BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Lemon "Rusty" Holt, 82, retired postmaster and Kamehameha Schools store manager

"That first Waikīkī School was opposite the Moana Hotel--across the street... In one corner of the property there was the graveyard and an old Hawaiian church. And on the graveyard on the mounds, the caretaker had planted watermelons. At night, the kids and I used to go down there and steal watermelons. And those watermelons were sweet, absolutely sweet! They had good fertilizer."

Lemon "Rusty" Holt, Caucasian-Hawaiian, was born and raised at 2558 Kalakaua Avenue, the present site of the Waikīkī Holiday Inn. The third child of seven born to Augusta Helen Lemon Holt and Edward Holt, "Rusty" Holt lived on the family estate until ca. 1930. The estate was later leased to the Mossman's Lalani Village.

Holt attended Waikīkī Elementary, St. Louis, and Kamehameha Schools. He graduated from Kamehameha in 1928, and the University of Hawai'i in 1931. He made a name for himself as a legendary running back at both institutions.

After graduation, Holt moved to Maui where he served as Kahului postmaster. He remained in Maui for about fifteen years, subsequently returning to Honolulu where he was employed by the American Can Company and Kamehameha Schools. In Honolulu, he also managed a number of apartment buildings.

Now retired, he resides at Wilhelmina Rise.
Tape No. 13-16-1-85

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Lemon Wond "Rusty" Holt, Sr. (LH)

March 15, 1985

Wilhelmina Rise, O'ahu

BY: Michi Kodama-Nishimoto (MK)

MK: This is an interview with Mr. Lemon Wond "Rusty" Holt, Sr. in Wilhelmina Rise, Honolulu, Hawai'i, on March 15, 1985. The interviewer is Michi Kodama-Nishimoto.

First of all, could you tell me the history of the Lemon family and how it came to own land in Waikīkī?

LH: Well, James Silas Lemon, S-I-L-A-S, was a businessman who came from Quebec, Canada. He was French-Canadian. He moved to the United States to work, and, at that time, because his name was too much like a Frenchman's name, he took out the hyphen between Le-Mon and made it strictly a sour Lemon.

He married Mary Ann Wond from Kaua'i. They first settled in Honolulu, and their first home was at the corner of Bishop and King Street. That's where my mother was born--on the corner of King and Bishop. As the town grew, they moved from there to Nu'uanu, lived there for a few years and then moved to where the Ka'ahumanu [Elementary] School is now, on the corner of Beretania and Pi'ikoi [Streets]. They lived there for a while.

Then Queen Lili'uokalani or Kapi'olani, I forget which, asked my grandmother Mary Ann Lemon to take over the Kapi'olani Maternity Hospital or Kapi'olani Maternity Home at that time. And that was located where the Pflueger's automobile concern is. According to some write-ups, Mary Ann Lemon was there for fifteen years. My understanding was that she was there twenty-two years. So which is correct, I don't know.

When she left the hospital, they thought, "Well, they (had) better move out into the country." And WaikīkīT, at that time, was strictly country. So they moved to what was then known as 2558 Kalākaua Avenue. So they lived there, but all (of) their children had already come into the world. They were not grown-ups but teenagers, anyway. And so, they lived there. The home--there were two houses, actually. There were five houses on the property. The property was one acre.
Silas Lemon owned the whole block bounded by Paoakalani [Avenue], Lemon Road—named after him, down Kapahulu [Avenue] and along Kalākaua [Avenue]. He owned the whole block. I don’t know whether he sold the corner, Kapahulu and Kalākaua [Avenues], to the Cunhas, C-U-N-H-A, or whether he gave it to them, I don’t know. But Silas Lemon was a partner of one of the Cunhas in business, so he may have sold it or he may have given it to him, I don’t know. Anyway, the Cunhas, later on, moved to that corner.

Directly in the back of the Cunhas was a Mr. Okada associated with the fishing Okada [i.e., U. Okada] that I think is still going. So then on Lemon Road, there were a few homes, one occupied by an aunt of mine or Minnie McKinney. And the corner of Paoakalani [Avenue] and Lemon Road—because of my grandmother and because she came from Kaua‘i—they gave a piece of property to the Bishaw family who also came from Kaua‘i. So that’s so much for that part.

MK: Can you tell me what your grandfather’s occupation was?

LH: Business. He was in the liquor business. Speaking of liquor, one member of the family, and I think it was my mother’s brother Jimmy, started a little bar on the corner of Paoakalani and Kalākaua [Avenues]. He did it because he liked beer, and so he thought he would start his own beer shop. He could get all the free beer he wanted.

Those days there was no can beer, none at all, only a quart-size bottle. And I just loved those bottles as small as I was—about ten to twelve [years old]—I loved those bottles. You know why? Because of Fort DeRussy, there were soldiers. Fort Ruger, there were soldiers. They (bought) these bottles of beer, (drank) them on their way home to Fort Ruger (mostly), and the empty ones, they threw into our yard. And then the next morning, I picked them up, and I got an ice cream cone for every two bottles. And when a nickel or dime or twenty-five cents was hard to look at, those two bottles for a cone was pretty good.

MK: What was the name of that beer shop?

LH: I don’t know. Oh, it didn’t have a name, didn’t have a name. It was just there.

MK: You mentioned that the children at that time of your grandmother and grandfather were teenagers. How many children did they have?

LH: Well, there was Bonny Lemon, Nani Lemon, Hester Lemon. Hester Lemon was Registrar General for the Territory, at that time, for forty-five years. Leila Lemon, Augusta Helen Lemon, Jimmy Lemon. Five? That would make it (six), doesn’t it? That’s it. (Six) children.

MK: Augusta Helen Lemon was your mother?

LH: Was my mother. Nani Lemon was head of the shipping department of Alexander & Baldwin for many, many years, and he died. My mother
died. Leila Lemon, she died. She married a tugboat captain here and in San Francisco. Jimmy Lemon was in the National Guard for many, many years. He was a major or lieutenant colonel or something, I don't know.

MK: And that parcel of land that they bought, that whole block, what would you know about the financial arrangements made to buy that block?

LH: Ah, they paid cash. He paid cash for the whole thing. My mother used to say, "Thousand dollars? Five thousand dollars? Hmm! Much less than that." So I never did know. No one ever told me. My generation, we were too young to be told things, you know. So we don't have it.

MK: And then you mentioned that there were five houses on that property.

LH: On the property, there was the big house. (LH looks for photo of home.) Oh, my, where is it? I don't know. Anyway.

MK: Anyway, you have the big house . . .

LH: The big house was there. That big house had six bedrooms, a huge big living room. Nothing but koa, koa, koa and more koa in that living room. Then there was a book room. Next to that was the dining hall. Then to the rear was the kitchen.

Their cook at the big house was a man named Ima. And he was a good, good cook. He could cook a mongoose and make it taste like chicken. Oh, he was just the perfect cook. And he made the most beautiful ribbon cakes. Have you ever tried that? Ribbon cake? It's oblong, and it has three layers. He used mostly guava jelly for the cake. Everybody raved about that cake.

Well, like I said, there were five houses. We had, my mother and my father had a house right next to the big house. And that's where we all grew up in my family. Then there were smaller one-bedroom cottages in the back which was used for clothes—hanging clothes, washing clothes, and whatever.

MK: So how large was that property that your family actually occupied?

LH: One acre, one acre.

MK: One acre?

LH: Yeah. One acre.

MK: As the years went by after they had that property, what became of the property owned by the Lemons?

LH: Well, when my grandmother died, they had to settle the estate. In the family, no one needed money so it just dragged on and on and on
for a number of years until, finally, someone decided that maybe they ought to settle the estate and give the heirs their shares and all that. And that's what eventually happened. Then when they decided to sell it, nobody wanted to buy it. No one wanted to buy it. My uncle Nani Lemon was the administrator and he wanted $100,000. One hundred thousand dollars. Nobody would buy it. So, finally, the Bank of Hawai'i bought it for $86,000. And today, you couldn't buy that for $20 million. Then my mother and my father decided to move to Kaimuki and build their own home.

MK: That was in nineteen . . .

LH: That was in, I don't know, I forget. In the '20s, I guess.

MK: I've read about a place called the Mossman's Lalani Village. How does that figure into the Lemon property?

LH: Okay. All right. When they couldn't sell it, when nobody wanted to buy it, they leased it through the bank, they leased it to Mossmans. And Mossmans started the Lalani Mossman Village where they had luaus, hula dancing, and so forth. About that time, more and more tourists started coming in. Prior to that, you could count the tourists on your right hand. But they started coming in, so the business was pretty nice. But something happened, I think I told you that, but I won't say it now. Something happened and the Mossmans went out. I think, then, Bank of Hawai'i bought it for $86,000. The whole thing, except the parcels that were given out to James Silas' friends. I was the last one to live there.

MK: And when did you leave that area?

LH: Nineteen thirty.

MK: Now I'd like to know something about the history of the Holt family.

LH: Before you get into that, let me kind of describe the yard, that'll be interesting, and tell you about the trees over there. There must have been a hundred coconut trees in the yard, and I climbed every one of them. That story, I will tell you later. But there must have been a hundred coconut trees in the yard. There must have been, and I can count them, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there must have been ten mango trees. Most of them were common mangos, and that's the sweetest. Then there were chutney mangos and those were good. There were two trees or three trees of what we call Pākā mango, or the real name for it is the number nine mango.

Also, in the yard, there was an orchard, a lemon orchard behind and a lemon orchard in the front. That was my grandmother's project. She raised the lemons and entered lemons in the fairs that they had—the territorial fairs. She won grand champion every year she put them in. They were three times the size of the regular lemons that you see nowadays. And they always won grand champion.
Then there were momi apple trees, custard apple trees, and bananas everywhere. People used to say that my father had growing hands. Because everything he put in the ground absolutely grew. Every banana stump that he put in the ground, he didn't even bother to dig a hole and plant it--just throw it down--and it grew by itself. We had bananas there every day of the year. My grandmother had good hands, too, I suppose. Because she had the most beautiful purple violets in the yard from the back to the front along the sidewalk. Then she had a number of hau trees along Kalākaua [Avenue]. So, so much for the yard.

MK: And what was the story involving your climbing the coconut trees?

LH: Climbing the coconut trees--there were two reasons for that. I was forever fighting with the girls in the family--pulling their hair, slapping them, and then telling myself, "Legs, do your duty and run!" Because somebody would be chasing me and so up I would go, up the coconut tree, stay up there and anybody who tried to climb up after me, I would throw a couple of coconuts at them, just miss them and down they would go. I would stay up in the tree until my father came home. Sometimes, all day, and when he did come home and walked into our yard, I would come sliding down, because no one and I repeat, no one dared touch me when he was home.

The other coconut incident--you see, there was a man who was a great friend of the family. His name was John Wise. He was superintendent of the Kapi'olani Park--the zoo and the park. He was inclined to be a religious man who liked church and also liked his luaus. So he gave a luau every month. Now in order to make his haupia, whatever he had to have for coconuts, he had to have a hundred dried coconuts. So being friends with my family, he always came to our house once a month and got his hundred coconuts. Which meant that once a month, my grandmother would say, "You! Get a hundred coconuts down--dried coconuts." Well, at first I just simply went up the trees, got a hundred coconuts down, brought them down, and had them ready. Then, I got a little smarter, and I would collect all the dried coconuts that fell down and put them in a bag and hide them, so that at the end of the month I had quite a few coconuts already on hand.

But then again, I had to climb trees because there weren't enough. Well, I would climb the trees, knock the dried coconuts from that tree, go down, climb another one, knock the coconuts down, climb another one, do the same thing until when I was about ten or eleven or a little younger, I thought, "Listen, why don't you get smart?" So I said, "That's a good idea." So I would climb a tree, grab a dry coconut, and the trees were all close together. And I would throw that dry coconut and hit a bunch on the next tree and knock them down. That way, I cut down my climbing to about half.

One day, it happened. One day, I went up a tree, there (were) quite a few dry ones on that tree. I went up this tree and got a dry one and then I took good aim and I threw it, threw that dry one to the
next tree. Unfortunately, that coconut tree was in line with the big house kitchen. That coconut went right through the kitchen, broke the glass. It happened that my grandmother was helping Ima the cook, and it went right in. That was the end of my climbing coconut trees. No more! Which suited me just fine.

Well, also, we had chicken, roast chicken, every Sunday. My job was to catch the rooster that she pointed out to me, my grandmother did. And I would chase that chicken all over the yard until that poor rooster just lay down and said, "Come and take me." I would reach (for) it, and and took it to the kitchen. Also, that was stopped because I would chase the chicken--at first I didn't think about it, but later on I thought, "Hey, this is a good opportunity. Take it." So I started to chase the chicken onto the beds of violets and onto her prized maidenhair that she had from one end of the yard to the other. And because of the chicken and my stamping on the violets and the maidenhair, that was stopped. I did not have to chase any more chickens after that.

MK: {Chuckles) That's a great story.

LH: Now, one more story I can tell you. My grandmother and Queen Lili'uokalani were great friends, very close friends. Occasionally, Lili'uokalani came to visit my grandmother. And when she came, it meant climb a couple of trees, get the haahao coconuts down. You know what that is? Haahao? Means a coconut with the meat just right that you can eat it with a spoon. That's haahao. I got to be an expert. Anyway, she liked the coconuts from two trees, and nobody dared touch those two trees. It had to stay there so that when she came there would be coconuts for her. Well, I had to climb those two trees, get the haahao coconuts down, husk the outer wrapping, and give it to her. Also, I had to go out to the stone wall, in the front of the stone wall [at Kōhūhū Beach], dive and catch three or four, or five, or six manini. You know what a manini fish is? She liked manini. She ate them raw. I also had to go out to near Queen's Surf and dive for wana, plenty of wana there, bring that home then go back out to Queen's Surf and dive for lipoa, limu. She liked lipoa! And my grandmother, in the meantime, would be cooking Hawaiian stew. And that's what she had, whenever she came. I don't remember her. I do not recall her saying "thank you" or tipping me with two bits. Nothing at all. So that's the story of Lili'uokalani. She was a nice old lady--a real courteous, pleasant, nice. Didn't speak very much, but what she said was really, really nice.

But coming back to the original coconut story about John Wise, I not only had to gather a hundred coconuts, I also had to husk them, and then put them in bags, get them ready for Mr. Wise when he came. And so Mr. Wise came, eventually, that day, I got all the bags, put them in his old car and then he'd walk up to me and say, "Here, boy" and he'd slip me something. And when he'd go, I'd turn around and look at it--twenty-five cents. Two bits for knocking down a hundred dried coconuts, husking them, and getting paid for it, two bits. But like I said, two bits was big money.
MK: You know, you mentioned the queen and I've been told that the queen had a home in that vicinity . . .

LH: (Yes.) 'Āinahau, that's where she lived. Princess Ka'iulani also lived there. Princess Ka'iulani was the sister of Alec Cleghorn. I think Alec Cleghorn's father [Archibald Scott Cleghorn] was some high official whether he was governor or what I'm not sure. [Archibald Scott Cleghorn was governor of O'ahu.] But anyway, Ka'iulani lived with Lili'uokalani at 'Āinahau. And 'Āinahau is just below the Ala Wai fairgrounds.

MK: Now, I guess we can find out about the Holt family and how the Holts came to be related to the Lemon family eventually.

LH: Uh huh [yes]. Okay. The Holts, of course, they would take up volumes, I guess. Augusta Helen Lemon, married my father Edward S. Holt. Augusta Helen and my father built a smaller home next to the big house at 2558 Kalākaua [Avenue], and that's where all of us kids, my family, were born. They were all delivered by my grandmother who had been a nurse and administrator of the Kapi'olani Maternity Hospital for fifteen or twenty-two years. They were all born at Waikīkī.

MK: And when were you born?

LH: I was born September 22, 1904. That makes me sixteen, doesn't it?

MK: (Laughs) I think by your calculations, yes. And how many brothers and sisters did you have?

LH: There were three boys and four girls in my family, my immediate family.

MK: And what was your place in the family?

LH: I was the third boy and the (fourth) child.

MK: You said that you were all born in Waikīkī. In which house were you born?

LH: In the small house. Yeah, the small house. When I say, "small house," it was smaller than the big house, than the other one, the original big house. But it had so many bedrooms, you (would) get lost going into it because it was built like old homes were built at that time--lattice all around, enclosed porches--and whoever got to a room first, they slept there. And that's the way it was in that house. It was really family.

MK: In talking with you earlier, you mentioned that there was a cook named Ima who worked in the . . .

LH: Ima cooked for my grandmother. Tahara cooked for my family, as well as a Mr. Mitsunaga.
MK: Tell me about these two men who were cooks for your family.

LH: Tahara cooked for my family for quite a few years until he decided to get married, and he married a lady from Japan, the nicest person you ever want to know. When she came from Japan, Tahara and the lady were married, and because there were no more boys in her family, he had to take her name and became Fujika. He worked for our family for quite a while until he decided to start his own business. Then he started the Unique Ice Cream Parlour [a.k.a. Unique Cafe] and then switched to Hawaiian foods. Custard pie, the best custard pie made in the world, at Tahara's.

MK: And how about that Mr. Mitsunaga?

LH: Mr. Mitsunaga, the father of Dr. David Mitsunaga, kept our Makaha home. We went down every holiday and every summer. In Makaha, there were one, two, three, four, five, probably six Holt families in Makaha. They had a ranch there. They raised cattle. They raised horses. And they raised turkeys.

And once a year, they would bring 1,000 or 2,000 or 3,000 turkeys up to Honolulu. Cowboys on horseback, but the turkeys, they drove them along like cattle, all the way from Makaha to Honolulu. The females were sold for a dollar and a half, a turkey. The males were sold for two dollars and a half per turkey.

MK: Gee, all the way from Makaha?

LH: All the way from Makaha.

MK: That must have been a really interesting sight to see.

LH: Yes, I think it must have been interesting, really interesting, to see that. As I remember, the roads were narrow and the railroad hadn't gone in yet. Eventually, it did. It went through Nānākuli, Maile, Wai'anae, Makaha and beyond--beyond to a bit further on, and then stopped.

MK: Going back to your family in Waikīkī, I was wondering who actually lived in the smaller house? Your mother, your father.

LH: Another thing about Waikīkī, and this will be interesting. If you were in my boots, then you would know. But my family, my brothers and sisters, they all had friends, as well as Grandma Lemon. Whoever came, never went home.

In my family, there was a Louis Pomroy who lived on Monsarrat Avenue near Campbell Avenue. When he was six years old, he came down to our house or our home to play with me. I was about the same age. Came down to play with me, he never went home. My mother raised him until he was twenty-four years old. He stayed.

Now, in the big house, whoever came--friends of the family, young
guys—they stayed. There was a Bill Mossman, no relation to the other; a Leslie Lemon, related; and "Dudi" Miller; and then Fadden McKinney. They all came, and they stayed. They never went home.

In my own house, in the smaller house, there were my father, my mother, my two brothers, and my three sisters, at that time; and later on, another sister. All lived there, except two of the girls lived in the big house.

MK: And how about your cooks?

LH: Ima? He lived somewhere on, I don't remember, I think on Paoakalani [Avenue], somewhere up there. But he came every day.

MK: And Tahara?

LH: Tahara lived on Paoakalani [Avenue] just in the back of where his store [i.e., eating establishment] eventually was.

MK: Now, if you can think back to your childhood days, in general, try to describe the types of houses that were in the neighborhood, especially your block.

LH: In my block, the big house, our big house, next was the Cunhas, [Albert R.] "Sonny" Cunha who married May Williams. Anyway, their home was similar to our big house, very similar.

In the back of our place were small homes. Typically Hawaiian at that time or typically Hawai'i-type homes of the medium class families. Lattice all around, bedrooms everywhere. Put up a wall and close it and that was the bedroom.

Many of the families then did outside cooking. They didn't believe in stoves in the house. They believed in charcoal stoves made of kerosene oil cans. They did all their cooking there. In fact, Tahara would not cook on the stove. He said, "You can't cook good rice on a Haole stove. You have to use charcoal." He only used charcoal stoves. Both houses had gas stoves, but our house, it was very, very seldom used. The big house with Ima, he always used the stove because it was too much humbug—(put) charcoal in, kerosene oil on, little bit (of) wood, put a match to it, light it up. He didn't like that. And you could not bake a cake on that type of cooking.

MK: How about the other houses in the block? Any others . . .

LH: Had no cooking, that was just for somebody to flip-flop in. And they all did it. We'd have surfboards in the back there. One thing, though, I can tell you, another story, funny one, is we also had dogs. We had every known dog, I guess, at that time throughout the years—greyhounds, fox terriers, police dogs, setters, pointers. Everybody had a dog, and they were all the best.
Also, we had in the back yard in a big, big cage, Sammy the monkey. And this monkey just came there once as a little baby monkey, from where nobody knew. My uncle took it, made a small cage for it, put him in there, and Sammy became a member of the family. They used to call him Sammy Lemon, the monkey.

Well, about when I was fourteen or fifteen, my cousin, who had gone to California to end high school up there, came home on a vacation. He was inclined to be a nice guy, but once in a while he'd have a silly or a crazy idea. On that day, he had one of his crazy ideas. As I think I told you, we had bananas growing all over the yard. Also, my grandmother grew a lot of Hawaiian chili peppers. So this cousin of mine, Kainoa McKinney, went and got a banana, a ripe one, made a hole down into it, cut some chili peppers in half, stuck them into the hole, left the skin on because a monkey will take a banana and do his own skinning. So Sammy took the banana, peeled it off, stuck it in his mouth, and before anybody could say, "What?" he had eaten the whole banana. And then, that chili pepper hit him and that poor (monkey) went mad.

Somehow, Kainoa leaned over laughing and Sammy stuck his hand through the wire, grabbed a hold of Kainoa's hair on the top, in the middle, and he would not let go. So I had to pick up an old hoe with a long handle, stuck it in. Whenever we wanted to have fun, all we had to do was to put a stick in through the wire, and Sammy would grab the stick, pull it, bite it, and then let go. So that's what he did. He let Kainoa's hair go, and he grabbed the handle of the hoe. Up to the time he lived, Kainoa always had a bald spot in the middle of his head, and it wouldn't grow back.

MK: Due to Sammy.

LH: Due to Sammy the monkey. I don't know whatever happened to him. I think they must have put him away 'cause he was (getting) pretty old.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

MK: Okay. We're still talking about your old neighborhood when you were a child. I was wondering if you could describe for us the structures in the neighborhood that were not homes, like the businesses that you remember from way back then.

LH: On the corner of Paoakalani and Kalākaua [Avenues] there was a little beer shop. One of my uncles started it as a hobby and a place where he could get free beer. Then later on, that same corner became (the first) Aoki Store. Next to Aoki Store was Diamond Head Clothes Cleaning Shop. Next to that was a little barbershop and she always gave me mush bowl haircut by putting a (bowl) on top and cutting me
all around, back of my head and on the side, like a mush bowl cut. Next to that is a big story. It was a laundry clothes cleaning, not clothes cleaning, but linen cleaning laundry. The owner was an old Chinese man from China. His name was Tailor and he was a good, good, very close friend of mine. Whereas nobody in Waikīkī liked me because I was such a truant or a rascal, Old Man Tailor thought I was number one. He did all of the white laundry from the only hotel at that time Moana Hotel, and Seaside Avenue hotels, little bungalows.

Well, one of the things we used to do, of course, along Kalākaua [Avenue] from where the Royal Hawaiian [Hotel] is now on the ma uka side, it was nothing but duck ponds. And any time you wanted duck eggs, just go down there, walk along, and pick up any number of duck eggs. But what we used to do, we used to go down, collect duck eggs, bring 'em back to where we lived, put them in gallons of water, seal it and hide those gallons in the sand. Dig a hole, bury it, and leave it there for six months or a year. Well, after a year or six months, those duck eggs were pretty ripe, and anybody not our friends or anybody that we didn't like were plastered with these duck eggs.

Anyway, we had streetcars running past our place. I can remember when streetcars were six passenger and one horse, and then I remembered six passenger with two horses. Then after that came the trolley cars that ran from Kalihi all the way to the end of Kapi'olani Park. And all the motorman did was to pick up his steering thing, rod, take it to the other side of the car, put the trolley down in the right place, and start off again.

Well, about that time Mrs. Aoki was giving me a bad time. I wanted crack seed and no way, could I get it. So that went on for quite a few days. Then I decided that, "All right, old lady, you're gonna get it this time." So I got a bunch of those eggs, ripe duck eggs, got on the streetcar and as we went past Aoki's, I started letting them go. Unfortunately, I missed Aoki's. I missed the clothes cleaning shop. I missed the barbershop, and the eggs went right into my good, good friend's laundry shop. It splattered rotten duck eggs all over the place. I don't know. I felt worse than anybody, I guess, because I had done something to a person who liked me and I liked him. So much for duck eggs.

MK: As you think about these people, tell me other things about the Aokis and the other business people in that line.

LH: Then after Tailor's, there was the stream that came down from Mānoa and Pālolo, came all the way down to the ocean. The Akana family lived on one side of the stream, and we lived on the other side. Joe Akana [OHP interviewee] was about my age. He and I did our surfing together. All I had to do was walk about twenty feet with my surfboard, put it in the stream and paddle out under the bridge. There was a bridge there. Paddle out and go surfing, and then when we quit, we would catch a wave at Queen's or Big Surf, slide towards
what we called "Bragghah Surf" come in under the bridge, I would go
to the right, pick up my board, walk twenty feet and I would be in
our yard. Joe would go to the left, pick up his board, and walk ten
feet and into his yard.

On the corner of the stream was a store, feed store--I think it was
Nishiyama or Nishiguchi, something like that, that they sold all the
feed that people wanted for their horses, or dogs, or cats, or
whatever.

Next to that was a pie shop that had a porch outside about three feet
off the ground, and you had to get up on top. They made pies--nickel
a pie, nickel for a pie and three bottles of soda water for a nickel.
(And) that was a good lunch.

Then beyond that, there was nothing until later when Aoki moved from
Paoakalani [Avenue] to 'Ohua [Avenue] and that was where they settled
before they (moved) down on Kalākaua [Avenue].

MK: You've told me that you and Mrs. Aoki didn't get along, but how about
Mr. Aoki?

LH: Mr. [Niro] Aoki liked me. He liked me because I used to come out
and get into his old Ford pickup and help him deliver all over
Waikīkī. They delivered groceries.

The Dillinghams and the Castles and the Morgans and the Major Deering
and Bertelmanns and some of the McKinneys and the Andrades all lived
in Diamond Head and they ordered from Aoki's. Aoki was the main
store. There wasn't anything else. So he used to deliver and I'd
go with him and help him.

MK: And what kinds of items did Aoki Store carry?

LH: Well, rice, sardines, salmon, coffee, round tack crackers, and very
little soda crackers that time, but most of those things--tomato
ketchup, and all that.

MK: How about fresh produce? Where did the families of Waikīkī get their
fresh produce?

LH: Never did. If you wanted, you grew it yourself. And we did, we grew
our own. Mostly white cabbage. There was no won bok cabbage, those
days. And they bought potatoes, Irish potatoes, bought onions because
that was kinda hard to grow. Of course, we had in (our) yard, also,
avocado trees. Oh, quite a few of them, all kinds.

MK: You know in that Waikīkī area, what do you remember about peddlers
who would come into the area to sell things like manapua [mea'onono-
pua'a] or candy?

LH: We had one man, old Chinese man, and I can't think of his name. I
should remember it because I was his first, best, illegal or legal
customer. Joe [Akana] and I—he carried two baskets on a stick in the middle—one basket in the back, one basket in the front and also a can, a five-gallon or ten-gallon can. In those containers, there was black sugar manapua [mea'ono-pua'a], pepeiao, hash, and one or two other items. Joe would talk to him and point to the front basket. While the old man was talking to Joe about the front basket, I would be in the back helping myself and stuffing things, all I could stuff, into my pockets. He was one peddler.

The other peddler was the ice cream man that sold ice cream—two cones for a nickel. And those days, it wasn't the type of cones you have nowadays—it was that curly, sweet cone. You remember that? Well, that was it. And it was (only) two kinds of ice cream only. I don't remember this man's having chocolate, but he did have vanilla and strawberry. And it was two cones for a nickel or (two or) three beer bottles for a cone.

MK: Now I've heard . . .

LH: One other thing about the streetcars. The streetcars, I knew every conductor and every motorman. I got to be REAL close to them because I was the only one who could and did get them haahao coconuts. As I remember, Mr. Canario and Mr. Fern and Mr. Reich and one motorman all loved their coconuts and I was the only one who could get them these haahao coconuts, so there was many a free ride to me.

At that time, I had gone to Waikīkī [Elementary] School for three years. There was Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Ontai. (The) first Waikīkī School was opposite the Moana Hotel—across the street. (There were) three rooms, first, second and third.

In one corner of the property there was a graveyard and an old Hawaiian church. And in the graveyard on the mounds, the caretaker had planted watermelons. At night, the kids and I used to go down there and steal watermelons. (Sit on the mounds and eat.) And those watermelons were absolutely sweet. They had good fertilizer.

MK: So as a child you went to Waikīkī School?

LH: Oh, yes. My schedule going to Waikīkī School was three days schooling and the rest of the week, surfing. So that when I finished the third grade, I don't think it was possible for me to add two and two and make it come four, because it always came out three.

But then the question was where next would I go to school? So somebody came up with the idea, "Oh send him to St. Louis College down on River Street." So that's where I went. I went there first grade, second grade, third grade, going into fourth grade, and then I had the meanest and lousiest brother-teacher in that fourth grade or fifth grade.

So one day, I was walking to school—but before that, I'll tell you about the streetcars. My father used to give me fifteen cents a
day—a nickel going on the streetcar, a nickel coming home and a nickel for a package of chow fun for my lunch. And almost every day I was more hungry than that one package did for me. So I used to spend two nickels for two packages of chow fun, so that on my way home I would have to walk home. But I learned very quickly the tricks and the trades of (every)thing. So what I used to do, catch the streetcar where the conductor was not. You see, he went up along the aisle collecting nickels but where he was not, that's where I jumped on the streetcar. And when he came up to the front, which was maybe two or three blocks later, I would jump off and wait for the next streetcar to come by and do the same thing. Eventually, I got home but I had two packages of chow fun for lunch.

So one day, I got there to River Street and I was walking up towards the school. St. Louis [College] was above River and Beretania [Streets]. And there was a dead rat on the side of the road. I picked that dead rat up very gingerly, put it in a package and took it to school. I had no idea what I was going to do with (it).

But anyway, I took it into the classroom, and at that time, I was in Brother Frank's room. I took that rat into the classroom. I opened Brother Frank's drawer. I put it in his drawer. I prided the paper apart, and I closed the (drawer). Brother Frank came into the room just when the bell sounded. He stopped at the door. He looked around and started smelling. He was a Frenchman and he spoke that way. He said, "Somebody," (LH sniffs), "did not wipe his ass today!"

(Laughter)

LH: I won't forget that. He stood there, and he said, "Who did it? Who done it? Who done it?" Nobody would say a word. There was a guy named Jack Schuller sitting in the front seat. He was the teacher's pet. And so, I was on the other side behind, and I piped up and I said, "He doed it." I pointed to Jack Schuller. "He doed it." Well, there was great confusion then.

But then, Brother Frank went to his desk to get his glasses. He wore his glasses way down on the bottom on his nose so he could look over and pick out the bad ones. Anyhow, he pulled the drawer open and he smelt it. It got him. Because when he pulled the drawer open, I guess, the vacuum did the trick and it blew it right into his face. Huh!

He stood up. He got his long twenty-four-inch ruler with a metal strip on the end. He walked straight to ME! He said, "You doed it! You doed it!" and he hit me on my knuckles. So I stood up. I said, "My father don't do that to me! You cannot do that to me!" and I walked out. I went home, and I never went back to St. Louis [College]. Couple of weeks later, I went to Kamehameha [Schools] and stayed there for ten years as a boarder.

MK: Ah, that's part of your educational history. Before we get more and more into your life, I want to go back a little bit to your Waikiki
neighborhood, okay? Now, we've talked about the businesses that you remembered and I've heard a lot about St. Augustine's Church, what are your memories of the church?

LH: Father [H. Franckx] Valentin was the minister. He was a very (good) friend of all the big family Haole ladies. Oh, he was very close to them. They all liked him. I liked him. We all liked him. He didn't speak very clear or use very clear English. What his nationality was, I don't know. But anyway, he was a nice man—big, tall man. At that time, the sermon or whatever the procedure in the Catholic Church was not in English but was (in) Latin. So all you went there was for communion or to be baptized.

But one thing that happened, one incident, he had a car every year or two years, a new car. Not a new car, but a car passed down from the big families to him. And this time, this particular time, he had a big limousine that he used. One day, one of the kids thought of a good idea, a funny idea. They wanted to see if Father Valentine would use a couple of cuss words. Up to then nobody ever heard him say anything like that but we figured, we were wondering, "What would a father do if something happened? Would he say 'goddammit' or something like that?"

Anyway, we got some old four-by-fours and we jacked up his car. Before that, we backed it in the corner where you couldn't see it very well. We jacked it up somehow, I don't remember how, and we put it on these four-by-fours under each wheel and took the tires off. I don't know how long we had to wait, but we had to wait quite a while before he came out. He was going to lunch with Mrs. Castle, as we learned later. He got into his end of the car without looking at the wheels, started the engine, or did he start it? Yeah, he must have cranked or started it. Anyway, he started the engine, got in, raced the engine, then put it into gear and started off, and he wasn't moving! The wheels was spinning, but no tires on!

When he got out, he looked. He said a couple of words. Mike Harvey was in the bunch, and he said, "Lemon! Lemon!" They called me "Lemon." But each time they called me "Lemon" they had to run because a stone would be coming. But my friends, my good ones called me that and it was okay. Mike said to me, "Lemon! Lemon! Lemon! I heard him. I heard him. He said two bad words! I heard him."

(Laughter)

LH: So that's the story of Father Valentin. He was an awfully good man. And (on the) same spot where the church is now.

MK: And what did the church look like back then? Now it's a modern structure.

LH: Yeah, but it wasn't. . . . It looked like a typical church. I don't remember but it's in the same location and faces the same way--out
MK: Was your family a member of that church?

LH: My mother was. My grandmother was a Catholic. My mother was the first Catholic to marry into the Holt family. So by marrying my father who was an Episcopalian, she was marrying a Catholic into another religion or kind of religion. My mother was a staunch Republican. My father was a staunch Royalist and later became a Democrat. He was a member of Queen Lili'uokalani's mounted patrol men. And when annexation took place because somebody was scared, afraid that there would be violence, which there was, my father was given the job of taking the then-minister of the republic to hide (him) in Nu'uanu Valley.

MK: Now that you've come to mention politicking, when you were a small child, what do you remember about political activities in Waikīkī, campaigning or whatever?

LH: The only political experiences that I have had was John H. Wilson who was former mayor of Honolulu. When he was born, my mother was born the same time. Because my grandmother could not nurse my mother, she was given to John Wilson's mother to nurse him and nurse her. So thereafter, they considered themselves brother and sister.

John Wilson was a Democrat. My mother was a Republican, but no one worked harder than she did for John Wilson, even though they belonged to different parties.

My father was a pretty smart guy. He was neither a Republican or a Democrat but belonged to the Royalist family. Later on, he became a Democrat and was always that way.

MK: And what do you remember about, say, campaigning in the Waikīkī area?

LH: The campaign in Waikīkī mostly, they were always luaus. Incidentally, at Waikīkī, any holiday or anybody's birthday, there had to be a luau. Everybody brought their own gallon, demijohn—you know what that is? Well, they brought their demijohns of ʻōkolehao. They had no tables. They used no tables, those days, but mats on the floor. I can remember mats being all over the big house where we had luaus.

People came. Family came. They ate. They drank. They passed out right on the floor and went home the following weekend. And they always had luaus for any occasion.

MK: What other neighborhood activities did . . .

LH: Also, they had soapboxes. What do they call them now, I forget, where they would have rallies or occasions on the corners of buildings. They always had music and hula dancing and speeches and all. Waikīkī was
very well known for that. They had luaus all the time. Politics, election time was an opportunity to have a luau and they always took advantage of that.

MK: Who were the entertainers of those days who sang and danced at those luaus?

LH: They're all gone. They're all gone. Most of the entertainers that entertained in Waikiki all lived in Kapahulu, most all of them. The McCollums, the Doles, the Guerreros--they were all beautiful musicians. Nobody ever practiced. They all appeared with their ukulele or their guitar or their bass, and played music. People used to go out there--my mother, my aunts, three or four of them--they all came out, and all danced the hula, and had a good time.

MK: You know, you mentioned people like the Cunhas, and who were some of other families that lived in your vicinity?

LH: Very few. The Akanas were old families. They lived there for years, many years. [Yim Kung] Akana himself [father of interviewee, Joe Akana] was a little Chinese Chinaman about this big [about five feet tall]. But he was an awfully nice person. He always dressed in pongee suits. He always wore two or three jade rings about the size of a quarter. Mrs. Akana was half-Hawaiian and half-Chinese. That was a rather big family. David Akana, Senator David Akana one time, came from that family. They had, I think, thirteen [actually, eight] children.

MK: What was the older Mr. Akana's occupation?

LH: Merchant. Business merchant, amongst other things.

MK: Than as you go ma`uka of your block, who were living there?

LH: Ma`uka of our block were just the camps. The Nakamura Camp. They had about ten small houses in one camp. Then above that was another camp. Then the Parker family was behind. One boy that you mentioned, Richards [i.e., interviewee, Mervin "Buckwheat" Richards], their home was there. Then there was a Kaukele family. Then a politician on the ma`uka corner. I can't think of his name. Real politician--dressed with a cowboy hat, couple of guns on his side. A few other Hawaiians, (etc.).

MK: Where were the Widemanns located?

LH: Widemanns? Widemanns lived in Diamond Head. Major Deering was a retired army man, I think, a millionaire. You know where public bath is? That building before it, used to be where this Mossman [i.e., Sterling Mossman] guy used to entertain? Well, that was Major Deering's place. Then Waikiki Aquarium has always been there as far back as I can remember. Next to that was the public baths. Next to that was an estate, and I can't think of his name but we used to go there a lot.

Next to that was the home of the McInernys--McInerny Shoe, McInerny
Clothes? Well, the two McInernys, Will McInerny and the other one [James D. McInerny], they were two brothers. They owned (a clothes store) in Downtown Honolulu, Fort and King [Streets]; and one below, Merchant and Fort Street. They owned those two stores. One McInerny, prior to that, of the two, married a Hawaiian and that's why you have Hawaiian McInernys and Haole McInernys. McInernys lived at Sans Souci where the Otani Hotel is? Beyond them, I've forgotten now who those people, but there were two or three families in there. And then, the Beckleys. George Beckley had married--no, it was Harold Castle's place first, and then after that, the Beckleys. George Beckley had married a Campbell girl, Campbell Estate. They had both--Castles and the Beckleys--had big homes with pillars, you know, white pillars in the front, and any number of rooms.

Then as you got farther out, at the end of Kapi'olani where a few old families like the Widemanns--wait a minute now. The Widemanns also lived where Old Man Cunha lived. And the Hustace family lived there, too. But out Diamond Head, there were (the) Widemanns out there, the Bertelmanns, the McKinneys, the Dykes, the Andrades, and then later on, Dillinghams on the beach side. Then the lighthouse.

MK: Ah, that's where they lived! For today, I think I'm going to end here. But I want to come back again and ask you more questions about your childhood and yourself. Okay?

LH: Okay.

MK: Thank you for today.

END OF INTERVIEW
Tape No. 13-36-2-85 and 13-37-2-85

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Lemon Wond "Rusty" Holt Sr. (LH)

April 1, 1985

Wilhelmina Rise, O'ahu

BY: Michi Kodama-Nishimoto (MK)

MK: This is an interview with Mr. Lemon Wond "Rusty" Holt on April 1, 1985 at his home in Wilhelmina Rise, Honolulu, Hawai'i. The interviewer is Michi Kodama-Nishimoto.

Okay, maybe we can start today's interview by having you tell me about Prince Kūhiō [i.e., Jonah Kūhiō Kalaniana'ole] and the people who lived near him in Waikīkī.

LH: Well, Prince Kūhiō married this lady [Elizabeth Kahanu Kaauwai], I don't know what her maiden name is, but history has it. Everyone liked him, Prince Kūhiō, but not very many liked his wife. Because as far as us kids were concerned, she had a couple of spitz dogs. You know what they are? White and vicious--wild dogs. He had fruit trees in the front of his yard, and the kids used to come along and attempt to help themselves to fruit. She would let the dogs go, and they would come out there roaring. And so, we never liked the dogs, and we didn't quite like her.

But he, Prince Kūhiō, was a real nice person. He [was] pure Hawaiian, and he spoke English like a college professor. He always dressed nicely! Never saw him without a shirt, tie, nice trousers, and his shoes were always polished.

(The prince) had a sixteen- or eighteen-foot solid koa surfboard. I don't think I ever saw him take anybody else out surfing tandem, except me. I always went with him. When people asked him, "Why you taking that guy?"--the other kids would say, "Prince, why you taking that guy?" he would say, "Well, he can swim in if anything happens. He's a good little swimmer!"

So, when we got through we would bring the board [in] (to) his pier there. The board was so long that he never carried it. He had a couple of (pulleys) under his pier. All he did was, put a hoist in the front and a hoist on the back. He pulled on the rope and up went the board, and it stayed there.

I might tell you one more thing about Prince Kūhiō's place. And that
was, directly in front of the property, there were many stones. There, it seems that, (it) was a breeding place for brown eels. Nothing but eels. Nobody ever went there to pick pipipis or 'opihis or went diving for squid. They all stayed away. There were so many eels.

Well, right next to Kūhiō's was Kanakanui (family). Kanaka is "man," nui means "big" so Kanakanui means "big man." Well, I forget what he was, but I think he was a judge. Although, maybe Joe Akana would know just what he did. His older son Bill graduated from Annapolis, then years after retired here. Then I think Bill's son also graduated from Annapolis. After that I don't know what's happened to them. But they were gracious people. The wife was pure Hawaiian. Mr. Kanakanui, himself, was pure Hawaiian. They were really nice people. You talk about Hawaiian hospitality today, well, it's nothing compared to the type of hospitality that the Kanakanuis (showed).

MK: Why do you say that? What did they do that made them so . . .

LH: They were so gracious, "Come in, come in, 'ai, 'ai, 'ai, eat, 'ai." Never anybody went there where they were not told to come in and eat what there was. They were that kind of people.

When the people came, they got that kind of greeting. When they left, both Kanakanuis walked out with them to the gate and said, "Goodbye and come again any time you feel like it." They were that kind of people.

Well, next to the Kanakanuis was a house and, if I remember correctly, bachelors lived (there). I can't think of the names of the bachelors who lived there.

Right next to the bachelors' house was the Waikīkī Inn [Heine's Tavern]. Later, it became Waikīkī Tavern. They served meals and liquor and so forth. Surfboards were kept in the front. At Kūhiō [Beach] you didn't have to keep your surfboards locked up--just left 'em on the beach and (then) you went home. When you came back the next morning, your board was there. Well, anyway, that was Waikīkī.

Next to Waikīkī Inn--now all of this I'm trying to remember. Now, I may be wrong with some of whatever I say. But next to the Waikīkī Inn, at that time, was the Steiner home. Mr. and Mrs. Steiner, Harry Steiner, Ernie Steiner [i.e., Ernest Steiner, OHP interviewee] and one other Steiner that worked on the Matson boats as chief engineer. Lionel, I think, was his name. Well, the Steiners were there. They were good people. They were awfully nice people.

But Mr. Steiner, he thought more of getting that nickel then probably eating three square meals a day. Like walking by, he had coconut trees similar to the Samoan-type coconuts that we have today. His
trees were short, and the coconuts looked better than you could find anywhere else. So when you asked him for a coconut, he'd say, "Sure, sure, sure. Come." He would get a coconut, hand it to you, and he'd hold his hand out, and he'd say, "A nickel." He never gave a thing away.

Well after that, after Steiners, the next house was Alec Cleghorn. Alec Cleghorn was, I think, half-brother of Princess Ka'iulani. And Mr. [Archibald Scott] Cleghorn (the father), at one time, was governor of the [island of O'ahu]. Now, this I'm not guessing, almost sure, but I may be wrong. Alec was half-Hawaiian, half-English, and so he was a half-brother, I think, of Princess Ka'iulani. Ka'iulani and Lili'uokalani lived ma uka of Kalākaua [Avenue] up in 'Āinahau.

Then after Cleghorns it was another house that I can't remember now. Then the Hustace home was there. The Hustace family owned the Old Plantation. You know where that (was)?

MK: On Ward Avenue?

LH: Ward [Avenue] and King [Street], where the Blaisdell Center is. It started from King [Street], ran all the way down to Kapi'olani [Boulevard] which was not there yet. But it went down to where Kapi'olani [Boulevard] is now (and) over to the boundary of what is now McKinley High School.

When my oldest brother was born, the two Hustace ladies were, what's the word, spinsters?

MK: Spinsters.

LH: Spinsters. Never married. They, both of them, wanted to adopt my oldest brother when he was born. They, the two sisters, were good friends of my grandmother, Mary Ann Lemon. They wanted to adopt my oldest brother. But my father and my mother felt that it would be shameful for them to give away their first-born. So they declined, and that was it. These two people owned that whole property, plus property (along) Diamond Head, and then right next to (where) the [Moana] Surfrider Hotel (is now).

(At that time) there was no Surfrider Hotel there. It was just the Moana Hotel.

MK: Okay, and how about if you crossed the street? What would be there? If you crossed the street and headed towards Diamond Head?

LH: On the corner of what is now known as Kalākaua [Avenue] and Ka'iulani [Avenue]? Going (ma uka) on the corner was an old-type building that, if I remember correctly, came from Punahou Street where that Catholic school is. On Punahou, right next to the (freeway)--Maryknoll [High School]. I think that building came from where Maryknoll is now. It was supposed to be a haunted house. Somehow, they tore it
down in pieces and brought it to Kalākaua and Ka'iulani [Avenues] and (re-)built it. Who lived in it, I don't recall.

There were other houses from there to Koa Avenue? Or Kūhiō Avenue? No, Koa Avenue, I think. There were other homes in there, but I don't remember who lived in them except the Petersons. They were old Waikīkī people. They lived about a block ma uka of Kalākaua [Avenue], just about opposite where the Kanakanuālī's place was.

MK: What do you remember about that Peterson family?

LH: Well, Mel Peterson was a beach boy. He could play (the) ukulele like nobody's business. There! (LH points to picture.)

MK: That's him! Okay.

LH: Mel Peterson. He was a pretty good athlete. But you talk about Mel Peterson--when I was up (at) the University [of Hawai'i], we went up to Oregon to play the University of Oregon. It was a very excellent game. Oregon had scored the one and only touchdown. I threw three passes to Mel Peterson over the goal line, and he dropped the three of them right through his hands. (Chuckles) We lost that game 6 to 0. (And) Mel Peterson belonged to that family. The father was a stockbroker. The mother was half-Hawaiian. The father was either all White, or he had, probably, a little Hawaiian. Maybe an eighth or a quarter even, I'm not sure. They had three or four boys in that family. There was Mel, Reuben, (and) King Peterson. King Peterson, I think, is still living. I know Mel Peterson is dead, and Reuben I'm not so sure. They also had a girl that married a Hollinger.

Now, that is a name. That name Hollinger would be a good family [to contact]. Out of a number of boys in that Hollinger family, I think there's just one living today. Freddie Hollinger. And if you ever get around to it, he would be a good one to interview, except that I think he was rather a small boy during my time. But he is the only one.

The father was a blacksmith. Do you know, in [Kaimukī], Lē'ahi Avenue? The fire station behind? Well, the Hollinger family had their house right in the middle of that park. They owned the whole area.

MK: Okay. What else do you remember about that vicinity, that area that people generally called 'Āinahau?

LH: 'Āinahau was owned by, I think, Lili'uokalani. She lived in (a) big house there. They had nothing but fruit trees. One day, Joe Akana and I went there to steal mangos. I mean, to "borrow" mangos. It always seemed to us that other people's mangos tasted better and were far sweeter than the many mangos that we had in our place in Waikīkī. So Joe and I went there to borrow some mangos. The two of us went up (one of) the trees and we (started) picking mangos
but instead of putting them in our pockets or whatever, we started
eating the mangos up in the tree and dropping the skins down.

They had an old yardman, kind of an old guy but very, very good
gardener. Clean. I swear that he stayed out in the yard and stood
there, and every leaf that dropped, he'd pick it up and put it in a bag.

But anyway, Joe and I were up in the tree, and we were eating mangos.
Lo and behold, along came the caretaker with a hoe in his hands.
He stood there and he said, "Come down. Come down. Come down." He
was waving his hoe back and forth. We were scared.

Anyway, I yelled to Joe, I said, "Joe! Get out on the branch on the
other side of where I am! Stay there! Don't come back in the middle. I'm
going on the opposite side and then when he comes for me, I'll go down low.
When he comes for me, you jump down and run! But don't run too fast because I
want him to chase you so then I can jump down and then we'll both take off." That
was my one and only experience with 'Āinahau and the yardman.

In that property, they had all kinds of mangos, avocados, these
wild cherries, you know? Wild cherries, all over the yard. The
place, I think, took in about three to five acres. They also had
custard apple. You ever tried that?

MK: No.

LH: Oh, that's good! Huh! Sweeter than sweet. Then they had momi
apples. You know what that is? Then they had many, many trees of
soursop. (They) are good. The fruit was so big, so large, that it
took the branch right down to the ground. They also had quite a
few trees of Hawaiian oranges. Sweet, very sweet. Of course,
those days, I don't think Hawai'i got any California oranges shipped
in, so the Hawaiian oranges were looked up to. Everybody liked
them. Much of that came from Kona. So 'Āinahau was a nice place
to go if you were hungry. They had fruit everywhere. No matter
which way you turned, you'd just reach up and grab something to
eat.

MK: Let's see, now, we'll move on. You know, back in your own neighborhood,
down by Paoakalani [Avenue], Kalākaua Avenue, that vicinity, I was
wondering, what kind of neighborhood activities there were for you
as a youngster?

LH: Well, getting into mischief was number one--playing or becoming
involved in any kind of activity. One that I recall right now is,
they had polo games out at the park. O'ahu players were--some that
I remember anyway--Walter Dillingham, Walter MacFarlane Sr., Harold
Castle, Francis Brown, and one or two others that I can't remember
now. But "Dudi" Miller was the goalkeeper. He had his flag, and
every time a goal was made, he would wave his flag.
Joe [Akana] and I used to sneak in. My system of getting into the grounds—you had to pay to go in, you know—my system of getting in was to go up to the clubhouse. Those days, the automobiles that they had, had rumble seats. I remember one time getting into Frank Baldwin's, the Maui man, into his car, two-seater and a rumble seat. I remember getting into the rumble seat and keeping my finger (on the lock) so that the rumble seat could not collapse and lock (itself) which could only be opened from the outside. Well, I got in. He came and got in his car. Drove it down onto the grounds, parked it, and I got out. I was in. That was my way of getting in.

Joe had his own way. He jumped the fences. One day—and this goes to show you how those Dillingham boys were brought up. The Dillingham family had, I think, two middle-aged Japanese ladies. They would come in (the) family car, (a) big black car. I think it was a Pierce-Arrow.

Anyway, the car came in. Joe and I were in there already. Car stopped in front of this small, little grandstand and one of the Dillingham boys got out and I think it's the one living now, who was president and manager of Dillingham a few years ago. He, I think was the one that got out and escorted his mother to her seat. Another Dillingham boy escorted one of the ladies, Japanese ladies, who took care of the boys, to her seat—held her arm and took her in. Here Joe and I were looking at it. He looked at me and he said, “Huh, sissies!” Then Ben Dillingham escorted the other lady to her seat.

Years later, I couldn't help but think of that time and realize what perfect gentlemen those guys were. That was just an incident at the polo games. But they had polo games during the season, I think, it was once a week. And they were beautiful, beautiful games.

MK: What was considered the season for polo?

LH: I think during the summer, although I won't swear to it. But that was together with the horse races they had. The polo field was in the middle of the race track. The race track, if I'm not mistaken, was a mile (long). (I'm not sure) it was a mile or it could've been, because it started where? It started (on the) Diamond Head side and went all the way down to where the (old) zoo (was). That was the race track. Oh, it could have been a mile because they had mile races. So help me, those horses were really, really beautiful. Like I told you, we kept racehorses at our place too, always. As long as they had races at the park, we had race horses at our place.

We had a couple of polo ponies that Harold Castle was interested in buying. My family, I think, were interested in giving these two horses to Harold Castle. He tried them out but he couldn't take them because those were stylish riding horses, and they were too high. You see, polo ponies are inclined to be shorter, lower to the ground. So he didn't take them. I remember the day when he came to try them out. But he never took them.
MK: You mentioned horse races. Tell me about horse racing in those days.

LH: Horse races in those days were really, I thought, very funny. Although, my mind was only in the half or one-third thinking stage because I couldn't look ahead. If I wondered, I couldn't look ahead to see what the devil I was thinking about, except that until I asked my father, about this particular thing that I noticed, I didn't know until he told me.

But they had beautiful horses. They had a horse named Onienta, Encore. Satisfaction, which was owned by a major from Schofield Barracks. And Seabolt. Those were all top racing horses.

Anyway, the whole place was jammed packed. They were all there. Betting was open to whoever had gold because most of it was gold coins, at that time, my time, and very little paper money. It was either silver dollars, kāla, or five-dollar gold pieces, ten-dollar gold pieces, twenty-dollar gold pieces, fifty-dollar gold pieces, and hundred-dollar gold pieces.

Everybody bet, even the chief of police was underneath the grandstand betting on the race, on the horse, on the winner! Nobody bet to show, you know, or to place. But they only bet on the winner. Encore and Onienta and Seabolt and this Satisfact--Satisfaction or Satisfact--were the best horses. Everybody bet on them. The betting, like I said, was done by everybody. Anybody who had money went underneath and bet on whatever horse they wanted, shook hands, and that was it. The chief of detectives was under there. The assistant chief was underneath there, betting, and policemen. It was funny, I noticed the big guys like the chief of detectives and the chief of police, they were on one side of the grandstand, and on the other side, opposite side--not opposite but the other end--were the supposedly small [not] polloi, like plain officers and plain people, betting on a horse or a race using dollars, silver dollars. You didn't see very many gold coins pass. It was only on the other end.

MK: What kinds of people went to these horse races?

LH: Everybody. And the majority of people attending those horse races were families. Families, because nobody ever thought of driving from any district in Honolulu, unless the sulky or the wagon was filled up. So, when a sulky came along, it was usually filled up with people--mother, father, aunties, maybe uncle, and children--all sitting on the floor. Like I said, many of those drove into our place because the home was on a one acre of land. There was plenty of room behind to drive their sulkies or their wagons in, tie their horses up, take off the bridle, tie the horses to something, and then walk out to the park.

MK: How often did these horse races occur?

LH: Most holidays, like February 22nd (which) was the big day where they
had parades, and horse races. That was usually on February 22nd, July 4th, and one other day, I don't remember, maybe Thanksgiving. But only on big holidays were the races. That's as far as I remember. I don't recall the exact times.

MK: Say, February 22nd, how was it celebrated in Waikīkī? You mentioned a parade . . .

LH: No, there were no parades in Waikīkī. No, along King Street, because there was no Kapi'olani Avenue then. King Street was the only one. You know at the start of Kalākaua [Avenue] at King Street? Going towards Waikīkī, you notice the trees in the middle? Those are mahogany trees. There was quite some talk about them whether it was advisable. Even at that time, people talked about it, because there was some criticism about planting the trees in the middle. Some people worried that the roots would spread out and go on the roads. That's how I remember (the trees). But they are mahogany trees. On Sixteenth Avenue, above Wai'alae [Avenue], they planted mahogany trees. Still growing.

MK: You know, earlier in our conversation you mentioned "Dudi" Miller being the one who held the flag for the goals in the polo field . . .

LH: Yeah, because "Dudi" Miller was (a) very close [friend of] Francis Brown. Do you know who that is?

MK: I know the name.

LH: Yeah, okay. He was a good polo player. "Dudi" Miller was a very good friend of Francis Brown and Harold Castle. In fact, Castle, I think, had something to do with Hui Nalu because of "Dudi" Miller. Francis Brown had something to do with Hui Nalu because of "Dudi" Miller. Judge Rawlins, William Rawlins, he was a judge. Because of his friendship with "Dudi" Miller, he also had something to do with the Hui Nalu Canoe Club.

MK: Tell me of what you know about "Dudi" Miller because many people somehow associate "Dudi" Miller with the Lemons.

LH: Well, "Dudi" Miller was the son of Minnie Miller. Minnie was a close relative of Mary Ann Wond Lemon. They all came from the Wond family from Kaua'i. I think I told you how different people came, either because they were friends of the family or they were relatives of the family. They came to visit or to see or to talk or to play with the ones living there and they stayed and never went home. "Dudi" Miller was one of them. He was the son, like I said, of Minnie, Aunty Minnie we called her. He came. My grandmother said, "Stay." He stayed and he never went home. She raised him. As a young boy, "Dudi" Miller was probably the best fisherman that I have ever known, and I have known quite a few. But he was absolutely good.
He didn't like me and neither did I like him. Because when I pulled my sister's hair and they all started chasing me with carriage whips, I went up the coconut tree and stayed there. "Dudi" Miller was the only one that attempted to climb up and I'd let him get up the tree halfway, and then coconuts started coming down and he got down in a hurry.

But I still say that he was a crackerjack fisherman. He didn't like me, and I didn't like him, but he knew that I was capable of doing a heck of a lot of things that he needed, such as going out with him on a canoe from our place at 2558 Kalakaua Avenue, on that canoe and paddling all the way past Diamond Head, all the way past Koko Head to Davis Farm, where the Davis home later became—Sandy Beach, all the way out there. On a canoe, just the two of us. And he would spear with a glass box and a thirty-foot long spear. I would have one on the boat and he would take one and he would spear uhu and enenue. You know what those are?

MK: I know what uhu is, but for the second one . . .

LH: Okay, enenue is another fish similar to uhu. Only good for making chowder, very good to make chowder. The meat's kinda thick. (Uhu is) parrot fish. That, too, has thick meat and makes beautiful chowder.

He would spear fish (using) a glass box. He would spear it and then he'd put up his hand and call me. I knew just what he wanted. I paddled the canoe to him, got the other spear, handed it to him. Because with one spear with a single prong or the single spear, it's kinda hard to bring up the fish. Because these are not small fish, these are big ones. He would bring up the fish with two spears. Bring it up and hand it over to me and I'd take it off the hook and put it in the bag. When we left there, we had probably as many bags loaded with fish as the boat, the canoe, could carry.

MK: So that was good fishing.

LH: Oh, yes! It was thirty or forty, more, uhus, and we'd come home with it (them). He was good! Very excellent. That whole family that "Dudi" Miller was connected (with)—his mother later married a McKinney. That whole family, whole McKinney family, were excellent fishermen.

Another boy that come to the house and never went home was "Dudi" Miller's half-brother, Fadden McKinney. In the McKinney family, Fred McKinney went to West Point, came back, and I think, if I recall correctly, Mike McKinney was the first Hawaiian-born ever to become a general in the Army. I think I told you about the story of Sammy the monkey and one McKinney. That was Kainoa McKinney. Kenneth McKinney was at one time the most outstanding and the best diver in the then-Territory [of Hawai‘i].

Fadden McKinney, he'd come home from work, walk in, put on a pair
of old trousers, old pants, and pick up a throw net, cross Kalākaua Avenue. The stonewall was there then. Took the steps going down. Water came right up to the stonewall. He'd stand for a couple of minutes, throw his net, pick it up, and walk back home in about five or ten minutes. And his net would be loaded with mullet. He was also a good fisherman. The McKinneys were good, good fishermen.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

MK: You know, you were just talking about fishing in the Waikīkī area, and so I'm curious about other beach-type activities that you engaged in.

LH: Well, this one is kind of funny, but I might as well tell you this. We had tourists those times, but you could count them (on your right hand). They were so few. They walked along from Moana Hotel, and from Seaside Hotel. Walked out to the stonewall and beyond. Some of them walked to the Aquarium, [which] was there already.

Of course, these "Stonewall Guys," me included, would try to get nickels or dimes or two-bits from these tourists. We'd be in the water right below the stonewall. When the tourists came, we would take off our tights dive into the water, and come up with manini, one or two manini, showing the tourists that we were catching the fish with our tights. We'd hold it up, and if the tourists dropped a nickel, we turned around, we didn't have any tights on and we showed them our 'ōkoles. When they dropped a quarter, we thanked them and did not show them our 'ōkoles. That, we did right along all (the) time. Those were the days of "dive for nickels" they call it. The boats that came in, the Matsonia, Lurline, Claudine, all of those boats, when they came in--some of the "Stonewall Boys," some of the Hui Nalu boys, went down to Pier 7, and (dove) for nickels. That's what they called it.

MK: Did you ever do that?

LH: No. No, because at that time, I was pa'ahao, prisoner at Kamehameha [Schools]. [LH was a student/boarder at Kamehameha Schools.]

MK: You mentioned the "Stonewall Gang," what do you remember about the "Stonewall Gang?"

LH: The "Stonewall Gang" was, I don't know who gave [the name to] us--"us" because I consider myself one of them--I don't know who gave us that name except the stone wall was there. The sidewalk and then the, about two feet (wide) of stone wall (on top and) right below, (about eight feet) was water (and) stones.
I think the big reason for (the name) was--I have mentioned the DeRegos, they were all good musicians, two of them or three of them anyway. "Steppy" is one that you know about. Anson--no, not Anson. I can't think of the older one's name, but he was a good guitar player. Nightly almost, they came to the stonewall and played music. Tourists, what few there were, would walk down, especially on Sunday nights, and listen to the music.

And the music was good. It was really homestyle stuff, but we thought it was very good, not knowing too much about it. But we thought it was awfully good. Other than that, why the name "Stonewall Gang," I don't know.

We tried to have them, the musicians, near our place so that we could, in about twenty-five steps, run and get into our yard. Because, come back to "Dudi" Miller again, when he came home in the evening, if he caught any of us kids out on the stonewall at night, our 'Okoles would get booted and we'd run.

You know, I kinda respected those guys, "Dudi" Miller, Fadden McKinney, a few others, Joe Akana's older brothers. I really respected them until one day, I happened to be in the backyard brushing, currying my pony. All of a sudden, I heard people running. One person jumped the fence into our yard. Another person jumped the fence into our yard. Then two or three behind of them jumped the fence into our yard.

It seems that "Dudi" Miller, Fadden McKinney, other members of the family--except my brothers, they never went--they had a place on 'Ohua Avenue under the big banyan tree where they had big crap shooting once a week. These guys attended. The cops came along and raided this crap shooting. That's why "Dudi" Miller, Fadden McKinney and others were running towards our place, jumping over the fence.

From then on, I thought, "Well, they're just like anybody else. I'll treat them accordingly."

MK: They were getting into their own type of mischief.

LH: Right.

MK: You know, I know that a lot of the boys in that area (were) noted for their beach activities like surfing, canoeing...

LH: Surfing was the best, like I said. Of course those times, we never had surfboards. We didn't even make them. All we had was one-by-twelve planks, one inch by twelve planks. We got two of them, nailed them together, left the nails protruding under the bottom. Then the front, we had a saw, and we cut the front into a V-shape point. And that was our surfboard. So when we got through surfing, and we left them on the beach, nobody in his right mind would think of stealing or borrowing our surfboards. And they stayed there.
Well, ma uka, where the Ala Wai is now, where the fairgrounds was, and where the Ala Wai Golf Course is, that at one time (were) rice fields and banana patches right up to (and) beyond Date Street. There was no Date Street then. We used to go there, cut bunches of bananas, bring them down to the beach at Kūhī, dig holes, and put the bananas in the sand and let them ripen. We'd cut half-ripe bunches and leave them there. So that served (us) many a lunch during that time.

MK: It seems like you could get a lot of food there.

LH: Waikīkī had two streams. One that came with the Akana family on one side, the 'Ewa side, and our family on the Diamond Head side. That came from Pātolo and Mānoa. Fourth (of) July, when the (ocean acted up, along came the) South wind, those streams (had) plenty of water. It rained, rained heavy. And when it did, chickens, ducks, pigs came washing down the rivers. We had fun catching them with throw nets. Just throwing right on them as they went by. Then, on the Diamond Head side of our property was the Makee, M-A-K-E-E, Island river. That also (filled up from) Pātolo, Mānoa and possibly some water from Kaimukī and that filled the Makee Island stream. The stream came where the Kapahulu Fire Station is, which was not there then. Came right down.

I think, it was in the ('40s), I was learning to golf. One day that I'm going to refer to, I was playing with a George Nahale, who was amateur champion for a couple of years, and a classmate of mine at Kamehameha; and a Joe Guerrero who was the pro at Ala Wai [Golf Course] at that time. We were playing, and we came around to the ninth hole. Everybody had shot. Joe had shot and his ball was on the apron of the ninth hole. We were in the back a little bit, so as not to get ahead of him. We had already made our shots, and he was going to make his approach shot. We saw him with his number nine iron, I guess, or number seven. We saw him bring his iron up and bring it down. Then halfway down, he stopped. We wondered why he didn't go through with his swing? So he yelled at us, "Come!" We walked up to him quickly. We looked down. What do you think we saw? A mullet! A fish. A mullet where his ball was.

Well, to explain, you see, the river, Makee Island, came up right alongside of the beginning of the golf course, on the Diamond Head side. At one time, perhaps a hundred years ago prior to that time, that whole area was all reef. And if you dug a foot down, you'd hit reef. So, it stands to reason that that mullet came from the ocean, up the river, which always had mullet, came up and underneath, and that's why and that's how a mullet popped up when Joe was just going to do his approach shot. (Good fish story, but true.) Well, I can't prove that because the three of them are dead. They're all gone.

MK: You know I was wondering, you mentioned an earlier stream that was near Joe Akana's house and your part. What did you folks call that stream?
LH: Well, Makee Island is where the Zoo is now. It was an island in itself—water all around. Later on, John Wilson, who was mayor at one time and engineer for the City and County of Honolulu, had peacocks on the island. The stream next to Akana's and our place, I don't know what it was ever called. I don't remember. It may have had a name, but I don't know.

MK: What else do you remember about that Makee Island?

LH: Well, there's not too much of that island except in July when we had the Kona storms and they were really big storms, it used to bring in, at that time, schools of fish. That's when the mullet came from Pearl Harbor, ran along Waikīkī, Diamond Head, and out to spawn. That's also when the pāpios, about oh, four-inch sized pāpios, also came in schools. That fish, (the) pāpio, the young ones, liked brackish water. When they came along Waikīkī, they went up into the streams. Makee Island stream water emptied into the ocean. A fellow by the name of Henry Kia, K-I-A, and I, used to fish, if you can call it that, for pāpios. What we did was we took buckets and made holes in the bottom, tied (a) rope on top and let that bucket down, pulled it up, the water would pass through, and in that bucket would be all the fish you wanted. You kept doing that and pretty soon you had more fish than you could count. That was the only thing that I can recall of significance (at) Makee Island.

Did I tell you the story of my sister and the wana?

MK: No, I don't think you have.

LH: Oh, well, this is kind of interesting. It's interesting because it's a true story. We used to go out on a canoe to pick, (or) gather wana. You know what wana is?

MK: Yes.

LH: Okay. The best wana grounds is at where Queen's Surf is. There's a little channel, and right next to the channel is a reef. Wana growing underneath running water or (white) waves breaking is supposed to be fat. Good wana. Worthwhile getting and eating. You pick them in the month of October. They're fatter then.

Well, one day we went out, and (who was) steering, I forget. I was in the middle. We had gotten what wana we wanted—three or four gunny sack bags, filled up. They were in the front of me, and at the bow was my sister Dawn Kinney, who just recently passed away. So in coming in, we caught a wave, a good-sized wave. We shouldn't have. We should not have, but we did. I can't remember now who was steering. Anyway, we caught the wave and as we came in, it ran into white water. The spray, came into the boat. My sister, who was sitting at the bow, when the spray came in, leaned back. When she leaned back, she leaned back onto the wana (bags), into the spears. Those spears are deadly because they break off. You can't get them out unless you use the tweezers right away. I don't know how many
hours it took for somebody to pick out all they could find.

Years later, quite a few years later, I can't remember how many years later, my sister complained of her big toe hurting. So somebody got a razor and started to scrape around where she said it was hurting because they could feel that it was hard. Then somebody else got a pair of tweezers, and they opened it up a little bit, and they pulled out the tip of one of the wana spears.

MK: After all those years.

LH: After all those years, one of them came out in her big toe. It was white in color, being in the stream, the bloodstream, all that time. But they could see, they could tell that it was still in the shape of a wana point.

MK: In those days, what did young women like your sister do in the neighborhood?

LH: Nothing.

MK: Nothing?

LH: Nothing. There was always somebody living there. Henrietta Hewes. She grew up with my sisters. A Kauhane girl. She grew up with my sisters. Atcherley girl. She grew up with my sisters. Those three. Alma Pomroy, Alma Richardson. She grew up with my sisters. What they did, I don't remember, except getting me mad with them, and ending up with my pulling hairs, and then "Legs, do your duty, and run." I don't remember them doing very much.

MK: Were they out in the beach areas with the boys?

LH: No. Women didn't do much surfing except going out, some of them. When I went to Kamehameha [Schools] and came out Mondays [for home visits], I always went surfing. I remember that there were two or three young girls that went out tandem, but not surfing by themselves.

MK: How did you get involved in surfing? I know you surfed till you reached your seventies, you said . . .

LH: Me? Huh! I think that I told you that my system when I went to Waikiki School was two or three days school, and the rest of the week surfing. As young as I was, six years old, I guess, I was beginning to surf.

My first surfboard I got was a board given me by "Dudi" Miller. It was a board that had no point. It was rounded in the front. In the back there was a knothole. I think I told you about that. There was a knothole, and when I caught a wave and went along, the water would spout up like a, well, something that spouted, and just went right up.
That was the first board that I got. That board was given to me on the day the submarine F-4 sank in the harbor. So we named it the "F-4" board. Later on in the years, Joe Akana borrowed it one time. This is, I guess, the time I was at Kamehameha [Schools]. He took the board and made a point and he swore that that was the best board he's ever ridden. So I gave it to him.

MK: Let's see now. I have an idea as to what the children of the neighborhood were doing. What did the mothers do for socializing? Say, your mother, Joe Akana's mother, what did they do?

LH: Nothing, except they (liked to) eat raw fish, poi, and drink 'Okolehao.

MK: Where did they get their 'Okolehao from?

LH: I don't know. Relatives all over the place. They made it. Everytime we had a luau at Waikīkī, people brought their own demijohns of 'Okolehao.

I remember one time and that, I will never forget. I was playing outside and they had had a luau. I think it was a family luau, that one. Everybody had gone out to the porch to sit and talk. Nobody had cleared the tables, yet. I ran in through the kitchen. The first thing I saw in the dining room were all these half-filled glasses. Some were still full. So I grabbed the first one thinking that it was water. I took a good swallow, and that was pure alcohol, pure 'Okolehao. Man, I'm telling you, I doubled up. Hmmm! I'll never forget it.

MK: What did the fathers do together?

LH: Worked. Most of them worked. You never saw anybody around. My father worked. All of the men living in the big house, everybody worked.

"Dudi" Miller went to work at ten o'clock in the morning. He came home at one [o'clock]. He slept for an hour and then he went back to the Moana Hotel. He always came home with a bag filled with coins that he had taken in during the day, rental of canoes, rental of surfboards.

MK: How about the weekends?

LH: Weekends? Weekends were like any other day, except when there were doings at Kapi'olani Park. Otherwise, it was like any other day.

You were going to ask me about Kamehameha [School] days.

MK: Yeah, tell me about that. Kamehameha . . .

LH: Well, now. I was trying to get the dates down. I went to Waikīkī School three years. Then I went to St. Louis [College] for four years. Then in 1918, World War I, I stayed out of school. I went to Schofield Barracks (and lived with) a very close friend or an
uncle, I don't know which--Captain Lono McCallum. He was captain of A Company at Schofield Barracks.

The National Guard had gone to Schofield Barracks. So they figured that I would be better off there than at home because I was kinda acting up about that time. So, it was good that I went there. So in 1918, that's where I spent the whole year. In 1919, I went to Kamehameha [Schools] and stayed there until 1927.

MK: What kind of life was it being a boarder at Kamehameha Schools in those days?

LH: Well, being a boarder was nice. We had wholesome food. Nothing fancy. No desserts. The food was plenty, and what we considered to be good. Like round crackers, not soda crackers, but the round ones--butter crackers or whatever. We always had that. We liked them because we could manage to stick a couple into our coat pockets because it was uniform right throughout. We wore uniforms to any function--to school, to work, to the dining hall, always with uniforms. The uniforms had pockets so we could slip in food whenever we wanted.

MK: What were the boarding facilities like back in those days?

LH: Absolutely good! Each one had his own room. You could do with your room as you saw fit. Pictures, your own pictures, and whatever you wanted to put on the walls you could do it, providing you did it neatly. You fixed your bed properly. There were no wrinkles, not a wrinkle could be seen.

It was absolutely done according to regulations. Shoes shined and lined up. No dirty clothing anywhere. It was very good. Good training. I'm glad I went to Kamehameha because I think it taught me a lot of things I would not have, had I not gone to Kamehameha.

MK: How about your studies there at Kamehameha? What kinds of things did you study there?

LH: Well, it was the same that you got in all of the schools except like by comparison, St. Louis [College] was famous for their Palmer penmanship learnings. You had to write according to what they told you, penmanship, and they were famous on teaching (penmanship). Kamehameha didn't care whether you wrote straight up and down, sidewise or backwards. They didn't care. There was no concentration on penmanship. But we had arithmetic and I was a dumb dodo in arithmetic. I didn't like it one bit. And yet at the University [of Hawai'i], I really thought I liked it. I don't know why. At Kamehameha, I couldn't add two and two to make it four. It always came out three. So I wasn't too good (with) that.

I had Hawaiian history at Kamehameha, textbook for that. Geography. There was chemistry, first-year chemistry. That was a very interesting thing. Then later on, Kamehameha tried an idea of two weeks school and two weeks on your chosen subject that you would graduate with. Like
carpentry, electricity, machine shop, welding, drafting and vocational training. You worked for two weeks on your chosen subject and you went out to work. In carpentry, you went out to work, two-bits an hour. Electricity, same thing.

I chose vocational agriculture. So, they gave me a boar and two sows. You know what they are. Where the school is now, that used to be an old pineapple field. They gave me these pigs as my job for my chosen subject. I stayed up there in an old shack that leaked water every time it rained. Anyway, after the year, the school year was up, I had made if I remember correctly, three hundred dollars on the litters that my two sows had. I thought that was pretty good because that paid for my schooling for a couple of years.

See at my time, when I first went to Kamehameha, the tuition was fifty dollars. Twenty-five dollars for your uniform, and that's all you spent. So from my sixth grade at Kamehameha, I put myself through entirely. My parents never had to pay a nickel. I paid for everything. So that was a good deal.

Well, that went on for, I think, three or four or five years--(the) part-time system. I remember the first day (it started). I was supposed to have gone up the hill with my pigs. Instead of that, I got on the truck with the carpentry boys because someone had said, "Hey, two-bits an hour. Boy, that's good. I'm glad I'm taking carpentry." Because they were going to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It started (in) '26. So I got on their truck and went with them to Waikīkī.

My job with a few of the boys was to carry these four-by-four posts, about twenty-four feet long. We had to carry those in what is known now as Kalākaua [Avenue], into where they were building the Royal Hawaiian [Hotel]. Well, the next morning, the truck came for the carpentry boys and I started getting on the truck. One of the instructors came along and he said, "You are not supposed to go with them. You are not a carpenter. You are (in) vocational agriculture." He says, "Up to the farm." I only had one day at Royal Hawaiian [Hotel], but I can say that I did have a little bit, a little share (in) building the place.

MK: So, you had a hand in building of the Royal Hawaiian [Hotel].

LH: Yeah, yeah.

MK: Kamehameha [Schools] at that time had a work-study program . . .

LH: They call that a part-time system.

MK: Part-time system. Besides your working and studying there, tell me about your outside activities there, your extracurricular activities.

LH: At Kamehameha [Schools]? Well, before I tell you that, I want to explain that during my time, there were probably only fifty eligible
boys to take part in sports. When I say take part in sports, there was football, baseball, basketball, shooting, which was a big thing (at) Kamehameha, track, and swimming. Now, all of these sports with only fifty eligible boys to take part in was really something. Because you played football, and football season was just pau, and basketball season came, so you had to participate in that or somebody of the fifty. Then at the same time, shooting was going on. Some of the fifty had to participate in that. Kamehameha, for a great many years, won the shooting contests. Then when baseball season came along, track was also going on. In between those times, there was swimming to do. So I managed to play football, baseball, no shooting, I ran track, and I swam.

MK: Wow!

LH: I know it. That's why it was so hard. In my junior--no, it was my freshman year, I developed migraine headaches. I had migraine headaches (at) the University [of Hawai'i] (and after). Those were bad times.

One incident, and this is kind of funny. Walter MacFarlane was a good buddy of mine, very close friend. On Saturday morning before we reported to the locker room to change as we had a game that day, he would pick me up at Waikīkī and we'd drive to Dairymen's Drive Inn.

MK: I'd heard that it was in the vicinity of . . .

LH: Ke'eaumoku [Street] and . . .

MK: Young [Street]? No, it was Ke'eaumoku [Street] and . . .

LH: Beretania [Street]. Right on the corner. Everybody went there because that was the only one, only place to go. So Walter and I would go there on Saturday mornings about eleven, and I would have a bromo seltzer. Yeah, because of the damn headaches. And Walter had a very bad case of asthma. Very bad case. He would have three or four hot fudge sundaes. Because of his asthma, he could eat a gallon of ice cream, and it would not faze him one bit, would not bother him one bit. And he could keep eating it, keep eating it, and not stop. He couldn't get satisfied, become satisfied, or it didn't fill him up at all. (But) it helped him.

On times that we went by boat to the Mainland to play [college teams] Occidental, Pomona, Oregon, on the boat, as soon as he get on the boat, before the boat pulled up, he would be flat on his back on his bunk. He would stay there until we landed in Los Angeles or San Francisco. On account of his asthma.

But having migraine headaches, oh, man, I had 'em. I had migraine headaches all the way up to 1945. Then they disappeared.

MK: I know that a lot of people remember you as a very good football player.
LH: Ummm. Ping pong. No, all the way up to 1945, and then suddenly. I had to thank one doctor. He was at school with me, same time, then he went to Northwestern I think. Tom Fujiwara. He was the top man at Central Medical Clinic. I was his first patient when he came back. He was a good guy. I think he was the one that took away those migraines.

MK: So, even though you had those migraines, you were very active in athletics.

LH: Yeah, and that's why we went---at first when I had them at Kamehameha, I used to take aspirin. That's all they had. They had nothing else. And every time I took the aspirin it upset me, upset my stomach. Then later, bromo seltzer came out, and I started taking that. Then later on, Fujiwara (put) me (on cafegot) pills, and that kinda settled the issue.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 13-37-2-85; SIDE ONE

MK: We were talking about your days at Kamehameha [Schools] and at the University of Hawai'i. I was wondering, when did you graduate from Kamehameha?

LH: Well, I left there in '27.

The president of the Schools, Frank Midkiff, who was trustee of Bishop Estate—he died last year, I think—he said, "You have enough credits. You can go to the University [of Hawai'i] your junior year."

I said, "That's news to me."

And so he said, "Okay, we'll let you go. Because they want you to go there."

Otto Klum wanted me to come.

He said, "We'll let you go providing if you pass your first year at the University. Okay, you can come back, spend a week here at Kamehameha, and graduate with your class and get your diploma." So, okay, I went. I went (to the) University, freshman year, they made me vice-president of the class. (Chuckles)

That's how I met Walter MacFarlane. At the University at that time, they had a greased pole. A greased pole. . . . And how was a pig mixed up in that? I'm not sure. But to be the winner of the greased pole incident—freshmen on one side, sophomores on the other—you had to climb. The one member of either class that got to the top of the pole was the winning class.
The pole was greased. That's how I first met Walter MacFarlane because I got in too close to the pole, had my hands around it, and he slugged me. And when he did that, I looked at him and I said, "Boy, you're going to get it!" That's how I met him.

MK: When you entered the UH [University of Hawai'i], what did you major in?

LH: (Chuckles) Football. No! Because I had had such good training in vocational ag, I decided to take the first year to concentrate on chicken, poultry--because I liked the professor. His name was Professor Bice. When he learned that I (came) from Kamehameha [Schools], he kinda took an interest and favored me in different things. I liked (him) very much and that's what I kinda stuck with.

MK: In terms of your sports activities, you mentioned Otto Klum. He's kind of well known. What did you think of Otto Klum in those days?

LH: Yeah, good man. Very, very good man. He never played football in his life. He got all of his knowledge from books. He was a book coach, but his mind was geared. In other words, if he made up a play, any kind of a play, there was always room for another play following that, in sequence. He could make up a play and make it so that any number of plays could develop or be connected to that one play. That's what made him so good. He never scolded, never grumbled, smoked his cigarettes with his long cigarette holder, and you just had to like him.

MK: During your years at the UH football team, what was your record like?

LH: Whose record?

MK: Your record.

LH: Oh, I don't know. I think I got along pretty well. Got along pretty well. Something here you might be interested in, I don't know. Where's the thing here. Page, it says, eleven. Or did you know.

MK: Chee, when they were thinking of selecting an all-time University of Hawai'i football team, you were mentioned as one of the backs. And you're from the Class of 1930. You're up there along with Bill Wise, Tony Morse and Tommy Kaulukukui. That's good company.

LH: Well, I don't know.

MK: I was wondering, how did you get your nickname, "Rusty."

LH: My nickname was given me by Ezra Crane who was sports editor of the Honolulu Advertiser. I had, what (brown) hair I had then . . .
MK: That was given to you during your UH days or . . .

LH: Football. Kamehameha [Schools]. Yeah, I was known by that nickname from Kamehameha, since Kamehameha time.

MK: I know that by the time that you were attending Kamehameha, you said that you only returned home on Monday.

LH: Only on Mondays.

MK: And how long did the family actually stay in Waikīkī?

LH: I was the last one to live there. And that was, I left there in 1930. Because this house here was built in 1930.

MK: So what became of the family estate . . .

LH: My mother, my father moved to Alohea Avenue, Kaimukī. They built a nice big house there and they lived there with my sisters, nieces and nephews, all moved there.

MK: And for Waikīkī property itself, it became part of the . . .
What became of it?

LH: The Waikīkī property was eventually sold to the Bank of Hawai'i who then leased it to people who turned it into the Lalani Village, I think was the name given. They made a pretty good go of it. Then the bank sold it to Holiday Inn, I'm sure.

MK: As we close the interview, I want to know a little bit about your life since you graduated from the University, in terms of your life on Maui and your coming back . . .

LH: Well, on Maui, I think I told you that when I first went there, I was connected with Harry Holt, my cousin. He owned the Valley Isle Motors--Fords, Lincolns. So I gave him a hand with that. Later on, I became postmaster at Kahului. It was a second-class [post] office. After a year, after I took it, we made it a first-class post office. I had that, and during the war, I was made chief fire and air raid warden for Maui. Also, at that the same time or a year before, I was made territorial boxing commissioner for Maui County. Then, during the war [World War II], I was director of, for four years, the sale of saving bonds.

Then I was also, director of a couple of other food things for the county. I got these things, four of them.

MK: Certificate of appreciation.

LH: Yeah. I did a lot of fishing on Maui. I hated to leave there when I did, but I had to because (my family moved to Honolulu). High schools on Maui then weren't too hot. So she [LH's wife] decided to
come home, 'cause we had the home here, (and) the two kids (would go) to Punahou. Because I had (written) to a couple of friends here, and they managed to get two scholarships for my two kids to Punahou. Well, when the kids came down, my daughter went up and registered at Punahou (and was) accepted.

A neighbor here, Alika Parrish, was enrolled at Kamehameha. My son went with Alika so Alika could register that day. But he only went up with Alika to go along with him 'cause he was going to Punahou the next day to register.

When they got to Kamehameha, they walked in the office. The principal came up to Alika to shake hands and say hello, and then he was introduced to my son. He said, "Is your father me [meaning LH]?"

My son said, "Yes."

The principal said, "Oh, where you going to school?"

"Oh, I'm registering tomorrow at Punahou."

"Well, why don't you come to Kamehameha?" Because the principal knew me when I was in Kamehameha. So he said to my son, "Why don't you come to Kamehameha?"

My son well, that type, you know, saying "yes" to anybody or "no" to anybody, and whatever.

He said, "Yeah, why not!" And he enrolled.

I didn't know for three months that he was at Kamehameha. See, I was still on Maui. Also on Maui, I had a USO [United Service Organizations] troupe of sixty people. We entertained almost every night. That, I will show you. I back up everything I tell you with pictures. How's that! Well, let me see if I can find it. I probably can. (LH pulls out picture.) This is part of my USO troupe.

MK: So you had a USO troupe of Hawaiian entertainers.

LH: Hawaiian entertainers. [We] showed the soldiers on the island--and there were many, 108th Infantry and the Fourth Marines--we showed them how to weave baskets out of coconuts, make coconut hats, and things like that.

MK: You were really active during the war years with a variety . . .

LH: Oh, yeah, I had a lot to do.

MK: You had the USO troupe on Maui. You were also postmaster. I know that you also worked for the Valley Isle Motors.

LH: Yeah, that's my cousin.
MK: How long were you on Maui?

LH: Nineteen thirty to 1945. Wife and the two kids came home in 1944.

MK: Then after that, what happened to you?

LH: Oh, I came down and I went to work for... . When I decided to come home, come here, I felt that I could get away from the post office at least because the chief inspector of the postal department was kind of a nice friend of mine. We got along pretty good. The third assistant postmaster general had visited Hawai'i, and stayed on Maui a week, and so I got to know him quite well. I corresponded with him a lot on account of my being mixed up with United Savings Bonds. The third assistant was in charge of that. So I felt that with these two people helping out, I probably could resign. And that's what happened.

I came home. They [LH's wife and children] came because they had to, on account of schooling. She had taught school on Maui since 1931 to 1944. So they came home, and (later) I followed.

I hated to leave Maui because at that time, I was very friendly with a group of service station guys, the boss man anyway. He and I were very close. We used to do our fishing together at Mākena and Kīhei. I think I told you that we never got less than seven uluas average—well, they average from thirty, forty, fifty, all the way up to sixty pounds. Never caught less than seven or more than seventeen, including one uku. Have you ever eaten uku?

MK: No.

LH: You should try it. That's better than mahimahi any day. Uku, U-K-U.

Then when I came home, just before that, the head, the manager of the American Can Company on Maui, Freddie Hartman, was a good friend of mine and we had talked. I told him that I was thinking of moving back to Honolulu. So he said, "Hey, I talk to you later, in a couple of days."

He wrote to Honolulu to the personnel man down here and it seems that the personnel man at the Honolulu factory went to school with me at St. Louis [College] when we were little kids. So, he wrote right back and he said, "Tell 'Rusty' to come on down. He can have my job. I'm being promoted." So I came down and took the personnel department of American Can Company.

MK: You did that for about fifteen years?

LH: Fifteen years (in the Personnel Department and later general foreman of shipping and receiving).

MK: Then after that you started running the general stores at Kamehameha
Schools?

LH: Kamehameha, right. And enjoyed every bit of it.

MK: What were those general stores at the Kamehameha Schools anyway?

LH: Well, we ordered all of the clothing— the ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corps] clothing. Khaki trousers, khaki shirts, khaki caps, and black shoes, black socks, and so forth. The stores ordered those. Also ordered everything else that a student would need. That's athletic equipment and everything. We also ordered all of the linen or accessories or whatever that the dormitories needed. All came through these stores.

There were three stores. We did quite a bit of business. Some of the work clothing were blue shirts and khaki trousers. (Those), of course, was ordered by the store.

I had students working for me and two grownups. I enjoyed it. It was really hard work ordering everything that they would need and ordering things that I thought they would need or want. So, it was hard work but interesting. Then I got to know a lot of kids whose grandparents I knew at least, when I went to Kamehameha. So that was kind of nice.

MK: I know after that, you got involved in the apartment business. Can you kind of describe that, that business that you got involved in?

LH: Well, I got involved in that because of my son-in-law, George Hendrickson, and Jimmy Pflueger of Pflueger Motors. Got involved because of them.

At that time, that particular time, they were going into apartments, apartment buildings. They didn't have anybody to manage them. So, they pointed their finger at me. I couldn't refuse because they made a pretty good deal (to me).

I managed three of their buildings. And three others that they had that we didn't manage because we didn't have to. (They were) exchanged for property in Honolulu. They owned it, but immediately exchanged with dealers in Honolulu.

One was on Kalākaua [Avenue] that I lived there for a while. I lived there because I had to. They got one more at Salt Lake and I had to live there for a while. Then they got another one in Kapahulu. I moved there and stayed there for, I don't know, seven years, I guess, or ten years.

MK: You were involved in that . . .

LH: Yeah, that was quite an involvement. Oh, boy, if you want to be educated, manage an apartment building. But, most of my people were good, were nice. I never had any trouble at all.
MK: And for my last question, you've seen Waikīkī from the time you were born till up to now, what do you think of the major changes that you've seen occur in Waikīkī?

LH: Well, of course, you cannot compare, you absolutely cannot compare because Waikīkī, today, is strictly commercialized. Because you can walk down Waikīkī. I know a few still down there, guys who I surfed with, up until I was seventy-five years old. I still see a few of them. There are some who recognize me as I walk back on account of my participating in athletics. But the rest of the people are all strangers. I don't know them. They don't know me. So it's not like the old days where you walked along and you knew everybody. Instead of my running away from people, they ran away from me. Because I don't think I told you this, but historically, in our family the youngest boy took over the selling of newspapers from Kapi'olani Park to the Moana Hotel.

Well, a lot of the customers that I had, I forget how many papers I got, a lot of them said, "Pay you tomorrow, I don't have a nickel." Well, sometimes that went on to more than a "pay you tomorrow." Maybe sometimes, I never saw anything coming from them. So, instead of sitting in their regular seat in the front of the streetcar, they sat in the back, away from where I would be to start out with. Those people, actually, for a lousy nickel or lousy five nickels, they did their best trying to evade my clutches or my collecting.

MK: When were you a newspaper boy?

LH: Probably around 1910 to '15, maybe.

MK: Who were your clientele?

LH: Businessmen. Business people Downtown. Oh, man, I'm telling you, some of them, boy. They all wanted the paper, but they didn't want to dig up a nickel. So, those were good days. But comparing it then and now, there's no comparison. Now, strictly commercial.

My time, or prior to 1919, it was like a big family. Like Aokis, and Tahara, Fujikas, Diamond Barbershop. No, Diamond Clothes Cleaning Shop, and then the barbershop, and then Old Man Tailor. Then the Akanas. Like a big family. Those were good days. I had good days at Kamehameha [Schools]. Played for Kamehameha. Played for the University [of Hawai'i]. I Played for the Town Team.

I played for a team on Hawai'i that they called the Kona Ka'u Combine. That was to me very interesting. I went three years in a row to play for them. Each time, I took five or six of my Kamehameha guys up with me.

At one time, our line consisted of left guard (who weighed) 300 pounds. No, left tackle was 300 pounds. Left guard was almost 300 pounds. The center was 300 pounds plus. The right guard was 280, I think. He was a Bertelmann. Then the right tackle was one of ours,
Hooper, and he was 240 pounds. The ends were all big guys. So the center used to turn around and say, "Hey, boy, just get the ball and follow us!" All that weight ahead of me, you know.

We won. I went up three years. We won the Hawai'i championship. The biggest scoring game that I have ever played, team that I played on, was at Kamehameha in 1924.

At that time, the league consisted of Kamehameha, Punahou, McKinley, and St. Louis, and the Honolulu Military Academy. That was here in Kaimuki. We played the Military Academy that year, and we beat them 104 to 0.

MK: That must be some kind of record! (Laughs)

LH: It is! It is. It is an Interscholastic record, if you went back to the papers and dug it up, it would be there. Then the next highest was in Hilo when Kamehameha in '25 or '26 went there to play the Hawai'i Hilo National Guard team. We beat them 77 to 0.

MK: I don't think many people could say things like that.

(Laughter)

LH: Yeah. It was good fun!

MK: Anyway, I'm going to stop the interview here, and I thank you for being so patient.

END OF INTERVIEW
WAIKIKI, 1900 - 1985: ORAL HISTORIES

Volume I

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