

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Anna Duvauchelle Goodhue

"The kids nowadays, they're so easily bored. But we went hiking, we went swimming, we went tree climbing. And you know, those days. . . you couldn't go to the refrigerator and get an apple and orange. So we climbed for our fruit. Mountain apple, Hawaiian oranges, coconuts. Outdoors all the time. That's why we can't understand our. . . mo'opunas wanting to be indoors. . . . And those days, no toys, you made your own. Rolling tires and stuff like that. . . . Make whistles out of the papaya stem, you cut a hole in it. It makes a whistle. Horseback riding, of course. We had horses. And, of course, we went crabbing in the pond."

The eleventh of thirteen children of Edward Kekuhi Duvauchelle and Annie K. Wood Duvauchelle, Anna Duvauchelle Goodhue was born November 28, 1917 at Pūko'o, Moloka'i. She spent a great deal of her childhood with her brothers and sisters and the other neighborhood children.

Anna attended Kalua'aha School until the age of ten. She then attended Kamehameha School in Honolulu, graduating in 1936. After graduation, she worked briefly at a pineapple cannery in Honolulu, then as a clerk for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers during World War II.

In 1944, she and her husband, John "Jack" Goodhue, Sr., whom she married in 1942, returned to Moloka'i to live. Anna worked as a substitute teacher until 1953, when she began working as a clerk at the 'Ualapu'e Dispensary (formerly 'Ualapu'e County Hospital).

Retired since 1975, Anna resides in Pūko'o and is a community activist favoring the preservation of Moloka'i's traditional environment and lifestyles.

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ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Anna Duvauchelle Goodhue (AG)

June 22, 1990

Kaunakakai, Moloka'i

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Anna Goodhue, on June 22, 1990. And we're at the Mitchell Pauole Center in Kaunakakai, Moloka'i. The interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

Okay, let's start. Why don't you start by telling me first when you were born and where you were born.

AG: Okay. I was born November 28, 1917 at Pūko'o, Moloka'i. And my father delivered us kids.

WN: Oh, yeah? All of 'em?

AG: All except the oldest and the youngest.

WN: What number child were you?

AG: Ten.

WN: Ten out of. . . .

AG: Out of twelve.

WN: Tell me something about your parents. First, your dad.

AG: He was---we are of the *hapa Haole* kind. My father [Edward Duvauchelle] was *hapa Haole*, my mother [Annie K. Wood Duvauchelle] was Hawaiian. And we had a lot of that influence, you know. He didn't want us to believe in superstitions, and a lot of stuff that my mother believed in he tried to counteract by telling us, you know. And I know a lot of other part Hawaiian families here are the same. They've had the same experience. They have the *Haole* influence, you know. And we never learned proper Hawaiian because we weren't permitted to talk Hawaiian. He's heard so many kids talking pidgin, that he said, "Learn English first and then learn Hawaiian." But once we learned English, we couldn't learn Hawaiian. The time to learn is in the beginning, you know, when you speak it. But my older sister, Zelie [Sherwood], was raised by her grandmother. And they spoke only Hawaiian. So, she became very good at it. We could understand and we can converse a little, but not enough. So, that

was my father's influence.

WN: Which grandmother was Zelig raised by?

AG: My mother's mother.

WN: What was her name?

AG: My mother's mother was Pua'ala Williams. We called her *Kūkū* Pua. (Chuckles)

WN: And your father's mother, what was her name?

AG: We called her *Kūkū* Mele. She was Mary Lynch Duvauchelle.

WN: So she was the Hawaiian side of your father.

AG: Yeah, mm hmm.

WN: Did she speak Hawaiian, too?

AG: Yes, uh huh. She was a witch according to—I didn't know her. (WN laughs.) But my sister says she was a witch.

WN: So you were closer to your mother's side?

AG: Yes, uh huh.

WN: And they're from Moloka'i?

AG: My mother was born in Kaupō, Maui. And my father was born on Moloka'i. And my mother said where they lived, they didn't have a taro—she wasn't raised on poi. They had sweet potato rather than poi, you know. She said when she went to school, she went on a horse. It was such a great distance to school that her mother would give her a big sweet potato. She was to eat her breakfast on her way going to school and save half for lunch. The other half she would eat for lunch at school, then travel all the way home. (Chuckles)

WN: This is Kaupō?

AG: Kaupō, Maui. That's somewhere near Hāna.

WN: And when did she come to Moloka'i?

AG: When she married my father. I guess that's when she came to Moloka'i.

WN: Do you know what year they got married?

AG: I don't know. My sister Laura [Smith] has all that. She has it in the family document, you know.

WN: I probably asked Laura that. So. Okay, yeah.

AG: My father was a widower when he married my mother. He had just lost his wife. And according to—my uncle was the matchmaker. He told my father, “Oh, there’s a nice woman for you on Moloka’i.” My father, oh, he just lost his wife. He wasn’t interested. But one look at my mother, he changed his mind.

(Laughter)

AG: She was very, very pretty. Pretty Hawaiian. And she was educated in Catholic school. And she at one time, wanted to be a nun. But wasn’t planned, I guess, because she had twelve kids.

(Laughter)

WN: So, your father met your mother in Moloka’i or in Maui?

AG: He was born on Moloka’i. And my mother was on Moloka’i when he met her, I think. But they’re funny, very reluctant to talk about their early—their marriage, their courting. They won’t talk about it. We used to ask. *Bumbai* she’d brush it off. They’re embarrassed, I guess. You know?

WN: Yeah, just like my parents, too, you know.

AG: Uh huh. It’s not for kids to hear. And the way we were raised—like now, kids talk freely, they answer back. But we kids are seen and not heard, you know. We’re not supposed to listen in when other folks talking, not to interrupt, not to show ourselves when we have visitors. That kind of stuff.

WN: Do your kids ask you about you, you know . . .

AG: Oh, yeah, yeah. Oh, they love to hear. We tell them freely. And they love to hear it, the grandkids especially. They love to hear.

WN: What is it then, the generations or what?

AG: To our parents, everything was, “Hah, *hilahila*.” Shame, you know. Everything was hidden. It’s their upbringing. It’s the way they were, you know. Very private people.

WN: So you were born in 1917 . . .

AG: Nineteen seventeen, uh huh.

WN: . . . in Pūko’o. So, your parents were living there already, yeah?

AG: Right, uh huh.

WN: What was the community of Pūko’o like when you were a young girl?

AG: Very, very, very few people. Those days, the roads were not paved. And no electricity, no running water. We got water from the well with the rope, with the bucket tied at the end. That's how we got our water. And we washed our clothes in a stream, beating it on a rock with a stick. We were very primitive. And then, of course, later my father got a generator. But we were the only ones who had electricity, I guess, on the island.

And in those days, when a car went by, we'd know whose car it was by the sound. There were so few cars (chuckles), we didn't have to go and look. We could tell by the sound, so-and-so's car. Very few cars. My father owned a Model-T. And we'd all pile---all these kids pile on the Model-T. They had the seat that you hook over the door. (Chuckles) One kid on each door and all squeezed in (chuckles) the middle, a bunch of us. If we had a flat, we'd have to stop and then they'd remove the tire and the tube, and patch it, and put it back right then and there.

(Laughter)

WN: How often did you come to Kaunakakai?

AG: Oh, very seldom. Only when someone was going to Honolulu, to get the boat to go to Honolulu. We hardly came at all. Very seldom.

WN: So things like stores, like that, where did you go?

AG: We had stores locally. We had Ah Ping Store. We had two Chinese stores during my time where I was living [Pūko'o]. And one more, Ah Ping's. So we had three stores. We had a couple of poi shops, we had a bakery. Quite a town, you know, Pūko'o was at one time.

WN: Now I go out to Pūko'o, you know, you don't see a town at all.

AG: No, no, it's very, very—and the houses are scattered, you know. It was even more so during our time, hardly anybody. But we had a lot of Japanese farmers would come. Had plenty Japanese.

WN: What did they farm?

AG: Cotton mostly. We had cotton all over. All our property was leased out to farmers who planted cotton. A lot of cotton at that time, uh huh. And they fished, of course.

WN: Oh, interesting. So there were about three stores and two poi shops. . . .

AG: Yeah, and two bakeries.

WN: Two bakeries?

AG: Yeah. There was a Kam Chee [Store] Bakery. That's in Kamalō. And what's the other bakery? It's a store bakery. Kam Chee and Ah Tim. They're both combined stores with the bakery, you know. And all Chinese[owned] stores. It was right across from the school, you know, and those days . . .

WN: Kilohana School?

AG: Kalua'aha [School]. You know where the Kalua'aha [Estate] housing is now?

WN: Uh huh.

AG: That's where the school was. And we had no cafeteria. We had to bring our lunch from home or we'd go across to the store and buy lunch.

WN: What was Kalua'aha School like?

AG: Just wooden buildings, very few. And we had outhouses. We didn't have indoor plumbing. And the principal had a hand bell that he rang for the kids to come in. And some of the kids would hide the bell, so we'd have a longer recess.

(Laughter)

AG: And, of course, when we know it's going to happen, we go way off, so we can't hear the principal clapping, clapping for us to come in. And we used to march in to the beat of the drum. Prum, prum. We all march. Very regimental, you know. Pledge allegiance and then march. And we got whacked. We got whacked. If we got licking, we didn't go home and tell, because we'd get another whack. Because like this *hilahila*, shame, that you folks had to be punished. But we didn't dare go home and tell if we were. . . . But they hit us freely.

WN: How were your teachers?

AG: One of 'em was Miss [Katherine] Ah Ping. She's the one that I remember. You know, the store, Ah Ping Store?

WN: Yeah, yeah.

AG: That old lady that you see?

WN: Mm hmm.

AG: She was my first-grade teacher.

WN: Oh.

AG: She was good. Wonderful. They were good, those teachers those days. Very dedicated. And another one was Dunbar. You know Billy Dunbar? Was his . . .

WN: Dunbar? Oh, Kip Dunbar.

AG: Kip's grandmother. She was my teacher. Sweet, sweet people. They taught us everything. And, of course, just strictly reading, writing, and arithmetic. No physical ed. And Mr. [Edward] Kaupu was our music teacher. He was good, but he was very strict, you know.

WN: That's Edwin's father?

AG: Yes. Uh huh. Very good. Very talented, you know. In fact, he was the principal-teacher at Hālawa School later on. And his kids were very far advanced. He taught all grades for that little community in Hālawa. They were good singers. All of those where he taught. They're all good singers. He was also minister of the church at Kalua'aha, you know.

And John Iaea's father [Isaac Daniel Iaea] was also minister at Kalua'aha Church. He was, what you call it, the kind that people come to him with their troubles. *Ho'oponopono*, they call. He was very good at it. From what I had heard, he seemed to be able to delve into people's minds and know what's troubling them. And he was always able to pinpoint the trouble, whatever was bothering. Sometimes it became a physical thing from mental, I supposed. Mental stress became a physical illness. I remember people saying, "Oh, go to Reverend Iaea. He'll know what to do." And in fact, Mary [Tollefson] Mendoza was originally Mormon. But every time—they had a big family—every time there was sickness or any kind of *pilikia*, they would go to the reverend to *ho'oponopono* and he cured them, you know. So they changed religion because of that, because he was very, very good.

WN: He was a reverend of what religion?

AG: We call it *Kalawina*. Calvinists. That old church at [Kalua'aha]. He was the reverend there. And he was very, very good. Some of them just have the gift, you know.

WN: Yeah. Did *ho'oponopono* interfere with Christianity at all?

AG: No. Even now, you know, like recently my daughter and my niece, their sons, they were very close friends. All of a sudden they were not friends anymore. They were actually fighting. So, the two girls got together and said, "Eh, let's *ho'oponopono* with these two kids." So they explained to the kids—one was a *Haole* boy, and my grandson is Hawaiian mostly. So we explained to them. We said, "Whatever is bothering you, you come out with it and tell it in front of one another. Don't hold back." That's what's happening. So they got together and my grandson was saying what irritated him about this boy, and this boy said what irritated him about my grandson. And with my grandson—he said this boy *maha'oi*. You know, they're not taught the way we are. You don't just barge into somebody's house uninvited, or you don't just go helping yourself to anything. He said it irritates him when he just comes right in without—of course, they were told, "Don't you go into anybody's house unless they invite you. Don't go in." In fact, we always tell our kids, "Stay out. Don't go in the house." So these things all came out, and they became friends. And there was no antagonism. My daughter and my niece got along fine. So, even this day, if you can encourage the kids, it does work.

And those days, it did work. And I don't think—my mother was a very staunch Catholic, you know. But she clung to some of her old ideas. In fact, when one time there was serious illness in the family, we went to the *kahu* and he told us that we are clinging to the old. We've absorbed the new, but we're still clinging to the old ways. It's almost like we're calling out to our ancestors. And he said it clashed. And that's what we were told, you know. That was what was causing all this friction within the family. So, maybe it does, yeah? It does conflict, you know, so it causes conflict within the family.

WN: What religion were you folks raised?

AG: Catholic.

WN: Oh, all Catholic?

AG: We're all baptized.

WN: Your father was Catholic too?

AG: Yeah, mm hmm. Of course, when he married my mother, he had to become a Catholic, because she was such a—he didn't care. He'd go to church and say, "Huh. They don't forget the collection."

(Laughter)

WN: Who was the disciplinarian in your family?

AG: My mother was. My father, very seldom. But my mother was. She was, ooh, strap. She didn't spare the strap. Not very often, but when she got angry, she really laid it on. We took it. I guess when you have twelve kids, I tell you, it drives you bonkers, yeah?

WN: Yeah. You being one of the younger children, were you taken care of by the older?

AG: Yes. The older kids all took care of the younger ones. Even when we went to school, the older ones put the younger ones through school. My sister, Laura, Henry, each one had a [younger] child that they put through school. I had my sister Louise. And Laura had my sister Mary. And Zelig had my sister Pauline. Each one. And my brothers, I think my brother Henry put the boys through school. Henry, he took a lot on himself. The girls got married and they went off. And there was a period of time when we were having really bad time of it. And he's the one that held the family together. In fact, he put off his marriage for I don't know how many years. He couldn't get married, because he was helping the family. And he married a Wong-Leong girl. She was very patient. And that Wong-Leong family, they took us all under their wing as a family. They were the most generous, kind-hearted people I ever knew. They just took us all. Every Christmas the whole gang would go up to the Wong-Leongs. We thought they were very rich, you know. They had all kinds of stuff. And they never made us feel like charity cases. And my brother's wife [Margaret Wong-Leong Duvauchelle] waited I don't know how many years before my brother was free to marry her. But they didn't resent. In fact, they helped to take care the family, you know. And their marriage . . .

WN: This is in Honolulu?

AG: Mm hmm [yes].

WN: The Wong-Leong family?

AG: And their marriage lasted forever. They had no children, but they [have] lasted very long. I

mean, it is a good marriage, you know.

WN: As one of the younger children, what kind of chores did you have to do at home?

AG: The boys had to milk the cows. And we churned the butter and we'd clean the house. We did all our chores before we went to school in the morning. And we walked from where I lived down Pūko'o to Kalua'aha. We walked to school, because we didn't live within a three-mile limit for the bus to pick us up.

WN: Oh, so how many miles was that?

AG: We lived about two and a half miles, I think, from there. Just short of the three miles. Of course, when Kilohana School was opened, then my nieces and my nephews were able to ride the bus, because they made the three-mile limit, you know. But we walked to school. My brothers, they had to get up and milk the cows early in the morning, before they went to school.

WN: So you churned the butter and washed clothes. . . .

AG: Washed, yeah. And the [kerosene] lamps, carry, fill the lamps and clean the chimneys. And then when the chimney would be *kapakahi*, boy, somebody got a whack who was supposed to trim the wick or who didn't clean the chimney, still black. Ah!

WN: How often you had to do that?

AG: Every day. Every day.

WN: Oh, clean the chimney every day?

AG: Every day, because it would get really black, you know, and have to shine. Fill it with kerosene.

WN: You did that before school or after school?

AG: After school. In the morning, of course, we made the beds, and we swept house, washed all the dishes. Everything was clean before we left. And we run to school, you know. No shoes. When my mother decided to buy us shoes, we leave it in the bushes and go to school barefoot, and put on the shoes (chuckles) again when we come home. Couldn't get used to shoes.

WN: What about cooking?

AG: One of my brothers did the cooking. We didn't do much cooking. My mother did it or the older ones. I didn't do any cooking. I was lousy in the kitchen. I was lousy. I think they let me go because (chuckles) they didn't want to eat what I cooked.

WN: Maybe because you're the younger one, eh?

AG: I suppose, or had no interest in it (laughs).

WN: What kind of foods did you folks eat?

AG: Oh, I tell you, mostly vegetables, you know. Lots of vegetables. I know when we were in Honolulu, we lived near a vegetable garden. We'd go down and get about a package of white-stem cabbage, about six for a nickel or a dime, you know. Or a head of cabbage. We'd use about a pound of hamburger and a whole head of cabbage to feed the whole family. Or corned beef with cabbage. Lots of cabbage, you know. But more vegetable or long rice. Anything to stretch, make it go, you know.

WN: And the vegetables came from your folks' garden?

AG: When we were at home, we raised vegetables. We always had sweet potatoes. Everybody had sweet potatoes, you know. We raised our own. My brothers did a lot of gardening. With the older boys, there was no difference between a boy and a girl. They swept house, they cleaned house and washed dishes too, you know. They made good wives, because they cooked. My brother Henry, I think, when he married his wife, she was kind of well-off. I think she had so many—she never cooked, so he cooked. He did all the cooking. He taught her how to cook, you know.

WN: I know he makes great cookies.

AG: Oh, Henry?

WN: Henry, the almond cookie.

AG: Yeah, oh, yeah, yeah.

WN: Oh, 'ono, boy.

AG: Yeah, he does all the cooking. And they thought nothing of cleaning house, and doing the laundry. Those days, you don't say, "Oh, I'm a man. I don't do this." No way. No work, no eat, you know.

WN: And you had three older stepbrothers, right?

AG: Half [brothers]. Same father, but different mother. They were all raised together with us.

WN: Was there ever a time when all fifteen of you were in the house?

AG: I don't remember. I was too young. By the time we grew up, I guess, they were already married and had homes of their own, you know. But we did have a family—in fact, we have one picture with all fifteen, I think, in it.

WN: Yeah, I think I seen that picture.

AG: But very rarely we're all together at once. In fact, our family reunions, more chances of

getting together now than the old days, you know. Even from the Mainland they'll come for a family reunion. But we traveled by steamer that time, you know. No plane, just by steamer. Oh, I know one I didn't like. I remember there was the *Likeli*, boy, was it a roller. Oh. Oooh. They anchored outside and the launch would take us out to the boat, because the pier was too shallow. The boats couldn't come in.

WN: Which pier? Kaunakakai?

AG: Kaunakakai [Wharf], yeah. And then [coming back], they'd lower the gangplank, and then there's the platform. From there you'd jump into the launch and here's the boat going like this: up and down. You have to jump before the thing—of course, the purser was there to help us. Help the kids, you know. But, oh, it's still. . . . And no one ever got injured. And once, I think, I almost got my foot caught, but the guy just pulled me out in time. Then we'd sit on the launch and the launch would bring us to shore.

WN: This is the inter-island steamer?

AG: Inter-island, mm hmm. There was the *Mauna Kea*, there was the *Likeli*, there was *Hawai'i* and. . . . My kid brother remembers the *Wai'ale'ale*. And my sister Laura remembers the *Hualalai*.

WN: *Hualalai*.

AG: And I remember they used to have lifeboats strapped on the sides, you know.

WN: By that time, they weren't using Pūko'o Wharf?

AG: No, no. By that time it was all gone already.

WN: So you had to come all the way out Kaunakakai?

AG: All the way to Kaunakakai. And sometimes we don't leave until midnight, so we come down here and sleep on the bench until it's time to leave.

WN: Oh, midnight?

AG: Yeah. They come from Honolulu, you know, I guess. And then I don't know why they stay here, but we don't leave until midnight. You can imagine Mother with all six of us younger ones. I remember if you were under twelve years old, you pay half fare. I think I was six years old for five years. (Chuckles) My brother, oh, he hated that, you know. When he was fifteen, he was still twelve. Oh, he hated it. And they would laugh. The pursers knew. But we got to pay half fare.

(Laughter)

WN: That's funny.

AG: But Laura remembers my father used to always make reservations way in advance. So he

always reserved two of the best rooms for him and his kids. She said when the Cookes came, they just bumped them out of the room. Kids and all. The whole family, we'd have to sleep on deck. They kept no reservations at all. Them, their family and their friends, anytime they came, they'd just bumped them. They wouldn't do it now, boy. Throw 'em overboard.

(Laughter)

AG: I don't remember, but Laura says she remembers that, because she says they'd all have to get out of the room. And they told her that she could stay. She said, "I didn't want to stay with these people."

WN: How long did it take you folks to drive from Pūko'o to Kaunakakai?

AG: I don't know. Chugging along, chugging along.

WN: Was one lane? The highway was one lane?

AG: Just one.

WN: What if they had one car coming the other way?

AG: The cars were so small, you know. They would squeeze by, squeeze by. *Kiawe* trees on either side and the road was so narrow.

WN: You know, as a little girl growing up around that area, what did you do to have fun?

AG: I used to discuss with my daughter and them how so many things we found to do. The kids nowadays, they're so easily bored. But we went hiking, we went swimming, we went tree climbing. And you know, those days, no refrigeration. You couldn't go to the refrigerator and get an apple and orange. So we climbed for our fruit. Mountain apple, Hawaiian oranges, coconuts. Outdoors all the time. That's why we can't understand our kids, our *mo'opunas* wanting to be indoors. We were always outdoors, because as long as we're indoors, they'd find something for us to do. "You do this, you do that." As soon as we finished, well, out we go, before they find something else for us to do. And those days, no toys. You made your own. Rolling tires and stuff like that. Nothing bought. All made. And we used to have that can with the—we called it *'ōpūmakani*. That's the cow's bag, I think. The stomach or something. You stretched the skin over one end of the can and you put a string through it in the other end. You could talk and you could hear back and forth, you know. And it's all kind of stuff. Make whistles out of the papaya [stem], you cut a hole in it. It makes a whistle. We found all kinds of stuff to do. Horseback riding, of course. We had horses. And, of course, we went crabbing in the pond. The boys used to make tin boats. Get piece of tin iron roofing, and, oh, the roofing used to disappear. (Chuckles) At one time, the kids took my best chopping block. They used one end, they mold the tin around. I look for the chopping block, the kids used it to make a tin boat.

WN: They used to put it in the fish pond?

AG: Mm hmm [yes].

WN: So what fish ponds were near your folks' house?

AG: The lagoon now, the Pūko'o Lagoon [a.k.a., Pūko'o Fishpond]. And then the 'Ualapu'e Fishpond. And there's Kūpeke Fishpond, was [owned by] the Buchanans. And then we had—we owned Aha'ino Fishpond.

WN: Your father owned that pond?

AG: Yeah, we owned that pond. It was a small pond. And then there's Nī'aupala Fishpond at Kalua'aha. And when they used to drag net, everybody would go and help. "Eh, they dragging net. We go help." And then, of course, then everybody has fish, you know. Once a year they would pull, you know, *huki* net and then we'd all go. Even the kids would get there and pull, you know. Just everybody pull and divide all the fish.

WN: So once a year they would lay the net.

AG: Once or twice a year usually, yeah? I guess when the mullets are not spawning anymore.

WN: Aha'ino [Fishpond] was your father's?

AG: Mm hmm, mm hmm [yes].

WN: So how often did he pull net?

AG: Gee, I don't remember. I don't think we—it was small. We'd just go in and, I guess, lay a gill net, you call it. When we need fish, we'd just go and get what we need, or throw net. But it wasn't a big pond like these others where you had to drag net all the way, you know.

WN: So this Nī'aupala [Fishpond], they had to drag net.

AG: They used to drag net. I remember that. And the lagoon, the Pūko'o Fishpond. We used to drag over there, too.

WN: And who used to own that one?

AG: Oh, I know [Paul] Fagan owned it at one time. It changed hands so many times. In the beginning Emma Nakuina owned it and she sold it to [George] Cooke. And Cooke sold it to Fagan, I think. And from Fagan, then it came down to Wright. [Harold] "Buddy" Wright was the one who dredged the pond. And he sold it to the people that owns it now, the Schrolls.

WN: Schroll?

AG: Mm hmm [yes]. They're the ones having tough time with [George] Peabody. [There has been a dispute between the Schroll Trust, owner of Pūko'o Fishpond, a.k.a., Pūko'o Lagoon, and a group led by George Peabody, over access to the pond.]

WN: We can talk about that later.

AG: Yeah.

(Laughter)

WN: So how were these owners with the fish pond? Did they let you folks come and help?

AG: Yeah, that's why I can't understand about him [Peabody] griping, because for us we never had to get permission. We were never told we could or couldn't go. We just went, you know. We just continued from way back. We always went to the pond. And even if somebody owned it and tried to keep us out, we just went anyhow. (Chuckles) It was our pond, you know.

WN: So you folks would go only when they laid net or . . .

AG: When they *huki* it, but in between, we'd go and catch crab or catch whatever fish we can, you know. And nobody stopped us.

WN: So the *huki* net time—try tell me what did you folks do? You folks went down there and you saw them. . . .

AG: Well, yeah. The men would have the net in the boat and they dropped, dropped, dropped the net, you know. And then on either side, they'd bring the nets to shore. And then we'd stay on the shore and everybody pull. Was good fun, like tug-of-war, you know. We all pull. Watch all the fish jumping.

WN: You pulled it all the way onto shore?

AG: Right onto the beach. Right on the shore, yes. And then the men would remove—they had big baskets, you know. And then they'd put all the [catch]—and then each family would take so much. We'd come with our *pā kini*, or whatever, you know. Everybody come with their own. It's understood that you go and you get fish. But you have to go and help. So, "Oh, somebody going *huki* net today. Come, we going *huki*." Or, "Yoshimura going *huki* net. We go (chuckles) get our share."

WN: So they give to each child or to each family?

AG: Family, each family.

WN: Oh, so if five of you from the same family went, you only get one . . .

AG: I don't know how they did—they just pile, I guess. I don't know how they divided it. I only know we just got a pile here. We grab our pile and go home. I don't know how they counted it. Either that or each family went and got their own. And those days, they fished only for eating, not for commercial. And just enough to take home, because it would spoil, or leave some for the next guy. See, we were very considerate those days. They never took more than what they could use.

WN: So, Pūko'o was these people. What about 'Ualapu'e?

AG: That was a government[-owned] pond. So, I only remember the time when my father had [i.e., leased] it, you know. And unless people were very blatant about stealing fish, he never bothered, you know. And they had good clams. A lot of people went there for clams, and he let them.

WN: Was 'Ualapu'e the best for clams?

AG: Yeah. They had good—it was a small—I think it was a Japanese variety. I don't know. I know the Buchanans' Kūpeke Fishpond had big clams with kind of a scalloped edge, but they weren't as good. And a lot of 'em were filled with mud. But the other ['Ualapu'e] one, it was small, and, oh, they were really good-eating clams. But we got tired of eating clams. You know, those days, you eat, you save money, eh. Oh (chuckles).

WN: As far as the yield of fish, if you remember, would you remember what fish pond was the best?

AG: I thought Pūko'o Fishpond, in my opinion, really. Those days, you know, everything was big. Probably, nowadays, it would look small to me. But to me, there was so much fish in that pond. That pond did yield a lot of fish.

WN: What fish, mostly?

AG: Oh, mullet mostly.

WN: Mullet.

AG: They had that *kaka*. That's a swordfish, eh. And they were very dangerous, because . . .

WN: Oh, barracuda?

AG: Yeah. They were very dangerous because they'd jump over the net. And there was one Japanese woman [Yoshimura] that used to take care of the Kūpeke Fishpond. And she was, you know, getting the fish or something. And one *kaka* jumped right over there, sliced her right under the arm. Very dangerous.

WN: Who was it who told me that—was it Zelié [Duvauchelle Sherwood] that got stabbed or hit by a barracuda?

AG: I think one of my sisters did. I'm not sure, but I remember this Japanese lady got stabbed, you know. But mostly mullet.

WN: Mm hmm, mm hmm. Mostly mullet. So all of these fish ponds had mullet inside?

AG: Mm hmm, mm hmm [yes]. And pond mullet was more desirable than sea mullet, but I don't know why they say it was better eating. I guess 'cause—I don't know what it is.

WN: And your father's [Aha'ino] Fishpond had the same? The mullet, the . . .

AG: Mullet, mm hmm, mm hmm.

WN: Did it have crabs?

AG: Crabs. It wasn't a very productive pond, you know. Just enough to keep the family going, you know, but not enough.

WN: Did you folks have to do any chores around that pond?

AG: No we didn't. I don't know if my father—I suppose they had to repair the wall every so often, but he had all these Japanese people working for him that did all that, you know. And they were so knowledgeable, they knew what to do.

WN: As far as kids playing around the pond like that, what was your favorite?

AG: Pūko'o.

WN: Pūko'o.

AG: Because right across [from home], you know. We did everything in there. The kids would ride their tin boats in there. We'd swim in the pond. Everything in the pond. It was sheltered, you know. But mud, oh, lots of mud. And then in later years, the mangroves started taking over. That's why when [Harold] "Buddy" Wright decided to dredge, to fill the pond, nobody objected much, because it wasn't producing anymore, and the mangrove was covering the pond. And we used to be afraid that the little ones would wander into the [pond]. Animals would get in there and get lost. We'd have a hard time finding 'em, you know, in the . . .

WN: In the pond?

AG: In the mangroves.

WN: Oh, in the mangroves.

AG: They'd get tangled. We were so afraid that someday the kids would get lost and we couldn't find them. And in the high tide they might drown, you know. So, we didn't object too much when he wanted to fill the pond. They say it's a shame now, because the pond was filled. But if it's not in good condition, there's no point to it, you know.

WN: Why did he fill in the pond? What was the main reason?

AG: He was going to build the lagoon. He had big ideas of a resort with a hotel and stuff.

WN: So . . .

AG: High rise.

WN: Do you know when he did that? Around.

AG: Oh, boy, I can't remember.

WN: I see. As far as size, was Pūko'o, and 'Ualapu'e, and Kūpeke, and Nī'aupala about the same size?

AG: I would think so, yeah. They're all about the same size.

WN: Which was the best maintained as far as the walls, and . . .

AG: Well, the state pond ['Ualapu'e] was always properly maintained, because I think it was part of the lease that they would maintain the pond, you know.

WN: And that was Harry Apo?

AG: My father before that, and then Harry Apo. And then. . . . The Jones Pond, you know, that Nī'aupala was owned by the Jones. That was pretty well maintained.

WN: Nī'aupala was owned by Jones?

AG: Yes. Bill Jones. And then the Pūko'o Fishpond was pretty well maintained until they started getting overgrown and there were absentee landlords, I guess. So, I don't know, they just bought it to own it, you know. Had no interest in the fish or anything.

WN: And this Hustace was another pond, yeah?

AG: That was the---yeah, they have another right in front of the house. It's a smaller pond down the beach. It's not the Nī'aupala.

WN: Was that the one next to Nī'aupala?

AG: Yes, yes, that's Hustace Pond [Ka'opeaHina Fishpond].

WN: I see. As far as, you know, superstitions or anything related to these ponds, do you remember any stories?

AG: The *mo'o*. We were told about the *mo'o*. We believed in it and. . . . You know, in all the fish ponds there was always freshwater springs. You could see that water coming up and you could drink that water. The salt water would be around and you could drink that water. And I remember at Pūko'o Fishpond there was a spot with a big area, a sandy area, with 'ōpae and other kind of fish. The *pua*, I guess, the young fish. And one old-timer told us that's where the *mo'o* lives. That's where their food is, in that place. And she said every fish pond has a freshwater outlet with fish, that's where the *mo'o* lives. And I know when Mr. Wright, before he dredged that pond, my sister Zelig had a friend come over, Hattie, to bless the pond, so that there would be no humbug. And it seemed she traveled around the pond, and she could feel the presence. She said she felt a presence. So, then she would go home and pray. And all you have to do, she said, give 'em a chance to find another place, instead of just uprooting them and they have no place to go. So, she, in her prayers, she explained what was being done. The pond was going to be destroyed and she could find other living quarters, you

know. So, she slept on it and she told us that they come to her in her dream. And she sees them in her dream. So the next day, when she went around the pond again, she felt nothing. So then she told me it's all right. It was safe to go ahead, you know. But she wouldn't accept money. She was good. She was a staunch Catholic, but she believed in this old, you know. There's some things you cannot ignore. You don't want to take a chance.

WN: Were the *mo'o* considered evil?

AG: Not always. No. Only if you do something to—oh yeah, they can really do evil if you, like, destroy their place. But the Pūko'o Pond, I didn't know that, but she told us it was a *Kiha-wahine*. *Kiha* was the name of the *mo'o*. And *Kiha-wahine*, it's a female *mo'o*. So that's how she described it to us. And she told us—that's the first time we heard—she said, "That's your mother's '*aumakua*.'" We never knew that. I know my father's '*aumakua*' is a shark, you know. And my mother's '*aumakua*' was a *mo'o*, but she [mother] never told us, just like everything else that she holds back from us. Whether my father told her not to, I don't know. And we found out that the *Kiha-wahine* is a *mo'o* that originated in Maui. That was her birthplace, you know. So, that's what she [Hattie] told—she sees 'em in her dream. That, we believe. It's hard not to, you know.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

WN: So each fish pond supposedly had a *mo'o*.

AG: Mm hmm, mm hmm [yes].

WN: Because I know 'Ualapu'e had a freshwater spring in the middle of the pond.

AG: Yeah, right, right, uh huh.

WN: So that's where the *mo'o* . . .

AG: Supposedly—yeah, right, uh huh.

WN: I see. I also heard about things like women who are menstruating shouldn't go near the pond.

AG: Yeah. They were considered unclean. In fact, during my mother's time, she said they were kept in a separate house, away for about a whole week. They were not allowed to mingle with everybody. During her time this happened, you know.

WN: Oh, yeah? They had to live in a certain, special house?

AG: Yeah, mm hmm. Away from everybody. They're contaminated. My mother says she remembers one time, her parents were going—the menfolks were going to visit the *heiau* or something. So, she wanted to go, but they said, "No," women weren't allowed. But her

mother said, "Go, go, go. 'A'ole koko." That means you're not bleeding yet. So, she went. They allowed her. She remembers her mother telling her she could go, because she hadn't yet. But I don't know why it was considered very. . . . That's why the Hawaiians, you know those days, before we had disposable, not to show it in public, but they said lot of these *wahine Haole*, they don't care, throw it in the rubbish, you know. Oh, the Hawaiians thought that was it. They would burn it rather than anyone see it, you know. It's a matter of cleanliness, too. Pride too, yeah? It's a private thing, you know.

WN: What about your time when you folks had your period? Did you folks go near the pond?

AG: Yeah, nothing . . .

WN: By your time you folks didn't follow that?

AG: Nobody told us what was *kapu* or not *kapu*. We'd hear stories about it, but it never bothered us. And we didn't do any fishing. Maybe they felt bad luck, you know. Would drive the fish away. But we didn't feel any bad luck or, I mean, we weren't affected by it, you know. I guess largely my father's *kulikuli*. "Oh poppycock. Oh, that's poppycock." Every time we talked about ghost, *lapu*, and all that. He said, "Anytime you see a ghost, there's a man in the back of that." Somebody is fooling you. He never wanted us to believe that kind of stuff.

WN: Any other *kapus* you remember related to fish ponds?

AG: No. You see, by the time we were growing up, there was nothing, you know. Maybe the older ones, but not during our time.

WN: How did you folks catch crabs, in those days, in the pond?

AG: We used to drive a stake, if I remember, in the ground, and with a string with a bait at the end. I don't even know what kind of bait. And then they would come. I don't know how—they would get it with a scoop net or else if it's low tide enough, you just grab 'em and fling 'em in the bucket.

WN: And crabs usually were by the wall?

AG: Anyplace, the shallow part. We'd stay in the shallow part, of course, where we could catch 'em. But we didn't go too near the wall, 'cause eels, eh? I know one of my sons, one time, I don't know whether he was looking for crabs or looking for shells, and he came back with his finger all—he said the crab bit him. But when we looked at it, it's not the crab, it was the eel, because they shred, you know, [with] the teeth. That's what he gets for poking his finger in the stone wall.

WN: How many *mākaha* did Pūko'o Fishpond have?

AG: Two.

WN: Two. What about 'Ualapu'e?

- AG: Let me see. My brother, Henry, told me. I don't know. He said had only one. 'Ualapu'e had only one. I know Pūko'o had two. One leading out to the ocean and the other one down this side, yeah. So.
- WN: Pūko'o was just like 'Ualapu'e with the wall going around?
- AG: Yeah, completely around [i.e., *loko kuapā*].
- WN: Yeah, I think Henry [Duvauchelle] was the one who told me 'Ualapu'e had only one [*mākaha*].
- AG: Yeah, he would know more.
- WN: Today has two, if you look now. What about, like, agriculture or things growing around the fish pond? Were there *lo'i*?
- AG: Not around the pond. No, in fact, we had a spring just adjoining the pond. And my sister Zelig told me that they tried to plant taro, but it wasn't good, it was mushy, because the salt water kept getting in at high tide. So, there wouldn't be anything close to the pond growing. And they said someone brought in mangroves. He said, "Oh, it would make good furniture." He had come from New Zealand. He said the mangroves make good furniture.
- WN: Oh, the man who introduced the mangrove [to Moloka'i]?
- AG: Yeah. My father said it was [James] Munro. But I read somewhere it was someone else. My father said he claims that he had been to New Zealand or somewhere where they were growing. And he said, "Oh, they make good furniture," because the wood was hard. It is hard wood. And they used it for fence and, like, patios and stuff, because the wood is very hard. But, oh, it became a pest. And hard to control, you know.
- WN: Just like weed, yeah?
- AG: Mm hmm [yes]. And they have these roots that grab hold. And, boy, they're hard to uproot.
- WN: So, Harry Apo, what kind of a person was he?
- AG: He was Chinese, and Chinese are *na'au*, *pt* we called it, you know. (Laughs)
- WN: But did he let you folks go around the pond and get clams?
- AG: Not everybody.
- WN: Oh yeah?
- AG: No.
- WN: He chased you folks away?

AG: Yeah. He would chase people away, because, well, I guess he made a living on it, too, you know. Maybe that was his only living. So, certain people, if you asked permission, he would. But you couldn't just go and help yourself.

WN: Not like Pūko'o?

AG: No, no.

WN: Oh, I see. What about Nī'aupala?

AG: Oh, that was strictly out-of-bounds. I mean, the people really took care of that pond and they policed it. They lived right across the street from it. So.

WN: So the best was Pūko'o for you guys?

AG: Yeah, because we lived right there, you know. After a while, we called it our friendly market.

WN: And they [owners] were absentee, too, right, so.

AG: Yeah, yeah, and . . .

WN: They didn't live over there.

AG: . . . we didn't take too much. Just enough to eat.

WN: They didn't have a caretaker or anything?

AG: No. From time to time they would have someone. Of course, my Uncle Eugene [Duvauchelle] was at one time the caretaker, but you know what that means. He helped himself.

(Laughter)

WN: This is your Uncle Eugene?

AG: Mm [yes]. He was the one that lived right next to the pond. But people are never greedy, you know. They never really made a big haul out of it.

WN: When you were growing up, what kind of things did you do to get into mischief?

AG: There was an Ah Pun that used to own the store. We used to—when we have nothing else, we go fool Ah Pun. (Chuckles) Go up there and play tricks on him.

WN: This Ah Ping or . . .

AG: Ah Pun, Ah Pun. That was right above our house. And they would call me to go and fool the old guy, you know. And the poor guy, he had a string that came up over the counter, where

he tie up parcels and all that. And we'd go in and buy something, we asked him for candy, *manuahi* candy. "No more, no more." He was grouchy, you know. So I called him a name, I don't know what, and then he chased me. He grab his knife and show it to us. You know, we'd be so scared, the kids would run. I'd grab his string and run out with the string. He have to run back in the store to cut the string. By the time he come, we gone, you know.

WN: (Laughs) Oh, you kids.

AG: Oh, awful, you know. And he'd shave his head, baldhead, and we'd say, "Oh, Ah Pun, *bolo head*," you know. I'd take off his hat and, oh, he's *bolo head* and he'd throw stone. But he's so small and so weak that I would catch all the stones. And I said, "Poor Ah Pun, here's your hat back," stone and all. He told my mother he would pay my fare if she would send me to Honolulu. Because I always led the pack, you know.

WN: Did you tell your kids all this?

AG: No (laughs). But all he had to do was to give us a stick of candy or something, but he wouldn't do it. My cousins used to steal. But we never did. We were so scared to steal. If we ever got caught, oh boy. But my uncle, his kids would steal and he'd say, "Confound it. Go ahead, share with everybody." (Chuckles) But we didn't dare.

WN: What about Ah Ping?

AG: Oh, he had younger sons who took care of the store. So he wasn't easily fooled. He was a real businessman, you know. Nobody fooled him.

WN: What kind of things did the stores sell?

AG: Mostly canned goods and, like, crackers. And even kerosene, you know. Things that we used—peanut oil and stuff like that. We'd go up with our bottle and he [Ah Pun] would fill it with kerosene, you know. We'd go up in the evening when it's kind of dark for kerosene. And we'd shine the light, so that he could see. He said, "No, no, no, *bumbai* explode."

(Laughter)

AG: So we shined the light in his eye. And the kerosene would [spill]. Oh, gosh, I tell you. Because he was mean. We were scared to go to the store, because he'd bully us, you know.

WN: Who is this? Ah Pun?

AG: Ah Pun. But, oh, he was mean. We got right back at him though. We got back at him.

WN: What about poi? Where did you get your poi?

AG: We had a poi shop. Aipa, just below the stores. And now, Henry tells me that he got the taro from Hālawā. He take his donkeys. His boys go down to Hālawā and bring back the taro on donkeys.

WN: Who did that?

AG: Aipa, Old Man Aipa.

WN: Oh, Aipa.

AG: And first they pounded by hand. Henry would know more. He said later on, he'd [Aipa] jack up the Model-T and put a belt, or something, and ran the engine. That's how he ran his poi machine. I remember that poi shop. I remember he was still operating. And where I'm living now was the soda works. They used to make soda water there, you know.

WN: Oh yeah? Oh.

AG: Yeah. And I know he had a big—where he used to wash the bottle with. I don't know whether he had a generator, or what it was, and then he'd have one at a time. One bottle at a time, go and he'd clamp it, you know, put the cover on. He used to make all his own soda.

WN: And sell 'em at the store?

AG: Yeah. Bring 'em down to Kaunakakai.

WN: So this was Aipa.

AG: Aipa.

WN: Aipa.

AG: He owned the poi shop.

WN: And the soda . . .

AG: Soda works was a Japanese, Okazaki.

WN: Oh, oh.

AG: Ah Ping had a poi shop also. There's a little house outside the store. That was the poi shop.

WN: By the gas pump?

AG: Yeah. And we'd know when Ah Pun would get his candies in, you know. About once a week, Peter Aho used to come down to the, I think it was Kamalō Wharf, and bring his freight. When we'd see the box, "Eh, Ah Pun got his candy. We go over there."

(Laughter)

AG: "Ah Pun, we help you, we help you."

"No, no, no, no."

"Yeah, we help you." Oh. So he'd give us candy, a piece, to get rid of us, you know.

And when my father went to pay the bill, we'd all trail along and he don't dare refuse if my father is there. "Ah Pun, *manuahi kanakē*."

"Humm, humm." (Chuckles) One candy apiece.

WN: And then he give you folks, eh.

AG: "Ho, one more, Ah Pun."

"Humm."

(Laughter)

WN: Oh, you guys. You folks.

AG: And then he [Ah Pun] knows that we paid the bill once a month. But in between he'd grumble, grumble. "Oh, you owe. You owe so much." He put in the book, you know.

I said, "*Bumbai* Papa pay."

"No, you only owe, owe, no pay."

I said, "Yeah, Papa said no need pay you 'cause you little bit more *make*."

Oh, he told my father. My father was so angry with me. He said, "You know, to the Chinese that's bad luck, when you tell 'em that." I never thought that. He got me so mad.

And the Japanese, Okazaki, he had chicken. When he want to kill the chicken, we would go by, looking for some way to get. We didn't have money those days. All we need is ten cents to buy candy. We passed and he said, "Hey, you can kill chicken?"

I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Come." (Chuckles) Had to get one axe. Poom, I chop the head off. He gave me my ten cents, I went up the store and buy candy. He could have done it himself, but he thought I knew how.

WN: Oh, but you didn't know how.

(Laughter)

AG: Yeah. "You know how?"

"Yeah, I know how." (Chuckles) Anything for a dime. Five of us all going to the store for candy. You manage to do things, to get stuff, any which way, yeah?

WN: Besides candy, any other treats that he sold?

AG: No. They didn't have ice cream, because no refrigeration. He didn't have soda, you know. Just candy. And they have this Chinese cake, stuff like that. It was candy that we liked. And now they're so free with the money, dime is nothing to a kid nowadays, yeah?

WN: Mm hmm. This Aipa, was that Lin Kee? Lin Kee family?

AG: No, no. Lin Kee is different family. They had a store, too.

WN: They had a store, too.

AG: Mm hmm.

WN: Was it Apaiona or something like that?

AG: Apaiona, yeah, that was his—well, his grandfather owned the store.

WN: I see. What about things like movies?

AG: The guy who ran the soda works, he had a hand crank. He would show movies. Silent picture, you know. And about once a month or so we'd have movies.

WN: Yeah? For free?

AG: Oh, I think we paid a dime, to go to the show.

WN: And what, was outside?

AG: Outside. You have to wait till dark, because it was not enclosed, eh? We have to wait until it's dark and I don't remember what picture there, but just the idea that it's a movie.

We had Japanese[-language] schools. We had two, I think. One at Pūko'o and one in Kamalō. After the regular school the Japanese kids would go to Japanese school.

WN: Mm hmm. What, was a separate building?

AG: Oh yeah. They had their own right next to that.

WN: What did most people do out there for a living? Were they mostly farmers?

AG: Farmers, fishing. And they raised their own *pipi*, you know. And pigs. Mostly raised their own. You wonder, amazing how people got along with no welfare or anything, yeah? But, my father had a pension, because he worked for the county. And he also was with the guard, the [Hawai'i Territorial] Guard those days, he and my uncle. So he got pension. And he never had it until—I think was Toshi Enomoto who got him his pension. He said all these county workers were entitled to pension. Then at Aha'ino, up *mauka*, they had a reservoir where the county got their water. So they were paid for the water, too.

But others, they didn't have it. Whatever excess fish they had, they would sell. And most of them, they would have to transport the fish by sampan to Maui. They couldn't sell it here, so they transport it to Maui. So a lot of them owned sampans and did fishing. Mostly fishing, and hunting, and, you know, raising their own. . . .

Churned our own butter, we got our own milk. I remember, to make the butter, they poured the milk in pans, and then the cream come to the surface. And then we skimmed the top off. And then the sour milk, my mother used to make cottage cheese out of it. We used everything, yeah.

WN: So you used the top part, the cream part, for the butter.

AG: For the butter.

WN: Bottom part for the . . .

AG: For cottage cheese or, you know. Or when she make sour milk pancakes, stuff like that. It would curdle.

WN: You told me the story of you folks used to sit on the fence and your brother used to squirt the milk in your mouth?

(Laughter)

AG: Yeah. We all lined up on the fence and he tried to aim, you know.

WN: You mean the cow's nipple would—he would shoot from the cow.

AG: Yeah. He would be milking and he'd shoot it like this. Hoo, and we'd sit there and gobble it up. I never liked cold milk. I used to like warm milk right from the cow. Funny, we never boiled milk. Until much later, we learned to boil. We were told it [raw milk] was dangerous, disease, and all that. But we drank [raw] milk. We strained it. But that's all. We drank it fresh like that. And I liked warm milk. I didn't like it cold. Anything to keep from boredom, eh.

WN: (Laughs) What about medical care? Doctors?

AG: We had a doctor. He was a Dr. Goodhue. My husband's father was a doctor and my husband's uncle was a doctor.

WN: Which one was your husband's father?

AG: My husband's father was [William Goodhue]. He worked down at Kalaupapa, and for any emergency he would hike. Because I think his brother [Edward S. Goodhue] was not a surgeon, just a medical doctor. But most of us, we had our own home remedies, you know. The Hawaiians used their own medicines. So, if they need [care] seriously, the *ho'oponopono*, they go to the minister, you know. But very seldom did I see a doctor around.

WN: What other kind of home remedies did you have?

AG: Oh, we used *kukui* nut for, you know, you have those canker sores, eh, in the mouth. The *kukui* nut helped to draw it all out. And the *'uhaloa* for sore throat. And the [*kaliko*] tea for moving your bowels. It used to grow along the beaches. My mother would send us to go gather. We know what kind to gather. And there was a *pōpolo*, you *pūlehu* the leaf, you know. And the newborn baby, they would use the *pōpolo* on the soft part of the head. I know Marie Place now, she's good with medicine, herbs. She used to raise all her kids with herbs. She hardly ever went to the doctor. And she said, when the baby is first born, there's a lot of mucus and stuff that stays inside. She would use the *pōpolo*. She would get it, put it on the soft spot. And the baby would absorb and she'd say, "You watch when baby [moves its lips]"—like that, you know.

WN: Moving the lips?

AG: Yeah, like they're eating it. And I know my mother told me, during her time, when the baby sometimes was unable to nurse, or they couldn't feed him for some reason, they would grate raw sweet potato, and feed the baby.

WN: So they would put it on top of the baby's . . .

AG: On top the soft spot.

WN: On the forehead.

AG: The soft spot.

WN: Yeah, above the forehead.

AG: Yeah, right there. And she said that's how they nourish the baby. I heard that from my mother and then I heard it from Marie. And they used *pōpolo*. Almost for everything they used *pōpolo* to clean out the insides. And then she said when the baby moves the bowels, all this green stuff comes out with all the inside, you know. Hawaiians were smart.

WN: Yeah. Do you use any of that today? .

AG: No. The kids won't do it. They won't. The *'uhaloa* was bitter. It's a bitter, bitter root and my mother used to put sugarcane juice to sweeten it, to make me take it. Only the *kukui*, my daughter uses it when they have thrush mouth. You know, when the newborn babies, from sucking the milk, they get all this white fungus all around the mouth. And she uses that. It's a sap. You break the stem off the green *kukui*, and this sap oozes out.

WN: Oh, so you take it from the green part.

AG: The green . . .

WN: You don't take it from inside the nut?

AG: No, no, no. It's a stem. You break the stem, and then the sap oozes out. It's very, very bitter. And then you dip it with cloth. She does it with her kids. She's done it with two of them that had it bad. And cleared it right up. It's very puckery, you know. And I know when my mother would—if we feeling sick, she looks at our tongue. If it's coated white, then she gives us *kukui*, you know.

WN: Oh, I bet you didn't like that.

AG: Mmm, bitter. But you see, you do it, try to spit it out, all this white stuff comes all rolling out, you know. So you know it's effective. That's why, I tell, you make do, yeah, you make do. And, of course, the coconut water for bladder trouble.

WN: Oh yeah? I didn't know that.

AG: Yeah. Even now we use it. If you get it in the beginning, it flushes out the bladder. When you drink that coconut water, you go to the bathroom. You go often and it's supposed to clear it out. So it helps.

WN: You mean if you have, like, constipation?

AG: No, for the bladder.

WN: Oh.

AG: Diarrhea, they use the shoot of the guava. But for constipation, I don't. . . . What do you use for constipation? *Kaliko*, the *kaliko* tea, yeah. But for the bladder it's coconut water. Even, like, we used to have Samoan coconut trees. We had so many people come by and ask for the young coconut, because they have bladder trouble.

WN: You mean like infection, bladder infection.

AG: Yeah. Infection, uh huh.

WN: You folks didn't have phones in the early days?

AG: Later on we had the crank phone.

WN: Your own? In your house?

AG: Yeah. One long, two short. Two long, one short, you know. And of course, you get the operator, and the operator will connect you. They used to listen in, rubberneck. And I remember my Uncle Eugene, he was a rascal. He said someone was always rubbernecking on his phone.

WN: I guess was easy to rubberneck, eh, those days.

AG: Oh yeah. We used to love to rubberneck. If we got caught, boy. . . .

WN: But not too many people had phones, yeah?

AG: No, no. Very few.

WN: What about like mail? How did you folks get mail?

AG: We had a mail carrier that would come bring the mail. Go even as far as Hālawā. All the way to Hālawā and back.

WN: He started from where? Kaunakakai?

AG: From Kaunakakai. The boat would come in. And they would pick up the mail and deliver it. And it wasn't every day. Probably once a week, I think.

WN: Plus your father had a post office.

AG: He was the postmaster at one time, yeah, mm hmm.

WN: What about buying big things? Like, did you folks have the Sears catalog, things like that?

AG: Yeah, we had. That time was Walter Field. Walter Field catalog. We used to order all our shoes and stuff. My mother made all our—she ordered material, but she sewed our clothes, you know. So much we had to do for ourselves, because we hardly could buy stuff over here.

Ice cream, Mrs. Kiyonaga had the first ice cream machine. Oh, whenever we can—if with a rare occasion that we came to Kaunakakai, we could eat ice cream. Half of it was melted before we got to the cone. But those early merchants, they made good, you know. The first store, the Misakis, they were in business a long time.

WN: Was coming to Kaunakakai a treat for you folks?

AG: Oh, yes. We'd all pile into the Model-T and come in Kaunakakai.

WN: What about, like, police out there? Was there . . .

AG: We had one guy, who lived at the East End, who was a policeman, but they're all [stationed] down here, Kaunakakai. They never patrolled. Never. All they did was sit around in the police station. Nothing happening, you know. One time, my brother came to a baseball game and he used to drink a lot, you know. And this old policeman was so proud, he had a gun and everything. And my brother knew him very well. They grew up together, you know. So my brother was talking loud at the baseball game and he came to my brother and he says, "You're disturbing the peace."

My brother said, "So what?"

He pulls a gun on my brother. He's new, you know, so he pulls a gun on my brother. "Go ahead." He shoved this fellow, he said, "Go ahead. Shoot! Shoot, if you dare."

And this fellow withdrew his gun. And everybody, "Yeah, shame on you." (Chuckles)

That's how much respect they had for the police officer, you know.

(Laughter)

WN: So I guess didn't have too much crime out there.

AG: No. Or if he stopped you because one headlight was out, they just hang a lantern and then go. And the [policeman] would stop. "Here [policeman], have a drink." Swipe, you know.

"Okay, go." (Laughs)

WN: Was there a lot of people making swipe?

AG: Yeah, everybody made their own. My father made ti root [*'ōkolehao*]. And I remember we had a wooden stove. Always this thing drip, drip. And he used to put charred oak sticks in it, I think. Used to sell it for scotch. (Chuckles) These guys said, "Good [*'ōkolehao*], the old man make," you know.

WN: Oh, you mean tasted like scotch or. . . .

AG: Well, they knew what it was. But it had the taste, because the charred stick was in it, you know. And we used to get the ti root with the old ti leaf, when it grows old, oh, the root about that big. It's sweet, sweet. Better than sugarcane. They would *pūlehu* in an *imu*. And then they would ferment it. So that made good [*'ōkolehao*]. Swipe, they make out of pineapple and stuff, you know. My uncle used to make swipe. Uncle Eugene.

WN: That's the sweet potato?

AG: Pineapple, . . .

WN: Oh, pineapple.

AG: . . . I think. Uh huh. And they made their own beer. You know, during the war [World War II], you couldn't buy *kōji* rice or hops, I think. That's what they used for beer, yeah, I think.

WN: Mm hmm. Hops.

AG: Yeah. You couldn't buy it during the war. It was illegal. Nobody could buy it.

WN: What kind of rice did you say?

AG: *Kōji* rice. You couldn't buy it during the war either. I think they made beer or was it swipe? They used it to make liquor.

WN: You couldn't buy the rice because from Japan?

AG: The *kōji* rice you couldn't buy over there. The store, they couldn't—it was illegal to sell *kōji* rice.

WN: Oh yeah?

AG: *Kōji* rice, yeah, you couldn't buy it. You know we had ration, eh, those days. And *kōji* rice you couldn't buy. Of course, liquor, you ration so much. But I remember *kōji* rice and hops you couldn't buy, because you could make your own home brew.

WN: The policemen never bothered you folks making home brew?

AG: No, no. Everybody made their own. They'd probably give 'em a shot. (Chuckles)

WN: So what was East End like during the war?

AG: I was in Honolulu during the war. I wasn't home here. But I remember when we first—kids—when we moved to Honolulu, we saw the first electric refrigerator. Oh, we were so excited. "The thing make ice! The thing make ice!" And we used to talk about silent picture. "Someday we going have talking pictures, someday we'll have talking pictures." And, "Someday we going have radio picture, you know." And then, "Yeah, someday the man going fly to the moon. Ha-ha-ha, big deal!" But imagine, yeah. We heard rumors that someday we going have radio with picture and someday we're gonna have talking pictures. "Yeah, someday the man going fly to the moon." And boy, it all came. . . .

(Laughter)

WN: All in our lifetime, yeah?

AG: Used to have silent pictures, you know, and see the action. And then the words would come out. Then you see the action and the words come out. They used to have an organist playing music all the way through. And the kids would throw peanut shells at the organist.

WN: Oh, the organist was there?

AG: Yeah, he'd play.

WN: Oh, this was Honolulu.

AG: Yeah, yeah, in Honolulu.

WN: What about like Moloka'i. Didn't have any music . . .

AG: No.

WN: . . . with the silent picture?

AG: No music. Was so funny, you know. You'd have the words. And then the kids would yell and scream. And, you know, you making noise, all the way through. So when we finally had

talkies, it was hard to keep the kids quiet, because they're so used to yelling. The usher would come down, look, and tell everybody be quiet.

WN: So you folks moved to Honolulu. You moved to Honolulu to go school?

AG: Yeah.

WN: In 1927.

AG: All of us. Eventually, we all did, because we were all going to school. You know, step down, down, down, down. Was a long time before we were all able to come back, because the kids were all going to school.

WN: So you were ten years old when you moved . . .

AG: About ten, . . .

WN: . . . to Honolulu.

AG: . . . I would think so, uh huh. Because I remember going to Kalihi Waena School in the fifth grade. So I must have been . . .

WN: Was that the first time you went to Honolulu, when you went?

AG: Yeah, mm hmm.

WN: Do you remember what you first thought when you went there for the first time?

AG: Gee, I can't even remember. There were a lot of neighborhood kids. We lived at Kalihi, so we had a lot of kids that we were friends with when we went to school. It was an easy transition, you know. It wasn't hard for us. We were kind of countrified. And I know I went with my younger brother and my younger sister, as far as the sixth grade. And then we had to go to a junior high school. I know my kid brother said, "Ho, now you go another school, everybody lick me." Because he'd call me and I lick the kids. "Eh, no fool around with my brother," give 'em licking. He said, "Ho, now everybody licking me 'cause you're not there." (Laughs)

WN: And you stayed with your grandmother?

AG: No, my mother. We all moved to town. My mother moved to Honolulu, too. Then we'd come back home to Moloka'i for summers.

WN: And where was your dad?

AG: He was in Honolulu. He was separated from the family for a while, you know. So, that's when we had a really hard time. That's when Henry pitched in. He built the house, he paid the rent, he. . . . Oh, my mother told me that he worked for the waterworks [city and county water and sewers department]. She said he made about seventy-five dollars a month. He kept

five dollars and the rest went to the family. She kept wanting us to see how much we owed him. And I remember Henry as being the kindest of the lot. My other brothers, either they were bullies or they couldn't be bothered with us. But Henry was always kind. Always answered our questions, because he was much older. But he really took his role seriously as father, you know. He took a big responsibility. And the girls, of course, they got married and they left home. But Henry was the one that took care the family. Even when he was going with Margaret, they both took care of the family. That's why I said the Wong-Leongs took us under their wing and they really helped support the family. They actually supported the family.

WN: And then you folks came back summertime?

AG: Mm hmm, mm hmm [yes].

WN: You folks just locked up the house or somebody stayed in there?

AG: We had Japanese people around. There was always Japanese farmers. They had the run of the place, you know. And, no fee. If they made good their crop, they would pay my mother lease. If they don't make good, then she would buy them rice to keep them going. But those people were loyal. Anytime my mother wanted anything done, she'd call on her Japanese farmers. There might have been five or six of them. They did a lot of fishing. And there was a time when we had cattle running loose. That's why they said Moloka'i had the biggest pasture in the world. So many miles long (chuckles), you know. So they had to be confined. So, oh, all our property up the East End had to be fenced. Those Japanese got together and fenced in the whole area. I remember my mother gave them a *lū'au* afterwards, you know. We made leis for them and everything. Real Hawaiian *lū'au* with sake. Boy, they were having a grand time, you know. But they were the ones who took care the place. They were really loyal, really good people. And during the war, Japanese weren't able to congregate, you know. So my mother would hold the funerals. Get everyone together, my mother would be there to sort of chaperon them. So they never forgot her. They always remembered her for that. They were like her own children. They came to her aid when she needed help. So she would go to their aid when they needed help. We were practically raised by these Japanese, you know.

During New Year's, ho, "Happy New Year's, Sakanashi, give me quarter." "Happy New Year's, Takabayashi, give me quarter." Oh, quarter, quarter, quarter (chuckles). And they always had a jar ready for us, you know. That's the only time we're able to accept money or go bum money. [If] anybody went to go, "Eh, Mommy, she *wen* bum money from somebody, you know." But New Year's we were able to go and bum money from the Japanese. They were good. They fed us. You know how we love Japanese food? We eat Japanese food. And my mother, on the other hand, took care of them in their old age and all. Close, close family relationship.

WN: Sakanashi was close to your family, yeah?

AG: Yeah, yeah. I remember him from—I don't remember a time when he wasn't around, you know.

WN: When you folks came back to Moloka'i, you would all come back together?

AG: Mm hmm, mm hmm [yes]. The whole gang.

WN: You liked it here or over there better?

AG: Oh, was a treat to go to Honolulu. But over here we were more free, you know. But Honolulu wasn't so congested at that time. I remember we had that—you remember the Aloha Tower used to blow the eight o'clock whistle? We had to run home. That was curfew. If you're caught out, they nabbed you. So when we heard that, no matter where we were, we'd run for home. You don't see that now, yeah? No wonder why the kids were so controlled, yeah. "Eh, the siren."

WN: Where in Kalihi was the house?

AG: Gulick Avenue.

WN: Oh, that's right.

AG: Pua'ala Lane. I remember that. We used to have a taro patch in back of our house. I remember when my brother got in trouble with the police. They tracked him to the house and he ran through the back door, out in the taro patch. They couldn't catch him. He ran through the taro patch. (Laughs) And it's narrow, you know, in between, they have the taro patch and this little path where you walked. You can easily slip. He ran right across (chuckles). They used to have water buffaloes in the taro patches, you know.

WN: Did you find the people different at all, between Honolulu and over here?

AG: No, no. Oh, all country people all kind of backwards, you know. Not . . .

WN: I guess Kalihi was considered . . .

AG: Yeah, kind of . . .

WN: . . . backward country, yeah.

AG: Yeah, uh huh.

WN: I see.

AG: Tough district, I guess, but didn't bother us. They left us alone, because, "Eh, that's Danny's sister. We going leave him alone," you know. My brother was with some gang, I guess. So they left us alone. (Chuckles)

WN: So what kind of work did you do in Honolulu?

AG: Let's see, we used to work at the cannery during. . . . I worked at Love's Bakery. Any kind. And then during the war, I worked with the U.S. [Army Corps of] Engineers all through the

war.

WN: Doing what?

AG: Clerking, in the payroll department, making out payrolls. And then in about '44, I think, then we came back home to live with my . . .

WN: Forty-four?

AG: Mm hmm. That's. . .

WN: When did you get married?

AG: Forty-two.

WN: Oh. So you were in Honolulu when you got married?

AG: Yeah. We were in Honolulu. We both had defense jobs. He worked in Pearl Harbor, I worked at U.S. Engineers. And we had to take off to come home and get married, and go right back to work. Couldn't have no honeymoon. No nothing, you know. So we just took a couple of days off work. We came home to get married on Moloka'i. Then we went back to work.

WN: How did you meet him?

AG: I knew him long ago. He's a Moloka'i boy.

WN: Oh, yeah?

AG: Uh huh. He went to China with his father. His father had retired, he went to China. He was there for about seven years. And then when he came back, we renewed our acquaintance and got married.

WN: I think it's a good place to stop. And then what we want to do is maybe I can come back one more time and finish up. We'll start from the time you came back to Moloka'i and we'll work up to the present time.

AG: Oh, okay, okay.

WN: Would that be okay?

AG: All right. Sure, mm hmm. Like raising our kids and stuff, yeah?

WN: Yeah, yeah.

AG: I mean, our growing up years and our kids' growing up years, yeah?

WN: Yeah, yeah. Those kinds of things. Your job at the 'Ualapu'e Dispensary. You know, those

kinds of experiences. And then bring you up to today and, you know, what your thoughts on today are. Okay?

AG: All right.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape No. 19-18-2-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Anna Duvauchelle Goodhue (AG)

July 11, 1990

Kaunakakai, Moloka'i

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Anna Goodhue, on July 11, 1990, at the Mitchell Pauole Center in Kaunakakai, Moloka'i. The interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

Okay. Let's start again. We left off last time in 1944, when you were in Honolulu, and then you came back to Moloka'i.

AG: Mm hmm [yes], to live.

WN: Why did you come back?

AG: Let me think now. Okay. My brother and my husband [John "Jack" Goodhue, Sr.] were very good friends. And they encouraged us to come back, because Honolulu was a rat race, and he was disenchanted with his job and all that. Time for move. And he always loved Moloka'i. He wanted to come home to Moloka'i, my husband did. My brother had a repair shop. He said my husband can work for him. So he had a job waiting. So we moved back to Moloka'i. And then we stayed at his sister's beach place until my mother gave us a piece of land and we were able to build our own home.

WN: Where was the beach place?

AG: At 'Ualapu'e. At Kalua'aha, rather. Right across from the Kalua'aha [Estate] housing, that road that goes down to the beach. We lived there a couple of years and then we moved. We built our own home and then we moved in.

WN: And where did you build your home?

AG: Up at—right across from the Pūko'o Lagoon.

WN: And that's where you live now today?

AG: Yeah, mm hmm.

WN: Did you want to come back?

AG: Oh yes, yes. We both agreed. Now, I'll never leave this island. Not for anything. Every once in a while, they urge me to come to Honolulu. Maybe I'll go every two years or five years, in fact. It doesn't bother me.

WN: At the time you left Honolulu, you were working for the U.S. [Army] Corps of Engineers.

AG: Yeah, right. And then I became pregnant with Jack. So I left work and then I never went back, you know. We just moved back to Moloka'i after he was born, you know.

WN: Did you like that job?

AG: At the engineers?

WN: Yeah.

AG: It was money. (Chuckles) Not really. Boring, you know, working with figures, payrolls and all that. But it was good, it was casual. You had a whole bunch of people that worked in one area and it was very nice. No pressures. It was so easy. So many people doing different things. You did only deduction slips, you did only payroll, you did only—each one had their own, you know. Not too much to do.

WN: So the war was still going on when you came back.

AG: Yes, yes, uh huh.

WN: And then what did you do when you first came?

AG: I came home and then I went substitute teaching. I substituted for about seven years. Those days, it was hard to get certified teachers, so they were under contract, year-to-year contract. They were desperate for teachers, so I taught. I liked kindergarten, you know. And then we had the 'Ualapu'e Dispensary next door and they needed a dispensary clerk. And so they offered me—that was a county job. It was civil service, full-time. Substitute [teaching] was just year-to-year. Maybe one year you get a contract and next year you don't. So I took that job over at the dispensary [in 1953].

The dispensary clerk covered everything. You know, those days, we dispensed pills, we did injections, we did everything. And I was a clerk, not a . . . People called me a nurse, but I wasn't a nurse. I had no nursing experience at all. The doctor trained us to do what he wanted us to do. And the doctor said they rather train a lay person, than to have a registered nurse, because sometime they get kind of bossy, or they think they know better than the doctor, you know. He always said he'd rather have a lay person. We had barbituates, we had sleeping pills, all in the open, not even under lock and key. And I gave injections, I dispensed medication. No pharmacy license at all. But it was a favor because once a doctor sees a patient, and he prescribes, then they come and get refills. And lot of people are diabetics, they have no cars, they can't come to the dispensary. So here I went down the line, putting their insulin in the mailboxes, putting their heart pills in their mailboxes. It was so easy for them, you know. But those were the times. We were allowed to do it. And I had no problem. I learned to do injections, even help the doctor with circumcisions, and all kind of stuff, you

know.

WN: Who was the doctor at the time?

AG: Oh, there was Dr. [Sau Ki] Wong, and then there was a Dr. [Francis K.] Chu. And then there was Dr. Butler. And then the last one was Dr. [Paul] Stevens. He's working here [Kaunakakai] now. He was the last doctor at the dispensary before they closed. And then I was transferred down to the county office. They created a third position for me. They had two county clerks. They created a third clerk just to give me a job, you know. So then I stayed.

WN: So at that time the dispensary was 'Ualapu'e, but weren't the county offices down there, too?

AG: No, no. No county office down there. [The county offices were moved from 'Ualapu'e to Kaunakakai in 1935.] There was just the dispensary. And the school was next door, of course. But the county office was in Kaunakakai.

WN: So the dispensary, what is being used . . .

AG: Now it's the [Kilohana] School . . .

WN: What is it being used for now?

AG: The school is taking over the whole area.

WN: Yeah. But is that building still there?

AG: No, no. It's all been demolished. They put classrooms and everything over there.

WN: So what was the dispensary like? Try describe for me what the dispensary looked like.

AG: Okay, it was like a mini hospital. We didn't have in-patients, but we had gurneys where we did exams. And we did sterilizing, you know, all the gloves and the medical stuff. We had a autoclave, we called it. We'd sterilize all the stuff. The doctor did minor surgery, you know, stitching, and circumcisions, and stuff like that. And women even gave birth there, because it was such a long trip here [to Kaunakakai], and if it was rainy weather, we couldn't get across the stream. So they were pretty well stocked. And they did a lot of emergency surgery.

WN: At the time, when 'Ualapu'e Dispensary was operating, how many other hospitals were there on the island?

AG: None. Just the Ho'olehua. The hospital was at Ho'olehua [Shingle Memorial Hospital]. That was the only hospital we had.

WN: So either at Ho'olehua or 'Ualapu'e, . . .

AG: Dispensary.

WN: . . . that's the only two places.

AG: Yeah. That was a hospital ['Ualapu'e County Hospital] at one time, you know. And then in '35, they built the [Kilohana] School there. But there was [once] a hospital. My husband's father was a doctor there. It was a hospital at one time.

WN: Oh, then it became a dispensary after the school was built in '35?

AG: Yeah. Then the hospital was moved up to Ho'olehua. And then after the hospital was moved to Kaunakakai, then they felt that there was no need for the ['Ualapu'e] Dispensary. So, they did away with the dispensary.

WN: I see. I see.

AG: Then I would do all the follow-up, like, penicillin. The doctor would do the initial shot, then you have to follow up with about three more shots. And I'd do all the follow-up. Penicillin, insulin, you know. Only thing I didn't do was IV. I guess he could have trained me, but I didn't want to take the responsibility. Going to the blood stream is something else, you know.

WN: So all the East End people went to 'Ualapu'e [Dispensary].

AG: Yeah.

WN: Okay. So from Hālawā all the way to . . .

AG: Yeah. I mean, if it was anything serious, then the doctor would. . . . Or if the doctor's in town, I have an emergency, I'd call him and then he'd wait for the patient down here, you know, just as a sort of a stopgap. Those days—now they have disposable needles. We sterilized and we sharpened the needles, you know, and used them over and over. Can you beat that? (WN laughs.) And some would not sharpen properly. Kind of dull and, oh. . . .

WN: Oooh.

AG: But, yeah, we used to sharpen the needles. They weren't disposables.

WN: Sounds so primitive today, yeah? Just the thought of it.

AG: Yeah, yeah. But people survived, you know.

(Hammering in the background.)

AG: I learned a lot, you know.

WN: Yeah. Do you remember how much you got paid?

AG: I'm trying to think. Was it \$150 to \$200 [a month]? Then, it was a big amount. I remember when I started, engineers, you started at \$150. You worked up to about \$250, something like that, you know. That was good money. (Chuckles)

WN: So who ran 'Ualapu'e Dispensary?

AG: We had a county doctor. He gets paid by the county and he can take private patients, too. He has his private office in Kaunakakai, but he sees patients up there, and he has certain hours. And then the people come in at certain hours.

WN: So it was run by the [Maui] County then?

AG: Yes. It was run by the county. They had so much set aside for free medication for people who couldn't afford it. And as much as possible, I shoved everybody under there free. If I had my way, nobody would pay, because a lot of those people, they didn't have any money, you know. So I shoved everybody. If it went over, too bad. We write it off as a loss. Then the county auditors would come and they'd grumble about the loss. And Dr. Wong told us, he said, "Remember, they work for the county, too. Don't be afraid of them," you know. "They're here to teach you, but not to scold you." So we were never afraid of the auditors.

(Laughter)

AG: And we'd have, like, the kids would eat rat poison. They'd come in, oh, the kid had a hook in his hand, and you can't pull it out, because it has a barb, you know.

I told him, "I can't do it here." I said, "You have to come down to [Kaunakakai], have it cut out, to the doctor's office."

"Hah," he said, "you got five dollars for gas?"

So I'd lend him five dollars for gas.

(Laughter)

AG: That's how we were that time. "Ho, you get money, you get five dollars for gas?" But he come back and pay me the five dollars. But that's how we were, you know. The county workers would be working on the road and, oh, *pau hana*. "Ho, we like go Ah Ping [Store], buy beer, but, you get five dollars?"

"Yeah." I give 'em—lend 'em money. (Chuckles)

WN: That's big money, eh, five dollars?

AG: Yeah. But, you know, people just come here. What else you going to do, you know?

WN: Yeah.

AG: But they always paid it back. If you working, they think, "Oh, she got plenty money," you know. "Ask her for money, she get plenty money." That's the attitude.

WN: Wow.

AG: Then I used to have to determine whether it's an emergency, I could treat them, or whether I send them to the doctor. And you can't send everybody down. Sometimes it's something minor, you know. Or I'd call him [doctor], and sometimes it's something the child has had before, so he tells me to just dispense certain medication.

WN: So were there nurses at all, in that dispensary?

AG: No. No registered nurse. Just the dispensary clerk. And they called me a nurse, yeah. Everybody said, "Oh, the nurse," but I really wasn't a nurse.

WN: Did you dress up like a nurse?

AG: I wore a uniform, all in white.

WN: So what you were doing, wasn't that what [Katharine] "Kitty" Akutagawa did, too?

AG: Yes, uh huh. In fact, she recommended me to take her place when she left. She was the one who got me. Out of high school, I wasn't really skilled or trained for anything. But those days, you get the job and you train while you're on the job. You don't go to school for it. So, we got the job where other people were busy going to school. No job when they came home, you know. No place here for jobs, so we got all the best jobs, I guess.

WN: So when you came back to 'Ualapu'e, back in 1944, '45, did you notice any changes in the community, as far as people or physical changes?

AG: No. Maybe a few more people. The lack of farmers—we had a lot of Japanese farmers, I told you, had cotton. And no more farming, they all moved out. I guess there wasn't too much money in farming. So, there wasn't too many farmers. People went in mostly for fishing. People like Jack Kalilikane, old-timer, they fished from way back. But no, was slow pace, you know. Everything was slow.

WN: So you noticed less Japanese out there?

AG: Yes. Used to be . . .

WN: After the war.

AG: Yeah, much less, uh huh.

WN: I wonder if the war had something to do with that.

AG: I don't think so. I think they started before the war, they started to leave, you know. And I suppose, had they wanted to, they couldn't have come back after the war. Things were too, I suppose, more or less, unsettled, you know. Maybe families broken up or something. I don't know. But they had long gone. They had moved out gradually. So very few [were] left. There's this guy—I don't know if he's still here—[staying] with Kitty. This Japanese man, Watanabe. He was one of the . . .

WN: Yeah, yeah.

AG: Yeah. He lived in that 'Ualapu'e area. They were farmers, I think.

WN: Yeah, I met him. Shinichi [Watanabe].

AG: Shinichi.

WN: Yeah.

AG: And close-knit community, you know. Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians all mixed. All got together.

WN: So you started at 'Ualapu'e Dispensary about '45?

AG: No, I taught for about seven years. I would say, about in the '50s, about middle '50s. Maybe about ['53] yeah.

WN: And how many years were you at . . .

AG: Ho, I'm trying to think when did I move to the county office. I retired with twenty years service. I retired in '75.

WN: Oh, with the county, you mean.

AG: Yeah. So could have been I had ten years either side, you know.

WN: Oh, so about '65 you moved to Maui County.

AG: Mm hmm. In '75 I retired.

WN: And you retired with twenty years' service [with the county].

AG: Right.

WN: Oh, okay. That sounds right. So you were a substitute teacher for. . . .

AG: About seven years.

WN: And there were times when you didn't work . . .

AG: Uh huh.

WN: . . . when you came back. Because you were raising your family?

AG: Right, right.

WN: I see. So when you were teaching and you were at the [dispensary], who watched your

children?

AG: My mother. My mother was here then. She would baby-sit until the kids all started going to school. Then it made it easier. It was funny. After I retired from the county, then—I don't know how many times I retired. I retired from the county, then I went back to substitute teaching. Then I went to lunchroom supervisor. Every time they need somebody, they call because there's nobody else in the community, you know. Then I went to the hospital. I worked there about a year, in the senior citizens program at Moloka'i [General] Hospital in the records department. And then I retired from that. Then I worked at Kilohana School again, as a crossing guard. They didn't have a crossing guard. The people don't want the job, you know, all those welfare guys. So they had to call me. And I worked crossing guard about five years off and on, you know. Then I retired for real.

(Laughter)

AG: I retired about three times. Well, they keep calling you back, you know, "Oh, we have nobody. Could you please fill in?" Oh, what can you do? And it seemed the old-timers are very reliable. Plus the experience, I guess.

WN: Did you notice any changes in the 'Ualapu'e Pond?

AG: No, I didn't notice any changes. All I know is that [Harry] Apo was the new lessor, you know. And . . .

WN: Prior to Apo, who was it?

AG: I don't know.

WN: Was it a woman? Somebody told me it was a Hawaiian woman.

AG: Could be someone down that area.

WN: People cannot remember her name (chuckles) for some reason.

AG: Kitty didn't know?

WN: No. Well, I didn't ask her yet. I'll ask her.

AG: Those people. Maybe Jack Kalilikane would know, I think, because his family was involved.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

AG: I was driving to school, I didn't have any license at that time. (WN chuckles.) I just driving back and forth, back and forth. And finally I said, "Oh, I better go in and get my license." Panila Kapuni lived right across from the school. And he was a policeman, so I went. I said, "I came in for my license."

"What? You've been driving all this time, no more license?"

I said, "That's why I'm here for."

He shook his head. He said, "Here, give 'em a license. No go test drive. You were driving how long. Here." He gave me my license.

(Laughter)

WN: So, that's Lani's husband?

AG: Lani Kapuni's, yeah.

WN: When you came back, was Ah Ping Store still there?

AG: Oh yes. Quite a while it was still there.

WN: You come from Pūko'o, yeah?

AG: Mm hmm.

WN: And then, you know, there's 'Ualapu'e nearby. Was there, like, a feeling that, "Oh, I'm from Pūko'o and you're from 'Ualapu'e," that kind of separateness?

AG: Kind of. We never mixed that much. We stayed in our own area. Transportation, for one thing. Of course, we had friends across, you know. But more or less, we stayed in our own district. We didn't go to 'Ualapu'e, 'Ualapu'e didn't come. We didn't go to Kamalō. Everybody stayed in their own area. I think, more it was [lack of] transportation, because when any kind of a—when there was a *lū'au*, we all mixed very well, you know. But it's just that we stick close to home.

WN: I see. I'm wondering, now that, you know, you have a family now, and you remember how you were raised. How different or how similar are you raising your children compared to how you were raised?

AG: Almost along the same lines. They have a little more freedom, but we're more family-orientated. I interfere with my in-laws or whatever, you know. But [to] my daughter-in-law, I said, "Why you let her do that? You know, she's not supposed to do that. Don't let her do that." That kind of stuff. And they listen. The boys will listen to me, you know. And it's still the same way. Our days, too, my in-laws sort of got involved with the family. My children, they have the same sort of a casual manner. I've heard of people saying, "Oh, the son had gotten into debt, so the mother loaned him some money." In our family, sometimes the kids work pineapple field. Sometimes they work, sometimes no work. Who have money, give, you know. If we didn't have money, no loan. Give or else they'll say, "Oh, Ma, I'm broke."

Give. "Don't pay back."

And when he gets paid, "Oh here, Ma."

No bookkeeping system. Even the brothers, all the time, "Eh, help your brother. Don't

grumble." I said, "Eh, no *namunamu*." The Hawaiians say "No 'au'a *namunamu*." Don't grumble. If you're gonna give, give. If you're going to grumble, don't give, because something might happen when they use the money. Or if they're going to eat something you give, going get stomachache, in Hawaiian style.

But our family, help one another, you know. Even with friends and neighbors. We'd hear that, oh, somebody's husband went to jail, give 'em twenty-five dollars to help the family. You know, stuff like that. Just give. Don't wait for them to ask, or if hard up, or something's wrong, or somebody can't pay for their car. We go make one or two payments for them until they can catch up. I don't know, that's the way we were, you know.

And my children were raised the same. And my daughter is raising her children the same way, you know. Respect for older people. Sometimes I go up to the hospital to see my sister, bring the *mo'opunas*, and she's able to come out. They kiss her, they sit on her lap. She loved that, you know. They don't shy away from old folks. They're used to being around old folks. Sometimes they bring them out in the van, to visit. They drive in and all the kids, "Come on, come in see Aunty." They all get into the van, kiss their aunty. The contact with the *kupuna*, huh.

And we were the same, but, oh, I used to hate to go and kiss. And as soon as we come home from—we used to go to Kamehameha School, we'd come home for vacations, you know. Go down the line, kiss everybody. Oh, I hated that. I used to hide. My sister, Mary, oh, she was so good. But, boy, she went back with a lot of gifts. Me, I never did. *Ho'okano keiki* go home with nothing. I stay over there, "Old witch." (Laughs) I go home with nothing because I was *ho'okano*, and didn't care, *keiki ho'okano*. It was, "Ooh, yuck."

WN: Every family got to have one like that. I guess you're the one, eh? (Laughs)

AG: Yeah, yeah. And the grandparents, they despise—they can actually hate one child, you know. And I guess I was the one that was hated. And the more they hate you, the more dirty stuff you do, you know. But, boy, I hated that kissing, everybody kissing. And nowadays, I tell my grandchildren, "Turn your cheek. Don't let them kiss you." I learned that. "Turn your cheek or let 'em kiss your head. Don't let them kiss you on the mouth." And I don't kiss them on the mouth, you know. I think it's a bad habit. I hated it—kissing. Uh. "Go see Aunty Lucy, go see this, go see that." Half the day is taken up, go see, see (laughs). And they're not blood relatives, you know. Just close family friends. And some of them I don't even like. But common courtesy, you know. Because it reflects on the family. "Oh, she didn't raise her children right. They're *ho'okano*." (Chuckles)

WN: What do you see Moloka'i's future to be? What would you like to see in Moloka'i's future?

AG: Just the pace we are at now. Slow growth. As we need it, we get it. But I don't like this long-range plan. Next year we'll have this. So many years from now we'll build a store here. As the need arises, we should have it. Especially at the East End. That's the one place people can go for recreation where you can still see open space. As it is now, every available—eh, you should—have you been to the Kūpeke Fishpond?

WN: Mm hmm [yes].

AG: They're building right on the edge of the pond. Have you seen that little . . .

WN: Yeah. What is that?

AG: Homes.

WN: Oh, it's a home?

AG: Home. And I don't know how they got a building permit. There's no space around it. That kind of stuff I hate, you know.

WN: Your home is around there?

AG: Yeah.

WN: That Kūpeke Fishpond?

AG: No. Below that. Right across from the—do you know Erwin [Health] Center? After you pass Pūko'o Lagoon, there's a dip, you know. Just across from the lagoon. Exactly right across from the lagoon. And then my daughter is right in the back. She built in the back of me, so there's two houses there. And we lived in the same area. Where my sister Zelig was living, that's where we were all born and raised, you know.

WN: So, like, the people building home right by Kūpeke Fishpond, what kind of people are they? Are they Moloka'i people or . . .

AG: No. All people that buy land and speculate, you know. Sometimes they live a little while, then they sell. They don't even live in it. Look at 'Ualapu'e, that house at 'Ualapu'e. Nobody lives in it, you know. They were here for little while and they disappear. It's speculating. That's all. That, I hate. I hate to see.

It used to be that you had no neighbors. We went to Honolulu one time with my son, and we stayed with my brother in Kailua. And the neighbors were right close, you know. And he got up in the morning, he looking, "Ho, Mom, somebody built his house right in Uncle's yard." (Chuckles) But it's the neighbor. He never seen a house that close. He couldn't sleep because of the noise. And he was a homebody. He'd never, never, never want to go away from home. If we're going anywhere, he'd be the one to stay home, you know. And he couldn't stand it the first time he seen a house so close.

It was a lot of open space [on Moloka'i]. A lot of planting. People planted trees and whatnot, yeah. Even homes, I don't like to see too many. We have a rural area where half acre is the minimum. But if you have a lot that's only 10,000 square feet, they permit you to build, because that's as big as a lot is, you know. But too much people buying land, you know. And especially, I don't like in the valleys where these so-called hippies once came and settled. You don't know what they're doing to the stream. The Hawaiians respected their, you know. But we don't know what they're doing to the stream, so we don't dare take water ending in the stream. We had no washing machine, so we used to wash clothes in the stream, you know. But nowadays, you don't know what's happening up above. And they settle in the remotest

areas, you know.

WN: Still yet?

AG: Still yet we have people coming in. They have a little hole-in-the-wall where they seem to dig in, you know. Just recently we saw at that turn going toward Kainalu, Honomuni, there's this big curve and you see a hole and somebody is building inside. They had bought a piece. They are smart to find places. I don't know how they manage to get hold of the people to buy. In our day, nobody sold. They just hung on to their land. But now, the thing with the land is, they have so many children, you have twelve children, and they don't designate any child, so it goes to all twelve. So, they can't do anything with it. So what they do is buy out each one until they buy the whole thing. But I don't like overbuilding. I hate that.

WN: What about tourism on Moloka'i?

AG: I don't mind tourists because they come and they go, you know. But I resent more these people who build and who live here and overcrowd. They don't seem to realize that the tourists come, they spend money—however little—and they leave the island, you know. They aren't the despoilers. It's your own people that do that, you know. I think tourism is good. As long as they don't build more hotels to accommodate the tourists. If they would use 'em for sightseeing and the like, that's good enough. Like, well, they had already agreed, long time ago, that they can do all their resort building on the West End, but leave the East End free. At least they'll have something to see when they go sightseeing, you know. We like the one-story school building, the small churches, and stuff like that. I don't like to see that change. I wouldn't like to see the churches rebuilt with concrete and stuff like that.

WN: What about in terms of economic development for the island?

AG: Every time they [businesses] come here, their reasoning is, "Oh, be jobs for everybody." It winds up either they go broke and they fall through, or they hire very few people, because their excuse is, "We need skilled labor. Your people are not skilled." They don't train them, so they have to bring in skilled. Or it's union. "You're not union, we can't hire you. But in the beginning, oh, so many jobs, but they don't say who's going to get the jobs. So only a handful of people get the jobs. And now that we're linked with Maui, we have people that can go to Maui if they want to.

WN: Is that working out? The boat?

AG: It seems to. Mm hmm. It seems to. If people don't get jobs, they just don't want to work. They like to stay on welfare. It's much easier, you know. My son does housecleaning. He can take five houses during the week, one house a day and he charges a minimum of twenty-five dollars. And it doesn't take him more than four hours.

WN: Wow, twenty-five dollars is a good deal.

AG: Yeah. And he's so much in demand, he cannot handle. He's good. He's thorough. He learned from Brownie Gillman. You know, Harold ["Buddy"] Wright's mother. He [AG's son] dropped out of Kilohana School in the ninth grade, because they had a high school and he

didn't want to travel to [Moloka'i High School]. It was hard for him to mix. So he dropped out of school and he went right to work, and he's been working ever since. She taught him plenty. Boy, he's the best. He's very thorough. And people just clamor for him, you know. So it's one house a day. They have him reserved, you know. But that's his minimum. And if it's less than four hours, they still pay him the twenty-five dollars. And if it's over four hours, they pay him five dollars an hour, extra, for anything over four hours. But they figure he's worth it. He does windows, he does screens. He even does minor repairs or calls your attention to a rotting sink that they're not aware of, or the bathroom floor is rotting, or you need to fasten some boards. He takes care of all of that, you know. There's always yard work. People are always looking for yardmen, you know.

WN: What about agriculture in Moloka'i?

AG: It's hard. They did away with the pineapple fields, and then one of the Japanese men had said that it's [farming] not all that easy. He said not only experience, you had to have the equipment. And it has to be large-scale farming for it to pay off. And people don't—maybe they don't have that much land, they don't have the equipment, they don't have the know-how. So, it's not a very lucrative thing. Like, maybe in your own backyard, green ti leaves are in demand. You can plant a lot and you can sell that. But a little of this and a little of that. Maybe ornamental plants. Once a year, maybe Memorial Day you have flower sale, but not enough to really make a living, you know. So agriculture is not, I don't think. At Ho'olehua, probably. But the ones who are making it big are these outsiders who lease Hawaiian Homes land and make a killing, you know. But the homesteaders, themselves, I think they barely survive.

WN: Could it be, too, that agriculture is a hard thing to get young people interested in?

AG: I think so. You know, old people are very, very patient. But I think the youngsters are looking for something else. I think they rather drive taxi, or drive bus. Stuff like that. They're bus drivers. They drive the school bus, they drive the tour buses. And that gives employment to quite a few. We have people working at the airport for the different airlines.

WN: What do you think it's going to take to encourage young people of Moloka'i to stay on Moloka'i and work?

AG: It's hard to say. You'd have to build up this place to be almost like Maui. And yet, we want it kept a lower profile, so it's hard. It's really nothing to keep them here. The [Moloka'i General] Hospital has hired quite a few of our local people. We have nurse's aides, we have maintenance. Quite a few people have found jobs there at the hospital. If they go in for nurses' training, there's always an opening, you know. Or even teaching. Some of them go away to be teachers. That's another opening. But very little, very few.

WN: Now we can talk about aquaculture. What do you think of the future of, for example, this fish pond project?

AG: I guess it's. . . . So much people have started and haven't succeeded, you know. They always seem to fall along the wayside somehow. They can't get along or maybe they disagree with one another, you know. And, like the [Moloka'i] old-timers, they go by ear, so to speak.

Where these people [aquaculturists] have scientific knowledge, [they] are trying to share that scientific knowledge. Like, my son Raymond, he doesn't read very well. He doesn't read any instruction, so he gets these plants through the mail—roses, you know—and he throws away the directions. Aah. And it survives, you know. That's what I mean. They rather have their own way. But they're developing scientific methods which they really should follow, but they have no patience with it, you know. All they know is fishing and selling the fish. So all they would want is maybe refrigeration for the fish, transporting them, equipment like nets and stuff. But I hope if the pond project pans out, that would be a good thing.

WN: Seems like a natural thing for this island, you know, because of all the fish ponds.

AG: Yeah, that's what we—yeah. It would be, it should be. With so many people getting involved, there's quite a bit of interest in it now. So maybe it'll really take off, you know. The people that work with it are good. This woman that's with the fish pond now—what's her name? She's heading that. She puts out a [newsletter]. . . .

WN: Oh, Carol Wyban?

AG: Yeah. She's good, she's good. Just meeting her, I mean, she's the bridge between the gap, between scientific and the old-timers. She respects all these old-time [methods], you know. So, a person like her could really make something work. We have to have the right people. You have to have someone to train and supervise. Our people can do the work, but they don't have the know-how, you know. And they have to learn to work together. So if you have somebody like her supervising, I think it'll go. If you have the right people in there, somebody they can work with, it'll really go, because they have the muscle and they're not afraid of work. And they have certain knowledge where they understand terminology with fish ponds. They know about tide, they know about fish ponding and all that. So they have a lot of knowledge, but they need to be under supervision where they can sort of siphon their knowledge, you know.

WN: In general, how do you think the old-timers feel about this fish pond project?

AG: Gee, they're always skeptical about anything. It's more jealousy than anything else, you know, because they're not involved. "Oh, look at—what does he know about that?" "Oh, look who's there. What does he know?" Stuff like that. But I think, at least they're happy, because it's our own people getting involved. They're so glad to have people out there. Anything is better, you know. They'd rather have them in the pond than out. (Chuckles) But, something like this, I think, they feel the people are getting involved. So I think they appreciate it more. And, of course, it takes one or two people that say, "Oh, it's good because they're working with it." So they'll pass the word along to the community. "It's a good project," so they'll take their word for it, you know. "Oh, so-and-so said it's good. Must be good," you know. But I think they feel that it's being given back to the people, whereas if the state had complete control, we couldn't do anything with the pond. But now they feel maybe it's being given back to the people, where they can have something to do with it. And that, more than anything else.

WN: You [once] mentioned [George Peabody]. What are some of the problems that are going on right now?

AG: With [George] Peabody?

WN: Yeah.

AG: Now he's zooming in on the Pūko'o Lagoon. Okay, at first, he was trying to get the lagoon itself opened to the public, because he says it's open waters, navigable waters. It's public property. It's not private. But they've proven by statements from the old-timers, that it was a [privately-owned] pond up until they dredged it. So they said it is private property, it is not open water. Even his [Peabody's] attorney gave up, you know. They finally gave up. So now he's fighting for [access to] the old Pūko'o Wharf Road. I think he wants to bring his windsurfing operation down. It's commercial, he's looking for. Commercial. He wants a boat ramp there, a commercial boat ramp. He wants a public road right down from the main road right down to the beach. They [the Schroll family, owners of Pūko'o Lagoon] have offered a path, you know, a foot path, but it's not enough. He [Peabody] wants where big cars, supposedly a truck with a trailer, can pass. And that's also commercialism. So that's what he's fighting for now. And he'll keep at it.

WN: It seems like the problem then is the issue of private property versus public access.

AG: Yeah, yeah. We old-timers, we said that place [Pūko'o Lagoon] was always private. And there was a clause that said when it ceased to being used as a wharf, it goes back to the owners. He [Peabody] refuses to see that, but. . . . And one of our old-timers pointed out to me, she said, "I don't see what the problem is. In our day, if somebody was living there, it's private." We don't go *maha'oi*. We were taught by our parents, "Don't go in there. Someone is there, it must be their property." So when he says people were barging in and using [the lagoon], there's no such thing. The old-timers never did that. And I remember my Uncle Eugene living there. And anybody would come, they'd hail him. "Hey, Eugene, we're going out throw net."

"Okay, Okay." Sort of asking permission, but not really, you know. But at least they call your attention that they're here. What they're [Peabody] trying to say, it was wide open and they have gone back and forth without anybody stopping them, which is not true. And like this woman, Clara Sabas, had pointed out, she said, "It was private property. We were taught never to go into it." We were all taught the same thing. Whether it has a gate, or a fence, or whether people live [there], there's no argument about if it's private or not. If someone is living there, you leave them alone, you know.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AG: And then there's one of the Crane girls, they said she used to go up and visit my cousin on her horse. And my uncle made her tie her horse outside the gate, so it wouldn't ruin his potato patch. So there was a gate there. And these people who come here and claim there was no gate, these are people who have come within the last five or ten years. They were never here back then. They don't even have relatives that were here then. And he [Peabody] always

gets information from people who don't know anything. I guess he doesn't go to the right people, because they give him the wrong answers, you know. And lots of stuff he writes up in his paper, people shake their head over it, because it's very little fact, you know. I mean, he makes it to suit himself.

WN: Okay. So what is the extent of your political participation nowadays?

AG: Oh, every year I say, let the young people take over. Then they call, "Oh, you know, they're not helping us. They're not doing anything. More better you come back." So, we're in it again. This year it's Elmer Cravalho [candidate for mayor of Maui County] came back, so I came back (chuckles) to help him.

WN: Did you always support him?

AG: Oh yeah. I liked—when I was working for the county. He's a person that he'll make a decision without political motivation, you know. In other words, if you help him, he's going out all out for you. All he has to know is that you're one of his helpers, one of his. . . . And of course, I'm a staunch Democrat. I never cross lines, you know. I never. And so when he came back, all the old-timers came out and started being active again, because they said these young kids nowadays, they don't know how to politi—they don't know how to do it. So, I'm going all out for Elmer because . . .

WN: Your parents were, what, Democrats?

AG: Yeah. My father worked in the polls, I worked in the polls. Yeah, my father was; my mother, all from way back. Also, we had relatives on Maui that did get together, coordinate, you know, "Who we're going to put in this year?" So, you have to. We've gotten a lot through politics. We've gotten people jobs at East End, you know, from being in contact with these people and being supportive. They're afraid of me because when I write anything in the paper, I bar none, you know. I write everything. So they all know me by my poison pen, I guess.

(Laughter)

AG: And I was a strong supporter of Patsy Mink, also. But this year we have [Mike] Crozier in there [running against Mink for a congressional seat] and he's family. He's my brother Henry's wife's nephew. So he's family, so we have to. . . . As long as they're Democrat, we all agree that—each one have their own candidate, but whoever the Democrat comes out the winner [in the primary], then we all support that one, you know. But all in good—like, the Bordens, they're for Lokelani Lindsay [for mayor], you know. And different ones. We all get together, we laugh over it. But we say, "Well, when this is all over, as long as you vote Democrat, we have no squawk about it." And then, of course, the winner take all, you know.

WN: How do Moloka'i people feel about being part of Maui county?

AG: A lot of people want it [i.e., Moloka'i becoming a separate county], but I wouldn't go that far, I think, because for one thing, we have to have qualified engineers for roads and stuff. We don't have that, I don't think. My personal feeling is a lot of these *malihinis* coming. All

these *Haoles*. They are the qualified ones. They'll run the county. That's what I'm afraid of. In Maui, we have all our local people who are qualified people to run the county. But if we don't qualify, then these others will come in from outside and they'll run the county. That's my fear, you know. I believe in appointing our own [planning] commission and stuff like that. Have our own people serve, you know. Not have to answer to Maui. They'll tell us we're just a figurehead, you sit on the commission, then they'll do what they want, anyhow. But I want for our word to be law, that whatever we say goes, then they'll accept it as such, you know. But as to be completely on our own, I don't buy that at all.

WN: So Moloka'i does have its own planning commission now?

AG: We have all Moloka'i people, yeah. But they're still subject to Maui, you know. If you're going to do it, you might as well go all the way, you know. Because people don't have faith in you. They're not going to come to you and tell you their problem. What's the sense, you know? You may sympathize and all that, but you don't have the last say. It still goes back to Maui. So, if they're going to give us anything, give it all, you know. But to be completely on our own, we're too small, too. We cannot generate that much income. (Pause) And we can always fight them if we don't like what they do. We can fight 'em, make a lot of noise.

WN: Well, let's see. I think we covered just about everything.

AG: I've just been rambling. Did you get any out of it? (WN laughs.) The rambling?

WN: No, this has been really good. Before I turn off the recorder, is there anything you want to say?

AG: No. I enjoyed talking. I had. . . .

WN: Well, you have a . . .

AG: Someone gave my name to some OHA [Office of Hawaiian Affairs] representative, came in, and asked where we've been shortchanged. I told him where. He told me, "You know, you're the most articulate," of all his travels, all around the islands, getting people's versions, you know. He said, "You've touched on subjects that people haven't even thought about." I told him my feeling and all that. He was very, very pleased, you know (chuckles). There I went again, shooting my mouth off.

(Laughter)

WN: I'm pleased, too. It turned out really good. Thank you very much.

AG: Okay.

END OF INTERVIEW

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