owner was running up lath and plaster shelters, slapping paint around, and advertising "studio apartments." House-owners were making every square foot ready to rent; attics and basements, unused sheds and garages had tenants before the smell of turpentine was gone. Lauhala mats, Samoan tapa, and a Matson Line menu cover framed in bamboo gave every one its note of local color.

My own establishment consisted of one room with kitchen unit, a bath and dressing-room. White Filipino mahogany warmly overstuffed with wool and a thick carpet were designed, I am sure, for elegance; but I longed ungratefully for cool wicker to sit in, fresh matting underfoot. Only a block away and not yet cut off by apartments, even then being built, was the Alawai. A canal originally dug to drain the duck-ponds between the town of Honolulu and Waikiki, it now assures a breathing-space in the apartment section. Across it

on bluish-green hills the houses of St. Louis Heights and Wilhelmina Rise sprawled in new suburbs. All day there was pageantry of color across those hills; and at night big bow-knots and sashes of lights.

The boy who came to put in the telephone was glad to talk while he worked.

"No, I never been to the mainland. Maybe now with this conscription I get to go. . . . No, I don't mind it. I already had four years' military training at Kamehameha School. . . . We boys don't wanna go to war, but if we gotta, we'd better know how.

"Yes, I'm Hawaiian, Chinese-Hawaiian. Tha's the best mix, they say. Hawaiian to be lazy and happy, Chinese to be hard worker and good business man. I know. Sometimes I'm Hawaiian, and then I don't care for anything. I just sit and when they tell me to do something I just look at 'em and smile and don't care at all. I'm jus' Hawaiian then, pure, lazy Hawaiian."

That heritage showed in his brown smooth skin, brilliant eyes with long lashes, straight nose with wide nostrils, and well-cut full mouth. Looking for the Chinese I thought I caught a glimpse of it in an eyelid's droop, a firmness of outline in the jaw.

"Then when I'm Chinese," he was saying, "I work so hard, I get ahead, I learn. Tha's pure Chinese. Tha's why it's the best combination. You work too hard bein' Chinese, then you rest and be happy Hawaiian."

My day began at half past five with the first commentator on a neighbor's radio — too loud to sleep through, not clear enough to understand. Then the milkman's rattling truck, the thump of the newspaper on the step. Later Louis would remove the garbage pail and restore it neatly lined with paper. Louis discomfited me utterly. I had no idea what he was; per-

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haps Portuguese. He went morosely about mouthing a dead, half-smoked cigar which never grew shorter and never was replaced. I tried Louis with every trick I knew. To English he responded not at all. Spanish left him sneeringly silent. Jokes only made him turn away. "Thank you" filled him with unutterable disgust. Once I gave him a tip, but even that had to be forced on Louis, who scornfully pocketed the coin, picked up the garbage, and stalked away.

Business starts early in Honolulu, and from six o'clock on, the air reverberated with the clash and buzz of starting cars and stank with gasoline. But by eight o'clock they were all away, and in quiet I could consume my papaya and Kona coffee and watch the opening scene of the day's drama. The Hawaiian demigod Maui once lifted the sky from off the earth — once for all, he probably thought. But every day I saw the legend re-enacted. No sooner would the sky be clear above the Koolau Range than clouds would roll in from the Pacific to smother it in huge banks of white fluff. Later, as the sun struggled up, they let down a filmy curtain of rain which wafted a freshness across at us. Sometimes the breeze was strong enough to rattle the Venetian blinds and slap the banana fronds against the house, but usually it just brought that rain which blows about as liquid sunshine, makes rainbows around your head, dusts your hair with moisture, cools the air, and is gone.

Then, far away, would begin the crying of Japanese flower-venders. "Flow-as! Flow-as!" Sometimes men carrying leaf-covered buckets on shoulder poles; more often women in kimonos with huge baskets on their backs. Long spikes of tuberose, orange and yellow marigolds among royal-purple clover, spicy pinks, and tiny roses sold for a few cents a bunch. Gladiolas, shrimp-pink or lobster-red and golden, or mauve waterlilies on long strong stems cost more. "T'ank you!" the

seller would say, stowing away the coins in her obi. Curious little figures they were: work-worn, stooped, with flat pale faces and singsong voices. Around noon I used to see them resting under the palms on Seaside Avenue, their backs against the garbage pails, jabbering and laughing, and comparing their takings.

Twice a week a Mamasan came in to clean up. Any Japanese beyond first youth is Mamasan or Papasan; and every household has one or two. Saita left her sandals at the door, tied an apron over her kimono, and sped from task to task until everything was spotless, in unimaginative order. She spoke seldom, and always with downcast eyes and indrawn breath. But bit by bit I got her story. Born in the islands, she had gone to school "a little bit." As a child she worked in the sugar fields; "plenty children, plenty work." She married a man chosen by her parents, and had seven children. Her husband was gone; she did not know where. Mebbe so, back to Japan. Two children were out of school now and helping. A daughter in "Kress." (Kress had recently come to the islands disseminating much joy with cheap goods.) Her son was with the Hawaiian Electric Company as a lineman. That the younger children must finish school was her greatest determination. Surely no people ever valued education more highly than the Japanese in Hawaii.

Just then the papers were full of the Maemae (pronounced *my! my!*) School question. A photograph showed a group of Japanese women, some in modern dress, one in a kimono, several in a mixture of Oriental and Occidental garments. Their sandwich boards read:

"District School Belongs to District Children." "Down with Dual System of Education." "Our Children Beautified Maemae School." And, most tellingly: "Americanism is Education for All. Let Practice Add Well as Speech."

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That last slight error tells the story. The authorities had decided to declare Maemae an "English standard school," eliminating all pupils who could not express themselves in comprehensible English. Haole parents were appalled that their offspring, liltily glib in pidgin, said they felt foolish speaking English. The picketing mothers asked, with some justice, how their children could learn correct English if they did not hear it at school.

The press at first sided with the school board. Pure English must be required of all. The Maemae mothers stood firm. Then one newspaper hedged on the ground that the proposed school for Japanese was too far for small children to walk, "and in all kinds of weather." As the Hawaii Tourist Bureau admits to only one sort of weather — perfect — this plaint soon disappeared. Sol Pluvius, the *Honolulu Advertiser's* weather man, offered a remedy: "I suggest we ban both these foreign tongues and teach the kids Hawaiian." It ended in a draw.

The grocery boy brought the question up. A fine-looking lad and taller than most Japanese, he looked straight out of intelligent eyes, and spoke excellent English.

"Japanese kids have to learn English, and it's hard because most of our parents don't speak it well yet. They want us to be Americans and get ahead, but look! it's hard on them. They think about what they loved in Japan; they want us to know their language too. It's an old culture, you know, and rich. I'm glad I went to a Japanese school and can speak Japanese correctly."

That led to the question of "language schools," conducted in Japanese, which many youngsters attend after the public-school sessions. What do they learn there? Loyalty to Japan? Worship of its Emperor?

"Certainly not," averred the grocery boy. "We have

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learned Japanese language and literature, but I was never taught any disloyalty to the United States. . . . Look! ” (He put down his box and sat on it to free both hands.) “ The United States is our country; we never knew any other. And look! That’s not our war over there. I have lots of Chinese friends I went to school with. We never think about it. And Japanese who go to Japan are never happy there. It’s so hard there. Hard work, low wages, no chance. Every Japanese would rather live here. . . . Gee, I gotta go! ”

I began to understand what the grocery boy meant as I went about my affairs. Hawaii’s rapidly fusing racial amalgam walks its streets and rides its buses. At first I was so confused that I wondered if I recognized the United States sailor only by his middy blouse. Everybody else was brown of one shade or another, with slanting eyes or round, straight or curly hair. I tried to sort them out by costume, which is easier with women than with men. Older Chinese women cling to their trousers and long jackets; older Japanese women often wear complete national dress. But younger women of both races scramble their costumes with the utmost license. The long Chinese dress has been slit up the side and shows, often, rolled stockings and American shoes. Japanese split socks and clogs are worn with modern frocks; Chinese coats with Hawaiian hats; tiny children in kimonos wear square-toed American shoes; and everybody carries Japanese umbrellas when it rains. Haole women, too, wear all these things as comfort or need suggests. The only convention seems to be *no hat*. Honolulu’s persistent wind makes a twisted scarf much more dependable than a hat; a hibiscus or an orchid over the ear is more typical of the island girl than either. Except for the older conventional women, then, the stranger finds no guide to race. The kamaaina (native-born) who rattled off “ Hawaiian-Portuguese,” “ Korean-Japanese,” “ Chinese-Hawaiian,” left



me dumfounded at his perspicacity or dubious of his honesty.

I did no better with the speech current in the streets. English is the language of the Hawaiian Islands, but nobody speaks it. Even the purist interlards his daily talk with Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, even Filipino words. Why not? Language grows; Hawaiian pidgin is adding much flavor to English. A hot-dog stand I passed every day was the "Kaukau Korner. Barbecue and Chile." So multilingual a spot hardly needed its guidepost pointing toward all the world's great capitals. Going to town, my bus traveled "Ewa way," toward a plantation of that name; and home again "Waikiki way." Toward the mountains is *mauka*, toward the sea *makai*. Nobody who had ever used *wikiwiki* for "quick" could be content with any less hurried syllables, and *pau*, "finished, done," certainly sounds more final than any English word.

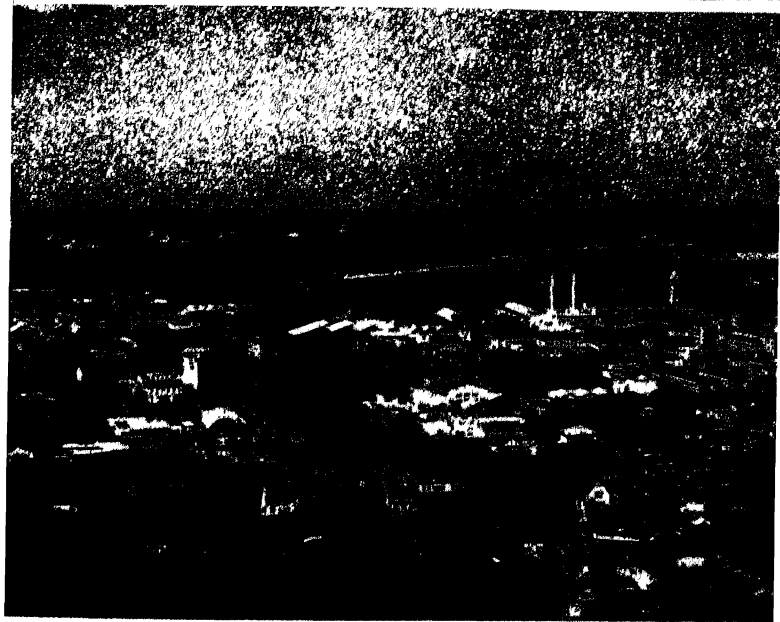
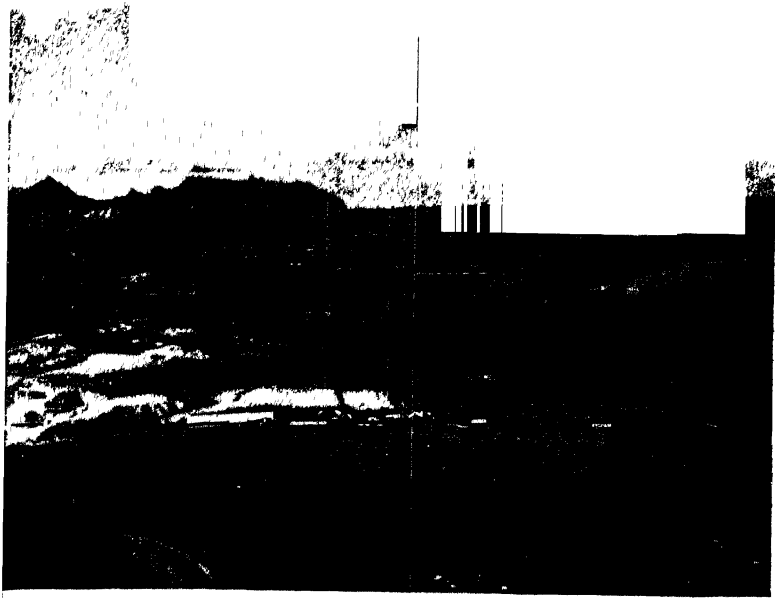
After school when youngsters boarded the buses in chattering swarms I tried to guess what race they belonged to, to understand the speech they used. They were like the youngsters in any mainland town; the same dress and manners — tight permanent waves, and high heels on the girls; the same lettered sweaters and postage-stamp caps on the boys; the same giggles and pokings; the same boy pushing up proudly to pay for his girl; the same girl friends whispering; the same small boys aping bigger boys. But the talk, running smoothly, singingly, sounded like no language I had ever heard, until my ear pierced the tune and began to catch the words. Then more samenesses appeared. These youngsters — composed of every race that has ever crossed the Pacific — were emitting the same nonsense in the same nonsensical phrases that we know at home. The game, the dance; the hero and the heel; the moon pitcher, and who gets off here or there; and "I'll be seein' ya." They could be busloads anywhere from Maidenhead to Puget Sound to Yuma to Miami.

## AWAY FROM THE BEACH

Once I had caught the accent, I could understand the youngsters perfectly. The island speech, it seemed to me, was no farther from the norm than any regional accent on the mainland. And what is the norm? Perhaps a committee consisting of one down-East Yankee, one Bowery bum, one Georgia cracker, one Hoosier, one Texas cowboy, and one New Mexico sheepherder should pass on the Hawaiian accent. They would find it softer, easier, and more melodious than any of their own. And closer, on the whole, to the Groton-Harvard than to the University of Indiana inflection.

Downtown streets were busy during all the months I was in Honolulu; they grew busier as more service men and civilian workers came in. Few tourists show up downtown. Brisk business men and even brisker women, whose shoes and efficient air mark them for Eastern women's colleges as clearly as banners could, emerge from big buildings. At work early, they lunch at twelve and by four are off to swim, garden, or attend to their multifarious civic duties. Beyond the big business section Honolulu looks more Oriental than tropical, with Chinese and Japanese signs over stores and restaurants or lettered on banks and office windows. Women in every modulation of dress, from pure Oriental to pure Kress, shop in open markets. Service men poke helplessly in and out of East India bazaars, Chinese emporiums, and shops featuring Hawaiian crafts. Shore Patrol in gaiters and side-arms stroll in pairs as do the Military Police.

Soldiers in town may wear civvies and generally do. But sailors, condemned to uniform, are undisguised. They stroll the streets, crowd street cars and buses, plunge madly through traffic in rented cars, or scoot along on bicycles. They fill stores, libraries, and movies; they even appear in churches. Fat men and skinny men with browned or reddened faces or faces black by nature: all topped with the ludicrous gob cap.



ABOVE, View from the Nuuanu Pali      BELOW, the Fleet Guards Honolulu  
*[photos, Pan Pacific Press]*



## AWAY FROM THE BEACH

Sharp, highbred features and dull, blunt features lost in fat. Tall, lazy boys; smart little whippets; well-co-ordinated bodies moving with purpose; drifting hulks with no steering gear in the head. They are alike only in three regards: the uniform, their youth, and their loneliness in a post so far from home where there are not enough nice girls to go round. Honolulu is trying to correct that, through organizations and as individuals. But the basic problem remains the same. There are not enough nice girls.

All day the Navy's white flickers in every part of town. But in the evening trickles of white gather into a steady stream like poured buttermilk which clots where anything is going on, rises like a tide in the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. to burst out of its every opening and engulf the Black Cat across the street. The most wide-open place in Honolulu, with no wall on the street side, the Black Cat serves men who have heard of it in Valparaiso or at Sloppy Joe's in Havana. A hundred and fifty men can sit at its tables, fifty can stand at its bar. Until the last bus leaves for Pearl Harbor, waitresses spin like female dervishes around the rotund and jovial proprietor, who was a Navy man once himself.

At night Honolulu is like a city in carnival from Waikiki, where tourists display their gayest dress, to Nuuanu Stream, where Oriental Honolulu centers. Store and restaurant signs are in Chinese or Japanese characters; a Buddhist shrine flutters its paper streamers between Wong Fat's poi factory and a Japanese cabinet-maker's shop. A Korean church is an ornate example of Oriental architecture, and a Filipino Methodist congregation worships in a modernistic building. In Aala Park beachcombers loiter, panhandle, or rouse themselves to listen to a radical orator. Women solicit and disreputable houses look at one another, close-lidded, across the Nuuanu River.

I was taken one night to see the dance halls. The Venice was

so crowded we could barely push our way in. A woman found us a table — a muscular, able-looking dame. "A lady bouncer. You know a man hates to crock a woman, and only a woman can separate a couple of scrappy wahines."

No scrap developed, though the jitterbugs were more violent than many a battle. Men yanked at girls and threw them about until their short dresses and bare legs seemed to fill the air. But it was the violence of fun — rough folk-dancing.

At Maggie's we almost saw a scrap. There was no dancing there and youthful soldiers and sailors were sinking over glasses of beer, probably more sleepy than drunken. Suddenly two men sitting with a girl began to snarl at each other. The girl, frightened, got up to leave, but the two followed her, noisily disputing. We saw a policeman, a Hawaiian, step quietly out another door and, curious to see how he would handle the affair, we quickly paid our bill and went along. We found them all standing beside a parked car.

"Suah, a'ri'," he was saying soothingly, "you go on home now. No sense stay mad. Was' time."

His calm took all the fight out of them; the girl drove away in the car with one man; the other went sullenly off alone. No wonder Hawaiians make such successful policemen.

The Paradise, which was advertising for dancing girls, was more elegant. The taxi dancers wore long skirts, fresh and in good taste; the dancing was quiet and the drinking very little. A Marine, sitting beside me, pointed out Sally, the Korean. Exquisitely pretty, she was dancing with a tall sailor.

"Sally doesn't dance with anybody she doesn't want to. She makes around eight dollars a night, and I guess that's better than workin' in the dime store. Her sister makes as much. They support their family and they've bought a new Chevie. Nice girls, really."

The Casino ran to brown men — Koreans, Filipinos, and

## AWAY FROM THE BEACH

even a few mainland Negroes. The Filipinos were attired according to *Esquire's* most daring ideas, in tailor-made clothes of creamy white or harmonizing colors. Their coats were too wide, their trousers belted up under their arms. Filipinos, it was explained, buy clothes in *campanias*, as they do cars, and every suit is fitted to the largest investor.

On our way home we found ourselves behind a couple whose wobblings took up the entire sidewalk. The woman was a slattern; the man wore the uniform of a petty officer. Suddenly a Hawaiian, swaying drunkenly, tried to shoulder in between the two. We got into our car, but waited to see what would happen. The Navy seemed to be losing out when four Negro sailors happened along. Without a word they cut the Hawaiian off.

"All right, Chief," said one of them, very low. "You all jes' get along now."

The couple scuttled off, and as our car moved away we saw the four black men surrounding the befuddled brown one; no matter where he turned he found a smiling black face before him. Before we turned the corner he had given up and gone his way.

Sometimes it is hard to remember that "Hawaii is a part of the United States," though that fact is dinned into one's ears without surcease. The Hawaiian Islands form a territory with a status exactly like that of every state before its admission to full statehood. Full statehood is what Hawaii says she wants just now. Sol Pluvius clarified this, like so many points, for me. "They say you should vote for statehood even if you're against it, because we won't get it anyway."

Happily I was in Honolulu for a political campaign. Traditionally Republican because of its New England heritage, its capitalistic present, and its innate conservatism, there are enough Democrats in Hawaii to make a campaign amusing, though the outcome is a foregone conclusion. I was advised

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to attend a Republican rally, "as they can afford the lushest hula girls." Thomas Square was jammed with people sitting on the grass, and a tall pillar of water plashing in a fountain made a background for the speakers' stand. Every candidate was piled so high with leis that each perspiring face shone like a half-moon above them; the effect suggested lambs decked for the slaughter. Behind them waited the dancers while each speaker invoked Kamehameha, the Conqueror, referred to the ancient Hawaiian nobility, and vociferated loudly for statehood. Just before boredom began he called out the dancers, who shook their hips and waved their arms to the nostalgic Hawaiian airs. Then another speaker.

"Watch this one," my guide whispered. "This is *hoomalimali* at its best."

*Hoomalimali* is translated as "hooley," but with the added connotation of buttering up, apple sauce, and the molasses which catches more flies than vinegar. The gentleman so introduced was a Portuguese. His gestures were superb, his oratory fiery, his voice of a wooing flexibility; his use of questions poised in air and thumpingly answered would have had me altogether convinced if I had understood one word he said. It was like opera in Italian. This does not mean that politicians in the islands do not speak English; only that this particular candidate spoke in such a way that I — probably alone of all his audience — did not quite catch what he said.

The meaning of the scene was clear, whether the speeches were or not. In the midst of the Pacific people of all the lands that border that ocean were saying their say about the government of the United States. Their status as a territory gave them no vote for President, but the speakers dwelt on national issues, though their hottest shots were at local targets. Hawaii, I was reminded, does belong to the United States.



## SON OF KANE



LUCKILY THE TIN CAN INTO WHICH I HAD STUCK TALL sprays of spicy ginger was not sturdy enough to hold them upright, and there was a sudden spill which threatened the books and all but drowned the telephone. When I took up the receiver there was no buzz; the line was dead. I sent for the trouble man, and within half an hour he appeared: a short, hammered-down fellow with stiff upstanding hair, bright eyes, and a broad grin.

“Whassa pilikia heah?” he asked briskly, and I was pleased that I had enough Hawaiian to answer smartly: “The trouble is that I’ve soused the telephone.”

As he opened his kit and settled down to unscrewing nuts and wiping things dry, he talked steadily. “So you’re workin’? I thought I was the only fella workin’ on a Sunday.”

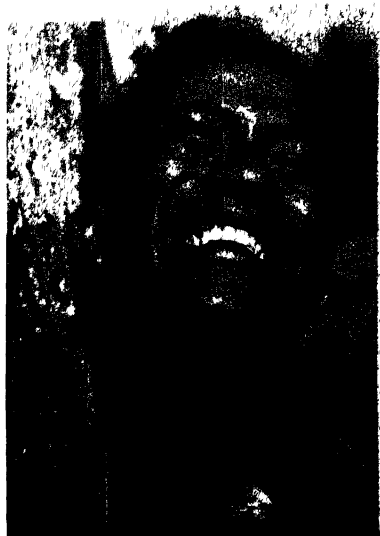
Then he set out to tell me just what I should know, just how to avoid the errors all other writers on Hawaii have made. I noted his strong shoulder muscles, round face with full lips, and coarse waving hair, and put him down for Hawaiian. His hands bore out that judgment, for though calloused and grease-

stained they moved with grace and without a needless motion.

“So that’s where you saw the hula? . . . Oh, they don’t know anything. Those hulas they dance for tourists have no more meaning than a waltz. One, two, three; one, two, three; again and again. Those girls learn a few motions. This — the waves. . . . This — the wind. . . . This — my heart. . . . This — you. Total — I love you!” Entirely without self-consciousness he moved his hardened hands so expressively that I could visualize the soft-fingered delicacy of the hula dancers. “Bah! It’s no more than a sentimental song they dance in a night club. They move their hands, they wriggle their hips. But they don’t know that the full gesture requires the whole body, like this.”

Springily he rose and brought his feet and knees into action. Even through the stiff work-shoes and the new blue denim I could see how supple and accustomed muscles took the rhythmic poses underneath. “See? Rain. . . . Gentle waves. . . . Waves growing higher. . . . Storm!” He was expressing the ideas in a language he knew; he was so sure of what he did that he brought beauty even through those ugly clumsy clothes.

“If you want to see what is really done, I’ll tell you where to go.” He gave me the name and address of a man who teaches the hula in the old way. “Maybe you could see a *uniki*. You would call it graduation, but it is different because graduation comes after you’ve been in school so long. But *uniki* means that you really know it. They have a real luau and a long service. It’s weird; it might make you feel funny. But it all has very secret meaning. Then, after all is done right, they dance, and you see a real Hawaiian dance — *olapa* — done in the spirit. There are no gestures there like ‘From the heart, I love you; one-two-three.’ No, every motion means something real, important. You won’t know the meanin’ when you see an *olapa*. The real meaning is secret.



ABOVE, RIGHT, Not the Son of Kane — but He Might Be  
ABOVE, LEFT, Hawaiian and a Breadfruit Tree [*photos, Harold Stein*]  
BELOW, Making Poi in the Ancient Way [*photo, Senda Studio, Lihue*]



## SON OF KANE

“ Yes, it may be a legend of the old days. It deals with trees, shelter, food. And life, too. Love, birth, death. And genealogy. My grandfather — my mother’s father — he chanted before he died the whole genealogy from Kane to me. My ancestor was Kane, the sacred mischievous pig. For six hours he chanted (they don’ sing, they chant), naming every generation from Kane to me. My brothers and I — we are four — we all have the name Kane. All Hawaiians recognize us; they treat us almost like gods. Wherever we go among Hawaiians, they do all they can for us, give us the best, treat us royally. We all carry the sign of Kane. You know that a certain descent gives certain characteristics. You notice my hair? ”

I had indeed, its vigorous way of standing up in a crown.

He moved over beside me on the couch and ducked his head. “ You feel it. You see, it’s coarse, stiff, bristly like a pig’s bristles. That’s the sign of Kane. Any Hawaiian I meet for the first time, I see him lookin’ at my hair. Then he makes an excuse to touch it; then he says, low and reverently: ‘ Kane! ’ Always they recognize me.”

He recited the names of the four brothers, explaining that each had an English name by which he was known. His own was Solomon. He gave me his full name and address but asked me not to use more than the given name in anything I wrote. The four brothers’ Hawaiian names are: Kane Kulani Ku, Kupanihi, Kane Kapolei, and Kane Loa. “ And that is the original board of kahunas — you know, priests — of Kane. No wonder they think we are sacred! ” He had finished drying and replacing the inner parts of the telephone. He tested it by calling the office. Then he accepted a cigarette and sat down.

“ But I have left all that. It’s too dangerous. It gives powers for good and evil. When we are young and lack judgment we may misuse great powers. One with power can say: ‘ I wish you break a leg,’ and you will break it! . . . Yes, it gives

healing powers too. When my grandfather chanted he did it to cure sickness. But he died without teaching us that chant, the genealogy from Kane to me. So nobody knows it now. But it's better so. You have to choose whether to go the old way with the old gods or the new way with the one true God. I have chosen. It's the same God, you know, back of it all. But for most of us the power is too dangerous."

He pondered, smoking, then went on. "My brother had a dream before his son was born. In his dream he saw Kane, the sacred mischievous pig, and he said to my brother: 'Name your child with the name of Kane.' But my brother didn't want to. Then he had a second dream, the same. Then a third. Three times Kane came to him and told him to name his child Kane.

"Then the child was born. A giant of a boy, two feet long and big and strong. But they named him away from Kane. He grew. He was magnificent. Then when he was going to be seven months old they left him alone on a bed. And when they came back he had fallen against the wall, and his chin was caught on the edge of the bed. They found him, hung there, choked to death. . . . That was because my brother did not mind those dreams. That was Kane, that child. So he died."

Setting out to learn what I could about Kane as an ancestor, I encountered discouraging reactions. Students dismissed my queries with: "Oh, yes, they get notions like that." Hawaiians looked at me intently, a bit shocked sometimes, and quizzed me closely as to just what the telephone man had said. Some of them laughed it off. Others said: "But Kane was God, the great Omnipotent! That fellow could not be descended from God!" It was Mary Pukui, with her wide knowledge of Hawaiian lore, who gave me the hint. "Kane," she explained, "was the Omnipotent whom all peoples worship. But in old Hawaii there were many Kanes; he appeared in many forms."

With that clue I found this in *Hawaiian Mythology* by

Martha Beckwith: "Kane represented the god of procreation, and was worshiped as ancestor of chiefs and commoners. . . . Each family worshiped Kane under the name of its own family god or *amakua*." She mentions the demigod Kane-puaa or Kamapuaa, who was able to metamorphose himself from man to pig and back again. I came upon no such phrase as "sacred mischievous pig," but Kamapuaa was up to plenty of mischief. It seemed enough to verify, or at least explain, the claims of my friend the telephone man. I had never doubted his honesty or the certainty of his direct descent, generation by generation, from both Kane and the sacred mischievous pig.



## VIII

# HAWAII'S FIRST FAMILIES



THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, WHICH APPEAR ON THE MAP AS mere dots, are the tips of the tallest mountains on earth. Of volcanic origin, their upbuilding was the work of ages. Perhaps a hundred and twenty million years ago a rift occurred in the ocean's floor and through it surged molten matter from the earth's insides. Repeated eruptions built up a mountain range three hundred miles or so from northwest to southeast. Then, at long last, seven bare and stony peaks broke water and became, in the air, subject to new influences. From Niihau to Hawaii the order of their appearance, according to the geographers, conforms to the native legend of Maui, the culture hero who caught island after island on his hook and pulled them dripping from the sea.

It was to be many weary æons before they would be suitable homes for men. But the sea kept working away at the lava shores and small living things built up coral reefs around them. Rain and running water eroded stone into tiny pockets of soil. Fungus growth appeared and died, leaving the lightest humus. Seeds washed in or were dropped from the feet or



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feathers of migrating birds. Tidal waves brought sand. And the inside of the earth, never still, kept throwing up flaming, hissing streams of more and more lava, building the islands ever higher, until at last large plants found foothold so high they could not be uprooted and washed out to sea. The volcanoes too had coughed up red earth rich in iron and other elements which nourished magnificent forests on all the uplands. Many indigenous plants have disappeared and many new species have been introduced, but along uninhabited shores and in the high mountains the islands must look now much as they did to the first comers. They found koa trees for making canoes, iron-hard ohia for houses, hala for mats, paper mulberry for tapa, lehua for fruit, and many berries and grasses.

Hawaii's first inhabitants came from the south. They are presumed to have been Caucasians who had crossed the Indo-Malay region, where they mingled with the Mongoloid folk, but not enough to lose their distinguishing Caucasian features. In Malay they picked up many customs and took along with them pigs and dogs, taro and outrigger canoes. Always they pressed ahead as though in conscious eagerness to launch their frail canoes on the mightiest ocean. For they were pre-eminently men of the sea, and their destiny was to populate the islands of the Pacific. Polynesia forms a huge triangle of scattered lava peaks and coral atolls, with New Zealand at its southwestern angle, the Hawaiian Islands at its northern tip, and at its far eastern apex tiny Easter Island, only two thousand miles from Peru. At some time some navigator whose name is lost covered those miles of ocean and landed on the Peruvian coast. How does one know? The sweet potato. A native of Peru, it was thoroughly domesticated and generously nourishing the people of all Polynesia long before white men reached the Pacific.

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The Polynesians traveled in canoes, hewed out of large trees with stone adzes, sewed together with coconut fiber, fitted with straw mats for sails, and navigated by men who actually sailed from star to star — sighting one ahead over the spot they wished to reach, one behind to mark the place they had left. Such a navigator also understood currents and trade winds and how to make the most of both. And he was no mean shipbuilder. Felix Riesenbergh, in *The Pacific Ocean*, says: "It is not impossible that a large proa, manned by the old daring Polynesian sailors, would give any commodore, in an American cup yacht, a run for his money." The original one-log canoe developed into a steadier craft by the rigging of a boom alongside — the famous outrigger. And from that came the double canoe, two lashed together and sometimes fitted with a deck between them, even a roofed deck. Such a vessel could be loaded with plenty of food for a long voyage: dried taro and coconuts, and fowls, pigs, and dogs to live until their flesh was needed. The men of course were master fishermen. There must have been many lightly equipped exploring parties, but there were also heavily laden fleets carrying families, plants, and animals, roots and seeds for the new homes. So hundreds of Pacific islands were settled.

This whole tale is thrillingly told in *Vikings of the Sunrise* by Peter Buck, whose Polynesian name is Te Rangi Hiroa. Dr. Buck justifies his book's title by comparing his ancestors' exploits with the voyages of Europeans, creeping cautiously along the Mediterranean coasts, venturing across the Atlantic only at its narrowest point, an achievement the mariners of the Pacific would have thought nothing of at all. The cruising range of a double canoe is accepted as twenty-five hundred miles, and a couple of hundred-foot proas could carry a food supply for months. So these primitive Polynesians paddled

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and sailed all over the Pacific Ocean — the most astonishing feat of seamanship in all history. Many islands they did not occupy. Many perhaps they did not see. But they chose the best of them, and had built a very satisfactory way of living hundreds of years before the first white men had a glimpse of the bounding and boundless blue of the Pacific.

The Hawaiian Islands were first recorded in unwritten history by the Tahitians, who named them Havai'i for the mythological cradle of the race. But they were already settled by a race which figures in legend as the Menehunes, tiny gnomes who worked in such swarms and with such skill that they finished every task, however arduous, before dawn. Students recognize the Menehunes as real men, probably as large as their conquerors; certainly their stone work is the best to be found in the islands. But Hawaiian history begins with the conquerors from Tahiti. Their leaders appeared as gods; many Hawaiians can still trace their family trees back to gods, generation by generation in unbroken line. Dr. Buck believes that the original hero grew in stature as he receded in time until only godhead could account for his loftiness. Legends of the gods are so full of homely detail that they present a complete picture of Hawaiian life, and one which is confirmed by early white explorers.

All these sources picture a life of extraordinary adjustment between man and his environment. Isolated in the vastness of the ocean, the Hawaiian had only what his islands produced. The sternest limitation was the lack of metals. Until Cook's discovery in 1778, the only metal the Hawaiians had seen was bits of nails in pieces of driftwood. All tools were hacked from basalt, and fiber lashings took the place of nails. Houses were made of poles and grass. Temples were rough piles of field stones, and the images of the gods were roughly hewn of stone

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or wood. Food was limited to fish and seaweed, a few greens, a few fruits, little meat, and of course the staple poi, which is said to contain all the necessary vitamins.

The whole culture, materially so simple, was beautiful with the precision and finish that limitations give a work of art. At the top of the social scheme stood the chief, whose power was justified by divine descent. His person was sacrosanct. Commoners approached him crawling, and might not even let their shadow fall on his path. He could send them to war, offer them in sacrifice, deprive them of all their goods. The chief owned "all the land, the fishes in the sea, and the iron washed up by the sea." His supremacy was threatened only by rival chiefs, and by the supernatural powers of the priests.

The commoner owed allegiance to his immediate superior, who in turn bowed to a higher chief. The conquering Tahitians had probably pushed the Menehunes back into the least desirable lands and the lowest stratum of society. There may have been a slave caste, but little is said of it. Every man knew exactly where he fitted into the scheme; his work was definite and not too hard; generally he could eat; and if he contravened any of the tabus, punishment was swift and dire, often mutilation or death. The commoner owned nothing, and tax-collectors took most of what he had raised from the land, caught in the sea, or cut in the forests. In general, however, the primitive Hawaiian probably got along pretty well.

He was a farmer who understood his land and the seasons. He terraced his fields, fertilized them, and plotted irrigation ditches quite correctly. There were certain seasons for fishing, and tabus designed to protect the supply. He lived in a grass hut, or in several if his wealth and position permitted. His women lived largely apart, but the tabus against them have aroused an undue amount of distress, it seems to me. If women

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could not eat with men, neither could men eat with women. And men did all the hard work of preparing food, while the ladies took their ease. A man might have several wives, but each of them might also have several husbands. Sex, in fact, was quite free of the tabus we build around it. People came together and separated as easily and with much less strain than modern divorce laws permit. Women (though they might not eat bananas or certain fish) often served as chiefs or priests — and their only task was the making of tapa cloth. That was a matter of soaking the inner bark of the paper mulberry and felting it with heavy wooden beaters, so carved that they left designs like watermarks in paper. Patterns were sometimes painted on or stamped with light bamboo staves. The best old tapa, preserved in museums, is as soft in texture and color as fine tweed, and as warm as light wool, especially in the many-layered bed-coverings. Tapa-making was an art as well as a craft, and they say clever operators could telegraph messages with the tap of the beater.

Other arts were left to men, who were much handicapped by the paucity of workable materials. There was no clay for pottery, little stone for carving, and no metals. Their stone walls are not remarkable compared with those of other Stone Age peoples, but they have left a few stone idols whose hideousness is strong and exciting enough to be called beautiful. In wood-carving they showed greater facility; their wooden images are fine and compelling as they grin with sharks' teeth and glare with eyes of colored shell. Most of them were burned when the Hawaiians overthrew their old faith, or they went up in smoke before missionary zeal. In woodwork which should be classed as craft rather than art, the Hawaiians showed consummate skill. Their canoes were perfectly designed for speed; they and their oars and outriggers balanced to a hair. Their surf boards are a marvel. Household

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articles were few, but the nice proportion and soft polish of old poi trays and bowls is a delight to sight and touch. This woodwork is a living craft, though the clever Japanese have taken over much of it. Among the finest native things on sale in Hawaii today are articles made of native hard woods.

Their other primitive products were of materials even more ephemeral. They made houses and household goods of grasses and leaves. They wove their finest mats, makaloa, of reeds so fine that they are almost as supple as satin.

Of all Hawaiian handiwork, none is more beautiful, more ephemeral, or, as it has happened, more enduring than the art of working in fresh flowers. The lei is Hawaii's own. Hawaiian women still string leis; many women make a meager living from the craft. Students have traced flower necklaces back into Melanesian antiquity, but the long string of dewy flowers laid on the shoulders in welcome or farewell, to express congratulation or sympathy on occasion, and affection always, is pre-eminently Hawaiian. The oldest accounts of the Islands mention flower wreaths.

The most primitive lei, perhaps, is the heavy twist of human hair fastened with a whale's tooth such as adorns the wistful Liliha, whom John Hayter painted in London in 1842. Liliha also wears a feather lei on her hair — another attribute of royalty. It has been suggested that Hawaii's lei of fragrant myrtle was a Caucasian heritage connected with the Roman laurel wreath, but its Hawaiian history is proud enough without the classical allusion. Dedicated to the gods, maile was so profusely used on altars that some Hawaiians with sensitive noses claim its scent still clings to ruined heiaus, those walled enclosures where idols stood beside tapa-wrapped towers, and where every ceremony ended with a hula dance.

Red was the god color; red lehua might be worn only by the chiefs. Yellow was also their color; ilima leis are still pre-

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ferred by proud alii. Sections of the bright yellow pandanus fruit, rather like pineapple "eyes," are often strung into necklaces. Queen Emma preferred rose leis.

Every island has its lei. Hawaii anciently favored lehua, and the maile vine; now they also make a rope of Chinese pansies in spirals of lavender and deep violet. Maui prefers the rose. On Molokai kukui nuts are strung into pungent and enduring necklaces. Oahu, home of kings, claims the ilima. And Kauai the mokihana, a perfumed berry which they thread with maile and which will scent one's trunk or closet for months.

In olden times usage was strict; nowadays all flowers are used for leis. Modern enterprise even provides enduring ones of paper, silk, or shell. The Tourist Bureau lists twenty-nine flowers in common use — including carnations, plumeria, ginger blossoms, tuberose, gardenias, crown and candle flowers, bougainvillea, cigar flower, hibiscus, and marigold. Leis are as intricately woven as jewels, and the effect is jewel-like. They are strung loosely on vines twined into ropes like coral, fluffed out like silken puffs, made to set one another off like the combined colors of Persian lacquer.

Feather-work is close to the lei craft in antiquity, uniqueness, and delicacy, but all that remains of it today is the making of hat-bands. They say you can tell a politician by his Panama hat with feather lei; though tourists also wear leis of peacock or Chinese pheasant plumage. All sorts of feathers are used now. Anciently, when the wearing of feathers was a mark of royalty, only certain birds would serve. The mamoa, extinct since about 1870, was a black bird which supplied a few yellow feathers, which the bird-catchers removed and then let the bird go. Of these few feathers from each bird were made the magnificent cloaks, long enough and wide enough to sweep the floor when worn by a man over six feet tall! Lighter yellow

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plumage was contributed by the oo, another black bird with a few yellow feathers. The bright vermilion iiwi gave the red which trims the cloaks. The lustrous beauty of those regal garments is incredible until seen. Even then one marvels at the skill with which infinitesimal feathers have been tied into a net to form a surface silky as a bird's plumage.

All these arts anciently served the gods. Into this life came the white man, bringing firearms, liquor, metal, diseases, and a new religion. The first of them — the tradition of a Spanish discoverer has been exploded in the best scientific manner — was Captain James Cook, who came north from Tahiti. In honor of the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the British Admiralty, under whom he sailed, the captain named his discovery the Sandwich Islands.

Wherever Captain Cook's two ships touched they were immediately surrounded by canoe-loads of people with flowers in their hair and songs in their mouths. Once aboard, they picked up what they wanted and gave what they had, all in the friendliest possible spirit. They had brought fresh fruit, sweet water, and fish just caught. They also offered pretty girls — the chieftess presented her daughter to the captain for the night — and pretty girls offered their own flower-wreathed and laughing selves. These Hawaiians were a disciplined and moral people in that they conformed to their own code. But with them love was to be given freely, not sold in secret or in shame. And they saw nothing immoral in a bare body.

The chiefs and priests accepted Captain Cook as the god Lono, who had been expected to appear. They set him in a place of honor in the heiau and prostrated themselves in veneration. The captain did not understand at first; doubtless to the Britisher divine honors seemed no more than his just due. But he could not sustain his godly role. When one of his men was killed the notion of divinity received a jolt, and when



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Cook himself was hurt they knew him for a man. In a needless brawl he was killed, but he left Britain a good claim to the islands; and an unschooled and unready population were laid open to the terrific impact of a complicated machine civilization.

Their own affairs were at a turning-point. Just after Cook's visit a vigorous young chief, Kamehameha, had made himself ruler of all the islands. Judging by his feather cloak, the great conqueror was a man well over six feet in height; his portrait shows a strong, ugly face with flashing eyes; and everything he did indicated shrewdness, knowledge of men, and a determination to keep Hawaii for the Hawaiians. Kamehameha did not like the name Sandwich Islands. They should be called, he said, "Islands of the King of Hawaii." Nor did he like foreign domination. When it was suggested that if he flew the British flag it might mean allegiance to Britain, he said he had plenty of flags and ordered another run up. As long as Kamehameha lived, the old gods and the old days prevailed; he was unquestioned ruler, and white men who served him were his retainers and dependent upon his will. But no man, however powerful, could stop the course of events. The Hawaiian Islands were inevitably brought into the imperialistic expansion of Europe during the nineteenth century. And they suffered under it much less than many other parts of the world, largely because of the Protestant missionaries from New England.

Mark Twain wrote: "The missionaries came after the whisky. I mean the missionaries arrived after the whisky had arrived." They did indeed, forty years after. During those years a constantly increasing number of vessels put into the ports of Owhyhee (Hawaii) and Wahoo (Oahu). Vancouver, who followed Cook in 1793, left cattle and sheep. Don Francisco de Paula Marín introduced the algaroba tree and many

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varieties of fruits and vines. Every ship brought manufactured goods to create new wants. Hawaiians learned to bargain shrewdly instead of giving generously. When fur-traders from Alaska found a market for sandalwood in China, Hawaiian chiefs destroyed forests of the precious wood and worked their people to death cutting down the trees. Whalers regularly wintered in the islands. Grog shops appeared. The roughest men afloat reduced Hawaiian women to the status of prostitutes and spread dreadful havoc with venereal disease. Many white men stayed in the islands. In 1812 Archibald Campbell, in *A Voyage around the World*, reported sixty whites on Oahu alone. Most of them were New England Yankees, but some were British, including six or eight convicts escaped from New South Wales. Some were deserters. Many were worthy men who contributed good advice and taught the Hawaiians to build ships and to cope with roistering sailors.

These resident foreigners had influence out of all proportion to their numbers. In general the chiefs judged men fairly; to the best of them they gave lands, under the old system by which the king retained ownership, but valuable estates none the less. They married high-born maidens, often several of them, and acquired more land and the status of noblemen. Hawaiian history of the nineteenth century is the story of how white men, from being courtiers and ministers of the Hawaiian kings, slowly gained such power that by the end of the century they were tolerating and finally getting rid of the monarchy. All this was inevitable before any New England missionary had heard of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands.

The first missionary band was inspired by Opukahaia, a Hawaiian sailor, who had been converted to Christianity and yearned to send the gospel to his people. It was the perfect time for missionaries. A generation of Hawaiians had seen white

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men violate tabus with no evil consequences. The entire structure of Hawaiian life was eaten as by termites and ready to fall. A public repudiation of the old faith was only the recognition of a fact. But it left the people at loose ends, dubious of the old discipline, baffled and helpless with none to replace it. The missionaries had no entrenched religion to combat; they only had to offer a new one with its certainties and its tabus.

New England fathered modern Hawaii and its mother was Polynesian. Impossible to understand it without appreciating the qualities of both. The story is unique. In all history no colonizing was ever done like this. No conquerors came, but ministers of the gospel. They had no soldiery to protect them; they did not defeat the natives, take over their lands, and live on the labor of a subject race. They were teachers and spiritual guides, and they fought consistently against men of their own race who tried to exploit the chiefs as they began to taste foreign luxury. They made a literate population out of the Stone Age people; they put the language into writing and preserved it; through their efforts the land laws were revised in an effort (however mistaken) to better the conditions of the Hawaiian commoners, who had no rights under the old regime; and they steadied the little Kingdom through fifty years of covetous conflict between powerful nations. They planted the seeds of Christianity, of democracy, of literacy, and of tolerance.

This is what the missionaries did. That much they did not plan, foresee, or even wish for resulted from their efforts need surprise no student of human nature. Nor was it surprising that they became powerful politically. Their converts were chiefs who naturally took the advice of their pastors. Missionaries advocated laws against such vices as liquor and fornication. This brought them into conflict with ships' captains as well as common sailors, and with many European residents

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who saw no evil in liquor and little in fornication. Very soon there was a missionary and an anti-missionary party, which did not hesitate to call on European countries for aid. Between them stood the Hawaiian chiefs, now called kings, pitifully eager to be civilized and European, equally helpless against diplomatic subterfuges and armed battleships.

## THE LOST HULA



MY SEARCH FOR SOUND INFORMATION ON THE OLD hula took me to call on Mary Wiggin Pukui at the Bishop Museum. I found her at work in an office, and everything she said marked her as a serious student. But her holoku with train, the flower in her piled-up hair, her ready smile and air of leisure created an atmosphere more intimate than businesslike.

She was soon telling me that she owed her interest in ancient lore to her American father, who gave her to her Hawaiian grandmother. So little Mary heard Hawaiian spoken correctly from her infancy and she learned legends every day. That childhood and formal education in a good school resulted in a rare and lovely mind stored with ancient lore she does not believe in and a realization of the importance of saving an art and a literature nearly lost. She agreed with Mrs. Harris of the tourists' luau that there is no understanding the hula without the words. But Mrs. Pukui goes farther. The Hawaiian can be understood only through the ancient poetry which was his greatest art and his gift for poetic metaphor which still marks his modern expression.

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Dr. Peter Buck, who has made vigorous translations of Maori chants, says that no adequate poetic translations of Hawaiian verse have yet been made. But the translations easily available seem to convey some joy of the original. Padraic Colum, who rewrote Hawaiian legends in a very poetic but Irish manner, remarked that every Hawaiian poem had four meanings. Mary Pukui, in an unpublished manuscript, comments: "He was too generous. There are but two; the literal meaning and the *kaona* or inner meaning. The literal is like the body and the inner meaning is like the spirit of the poem. . . . The *kaona* of a chant was believed potent enough to bring lovers together, to mend broken homes, or to break up an undesirable union . . . but it was ineffective unless it was chanted before a gathering of people." Often the *kaona* was of such local or personal meaning that only those who had the key could understand it: "A poem with words of innocent intent may hide within it untranslatable vulgarity while a poem that sounds decidedly vulgar on the surface may yield a thought as pure as a hymn." In illustration she cites a long poem known only to her family. It deals with water, wind in hollow places, and three gullies crawling with roots. "This beautiful piece of vulgarity," she says, "is our very own and is never used except as an insulting reply when similarly insulted."

Another example of how the outward clothes the inward meaning was quoted to me on Maui, within sight of the lovely Iao Valley:

Over Iao Valley the mist arches like a malo.  
And as the heat rises from Wailuku  
The coolness of the valley  
Turns the malo into mist indeed.

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The erotic significance of this song, which even the untutored might guess at, comes out more clearly, they say, as night wears on and the singers tip the jug more and more freely. Mrs. Pukui warns against a too general effort to find hidden meanings. "Unless the kaona has been handed down as a record, written or oral, so that we have it as the poet intended, it is wiser to stick to the literal meaning."

Generally songs were danced. This close connection between the two arts was recognized by Nathaniel B. Emerson, whose *Sacred Songs of the Hula* is recognized as the authoritative book on the subject. According to Emerson, the first hula was Hiiaka's dancing for her sister the goddess Pele. But the hula soon descended from gods to men and became a royal art, whose dancers were trained in court schools.

Everything about the hula was sacred, and trained leaders, *kumus*, were in charge of it. The school site was selected by the priest, its building was attended by ceremony, and its builders fasted and preserved their celibacy while they worked. The *kuahu*, altar, bore an image of Laka, goddess of the dance, and was adorned with leaves and flowers taken with apologies for despoiling her.

The kumu-hula was responsible for everything the dancers did; not only their dancing, but what they ate and drank and how they comported themselves. He was also adept in spiritual matters and could protect the dancers from sorcery or from the evil effects of their own errors. He had a corps of assistants: a monitor to keep order, fishermen, farmers, and cooks to produce and prepare food according to the manifold tabus. The tabus, as usual, seem to have a basis in sound sense. Sexual intercourse was forbidden; all primitives know that temporarily withholding the powers of sex vivifies artistic expression. Sugar-cane was forbidden; it does roughen the

voice. Certain seaweeds, taro tops, bananas, and squids were tabu. There could be no contact with outsiders or with a corpse; immaculate cleanliness was all-important.

The graduation, an elaborate and trying affair, began with a period of strict confinement to the heiau. Those whose duties took them out went with muffled head. On the last night all bathed in the sea. "Nakedness is the garb of the gods."

For the final day the halau had been freshened with new rushes on the floor, and hung with garlands of sweet-scented boughs and blossoms. The dancers, whose hair and nails had been allowed to grow during their training, were trimmed and groomed. Both men and women wore the malo, and the women the tapa kirtle. Anklets of whale teeth, bone, shell, or dogs' teeth strung on fiber, added to the musical accompaniment. They all wore leis of flowers or myrtle on their heads and around their necks. How beautiful those young people must have been: physically perfect and perfectly fit, radiant from their sea bath and grooming, with shining hair and fresh flowers; trained in their art and inspired with a belief in its sacredness and in their worthiness to practice it!

Before the public was admitted, the dancers ate ceremonially of a black, unblemished pig, butchered by the kumu. Sometimes the weight of his hands killed the animal as he held it down and prayed; if not, it was otherwise dispatched. It had to be cooked just right — neither raw nor scorched: not a bad rule in any age. Each initiate ate a portion, especially of the snout, the ear tips, and the brain. The tabu was then lifted and the public admitted to the feast, where the dancers appeared for the first time.

Both men and women originally wore the *pa'u*, a strip of tapa knotted under the arms and falling to the knees or just below. The ti-leaf skirt is an imitation of the Tahitian grass skirt, which was introduced by King Kalakaua in the eighties.



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Men and women danced together, and that their performance included sexual emotion is implicit in everything Emerson writes, especially in his cutting aside: "If one's virtue will not endure love-making in Arcadia, let him banish the myth from his imagination and hie to a convent nunnery." The hula was, for the ancient Hawaiian, concert and opera, legend and history, religion, and all kinds of poetry. Naturally an art so flexible could be used to express a wide range of emotions, from reverent solemnity, through lyrical love cries and innocent fun, to the orgiastic.

This hula is gone. When King Liholiho broke the tabus, it ended as a recognized religious expression. Missionary disapproval prohibited its open practice as either art or fun. But a true folk-expression is not easily eradicated. The hula persisted probably in two environments. In remote districts old folks tried to keep their customs alive and to pass them on to their children. Only that could account for the number of ancient hulas which are still known. Mrs. Pukui has eight hundred and ninety-three in her collection, mostly from Kauai. The original number must have been endless. For every royal progress each village would make a new hula as matter-of-factly as they prepared a feast. Mrs. Pukui thinks that thirty-five or so of these dignified and serious hulas are still occasionally danced.

In another direction the hula disappeared into whorehouses and was degraded to suit the roughest seamen's taste. Here is material for a revealing study in changing mores. How much has the hula been brought back toward decency and how much has the popular conception of decency altered? Certainly as British influence gained over that of the missionaries, the hula came out of hiding. Many popular hulas were composed and danced in honor of Queen Emma; but long after her day the dance remained something that nice women did

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not see. Only recently does every little girl learn it; conventional ladies kick off their slippers to dance it at formal dinners, and no public function is complete without the hula.

A few modern teachers still observe the old discipline in their schools of the dance. Mrs. Pukui named Ilalaole, who is expert in the old forms.

“If I went to Ilalaole now,” Mrs. Pukui said, “I would chant the password. Courtesy would demand that he open the door to any initiate. If it did not open the first time, I would chant the second time. If that brought no response, I would give the fourth call. Not the third, because that has a little curse word. But if the door still remained shut, I would give the third, and he would have to open. As I entered, the teacher would say: ‘Who enters?’ And I would answer. Only initiates could do all this correctly. One would then offer a present. In the old days it would be *awa*, the old Hawaiian liquor. Money is given now, but that is too bad; other things have more meaning than money.”

Most of the old conventions have disappeared, but formerly a kumu who had a class ready to graduate would invite other teachers to observe and criticize. “It might be that the dancer’s smile was too set; hand or foot motion not fluid enough; a wrong word here or there. The teacher would express his thanks and the class would then polish up these finer points. Only when the visiting master said: “This hula is now perfect,” was the class allowed to graduate.

The full graduation ceremony was performed for Mrs. Pukui’s sister Patience. At her feast pork was offered, but as Mrs. Pukui does not eat pork she substituted a fish whose name means pork. “The name is everything. Words must be used with great care, as a name may bless or harm.” Often it is a secondary meaning that is important. Dancers may not eat “hiding seaweed” lest its use conceal knowledge from

them. Octopus was tabu because its name also means "to flee," and knowledge might flee from him who ate it. Dancers were permitted only fish that could be eaten in one mouthful, because cutting the fish symbolized cutting knowledge into small bits. Knowledge should apparently be all of a piece.

I was not told all this in one talk at the Bishop Museum. On my first visit, after an hour's talk, Mrs. Pukui took me home with her, picking up pretty Pat downstairs, where she handles the telephone and the visitors. Patience is Japanese by birth, but Mrs. Wiggin took her when she was a tiny baby, and actually she is as Hawaiian as Mary Pukui herself. She dances with extraordinary fluidity, her exquisitely molded body under perfect control; her movements and quiet smile are all Hawaiian. Only the set of her head, so fragile on a slim neck, her small mouth, and the porcelain quality of her skin are Japanese. Japanese and Hawaiian, she is an American girl graduated from American schools, and as much fun to be with as any girl of her age. How these islands do bring incongruities together and make beauty of them!

Our talk at the Wiggin-Pukui home that first afternoon was largely of music. Mrs. Pukui has a rare collection of musical instruments and she can play them all. Ordinarily women dance and men "beat." But Mary Pukui, bound to try anything that interests her, learned to beat from her first teacher on Kauai.

One by one she picked up her highly polished gourds and bamboo flutes, handling them deftly and making them produce the curious rhythm of Hawaiian music. Emerson describes it as a rhythm of accent, designed to fit the poem and not to express a musical idea; there was no music without song. The songs, or chants, like modern poetry, are arranged in cadences, not beaten out in regular meter, and not rhymed. They are properly called cantillations.

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The big drum, Mrs. Pukui related, sliding over from fact to legend, came from Tahiti when Laa came up to see his father about six hundred years ago. As Laa's canoes passed along the shore of Oahu, the natives heard his big drum, his coconut drum, and his bamboo instruments, and they were so enthralled with the sounds that they ran all the way from Hanaua to Waimanalo to keep abreast of the canoes. So they learned the Big Drum Dance.

Besides the big shark-skin drum and the tiny coconut drum, which is only a handful, Mrs. Pukui beat the double gourd, which is formed by tying two gourds together on the vines and allowing them to grow so. The musical bow, known only in Hawaii, is held close to the lips, but lips and tongue are still, while the breath uses the throat as a sound-box. A very sensitive ear can catch the softly breathed words. Even more primitive are the treadle boards, almost never used now. The right foot thumps a rounded board on the ground while the performer enriches the rhythm by tapping small sticks together.

Pat, smiling and unwearying, danced on and on. One hula, honoring Pele, ended with a verse which Mrs. Pukui translated: "Pele, O Pele! This is my chant for Pele."

If her daughter, Pele Pukui, had been present, she would have responded: "Yes, I am here." A chant belongs to the one for whom it was made or to an heir. Chants are willed as tangible heirlooms are, or given as presents. Mrs. Pukui owns many which her teacher on Hawaii gave her.

All the old dances were slow; the modern tendency is to quicken the tempo. Hands, arms, feet, knees, and hips all moved in harmony; often in mimetic motions. There were three hip motions — a slow rotation, a quick one, and a figure 8. Hip motions were not suggestive, though they could be, of course. Care was taken not to roll the abdomen, and movement

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of the shoulders was held to a minimum. In the most finished dancing the gestures are very slight. An eyebrow lifted means assent; the wriggle of a nose, refusal. A hand thrown out or drawn back, the advance or retreat of a foot, could mean much. All this demands continual exercise to loosen and limber the muscles and to strengthen them. The kumu even used to lay his pupil out and tread upon him, massaging with his feet.

When I asked about the old charge that many hulas were obscene, Mrs. Pukui answered: "Hawaiians knew obscenity, but they didn't think that way."

Lewd hulas were danced for a serious purpose: that of sexual excitation for the sake of bringing children to the childless. Only married people took part. During the dance the kumu would touch here a man, there a woman, who then retired into the dark. They might remain together for several days or until conception occurred or seemed unlikely. A child born of such a union was considered the child of the husband and so appeared in the genealogies. This dance was called the Ume, which may be translated as "attraction," or "coming together."

We went on to the hula's religious meaning. The dance was always introduced, Mrs. Pukui said, by a prayer to Laka: "O Laka, inspire me!" Certain hulas were never danced solely for amusement; for example, a canoe dance, performed for men setting out to sea. The dancers, only men, wore leis of seaweed instead of flowers. "A long row of men, sitting, making motions of the paddles, now faster, now slower, now right, now left. It was very effective." Pat's perfectly timed arms made it effective enough with just one girl to make you see paddlers and canoe. "If you entertained the sea gods," said Mrs. Pukui, laughing, "they would be more apt to bring you luck." This dance was, of course, vaguely a prayer. But the

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Hawaiians seem to have used little supplication. Sympathetic magic, perhaps, and the propitiation of the god by reciting his prowess, as the chief or chieftess was flattered by a special hula.

Thinking of Emerson's comparison of the hula with opera, I asked if there were sustained hulas of epic length or content. The answer was no. But a correctly arranged program may give the effect of a continuous performance. Old people remember that at the time of King Kalakaua's great jubilee, the newspapers were filled with discussions of what dances were correct for the occasion, and their proper order.

Mrs. Pukui let me see a properly built program she made some years ago.

1. The Pele Hula, as the program is in Pele's honor.
2. The Canoe Hula, as Pele came in a canoe.
3. The Images, to represent the gods who brought her safely.
4. The Dog Dance, because a dog deity welcomed her ashore.
5. The Hog Dance, because a hog was served at the welcoming feast.
6. The Stick Dance, because wood was needed to cook the pig and to build the house for the royal guest.
7. The Big Drum Dance for entertainment.
8. The Sitting Dance, a favorite, danced as a great honor to the guest.

In such a program colors were important. Pele is best honored by red. Hiiaka, goddess of the altar, wears green, color of the altar, but she drops it as the dance proceeds. Blue is used for any dance appertaining to the sea, and brown for the earth. Any color appropriate to the chief to be honored might also be used.

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As I was insatiable and my hostesses too kind to admit weariness, they showed me the hulas of that program. On second thought, I doubt if they were weary. Hawaiians love to sing and dance, unendingly; they were enjoying it too. Mrs. Pukui said: "We like to make a new friend." They had certainly done so.

Such programs are not presented now; no audience exists to appreciate them. This is the lost hula. Some of its significance may be preserved in museums, in books; it still lingers in living memories. But it is inconceivable that young Hawaiians, growing up in American schools, attending Catholic, Protestant, Mormon churches, should study these old dances, or even care to. Young Hawaiians are a growing concern, if ancient hulas are not. But the hula was, and is, an authentic art form, and as such not static. It is a living language of words, of rhythm, and, most important, of gesture. Every gesture has a meaning, stylized and to a certain extent invariable. Given the key, anybody can understand a hula. Any dancer can express a new idea or tell a new tale. But the new hulas express light ideas. The old hula is lost. If a new hula is born it will be very different.



## KAAHUMANU, PAGAN QUEEN



IMID COUNSELORS WARN ME THAT THIS TITLE MAY GIVE offense to modern Hawaiian women. But I can think of no other vigorous enough to do justice to the magnificence of Kaahumanu, or the remoteness of the age from which she came. When first seen by white men she was a barefooted chieftess of a Stone Age people too primitive to have achieved a written or even a hieroglyphic language. And her queenliness was as impressive when "she came dripping from her bathing place in the ocean . . . as it were from Eden in the dress of innocence" (so Lucy Thurston expressed it), as she was after the missionaries had worked her over into a dear old grandmother in black silk dress with white collar and cap. In both guises and all her life between she was Kaahumanu, beloved by the great Kamehameha, and after his death a powerful ruler herself.

Kaahumanu is first mentioned by George Vancouver, who, seeking the Northwest Passage, wintered in the Sandwich Islands in 1792. He describes her as Kamehameha's favorite wife, who "appeared to be about sixteen and undoubtedly



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did credit to the King's taste in women, being one of the finest women we had seen on any of the islands." Kaahumanu was actually eighteen, a chieftess of Maui, and beautiful, restless, and imperious. When her parents took her to visit the great conqueror, Kamehameha, she was doubtless fully ready for romance.

By that time, 1785, Kamehameha had conquered all of his own islands of Hawaii and settled down to a bucolic life of farming, games, and domestic bliss. He loved his land and even worked in his own taro patches. He was an expert fisherman, sure with a spear, strong with an oar, unsinkable as a swimmer. He excelled in games and gloried in the great festivals when enemies taken in battle (or anyhow) were sacrificed before the image of the god Lono and hulas were danced in the heiaus. For domestic bliss he had two nobly-born wives; but both were middle-aged, only one had children, and they were grown.

Then came Kaahumanu. The ideal woman of her race, she was almost as tall as Kamehameha himself. A portrait of her made several years later shows a swimmer's magnificent neck and shoulders, high firm breasts, and arms that tapered into the hula dancer's flexible wrists and long, narrow hands. Her long, waving hair fell to her shoulders, and her flashing black eyes challenged the great chief. When he asked for her and her father consented, it was she who demanded that the succession should be to her children. So they were married to live tumultuously twenty-four years thereafter.

A revealing sidelight on this marriage appears in King Kalakaua's *Hawaiian Legends*, written a hundred years later. It was edited by Rollin M. Daggett, who probably gave it the high moral tone which is not altogether in King Kalakaua's character. Kaahumanu, they deprecatingly admit, "sought to avail herself of the privileges of the times." Among her privi-

leges appeared the young chief Kaiana, who was six and a half feet tall, handsome, and perfectly proportioned.

Kalakaua writes: "Kaiana added another to the list of Kaahumanu's admirers and another wrinkle to the stern face of her warrior husband." Despite his wrinkles, Kamehameha married Keopuolani, of rank so exalted that even the great conqueror approached her on his knees. This marriage, according to Kalakaua, "did not sweeten her temper or quicken her sense of propriety." So Kaahumanu returned to her father's home, where, incidentally, Kaiana was nearer. But Kaiana had a wife too (why have the movies neglected all this?), who made it her business to keep Kamehameha informed.

Into this situation Captain Vancouver sailed in 1794 on his second visit to the Sandwich Islands. King Kamehameha came aboard, but this time without Kaahumanu. "I had," wrote the captain, "the mortification of understanding that a separation had taken place." He offered his services as mediator, but Kamehameha replied that he regarded his personal affairs as outside the province of His Majesty's Navy. No true Mr. Fixit is ever discouraged. Though "the disgraced queen seldom visited our side of the bay," Captain Vancouver was "not ignorant of her anxious desire for a reconciliation." Back he hustled to Kamehameha, "whose unshaken attachment and unaltered affection for *Tahoumannoo* was confessed with a sort of internal self-conviction of her innocence." (I spell Kaahumanu as the captain did to suggest the difficulties of keeping your eye on your heroine in Hawaiian history.)

"Innocence" was probably a conception quite outside the old Hawaiian's ken, but he agreed to let Vancouver invite Kaahumanu aboard his ship, sound her out, and send word ashore. Kamehameha could not read, but he longed to communicate as white men did, so he had marked two bits of

paper. One was to mean: "All is well; come ahead." The other, happily, was not needed. Perhaps the captain fooled Kaahumanu with this elaborate strategy; if so, it was the only time in a long life that anybody did.

So Kamehameha came out to the ship as though unsuspecting. Kaahumanu's beautiful face must have been a study then; Kaiana was still the handsomest man in the islands. But to the captain his affair seemed to be working perfectly. Kamehameha came bounding aboard, roaring genial shouts and chesty laughter. When he saw his Queen his heavily lined face froze with displeasure. But the captain grasped a hand of each and united them. One touch and they wept together, laughed with their double court standing amazedly by, swept their beaming reconciler into their happy gaiety.

But before they left the ship, Kaahumanu begged the captain, aside, to get Kamehameha's promise not to beat her, and even took him along to the chief's house to see her properly reinstated as the favorite. And Vancouver, before he sailed away, opened with Kamehameha the question of his ceding Owhyhee (*O Hawaii*) to His Britannic Majesty. So under romance and gaiety lurked the dark complexities of real life.

Kamehameha died in 1819. His son, Liholiho, heir of his father's conquests, unschooled by any effort of his own, took easily to the new world. When he stepped ashore at Kailua, Hawaii, after the tabu period following his father's death, he wore a gold-laced uniform, under the regal feather cloak and helmet. There Kaahumanu stepped out to meet him, as strong and as ready for the future as he was not.

"Hear me, O Divine One, for I make known to you the will of your father. Behold these chiefs and the men of your father, and these your guns, and this your land, but you and I shall share this realm together."

That was how Kamehameha, after he was dead, declared

Kaahumanu regent, through her own lips, with no verification. But Kaahumanu was a lady whose word was law enough. Liholiho was King Kamehameha II, but Kaahumanu had the power.

Like all feminists, her first desire was to get rid of the tabus that hampered women. For allies she had Liholiho's mother, Keopuolani, the prime minister, and a high priest. They chose their time well, when Liholiho had been off on a drunken junket. At a luau on his return, his mother, in sight of all the people, ate a banana; Kaahumanu drank of coconut milk. The gods did not strike them dead. Liholiho hesitated, but Kaahumanu whispered courage and the priest loudly pronounced in favor of the one and only God. Inspired, the King rose and walked across to sit at his mother's table. And everybody, shocked, thrilled, horrified, and delighted, cried aloud: "The tabu is broken! The tabu is broken!" The priest called for the destruction of all the temples and with his own hands set fire to the heiau where they sat. It was a fire that ran through all the islands, burning off the field for the sowing of the new faith.

The most convincing pictures of Kaahumanu are those of the missionary women. The Queen Regent was their immediate problem. Without her permission they could not stay, without her friendship their task would be infinitely harder. At first she grudgingly gave them permission to remain awhile and allowed them to entertain her. She also permitted the missionary ladies to make dresses for her. They, of course, were most eager to get her into a garment voluminous enough to cover her amplitude, long enough for modesty, however carelessly she might kick.

Mrs. Bingham, coming into the royal presence to try on a holoku, found the Queen lying on the floor with her ladies, their feet making the circumference of a circle whose center



ABOVE, Kaahumanu [*portrait by Louis Choris*]  
BELOW, LEFT, Boke and Kamamalu [*portrait by John Hayter*]  
BELOW, RIGHT, Kamehameha [*portrait by Louis Choris*]



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was their game of cards. Their breasts supported on mat pillows, they smoked and laughed as they played. To the unregenerate it seems a pleasant way to pass a sultry afternoon. To Mrs. Bingham, respectfully awaiting Her Majesty's pleasure, it was a reprehensible evidence of the lowest forms of vice — laziness, lack of suitable raiment, smoking, talking nonsense.

Perhaps the girl who made her own terms with the redoubtable Kamehameha himself was deliberately trying the missionaries' Christian patience. It was her curiosity that got her at last. For the game the missionaries played with marks on paper seemed even more fascinating than the cards. On the day that Mr. and Mrs. Bingham interested her in making little marks on "pepa," and figuring out marks made by others, Kaahumanu was sealed for the church. And once she turned her excellent mind to it, she learned to read and write in no time.

Mrs. Thurston could then proudly contrast the card-playing Queen, prone on her stomach, with "the same Queen at her writing desk, her maidens around her, learning to use scissors and needle; in her room a work-table, a bedstead, a glass window, and a primer." During an illness that same year Kaahumanu was solicitously attended by Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and finally made her confession of faith. That caused much rejoicing among the missionaries, but no precipitate action. Even the Queen had to wait a suitable time before she was accorded the privilege of baptism.

Meanwhile Kauai had not been conquered. Kaahumanu decided to make a royal progress to Kauai, and there she observed that Kaumualii, its chief, was a most attractive gentleman.

Of their meeting Mrs. Thurston writes: "It was a memorable night to two persons of the royal party. . . . Kaahu-

manu and Kaumualii . . . touched, for the first time, on a tender subject. . . . While returning home over the plain they conferred upon it still more freely. . . . That night they slept, side by side, on a pair of very fine mats; then a black tapa was spread over them, whose significance was that this pronounced the royal pair to be husband and wife." The missionary mothers were not lost to all romance!

Other authorities agree that His Majesty was lured aboard by the Queen Regent's rather elderly tendernesses (she was close to sixty at the time) and that while he was aboard, the royal canoe made sail and carried him off to Oahu. He was never to see his island of Kauai again, nor his wife, Kapule Deborah. Some time later Kaahumanu caused a different sort of flutter among the missionaries by marrying Kaumualii's son as well, quite in accord with the ancient customs of her people. Mr. Hiram Bingham, leader of the first missionary band, wrote in his history of Hawaii: "Their connexion, in our view, was inconsistent with the rules of the gospel." But as Kaahumanu's attendance at church was most regular, and she grew steadily in grace, no great point was made of it. And Kaumualii's timely death made everything proper again.

Once a Christian, Kaahumanu was so whole-heartedly. Mr. Bingham was her teacher, her constant companion and adviser. Under his tutelage she promulgated the Hawaiian Kingdom's first code of laws. It pronounced against murder (aimed at the old custom of infanticide); against drunkenness, boxing, fighting, and stealing. It established what one writer referred to as "the tabu Sabbath," and declared that "when schools are established the people must learn."

Christian though she was, Kaahumanu had not been reduced to a brown and modest Puritan. At a feast in celebration of the anniversary of Kamehameha's death, she appeared in "seventy-two yards of double kersemere, one-half scarlet,



the other orange, wrapped around her until her arms were supported by the bulk." Mrs. Lucy Thurston, who also describes this occasion, wrote that the Queen achieved this costume by having the cloth spread on the floor and rolling herself into it. She continues:

"Her head was ornamented with a graceful yellow wreath of elegant feathers . . . and a mountain vine, with green leaves . . . was the only drapery which went to deck and cover her neck and the upper part of her person."

Kaahumanu was not concerned only with adornment. In 1823 Liholiho and his Queen, Kamamalu, went to England, where they were received at court and idolized by society. But in the midst of their brilliant visit both contracted the measles and died within a few hours of each other. Their bodies were sent home in a British frigate with royal honors. The Hawaiians knocked out their teeth and slashed their bodies in grief; they knew foreign evil had bewitched their rulers fatally. Kaahumanu was Regent again — this time for Liholiho's young brother, then only twelve years old. And she had new and different troubles to face.

One of the results of Liholiho's European visit was the arrival of a Catholic mission in Hawaii. Mr. Bingham was soon listing the evils of the day as "gambling, Sabbath-desecration, Romanism, and traffic in intoxicating liquors." In response to a protest, he wrote: "It was doubtless mutually understood (between nations) that fugitives from justice, deserters from ships, Romish teachers, and armed invaders, though not specifically excepted, were not included in the pledge of free entry and passage."

Mr. Bingham's ancestors had fought for religious freedom, but this was different. Hawaii was his vineyard; he had found it, he would till it, he would fight for it. Nobody with a heart could fail to feel for Mr. Bingham. He did not play the lead-

ing part; Kaahumanu ordered the captain who had brought in the priests to take them away again. But it was not so simple. Boki, chief of Oahu, was a Catholic and the priests had settled in his city of Honolulu. Besides that two of the priests were French citizens and the third was a British subject. Little Kamehameha III, a plump, round-faced boy, was going to find the interests of the three greatest nations of the world clashing above his innocent and curly head. France would not tolerate discrimination against Frenchmen; Britain stood ready to defend the Irish priest. Kaahumanu then agreed to permit Catholic ministrations for foreigners, but forbade Hawaiians to attend mass. And when they persisted, she found them guilty of civil disobedience and punished them by imprisonment and hard labor. Mr. Bingham saw them in prison; the Catholics thought he put them there. Bad feeling grew worse.

Kaahumanu died in 1832, before the inevitable end had come. With British and French men-of-war in the harbor, British and French officers both naval and civil taking part, the Hawaiian kings were finally forced to admit the Catholic missionaries. Many Hawaiians are now Catholics.

The great Queen Regent's life ended in a glow of missionary approval. Mrs. Judd described her as "a royal lady, tall, stately, and dignified, but with a countenance beaming with love whenever she addresses her teachers. . . . As she is an Amazon in size, she could hold one of us on her lap, as she would a little child, which she often took the liberty of doing." At one of these "lady parties," Kaahumanu "was dressed in striped satin, blue and pink, white muslin shawl and leghorn bonnet." The savage Queen was indeed the Christian lady. On that occasion, after supper, they read letters from missionaries in Boston, the Queen's tears flowed freely, and she exclaimed: "*Aloha ino*," "Love intense."

Then she must go, and they summoned her retinue of about

## KAAHUMANU, PAGAN QUEEN

twenty people, one with a kahili, another with an umbrella, a third with her spittoon. She rubbed her nose against the missionary cheeks and seated "her immense stateliness in her carriage which is a light handcart painted turquoise blue, spread with fine mats, and several beautiful damask and velvet cushions. The old lady rides backward with her feet hanging down behind the cart."

When Kaahumanu's last illness came upon her she retired to her country place in Manoa Valley, where they made her a bed of fragrant myrtle covered with velvet. In spite of the Christian doctors, her body failed, though she continued to grow in grace. Mr. Bingham brought her the first copy of the New Testament in Hawaiian, which he had hurried through the press. She looked it through carefully, wrapped it in her handkerchief, and laid it on her breast.

"I am going where the mansions are ready. . . . I shall go to Him and be comforted."

So the old savage Queen died as the Christian grandmother. And one of her countrymen, who like her had come from antiquity into the modern world, wrote for her a "Kanikau," which has been translated as "the crystallized voice of grief." Perhaps unconsciously, he opens his poem with the courts of the pagan Kane, and ends with the God of the Christian paradise.

She has gone from us to the courts of Kane,  
Treading royally the red-streaked path of the rosy dawn,  
The misty broken road to Kanaloa. . . .  
The spirit of the shadow presence, the spirit body is gone  
The many shadowed, the glorified, the transfigured body is beyond.  
New-featured, heaven-formed companion of angels,  
She rests in the rich light of heaven, she moved triumphant.  
She sings praise, psalms of joy in the paradise of glory,  
In the everlasting daytime of the Lord.

## MISSIONARY MOTHER



HER STYLE OF RELIGION, LIKE HER MODEST BONNET and her all-concealing shawl, has gone out of style. We fancy ourselves very different from the New England missionary who sailed half-way round the globe to force his faith on a remote people; we scorn the ruthlessness which could demolish a whole culture without question or qualm. But strong peoples have forced their mores on the weak in all ages; it is only the beliefs that change. The missionary to the Sandwich Islands a century ago never doubted that everything Hawaiian was bad — their faith in love, their joy in life, their way with their children, their food, dress, and fun. Only the New England village was right; God wanted the world made over to that pattern. We shudder or we laugh. Doubtless it will do us good to try to understand. Certainly modern Hawaii can be understood only in the light of those evangelists. Their descendants dominate the islands today; they are the *Big Five* families who own the land, control the business, keep the upper hand in politics, dispense charity, patronize art, and set the social tone. All in the old missionary spirit of conscious

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and uncompromising rectitude. Lesser islanders say more often than they realize, perhaps: "Oh, you couldn't do (or say) that; the families wouldn't like it!" The families seem to me easier to comprehend through their women than through their men. Missionary mothers lived longer than missionary fathers and dominated their families until they died. Succeeding matriarchs exercise a control which extends sometimes into the family business, where the opinion of "Mother" who holds the purse-strings is seriously regarded.

The original "missionary mothers" were girls, the oldest of them still in their twenties when they left New England. But so different from our girls in their dedication to duty and their cool disregard of their own emotions that only a conscious effort can focus them for us. This has been well done by Mary Dillingham Frear in *Lowell and Abigail*, selections from her grandparents' writings. Mrs. Frear deplors the lack of "a little earthiness . . . a gentle dish of gossip," but she manages to bring to life the over-serious young pair. She hints that "the thrill of adventure mingled with the call of conscience to go to the ends of the earth and preach the gospel to every creature while crime flourished throughout the New England villages they left behind them." Such comments save Mrs. Frear's book from a too saccharine tone while she still expresses the admiring reverence in which the missionaries' descendants hold them. Everything they said or did or touched is cherished tenderly. Neither humor nor realism has been allowed to touch them. Even one who wishes the breath of humor might some day ruffle that smooth surface must admit that those New England girls were extraordinarily fine women.

They were, first of all, courageous. It took courage to set out for one of earth's remotest spots, there to cope with heathenish — and perhaps cannibalistic — savages. It must have been almost as frightening to go, as most of them did, as

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the brides of men who had been selected by the American Board for Foreign Missions. The most consecrated minister was held to be safer wed than not.

The brig *Thaddeus* took out the first missionary band from Boston in 1819. Among them went Lucy, bride of Loren Thurston. Her book, *The Life and Times of Lucy Thurston*, is a small classic of clarity and conciseness.

The usual journey took five or six months. What those women endured on those pitching and rolling sailing vessels! Not only crowding and bad air, the stench of whale oil, seasickness, and the nausea of beginning pregnancy, but the dislike of captain and crew, who had no use for preachers. Five months of tropical heat, of bitter cold and tempestuous warring waves round the Horn, and again of heat and the endless rocking blue of the Pacific! And at the journey's end sights and sounds to appall a timid girl from a New England town where privacy and concealment were decency's first requirements.

Mrs. Frear thus quotes her grandmother Abigail Smith, on her arrival in Honolulu harbor: "What do I see on board that ship near our stern? For what purpose are so many females seen among the crew? Ah me! Their bold and indelicate figures indicate their characters." Lowell Smith confided to his diary: "O, the first thing I teach you will be to cover your naked bodies," and on these words of her grandfather Mrs. Frear comments: "With what swaddling clothes the people of civilization in that generation covered the facts of life and also ignored their own scriptures that the beginning and ending of our mortal life is made in nakedness."

By the time Lowell and Abigail Smith arrived, the missionaries were comfortably settled in frame or adobe houses with several rooms, doors, and glazed windows. The first band had lived in grass-thatched huts with floors of pounded dirt and

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neither window nor door. As there was no conception of stealing, there were no locks. It took the natives a long time to learn that it was wicked to take what you needed of your neighbor's, and only canny to see that he took nothing of yours.

Every missionary, as soon as he could, built himself a house. And as soon as he had enough converts he had them build a church. Father Bond's congregation at Kohala on Hawaii chopped down and hauled forty-foot logs for miles; so heavy is the hard ohia wood that eighty men and women were often harnessed to one log. For their own house the Bonds imported Oregon pine, for which the natives paid by making tapa, and which they carried on their backs ten miles inland from the port.

Once settled, the missionary mother busily set about making trouble for herself. First the Hawaiians, comfortably clad in strips of tapa, had to be covered from neck to heel. The high-necked nightgown served as a model for an undergarment, the calico wrapper for a dress. As her converts ran the sewing machine, the missionary mother sat near by, directing. "Holo!" meant go; "Ku!" stop. So began the holoku, which has followed the fashions for more than a century, to appear today as a backless evening gown. The man's modest malo had to be replaced by pantaloons, shirts, and coats. The devoted mothers made them all, tailoring coats and stitching finely ruffled shirts for the dandified kings. Hawaiians loved new things and reveled in finery. Perhaps gold braid and voluminous dresses of China silk had to do with their fondness for meeting where they could also sing to their hearts' content.

Once dressed with propriety, the whole population must be got up off the floor, where they had sprawled in comfort, and seated on stiff chairs. Even schoolchildren could not be accommodated on mats, but must have benches. In boarding

schools hundreds of them were soon packed into weathertight dormitories with glazed windows. I quote from another interesting book, Laura Fish Judd's *Sketches of Life in the Hawaiian Islands*:

"The boarding school for native girls was the pride of the place. It was a pleasant sight to watch the little girls spreading the table and eating with plates, knives, forks, and spoons, or neatly dressed and at work in the flower garden, where each pupil had a patch to cultivate; or to see them in the work-room learning to sew, knit, spin, and plait straw, also to crochet tidies and edging.

"The malady prevailing among them was a low nervous fever. The doctor called it *marasmus*. Several had died already, and many were sick. It was undoubtedly caused by the great change in their habits of living. Unaccustomed to any restraint, irregularly fed, without mental or physical effort required of them, and spending most of their time in the open air, the change was too great, too sudden to be made safely and without preparation. It became necessary to allow more hours of unrestrained freedom and exercise. . . ."

Perhaps the Hawaiians had been irregularly fed; but their diet had produced big, hardy, and beautiful people. Now poi must be supplanted by wheat bread, cakes, and pies. Flour generally came out of a ship's hold in a hard mass which had to be pulverized with a mallet and sifted to get weevils out. Often they mixed it with sweet potatoes or poi. But white flour they had to have!

The missionary mother did not preach. That, and quiet hours of preparing sermons and communing with God, were left to father. But everything else was her concern. After family prayers at dawn, she cooked, washed, cared for her children, and tried to train slow and indifferent native women to help. She learned Hawaiian in order to conduct schools for



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children and classes in cooking and sewing for women. She taught her own children apart, nursed them and her neighbors. Often several missionary families lived in one house, as they did in Honolulu, where each couple had one tiny airless room, with trundle beds and cribs for children. Children kept coming and coming. Pregnant when they landed, most missionary mothers were pregnant throughout their bearing years.

They were meek in marriage, obedient and submissive to their husbands, long-suffering under conditions we can hardly imagine. Mrs. Thurston bore one child on a sailing vessel with only her husband and another missionary to assist. Most missionary mothers saw children die for lack of the simplest care or medicines; often they sent them off to New England to schools and did not see them for years.

The only effort in fiction to picture the missionary folk with realism is *The Lord's Anointed* by Ruth Eleanor McKee. Though it offended *the families*, the outsider finds this novel sympathetic, and Constance a convincing character. Strong and faithful, she was too loving not to rebel against a faith so stern, so intolerant of human warmth. The truth of this dilemma is well attested by the missionaries' own portraits. Men and women of forty look old and work-worn. Their faces are marked by bad dentistry, but also by bitter repressions resulting in expressions that range from sweet resignation to harshness.

But the life, hard as it was, had its social aspects. There were no roads, but missionary families crossed the islands on trails — the men afoot, the women and children borne in litters on strong Hawaiian shoulders. Once a year they gathered in Honolulu or Lahaina for General Meeting. For the mothers these times meant good woman talk about teething babies, children's diseases, patterns, and recipes. But they also meant

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uncomfortable congestion in houses already overcrowded and grueling labor in the kitchen. The happiest accounts of visits and meetings are found in childish recollections. In spite of their share of the work and long hours of sermon and prayer, boys and girls formed friendships that would last all their lives, that often led to marriage and so to the intricately interwoven family relationships of today.

Nor must one forget the missionaries' Hawaiian friends. Again Lucy Thurston is most revealing of how the loving Hawaiian broke through the Puritan's defenses. She writes: "When Queen Kamamalu found a daughter of America . . . under peculiar trials, she, being possessed of ample dimensions, cradled the afflicted one in her arms, pillowed her head upon her bosom, and wept over her in tears of sympathy. And now after a lapse of fifty years, a review of these friendships . . . stirs within me the deepest emotions of my soul."

Lucy Thurston wrote that in her old age. By then thoroughly Christianized Hawaiians shared their pastors' ideas, lived by their moralities; friendships could be free and untrammelled, and many intermarriages had united missionary and Hawaiian families. But it was not always so.

In the beginning the missionary children shared everything with the native youngsters in school, at play, and in their daily chores. They picked up the language with lightning speed; they even became teachers themselves. But this easy intercourse was ended when English missionaries from the Society Islands convinced the Thurstons that "as society is now for unformed characters, to come in contact with natives is moral death. . . . I saw, but it was parental responsibilities which emphatically made me *feel* the horrors of a heathen land. I had it ever in my heart, the shafts of sin flying from every direction are liable to pierce the vitals of my children."

Fears for her children developed another trait in the meek

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missionary mother. Fierceness! Lucy Thurston believed that as missionaries were public characters, their homes must be open. But she laid out her house so her children's rooms, even their play-yard, could be entered only through her own room.

"The first rule . . . with regard to children is that they must not speak the native language . . . they are never left in the care of natives after reaching the age of prattling. . . . On this point I am very particular. . . ." So the quandary she faced was really difficult. The heathen world was to be converted. "But by what means?" she asks. "Are missionaries to sit conscientiously down to the labor of bringing back a revolted race to the service of Jehovah, and in so doing practically give over their own children to Satan?"

An amusing — and pitiful — effect of these maternal distresses was that Queen Regent Kaahumanu "sighed for the privilege of having her little adopted son, David, of royal birth, her future heir, taken into one of our families, and prohibited the use of his own native language. I had the offer of a trust so responsible. Yet who would dare undertake thus to educate a prince, cutting him off from all intercourse with his noble relatives and interested countrymen?"

So Lucy Thurston's good sense saved a future Hawaiian King from being entirely separated from his people. But in 1841 the *Chief's Children's School* was set up under Mr. and Mrs. Amos Cooke, who undertook to train royal and noble children to comport themselves like Christian rulers. Missionary children had a separate school, the famous *Punahou*, whose graduates have played a dominant role in Hawaii.

As the century neared its middle the missionary mother's life grew less hard. Ships came oftener, bringing closer contact with the civilized world. A few roads made travel easier; missionary families had carriages in town; and servants became a matter of course. But none of this freed the missionary

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mother from work or worry. Indeed, the battle only grew more intense as the beleaguered Puritans fought for an impossible perfection. Nothing could content them short of an idealized New England where everyone was God-fearing, circumspectly observing all the moralities and conventions of a Puritan community. A lei in church, smoking, drunkenness, and whoring were to them indistinguishable vices. So they alienated many newcomers who might have joined them in combating evils which really undermined the health of a fine race.

Something unforeseen that would have prevented the realization of the New England dream-village was the increasing cosmopolitanism of the islands. Cultivated Europeans brought other standards; and differences of religions and moralities affected politics. Lucy Thurston, ever realistic, tells us that, faced with this situation, "the pioneer missionaries renounced their republican principles and with one stride became autocrats of the first water." Before the end of the century the missionary families were the advisers of kings; they were in business and making fortunes fast. They led the revolt against Liliuokalani, upset the Hawaiian Kingdom and finally brought the islands into the United States. But for decades the battle was drawn and the missionary mother was an important warrior, holding the fort for morality and decency as she saw them.

The other point of view — that of the court and of the internationally gay who loved to frequent it — is set forth in Aimée Crocker's *And P'd Do It Again*. She had met King Kalakaua in London when he was making a stately progress round the world — the first reigning monarch to do so. Later Aimée herself set out on such a tour, stopping off in Hawaii to renew acquaintance with the brown King who had so intrigued her. She wrote:

"My time in Hawaii was troubled by only one thing —

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missionaries. . . . Just because I refused to live the way most of the handful of white persons on the islands did, and that I knew and liked many of the dancing girls, dressed as they did when I wanted to, and learned to dance the hula-hula . . . they were annoyed beyond measure. . . . Kalakaua hated the missionaries for they stirred trouble among his subjects and undid most of his own good work with their stupidly mistaken ideas that the natives should live like the residents of Detroit or Kalamazoo.”

Kalakaua's court was generally considered scandalous. But the tradition of the New England village was gone forever. It might seem that the missionary mother lost her fight. But she did not. If every superficial thing she strove for was lost in time's inevitable changes, her character has left its imprint deep on island life. Her grandchildren, even her great-grandchildren, reflect in their daily lives her strong sense of responsibility for all God's creatures, her willingness to share in the unrewarded work of the world. Nor do they fail to reflect her conviction of righteousness. Mother, in the islands, still knows best.

## EMMA, VICTORIAN QUEEN



THE HISTORY OF HAWAII OFFERS AN UNUSUAL, IF NOT unique, study in quick Christianizing and civilizing. Hawaiians — bright, biddable, and delighting in anything new — took on European culture so fast that by the middle of the nineteenth century Hawaii was a Christian kingdom, topped by an impeccable court and an irreproachable Queen, closely modeled on Queen Victoria. Such was the court of Kamehameha IV, and such was Queen Emma.

Emma was English, the granddaughter of John Young, Kamehameha's adviser. But she was also a descendant of the Kamehamehas and a "kapu chieftess" of highest rank. As an infant she was adopted by a maternal aunt, Mrs. T. C. B. Rooke, and in Dr. Rooke's home trained as a proper British child should be.

When she was five, Dr. Rooke entered Emma in the Chief's Children's School, where she was described as quick to learn, but slow to obey. Mrs. Cooke complained of her difficulties in handling young tabu chiefs, who were probably unscoldable, certainly unspankable. Among Emma's playmates were all

Hawaii's future rulers. Her favorite was Alexander Liholiho. Perhaps Dr. Rooke was not unmindful of the future when he encouraged that youthful sweet-hearting, for Alexander was a brilliant lad who showed great promise.

He was also headstrong and quite too much for Mrs. Cooke, who wrote in her diary that if Alexander grew up to be an ignorant King it would not be her fault. But Alexander was not going to be ignorant. A letter he wrote the King at the age of ten indicates precocity rather: "I should like to know your troubles with Lord George, but you will think I am too young. . . . Just as you please about it."

Those troubles were the unauthorized taking over of Hawaii by Lord George Paulet of the British Navy. Kamehameha III could only yield to British guns. He did so under protest, and as soon as the news reached England, Admiral Thomas restored the monarchy with suitable pomp and apologies. During the interval the Kingdom's interests were in charge of Dr. Garrett P. Judd, a medical missionary, then serving as "law-maker, law-giver, judge, treasurer, minister of the interior and foreign relations." Dr. Judd's daughter, Mrs. Wilder, wrote: "Week after week the old Governor came to our house after dark and escorted my father to the mausoleum where he was locked in for the night. And there, in the damp earth, amongst the spirits of the departed chiefs, my father did the state work, using Kaahumanu's coffin for his writing desk."

A duller man might have hidden the money in the bedtick, done the state work on the kitchen table or in a downtown office. But Dr. Judd keenly appreciated his dramatic role as guardian of a vanished kingdom. Nothing would serve him but one Queen's bones to conceal the cash, another Queen's coffin for a desk.

As soon as the Kingdom was restored, in 1844, Dr. Judd

went to Europe to negotiate new treaties with France and England, and he took with him the two Princes, Lot and Alexander. Everywhere the doctor was proud of his charges. He wrote home: "They always say the right thing in the right place." In London, Lady Palmerston asked where Alexander had acquired court manners, and his tutor could reply: "We have a little court of our own!"

In Paris, Alexander noted in his diary: "Everything went well with me — no bashfulness, — conversed, laughed, soft-soaped, etc." The heir apparent of the smallest kingdom could keep his sense of humor among the greatest. Back in the United States he could even take a tone of aristocratic disdain. He complained that President Fillmore's manner "might be all right for a republic, but I tho't it altogether too condescending." And he sniffed at one congressman at a White House reception as "without a cravat and in a shirt which had been on his back for a week; and he considered himself the greatest man in creation!" But in Washington, where the unwashed could consider themselves the greatest men in creation, Prince Alexander was shocked by a rough trainman's "Here, you nigger," as he tried to board a Pullman car. Dr. Judd was there with tickets and explanations. It was a passing moment, ostensibly forgotten, but the effect on an emotional and sensitive youth must have been incalculable.

A modern physician who has studied Alexander's record believes that this trip deepened in the Prince a sense of inferiority which his education had given him. In those days children were constantly reminded of their shortcomings and given a sense of unworthiness. Abroad Alexander was too intelligent not to contrast his own country with the great nations, his own charming but feckless people with keen, aggressive white men. And Dr. Judd was always by to urge his young charges to emulation. The cleverest psychologist, determined



to save those young Princes from a crushing sense of inadequacy, could hardly have done so.

But evil grows slowly in a fine young man, and Alexander returned to Hawaii like one favored of the gods. He was six feet two inches tall, duskily handsome, with a short silky beard, and a commanding presence. In 1852, the British consul wrote of him: "I have been much struck with the easy accuracy and business-like way in which Alexander has expressed his sentiments to me . . . and if he can only be weaned from some objectionable *indulgences*, he may become a powerful personage." So his drinking had already begun, at the age of twenty! Nobody recognized his weakness for what it was — the symptom of a mental illness which might have been cured. It was considered a regrettable peccadillo not unusual in a young aristocrat and it did not prevent Alexander's taking his place as Hawaii's most eligible bachelor.

Young people danced, played croquet, and picnicked on the golden sands of Waikiki. All islanders rode well, and on horseback British convention yielded to Hawaiian ebullience. Men wore leis on their hats and round their necks. And young ladies, flower-decked too, rode astride in long, full skirts that swept the ground and fluttered, at the gallop, like brightly colored tails. Alexander was always at the side of the lovely Emma Rooke; one day as they rode along the shore, he asked her to marry him and then went directly to Dr. and Mrs. Rooke for their permission.

But before their marriage Alexander had to turn to affairs of state. In 1854 Kamehameha III died, and Alexander was crowned as Kamehameha IV one month before his twenty-first birthday.

As King, Kamehameha IV tried to improve the condition of his people. He saw them declining almost to the point of threatened extinction; he suffered because they were steadily

losing their lands to foreigners. He tried to strengthen the Polynesian stock by the importation of South Sea Islanders, but that was not a success. He hoped to teach Hawaiians to compete with Europeans by founding an agricultural society. He made flowery speeches and, in an age when only cranks dreamed of social justice, he wrote: "Can that theory of hospitality be correct . . . which sends old men and sick men to work under a hot sun whilst lusty young people lie in the house playing cards?" But the driving force of the original Kamehameha was gone forever. His grandson's achievements were limited to the introduction of the Church of England and the founding of a hospital. He also replaced American with English counselors.

Kamehameha IV's marriage with Emmalani (Emma of Heaven) naturally strengthened the British influence. Though no Anglican clergyman had yet arrived, they were married by the rites of that church, and the bride's Honiton lace veil was a gift from Queen Victoria. Then they settled down to a life like that of Albert and Victoria. They were regular in church attendance, busy in good works, charitable, and concerned with public affairs.

In May 1858 a son was born: Albert Edward for Victoria's Prince Consort; Ka Haku o Hawaii, Prince of Hawaii, as England's royal heir was the Prince of Wales. He lay in a crib Queen Victoria had sent, and she and Prince Albert served as his godparents. Little Albert Edward was a beautiful boy with the fine head, large eyes, and perfect build of the Kamehamehas. He also had the Kamehameha tempestuousness; and he was prodigiously bright. Perhaps he was forced too fast. A picture of him at three shows an eager little face, but a look of delicacy rather than sturdiness.

This was the happiest period of Emma's life. Letters between her and her husband show a delightful domesticity.



Queen Emma [*courtesy Archives of Hawaii*]



From their country place at Lahaina she wrote for: "Saddles, chambers, lamps, matches, counterpins." Their child is always mentioned — is well, or feverish. "Baby is taking his nap with one of your patent leather boots hugged tight." Love and trust come through even the most ordinary comment, though Emma was formal: "Dear Alex" and "yrs. Emma." Now and then she wrote: "kisses from Baby and some from yrs, Emma." Alex was more affectionate: "Kiss him for me. Lots for yourself."

They were not often apart; they seldom went anywhere without their beloved little son. A visit to Kauai in 1860 was described by a letter-writer with a gift for detail. Queen Emma was busy and gay. Once, in defiance of sharks and good advice, she swam out beyond the protecting reef, forcing her entourage to swallow their fears and follow her. The King, too, could play. He loved swimming, sailing, and hunting. One day when he brought in a bag of plover, one of the children told him he was liable to a fine of fifty dollars. The writer was amused at a child who did not know that the King was above law.

But he was not above all laws. Neither piety, public duties, nor devotion to his family could save Hawaii's King from his besetting curse. His drinking increased steadily until it resulted in dire tragedy. What really happened has been lost in that pervading hush-hush with which islanders protect their favorites. Only the bare fact has come through that the King, in a jealous, drunken rage, shot his secretary, a man named Neilson. Who had inflamed him to such a point and with what lies; what the King said at the moment; what the Queen did when she saw her husband kill a man — all this has been suppressed. Contemporary accounts agree on two points: that the King was not responsible for his act and that he had no cause for jealousy. Queen Emma was entirely above suspicion.

There was no possibility of concealing what had happened.

The King, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, offered to abdicate, but public opinion opposed that idea. So he stayed by Neilson, in Lahaina, writing often to Emma, who had returned to Honolulu. Queen Emma's devotion to her husband did not falter, nor his trust in it. Neilson was soon out of danger and Kamehameha took up his life again, spending more time in gardening, in charity, and in church work. At this time he translated the Episcopal hymnal into Hawaiian and commenced a translation of the Book of Common Prayer. And with the Queen he raised money for the Queen's Hospital. Friends remembered how he went from house to house with his notebook, how his face brightened at a donation. Nearly six thousand dollars was pledged, and in 1860 the cornerstone of the Queen's Hospital was laid.

One more tragedy was in store for the King; two for the Queen. The little Prince, when he was four years old, was taken suddenly ill. Various tales have come down about it. The Prince, in a true Kamehameha rage, worked himself into a passion over a pair of new boots, and the King ducked him in cold water to calm him. The Prince's nurse, who lived until a few years ago, said the boy was feverish and the King put him into cold water as a remedy. In either case, the beloved heir was desperately ill, burning with fever. Queen Emma stayed with him day and night, and when he died she held the little body in her arms until they forced it from her.

This loss threw the King into irremediable grief and remorse. Hawaii's history says that he died of asthma; gossip says it was delerium tremens. In any case Hawaii's brilliant and promising young King had wrecked his life and laid him down to die at the age of twenty-nine, in 1872. He was succeeded by Lunalilo as Kamehameha V, and Emma retired to live the life of a correct widow. Only two events stirred the

serenity of her last twenty years. She visited Europe; she narrowly missed being elected Queen.

The Hawaiian Queen was a success in England, where she was found to be "so English looking and not dark." Jane Carlyle described her as "a charming young woman with large, black, beautiful eyes, a lovely smile, great intelligence, a musical, true voice, and a perfect English accent." Naturally Emma's most gratifying experience was her reception at court. When Emma's son died, she had written to Queen Victoria that she found "comfort in the thought that our dear child has gone to heaven to mingle with the blessed as your godson and under a name dear to Your Majesty, to us, and to our people." Now she was to make her bow before her life's model. It was a great success. As Emma rose from her deep curtsy, Queen Victoria kissed her. The two women understood each other perfectly, and they corresponded as long as Emma lived.

Emma's chance to rule as Queen came when Lunalilo died after a reign of only two years. As he was the last of the Kamehamehas, his death gave the "missionary party" their chance. They proposed that his successor be elected by the national parliament, and they backed as their candidate David Kalakaua, who was remotely related to the Kamehamehas, though not a tabu chief. Kalakaua was a post-office employee, a convivial person, probably selected as easy to control. Emma contested his election and lost. The bitterness of that campaign still endures. No impartial account of the period has been written, though Ralph Kuykendall of the University of Hawaii is at work on a history which promises to give a scholarly account of the complicated moves which turned the Hawaiian Kingdom into a Territory of the United States.

Alexander and Emma, in frock coat and bustle, were really

the last of the Hawaiian monarchs. They seemed, in their day, to have made a perfect adjustment to civilization. Gone were the savage majesty of old Kamehameha, praying to his war god, making war, and taking women as he willed. Gone the peerless, incomparable Kaahumanu, dallying with her lovers even while she experimented with Christianity and governed as astutely as Kamehameha himself. But their strength was gone too. Within three quarters of a century that splendid stock had petered out into reedy gentlemen who hoped and tried, failed and died.

Of Emma, nothing is told except that she loved flowers and was kind. Her friends have gathered round her story, as old-fashioned women used to hide one whose petticoat was slipping. Their letters and hers reflect the old age of a simple gentlewoman, busy with her garden, her jelly, her callers, her church. How she faced her tragedies and came out of them into serenity will probably never be known until some penetrating novelist re-creates the character of the woman whose story could be so revealing of her age and her people.





### XIII

## KAIULANI, DISPOSSESSED PRINCESS



HE WAS A SORT OF FAIRY PRINCESS WHO LIVED IN A tropical garden by a rainbow-tinted sea, fed her peacocks under a noble banyan, and was the playmate of a distinguished poet. She was baptized on Christmas Day 1875, with the names Victoria Kawekiu Kaiulani Lunalilo, the Bishop of Honolulu officiating; and a King and a Queen were her sponsors. She behaved, according to a Honolulu paper, "with the utmost respect," and afterward graced a reception at the palace, where her health was drunk in champagne. The editor hoped that she would grow up to be as good as she looked.

Kaiulani was Princess by grace of the legislature which had elected David Kalakaua King. Her mother was Likelike, one of King Kalakaua's sisters, and her father was Alexander S. Cleghorn, a Scot. Her chance ever to rule as Hawaii's queen was remote. At the time of Kalakaua's coronation Queen Emma wrote: "Mrs. Cleghorn is said to be in high dudgeon because there are reports Kinoiki's three boys are likely to be

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made princes who will take precedence of herself and sister and little girl on coronation day and ever after." But Kinoiki's boys were passed over and after Kalakaua's sister, Mrs. Lydia Dominis, had succeeded him as Queen Liliuokalani, she named Kaiulani as her heiress.

Neither precedence nor future majesty mattered to Kaiulani, beautiful, slim, big-eyed Princess and tomboy, as she played in the gardens of Ainalau. Nor to her rival cousins the Princes, who found her quite their equal on her pony, in her boat, or swimming inside the reef. What a troublesome little girl she was is affectionately remembered by Mrs. Elsie Jager, a relative and daily playmate of Kaiulani. Elsie was wee and timid and often frightened out of her wits by the erratic tempers at Ainalau.

Once Kaiulani, enthroned in the banyan tree, was demanding that the other children should prostrate themselves like ancient Hawaiians in the presence of royalty. Elsie refused; all the others obediently touched their little noses to the ground. Kaiulani jeered at her, taunted her, raged. Elsie took that awhile; then she too raged. Was she not also ali'i? She picked up a stick and hurled it at the long-legged Princess in the tree. The jagged branch hit Kaiulani on the temple, drawing blood and leaving a long scratch. That ended the royal audience, and soon Elsie and Kaiulani were playing happily together again.

They had forgotten all about the incident when Likelike noticed the scratch at lunch.

"Where did you get that?"

Poor little Elsie cowered in abject fright. She had seen the diminutive Likelike lash a groom with a riding whip because of a spot on her carriage's varnish. What would she not do to a criminal who had marred her beloved daughter's pretty face? Elsie had herself all trussed up for the sacrifice, if not

actually boiling in oil, before she realized what Kaiulani was saying.

“I fell down,” the little Princess explained, all innocence, then cut a wicked eye round at Elsie, the score fully evened up.

The poet who was Kaiulani’s companion in the gardens and on the beach was Robert Louis Stevenson. He used to bring his family up from the South Seas now and then to enjoy city life and cooler weather in Honolulu. The grass hut he slept and wrote in on the beach at Sans Souci is still preserved — at the Salvation Army tea-room, of all places! But its wormy-looking desuetude does not re-create the man half so well as his own words. In 1889 he wrote to Miss Boddle in Scotland:

“. . . The Sandwich Islands do not interest us very much; we live here, oppressed with civilization, and look for better things in the future. But it would surprise you if you came out tonight from Honolulu (all shining with electric lights, and all in a bustle from the arrival of the mail . . .) and came out on the road through Kapiolani Park, and seeing a gate in the palings, with a tub of gold fish by the wayside, entered casually in. The buildings stand . . . by the edge of the beach, where an angry little spitfire sea continually spurts and thrashes with impotent irascibility, the big seas breaking further out upon the reef. The first is a small house, with a very large summer parlor, or lanai, as they call it here, roofed, but practically open. There you will find the lamps burning and the family sitting around the table, dinner just done . . . a grim little wooden shanty; cobwebs bedeck it; friendly mice inhabit its recesses; the mailed cockroach walks upon the wall; so also, I regret to say, the scorpion. . . .”

If Stevenson did not love Honolulu, he did love Hawaiians and wrote of them with vicious backslaps at his own people. In a letter to Charles Baxter:

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“I have just been a week away alone on the lee coast of Hawaii . . . a lovely week among God’s best — at least God’s sweetest works — Polynesians. If I could only stay there the time that remains, I could get my work done and be happy; but the care of my family keeps me in vile Honolulu, where I am always out of sorts, amidst heat and cold and cess-pools and beastly haoles. What is a haole? You are one; and so, I am sorry to say, am I. After so long a dose of whites, it was a blessing to get among Polynesians again even for a week.”

He loved King Kalakaua, too, and it is our loss that he did not write more of their convivial hours together — the chalk-white, emaciated Scot and the full-blooded, chocolate-brown Hawaiian. They began their potations in the morning at Sans Souci or the palace, continued through the day and through the town, tacking from house to club to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, shipping fresh supplies for their solace as they drove, sprawling under parasols in an open barouche. Still upright, their usual goal was a famous old bar which still exists with its swinging doors, its mahogany bar, and photographs of the royal family. What fun they had, roistering through the streets, scandalizing the pious, amusing sailors ashore, making Hawaiians smile tolerantly, leaving a wake of tales so broad that an inquiring woman gets only hints of their width!

Also to Charles Baxter, Stevenson wrote:

“. . . I so well I do not know myself — sea-bathing, if you please, and what is far more dangerous, entertaining and being entertained by His Majesty here, who is a very fine intelligent fellow, but O, Charles, what a crop for the drink! He carries it, too, like a mountain with a sparrow on its shoulders. We calculated five bottles of champagne in three hours and a half (afternoon) and the sovereign quite presentable, though perceptibly more dignified at the end.”

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That same year, '89, Kaiulani was sent to school in England, and Stevenson wrote a farewell poem for her:

“Forth from her land to mine she goes,  
The island maid, the island rose,  
Light of heart and bright of face;  
The daughter of a noble race.  
Her islands here, in southern sun,  
Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,  
And I, in her dear banyan shade,  
Look vainly for my little maid.

But our Scots islands far away  
Shall glitter with unwonted day,  
And cast for once their tempests by  
To smile in Kaiulani's eye.

“. . . When she comes to my land and her father's, and the rain beats upon the window, (as I fear it will), let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home; and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree; and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms; and she will think of her father sitting there alone. — R. L. S.”

Soon after her departure Stevenson wrote of her to Will H. Low:

“. . . If you want to cease to be a republican see my little Kaiulani, as she goes through — but she is gone already. You will die a red: I wear the colors of that little royal maiden. *Nous allons chanter à la ronde, si vous voulez!* only she is not blonde by several chalks, though she is but a half-blood, and the wrong half Edinburgh Scots like myself.”

In England, Kaiulani was the charge of Mr. Theophilus H. Davies, a British subject who had made a fortune in the islands

and whose name still adorns one of the most powerful business houses there. The choice of England and of the guardian was the natural one for Mr. Cleghorn to make; but it was a mistake as it turned out. Kaiulani's English education would count against her, as the Kingdom of Hawaii rapidly neared its end. The record of her education is preserved in the archives of Hawaii, mostly in the guileless, girlish letters she wrote her aunt, Queen Liliuokalani.

From Brighton, where she stayed with Mrs. Rooke, "a thorough lady," she wrote that Mrs. Rooke's garden was lovely, and the weather perfect — "just like home. I wish I were there now. . . . The only thing I miss is my riding horse. I would give almost anything if I could have Fairy to ride." She mentions some "pretty summer dresses. I do like pretty dainty things." Then a troubled note: "I hear that you wish Father to be governor, but to give up the Custom House. Auntie, we cannot do without his salary for that."

Auntie had a heart, for by September her niece was writing: "Thanks for the donation. I now have £400. and hope soon to have more. . . . I wish I could do more for good works, but I have my studies. But I can help by collecting money." (This was altruistic, not personal collection.)

Just before her seventeenth birthday Kaiulani was studying physics, German, French, singing, painting, music, dancing, deportment, and riding. "I do hope that by the time I come home you will think that I have improved. I should so like to please you."

She refers often to Mr. and Mrs. Davies and their daughter, Alice. At Christmas time she went with them to spend the holidays with Lady Wiseman: ". . . they are gentle people, and I think that it is my duty to visit people whose manners are refined."

That was the last untroubled Christmas; afterward Kaiu-

lani's letters reflect the confused events which ended her future Kingdom. In January '93 a sharp issue had been drawn between Queen Liliuokalani and a powerful party of residents in the islands — mostly Americans, with a scattering of Europeans and a few Hawaiians. One of their complaints, as cited by W. D. Alexander in his *History of Later Years of the Hawaiian Monarchy*, was that a new constitution proposed by the Queen provided that "only male *subjects* shall vote. This would disfranchise the whole body of American and European residents who had not become naturalized, and would give the native population entire control over the election of representatives." That the Queen favored a lottery and a ministry responsible only to her was also a point at issue. But that Hawaiians should control their own government was intolerable to certain "residents who had not become naturalized."

Events moved rapidly in that January of '93. The Queen's ministers ran in and out. Indignant citizens held a mass meeting. Marines were landed from the U.S.S. *Boston*, only "to protect the lives and property of American citizens." The Queen submitted, claiming that she yielded "to the superior force of the United States of America." A provisional government was proclaimed, with Sanford B. Dole at its head. The Queen's party offered terms, but it was too late. Declaring that they could not trust her to maintain constitutional government, the provisional government took over the palace and ran up the Stars and Stripes. Queen Liliuokalani was a prisoner in her husband's house, Washington Place. Both parties sent delegations to Washington.

How much of this was told to Kaiulani does not appear. At one stage in the dispute she had been suggested as queen with a regency headed by Mr. Dole. But Mr. Davies had a better idea. In March he took her to Washington. Mary H. Krout, a Chicago newspaper woman in the islands, and an ardent ad-

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vocate of the provisional government, calls this move "a theatrical pose which would catch the fickle sympathy of the ignorant. . . . Personally the young Princess was a charming and interesting character; she gave a certain picturesqueness to the little drama, appearing . . . at the proper moment . . . gently appealing to the American people for redress and protection . . . of her rights. . . ." Kaiulani's appeal (doubtless the work of her guardian) was published in the papers:

*To the American People, — Unbidden I stand upon your shores to-day . . . unattended, except by loving hearts that came with me over the wintry seas. I hear that Commissioners from my own land have been for many days asking this great nation to take away my little vineyard. They speak no word to me, and leave me to find out as I can from rumors in the air, and they would leave me without a home or a name or a nation. Seventy years ago America sent over Christian men and women to give religion and civilization to Hawaii. They gave us the Gospel. They made us a nation, and we learned to love and trust America. To-day three of the sons of those missionaries are at your capital, asking you to undo their fathers' work. Who sent them? Who gave them their authority to break the Constitution which they swore they would uphold?*

*To-day I, a poor, weak girl, with not one of my people near me, and with all these Hawaiian statesmen against me, have strength to stand up for the rights of my people. Even now I can hear a wail in my heart, and it gives me strength and courage, and I am strong — strong in the faith of God, strong in the knowledge that I am right, strong in the strength of seventy million people, who in this free land will hear my cry, and will refuse to let their flag cover dishonour to mine.*

[SIGNED] *Kaiulani*



Liliuokalani must have heard rumors of a proposal to supplant her with Kaiulani, for in June the Princess wrote to her from England: "I have *never* received any proposals from anybody to take the throne. I have not received a word of any sort from anyone except my father. I am glad that I am able to say that I have not written to anyone about politics."

The Queen, in Hawaii, was hopeful. President Cleveland had sent a personal representative, the Honorable Mr. James H. Blount of Georgia, with "paramount" authority: a combination of syllables which inevitably gave him the title of *Paramount Blount*. Mr. Blount kept his head, held his tongue, and interviewed everybody. Colonel Spreckels, whose sugar interests on Maui were rapidly enriching him, conferred with the Queen and suddenly demanded full payment of a loan he had made the government. The provisional incumbents raised \$95,000 in one active morning. The Marines, encamped in the palace grounds, occupied themselves in improving the flowerbeds and lawns.

Kaiulani wrote from England: "I was delighted to talk about home. . . . [Mr. Playfair] told me how shamefully you had been treated and Oh, how it made my blood boil. I am glad . . . that I have not been out there as I know I could not have borne the insults as bravely and patiently as you have, dear Aunt. But brighter times may come." In another letter: "These years in England are years of exile. . . . It is so hard to wait patiently for news."

In September of that trying '93 she wrote: "How you must hate the sight of Central Union Church! What a shame that a house of worship should be turned into a spy tower! I suppose it is wiser for you to remain at Washington Place, but how you must long to go away to some other place! If I was in your place I am afraid I should pine away and die. I could not stand it. . . . I am so tired of waiting."

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Neither of them had to wait long.

In the summer of '94 the American President told the Queen that he could do nothing. By that time the provisional government had proclaimed the Republic of Hawaii with Mr. Dole as its first President. In the fall there were rumors of a revolutionary uprising, and the Queen was put under arrest as a conspirator. She signed an oath of allegiance to the Republic. Soon after the election of President McKinley in 1895, a treaty of annexation was signed and submitted to the Senate, where it encountered sharp opposition. It was not until the Spanish-American War showed the need for a naval base in the Pacific that Congress took the final step. At last Pearl Harbor, which King Kalakaua had granted the United States as a naval base, became an integral part of the United States, and the Kingdom of Hawaii a Territory of the Republic.

Kaiulani, so carefully educated as a queen, came home to the Republic of Hawaii a dispossessed Princess. We have one more letter to her aunt, written from Anahau, Waikiki:

“Last Saturday the Hawaiians came out to see me. There were several hundred. . . . It was sad to see so many of them looking so poor; in the old days I am sure there were not so many people almost destitute. . . . Thanks for the span of splendid horses. . . .”

The conventional well-bred girl of her time, Kaiulani was loyal to her people with a sort of insistence. She often wore lauhala hats and holokus, feathers in her hair, and Chinese jasmine leis. Chinese jasmine, in fact, acquired its Hawaiian name of *pikake* because it was the favorite flower of the Princess of the peacocks.

The rest of Kaiulani's life is recorded only in the memories of ladies who were girls with her. They remember gay tennis and beach parties attended by U. S. naval officers who were already fulfilling their function of beaux for Honolulu's girls.





ABOVE, the White Coral Mission Church at Waimea  
BELOW, the Old Mission House at Waiale [photos, Senda Studio, Lihue]

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Old newspapers report a birthday party for David Kawanana-koa, Kaiulani's cousin and playmate, now a suitor. Mr. Cleg-horn must have favored his suit, for he toasted David most cordially. Friends think Kaiulani was never in love with David. There are hints, quickly hushed, of a love which was denied her. One hears of an old gentleman who still lays flowers on Kaiulani's grave on the anniversary of her death.

Kaiulani was beautiful, as her picture shows; graceful on the ballroom floor, on a horse, even (incredibly) in the bunched bathing suits they wore then. She was animated, too, but capricious and headstrong. Fragility underlay her beauty — her eyes seemed too big above cheeks flushed hectically; and her vivacity had sadness underneath. Kaiulani was much beloved by her companions; perhaps romance has touched their recollections of her. When one of them says she died of a broken heart, one wonders. But die she did.

It came quickly. On a visit to the Parker Ranch, Kaiulani insisted upon swimming on a day when she should not have done so. A cold set in. They took her back home to Ainahau, to her father, and to her nurse, tender, worried old Mary O'Donnell. High fever burned her out rapidly. They called it rheumatic fever; and Kaiulani also suffered from a goiter.

A friend, who holds to the broken-heart theory, says: "What had she to live for? She had been in love, but she could not marry the men, many men, who asked her. [This is the only hint of a tragedy the Princess may have hidden or that her friends still hide.] She had been trained as a Princess, but her Kingdom had been taken away. Her people were poor, the whites had left them only their racial sadness. No wonder Kaiulani died."

She was twenty-four years old. She died at Ainahau on March 6, and there she lay in state with kahilis over her and women wailing the unforgettable Hawaiian death.



#### XIV

## FROM THE PAST



WE TURNED INTO AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN WITH a drive-around and left the car under a monkeypod tree. There was a stiff wind, and porch rugs had run away from it and piled up against the house wall. The outer edge of the lanai had been built up of cages where colored birds sat disconsolate, and orchids sprouted from chunks of rotting wood nailed to the pillars. Our hostess greeted us there. She turned and we followed her stately back with lace-trimmed holoku snaking behind her.

“Come in, come in,” she was saying in the fluting voice of the cultivated Hawaiian woman. “It’s so cold out here. This dreadful wind. So cold!”

In the drawing-room she selected a wide couch flanked by standing lamps. In the middle of a fine Chinese rug was a round table and on it a tall vase holding lilies.

“Here in the corner it’s not so windy.”

Such a house does not shut up. Doors and windows stand open all around. When the wind blows, one simply seeks a sheltered spot inside one’s house.

## FROM THE PAST

The conversation, starting smoothly, dallied in the shallows while the old lady took the measure of the writer. Hawaiian society has kept its dignity inviolate for a century. Everybody knows scandals about everybody else; the tradition is that there are none. Everybody whispers scandals to the newcomer; the assumption is that nobody does. The tales one hears are tragic or lurid; they are often richly funny; they reveal all the vagaries of people living in a small town, isolated as few mainland towns now are. Imagine a small interrelated community two thousand miles from the nearest neighbor! Every family skeleton is intimately known. Every householder, opening his door, watches to see if the stranger on the step has caught the rattle of bones. In the case of a writer, wonder rises to certainty that he will reveal the worst and most cherished secret. When a book on the islands is published, everybody rushes to read it, to deny its statements, to pore over certain paragraphs, to announce with triumph or agony: "So-and-so was meant." A truly fictionalized character is impossible; nobody rests until the king's gift, the ship's carpenter's midnight ride, the lady going to the leper colony, the too loving lady, have each been fitted to a particular person.

I had decided not to write scandals. Every visitor should have the fun of digging them out for himself, as children are encouraged to collect their own nature specimens. When that point was established I found that talk revealed character delightfully — the easy acceptance of life as it is, amusement at the defections of the pure and stiff-necked, deep old angers or resentments.

I had come to talk about Queen Emma, but the interview went off in other directions in the way of interviews. "Aunt Mary" remembered the beloved Queen only as an elderly lady who drove her own surrey even though she was a Queen, and stopped in for morning calls. But those recollections led to

Aunt Mary's grandmother and unexpected pictures I could use.

"My grandmother brought me up. Haoles always misunderstood Hawaiian adoptions. People only let their children go to other people who needed them more. So with me. My grandmother loved me, but she was very strict. It seemed to me that she never let me go anywhere. It still rankles that I could not even go to the coronation. . . . Yes, Kalakaua's. I knew him well. He used to take us out — my sister and me."

"You used to go out with the King for a beau?"

"Oh, it was nothing." She dismissed the King with a flip of the fingers. "He used to call for us in his carriage and escort us to parties. He was a perfect gentleman, and a dandy in his dress. And he always brought us promptly home again." Aunt Mary's eyes twinkled at her girlish predicament. "We were so well brought up we were no fun for the King, and how we hated to come home when we knew the fun was just going to begin! Kalakaua really came to our house because he liked to discuss genealogy with my grandmother."

A Japanese maid brought delicate glasses on a lacquered tray. Pineapple juice and flaky, buttery cookies. Aunt Mary left history to talk with her niece about family affairs.

I have forgotten what brought us to Kaahumanu, but in a moment Aunt Mary was saying: "Grandmother was a little girl when the Hawaiians almost killed Rives's children." She spoke so calmly I almost missed it. Killing Rives's children? I knew that Rives was the Frenchman who went to Europe with Liholiho in 1824; it was he who interested the Catholics in a mission to Hawaii. But why kill his children? But Aunt Mary was going on.

"When the *Blonde* came bringing their dead rulers, the people blamed the foreigner for their death. Some men, crazy with grief, even threatened Rives's children, whom he had



left with Kaahumanu. They might have killed the little things if Kaahumanu herself had not rushed out to protect them and shame their attackers.

“Hawaiians” — Aunt Mary remembered all at once that she was speaking to a writer — “Hawaiians were not a cruel people. They were just so overcome with grief and despair at a loss they could not understand that they lost control. It was natural; they did nothing actually. . . . Yes, Grandmother remembered it well. She said Kaahumanu was terrifying, so tall, so filled with wrath. But that was all she remembered about the Queen.”

Then we were talking about Hawaii's flag and how it was made. Grandfather was Alexander Adams, an Englishman, who fell in love with Grandmother and married her when she was about sixteen. Before that he had sailed as master of Kamehameha's ship, the *Kaahumanu*, taking sandalwood to China. At Canton the captain faced a certain embarrassment. As captain of a sovereign monarch's merchant marine he was entitled to a salute. A salute required the dipping of a flag in acknowledgment, and he had no flag; Hawaii had no flag. So the captain made one forthwith, using the British colors and the Union Jack and giving it eight stripes for the eight islands.

The rest of the story is that another family has long claimed the designing of the flag; they are generally given credit for it. But Captain Adams kept a diary. Written in a huge leather-bound ledger in careful script, it is adorned here and there with drawings. Ships and dolphins, trees and clouds. As though the captain, sitting in his cabin, solaced his loneliness by reminding himself of other sights than the sea and used a gift he had neglected. The ledger's paper is ivoried now, the ink is brown, but the entries are perfectly clear. Clear, that is, as far as they go. For the captain's book has suffered mutila-

tion. Aunt Mary remembers it as a perfect book. In the old easy way it went about from hand to hand. Friends borrowed it. That was a mistake. For once it did not come back for years, and when it did, many pages had been cut out with a sharp knife. The cut pages now make the book look like a toothless old man, grinning at his loss, but grinning, too, at what he could tell if he had his teeth.

“But I remember very well what it said.” Aunt Mary sighed a sigh that condones. “Somebody ruined the journal and somebody gets the credit for the flag. But I have the land. This very land that I live on was given my grandfather by Kamehameha for thwarting an attempt by the Russians to seize the island of Kauai. And I know who designed our Hawaiian flag.”



## PLANTATION PEOPLE



**M**OST HAWAIIAN ISLANDERS LIVE ON PLANTATIONS or are directly affected by them. Not counting the Army and Navy, the few citizens who do not deal directly with plantations are those who make a business of tourists or who serve the dwellers in Honolulu and perhaps one other town. This fact accounts not only for the economic situation of the islands; it determines the people's manner of life and makes their thinking very different from that of mainlanders.

Drive a few miles out of Honolulu and you are on a plantation. Rich brown earth is turning in long furrows under a tractor. Pale green spears are pushing through black loam: sugar cane in its first months. Taller, sharper spears are being worked by men with hoes, with animals, with machines. Or the road tunnels through cane so tall that man is dwarfed below its plummy tassels. No men are there; only an occasional marker warns of approaching trucks loaded with cane. Now and then the road passes between tall stilts which bridge a gulch. They support not bridges, but wooden flumes through which mountain water is floating cane to the mills. Or a sweet-

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ish smell, like candy burning on the stove, and puffs of curling brown smoke, mark the burning of trash before harvesting. For it was discovered by chance that flame running through a field too quickly to damage cane will burn out dead matter and save many hours of labor. Here are always vigilant men with a couple of tall khaki-clad haoles in charge. It takes from eighteen to twenty-four months to mature sugar cane, and all the processes go on together. From harvest to harvest, through preparation of the ground, planting, cultivating, harvesting and back to mulching and plowing again, it is a year-round job. Both sugar and pineapple plantations are so managed that there are no dead seasons, no extensive seasonal lay-offs.

Sugar grows on the lower, hotter levels. On the windward slopes it needs no irrigation. Where it does, on the lee, streams have been diverted into irrigation systems, even brought through mountain ranges, as on Maui. The higher, drier country is given to pineapples, which need little water but require more handwork than sugar.

Running through either tall cane or low tufted fields of "pines" the road soon comes to a town. A huge sugar mill or cannery of silvery corrugated iron stands open to receive truck-loads of raw material. There men in striped jeans are tending shining machinery. Near by is a center, often prettily gardened, with plantation office and store, playgrounds and hospital. Most plantations offer these facilities now; many also have indoor gymnasiums, motion-picture theaters, equipment for all sorts of sports. The school, with grassy play-yard, belongs to the Territory of Hawaii, and the post-office, with locked boxes outdoors, is Uncle Sam's. The rest of the housing belongs to the plantation, from the manager's big house to the lowest-paid worker's simple cottage.

The whole village is bowered in flowering foliage, with



ABOVE, a Golden Shower Tree on Waikiki Beach      BELOW, Taro  
CENTER, LEFT, Torch Ginger [*photos, Pan Pacific Press*]  
CENTER, RIGHT, the Silver Sword [*photo, National Park Service*]



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African tulip trees and royal poinciana along the streets, pink Mexican creeper and orange allamanda on the fences, and baskets of ferns and air plants on the porches. Oriental-looking men in shirt-sleeves with pencils behind their ears scurry about the offices, and in the lanes women dicker with hucksters or gossip over fences. At *pau-hana* (stop work) huge trucks bring the workers home, dusty or smoke-grimed. The roads flow with children, clean in well-washed modern clothes, careful of traffic, but gamboling free from school — all except the Japanese youngsters, who hurry earnestly on for another two hours in the Japanese language school. Until dark, playing fields are alive; Japanese men, fresh from the hot bath, take their kimonoed ease on their lanais, while their women, who have probably worked in the fields too, prepare their meal; and Filipinos handle long-legged cocks. Cock-fighting is against the law, but realistic officers and managers have decided that it is better to have it patrolled than not. With dark, a deep silence comes down. Men who will be on the job again at four in the morning sleep early.

Two points about these plantations are immediately apparent. They are great industries, owned by corporations representing many millions of dollars and operated more like great industrial plants than like most farms on the mainland. And most of their employees are Orientals. Considering Hawaii as the westernmost outpost against the Orient and as a future state in our nation, both these points are immensely important. Can a democracy develop in such a scene? Can good Americans be made of these Orientals? One hears every answer from an unequivocal yes to an equally unmodified no, depending upon the speaker's mental bias. But a traveler sees much that may help to clarify the problem.

These plantations, and possibly the psychology which permeates them, go back a good hundred years. The first effort

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to raise sugar was made at Koloa on Kauai in 1853. It was a tricky and uncertain business, but one that continued to attract energetic young men and some capital. The great problem was labor, and the first Chinese were imported in 1852. They were of the lowest coolie class, chosen for their horny hands and bare feet. They were guaranteed three dollars a month, plus transportation to Hawaii and back to China, and food and quarters. There was never any thought of importing Negro slaves. Hawaii was strongly influenced by abolitionist New England.

Though there was no slavery, there were plenty of abuses. Labor was not handled tenderly in the middle of the nineteenth century. Overseers carried blacksnake whips; workers were herded into sheds to sleep, and given a handful of rice for food. The best that can be said for it is that they were better off than they would have been in China. Indeed, a clever Chinese, and most of them were clever, could amass enough money in three years at that wage to make himself a rich man back in Canton.

The Chinese contributed much to modern Hawaii. Their art tinctures modern Hawaiian art, especially in architecture and decoration. Chinese food is important in the island cuisine. Even the Japanese are found celebrating their festivals and shouting "Banzai" in Chinese restaurants. Chinese people have persistence, intelligence, and a deep respect for learning; many of them are now in the professions. And these are the grandchildren of the original coolies! Chinese have never been very nationalistic, honoring the family rather than the nation; so they become Americans without the backward pull that hampers some groups. These points are important, but their greatest contribution, perhaps, comes through their blood. The first Chinese brought few women, so they married Hawaiians; this intermarriage stiffened the



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soft, almost amorphous Polynesian nature. Chinese-Hawaiians are notably more energetic, provident, and successful than the pure-bloods. The Chinese who did not work out their contracts and return to China soon left the plantations to cook in private homes, to open restaurants or shops. Almost no Chinese do manual labor now. They hold office jobs; teach, from the kindergarten to the university; they are in all sorts of retail businesses, on newspapers, and in the professions. They have married into every social grade. Chinese husbands are considered good providers, and kind. Their children occupy one of the most favored positions in the Territory today. So the problem of plantation labor was not solved by the Chinese.

Men kept on investing enormous sums of money, even more of energy, enterprise, daring, and persistence. Their first big chance came when the Civil War cut off the Southern supply and Hawaiian sugar found a market on the mainland. By 1875 they were exporting thirteen thousand tons a year and enlarging their plantations. Irrigation projects were undertaken and a plantation man had to become engineer and promoter as well as agriculturist. Then plant blights appeared and he needed chemists to fight them. In spite of all, the business grew. Hawaii is sugar's favored land; its soil of decayed lava yields 9,000 pounds per acre, the largest yield on earth. But it requires attention all the year round. Through everything these men faced the need of a steady supply of dependable field workers.

King Kamehameha IV suggested that the importation of a "cognate" stock might solve the labor problem and help to restore the Hawaiian race, which had decreased alarmingly. It has been estimated that the Hawaiian population declined by over four fifths during nine successive decades. Weakened by changed ways of living and by exhausting work, they had

no resistance against imported diseases. Measles and influenza were scourges to people who had no inherited immunity to them; venereal diseases and leprosy wrought terrific havoc. In the twelve missionary companies there were only nine doctors; only four of those stayed in medicine, and the four acted as teachers and ministers besides. The pure Hawaiian stock was decreasing also because of intermarriage with other races. The King, seeing his subjects changing into a new and unpredictable breed, encouraged the introduction of Samoans and Tahitians. But they, like their Hawaiian cousins, refused to stick to regular, dulling labor.

It is not fair to call Polynesians lazy; they excell at vigorous and exacting work or sport. But after violent effort they demand a period of complete relaxation. The Tahitians and Samoans took a look at the sugar plantations and returned to their happy isles to fish and laze, to work and rest, singing and dancing. This period had a dramatic and very ugly phase. Ruthless men roamed the Pacific then, as ships' owners and masters, taking whatever cargo they could get and selling it where they could. General smuggling and rum-running were widely practiced and "black-birding" became recognized traffic. Helpless natives were shanghaied off South Sea Island beaches and delivered to labor contractors in Honolulu who asked few questions. The enterprise ended only when the labor proved unsatisfactory.

Then Europeans were tried, but they were seeking such opportunities as the United States offered, where a man could get ahead. Working in herds on plantations offered little inducement. The few who did enter the Kingdom of Hawaii soon got into the owner-manager class. The only considerable number who went into the fields were Portuguese from Portugal, the Azores, and Madeira. Ten thousand or so appeared in the islands before 1886, many of them women and chil-

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dren. Not many Portuguese work on the plantations any more, and when they do they have risen to the rank of luna (overseer) in the fields or are mechanics in the sugar mills or in town. They are hard-working people of peasant stock and shrewd. It irks a good many people that a Portuguese colony owns one of the most beautiful hillsides in Honolulu, which was given them when it was far away on a muddy road. Now that haoles covet it, they find that the Portuguese still own it, are doing very well, and have no intention of selling. As farmers the Portuguese are knowing about nature. They use many plants the haoles pass by as useless, and they readily learn all he knows about fertilizing, rotation of crops, and land use. They have a real gift for politics, are effective speakers, and hold many public offices.

With the Portuguese moving up into better jobs and off the plantations, the cane still had to be harvested, and planters and government renewed their weary search for laborers who would continue to be laborers. The employers turned again to the Orient. Japan was overcrowded with industrious and poverty-stricken people who would find conditions in Hawaii better than at home. It is edifying to read that the Japanese government did not favor the emigration and demanded good terms. The first Japanese laborers were guaranteed three times what the Chinese had been paid; and in addition to the extravagant wage of nine dollars a month they got a food allowance of six dollars. Most Japanese entered Hawaii in the eighties. Their immigration was halted by the Gentleman's Agreement in 1907. But by that time 180,000 of them — with their families! — had entered the island Kingdom.

At first the Japanese seemed the complete answer to the planter's prayer. Peasant folk, used to hard work from dawn to dark, unured to living on a handful of rice, hardened down to about half human size, but sturdy stock from which the

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weaklings had been bred out through generations of hardship; they were economical, dependable, and subservient. What more could a manager ask as surcease from lazy Polynesians, notional Latins, and Chinese who saved their money and moved to town? But the Japanese had other qualities. Racial coherence and ancestor-worship kept many of them tied to Japan, many returned there, those who remained married "picture brides" from home, and selected their children's mates within their own group. They were also smart as tacks, could learn anything and learned everything. The Yankees of the Orient, they are taking on New England ways with disconcerting aptitude. They buy or lease land, improve it, and educate their children for white-collar jobs.

The Japanese in Hawaii are a rather amusing example of a common American paradox. Our schools inculcate ambition for education, for betterment, for making a success, which generally means making money. We urge our children on to white-collar jobs; our schools make little effort to train artisans or mechanics. Where did the village blacksmith go, he who sang on Sunday in the village church and was as good as any man? Somewhere we seem to have lost the tradition of the dignity of labor. Unless we can bring it back we may find nobody to man the plows, poison the bugs, harvest the crops. In Hawaii the Japanese are leaving the laboring class as fast as they can, following the modern American pattern of working up, and up, to be a millionaire. Our schools are not producing the amenable laboring class our employers would like to have.

The Japanese now form a third of the population of the Territory; they do everything except the few top jobs sacredly reserved for haoles who control the money; and they are making themselves felt in politics, though it is said that they do not maintain effective racial blocs. Some people say that the

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Japanese still lack originality, ability to understand a situation quickly, make a decision, and seize an opportunity. Whether this is a racial characteristic or due to their recent emergence from another culture, from illiteracy, and from a low caste will be known, probably, within another generation.

HAWAII was taken over by the United States in 1898 and the sugar business was presumably on a par with other domestic business. This, however, was not quite true. As late as 1934 the Jones-Costigan Act forced Hawaiian sugar interests to accept quotas. They find themselves in conflict with Cuban sugar as well as that from our South and beet sugar from the West; and Hawaii has no senator to fight her battles. But after the turn of the century the business strode rapidly ahead, doubling its output by decades until the *United States Commerce Year Book* of 1940 lists its production at about a million tons.

A few Puerto Ricans emigrated to Hawaii, moving from one part of the United States to another, but they have not much modified the racial brew or the culture. The same may be said of Koreans and various other stocks. The new Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association was still in the market for sturdy people, used to steady work under a hot sun, biddable, and not too quick to leave the cane for easier and more gentlemanly jobs in town. They tried Filipinos, against whom the United States immigration laws did not operate.

There are various kinds of Filipinos. Islanders, meeting one on the road, can not only spot him for a Filipino but tell from what part of the Philippines he comes. Ilocanos are considered the best. Visayan and Tagalogs are spendthrifts and rounders, who have a considerable amount of Spanish blood and who go in for cock-fighting and fiestas. They sound like more fun to one who is not trying to produce sugar. The speech of all is incomprehensible to the mainlander; they even have

trouble communicating among themselves, for they commonly speak three dialects, very little Spanish, and poor English.

Filipinos still perform the hoe-hana. Tiny men — five feet six inches is tall for a Filipino and they weigh from 110 to 130 pounds — they are strong. The average field worker carries fifteen tons of cane a day! Their women are dainty little dolls with tiny bones, hands and feet like those of a six-year-old white child. They are the most spoiled and petted women in the islands, because they are so few. A Filipino who can get one slaves for her, does the housework after his day in the fields, buys her whatever she wants, is said to steal when he cannot satisfy her otherwise, and is quick with the knife in her defense or in jealous rage. Filipinos are the play-boys of the islands. Annually they celebrate Rizal Day with procession after mass, the election of a queen of the plantation, and the dance drama *Los Moros y los Cristianos*. A recital of the conquest of Granada from the Moors in 1492, this play was composed by sixteenth-century missionaries to teach Spanish history to their American Indian converts. Obviously they also taught it in the Philippines, and here it is half-way back to the Americas!

All this foreign labor has not driven the Hawaiian out of plantation life. Part-Hawaiians are everywhere, among the owners of great wealth and social distinction and in all grades of workers except the actual hoe-hana. The Hawaiian remains true to his innate conviction that life was not meant for toil. Nor does he often choose technical jobs that involve nerve-racking work and heavy responsibility. He is generally the policeman or company watchman; he runs the little trains, drives the buses, often works as luna, in the mills or offices. And he is the cowboy of the islands. Well-educated Hawaiians are teachers and nurses, and they hold many political jobs.

All these people live in the plantation towns, which are as

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distinctive of Hawaii as Main Street is of the mainland. From two o'clock in the morning, when dairy milkers go on duty, until four in the afternoon, when everybody rests, Hawaiian people are busy on the plantations or in serving them. On the eight islands there are about forty sugar plantations and eight devoted to pineapples. There are also cattle ranches, which are so different that they do not come into this picture. Sugar and pineapple plantations vary a good deal, but I venture to offer a composite portrait assembled by talking with men on every island, with women as well as men — plantation employees, government and social workers, stockholders in town, and labor leaders where there are any.

The manager is top man, and everybody knows it; nobody better than he himself. One of them said: "It's a lonely job, being manager. Many people I'd like to pal round with I can't because others would think they were currying favor with me." Many of them are engineers or experienced executives brought out from the mainland; many are sons or other relatives of managers and owners. Some are self-made, tough old parties with no technical training, but rating high with the owners as savers. Often engineers complain that such men waste more than they save by their inability to realize that delicate machinery demands trained men. The manager's is a never-ending job. He is answerable to the owners and acutely aware of the "agents," the big companies who direct buying and selling with an eye to their own railroads, ships, factories, and tie-ups on the mainland. How funny some of these things are will be told some day. Everything that happens on the plantation is the manager's business: its output, its management, its machinery, its people, and their every concern.

"Who polices a place like this?" I asked on a plantation of about three thousand people. "Oh, the county is supposed

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to, and the police are paid by the county, but of course they bring everything to the old man and do what he tells 'em."

Next in the social hierarchy come the managers of various phases of the plantation, like the mill, the packing plant, the dairy, the cattle ranch. Comfortably at ease with them are the technicians, the social workers or personnel officers, the doctor, nurses, teachers. These people are almost a hundred-percent haole, sons and nephews of the owners, or men recently from the mainland, and a majority of them are married to brisk young women who entered Hawaii before a three years' residence was a prerequisite to a teacher's certificate. Many of these wives continue to teach in the public schools or to work at their former jobs as nurses or social workers. The men in this group are the hardest workers. The federal government has looked out for day laborers; nobody, least of all themselves, has worried about the plight of the headmen, who work longer hours than anybody else, carry a heavy load of responsibility, are on call twenty-four hours a day, and may be dismissed the moment anything goes wrong. Plantation people are hard-working. The lazy leisureliness of Hawaii is a dream of the Tourist Bureau, realizable only by visitors.

These people live in homes provided by the plantation. Their perquisites include water, firewood, a gardener, and certain hospital privileges. No island house need be very stout, as the only weather to keep out is rain. Thin boards will do. But plantation houses are tastefully planned, often with the advice of the woman who is to live there, and furnished with straw mats and bamboo furniture. There is nearly always a Japanese maid, a girl eager to learn haole ways before she marries, or working her way through school.

Office workers come next. They are most interesting in the evolution of a new American citizenry, because they are white, Oriental, and Polynesian of pure strain and of every con-



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ceivable intermixture. Most of them are island-born, have been through high school and often the university together. They understand each other, are intelligently aware of their own problems, and by mutual respect and rapidly increasing intermarriage they are evolving the new island-American.

There is nothing hidebound or even admitted about these classifications. Difference in income makes a difference in style of living, and background and education influence friendships. But there is no recognized race or color line. The only exception is that top jobs are held for the people chosen by the financially dominant group; probably an economic as much as a racial matter. All these plantation people sift in and out of town society. That means Honolulu and Hilo society, for all other island towns are of the plantations.

Then the workers. From the beginning, plantation-owners built houses for their workers. They could do nothing else; there were no towns. Along with houses they supplied water, firewood, and space for a garden. Most plantations still have some of the earlier houses, which are nothing to boast of. Frame shacks, built too close together, with outside plumbing or open drains. On one such plantation the social worker said: "Of course nobody in these islands ever has or has had typhoid fever; but we do have a good many cases of intestinal flu." These conditions are the exception now, however. On every plantation I saw — and I saw many — new houses are being built with modern toilets and showers, wired for electricity, well spaced, and prettily planned. In the best of the workers' houses anybody could live as scientifically clean a life and with as much beauty both inside and out as anywhere. It would be mean to compare such homes with mainland city slums, or even such an apartment as the salaried person in a large industrial city can afford.

Most work is paid for now on a contract basis. The luna

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calls for workers for a certain job, to be paid for by weight of sugar cane or pineapples. Generally the plantation pays the minimum wage of \$1.60 per day. If, when the job is finished, the tally shows that more work has been done, more is paid. If less is owed, the plantation managers insist they are out of luck.

Besides his steady, all-year work the plantation employee is the beneficiary of the most extraordinary care and supervision. Before his birth the worker's baby has the advantage of his mother's visits to the maternity clinic, of her time off from field work, office, or school. He is born in a hospital, and before his mother goes home she is taught how to care for him. Many plantations provide milk and vegetables at cost. In some cases the plantation, in others a social agency largely supported by the plantation, offers the child kindergartens and playgrounds. As he grows, the youngster fits into supervised play and finally into an elaborate scheme of sports which run through to checker tournaments for old men. Free medical service is provided for everything from a cut finger to an abdominal operation. Not only are plantation workers in Hawaii better paid than similar workers anywhere in the world, except, I am told, in New Zealand (but why bring in New Zealand?), but they work shorter hours under better conditions and have more outside help than anywhere else.

All this, nowadays, is supplemented by government agencies, federal and territorial. Hotels, steamships, and motor roads are filled with agricultural and home economic advisers; supervisors of every phase of education; nurses and doctors hastening to assist at clinics; even a psychiatrist roams the islands ready to chart an individual's reactions or to advise a Scout leader or a personnel director. She refuses to commit herself to anything final, but is of the opinion so far that most of the mental troubles of Hawaiian Island people are typical

human troubles and not due to racial and interracial difficulties.

The mental habits of the islanders suggest two striking differences between our Pacific territory and the mainland. The first is that there is no admitted racial discrimination. The other is that the history of the Hawaiian Islands has given them an aristocratic tradition. These two points of view seem to live together in spite of their inconsistency. The lack of racial prejudice makes general living comfortable and pleasant; and it is permitting the intermarriage which may in time produce the race needed to meet the peculiar conditions of the islands. The aristocratic feeling gives everybody a chance to play at the ubiquitously gratifying game of snobbery. Hawaiians, of course, go back to kings and alii. Haoles revere their missionary grandparents. Chinese, long established, often related to superior Hawaiian or haole families, are quietly superior to later immigrants. Among the Portuguese are some whose families were upper-class when they came; they cling to that; others look happily down on Japanese. Among Koreans and Puerto Ricans I lost my way; certainly they can be superior to the Filipinos. Everybody can feel superior to the Filipinos, whose position I cannot evaluate as I could never understand anything I heard a Filipino say. Japanese speak resentfully of Portuguese who own good land, of Puerto Ricans who get into fights, and of Filipinos who threaten their women. Japanese also have their own snobberies. One highly intelligent young woman, who went to teach on "another island," told me that a delegation of upper-class Japanese called to warn her not to associate with their compatriots who were not of the Samurai class.

This strong class feeling touches all islanders, as is natural in a territory that was a kingdom until 1898. In effect, the missionaries who had such far-reaching influence on Hawaii not

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only went round the Horn to get there; they skipped the entire history of the United States. They left New England in 1820. It was the New England of the town meeting, but the only qualified voters were property-owners who belonged to the right church. In the islands their first converts were kings and queens who decreed a state religion and ordered their subjects to conform. Nobody could deny that the missionaries suffered all the physical privations and hardships of pioneering. But they did not know the democracy which grew up on our Western frontier — probably a more real democracy than the world had ever known.

Our West was won by men and women of all faiths, all races, all cultural backgrounds, who helped one another raise their log cabins, fought Indians side by side, learned equality and toleration for the common safety. Every state west of the Alleghenies has this background. If there is "an American way," this is it. While that life was creating our national psychology, New Englanders in the Sandwich Islands were learning to be courtiers. They missed the Mexican War and the rush into California. California meant a new market to them and they imported Oriental labor to help them meet it. They missed the Civil War. That anguish which so wrenched little lives both North and South, but which made possible a sounder national union, meant in Hawaii only a new market for sugar. Nor did Americans in Hawaii know the exciting, furious, and wildly confused period when strong and unprincipled rough-necks came bulling up through every original scene, smashing its tidy pattern, dispossessing its upper crust, piling up enormous fortunes from mines, railroads, or forests. That period of exploitation and misuse did not touch the islands; nothing comparable has touched them yet. No powerful man has risen from the soil or from the ranks of labor to break all the rules, infuriate the propertied classes, and threaten the dominance

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of the old aristocracy. This situation is unique in the United States; and it dominates the thinking of Hawaii.

Its aristocrats, the wealthy of today, are generally of the old missionary families. "Sugar missionary" is so amusingly apt a phrase that its implications are too readily accepted. The missionaries did not go into sugar; only one of them left his calling to go into business. That their sons and grandsons became successful business men is not surprising of intelligent Yankees — even preachers' sons. The remarkable thing, it seems to me, is how much of the old missionary spirit persists — its virtues of tolerance, responsibility, and charitableness. And also its less engaging qualities of self-righteousness and a certain rigidity which may cause trouble yet. It is only fair to give the families credit for the many kindergartens, hospitals, and clinics they support; for the hours of actual work they spend on them. A society reporter has found that to catch Honolulu's wealthiest women she must call them before eight in the morning; otherwise they are off at their meetings and their unpaid jobs. Sons of the families go into business as a matter of course. One notable islander who died in 1941 was celebrated by the newspapers as president of eight big companies and a director of seventeen. Besides that he was connected with many philanthropic and social institutions.

People who wield such power have inevitably developed a psychology to support it. I once asked a woman of this group if she thought Hawaii's Japanese loyal. To me, malahini with mainland notions, loyalty could mean only to the United States. To her, island aristocrat, it had another sense. She answered: "Well, I did think so until these strikes began. Our people have always been loyal to us. Now I don't know."

Herein comes the rub. Hawaiian Islanders of every race are refusing to think of themselves any longer as anybody's people. Children trained in American schools are the heirs of the

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American tradition; they think like American citizens. They will not much longer be content with largesse from above.

Newcomers from the mainland — civilian workers as well as Army and Navy personnel — who are not dependent upon the entrenched families are rapidly changing the island's tone. The plantation, valuable as a laboratory in which races have been fused and people trained for citizenship, has served its purpose. Now that its product is asking true citizenship, what will Hawaii do? The test of the plantation's paternalism is yet to be made.



## XVI

# THE ISLAND OF HAWAII



**H**AWAII, THE BIG ISLAND, WHICH GAVE ITS NAME TO the whole archipelago, to the Kingdom, and to the Territory, is the island that tourists are most apt to visit if they get away from Honolulu and Waikiki. Its volcanoes are the only ones still active. It has fine fishing. Important companies have hotels there. One may go either by plane in a couple of hours from Honolulu or overnight by steamer. I chose the ship.

Travelers with subversive stomachs complain of the roughness of the seas around the islands and the bobbing of the steamers, but my journey was a joltless glide. We steamed out of Honolulu harbor when late afternoon's serenity had clarified the mountains' green-black shadows and stilled the noisy ruffings of the wind. We watched the silhouetted battleships ride in from the sunset, and the sun semaphore huge messages up to the zenith and then suddenly pull in its tentacles and pop out of sight. A passenger beside me on deck pointed out the islands as we raised them. An infinitesimal splash of stars at the sea's edge was Kaunakakai on Molokai — a name I remember because of Hilo Hattie's song about the cock-eyed

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mayor. After dinner — a very good dinner — we hove to off Lahaina while passengers for Maui went ashore in boats. Lahaina Roads, only less important to our Navy than Hampton Roads, was full of anchored battleships, silent as painted ships except for their moving lights.

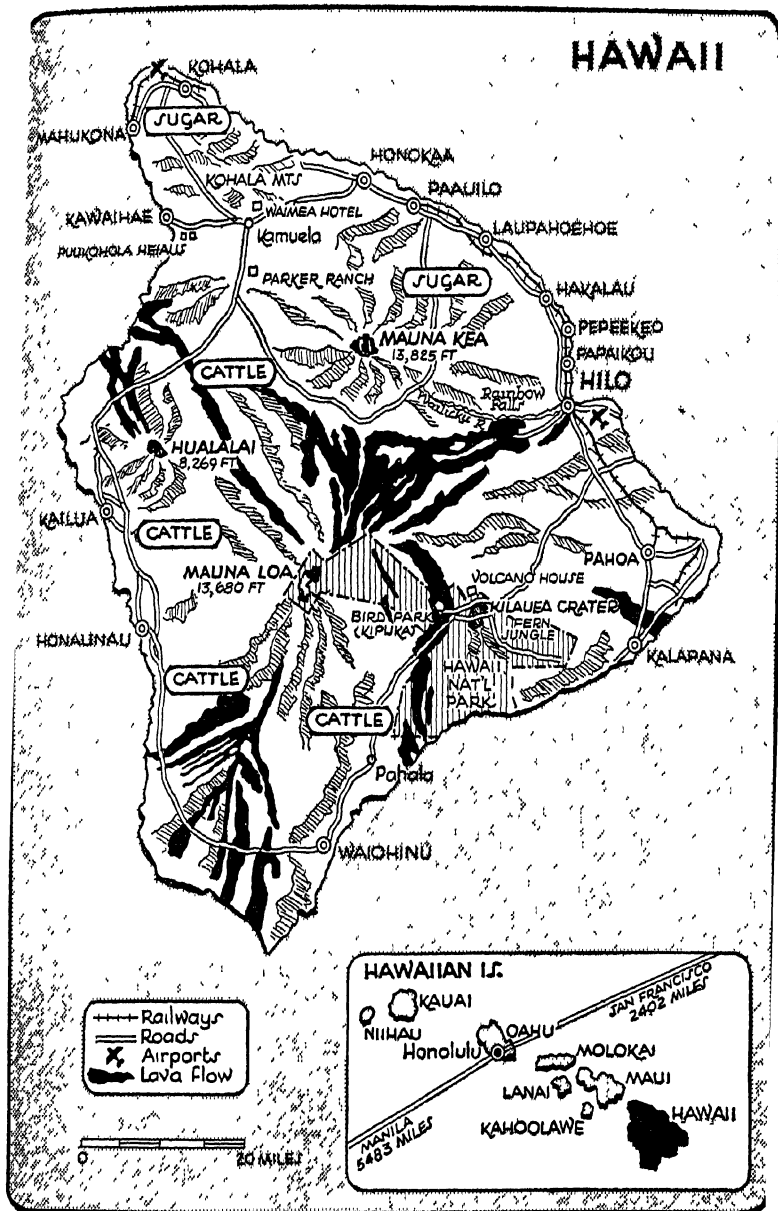
Waking in the morning, I saw the shiniest green sliding past my window — too bright a green for either sky or sea. It was miles and miles of sugar cane, and there is no greener, fresher green. The translation of a Hawaiian poem came to me:

Born was the island;  
It budded, it leapt, it grew, it was green;  
The island blossomed on top  
'Twas Hawaii

We were traveling along the Hamakua coast, an immensely rich sugar region. The cane fields, like rippled silk, lay above a shoreline of jagged black rocks, lacy with surf and dotted with the low white houses and tall white stacks of sugar mills. The foreground was ultramarine ocean, refulgent with the morning sun. Rounding the breakwater, we docked at Hilo, a town I felt I knew because of its persistent reappearance in Hawaiian history.

Hiram Kawelo introduced himself to me with the soft voice, gentle manner, and hidden amusement I had to come to recognize as truly Hawaiian. He was the driver sent to take me up to the Volcano House that day, but it would be three hours before the arrival of the rest of our party by plane. At seven o'clock the library was not yet open; a gentleman to whom I had a letter was not yet in his office; the schools were closed. But the streets were leaping and squealing with schoolchildren. Most of them were brown-skinned and black-haired; only an occasional pair of taffy-colored pigtails or a tousled tow-head looked exotic. Sedate little school cops were on duty,





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signaling traffic and shepherding youngsters across to the playgrounds, where they hung like monkeys on poles and ropes, played ball, skipped rope, and teetered on seesaws a dozen at a time.

Hilo is said to be like Honolulu in the dear old days. Its downtown section is built up of frame business blocks with all the familiar advertisements in the windows, but with a strong admixture of Japanese letterings. One store advertised: "Choir Furniture. Make and Repair"; and another: "Economic Dressmaker." Kam, short for Kamehameha, is the main street, and thereon is "Krass." Linger along there, they say, and you will meet anyone you are looking for, not only from Hilo, but from anywhere on the island. The town follows the line of the bay, through a park where clever gardening has turned an old lava flow into a series of dark pools with half-moon bridges and dwarf plants in the Japanese manner. Beyond is the Naniloa Hotel, which will surely rival the Royal Hawaiian as soon as travelers discover Hilo.

We drove slowly through residence streets. Most of the houses were small, but their gardens were of a glory possible on the mainland only through extravagance of wealth and care. Begonias grew in tall hedges, hibiscus reached the eaves, the scent of gardenias and roses weighted the air, and the heavy leaves of crotons added every shade of yellow and red to the riotous color. Alexandria palms stretched long wan trunks like necks, and lesser palms were overgrown with ferns. On one house, which had been neglected, moss and ferns had carpeted the cement steps and were about to take over the porch. The air was so moist I thought I could take it in my hand and squeeze water out of it.

Crops grew in lots that would otherwise have been vacant. Sugar cane looked over a barbed-wire fence on a main street, taro's great flat leaves stood in water in a lot wetter than most,

and one corner was dedicated to the proposition that corn will grow in Hawaii. The corn, however, was not co-operating. Its rickety stalks and spindly leaves looked as though their only wish was to get home to Iowa.

On our way to the Rainbow Falls, Hiram told me the legend of Hina, mother of the hero Maui, but most noteworthy for an energy quite unsuited to her race and place. She complained because she did not have enough daylight for weaving. So Maui caught the sun and slowed it down to conform to his mother's requirements. By doing that, he somehow antagonized a great demon, who continually tormented Hina until Maui disposed of him by damming the Wailuku River where we stood and catching him in the Boiling Pot. One may still see the water come bubbling and boiling up and be surprised on sticking a finger in to find it cool.

Hiram's talk impressed me again with the correctness of the English learned in Hawaii's public schools. There is an accent certainly: softer *r's*, *ng's*, and *th's* than in ordinary mainland use. But every softening adds beauty to our speech, making it purl like a smooth stream rather than rattle along over stones. And the ordinary Hawaiian's syntax is much better than that of common street talk back home.

I visited a public school, choosing one that was not "English standard," and in it a primary room. The children, Oriental with very few exceptions, were daintily clean, mannerly, and self-possessed and so little that I felt like a Gargantuan intruder in Lilliput. The teacher sat smiling while soft baby hands led me to a chair and seated me.

"Would you like to see ouah fahm?"

They had been making a farm of toy barns and animals and they told me all about it, speaking one at a time with the utmost courtesy.

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One would say to another: " Ahthah, would you like to heah me tell a story? "

Arthur would reply: " Yes, Helen, I would like to heah you tell the story of Puss in Boots."

In an hour I visited several rooms where the pupils moved freely about, chattering quietly and making things with their hands, all in the best progressive manner. But their talk was in stilted, prefabricated phrases. It seemed a curious contradiction until I thought about it. The phrases they were learning were useful ones; perhaps it is the best way to give children who hear no English at home and only pidgin on the playground a working knowledge of the language that is, after all, their native tongue.

Then it was time to drive out to the airport for our other two passengers. While Hiram went indoors, I sat in the car. A bus came up, its wide, low-slung body with facing seats and bright blue paint suggesting a sampan. And so it is called. Hilo's sampans on wheels were designed right there and they give the town a unique and most satisfactory transportation system. A sampan will take you anywhere in no time, and its driver will tell you all about the family you are visiting on the way. I was to find that out later.

That morning I watched two women on the steps making leis. The older one was stringing purple and lavender pansies into a heavy rope, and the other was making a rich pattern of yellow alamanda and red hibiscus. When a lei was finished they dropped it into an old tin bread-box. They did not talk; their fingers moved among the flowers as an expert knits, scarcely looking, yet never making a wrong motion. A man came along — a squat and bustling fellow with a flowered skirt hanging outside his trousers, and an armful of leaflets. It was, I remembered, just two days before the primary elec-

tion. "Ladies," he burred, "heah's fo' you. . . . One cahd you; nodder cahd, you. Why not you come meetin' tonight? Why not you heah speeches, see hula?" He chuckled. "Mebbo so we needa change, mebbos so you heah that."

The lei women were too busy to be bothered. Each one took a card, dropped it unread, and went on stringing flowers. Only the older one spoke:

"Was'time!" she muttered in one word, "Was'time!"

A few moments later, when the campaigner reappeared, she had thought up her line and she called to him:

"Papa! Come heah!"

Papa came, trotting; perhaps he was about to pick up a vote or two; maybe even a whole family of votes. "What can I do fo' you?"

"What you can do fo' me?" repeated the old dame. "Plenty; you buy my leis." They all three laughed heartily.

"You come to the meetin'," he said.

And she: "I too busy makin' leis. You no buy my leis, I no come yo' meetin'."

Then we drove out of Hilo on a highway which is a parkway of flowering shrubs and painted leaves of every shade from tender pink to deep rich crimson. Few plants in Hawaii's lowlands are native. Hibiscus, poinsettia, and bougainvillea come from Mexico; the golden Mexican creeper announces its origin. The regal purple teochina is from Brazil. Eucalyptus and ironwood come from Australia; many plants are East Indian. Hiram told us all this as he drove, turning his head so we could hear, enunciating every word to get full value from the Hawaiian syllables.

As the road unwound and we were clear of the mists of Hilo, the volcanoes came into view. Mauna Loa, above Kilauea Crater, where we were going; and off to the north the snow-capped Mauna Kea. Sometimes it is well covered with snow;

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I saw only a narrow edging of silver. The Hawaiian volcanoes are massive, impressive for their bulk, and magnificent in color. But their rounded outlines, the long slow upsweep which belies their actual height, make the first view of them disappointing to one who knows the volcanic peaks of Mexico or Central America. Those are dramatic, sharp and clear against a vivid sky. These are too earth-bound, seem too easy of approach for truly epic grandeur. But we were rising steadily into clear and clearer air, and soon Hiram could show us fine lehua trees, a koa, and the ohelo berries which are Pele's favorite fare.

Now and then a mongoose slunk across the road. It, too, is an importation, and a mistaken one. Brought from India to kill rats, it has joined forces with other rodents to prey upon the island's precious native birds. The mongoose has created also another problem. Should its plural be *mongooses* or *mongeese*? The obvious answer, to one who knows pidgin, is "Plenty mongoose."

I had been looking forward to the Big Island. To one used to having a continent underfoot, a wee isle lost in mid-Pacific suggests a canoe which might break loose and go drifting off some careless day. The big island was more reassuring than Oahu, where one is almost never out of sight of the ocean and seldom away from its sound.

We were far away from the sea, even at twenty miles inland, and we got a variety of climate. Once, within a mile, we drove from moist air with deep grass, tall ferns, and matted vines, into a barren region with scrubby grass or none at all. The wet side of Hawaii gets from 150 to 200 inches of rain a year; the dry side almost none. Even the wet side of Hawaii produces only one river and a few short streams. The heavy rainfall simply seeps through the porous volcanic rock and is gone. Artesian wells have been developed here and there, but

this is the incredible land where cattle exist without drinking, getting enough moisture in the dew and rain-soaked grass. Over on the dry side, cowboys make regular rounds stripping cactus of their spines so the animals may eat them for their water content.

We were not long in dry land. The road rounded a hill's shoulder and brought us to the tree-fern wood, a patch of unreality where bearded trunks of tree ferns drip moisture onto small ferns in lava crannies, and big fronds sift the sunshine into pale green gloom. We walked a short trail to see how tropical verdure can break down lava at last, and how richly land is fertilized by volcanic ash, after æons and æons. Longer-winded hikers can go for miles through tree-fern forests and explore caves in the lava. They always hope to stumble on an old chief's burial place and find calabashes packed with tapa, feather cloaks, and perhaps even the actual kingly skeleton.

We stopped for several views of the crater of Halemaumau, the fire pit of Kilauea, which should by rights always show some bubbling molten lava for visitors. I was unlucky. I brought Pele ohelo berries, offered her a drink of gin, even cast away a penny. But the goddess remained adamant, unmoving and unmoved.

The crater of a volcano is dispiriting to contemplate. Standing on its rim, I saw nothing move within it but the shadow of a bird flying across, very high above. Its whole basin was dead: unutterably, irrevocably dead. Even its colors are dead, burned out. And it is inhumanly silent. The Park Service has trouble with visitors who like to pitch rocks into the crater. I understood it well. The impulse to force some recognition from that responseless inhumanity is very strong, even the response of a rock cracking itself against harder rocks.





## XVII

# PELE AND THE VOLCANOES



ILAUEA, WHOSE FAME IS KNOWN ROUND THE GLOBE, appears to be merely a slit in the flank of its taller neighbor, Mauna Loa (Long Mountain). But Kilauea is probably older and it is more frequently active. For the visitor it has many advantages. Mauna Loa is about 9,000 feet higher, accessible only on foot or horseback, bitterly cold, often snow-capped. Modern roads take one right to the rim of Kilauea's crater; its altitude of 4,090 feet makes it a perfect place for relief from lowland heat and humidity.

Its world-wide fame is due to the fact that Dr. T. A. Jaggar, when he first visited the Hawaiian Islands in 1909, recommended Kilauea as the best site for a national observatory. Hawaiian residents had already founded the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, with the motto "*Ne Plus Haustæ Aut Obrutæ Urbes*," "That No More Cities Shall be Destroyed." The original society still exists, but the United States Park Service now supplements its funds and personnel.

The name Kilauea suggests that it was bestowed by Tahitians when they discovered Hawaii. In all Polynesia then, as

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in all but Hawaii now, *T* was *K. Ki*, or *ti*, is the plant. *Lau* is "leaf," and *ea* means "ascending." Perhaps those nameless explorers approached Hawaii when a great cloud of smoke ascending was forced by a heavy sky to mushroom out as the *ti* leaves swirl above the plant's slender stem. The picture is perfect; the imagery is typical of Polynesians.

The name of Pele, goddess of volcanoes, has been applied to many volcanic manifestations. Pele's tears are droplets of lava which are often found entangled with Pele's hair, which is spun glass, liquid lava blown out by explosion into filaments as delicate as human hair. The rare greenish olivine crystals which occur in lava are called Pele's diamonds; they are small here and their value is through association, not real worth, but larger olivines rank as semi-precious stones.

Volcanologists are reluctant to make categorical statements about these volcanoes. But they keep records of seismic disturbances in many parts of the world, and in time they may be able to plot the recurrence of volcanic activity. So far only two explosions in Hawaii have been dated and they occurred a hundred and thirty-four years apart. Less violent eruptions, recorded for a century and a half, appear to indicate that they recur in cycles. Flows from the rifts on Mauna Loa, from the summit craters, or from both, happen every seven years. And every eleven years volcanic activity rises to its maximum over the whole island of Hawaii, involving both Mauna Loa and Kilauea, which is Pele's home. Natives say that Halemaumau, the fire pit of Kilauea, is active when the goddess is in residence. If so, Pele was at home from the arrival of the first white men until 1924. After that she made yearly visits until 1934 and has been out ever since. This may or may not be her normal behavior; time will tell. The only certainty is that these tentative conclusions may be upset at any moment.

The infrequency of explosions in Hawaii extends the islands'

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reputation for friendliness even to its volcanoes; they perform spectacularly, but without danger to the beholder. Mauna Loa has never killed a man; Hawaiians say she never will. Explosions produce sharply defined cones such as Popocatepetl in Mexico and Fujiyama in Japan. They are made by explosive lava which causes rains of cinders that build up the cones. The rounded domes of Hawaii's volcanoes, known as the shield type, are formed by eruptions of basaltic lava which breaks out of the mountain's side and flows slowly. This kind of lava is found elsewhere only in Samoa, in Iceland, and in the Rift Valley of Africa.

An eruption is an up-welling of lava from incalculable depths, perhaps forty miles or so. It spews forth pahoehoe, ropy lava, which leaves a smooth surface when it hardens, or aa, which is clinkery in composition. It causes devastation only if it encounters farms or villages in its path, or if some too inquisitive spectator gets caught between two streams, or refuses to take good advice. In 1924 a young man who was incredulous when told that Halemaumau had been erupting every two hours went down into the crater to see for himself. A boulder ejected high into air fell on him, crushing one leg and holding him where nobody could reach him for hours. When they got him out at last, they found that hot ash had burned him fatally. He was courageous enough to say repeatedly that nobody but himself was to blame.

Mr. Waesche, the scientist in charge of the observatory, told me this story. He went on to say that the glowing lava of an eruption looks from above like city lights twinkling; moving aa lava tinkles like Chinese temple bells; in cooling it sugars off like fudge. No wonder Mr. Waesche saw Pele in spite of the scientific training which tries to hold down the poetry in his soul. This is how it happened:

One August evening in 1938 a party of people were pic-

nicking on the beach at Punaluu — an Army officer and his wife, two plantation men and their wives, Hugh Waesche and “the girl I was courting then.” He smiled across at her, his wife. There were also two children with seeing eyes. After supper the women busied themselves stowing boxes and thermos bottles into the cars. Meanwhile the volcanologist and the officer stood smoking on the grass-grown lava above the quiet pool where women of the Hawaiian village bathe their babies.

“It was ’tween-light,” said Mr. Waesche, “and tricky and though the sun had just set at sea, its refulgence in the west was balanced by a glow in the east as though it were just coming up there. Its rays were drawn in colors, strongly, as though they marked a promise of something remarkable to come. Into that came the soft-toned light of the round, full moon. It was still, and we talked quietly.

“Suddenly a figure came along over the lava rocks, gliding. We looked at each other; we both saw her. We both took it for a woman, though no Hawaiian woman ever dresses like that in long black draperies like a nun’s.

“Robinson said: ‘Do you see her?’ and I had just answered: ‘Yes,’ when another man in our party passed her, coming toward us. We could see his face clearly, though hers was muffled. He spoke to her; she did not answer. Then she was no longer there. Three of us had seen her; we compared notes at the moment. You know the spot; there was nowhere she could have ducked into.

“Then one of the ladies called to us: ‘Did you see that queer woman?’ and the little boy cried: ‘Mamma, that’s Pele. Give her something! Pele always wants something to eat. Give her something!’ He was jumping up and down with excitement.

“His mother said: ‘No, no, dear. We have nothing left but

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peanuts, and she wouldn't want those. . . . Anyway, she's gone now.'

"She was gone, but we talked about her all the way home. We probably should have remembered it in any case, but two events followed to nail that mysterious figure in our memories forever. One was a string of events, really. That very night, within seven hours, there began a series of three hundred quakes — three hundred within twenty-four hours! And that's unusual, I'll tell you. They were probably eruptions, but underground. The other was a personal matter. Within the week one of our party was smitten with an acute attack of appendicitis. Her condition was so grave that the plantation doctor had her sent to Honolulu by special plane. . . . Yes, of course. She was the one who had refused to give food to Pele."

The children of that party know that they saw Pele and they tell their story straight. The eight adults back each other up as to the facts; they are still trying to find a logical explanation for what they agree they saw.

A sensible explanation is also needed for what happened after the eruption of 1935. On that occasion the lava flow threatened the Wailuku River and Hilo's water supply. Army planes were sent over to drop bombs on the stream of molten rock and try to divert it. They succeeded; the lava flowed harmlessly off and Hilo's water was saved. But many old Hawaiians shook their heads, muttering that Pele would still be heard from. Army men will not talk about it, but popular gossip insists that several of those ill-advised young fliers met a violent death within a few months.

A resident of Hilo, annoyed because he could not buy land whereon to build a house, gave me another slant on these mysteries. Most land in the Hawaiian Islands is owned by the

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Bishop Estate, founded by Bernice Pauahi Bishop to support the Kamehameha Schools, or by large corporations; one may lease but seldom buy such property.

When I spoke of the fliers, he waved me cavalierly aside. "That was just waste time. I knew the lava would stop before it got to the river; I never felt a moment's perturbation." Then, smiling at my serious intentness: "You see, it would have had to cross X's land!"

A typical eruption occurred on April 7, 1940, in the summit crater of Mauna Loa. The Park volcanologists thought it might be due about then, judging by the periodicity they had observed. But nobody assisted at its opening, which must have been about eleven o'clock. Mr. Waesche heard squawkings about that hour which he knew for frightened pheasants. Stepping out, he caught distant rumblings like the sound of a truck. Naturally he thought of the volcano, but there was no glow in the sky then. About midnight a telephone call from Kona reported they could see Mauna Loa's top alight, and by the time Hugh Waesche was ready to go, the sky over that mountain was a huge dome of red and orange fumes; he knew later that the three-mile-long crater was filled with flaming lava. Park Service men were running here and there, saddling horses, assembling equipment, especially cameras, both still and movie, watching the flaring west extend its reach and intensify its color through orange reds into the deepest fiery crimson of the nethermost pit. They got away as soon as they could, a file of seven men in olive drab, for twenty-five miles of steady climb over a trail of sharp and cutting lava.

But the Park Service men were not the first to reach the crater, for two soldiers on leave were sleeping at the rest house. Weary from a long day's hike, with boys' tired bodies and easy consciences, they did not hear the telephone bell until the operator down at headquarters was weary of ringing.

When one sleepily answered, it took no more than a word to assure him that something more than reveille was afoot. They dashed out to the crater, which was filled with lava as a bowl with water, flaming, fluid, and with a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

On the surface of the fiery lake was a line of fountains, spouting, as water does, straight into the air and falling back in cascades of spray. These fountains of burning molten lava carry rocks that weigh tons and toss them so lightly that in the pictures they look like motes in the sunlight. Those pictures were made at a distance of about two miles, but the photographers felt heat so intense that they could barely stand it. When the cameras got there, the lava fountains were spouting a mere three or four hundred feet above the surface of the lake. It was estimated that at their maximum they had reached a height of at least six hundred feet.

Such hours of intense excitement only highlight a volcanic activity which never ceases. These mountains which rose slowly from the bottom of the sea are still growing taller, spreading wider. Hundreds of fissures steam continuously, choking stench rises from beds of sulphur, cement roads crack, and the Devil's Throat is too dangerous to show to tourists. Standing on its edge I understood why. Part of a stone protecting wall had crumbled into the pit; widening cracks showed that more would soon follow. In the pit one could see alternate layers of lava and of ash and cinders — a perfect cross-section of the volcanic activity of many ages.

Pele's whole domain is like that. Even a tyro like me, knowing nothing of geology, begins to understand, at Kilauea, how this crusty old earth has been built up in rock and worn down again into soil on which man can live.



## XVIII

# THE KONA COAST



WHEN THEY APOLOGIZE FOR THE WEATHER IN THE Hawaiian Islands they say it is Kona weather. A hot wind blows from the south, often so violently that it strips leaves from the trees. It is disagreeable but never dangerous; equable Hawaii has neither tempest nor typhoon. Kona is the lee side of every island, and dry. On Hawaii the Kona coast is advertised as "the real Hawaii, with a bewitching charm all its own." Kona coffee grows there. The Kona Inn is the tourist hotel at Kailua. "Hawaii at Kona Inn is Hawaii at its best."

The inn is designed like a wave. Its long narrow wings are built so that every room catches the sea breeze all day and the land wind at night. You can almost set your watch by the wind's change. The lobby is circular, with a lofty peaked roof, open over a cool expanse of lauhala mats and wicker furniture to the lawn and sea beyond. The manager, Mr. Cherry, was an Englishman, the clerks were Chinese, and the bartender Irish-Hawaiian. The Japanese maids were overseen by a Chinese-Hawaiian, who had found Hawaiian girls too lazy to suit her. The cook was a Korean, famous for griddle cakes,



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and the waiters all Filipinos. The first night I was there we were served barley soup, Long Island duckling, and vegetables and tropical fruits from cans. The Hawaiian Islands are so bent on raising sugar cane and pineapples that they cannot produce their own food. Economics has a reason for this, too abstruse for my comprehension. Dinner was served on a lanai at the level of the lawn, and as we sipped Kona coffee a middling moon laid a wide avenue of sheen right up to the seawall.

Next morning I woke to the sound of surf on rocks and the wrangling of myna birds, who make more fuss than any living creature except man himself. As there is no coral reef off Kailua, its shore is more tempestuous than Waikiki, but there is a swimming-pool always freshly filled from the sea. Beyond it a naked Hawaiian was walking along, treading the sharp lava as bouncingly as though it were rubber. His body was perfect — rounded, supple, and hairless as a girl's, but with no sacrifice of strength. He could have posed as an ancient Hawaiian, catching and hurling back the enemies' spears, or heaving massive stones for sport. But he was just going fishing. He carried a net as white as foam and so weighted that it hung against his brown legs like the bell of a datura blossom. He crouched on his heels watching the incoming breakers and let one after another go by until it seemed he would never move. Then, with every muscle in play, he poised his body, flung his arms, and the net spun out into a white shadow which wavered and fell. Swiftly he caught it up and pulled. He motioned, lordlily, to his attendant, who ran up to shake the net and add the wriggling, glistening fish to a string he carried. The man with the net and the boy in his ragged shirt and trousers came every day. Once my Filipino waiter sighed to see the fisherman knock off work at nine in the morning.

“He's a married man, too, and a good provider. He's got

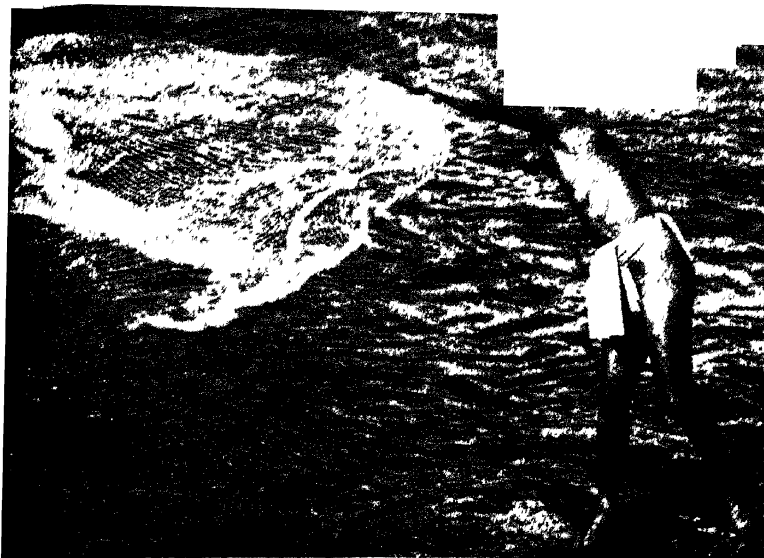
enough fish right now for the whole neighborhood.”

Sitting on the seawall, I tried to talk with the fisherman. He replied politely but moved away over the wet rocks. I strolled along the waterfront, where Chinese and Japanese stores offered mixed dry goods and groceries; I bought little things, drank cokes, tried unsuccessfully to enter into talk. I walked on past the neat American Factors' store and gasoline tanks where boys were kicking a ball, and started for the lighthouse. Two men with a flock of children showed me the trail across a broken fence. They even walked a little way with me through the algaroba thicket, but the youngsters were shyly speechless, and the men let my every remark drop dead at our feet. I was up against something new to me.

Most simple people I had known were reserved to start with, but could be won by a slow approach, a little joke, presents for the children. All my old arts failed. I was an outsider. Was I intruding, prying? Thinking it over, I realized that in other countries I had been able to approach the people in Spanish. Maybe my rapid use of their own tongue, however inaccurately, had given them confidence. But here the only language possible was English. Was I going to fail to make friends because the people spoke my native tongue?

I spent an hour in the Hulihee Palace, where royalty used to spend its vacations. Among its furnishings is the Princess Ruth's bed, built for the most massive lady on record and wider even than the typical Hawaiian family four-poster. Princess Ruth was remarkable for ugliness, too, though she was said to be pleasant. Once when Hilo was threatened by a lava flow she offered to stop it. Whether it was diverted by the lady's royal power, her mammoth size, or her astonishing face, it is of record that the lava turned and went another way.

The best story is about King Kalakaua, who once won a poker hand here in a manner uniquely royal. The pot had



ABOVE, the Net-thrower  
BELOW, Bringing In the Catch [*photo, Martin Vitousek*]



## THE KONA COAST

grown, it seems, to fantastic proportions; His Majesty had only one opponent remaining, but a very determined one. At last, when he had wagered all he owned, the confident winner laid down four aces. Kalakaua had four kings.

"Sorry, Your Majesty," said the courtier, reaching out, "but I guess four aces still beat four kings."

"Yes," replied His Majesty, scooping up the pot, "but not five kings, and I'm still here."

The game of fish disport themselves in Kona waters, and the most exacting fishermen find all the fight they could desire. Not a fisher myself, the advertising folder impressed me more with its lyrical possibilities than with its facts. A change here or there, it seemed to me, would make pure poetry of it.

Black marlin, striped marlin  
And the broadbill. . . .  
Yellowfin and bluefin tuna abound,  
Dolphins up to sixty or seventy pounds.  
Barracuda, bonito, large fish and small;  
Ulua, wahoo, ono, and kaku.  
Seafood experts will prepare  
Your catch for you.

It was between seasons, so nothing so strenuous as big-game fishing was going on. I was more disappointed that there seemed to be no prospect of a hokelau. I did want to see the old Hawaiian communal net fishing, with statuesque men and women in the water hauling out great vine-draped nets. Nothing was going on, except the Filipino boys at tennis, a game of checkers in the bar, a few islanders drifting about. On hot afternoons the heat was reduced to a tepid perfection, the shadowed outdoor light produced a hypnosis that was almost sleep. I managed to retain just enough awareness to watch the people.

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For the week-end a group of people came, surrounding the wheeled chair of a delicate-faced woman. Friends, I gathered, and a large and jovial nurse. The invalid was of an old missionary family. Across the lobby gathered another party, the part-Hawaiian descendants of a great cattle baron. A man and several young women attended a lady of so queenly a mien that she would have attracted attention anywhere. Her dark, luxuriant hair, graying now, was knotted high above fine sparkling eyes. Her brown neck and bosom were bare to the discreet top of a black holoku which spread stately behind her, and her shapely hands wielded a fan. She seldom spoke. Her manner was that of one accustomed to the status of royalty; everyone deferred to her.

Those two groups, islanders who must have known each other, did not speak or mingle. I should have put it down to a family feud if that mutual cool exclusiveness had not been general among the guests at the Kona Inn. I reminded myself that the island tradition is not that of our casual Southern or Western "Howdy, stranger." Theirs is of aristocratic Hawaiian reserve overlaid by New England and British conservatism and convention. All together, a week in that hotel was a diverting experience for a Southwesterner unaccustomed to depend on formal introductions.

On Sunday I took myself on a church tour. I came first to a white house, not at all like a church, with its entrance on a high narrow stoop. I looked into a room painted white where a brown young man in white clothes and a tall white cap stood behind an altar rail set with white flowers and candles. The congregation also wore white, and as they knelt, their upturned shoeless feet showed immaculate white cotton soles. The women wore white veils.

When they stood to sing — an old gospel hymn in Hawaiian — a young man courteously invited me to enter. The minister

would preach first in Hawaiian, he said, but later in English. I elected to go on to the other churches and return for the English sermon.

Next door was the Catholic church — “the Old Catholic Church,” according to the marker. But the plaster Madonna in the garden and the church’s garish interior conveyed no sense of age. A young German priest was speaking in guttural phrases — a strange contrast to the softly modulated Hawaiian voice next door.

“When they put you in the coffin,” he was asking, “and bend your cold dead hands around the crucifix, will that be the first time? Or do you now take the rosary in your hands every day and pray? Do you go on your knees and ask the Holy Virgin to intercede for you in the Name of Her Blessed Son? Do you?” He was oratorical, trying to pump up some vibration, but none came. His congregation sat relaxed, waving their fans, gazing out the windows. I left while he was still trying.

I passed the house from which I had seen paired young Mormon missionaries come out. Women and children were gathered on the porch. Perhaps it was Sunday school, but it looked too intimate for a stranger’s intrusion, so I went along toward the old missionary church of Mokuaekaua — the oldest Protestant church in the islands. Many stones in its walls came from old pagan temples; many faithful workers rest in its yard.

The Kona coast is chock-full of history; every few miles the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau has set up one of its tin warriors to point at something every tourist should see. So I drove round. I saw the spot where Captain Cook was killed and the monument to the Hawaiian boy who once sat on the steps of Yale College and wept because he had no learning. Those tears got him adopted by a devout family which interested the American Board of Missions in the Sandwich Isles. I saw the City

of Refuge, where malefactors and defeated soldiers could take sanctuary as in a medieval cathedral. I was more interested in a Hawaiian family near there which was making canoes for sale. One Hawaiian family, at least, is making a living out of a native Hawaiian craft!

It was a beautiful road curving round old lava flows, dipping into valleys, and rising onto ridges with views of the sea. We passed coffee plantations and one of macadamia huts, and many small farms. The Kona coast, of all HAWAII, is largely owned by small farmers. Most of them are Japanese. My driver was one of them, and he, of all inhabitants of Kona, was inclined toward conversation!

"My family poor Japanese, but we doin' a'righ' now. My father and mother, they don' spik English, they run the farm. We raise plenty coffee, potatoes, onions. We sell to Honolulu. Not we alone. We got a co-op. The university helpin' us; we could get money from the government to buy land. I didn' get education, but my boys goin' to the university. Bimeby we American flamily." I ventured a question about Japanese loyalty. "We Americans," he said. "So far no trouble here; in country, far from Honolulu; eve'body knows us. If trouble comes, bad feeling for Japanese, we gotta keep on bein' good citizens. Tha's all. I guess mebbe trouble come bimeby!"

A new slant on the Japanese question. The trouble loyal Japanese citizens will have when they feel the cut of distrust and discrimination. But discrimination works in many ways. We overtook three Filipinos walking, and I suggested giving them a lift.

"I'd be 'fraid to. They're Helopinos, and Helopinos ain' trustable. They'd stuck you in the back, steal something. They're on their way to see that business woman up the road here. You know, places like this all got those business women. We gotta have them to protect our wives and our girls. Spe-



cially like here where the Helopinos pick our coffee. They're dangerous men. They don't work; look at those, all dressed up middle of the morning. Decent men at work this time of day.

"Those business women," he went on, "they say this one makes a hundred dollars a night. . . . That's a lot of money, day or night. I guess she hardly gets time to take a meal. She's got yellow hair and is all painted up — everything painted, face, feet, hands, everything. But they don' stay long, those women. One goes, another one comes."

That evening I called on the minister of the all-white church. Unfortunately I interrupted him at his supper, so I asked permission to call later, explaining that I was a writer.

"Well," he said, "I'm pretty busy. I teach all day. I've been working now for two days, getting a hokelau ready. We'll be out before dawn; I must get to bed early tonight. . . ."

I retreated at once, but not without asking about the hokelau. Yes, he said. Near here. At least twenty men at the nets. There seemed to be no objection to my watching.

When I mentioned it to the Chinese clerk, he looked surprised.

"A hokelau? There's no hokelau! . . . Well, if the Reverend said so . . ." But he was still doubtful.

In the morning we found no hokelau. We drove to the spot the Reverend had indicated. Nobody was there. In front of his house a boy was working on a car. The driver, whispering: "That's his son," leaned out.

"Say, where's that hokelau? "

"Hokelau? There's no hokelau." Then, seeing me, he caught himself: "Oh, I guess they decided not to have it."

Later I asked a kamaaina about that episode.

"Well, it's very Hawaiian, the whole thing. If he didn't

like you, if he was offended because you left his church and didn't come back, anything, he'd love to put you out. That would be a Hawaiian notion of a fine joke — to make a malahini get up early and rush round looking for a hokelau when there wasn't going to be any."

It often happens that a new slant on a personality shows up long after and far away. So with the Reverend. Months later, in Honolulu, a woman mentioned the minister of the white church.

"He used to be the preacher of the old Mokuaekaua, you know. Then he left and took the congregation with him. They built him his new church."

"But why did he leave? Some difference about doctrine?"

"No. . . . Well," in a rush of determination, "you see, he's my friend and so was she, and we are all one in Christ and why should I judge? I don't judge. I like him, he is still my friend, and I love her and I think she is a true Christian woman. But he did judge. He forgot how Jesus said: 'Let him who is without sin among you.'"

Again she paused.

"Well, she took a young man to raise. He was really just a boy, sixteen or so. I know she is a good pure woman, living in Jesus. But there was talk. . . . You know how it is. Talk. Well, so she married him. I don't know why; I don't judge. Judgment is for God. Judge not that ye be not judged. . . . But she married him, and he —"

"Who, the boy?"

"No, the Reverend. Well, he said he wouldn't have her in his church. But she came, quietly, like this" (she folded her hands and dropped her eyes), "to the house of God as she had always come. So he left, and most of the congregation went with him. But who could know whether she had lived in sin or not? Or whether or not she repented? It would be for her and

## THE KONA COAST

her God. Only God could forgive if she had sinned. I don't know."

After a few moments' silence she went on:

"They say he has power, real old power — you know, like the kahunas had. He hypnotizes people or uses a power, and they have to do what he says. They say he can look right at you and know what you have in your mind, what you plan to do. They say if two men away up on the mountain plan to come to see him he knows it before they start. His people say he talks with the Angel of God, that the Angel of God comes to him so he knows what is goin' on. I don't know; I never went there. I'm glad I left Kailua, because I think it is not a good place to stay if you don't get along well with the Reverend."



## MODERN VIKING OF THE SUNRISE



SLIPPED LATE INTO THE HILO WOMAN'S CLUB. IN ADDITION to a more than average number of doors and windows, all wide open, the big hall had a row of screened apertures up under the eaves. But it was steaming hot anyhow, and the speaker was visibly melting away under a wool coat. The leis, of red carnations and white pikake flowers, around his neck only made him look hotter. Too bad, I thought, that the Hawaiian's aloha, "my love to you," cannot be expressed by a fan rather than a muffler.

Dr. Peter Buck is Polynesian in looks — a tall, vigorous man with dark skin, expressive eyes, mobile mouth, and slender moving hands. His father's Irish wit salted his talk that day; I could not tell whether his apt choice of words and forceful manner was Irish or Maori. But he held his audience enthralled.

The Hilo Woman's Club seemed more casual, easier than clubs on the mainland, and younger. The women wore soft

lauhala hats or nets tied over their hair. And women of Hawaiian blood lent the distinction they always do with their glowing skins, marvelous smiles, and restful dignity.

After a long drive around the island in order to hear him, I had arrived in the midst of Dr. Buck's lecture. He was speaking of the early voyages of the Polynesians; of ancient Hava'i, which he pronounced with a sharp catch between syllables; of Tahiti, which may have been a center of culture; of the amazing similarity of language, myths, and customs. He spoke of how Tahitians had gone north to modern Hawaii, establishing "the Tahitian Road," over which generations of mariners had plied their canoes. But generally Polynesians were moving eastward, "toward the rising sun." This phrase recurred over and over, recalling the speaker's book, *Vikings of the Sunrise*. For every statement he gave a sound scientific reason, based on years of study and observation, but the vividness and feeling of his talk made it seem that he told what he knew personally. Perhaps, suggested this son of a younger son who had settled in New Zealand, younger sons, finding little opportunity at home, had struck out across the sea. He grew fiery when he spoke of what such exploring meant.

"Can you imagine what it would be like to make a home on an atoll island? There would be fish in the lagoon, but how to catch them? To make spears or hooks, tools would be required. Try to imagine what enduring patience it took to make tools, to chop down trees with stone axes and hack them out into workable canoes.

"Their voyaging canoes were seventy, eighty, even a hundred feet long. And remember that all that building had to be done without nails, screws, or bolts. What they did was to tie their planks and poles together with ropes of coconut fiber, made by a laborious process of separating, twisting, and braiding. Their sails were mats; the rudder a cleverly shaped

board. They carried food from their former home, food plants, roots, and seeds. In time they carried flowers too. Gardemas went from Tahiti to Hawaii in those canoes, carried tenderly by people to whom a flower meant as much as that.

“So equipped, those mariners dared to voyage out across the most immense ocean in the world. Starting from the center at Havai’i, they covered the whole triangle of Polynesia.”

All of a sudden the scholar became an amusing child. “I am not very good at geometry. Does a triangle have a center? Well, anyhow, they set out from Havai’i and in time they settled on every habitable island in what we now call Polynesia. All the islands worth settling were inhabited long before Europeans reached the Pacific. The first Europeans found people here, the ancestors of our present-day Hawaiians. Those people, with no metal, no instruments, no maps, in hand-made canoes tied together with coconut fiber, had covered the greatest ocean on the globe and made homes on every habitable island. Can you beat it?”

Peter Buck, eminent as an anthropologist, seemed to me quite as significant as a portent of the future which will surely belong to mixed races. Brown-skinned and round-headed, his talk sparkled with the Irishman’s easy wit; and his hands, too delicate and expressive for a white man’s, moved constantly in easy gestures. Looking so Polynesian, speaking so British, cautiously modifying and limiting every statement as a scientist must, he seemed a harbinger of what mankind is striving toward. A man of the intelligence Europe rates highest, but warmed with the fire of a brown-skinned folk and aglow with enthusiasm for the achievements of his mother’s people. Often he referred to his Maori ancestors, to tales his grandparents told, and as he chanted several poems to illustrate the point of his lecture, the European in him let his other, Maori, self come through.

"The islands," he said, "floated in the unknown."

I was reminded of how the island of Maui had looked as I drove along a high ridge that day. The sea was so still that its blue ran right up into the sky with no horizon line; just a merging of larkspur into gentian blue. Then came a bank of dulled silver clouds and above them another bank of deeper, richer blue, which seemed as bodiless as the atmosphere. But because its tip was familiar in form I knew it was neither cloud nor sky, but the great volcano of Haleakala on Maui. It might have looked so to those early voyagers; perhaps they feared that in their eagerness for land they had mistaken a break in the clouds for a mountain. What disappointment that would be; what joy to find the clouds really land! "The islands floated in the unknown."

Knowing nothing of what was ahead, a mariner picked a star for guidance and followed that. If he found no land under his chosen star, if his frail canoe capsized, if a storm broke its lashings and all went down, his name would go down too. "For we remember our successes, not our failures." But if a man found land, it would be said that the gods had guided him under his star. "You might say it was coincidence, and you might be right. The significant thing is that those ancestors of ours had confidence in themselves. I'll chant you a song of Ru. Ru, having inspired his young men, built his canoes, stocked and loaded them, and set forth. As long as the nights were fair and he could see his star, all was well. But there came storm, tempest. Worst of all, clouds came; day after day and night after night were so overcast that Ru could not see his star. Imagine how that must have threatened his confidence! As long as he could see his star he was all right. But when he didn't know where his star was, what then? This is the song of Ru when he had lost his star."

As he began to recite, the man's whole demeanor changed.

## MODERN VIKING OF THE SUNRISE

As though the poem were forcing him into unconscious imitation of his grandfather, who was a Maori chief, he stood erect and still, his hands stopped fiddling and hung at his sides; and his voice deepened and rolled out the melodious Polynesian lines with a rhythm that made poetry even without a syllable understood. Then he translated with an apologetic "Of course, if you understand Hawaiian it is easy enough."

Tangaroa in the limitless spaces of the heavens!  
Clear away the clouds by day,  
Clear away the clouds by night,  
That Ru may see the stars of heaven  
To guide him to the land of his desire.

"What Ru was asking his god for was the star. A lesser man might have asked for land near at hand, for a safe land-fall, for guidance or supernatural strength. Not Ru! In his hour of deepest need all he asked of his god was the sight of his star. The rest he could do for himself.

"And that," ended Dr. Buck, "is the spirit of our Polynesian ancestors, the greatest seafaring men the world has ever known. They trusted themselves. Given the sight of his chosen star, a man knew he could win."





XX

THE ISLAND OF KAUAI



YOUNG WOMAN WHO KNEW KAUAI WELL INTRODUCED me to it.

“ Here ” — she took pencil and paper — “ Kauai is round like this and shirred up to Mount Waialeale like a peaked hat, but a little off center. Streams come down from the peak, so ” — she was drawing a coolie hat rather than an island. “ Over here is a deep red slash; the hat, I mean the island, is green, and the slash — a light red, but a deep slash — is Waimea Canyon. If you lay a pencil across the island about there, you divide it almost exactly between rainy side and dry side. More rain falls on Waialeale than anywhere else in the world — and Kauai is more beautiful than anything you could imagine! ”

As the *Hualalai* raised Kauai I could see, even in the dawn, how accurate that description had been. My friend had only failed to mention the edging of rocks like bells around the brim and the thick chiffon veil over Waialeale. We docked at Nawiliwili, where the still bay was indigo and all the earth beyond was green. Kauai deserves its official title, The Garden

## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

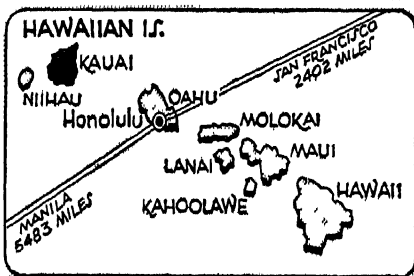
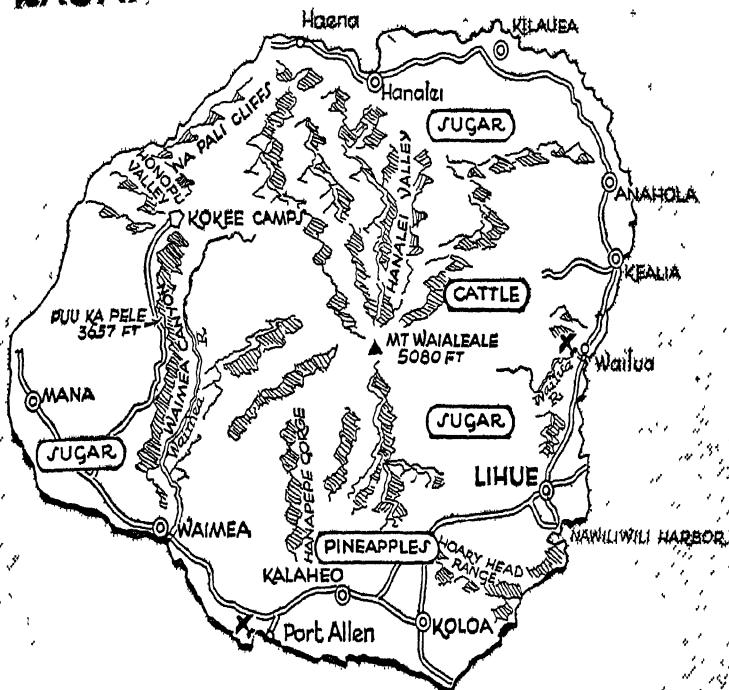
Island. It is every inch a garden; a few rocky and arid spots add only the contrast a clever landscape gardener might plan.

The hotel, sprawled in a dewy garden smelling of early morning roses and heliotrope, seemed not quite of this world. Nothing so mundane as a porter appearing, the driver set the bags out, thumped his gears, and went away. Behind the desk in a darkened lobby a flat-faced Oriental's impassive eyes gazed out through two enormous panes of glass. Do Orientals really wear brighter, more disfiguring spectacles than anybody else, or do they just seem to? He was Henry, who runs the Lihue Hotel; or rather Henry lurks around, just out of sight, observing the hotel run itself.

He said he thought there'd be a boy bimeby, so I looked about. The lobby was clean and its wicker furniture, tables, and games suggested a country home that children had battered for generations. On the lanai beyond were tables piled with magazines: old and much-read magazines. The lanai off the dining-room held big cages with lovebirds, canaries, and parakeets. I poked on into a garden where rare flowers spangled mosses, grasses, and ferns: a coolly green garden with water in pools, in streams, in the air. Mrs. Rice, who made it, died several years ago, but her garden speaks of a woman who valued fundamentals more than frivolities.

By that time a speechless old man had happened along, and Henry said he could show me my room now. I think the old man was the bellboy; neither he nor anyone seemed actually engaged in the hotel's operation. As the few tourists who make Kauai come by the morning plane and leave before night, the hotel's guests are people who live there or who visit it regularly. I liked Henry. When he was on hand he was solicitous, well informed, and had everything. If he was away, I soon learned to run through the mail, search for mine among the notes on the desk, answer the telephone, and write messages.

# KAUAI



KAUAI



Other guests showed me the key to the case where cigarettes were kept, assured me it was quite all right to take what I wanted and leave the cash. A self-operating hotel and rather nice in its peacefulness.

My room was large, had windows on two sides, and complete silence except for birds. Chinese thrushes woke me every morning, mynas chattered all day, and doves cooed enough to put you to sleep at all hours. I was afraid I might go to sleep and never wake up, so I posted a few letters of introduction and took a bus for wherever it was going.

As I was the only passenger I moved forward, turning my blind eye to the sign about not talking to the driver, and told him I was a stranger. From there on I had a conducted tour with side-lights on people and places. We had left the sea and were driving between the Hoary Head Range and the central mountains, whose two volcanic peaks tried to compensate me for the absence of Waialeale, still sulking behind clouds. Pine-apple fields were flung across the hills like chenille spreads with mauve-gray tufting over coppery under fabric — a queer and beautiful combination.

At Koloa we stopped under a spreading monkeypod tree to await a connection, and a wizened old man hopped aboard. He was too full of talk to bother with a malahini.

“Heh-heh,” he cackled. “’Lecture day. Well, they useta come round tellin’ us how to vote, and we so dumb we did it. Now they come swellin’ roun tellin’ us same way, and we don’ do it. We gonna win this ’lection.”

“What party?” I asked.

“Democrat,” said he. “Tha’s the people’s party. Look here, I own land now. Never could own no land before, just work for de plantation; but I got government loan; now I got my land. My boys big strong now dey gonna look aftah de ol’ papa.”

## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

As we got going again, the driver pointed out the rusting iron of the oldest sugar mill and then the splendid vista of Hanapepe gorge. Kauai is a verdant garden, washed and polished every morning by a mist, and its base is red earth: a peerless combination. Up Hanapepe soft greensward breaks down into terracotta cliffs, and below them lie clear-cut fields of jade. The valley, in its upper end, seems to burrow in under the mountain's foggy coat.

At Kalaheo we passed near a polling place. Wide, soft Hawaiian backs failed to dam the quick streams of darting Japanese. Cars with banners came and went. The names on the bunting were Japanese, Chinese, German, now and then English or Hawaiian. There are no saloons on Kauai, but the soft-drink places were crowded and loiterers filled the streets.

Before we reached Hanapepe we passed the turn-off to Port Allen, where much sugar and pine are loaded. There sat a group of men on strike. "This port is unfair to labor." An organizer from the mainland had come. Plantation people complained that he had informed their workers of abuses they had never thought of before. They were claiming regular work as longshoremen; the company said not enough ships came in to assure regular loadings. They prefer shunting men from job to job as the work requires: a system hard for a mainland organizer to approve. The men looked pitiful sitting there workless in the road. It seems to the outsider that a very little giving in on each side might easily adjust Hawaii's labor problems. As on Kauai, for instance. Why must longshoremen be limited to work as longshoremen, when there is not enough work for them to do?

Beyond Hanapepe we were making a royal progress between sugar-cane fields which waved pale lavender kahilis above our heads. At Waimea I left the friendly bus-driver, having decided to lunch where Captain Cook made his first



ABOVE, Honolulu's Streets Reflect the Mingling of Races [*photo, Pan Pacific Press*].  
BELOW, a Polling Place





## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

landfall on the islands he called Sandwich. The natives retaliated by pronouncing his title and name as *Kapena Koke*.

The Waimea Hotel is a place Conrad could have used. Even the smell of it suggested tropical tragedy. I lunched among Japanese politicians on a screened lanai and afterward I wandered down to the beach. Empty cottages, drained of all color by salt air, stood gray and gaunt against a hot blue sea. Palms, like ragged roosters, reached seaward, and the would-be garden showed the sandy encroachment of the sea. From there I could see the island of Niihau, faint as a cloud and clothed with a legend as shifting as its blue haze. Every writer on the islands has been intrigued by it; many have been irritated because denied admission. A stone wall around a private estate is accepted; inhospitality on a private island protected by the ocean seems somehow immoral. From Kauai that island shows sheer cliffs as unscalable as a castle wall. That is the point of view of the legend: stony inaccessibility. At the other end it slopes down rather dully to a beach no more inaccessible than any remote island's shore. And that is doubtless closer to the truth.

The legend, nevertheless, bears repeating. A century ago two related families, the Robinsons and the Sinclairs, left Scotland in a ship loaded with all they had. They were bound for New Zealand, but storms and destiny brought them finally to Niihau. There they made their home a bit of old England. Family prayers were held daily; they dressed for dinner and went to bed with candles; their servitors were trained to appreciate their status; and every effort was made to inculcate in them the best Scottish morality.

As this was true of every white community in the islands, the Robinsons attracted no attention for some years. Only their isolation, and perhaps some more than usual Scottish stubbornness, has made it possible for them to hold on longer.

## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

Also they were able to slough off their misfits. Members of the family have fled in all directions, impelled by need for independence or sociability; probably by boredom.

The first to break away was a Miss Sinclair who was wooed by a lusty young Norwegian named Valdemar Knudsen. Landing at Ellis Island in 1845, he had remained there several years as interpreter. Then he shipped for California round the Horn. An unskillful captain failed so signally to take advantage of favorable winds that the passengers bought him off and young Valdemar sailed that vessel on to California in record time. In the gold fields he made a fortune and lost it; then he moved on to the Sandwich Isles. There he made another fortune in sugar and cattle and there he met Miss Sinclair.

Every Sunday, attired in his best broadcloth and finest linen, with highly polished boots and a gold-nugget watch-chain, he sat grandly in his rowboat while ten matched rowers sped him across the channel to court his girl. It was a two-year courtship, but in time he removed her from that dour Presbyterian household to a gayer home on Kauai.

I was told many things about the Robinsons. That the Hawaiians on Niihau are of pure blood, as tall and fine as the ancients; that they speak only Hawaiian; and that if one of them leaves he is never allowed to return. That a United States Public Health officer who landed on the island was put politely on his boat again; that school officials never visit to ascertain if it is true that the schools teach only the catechism in Hawaiian; that U. S. Army planes, warned away, never fly over Niihau.

A few inquiries toned this legend down. The Robinsons appear to be an exclusive clan, though exclusiveness, here as elsewhere, may be based on shyness. Public Health and school authorities visit the island at will and island children go through the usual curriculum. No doubt the Robinsons urge

intruders to be on their way, as other landowners do. Army planes were frightening the ewes at lambing and officers gladly acceded to the Robinsons' polite request that pilots keep clear of their folds during the annual accouchement. And — here goes the last of the legend! — the Robinson family takes part in public affairs, especially the younger wives, who are, of course, not born Robinsons. Niihau's legend has offered so much to so many writers that I am sorry that level-headed kamaainas persist in deflating the good stories about it. One story I intend to keep.

The Robinsons certainly have no telephone, perhaps no radio. They, the ubiquitous they, say that when a light is shown on a certain promontory, it means that a doctor is wanted on Niihau and a sampan has been sent for him. Ordinarily a motor craft goes. But if the sea is too rough for a launch, they send a rowboat manned by ten Hawaiians of the Niihau breed who are so powerful that they can easily navigate the most raging sea.

The driver on my bus shattered the belief in Hawaiian purity and Hawaiian strength in one easy remark:

“Suah, they come ovah heah all time. See they families. Lossa Niihau Hawaiians marry now to Japanese at Waimea.”

A more learned informant said that Oriental features were beginning to modify the Hawaiian physiognomy, even on Niihau, and that Hawaiians, who make poetry of everything, have it that the Niihau girls ride over to Kauai on sharks. What a lovely sight on a moonlight night!

Every day someone took me to see a place of beauty or interest. The spouting horn, and the well-tended place where Prince Kuhio was born. A fine estate on a high hill which a warm-hearted old bachelor bequeathed to a Japanese maid and a Hawaiian gardener. The Menchunes ditch and a hanging bridge, dizzily swinging over Waimea River. Of Waimea

## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

Canyon no description is adequate. Those who have seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado will understand. This canyon is in miniature, but the same castellated formations stand out from the same red walls, purpling in the shadows; even its shallower depths hint of the blue air that gathers in the vaster canyon afternoons and floods it slowly to the brim. But most of all Kauai remains in my memory as an island of fable, so near its own myths that they materialize out of its rocks and hills and live in its shifting lights.

From the C.C.C. camp at Kokee, or somewhere along the road, Mr. McDonald, the Forester, pointed out to me Honopu Valley, a narrow gorge through the Na Pali cliffs which make that side of the island quite inaccessible. Inside its narrow entrance the Honopu Valley widens into a fertile, well-watered basin where a desperate, hunted band of men and women once lived, making it known as the Valley of the Lost Tribe. They were worse than lost; they were lepers who had followed Koolau, a leper too, in his flight from police sent to take them to the leper colony on Molokai.

A powerful man physically and unconquerable in spirit, Koolau and his followers managed for years to support themselves and to fight off determined sheriffs and posses sent to take them. Too bad the law could not have contrived a way to leave those tragic people alone where their disease threatened no well person! Most of them were harried out in time, but brave Koolau was never taken. Years later his wife, who had no leprosy, came out to say that he had died; she brought with her a son born in that exile.

White men have tried to find Koolau's grave; none ever has. Once when they told his wife they had located it she disappeared for days, to come back weary, but content. She had found his grave as she had made it.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sevcik drove me around to

see plantation houses. We met so many cars loaded with Filipinos that I finally asked how laborers managed it on their wages.

“*Campanias*,” answered Mr. Sevcik, “partnerships of eight or ten men who buy a car on time. Among them they use it pretty steadily, taking all their families to ride. You see how many people they seem to hold; you’d never believe how many there really are unless you counted. Soon, of course, they can make no more payments and they lose the car. The company then reconditions it and sells it to some dependable haole who keeps his payments up.”

It struck me as the soundest economic-human deal I had ever encountered. The Filipinos have all the fun of the gleaming new car. The company surely takes no loss. And the sober haole purchaser gets a used car at a reduced price. So all requirements are fulfilled.

That Sunday evening I stayed outside the hotel to see the swift dark come. The mountain showed jagged blue still, but many flower colors had disappeared. Purples in all their variations were gone, reds and pinks had merged with the leaves, but white glowed everywhere like constellations. Star jasmine growing low, big thumbergia erecta running along walls, the exquisite tracery of spider lilies, and white and yellow ginger, whose scent calls out all night from hidden pools.

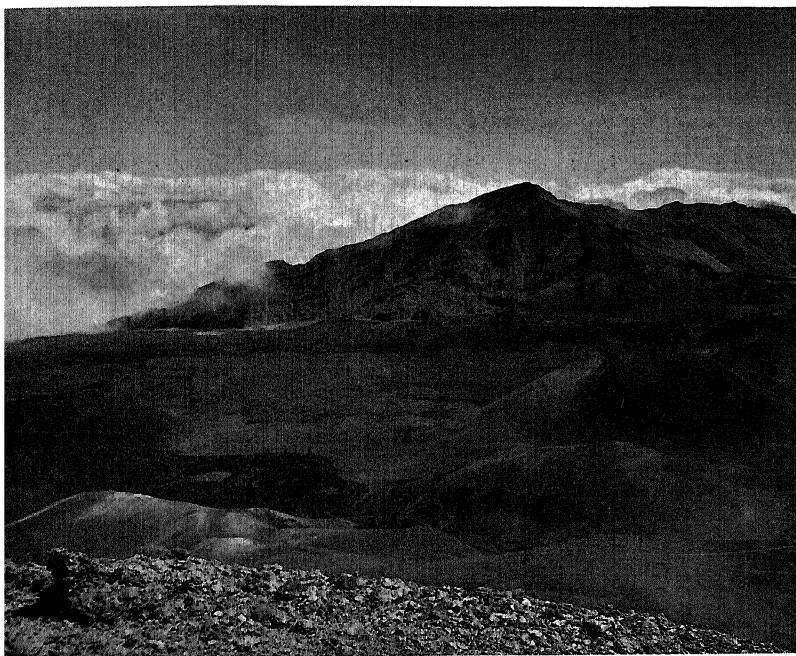
The Wilcoxes and Ethel Damon, to whom I had letters of introduction, planned a picnic the other way around the island to where the Na Pali begins. No guides could have suited me better. Mabel and Elsie Wilcox are descendants of several missionary families and own one of the best collections of Hawaiiana in existence. Ethel Damon, also of missionary stock, is a historian who has written books of her own and who pours out her information with high good humor and without stint.

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We stopped at Wailuakai, Wailua of the Sea, where the Wailua River comes sparkling through reeds and sedges to the shore. There the sun shines almost daily and the sea with the roar of combers dashes up on the yellow sand. From the beach up the river to its source under Waialeale is the most sacred region on Kauai, and perhaps on any island. On this beach only kings and noblemen might step. Coming home, the king would leave his warrior-filled canoes out beyond the reef, catch a big wave, and ride grandly in on surf board or canoe, to be lifted out and borne in a litter to his home far up the valley.

The day was so clear we could, for once, see the volcano's magnificent crown of blue cliffs, so steep that few white men have scaled them. Up there whipping winds cut the brilliant lehua trees down to little crawling plants about four inches high and keep the clear cold crater lake so stirred that they call it Waialeale, Rippling or Sparkling Water, a name given to the volcano too. The route up the valley is marked by heiaus, stopping places on the royal road to the highest shrine, which ceremonial processions used to visit with offerings to the spirit of the mountain. Many people who live along the motor road which follows the old ritual trail hear those processions night after night. Conch shells from the sea, drumbeats coming nearer, then the unmistakable sweeping sound of a marching horde, often accompanied by chanting voices. Kauai's legendary past is very much alive.

One shrine is near the coast, and we went there. The Kauai Historical Society and the Bishop Museum have restored the place with accuracy which extends to the very plants in the enclosure: hala, ilima, and noni. A priest's grass hut stands inside a wall set with stone images, and a tower of ohia timbers is ready if any modern should wish to consult an ancient



ABOVE, Waimea Canyon, Kauai [*photo, W. J. Senda*]  
BELOW, Haleakala Crater [*photo, National Park Service*]





## THE ISLAND OF KAUAI

god. On the night of Kane, once a month, human sacrifices were made there. The victim was strangled with a sennit, a coconut-fiber cord, and the thorough Historical Society has left one there ready. One would only need to break the glass.

North of the heiau is one of two birth stones on the islands; the other is near Wahiawa on Oahu. Every chief must be born there; according to a Hawaiian saying:

“ The child of a chief born at Holoholoku is a high chief;  
The child of a commoner born at Holoholoku becomes a chief, also;  
The child of a high chief born outside of Holoholoku is no chief,  
A commoner, he! ”

The rules were otherwise difficult. A mother who got there too soon was held to have cheated and her child was not royal. If all went well, she arrived in labor with her entourage, which built shelters for her and conducted the proper ritual. She sat with her back against one stone, her feet braced against another. If it was to be a very great chief, thunder and lightning attended the delivery. The birth was announced by the beating of a shark-skin drum, whose rhythm, carried many miles in reverberation, announced the child's sex as well. Afterward the umbilical cord was tamped into a hole in a certain rock; if it should be eaten by rats the child would surely be a thief!

The day's clarity held as we rounded the island's north-eastern shore, and every turn in the road reminded my companions of something. They lived a hundred historical years at once, with detours off into timeless antiquity.

We passed cane in the lowlands, pineapples on the rolling hills, cattle in wide valleys. We looked down upon villages where Hawaiians make a living in the old way by fishing with the line or with great nets, or walking the reef at night with

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flares and plunging a spear into a darting fish. We saw the enormous electrically controlled lighthouse, the largest of its kind in the world. We skirted paddy fields where water buffalo were working for Japanese farmers, cultivating rice. In Hanalei Valley we stopped on a bridge over water too clear to see. It was a sedgy stream, where Egyptian papyrus grew under willow trees that some sentimentalist had brought from Napoleon's grave.

We stopped at last in front of a perfect Cape Cod house: white clapboard with kitchen wing marked by a huge outside chimney of rough field-stone, an upstairs porch, steep-pitched roof, small-paned windows. Built a century ago, its timbers were as sturdy as when new, but careless owners had let the roof get leaky. The Wilcox sisters bought it and have restored and furnished it completely. We lunched there sitting on ladder-backed chairs at a drop-leaf table. The dishes were willow-ware, the silver of a Colonial pattern. We looked out across a flagged porch through the opened upper half of a Dutch door. Miss Damon explained that the missionary mothers found such doors handy to permit curious natives to look in and feel welcome, while they were kept firmly, but not too obviously, out. Shelves in the sitting-room held such books as missionary families might read: sermons, Greek and Latin Testaments, volumes of moral worth; a very few classics. On the mantel, Miss Damon told me, they used to put letters that came on a Sunday. The Sabbath might not be profaned by reading letters, not even the letters from children off at school!

To make my circle of the island complete, we drove on to Haena, the end of the road. I was glad, for on that stern lava coast I saw what will forever mean Hawaii to me. As the car turned one point, we had vivid blue sea on the right, dashing in brilliant white against brown lava, which shone blackly with wet. And clutching the rocks with its aerial roots stood

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sturdy hala tree. Yellow-gray trunk, green leaves on stubby ranches, and held in the rosette of leaves a bright yellow rut. Kauai and all Hawaii seem to me best expressed by that ombination — blue sea with white foam, wet lava, and a gray, reen, and yellow hala tree.

## MODERN MAGIC

ANY HAWAIIAN ISLANDER KNOWS TALES GALORE ABOUT spots where primitive deities must be propitiated; about haunted houses; illnesses, even unto death; or cures inexplicable by any sensible reasoning. Some shrug and say: "This is what happened; I don't explain it." Others: "I make no claims, but I don't get mixed up with any kahunas myself." Some offer explanations based on theosophical tenets "Spiritual power," these maintain, "has moved steadily westward. Lately California was its center; soon Hawaii will be, for the kahunas have a body of lore from the fount of all wisdom in India."

The kahuna, in the word's original meaning, was a specialist. Everything, from the making of a canoe to the cure of a disease, called for a trained operator. He invoked the particular god of his craft; consequently he was held to have mysterious powers. A kahuna could lay a curse which another, stronger one might lift. The most dreaded were the *kahuna anaaná*, those who could "pray to death."

Many customs traceable to kahunas have hung on. Visitors

lay a fern, a flower, or a colored pebble at the foot of a waterfall on Oahu; sterile women sit on a certain rock on Molokai; on every island pilgrims visit stones where cures have been made.

Recently a smart residential section of Honolulu had an epidemic of untoward happenings — even deaths. One young couple, accepting these occurrences as warnings, decided to have their new home blessed or the evil exorcized. It took time to find a kahuna who would serve in a neighborhood of such bad repute. But money tempted one. He demanded a black pig without a single white hair, a white cock without a single black feather, and a bottle of gin instead of the awa with which the gods were anciently regaled. An imu, or pit for baking, was dug, and the kahuna set about kindling the sacred fire, mumbling invocations. Just as the blaze caught, a puff of wind came along and blew the fire away. That ended the ceremony. The kahuna fled, and so did the Hawaiian guests.

On the other side of Diamond Head similar happenings are attributed to the fact that a heiau once stood there, and land once dedicated to the gods is forever tabu to profane use. That land, Makalei, once belonged to Sanford B. Dole, Provisional President of the Republic of Hawaii, then the Territory's first Governor. A level-headed gentleman if there ever was one. Yet he sold his belongings around Diamond Head except the ruined heiau. That he left to his heirs with the understanding that it should never be sold, but he did not so stipulate in his will. So, about 1926 or '27, the ancient shrine was sold. No kamaainas were much surprised when troubles followed. In every house there was suffering or loss. (In what house is there not? — but this story is about kahunas.)

In time Mrs. George Mellen bought land adjoining the heiau and built a house which was ceremonially dedicated by a kahuna. After the invocation and the feast which disposed of

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the sacrificial victims, their bones were wrapped in ti leaves and buried at the corner of the house. The Mellens have lived untroubled in their house, though often, at night, the whole neighborhood hears the throb of drums, of marching feet and muffled chanting. Sometimes lights flicker as a ghostly procession makes its way up to the heiau. Mrs. Mellen, a student of esoteric lore, explains these manifestations as the persistence of spiritual forces near what had been a place of prayer for centuries. As Mrs. Mellen is sensitively aware of old Hawaii, it occurred to her to buy the heiau and preserve it forever from profane use. Now from her bedroom she listens contentedly to the conch-shell trumpets and the drums which accompany the spirits of ancient worshippers on their way to the shrine.

Just beyond Makalei, a young University of Hawaii professor often goes torch-fishing alone. One night, he says, thousands of men suddenly became visible on the beach and walked noiselessly past him, so close he could see every warrior's spear held aloft, the slingshot at his belt, and the stones in a bag over his shoulder. As he stood transfixed, they passed him without a murmur. Kamehameha's army, without doubt, marching toward the famous battle in Nuuanu Valley. Few people have seen that army, though many have heard it pass.

Many ghost stories are told of Queen Emma's country home in Nuuanu Valley. Mrs. Smythe, who shows visitors about the house, is aware of Her Majesty walking restlessly as she did during her son's last illness; a younger woman has seen the Queen sitting on her lanai. A man still prominent in Honolulu remembers the time when he occupied a small bedroom in that house. It was a happy party; nobody had thought of ghosts. But in the middle of the night he was suddenly wide awake and looking at an old Hawaiian lady walking in. It was bright moonlight; he saw her clearly and sat up to speak to her. She

came directly on, not speaking, put her hand on his chest, and pushed him back on the bed. He remembered no more; he must have dropped off to sleep. And in the morning he was sure the whole episode had been a dream.

He slipped hurriedly into his bathing trunks and ran down to join the other young people for a dip in the pool before breakfast. One of the men said: "Oh, so you slept in that little room under the eaves?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"The mark on your chest."

He looked at himself and there on his white skin was the sharp red print of a woman's small hand. My informant would not hazard a guess as to whether his caller was or was not Queen Emma.

Hawaii's primitive pantheon was topped by the three great gods: Kane, Ku, and Lono, who appeared in many forms and were worshipped for their attributes, as Catholic saints are venerated. Little of their cult remains. More persistent, and much more diverting, are the lesser and mischievous godlings against whom modern Hawaiians are forever on guard.

Judge John A. Matthewman relates that once he heard two Hawaiians agree to go fishing next morning. The engagement was for the hour just before dawn; he heard it clearly.

As they separated a few moments later, one Hawaiian said to the other: "Well, so tomorrow we go mauka, pull taro."

"Hold on there," said the matter-of-fact judge, "you just said you were going fishing."

"That," said one of them disgustedly, "is what we were going to do. Now you've spoiled it. Now the akuas know where we're going, they'll go makai too, to pester us. Haoles never learn!"

The judge says he did learn, and has never made that mistake again.

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Personal or family gods or familiars are called amakuas; every well-endowed Hawaiian has one. The shark people are best known because around Hawaii sharks are a real menace, and shark people are said not to be afraid of them. A long-shoreman, Fred Kamahoahoa, told about a man he had worked with for years. He was head of his union and a good workman, but he had two peculiarities. On hot days he smelled of fish so strongly as to attract the flies, and he never took off his shirt, even when he went swimming. But one day a derrick caught him on the side of the head and knocked him out, and before he regained consciousness his mates had taken a quick look. In the middle of the man's back was the gaping mouth of a shark! Martha Beckwith cites many such cases in *Hawaiian Mythology*. Often the shark man has werewolf proclivities; he persuades his victim to swim, then turns into a shark and eats him up!

Even the United States Navy has encountered shark gods, though naval officers will not admit it. Inhabitants of the district near Pearl Harbor know that a famous shark goddess and her brother, The Smiting Tail, live in a cave at the entrance and guard the bay from man-eating sharks. The Ewa people recognize them as beneficent; they feed them and clean the barnacles off their scales. Apparently The Smiting Tail resented the Navy's encroachment, because the first dry dock built in Pearl Harbor in 1914 collapsed. Engineers then decided upon a floating dock — and that, at least, is undeniable.

Of a less vicious amakua this story: Recently a young workman, an expert welder, excused himself from an engagement. He explained the circumstances, though not as remarkably strange. His grandmother, he said, had announced that she was about to bring forth. As she was seventy years old her family was struck with consternation and some doubt, but they rallied round with the respect Hawaiians show their eld-



ers. The old dame began groaning and rocking herself back and forth on the kitchen floor, apparently racked with pain. She refused aid, insisted her spasms were those of parturition. Sure enough, in time she did bring forth; and what came from her body was an eel that wriggled off into the taro patch.

The family was at no loss to explain the phenomenon. Being of the eel people, they recognized the grandmother's ordeal as a sign from their amakua. Naturally they were celebrating with a luau at which eel would not appear on the menu.

About the time the seventy-year-old dame gave birth to an eel, the janitor in a public building in Honolulu was being kahunaed. Everybody could see him get thinner and thinner. He left his wife's house and moved over with his woman. That did no good. He called a kahuna, but got no better. All the office force was worried, but could think of no way to help. Then one morning the old janitor came spryly in, well and confident again. Willingly he told the story.

"Las' night," he said, "I sleep; I dream. I Christian, so God came to me, all shiny like you know, and God say to me: 'You tell that kahuna go to hell.' So I done what God tell me. Early today I wen' see that kahuna. I tell him: 'God say you go hell.' So he scare and I got well wikīwiki."

Similar cases often get into court, where a judge needs all his humor and wit. Judge Buck of Kauai told me of a pitiful seventeen-year-old girl who came into court so crippled that she pulled herself along by her hands, dragging her legs.

The girl stated that she had gone down to Nawiliwili one night to see the steamer put off. On the way back she talked and joked naturally with her friends until suddenly she stiffened, shrieked, and went into wild hysterics. Later she said she had seen blazing red eyes in the face of an old man with white hair. She saw only the head; it had no body but swam in mid-air. The grandmother corroborated the young people's story,

with the added touch that she saw marks of choking on her granddaughter's throat. Since that night the girl had been unable to walk. She was kahunaed; none of her friends doubted that.

Judge Buck accepted the diagnosis without question and wisely seized the advantage the world of superstition gives one.

"This," she explained, "is my court. I am in authority here. No kahuna has power strong enough to work against mine. This girl can walk here."

Sure enough, she could. After that it was only a matter of extending the judge's power, by highly irregular ukase, to protect the girl out of court and all the time.

A similar case was told me by a young archæologist who once conducted a Boy Scout camp on Haleakala, where there are evidences of human activity. The boys were shown marked stones, stone idols; they even scooped out a shallow grave and handled the bones. Afterward the archæologist restored everything. They ate their supper, sang as the vast basin filled with starlight, and slept well. Late Sunday they got back to their plantation town, weary, but boyishly excited over their prowess as mountaineers.

The next night their leader was wakened by a timid knock on his door. It was four o'clock. Two boys entered, a Hawaiian and a Japanese, both badly shaken.

Charles, the older one, began. "Promise not to laugh. Something terrible has happened."

Both were reluctant to talk and pitifully frightened. The man was reassuring and at last they found their voices. Charley, the Japanese, had been wakened on Sunday night by a light on the ceiling of his room. It came down, he said, in the form of a ball, and just before it touched him he cried out, rousing his brother. Then it went away. But it came again

Monday night. This time he was too frightened to go to sleep again, and slipped out of the house and went for Robert.

Then Robert, the Hawaiian boy. Sunday night, he said, he and his mother had stood together on their lanai when a door behind them opened and closed. Nothing else; but nobody was there, nobody was in the house, there was no wind. His mother said at once that something was wrong. She cried. Monday she was sick. All day Robert had worried. And Monday night when that dreadful door opened and shut again, quietly, with no human hand to touch it, he too had set off for his buddy. They had met on the road, and here they were to confess. Their fault had been the theft of some of those prehistoric bones from the crater of Haleakala. As they worked uncovering and covering the burial place they had pocketed a few for their private museum. They agreed that they deserved to be punished for desecrating a grave.

Fortunately the archæologist was a student of boys as well as of stones, so he agreed with them. "Certainly," he said, "according to the ancient Hawaiian belief, you have desecrated these graves by taking away the bones. If they are put back and if you are sorry for your fault, all will be well again." He then took the bones and promised to see that they were restored. He put the final touch upon his performance by saying: "By giving me the bones, you have given your trouble to me. You will not be bothered again, and I, by sending them back where they belong today, will have no difficulty either." His word was good. Knowing that park rangers often crossed the crater, he asked one of them to take the bones back to their grave. So it was done and he could report success to the boys.

Another way of accepting the Hawaiian's belief is that of Augustus Knudsen of Kauai. I did not meet the gentleman; his story was told me by a member of his family. Born on

the island, Mr. Knudsen had known kahunas and their lore all his life. After he had lived in India and become interested in the underlying network of mystic lore the world over, he decided to train as a kahuna himself. He complied seriously with all the requirements, passed all the tests. At last only the gods could declare him a master; a sign would come. Nobody could say what the sign might be; he could only wait.

Then one day Mr. Knudsen was riding along after cattle with several of the ranch cowboys trailing him. He was not thinking at all of his status as an unfinished kahuna, but suddenly in the trail before him he saw owls. Hawaiian owls are scarce; one seldom sees more than one at a time, two together are rare, three almost unknown. But Mr. Knudsen saw not two or three little Hawaiian owls, but ten, twenty, forty; the path and the bushes were filled with little fluffy big-eyed owls. He reined in his horse; he knew this for the sign. His men had not followed him beyond the last turn in the trail; he was alone with the owls. They disappeared in a moment, all except three who flew around his head, their soft wings making a gentle swishing in the air, brushing his hat. Then they too flew away.

Mr. Knudsen returned at once to his men, who were all Hawaiians. No, they had not seen the owls. But they knew; it was the sign; he was fortunate. And that was all they would say. How they knew he never learned. So he received the sign and his teachers could complete his training.

The owl was, of course, his amakua, his guardian familiar. This was proved on another day when Mr. Knudsen was riding after cattle. He was going along at a good clip when an owl flew up in his horse's face, making the animal shy and leap sideways out of the trail. When he had quieted his mount, Mr. Knudsen dismounted to look over the edge of the cliff. There, right in his path, were two of the largest and most fero-

cious wild boars he had ever seen. Riding onto them unarmed, he would have been in real danger. His amakua, the owl, had saved him from a bad accident, if not actually from death.

Another tale involving East Indian lore has to do with the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. Charles W. Leadbeater, Annie Besant's close associate, once lectured in Honolulu. In closing he related a tragedy which he had witnessed at the museum that day. He considered the coincidence of his presence significant. Why, perhaps only a theosophist would know. This is what had happened.

In the midst of a quiet hour, with the usual number of visitors about, there came a sudden shocking crash with the rending and shattering of glass. Rushing to the sound, attendants and visitors found a man sprawled across the miniature heiau in the Hawaiian gallery. His blood was clotting on the tiny sacrificial altar, nowhere else. He had fallen through the skylight three stories above; his head was crushed on the altar's sharp lava rocks. They lifted him out, but before a doctor and an ambulance could arrive, he was dead.

Mrs. Lotiloti Webb, who now acts as hostess at the museum, told me the story. She had heard Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, but thought no more of it until she went to the museum to work, years later. Then she asked questions. The tragedy, she learned, had occurred not long after Dr. John F. G. Stokes had completed the model heiau, scaling it exactly to a real temple at Wahaula, from which he had even brought the rocks and sand. It was therefore of sacred materials and correct in every detail.

Mrs. Webb identified the victim easily enough; he belonged to a family she had always considered part Hawaiian. But when she asked, the man's sister told her they were half-Russian, half-Eskimo. This seemed important to Mrs. Webb, as foreigners were the preferred victims of the sacrifice in

ancient Hawaii. What she could not find out was why that young foreigner was on the skylight that day. The Kamehameha School, which owned the building, had ordered no repairs on the roof; nor had the museum authorities. The Russian-Eskimo was there for no known purpose and he had fallen to his death, leaving his blood on the altar as though his sacrifice had been decreed.

“Making a heiau,” Mrs. Webb commented, “requires an offering. A black pig would have done, or a white cock. But haoles never learn.” She shook her head sadly. “The spirit world had waited a year for a suitable sacrifice. Then they demanded one, and that poor young man had to be the victim. . . . Since then, of course, there has been no trouble about that heiau.”

The most difficult tales to collect are those of the kahuna anaaná. People who believe in praying to death are loath to talk about it. But I can quote one well-authenticated instance of how a young man was prayed to death (or frightened to death) by the concentrated fears of a whole community.

Near Kaunakakai, on Molokai, is a coconut grove whose criss-crossed shadows play on empty sand. A few years ago a frame house stood there, weathered to the gray of the sand and inhabited by an old man, a hermit and queer. Inevitably he was taken for a kahuna and passers-by gave him a wide berth or spoke to him most politely.

One holiday two plantation workers, little more than boys, took their okolehao down on the beach for a good carouse. The old man sat in front of his house quietly mending his net. For a while the boys paid no attention to him. But as they got drunker they grew noisy, daring, and mean. “A Hawaiian, when he is drunk, can be dirty mean,” my informant said. “Intoxication removes the veneer and you get a pretty dangerous savage. So those boys, one pure Hawaiian and the

other Hawaiian-Japanese, began to rag the old man.

“He stood it for a while. Then he got up, brought from his house six little sticks of hau wood, and stuck them erect in the sand. You can imagine how his quiet purposiveness awed those young drunks into a wholesome scare. When the sticks were in place the old man explained.

“‘Every stick,’ he said, ‘is a day. Today I put them here. Tomorrow I take one out. The next day another. The next day another.’ Can’t you hear the chant of doom he put into those words? ‘The next day another. The next day another.’ He wound up: ‘With the last stick, you die.’

“One of the youngsters sneered and kicked over the sticks, but he was cold sober, and could not get away too fast to see the old man patiently setting up the sticks again. The boys did not tell, or thought they did not, but word traveled out over the coconut radio, which is more efficient than ours, for neither bad weather nor imperfect instruments impede its flow. ‘I hear tell . . .’ the word went from house to house in Kaunakakai, out to the plantations, up among the cowboys in the hills, with fishermen out to sea until not only all of Molokai, but Lanai and Maui too knew that within six days that young man was to die.

“On the third day he heard the women in his mother’s house wailing for the dead. ‘Auuuwe-e-e!’ a long sobbing note that is enough to scare you to death. On the third day he found his family making leis. When he asked why, they said: ‘Because you are dead!’ How could anybody withstand the force of such suggestion? Thoroughly frightened then, he began to ask what to do. How could he save himself? The veneer of civilization, cracked by the old kahuna, was shattered by his family. To them he was dead. He went to the kahuna and apologized for his rudeness. The old man, sitting beside the three upright sticks, did not answer. He just took

out one more stick. 'Two more only,' he said, and turned his dull old eyes out to the rolling waves.

"On the fifth day, the despairing lad went again. Now he was abject. Kneeling, groveling, he begged the old kahuna for his life. His friends had gone with him, but they stayed back, well out of the reach of the malevolence they believed in, adding their own to the massed fear, tearing down the boy's final efforts to resist by their awesome 'A-u-u-we-e-e!' Perhaps they wanted to see him live; but they were forcing his death by their suggestions.

"By that time the coconut radio had reached the white man's slower understanding, and a Catholic priest, hearing of what was going on, tried to stop it. He argued with the young man; he went to the kahuna and tried to appeal to him. The old man would not enter into talk. Silently he sat, looking out to sea. Perforce the priest retired, trying still to rouse resistance in the dying youth. For he was dying. That night one stick remained. The next day they found the boy — he who had been well and strong one week ago — lying dead on the sand. The old man was gone, has never been seen since; and the boy held the last stick in his dead hand."



## AND ANCIENT MEDICINE



R. NILS PAUL LARSEN, MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF THE Queen's Hospital in Honolulu, believes that too much emphasis is placed upon the magic of kahunas, especially of the kahuna anaaná; and too little upon the kahuna's medical practices, which were often sound therapy. Throughout Polynesia medicinal plants were known and sensibly used. But the medicine men of greatest repute were those of Hawaii, and Dr. Larsen thinks their reputation well deserved. The Hawaiian kahunas, he says, were better medical men in 1820 than "civilized" doctors were. "The medical kahuna's simple herbs, sweat baths, massage, and rest, even his faith healing, were more likely to let Nature make a cure than the shotgun remedies of the missionary physicians." In the early nineteenth century European and American doctors were bleeding their patients to death (George Washington was so weakened by repeated cuppings that he died); calomel, castor oil, quinine, and sulphur and molasses were common doses, and loathsome concoctions were not uncommon; even the patient's urine appears in old prescriptions. One prescription cited by

Dr. Larsen in *Ancient Hawaiian Civilization* calls for roots, barks, and ashes by the armful, handful, and pound, to be boiled down and rolled into pills. The resulting specific was recommended for "pain in the stomach, jaundice, and bilious complaint, all kinds of inflammatory and chronic disorders, and a safe and efficacious remedy in all cases where physic is necessary." Men who prescribed such messes refused help to women in childbirth on the ground that God had decreed they should suffer. And they were so smug in their superiority that they made no effort to acquire the kahuna's knowledge of local medicinal plants; his methods were considered pure witchcraft. One white doctor wrote: "Heathenism now has full sway and in every village each missionary has a kahuna to combat." In the fight against the kahunas the best of them and of their healing arts were the first to disappear, leaving the quacks and voodoo workers to bedevil the fearful and the ignorant. The kahunas' schools ceased to exist; their knowledge, too wide and too detailed to live in old wives' memories, was lost or misapplied. All that remains today are a few herb remedies and the tales which wonder-mongers tell. It is an experience to watch Dr. Larsen dissolve those fantasies in the cool white light of common sense.

Dr. Larsen is singularly suited to that job. Round-headed and pink-faced, only his retreating hair and one white eyelash suggest the years of experience behind him. He laughs like a boy, moves like the mountain-climber he is, and is filled with enthusiasms. Acutely aware of the world's miseries, he does not mope about them; he does something about them, both in the Queen's Hospital and as consultant for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association. That Hawaii's health situation bears comparison with the very best on the mainland is due in large measure to Dr. Larsen's skill not only as a medical man but in handling employers as well as employees.

He conceives of his hospital position as an obligation to improve the general health of the Territory of Hawaii. The improvement of the race, he mentions as his goal. And when Nils Larsen says race he means nothing less than the human race. Such a man naturally became interested in the Hawaiians, not for sentimental reasons, not for tales of hobgoblins and witches, but to understand them. So he undertook a study of the ancient healing arts. His findings have not been published, but he generously allows me to use them.

The physician kahuna began his training at the age of five. Chosen for intelligence and for kindness, the boy went to live with the teacher, who might or might not be a relative. With the master these youngsters ranged the hills and valleys, studying plants, testing their knowledge, experimenting — a thoroughly scientific approach. They knew hundreds of medicinal plants; a recent bulletin of the Hawaiian Health Department lists 119, and many have been lost. Nothing is better proof of the excellence of the Hawaiian mind and the high development of Hawaiian civilization than the close observation, the intelligent system of trial and error, which had built up their medical knowledge. In time the young student began to specialize. Dr. Larsen lists eight branches of practice, aside from the kahuna anaaná.

Most of the Hawaiian names mean too little to quote, but the title of the diagnostician, the *kahuna ha-ha*, is too joke-provoking to omit. His skill was great; boys training as diagnosticians handled stones while blindfolded until their fingers were so sensitized that they could differentiate among many stones. In time those same fingers would be able to locate and correctly diagnose a growth under the human skin. Others, who suggest some modern practitioners, diagnosed "at a glance," as the Hawaiian name for them states. One school of kahunas invoked the spirits; another healed by prayer.

Dr. Larsen commends as sound therapy the method suggested by a prayer which has come down to us.

“Picture,” he said, “a man with a broken arm, in pain, frightened and apprehensive. The kahuna comes, and in a quiet confident voice he begins to pray while he binds the arm to immobilize it. ‘O Great Spirit, send one of your helpers to take away this pain from your servant. . . . O Great Spirit, send one of your helpers to take away this pain from your servant. . . .’ Five times such a prayer would be uttered. Five times the kahuna would blow upon the injured arm, blowing the pain away. Again he would repeat the prayer five times; and blow five times. With twenty-five repetitions of the prayer, twenty-five of blowing the hurt away, surely anybody’s fears would have yielded to trust in the doctor!”

Five was the number most commonly used in Hawaiian medicine and magic, a custom that Dr. Larsen considers another proof of the Hawaiian’s exceptional powers of observation. Five occurs so often in nature that it must inevitably have seemed the gods’ preferred number. The starfish has five points, many flowers five petals, even animals and men have five fingers or toes on the extremities. I was told two stories that illustrate the use of five in healing.

At Kawaihae on Hawaii, a Hawaiian lady, Mrs. Saffery, now confined to a wheeled chair but with eyes as bright as a girl’s, told how her father had cured her husband of a broken foot. The white doctor, she said, wished to amputate the leg, and the plantation manager urged that course.

“But I said: ‘NO!’” Her “NO” was more explosive than any print could convey.

She rushed to the nearest telephone and called her brother, working on a plantation on the other side of the island. Then she waited. Her brother had to go to another plantation; her father had to ride across the island. All day she waited, while

the injured man moaned, the black infection crept up his leg, and the doctor and the manager insisted that the only way to save his life was to sacrifice his leg. But "NO," she said, making that explosive negative the theme of her tale.

At last, in the evening she heard horses' hoof-beats in the lane, the creak of the gate, and her father was there to help her. He directed that the bindings be taken off at once, and he set his son to washing the wound. "Clean, very clean, and don't cover it again." Then he asked his daughter if a certain grass grew near. She knew where it was and led him there.

"Then he said: 'Don' you watch me what I do.'"

In taking a leaf of grass, a flower, or a root for medicine, one must know from what side of the plant to take it, and it must be told what it is expected to do. No doubt that healer was telling the grass that it was to mend the smashed foot and confound the white doctor. Soon he was ready to return to the patient, whose leg was washed clean and exposed to the air. He then chewed up the grass and placed it on the top of the man's head — "You know, where a baby's head is soft." Five times he touched the head with the masticated grass; and five times every joint beginning with the neck and touching every toe and finger joint, all down one side of the body. The side of the injured foot he did not touch at all! He then stated that within five days the broken bones would be healed and the man well. Within five days he was!

Dr. Larsen extracts the wonder from such cases in a few words. Almost anything, he says, will cure itself in five days if you let it alone, give it sun and air and rest. The exception is a broken bone, and many fractures splint themselves and heal without pain. The only magic necessary is that of the good doctor who can inspire confidence in his patient and get his orders carried out. Healing by prayer in Hawaii is

like healing by prayer at Lourdes, at religious shrines in every land, and without shrines where Christian Scientists and other faith-healers work.

This recent case would have been attended in primitive Hawaii by bone-setting specialists. Their descendants can still set a bone correctly, as endless tales attest. To cite one: "Old Mother Robinson" of Niuhau once broke her arm as she was riding in the mountains of Kauai. Spartanly she rode on, submitting only to a sling until she reached the ranch house. There a Hawaiian cowboy set the bone, bandaged it with a dressing of roots and ti leaves, and wrapped it in tapa. Dr. Larsen has more faith in the ti leaves and the tapa (which form an excellent splint) than in the roots or the incantations. In this case a white doctor pronounced that the arm had been perfectly set, had healed just right, that he could not have done a better job himself.

On a par with bone-setters were the practitioners of *lomilomi*, a method of massage used to loosen and tone up the muscles of a dancer or an athlete. Even today a baby's tender fingers are lomilomi'd into the delicate tendril-like slimness a hula dancer's hands must have. Lomilomi originally included trampling on the patient's abdomen and back with bare feet or rolling a heavy stone over the big muscles. William Ellis reported that he had seen a twelve-pound stone rolled over a man's abdomen. If that man's pain was due to appendicitis the results must have been explosive.

Lomilomi is still commonly practiced in the islands, where the word is used for every sort of massage. Along with the manipulators should be mentioned the obstetricians, whose knowledge of physiology was sufficient to enable them to correct a wrong position of the child in the womb. Mrs. Pukui has written for Dr. Larsen an account of what she learned of obstetrics by watching her aunt in actual practice. "Birth

was not a forbidden subject," she says, "and was as frankly discussed in my presence as the weather." Her sane family saw no harm in letting a nine-year-old girl be useful at a delivery. But she, delighted with the new baby, chattered about it to white neighbors, who stopped her midwifery until little Mary was old enough not to tell. The customs she reports are a combination of superstition and sound therapy; often a superstitious reason is given for a scientifically correct conclusion. Dr. Larsen's pencil has noted many instances in the margin of Mrs. Pukui's paper. Too frequent pregnancies were discouraged. The mother's diet was regulated and she was told to eat fresh green food, fish instead of meat, and not much salt. Pregnant women were taught many beautiful beliefs which our doctor finds good as "tending to give a feeling of purpose behind life." At birth the woman was encouraged, and her helpers showed their concern by keeping busy with ceremonial acts. The child was an important event; everybody wanted it. Generally the paternal grandparents claimed a male child, the mother's family a girl. Mrs. Pukui ends: "The children of one were the children of the others. A neighbor's sleepy child was put to bed and often spent the night away from his own folks. If there was trouble, word was sent to the parents or grandparents at once, but if there was not, nobody bothered. Thus a great attachment grew up between adults and the children of the community that only death could eradicate." So the ancient Hawaiian. The modern doctor who devotes all his off hours to improving everybody's children has written in the margin: "For a good society, excellent."

Actual surgery was pretty rough, but cases of successful amputation are recorded, and of even more delicate operations with a sharp shell or the tooth of a shark. Ellis, the naturalist missionary, suggested that the natives were either less sensitive than whites or had greater powers of endurance. When

one reads of the general practice of surgery even as late as the Civil War, that explanation hardly seems correct.

Hawaiian medical kahunas seem to Dr. Larsen most worthy of respect. According to tradition their founder, Koleamoku, first got the knowledge of herbs, and methods of using them, from the gods. In time he was deified, as great men were apt to be. Medical men prayed to him, used the remedies he had prescribed, many of them in ways that modern physicians thoroughly approve. Fortunately these things are matter of written record, not hearsay. In 1868, when the Hawaiian kings were trying to restore the dignity of their own past, Kamehameha V ordered the collection of medical lore. The two kahunas chosen for the task were students of students of the best kahunas of Kamehameha I, and really close to the classical tradition. Dr. Larsen has examined their report. He says that it is marked by the traditional dislike of giving secrets away, but in spite of that is a good case-book. Detailed studies of actual cases show that those old practitioners knew and could cope with many diseases. They describe five kinds of dropsy, they knew asthma and its treatment. Every record shows close observation. In some cases autopsies were performed to check the original diagnosis. Among their remedies salt ranked high. They used it as an antiseptic, as a purgative, and for patients losing blood; often they prescribed sea water. They used kukui oil as a purgative. Taro juice served as an astringent, sometimes mixed with salt and urine: a mess reminiscent of those old white doctors cooked up. For bleeding ulcers *pia*, the red earth of Kauai, was advised. *Pia* is a smooth starchy powder and its use in such cases would be correct therapy. For mild dysentery guava fruit and the boiled tips of guava leaves were recommended; and that too is good. Ancient Hawaii knew pyorrhoea without benefit of advertising and prescribed a treatment quite as effective, in Dr. Larsen's opinion, as most illus-



trated remedies we know. The patient was instructed to bite hard into a piece of sugar cane and swim a mile in the sea. The cane would loosen the bad gum and salt water would wash out the infection and provide a cleansing cure. Add fresh air, sunshine, and exercise and the treatment betters any tooth paste.

Old records show that kahunas used a bamboo stem as a syringe and even for vaginal douches, which were not used by civilized practitioners. They were far enough ahead of their white contemporaries to experiment on dogs. Dr. Larsen has found numberless evidences that primitive Hawaiians had the type of mind generally associated with the highest civilization: inquisitive, experimental, able to collate observations and to learn from them. They made sad mistakes, of course, such as giving physics in cases of appendicitis and using cold baths for fever. But their use of sweat baths was good, and their record indicates that they were sound on what foods to prescribe and to forbid. These old practitioners evidently exchanged records and observations and respected one another. They accepted pay for their services: whatever the patient could give. A pig, a piece of tapa, a makoloa mat.

Among the ancient kahuna arts was that of embalming the human body. That it is still occasionally, though surreptitiously, practiced is a matter of court record in the County of Kauai. In 1935 Paul Kauai, a responsible employee of the Eleele Plantation on Kauai, got into strange trouble. He was a bachelor, forty-five years old, and educated through the eighth grade. He was pure Hawaiian and descended from a line of kahunas whose special art was the preservation of dead bodies.

Paul's mother lived with him, an ailing old woman who went out so seldom that she had not been seen for weeks before the neighbors remarked it. When asked, Paul said she was off on a visit. But she did not come back. After several

months neighborly gossip reached the ears of authority, and Paul was quizzed first by the plantation manager and then by the police. So this story is a matter of public record in the County of Kauai.

Paul answered all questions readily. His mother had died, he told them, about nine months before. Her last request was that her son should care for her body in the way traditional in their family. She wished to be embalmed and laid in a cave; not buried in the ground. So Paul set about it. For weeks he kept her body in his house, doing whatever was needful; but what that was he steadfastly refused to tell. Then, when the neighbors became too curious, he hired a Portuguese boy with a car and the two of them took the body to a cave. He agreed to take the police there. He conducted them to a sheer cliff. There, on the seaward side, so high as to be accessible only to goatlike climbers, is the cave. And inside the cave, laid on a shelf of rock, they found the body. It was wrapped in leaves, layer on layer, laid on with precise skill. Some they could identify; others not. Nobody could guess what had kept the body in a state of almost perfect preservation for over nine months. The doctor who examined it reported that with the exception of one spot it was completely mummified. Paul said that with more time he could have corrected that. There was no evidence of foul play, but our laws are such that the poor old lady's body could not rest in the cave, but had to be buried in the ground, as she had especially dreaded.

When he begins to speak of the most feared kahunas, the kahuna anaaná, Dr. Larsen brings out two pictures. One, the *Last Kahuna* by John Kelly, the etcher, shows a wise and disciplined old face with an expression of kindness that a child would instinctively trust: the healer, the religious or spiritual healer. The other shows a vicious and violent old reprobate, shrewd, not wise; ready to harm, not to help: the kahuna

anaaná. Dr. Larsen believes that many of his killings were due to actual poison. Though Hawaii boasts of its freedom from any venomous plant or animal, there are poisonous flora and fauna. Dr. Larsen has recently studied a case of poisoning which showed dramatic symptoms usually attributed to kahunāing. A Chinese came to the Queen's Hospital with staring eyes, swollen tongue, lack of muscular co-ordination, and suffering acute apprehension. He knew he was going to die. And he did die, within four hours. As good a kahuna story as one could ask. Dr. Larsen, seeking the real reason, found that the patient had been eating puffer fish. That fish's eggs are so poisonous, he proved by a long series of experiments on guinea pigs, that 1/116 of a gram will kill a man. Puffer fish sometimes eat their own eggs, and a fish could become so infused with venom as to be highly poisonous. It would be rare indeed that a man would eat such a fish. The unfortunate Chinese must have died because he had done just that.

With such knowledge an evil-minded kahuna could build up legends as he wished. The old Hawaiians had a poison god, Kalaipahoa, and a poison tree, which grew on Molokai and gave the island's kahunas their fearsome power. A wooden idol in the Bishop Museum is thought to be an image of the god Kalaipahoa, carved of poisonous wood and hideous enough to suggest his powerful malignancy. Poisonous wood or not, the effectiveness of the kahuna anaaná is fully accounted for by the habits of the human mind.

The kahuna anaaná played upon the universal human instinct of fear. It is not a primitive weakness; it exists today and is invoked in many ways quite as superstitious as any machinations of the kahuna anaaná or of African and West Indian voodoo doctors. One must remember that both ancient and modern belief in the kahuna's power implies its potency for good as well as ill.

## AND ANCIENT MEDICINE

It is unfortunate that the worst of kahunaism has not been got rid of, only its best. By law, kahunas are now classed with vagrants, beggars, pickpockets, night prowlers, tramps, and dissolute persons. Inevitably Hawaiian medicine degenerates into Hawaiian magic. Dr. Larsen would like to bring the old kahunas' knowledge back into respectability. The best of them were good observers, they reasoned from what they saw and tested their conclusions by experiment. A respect for the good they did, a knowledge of how much they knew, would probably be one of the best ways to combat the influence of quacks and adepts in the arts of fright.

## THE ISLAND OF MAUI



MAUI IS CALLED THE *VALLEY ISLAND* BECAUSE OF the flat isthmus which connects East Maui, soaring grandly up to Haleakala, and West Maui, whose bulk has been shivered into spire-like peaks. Others see it as the bust of a woman, with West Maui for the head, East Maui for a voluptuous bust, and the valley for the neck.

Maui bears the proud name of the demigod whose birth confounded his mother as mothers of genius are apt to be confounded. Martha Beckwith quotes this rhyme:

Hina of the Fire was pregnant and bore a cock.  
 Hina delivered her child in the form of an egg;  
 She had not lived with a cock,  
 But a cock was born to her.

Maui's most Promethean deed, the snaring of the sun, was performed on his namesake island. Abraham Fornander, who collected legends when they were still recited as history, wrote: "The idea sprung up in him to go and snare the sun so it would go slower. . . . He came to Haleakala, and when

## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

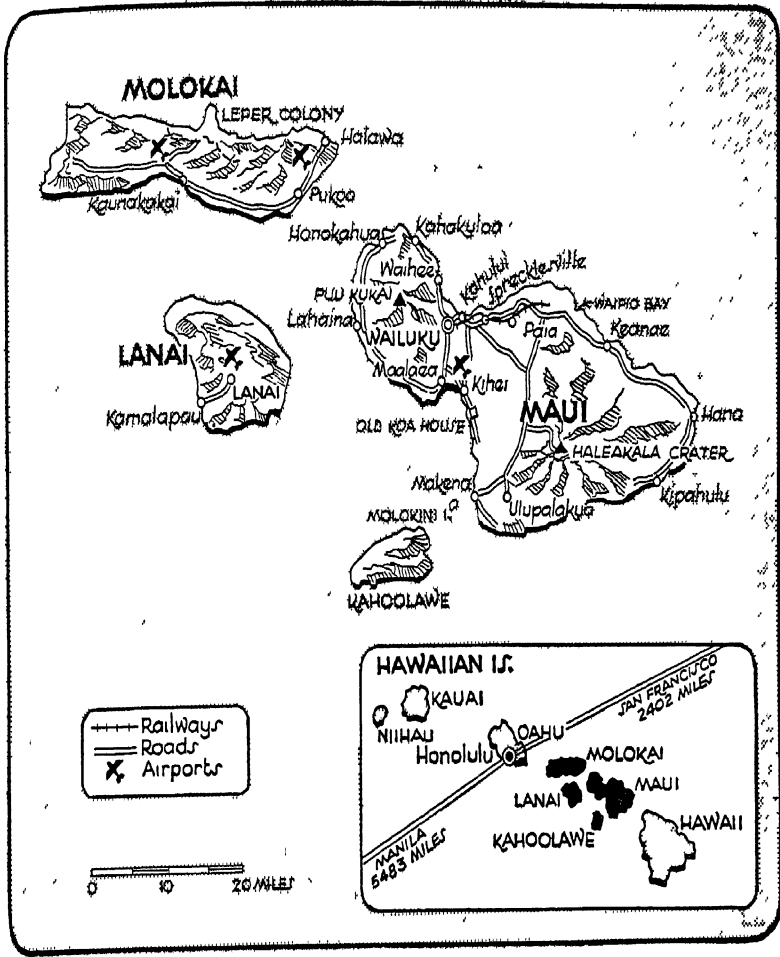
the sun passed directly over him he snared it with the corn-husk and broke some of its rays; he repeated this and broke all the strong rays of the sun. . . . The sun requested, 'Let me live; you watch how I travel.' That is why the sun goes slowly." And why the volcano is called Haleakala, House of the Sun.

The first thing to do was to go to the top of Haleakala, an ascent which may now be made by motor. Burton Ogilvie took me there. A great hotel man, who has managed the Royal Hawaiian and other spectacular caravansaries, he was then engaged in working the Maui Grand Hotel over into a well-oiled mechanism which would still retain the character of a country inn. One day an inner-spring mattress appeared; the next, a boy who could handle a tray and a folding table; plumbers were always at work. Meals were daily more imaginatively planned and flavored. If his gift for success does not lure him back to the great places, Burton Ogilvie is going to answer many a traveler's prayer.

"I'll not try to tell you why this island is the loveliest of them all," he said honorably as we left Kailua. "I'll just let you look at it and decide for yourself."

Beyond the port of Kahului we began the easy ascent, passing small homes and the vine-grown gates of large estates. At first the scene followed the typical Hawaiian pattern of cane and pineapple, but we soon rose, on Haleakala's flank, onto hills so old that their basic lava has been worn down into gently rolling curves, with occasional woods planted as wind-breaks. White-faced cattle find such rich grazing in those meadows that they spend most of their time lying down, lazy and replete.

About there, at four thousand feet altitude, one sees the form of the island clearly. The woman's head is centered by a



MAUI, MOLOKAI, LANAI, KAHOO LAWE, AND MOLOKINI





## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

volcanic peak, Puu Kukui, almost six thousand feet high. Its valleys are divided by ridges the sun and mist remodel all day long, bringing out the Needle Peak or misting it away, throwing long purple shadows across the sunny green or pressing it all down into vague cloudiness. From Haleakala's shoulder it is plain how the sea made Maui, by forming that narrow isthmus, only about ten miles wide, to tie two islands together. Above there the road traverses a tawny landscape with clumps of green-black trees, and plunges in and out of eucalyptus groves. Many kinds of eucalyptus have been brought into Hawaii from Australia; only this variety shows a brilliant orange trunk on the sheltered side. It may be a fungus, it may be bad. It seems only another Hawaiian trick of intensifying color, not by making it sharper, but softer, more flowerlike.

Haleakala is ten thousand feet high. The road's grade is excellent; a car mounts steadily; only the widening vista at every higher turn indicates the climb. Finally the valley is only a mottling of blue-green and blue-purple on land and the ocean's blue merging with the sky beyond. Kahoolawe swims just off Maui's bust like a blue cloud; and smaller islands float, it seems, in sky, not water.

At the crater my host, determined not to ballyhoo its grandeurs, led me to the brink and left me. That crater, the world's largest, is twenty-one miles around. Its impression is that of cataclysm too pitiless for man to think about. Cataclysm and fire. Deep within the crater are many nipped cones from which fire and lava poured. The colors are those of fire. Coppery slopes, dull red, like a dead flame; the yellow of fire's flicker ossified in ocher; even the blue of a flame's heart burnt out to purple ash. Across the abyss the view extends over that horizonless sea; Haleakala might be a planet hung upside down where there is no up or down. Only on the farther slope

a dusting of light green like the finest spray of a wave is beginning to show where the lava has decomposed enough to nourish a seed.

It was not the season for the silver sword's blooming, but we went looking for it. At last we were rewarded. No bloom, to be sure, but against a gentian-blue sky, rooted in coppery lava, were a few rosettes of silver spines. In silver that out-silvers silver, that plant gleamed against the blue: an ornament contrived by the cunningest jeweler for the Queen of Heaven herself. The silver sword will grow only in the crater of Haleakala, nowhere else in the world.

The next day I looked upon Haleakala from under the peaks of West Maui. But first Mr. Holstein took me to court, where he had business. Before a brisk woman judge a haole and a Portuguese attorney disputed the settlement of a loan. A young Negro attorney waited his turn. The clerk was Japanese, the bailiff Chinese. Mr. Lincoln Holstein had already assured me he was Hawaiian. Islanders habitually make that statement and then casually mention several progenitors of other blood. Mr. Holstein's father was a famous Danish horticulturist who laid out many of Honolulu's parks.

Driving toward the lovely misty Iao Valley, my host related the tale of Kamehameha's battle there — the battle which won him the island of Maui. As his warriors advanced, the great chief strode ahead shouting: "Come, my brothers! On, my brothers!" They routed the enemy with such slaughter that the dying and the dead dammed the stream. Its name, Waikapu, means Damming of the Waters.

Years later a commoner dared to approach Kamehameha's abode on Hawaii. Servants caught and bound him, but the man insisted that he was Kamehameha's brother and demanded to see the chief. At last Kamehameha had the prisoner brought before him.

## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

“ So you say you are my brother? How’s that? ”

“ When we stormed the heights of Iao — ” the man began.

“ So,” said Kamehameha, “ if we were brothers in the heat of battle we must be brothers now. And right you are. . . . Treat this man as my brother; whatever I have is his.”

“ I think,” said Mr. Holstein, “ that shows Kamehameha to be a truly great man better than any other story about him.”

Another day I heard by chance that they would be loading cattle through the surf at Makena. “ Tomorrow morning, very early.” I was fortunate that Eleanor and Clinton Childs were my guides. Clinton Childs directs Alexander House, a many-sided settlement, and Eleanor helps with everything from the Maui County Fair to small layettes. If I could remember all they told me I could write a deep, sympathetic book on Maui with lots of fun in it.

When we set out, at dawn, the birds were stirring into song, and the oleanders, roses, and thumbergia along the roads were still breathing the scents of night. We heard Chinese thrushes which were brought from China and kept in cages until Honolulu’s Chinatown burned, releasing them to populate the islands. We heard an English skylark. We saw ducks, doves, myna birds, and many plovers, running along the roads, cocky with the knowledge that they are protected from gunners at all seasons.

Plovers are widely traveled. In the spring they feed well, fattening up for a long, lean flight, and gather in flocks. Imaginative observers say they keep scouts winging around to test the air currents high up. Then one fine April day they take flight in flocks of a hundred, even of two hundred. Their objective is Alaska, twenty-five hundred miles away, over unrelieved ocean, without water, food, or rest! In Alaska, and possibly on the Siberian tundras, they find cold-storage fodder — grasshoppers and berries preserved in the winter’s ice.

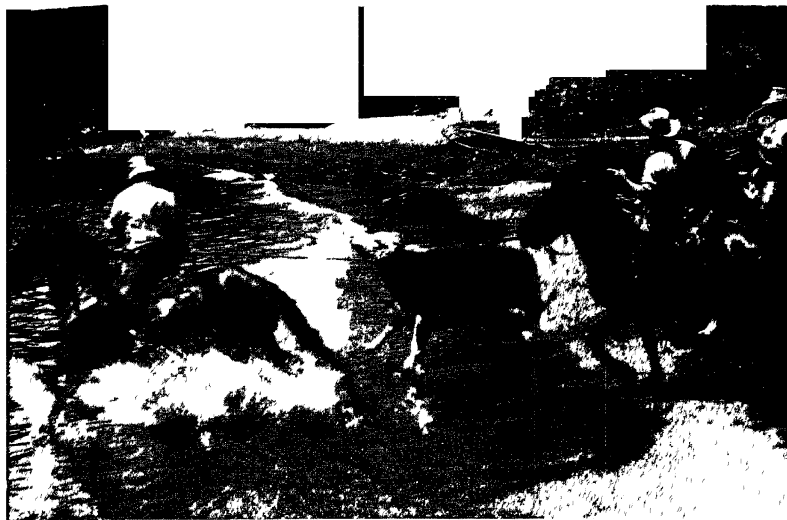
## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

There they nest and train their young for the long return flight to Hawaii. Much remains to be learned about plovers. Do they rest, even for a few seconds, on the waves or by flying high and making long glides? Do they take advantage of air currents or tack as they fly? Little is known except that the plover makes the longest cross-water flight of any bird recorded.

We turned off into a side road which led down to a rocky cove and a small beach where the loading was going on. It was fun sitting on a shaded stone wall while Clinton Childs darted round with his camera, and old Ikua Purdy bossed the loading. Ikua is the famed paniolo who took first prize at a rodeo in Cheyenne thirty years ago, and he is very curt and bossy now for fear somebody will think he is getting old. It is related that Ikua got to be seventy once and has been giving his age as a year younger on every birthday since.

Eight or ten men were holding cattle in a corral. A steamer rode at anchor out beyond the surf, and near the shore lay a rowboat and a launch. One by one the animals were released and sent plunging into the surf, with men prodding from behind and two Australian heelers nipping at their heels. Once the beast was in the water, the dogs turned, shaking themselves with an air of insulting superiority; clearly they saw no sense in all this human interference with a job they could do so well. Meanwhile the cowboys on horses, splashing and swimming, forced the steer along until men in the boat could secure him to its side with his nose well out of the water, his body floating flatly under it. When six animals were attached to the boat, the launch towed it out to the steamer.

The whole job was expeditiously done. The men, dressed in their poorest for such damp and dusty work, were splendid specimens — tall, strong, brown, and full of fun. Mr. Baldwin, owner of Ulupalakua Ranch, worked with them, modestly efficient in contrast with old Ikua, who scowled at any paniolo



ABOVE, Loading Cattle [*photo, Alexa von Tempski Zabriskie*]  
BELOW, a Paniolo [*photo, Ayer and Son*]



## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

whose rope did not settle exactly right on his chosen steer. And the horses, so wise with the cattle, so willing to plunge into the waves, were experts borrowed from the Parker Ranch on Hawaii, where this surf loading is more customary than on Maui. To see it at all was a stroke of luck.

I accompanied one loaded boat to the steamer, riding, however, in the launch. Out there, each beast was girdled with a wide canvas band by which he was lifted, dripping and appalled, out of the water; swung terrifyingly aloft, and set down on deck. I never saw anything so comical as those indignant Ferdinands, rising laxly in their bellybands, running with water, rolling their eyes for help that never came.

On the steamer's bridge I met Robert von Tempski, slim and burned, dressed like a paniolo, comporting himself like the Polish nobleman his grandfather was. He told me much about the cattle business in the islands. It does not differ much from mainland ranching. Even loading through the surf, which seems so typically Hawaiian, is practiced in the Gulf of Mexico. Cattle, mostly Herefords and Durhams, are run on every island's dry side, where they feed well on algaroba beans — our mesquite — and on grasslands too high for either pineapples or sugar. The business does not compete with either of the major crops; instead of millions, its worth is computed in hundreds of thousands of dollars per year.

“But it's more fun,” said Mr. von Tempski, contemplating a kicking steer just dropping aboard. Its life seems to have been gayer too. Cattlemen generally were Europeans with the exception of the original Parker, who was a Yankee skipper. Their tradition is not of missionaries nor of plodding plantation laborers, but of lavish living in great houses, of lordly, often tipsy cattle-barons, and of Hawaiian cowboys. There is a job that suits the Hawaiian to a T: short spurts of strenuous, even dangerous work, followed by lazy spells. The Hawaiian

is a first-rate cowboy; he learned all the tricks a century ago from Mexican vaqueros. He called them *paniolos*, trying to say *Españoles*, and the name has stuck to him. The paniolo's equipment is Mexican — saddle, chaps, and reata — and his love of finery is pure cowboy, expressed in Hawaii by a lei on the hat as well as a gaudy shirt and neckerchief.

Later Robert von Tempski and his sister Alexa, Mrs. Zabriskie, took me to see the Ulupalakoa Ranch. We went in the manager's car, as only one bred and trained for the job could have taken the jumps he put it to. Mr. von Tempski steered with one hand as we leapt from gully to gully, swinging his arm at the view, the yearlings, the fine new bulls. Appreciative of his island's beauty as kamaainas always are, his greatest joy was to see how the new grass was taking hold.

These Hawaiian ranches, he explained, are divided into paddocks as Australian and New Zealand stations are. This makes it easier to control weeds and to experiment with new grass. It also keeps the cattle in separate small herds according to age or breed and gives a general aspect of tidiness and care such as no Western ranch presents. It also meant opening and closing very many gates before we got back to ranch headquarters and the house where Mrs. Baldwin was waiting to receive us.

The ranch house was built by Captain James Makee, a New Englander who had selected that spot out of all the world. We passed rose hedges and walked in an English rose garden which gave the place the name of Rose Ranch. The walks were laid out to serve also to irrigate the flower-beds and feed lily-ponds, lakes for swans, and swimming-baths. An avenue of Italian ilex leads to a battered tomb, wherein the captain no longer rests. The house is much as he left it, even the pavilion in the garden where King Kalakaua played poker and the



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lawn where his hula girls danced. In those days the captain had six daughters and a reputation for hospitality equaled only by that of the Parker Ranch itself.

When the captain, from his lookout, saw a ship putting in at Makena, he used to send paniolos down to invite the visitors to ride up for as long as they would stay. So we have accounts of more than one merchant or naval officer. Mornings they rode or hunted wild pigs or goats. Afternoons they played croquet or billiards. All day they flirted with the girls. One of the visitors, whose letters I have been permitted to read, was Frank Hastings, who married Alice Makee and took her to Washington when he went there as Minister of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

Maui has another monument to its exciting days of old — the Koa House at Kalepolepo, which had been a resort for whalers. Alexa Zabriskie took me there on the invitation of Miss Wilcox, whose grandfather built the house. A New York cabinet-maker, John Halstead, used native mahogany for walls as well as indoor woodwork and furniture. The heavy walls are still sturdy; but the outdoor stairway creaks threateningly, and termites have ruined the fine furniture. The upper chambers are full of priceless treasures: old books, steel engravings and colored prints falling from their frames; a piano that gives out an eerie note.

Downstairs is the grog shop and general store, with massive koa-wood pillars, shoulder-high counter, an old hogshead in the corner! It is all there, rotting away. Nobody is protecting it. Even the 1861 files of *Leslie's Weekly* are moldering away while the owners refuse to give them to the library for safe-keeping! Heavy iron-bound sea chests have not been opened within the memory of man! The Koa House was too disturbing for a happy visit.

## THE ISLAND OF MAUI

After a week-end with Alexa Zabriskie at her home, which seems so casual and runs so smoothly, I felt as though I had known her and her island for years. I stood in her garden, half-way up the mountainside, and looked across the isthmus at the entrancing movement of light in Iao Valley. Lanai and Molo-kai stood clearly out that afternoon, and Haleakala rose in majesty, a wrap of cloud dropped low on her shoulder.

I remarked that I had never seen a sunset there; and we were off. Taking time only to whistle five dogs into the back seat, we flew over those long well-made curves to the top of Haleakala. It was a fine way to go: unexpectedly, quickly, and with a woman who knows that volcano's every mood.

From the rim the sea and sky had got confused again. Cloud shapes might have been islands; the islands I knew were there seemed not to be. The sun withdrew as we watched, reaching back with slanting rays of light; and night spread slowly across the crater's immense floor, covering and subduing one after another of the so small peaks within its circumference. The shadow was dark; what ran ahead of it was of color, but color for which I knew no name. As it flew it led the eye up to the sky, where clouds were islands, and down to the sea, where islands lay like long low clouds.

I understood very well the belief that Kane and Kanaloa lived in an earthly paradise on a floating cloudland, which may be seen sometimes at sunrise or sunset. This seems the only sensible explanation of such cloud shapes as we saw that evening. Like a Hawaiian family who waited for Kane and Kanaloa to come and take them away, I should not have been at all surprised if they had floated in to anchor on the shore where we stood above an ocean of darkness shot with light.

Kane and Kanaloa did not come. But cold did, penetrating cold riding on a sharp swift wind. Pele, I suddenly remembered, had fought the Sea Goddess for Haleakala and, when

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she was defeated, retired forever to Hawaii, where she gave  
it out, in a pet, that she didn't want Haleakala anyhow; it was  
too big to warm even with her fires.

I could understand that too. I seemed to be understanding  
Hawaii's gods and goddesses very well.



## XXIV

# NEW YEAR'S LUAU AT KAHAKULOA



DROVE OUT ONE UNDECIDED DAY WHEN THUNDERHEADS were warring on Haleakala and thin clouds were musing along the horizon. By noon I had come along the shore of West Maui to the end of the road at Kahakaloa. That is, I had run out on a ridge between the sea and the valley where, among taro patches, clumps of bamboo and mango and breadfruit trees, I could see the church steeples and red roofs of the hamlet. The road, once in the valley, was deep in mud, but I slithered past all the houses and into the schoolyard. I had seen nobody except a few children who peeked and scampered away. But near the schoolhouse a young woman was washing dishes at a spigot.

She responded shyly to my greeting and relieved her feelings by speaking roughly to her children. They paid no attention at all. I invited her to share my lunch. She had eaten, she said; but on my plea of loneliness she ordered the youngsters off and sat with me against two ironwood trees with my lunch-

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box open between us and the lovely cove at our feet. The sea was alive with white-caps, and towering breakers came roaring in. We ate, dividing sandwich by sandwich. By the time we had reached cigarettes we had exchanged names, and Rebecca was telling me about her father.

“My fathah great fisherman. He go out, he come back. Othah men no feesh. Jus’ wait for my fathah. He keep few feesh for home; all rest he give away. That Hawaiian way. ‘You like? You wan? You take.’”

“My mothah like that too. We have old calabash, fine, polished. Haoles come. ‘You wanna sell?’ ‘No, no sell. You like, you take.’ So Hawaiian poor now, haole rich. . . . But we been school now. We learn. This land Hawaiian now. Haole used to take this land. Now we know. We buy land again. Kahakuloa all Hawaiian now. No haole live here. No more we say: ‘You like, you take.’”

There was no bitterness in her tone; rather an amused leniency. Her pose reflected her race’s easy adjustment. She sat relaxed, every muscle supported by the earth or the tree. She wriggled her toes, moved hands and arms to puff her cigarette; her eyes absorbed the beauty of the bay and the cliff. It was an hour of inexpressible peace.

Soon the children came calling Rebecca to lunch and she admitted that her refusal of my invitation had been only courteous. The children scampered back to the house, and we sat on — watching the surf, a bare-legged man setting out taro plants, and the way the sun swung the shadow of the cliff around. In time — I don’t remember how, though it was my great desire — Rebecca invited me to the New Year’s luau.

“You like Hawaiian food? Roast pig. Maybe you no like raw feesh. Poi.” She chuckled. “Now haoles give their babies poi. I work in hospital. They used to say no poi. Now poi good for haole babies.”

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Her amusement with haoles ran along under everything she said, as though she thought of them as children — greedy or comical, but children. Haoles were forever telling me how childlike Hawaiians were. Perhaps this is the soundest basis for interracial understanding.

I had asked Rebecca what I might bring to the luau, explaining that in my country we like to carry gifts from town to country. She could think of nothing, but before we parted she showed concern for my comfort. She must have food that I could eat in case I did not like fish and poi. Slipped into a long catalogue of Hawaiian foods I caught a hint. "And whisky? You like whisky? You like wine mebbe?" I gathered that I might, after all, think of a suitable contribution to the party.

Rebecca had said that she would fetch me from Wailuku, but friends at the hotel, knowledgeable about Hawaiians, thought that she might not, advised me to have my own car even if she did. "Those affairs run on for days, you know. You've let yourself in for a real brawl, and you'd better have a way of getting out."

So I set out again on New Year's Eve, when the sinking sun had turned the sea a deep violet and put most of the road in shadow. Rebecca had not shown up. Doubtless a malahini at the luau had seemed more than the family wished to take on. But here I was, filled with trepidation, but supplied with whisky and cigarettes, and toys for the children. I hoped I could win my way against what might prove a cool welcome.

I am sure the family suffered a shock when I drove into their yard, so I sat in the car while they adjusted themselves to the situation. Soon fat Clara, Rebecca's elder sister, came out, smiling and welcoming. She accepted a seat in the car, but did not smoke. We talked of this and that. Then Rebecca came. With the truest courtesy they made me feel that their only

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hesitancy was due to fear that I might not like what they could offer.

Indoors I met Clara's husband, Andrew Kaonohi, and "Aunt-ee," somehow connected by marriage. Her costume consisted of a man's blue shirt, buttoned to the neck and tailing down over a short white skirt. Aunt-ee seldom spoke, but when she did, her bass voice made the pine walls vibrate. As my jug of whisky was tipped and tipped again, she accepted a glassful every time, tossed it off, and sat as before. I was to be with Aunt-ee for sixteen long hours and I noted no change whatever in her demeanor, her dress, or the smoothness of her hair.

As we chatted the family disappeared, one by one, and came back freshly dressed. Lala, a sullen beauty of about seventeen, picked at a ukulele and sang in a throaty, true voice. They said she showed the white blood contributed by a great-grandfather. But only in the eyes, I thought; they were hazel, close-set, and distrustful. Her nose and mouth were heavy, but well formed; and her black hair made a coronet of thick braids. She dressed, later, in a becoming russet dress. Clara's choice was a white-figured blue cotton pulled tight over her bulges. The children found her very comfortable, leaning on her cushiony thighs from the floor or against her ample abdomen from the bench. As a rule she treated them with absent-minded kindness, but when one annoyed her she pushed her roughly away. All the adults snarled at children and at dogs in the same tone. "Get out! . . . Shut up! . . . Stop that!" Especially everybody yelled at Moana, the youngest, who was in the exploring stage. She climbed up on the chairs and would have scaled the table and the sideboard if not stopped. She swarmed all over Clara until rudely jounced off; she was under everybody's feet. When I called her "little cricket," they were delighted and adopted the name.

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Andrew Kaonohi, as head of the house, announced that the imu was ready, and I trailed out after the men and across the yard in the rain. In a pit about five feet across and equally deep a mass of heated rocks glowed in an orange-red transparency. The men snatched out what wood was still burning and with bare hands threw it aside. Then into the hot stones they set dozens of ti-leaf bundles, tied into cones. They contained, Clara said, "meat, pork, salt, and chili peppers." Over the bundles went many huge ti leaves, wet from the rain. Wherever the pile steamed, they threw on more leaves and then began shoveling in the dirt and stamped it down. In three or four hours they said it would be ready to open.

The program was still a mystery to me. Supper after three or four hours? Lunch seemed long ago. But back in the house the table had been laid with two bowls of meat stew, one of poi, and a large platter of bread and butter sandwiches. Worried that their malahini might not like the luau food, they had made this provision, and Rebecca was to eat with me. This fresh poi lacked altogether the fermented taste of what I had tried in hotels. It is about the consistency of a smooth cereal and seemed too liquid to handle as they do. But I soon learned to stick a finger into the bowl, twirl it counter-clockwise, give a sharp twist the other way to catch the tail, and pop the whole ball into my mouth. Not after a whole night's practice could I make a ball half the size of one of Aunt-ee's.

In the midst of our supper Albert, Rebecca's husband, bounced in. He tossed his wreathed hat onto a nail and shook a headful of curls. One tooth missing only made Albert's grin look cheerier. Without reservations he accepted the malahini, and cuddled Moana, whose new nickname of Cricket pleased him. He took over the ukulele from Lala and speeded up her tempo. "Now I sing you old mele. . . . Now jitterbug. . . . Thus hula dance." Then he related the legend of Maui and the



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sun, told me how the Indians of the mainland accounted for similar phenomena, and added the story of Phœbus Apollo. Albert had been to school and read books. Then he bounced away into the bedroom and came back in immaculate white, with curls combed but still tumbled.

Then we were ready to set out. It was customary, they said, to go from house to house on New Year's, and a malahini would be welcome everywhere. The women screamed that Mildred, the adopted Chinese child, must wear a sweater, but Mildred, Orientally calm, proceeded as she was. The yard was a slippery lake of mud and the lantern Aunt-ee carried flashed upon wider and deeper pools of muddy water on every side. We took a rocky trail leading downward. Rebecca and Albert made the malahini their charge, she holding one hand, he offering his shoulder for the other. Without a skid we made the bottom and the first house. Though we had descended noisily, they hushed each other, Lala struck her ukulele and Albert his guitar, and with Rebecca leading they sang in a combination of Hawaiian and English. All I understood was " 'appy New 'ear," and the heartiness that went with it. Then we were pulled indoors by our host.

Each one of our party stooped to kiss the cheek of a handsome old man at the head of the table. He looked like an ancient chief with his fine brow under grizzled hair, proud bearing, and eyes that twinkled so benignly.

Rebecca made the introductions. " This Erna. The old man is Henry Kaahaahaa. These his two sons, Moses and David. Mothah dead. This Moses's wife; she mothah of the house."

She seated us beside a table laden with bowls of meat stew and potato salad, a huge pink-iced layer cake, bottles of bright-colored pop, walnuts and filberts, oranges and apples. But modern edibles merely supplemented the old Hawaiian food. There were also bowls of poi, laulau bundles, and pork

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from the imu, shredded raw fish, seaweed, and many small dishes of condiments. They all pressed the native food upon me, and I was promoted from one-finger to two-finger poi-eating. "Two men on a white horse." Albert shook with laughter when I could do that. Having had whisky before setting out, we now drank good-sized glasses of gin with pop for a chaser. Here Aunt-ee began to show her stamina. She covered her fingers with food as we do a fork and consumed everything. She tossed off her gin, jerked the cap off a pop bottle with her teeth, lit a cigarette, and sat unmoving, erect and dignified. All the others were eating as hungrily. "Mothah of the House," handling or scolding her children, spoke only to say: "Don' shame! Help yo'self. Eat!"

All the time the patriarch sat thrumming a ukulele on his knees under the table and now and then he sang, in a resonant bass. When his two sons joined him in an old mele their part-singing was organlike. They smiled at my pleasure and sang others.

When Lala had finished eating, she cut in with songs for dancing. In a moment the end of the room which had seemed too crowded for standing was filled with six large people, waving their arms, rolling their hips, bending their knees, laughing and singing. It was native hula, truly, but not the hula of girls in grass skirts. There was not even a holoku. I began to realize how completely natural Hawaiians are when whites have not directed them. Not only do they not stage themselves; they enjoy themselves.

Then we set out for another house, climbing a hill which was a running muddy stream. Rebecca held me tightly and scolded at Albert, splashing ahead. "Daddy, roll up yo' pants! . . . Wheah's Aunt-ee? . . . Lala, you got yo' uke? . . . Albert, shut up, you make so much noise!" Clara had gone home to put the smaller children to bed, but Mildred was

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coming serenely along in defiance of the whole family's insistence that she go home too.

We brought up at a well-lit house and with our singing awoke a porchful of people sprawled on the floor asleep. Picking our way over them, we were received by our hosts and led out on a wide lanai hung with ropes of ferns and hibiscus. Our hostess looked Japanese and altogether un-Hawaiian in her soft blue sweater, the quiet way she soothed a dainty baby, her gentle offering of hospitality.

In my innocence I thought someone would say we had eaten at the Kaahaahaa's. But we were expected to consume the identical menu here. And everybody did. Aunt-ee, starting off on whisky with a Seven-Up chaser, emptied a used plate, filled it with raw fish, pork fat, tender strings of pork flesh, and potato salad. She pulled over a bowl of poi and made balls that looked as large as baseballs but probably were not. She drank a large glass of red wine, ate cake and nuts. Her fine well-balanced face kept its queenly look, but her family knew that Aunt-ee's moment had come. With loud cries they pulled her out on the floor and faced her with one Moses, up from Wailuku for New Year's. Those two, both grayheaded and long past the liveness of youth, shook wicked hips, smilingly tested each other's ability to work down by flexing the knees, gaily advanced and retreated in frankly mating motions. Aunt-ee smiled now and made her hands float like a skilled performer. Her rigidity was loosening a bit, but the old dame was neither tipsy nor adequately fed.

Rebecca was showing her colors too. When the gaiety let up even a bit, she sailed in. "Whassa matta? Whyn't you dance? Sing! Ev'ybody sing!" She would snatch the ukulele and play a few bars, but she was not very good at it and did not like sitting still. She had a sweet natural smile, pretty regular teeth, and a soft chin above a full throat. She sang, low or in

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falsetto, used her not perfect hands well, shook her matronly hips, and patted her work-worn feet. The exquisitely slim soft feet of the city-bred hula dancers are not found among people who habitually go barefooted.

Albert, who had eaten hugely again and poured in alternate glasses of whisky and red wine, came to sit beside me. His voice was a little uncertain as he said: "Tha's my wife, Rebecca. She lettin' out her blouse. I don' mind she let go her blouse. She yo' fren'? You my fren'? We all fren's!" Albert thought that called for another glass of whisky and had one. I did not see how he could reach the door, but he made it and disappeared into the rain.

Lala was playing as though she had been hired to do it, never smiling, never dancing, eating and drinking little compared with the others. But she saw everything. Watching Albert lurch out, she signaled to Rebecca, who was resting for a moment, filling her mouth with long strings of raw fish.

Rebecca went after Albert, pulled him back, and was making him dance, swirling up to him and away. And Albert was showing me what men had meant when they said: "You will never know the hula until you see the kanehula (man hula)." The motions are the same, but Albert, lumber as a rag doll, using hands, middle, knees, and feet, was showing a controlled violence, an electric vigor that was the height of suggestiveness, but saved from offensiveness by a merry smile that mocked not only his own performance but all human sexuality. They got good laughing applause and Rebecca, with her fine sense of timing, said we must go.

I thought Albert had danced himself sober, but Rebecca, doubting, insisted upon carrying his guitar herself. It was to be a difficult descent; I had heard discussion as to whether or not Aunt-ee and the malahini could make it. Most of the talk

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was in Hawaiian, but enough in English to let me assure them I was as sure-footed as a goat.

So we set out. Lala dashed ahead with the imperturbable Mildred trailing her. Then Aunt-ee, carrying our lantern. Then Albert, steady as the Supreme Court, directing and adjuring Aunt-ee and offering a shoulder for my hand. Then Rebecca, as usual holding her malahini by the hand, and carrying Albert's guitar. It was a descent, that one. Light from Aunt-ee's lamp swung right to show the tops of bamboo and kukui below us, stone steps or slick packed mud underfoot, and the cut-down bank at the left. But we soon crossed a plank bridge and stood in front of a house while Albert and Lala tuned up and Rebecca noisily hushed us.

This house was built in two sections with a dog-run between. The table was in the left-hand room; to my great relief we turned right. A tall old woman stepped forward with "Aloha," kissed me, and seated me on the edge of a bed I just missed a baby, and back of that bundle were other bundles also humanly warm. At the other end of the room was another bed, similarly occupied, and several people were asleep on the floor. The night was advancing. Here we were not altogether welcome, as a group of young men had already ensconced themselves and were singing. Someone said something and in a second an altercation flared up between one of them and one of our party.

"This my gang, we play heah, you get out!"

"Whassa matta, you? We sing 'appy New 'ear!"

"Get out! Whassa matta?"

I had heard that Hawaiians, peaceful as they usually are, quickly run into violence. But our Rebecca was equal to this too.

"Heah, you!" She pushed the scrappers aside, signaled

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Lala and Albert to keep on playing, and swayed across the room, inviting the nearest of the rival orchestra. He was sleepy. She danced at him, sung to him, called: "Come on, ev'ybody 'appy. Whassa matta?" Finally she pulled him up by the hand. Then he danced, laughing with her; the two cocky fighters were pushed to opposite sides of the room, and all was serene again.

At this house there were young girls, but there was no flirtatious play between them and the boys. The girls danced little; the boys danced with the older women. Rebecca once pulled out a tall, fine-looking girl, danced with her and a curly-headed boy, and then slipped out. But the girl soon stopped, and Rebecca had to wake up the party again. "Ev'ybody 'appy! Dance! Dance and sing!" Lala, who had seemed content to play her ukulele unceasingly, suddenly put it aside to dance. The tall girl joined her and they danced only for each other, glances crossing, hips touching, back and forth, round and round. But the boys were calling for the grandams, who stepped out with alacrity. Aunt-ee, back from the table where she had doubtless put away another large meal, joined a youth of about sixteen. Then our hostess stepped out. Her flowered skirt might have been the lower reaches of a holoku, for it rose high in front and had a train she kicked expertly. But, like Aunt-ee, she was covered above by a man's shirt. Certainly age had not lessened nor custom staled those old women's joy in the erotic dance, nor their ability to express it. But before long they lagged, sat down, and cracked walnuts with their teeth. Albert went hither and yon with a large jug of red wine. It was twenty minutes past eleven and I was often asked the time. Henry, Rebecca's brother, sat beside me for a while. "Time don' matta," he said. "No change aftah midnight. Why ev'ybody ask?"

Then a face appeared at a window, an aquiline, rather fair

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face, framed by a jockey's cap worn backward; the figure wore also a fringed white jacket which I could neither place nor define. His appearance was a dramatic triumph. "See who theah! See who theah! Joseph! Come in!" and a rich spattering of Hawaiian brought him into the room dancing. This was a satyr. Not a bone in his body, he danced fluidly, loosening his knees and hips until he almost sat on the floor, building himself up again as a cloud rises, making his hands speak, using his eyes and head movements to point the rhythm, advancing on a woman, leering, but laughing at his own lust, dashing his hips against hers, and dancing off again with laughter and with a virility that never abated. This, it seemed to me, was the true primitive hula, a sex dance done by people who considered sex neither evil nor serious, just natural and funny.

With Joseph the whole party came alive. Albert, impish and less flexible, made a good second for Joseph, the rival group joined the chorus, Lala and her girl swayed quietly in a corner, the old ladies patted feet, clapped hands, and sang. And Rebecca! I had thought Rebecca tired, but not at all. This was dance and song, this was ev'ybody 'appy! She played up to Joseph, fat and matronly, but still a good dancer, a good foil for his slim agility, able to meet his every approach. Sweat spots appeared on her dress and his white jacket, their faces dripped, they laughed delightedly, they sang as they danced, and every song only swung into another until it was long past midnight and 1941 had come in with the wildness of the old hula before the missionaries suppressed it and moderns prettified it.

That was the high point of the fiesta and should have been the end. But Rebecca's fine sense of timing had been lost in her joyous response to Joseph. Joseph was going along with us, and both of them were set for the night. The rival musicians

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came along too, Lala's friend, and our plodding little Mildred, of course. Three more houses we were to see, and at every one sleeping people were to be pounded awake. After the first two houses there came a slight tussle between Rebecca and me. I wanted to walk home and go to sleep at her house while they finished the night. Waking sleeping people was no longer my notion of fun. But no, the next was the most important, the nicest house in the village, Rebecca's best friend. It was not far, just along the taro patch. Lacking Mildred's heritage of massive movelessness, I went. Taro grows in fairly deep water. The fields are separated by narrow ridges of wet earth. Along one of those our drunken file proceeded, sure of a wet muddy dousing if a foot slipped either right or left. But these Hawaiians seemed to have the gift of sobering instantaneously when steadiness was required. We walked a block or so, sliding a bit but never slipping off our mud tight-rope, and came to another dark and sleeping house.

Rebecca, louder now than before, yelled and pounded, and presently appeared Hattie, whom I rejoice to have looked upon. Throwing open the door, she loomed against the light like a bunch of captive balloons; not one, a bunch, covered tightly with a pink muumuu, with a bath towel around her shoulders and long hair flowing free. Of her welcome not even a peckish malahini could have doubted. "Come in! Come in!" Her house seemed to be full of people. Bedrooms opening off the dining- and sitting-room showed upturned bare feet, tousled heads, or rounded buttocks on the beds. This was a house of studied refinement. Hattie had learned to crochet at school, and every spot that could accommodate a tidy had one. Rebecca confided to me that Hattie's son was a nice boy who liked to crochet too, so he had helped his mother. Net curtains of pale pink and blue hung in the doorways, and white painted furniture stood against the whitewashed walls.



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Standing ponderously over her loaded table, Hattie waved fat embracing arms and bugled: "Eat! Don't shame! Ev'rybody eat! Eat plenty!" Eat they did, and Rebecca and Joseph continued their mad dance, as though moving from house to house had only broken the rhythm for a moment but left them still tingling with the need for that throwing around of the whole body. Together; one at a time, one pursuing, then the other; singing for themselves; they danced in that dainty pink and blue and white house while Hattie cried out for eating, and all the younger people, one by one, slipped away into the other rooms or just dropped to the floor, sound asleep like children. Aunt-ee sat upright, grounded like a great rock, and slept too, but without relaxing the fine nobility of her lineaments. Albert had long since disappeared. Lala and her girl had cuddled into a corner behind the sofa. At long last — literally at five o'clock — Joseph sat down and refused to get up again. Then Rebecca decided to take me home. We were the sole survivors; surely we had seen the new year through the final pangs of its birth.

Later as I lay beside Rebecca on her one large bed, wrapped in my separate blanket, I looked at her. Her dress off, she wore a low-cut slip, which showed the beauty of her body. Perfect little heart-shaped face, full throat, fine breasts and shoulders, she slept easily; she might have posed for a brown sleeping Venus. No orgy here. Release had left Rebecca at peace.



## THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI



MOLOKAI IS THE STEPCHILD OF THE HAWAIIAN Islands. It might even be called the red-headed stepchild because on Molokai long streamers of red dust are forever blowing in the wind, symptom of land destruction by over-use and bad management. The Inter-Island Steamship Company makes it as difficult as possible to visit Molokai. Daylight ships pass it far out to sea, and the only steamers that do stop make it at one or two in the morning. Inter-island planes touch Molokai a couple of times a week, but most travelers by plane do not stay. The islands' advertisers have yet to discover and descant upon the charms of Molokai, which has no volcano, no famous fishing grounds, no swank hotel. One inquirer was even told that the Tourist Bureau had no information of any hotel there at all. Yet Molokai has much to offer the traveler who does not demand a smart hotel with night club and bar, who likes stunning country, fine hunting and fishing, and primitive life.

The Inter-Island Steamship Company has a proud record of no accidents; a disaster due to unskillfulness with lifeboats is inconceivable with a crew which swings out its boats to em-

bark and disembark twice every night. Before you know it you have been lifted out of sleep and onto the deck, from which Japanese boys on the ladder hand you from step to step into the launch below. I had done it at Lahaina before; at Molokai it was especially effective because of the hour — two in the morning — and because a man stepped forward to meet me as I put my foot on the dock.

I had been told to look for Henry, but Henry was ahead of me. While he attended to the mail sacks I talked with his wife at their sandwich and coffee stand. Mrs. Henry was a lovely example of the Chinese-Hawaiian women, who should certainly be celebrated as among the world's loveliest. I watched how quietly she attended to the men who bought from her, how gently she spoke to a bright son who helped her, how completely she took her place as a woman beloved, yet capable of doing her share. As we drove along she expounded to me her philosophy of training children.

“ My boys always help me. When I don' feel well they wash. They earn their money and take care of it and spend it as they like. They talk with me about it and with their father; most of it they put away so they can go to the university. A man needs an education.”

Henry set the bags inside the post-office door and we drove past Kaunakakai's row of stores and offices and up the hill to Mrs. Wilhemina Cook's, where I was to stay. I am sorry for later travelers that they cannot have the pleasure of staying there. Her house was like a home to a tired traveler. But she sold it soon after my visit and moved to Honolulu.

To see the island of Molokai just right, Mrs. Cook assured me, one must go with Norman Maguire. And how right she was! With a lunch and a few bottles of beer against the noon-time, we made an early start. Mr. Maguire is Irish-Hawaiian, and for recounting hard incontrovertible facts about gods and

witches and incredible myths about modern folk no cross could be so recommendable. Unfortunately for my reader, some of Mr. Maguire's best stories were too delicate to stand the strong light of print.

We started with an old heiau in the middle of a plowed field and the phallic stone on which sterile women used to sit. Mrs. Cook told me afterward how she had seen a Hawaiian woman snatch her ten-year-old daughter off it in consternation!

We stopped at Hoolihu, a Hawaiian homestead. Small modern houses with gardens were strung along a road where rusty dust came up in puffs and rouged all the plants and fences. In a big empty store — a co-operative — I met Mr. Manasse and his wife. Both Hawaiians, they were quiet and soft-moving. Not many customers came in, though several boys peeped through the windows. Mr. Manasse said the modern Homestead Law was the fulfillment of a prophecy. Mrs. Manasse laughed and went off to sit in a rocking-chair and knit while he told the story.

“About 1850,” he said, “Kamehameha III gave lands to the people. The people lived on the beach then, and there were trees all over the west end of the island. That was before cows and deer came to destroy the trees and make the island dusty.

“There was a woman, then, with a spirit that could look beyond the clouds and see forward to what was going to happen. She was of the chief class and her name was Kahimakau. There were plenty people here then. All down there where the kiawe grows, near Kamehameha's coconut grove, all up here through Hoolehua there were people, people. It was rich country and everybody had plenty.

“But that chieftess, Kahimakau, she looked beyond the clouds and she told a prophecy. Time would come, she said, when there would be no people, only stones, and animals with trees on their heads. In a spell she could tell things like that.

She didn't know cattle, nor deer, but she saw clearly. Then she said that long time after that the Lord would bring people from the sea — more people than ever before. She said they would be face to face and back to back. Sounded queer then, but that's what she said when she was in a spell. Old people remembered that.

“Then what happened? King Kamehameha and Mr. Meyers brought in cattle. You see, animals with trees on their heads? And deer. They ate the grass and the leaves on the trees.

“Well, the people began killing cattle to eat. Cowboys found out what people had been thieving. So they arrested them, and the King had them sent to Oahu. There were so many there was no prison for them, so those men had to build their own prison. It's that prison you see there now in Honolulu near the railroad station. Well, so many people went, because their wives and families followed those men, that no people were left here. Just stones and the animals with trees on their heads like the chieftess said in her vision.

“And you remember that she said people would come in from the sea? Well, we came. When this resettlement came, we people all came from other islands, across the sea, just like she said. And we built our houses, you see, to face across this street, and those houses stand back to back too. So that old chieftess was right. New people, plenty people, more than ever before, and face to face and back to back.”

The Hawaiian Homestead Law was designed to get Hawaiians back on the land. Many of them had been living in slumlike conditions in Honolulu though their congested hovels *were* bowered in blossoms. The bill was introduced in Congress by Representative Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, known to his people as Prince Kuhio because he was a nephew and heir of Kalakaua. Three projects have been set up — town developments in Honolulu and in Hilo and this country community

on Molokai. There has been a deal of trouble about it. Homesteaders have difficulty in marketing their crops; the land is too far from the sea for them to supplement their living by fishing. So they delightedly leased their holdings to a pineapple company which paid them such large sums of cash that they could buy whatever salesmen offered — on time. Money seemed to be coming indefinitely; time is what a Hawaiian always has. Then the pineapple company sought a better contract.

Mr. Maguire said: “ You don’t know these Hawaiians, but I tell you a Hawaiian will sign any piece of paper anybody puts in front of him. And some pretty dirty pieces of paper have been put there.”

Now the Hawaiian homesteaders get less money, though most of their land is still in pineapples. The project has suffered, as projects are so apt to do, from human nature. It has also done, up to the exact number of men, women, and children who live there, exactly what it set out to do. It has removed every one of them from undesirable conditions to the fresh and breezy uplands where children grow strong and sturdy and find no chance instruction in minor crimes, and where much better Hawaiians may be expected to grow. In the world we are going to make soon, this will seem a greater achievement than money-making.

One fine old Hawaiian gentleman with whom I discussed it in Honolulu said:

“ To the Hawaiian all that is important is land under his feet, a sky above.”

Another, also Hawaiian and cultivated, said:

“ A ten-per-cent, even a one-per-cent, success is just so much better than the way our people lived before they had the homesteads.”

Molokai has no plantation hospital; but the plantations care

for their sick in the Shingle Hospital, founded in memory of young Robert Shingle, who was killed in an airplane accident. As the starched nurse showed us round we kept meeting an ugly little child, two or three years old, enthroned in the arms of a Filipino man.

“No, she’s not his. We don’t really know who she is, but they all adore her; many men come in whenever they can to see her.”

“Ten years ago,” she answered a question, “we could hardly get anybody to come here. They called the hospital the death house and consulted kahunas when they were sick. Now they come for any scratch, and no woman thinks she’s had a baby unless she has it here.”

We had to stop to admire the garden, which was put in, one day — literally in one day — by about sixty volunteers who dug, planted, watered, laid walks, and finished the whole job, just as the Menehunes would have done. Unlike the Menehunes they ate largely of a large imu’s savory contents. Of course there were “plenty leis,” and dancing far into the night.

Molokai seems the most primitive of the islands; not only because few tourists go there, but because its whole southern coast is strung with prehistoric fishponds, black lava cups full of water so glassy that fish show as in the air. Between them are tiny kuleanas, farms, many still owned by Hawaiians who raise taro, bananas, mangoes, and breadfruit as their ancestors did. Where the soil is too rocky for cultivation, algaroba thickets throw lacy shade on sand and shale, and on the backs of white-faced cattle which feed on the succulent pods.

Every turn in the road reminded Mr. Maguire of a ghost that haunted it, the song of a murdered woman which still wails round a rocky islet, the way a murderous family disposed of all their rivals by shoving them into the sea, or why the spirits jump, on the night of Kane, off a steep cliff into the

bay. But the unkindest spot of all is a whispering rock which tells passing travelers if a wife is unfaithful at home. Mr. Maguire himself had heard the rock whisper, but could not distinguish its words.

“No,” he said, “I never knew it to report on husbands. It would never get any rest if it went in for that.”

We were on our way to see the haunted kukui grove on Mr. Paul Fagan’s ranch, Puuhoku. That means Hill of the Star. Years ago a group of Christian Hawaiians, seeking shelter and food, were lost until they saw a star gleaming over the hill. They took it for a sign and followed until it led them to the place they sought. Mr. Maguire pointed out the great improvements Mr. Fagan has been making with federal repayments; but he knew the place better when it belonged to Mrs. Brown, a part-Hawaiian lady of much distinction. We stopped at her old home. The big monkeypod tree was planted to one side of the door for good luck, and red ti behind the house in order not to annoy the spirits. Mrs. Brown saw spirits often, especially a luminous dog which used to cross her room and disappear. She was not afraid, even when he came close enough to lick her hand.

We drove on toward the famous grove, across pastures hub-deep in fine grass and so high that we could look far out across the ocean, which was lapis lazuli that day and seemed too heavy to heave its weight. The kukui trees, with their silvered leaves, stood in a dense clump, their backs to the sunny world, absorbed in their own mystery. We stopped outside a locked gate in a heavy wire fence.

“Mr. Fagan had the fence put up so nobody’d go in. Too many funny things have happened here. Once I remember riding up with a bunch of paniolos after some cattle had hid in there. We weren’t afraid — at least we said we weren’t. I wasn’t really, but what happened was pretty queer. We saw



those yearlings in there and we strung out to drive them, but just as the first man started in, there came a wind — not a breeze, not a puff — but a strong hard wind would knock your eyes back in your head. We rode out of there, I'll tell you! It drove the cattle out, too, so that was all right. After that Mr. Fagan had it fenced.

“Well, it's haunted because of Lanikaula. He was a powerful kahuna; they thought the most powerful there was. But then a kahuna on Lanai got something of his and when Lanikaula saw smoke rising from that point of Lanai you see over there, he knew he was going to die. That smoke meant kahuna anaaná. He told his sons to bury him under a pile of boulders so nobody could ever exhume his bones and use them for fish-hooks. That pile you see over there is his grave; nobody has ever tried to dig him up, I can tell you!”

The next day Mrs. Cook took me up to see Charlie Titcomb, the only man in the islands who still makes lomilomi sticks properly. But Charlie has another function, and before we entered his cozy house we walked over to a tall fence of heavy wire secured by a padlock. Beyond that barrier a trail leads down to the leper colony; there is no other way to enter it from the island, and Charlie, well-armed, is on guard there all the time.

Molokai is like a boat, like a fish, like anything long and narrow; it lies north of Maui and Lanai as though it had pulled away from them. Two protuberances point north, and one of them — a tiny spit of land about ten miles square — is the leper colony. So avid is the mind for horror that Molokai is known to the world for that one spot. Many people drive up the cliff to look down upon the settlement two hundred feet below. It is beautifully situated among trees, with surf breaking on a rocky coast all round. Many writers have mentioned it since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his indignant letter in de-

fense of Father Damien. One of the latest and best accounts is that of Ernie Pyle, Scripps-Howard traveler. He saw it sympathetically, realistically; he felt its horror, but he understood the great advantage to the sufferers of living apart, where they can have a normal life among themselves. There seems no reason why another writer should go there. Most inhabitants of Molokai express the hope that no one will.

It was pleasanter to buy a lomilomi stick. Afterward I was assured that Charlie's sticks are not right at all. He cuts the crotch of a lehua tree, large enough to fit round a normal body, shapes the ends like flattened fingertips, and polishes it. A correct one, they said, should be made of a root that grows in a curve to fit the body. But under Charlie's tutelage I learned to do a fairly complete massage with mine. By holding one end the other can be made to play up and down the spine like an osteopath's fingers; it will slip round the waist to reach the sacro-iliac; it does a masterly job of stretching a neck stiff from typing; and an arm or a leg can be fitted into its angle and worked over.

As we left, Charlie shook hands in congratulation on my prowess.

"You plenty good Hawaiian now," he said. "No more haole doctah now. You do Hawaiian lomilomi all right."



XXVI

## SOCIETY LUAU



GOING BACK TO THE HILO HOTEL AFTER AN ABSENCE of several months was like going home. A Japanese boy greeted me by name as the car stopped under the great India-rubber tree. The Greek clerk left the radio to make me welcome, and my former Chinese waiter smiled from the dining-room door. Two old ladies sat in their accustomed chairs among tubed plants on the lanai, where the sea breeze kept hanging ferns astir. As I mounted the red-carpeted stairs, meeting my own familiar figure in the pier glass on the landing, I delighted in such a perfect example of the tropical hotel of fifty years ago. My destination was Kamuela; meanwhile it was restful to renew acquaintances in Hilo.

Watching the sunset from the lanai, I remembered a Hawaiian poem:

The sun is sinking, sinking fast;  
The sun in the flower nets of Hilo.

The next morning I went to call on Mrs. Beamer, a teacher of the hula. I knew she had slipped me into a busy morning,

but she received me as though she could think of nothing more delightful to do.

We spoke of the malahini's difficulties in understanding Hawaiians, and Mrs. Beamer told two stories to illustrate the point. As Helen Desha, of French and Hawaiian parentage, Mrs. Beamer had been a gay girl. Thoroughly chaperoned, and organist in her church, she managed to have a good deal of fun. She even danced the hula, then very daring.

When she had finally made her choice among her suitors, he showed her a letter from a Quaker aunt of his back in Ohio.

"Thee had better come home," wrote the elderly spinster, "or thee will be marrying one of those cannibal maids."

Marrying one of those cannibal maids was exactly what he was doing. Mrs. Beamer delighted to tell how she descended upon the small eastern Ohio town, on her wedding journey, with her smart new clothes. She did not mention her perfect English or her air of assurance and breeding, but they were apparent in everything she did.

The other story had to do with a time when she had taken her daughter, Leilehua, to dance the hula — the correct, dignified, old hula — before women's clubs. A theatrical man from Chicago, happening to see the program, asked Leilehua to dance for him. He watched, intent and serious. Then he spoke.

"It's fine," he said. "Excellent. But I couldn't use it like that. It's too beautiful, too subtle. Now, if you can jazz it up, make it hit the ceiling and shake the floor, why I'll book you!" Having ambitions neither toward the ceiling nor toward the floor, Mrs. Beamer declined the offer, and a promising theatrical career died aborning. Later, though, Leilehua made a name for herself as a dancer until marriage, and perhaps the lure of the islands, brought her back to Hawaii.

Suddenly a young voice came calling: "Mother, Mother!"

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and in came a girl, amber blonde and notable for a quick precise grace. She had come from her job in her father's store; a pencil was stuck into her braids.

"Have you a minute?" asked Mrs. Beamer after introductions.

"Not a minute, not a second. Dad is waiting."

But Mrs. Beamer was going on: "I wanted you to dance for Miss Fergusson."

"Oh, well," said the daughter, "if it is to dance . . ."

She freed her feet from high-heeled slippers and flexed their muscles against the lauhala while her mother took a big calabash and sank onto the floor in a swift movement. The daughter's arms went out as she breathed a questioning phrase. The mother answered with the same phrase as an affirmative, struck the calabash with her hand, and began to sing.

The hula was *E Liliu e!* (Oh, the Queen!). I had often seen it; Mrs. Beamer managed to give me its meaning.

"The Queen," the chanter says, "is beautiful," while the dancer's hands outline the crown, and upturned eyes express reverence. The dancer carries the rhythm of the voice and the calabash by the swinging of her hips, the turning of her torso, the dainty stepping of her feet. But the effect is one of casualness. As the song continues, the hands evoke the Queen's specific charms. Flashing eyes, the flush of her cheeks, with an upward gesture as a flush runs from throat to brow. "Shoulders graceful as a wave." The hands sway outward from the shoulders as waves roll. Then they seem to caress a flowerlike skin, outlining the breasts, and the slim waist above hips always rotating in an exquisitely feminine expression. "Her knees, beautiful as the mouth of a moi fish." The knees show how graceful squatting and throwing out the knees can be. The dance ends with the Queen's tiny feet that walk like rippling water.

They ended together, laughing in a harmony far deeper than the synchronization of the mother's instrument and voice with the girl's dancing. I begged for another one.

They agreed, after a word or two, to give me the dance of the King.

"This perhaps," laughed Mrs. Beamer, "is a little bit wicked. Our King Kalakaua, you know, was pretty gay."

Its gestures, clear enough even without words, tell how His Majesty, wishing to get away for the evening, put on old clothes and sneaked out. But the royal luck was poor that night. It rained, with the twinkling patter of the dancer's fingers; lightning flashes made her eyes blink while her arms drew zigzags across the sky. Wind, souging at first so gently it scarcely stirred, became a tempest which bent the girl's slender body as tall slim palms are tortured in a storm. Cleverly both music and motions showed how, beneath the raging elements, human tongues were wagging, whispering, until the gossip reached the Queen's ears. The Queen, then, regal, unbelieving. Gradually disbelief gave way to anger, to a sortie as the royal lady went out into the storm after her spouse. The dance ended with a gay reconciliation. Such a hula was drama, gossip column, and burlesque all in one.

Suddenly our little dancer was struck by a thought.

"Mother! Daddy! I told him I'd be right back! The poor dear, and it's such a busy day!"

She slipped her feet back into the slippers, made a courteous farewell to me, turned to go, and then swirled back to kiss her mother lightly on the cheek.

Mrs. Beamer then confessed that it was a busy week and invited me to lunch on Saturday. It was an excellent reason for staying a few more days in Hilo.

On Saturday I walked to the house, set high above the Wailuku River, shaded by fine trees and fragrant from the garden

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and the flowers indoors. As I entered, a maile wreath was laid on my shoulders and "Baby Beamer," the pretty blonde dancer, greeted me with the kiss that should accompany a lei in Hawaii. Everybody was whispering there was to be an announcement; "Baby" was to marry an Army aviator. She was dressed today in a pale satin holoku, with ilima leis around her neck and a huge orchid on her shoulder.

A wide latticed space under the house, where lunch was served, was a bower of palm leaves against the pillars, ferns leaning in from the garden, and long tables scattered with brilliant flowers on ti leaves. It was the typical Hawaiian luau done with perfection. All the food was before us in small dishes. Among the flowers were bottles of soda water, large iced cakes, and uncut pineapples. The menu I had met before, but not the women.

The eighty guests ranged in age from Baby's teen-age friends to grandmothers who had known her mother as a child. There were smartly turned-out young things in hats of ultra silliness. Slow-moving old Hawaiian ladies whose natural crowns had probably never yielded to the indignity of any hat. Women in calico holokus helping with the serving and taking a jolly part in the conversation. Women in silk holokus skillful with their trains, chatting here and there.

Before we were seated, Mrs. Beamer clapped her hands for silence, and in her own words asked a blessing and made a prayer for the child she was honoring. Then we pulled out our chairs, settled, and chatted again.

"Everybody helps at a party like this," my neighbor whispered. "Probably twenty women have worked on this luau for days. They've prepared the poi, baked the cakes, cooked the chicken, made leis, arranged the flowers. Everybody in this town loves Baby Beamer, and now she is going away, you know, to the mainland."

“Isn’t it dreadful?” said our vis-à-vis. “Imagine Baby, who has always lived here, having to go to Florida to *live!*”

I tried to be comforting. “Perhaps Florida won’t be so bad; not like going into trying Northern winters. Florida has a mild climate like this, the same growth; she may feel at home there.”

“Yes, I’ve been to Florida,” said the lady, settling it with a tone of finality. “It’s got tropical growth all right, but not like Hawaii, not —” she paused for inspiration — “well, not so lush Baby won’t like it!”

When we had eaten we were offered polished calabashes of water in which ferns floated, and tiny guest towels. Suddenly there were soft calls, the singers’ smiles focused on Baby, and Leilehua, standing behind Mrs. Beamer, slipped into a hula teasing her little sister. A young Prince, the song related, sought everywhere for a girl beautiful enough to be his bride. Up and down the land he went, into the mountains, down to the sea, but nowhere could he find her. Deeply dissatisfied, he had given up the hunt when along came a girl. Leilehua laughed at her sister, raising her eyebrows, chuckling through the music to point the joke. Said the girl: “You have looked everywhere. Everywhere you have been seeking, seeking. You have not found the girl worthy of your love. Why not look at me? Why not take me?”

The luau ended then and the guests streamed back upstairs, where Baby, flushed and pretty, stood in the hallway, waving farewell, exchanging alohas as Hawaiians do with flowers and kisses. I wondered what she would, indeed, find in Florida. But decided in the same breath that wherever Baby Beamer went she would find aloha, in all the implications of that lovely word.





## XXVII

# WEEK AT WAIMEA



HE BUS FOR KAMUELA WAS IN CHARGE OF ROCHA, A BUS-  
tling Portuguese fellow who was careful about stowing bags  
where they would not rattle. The drive along the Hamakua  
coast consists in a swing round a leafy valley, a bridge across  
a deeper gorge, a dip under a flume carrying cane to a mill,  
a mill village. Then again the leafy valley, and the bridge and  
flume. And always, of course, the sea in sight or sound or just  
about to come in again. Coveys of schoolchildren trotted along  
paths marked for them along the roads; grimy men were com-  
ing home, red with dust. And women, bundled out of human  
shape in clumsy coveralls tucked into thick boots, and dusty  
wimples under their hats. They work hoeing the fields of young  
cane and their costume is an armor against dust and bugs.

Another passenger sat beside the driver; we had little talk.  
And then we had passed the Kamuela post-office, where cow  
ponies were tied to a rail, and stopped before the Waimea Ho-  
tel. For getting a perspective on Hawaii's palms, hula girls,  
sea mists, and liquid sunshine I found no better place than  
Kamuela. No palms, but Norfolk pines. No hula girls, but

cowboys in chaps. Kamuela is the Hawaiian rendition of Samuel. We were on the famous Parker Ranch, and the place was named for the original Samuel Parker.

At an altitude of 2,700 feet, the air was free of sea mists, and the sunshine brilliant and drying. It was Kona weather, but at that altitude the Kona wind clears and warms the air and is as welcome as its heavy moisture is unwelcome at sea level. Used to an arid land, I had found difficulty coping with the mist-laden atmosphere at sea level. For months I had been feeling my neck for incipient gills; it was good to fill my lungs with air dry enough to breathe deeply. It was heavenly intercession that gave me a dry week at Waimea, for it is ordinarily a wet part of the island.

My room faced the massive bulk of Mauna Kea, impenetrably blue all day, but in the afternoon wavering into amethyst that let the sun pick out the high spots and deepen the gullies into violet. At sunset one thin banner of cloud streaked across, white, and then golden rose. And before I slept, the light of a waning moon made the clouds on the summit silvery and feathery gray.

The hotel is an old rambling house with a few cottages outside. Mr. Ross handled business at the desk, his son kept the lawns and gardens raked and abloom, his daughter acted as chauffeur for whoever wished to go to town — Honokaa, twenty miles away. But the genius of the place is Mr. Ross's sister, Miss McLain. She served as a nursing sister at a North Sea base during the last war, and caters to her guests as though they were rather nice convalescents. Breakfast on the sunny lanai, instead of in the cryptlike dining-room? Certainly, why not! A green salad for lunch instead of the usual menu? No trouble at all. A room to be cared for at an odd hour to conform to working hours? By all means. She was also acciden-

tally arranging a picnic that I might see the sunset from Kawaihae, dropping in to see Mrs. Forbes on the way.

Mrs. Forbes later took me to attend her knitting class at Kawaihae. Nineteen women, she said, were knitting colored squares for an afghan, which she hoped might comfort some poor soul in England. After crossing the rolling downs to the seashore we found only one knitter, the gentle Chinese woman who ran the store where the meeting was to be.

Mrs. Forbes, unperturbed, said: "We'll leave the yarn with Mrs. Li, and she'll tell the others what to do. . . ." Then, settled on Mrs. Li's lanai, she added: "But you girls might go along and see if you can find any of the others."

So Mona Ross and I drove along past bare, wet lava rocks and shaded pools where naked boys were swimming. Set hit-or-miss in the algaroba thicket were houses apparently put together from driftwood and salvaged iron roofing. Nothing grew in the dooryards of packed sand, where shadows wavered lazily. In one a dog, flattening his belly on the cool earth, languidly lifted one eye. A little boy gazed, too, but remained trancelike where he sat. Mona called, and a young woman emerged from the house, which was no more than a shelter. Two toddlers followed her; she held a sucking infant to her breast. It was needless for her to tell us that she had plenty to do without knitting. One lady had gone fishing, so her half-grown and half-witted son reported.

Mona said: "Let's try one more house."

There our hail brought forth a yam-shaped dame who walked mincingly with knees together and slim hands waving at the end of bulging arms. Every gesture put a dangerous strain on her flowered blouse and slacks.

"Oh," she trilled in a voice of drawing-room sweetness, "I'm so, so sorry! Please tell Mrs. Forbes that I cannot come

this afternoon. I'm so busy! . . . All day I been busy waitin' for my old man! ”

All of them, I was enchanted to note, spoke English with Hawaiian elisions or Oriental singsong, but complicated somehow with a Scottish burr. The Hamakua coast was settled by Scottish people whose descendants still own most of the sugar plantations. It is the only part of the islands where any considerable property is foreign-owned.

That I might see cattle-ranching in Hawaii, Miss McLain proposed a tour of the near-by scene. They were “gentling horses” in a corral back of the headquarters buildings. No rough “breaking” here: progressive education, rather. Each mount was introduced to a blanket, a light saddle, a bit; a man rode him slowly, first in the stable, then in the corral. No hurry, no fear. In about three weeks a horse was far enough along to be ridden out and shown how to work cattle. The gentleness of Hawaii!

We went on to see the thoroughbreds, which would be shipped to the mainland later. Here a Japanese opened the box doors, soothing the nervous animals with voice and hand. A man well past forty, he has ridden many a race; he still races, on occasion. As we moved about, admiring, the big boss appeared. Mr. Carter came over from the mainland in his youth; it is he who has built the Parker Ranch up to its present highly satisfactory condition. He strode across the paddock, dropped a short word to an hostler and a nod to our guide, who had once worked for him, and carried the Japanese off beyond the stables, where we heard him giving pithy orders. Inevitably I compared his distant manner with the friendliness of a Western ranchman who might find strangers admiring his riding stock. The episode, trivial in itself, pointed up Hawaii's aristocratic tradition and made me ponder on how increased travel has affected hospitality. Fifty years ago any stranger ashore

on an island was a welcome fount of news of the outer world. Hawaiian hospitality, like hospitality everywhere, has had to readjust itself to a world which sends too many travelers, too often. Many kamaainas resent the coming of outsiders, though in Hawaii, as everywhere, the visitor who is introduced finds friends and warm and ready hospitality.

Every day I heard hints of an active kahuna cult thereabouts. By asking more or less discreet questions I came to believe that a group of Hawaiians — some said as many as eighty — were actually practicing the old religion. The cult was headed, they said, by the daughter of a powerful kahuna of Molokai, an island full of magic. Two men were “her right and left bowers.”

Then a haole told me that, driving late one night, he stopped short, amazed at a figure in the road ahead. It was a daily associate of his own, a tall, handsome Hawaiian, above average intelligence and a steady worker. Here he was alone, prancing and posturing, attired only in a malo, and drawing patterns in the air with two long ti leaves.

He recognized the man in the car. “You bettah go on home,” he said. “Don’ laugh at me, and don’ tell anybody what you saw.”

The discreet haole drove on, but discretion did not prevent his learning all he could. On the second night of the moon, he was told, there was always a procession of as many as eighty Hawaiians, mostly old; the women with their long hair loose, the men in malos. At the funeral of one of them, the women came with unbound hair, and after the Christian minister had left, the kahuna folk stayed on. Nobody saw what their service was.

Hawaiians are reserved with strangers, but one day, down on the beach, I sat beside a Chinese boy mending a net. His jersey was labeled Coca-Cola, his trousers were blue jeans, his

feet were in straw sandals, and his brimless straw hat sported a pheasant's long tail feather. His quick fingers looped and fastened the twine over a bit of bamboo, and he did not want to talk about kahunas. Having dropped the word, I gave him time, smoking and looking at the quiet ocean.

"Sometimes we see people from Waimea come 'long here," he said at last. "They come in cars, drive down the beach."

He indicated a place beyond the old unused wharf. It took a long time to get his tale. They chanted, he said; the boys used to go near enough to hear that. They went into the water, the men in malos and the women with their hair down, though they wore dresses. And the boys had seen them bury bundles of ti leaves, like lau-laus, in the sand. No, they had never dug one up to see what it was. Better let such things alone.

Haoles had told me that each member walked to the end of the old dock and threw a Bible into the sea, symbolic casting aside of Christianity. But no native would confirm that.

After eight sunny days at Waimea, practically a record, my bronchia felt dry, my head cleared of mists. So I had Rocha notified that I'd be a passenger on the next day.

As we left Kamuela, Rocha stopped several times. First at the garage, where the boys put in gas and loaded a truck spring into the baggage trunk.

"Yesterday I brought that spring up. But it wrong size, so today I take it back to Honokaa and leave it this morning, and then this afternoon I get the right size and bring it back. Too bad they have that wait. Yesterday I didn't know the size; now nachally I have to take it back. This time I know size myself. It's bettah if I know."

He stopped again at the signal of a young Japanese who held up a piece of bright pink yarn and a fifty-cent piece. "One hank," he said.

"O.K.," answered Rocha, stowing the coin and the wool in his pocket. "Kress, twenty-five cents."

A little farther on he pulled up beside a woman waiting at a wire gate. Beside her stood three small and quite smearsy children. She had not got round to dressing her hair, either, but her fingernails were encarmined and long. The driver handed her a package which appeared to be a garment on a hanger. She made a tentative remark, pointing to a lard pail on the ground.

"Oh, sure," Rocha said, "I take that to yo' mamma." Once going again, he explained. "She say maybe I don' wanna take it. Her mamma's house a little way off the road. But we can go. Why not? She got no othah way send this poi to her mamma."

It took him a quarter of a mile off the road. Mamma was not at home, but he left the bucket by the gate and explained to a neighbor who popped out to see who had come.

Rocha speeded up then, as though with some confidence that he could stay in high gear. But a car, swinging in from a side road, pulled up and a pretty woman in a magenta suit leaned out. "Bring the laundry today?" she called.

"Sure, yes, I catch it today. . . . She Portuguese, teacher, I take her laundry every week to Honokaa and then I bring clean clothes back. Sometimes if I got a load I can' see my way to bring it. Then I just leave it to the next day. I just bring it when I see my way clear."

Suddenly he hauled up sharply where four little girls waited. One of them held a cardboard box. Rocha put that, too, into the trunk with the car spring and my luggage. "Leis for the Hilo Theater. Many days I take leis for that family. They Hawaiian. I bring the money back tonight."

That got us nicely on our way. For miles there were no

houses; we stopped at Honokaa, the town second in size to Hilo, while Rocha talked to the telephone operator. I had noticed a blue and white flag set out beside the door, his signal to stop. He did not report on that errand. Nothing more happened until we were within sight of Hilo across the bay. Then we halted at a gate in a tall hibiscus hedge. A box packed high stood there. Rocha poked into it and then called: "Wheah the papaya?" I heard a woman's voice and a boy came running with several large green and yellow papayas.

Rocha chuckled as we set off again. "That Mrs. Vierra. I knew her daughter in Hilo ask for a chicken, three dozen eggs, and some papaya — if they was any. Her mamma forgot the papaya. But I remember it nachally. So she ran to get it and now her daughter goin' have her papaya too."


As we approached Hilo, Rocha pointed to Mauna Loa, looming up.

"You see that volcano? . . . Well, today she ovah theah. Some days she ovah othah side. Me, I nevah know wheah I goin' fin' that volcano. I been drivin' this road now for fifteen yeahs, but I don' nevah know wheah that volcano goin' be!"

Rocha was a man after my own heart in one more way. For I too had been having trouble with the way the Hawaiian volcanoes have of changing their location as the roads swing round the islands.



## THE ISLAND OF LANAI

ANA'I, IN THE CASE OF THE ISLAND, MEANS "HUMP," not "veranda": an excellent example of how a slight difference in pronunciation can alter the meaning of a Hawaiian word. The apostrophe, properly a part of the spelling, has been carelessly mislaid. The island does rise out of the sea like the hump of a submerged monster, and it lies so close to Maui and Molokai that one thinks of it as having only recently moved haughtily apart — or been pushed aside by its larger neighbors. Lahaina Roads, the famous channel which separates it from Maui, is a mere eight miles wide; and the distance to Molokai, on the north, is only seven. Composed of porous volcanic rock with a top dressing of red soil, it shares Molokai's red dust storms; but as the trade winds are funneled through the narrow channel between the two islands, they fall upon Lanai with even more unremitting whoops and rattles.

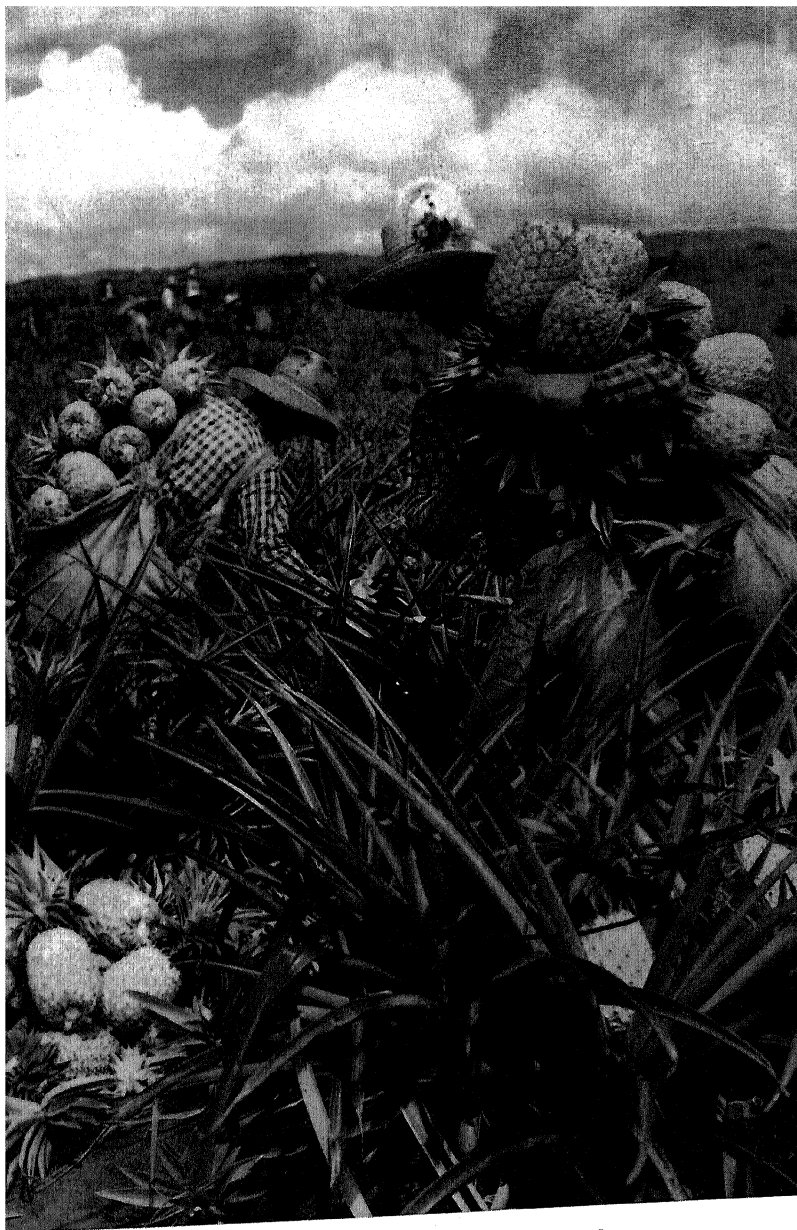
I went to Lanai as the guest of a pineapple company. That is almost the only way to get there, as the company owns the entire island and does not welcome visitors who have no good

reason for calling. My reason, it soon became clear, was to learn the proper way to say *pineapple*. My host and the plantation manager, Dexter Fraser, greeted me as I stepped out of the plane, clutching my hat as it took wing, holding down my skirts, and letting my dignity fly with the breeze.

"I came to learn about pineapples," I bellowed over the gale.

"Dole pineapples," shouted Mr. Fraser, expertly catching my hat and leading off toward his car.

From the air I had caught the pattern of the island with its rolling pineapple fields, as evenly swaled as corduroy, with patches of trees like embroidered tufts, and wide red expanses ready to be off with any wanton wind. From the air, too, I had seen blowing puffs of gray so like smoke that I wondered if grass was afire. But it was not burning; it was pili grass blown by the running wind, as I could see all round the airport. We drove across fields where gangs of men were at work, gathering the fruit into sacks, lopping off the leafy crowns, and gently stowing each unbruised globule into its appointed box. We stopped to speak to a white young man who sat in a small car, overseeing the operation; to a young Hawaiian riding a horse; to a Japanese directing men with a long-nozzled spray; and to a Filipino who turned up a merry grin from the sack of pineapples he was carrying. We also got a glimpse of a machine known as the field fruit carrier and still in the experimental stage. The men who cut the "pines" lift them onto elevators which carry them to buzz-saws where their tops are cut off, and on to men who pack them into boxes as the machine travels down the rows. This machine is going to replace a lot of men and speed up the business of getting the pineapple from the field into the can. It now takes only a day. The fruit I saw picked, fragrant as a flower, colored like



Hand Pickers Gathering Fragrant Pineapples  
*[photo, Ayer and Son]*



jewels, would tomorrow be submerged in juice in a can. Little fruit is shipped fresh.

"Too bad," I remarked, "that pineapples can't be shipped so mainlanders could really know the taste of a fresh ripe pineapple."

"Dole pineapple," corrected Mr. Fraser. "Yes, it is too bad, but Dole's pineapple juice certainly has a remarkable likeness to the flavor of the fresh fruit."

We drove into Lanai City, a company town of about 3,500 inhabitants and a perfect replica of the Spotless Town that used to advertise Sapolio. White frame houses in ordered rows, a white civic center with company offices, and little trees as stiffly uniform as trees in a toy village. Only a few years old, they have not had time to develop idiosyncrasies of growth. As we drove up the main street I was struck by rows of Doric columns in front of the hedges, evenly spaced, but too short for any use I could think of. My question was on the air before I realized that they were garbage pails: shinningly clean, neatly closed, one at every garden gate.

"I'll have that changed at once," said Mr. Fraser, distressed. I could not convince him that garbage pails in such perfect order and silvery condition were probably the final triumph of functional decoration.

Lanai was certainly destined for pineapples, and saved for that end. Its water supply is limited; little rain falls and porous lava holds no moisture; but pineapples will grow without water. Lanai's soil is good, or amenable to the complicated treatment men give land to make it produce pineapples. That a far-sighted providence controlled Lanai's fate is proved by the island's history: a long series of scandals and failures until Dole's Hawaiian Pineapple Company took it over.

Lanai's evil reputé began when only spirits lived on the

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wind-swept isle. Its first human inhabitant was Kualulaau, a lad who had become such a nuisance uprooting breadfruit trees on Maui that his father, the chief, exiled him to Lanai. The spirits there, resenting the interloper, planned to kill him while he slept. So they advised him to sleep in a certain cave. The boy agreed, but was suspicious enough to choose for his bed "the curl of a big combing wave." This went on night after night, with the childlike repetitiousness of legend and with varying but always poetic detail, until the spirits were so overworked trying to keep up with Kualulaau that they all died off. Every night the triumphant mortal had lighted a fire on the promontory facing Lahaina, so the Maui chief knew he was still alive. At last, convinced of his son's cleverness, he sent a canoe to fetch him home again, and was delighted to learn that Lanai had been freed of evil spirits.

A later Maui chief, Kalaniopuu, undertook to conquer Lanai, which had sometimes been subject to Maui, sometimes independent. His ally was the great Kamehameha, then chief of Hawaii. The two soon subdued the handful of people on Lanai; but the island then overcame its conquerors. They had found so little food on that barren hump that they ate *kupala*, a noisome seaweed which made the whole army so ill they gladly left their new subjects unmolested.

Later, though, Kamehameha used to go to Lanai to fish. He probably took his lunch. On one of those visits a wrestling match was held whose prize was to be the lovely Kaala. Opunui won, but the girl's father refused to surrender his daughter to a warrior who had once betrayed a friend in battle. Opunui, undaunted, stole the girl and hid her in a cave by the shore. He thought she was absolutely safe there because the only way in was by diving through the breakers when the tide was at a certain point. The lover thought only he knew the exact moment; but his rival watched, learned, and timed

his invasion when Kaala would be alone within. When her defeated suitor came blowing up into her refuge, Kaala tried to escape by diving out. But it was too late, she was dashed to death against the rocks, and when her confident lover came in at the next tide he found the pitiful remnant of her body, almost eaten away by eels.

After Kamehameha's day Lanai made scandalous history as a prison for women guilty of theft or adultery. Kahoolawe, the arid, dusty island just off Maui's bust and not too far from Lanai, was at the time a penal colony for men. The arrangement, as the prisoners demonstrated nightly, was not too bad. Almost any strong swimmer can make a few miles if the rewards are sufficient.

A dear old Hawaiian lady, speaking of a modern, but not very different, situation, is quoted as saying in her gentle, hesitant speech:

"If you get plen-ty men and wom-en to-ge-thah, and not ve-ry sick; soon-ah o' lat-ah, su-ah to have in-te'-section!"

Not long after Kalaniopuu's conquest in 1776, Captain Cook saw Lanai. Vancouver noted it too. But its first white settlers were missionaries sent over from the thriving mission at Lahaina; and by 1842 two stone meeting houses were being built. Both are abandoned now. One is a roofless vine-covered ruin near Mr. Fraser's house, the other is too far from a population center to attract a congregation. By 1858, when the Congregational churches were newly finished and thronged with worshippers, another faith had come to Lanai in the person of two Mormon elders, who were soon followed and outshone by Walter Murry Gibson, also a Latter-Day Saint.

Mr. Gibson's career will make a revealing novel some day, packed with human frailties, Hawaiian history, and given (I hope) very free treatment. For Mr. Gibson was King Kalakaua's close adviser when that monarch was trying to thrust

his rapidly modernizing Kingdom back into a more primitive pattern. On Lanai, before his political days, Mr. Gibson acquired land including the Palaawi Basin, the island's only irrigable tract, watered by a few rivulets and capable of becoming a bog in Lanai's rare rainy seasons. As many Australians once settled there, Palaawi Basin is commonly called the Bison. The original Harry Baldwin, who visited Lanai in 1861, wrote of Mr. Gibson's activities: "I cannot learn that he labors much to proselyte the people to Mormonism; he seems to be engaged mostly in agriculture, in raising sheep and poultry and in trafficking with the natives. He, I suspect, will soon have all the resources of the island under his control." Mr. Baldwin was right about the resources but wrong about the proselyting. When Mr. Gibson got into trouble with his church, he proved to be so popular with his converts, not only on Lanai but throughout the islands, that he caused a serious schism. The land he had been buying for the Mormon Church Mr. Gibson had taken in his own name, and when the time came, he was averse to transferring title. But when the population of Lanai dropped from six hundred to less than four hundred, Mr. Gibson entered politics and as King Kalakaua's right-hand man caused a good deal of perturbation to many worthy gentlemen.

Then came Charley Gay, one of the escapists from the Robinson-Gay island of Niihau. He ran cattle in the Basin, had sheep on higher ground, raised chickens, and shipped his produce in his own bottoms from his own wharf. But Mr. Gay's resources, or perhaps his gift for business, were unequal to the stiff competition of his time. In any case, erosion was fast reducing Lanai to worthlessness. Charcoal-burners had destroyed the forests which, scrubby as they were, held the soil; goats had nibbled off low growth; red and sandy ruin was threatening. Naturally, few inhabitants were left. The



Baldwins, who had by that time acquired most of Maui, ran a few cattle and raised polo ponies on Lanai. But they were only too glad to sell out to the Hawaiian Pineapple Company in 1922.

Pineapples — the point to this dissertation — became Hawaii's second crop, offering a real threat to sugar's supremacy, only because of Captain John Kidwell. If it had not been for his hobby of experimenting with plants the pineapple might still be the small woody fruit he found growing wild near Honolulu. But the captain imported a thousand slips of the Smooth Cayenne, Central America's luscious pineapple. The cross was a success; its offspring a large, shallow-eyed pineapple, still lusciously sweet, but with finer textured meat. Captain Kidwell, aware that it would not stand shipping, even tried canning; but his small business soon bored him — perhaps his bent was toward experiment rather than business — so he sold his plantations and retired to live happily in his gardens.

The parent of the pineapple business was James D. Dole, who put his homestead on Oahu into "pines" and organized the Hawaiian Pineapple Company in 1901. It would make a nice story that Mrs. Dole first "put up pines" in her kitchen for her family. But such was not the case. Canning pineapples was unavoidable, as the delicate fruit will not ship well enough to make it anything but a luxury on the mainland. Canning the juice was the inevitable next step to meet the tastes of people who need fruit juice for breakfast and for cocktails.

From Oahu pineapple culture spread to all the islands, fitted perfectly into the islands' economy and agriculture, because pines do well where sugar will not grow. They do not even need irrigation. There is no more conflict between sugar and pineapples in the field than in the cocktail. Over fifty

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thousand acres are now in pineapples, much of it land that produced only cactus before the tractors came along to yank them out and prepare the land for pines.

Mr. Fraser took me to drive around Lanai — not too long a journey, as the island has an area of only 140 square miles. We drove down to the island's rocky tip, where a colored gulch gathers in erosion's red mud when it rains and dumps it into the sea. On a rocky promontory there Lanai's most sinister kahuna, Kawela, kept a perpetual fire. If it ever went out, he told the people, all their dogs and pigs would die. So they brought him food that he might be free to tend his blaze. There are various tales of Kawela's fire. The one I like best connects him with Molokai's great kahuna, Launikaula. It was Kawela, according to that story, who overcame Launikaula by securing his excreta and burning them. Proof of the story is in the great black cairns still standing where Kawela made his evil magic. Another legend says that Kawela himself was defeated by young love. For his daughter loved a lad, and they let the fire go out, one happy night, and fled to Maui, having stripped Kawela of all his power.

We drove along the island's windward shore, where sturdy cypress trees have been topped and shaped by stiff winds as by shears. Long ripples of sand are carrying the beach far inland, and the beach itself is strewn with orange boxes, tin cans, bottles, and even bones thrown carelessly overboard by passing steamers. We walked out on a rotting wharf built by Walter Murry Gibson's heirs when they hoped to make a fortune from the sugar mill now rotting down in an algaroba thicket. We saw Mr. Gay's wharf, rotting too, and the broken ribs of his last boat. Then we drew up before Mr. Gay's last home: a painted frame structure adorned with wooden lace and set back behind a picket fence.

"I never pass here without going in," my host explained.

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"They are a calabash family of mine." That expression goes back to the days when a family and all its friends twirled up their poi from a common calabash; intimates are still called calabash relations.

Several generations waited expectantly on the lanai, breaking into eager welcoming cries. "Fras-ah, Fras-ah!" Two middle-aged women spoke politely, offering chairs, and shushing children who kept right on whooping at their game of tag. An old dame laughed, poking "Fras-ah" and congratulating him on a speech he had made recently when Lanai's new soldiers went off to Schofield. She remembered when Fras-ah himself had gone; she asked about his mother. The one man stood quietly, enjoying the women's fussing over their friend. He explained that he was a stranger around here; he was from Maui and had lived on Lanai only a matter of twenty years.

After the social interlude we drove across the Palaawi "Bison," carpeted part way down with pineapples, but rising toward the island's center in wooded hills.

"When I came here twelve years ago," my host was saying, "there were deer up in there, and a few wild goats, which are just as good hunting and almost as good eating. There are still a few. . . . Yes, we have turkey and pheasant, and plover. But they are protected now. We run cattle, of course, and some day we'll have a dairy to supply our people with milk. . . . Just now it's too bad to have these government health people advising milk for children when it has to be shipped over from Oahu and our laborers can't afford it."

The pineapple fields were like those on every island. Long rows of spiny plants set by hand into the lavender-gray mulch paper. The blossom, like a miniature pineapple jeweled with exquisite blue and lavender flowers. The blossoms last only a few hours, but their ephemeral beauty is as exciting as any-

thing in island flora, so unexpected, so well wrought in infinitesimal detail. From the flowering to the plant's maturity is a matter of four or five months; from the setting out of slips or suckers to the fruit in the can takes a couple of years. The assiduous, daily nursing — scientific preparation of the soil, its feeding and fertilizing, the spraying with oil and dusting with powder that each individual plant gets — makes the care of a human baby seem trivial in comparison.

Raising pineapples is an all-year job; the plants are set out to mature in rotation, so picking never stops. The heaviest harvest months are June, July, and August; and then some migrant labor is employed. But most of Lanai's employees have steady, year-round work; live in the spotless town with its infant trees, flower gardens, and colonnades of silvered garbage pails; and disport themselves on the company playgrounds.

Mr. Fraser kept stopping his car and getting out to look for a pineapple to present to me. Pines stretched away for miles on every hand, acres and acres of even rows of gray-green spiny tufts. But the one he sought, the perfect, balanced, golden globe that would respond with just the right note to a thumping finger — that piece of perfection he could not find.

At last Mrs. Fraser remarked: "So this is why I can never get a pineapple at the house. You haven't got one fit to pick."

"No," answered Mr. Fraser, striding off to thump another one, "this is just to show you women how difficult it is to produce pineapples."

"Dole pineapples," I murmured.

Then we dropped down to the port of Kamalapau where trucks were delivering crated pineapples to be swung by cranes aboard low-lying barges for Honolulu. Next morning they would be in the huge packing plant every tourist visits and on their way to be shelled and cored by machinery, in-



ABOVE, Pineapples are Planted through Lavender Paper  
BELOW, Pineapple Fields Run Up against Lanai's Mountains  
[photos, Ayer and Son]



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spected, groomed, and packed by white-gloved girls, submerged in syrup, hermetically sealed, and labeled at last "Dole's Pineapple."

I was interested in the tip of the island, which is being reclaimed by a private soil-erosion service. Eucalyptus and pua trees have been planted for windbreaks, plows have been run across to divert torrents that might make bad gullies. But the most curious thing of all is that waste matter from the pineapples — tops, worthless suckers, imperfect plants — have been dumped on dusty soil to hold it down. They are holding it all right; but they have rooted and are raising their own untended, independent, and outlawed crop. In time, with pines co-operating with man, that whole dusty-red tip of Lanai will be wind-resistant soil again.

My plane took off at four. I had spent twenty-four hours on the pineapple island. As we rose into the air, spurning the red dust whirling away below, I saw again the pili grass, blown like wisps of smoke across the rusty uplands. I toyed with the idea that the spirits that used to inhabit Lanai were still making sacred fires for old Kawela, the kahuna. Then Lanai subsided, becoming again a prehistoric hump in the ocean. The co-pilot asked for cameras, making sure that nobody would photograph the armored maw of Diamond Head as we flew over it on the way back to Honolulu's airport.



## MALIA DOES WHAT'S RIGHT



YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN HAWAIIANS," SAID THE MANAGER'S wife, "that I'd like to tell you about Malia. She had most of the Hawaiian traits. She was my maid, and I kept her long after she ceased being of any use to me because I learned so much about Hawaiian beliefs from her. But she was most interesting as a person. She was a real philosopher, Malia."

We were driving across one of the islands to see its famous valley. Every island has a famous and singularly beautiful valley which every visitor must see. They are much the same on every island — a lovely vale with the sea waves lapping its lower end, its upper reaches cutting into a volcano or lost in the clouds that swathe the volcano. Looking back I find it hard to remember each valley's characteristics, but the conversation that conducted me there and back generally sticks in my mind.

"Malia was a good servant," the manager's lady was saying as I meditated, "one of the best I ever had. Neat, really immaculately clean, and willing, and when she had learned haole ways she was a good cook and she served well. But she



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was too Hawaiian to be dependable. I mean she never felt the slightest obligation to come if anything more interesting turned up. If friends were coming, or going, a party or a meeting, anything was more important to Malia than her job. She'd just stay away. Or, if she came, she'd knock off for the morning and make leis while I did her work. . . . I tried to explain to her that I had to know what to depend upon. I'd let her have one day off or two, or whatever she wanted. But I had to know what days to count on. I don't think she ever did understand it." The manager's wife's clear blue eyes looked out from the impregnable citadel of our Nordic determination to make life foreseeable, to make enforceable rules and enforce them.

Probably Malia never even tried to explain to her, what all brown-skinned southern peoples know instinctively, that life, if you really live it, is never dependable, that reliable people miss its finer flavors, that the unexpected and incalculably human quality is the only thing important enough to take time for. House-cleaning may be done tomorrow, even cooking, even eating, if it comes to that. But if your friend comes and your aloha is lacking, if your family leaves without your loving lei, something is gone which will never come back. The two points of view, I fear, are forever irreconcilable. Again I had slid off into speculations and missed some of the story.

"So we parted good friends. I told her that it made me nervous, and we decided to call it off. . . . But I learned a lot from Malia through just what she would say casually.

" 'Mrs. Manager,' she said one day when a hard wind was blowing, 'this isn't a regular wind; this wind calling someone. Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Alama, and we listen to the wind. She say this wind is calling someone, and this morning I hear Mrs. Brewerton dead.'

"But I must tell you how I first got Malia. I went to ask her

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to help me make curtains. She agreed readily 'to do that favor for me.' And she would not let me pay her, though she worked with me for two days, because she said that was a favor, done as a friend. When I asked her to work regularly, she agreed and I offered her twenty dollars a month for half a day, six days a week. She thought about it a few moments. Then she said:

" 'I like to work for you, but I can't take that pay. . . . I come for fifteen!' She really did. She said I was a newcomer and didn't know the right price and she wouldn't take advantage of me. I did give her the twenty, which was fair, but we had an argument every time. When she finally took the check she would say: 'Thank you, Mrs. Manager. And thank the good Lord, too.'

" Her sense of fairness went even farther than that. Once she began to tell me about a remarkable Japanese maid one of my friends had. How clean she was, how fast she worked, how many hours. I thought Malia was planning to leave me. But no, she thought she ought to get less pay or work longer. We finally compromised on Malia's accepting the same wages, but she did put in longer hours.

" She was always annoying me with her utter disregard of money. One morning a Hawaiian woman drove up, wearing widow's weeds, and in a taxi! I retreated and she and Malia sat in my living-room and talked for the longest time, all in Hawaiian. Finally the widow went away. Malia was quiet for a while, but at last, as we worked along together, she said: 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Manager, she stay so long. These people don't understand about working hours!' At that time, I must say, Malia was trying hard to respect working hours herself.

" Later she explained the call. The widow's husband had been a pretty high liver and when he died he left his house heavily mortgaged, and a fine new car. The widow's boys liked

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that car, couldn't bear to give it up. But the interest was due. So the doting mother had hired a taxi and was canvassing the countryside for cash to pay the interest.

"Well, Malia,' I protested, 'surely you won't be a big enough goose to give her any money. She's got a much better house than you have; they own property; those boys don't need that car. You work hard for what you get!'

"But Malia said she was helping. 'I feel sorry for her. I told her I got two dollars in my house. I give them to her when she come tonight.' She pondered awhile. Then she said: 'But I couldn't ask other fella to help me. Something inside make me work it out alone.'

"That was Malia. She worked' out her own problems alone, but she was a pretty good capitalist, too. She had a half-wit living on her place and she made a good thing out of lending him to her friends for yard work and simple things to do. In exchange they would give her vegetables or flowers for leis. She had taken him in to rescue him from the gibes of the plantation workers. She said it wasn't right for them to make fun of him 'like he was.' So he slept in a shed behind her house and she fed him and kept him in clothes.

"She told me once why he was 'like that.' You know that to Hawaiians the cardinal sin is to refuse help when it is asked; and nothing is lower than to deny food to a hungry person. 'One time,' Malia said, 'a Hawaiian family would not give when people came asking food. They would say no food and then eat poi, fish, pork, chicken, everything. One day a man came, hungry. But they told him they have no food, so he went away, and they laugh and eat. But that time no ordinary man, he. He maybe Madam Pele. . . . You haoles don't believe that. But you wait. I tell you. When they shut the door that time, that man curse them. He say every one of their children going to have something wrong. And that's what come. One

child go pupule house (you know, crazy). One kill man, go penitentiary. One killed in accident. One girl die with her child; and that child have no papa. And poor Ii, he the other one. I take care of him because Madam Pele curse his people for being stingy.'

"But it was Malia's own affairs that interested me most. The story came out a little at a time. Malia was married when I first knew her. Her husband was a worthless scamp; he used to gamble and get drunk and go with other women, and I don't think he ever worked much. Then he was killed in an accident with a truck, and Malia really grieved. After that she first referred to her 'mistaken child.' Everybody knew the child was not Kuakini's; he looked very Japanese. There was a lot of speculation, naturally, in a small community like ours, and people decided that Tamichi was the father. Malia was dignified about it, but one day I found her crying. When I asked the trouble she told me that the children had been unkind to little Tommy at Sunday school.

"'I don't mind at school,' she said. 'Maybe he's got to learn to stand what they say. But in God's house it isn't right to make a little boy feel bad. So I don't send him to Sunday school now. In God's house love ought to be; not meanness to a little boy.'

"Later she told me why she wouldn't marry again. 'Plenty fellas ask me why I don't marry again. I do not like. This time I like to rest. Bimeby, when my big boy wants to marry. It isn't good to stay by when he wants to marry. Maybe then, not now.'

"She had other troubles, living alone. 'Men thought because of my mistaken child I was bad wahine. Plenty came and tried, you know, that thing. One came. I been taking a bath, so I went to my room to dress. He came too, put his arms around me from the back, and said why not. I say I

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think you fast worker. Kind of joke, so he not get mad. When I wouldn't he get so mad.' I know that man, he is a man of good standing, and I knew that he had gone on her note for deferred payments on a sewing machine. After this episode he withdrew his name. 'I so mad'; Malia shook with rage just telling. 'I went boss' office, I scream. Mrs. Manager, you never saw me like that way. I yell, I tell. But that man big-shot, so nobody believe me, everybody believe him. They think me bad woman. Long time I never speak to him, but now I do. I'm glad I do before his girl, Lehua, die.'

"Our little community, where everything was known, was sure that Malia was living with Tamichi. He certainly ate with her every day, but she told me that he slept in the next house. 'Those fellas, always talking. But Tamichi and I don't bother about that kind.' I have no reason to disbelieve her; she was frank enough about the other affair, and I had not been shocked about it.

"Once she pointed to a Japanese going by. 'His brother Tommy's father,' she said. 'Not Tamichi. I feed Tamichi, I wash, mend, because he good friend to Kuakini. Before Kuakini went down he help us, lend us money. Now he buy groceries, we cook together. I must pay Kuakini's debts for his memory. On other side he must know.'

"She did pay her husband's debts, too, all except the bill at Mrs. Wong's store, and Mrs. Wong wouldn't let her. 'Those are Kuakini's debts,' she said, 'not yours, Malia. I no take your money.' And she didn't. What these simple people do that we don't know about!" The big blue eyes were shining on the verge of tears. Fortunately it was a long drive back from the valley, which I should always remember because of Malia, and the tale could go on.

"Here we get to Malia's real ethics. It came out in fragments, as she got to know me better and to trust me. The crux

of it was that she felt an obligation to be true to Kuakini's memory, to pay his debts and clear his name, not because she had borne another man's son, but because it had been deliberate and not a flare-up of passion.

“‘One thing makes me always sorry,’ she explained it. ‘Why I must always work and never give up and ask somebody to help is the reason I had my child. If I had it for pity reason, my children need food or something like that, maybe I could forget. Or if I love the man and couldn't help. But I thought I was smart. I went with that fella that night for pleasure. My husband all time go around with other girls. I get so mad I think I can do same. So when this fella ask me I did it just for pleasure. So I could never forget or forgive myself. That's why I never ask him help me either. We just forget it. He should not have to help me.’

“I remember that day well. We were filling jelly glasses and apparently the sight of that Japanese going past our garden had let down some guard in Malia's nature. She seldom talked about her private affairs. But that day she seemed to have to get it all out. I didn't press her. When she stopped I just went on threading the jelly and counting glass tops.

“‘Kuakini was too good to me,’ she said, as she poured the wax. ‘I no marry nobody. He was two mans, Kuakini. Fellas know one side. He drink, run around with other wahines. He no work steady. I engage myself and marry myself with rings I bought at Krass. He gamble with money we need. That side bad. But I know other side. When he knew I was to have mistaken child I was ashamed. But he never scold me. He say it's his fault for go with other wahines. He too good to Tommy. Sometimes I sorry for our big boy. Kuakini never buy toys for him, never play with him. But always Kuakini kind to Tommy because he sorry for him, sorry for me. It's that side

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why I still love him. I've worked and worked to pay his debts so his name be good here. I hope he know.

“ ‘ Those other fellas, they don't know. They say I sleep with Tamichi. Even the elders bless my house one day. They came too many, had to sit on floor, not enough chairs. They talked this and that. Then they say I better marry Tamichi. Mrs. Manager — ’ Malia left the wax to harden. I forgot the jelly bubbling into sugar on the stove, she was so dramatic. ‘ Mrs. Manager, even though they big-shot in church I stand up and look at them and I say I no marry any man, because I love Kuakini. Would you want me to marry Tamichi when I don't love him? They went away then, Mrs. Manager. ’ ”

## THE SERGEANT CONDUCTS A REVIEW



MAJOR GENERAL WILSON WAS LEAVING SCHOFIELD Barracks and in his honor there would be an "aloha" review of troops. Hawaiian newspapers never mention Schofield without stating that it is the largest Army post in the United States. This occasion was heralded as a military spectacle which no one could afford to miss because "at no other place in the country is it possible for the civilian public to see such a display of highly mechanized and mobile forces." I went to Schofield, guided and befriended by a newspaper man.

A permanent cement structure sheltered the Generals' ladies and their guests. Temporary bleachers shaded the public. Lesser officers and newspaper men had folding chairs open to sun or shine; and the weather promised both, alternately and concurrently. But the press had the enormous advantage of the services of a Sergeant, told off to direct, inform, and comfort them. They consisted of the AP and UP men, *Star-Bulletin* and *Advertiser* men, representatives of the advertis-



ing bureaus, which never overlook a chance to add one more item to Hawaii's manifold distinctions, and one glum Japanese.

Near the reviewing stand and facing the parade ground stood three soldiers, erect as martinets. Two held rifles in white-gloved hands; the man in the center held the national flag, rippling in the breeze, tightening the throat with thoughts of everything our country does and could stand for. Each man's unoccupied hand made a cotton tail at the small of his back. Intently they held their eyes straight across the field to the eighteen thousand men of the Hawaiian Division drawn up for review. Their khaki was almost indistinguishable from the drying grass, cars and trucks of olive green melted into both brown and green, and something above the men blended with the bluish vapors of the Waianae Range. Bayonets in a steely fringe!

Four men marched out to the center of the field, one with a bugle. Calls sounded and the khaki lines snapped into rigid order. Then a car sped down the way, fluttering two bright standards: the regimental standard and one indicating the rank of the commanding officer it carried.

"Did you ever see anything as shining as that?" demanded the Sergeant. "That's spit-n-polish for you!" Indeed, the dull olive green of the Army's paint for cars and trucks had taken on a sheen that gleamed like glass.

As he stopped the car the driver snapped out, but before he could reach the door a tall, gangling man had opened it and was on the ground. A second officer followed. More bugle calls and a fanfare from the band by the reviewing stand. Nobody paid much attention. Another car with different standards sped across the field, and again two officers stepped out before the door could be opened for them. They stood in line, those old West Pointers, paunchy or scrawny now with the years, but

facing their men with perfect military bearing. There was no swank. The Generals were dressed like the privates in khaki shirts and trousers, more notable for a well-laundered look than for stiffness or style. Their every move indicated training, adequacy, and the dignity of men equal to their jobs. Their simplicity reminded me, through contrast, of moving pictures of dictators reviewing their troops — the pompousness of tightly stuffed uniforms with buttons, braid, and medals, their built-up ferocity, glaring sternly over the heads of people giving the prescribed salute. Everything at Schofield that day suggested a citizens' army. Every mechanical thing was superlative of its kind and in impeccable condition; officers and men were obviously equal to their equipment and to their task. But what they did, out there in the middle of the field, was so simple that most observers missed it altogether. If one General had handed a feather to the other, it would have attracted more attention than the transfer of eighteen thousand men. Not until they heard the *General's March* did the reporters wake up.

Chuckling delightedly, the Sergeant pointed out that they had missed the show. Then, as they clustered round and scribbled, he checked off the points. "Colonel Erle M. Wilson, chief of staff, presented the troops to Brigadier General Daniel I. Sultan, who then presented the command to Major General William H. Wilson. He has now presented the command to Lieutenant General Walter C. Short, commander of the Hawaiian Department. . . . Now you boys can go back to sleep."

Things were happening which even untrained eyes could see. The officers' cars had whirled in again, picked them up, and driven them round and back to the reviewing stand. Photographers bobbed and knelt, getting good slants for shots. Every officer unwound long legs and dismounted negligently from his car, but snapped to the salute with precision and

smartness. In a moment a line of officers stood in the reviewing tower and it was time for the parade.

"The first unit," said the Sergeant, speaking to one man, but with an eye on his whole flock, "is the 298th. Watch 'em. Those are the fellas that used to go clacking down the street. See what they do now!"

"Hawaii's National Guard," murmured one reporter, spreading lead pencil over folded paper on his knee. The grandstand knew that too and gave them a cheer and a clapping as they swung past, brown faces above well-laundered khaki, guns slanted evenly, knees bending as rhythmically as the waves on Waikiki.

The 35th. Each unit's band played it past the stand, and every interval of quiet was plugged up by the headquarters band stationed near the reviewing tower. Drum majors swung their batons, brass instruments flashed as they were raised or lowered, and the regimental standards they bore fluttered bright colors.

Each body of marchers was followed by guns and trucks with men sitting rigidly erect, arms folded in a position that must have been torture. But peering down the line I could see them relax after they passed the bleachers.

"A modern infantry regiment," the Sergeant was assuring us, "is a complete unit and can take care of itself in the field. Its own machine guns, tanks, and anti-tank equipment, its own medical unit; everything it needs. And this is real equipment, I'm telling you. Everything the newest and best the Army's got comes to Hawaii. . . . See that red lead on those trucks? Hasn't been time to repaint 'em since they landed. Sea air just peeled off their paint."

I thought the Japanese sitting next to me looked even glummer than before. Perhaps the Sergeant noticed him too, for he said suddenly, looking nowhere in particular: "I should think

## THE SERGEANT CONDUCTS A REVIEW

a sight like this would make a civilian feel mighty comfortable, and make anybody with funny notions feel mighty uncomfortable.”

As every regimental standard went by, it dipped before the Generals in the stand. The Generals, standing in a well-dressed line with their aides, saluted in acknowledgment. Everybody else rose and men uncovered for the national flag.

The Sergeant was answering a question. “Sure, the regimental standards do. But the Stars and Stripes don’t lower for anybody or anything on earth. And if anybody doesn’t salute, you just knock him down and take off his hat.”

The 27th was coming along, its band in tall Russian shakos, its black banners adorned with red wolves’ heads, open-mouthed, fangs dripping.

“The Wolfhead Division” the Sergeant was putting in. “They got that insignia when they were chasing Bolshies across Russia. A Japanese officer said of them that they just raced ahead like wolfhounds. So they adopted the name and the insignia.”

One after another the brigades swung by, many of the men armed with Garand rifles; all, the Sergeant informed us, practiced in their use. Two men to each pulled machine guns on rubber-tired wheels. Dull of color, bright of sheen, vicious of aspect, smartly in line, handled with the smoothness of perfect efficiency. Howitzers too; and “none better,” the Sergeant crowed.

“One of those can shoot over those mountains like nothing at all, and seven or eight miles out to sea. If anybody tried to get funny that’d be the aloha he’d get. Leis of shells over that Waianae Range and seven or eight miles out to sea!”

Schofield Barracks Reception Center. I wondered if that was where the Army hostesses held forth; I waited to see a group of nice, safe, middle-aged, but still charming ladies in a

receiving line. Instead there came the 299th Infantry. Reception Center, I was informed, is the place where the Army's newest recruits are received, put to live in tents, to drill hard all day, to learn the fundamentals of a soldier's life in camp. Lost in admiration of this delicate nomenclature, I almost missed the Sergeant's next comment.

"Not draftees," he was saying. "We prefer trainees." So has the American taste for tenderized words reached even regular Army sergeants! But he was going on: "And train is right! Just look at that! Ten weeks ago they couldn't even fall in properly, and now they're nothing to be ashamed of. It's twelve hours a day does it. Twelve hours a day, and every day!" The Sergeant's tone conveyed the idea that perhaps the training was not so tender as the Army's new vocabulary.

The 299th was giving a good account of itself, a unit of men from Hawaii's outer islands, some of them still unarmed. But they moved along smoothly, eyes front, lines neatly dressed; and the bleachers gave them a spontaneous cheer and clapping of hands.

After the receptionists came the Third Engineers.

"Also a combat division," gloated the Sergeant. "They've got everything. Can take care of anything that comes up." Strapped to their trucks were neat tools: spades and shovels, picks and crowbars. "Those trucks are equipped with pneumatic drills. Regular machine shops, they are. They've done everything in these islands, and they're working so hard that they didn't even have time to get the red mud off their wheels before they paraded. If we'd had the old man, they'd have taken the morning off to clean trucks, but they've worked all morning, those lads."

One of the reporters asked something about red mud. "Sure, buddy, there's red mud on this island, as you'll find out when your number comes up. . . . What is your number,

anyhow?" The Sergeant's importance was rising headily.

Then a medical regiment. Large ambulances with red crosses on white fields painted on sides and tops. It looked small.

"Sure, it's only half size. Three hundred and fifty men here; the night shift. The others are on duty in the hospital. Whatta you think? — we can't leave those poor sick lads with nobody to answer a bell."

A quartermaster company. "To keep all material in repair," the Sergeant was quoting. "It's really a light and mobile machine shop. . . . Now, you boys watch this next unit. The Eleventh Signal Company. Get your photographers in line because this is goin' to be something for a picture."

The signal company looked like most of the motorized units: rows of trucks strung all over with tools. They passed the reviewing tower, as the other units had done, in even, unwavering line, the men sitting correctly at salute. They were followed by mounted men: the first horses in the parade. As the last truck passed the stand it slowed, a canvas cover was lifted, and out fluttered whirring birds, filling the air. The first horse leapt nervously, giving opportunity for a pretty bit of horsemanship as his rider steadied him into scemliness again. The birds were pigeons. Carrier pigeons are still in the Army; new ones are being trained all the time for tasks they can still do better than any mechanical invention. This flock of a hundred and fifty rose confusedly but sorted themselves out in a moment, took their bearings, and were off in a straight line for their base.

The horses marked Hawaii's unique outfit. The United States Army, which did its longest tour of duty on the Western plains where covered wagons and army mules were as much a part of it as generals, now has only one pack train. Designed to take the rugged trails and perpendicular passes of the Waianae

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and Koolau ranges, it is the direct descendant of its ancestors who took the Rockies in their stride. Men handling fine horses with mastery, and other men with knees crooked and feet ready on heavy brakes. Driving spans of six and eight mules may belong to a world long gone, but it is still a thrilling sight to see.

“This’ll be the last.” The Sergeant was beaming like a school-teacher about to introduce Santa Claus. “This you’ll not often see the like of. Watch ’em. Here they come!”

They did not come at once. Whether the Army stages effective entrances or not, interest was allowed to mount as the last act of the day’s show was delayed. When the actors did appear they turned out to be a fleet of jouncing, scuttling, dust-raising tanks, beating it down the field in good formation and at about thirty miles an hour.

“Seventy-five-millimeter modernized guns!” chanted the Sergeant. “The best the Army’s got. The very newest. They ship ’em out here as soon as they come rolling off the assembly lines, and don’t you forget it! . . . Now you boys can get along home and write your pieces,” said the Sergeant, taking his small son by the hand and moving off after a hard, but important, afternoon’s work well done.



XXXI

## THOUGHTS ON DINING AT PEARL HARBOR



ONE NIGHT SOON AFTER MY ARRIVAL IN HONOLULU I dined at Pearl Harbor. By day the place looks formidable enough to justify our confidence in it. At night gasoline tanks, thick wire fences patrolled by armed men, ships with guns sticking out of their turrets, and ugly, flat-looking submarines are all lost in shimmering unreality. As we stepped down into a launch we faced the glitter and the colors of Christmas, spiraling deep into the water, floating like balls on the air, linking the bay with the hills in tinsel strings of motor lights and seeming, along the sky line, to merge with low-slung and very large stars.

The perfection of naval doings is a constant surprise to one not used to them. The snappy youths who manned the launch; the launch's white interior with fringed curtains and cushions; the smoothness of gliding out over drowned Christmas trees, the expert landing at the foot of a terraced garden. My hostess met me with a pansy lei and a friendly kiss, giving her



husband a chance for a grumble that he obviously carried just under the boiling-point all the time.

“Now that,” he remarked, “is all right. Flowers for a lady at dinner. But how I hate being met with leis at the dock! And so do most of the people who put on the show. Getting out of bed at dawn to ride out in the lei tug. Then they hang you with smelly leis that tickle your nose; you have nothing to say; they have nothing to say. When you leave it’s even worse! Half an hour of pure torment, no matter how you try to escape it! What was probably a gracious primitive custom at the start has been turned into advertising! I hate it so I won’t even meet my wife!”

“He won’t, either,” she assented, and set him a task with ice to cool him off.

Two Filipino boys served a delicious dinner. The company consisted of Navy people. The talk was that of smart people anywhere, except the way it moved so easily from Manila to Guantánamo, from Norfolk to Singapore. Navy people have known one another in all parts of the world; men speak of an officer’s class at Annapolis; women remember the port in which a baby was born. Those children, I heard somewhere later, are a problem in school; they know so much, are so familiar with the geography, languages, and customs of distant countries. But dinner-table conversation among Navy people is remarkable for its lightsomeness. All Honolulu was talking about the war, about what they called the Japanese menace in Hawaii. But not so those officers.

One, when I mentioned the fact that Japanese were no longer employed in government offices, replied: “I have one now we are watching.” Then, in answer to my “But why . . . ?” “We cannot risk being unfair to the man. He may be all right. He’s not handling anything too important, but I’ve got to be sure.”

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Nor was there belligerent talk. "We may have to . . ." is as close as one gets to threatening talk.

One smiled ruefully when he said: "We never make war, you know; Congress gets all excited and makes war. Then we have to go out and make peace."

That dinner was the first of many occasions on which I dined, picnicked on Oahu's windward beaches, or attended cocktail parties with officers and their wives. Always I was struck by their quiet reserve. Generally men talk about their business or profession; officers do not, at least not in mixed groups. A man is "at sea," or "just ashore." A very tired man, with face drawn and weary, admitted one day that "it was good to feel solid ground underfoot again." But where they go at sea or what they do is not matter of common knowledge. Our Pacific fleet is always showing up at unexpected places. The clever civilians in Honolulu who know everything generally know it after, and not before, the event.

We Americans are so smugly safe behind our oceans that we forget, a generation at a time, that our oceans would be no protection at all without the battleships that sail them, the men who man the ships, and the officers who know what to do with the ships on the few occasions when we need protection. When Amelia Earhart disappeared I heard a man criticize the government for sending naval vessels to search for her. Another shrugged: "Well, I suppose the Navy might as well spend our money looking for lost aviators as doing whatever it is they do the rest of the time." Even an arrant inlander begins to understand, in Honolulu, that what our Navy does is to pose itself problems such as actual warfare brings up and solve them with all the skill of the best training. Their knowledge of how to meet those problems means all the difference to the most smugly safe of us.

The officer's position is anomalous in a civilization which

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believes that the profit motive is man's only incentive to his best. Or that the individual must always be considered first. To the officer profit does not exist; his job is to hold on during the terms when his job is a joke and to be ready when he is needed. It gives a man a steady look in the eyes. His fun-making at the dinner table is certainly relief from constant strain as much as a good way not to talk about his work.

Officers' wives are almost as discreet. It is commonly said in Honolulu that many an officer, told a secret aboard his ship, comes home to find that his wife has heard it at her bridge club. But most wives are so careful that they never even mention that it is a nice day without adding: "This is my own opinion and nothing I've been told."

The lives of Navy wives are conditioned by "the Service"; the demands of the Service soon become as important to them as to their husbands. To keep the secrets, to make no complaints, to make a creditable appearance on what is available; to be ready and able to move anywhere on almost a moment's notice; to manage to get children educated in whatever port of the seven seas — it all demands and gets a spirited performance. Among the exceptional demands of living in Honolulu is the taxiing of men out to Pearl Harbor and back again. In the dawn the Navy wife is up; by seven in the morning the narrow roads to Pearl Harbor stream steadily with cars. Each car one Navy husband, one Navy wife.

"Why," I asked in spinsterish ignorance, "don't you pool your transportation problem as you do so many other things? One car and one wife could haul four or five men at a time."

"Well," replied my friend, a Navy wife of some years' standing, "you don't handle officers of the United States Navy quite that way."

Such a woman's life is also concerned with other women, especially the wives of junior officers. An apartment for the

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bride, or a wedding. One young woman who journeyed to Honolulu to marry a naval officer learned by radio the day before she landed that he had gone — “to sea.” The hostess who had planned that wedding could make a joke of it. “If you think it’s a job to plan a wedding, you ought to try *unplanning* one on a day’s notice.” Often and often the wife of a high official begs off from an engagement. “My husband’s Exec’s wife is ill” — or perhaps the baby, or the cook. An Exec is an executive officer aboard a battleship.

The wives of juniors live well in tiny apartments furnished with a piece or two of bamboo, maybe a chest from China, a few wedding presents. They know every place in town where things are a bit cheaper. A flower in the hair, even an orchid, has economic advantages over a hat; stockings become a needless extravagance; dining three or four on one stew saves many things. And they are exquisitely turned out, gay, and funny about their difficulties. They are so blessedly free from the bugaboo of having to seem more prosperous than they are. Everybody knows what an officer’s pay is and what it will be as he advances. His advance is the important thing, his selection for a job of difficulty or danger the matter of pride.

Service people live in a different world. Knowing nothing about it, I grew more conscious of it during a stay of several months in the islands. From a rampart of battleships against the sky line and planes in the air, our Navy came gradually to mean to me certain quiet men — or rather the expression in the eyes of the responsible officers of the Navy.

## WHY OUR HAWAII?



ONCE I MENTIONED TO AN ISLANDER THAT I THOUGHT of naming my book *Our Hawaii*. He flared up at once. "You don't think it's *your* Hawaii, do you?"

Therein lies the islander's dilemma. He wants to belong to the United States, he uses the slogan: "Hawaii is part of the United States"; but he also hopes to keep his paradise inviolable and apart. Mainlanders are foreigners to him, he resents any hint that they look upon his islands as a territory like any other. One can understand his feelings. The islands are so beautiful, life there has been so halcyon for the favored few, that they naturally dread closer ties with the hard swift life of our country, especially the growing democracy that is sure to swamp their feudalistic society. How to belong to the United States, enjoy all the advantages (including protection), take part in politics and even achieve statehood, without suffering any of the rougher phases of all that, is a problem indeed.

It is easy for mainlanders, too, to think of Hawaii as foreign. From the safe distance of home it seems so unlike us in

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history and in basic concepts that it easily recedes into another name for Pearl Harbor or Waikiki. Yet it has importance for us as an experiment in living. The very history which made life and thought so different from mainland ways has given Hawaii respect for the article in our Constitution which we have most honored in the breach — racial and religious tolerance.

Our frontier fostered a feeling of equality which still seems fairly prevalent. It also, because the population was so widely scattered, permitted the quick and easy assimilation of foreign groups. After one generation the homeland was forgotten and an American emerged. But as small towns grew, their vices of provincialism and intolerance grew with them. The pattern is common. Later immigrants were less easily assimilated; no state is free of racial or religious prejudice: sanctimonious or brutal, always ugly and stultifying.

Hawaii, a Kingdom wherein two races have shared honors throughout its history, could not afford racial intolerance. When it became a Territory of the United States, racial amalgamation was hastened. Children of all heritages go to school together, young people intermarry, men and women work together. Social lines are drawn by economic rather than by racial considerations. It is true that recently a group of white men banded together to deprive a colleague of a justly won honor because he was of another race. Certain people of all races discourage intermarriage. But on the whole youth on the islands is fast producing a universal race free of prejudice. One need only see a schoolful of little Orientals singing *God Bless America*, or hear a Japanese schoolboy orate: "When our ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock," to know that something stronger than petty prejudice will win. It is their America and the Japanese boy's ancestors did land on Plymouth Rock — the ancestors of the culture in which he was trained, as of

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everybody who believes the world must be governed eventually for the people and by the people.

Perhaps the Territory of Hawaii will prove most valuable to us as proof that our national ideal can be realized, that peoples of all races and all cultures can be fused into a civilized nation. The peoples of all the world are living more and more closely together. Inventions make it inevitable, practical considerations make it imperative, that we cease thwarting certain groups and allow a full expansion of talent and vigor everywhere. Certainly the world is going to need all the unhampered and well-trained ability there may be. Nothing less than world-wide, all-inclusive union of some sort will keep the peace, make a real civilization. And that means not only political or economic union, but racial amalgamation. It is nonsense to deny this. Uncontrollable human nature has already crashed all artificial barriers; there are no pure races.

Even the country now dedicated to the preposterous proposition that only their racial strain is worthy to rule is led by men whose physiognomies prove their own mixed blood, and whose culture (though they refuse the best of it) comes from a long Jewish-Greco-Roman-English history. The only sane way to combat such absurdity as they profess is by enlarging our conception of democracy to meet the actualities of the situation. Our Hawaii, because of its singular history and in spite of its many failures, offers a laboratory where such an experiment is in progress. Perhaps unconsciously Hawaii stands ready with a workable racial tolerance and cultural amalgamation as a basis for true democracy.







## GLOSSARY

*akua*: a god  
*alae*: a bird  
*alawai*: water way  
*alii*: a chief  
*aloha* Hawaiian greeting  
*amakua*: personal or family god  
*anaaná*: praying to death  
*awa*: a liquor

*elepao*: a bird

*hana*: work

*haole*: a foreigner, generally a  
white person

*hau*: a tree

*Hawoli Makahiki Hou*: Happy  
New Year

*Hawaii Nei*: this Hawaii (with  
affectionate implication), our  
Hawaii

*heiau*: a temple

*hoe-hana*: work with hoe

*hokelau*: a net haul of fish

*holoku*: a gown with train such  
as Hawaiian women wear

*hoomalimali*: "hoey"

*hula* the Hawaiian dance

*humuhumunukunukuapuaa*: a  
very small fish

*iiwi*: a bird

*imu*: a barbecue pit

*kahili*: a feathered standard,  
symbol of rank

*kahuna*: an expert, priest, doc-  
tor, or witch doctor

*kahuna anaaná*: witch doctor  
who can pray one to death

*kahuna ha-ha*: a diagnostician

*kamaaina*: a son of the soil, a  
native-born islander

*kamame*: a tree

*kanaka* a man, by usage a com-  
mon man

*kanehula* hula danced by a man  
or men

*kaona*: inner meaning

*kapu*: tabu, forbidden

GLOSSARY

*kau-kau*: from the Chinese *chow-chow*, food

*kaawe*: mesquite

*koa* Hawaiian mahogany

*Kona* lee side

*Kona wind* wind from the south, hot wind

*kuahu*: altar

*kukui*: candlenut and candlenut tree

*kuleana*: a parcel of land under the old Hawaiian system

*kumu*: director of the hula

*kuu ipu*. sweetheart

*lalau*. gadabout

*lanai*: veranda

*lauhala*. leaf of the hala (screw pine), from which mats are made

*laulau* see page 32

*lei*: wreath of flowers

*limu*: seaweed

*limumake*. poisonous seaweed

*lomilomi*: massage

*luau*. Hawaiian feast

*luna* overseer

*mahimahi*: a fish

*maile*: a fragrant vine

*makai*: toward the sea

*makaloa*: reeds

*make*: dead

*malihini*: a foreigner

*malo*: a loin-cloth

*malolo*: a flying fish

*mauka*: toward the mountains

*mele*. a chant or to chant

*moana*: the sea

*moi*. king

*muumuu*: woman's undergarment

*okolehao*: a liquor

*olapa*: a type of dance

*oo*: a bird

*opuhi*: a shellfish

*opu*: stomach or belly

*Pali*: a cliff

*paniolo*. a cowboy

*pa'u*: a woman's garment like a loin-cloth

*pau*. done, finished

*pau-hana*: end of work

*pikake*. Chinese jasmine

*pili*: grass

*pilikia*: trouble

*poi*: food made from taro root

*pua*: a tree

*tapa*: bark of the paper mulberry; cloth made from it

*ukulele*: a jumping bug; a guitarlike instrument

*ulua*: a fish

*wahine*: woman

*wikiwiki*: quick



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