MO‘OLELO, STORYTELLING:
STORYTELLERS OF HAWAI‘I GIVE VOICE TO THE UTILIZATION
AND PRESERVATION OF A HAWAIIAN TRADITION
IN URBAN HIGH SCHOOLS

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Dedicated to my sister Puanani and my son Ikaika
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Ke Akua and all my Hawaiian ancestors

To my grandparents, Tutu kane Fred Pregil, Sr. and Tutu wahine Puanani Helenihi

To my parents, Nelson and Barbara, for all their sacrifices

To my son, Ikaika

To my kaikuaana, Puanani, and her children, Puananionaona, Kawehi, and Pomaikai

To my brother, Dana

To Kawenaokalaniahiiaiakaikapiolekekawahineaihonua Pukui

To na haimoolelo, Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit, Mahealani Kanae

To Dr. Jeffrey Moniz, Ph. D, Assistant Professor, doctoral advisor, University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa

To Dr. Hannah Tavares, Ph. D, Associate Professor, mentor, University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa

To Saint Damien, Saint Marianne Cope, Uncle Johnny Cambra, and all the patients of Kalaupapa

For the grace of Ke Akua, God and the support of the above-mentioned parties, I privilege and express my humble gratitude for your manao and your faith in me.
ABSTRACT

My doctoral research is an inquiry into the art of moolelo, storytelling and its implications for educational settings particularly in underserved urban schools. For this study, I conducted extensive interviews with storytellers, both practitioners of storytelling and non-professionals, in various parts of the state. I approached this inquiry with a Hawaiian lens searching to gain insights into the purpose, the use of, the role, and the educational significance of the art of moolelo.
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Stories are timeless. They move through the ages with ease and the prowess of the teller and contain centuries of ancient wisdom. Stories teleport us to familiar and unfamiliar lands. Stories expand our imagination, awaken old memories, and deliver new memories to future generations. Stories are records of our history, our birthright, and our identity as a people. Stories in their many forms, folktales, folklore, legends, myths, memoirs, journals, letters, dance, songs, and oral histories imprint our earthly existence and insure our survival. Above all, stories teach. Embedded in stories are the lessons, the values, and the beliefs of society that are the very core of who we are as a people. In his dialogue with the devil, Doctor Parnassus\textsuperscript{1} maintains:

Somewhere in this world, right now, someone is telling a story. A different story . . . a saga, a romance, a tale of unforeseen death. It doesn’t matter. It’s sustaining the universe. That’s why we’re still here. You cannot stop stories being told (Gilliam & McKeown, n.d.).

Mapuana Patria
Researcher and Dissertation Author
January 18, 2014

\textsuperscript{1} Parnassus [Parnassos] is a mountain near Delphi in Greece. It is sacred to Doriens, Apollo, and the Corycian nymphs. Roman poets believed Parnassus to be the home of the Muses, and they received their inspiration from Parnassus’ Castalian Spring. In Greek Mythology, the muses were the nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne—Calliope: Muse of epic poetry, she carried a stylus and a tablet or trumpet; Clio: Muse of history, she carried a trumpet and scrolls; Erato: Muse of lyric and hymns, she carried a lyre; Euterpe: Muse of flute playing; Melpomene: Muse of tragedy, she carried the mask of tragedy; Polyhymnia: Muse of mime, she had a pensive attitude; Terpsichore: Muse of dance, she carried the lyre and plectrum; Thalia: Muse of comedy, she carried the smiling mask and a shepherd’s crook; and Urania: Muse of astronomy, she carried a globe and compass (Daly, 1992, p. 81).
INTRODUCTION

For many years storytelling has been an integral part of my high school curriculum. The stories we tell impart knowledge and yield a sense of humanity. Through our stories we share our joy and our pain, expose our fears and our frustrations, we uncover secrets, and we learn the truth. In other words, stories make us feel, express, and reflect. It is through stories and storytelling that I have found my greatest success as a classroom teacher.

I position myself as an indigene, kanaka maoli, a female educated in an Anglo European institution operated by Catholic, Belgian nuns for thirteen years. My tutu wahine, or grandmother, was kanaka maoli, Hawaiian and a Hawaiian language speaker. I would describe my upbringing as a reflection of the values and traditions of the Hawaiian culture fully realizing the impact and influence of the Sister of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A life of infinite contradictions made for infinite concessions. These adaptions have molded me and biased me in adulthood. The probability of bias leading to presumptions and assumptions cannot be denied in this inquiry based on my status as an indigene and an insider. Where some may view my status as biased, I consider this to be somewhat of an edge. It may be fair to add, however, that my educational experiences, Anglo-European in thought, allow for an alternative perspective to my cultural base. The ability to shape-shift between these worlds has delivered me to my present level of education.

In 2010, I received a master’s degree through the College of Education at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa, researching multicultural education and Hawaii epistemology through the lens of a kanaka maoli, Hawaiian. My participants were my students from a high school on central Oahu in Hawai‘i. Hai moolelo, storytelling, was a crucial part of my master’s research, which examined the notion of ao, a reciprocal methodology described by scholar and author
Malcolm Chun as ao aku, teaching, and ao mai, learning (Patria, 2010). Through the use of storytelling in the classroom, my students were able to make connections with their families, their classmates, and me, creating a sense of community. I found the benefits of storytelling to be especially useful to the indigenous learner and the challenged learner. The inquiry into the educational strategy of haimoolelo discussed in my master’s research warranted further investigation. Thus, the art of storytelling has become the focus of my doctoral dissertation. I aim to provide educators with convincing evidence whereby scholarly support and interviews from storytellers prepare the educator for a journey of discovery, rejuvenation, and perpetuation of haimoolelo in the classroom.
CHAPTER I

KUU MOOLELO O KALAUPAPA

To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferers smiling at the rod,
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, and shrinks; But if he look again,
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the sisters on the painful shores,
And even a fool is silent and adores. (Stevenson, 1889)

There are two ways or perhaps three ways to enter the remote peninsula of Kalaupapa on the island of Molokai\(^2\). Historically, in the 1800’s Lepers were taken by schooner and had to swim to Kalawao. Today, Kalaupapa is accessible by hiking down a steep pali\(^3\), by mule from “top side,” and by flying into Kalaupapa by plane. Our mode of transportation was a single piloted plane so small that by extending my arm I could touch the pilot from the back seat. The immediacy of the pilot, the size of the plane, and the short landing strip made for an unnerving descent. Relieved to feel the earth beneath me, I regained my composure. This was to be our first trip to Kalaupapa. My older sister, Puanani, and I would be meeting Uncle Johnny Cambra,

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\(^2\) Edward Halealoha Ayau provides the reason that Molokai is left without the glottal stop: my tūtū wahine (grandmother) [Harriet Ne] says that when she was growing up in Pelekunu it was never pronounced Moloka‘i (Moh-loh-ka-ee), rather it was Molokai (Moh-loh-ki). Then in about the 1930’s, the name changed to Moloka‘i, in part she believes because musicians began pronouncing the name that way. Mary Kawena Puku‘i, three weeks before her death, called my tutu and told her that the correct name is Molokai, which means, “the gathering of the ocean waters.” On the rugged north coast of the island, the ocean slams hard into the pali. On the south and east shores, the ocean water glides gently to the shore due to the location of reefs at least a quarter of a mile offshore. Hence the name, Molokai, “Gathering of the Ocean Waters.” (as cited in Ne, 1992, n.p.)

The Hawaiian language did not use the okina and the kahakou. The Hawaiian newspapers and earlier literary works reflect the absence of such markings. Thus, diacritical marks will not be used throughout the inquiry, unless used in a quotation, part of a literary work, or a definition. Additionally, remaining faithful to the spelling that her husband’s family used, Kawena would not place an okina between the two vowels in “Pukui.” (Pukui, 1995, p. xiii)

\(^3\) Pali – Cliff (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 312)
a long time resident of Kalaupapa for the first time. Uncle Johnny was Portuguese, a compact man with a quick gait. We were granted permission to stay at his home for the next few days. It was dinnertime when we arrived at Uncle Johnny’s modest home. Uncle Sonny, a robust Hawaiian man, would be dining with us this evening.

Raw fish from Kalaupapa waters with head intact, butterflied lengthwise and seasoned with paa kai, rock salt, was placed on the dinner table. Next to the freshly caught fish was a large bowl of poi\(^4\). As a child, I remember the preparation of poi. The poi was mixed with water until the desired consistency was obtained. After mixing, you would kahi\(^5\) the bowl in a circular motion, removing any traces of poi above the poi line. Our family ate from a common bowl with two fingers, the index and the middle finger, as it was the Hawaiian way.

I sensed that Uncle Johnny and Uncle Sonny were uneasy with the presence of outsiders. Both men were uncomfortably quiet and reserved. Uncle Johnny reached for the matching bowls that completed the salad set. We had the same set of parquet\(^6\) salad bowls back at home. Providing his guests with individual bowls was a considerate gesture grounded in years of painful myth, misconceptions, and misunderstandings. The enjoyment of a simple traditional Hawaiian meal appeared to be threatened by an indelible past. My kaikuaana,\(^7\) Puanani, my Tutu Helenihi’s namesake, was as kind and as loving as our grandmother. In her gentle way Puanani exclaimed, “No, Uncle, we’ll eat from the same bowl.” Uncle Johnny smiled and simultaneously, the uneasiness lifted. Puanani had a special way of making people feel loved. After dinner, Uncle Johnny chuckled, “You know, you can’t catch it, it’s just tough potatoes if you get it!”

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\(^4\) Poi - The Hawaiian staff of life made from cooked taro corms (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 337).
\(^5\) Kahi - to scrape, to run the fingers along the sides of a poi bowl so as to remove the poi clinging to the sides (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 111).
\(^6\) Parquet – Parquetry, a new type of flooring in the Castle of Versailles, France in 1684 known as parquet de menuiserie (woodwork parquet) [cutting small pieces of various colored woods into geometric shapes using squares, triangles, and lozenges, diamond shapes]. (Adelizzi)

\(^7\) Kaikua’ana - Sibling, older of a female (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 116).
all joined in his laughter. After a comfortable dinner, we “talked story” and got to know one another.

Uncle Sonny held an ukulele\(^8\) with one hand on the frets and the other hand posed to strum. “Uncle Sonny, do you play?” Puanani asked quite innocently. “How can?” he replied with a bit of sarcasm and humor. Again we all joined in with hearty laughter as Uncle Sonny proudly produced his hand; missing were all middle and distal digits of his fingers. We were no longer outsiders. We were neither intruder nor kokua\(^9\). We were accepted as ohana\(^10\) through Puanani’s simple act of kindness and respect.

We all retired for the evening. This was to be my first night on Kalaupapa shores. It was dusk and the freshness of the meal and the excitement of a novel experience tired me. Kalaupapa was still, absent of the usual sounds heard on Oahu. The voices of children playing were not heard; the familiar sounds of traffic, horns blowing, sirens blaring, and the sound of large trucks in reverse were not heard. Frogs did not moan, and insects did not buzz, flutter, or sing. All of Kalaupapa was still that night. With the absence of streetlights, my thoughts quickly drifted into the darkness and into the quiet silence of Kalaupapa. Although we would be sleeping on the floor, the conditions for a deep slumber were ideal on Kalaupapa; it was pitch black, and it was unnaturally quiet. I anticipated the best sleep I would ever experience. However, this was not to be the case; a creature no bigger than my thumb would deprive me of a blissful night’s sleep. I was awoken by mechanical sounds, like the sounds of a resurrected toy. Perched in the wooden clock on the adjacent wall was a yellow bird, a cuckoo. He sang to me every hour on the hour his familiar cuckoo song.

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\(^8\) Ukulele - *Lit. Leaping flea.* An instrument brought to Hawai‘i by the Portuguese in 1879 (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 366).


With care, I collected eggs from contented hens at dawn. They did not seem to mind the intrusion. Uncle Johnny made fresh orange juice from Hawaiian oranges, the same oranges my Tutu Pregil grew in his yard when I was a child. Uncle Johnny was so proud of a canned ham he received from someone on Oahu and offered to open it for us. We declined. We would be nourished strictly from the fruits of the land and the fruits of the sea.

After breakfast we headed for town aboard Uncle Johnny’s kaa. Kalaupapa pulsed of life. The prominent cliffs shielded us while strands of waterfalls graced the lush valleys below. The apparent sanctity of Kalaupapa was evident throughout the settlement. We stopped outside the country store and the post office. Uncle Johnny shared many things about his home and about his community: “You know, Norbert is the youngest, he’s forty.”

Our next stop was Saint Philomena’s Church. Uncle Johnny pointed out the spit holes on the floors of the church designed to accommodate the patients during services. In reverence, we gathered around the gravesite of Hawai’i’s first canonized Saint, Father Damien. After a full day, we headed back home with hearty appetites.

Puanani and I filled an oversized pot with water for boiling. Uncle Johnny immersed my favorite crustaceans, the Hawaiian lobsters into the pot. I had never seen so many Hawaiian lobsters, and I had never seen such sizable lobsters. Mrs. Brown, a friend of Uncle Johnny, joined us for dinner. Leprosy had been cruel to Mrs. Brown. Disfigured severely, her eyes were hidden behind dark glasses. A large bandage concealed a nasal cavity. So complete was her concealment that I cannot recall any identifiable feature of Mrs. Brown. I can only retrieve from my memory her soft and genteel manner. It pleased us that she, too, felt comfortable in our presence. We savored all the lobster we could eat, leaving enough for two additional meals. We enjoyed lobster omelets for breakfast and dined on potato lobster salad for dinner.

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11 Ka’a – Car (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 106).
Within a span of thirty years, I have tried unsuccessfully to write my moolelo\textsuperscript{12} of Kalaupapa, the “Leaf on the Land’s Surface.”\textsuperscript{13} With each attempt, my pen resisted, unable to convey the true emotion of our brief, but transformative visit with Uncle Johnny and his friends. We would never see Uncle Johnny and Mrs. Brown again. Puanani and I would visit Uncle Sonny at Leahi\textsuperscript{14} Hospital on Oahu when he received treatment for complications related to the disease. Every now and again, I picture Uncle Johnny as I remember him with grateful hands reaching high up into the Kalaupapa skies, smiling and truly happy, announcing with great affection and aloha,\textsuperscript{15} “This is God’s Country.”

In an interview with Helen McKay, one of Australia’s leading aboriginal storytellers, Pauline McLeod (1998) spoke to the universal power of the tradition of storytelling and to the power of stories in the following passage:

I believe storytelling is one of the most powerful forms of change within the modern world today. If a storyteller knows what they are doing, if they hold true to the tradition of the storyteller—whether it be Aboriginal, Anglo-Celtic, European or Black Forest storyteller, Hasidic, Asian or American storyteller—and understand the power of stories and how they can help people, they then have a credibility in the community. (p. 1)

Central to my argument for the practice and preservation of moolelo and the purpose of my research is to rejuvenate, revitalize, and rediscover an ancient tradition endangered in a “new world” highly driven by technology. The ubiquitous appeal of storytelling has waned with technological advancements, the decentralization of the nuclear family, gaming, social media,

\textsuperscript{12} Mo’olelo – Story, tale, myth, history, tradition, literature, legend, fable; all stories were oral, not written (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 254).

\textsuperscript{13} Harriet Ne’s translation of Kalaupapa (1981, p. 47).

\textsuperscript{14} Lē‘ahi - Diamond Head, Kaimana Hila (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 428).

\textsuperscript{15} Aloha - Love, affection, compassion (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 21).
cell phones and other societal/social distractions. Hai moolelo is one aspect of my culture and of the greater global community worth saving.

My research privileges the storytellers and their stories. Moreover, my research provides scholarly evidence and emic evidence from storytellers in support of the benefits of storytelling in contemporary society and the benefits of storytelling on all levels of education. Societal distractions and the loss of cultural values coupled with the ills of globalization entice our youth with mere illusions. They live in the moment devoid of the past, their histories, and their very identities. The stories and anecdotes of their parents and grandparents have little relevance for them. In kind, frustrated parents and grandparents simply do not tell their stories to disinterested youth, armed with impatience and resistant attitudes.

In my opinion, my data strongly suggests stories to be a basic human need. We all have stories and we are all tellers of stories. Stories delve deeply into our very being. Beneath the surface of stories we expose our personal truth through self-reflection. We tell stories to establish relationships, to make connections, and to create memories. These connections are cultural, cross cultural, and global, lending to the universality of storytelling.

My research provides a framework of educational strategies that are beneficial to all students, especially the marginalized populations such as the peoples of Oceania. The kanaka
maoli, Hawaiians, the Marshallese, the Maori, and the Samoan peoples are traditional storytellers. In Hawai‘i we “talk story”; this is a cultural convention and a venue for sharing stories informally and establishing relationships. In Hawaii, everyday interaction requires establishing relationships, inquiry of the state or status of the ohana as a prelude to daily interactions. This is our way in Hawai‘i. We achieve this connection through story.

Aole i pau.
CHAPTER II

LITERATURE REVIEW

In the review of the literature there is both scholarly evidence and indigenous testimony in support of the value of moolelo. The literature supports the use of storytelling in the field of education and in other disciplines. The literature review begins with scholarly evidence and follows with indigenous testimony. Some of the indigenous people have received a formal education and have obtained degrees from western institutions, while other indigenes have acquired the collective wisdom of their ancestors informally, through indigenous epistemology. In other words, cultural knowledge has been passed down through the ages in traditional fashion. There is no hierarchical distinction or division made between the two groups, the indigenes with college degrees and those without college degrees. The contributions of the latter group are equally invaluable to the inquiry.

In 1986, Gordon Wells, a professor of Education at the University of California Santa Cruz conducted a seminal study in Bristol, England that provided a link between storytelling and classroom success in primary education (as cited in Stuczynski et al., 2005, p. 3). Wells’ findings suggest that sustained storytelling in both home and classroom environments are essential to literacy development. Wells found that children under age four who told and heard stories at home read effortlessly and with interest upon entering school. As both listener and teller, children benefit cognitively and psychosocially in an interactive and a creative process.

According to Stuczynski, Linik, Novick, Spraker, Tucci, and Ellis (2005), understanding the narrative has a powerful influence on school success (p. vi). Narrative ability according to Feagans and Applebaum (1986) is solely the most important language ability for success in school (as cited in Stuczynski et. al, 2005, p. 359).
Additionally, studies have shown that children can remember facts when they are in narrative form. Storytelling has been found to enhance student’s writing ability.

With sustained exposure to storytelling, student language learning progressed. Storytelling proved to be an important methodology for teachers, particularly in reading and library-based programs. When teaching with story, students explore the seven “C’s”: community, character, curriculum, cultural, connections, creativity and confidence.

Students are able to find their voice when given the opportunity to tell stories. According to Erin Ciccone, a fifth grade teacher, the most effective way to find a student’s voice is to literally let then use their voice (as cited in Stuczynski et al., 2005, p. 13). Ciccone suggests that students must first tell stories before writing them. She adds that when given the opportunity to talk, students must find their voice to be able to tell the story. Subsequently, their voices will emerge in their writing.

Storytelling as a teaching and learning strategy is widely practiced in elementary schools; however, it appears to be underutilized in the high school. If and when storytelling is resumed on the college level, students have a substantial break in the sustained exposure of storytelling. An educational gap appears to exist on the high school level that must be bridged between post-secondary institutions. In my opinion, two obstacles appear to be problematic. Some high school teachers fear that curricula content will be compromised with the use of storytelling in their classrooms. Secondly, many teachers lack the confidence and the know-how to tell a story.

Professor Trevor B. Hall teaches the Writers in the Classroom college course. He brings insights to the transformative power of stories as a source of reflection and wonder:

Stories have long guided my own teaching, my own learning. During my time with stories and students, (myself included) of Writers in the Classroom, I have witnessed
what happens when people allow a well-crafted narrative to become a source of reflection and wonder—a lens through which to examine their own lives as teachers and learners. (Hall, 2004, p. 271)

Some of the First Nation Tribal colleges have made storytelling an integral part of their curricula. According to Barbara Ellen Sorensen (2012), students from several tribal colleges learn generational knowledge passed on by elders, and they write their own narratives. Storytelling connects the elders with the youth. As Sorensen put it, “The act of storytelling brings people together through time and space” (p. 5).

Rebecca Bishop (2012), public relations officer at AAniiih Nakoda College on the Fort Belknap Reservation has learned about traditional ways from her ninety-eight year old grandmother and her mother who is in her seventies, as well as her husband who is in his eighties. Activities such as Earth Day bridge the elders in the community with students. During this particular event, elder Hannah Has Eagle explained the traditional preparation of soup cooked in the stomach of the cow and placed in a hole underground that was heated with hot rocks from a fire. Bishop added that stories taught people how to identify and gather medicinal plants used for healing. She stated that the awareness of the presence of these healing plants is the lesson contained in these stories that are passed down from one generation to the next. Moreover, stories passed down by the elders to the younger generation are a type of history that is not found in history books (as cited in Sorensen, 2012, p. 3).

Dr. Robin Mello (2001), Assistant Professor from the University of Wisconsin – Whitewater College of Education is in awe when teachers and participants studying to be teachers enrolled in her class admit that they are not able to tell a story without memorizing it. Therefore, teachers rely on tapes, videos, and artists to tell stories to their students instead of
telling stories themselves. It is my opinion that teachers who lack storytelling skills will lack the confidence to tell a story in the classroom. Moreover, the combination of the two creates avoidance and underutilization in practice. I agree with Mello that teachers improve in their practice through the artful use of the story.

Mello studied teacher participants who were students in her storytelling class and discovered that their testimony and advocacy were in support of the efficacy of storytelling in the oral tradition. Mello added that these educators assigned credit to the power of storytelling for building bridges by improving relationships among their colleagues and their students. In Mello’s study it appears that storytelling served as a conduit for positive interpersonal relationships. Additionally, some of the teachers found storytelling to be transformative.

Where I am of the opinion that storytelling is a dying art, Mello asserted that storytelling is not a dying art. Moreover, Mello acknowledged that storytelling has scholarly recognition as a highly valued strategy; however, storytelling is under-utilized. I concur with Mello in the underutilization of storytelling. According to Mello (2001), storytelling is our oldest literacy. Oral literacy has social, emotional and, intellectual properties beneficial to children. Storytelling is useful in teaching content knowledge. Mello added that as children and adults, we tell stories to remember, inform, entertain, persuade, explain, and express who we are and what we believe. An important point supporting my case for sustained exposure to storytelling on the high school level is Mello’s comment that connecting oral and written language can help older students as well as younger ones (Mello, 2011, p. 13).

Mello spoke to the exclusionary effect of attaching terms such as “professional,” “skilled,” “expert,” or “authority” that infer a right or wrong way to tell a story. Mello cautioned the use of such references that deter exploration in storytelling and obstruct the perpetuation and
the advocacy of storytelling. This point would justify my intuitive decision to include non-professional storytellers in the inquiry to be explained in my chapter on methodology.

Mello views storytelling as an educative process beneficial to the teller and the receiver, a medium that fosters relationships, generates empathy, and builds community through a sense of connectedness. Mello’s final point maintained that storytelling reflects best practices. Mello’s emphasis on relationships is at the very core of Hawaiian consciousness. Relationships are integral among the indigenous Hawaiian people. Through shared storytelling in the oral tradition we forge strong connection with the ohana, family, and the community.

Margaret Read MacDonald has authored over sixty books on folklore and storytelling. She recognized that storytelling is more than an instructional tool. In her view, it is the oldest tool in the teaching toolkit and an essential tool for teaching (MacDonald, Whitman, & Whitman, 2014). MacDonald supports the utility of stories told by parents and teachers who through storytelling impart lessons that build character and set expectations, and create a sense of community in the classroom. She adds that current research on the brain entertains the notion that we are wired for story and that supports the effective use of the narrative. MacDonald draws on the visceral experience of the narrative structure, characterization, and the setting of the story when stories are told orally. This visceral reference is similar to the naau or gut feeling in Hawaiian epistemology.

According to MacDonald, Whitman, and Whitman, storytelling aligns with Common Core State Standards in English Language Arts and Reading Literature, such as RL 2.9 Comparing and contrasting the same story from different cultures; RL 3.2 and Recount stories, fables, folktales and myths from diverse cultures; and RL 4.9 Compare and contrast the treatment of similar themes and topics, patterns of events, in myths, folklore from diverse cultures.
Furthermore, the American Association of School Librarians (AASL) acknowledges the potential of storytelling in Standards for the 21st Century Learner in striving for personal and aesthetic growth. The organization cites Standard 4.1, which requires that students respond to literature and creative expression of ideas in various formats and genres. The AASL recommends that the library media center in the schools combine the best of the new with the oral tradition of storytelling carried down for generations. This combination will benefit students in two ways, by increasing student achievement and preparing today’s students to share with future generations through advocacy and perpetuation (American Association of School Librarians, 2008, p. 3).

Dan McAdams (2004), professor of human development and social policy at Northwestern University, studies how people tell stories about their own lives (as cited in Stuczyznksi, et al., 2005, p. 3). He suggests, “People selectively remember the past…” He adds that stories give us our identities (as cited in Stuczyznksi, et al., 2005, p. 3). McAdam’s theory satisfied my curiosity about the selection of moolelo shared by my tellers.

According to Laura Ruth Johnson, an assistant professor at Northern Illinois University College of Education, and Enid Marie Rosario-Ramos (2012) counter storytelling for marginalized communities who have not been heard or who have been silenced provide a venue to rewrite the master narrative in an effort to reclaim their history and their dignity. Counter stories encourage critical intergenerational dialogue. In some instances, communities interact among multiple generations. The elders teach the younger generations the lessons of their struggles, and the younger generations set their course towards social change and a better future through counter storytelling.

Albert Bandura’s (2000) Social Cognitive Theory supports the notion that storytelling “structured along social cognitive lines is an especially influential vehicle for effecting personal
and social changes” (p. 54). Storytelling brings to life daily struggles and consequences of different social practices and is telling of people’s fears, hopes and aspirations for a better life (p. 54). Bandura viewed storytelling as a social phenomenon affiliated to adult learning. Bandura suggested that telling stories allows the listener to learn situationally through symbolic observation, which in this instance is language and “in particular narrative rendition of experiences” (as cited in Tyler and Mullen, 2011, p. 291). Bandura’s theory resonates with the concepts of Etienne Wenger’s Communities of Practice.

The scholarship of Etienne Wenger supports the use of storytelling as it relates to Communities of Practice. Wenger (2004) defined communities of practice as groups of people who share a concern or a passion for something they do and learn how to do it better as they interact regularly (p.1). In reviewing the concept of communities of practice from Wenger, Jo A. Tyler, Ed.D, professor in the School of Behavioral Sciences and Education at Penn State, and Faith Mullen, J.D., clinical professor at the Catholic University of America Columbus School of Law (2011), make the following observation: “Stories are the very fiber of communities of practice, the stuff that creates them, holds them together, and provides them with identity and boundary.” Additionally, they noted that for Wenger, “Communities of Practice naturally evolve in the context of shared interests and shared stories, and in turn, result in the production of new stories.” Thus, shared stories generate new stories. Stories are a product of communities of practice useful for knowledge transfer within and among the community (Tyler and Mullen, 2011). In the practice of law, Tyler and Mullen recognized that stories help in the organization and recognition of facts (p. 83).

From the Department of Curriculum, Teaching and Learning, Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, University of Toronto, Kathleen Marie Gallagher (2011) asserted that
storytelling is centrally important to educational research; however, storytelling remains under-theorized. Gallagher promotes the use of storytelling as a method. She acknowledges that some may argue that storytelling in educational research often elicits reactionary or imperialistic accounts. Gallagher suggests a departure from “story as case” to “story by method” (emphasis mine, p. 51). Gallagher states that in empirical research, the “reality syndrome,” the propensity towards interpretively closed or over-explained story as “illustrative case” obstructs new knowledge in the field due to the absence of imagination and theoretical probing (p. 51). Gallagher argues, “The act of telling the story opens up interpretive and relational possibilities” (emphasis mine, p. 54).

The literature provides evidence in storytelling’s universal appeal, especially for the weaker student. In keeping aligned with the principles of multicultural education, I agree with Jaymie R. Kosa (2008), Language Arts teacher and former executive director of Storytelling Arts, who presents a pedagogical strategy for all students in her belief that storytelling “silences the room and invites every type of learner to participate” (p. 43). Kosa also agrees that the developing of storytelling skills builds stronger connections with students. According to Kosa, stories allow the weakest readers to enjoy and reflect on an idea they may not understand. Additionally, a student’s ability should not be a prerequisite to storytelling. Stories arrest students who cannot sit still as the eyes of the teller and listener engage during storytelling. Stories enable the strongest listeners to take notice of subtleties and details. Where stories settle the hyperactive students, stories also offer the quiet students a voice. Furthermore, Kosa recognizes that students’ brains organize things differently. Storytelling addresses the difference in learning styles of students whether it is holistic or step-by-step. Kosa maintains that the traditional story structure addresses both organizational styles. She suggests that stories be used
when introducing a new concept or a new unit. Kosa mentions that this strategy can be utilized on the high school level, such as in a trigonometry class.

Sara Miller and Lisa Pennycuff (2008) strongly support the use of storytelling as a powerful teaching and learning tool in the classroom. The use of storytelling is one strategy to address the development of literacy by improving oral language, reading comprehension, and writing: “Because of the interrelated nature of the processes involved in reading and writing, storytelling is an effective pedagogical strategy that can be woven into instruction to increase students’ competencies in all areas” (p. 36). The action of storytelling involves the teller and the listener utilizing the social element of language (p. 37).

According to Miller and Pennycuff, research findings conclude that literacy instruction is most effective when developed through social interaction. Teachers must provide opportunities for students to dialogue and interact with one another. In some instances, researchers have found the best storytellers to be among the weakest readers and writers. On this idea, Hamilton and Weiss (2005) echo Miller and Pennycuff’s point in the following passage:

Teachers need to provide many kinds of literacy experiences to meet individual needs.

Every time we teach storytelling to a classroom of students, the teacher inevitably points out some of the children who struggle with reading and writing are among the best storytellers in the class. (p. 8)

Moreover, Hamilton and Weiss (2005) suggest that creativity and improvisation are stimulated in storytelling: “If students are encouraged to choose a folktale and, in keeping with the oral tradition, make it their own in the retelling they learn to be creative and to think on their feet” (p. 8). According to Hamilton and Weiss, the re-telling of stories can be transformative as the tellers “elaborate, compress, innovate, and discard, take shocking liberties, delicately shift
nuances” (p. 8). In addition, stories develop the processes of imagination and visualization that the home and the school fail to nurture. Furthermore, Hamilton and Weiss believe that imagination helps us to solve problems while visualization allows students to create pictures in their minds while reading. Proficient readers spontaneously and purposefully create mental images while and after they read. In addition to all these elements, storytellers utilize their body, voice, and gestures in the telling of a story. Collectively, stories provide a venue for imagination, visualization, and creativity to flourish in the classroom. Miller and Pennycuff concur. Storytellers learn to use their own body as the medium for their art. Elaborating on this point, the National Council of Teachers in English (1992) defines storytelling as relating a tale to one or more listeners through voice and gesture. This organization maintains that the engaging effect of storytelling can motivate even the most reluctant reader or writer. Moreover, Miller and Pennycuff recognize that storytelling strengthens reading comprehension by helping students develop a sense of story enabling them to derive meaning from a story.

Citing other scholarship, Miller and Pennycuff acknowledge that students can develop a sense of story through storytelling: “Through active engagement, storytelling as a pedagogical strategy can strengthen reading comprehension by helping students develop of a sense of story” (2008, p. 38). Having a sense of story is critical for students to make sense of the text and derive meaning from a story.

Other disciplines in contemporary society recognize the value of storytelling in their specialized fields such as in business, law, health fields and educational research. Storytelling has been recognized in the corporate world in the area of training in knowledge management and competitive intelligence. In the December 2007 issue of the "Harvard Business Review", the cover story “Four Truths of the Storyteller” featured filmmaker Peter Gruber whose credits include The
Color Purple, Rainmaker and Batman. He has worked with directors, novelists, screenwriters, producers, and actors whom he says are storytellers in their own right. In Guber’s capacity as a business executive, he notes that storytelling is essential in his corporate work. The technique of storytelling serves as an effective motivator that may be utilized on all levels of operation from the CEO, the line manager, and the sales person in a company. Guber provides four required truths of the storyteller: truth to the teller in conveying values (emphasis mine); truth to the audience in the worth of their time (emphasis mine); the truth to the moment which is the context (emphasis mine); and truth in the mission (emphasis mine), a cause beyond self. In his commentary, Guber reminds us that the timelessness of oral tradition in this high-tech world praises state-of-the-art technology, but “the power of storytelling resides most fundamentally in ‘state-of-the-heart technology’” (emphasis mine).

As early as 1992, Sandra Craig McKenzie has been a strong advocate for the use of storytelling in the law profession. She argues that storytelling occurs in the courtroom, lawyers are storytellers; however, they are not trained as such (p. 251). According to McKenzie, the most obvious benefit to students is the opportunity to do in the classroom what lawyers do in practice: Tell stories to solve problems for clients (p. 267). Telling stories is essential to the practice of law (p. 262). McKenzie argues that the United States legal education is dominated by the “case method” of instruction, first introduced by Christopher Columbus Langdell at Harvard in the late nineteenth century and focused extensively on the identification and analysis of rules of law. McKenzie suggests “Case method instruction was part of a movement to legitimize law as an academic subject and establish law school as the preferred method of training for lawyers” (p. 252). In referencing the case method, McKenzie is adamant in the belief that legal education, as an institution, neglects to recognize the storytelling aspects of a lawyer’s craft (p. 259). She is
critical of the introduction of case study on the first day of law school and strongly believes the causation of such an introduction to the field of law elicits law students to “internalize case method as a primary model” (p. 259).

McKenzie suggests that the lawyer in the courtroom is the modern legal counterpart of the oral storyteller and must work with two sets of rules, the rules of the storyteller and the rules of a complex legal system (p. 253). Creativity is a necessary element to present alternate solutions to client problems and to adapt to societal changes. McKenzie argues that classroom dialogue shows the student how to “dissect and criticize opinions”; however, it does not identify the “creative aspects of putting rules into a narrative structure to tell the clients’ story” (p. 267).

According to McKenzie, other scholars have recognized the persuasive power of stories (p. 254). Additionally, recognizing the lawyer’s role as a storyteller renders a “different voice” to legal education (p. 265). McKenzie recommends more opportunities for students to write, discussion on the lawyer’s role as a problem solver, and a paradigm shift from an emphasis on rules to the stories told by lawyers.

Additionally, in the field of health, researcher Michele R. Davidson (2003) utilized storytelling as one of the primary methods of teaching a woman’s undergraduate health class. Davidson used a phenomenological approach based on Heideggerian hermeneutic. As a learning tool, storytelling afforded students the ability to visualize clinical situations realistically. Storytelling served as a trigger to retrieve complex medical terminology. Storytelling also complimented and clarified difficult and technical information. According to Davidson, storytelling fostered empathy, caring, compassion, and the development of cultural competencies, attributes that are difficult for students to grasp when taught traditionally through lectures and question and answer sessions (p. 185). Additionally, Davidson found storytelling to
be a stimulus to critical thinking. Students were better able to understand nursing issues when stimulated to think of clients and their situations realistically. Three themes were explored: personalized learning, participatory learning, and group trust and safe environment. Davidson concluded that storytelling was a “meaningful teaching strategy” (p. 188) that when utilized in nursing education served to develop empathy, compassion, and cultural sensitivity. Storytelling allows students to learn in “new ways.” Moreover, storytelling promotes greater understanding and comprehension. Storytelling provides students with opportunities to be more actively involved.

Stories avail themselves to the hula, mele, song, to memoirs, to oral histories, and to correspondence through letter writing.


According to Dr. Stagner, dances of “oral literature,” as well as mele, songs, oli, chants, and mantras were the main source of education in oral cultures devoid of a written language. Stagner adds that the hula provided a venue to communicate feelings, experiences, and desires. In ancient times the hula was not simply a form of entertainment. Traditional dances were a part of religious rites, and they were performed in the reenactment of battles and significant events. Scholars and elders suggest that the first dancers were strictly men. The athleticism of the male dancers was characterized by “discipline, dexterity and agility,” traits sought in the training of warriors. Thus warriors, na koa were selected from men who excelled in hula. These men joined martial arts groups called lua. The close affiliation in the training of hula and lua extended to the
kumu hula, hula master, and the olohe, martial arts master, whom Stagner coined as “occupational cousins.” Dr. Stagner describes three types of hula, the Hula Pele, dances in honor of Pele; Hula Mele Inoa, name chants that honored the chiefs. Once composed, these dances became the property of the honoree. Hula Mele Mai, dances of the genitalia, celebrated procreation of the ali`i, royalty and were significant in the perpetuation of the Hawaiian race. Hula Mele Kanikau, dirges lament the dead. The Hula Mele Kaua, pre-war dances prepared the warriors for battle by inciting courage in the warrior and intimidating their enemies.

Memoirs are yet another way to tell a story. According to Faith Adiele, Harvard graduate, author of Meeting Faith, Journals of a Buddhist Nun, My Journey Home, Twins: Growing Up Nigerian Nordic American and Coming of Age Around the World A Multicultural Anthology, memoirs are “actually one of the most political things you can do” (2010). Other accolades to Adiele’s credit are Associate Professor of Writing at California’s College of Arts, and the Distinguished Visiting Writer at Mills College in Oakland, California. Adiele is bi-racial and writes through the dual lens. Her father was African, and her mother was Nordic. According to Adiele (2010), memoirs democratize storytelling: “Official history is penned by power brokers, but the real stories are lived on the ground” (p. 34).

While reading an expose on Faith Adiele in a magazine, I was alarmed as an educator by comments from her college students on their high school experience: “‘There’s a difference between ignorance and intelligence. How do you feel about your ignorance?’ ‘Angry!’ they shout, ‘High school didn’t teach us anything!’ ‘Good,’ I reply. ‘Let’s get to work!’” (Adiele, 2010, p. 34).

Adiele provides her students with opportunities to tell their stories in her class. Based on the remarks made by Adiele’s students, I would argue for curricula on storytelling in the high
school. Through stories and storytelling teachers have the wherewithal to provide students with a relevant, enriching, and memorable high school experience.

The collection of oral histories provides another venue for storytelling. In 1838, Reverend Sheldon Dibble, colleagues, and the students of Lahainaluna High School16 produced a collection of oral histories from the people of Maui. Dibble’s students went into the community and conducted oral histories recording life as it was in the “ancient days” of Hawaii. The collection of stories, moolelo were edited and translated in the book Ka Mo’olelo Hawaii by Dorothy M. Kahananui in 1984. According to Malcolm Chun (2010) Dibble “selected ten of his best scholars of the Seminary, and formed them into a class of inquiry.” Chun explains the process below:

He [Dibble] then requested them to ‘go individually and separately to the oldest and most knowing of the chiefs and people, gain all information they could on the questions given out, commit each his information to writing and be ready to read it on a day and hour appointed’. (Chun, 2010, p. viii)

Chun identifies three such scholars as David Malo, S. N. Haleole, and S. M. Kamakau.

To strengthen the argument of the mana, power of moolelo in other cultures, indigenous testimony and perspectives from the kanaka maoli, Hawaiians, the Alaskan Inuit, the Marshallese, the Australian Aborigines, and the Maori of New Zealand have been included in the subsequent sections.

Mary Kawena Pukui has been described as an “ardent practitioner of the art of storytelling.” She with Laura Green have written a path breaking book Folktales of Hawaii: He Mau Ka’a’o Hawai’i describing in old Hawai‘i how stories were told in the oral tradition and that

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16 Lahainaluna - Lahainaluna School was established in 1831. The first newspaper west of the Rocky Mountains, Ka Lama was printed in Hawai‘i on February 14, 1834 (Lahainaluna High School).
storytellers were afforded positions of honor (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. xii). While moolelo, stories were a primary source of entertainment, they were essential in the transmission and acquisition of cultural knowledge. Storytellers registered an elevated status in society for their skill and their role in the perpetuation of tradition and cultural knowledge. They were crucial to a culture dependent on oral transmission in the absence of a written language. To illustrate the power and purpose of storytelling in the Hawaiian culture, I included selections of the many kaao, tales translated by famed cultural preservationist Mary Kawena Pukui selected for their authenticity and accuracy in translation. She took scrupulous care to tell and record moolelo just as she had heard them.

According to Pukui’s daughter Patience Bacon (1995),”Some people heard stories and then rewrote them in the Western sense…as a result a lot was lost…that was not my mother’s style” (p. xi). Bacon was one of three people privileged to hear Kawena tell her kaao folktales. Tales were instructional mechanisms utilized by the storyteller to provide lessons in ancestry, history, religion, human relationships, crafts such as weaving, and other daily activities such as planting and fishing (Green & Pukui, 1995). Hawaiian storytellers were adept in preserving the family genealogy of the ali‘i, monarchy and the makaainana, commoner. Stories were reflections of cultural values and beliefs, customs and traditions. They offered explanations for things mysterious and served as mediums for understanding these mysteries. Stories were guidelines for proper conduct and outlines for improper conduct. Above all, the coalescent property of stories solidified the community.

In a more recent publication, Chun (2001) cites Handy and Pukui (1972) on storytelling in the tradition of mokuauhau, family genealogy, known as the Mele Kuauhau. Proper protocol dictates the establishment of the mokuauhau, family genealogy through oli, chant. On a rare
occasion, at the Royal Mausoleum, Mauna Ala, the final resting place of the Hawaiian
Monarchy, scholar and author Malcolm Nanea Chun honored us with such an oli, chant, a
lengthy recitation that included the succession of the Hawaiian monarchy. Mele Hanau were
birth chants such as the *Kumulipo of Alapai*, Mele Mai were chants for the genitalia, and Mele
Inoa were name chants.

Eleanor Elizabeth Nahiaapo Heavy (1984) describes a traditional funeral in Kona and the
role of the chant, oli and, the kuo\(^1\) in establishing the genealogy of the deceased at the
“undertaking parlor.” Eleanor found the wailing of the participants distressful and was reluctant
to attend the funeral services; however, as the eldest child, she was forced to accompany her
mother, whom she says had a mind of a walking genealogy\(^2\). Mama would say, “A keia kou
ko‘ohana” (And that’s your relative). “She knew just where you came from, who and what.”
Eleanor maintained that if you wanted to know about the person, you needed only to listen to the
oli and kuo because “Actually, they [they are] telling you the genealogy of this person,
see” (as cited in Kodama-Nishimoto, Nishimoto, & Oshiro, 1984, p. 35).

Beyond the genealogical preservation of lineage, moolelo were instrumental in teaching
values, beliefs, customs and consequences. Stories also served to announce historical events such
as the birth of a king. I have chosen selections from Pukui’s publication of *Folktales of Hawaii:*
*He Mau Kaao Hawaii* to illustrate some of these traditions and cultural beliefs primarily for
Pukui’s integrity in her translations. Pukui always said, “I’m speaking from my own doorway
and not anybody else’s…you speak only of things that you know and you don’t take from
elsewhere” (p. xi).

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\(^1\) Kū ō - literal translation, to cry loudly as with joy or pain; to howl like a dog. It was customary for Hawaiian
people to express their grief at funerals through wailing. Mele kuo, lamentation (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p 183).
\(^2\) Kawena Pukui’s education began when she was a mere tot. To prepare her for treasuring her family lore and to
develop her power of memorizing, she was required to learn and recite the name of every relative, to give the
relationship, and to name the location of the person’s home (Doyle, 1981, p.128).
In the translation of Kuka‘ohi‘anakalaka, a moolelo told to Pukui in 1930 in Hilo, Hawaii, the consequence for bad behavior is apparent and severe. Kuka‘ohi‘anakalaka, the husband in the kaao, beats his wife to death for her constant stinginess. After a substantial catch, Kuka‘ohi‘anakalaka instructs his wife to reciprocate the generosity of her sister-in-law, Kauakuahine for regularly sharing vegetables with them. Instead she hides the dried fish under the sleeping mat and tells her sister-in-law that there is no fish. The consequence for her subsequent cruelty and her stinginess ends in her demise.

Embedded in the kaao, Ka Mohai Ulu (The Breadfruit Offering) is a very important Hawaiian value regarding the charity and the kindness afforded to strangers. In Pukui’s iteration of the kaao, one of two girls presented an “old woman” with breadfruit and water, while the first girl refused. Thusly, the old woman instructed the second girl to go home and to tell her parents to store food in their houses and to hang up flags for ten days at the corners of the house (p. 23). When the girl tells her parents of the meeting, they explain that the old woman was Pele, the goddess of the volcano. They commend their daughter for her kindness and did as the old woman instructed. Lava flowed over the Kau District destroying many homes, sparing the home of the charitable girl. The lesson parents and grandparents teach their children through this tale is not to be “stingy, and not to answer strangers rudely” so as not to offend Pele someday and fall victim to evil (p. 23). Malcolm Nanea Chun’s (2001) admission of his love for this Pele story told to him by his aunt, a schoolteacher and a storyteller from Kona, speaks to the importance of Hawaiian hospitality. According to Chun, we must accommodate the elderly who have travelled long distances with “rest and refreshment.” The kaao of Pele in the guise of an old woman is a reminder of the importance of being hospitable by emphasizing opposite behavior, hewa and its

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19 Hewa – mistake, fault, error, sin, blunder, defect, offense, guilt, crime, vice, wrong, incorrect, wicked, sinful, guilty; to err, miss, mismanage, fail (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 67).
eventual consequences (p. 47). Chun describes Kawena Pukui’s thoughts on Hawaiian hospitality: “Hospitality was typical of all Hawaiians on all of the islands. My own parents, our relatives, friends and associates were glad to share what they had, be it little or large” (p. 47). This value was practiced by my grandparents, Fred and Puanani, whom despite their own personal hardships always showed their generosity by taking into their household needy friends, exiled husbands, and acquaintances of their children.

Among other tales that provided punishment for bad behavior is *The Wiliwili Trees of Pau‘ula*. Mo‘olani was the most beautiful of four sisters. When her husband disappears after being tempted by two kupua from the sea, she begins her search, inquiring of her sisters of his whereabouts. Mo‘olani’s sisters retort, “Ugh! He is a big worthless man! I don’t know where your husband is.” For their unkindness to Mo‘olani, her sisters are turned into wiliwili trees. The lesson is twofold punishment befalls unkind behavior and punishment is extended to unfaithful husbands.

Tales also tell of the interplay between the gods and man. *Kane a mea Ku* is a tale about an old man who calls upon the gods to excess, even upon relieving himself. The gods teach the old man a lesson for being such a nuisance. Tales also displayed the affection of the gods for their people. This aloha is apparent in the kaao Hinakeahi, who gives her life for her people. It was not uncommon for the gods to show compassion for their people through self-sacrifice during times of famine as a means to provide food for their nourishment. The kaao Hinakeahi also addresses two cardinal sins, jealousy and pride. Hinakeahi, woman of fire, and Hinakawai, woman of water, were sisters and both were kupua20, who resided in Hilo, Hawaii. Hinakeahi, the god of fire, was the elder of the two sisters. The kaao Hinakeahi illustrates the use of a

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20 *Kupua* – Demigod or cultural hero, especially a supernatural being possessing several forms (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 186).
common convention in Hawaiian storytelling in which a god’s burial brings some form of food for the people. Such was the case of Hinakeahi who commanded her people to bury her in the imu, underground oven. After three days the men were told to uncover the earth and the food she enumerated was there. Out of pride and jealousy, Hinakawai imitates her sister’s gift and orders the people to bury her in the same fashion as her sister. The heavens wept over Hinakawai’s charred body. In an attempt to outdo her elder sibling Hinakawai was punished for her prideful act. The kaao infers that had Hinakawai used her gift of water, she may have been saved. One could also surmise that we utilize with care our makana, gifts.

Another tale of jealousy was noted in The Blossoms of Pa‘ula. A fatal affliction through traditional sorcery befalls the evildoers. Jealous neighbors instructed a shark to kill the beautiful Napuaopa‘ula, the blossom of Pa‘ula. In despair, her parents consulted a kahuna who instructed them to bring him a black pig, a white cock, and black awa (the offering given to the kahuna anaana or kahuna hoopiopio for services of praying an enemy to death). The punishment for the family of evildoers was death to the father, the mother and all family members by a swelling disease (p. 43).

Kaao contained proverbial sayings to which a moral and a lesson might be attached. The moral of the story of Mikololou, the shark of Kau is in the saying, “I ola ‘o Mikololou I ke alelo” (p. 41). Translation: “Mikololou lived through his tongue.” According to Green and Pukui (1994), this saying implies that “however much trouble one may have, there is always a way of escape” (p. 41). As the story of Mikololou unfolds, Kaahupahau, the female shark of Puuloa who

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21 The food included yam, taro, fish, and all the rest (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. 30).
22 Black ‘awa – *Piper methisticum* a shrub 1.2 to 3.5 m. tall with heart shaped leaves. Native to the Pacific Islands (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 33).
23 Kahuna ‘anā’anā – Sorcerer who practices black magic and counter sorcery. One who prays a person to death or kahuna ho‘opi‘opi‘o - Malevolent sorcerer, as one who inflicts illness by gesture, as rubbing his own head to give the victim a severe headache or head injury. Sometimes the victim might initiate the gesture and send the affliction back to the sorcerer (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 114).
guarded the entrance of Pearl Harbor transforms into a net to keep Mikololou and his man-eating sharks of Kau from entering Puuloa\textsuperscript{24}.

In the kaao of *The Brindle Dog*, Hawaiians were alerted to the belief that brindle\textsuperscript{25} dogs were considered kapu\textsuperscript{26}, and under the protection of the spirit of the lizard, moo gods. Brindle dogs derive their names, ilio moo for this reason. In the kaao *The Brindle Dog*, Pa‘e, a kupua who processed the ability to change herself into a woman, a lizard, moo or a brindle dog assumes her dog form. Pa‘e resided in the Koolau Mountains on the island of Oahu. While she played in a village near the shoreline two of the chief’s servants spied on her and said, “What a fine feast she would make for the chief.” Pa‘e was captured, roasted in an imu, oven and placed in a gourd, calabash that was netted and a pole fashioned in such a way that the servants of the chief might carry the cooked dog on their shoulders. In transport over the Ko‘olau Mountains, along the narrow path, the men came upon a beautiful red haired woman sitting next to a pool. She called, “Pa‘e e! Pa‘e e!” The dog jumped out of the calabash with “no sign of roasting.” Together Pa‘e and the ehu\textsuperscript{27} haired women dove into the deep waters of the pool. The men were petrified and they were “rooted to the spot” (p. 44).

The kaao *The Story of the O‘opu* like the story of Pa‘e brings awareness to cultural taboos by illustrating the relationship of the aumakua or family guardian and the oopu’s relation to the lizard, moo. Hawaiians believed that the oopu, fresh water goby belonged to the moo family along with the brindle dogs, the mermaids or the ehu women and all lizards. In the kaao, *The Story of the O‘opu* it is kapu to eat oopu if it is your aumakua or family guardian. The kaao informs the people of the relationship between the oopu and the moo family. The central

\textsuperscript{24} Puuloa – literal translation – The place called Long Hill off Pearl Harbor (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. 40).
\textsuperscript{25} Brindle – refers to the color and markings of the dog’s coat – gray or golden brown, spotted or streaked with a darker hue (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. 45).
\textsuperscript{26} Kapu – taboo, prohibition (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 132).
\textsuperscript{27} ‘Ehu – reddish tinge in hair (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 38).
character, Kahinano catches oopu at the creek for her evening meal. Kahinano cleaned and salted the fish and placed them in a calabash before she sets out of the house to pick pandanus leaves for weaving. On her way home, Kahinano saw an ehu woman, a mermaid who appeared to be searching for something. The ehu woman sighed, then exclaimed in a loud voice, “O Kani‘o!” “Here I am,” answered the fish and Kani‘o leaped out of the calabash and ran back to the creek. O Nakea! O ‘Ailehua! O ‘Apoha, ‘O Napele, O Hinana shouted the ehu woman. Each oopu answered to their name and made their way back to the creek. These oopu had feet and legs of the common house lizard. Frightened at the sight, Kahinano vowed never to eat oopu again.

One of the offerings on the kuahu, hula altar is the fragrant maile. The shrub is very difficult to locate in the forests. The tale *The God of Love* provides a lesson on where to find the finest maile. Lauka‘ie‘ie one of two sisters put aside her human body and transformed into the ‘ie‘ie vine. The lesson of the tale is when you are searching for maile, look to where the ‘ie‘ie plant grows best.

Another expert of Hawaiian Storytellers of old, Harriet Ahiona Ayau Ne, was born on October 21, 1915, the daughter of Edward Haleaniani Ayau and Olivia Kaleialohaokalahui Townsend on the island of Oahu. Ne was a kanaka maoli, minister, kumu hula, historian and author who resided on the island of Molokai on homestead land until her death on February 26, 1991. She contributed important historical insights on the art of storytelling. According to Ne (1992), in traditional Hawaiian culture a specific person was designated to be an official storyteller for the alii, royalty and the royal court.

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28 Hala - *Pandanus odoratissimus* leaves (lau hala) are used for baskets, mats, hats (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 50).
29 Each name represents the name for the different varieties of ‘o’opu, goby fish (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. 48).
31 Ie‘i‘e - Freycinetia arborea an endemic woody, branching climber growing luxuriantly in the forest (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 94).
Selections of the storyteller, haimoolelo\textsuperscript{32} began with the recommendations to the court by the kahuna, priest. Candidates for the position were put through a test, trained for a period of time, and eventually they were selected by the ali\textsuperscript{i}, royalty. The ali\textsuperscript{i} were particular in their selection and sought tellers whose ranges were flexible and did not concentrate on Pele stories or other groups of tales. The teller was required to sing some, adlib text, have knowledge of the songs, and have the ability to oli chant (p. xxxviii). The storyteller then auditioned for the position of court storyteller. The “tale teller” would begin with a chant, then an oration, and commence with singing once again, all of which were punctuated with exaggerated gesturing for dramatic effect. The ali\textsuperscript{i} were most attentive to the memorization and accuracy skills of the storyteller. As Harriet Ne suggests, if you can’t give a good performance, your bad reputation follows you (p. xxxviii). So serious were the infractions to recitation errors, poor storytelling, and the forgetting of lines that banishment was certain for the unskilled storyteller (p. xxxvii). Furthermore, the humiliation was in the teller’s reputation that he was not a “true storyteller.” The duties that followed once selected as an official court storyteller were to amuse the ali\textsuperscript{i} with “scary stories,” entertain special requests for stories, and to script jokes which were passed on orally from court to court. A story could originate from one island and travel to other islands evolving with embellishment in transport.

Provisions have been made to offer indigenous knowledge and testimony to the purposeful nature of storytelling. Philip A. Meyer conducted an investigation of the people of Niihau that spanned over a period of twelve years, from 1986 to 1998. Meyer’s 1998 report references the case of the Dunne-za tribe in Northeastern British Colombia to illustrate the difference between the “thoughtworld of anthropology” and the Dunne-za tribe (Ridington,

\textsuperscript{32} Ha’imo’olelo - storyteller, to tell stories. Used interchangeably to mean both a storyteller and a story (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 535).
The Dunne-za receive their knowledge and power experientially with direct contact of their world, while anthropologists derive knowledge and power from books, institutions, and finally, from the experience of fieldwork. In support of indigenous testimony, Meyer (1998) makes the following observation:

Non-native analysts typically emphasize written professional published articles and written agency reports, often describing oral information as ‘anecdotal’ and giving it lesser weight. In native cultures, oral information from native informants is often given weight that is equal or superior to written texts. (p. 9)

Kincheloe and Steinberg (2008) suggest that “scholarly encounters with indigenous knowledge can be enriching for the researcher, conceptualize education and maintain the dignity, self-determination and survival of indigenous people” (p. 152).

The testimony of Elama Kanahele (2007), a resident of the island of Niihau, adds to the collective support of storytelling through the lens of a kanaka maoli: “These stories are not written in any book. They weren’t published in the newspapers. He’d [Teamoai] tell these stories and when he was done, he’d tell them again until you’d have it down” (p. 68). Kanahele’s reference is to her great grandfather, Teamoai, who was the source of storytelling in the oral tradition. Growing up, Kanahele maintained that she knew that her Tutu Teamoai was a storyteller, and she knew that he knew how to tell stories the way the people of Niihau would tell stories. Teamoai was blind and had a strange voice. He was not aware of his listener’s presence or their reluctance, and he was not aware when the kids would run away. Nevertheless, Teamoai would always complete his stories from start to finish. He was remitted to the care of Apelahama and his brother Hooihe who were beneficiaries of their father’s stories. Elama Kanahele’s father, Apelahama, acquired the gift of storytelling from his father. Her great grandfather would tell his
stories and return to his room. Kanahele entertains the notion of entrusting cultural knowledge to a chosen individual for his/her use and preservation. Her father, Apelahama, would continue Teamoai’s storytelling legacy. Kanahele describes storytelling in the household. Every Sunday was set aside for storytelling. Their evening meal was prepared and eaten, and then Apelahama would tell stories. She recalls some of Tutu Teamoai and Apelahama’s stories in their entirety, while regretfully other stories have only her partial recollection. Nevertheless, she was always the one who “hung around” to hear these stories. Kanehele is now the storyteller. Kanahele strongly advocates for the preservation of storytelling, moolelo in the oral tradition and in the passage of these stories to the younger generation. She recognizes the reluctance of the parents and the grandparents who are frustrated with disinterested children; however, Elama Kanahele asserts the need for stories to be told, less they be forgotten.

The tale of *Keaomelemele* authored by Moses Manu had been told in the oral tradition for many generations prior to Pukui’s translation of the written text. Hoomanawanui (2000) describes Moses Manu as one of the prolific writers of the nineteenth century. Manu’s fanciful tale embodies mythical lands that disappear and reappear; supernatural beings called eepa (Nogelmeier, 2002); the interplay of gods and goddesses with their people; the recognition and reading of omens in the sky, on the land and in the sea; ancestral knowledge of nature and usages of medicinal plants; menehune, little people; aumakua, deities, and animals; and most importantly, the birth of the hula. Manu skillfully guides the reader with his personal commentary throughout the telling of the tale. This convention coupled with his choice of words effortlessly assists the reader through a mélange of moolelo.

Storytelling in the oral tradition allowed the world to partake in the cultural knowledge that may have been lost forever had it not been for the foresight and courage of famed author and
storyteller, Mary Kawena Pukui. Kawena Pukui would become Hawaii’s most celebrated preservationist of the Hawaiian Culture. Pukui’s contributions encompassed all aspects of culture including, language; storytelling, moolelo; the hula; medicine; values and beliefs; customs, protocols and practices. Pukui served as a consultant, authored, and co-authored more than fifty books and articles, such as ‘Olelo No’eau (Hawaiian sayings), Hawaiian Dictionary with Samuel H. Elbert, Nana I Ke Kumu with E. W. Haertig and Catherine A. Lee, The Echo of Our Song with Alfons L. Korn, Place Names of Hawai‘i with Samuel H. Elbert and Esther T. Mookini, and Native Plants in Old Hawaii their Life, Lore and Environment with Handy. Pukui’s two daughters and her friend Laura Green were the only individuals to hear the stories from Pukui herself. Patience Namakauakoaokawena Wiggins Bacon (1995) recalled:

We used to walk to town together to pay bills. We could have taken the street car, but on the way she [Pukui] would point out some tree and tell us the Hawaiian name and the English name. The next time we came, she’d play a little game for us, to see if we could remember. You learn history and lore that way. (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. xi)

In 1910, Pukui began dictation and translations of the tales and stories told to her in collaboration with Laura C. Green, the daughter of missionary parents on Maui. Green then sent Pukui’s stories to her cousin, Martha Warren Beckwith, a professor at Vassar College in New York. Beckwith edited and published the following works, Hawaiian Stories and Sayings (1923), Folktales of Hawai‘i (1928), and The Legend of Kawelo (1936). Pukui’s authorship and co-authorship reflect her deep devotion to the preservation of Hawaiian culture and to the preservation of haimoolelo, storytelling. Pukui’s reputation for integrity in the translation of the Hawaiian language into the English language appreciates in value, as each generation becomes beneficiaries of her efforts.
Other indigenous peoples, such as the Inuit and the Australian Aborigines, find storytelling essential to their survival. Their stories have been passed down for centuries in the form of myths, legends, historical accounts, and storytelling. Among the Inuit people, the primary function of stories is to assure survival in the harsh Arctic environment. In the story of Qalupijuk, Inuit children are warned of the dangers of wandering too close to the ice flows. The folktale tells of a monster that lays in wait for children who tarry near the icy riverbanks. Inuit stories speak of fanciful adventures and characters that possess extraordinary strength and ability. The protagonist in the tale of Qiviuk is pictured riding on the back of a great fish. Inuit stories intersect between the supernatural and the natural worlds. Stories in the oral tradition have survived for centuries due to the repetitive nature of storytelling by the teller.

Referencing the story of Kiviuq’s Journey, the following Nunavut elders gave testimony to the purposeful nature of storytelling in the oral tradition passed on generationally through repetition by their elders:

What will we learn from Kiviuq’s story? We learn about hunting on the land and sea, how and where to do it. There are parts of his life you want to follow and parts you don’t. Kiviuq goes through good times and bad times just like we do today. (Karlik, n.d.)

I learned the story [Kiviuq’s Journey] by listening many times to my grandfather. If we listen carefully we’ll pick up what we need, but many will not learn. (Patterk, n.d.)

Because I heard storytelling from my grandmother I received the strength to live and survive. If there were no stories to go by, to survive or to learn to hunt and live, there would be nothing to learn from. My grandmother also gave me the gift of storytelling. (Kimaliardjuk, n.d.)
Inuit stories are significant in the preservation of the language. In Meyer’s Niihau report, Forlines (1990) posited, “Language plays a key role in protecting cultural knowledge and power.” Storytelling and legends help to save and enrich the Inuit language. Meyer explained that in appropriate sections of his report, translations from the Hawaiian language to the English language were done “thought by thought as opposed to word for word” (p.156). The notion of translating by concepts is applicable to the Inuit language, Inuktitut, which has no English equivalents. Thus, we must rely on an understanding of concepts of the Inuit language. Inuit storytelling coupled with song helped to explain the purpose of the story. An interesting fact about Inuit songs is that they were “verbally copyrighted.” The use of songs was forbidden unless they were rightly credited and properly introduced.

Seasonal weather determined the location of the storytelling. In the winter the Inuit community gathered in qagip, an enormous snow house. During the summers, more agreeable weather allowed for storytelling in the outdoors. Lastly, in the rearing of Inuit children, Seidleman and Turner (1993) (as cited in Inuit Art Foundation, 2014, p. 1) noted that Inuit stories provide another alternative for corporal punishment and admonishment.

In the Marshall Islands stories belong to the Iroij, the chiefs. The sole ownership of the stories belongs to the Iroij (Kelin, 2003, p. vii). Protocol dictates that people who are chosen to share a story can do so only with the permission of the Iroij. Iban Ewin, a Marshallese storyteller, stated that the telling of some legends to outsiders goes against custom (p. xi). Such is the case for the storytellers of the island of Namdrir.

According to Kelin, bwebwenato is the Marshallese word for story or conversation. Storytellers are called dri – bwebwenato. Jack A. Tobin (2002) describes the dri – bwebwenato as individuals much more knowledgeable than others with a greater repertoire of stories.

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33 Iroij or Irooj - Marshallese chief Variation in the spelling, Irooj (Tobin, 2010, p. 2).
associated to lore. They are usually the elders who receive their knowledge from their kinsmen (p. 8). Tobin (2002) recognizes the significance of folktales beyond their entertainment value: “They [folktales] are valuable teaching devices as well – as part of the socialization process” (p. 8). Marshallese folklore references various supernatural beings; many are depicted as forces of evil. According to Tobin, ekjöb [ekjab] are spiritual beings in human form that reside in and around the atoll. Early German ethnographers describe the nature of animism in the ekjab spirits in association with the reef formations, special trees, rocks, waves, birds, aquatic life, and portions of the ground. The anij are dangerous spirits, harmful to man with the exception of the “good natured” little people, the anjinmar (p. 6). The guardian spirits of the chiefs, icrooj are much more powerful than those of the commoners, kajoor.

The role of Marshallese chant, roro played a significant role in conjuring supernatural assistance in warfare, in the gathering of turtle eggs, in hunting and fishing. Roro were also used in magic, whether malevolent in nature, such as initiating illness or death upon an enemy and to drive off demons, or benevolent in seeking favor with a chief and soliciting the affections of a member of the opposite sex. Kelin suggests that the audience was selected based on the cessation of the legend by the dri – bwebwenato should a wandering passerby interrupt the storyteller.

Tobin (2002) suggests that folklore supplemented other forms of informal education that includes observation, and the advice and teaching of elders and peers along with personal experience. Tobin defined folklore as accounts of actual events transmitted orally over the generations. In time, in the retelling of these stories there are changes in the details. He summed the importance of stories: “Stories help in the historical reconstruction of a society, and the old folktales provide information about traditional customs and material culture that may no longer exist, or may exist in an attenuated form” (Tobin, 2002, p. 9).
In direct contrast to the Iroij regarding the ownership of stories and legends, the stories of the aboriginal peoples of Australia belong to all the people. Dr. Rosemary van der Berg, a Nyoongar Elder of the south-west people in Western Australia received her doctorate from Curtin University of Technology in 2000. She teaches English and essay writing at Murdoch University. According to van den Berg, aboriginal people are rewriting their history from their perspective through their stories that include autobiographies, biographies, poetry, fiction, drama, short stories, academic papers, and children’s stories. The aboriginal counter story is an example of correcting the past and healing. van den Berg stated that it would be useful to trace aboriginal storytelling prior to recorded history. She noted that for 40,000 years or more aboriginal culture has been passed down orally from generation to generation.

Aboriginal storytelling had many functions, reinforcing the belief in the Dreamtime stories of the creation and how the natural environment was formed; why the birds and marine life behave as they do; the daily practices of the people. Collard (2000) is specific in the function of stories in the following passage:

These stories tell how the magpies and crows are deadly enemies and how they came by their colouring; why the kookaburra has a raucous laugh; why the djitti djitti (wagtail) lures children into the bush to become lost and the meaning of other bird calls, animal behaviour and why Aborigines could eat some reptiles and not others. . . .Aboriginal story telling gave information of where the best game and water sources were to be found; where people could venture and where they weren’t permitted to go, such places as sacred sites and where men’s and women’s businesses were conducted that was off-limits to the uninitiated. So storytelling was a learning process – children learnt from an
early age how to survive their environment by listening to their elders. (as cited in van
den Berg, n.d., p. 1)

van den Berg stated that the survival of children depended on their listening and obeying their elders.

The aboriginal people of Australia believe that their ancestral creation creatures travelled on paths known as Dreamlines (p. 463). Cult songs, known as Songlines, describe the Dreamlines’ paths. Songlines also serve as a medium for the telling of the adventures of dreamtime creatures in the creation of the world (p. 463). The aboriginal Australians do not claim the land as their own. They see themselves as users and administrators of the land in servitude to the Dreamtime creatures and their ancestors (p. 463).

Best-selling author Kenneth C. Davis (2005) views Dreamtime in less finite terms. Dreamtime is described as ever present in the consciousness of the aboriginal people of Australia:

Dreamtime is more than just a period in the past – it is ever present, and reached through sacred rituals such as the walkabout, a tribal spiritual journey taken to sacred places to renew the clan’s relationship with Dreaming and the sacred landscape. An individual can go on walkabout to where the tribe originally came from, or some other place of sacred ‘belongingness.’ (Davis, 2005, p. 503)

The elders of a nation remand custodial appointments of these stories to persons skilled and knowledgeable on storytelling.

Pauline McLeod was one of Australia’s leading Aboriginal storytellers and coordinator of the University of Queensland Library Cyberschool at the University of Queensland Library. McLeod explained that a storyteller’s true role is to pass on the lessons from the beginning of
time and that a five minute story can contain twenty lessons. In an interview conducted in Sydney by Helen McKay, McLeod describes the categories of indigenous stories as public stories, sacred stories, sacred secret stories, men’s and women’s stories. McLeod’s repertoire of stories includes the female, the public, the women’s and the sacred stories. According to McLeod, Dreamtime Stories, stories of creation, are public stories and are traditionally told sitting around the campfire. She made note of the regional variations of stories about creation and the creation of animals.

McLeod ascertained that there are at least seven hundred regional iterations of “How the Kangaroo got its Pouch.” She added that stories are powerful in their ability to change attitudes citing the way in which other Australians view animals such as the kangaroo: “If people would see the Kangaroo as a special animal, then attitudinal changes could stop the culling of the kangaroo” (McLeod, 1998, p.1). McLeod attributed her respect for kangaroos through aboriginal stories that she heard as a child. Moreover, McLeod saw the potential in stories that draw attention to the flying fox and birds by inciting awareness and action in addressing environmental issues. Davis (2005) offered more detail to the flying fox through myth of a great ancestral snake called Bobbi-bobbi. It is said that the serpent flush the flying fox squirrels out into the open for people to eat.

However, these “elusive” creatures are difficult to kill. Bobbi-bobbi tosses one of his ribs up from his underground dwelling to assist the men. The rib became the first boomerang, used to kill the flying foxes (p. 506). The Rainbow Snake, Yurlunggur or Wollunqua is considered one

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34 Giant Short–Faced Kangaroo, Procoptodon goliah – Seven foot tall marsupial and the largest kangaroo ever with hooflike toes. It was one of the last ancient Australian megafauna [huge animals that roamed the continent during the Pleistocene epoch] animals to go extinct, overlapping with humans for thousands of years and likely inspiring Aboriginal tales about a long-limbed fighting roo. Procoptodon had the ability to reach above its head with long clawed fingers and forelimbs that could extend upward like human arms and pull leaves of trees (Achenbach, 2010, p. 96).
of the most important dreamtime creatures and is a symbol of fertility. Yurlunggur rose from the water and is the only dreamtime creature to remain on the earth; all others receded beneath the earth’s core. The snake’s association with Australia’s most valuable resource, water, warrants mention. In the southern region of Australia, the rainbow snake is said to inhabit the waterhole. Protocol when drawing water from a water hole alerts one to first warn the snake or be swallowed by the creature.

The Maori of New Zealand gather in open marae, meeting houses during storytelling sessions. Purakau is one of the Maori forms of storytelling (Royal, 2000). Purakau are considered to be sacred texts because they conjure ancestors and spirits. According to McRae (2013), Maori texts are made up of whakapapa, genealogies, karakia, incantations, whaka-tauki sayings, waiata, songs, and korero narratives. Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal (2000) grouped the Maori Traditional Storytelling in the following categories:

Moteatea, the performing of traditional dances and retelling of stories.

Purakau is a Maori form of storytelling considered to be sacred text that conjures ancestors and spirits.

Stories are also classified in the following story types:

Pakiwaitara or informal, lighthearted and humorous at times.

Korero Parau: The Williams Dictionary of the Maori Language uses this term for fables, stories with a moral.

Pakimaero: addresses consequences and is a term used by Pei Te Hurinui Jones’ Shakespearean translations.

Korero ahiahi are fireside stories.

Korero tara are fictional tales.
In the children’s story *Noah the Moa*, children are taught about the *moa*³⁵ bird, which is now extinct in New Zealand. This story is an example of Tobin’s (2002) comment about the importance of stories in the preservation of things that no longer exist in a culture. Man and the Haast³⁶ eagle preyed upon the *moa*. As described in Maori oral tradition, the Haast eagle was large enough to attack children. The story mirrors McLeod’s (1998) awareness of and the treatment of the animals of Australia in the New Zealanders’ protection of the *kiwi* and *kakapo* (nocturnal, flightless parrot) birds. In sinkholes on the Ewa Plains on the island of Oahu, the bones and bill of wingless, flightless birds called the moa nalo³⁷ were discovered.

Joan Metge (1998) stated that the Maori audience is heterogeneous in variables such as age, sex and social status (as cited in Gallagher, n.d.). The people in the audience place their bedspreads on the floor of the *marae* during storytelling. On occasion, Maori audiences can become restless and bored, resorting to talking to one another or simply going to sleep. The audience openly challenges storytellers who make many mistakes, by standing up to correct them. In instances where the audience becomes infuriated with the teller, the speaker is made to sit down. This reaction and interaction on the part of the audience preserves the integrity of their precious stories. According to Metge (1998), stories tell about “right ways,” *tikanga*; responsible stewardship of their resources; sacred knowledge; descendants of common ancestors, *hapu*; tension between first born males, *matamua*; and their *tenina*, junior siblings, especially the

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³⁵ Moa – Pronounced “more.” In New Zealand the moa bird, was hunted to extinction in the 13th and 14th centuries. The largest of the eleven different species is the Dinornis giganteus, the tallest bird on earth, upright of 3 meters tall (Martin).

³⁶ Haast eagle – Named after Julius Von Haast, the first director of the Cantebury Museum. The haast eagle became extinct about 500 – 600 years ago. Evidence of cave drawings, centuries old show huge eagle like birds along with haast eagle bone tools have been found in middens suggesting that the Maori may have hunted the haast. In oral tradition, there are records of huge birds called *pouaki* and *hokioi*. Maori oral tradition from late 1800 records describe the haast plumage as red, black, and white with black feathers tinged with yellow and green and a bunch of red feathers on its head (New Zealand Birds Online, 2013). The Haast were the largest known eagles. (Achenbach, 2010, p. 98)

³⁷ Moa nalo - In the sinkholes on the Ewa Plains on the island of Oahu similar fossils were found of a wingless bird similar in description to the moa of New Zealand.

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youngest, *potiki*; the rewards and dangers of the pursuit of *mana*, power and *utu*[^38], *reciprocity* (as cited in Gallagher, n.d.).

Stories avail themselves to dance, such as the hula, to song, *mele*, to memoirs, to oral histories, and to correspondence through letter writing.

Dr. Ishmael W. Stagner, scholar, kumu hula, hula master and the author of *Kumu Hula Roots and Branches*, offered a succinct description of the hula from his book as a means of conveying a story: “It [the hula] informs, entertains, heals and inspires using the human body as an instrument for storytelling” (2011, p.14). According to Dr. Stagner, dances of “oral literature,” as well as *mele*, songs, *oli*, chants, and *mantras*, were the main source of education in oral cultures devoid of a written language. Stagner added that the hula provided a venue to communicate feelings, experiences, and desires. In ancient times the hula was not simply a form of entertainment, and traditional dances were a part of religious rites; they were performed in the reenactment of battles and significant events. Scholars and kupuna elders suggest that the first dancers were only men. The athleticism of the male dancers was characterized by “discipline, dexterity and agility,” traits sought in the training of warriors. Thus, na koa, warriors were selected from men who excelled in the hula. These men joined martial arts groups called lua. The close affiliation in the training of the hula and lua extended to the kumu hula, hula master and the *olohe*, martial arts master whom Stagner coined “occupational cousins.” Dr. Stagner describes three types of hula (p.24), the Hula Pele, dances in honor of Pele; Hula Mele Inoa, name chants that honored the chiefs. Once composed, these dances became the property of the honoree. Hula Mele Mai, dances of the genitalia, celebrated procreation of the *ali*ʻi, royalty and were significant in the perpetuation of the Hawaiian race. Hula Mele Kanikau, dirges, lamented

[^38]: *Utu* – Maori Language. *Reciprocity*, An important concept concerned with the maintenance of balance and harmony in relationship between individuals and groups and order within Maori Society, whether through gift exchange or as a result of hostilities between groups (Moorfield, 2014).
the dead. The Hula Mele Kaua, pre-war dances, prepared the warriors for battle by inciting courage in the warrior and intimidating their enemies.

Memoirs are yet another way to tell a story. According to Faith Adiele (2010), Harvard graduate, author of Meeting Faith, Journals of a Buddhist Nun, My Journey Home, Twins: Growing Up Nigerian Nordic American, and Coming of Age Around the World A Multicultural Anthology, memoirs are “actually one of the most political things you can do.” Other accolades to Adiele’s credit are Associate Professor of Writing at California’s College of Arts, and the Distinguished Visiting Writer at Mills College in Oakland, California. Adiele is bi-racial and writes through a dual lens. Her father was African, and her mother was Nordic. According to Adiele, memoirs democratize storytelling: “Official history is penned by power brokers, but the real stories are lived on the ground” (p. 34).

While reading an expose on Faith Adiele in a magazine, it was alarming as an educator to learn of comments made by her college students regarding their high school experience:

‘There’s a difference between ignorance and intelligence.’ She [Adiele] then poses the question to her students, ‘How do you feel about your ignorance?’ ‘Angry!’ they shout, ‘High school didn’t teach us anything.’ ‘Good I reply, let’s get to work!’ (p. 34).

Adiele provides her students with opportunities to tell their stories in her class. Based on the remarks made by Adiele’s students, I would argue for curricula on storytelling in the high schools. Through stories and storytelling teachers have the wherewithal to provide students with a relevant, enriching and memorable high school experience.

The collection of oral histories provides another venue for storytelling. In 1838, Reverend Sheldon Dibble, colleagues and the students of Lahainaluna High School39 produced a collection

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39 Lahainaluna was established in 1831. The first newspaper west of the Rocky Mountains, Ka Lama was printed in Hawaiian on February 14, 1834 (Lahainaluna High School).
of oral histories from the people of Maui. Dibble’s students went into the community and conducted oral histories recording life as it was in the “ancient days” of Hawaii. The collection of moolelo, stories were edited and translated in the book *Ka Moʻolelo Hawaii* by Dorothy M. Kahananui in 1984. According to Malcolm Chun (2010) Dibble “selected ten of his best scholars of the Seminary, and formed them into a class of inquiry” (p. viii). Chun explained the process:

He [Dibble] then requested them to “go individually and separately to the oldest and most knowing of the chiefs and people, gain all information they could on the questions given out, commit each his information to writing and be ready to read it on a day and hour appointed. (Chun, 2010, p. viii)

Chun identified three such scholars as David Malo, S. N. Haleole, and S. M. Kamakau.

In a final citation of the Meyer report, David Forlines (1991) defined tradition and the importance of the preservation of knowledge, history and experience: “Tradition is to always remember the knowledge of the first cup. You don’t throw away your history. You don’t throw away your experience (as cited in Meyer, 1998, p. 152).

We sip of the first cup of ancestral knowledge and savor its sweetness through our haimoolelo, storytelling.

We are poised as educators to the rejuvenation, to revitalization, and to re-discover haimoolelo, a Hawaiian Tradition. Taken together these sources discussed in this chapter make a strong case for storytelling, moolelo in the classroom.

In subsequent chapters, I will explain the methodology of my inquiry that begins with a moolelo, story. Moreover, I will help you to understand the role of tales, myths, legends and folklore through a historical context dating back to the 19th century. The printing of the Hawaiian
Newspaper exposed kanaka maoli, Hawaiians to a world-view that included moolelo, stories from exotic parts of the world. If you will simply imagine with me geographically the Sandwich Isles, as a mere speck in the Pacific Ocean in relation to the world at large and the accessibility of moolelo provided through the Hawaiian Newspapers, one can marvel at the exposure to the Persian tales of the Arabian Nights, the Germanic tales of the Brothers Grimm, and the American tales to a literate Hawaiian society. These stories were translated into Hawaiian for the enjoyment of the Hawaiian people.

In 1824, Kamehameha III, Kauikeaoli ascended to the throne and reigned until 1854. Kauikeaoli remarked, “My kingdom is one of literacy, my people are the most literate in the world” (Patria, 2010, p. 14). Indeed, during the reign of Kauikeaoli, the Hawaiian people were the most literate people in the world. The Hawaiian newspapers, written in the Hawaiian language, ran installments of these tales for a literate society comprised of highly engaged learners. The degree to such an exposure to stories, myths, and legends suggests that Hawaiians were very open to a world-view and knowledgeable of other peoples. In some instances, however, the selections of tales contrived by missionaries proselytized their own agenda.

The following chapters will discuss a brief history of the Hawaiian Newspaper and will introduce you to some of the master storytellers of that milieu.
CHAPTER III

METHODOLOGY OF DATA COLLECTION AND INQUIRY

My doctoral research is an inquiry into the tradition of haimoolelo, storytelling. My research occurred from September 2013 through July 2014. The inquiry is qualitative by nature. Central to my inquiry are four storytellers from the State of Hawai‘i. The storytellers and their stories are the primary source of data collection for the inquiry. The sample size was contained to four storytellers in anticipation of lengthy interview sessions.

As a prelude to the inquiry, I reveal my cultural bias and cultural assumptions as a kanaka maoli and an insider. It is through deep analysis of the data provided by these four luminaries that I have been illuminated with their collective wisdom. I approach this inquiry with a Hawaiian lens searching to gain insights into the purpose, use of, and educational significance of the Art of Moolelo.

Hawaiian Epistemology utilizes all of our senses, ike, to see, to know, to feel; hoolohe, to hear/holono, to listen; pa, to touch; hoao, to taste, and aala to smell (Patria, 2010, p.123). The process of teaching and learning described in Hawaiian epistemology is to teach, ao aku, and to learn, ao mai. There exists reciprocity between teaching and learning in the exchange of knowledge. The kumu, teacher imparts the cultural knowledge, and haumana, the student learns by listening, observing, and imitating, and never questions the expertise of the kumu. The latter principle affords a great respect, hoihī for the kumu by the haumana, student.

Might I note that ike, to see, extends beyond the literal act of seeing; ike is the acquisition of manao, knowledge through the process of ao. Ike in this dissertation is a process guided by the collective wisdom of the storytellers that illuminates, elucidates, and awakens the self-reflective practitioner through a journey of discovery. I alert all my senses in the course of this inquiry.
Kawena Pukui (1983) describes the notion of ao, the learning process in Hawaiian Epistemology and the relationship between teacher and student in a proverbial saying from her collection, ‘Olelo No’eau:

Nana ka maka; ho’olohe ka pepeiao; pa’a ka waha.

Observe with the eyes; listen with the ears; shut the mouth.

Thus one learns. (p. 248)

Listening is a very important component of Hawaiian Epistemology. In Australia, storytelling is said to be an art of listening and remembering.

As part of Hawaiian Epistemology, any large or small task begins with an acknowledgment of Ke Akua, God and our ancestors. I began each phase with a prayer, pule and asked God and my ancestors to assist me with this monumental undertaking. I recognized the great responsibility to my respondents in privileging the moolelo of Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit, and Mahealani Kanae.

I view my role in the inquiry as a haumana, student. Therefore, I position myself as a student rather than a researcher. The collective wisdom provided by my luminaries has been transformational. I find purpose in revealing their knowledge and the benefits of self-transcription to my colleagues, cohort members present and future, and the world of education.

In the initial phase of the inquiry, I produced a list of potential interviewees. Since we all have a story, we are all storytellers in our own right; I decided that the selection of storytellers would not be limited to professional storytellers. This was an intuitive decision on my part. Dr. Robin Mello also spoke of the exclusionary effect of attaching terms such as professional, skilled, expert or an authority on storytelling that infers a right or wrong way to tell a story. The sampling or the selection of the participants was contrived on my part. I pondered the various
forms of storytelling and arrived at the notion that stories are told in the hula, in memoirs, in oral histories, in correspondence, and in journals. Invitations were sent to people who were knowledgeable in these areas. I would insist on a kumu hula, hula master. The hula master would substantiate the premise that the hula tells a story through dance. Additionally, securing an interview with a person with a disability reflected my advocacy for that particular segment of our population who are often underrepresented. I had preconceived designs on interviewing a voyager who sailed on the Hokulea. The voyage of the Hokulea was a monumental event and the impetus to resurgence in our Hawaiian Renaissance in the 1970’s. I saw great potential in a voyager’s ability to generate many intriguing stories, moolelo. I felt that a member of the voyaging expedition to Tahiti and back to Hawaii would contribute rich data in support of storytelling moolelo. To my chagrin, the sole female voyager who accepted my invitation to participate in the inquiry declined to follow through with an interview.

Ethnicity and education were not considerations in the selections of storytellers; however, respondents, perhaps because of the nature of the research, were all kanaka maoli, Hawaiians. The participants, also by chance, not by design received a post-secondary education from two years in college, master’s, and doctorate degrees. Gender was a consideration in the selection of participants. I was hopeful to have representation from both males and females. Thus, gender, disability, and sample size were considerations in the selection of the respondents for the inquiry, while the professional status of a storyteller, ethnicity, and education were not considerations in the selection of the respondents of the inquiry.

The second phase of my inquiry was to create a succinct description of my research on moolelo with all pertinent information that would not exceed one page in length. Drawn to the
sea and the mythical odyssey of many seafaring nations, I invited my storytellers to join me in a maiden voyage. Invitations were not distributed immediately.

It was essential to my research to adequately prepare myself with the readings of myths, legends, and tales, and to familiarize myself with the written works of the potential storytellers. Familiarizing myself with the authorship and/or expertise of the participants would enable me to generate the right questions and to conduct a rich interview. It was irrelevant whether or not I read the literary works of the storytellers who did not respond to the invitation. Distribution of the invitations prematurely without reading their work would leave me inadequately prepared. It would be impossible to read the volume of books all at once if the interviewees accepted my invitations simultaneously. Some of the people who were sent invitations did not respond. Others responded and did not follow through with the interview. Those people categorized in the third group were willing participants who completed the interview process. Whether people responded to the invitations or not, the acquired knowledge gained from their authorship was invaluable.

So, I read! I read Will Kyselka’s book *An Ocean in Mind* that reveals Nainoa Thompson’s process of learning traditional navigational methods using the stars to guide him in his quest to validate the Hawaiian voyaging capabilities. This book documented Nainoa’s process and preparation for his expedition to Tahiti and return voyage to Hawaii. The 19th century writer Moses Manu’s splendid tale *Keaomelemele* was passed down orally for many generations prior to the narrative. The tale of *Keaomelemele* afforded me an appreciation for mythology, writing style, choice of words and phrases, and the origins of the hula. Kawena Pukui’s kaao, tales in her publication of Folktales of Hawaii, *He Mau Ka’ao Hawai‘i* were cultural gems appreciated for their entertainment value and their insights into Hawaiian beliefs, values, and traditional knowledge. Dr. Ishmael W. Stagner’s book *Kumu Hula Roots and Branches* was my foundation
for storytelling through dance, the hula. Furthermore, I read the work of Faith Adiele, a graduate of Harvard, a professor and an author. I was introduced to Adiele’s work after reading an exposé in a magazine that I found greatly disturbing. Adiele’s college students felt that they “did not learn anything in high school.” After reading about her use of memoirs, I decided to read her books in preparation for a potential long distance interview. In her book *Meeting Faith* she cleverly incorporated excerpts of her journals in the margins of her book detailing her experiences while on devotion as a *mae chi*, Thai nun[^40] in Thailand. I followed the reading of *Meeting Faith* with selections from her multicultural anthology of stories, *Coming of Age Around the World*. Reading the correspondence between Robert Louis Stevenson and his acquaintances in the *Travels in Hawaii* authored by Stevenson afforded me insights into his relationship with King Kalakaua, Princess Kaiulani, and his overarching love for the Polynesian people.

My readings included Matthew Kaopio’s books, *Family Album* and *Written in the Sky*. I hoped to retain Mathew Kaopio as an interviewee in my research as a representative of a person with a disability. In my own practice, I introduce my students to the true stories of Temple Grandin, who was born with autism and presently holds a doctor’s degree and Bill Porter who was born with cerebral palsy and had become the salesman of the year. My students have exposure to people who have embraced their disabilities and overcome their personal challenges. Matthew is a quadriplegic who is paralyzed from the neck down. He has excelled through his authorship and his artwork painting by mouth. Matthew made an interesting connection for my inquiry on moolelo. For some, moolelo and cultural beliefs are powerful influences that defy the introduction of Christianity, the level of education and mere logic. Matthew explained in his book that the moo, lizard is not a family aumakua, guardian or protector. The moo or lizard is not a good omen for his family. When Matthew dove into the water he broke his neck and

[^40]: Faith Adiele was ordained a mae chi. Thai nuns are generally known as mae chi (Adiele, 2004, p. 31).
surfaced a paraplegic. Matthew commented that he should have known better the area was a dwelling of a moo.

I stumbled upon some information about the Hawaiian Newspaper’s installment of the Arabian Nights and ran to Barnes and Noble to purchase a copy translated by Sir Richard F. Burton. I also purchased The Grimm’s Complete Fairytales published by Barnes and Noble when I discovered that the Hawaiian Newspaper also ran installments of the Grimm’s Brothers Fairytales. These literary works were addictive by nature and appreciated for the colorful characters, the unique language, and the storytelling conventions. There were moments when I read a book feverishly and other occasions where I read multiple books at once. The tales were a pleasant distraction. I also read the Crow and Weasel by Barry Holstun Lopez.

The interviewing phase was quite demanding. Coordinating times and schedules were always to the convenience of the storytellers who were all remanded to their roles as parents, grandparents and employees. I compromised a few responsibilities to avail the storytellers. The readings rendered me the needed confidence to conduct well-prepared interviews; however, all the preparation would not dismiss the pre-interview nerves. I was terrified, but nonetheless prepared with well thought out questions and a strategy. Preparation is the anecdote to calm the nerves. I found the interviewees eager to share their moolelo. Their interviews were characterized with fluidity throughout, accented with particular rhythms and styles. Their generosity eased my efforts.

There were moments of intense emotion where the spectrum of feelings were concerned. The message was clear to me of the apparent values of our stories. Their stories were illuminating and transformative.
All of the storytellers were audio taped, with the exception of one participant. The initial interview was conducted without the use of audio tape recording or field notes, and a follow-up interview was conducted to check for clarity and accuracy. The interview was described as what we in Hawaii call “talk story,” a free flowing exchange of information. This attempt would follow the oral tradition. Notes were not taken during the interview. This required much concentration and attention to my listening skills. I retrieved as much as I could remember and notes were taken post-interview.

Extensive notes were taken during the interviews for the three other storytellers. Following each interview, I wrote a personal reflection and included as much retrievable information. This was difficult when exhausted from the interview, but extremely helpful. Note taking and the ability to take notes with some proficiency in both high school and college has always been my strength, never taxing. However, according to Robert Stake (1995), the author of *The Art of the Case Study*, “The interviewer needs most to listen during the interview, maybe take few notes or many notes as fits the occasion” (p. 65). With this recommendation, I poised myself to do more listening and less note taking on my first interview with Dr. Ishmael Stagner. This would not be the case. On October 2, 2013, within the first five minutes of the interview with Dr. Ishmael Stagner, renowned kumu hula, author and scholar taught me a valuable lesson when documenting moolelo. Uncle “Ish,” as he is affectionately referred to, taught me a very powerful message, which his teachers and mentors Kawena Pukui and Kilolani Mitchell imparted during his apprenticeship with them. It would become the standard for his life’s work and a model for my future interviews. Uncle Ish began with a moolelo reminiscent of his youth as a student and a cadet of Kamehameha Schools.
In a chance meeting with Kilolani Mitchell, a teacher at Kamehameha Schools, Ishmael was destined to meet and apprentice under Kawena Pukui.

Prior to this legendary meeting, Dr. Stagner told me a story of Dr. Kilolani Mitchell’s attempt to pass on cultural knowledge to him in traditional fashion:

I remember once Dr. Mitchell was taking me through…at that time Kamehameha [School] had a nursery called Waonahele and he [Dr. Mitchell] was taking me there. He gave me the Hawaiian names, the English names and the Latin names [of each plant]. Then he says, “Ishmael, you’re not taking notes.”

“I’m keeping it in my head.” [Ishmael replies]

“No, no, no.” [Dr. Mitchell responds]. “A dull pen that writes down is better than a sharp mind that forgets.

Following Dr. Stagner’s anecdote, I began my note taking on the limited writing space available to me. I resorted to writing on the reverse side of my interview questions, and on a genealogy form housed in a manila folder that at the close of the interview was covered in notes as well. In subsequent interviews I would write voraciously in my notebook during and immediately after each interview.

The next phase would be the most demanding phase of the data analysis. I made the decision to transcribe my interviews and not to outsource the data for transcription. This decision was made for several reasons. Firstly, it made sense to listen to the stories myself in view of the nature of my research on moolelo, storytelling in the oral tradition. Hoolono, to listen in Hawaiian Epistemology is a critical principle. Secondly, there were numerous terms in the Hawaiian Language that would not be familiar to an outsider. Thirdly, although transcriptions were extremely time consuming, I felt compelled to listen to the transcriptions and to hear the
natural rhythm or cadence, along with the hearty and quiet chuckles, hesitations and the subtle nuances throughout the interview. It was my intent to capture the emotion in the teller’s voice as I engaged in their conversation. Moreover, there were no tape recorders in the “old days,” remarked Dr. Stagner. With this statement in mind, I was appreciative of the tape recordings and I welcomed the voice of the interviewees each time I replayed their interviews. The advancements in technology make us less reliant on our listening and memorization capacities that were mechanisms for the preservation of cultural knowledge. Fourthly, I was compelled to model Kawena Pukui whose patience in completing countless transcriptions provided us with our cultural inheritance. Finally, my analysis of the data would include the cultural construct of kaona, or the hidden or veiled meanings, a unique feature of Hawaiian Epistemology. This effort would require a deeper examination beyond the surface of the storyteller’s words to arrive at their message, their truth, their breath, ha (conversation with Dr. Hannah Tavares, 2014). The possibilities would require self-transcription, repetition, deep reflection and the development of an intimate approach with the data (conversation with Dr. Jeffrey Moniz, 2014).

The duration of my first audio tape recording exceeded two and a half hours. The transcription of this recording required three weeks to a month of self-transcription. I listened to Dr. Ishmael Stagner’s (Uncle Ish) interview daily, on occasion twice a day. This practice juxtaposed with the teller’s generosity and time was a meager task. The fast pace of the interview, due largely to the teller’s enthusiasm and the length of the interview were initial challenges encountered in the first transcription. Nevertheless, I reminded myself often of Dr. Stagner’s first meeting with Tutu Kawena and that she was in a small room with a reel-to-reel tape recorder. That visual helped me to persevere in the self-transcription process.
At the conclusion of the self-transcription process, I fully appreciated Tutu Kawena’s patience and sacrifice over her fifty-year tenure with the Bishop Museum. Without her tenacity, her gift of the cultural knowledge known to us today would have been lost. Surely, I could privilege my interviewees this small sacrifice. Following the transcriptions, the interviewees were provided with a bound copy of their interview transcriptions for review, correction, clarification and/or approval were obtained in post-interviews, in writing or over the telephone. I conducted further research on particulars provided to me by the interviewees. Cross-referencing data collected in the interviews using books and magazine articles was also a time consuming process, however very worthwhile in obtaining further detailed explanations of events or issues introduced by the interviewee. Additionally, cross-referencing data also prepared me for delving deeper in the undercurrents of the teller’s moolelo. In the analysis of the interviews, I was not satisfied with the search for emerging themes common to the tellers; however, I must agree with Trevor B. Hall and entertain the possibility of allowing the stories to stand alone on their own merit and to examine the data in a more intimate and reflective way. Hall suggested this notion in the following passage:

‘Can you tell us what the ‘thread’ is between all these stories?’ ‘What is the ‘theme’ of the course?’ ‘Then: ‘What ‘theories will you draw upon to analyze the texts?’ My hesitation to address these reasonable inquiries was not for lack of an answer, but because I knew I could only give them my answer, my reason for caring about these stories, and my take on the very personal way they inspire my own reflections on teaching and learning. …So, instead of offering my own reply, I looked to the words of one of the authors whose stories inhabited the course syllabus… Flannery O’Connor… Apoplectic O’Connor wrote back, and in a few simple, telling sentences said so much: ‘The
meaning of a story should go on expanding for the reader the more he thinks about it...Too much interpretation is certainly worse than too little, and where feeling for a story is absent, theory will not supply it. (as cited in Coles, 2004, p. 270)

Nevertheless, my methodology in the analysis of the interviewees’ stories proceeded in the identification of thematic elements and common threads among the interviewees.

I share Hall’s sentiments that in the absence of feeling for a story, theory will not supply it. Therefore, coupled with identifying the emerging themes is a deeper analysis of veiled messages in their storytelling. My interpretations may be intuitive and subjective thus flawed or incorrect, but needed in creating this notion of intimacy. The researcher cannot achieve intimacy with the data in a qualitative study without transcribing the interviews themselves. To outsource our transcriptions would be a lost opportunity in uncovering the true kaona in their moolelo. In transcribing my interviews I experienced what Hall describes in the reading of his students stories, “The opportunity to take a story to heart, to feel for its characters as you might for a friend” (as cited in Coles, 2004, p. 270). Abundant is my affection and gratitude for my interviewees who have become much more than respondents.

In the analysis of the data, I identified emerging themes and recorded the numerical sequencing of the passage that embodied these themes. Each line of the transcription was numbered for easy identification. I privileged each storyteller with a brief biography of their life accompanied by a few inspiring vignettes. All but one storyteller will be identified as requested by the interviewee. Caution to prevent identifying markers for the sole interviewee was a challenge. There was an abundance of rich data that was withheld in print to prevent the public from identifying this particular storyteller. I am the sole beneficiary of this rich interview in its
entirety. The three other participants were happy to be made known and eager to make known their contributions to the inquiry. In fact, one interviewee insisted on being named.

The concluding sections of my inquiry on moolelo offer recommendations for the use of storytelling in the classroom and concluding remarks from the researcher.

To gain a better understanding of the role of moolelo, stories and the impact of storytelling on the people of Hawaii, I take you back to the 19th century and the beginnings of the Hawaiian Newspaper and introduce you to the storytellers of old. Unknown to many is the travels of stories, tales, myths and lore from distant lands to our islands by way of the Hawaiian Newspaper. I pause to note the historical sensibility in the enjoyment of these exotic tales by the Hawaiian people. The Hawaiian newspapers written in Hawaiian language exposed the Hawaiian people to worlds beyond their shores. The Hawaiian Newspapers, such as the Ka Nupepa Kuokoa, increased literacy, granted exposure to a worldwide view, introduced moolelo, stories and kaao, tales, provided a venue to voice personal opinions, and preserved cultural knowledge.

It is a little known fact in contemporary society that Hawaiians were once the most literate people in the world.
The Storytellers of Old – The Storytellers of the 19th Century

Hawaii was at the height of literacy in the 19th century under the rule of Kamehameha III, Kauikeaouli. March 17, 1814 was recognized as the date of Kauikeaouli’s birth. His father was Kamehameha the Great, and his mother was Keopuolani. His older brother was Liholiho, Kamehameha II and his sister was Harriet Nahienaena. When Liholiho sailed to England, Kauikeaoli, then only nine years old was named successor to the throne (Kamakau, 1992, p. 265). Kauikeaoli would reign for thirty years until 1854. He would say of his kingdom and his people:

He aupuni palapala koʻu;  o ke kanaka pono ʻoia koʻu kanaka.

Mine is a kingdom of education. The righteous man is my man.

Uttered by Kamehameha III. (Pukui, 1983, p. 64)

Indeed the Hawaiian people were the most literate people in the world. Literary figures such as Moses Manu, Robert Louis Stevenson, King David Kalakaua, and Mary Kawena Pukui were all a part of this golden age of literacy in the Hawaiian Islands. Scheherazade, the fictional character in the Arabian Nights, is added to this esteemed list of storytellers for her prowess as a storyteller. Scheherazade’s stories in the Arabian Nights were written in installments in the Hawaiian Newspapers. The brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, were collectors of stories and instrumental in our exposure of the art of great storytelling. Selections of the Grimms’ tales were translated into Hawaiian and published in the Hawaiian Newspapers as well.

41 As no exact information could be obtained as to when King Kauikeaouli was born, it was resolved in Privy Council, as before stated, that the 17th of March be observed as a holiday, in commemoration of the event (Judd, 2005, p. 183).
42 While on Maui Liholiho addressed a gathering of chiefs and commoners at Kaluaokihana on the subject of his desire to visit England. He said, “Where are you, Chiefs! I’m about to sail to a foreign land and I place my younger brother Kauikeaoli to be your chief [during my absence]. I go, and if I return I return: if not, then you are to have my younger brother as your king, “and to Kauikeaoli he said, “Live in peace with the chiefs: those lands which belong to me are yours, the lands given to the chiefs shall be theirs.” (Kamakau, 1992, pp. 255 – 256)
Historicizing the Arrival of the Hawaiian Language Newspaper in Hawaii

According to Pua Nogelmeier (2010), Associate Professor at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa, director of the Awaiaulu Hawaiian Literature Project, and the author of Mai Pa’a I Ka Leo: “While literacy was at its highest, Hawaiians embraced the Hawaiian-language newspapers as the main venue for news, opinion, and national dialogue, but also as an acknowledged public repository for history, cultural description, literature, and lore” (p. xii).

In 1820, missionaries began a campaign to civilize the Hawaiian people through religious conversion and the dispersal of Christianity throughout the land. The oral tradition of communication would soon be replaced with the written word. Missionaries created the Hawaiian alphabet and taught Christianity to the Hawaiian people in written language form. In 1834, the first newspaper was printed, long before any other established paper west of the Rocky Mountains (Patria, 2010). Ka Lama was printed in the Hawaiian language at Lahainaluna on February 14, 1834. In 1834 through 1861, newspapers were issued by three sectors: the Protestants, the Catholics and the Hawaiian Government. In 1834, the first two Hawaiian language newspapers, Ka Lama Hawaii and Ke Kumu Hawaii, were installed with missionary intent. Lorrin Andrews founded the Ka Lama Hawaii for the Lahainaluna Seminary. Nogelmeier (2010) adds that the content of those papers [Hawaiian newspapers] span a period when “noted historians, expert genealogists, skilled storytellers, and cultural experts were numerous, and their knowledge was intentionally recorded in writing” (p. xii).

In 1834 through 1948, Hawaiian writers filled over 125,000 published newspaper pages (Nogelmeier, 2011 pp. xii, 59, 64) in nearly 100 newspapers with their writings found in the archival repository in Hawaii (Nogelmeier, 2010, p. 59). According to Noelani Arista, the language newspapers were printed, spanning over a period of 115 years (as cited in Marzolph, 61)
2007, p. 20). According to Nogelmeier, the Hawaiian newspapers publication would enter half way through the 20\textsuperscript{th} century (p. xii). During this period, 168 different Hawaiian Language newspapers were published. Where some newspapers were short lived, other newspapers such as the \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa} ran for decades. By 1861, Hawaiian writers were prolific in their efforts to record in writing what would be available to Hawaiians in the future. Nogelmeier described the use of newspaper editorials in soliciting experts to submit material for publication. The expert knowledge was treated in a manner congruent with Hawaiian Epistemology, in its reciprocity. The writers’ materials were published in weekly or daily columns along with the responses or addition from their peers and contemporaries. This system of interactive exchange by the writer and the reader models the Wikipedia web site of today. Letters were written to the newspapers, readers responded to individual writers, writers argued openly challenging readers to send in their opinions and discussions in the newspapers were ongoing. Coupled with the preservation of cultural issues were the reporting, analysis, and reactions of local and global news.

In 1861, Henry Martyn Whitney, the son of a missionary and an independent printer issued the \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa}, The Independent. The \textit{Hoku o ka Pakipika}, The Star of the Pacific, was the first newspaper to be published by a native Hawaiian.

In 1874 through 1878, only two newspapers were in print, \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa} and the missionary paper, \textit{Ka Lahui Hawaii}. The earlier print size of the newspapers was much smaller, (letter size 8.5” x 11”) prior to 1861. In 1856, size increased, (12 high and 8 wide, to 15 high and 11 wide after one year of circulation) with the newspaper, \textit{Ka Hae Hawaii}. In 1861, new industry standards made the circulation of the Hawaiian \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa} and the \textit{Hoku o ka Pakipika} equal in format size as the English language newspaper at the time, \textit{Pacific Commercial}
Advertiser (23.75 high and 17.5 wide) as large as the present Honolulu Advertiser (p. 64).

Changes of this nature encouraged the frequency and length of the moolelo, stories and kaao tales, in subsequent publications. Ka Nupepa Kuokoa was the longest running newspaper.

The Ka Nupepa Kuokoa published Hawaiian moolelo such as a series on the Hawaiian Chief Umi in 1862, kaao from the oral tradition, Keaomelemele by Moses Manu in 1884-1885. S. N. Haleole rendered the tale of Laieikawai, a Cinderella-like story. The Kuokua also published European fairy tales collected by the Brothers Grimm, The Twelve Brothers, Snow White, Puss in Boots, and the Frog Prince.

The Kuokoa also provided its readers with more German tales from the Brothers Grimm, Ka Wai ke Ola, The Water of Life and Kanani Hiolanikanahaele, Sleeping Beauty. The Kuokoa published a tale from China, Na Raianahu ka huhui hoku nani o Pekina, which was about the celestial beauty in the clusters of stars over Peking. Other publications included Jules Verne’s Twenty Thousand Leagues under the calm sea, He Iwakalua Tausani Legue mahalo o ke kai, He Moolelo Kaao o Robinana Lo, The Fictional Tale of Robiana Lo, and Ka hiwahiwa o ke koa, The Choicest of Warriors, which ran from November 1871 to August 1874.

The Ka Nupepa Kuokoa ran the first installments of He Kaao Arabia in their publication on September 26, 1874 (Appendix A).

The longest helu, section of He Kaao Arabia was published in the Ka Nupepa Kuokoa from May 1 to July 3, 1875 in ten installments. The titles of the kaao were No ke Kanaka Lawaia, An Arabian Tale about the Fisherman, and Ke Kumu o ka Pomaikai, The Source of Good Fortune.

The number, range, and completeness of legends, historical accounts, chants, and such that appeared in the Hawaiian-language newspapers expanded greatly after the
independent newspapers opened. Legends and stories, which began to appear in abbreviated form early on, grew into irregular serial features in *Ka Hae Hawaii* and then became a standard feature in almost all subsequent Hawaiian papers. (Nogelmeier, 2010, p. 103)

The Hawaiian Newspapers kept the people of Hawaii informed with the news and history of Hawaii and current events from abroad, affording the Hawaiians a global perspective on all aspects of life from No Amerika, no Cuba, no Beritania Nui, no Geremananui, no Peresia, no Rusia, no Italia, no Kina and more; from America, Cuba, from Great Britain, from Great Germany, from Persia, from Russia, from Italy, from China (as cited in Marzolph, 2007, p. 164).

The 19th century newspapers also addressed the century long concern over the loss of traditional knowledge and the urgent need to document and perpetuate collective wisdom. “Heritage information” (Nogelmeier, 2010) should be documented while knowledgeable persons were still living and before the rapid pace of change and depopulation swept such knowledge away (p. 101).

Many Hawaiian scholars, historians, and editors recognized the urgency in the preservation of traditional knowledge. Mataio Kekuanaaoa, Hawaiian statesman and father of Kamehameha IV and Kamehameha V, was one such figure that addressed the chiefs urging them to take measures to document and preserve traditional knowledge less it be lost.

These concerns generated massive amounts of written cultural knowledge including: genealogies; histories; legends; chants; riddles; extensive categorical listings regarding stars, plants, fishes, sites, winds, rains, clouds, deities, and innumerable other fields of cultural knowledge (Nogelmeier, 2010, p. 100).

Other advocates for the perpetuation of cultural knowledge for future generations included J. M. Poepeoe, historian and editor, who emphasized the need to teach knowledge and
history to future generation; S. M. Kamakau, scholar, the genealogist and historian; Kepookulou; and J. H. Kanepuu. In a plea to publish legends and songs, in their entirety, J. H. Kanepuu concluded an editorial with: “E makemake ana ka hanauna Hawaiʻi o na la A. D. 1870, a me A. D. 1880, a me A. D. 1890, a me A. D. 1990 (Kanepuu, 1862)” (as cited in Nogelmeier 2010, p. 102). [Hawaiian generations of the 1870s, 1880s, 1890s, and the 1990s will be wanting this.]

The following chapters recognize the authorship and contributions of a few of the master storytellers of the 19th century. The first storyteller is Moses Manu. A brief biography features what little is known about this prolific writer. His great literary achievement is the moolelo, story of Keaomelemele.

Aole i pau.
Moses Manu – Storyteller, Historian, Politician, Pound master

Moses Manu was one of the great Hawaiian writers of the 19th century. Manu strived to record the moolelo, stories, of his ancestors along with the narrative style of that era (p 96). His published work was authored as Moses or Moke. He was born in 1837 in the district of Hana, on the island of Maui. Little is known about the life of Manu and even less is known about his wife, or if he had children and when he died. Manu worked as a pound master gathering up stray horses and cattle in Hana Kipahulu. This type of work was an unusual coupling for a writer. In the 1860’s he worked on Oahu in Ewa for a few years. In 1896, Moses was also a delegate representing Maui to the convention. He is thought to have known Joseph Nawahi, respected political leader who headed the anti-annexation group, Hui Aloha Aina.

In Manu’s legendary account of Keaomelemele, Kuualoha Hoomanawanui (2002) acknowledged that the moolelo was passed on in oral tradition prior to the narrative form and hails Manu’s skill in storytelling:

As an oral tradition, bequeathed to us on paper from a line of bards, it [Keaomelemele] has great value in its written form.

Through his [Manu] sequencing of the narrative, his insertion of commentary and his inclusion of musical analogies familiar to those of his time, he clearly expresses his own interest in the art of storytelling. (as cited in Manu, n.d.)

According to Hoomanawanui, the moolelo Keaomelemele was rarely recounted and published (p. vii). Keaomelemele first appeared in the longest running newspaper, Ka Nupepa Kuokoa. Ka Nupepa Kuokoa published for seventy years from 1861 through 1927.

On September 6, 1927, the Keaomelemele series was printed nearly every week until June 27th the following year. The story was arranged in thirty-one sections, or helu (p. vii).
I began my inquiry with the reading of Manu’s *Keaomelemele*. It was difficult to acquire this book because it was no longer being printed. I was able to obtain the display copy from the Bishop Museum. The legend of the *Keaomelemele* takes one on a historical adventure in a fanciful way. Among the many things I learned from the legend of *Keaomelemele* were the origins of the hula and the Hawaiian Islands, mythical hidden islands, laau lapaau, medicine and healing, kilokilo, reading omens, fishing, the gods and goddess, the prophetic words of Kekiopilo, and the inception of our cultural beliefs. Manu’s account of *Keaomelemele* was used as my reference to gain greater insights into the events that unfold in my inquiry. In *Keaomelemele* Manu discussed how the legend would provide knowledge of the fishing grounds from Hawaii to Niihau for future generations confirming that *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* was a story familiar to the Hawaiian people when he asks of the reader to recall the story of Captain Nemo and his Nautilus (p.171). *He Iwakalua Tausani Legue mahalo o ke kai* that was also one of the stories printed in the *Kuokoa* Newspaper. The following is an excerpt of Manu’s reference to Captain Nemo who searched the ocean depths with electric light of his sub:

> Travel in the Nautilus is smooth and fleet,

> There in the lowest stratum,

> You inhabit the great sea. (Manu, 20002, p. 171)

Manu’s last known moolelo was published in 1899. His works include two Hawaiian Histories of the ali`i Kihaapiilani of Maui and the other of Kauikeaoli, Kamehameha III (p. 96). Other works include at least five moolelo translated into English by Moses Nakuina and T. C. Pokipala and published in Thrum’s Hawaiian Annual from 1918 to 1928. Manu also published at least two kanikau, dirges. One dirge was for “kuu kaikuahine aloha” (my beloved sister), Miliama Akina, and one for the respected politician Joseph Nawahi. Of Manu’s own account
found in the legend *Keaomelele*. Manu said that he wrote the story of Kaopulupulu that was published in the *Hoku o ke Kai*, Hawaiian Newspaper. Mary Kawena Pukui translated *Keaomelele*. 
Robert Louis Stevenson, Louis

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson43, acclaimed storyteller and author of Treasure Island, Kidnapped, and The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sailed to Hawai‘i on a privately chartered yacht, the Casco on January 24, 1889, during the reign of the last king of the Hawaiian archipelago, King David Kalakaua. Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. He obtained a law degree and eventually found his niche in literature. Stevenson had been frail as a child and endured a life-long affliction with tuberculosis. In a letter to George Meredith in 1893, Stevenson described his ill health:

For fourteen years I have not had a day’s real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness (as cited in Day, 1973, p. xx).

During the last six years of his life, Stevenson travelled the South Sea’s in search of health (as cited in Day, 1973, p. vii).

Over a period of five months, Robert Louis Stevenson enjoyed the royal family members of the ali‘i, royal family members and the makaainana, commoners of the Hawaiian archipelago writing about his adventures. Stevenson often met with Ka‘iulani, the half-Scottish, half Hawaiian princess and daughter of A. J. Cleghorn and Likelike, the sister of King Kalakaua. The princess and Stevenson often met in Waikiki while he stayed at Manuia Lanai, the name of the bungalow of Henry Poor. Poor was the son of socialite, Mrs. Caroline Bush. Stevenson and the young Princess often enjoyed conversations beneath the banyan tree at Ainahau, the home of

43 His family lovingly called Robert Louis Stevenson, “Louis” and he was known worldwide as R. L. S. (Day, 1973, p. xiv).
Kaiulani. She confided her deep sorrow about impending plans to leave Hawaii to be educated in England. Stevenson responded writing in her autograph album a most treasured poem:

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 double race.

Her islands here, in Southern sun,

Shall mourn their Kai‘ulani 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 Ka‘iulani’s eye. (as cited in Day, 1973, p. 177)
King David Kalakaua - His Majesty the King and Robert Louis Stevenson

Two days after Robert Louis Stevenson anchored in Honolulu, he was formally presented to King David Kalakaua at Iolani Palace. “Letters of introduction from California were unnecessary, for the King knew of Stevenson’s fame as a storyteller” (Day, 1973 p. xviii).

King David Kalakaua was well versed in both English and Hawaiian. He was proficient in both speaking and writing. According to Daly, Kalakaua’s court was a center for music and culture. The King and Robert Louis Stevenson discussed many topics; among them were the legends of Hawaii. Kalakaua would bring global recognition to Hawaii through his authorship and his travels around the world. The king’s legacy to his people included his composition of the Hawaiian national anthem, *Hawaii Pono i*. In 1874-1875, King Kalakaua was the first Hawaiian monarch to tour the United States. In 1881, he set another royal precedent by touring the world. Among many things, the King and Robert Louis Stevenson discussed were the legends of Hawaii. In 1888, Kalakaua would author the *Legends and Myths of Hawaii* (Allen, 1994).

Charles Stoddard, a friend of Stevenson describes Kalakaua with great admiration:

‘Oh, what a king was he! Such a king as one reads of in nursery tales. He was all things to all men, and a most companionable person. Possessed of rare refinement, he was as much at ease with a crew of ‘rollicking rams’ as in the throne room.’⁴⁴ (Day, 1973, p. xvi)

In a letter dated January 1889 to Edward Livermore Burlingame, editor of Scribner’s Magazine, Louis’ finances have dwindled and he seeks employment in the court of King Kalakaua whom he described: “H.M. [King Kalakaua] (who is a gentleman of a courtly order and much tinctured with letters) is very polite; I may possibly ask for the position of palace

⁴⁴ Charles Warren Stoddard was a friend of Stevenson and a writer of sketches and poems (Day, 1973, p. xvi).
Stevenson expressed admiration for King David Kalakaua noted in his correspondence with Charles Baxter dated Honolulu, February 8, 1889 below:

I so well that I do not know myself – sea bathing, if you please,

and what is far more dangerous, entertaining and being entertained by his Majesty
[Kalakaua] 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, although perceptibly more dignified, at the end. (Day, 1973, p. 94)

On February 3, 1889, at the invitation of Henry F. Poor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson attended a feast, luau in their honor at Manuia Lanai. King David Kalakaua and Liliuokalani attended as special guests. The wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, Fanny presented the King with a rare golden pearl from the Low Archipelago and Louis presented a Sonnet for King Kalakaua. Stevenson recited the following unpublished poem with rhyming couplets that he wrote in honor of his Majesty, the King:

The Silver Ship, my King-that was her name
In the bright islands whence your fathers came-
The Silver Ship, at rest from wind and tides,
Below your palace in your harbor rides:
And the seafarers, sitting safe on shore,
Like eager merchants count their treasures

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45 Stevenson is without finances. He writes to Burlingame, the editor of Scribner’s Magazine and say, “Not one word of business have I received either form the States or England, nor anything in the shape of coin; which leaves me in a fine uncertainty and quite penniless on these islands (Day, 1973, p. 90).
46 The Louis and Fanny obtained the pearl from the Tuamotu Islands (Day, 1973, p. xix).
o’er.

One gift they find, one strange and lovely thing.

Now doubly precious since it pleased a king.

The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre

For bards to give to kings what kings admire.

‘Tis mine to offer for Apollo’s sake;

And since the gift is fitting, yours to take.

To golden hands the golden pearl I bring:

The ocean jewel to the island king. (as cited in Day, 1973, p.175)

Guests of the feast dined on traditional foods such as pig, poi, raw fish, limu, algae, roasted inamona, kukui nuts; chicken, and a favorite of Kalakaua, baked dog. This event was chronicled in the Advertiser Newspaper on February 05, 1889. An invitation to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson at a designated time to anyone interested in making their acquaintance was also printed in the newspaper (Appendix A).
Ka lama ku o ka noʻeau

The standing torch of wisdom
(Pukui, 1983, p. 155)

Said in admiration of a wise person
Mary Ka wena ula o ka lani a Hiiaka i ka poli o Pele ka wahine ai honua Pukui

Mary Kawena Pukui was a passionate practitioner of the Art of Moolelo. She told her stories to everyone. During World War II blackouts, her daughter Patience recalls lying on the floor of the living room discussing the events of the day followed by her mother telling stories until they fell asleep (p. xi). Patience learned many aspects of her culture from her mother. She described how her mother taught them:

We used to walk to town together to pay bills. We could have taken the street car, but on the way she [Pukui] would point out some tree and tell us the Hawaiian name and he English name. The next time we came, she’d play a little game for us, to see if we could remember. You learn history and lore that way. (Pukui & Elbert, 1995)

Mary Abigail Kawena Wiggin was born on April 20, 1895 in rural Haniumalu, Kau on the island of Hawaii to a Hawaiian mother, Mary Keliipaahana Kanakaole, whose parents were medical kahuna and an American father, Henry Nathaniel Wiggin, who was born in 1861 in Salem, Massachusetts. In the home, Pukui’s father spoke English to her, and her mother spoke to her in Hawaiian. This union exposed Kawena to both cultures and languages and destined Pukui to a life dedicated to the collection of ancestral knowledge in the oral tradition that she would perpetuate through translation and interpretation.

Kawena’s maternal grandmother was instrumental in her acquisition of cultural knowledge in her formative years.

In the remote district of Kau, people retained ancient lore, honored obligations and observed customs of old (Doyle, 1981, p. 128) (as cited in The Delta Kappa Gamma Society

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47 Kawena was a descendant of the seventeenth-century poet Anne Bradstreet, the first American woman to devote herself to literature (Leib & Day, 1979, p. viii).
One such practice was the traditional Hawaiian adoption, hanai unlike the legal sense of adoption known to us today.

Pukui’s grandmother, Naliipoaimoku (Poai) tearfully begged her parents for her. Her father would agree to this arrangement and Kawena was hanai to Poai. Poai would impart traditional Hawaiian knowledge to her granddaughter, the punahele or favored child. Poai was a court dancer for Queen Emma. Kawena would remain with Tutu Poai for her first six years. Under her tutelage Kawena would learn the Hawaiian language, the hula, chants, sayings and moolelo, stories (p. ix). Instruction began when Kawena was very young. In preparation to acquire and keep the lore and the cultural knowledge Poai sharpened Kawena’s memorization skills by having the mere toddler commit to memory and recite the name of every relative, their relationship and the location of the person’s home. Oral transmission was the medium through which moolelo, stories were delivered in Hawaiian culture. Pukui became a repository of many stories, moolelo and kaao, tales. Some of the tales in Folktales of Hawai‘i, He Mau Ka‘ao Hawai‘i, authored and translated through Pukui’s dictation were heard directly from her Tutu Poai. Upon her grandmother’s death, Pukui at the age of seven was returned to her mother and father. Her mother continued her cultural training and her father Henry Wiggins imparted his folklore, Aesop’s Fables, Ichabod Crane and Paul Revere’s ride.

Kawena’s early education with her family followed the principles of Hawaiian epistemology. While her grandmother, Poai began her education as a toddler and trained Kawena to be the keeper of the hula, chants, lore, proverbs, sayings, and much more, formal education would begin in Waiohinu, Mountain View and Hilo schools. According to Emma Lyons Doyle (1981) the Catholic School in Waihoiu, Kau was her favorite school because their prayers were recited in the Hawaiian Language (p.128). After her family moved to Honolulu,
she attended Central Grammar School and Kawaiahao Seminary. After her marriage, Kawena attended Hawaiian Mission Academy and she was a member of the first graduating class (Doyle, 1981).

When the Hawaiian language instruction was outlawed in 1896, the Hawaiian Language could not be spoken in the schools. Doyle stated that when the family moved to Honolulu, Kawena attended Central Grammar School and Kawaihao Seminary. While attending school in Honolulu as a teenager, Kawena was punished for speaking to a classmate in Hawaiian (Duckworth, 1995, p. x) (as cited in Green & Pukui, 1995, p. x). The following term Kawena would not return to school. In the remote district of Kau on the Big Island of Hawaii, Hawaiian language was not scrutinized to the degree that it was on Oahu.

In the diary of another Hawaiian storyteller, Mona Kapule Kahele, born in 1921 in Napoopoo, Hawaii dated January 6, 1981, Kahele commented on the abolishment of the Hawaiian Language and the punishment she received in school for speaking Hawaiian Language in school where she was made to write on her paper one hundred times the words I must not speak Hawaiian in school (Patria, 2010).

In 1913 Kawena married Kololii Pukui. In 1937, she was employed with the Bishop Museum in Hawaii. Mary Kawena Pukui would become Hawaii’s most celebrated preservationist of the Hawaiian Culture. Doyle would add to her list of accolades historian, linguist, translator, composer and teacher. Pukui taught elementary students at Punahou School. Pukui’s contributions encompassed all aspects of culture including, language; moolelo,

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48 My tutu wahine, Puanani Helenihi a full blooded Hawaiian, kanaka maoli was hit with a yardstick whenever she spoke Hawaiian while attending Kalihi Waena School. Puanani was born in Iwilei, Oahu where the law forbidding the speaking of Hawaiian language was strictly enforced (conversation with Barbara Pregil, 2014).

49 Puanani Helenihi’s daughter and my mother Barbara would not receive a Hawaiian name from her mother nor would she be taught to speak the Hawaiian Language (conversation with Barbara Pregil, 2014).
According to Eleanor Williamson, a volunteer at the Bishop Museum, Kawena was generous in sharing her cultural knowledge with renown scholars of the world as well as those who were less known. Doyle adds that any companionship with her was educational. Pukui served as a consultant, authored, and co-authored more than fifty books and articles, such as ‘Olelo No‘eau (Hawaiian sayings), Hawaiian Dictionary with Samuel H. Elbert, Nana I Ke Kumu (Look to the Source) with E. W. Haertig and Catherine A. Lee, The Echo of Our Song with Alfons L. Korn, Place Names of Hawaii‘i with Samuel H. Elbert and Esther T. Mookini, and Native Plants in Old Hawaii their Life, Lore and Environment with Handy.
Scheherazade
He Kaao Arabia – An Arabian Tale

Scheherazade\textsuperscript{50} was a masterful storyteller. After all, her life depended on her skill as a storyteller. One may question my interest in Scheherazade and her place in my research on moolelo, storytelling. The duality for the inclusion of this fascinating literary character of the Arabian Nights, followed my discovery of the ten printed installments of the Arabian Nights in the Hawaiian newspaper, \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa} and my discovery into Scheherazade’s mastery in the art of storytelling.

In 1875, from May 1st to July 3rd the Hawaiian newspaper, \textit{Ka Nupepa Kuokoa} printed ten installments of a translation of the text into the Hawaiian language, \textit{He kaao Arabia No ke Kanaka Lawaia; Ke Kumu o ka Pomaikai} translates: An Arabian Tale about the Fisherman, the Source of Good Fortune. In 1874, three tales were translated by an unknown source. In 1875, S. K. Ulele was the translator of these tales. It is noted that S. K. Ulele may have been a pen name, which was a common practice at the time.

The Tale of Scheherazade

As the tale goes:

\begin{quote}
In tide of yore and in time long gone before, there was a King of Kings of the Banu Sasan in the Islands of India and China, there was a Lord of armies and guards and servants and dependents. He left only two sons, one in the prime of manhood and the other yet a youth, while both were Knights and Braves, albeit the elder was a doughtier horseman than the younger. So he succeeded to the empire; when he ruled the land and forded it over his lieges with justice so
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{50} Additional spellings, Shahrazad, Shahzaman
exemplary that he was beloved by all the peoples of his capital and of his kingdom. His name was King Shahryar, and he made his younger brother, Shah Zaman, King of Samarcand in Barbarian land.  (*The Arabian Nights:* Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton, 2009, p. 1)

King Shahryar espied upon his Queen’s indiscretions with a black Moorish salve and sent for his Chief Minister, “I command thee to take my wife and smite her to death; for she hath broken her plight and her faith.” So he carried her to the place of execution and did her die. (*The Arabian Nights:* Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton, 2009, p. 11).

Thereafter King Shahryar swore an oath to himself:

He also swore himself by a binding oath that whatever wife he married he would abate her maidenhead at night and slay her next morning to make sure of his honour; “For,” said he, “there never was nor is there one chaste woman upon face of earth.” (*The Arabian Nights:* Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton, 2009, p. 11)

And it came to past that for the next three years following the adulterous queen’s demise, the King began satisfying his carnal desires by taking a beautiful maiden for his bride, consummating their union only to have her slain the next night; “…he bade his Minister strike her head off, and the Wazir did accordingly for fear of the Sultan.” (p. 11)

*And Scheherazade perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say. Then quoth Dunyazad, “O my sister, how pleasant is thy tale, and how tasteful; how sweet, and how grateful!” And Scheherazade replied, “And where is this compared with ‘The Tale of the Enchanted Horse’ that I could tell thee this coming night, if I live and the King spare me?”*
Said the King in himself, “By Allah, I will not slay her until I hear her story, for her tale telling is truly wondrous.” (Burton, 2009, p.103).

So it happened that the King sent his Chief Wazir to find him a virgin and there was none. Fearing for his life the Wazir went home. He had two daughters Scheherazade and Dunyazad. The elder daughter, Scheherazade, “perused the books, annals and legends of preceding Kings, and the stories, examples and instances of bygone men and things; indeed it was said that she had collected a thousand books of histories relating to antique races and departed rulers” (p. 12). Scheherazade read poetry and committed poems to memory. She studied philosophy, the sciences, and the arts. She was described as pleasant and polite, witty, well-bred and wise. Scheherazade inquired of her father: “Why do I see thee thus changed and laden with cark and care? Concerning this matter quoth one of the poets:

Tell whoso hath sorrow

Grief never shall last:

E’en as joy hath no morrow

So woe shall go past.”(The Arabian Night, Translated by Sir Richard Burton, 2009, p.12)

The Wazir tells his daughter of the Sultan’s carnal demands. Scheherazade and her sister Dunyazad devise a plan that would satisfy the King’s desires and save their father. Scheherazade would give herself to the King, but once the King had his passion satisfied, she would ask to see her sister, Dunyazad before the dawn.

At which time Dunyazad would say to her sister:
O my sister, an thou be not sleepy, relate to me some new story, delectable and delightsome, the better to speed our waking hours;” and I [Scheherazade] will tell thee a tale which shall be our deliverance, if so Allah please, and which shall turn the King from his blood-thirsty custom.” (The Arabian Night, Translated by Sir Richard Burton, 2009, p. 20)

For the first night of the storytelling she began with ‘The Tale of the Trader with the Jinni’. (p. 20)

The sister’s plan would begin one hundred and one nights of storytelling to the sultan. Scheherazade carefully crafted and executed tales seamlessly woven from one tale to the next tale. In the Hawaiian translation from English to Hawaiian, the term, “Aole i pau...[To be continued, not done] (S.K. Ulele, 1875) or “Pipi holo kaao [sprinkled, the tale runs]” (unknown, 1874)” are used to end each installment of the kaao tales. It appears that “pipi holo kaao” was the method to Scheherazade’s craft. Night after night, Scheherazade cleverly crafted and executed tales seamlessly woven from one tale to the next tale. Transitioning from one tale to the next sustained the curiosity of the Sultan who eagerly awaited her next tale and so it was that Scheherazade’s life would be spared with each new dawn and each enthralling tale. In time, King Shahryar grew to love Scheherazade and made her his queen.

Aole i pau.
The Brothers Grimm

I have included a brief biography of the Brothers Grimm, Jakob and Wilhelm, who were collectors of stories. Their stories were instrumental in shaping the values of the German people. Their stories would eventually lend themselves to global appeal. According to Jack Zipes (2012) the Brothers Grimm believed that their stories and lore would influence the morality of the German people and eventually all peoples: “By collecting German stories and folklore, by studying German language and customs, they would be able to have a huge and moral impact on the German people and – from there – the world” (as cited in Grimm’s Fairy Tales).

The Grimm’s fairytales are an integral part of the Germanic people in the rearing of their children. In a conversation with Julia Nanike Teixeira, a twenty-six year old resident of Germany, I gained a greater understanding of the role of the Grimm Brother’s fairytales in the German culture. Julia is kanaka maoli, Hawaiian, Portuguese and German. Julia’s mother is German and her father is Hawaiian and Portuguese. Her father was born in Hawaii and her mother is a German citizen. I asked Julia what tale or story was considered to be important in the German culture. Julia responded beautifully in perfect German, Hansel and Gretel, with a long “a” in Hansel and a guttural “g” in Gretel. Julia illustrates the didactic nature of the familiar fairytale Hansel and Gretel in teaching the lessons and the values of the German people to their children. Of the fairytale known worldwide and a personal favorite of mine, Julia states:

It’s crucial to the kids. Sometimes you lose your way. The breadcrumbs help you find your way back. Sometimes the raven eats the crumbs but you manage to find your way back to your roots. You read between [the lines]. It’s about reality; all Grimm’s [fairytales] are like that. (Conversation with Julia Teixeira, 2014)
Jakob Grimm was born in 1785. He was the eldest of nine children. His brother, Wilhelm 1786 – 1859 was the next oldest child. They were only thirteen months apart. The family came from a middle class background. According to author Jane Yolen\textsuperscript{51} (2009), their father was a lawyer and eventually became a district magistrate and their mother was the daughter of a Kassel councilman. The boys were ten and eleven when their father died of pneumonia. This event would greatly alter their worry free lifestyle. They were forced to move from their peaceful home, relieve most of the servants from their duties, and they were dependent on loans from their grandfather and an aunt. Their mother battled depression and was unable to manage as the head of household; therefore, Jacob would assume the position. Jakob and Wilhelm maintained a close relationship throughout their youth and their entire life. At the local high school, Lyzeum the boys roomed together shared the same desk and bed, and studied for twelve hours daily. Both brothers excelled and would graduate from their classes as head scholars. Yolen (2009) describes the brothers as “always best friends and never rivals” (p. xvi). At the age of twenty and nineteen they vowed to “always remain close.”

The family would experience another financial set back upon the death of their grandfather and benefactor. With the loss of their social status, the boys were required to obtain a special dispensation from the university to study law. While the wealthy scholars were given a stipend, the brothers were to pay their way through university. Wilhelm was the weaker of the two brothers. During their four years of high school, Jakob grew physically stronger, while Wilhelm was plagued with attacks of scarlet fever and asthma. Bouts of ill health would follow him for his entire life\textsuperscript{52}. Confined to a bed with asthma, Wilhelm entered the university half a

\textsuperscript{51} Jane Yolen is an advocate of stories, myths, fairytales and lore. They are our children’s birthright, (Yolen, 2000, p. 14).
\textsuperscript{52} Wilhelm would be an invalid on and off for his entire life [Robert Louis Stevenson suffered with health problems his entire life.] (Grimm’s Brothers Complete Fairytales, p. XVI)
year after Jakob’s admission. This would be their first separation. Jakob entered the law university out of duty, following his father’s career path. Jakob’s life, however, would take a different direction when he met Savigny, a young scholar and instructor at the university. Savigny would change his life and become Jakob’s lifelong friend. Savigny permitted Jakob the use of his extensive personal library granting him access to medieval texts that contained numerous stories. Savigny also introduced Jakob to his bother-in-law, Clemens Brentano, a poet, collector of folktales, folksongs and folklore. When Wilhelm was able to join Jakob at the university, he also fell under the spell of Savigny and Brentano. This alignment would be a prelude to their notoriety in Germany and the world as the Brothers Grimm.

“Both boys became enchanted by Romantic literature, poetry, older German literature”, (Grimm’s, p. XVII) while their interest in law waned. It was at the invitation of Savigny who conducted his research on Roman law to Paris that Jakob studied extensively German manuscripts at the Bibliothèque Nationale de France. There he continued his studies for nine months and subsequently the focus of his studies would be the convention for his life’s work. Wilhelm obtained his law degree; however, he failed to secure a position. Jakob would not finish his law degree and worked in the War College in Cassel.

Finances were still burdensome and when their mother died suddenly at age fifty-two the grieving brothers were left in charge of their siblings with little money. It was in 1808, that Jakob became the director of the Westphalilan king’s library. This job allowed him to study folklore and folktales. At the unexpected appointment by the king as auditor of Council of State, Jakob’s generous raise relieved him of any further monetary problems.
They [Brothers Grimm] were not the kind of folktale collectors we know today. Indeed, again and again they revised the stories they collected, changing them to match their vision of a true Germanic utopia where things end happily ever after.” (p. xv)

The brothers did not begin writing a literary repertoire of German folktales. Jakob wrote an essay about the old German troubadour tradition, the *Meistersingers*, while Wilhelm worked on a book of Danish folktales and fairytales. The brothers studied folklore and ancient literature. They schooled themselves in many languages, including Old English, Old Norse, Old Danish, Old High German, and a bit of Sanskit, which enabled them to read and understand stories in their original form. Jakob wrote *The History of German Language*. Both brothers did translations, studies, essays and medieval research. Wilhelm translated and edited the *Old Danish Heroic Songs, Ballads and Fairy Tales* and worked on Scottish songs (p. xviii).

Initial works included pieces they sent in to Brentano and Arnim’s book of songs, *The Boy’s Wonder Horn* and a translation of the Icelandic Edda.

According to Yolen (2009), three events led to the Brothers Grimm fame in the literary world. First, the popularity of *The Boy’s Wonder Horn*; secondly, the publication of the two German tales The Fisherman and His Wife and The Juniper Tree by Philip Otto Runge; and thirdly which I find extremely important is the “fast and loose” translations in Clemens Brentano’s continued collection of fairy and folktales. It is apparent that the brothers recognized the significance of maintaining the integrity of the translation of the stories. All three events were the impetus to the creation of their own collection of stories. The first publication of

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53 Kawena Pukui also took care to tell and record stories just as she heard them (Pukui, p. xi).
Children’s and Household Tales was circulated on Christmas of 1812. It was not really a book meant for children; it was filled with stories and scholarly annotations according to Jack Zipes.⁵⁴ Zipes believes that the Grimms actually wanted to bring attention to German stories to expose the greatness of the German popular tradition.

Prior to my research of the Brothers Grimm, I made numerous assumptions about their process in the collection of stories. I envisioned that the bothers went house to house throughout the countryside collecting stories from ordinary people. I assumed that the tellers were of German ancestry. I assumed that the common people orally transmitted their stories directly to the brothers. My assumptions were incorrect. To my surprised, I discovered that these stories were not collected directly from the mouths of peasants. The sources of the folktales were aristocrats, mostly women who probably heard them from their servants, nursemaids and nannies (Grimm’s, p. xviii)⁵⁵. The brothers had not solicited the help to tell their tales; instead they documented stories from their employers by invitation to the Grimm’s home. The stories were orally transmitted. The women told the stories aloud. Surprisingly, many tellers were not German. They were French Huguenots who fled France to escape persecution. Other tales were collected from old manuscripts.

Yolen (2009) reports that hundreds of the brother’s stories, many remained unfinished. However, their published stories were well crafted and underwent numerous revisions and re-writings that were attentive to sequence, liveliness and moral aspects of the story. Remember this - stories remain (Yolen, 2009).

⁵⁴ Professor Jack Zipes is the translator of Grimm’s Complete Fairy Tales, 2012. He believes the book “was simply part of their grand project to excavate the natural poetry of the German people” (p. XVIII). [Hula chants explore the natural proclivity towards poetry as well].
⁵⁵ Wilhelm would marry one of these educated aristocrat storytellers and have children with her (Grimm’s, p. xix).
The next few chapters transition into the 21st century to privilege the lives of four storytellers Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit and Mahealani Kanae, the descendants of the tellers of old. A brief biography will introduce you to these storytellers. They model storytelling with their personal stories to follow. They illuminate me with their stories and render insights into the role and use of haimoolelo, storytelling in education.
The Descendants - The Storytellers of the 21st Century

Four descendants of our Hawaiian storytellers of old share their insights into the importance of moolelo, storytelling as an art form and a pedagogical construct in the 21st century. The tellers are all kanaka maoli, Hawaiian. A brief biography offers a snapshot of their family and educational background. The essence of each storyteller is captured in the short vignettes woven throughout their interviews. I was left with questions about the intent and the selection of the moolelo shared by the tellers. My curiosity was aroused as to why certain moolelo, stories were shared with me. What makes people remember particular events in their lives? Why was it important for the teller to part with their stories and to gift them to me? All four storytellers were fluid in their delivery. They all appeared to enjoy sharing their lives and their manao, knowledge with me. I wondered about the number of vignettes shared by the kupuna, ages eighty-two and seventy-two and realized that they had many experiences, thus many more stories to tell. Each recommendation for the utilization of moolelo, storytelling for our youth was a reflection of the storyteller’s resolve in the urgency of the passage and preservation of intergenerational knowledge.
If history were taught in the form of stories it would never be forgotten
(Rudyard Kipling, 1898)

If the source is pure, then we can drink deep from the spring
(Hebrew saying Stagner, 1981)
Ka Moolelo o Ishmael Stagner

Noted historian, author and kumu hula, hula master Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Uncle Ish was selected for this research as he continues the legacy of oral tradition through chant and dance. According to Stagner (2011, p. 14) the main source of education in cultures with no written language were the songs, chants, mantras, and dances of oral literature. Dr. Stagner, kumu hula was selected for this inquiry to offer insights into the use of the hula in conveying a moolelo, story. Stagner’s contributions would greatly exceed my expectations far beyond the role of hula in telling a story. Moolelo, he explains has historical significance, healing properties, and bind us as a people.

Ishmael was born in June 1939 to Elizabeth Kaiama Ai. Six weeks after his birth his mother had to give him up because she was diagnosed with mai Pake, leprosy, *He maʻi makamaka ʻole*, the disease that deprives one of relatives and friends (Pukui, 1983, p. 86). Strict laws would confine Elizabeth to Kalaupapa; there she would spend the rest of her life until she died in 1989. Ishmael would learn of his biological mother at the age of fourteen. He would meet her for the first time when he was forty-eight and she was dying. Elizabeth’s aunt, Pansy Kaula Akona Stagner would hanai, adopt and rear Ishmael. He referenced Pansy as “mama” throughout the interview. Pansy was a hula teacher. Her hula studio was called Hale Momi Hula Studio. Ishmael notes that these learning centers were called hula studios, and not hula halau as they are called today. Ishmael would receive his hula training from his mother. His mama had an opportunity to learn more hula, which puzzled Ishmael knowing his mother’s repertoire. Nevertheless, Pansy continued to learn the hula while she lived at the Lalani Village [Lalani Hawaiian Village] at the corner of Kapahulu and Kalakaua. Ishmael would meet many
hula icons through his mama who introduced him to some of the teachers and major figures such as Joseph Ilalaole, Iolani Luahine, Palea Kuluwaimaka, Clara Nelson and many more.

Dr. Stagner was a university professor in education at Church College Hawaii, presently re-named Brigham Young University in Laie, Oahu. He also taught Hawaiian Studies and Psychology. Dr. Stagner holds two master’s degrees and a doctorate degree. He studied Greek Mythology, Roman Mythology, English Mythology, and introduced Hawaiian Mythology to his professors and college classmates. With Tutu Kawena as the source, Stagner was recognized as an expert in Hawaiian Mythology. His familiarity with mythology was another asset and a pleasant surprise to my inquiry on moolelo. According to Stagner, he explains that we tell stories about the good things that happen:

The Chanson de Roland [La Chanson de Roland, the Song of Roland], the French hero Roland who was the nephew of Charlemagne; Lancelot, the other French knight and Gawain, the knight of king Arthur’s Round Table and the Green Knight and the Arthurian Camelot is simply a place where good things happen all the time. And we have it in Hawaiian History, in all histories where things came together and looked good at one time and we extol what happened at that time in our songs and in our stories.

Stagner says of our hula moolelo, hula stories:

In our moolelo in our hula, we talk about the good things that could happen for example and so the moolelo are extremely important because they are helping us remember. They teach us what we never knew. That is why it is extremely important to have a good teacher, kumu.
Uncle Ish defined the roles of the dancer and the kumu hula: “The storyteller in the hula is the dancer and the good hula dancer has had a good storyteller to learn from.” He continued to explain the interplay between the hoopaa, chanter and the dancer in telling this story:

The hoopaa and the dancer are one. They’re one. You cannot have half okay, because basically one is going to set the stage and give the information, and the other is going to convey the information.

Uncle Ish likened this relationship to a communication system where you have a transmitter, the dancer, the receiver, the audience and the third person is the message or the messenger, that’s the hoopaa, the chanter. In ancient times he added, the hoopaa was critical because we had no written language. He described the preparation of the hoopaa in the Hawaiian sensibility in the following passage:

So, the hoopaa, from small kid time were taught all of these [things]. They were ingrained in them from small kid time. And all the way up if you started becoming a hoopaa at eighteen or nineteen [years old] you were way behind the bell there because the hoopaa were families or hoopaa and this kind of stuff. They started learning rhymes, they started learning riddles, and they started learning memory verses from very, very small and by the time they were five six, seven [years old] they’re not only able to recite, but they are also able to create; they were also able to do their own stuff, to compose.

In the hula, he added that you have to know the ha. You have to understand the hidden meanings, you have to understand the intent because that’s most critical and that will come out through your body; that will come out through your facial expression. He asserted that “The
hula must be danced from the inside out. And the story is best told when it’s told with the passion, and with the understanding and with the knowledge of the storyteller.”

In the course of the interview, Dr. Stagner revealed to me that for thirteen years he utilized moolelo, storytelling as a teaching strategy to reach incarcerated youth in the Hawaii Youth Correctional Facility, HYCF. The use of storytelling and the hula were two strategies that taught lessons and taught discipline preventing recidivism in his success stories.

Dr. Stagner started a hula halau in the corrections facility. He also wrote textbooks that were stories basically single concept moolelo. He asserts that the best way to show them how something is done is to tell them a story. Hula he states is the best discipline. Moolelo in union with the hula saved young lives. In Barry Holstun Lopez (1990) story Crow and Weasel, the character Badger says, “…Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive.” (p. 60). This excerpt was certainly applicable to the Dr. Stagner work with our incarcerated youth.

Dr. Stagner is a kumu hula, hula master. He has taught the hula for many years. He entertains several, moolelo of the origin of the hula. One of which is the very first hula was by Hiìaka, Pele’s youngest sister in honor of Pele. Another is the pahu drum brought to Hawaii from Tahiti by Laamaikahiki. The large drum was used to teach the hula to the people of Molokai or the people of Oahu (p. 17). Yet another ideation is the competition between two women vying for the same lover. Kilinoe was the famous hula teacher on Kauai. (p. 19).

Dr. Stagner is a collector of moolelo. He collected many audiotape records of kupuna, elders and aspires to document their moolelo in subsequent books. Uncle said to me with great admiration of his video tape recording of Iolani Luahine:
I was able to videotape Aunty Io a week before she died. And I have that videotape and I watch and I watch her dancing and she is having a ball and she is just a joy and you were there. And that is absolutely wonderful. She’s having a great time! Who would know one week later we would lose her?

Throughout Dr. Stagner’s interview, he elevated many known teachers, entertainers, and well-known contributors in the Hawaiian community as icons. I assert that he is a living icon. His knowledge comes directly from the source, his mentor and friend Tutu Kawena Pukui. Dr. Stagner continues to perpetuate cultural knowledge through his authorship, video documentation and the hula. Uncle Ish illustrates to me of the importance of moolelo with a story of Tutu Kawena and the theory of the Polynesian migration.
Ka Moolelo o Tutu Kawena

Let me give you a story about moolelo, Uncle Ish begins. There was a B-I-G map on the wall of the Bishop Museum. At the time the prevailing theory of Polynesian migration was what they called the Emory/Buck Theory. Sir Peter Buck and Dr. Kenneth Emory, and basically, the theory was that the Polynesians actually came front Asia through Indonesia and through the Maylay Peninsula, then across to Central Polynesia, down to New Zealand and up to Hawaii and that was the Emory/Buck Theory. I was only a ninth grader at Kamehameha School and I would sit in lectures after lectures, seminars after seminars, and discussions after discussions on the Polynesian migration. Here’s a ninth grader with all these University people taking notes. I would just sit there and listen. Tutu Kawena maintained her position that the moolelo, the legends, the folklore, the stories say actually we came from...we went down not up. Emory and Buck said, “No, no, no, the Hawaiians did not have the technology, the Hawaiians did not have the equipment, but mostly Hawaiians did not have the intellect to be able to sail crosscurrents to be able to sail against the winds, to be able to sail in the wrong direction because that would require instead of sailing straight as you did when you came up, you would have to tack side to side.” They [Emory/Buck] would have their graphs and they would show how the canoes were built and this kind of stuff and the whole thing. They had a great deal of love and a great deal of respect for Tutu Kawena, especially Kenneth Emory and they would talk to Tutu about it and they would joke and josh with her.

Uncle Ish continues, “You can imagine my excitement now when I come back in 1973 and they’re building this canoe called the Hokulea”. Dr. Mitchell introduced me to everybody, “This is my haumana, Dr. Stagner. I knew him as a ninth grader and I’m talking with them. Everybody’s sharing because of Kilolani. “Do we know how to do this?
Have we been able to recapture the astronomy and everything that’s involved with that?” I asked. They said, “Well actually no. We had to go and find a Polynesian living in Micronesia by the name of Mau Piailug. So I got to meet Mau. By this time I was Dr. Stagner and he was happy to talk with a Hawaiian with a doctorate. He was a very kind man. They’re working on the technology and getting the equipment, but the smarts, the smarts they have to get from Mau.

So, I’m watching what they’re doing and I’m really impressed. But as I talk to them I remember what Tutu would always say, “We sailed down.” They would say, “No, it’s not possible. No, you don’t have the smarts, you don’t have the equipment, you don’t have the technology. So now they’re [Hokulea] going to prove it. Well, when I come back in ’73, Tutu is getting poina [forgetful]. She remembers in spurts and sketches and then she lapses. But, I get to talk to her and she keeps saying the moolelo say we sailed down.

Then ’76 comes and they sail. They swamp and Eddie Aikau dies. The nay Sayers say it’s cursed, I told you so it’s not going to happen, you stupid. Then they sail again. I remember Abe Piiianaia saying. “No they did it wrong, they’re supposed to go to Molokai Channel, then you hit Ke Ala Kahiki. Ke Ala Kahiki means the Road to Tahiti, and then you go down”. If you do it that way you’re right, but you have to follow what the kupuna [elders] say.

I remember waking up and listening to the Hawaiian radio station and they said Hokulea has reached Tahiti, in fact Hokulea has gotten to Tahiti one day ahead of schedule, now they have to wait outside. I was so excited. I drove all the way from Laie to the Convalescent Center

56 Pius Mau Piailug – 1932-2010, [master navigator from Satawai, Yap State, Micronesia. Satawai is a mile and a half long and a mile wide with a population of 600.] Mau danced and sang at the līʻau celebrating the arrival of Hōkūleʻa in Tahiti. Then, at the moment that was right for him he went to Nainoa’s family-grandmother, mother, father, sister, and brother- greeting each and saying, “You are my sister,” or “You are my brother,” welcoming each into his own family. Happy with Nainoa’s success, he turned to his special student and said, “Now you know all there is to know.” Nainoa lowered his head, for he was touched with the blessing of the master. Mau smiled and added, “But it will be twenty years before you see.” (Kyselka, p. 236).
of Honolulu to where Tutu was. “Oh Tutu, Tutu, Tutu, Nainoa made it!” “Hokulea made it! Hokulea made it!” She looks at me and I grab her hand. Hokulea made it! And I hug her. She looks at me and all of a sudden I see this little tear in her eye. She’s got it…She knows the moolelo was correct.
Ua ola no i ka pane a ke aloha.

There is life in a kindly reply.

Though one may have no gift to offer to a friend, a kind word or a friendly greeting is just as important.

(Pukui, 1983, p. 311)
Ka Moolelo o Barbara Pregil

Barbara Frances Pregil was born on May 26, 1931 to Fred Pregil Sr. of Portuguese ancestry and Puanani Helenihi of Hawaiian ancestry. She grew up in Kalihi at 1629 Gulick Avenue on the island of Oahu. The neighborhood was mostly middle-income Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese families and a few Filipino families, half-white families and Chinese families. Barbara recalled how the families were able to make ends meet. Chun Lee Tong store was one of two Chinese stores in the neighborhood. They kept charge books for all the families. “They were good about letting the poor and even the middle-income people charge and at the end of the month they could pay.” To add to the existing challenges of survival while growing up, Barbara’s Dad was sent to Leahi Hospital for Tuberculosis and they were put on welfare. Barbara said that she cannot remember how many years her father stayed there. So my Mom would visit my Dad at Leahi Home. At one time, it was thought that her father had his lung removed, however, later she learned that the diseased lung was collapsed leaving a substantial scar “from the shoulder blade all the way up.” “At that time the surgery was really radical.” Barbara optimism was remarkable. “My Dad’s experience there was really good and he passed down to us everything that we learned on the Japanese culture”. Barbara relived the joy as she speaks of a Japanese tradition. “Every New Year’s, my Dad would get a big box of mochi\textsuperscript{57}, it was pink, white and green. The Japanese patients would say, ‘Here take it home for your family’. “Her father would also teach them the Japanese card game, Hanafuda that he learned in Leahi Home.

Barbara spoke with great pride of her mother Puanani’s kindness and respect. “She was so kind with people.” Puanani would say, “Ohayo” and bow her head every time the little old

\textsuperscript{57} Mochi - A doughlike mass made from cooked and pounded glutinous rice, used in Japan as unbaked pastry (Merriam-Webster Dictionary)
Japanese lady would walk down the street. “Ohayo,” the lady responded. “Oh, holo holo today? Puanani asked. “Yes, holo holo.” Puanani taught us to respect everyone and every religion, Barbara added. This lesson was taught to Puanani by her hanai, adoptive parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kaneihalau. Barbara explained that the Kaneihalaus were native speakers and that her mother spoke only Hawaiian until later years when she learned English. Upon the death of Mr. Kanihala, Puanani was returned to her family, the Helenihi. Barbara made a point to share a bad experience of mother when she attended Kalihi Waena School in her childhood: “She [Puanani] would get hit with a yardstick every time she spoke Hawaiian.”

To the chagrin of her Father Fred, Barbara would marry and start a family. Fred saw the potential in Barbara and envisioned a college education for her. Again Barbara would add with optimism and pride for her children, “After I graduated, I had my children, Leslie Lynn Puanani, Sandra Lea Mapuana, and Dana Adonis.

Barbara’s formal education began at Kalihi Waena Elementary where she completed the first through the sixth grade. She recalled that most of her teachers were part Hawaiian and that she had an excellent education at Kalihi Waena Elementary. “When I first went into the first grade I learned to read and write, we used the rote system.” She credited a wonderful teacher for her ability to quickly learn to read and write. She was promoted to the second, third, fourth and fifth grades. Mrs. Vivas was her fourth grade teacher and Mrs. Bruhns was her fifth grade teacher. Mrs. Vivas was part Hawaiian, “I must say she was an excellent teacher and taught us a lot. On the other hand from Mrs. Bruhns, “All I learned was music appreciation.” All she did was teach us music and every day she taught them about General Mac Arthur she adds dismayed. Barbara remembers well Mrs. Bruhns always had an umbrella on her head and sunglasses on.
Her makeup was so heavy and she was so white that everybody called her *obake*. “She looked like a ghost.” Mrs. Silva was a big part-Hawaiian woman. She was called a policewoman. Mrs. Silva was in charge of the JPO’s [Junior Police Officers]. Mrs. Silva was very, very strict and did not tolerate anything Barbara explains. Even the big Hawaiian boys who acted up where given a couple of whacks and Mrs. Silva would say, “Now you go home and tell your parents, because I had them in school and you’re going to get more *lickens* when you get home.”

Barbara commented on the discipline of students especially if you were really bad. “I remember my class mates had to go to see, I think it was Mr. De Corte. He would have this big paddle or strap and all you could hear was Pack, Pack, Pack, Pack. And you’d hear them yelling and they would come back to class.” Barbara said of her Kalihi Waena School experience, “I had such wonderful memories at Kalihi Waena School, a good education. I loved going to the library and reading.” After she graduated from the sixth grade, Barbara was supposed to go to Kalakaua School; however, she did not want to go there. Her mother asked her where she wanted to go. “I wanted to go to where my best friend Gertrude Motta was going.” She was at Saint Theresa School. “So my mom took me to see the priest.” Barbara should have been demoted to the sixth grade, as is the school’s practice; however, the priest said that if she could do the work, they would keep her in the seventh grade. Barbara said that she received an excellent education at Saint Theresa’s School and that she was able to keep up with her English, Catechism, Bible Studies, and Choral Speaking, lots of literature and Latin that she learned in her freshman year. She attended Sacred Hearts Academy for grades ten, eleven and twelve. Barbara says that at the time it was difficult to get into Sacred Hearts and St. Louis High Schools. If you did not get into Sacred Hearts or Saint Louis you would have to go to Farrington or other available schools.

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58 *Obake* – ghost; Japanese Language.
59 *Lickens* – slang word for spanking.
Barbara was a Song leader for Saint Louis High School and the first Sponsor in the ROTC Company B.

It would not be until age sixty-five that Barbara would attend college for her first time. My son Dana bought me a pass to the spa. “I went there a couple of years…that’s not for me, I think I shall go back to school,” said Barbara. Barbara was out of school for forty years. She told her son that she thinks she’ll go to college and he said okay and took her down to Leeward Community College for the entrance test. Barbara scored high on the English Test, however she did poorly on the math test. She admits her fear of numbers. She was awarded a tuition waiver the second year following a perfect grade point average. Eventually, she would transfer to the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa. Barbara received a bachelor’s degree in English and went on to receive a Master’s Degree in Pacific Island Studies, while the primary caregiver of her aging father. Her father Fred was able to see her graduate and receive her bachelor’s degree; however, at the age of ninety-seven he passed away and he would not see her graduate with a master’s degree.

Barbara’s incredible life unfolds in the following vignettes. Barbara is now eighty-two years old. At the age of ten, she saw the Japanese plane fly over the Koolau Mountains on route to Pearl Harbor. December 7, 2014 is the seventy-second anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. She gives her eyewitness testimony in the following mooolelo.
I had just made ten years old on May 26th. What I vividly remember that day is my sisters and I usually went to Saint John’s Church on Kam IV Road with the neighborhood friends. We attended early mass, so we would have to walk down about 6:00 a.m. or maybe 6:30 a.m. in the morning. That particular day I did not attend mass because I had a “strawberry” or let’s say a real bad scrape on my knee and I could not kneel down. The priest at Saint John’s was so strict that he would force any of us kids to kneel down while mass was being said. So, my Mother said that I could stay home. Just before daylight, I cannot remember the time maybe it was seven something. I was sitting on the steps of our home on Gulick Avenue and I remember looking over towards Fort Shafter area, in other words ewa60 side and seeing this plane come over from the Koolau Mountains down towards the makai61, from mountain to makai being rather low. All I remember is seeing the big red sun and you could see the outline of the pilot. It [the plane] was so low. You have to remember why I’m saying that he was so low, because there was no KPT [Kuhio Park Terrace]. Everything was very low so he came down low towards Pearl Harbor.

I recall hearing a little Boom, Boom, Boom, but I did not know what it was. About a half an hour later my sisters and my friends came running up the street and said, “There was a bomb that burst over the church!” But, I don’t think that’s what happened. We still did not know we were at war.

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60 ‘Ewa – place name West of Honolulu, used as a direction term (Pukui & Elbert, 1985, p. 42).
We had to evacuate up to Kalihi Valley with my Dad’s brother’s in-law. While we were there, I remember Vovo⁶² Ferreira grinding her own pork and making her Portuguese pork sausage and her own sweet bread and white bread in the outdoor ovens that they had. Everything was so simply then. After maybe a couple weeks, we moved back down to our own home on Gulick Avenue where my Dad had to put some kind of oilpaper or black out paper. I can’t remember what it was but we had to cover the windows with this black type of paper so no light was showing. Air Raid wardens would come around at night to see if any light was showing out of the home. They would come in as say, “You have a light showing, you better fix that window.”

We went back to school after about a month and a half. When we got back to school they had trenches built around the school grounds. We had to register for I. D. cards and carry gas masks to school every day. And then we had fire drills, not fire drills, air raid drills where we would have to jump into this little ditches or so-called trenches. Every day we had to carry our gas masks to school. We also had gas mask tests. We had to put our gas mask on and be sure it was on properly. I used to panic all the time. I couldn’t stand having the mask and that smell over my face. Then we would jump into the trenches with our gas masks on. I remember a funny incident during one of these drills. My classmate, a Japanese boy would yell, “What the ‘F’ are we jumping in here for? One bomb and we all be killed. There’s nothing protecting us.” We’d all laugh, but we didn’t think it was so funny then.

⁶² Vovo – Grandmother, Portuguese Language.
**Penny Breakfast**

In second, third and fourth grade I was put in a Health Class because anyone who was under weight, under nourished would have to be in those classes. Mrs. Vivas taught us in the second, third, and fourth grades. She was an excellent teacher. Every Friday we had a Spelling B where we’d challenge the boys against the girls. If you didn’t know your spelling, you would get hit with the ruler and made to sit down. So, whoever was left standing up, they were the winner of the Spelling B.

I learned how to make candy apples with her. It was such a wonderful experience. Mrs. Vivas would put a stick in the apple and then she would have this candy boiling. She’d say, “Be careful now when you dip it in and put it up. Be careful you don’t burn yourself by the hard candy syrup.” Then you would twirl it around and just about when it was getting hard on the apple, you would place it down on the wax paper. Mrs. Vivas used all that money that she made from selling candy apples to help fund our Penny Breakfast. Everybody who was poor would have to come in and buy a Penny Breakfast where you had hot chocolate, graham crackers and sometimes oatmeal, but very seldom. Mrs. Vivas was part Hawaiian. I must say she was an excellent teacher.
Kekai O Waiawa

I would like to talk about my daughters Puanani and Mapuana going to Leeward Community College. While they were there, Puanani danced in the May Day Program with Cy Bridges and Kalehua, Aunty Hoakalei Kamau’s sister. And because Pua danced in the May Day Program, Kalehua said, “I’m going to tell my sister to have you join her halau.” So, Pua went up and Hoakalei accepted her and her sister, Mapuana into the halau. While there, they learned a lot of things with Hoakalei and with numerous workshops that she had with other kumu hula at the time, which I’ll talk about at a later time. But, I would like to get back to Puanani. Puanani had a class at Mānoa. I can’t remember what class, but she was told that they had to do some research on the area that they lived in and write a paper on something…So, Puanani decided that she was going to do it on Kaahupaua, the shark. Not exactly the shark god or goddess, but the search was going to be on Waiawa where Leeward Community College was and little known facts in the area. So, we went down to Waiawa and Leeward Community College and met with Kekai. Kekai was the cousin of my Dad’s companion. Kekai was telling us the story which was amazing because she said that as a child she would go with her tutu, grandmother on a canoe and feed the shark from Pearl Harbor in Waiawa. When questioned on how big the shark was, Kekai said, “As big as the canoe.” And then she said that the shark would travel all the way up to Waiawa River and in that area, but every day she would go with her grandma to feed the shark.

Then someone came into Kekai’s home and she abruptly stopped telling the story to us. Later on, Kekai would explain that the person was from Waiau and that she did not need to know this story. And that this person was associated with the University of Hawaii, that they were taking stories about this area and she did not want to share that story with her. Then Kekai said

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63 Hālau – hula instruction; meeting house (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 52).
that she did not know that Puanani was such a young person and that she would have gone into more detail, but “She’s young and I did not want to continue on.” I don’t know it must be some kind of superstition or what. I’m not sure why any way it [the story] ended there. Before we went, Kekai took us onto the lanai of Leeward Community College where you could look down over into Pearl Harbor waters and then she said that’s where the shark would be and it would go all the way up Waiawa stream. Kekai said that when she was growing up, there were not all these trees and things. So, Pua wrote a little bit about the story, not too much.
Iolani Luahine – “What is this Place?”

There was a concert at Leeward Community College where Puanani and Mapuana danced with Hoakalei. Iolani Luahine was Hoakalei’s aunty and she was to perform at this concert. I cannot say the exact date but it was after the interview with Kekai. So, I was like a stage mother. I would stay in the back and help everybody change and help with anything that needed to be done backstage. So, after Aunty Io’s performance, she came off the stage all flustered and everything. I said, “Oh Aunty Io, what’s wrong?” She said, “I made a mistake in the dance.” “Oh, Aunty Io that’s alright, you were dancing alone, nobody would know.” She said, “But Lokalia’s in the audience. What is this place?” I did not want to tell her that this was a place where the shark god would move up and down in the area because she was going to perform again. I also did not want to tell her that Kekai said that this was the area where the kahuna\(^\text{64}\) would practice. I did not want her to feel uncomfortable. So, sure enough, who came back stage after the performance? Lokalia Montgomery, Healani Doane, and Healani’s sister, Mrs. Keck and they were talking to Aunty Io.

\(^\text{64}\) Kahuna – priest, sorcerer, magician, wizard, minister (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 114).
China “Clippa”

I was ono [had a taste] for manapua⁶⁵ on Saturday. So my mom and I went to Chinatown. On the way she told me about China Clippa, the manapua man. “He would have his manapua and chow fun noodles in a wooden wagon” she began her moolelo. “The kids in the neighborhood would steal, so China Clippa would ask my grandma, Puanani to watch his wagon. “Punanee [Puanani], you ‘wachee’ my wagen [wagon].” “I don’t know how he knew grandma,” Mom said. “So, he would park his wagon in front of our gate on Gulick Avenue and grandma would watch it. Then he would pack two big five-gallon cans or 10-gallon cans, maybe more with manapua, and attach it to a bamboo stick. He carried the stick over his shoulder and he would go all the way up the street and into the lane yelling, “Manapua, Pepeiao”. They found China Clippa’s body in the cemetery on School Street [next to Kamehameha School Terminal] murdered. They never found his killer.

Kalaupapa 1998

“Oh! I got to tell you about the most memorable trip.” I think it was in 1998 my second trip to Molokai when we went down to Kalaupapa. As part of receiving your Native Hawaiian Scholarship you had to do community service. Nani took me on several of these island trips. After we got off the plane, we had our breakfast and we hiked down Kalaupapa. It was supposed to have been a one-hour hike, but six of us were pretty slow because the boulders on the trail were wet and slippery. Then every time we had to stop for the mules to come down. You could hear the sound of their hooves and we would move to the side to let the people on the mule rides pass. We were going down to clean the cemetery and the heiau67 in the town and then be given a tour. We wore bright yellow T-shirts that day because it was a really long hike down into Kalaupapa. We would always laugh about how many more miles we had to get down there. The park ranger was there to pick us up. I think his name was Lionel Kaawaloa. He would tell us that he was watching us every time through binoculars. When we got down into the town, the students who got there first were still chopping all the koa and cleaning up for a while. Then we went out to Father Damien’s Church, and went out to Kalawao where we had our lunch. We stopped at Father Damien’s Church and saw all the little spit holes in the floor and they explained everything that was going on. I saw Uncle Sonny there ‘cause he was on the truck and I said, “Hello”. ‘Cause I remembered we would go up to Leahi [Hospital] Puanani and Mapuana we’d go up and take them manapua and whatever they wanted when they were at Leahi for treatment. We had to leave a little early because the plane was coming, but we had an hour wait at the airport because the plane did not arrive from Maui on time. Two other heavy-set girls who were also smokers decided they were going to pay their way up. They were not going on another

66 Barbara kept the itinerary of her Kalaupapa trip for sixteen years. The trip was on August 7, 1998. She was sixty-seven years old.
67 Heiau - High place of worship; shrine (Pukui & Elbert, 1986)
hour hike up to “Top Side.” I was to fly out of Kalaupapa because of my age and because the other one [girl] had asthma, and the other two jumped on the plane because that was too strenuous a hike. When we got on the plane, the pilot said, “Okay what is your weight?” I told the two other gals, “You better tell them your right weight, and we want to get safely off this small runway.” Everybody laughed about that. This time we had a co-pilot, he [the pilot] was teaching him the route or whatever. “Boy was it a scary ride up!” Short runway. He made a slight turn off and I said, “Oh God!” We were hanging on to each other. The young students made it up in an hour, and we got up to “Top Side” and they picked us up. What wonderful experiences. Kalaupapa was a fantastic trip.

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68 Top side - term used for the upper part of Molokai, above Kalaupapa.
I hole ‘ia no ka i‘e i ke kau o ka la

The time to cut designs in a tapa beater is when the sun is high

Do your work when you can do your best.

(Pukui, 1983, p. 12)
Ka Moolelo o Mahealani Kanae

Mahealani is the youngest of my four storytellers. She is a beautiful, loving mother in her thirties. She grew up in a traditional Hawaiian family with close connections to the aina, land. In a voice as soft as a light breeze, Mahealani begins her interview. Mahealani said, “I grew up in a very traditional Hawaiian household. I’ve been a part of being Hawaiian since I can remember pulling weeds in the loi.”

Mahealani’s moolelo are reminiscent of numerous childhood memories immersed in Hawaiian traditions, lore, values and religious beliefs instilled by her parents and Harriet Ne, cultural practitioners in the home and in the community. Her interview unfolds as a long litany of memories prefaced with the phrase, “I remember”. She appears fragile like the petals of the flower she was taught to gather with only with permission. Before you pick you must ask permission and to take only what is needed. These traditional Hawaiian values along with the art of tapa making were gifts passed from mother to daughter. The family grew their own wauke, Broussonetia papyrifera, paper mulberry. Mahealani shared with great pride the quality of their wauke: “We grow our own wauke and we have ever since I was a teenager and it’s known as among the best wauke.”

In the art of making kapa, Mahealani and her mother beat, stripped, and soaked the wauke and fashioned it into cloth using traditional implements, the ohe kapala, bamboo stamp, and the kapa kua, anvil hand-crafted by her father. Mahealani and her mother experimented with

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69 Tapa – Kapa, as made from wauke or mamāke bark formerly clothes of any kind or bedclothes; quilt. (Pukui & Elbert, 1986, p. 130).
70 In the legend of Makuakaumana the gods Ka-ne and Kanaloa are represented as feeling pity for one of their worshippers when they saw him shivering in a fierce storm of cold rain; therefore they taught him how to make a kihei, or shoulder cape. Great was the wonder of the people of the northern side of the island of Oahu when he appeared among them and taught them how to make cloaks like “the gift of the gods.” …Nevertheless, the Hawaiian legend of the origin of kapa is a myth well worth keeping on record in Hawaiian Literature. It was partly published in a native paper, the Kuokoa, in 1865, but many references in other legends printed about the same time fill out the story (Westervelt, p. 61).
natural dyes made from berries, flowers, and dirt as well as artificial dyes. Living a traditional lifestyle meant following traditional ways, beliefs and values and actively preserving these traditions when threatened.

The family beat, stripped, and soaked the wauke and fashioned it into cloth using traditional implements, the ohe kapala, bamboo stamp, and the kapa kua, anvil hand-crafted by her father. They experimented with natural dyes made from berries, flowers, and dirt. Living a traditional lifestyle meant following traditional ways, beliefs and values and actively preserving these traditions when threatened.

Mahealani’s parents were natural storytellers. In a follow-up questions, I asked her how her parents became storytellers, Mahealani responded, “Well, when you talk to my parents they will say it’s not so much storytelling; it’s that they became Hawaiian.” I was curious as to how often she was told stories. Her answer accompanied a smile and a childlike glee, “All-the-time”. Sometimes we would wake up in the middle of the night, and my parents would say, “All right lets pack up your stuff and we would go around the island. They would tell us different moolelo about different parts of the island. On other occasions, the family would set aside time and they would just start talking.

Among Mahealani’s favorite moolelo, stories were the stories of the kahuna, priest, Lanikaula and the Kukui Grove, Ililiopae, Koolau, the leper [Ka Moolelo Oiaia o Kalauikolau], and the stories of Hina, the goddess of the moon. It was Aunty Harriet Ne, the historian, kumu hula and minister who fascinated her with stories of Hina. Mahealani listened to her stories as a child and remembers that she was a great storyteller. Harriet Ne would dedicate her book the Tales of Molokai the Voice of Harriet Ne to the children.
Mahealani added an interesting perspective to moolelo and two hula legends, George Naope and Iolani Luahine, “They are moolelo.”

She cautioned that we must be careful about where the moolelo came from and the validity of the moolelo. She said that we must be careful that the moolelo is correct when we read books on Hawaii, and on myths and legends. Moolelo are important. Mahealani is concerned with the passage of cultural knowledge to her children. It was during a funeral at Iolani Palace that Mahealani noticed that her children were simply bystanders and non-participants. They did not know the prayers, songs and traditions she learned as a child. She confessed to me that the reason why she consented to the interview was in response to the realization that her children were culturally removed a generation and that she too was removed in some ways. She commented that she thinks that television is part of why we lost moolelo: “When we grew up, I didn’t have T. V. for most of my life.” She added that we were into music, not a lot of technology that was pretty much the extent of our technology was the radio.

Mahealani plans to expose her children to moolelo by encouraging an interactive exchange of storytelling between her children and their grandparents. Additionally, she plans to expose her children to place-based knowledge by taking them on more cultural fieldtrips and to encourage her children’s participation in cultural activities such as hula. On a personal note Mahealani would like to learn more about Hawaiian cultural protocol from her parents.
Mahealani was a young girl of fourteen years old when she danced the hula for the patients of Kalaupapa. Every year Aunty Moana and her haumana, students would entertain the patients annually during the Aloha Week celebration. Mahealani obtained a special dispensation to visit Kalaupapa because she was under the age of sixteen. Mahealani remembers seeing a severely disfigured patient that was visibly haunting for a young girl. She describes the patients as welcoming and kind. The performance was outdoors. She remembers looking back at the switchback noting the steep trail to the top. Following the program they ate Hawaiian food, and visited Saint Damien’s Church. Mahealani is fond of the moolelo of Koolau and Piilani. The moolelo was captured in a song she once heard. She tells me that the moolelo was a love story about Koolau, a man who flees into the mountains with his wife and child after learning that he has been stricken with leprosy. He takes arms against the bounty hunters sent to capture and send Koolau to Kalaupapa.
He ali‘i ka ma‘i, he ali‘i ke kahuna

The patient is a chief, the kahuna is a chief

The medical kahuna usually had a servant to do the work of fetching and preparing the herbs he prescribed for his patient. Thus the servant served both kahuna and patient. Often the person who gathered the herbs was an apprentice learning the art from the kahuna.

(Pukui, 1983, p. 63)
Ka Moolelo o Francine Dudoit

Francine Dudoit is a traditional Hawaiian healer. She is knowledgeable in the use of medicinal plants, and a practitioner in the art of laau lapaau, a gift acquired from her grandmother.

*Moloka‘i ku‘i la‘au*

Moloka‘i, pounder of medicine. (Pukui, 1983, p. 239)

Francine is trained in both Western medicine and in traditional Hawaiian medicine. She is a registered nurse and a graduate of the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa. Francine is also an expert in lomilomi, traditional Hawaiian massage. Francine speaks with authority in her assessment that traditional training is far more demanding than western training. Francine is a beautiful and vibrant woman. An inner strength is heard in her voice that validates strength and confidence.

Francine was born on the island of Molokai. She is a member of the well-known Dudoit Family. Francine explains that all the women in the Dudoit Family by tradition assume the Dudoit name as a surname, even upon marriage. Hawaiians are matriarchal, she asserts. The unofficial Dudoit census taken at the last family reunion on Molokai estimates that there were over five thousand members of the Dudoit Ohana. There were so many family members in attendance that there were no hotel accommodations available. Therefore, participants camped in a public area for the duration of the celebration.

Although she was born on Molokai, Francine’s high school years were spent on Oahu at Radford High School. Eventually, she transferred to and graduated from Leilehua High School in Wahiawa, Oahu. Her father was in the military and he was stationed at Schofield Army

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72 The kahuna of Moloka‘i were said to be experts in compounding medicines and poisonous potions. Also, a stick dance bore this name (Pukui, 1983, p. 239).
Barracks at the time and she would attend her district school, Leilehua High School. Francine has two siblings, one brother and one sister. She is the elder sister.

Francine would not begin her apprenticeship in laau lapaau, Hawaiian medicinal plants until she was in her twenties and married. Her grandmother summoned her to Molokai from Maui, where she resided at the time. Her grandmother told Francine that it was her time. Her training began when her grandmother instructed her to go outside and pull weeds. Francine did so obediently with some reluctance and pulled weeds for hours that day. She continued to pull weeds daily for a month. During her apprenticeship, Francine’s grandmother would say to her, “If you have to ask who, what, when, why, how, then you’re in the way.” True to the process of ao aku, teaching and ao mai, learning, the haumana, student listens and observes and does not ask questions of the kahuna, expert.

Francine continued her training under an aunt who taught her just as her grandmother had. She continued to pull weeds. She admits that she was tired of pulling weeds. When she apprenticed under her uncle, on Maui, to her chagrin, he had Francine wax cars. When I asked her why her tutu had her pull weeds, Francine responded, “To learn patience.” First Francine would learn hooponopono; the spiritual aspect of the art, then the laau, and one learns patience and gentleness. She learned to ask permission of the plants for extraction and use. Through touch and feel she learned to properly remove the plants from the earth. Francine would release the plant if she felt that it could not be removed with the root intact.

Francine recognized that she had received gifts. In the bible there are twenty-seven gifts. She says if these gifts are not used, then they are lost.

When we spoke of western and indigenous training and validation, Francine said with authority that you get the palapala, paper in western education, however the Hawaiian
practitioner receives validation from the community. Francine noted that the masters of laau on Molokai are all extinct.

Of moolelo, Francine says that the kupuna have the stories. They are the core of the family. She fears that these stories are not retrieved by the younger generations. Francine shares two short moolelo, stories. The first story is about Lanikaula and the Kukui Grove on Molokai and the second is about her grandfather’s affiliation with the patients of Kalaupapa, Molokai. The following story is my adaptation of Francine’s moolelo of the sacred place known as the Kukui Nut Grove of Lanikaula.

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73 Ulu Kukui o Lanikaula, Keopukaloa - This grove of kukui trees was named after the famous prophet, Lanikaula. The nuts of these trees were supposed to be superior. Here Lanikaula lived in seclusion and acquired a great reputation as a prophet and counselor, so that from all the group of islands, pilgrims came to the grove to seek advice and register vows: the latter process consisted in cutting a gash in one of the kukui trees forming the grove and in the slit placing a lock of the votary’s hair which was soon cemented there by the gum exuded by the tree. Tradition says that Lanikaula’s body is buried within the grove. (Kaawa & Nawahine, 1998) (note: Keopukaloa is a land division, Halawa, Molokai (Pukui, Elbert, & Mookini, 1974)
Ka ulu kukui o Lanikaula - The Kukui Grove of Lanikaula

There were three sons, brothers whose father was the great Kahuna, Lanikaula of Molokai. Molokai was the home of great and powerful kahuna, priests and the fireball. Such powerful men and the weaponry of fireball were the reasons why Molokai was never conquered.75 Other islands were known to have commissioned the use of the fireball to defeat their enemies. Lanikaula had three sons. Concerned with the safety of his remains after his death, Lanikaula asked each son, “Upon my death, where would you bury me?” In the event of his death, it was very important that the powerful Kahuna’s iwi or bones be undisturbed and protected. The first son said, “I will take your body to the middle of the ocean and there I will place a large boulder over you to weigh your body down to the ocean floor. There you will be safe”. “No”, said Lanikaula, “The sharks will eat my body.” The second son said, “Father, I will take your body to the highest point on the mountain, there you will be safe.” “No, replied his father, “The wild pigs will get me.” The third son promised his father that no one would ever find him.

74 Ka Ulu Kukui O Lanikaula, the kukui grove of Lanikaula. Lanikaula was the kaula (prophet) of Molokai. His fame was so great that it incurred the jealousy of Kawelo, prophet of Lana’i, who sought every means of destroying Lanikaula. His efforts were rewarded when he discovered where Lanikaula went to relieve himself. Kawelo made a hole in a sweet potato and filled it with his rival’s excrement. This he took back to Lana’i and with it prayed his victim to death. When Lanikaula saw that his end was near, he asked his sons to suggest a burial place. He found each suggestion unsatisfactory except that of his youngest son. So Lanikaula was buried in a kukui grove near his home. In the grave were placed his personal belongings, which, by the power invested in them by a kahuna would bring harm to anyone who disturbed the remains. So Lanikaula rests in his kukui grove, famed in songs of Moloka’i. (Pukui, 1983, p. 175).
75 Wallace explains that mythology gives reason as to why Molokai was also known as pule o-o. The word pule means to pray or prayer. The word o-o means ripe or ready to pick. When these two words were put together, it meant, the prayer which was ripe and gave results. More simply stated, it would mean powerful prayer. This name came about because the people were afraid of war. The island had a small population and did not have a strong army to defend it. With these fears, the people boasted of their kahunas, claiming that they were the strongest in the land. People throughout the islands believed this saying and eventually many looked upon Molokai as a sacred and revered sanctuary for the fine crafts of kahunism. (as cited in Stagner, 1981, p. 34)
“I will plant two hundred acres of kukui trees and bury you in the Kukui Nut Grove. There among the kukui Lanikaula’s remains are hidden in a most sacred place, the Lanikaula Kukui Grove.

Francine ends her moolelo with a confirmation, “That’s a true story.”
Kalaupapa 1920 Instruments of Music

My grandfather was in the military. He played the clarinet in the Royal Hawaiian Band\(^76\). The year was 1920. Upon his retirement from the military and his retirement from the Royal Hawaiian Band, my grandfather moved from Oahu to the island of Molokai. There he went down to Kalaupapa to meet with the patients. My grandfather taught the patients how to make musical instruments. He taught them how to play these instruments. My grandfather signed every instrument he made.

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\(^76\) After Hawai‘i became a territory, Henry Berger [Heinrich Wilhelm Berger], formerly a Prussian army officer and his band made semiannual trips to Molokai, where they gave concerts for the patients at the Kalaupapa Settlement. The Royal Hawaiian Band visited Kalaupapa for an overnight visit. The steamer left early in the morning and arrived at Kalaupapa by 3:00 or 4:00 p.m. Before leaving the steamer, the bandsmen were given black cotton gloves as “protection against leprosy, then they were rowed ashore. Concerts would last two or three hours, after which the bandsmen were given dinner by the Sisters. When they returned to the boats to be rowed back to the ship, the black cotton gloves were thrown into the ocean, and the steamer paying attention to the amount of cargo for the settlement and notoriously unpredictable weather, would leave late that night to return to O‘ahu. On Berger’s [last trip there, he noted in his journal, “Grand trip but rough…played 3 hours at Sisters. Poor sick people, but happy.” (Stone, 2009, pp. 51 -52)
CHAPTER IV
FINDINGS OF THE DATA ANALYSIS

In keeping with the tenants of Hawaiian Epistemology, the repetitive element in the process of transcription, listening over and over and over, again and again to the storyteller’s personal interviews allowed me to establish an intimate relationship with the data (Moniz, 2014). Listening, hoolono is an important element in the acquisition of knowledge. Listening to the voices of the storytellers as I transcribed was almost as rewarding as the actual interview sessions. I listened to each storyteller’s unique delivery. I was attentive to the variations in their voice, pace, rhythm, cadence, and pause or hesitation throughout the interviews. I listened to the soft chuckle and the hearty laughter, and the very emotional moments of the interview that elicited emotions in me as well. I listened intently to the subtle nuances and searched for each storyteller’s truth. Common truths emerged among the interviewees.

I made a crucial decision to transcribe my own interviews. I would refrain from outsourcing the audiotapes of my interviewees to an independent company for transcription. The process of self-transcription would be extremely time consuming, but necessary to capture the essence, the breath, ha of each interview and to explore the kaona, veiled meanings or hidden meanings woven throughout the text. This was a necessary step in achieving a complete understanding of the moolelo, story of each storyteller. I would profit immensely by my decision to transcribe my own interviews for reasons I will explain in subsequent sections. As an insider and a kanaka maoli, I initially heard the emergence of themes during the transcription process. However, it was during the review of the written text that I identified these emerging themes and common threads.
A strong theme that resonated among the storytellers was intergenerational knowledge transfer, the transference of cultural knowledge to the younger generations. Other themes included the perpetuation and the advocacy of cultural knowledge; place-based moolelo, stories that emerge from a particular place or local, and moolelo, stories that connect people through time and place.

The element of time and the passage of time in shared moolelo surfaced in the interviews of the four storytellers. Upon the completion of the last interview, I realized all participants of the inquiry, including myself were connected by our moolelo, stories, of Kalaupapa. We have a covenant among one another that is sealed through our experiences and our direct or indirect interaction with the residents of Kalaupapa. The sense of place, moolelo set in a particular place connected the tellers and myself through a common space over time. Sorensen states that the act of storytelling brings people together through time and space.

Advocacy for the preservation and passage of cultural knowledge also referred to, as collective wisdom from the kupuna, elder to the younger generations was another crucial theme among all of the participants. I would add to the passage of cultural knowledge transfer, the element of accuracy. Attention to the accuracy of the knowledge by the teller is vital in transit. In other words, the knowledge must be correct.

The storytellers, all kanaka maoli, of Hawaiian ancestry are one in their resolve to preserve, perpetuate, and pass on cultural knowledge to future generations. This knowledge reflects Hawaiian Epistemology, the concept of ao where teaching and learning are reciprocal in the process of knowledge transfer and acquisition. Venues for advocacy and perpetuation are in the telling of stories, moolelo, mentorship, videotaping, and authorship.
A list of emerging themes which resonate among the storytellers are listed below:

- Intergenerational Transfer and Acquisition of Cultural Knowledge/Hawaiian Cultural Knowledge Transfer and Acquisition through Hawaiian Epistemology Ao
- Place Names or Place-Based Moolelo
- Preservation and Advocacy of Moolelo
- Moolelo through Time and Space

The passage of collective wisdom from one generation to the next describes the category of Intergenerational Transfer and Acquisition. Hawaiian Epistemology, ao describes the process of transferring knowledge through means described as Hawaiian Epistemology. Place-Based moolelo describes stories that originate out of a particular location. Preservation and Advocacy describes the urgency to save cultural values and beliefs, traditions and practices, and making known this need to future generations through the use of moolelo. Moolelo through time and space describes the strength of stories that persists through time.

In further review of the data, I added the element of time. The passage of time in the telling of stories was added to the initial list of emerging themes. Similar stories over time and place-based stories connect the tellers. Our moolelo of our connection to Kalaupapa surfaced during different periods in our lives. Dr. Stagner was only six weeks old, Mahealani Kanae fourteen years old, Barbara Pregil sixty-seven years old and my sister Puanani and myself in our twenties. Francine Dudoit’s retrieval of her grandfather’s moolelo of Kalaupapa dates back to the 1920’s, yet we are all connected by our stories.

The multiple themes entwine so effortlessly within the context of the interviews that often there exists a natural inclination for themes to overlap. For example, a teller may talk about advocacy, preservation, and intergenerational transference of knowledge all at once.
Therefore, there may be repetition among the themes in the analysis. I would like to add that repetition is a necessary component in storytelling.

The method of extracting the themes from the transcript began with numbering each line of the storyteller’s transcripts. The transcripts were then scrutinized line by line for themes that fit into the categories of themes, initially identified by listening to the audio recordings and subsequent readings of the written text. The transcripts of the four storytellers were grouped together according to theme. The following excerpts are documented themes from the transcriptions.
Intergenerational Transfer and Acquisition of Cultural Knowledge/Hawaiian

Dr. Ishmael Stagner (Uncle Ish) states that it is incumbent upon him to share cultural knowledge with me and people like me because others shared with him. Aunty Edith Kanakaole was one of the kupuna who shared her manao, knowledge with Uncle Ish. Uncle Ish told me that when he sees Kamapuua [traditional hula] or he sees Pua Melia, and Ka Uluwehi o ke Kai, he is reminded of Aunty Edith who shared her knowledge with him through her stories:

I was in her house. I ate Saloon Pilot crackers and cocoa from her kitchen table and this kind of stuff and we talked stories into the night. She [Edith Kanakaole] was such a wonderful person…Every time I come to Hilo and not stay at her house; she’d call me up,

‘Boy whasamada [what’s the matter] my house not good enough?’ But Aunty, I have to do this. No, you come stay at my house.

When Aunty Edith was dying, she summoned him:

Boy, come we need to talk to you one more time.

So, he said he flew over and Aunty said that she couldn’t talk to him she said:

Guess what? I cannot talk to you, I too tired, I too sick, but my children are going to talk to you.

Her children see Uncle Ish because he said that it was Aunty Edith’s dying wish. They talk to him about what the Kanakaole Foundation was about, what she was attempting to do. They talk about Mama Fuji and that her teacher was Akoni Mika. And so, Uncle Ish said, “We’re talking about all of this and Akoni Mika and about Aunty Edith teaching George Naope.

Uncle Ish expressed the dismay of his mentors and teachers when he goes to the “other side” if he is negligent in passing on cultural knowledge to the next generation. He was so
generous and patient in sharing his knowledge, manao with me as well as others. Uncle Ish was able to videotape Iolani Luahine, he said that every time he looks at the video, he is happy to share it.

Mahealani Kanae felt twice removed from the generational knowledge of her parents. Her primary concerned was in the loss of cultural knowledge. She expressed great consternation in knowing that the knowledge she learned as a child would not be passed on to her children if she did not act with diligence. She realized that the acquisition of the cultural knowledge and cultural traditions of her parents were crucial to her in her capacity to share this knowledge with her children. She credits her parents with great wisdom learned in traditional fashion from their kupuna, such as Aunty Harriet Ne. She fears the loss of this wisdom if she is not taught traditional knowledge. For Mahealani change is eminent if knowledge is to be preserved for future generations:

I’m that one generation removed. My parents were so strong and they have so much moolelo and they are so well versed in things Hawaiian. And I am that one generation removed and now I feel like my children are that one generation removed from me.

She explains that it was at a funeral held in Iolani Palace that she happened to glance over at her children and it occurred to her that her children did not know the words to the songs and the chants that she had learned as a child. Mahealani states:

And we were there for the last hour and we did our olis [chants] and naau makuas, prayers and singing *E Hawaii*. I remember looking at my kids and saying, “Wait, wait… How come they don’t know these songs? I don’t even remember how old I was when I learned those songs and those chants and so, I feel it is important. Moolelo are so important.
Mahealani’s views on the gap between one generation and the next in the continuum of cultural knowledge resonates with Dr. Stagner who states:

I am one generation removed, but there are people who are two generations removed from me which means that they’re three generations removed from those people.

To put things in perspective, Dr. Stagner’s role is crucial to bridging generational knowledge that he has acquired directly from the source, such as Kawena Pukui and his mentor Kilolani Mitchell. He continues to pass on cultural knowledge to the younger generations through his videotapes of the kupuna whom he references as cultural icons:

When I show my videotapes everybody goes, “Uncle, you knew these people?” They see me with these people so, they know I knew those people. That’s thirty years ago, and thirty years ago they were in their last days. So now we’re talking about something over a hundred years and I’m the only tie, so I have to share.

Uncle Ish, Dr. Stagner’s obligatory cadence in the important of sharing cultural knowledge is in his refrain:

If I don’t share, and I go over to the other side, “Hui e nei, we didn’t give this to hide, you know, we gave you [this] to share.”

Uncle Ish imparts cultural knowledge with younger generations through the telling of his hula stories:

My hula stories, the stories I like to tell are of all the kupuna [elders] who were good and kind to me.

Dr. Stagner will also share generational knowledge through the authorship of his second book and a third book that he announces to be his major opus. The description of his book is contained below:
I’ll go back and write the history of each of the hundred people I recognize in the Na Makua’s [Na Makua Mahalo Ia, Give Thanks to the Elders]. I will write why I recognize them and what their credentials were and I’ll also write the credentials of the people who came to honor them as well.

I was humbled, appreciative, and obliged by the following words as Uncle Ish concluded his interview:

But now time is running out for me, so I have to write my stories or share and pass it on to people like you, so you can pass ‘um [them] on.

Barbara Pregil resonates the intergeneration theme concluding her interview with the following passage:

Just encourage the students to listen to the stories, so that they can pass it on. We have a lot of rich histories here.
Cultural Knowledge Transfer and Acquisition through Hawaiian Epistemology Ao

Dr. Ishmael Stagner acquired his knowledge in the Hawaiian Way under the tutelage of Mary Kawena Pukui. He was only a ninth grader at Kamehameha School when he was taken to the Bishop Museum by Kilolani Mitchell, the Hawaiian Studies teacher. Ishmael describes meeting Kawena Pukui:

So, the next day the school car picked me up and took me down to the Bishop Museum. I got the introductions to everybody and everything and then went to this one room and there’s a nice lady sitting there with reel-to-reel tape recorders. Mr. Mitchell said, “This is Kawena”. “Kawena, this is Cadet Stagner.” “Oh, Oh Stagner, and who is your mother?” “I said, Pansy Stagner.” “Oh, I know Pansy, I know your mother, that’s my good friend. Oh, come, come kiss aunty.”

This would be the start of his apprenticeship with and a lasting relationship with Tutu Kawena as he lovingly referred to her throughout the interview. In a fashion that reflects the concept of ao in Hawaiian Epistemology, Ishmael would shadow his mentors Tutu Kawena and Kilolani Mitchell. He describes the kumu, the teacher, and the haumana, student relationship in the following passage:

So, from that point on I was Dr. Mitchell and I was Tutu Kawena’s shadow. Every place they went they took me along. Not necessarily so that you know I would remember everything, but basically they wanted to expose me to the people they knew, the things that they were working with and the this kind of stuff over here. I was just a little shadow, a flyspeck, you know on the wall, and this kind of stuff and this whole bit. [This emic use of “you know” is a local convention commonly used in “talk story”]
conversations. [The use of “this kind of stuff” and “this whole bit”, signature idioms or colloquialisms or emic of Uncle Ish, make his interview colorful and unique.]

In true Hawaiian fashion the student listens, observes, and remains quiet. Uncle Ish honors his mentors by carrying out his responsibility to pass this knowledge on to the next generation:

So for me now to write I want to correct the record before I drop dead in honor of the people who shared the information with me…Because if I do this, then when I get over to the other side and all those people see me, “Eh boy what’d [what did] you do with the information I…” Tutu [Kawena] I tried to give it to as much of the moopuna, [grandchildren] and the kamalei [star, beloved child], and the kamalii [children, progeny], as much as possible.

Stagner advocates the use of storytelling, moolelo by teachers as a fundamental strategy in the classroom:

I want to work with kids or I want to work with people who are going to be teachers of kids and basically…I want to work with people who are going to teach Hawaiian kids because we’re doing the wrong thing, we’re teaching facts and statistics, we should go back and we should be using the moolelo approach.

Moolelo, storytelling is a mechanism of Hawaiian Epistemology. Stories are didactic, used by Uncle Ish to teach lessons. Dr. Stagner utilized stories, moolelo and the hula to reach and teach incarcerated paahau, prisoners both adults and juvenile in Hawaii. We have so many Hawaiians there [in prison]. One strategy is to teach the hula. He comments, “Why do we teach hula? Because we have to reach somebody in a way that hasn’t been reached.”
One strategy is to teach the hula. Jesus reached people through parables, stories. Lessons were taught through the use of parables. The last verse of a hula traditionally ends with Haina ia mai ana kapuana, which means this is the end of my story. Dr. Stagner extends the translation to include that “This is the end of the lesson”.

Dr. Stagner started a halau, hula school in the Hawaii Youth Correctional Facility. Stagner states that the hula is the best discipline. He also wrote textbooks of moolelo, stories that are single concept stories to teach the incarcerated youth. Stagner’s hula and moolelo strategies would help to reach youth and prevent recidivism. From the prison halau, some of the youth were paroled into community halau. As Uncle Ish shared his success stories with me, he added emphatically, “It works!”

Maintaining a close connection to the aina, land is an important principle of Hawaiian Epistemology. Uncle Ish applied this principle with the incarcerated youth with great success:

The big thing is to get them into the aina [land]. To get them into the loi [taro patch], into the loko ia, [fish pond]. To get them doing the oli [chants] going into the loi so they can ask permission, to ask for help from the gods so they don’t get sick and they don’t have accidents. And this kind of stuff.

As a kumu hula, Uncle Ish states the importance of knowledge transfer and acquisition in the hula. The kumu, teacher must provide proper instruction before the student’s uniki, graduation from the halau, hula school:

The uniki is significant because the uniki is going to vary from person to person. But, essentially in the uniki more than anything else, you want to make sure that when you send the person out, they have the correct information and the correct means of expressing that information.
Francine Dudoit is a healer. Francine learned in the traditional way her craft from her tutu, grandmother. She was an adult when she first learned the art of laau lapaau, the traditional knowledge of the identification and use of medicinal plants. She describes her initial lesson in the following passage:

My grandmother told me to go outside and pull weeds.

Francine explained that she pulled weeds for hours that day and continued to pull weeds every day for a month thereafter. She acquired the collective wisdom of her ancestors in traditional Hawaiian fashion. Her training in laau lapaau established a tactile intimacy, a relationship with plants through touch and feel. Francine would learn the proper way to extract the plants from the earth. Francine’s apprenticeship would continue with her aunt and her uncle. Training with her aunt began as it did with her grandmother:

My aunt told me to go outside and pull weeds.

She admits that by that time, she was very tired of pulling weeds.

Francine is also a practitioner in the art of lomilomi, traditional Hawaiian massage. Francine shares her abilities, and her gifts, makana with the younger generation. She notes that her teaching methods are different from her grandmother’s methods.

Cultural knowledge was passed on to Mahealani as a child in Hawaiian fashion as well. Her mother taught her how to plant, and beat wauke to make kapa, clothing. Her father hand-crafted the implements. Mahealani’s mother and she experimented with artificial and natural dyes.

Her family and elders in the community passed down Moolelo in the oral tradition. She remembers her father packing up the car and the kids and traveling around the island telling many moolelo. Mahealani was fascinated by the storytelling of kupuna Aunty Harriet Ne, as she
told the children the moolelo of Hina, the goddess of the moon. She adds that Aunty Harriet was a remarkable storyteller.

Other favorites included the moolelo of Iliiopae, Koolau, and the moolelo of Lanikaula. Mahealani especially loved the moolelo about Hina and the moon.

Barbara Pregil learned to embrace all cultures and religions from her mother, Puanani, who learned the same values from her hanai, adoptive parents, the Kaneihalau. She illustrates the passage of the value of ho'ihi, respect for all people in the following passage:

My mom grew up on Puanani Lane near Richard Lane and at that time there were Japanese farmers growing some food and flowers in that area. Just about where K. P. T. [Kuhio Park Terrace] now stands, all in that area. So, that’s why my Mother knew how to, I guess her hanai [adoptive] parents taught her to respect every one and every religion.

Barbara’s father, Fred also passed on the cultural knowledge he acquired while he was a patient at Leahi Hospital. Her father was removed from the household after he contracted tuberculosis and he was to reside at Leahi Hospital for approximately two years. Barbara states that she learned about the Japanese culture from her father who is of Portuguese descent:

My Dad’s experiences there was [were] really good and he passed down to us everything that we learned on the Japanese culture…Every New Year’s my Dad would get a big box of mochi [Japanese dessert], it was pink, white and green from the Japanese patients. “Here take it home for your family.” Boy, would we enjoy that mochi. While he was there, he also learned to play Hanafuda [Japanese card game] which when my dad came back home, he taught us all how to play Hanafuda cards.
Barbara also remembers on her trip to Kalaupapa receiving cultural knowledge in a presentation by John Kaimikaua, kumu hula. Moolelo, storytelling is a mechanism used in Hawaiian Epistemology.

The hula teaches lessons. Dr. Stagner started a hula school, halau in the Hawaii Youth Facility. Stager states that the hula is the best discipline. He also wrote textbooks of stories that are single concept to teach the youth. Stagner’s strategies would help to reach our youth and prevent recidivism. From the prison halau some of the youth were paroled into the community halau. He shares his success stories with me.

Uncle Ish says that “what makes the hula, hula among other things is moolelo.”

He explains the relationship between moolelo and the hula in symbiotic terms:

Without moolelo, you do not have the hula. Moolelo and hula are basically ingrained in each other. They are blood brother and sister. They are twins from the same womb.

And so you cannot divorce them and say well here’s moolelo and here’s hula. Moolelo and hula, they are part of the same package, you don’t separate the package.
Preservation and Advocacy of Moolelo

The storytellers agree that we can do many activities with student to perpetuate moolelo in the high school. Dr. Stagner states:

Before you do anything else go home and ask your parents the stories that they learned when growing up. Any kin [kind] stories.

An interesting story told to him by his family was about the Massie Trial in Hawaii. He says:

An interesting story I got told was the Massie Trial in 1935.

He explains why tensions were heightened during this period. He said that if you were haole, and you killed somebody you would go to the governor and leave on the Lurline. If you were Hawaiian, you would get killed.

Additionally, his mother told him stories about getting hit for us speaking Hawaiian:

The other stories my mother told me was when she would get a beating for speaking Hawaiian in school [Punahou School].

Dr. Stagner recalls more details about his mother’s stories below:

Teachers, as part of their teacher’s equipment, were given canes and she [mother] could get beaten.

Dr. Stagner suggests that teachers ask students, “What did your grandma tell you?” “What did your grandpa tell you?” Have our students ask questions such as “What happened at Pearl Harbor?” and “What happened during the tidal wave?”

Barbara Pregil remembers her mother’s experience was similar to Uncle Ish’s mother.

She adds:

My mother was hit at Kalihi Waena School for speaking Hawaiian.

Dr. Stagner recommends that we:
Make sure kids write the stories down. That’s part of their family history. And also to share it. It can be a group history. You have twenty parents. You have twenty stories.

Dr. Stagner offers another activity for students:

See yourself twenty years from now and write a story about what you’re going to be doing because this is extrapolating moolelo. Every society has that.

Dr. Stagner suggests that we ask students what their favorite pastime was. “What do you see yourself doing down the road? That’s something into the future, but see moolelo again.”

Dr. Stagner recommends that students:

Write a story about some value you might want to see retained. Kuleana [responsibility], Aloha [love, compassion], Malama [care for]…’Cause they have to learn values. Pookela [excellence], are we going to succeed? Or are we going to stand back and let other people do the work?

Dr. Stagner describes his use of moolelo, storytelling with incarcerated juveniles:

Basically, I start with one story and pretty soon everybody’s got stories…I start with a story that has enough visibility that somebody’s going to know.

Dr. Stagner references his mentor Mary Kawena Pukui affectionately:

Tutu would tell me over and over again, “It starts with a story.”

She loved me because I listened to her stories. I would sit there and just be enchanted.

If he asked her, what’s the history of that place? How come that has that name? Or what’s happening over there? Tutu would say, “Well, it starts with a story and she would tell me the stories.”
Barbara Pregil urges teachers to encourage kids to listen and obtain family stories:

Well, first of all, I think we need to encourage the students to listen to their parents, their grandparent’s stories because they’re passing down knowledge…

Today’s kids have iPods, Facebook, and all that; they’re not listening to their parents, grandparents, and great grandparents. They are a great source of information.

Barbara continues to advocate for students in education:

We need more Hawaiians being educated.

I encourage a lot of girls to continue their education.

We need to get more educators.

Barbara speaks to the diversity in the storytellers and their stories below:

No matter what race you are, we all have stories to tell.

Mahealani suggests that teachers take our students on field trips. Tell the students about the moolelo of the area. She also finds it important to have students interact and learn from their grandparents. She mentions after the interview that she will monitor television time with her children and encourage story time with her parents. She adds that as a child, stories, songs, music, and outings with her parents were substitutes for television.
Place Names or Place-Based Moolelo

Place names or place-based moolelo identify particular areas that have historical or a cultural significance such as such as the birthplace of a king. Moolelo arise out of a particular place. According to Elbert it is impossible to give an estimate of how many place names there are in Hawaii. Place names are given to valleys, streams, mountains, land sections, surfing areas, towns, villages (Pukui, Elbert, & Mookini p. ix). Additionally, Elbert states that Hawaiians named taro patches, rocks, and trees that represented deities and ancestors, sites of houses, and heiau (places of worship), canoe landings, fishing stations in the sea, resting places in the forest, and the tiniest spots where miraculous or interesting events are believed to have taken place. (Pukui, Elbert, & Mookini p. x)

Elbert adds with the rapid change in landscape, urbanization, and the loss of the Hawaiian language that it is essential to record the names and the lore associated with place names while there are kupuna, elders to render their knowledge, manao.

Aunty Harriet Ne said that she collected stories all her life. Her Molokai legends are all about the places she lived over hundreds of miles around the Molokai coast.

All four storytellers including myself are connected to particular place on the island of Molokai, Kalaupapa. We all have been touched by the disease of leprosy. These stories will be discussed in the theme of stories set over time. The following moolelo are stories of a particular location on the islands. In many instances the teller will reserve the storytelling for a selected audience. In Barbara’s moolelo of Kekai, the moolelo was specific to the district of Waiawa, Oahu:

As a child she [Kekai] would go with her tutu [grandmother] on a canoe to feed the shark in Pearl Harbor [Puuloa].
In many instances the teller will reserve the storytelling for a selected audience. In this case, Kekai would stop her moolelo abruptly when a woman from Waiau, a neighboring district entered her house. Barbara recalls Kekai’s comments:

Someone came into her house and she abruptly stopped telling the story to us…Later on she was to say that the person was from Waiau and did not need to know this story and she was associated with the University of Hawai‘i, that [they] were taking stories about all this area and she did to want to share that [story with her].

Barbara would have a related moolelo of a legend of Kaaupahau, the shark in Pearl Harbor, Puuloa. When I asked her how her grandfather died, Barbara replied:

They said it an accident on the piers having to do with something with the crane or what, but there’s also that story, you know, that story about the shark. Building the pier over the shark’s home or something along those lines.

One of Mahealani’s favorite stories tells of a special place located on Molokai. She describes it as a sacred place:

And another favorite of mine…It’s not so much a moolelo as it was a place; a sacred place was The Kukui Grove, Lanikaula by Halawa.

Francine Dudoit also tells of the story of Lanikaula and his three sons, recognizing the significance of the Kukui Grove on the island of Molokai.

Mahealani adds:

Another favorite story was Ililiopae.

The story of the menehune, little person is also located on the Island of Molokai.

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77 Kaahupahau – Shark goddess. Kaahupahau and [her brother Kahiuka [Smitting tail] were guardians of Puuloa, Pearl Harbor (Green & Pukui, 1995, p. 40).
Mahealani acknowledges the importance of storytelling, moolelo and advocates storytelling. Mahealani says that her father would take them around the island and tell the story, moolelo of each location.
Moolelo through Time and Space

Ishmael Stagner maintains that “Stories are connections. Stories don’t exist in the ether by themselves floating in the universe. Stories tie things together. We are bound by our stories.”

The lives of Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Mahealani Kanae, Francine Dudoit, Puanani Patria, and Mapuana Patria intersect by chance and not by design. Our moolelo converge in the remote peninsula of Kalaupapa, on the island of Molokai. The predilection of such a powerful connection could not have been known prior to the inquiry. This phenomenon would re-direct my research placing me on a course where all paths lead us to a common destination, Kalaupapa. As each story of Kalaupapa emerged during the interview process, I felt a special connection to the interviewees that would be a lasting bond. All tellers, including myself have affiliations with Kalaupapa. At different times, during different ages in our lives we have made contact with the patients of Kalaupapa. This contact with the people of Kalaupapa and the land, the aina would prove transformational.

Dr. Ishmael Stagner (Uncle Ish), my first haimoolelo, storyteller began his interview with a poignant moolelo of an infant son’s separation from his biological mother six weeks after his birth in 1939. Mai Pake, leprosy, would determine Elizabeth Kaiama’s cruel destiny. Strict laws would commit her to a lifetime in the settlement in Kalaupapa on the island of Molokai away from her dear son, Ishmael. Ishmael states, “I didn’t even learn about her until I was fourteen [years old]. I would not meet my mother until I was forty-eight [years old] and she was dying.”

Francine Dudoit is a healer. She says that native medicinal plants were used to treat patients of Kalaupapa, however chemicals were needed to treat Hansen’s disease. Francine’s connection to Kalaupapa is through her grandfather. Twice retired from both military service
and from the Royal Hawaiian Band where he played the clarinet; he moved to Molokai from Oahu. He would go down into Kalaupapa to teach the patients how to make musical instruments and to teach them how to play those instruments. Francine notes with pride that her grandfather signed every instrument he made: “In the 1920’s, after my grandfather retired from the military and retired from the Royal Hawaiian Band, he went to Kalaupapa to teach and make [musical] instruments for the patients.”

Barbara Pregil, the eldest of the four storytellers was born in 1931 and is presently eighty-three years old. In 1998, at the age of sixty-seven years old and as a non-traditional student at the University of Hawai‘i, at Mānoa Barbara walked down the pali, cliff along rough terrain into the Kalaupapa settlement. She would complete her community service as part of her financial aid requirements. She states with certainty that Kalaupapa was a most memorable experience. She describes her descent below:

We got off the plane we had our breakfast and we would hike down to Kalaupapa. It was supposed to be a one-hour hike. Six of us were pretty slow coming down because the boulders were kind of wet and slippery. Then every time we would have to stop for the mules. Whenever we heard the mules we had to move to the side to let them go down. We were going down to do community service, clean the cemetery and the heiau [religious altar] in the town… it was a really long hike into Kalaupapa. We always laughed about how many more miles we had to go to get down.

Barbara is grateful to Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop and the Kamehameha Schools for her college scholarship awards. As part of her scholarship requirements, she also participated in community service projects on the islands of Molokai, Maui, the Big Island [Hawai‘i] and Kauai. Her educational journey was as difficult as the trail into Kalaupapa. She completed her master’s
degree and gives back to the community, servicing our youth in the field of education at the age of eighty-three.

The youngest storyteller, Mahealani Kanae, performed the hula for the patients of Kalaupapa during the Aloha Week festivities with Aunty Moana’s Hula Halau. Mahealani, a young girl was only fourteen years old. The age restriction, kapu that forbid children under the age of sixteen from visiting the settlement was lifted in this particular event. Mahealani remembers the patients to be loving and welcoming. Also, preserved in the memory of a fourteen year old was the sight of a severely disfigured patient. She shares her experience below:

You would have special circumstances, like the dancers. They allowed us to come down there even though we weren’t sixteen [years old]…and it was only by permission that they were allowed to have children there…

To visually see that kind of thing was always something that kind of, I think haunts you when you see that at a young age.

I may have been twenty-five years old when we were granted permission to stay with Uncle Johnny Cambra in his home on Kalaupapa. At fifty-nine years old, I retrieve with ease the memory of the gentle people of Kalaupapa. My inquiry begins with this beautiful moolelo. My kaikuaana, Puanani and I would live with Uncle Johnny Cambra on Kalaupapa for a brief moment in time. It would be the most incredible few days of our lives.

Aole i pau.
CHAPTER V

CONCLUSIONS, IMPLICATIONS, RECOMMENDATIONS

Throughout our educational system, we must have sustained exposure to storytelling. The use of storytelling appears to wane as children exit the primary grades and enter middle school. At the secondary level, storytelling appears to be underutilized. The transition to high school is crucial to students both academically and socially. It is a fragile period of adjustment where stories serve as essential coping mechanisms for life’s many challenges and the distractions of a complex society. This is a time when our youth must be afforded the opportunities to tell their personal stories and to be heard. The literature clearly states the benefits of storytelling, beneficial to even the weakest reader. Colleges, corporations, and other disciplines, such as the law and medical fields, and the film industry acknowledge the power of storytelling. The scholarly literature, indigenous literature, and more recently, scientific research on the brain support the use of storytelling.

As Dr. Stagner asserts, mooilelo trigger other stories. Stories are medicinal and can have a healing effect on the teller and the listener. Many educators are comfortable using storytelling in the primary grades; however, the use of storytelling abates with our comfort level as students advance to the high school level. Most teachers are reluctant and ill at ease in the use of storytelling in their classrooms. Most do not include storytelling in their curriculum and simply avoid the strategy altogether. Teachers, who immerse students with facts and teach to the test, deny students relevant and lasting experiences achieved in the art of storytelling. While facts fade from the minds of our students, stories remain. Students and teacher are disconnected in the absence of storytelling. Again to reiterate the scholarship of Dr. Ishmael Stagner, stories bind us; they bind us as a people. In this context, stories are even more essential to the students of
Hawaii. Moolelo are real and organic; they are relevant and meaningful in the lives of our students. Teachers must be trained to tell stories in the classroom. We must model and provide opportunities for students to interact with one another. We must allow them to collect and tell their stories. We must advocate for our personal histories and the passage of intergenerational knowledge to future generations. Students must learn the importance of telling their stories to their children. Logic dictates that if there is a trend to embrace the role and use of storytelling in colleges and in industry, teachers must prepare students to access and utilize this valuable resource in high school. Teachers must bridge the space between primary and secondary education with sustained storytelling in preparation for post-secondary education and the work world.

The following list of recommendations was generated through my research, the inquiry into the purpose, the role, and the use of moolelo in union with the kukui, the light and collective wisdom of my four luminaries, Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit, and Mahealani Kanae. It is strongly suggested that we educators commit to the following recommendations:

1. Encourage kids to collect stories from their families.
2. Educators must first encourage students to listen to their parents’ and grandparents’ stories.
3. Take a value such as Laulima (cooperation), Aloha (affection), or Pookela (excellence), and write a story about the value.
4. Take the students on field trips. Tell them the moolelo and the history of the area. Allow students to connect with the physicality of the place and the place-name assigned to the location.
5. Allow time for students to interact with one another in the classroom. Have students tell their stories orally in small and large groups.

6. An educational requirement for teacher certification, colleges must include a class in storytelling and the narrative.

7. In the College of Education, a class on the art and use of storytelling should be a requirement for graduation.

8. Professional development courses on the purpose, the use, and the role of storytelling in the classroom must be made available for practicing professionals in education.

9. Teachers in all disciplines must learn to practice, to perpetuate, to advocate, and to model storytelling in the classroom.

10. Utilize Moses Man’s legend of Keaomelemele as a literary resource in the classroom.

11. In a practitioner’s inquiry, refrain from outsourcing your interviews. Much is lost in this practice. Self-transcribe your interviews to maximize your understanding of each interviewee. There is a greater benefit and a greater appreciation of the inquiry through self-transcription. Self-transcription provides an innate sense of properly punctuating the text to assign the accurate intent and meaning of the teller. Outsourcing your interviews may disable this mechanism, especially for those have no cultural sensitivity to the audio text.

   Additionally, I would like to share an easy model for teachers and students in delivering a story as provided by Harriet Ne. The following points are what I have coined Ne’s five storytelling techniques:
1. Speak with your eyes.
2. Motion with your hands.
3. Mind timing.
4. Maintain eye contact; if you’re telling the story to someone, look directly at him or her.
5. Transmit the message to your audience.

Teachers must model storytelling. Ne noted that everything she learned about storytelling she learned by watching someone else. She said that a storyteller is both a teacher and a preacher.

In a final thought, according to author Jane Yolen (2000):

Mythology, legend, the lore of the folk those tales that were once as real to their believers as a sunrise hardly exists today even as reference points… in our haste to update educational standards, we have done away with the older gods, so that now all that we have left are names without faces, mnemonics without meaning. (p. 14)

I fear that the humanity in teaching has been replaced by technology and a contrived institution of teaching and learning where teachers teach to the test and perform to the evaluative rubric. Coupled with Common Core Standards and benchmarks, we create a mere illusion of teaching that smothers creativity, suffocates teachers who are the instruments of learning, and debilitates knowledge transfer and acquisition. Where corporations have learned to embrace storytelling, education makes strides to be more corporate in their daily operations. Our products, we must remember, are living, breathing, complex individuals. Where strides should continue to connect our community of students, parents, and educational staff, education promotes disconnect. Jane Yolen asserts that our children are growing up without their birthright: the myths, fairytales, fantasies, and folklore that are their proper legacy. It is a serious loss (p. 14).
Start with a story. Uncle Ish would ask Tutu Kawena:

What’s the history of that place? How come that has that name? What’s happening over there? Tutu Kawena would tell me over and over again, “Well, it always, always starts with a story.” And she would tell me the stories. She loved me because I listened to her stories; I would sit there and just be enchanted.

The over-arching theme of the inquiry appears to be the passage of intergenerational knowledge, a theme congruent to traditional storytellers of the 19th century and their descendants, storytellers of the 21st century. All tellers acknowledge the urgency in the preservation of cultural knowledge through moolelo, and in intergenerational efforts to pass cultural knowledge from one generation to the next, less the knowledge is lost. Matthew Kaopio and Moses Manu write about a time when Hawaiians could read and interpret the cloud formations. This is forever a lost art.

Both storytellers of old and their descendants valued literacy and a literate society. Both were collectors of stories and preservationists of moolelo. A shared belief in the didactic nature of storytelling is another similarity. Moolelo are told to teach lessons and to preserve ancestral knowledge, values, beliefs and traditions. The magic makers (Yolen, 2000) of the past, storytellers of old and their descendants, served to preserve our cultural heritage through their moolelo, through their mele, through their songs, and the hula.

In the transfer of cultural knowledge to the next generation it was a vital component to be accurate. Dr. Stagner learned lessons in accuracy from the source, Tutu Kawena, and his mentor Kilolani Mitchell. Dr. Stagner cautions the actions of some kumu hula who dance to their drum and their own beat. He questions to what extent they are being faithful to the basic tenants of what makes hula, hula.
My four luminaries, Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit, and Mahealani Kanae have elicited within me a change that is felt deep in the naau, gut. I attribute this transformation to my decision to self-transcribe each of their interviews. At the onset of my research on Mary Kawena Pukui, I referred to her as Pukui. She was well respected for her contributions, but distant in my admiration. Following the interview with Dr. Stagner (Uncle Ish) and his numerous references to Tutu Kawena, I felt as if she were my Tutu Kawena. As for Dr. Stagner, listening to him and listening repeatedly to his audio recording had a profound effect on me. I felt a deep love and respect for him as well. The process of self-transcription enabled me to listen repeatedly to the voice of the teller and to properly craft the text and punctuate accordingly to reflect the truer meaning of the message in each interview, a technique that an outsider is incapable of producing or duplicating. I regarded the interviews as makana, gifts. This perception allows the researcher to view data in a different light and treat the data differently. It allows the researcher to get intimate with the data. This frame of reference sustains you throughout the long hours of transcription. Reminded that you have been given the teller’s time and that you have acquired this knowledge through moolelo is also sustaining. I argue that each story requires our utmost attention. As a researcher I can see no compromise in this matter. I argue that the researcher can experience a transformation in the application of self-transcription. Moreover, in repetition, the re-reading of the text and listening repeatedly to the audiotapes, the researcher can arrive at the kaona, veiled or hidden meanings. I would assert that the interviewees in a qualitative study are the heart of the study. They are your primary source. Every other aspect of your study is secondary. Thus, I strongly argue that a true analysis of the data in a qualitative study of a practitioner’s inquiry necessitates self-transcription. In the capacity of an interviewer, we are students. The interviewees gift us with their manao, knowledge. Attached to this transfer
of knowledge is our kuleana, responsibility. Francine Dudoit, who reversed our roles in the course of the interview, made the notion of kuleana clear to me. Francine remarked, “I’m not the storyteller. You are the storyteller.” The inference of kuleana, responsibility, applied substantial pressure to privilege the tellers’ personal moolelo, to honor their time, and to advocate their message. Through self-transcription, I have paid in earnest my gratitude for the time afforded to me by Dr. Ishmael Stagner, Barbara Pregil, Francine Dudoit, and Mahealani Kanae. The magnitude of the pressure of responsibility would not abate in this inquiry.

I am fervent in my recommendation that the qualitative researcher refrain from outsourcing her/his interviews. The potential to overlook and misinterpret the rich data collected in interviews is greater with outsourcing. Self-transcription is a required part of the inquiry process should you search for and discover the deeper truth and the greater message.

As a reflective practitioner, should this not be a tenant of a qualitative study? Self-transcription is a transformative process. It allows the researcher to reflect deeply on the stories, moolelo of the interviewees. I argue with great intent for the practice of self-transcription in a qualitative study. For me, there was no other option. Self-transcription allows the researcher to obtain the ha, the breath, of the interviewee. Outsourcing interviews will not assist the researcher in understanding the ha of the interview.

I view data as inanimate, lifeless, and a non-living entity that in and of itself implies an element of detachment from the researcher. Interviewees in a qualitative study are living entities. The interviews are as alive as their sources, the interviewees. Thus, the interview is alive; it has breath, ha. As the researcher recognizes the notion of ha, breath, one simply cannot outsource their interviews. The researcher must get intimate (conversation with Dr. Jeffrey Moniz, 2014) with the data.
Self-transcription is a time consuming process. However, it is worth repeating that the interviewees are the heart of your research, and they deserve your utmost attention. During the long hours of transcription, I reminded myself that the storytellers gifted me with their time and knowledge. As my personal voyage sailed close to shore, a single event would deliver a realization of how precious the teller’s time was. In the hours required to transcribe each interview, I sustained myself with the image of Tutu Kawena Pukui in a small room with a reel-to-reel tape at the Bishop Museum. I completed my task.

The words of the storytellers were pervasive in my conscious and unconscious mind. In my search for their truth, I utilized all my senses in a state of sustained reflection, searching for the kaona, hidden meanings. The kaona, veiled messages were not easily delivered to me.

The process of searching for kaona, the hidden meanings, requires repetition and patience. When something is hidden, you search for it. It will take time to reveal itself to you. I listened to the tape recordings repeatedly and read the transcriptions over and over again. I will illustrate the time period in the discovery of kaona that occurred seven months after Dr. Ishmael Stagner’s interview. On the Memorial Day weekend in May 2014, I understood the deeper meaning to his comment on the beauty of the hula danced to Keali‘i Reichel’s composition “Ka Nohoana Pili Kai” at his son’s funeral and his gratitude to the composer for writing such a beautiful song, mele. Stagner prefaced his remarks with, “The good hula teacher wants to know what the intention was of the person who composed the hula.” Such is the case in the song, mele “Ka Nohoana Pili Kai,” written by Keali‘i Reichel. Stagner remarks in lines 524:

…The intention when he [Reichel] talks about the death of the grandmother and now we can all identify with the death of a loved one you know and this kind of thing because at

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78 Mary Kawena Pukui worked for the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, Hawaii for fifty years. She began transcribing in her teens (Pukui, 1983).
the time he writes of the death of his grandmother, at the time my wife and I are going through the throes of the death of our son, who dies in the military…and then when the friend of ours comes and she dances a hula at his funeral you know and she does the hula then she tells a story. And I’ve never forgotten it. Every time I hear “Nohoana Pili Kai” [“Ka Nohoana Pili Kai”], oh my goodness gracious, isn’t this absolutely wonderful here now.

To make himself understood, Uncle Ish explains the concept of ha, breath to me. The ha, as described by Dr. Ishmael Stagner, is the feeling; the ha is the breath which is being shared now by a person who is going through that emotion. Dr. Stagner explains the notion of ha in the hula in the following passage:

The ha is the internal workings here. The ha is the feeling. The ha is the breath which is being shared now by the person who is going through that emotion. That you have to know the ha, you have to understand the hidden meaning, you have to understand the intent because that’s most critical.

Keali’i Reichel’s song, “Ka Nohoana Pili Kai” is so powerful in conveying an emotion, grief, a universal emotion. I understood what Dr. Stagner was really saying about the hula to “Ka Nohoana Pili Kai.” I note the position of the lines of both Dr. Stagner’s quotes to allow the reader to see the proximity of the two comments made by Uncle Ish in the interview. The first comment was on line 524 and the second comment on line 1980. I realized that in re-reading the final full page of his interview on line 1980, Dr. Stagner comments on the healing value of the hula: “Hula has a healing value.” I believe that Uncle Ish recognized in the counter story, moolelo set to music in Reichel’s “Ka Nohoana Pili Kai,” veiled in the beauty of the musical arrangement the intent, the emotion, and the kaona of the composer’s loss of his own
grandmother. Where one is inconsolable, one may find comfort through a shared emotion. The beauty of the hula and the beauty of the moolelo made the pain of the event bearable. Once again in referencing the story by Barry Holstun Lopez (1990), *Crow and Weasel*, Weasel says to Grizzly Bear: “Sometimes it is what is beautiful that carries you, said Weasel…Yes. It can carry you to the end. It is your relationship to what is beautiful, not the beautiful thing by itself, that carries you, said the Grizzly Bear” (p. 70).

The passage of intergenerational knowledge was a concern of all the tellers. In some instances, there exists a reciprocity as explained in the concept of ao where Mahealani learned that changes must occur in her family to insure the passage on cultural knowledge from her parents to her children, and that to some degree, this adjustment was part of her personal learning process in her involvement as a participant of the inquiry.

Uncle Ish stated that the kumu hula, hula masters, such as Pua Haaheo and Hattie Au, weren’t in competition. He explains the role of the kumu hula and the hula in the following quotes:

> They weren’t in it for the money. If you were a kumu hula you were poor, you were a policeman, a seamstress, you were a schoolteacher. You taught hula on the side and if somebody came and paid you on the side for the hula, they gave you poi, they gave you chicken, they gave you fish.

I asked Uncle Ish, “Why did they [kumu hula] teach?” He responded emphatically:

> To perpetuate the culture because the culture is the history. The culture is the values. The culture is the language. The culture is the identity of the people that make Hawaiians, Hawaiians. Hawaiians are people who dance the hula, bottom line.
Aunty Harriet Ne stated that when she started to teach the hula, she concentrated on the Hawaiian children because she wanted them to perpetuate the culture.

In the 19th century through the 21st century, concerns of intergenerational knowledge transfer and acquisition were eminent. We must continue to tell our moolelo to our children and emphasize their kuleana, responsibility in telling these stories to tell their children. I wanted to know why my storytellers told me their particular stories. I think I found the answer in the story *Crow and Weasel* by Barry Holstun Lopez. The character Badger makes one request of the two main characters, Crow and Weasel. Badger asked them to remember only this one thing:

The stories people tell have a way of taking care of them. If stories come to you, care for them. And learn to give them away where they are needed. Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive. That is why we put these stories in each other’s memory.” (Lopez, 1990, p. 60)

Aligned with one of the tenants of the Carnegie Project on the Educational Doctorate (CPED), I contribute the signature pedagogy of moolelo and the care in the self-transcription of these stories. The benefits to stories are abounding. I assert the need for teachers to embrace the stories of their students and the stories of their parents and their grandparents. They must create opportunities for students to collect and tell stories because “it always, always starts with a story.”

In a radio interview in 2013, film director Andrew Stanton speaks to the universal power of stories: “Stories ignite our imagination; let us leap over cultural walls and cross the barriers of time.”
A story is an elixir, a lesson learned, a life raft, a basic need, a universal truth, a fossil, and a historical account. A story identifies, records, binds, seals, liberates, teaches, and transforms. Stories are our birthright.

Stories are prisms of the past and rainbows of the future.

Aole i pau.
KA NUPEPA

KUOKOA, ME KE AU OKOA

I HUHIA.
# APPENDIX B

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Unknown Teacher</th>
<th>Kanuku/Kamawae/Niuolaʻa</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hoʻokano (also Naupuaea and Piheleo)</td>
<td>Luika Kaʻio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keahi Luahine</td>
<td>Hattie McFarland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kawena Pukui/Pat Bacon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ʻIolani Luahine</td>
<td>Lokalia Montgomery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoakalei Kamauu</td>
<td>Maʻiki Aiu/Lani Correa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Numerous Students/Puanani Patria/Mapuana Patria</td>
<td>Numerous Students</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adapted from: Hula Pahu, Hawaiian Drum Dances, Adrienne L. Kaeppler p.160
APPENDIX C

THREE FACES OF IOLANI: TREASURED CHILD OF LAKA
Sandra Lea Mapuana Patria

The Goddess

Iolani was neither human, nor was she of this world. I gazed upon this apparition who had taken on human qualities, as she sat composed off stage awaiting her performance. Waves of wiry, blue-grey hair, oiled and parted in the middle sparsely covered her frail shoulders. The fitted Pahu top, a pale-yellow relic, exposed her breastbone and clavicles, protrusions on a slight body. The Pahu skirt, gathered around her waist, fell freely below her knees at the shin. The aged costume preserved over the years by mothballs required no alterations, Io’s weight timelessly undisturbed. The spirit sustained her. Large round eyes bulged from their sockets as if she had suffered from Graves Disease. The whites of her eyes contrasted sharply against her dark complexion. By far her most prominent feature.

“I was haunted by the memory of those eyes”
Holt

Io sat poised and composed. I remained a distant observer. Approaching the great Iolani Luahine was unthinkable, I a novice of “Kahiko;” Iolani its master. Iolani had been trained as a young girl in the art of traditional Hawaiian dance by Keahi, her hanai mother, who was amongst the last royal dancers of the court of King David Kalakaua. Together, Iolani and her niece, Hoakalei revived of the lost art in the 1970’s. Others followed. Iolani was the wind and rain of the Ko’olau. She was the goddess Pele incarnate. She linked the Hawaiian people to the ancients, the monarchy, kapu, and lore. Today, Iolani would dance accompanied by my Kumu Hula, Hoakalei as she chanted to the commanding beat of the Pahu. Iolani was draped with maile (sweet myrtle) around her neck and head. Leaves fell in disarray revealing a face weathered by time and the bottle. Hoakalei’s presence although secondary to Iolani’s completed the dance. Kawena Pukui remarks that although the attention is given to the dancer, the drummer and chanter play an important role in the dance. The two became one in their craft.

“I le’a ka hula i ka ho’opapa’a”
Pukui

The Dog

In 1988, death visited the home of my grandfather. Most of my family gathered in calm anticipation of the unwanted visitor. Koa, my grandfather’s Shepherd, in his black coat, befitting the occasion, announced the passing with a chilling howl. Koa’s incantations were long, fluctuating cries and moans. Dogs, they say, know death.
I witnessed a rare hula performance by Iolani, a dance known exclusively to the natives of Kaua‘i. Knowing well that the experience would be mystical, bizarre and unforgettable, we contained our utterances. Even the urge of an insistent cough remained imprisoned by its keeper. Amidst the darkness, a ghostly shadow appeared on all fours. Human or beast? And old woman transformed. Her head hung low, her face not yet visible. Her body arched and writhed about with the movements of a feral dog. With great fluency, the creature curved its neck downward, then upward into full extension, eyes shut and throat exposed, lips pursed for the howl. A deliberate thrust brushed away its mane, silvered from a single spotlight, exposing the wild in those fierce eyes. The audience audibly gasped. Io was no more. I watched through apprentice eyes, with a strong desire to become like the master. I questioned my ability to acquire such proficiency. In my idolatry, I thought not.

“The dog (cried) at the Cape-of-the-Dog, owooh”

Pukui

Never had I seen the Hula “Ki‘i” (or tiki) performed by any other than Iolani. During one of our Hula concerts, between numbers, frenzied performers whispered of Iolani’s preparation to take the stage. We positioned ourselves strategically in the wings to immortalize the moment. No sooner had it begun, the dance was over. Skillfully fashioned, Io had drawn her last mortal breath. All that remained was the image of a Ki‘i an icy, blank stare. Io did not blink. She looked with extraordinary eyes into the past, far beyond the statues of on-lookers, themselves, rows of Ki‘i. Io’s body lay prone supported by her elbows. Her forearms were parallel to each other, her palms apart in symmetry cupped under her chin, in a lifeless pose. The whites of her widened eyes pierced through the backdrop of darkness. The spotlight vanished abruptly. I thought that passion such as Iolani possessed, would carry me through the journey towards the attainment of mastery.

The row of images was referred to a “Pae Kii mahu o Wailua” or a row of sexless images at Waialua.”

Pukui

The Woman

Many years had past before I met up with Iolani again, once on Maui and another time at her home in Kona, Hawai‘i. Iolani was the curator of Hulihe‘e Palace. She remembered me not by name, but as one of the two sisters. Iolani fancied the thought of sisters dancing together. In Hoakalei’s Halau there were four pairs of sisters. “Auntie Io” wore a Princess cut mu‘umu‘u with a lovely sheer scarf knotted at her chest. She confined her whitened hair to a little bun. Loose strands took flight in the sea breeze. We stood on a protective stone wall overlooking the ocean. Auntie Io pointed out various friends to me and called each fish by name. Gently she conversed with them. Fondly, I think of the loving relationship between Auntie Io and Auntie Hoakalei. Often the two delighted in each other’s company and reminisced about the old days followed by a smile or a
chuckle. Now and again, they spoke of things more serious in nature. Never shall I forget one such treasured exchange between aunt and niece.

"Always take care of the dancers."

Iolani Luahine
A Final Tribute to Dr. Ishmael Stagner, “Uncle Ish”

I am especially thankful that I made the decision to transcribe each interview in view of the recent passing of my dear “Uncle Ish.” It was not apparent to me during the October 2013 interview that time was quickly running out for Uncle Ish, this statement by his own admission. During the interview he was animated, enthusiastic, and most enjoyable. He spoke of plans to continue his authorship and write a second and third book that would be his major opus. He had plans to write the history of each of the hundred people he recognized in the Na Makuas. I erred in the belief that he had more time to complete these projects. On numerous failed occasions, I tried to end the lengthy interview concerned for his well-being. He would reply with a smile, “This is good fun,” and he would continue on with moolelo after moolelo. He had much to tell me. As I thanked him repeatedly, attempting to conclude the interview, his enthusiasm would not abate. Uncle Ish would start sharing once again, aole i pau. I realize the kaona in this unselfish act. Uncle Ish knew what I did not know, that his life on earth was soon coming to an end.

I re-examined his interview searching for all the messages he sent me metaphorically. I realize that Uncle Ish saw this interview as his kuleana, his responsibility to share, to pass on his manao because others shared with him. Uncle Ish always privileged the source. Tutu Kawena and Kilolani Mitchell were repeatedly recognized in his storytelling. He acknowledged his mother Pansy and all the hula icons of the milieu: Iolani Luahine, Hoakalei Kamauu, Edith Kanakaole, George Naope, and oh so many more. Uncle Ish lived among the greats whom he always described as icons. He danced with the renowned Iolani Luahine. He had forged close relationships with Aunty Edith Kanakaole and Uncle George Naope. He hailed the many quests, such as the Hokulea, completed by the younger generation and expressed promise for those feats yet to complete by our Hawaiian youth. He said that we must encourage such endeavors by our
youth. The shared moolelo of Uncle Ish transformed me. I can only convey this to you through my admission that I am no longer the person I was before my interview with Uncle Ish. Early in my research I felt distant to Kawena, referring to her as Pukui. In his many loving references to Tutu Kawena throughout the interview, my emotions grew greater for her as if she were my own grandmother, tutu. How powerful of an interview it was in its ability to elicit personal change. The storytellers and the depth of their moolelo are models for my storytelling and the source of my efforts to become the reflective practitioner.

I have danced hula kahiko with kumu hula, Hoakalei Kamauu for many years. Despite my familiarity with the hula, Uncle Ish broadened my perspective with great insights into the hula. We talked about the difference between the hula and a “hula moment.” Uncle Ish said that there are hulas and hula moments, and in a matter of seconds we discern the difference. Privileged to see Aunty Iolani Luahine dance the hula kii was a hula moment I shared with Uncle Ish. Contained in na moolelo were stories of Tutu Kawena, Kilolani Mitchell, and Mau Piailug, the Micronesian navigator of the Hokulea; European and Hawaiian mythology; and historical events and heroes, such as Roland in La Chanson de Roland, and Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. I listened intently, fascinated with the wealth of knowledge he shared of all of the great contributors in all disciplines, religion, language, the hula, all the while knowing that I had embarked on something very special.

Uncle Ish told me that Tutu Kawena always told him stories. He would sit there and simply be enchanted by her storytelling. Tutu Kawena always said, “It always, always starts with a story.” Uncle Ish said that Tutu Kawena loved him because he listened to her stories. What a lovely thought of love expressed in the listening of a story.
Uncle Ish was the first teller to return my invitation to be a participant in the inquiry. His message on my phone was, “Aloha, this is Uncle Ish, I would love to help you with your dissertation.” For his generosity, I am eternally grateful.

As the interview abated, Uncle Ish bid me aloha with this note of appreciation, “Thank you for listening to an old man.” Aloha to a Hawaiian icon. I uwe, uwe, uwe. “And so it was.”

Hopena.
REFERENCES


