

## BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Laura Duvauchelle Smith

*"Well, the fishermen had a lot of superstitions, you know. You don't take bananas on a fishing trip. . . . Banana is hard luck. . . . One day I decided that I'd go and meet my father 'cause he must be hungry about this time. . . . So I took about four or five bananas. I thought, well, gee, this will hold him until lunch. So when he saw me coming he said, 'Auwe! Pala ka mai'a!' You know, the expression, 'Oh my, the banana is ripe.' Then he pulled everything in and we went home. And he was laughing. . . . He said, 'Well, when you brought the banana I had to stop fishing because that's bad luck,' you know."*

The sixth of thirteen children of Edward Kekuhi Duvauchelle and Annie K. Wood Duvauchelle, Laura Kapakauokamehameha Duvauchelle Smith was born October 4, 1909 at Pūko'o, Moloka'i. Of Hawaiian, English, French and Irish extraction, Laura grew up in the large family home in Pūko'o with her brothers and sisters. She also spent a great deal of time with her father, who was a prominent East End citizen and active family man.

Laura attended Kalua'aha School, then left for Honolulu to attend Kamehameha School starting with the fifth grade. She graduated in 1927. Following graduation, she worked for Kamehameha School in the business office and as a secretary. She later worked in various jobs in Honolulu and on the Mainland.

In 1953, she married Robert F. Smith. Widowed since 1982, Laura lives in Honolulu and returns to Moloka'i to visit whenever possible. She is interested in writing a book about her family.

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ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Laura Duvauchelle Smith (LS)

February 21, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Mrs. Laura Duvauchelle Smith on February 21, 1990, at her home in Honolulu. The interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

Okay, Laura, why don't we start by having you tell me, first, when and where you were born.

LS: I was born in Pūko'o, Moloka'i on October 4, 1909. I was the (sixth) child of my mother and father (Edward K. and Annie K. Duvauchelle). My father had (three sons by) a previous marriage (to Alapa'i Kapi'iwi). She died (in June 1891). My mother was married to David Kakani, (obviously a pre-)arranged marriage (by the parents on both sides. Too young for marriage, not) well matched, (she) and my father met, (fell in love,) and eloped. They lived together (in Honolulu) until she (was) divorced from David Kakani (on) December the 9th, 1903. My father and mother were married (on) December 17, 1903.

(By then) they already had three children: Zelie, Helen, who died in infancy, and Henry (all born in Honolulu). Louise was born in Moloka'i (on May 15, 1905). My father and mother moved to Moloka'i in (1904), early that year. Henry (was with them as an infant). Zelie stayed in Honolulu with her grandmother, my mother's mother.

WN: Now, they moved to Moloka'i in (1904). Where did they move from?

LS: They moved from Honolulu, (where) my father was in charge of the stables, which is equivalent to the transportation division, of course not (as) big. That was in (1902 or 1903). Let's go back a little. In 1903 (or thereabouts), he had a saloon which he called Leilani. But he told me he had two saloons; one (named) Villanova, the other Flag of All Nations, but I could never find a record of (either). I only found Leilani, the one saloon.

WN: Where was his saloon? In downtown?

LS: In Honolulu, in the Kaka'ako district. He also lent money to the seamen that arrived periodically in those shipping days. When they arrived, they would borrow money, probably at a high interest (rate), but they (never objected) because they needed the money. (An owner of a) saloon (and money lender), in competition with my father (who shall remain



anonymous), reported him to the governor (for usury). At that time it was Governor (George Carter). His license was revoked, (and, of course,) he closed the saloon. (He may have had a partner. Discouraged by the loss of the saloon, he submitted his resignation, packed their belongings, and moved to Moloka'i.)

(In the fall of 1905), he went to Seagirt, New Jersey with the (Hawai'i Territorial Guard) rifle team, (which he would refer to as the Old) Guard. They made a (remarkable) record, because they were (expert) marksmen (and well prepared for the competition). The New Jersey team thought they (would win easily over these) strange men, (anywhere from fifteen to twenty of them), tall, handsome men (who spoke a foreign) language (among themselves, in English to the opposing team). They spoke Hawaiian, (as was customary) in the early days (in) Hawai'i. After the first day (on the range, the home team) realized these men (from Hawai'i) were really good. They (had a rough competition and had to shape up. They eventually became friendly and showed them around). My father and Uncle (Eugene Duvauchelle) made a good record (for) themselves. I remember my father's medals. My mother had them all on a (decorative pillow, pinned to) a satin ribbon across (the top where we could admire) Papa's medals. (We were so proud of him. He was special. Eventually he put them in his safe, removing them now and then to polish them.)

And that was the first trip he'd ever made to the Mainland, and he (would reminisce) about (the time), "When I was in Seagirt, New Jersey." I never (associated) the name Seagirt as (a) military installation. When my husband and I were at Fort Huachuca, (in some conversation) I mentioned my father's going to Seagirt, (New Jersey with a rifle team, someone) said, "Oh, Seagirt, New Jersey, of course." It was (a place) they knew very well. (Small world.)

WN: How did he learn to use a rifle?

LS: They were (well trained). They were the guard, (they wore uniforms), they had rifle teams and firing practice and drilling. They (were well equipped. While on Moloka'i my father continued to practice; his commander kept him supplied with ammunition to practice for the competition in New Jersey. Eventually the time came for the rifle team to leave Honolulu by ship enroute to) San Francisco. They had a few days before they boarded the train (for New Jersey). They wanted leis for their hats, and they (walked along) Market Street looking for a florist. They (located one) and selected the flowers they (needed next to some) fern; they saw a planter with the fern that was so common in the Islands (and) grew in the valleys. They (asked the florist for a few) leaves. (They wanted to) make *haku* leis for their hats. (The florist) said, "My goodness, no. That is a very precious fern. Why, it's rare. I couldn't give you any of that."

"Oh, that grows in our valleys back home," they said. "It's common."

He said, "Well, you could make a lot of money if you imported some of that to San Francisco."

He gave them (leaves from) another fern. They made leis and (decorated) their hats and walked down Market Street, (conversing in) Hawaiian, and (attracting a lot of attention. Quite a spectacle for San Franciscans wondering, who are these strange, tall men?) My father (and uncle were) six feet two, and all of them ramrod straight. (Next) they (boarded) the train

and that was (a new) experience for them. (Riding the train in one direction night and day, night and day, they had the best geography lesson of the size of the country, the United States of America.)

(Returning from New Jersey, they had stopover time in San Francisco again.) They visited the shooting galleries, and kept knocking over the pigeons or whatever (target was) there. The (galleries) were losing money, and (curious) people were gathering, watching these men—three of them—my uncle, my father, and one of their companions. They (asked), “Where are you from?”

“Oh, we’re from Hawai’i,” (they replied).

“What are you doing here?”

“Oh, we just came back with the rifle team from New Jersey.”

“Get out of here!” (demanded) the (owner of the establishment).

(Laughter)

LS: It was too much. (The poor fellow was losing money.) They moved away. (Next) they visited the old Cliff Hotel. It burned (the following year).

WN: Cliff House.

LS: (Yes), Cliff House. Oh, you know where that was. (For something to do, the Hawaiians decided to) go swimming. (They rented swimsuits from the storeroom and changed there.) My father discovered a surfboard (propped up on the wall with no name on it. Had Duke Kahanamoku been here?) He (carried it out and) paddled to Seal Rock then surfed in. This was about five o’clock, when people were gathering for dinner (at the Cliff House). Everybody was watching (the surfer come in, then carry the surfboard indoors. My dad replaced it against the wall and dressed hurriedly. It was a cold ride. A man entered the room and) asked, “Who was that man that just came in riding on the waves the way he did?”

He (thought), oh, my goodness, they’re going to arrest me for taking the board. He didn’t know what was going to happen. He said, “That was me, why?”

“The (hotel) manager wants to see you after you get dressed.”

He thought, “Boy, I’m going to get it.” (To his surprise), the manager offered him a job to do (his surf ride) twice a day for twenty-five dollars each ride. He thought (to himself), gee, that’s big money, easy money. (He told the manager) he’d have to go home and talk to his wife first. (The homecoming was a happy one.) When he talked to my mother (about the job offer, she was aghast). “What? In that cold weather? What if you catch cold and you get sick?” (She was right, of course, as always.) He was just thinking of the money he could make (just surfing). So that put the quietus on that. He didn’t (return) to San Francisco.

(Of) the three boys of my father’s first marriage, Johnny, (the youngest), was raised by my

mother. He was about two years old (when his mother died). The oldest, Edward (Eddie), lived in Waikapū with a relative. Waldemar (Weli), stayed with his grandmother—our paternal grandmother.

(There were thirteen of us): Zelié was the first born, then (Helen, who died in infancy), then Henry. Louise was the first born in Moloka'i. Next was Raymond, then me (Laura), my brothers Eugene, Daniel, and August; (sisters) Mary, Anna, (and) Pauline, and (lastly, my brother) Letwell. He was first (named) Letwell (but) he didn't like the name, so he changed it to Paul. So that made the twelve that survived, with Helen having died in infancy, and the three [half] brothers. So we always say there were fifteen of us. (We should say sixteen.) Of course, you know the reaction you get when you tell anybody there were fifteen in our family.

Prior to their marriage, my father and mother—prior to their moving to Moloka'i, rather—my father and mother (visited) Moloka'i on a vacation; (actually) to look for property. He (knew of the land auctions from notices posted at the Maui) post office and (the) date. (This is how they accumulated) property: Makai Pu'ulua, Mauka Pu'ulua, (Aha'ino), and another parcel, where my sister Anna (Duvauchelle Goodhue) lives now, (he bought from the owner). Now he has (land); next thing he wanted was livestock. So he bought a few heads of cattle, cows at first.

WN: This was in Pūko'o?

LS: Yes, and prior to their moving there, they had this land and then he bought cattle from Bannister, who lived at Mapulehu Valley, now where Pearl [Meyer Friel] Petro lives. She owns that property. And now he has cattle, he has to have a bull. He gets that from his brother August, who lived (in Nāpili, Maui). August was the oldest of the four (brothers). One sister died; I was named for her. We have this bull, and as we were growing up, we know this bull as "Jack Johnson." Now do you know who Jack Johnson was?

WN: Was that the boxer?

LS: The famous boxer. This bull was just coal black. Beautiful animal, huge. And every time they'd milk the cows, why Jack Johnson would come in with his herd, I mean his harem, you might say. He was the tamest (animal), and everyone was surprised that he wasn't vicious. Because, I don't know what the breed was, I say Holstein, and Henry said, "No, it wasn't Holstein."

And I said, "Well, was it Angus?"

And he said, "I don't think they had Angus cattle then." That is, they hadn't that name.

Well anyway, they got him from Maui, and at milking time, we'd sit on the fence and watch my brothers milking. And then we said, "We want to ride Jack Johnson." So my dad would put us on the back of Jack Johnson and just pat him on the back, and he'd walk around the paddock where the milking went on. That was a surprise too, because he looked so vicious, (but he was tame). He had those huge horns.

He could get into any fence—wire fence—and he (mixed) the breeds of other people's (herds). Especially Chris Conrad, the judge, he had Hereford cattle. And Jack Johnson would get in (with) ease. (The) wire fences, he would get his head under the top two wires, then his forelegs, then he'd raise his shoulder and about three posts on either side would come up, then he'd get in the rest of the way, (which) he did very easily. One (day he was) found dead; we missed him, he didn't come back with his harem. And my dad went looking for him and (found the carcass, he'd been dead a few days). Somebody had used a spear (to kill him) and he must have died slowly and (suffered) a lot. Naturally (my father) had to get another (bull), so they went back to (Uncle) August. And that next one was called Nāpili, because we got him from Nāpili. (They brought him over by sampan.) He was wild; we were afraid of him, (and) we never had that closeness with Nāpili as we did with Jack Johnson.

WN: Backing up a little bit, how many brothers and sisters did your father have?

LS: He had two brothers and one sister.

WN: Okay, one sister.

LS: No, excuse me. He had three brothers and one sister, because there were four of them. Four boys, but Laura died. She (was) already a teenager (and died) very young. Of course, (there was) suspicion that (this was brought about by) a *kahuna*, you know, some sorcery (caused her death, but) that's another story.

Then, of course, when we went to school—do you want to get into that now? We all went to Kalua'aha School and that's not quite a mile from home, nearly a mile. We walked to school. We all went barefooted; (sometimes) we'd stub our toes, come home with 'em and my father would always doctor us. He'd clean it up, put a little bandage on it, said, "Oh that will be fine."

If he were walking with us, we'd say, "Oooh, I just kicked a stone, my toe is bleeding."

He'd say, "You go back and you just kick that stone again."

(It) got so we didn't complain or just said, "Oh, I just kicked my toe." We'd wait until we got home and he'd treat it for us. He didn't want us to cry because we were barefooted and hurt ourselves, (just minor wounds. Whenever) we stepped on (*kiawe*) thorns (*kukū*), and pulled that out, maybe a piece would be left (in the foot); he would pick it out at night. We'd say, "Oh, I have a *kukū* in my foot." He brings the lamp to the floor, and us, we're lying on (the floor on) our stomach. Then he looks at it, gets out his pocketknife, and digs it, gets it out. (Meanwhile) we're all looking at our feet, "Oh, I have one too." We'd (line up) one after the other. He'd take care of every one of (us). "Where is that?" Puts spit on the (spot, scrapes it clean with) his knife blade like that, and digs the (*kukū*) out.

WN: Ooh.

LS: Very, very tenderly, you know. And sometimes, maybe there wasn't one, (but) he'd look (anyway, although) you don't have one; but we wanted to get in that same position (on the floor and be part of what) he was doing for the others, you know, (get in the act).



(Going to school), the youngest one would have to ride (horseback), because he (or she) was (only) six when he started (and too small to walk). The next two, the older one (in the saddle) and another would be in front. No, the youngest would be in front of the (older) one in the saddle. If there was a third (rider), he'd sit (on a pad in back of the two riders). There was always a pad there, (part of the saddle). You know these western saddles, they provide that (pad) for the saddlebags. (I don't know the real name for that pad.) But we didn't have saddlebags, so that was where the third passenger rode. (Jimmy Crane) passed (the three riders) one day, he looked up and he said, "Oh my goodness, the three-masted Duvauchelle schooner." 'Cause there were the three (riders on one horse; sometimes I would be the one in the middle).

We took our own lunch (to school). Every morning we bought (ten loaves of bread, a dollar's worth) from Ah Soon, who was the baker on Moloka'i. (At) this time, Puko'o, Moloka'i was the county seat. (Those) ten loaves of bread were little ones. Not the size of the bread we get today. They were less than a pound (each), and one of us had to go (to the bakery) the first thing in the morning. And we always fought among ourselves (who's going for the bread). "It's your turn, it's your turn," (and the excuses) one would say, "I got a sore foot, I can't walk." Finally my mother decides, "You go, it's your turn." (That one) came back with (the bread and) she cut the (loaves) longwise, in three. We always fought for the middle (piece), because there was butter and jelly on both sides.

WN: Oh it already came like that?

LS: (No, my mother) cut it, (then spread) the butter and the jelly. And there would be one of these (middle) pieces—about that long (eighteen inches), about that wide (one and one-half inches), the size of the loaf. Sometimes we would exchange lunches with the Japanese children. Theirs was so enticing because the (food) came in (lunch) tins with the little sections. They had the rice balls with the—what you call it, *ume*?

WN: *Ume* inside?

LS: The red sour plum in the middle. They had some fish (slices) that was cooked, and some green (vegetable). It wasn't spinach, it was some other leaf. We said, "You want change?"

They said, "Yeah."

So we'd swap for lunch like that. We always had a bottle of milk. Whoever rode the horse, (carried) the lunch. When the children got to school, (they placed) their lunch (around the teacher's desk, which) was on a platform, so she (sat) higher than any of us (at) our desks. (Today those) desks are collector's items, you know, all in one piece. Your desk (top had) an inkwell, with a bottle of ink (set in a hole on the right), a depression for your pencil (in the center), and there was a shelf (below) where you placed your books, and the (framework and legs were all wrought) iron, painted black. (The) legs were screwed to the floor, so they weren't moveable. We couldn't keep any candy or any food (in our desks). Everything in the way of food was taken up to that platform around (the teacher's) table. The riders would take the lunch (there) immediately (upon their arrival at school. They ate lunch at) noon (on the school grounds).

If we wanted to ride a horse to school, we'd have to catch (the) horse. We had Queen, we had Boy, we had Dandy, and Daisy; all these (horses were already broken in for riding). Queen was the easiest one to catch, we'd just take (half) a papaya and (call), "Queenie," hold this papaya up and she'd come running for the papaya and we'd put a noose around her (neck). But if we didn't have a rope with us, and we saw a horse (loose), and thought (to ourselves), oh, we can catch this one now, and ride to school on it tomorrow. (Without a rope we used a substitute.) On the beach this long vine (grows), I suppose it's the family of the morning glory, because (of the similar) blossoms. You can pull this up—looks like potato vine, but the leaves are waxy—rip off all the leaves and you have a rope. (Slowly walk) up to your horse and make a *pūnuku* (to hold him). You know what a *pūnuku* is? You know, (put the noose) around the nose, and ride (with the vine for reins). Ride this horse home, bareback, so the next day (there's a horse) to ride to school; (better than walking to school barefooted).

On bad-weather days, my father would take us to school, but we didn't have a car until after 1915. He didn't want us to get in the habit (of riding) that he would always take us to school. If it rained and the rivers were running high—the Mapulehu River was a big one (to cross) on our way to school—he would take us (as far as the river) on this side, because he couldn't cross it; the water was too high for the Ford. He'd carry each child across and say, "Okay, you go on from here." If it wasn't too bad, he said, "Well, you children can ford the river now. It's not too high." Then he'd let us go on to school, 'cause he (just) didn't want us to get in the habit of getting a ride every time, see. If it was kind of high, (we'd try the) wire fence across Conrad's property. So we'd step on the—you've gone across a wire fence (yourself), I'm sure you (know how): hold the top (wire with both hands) and your feet are on the third one (down), and (walk) across that way. If we thought we'd get our clothes wet we'd cross that way. Especially the boys with trousers, you know. They didn't want that wet. That was another way of us getting to school (when it rained).

WN: Did the river flood often?

LS: Well, just in rainy season. But, of course, my father was road overseer and he had to see to it that the rocks (were) cleared (away) after the river abated.

We had teachers that might (conduct) two classes in one room. Abel K. Cathcart was the principal. He even taught sometimes. And my first teacher was Miss Mahikoa. I can't remember her first name, and I think Henry . . .

WN: Mahikoa?

LS: Mahikoa. M-A-H-I-K-O-A. And I think (she) was (of the) Kaua'i family. But you know, the teachers, when they finished Normal School, they had to teach in the country before they could get a position on O'ahu or in Honolulu. Then I had another (teacher), William Kaaikiola. K-A-A-I-K-I-O-L-A. And strange enough, years later, he worked for the [U.S. Army Corps of] Engineers and so did I during World War II. (Another teacher), Amoe Ah Yat, (became my sister-in-law when) she married my brother Waldemar. She was the second grade teacher. In the fourth grade, I had Abel K. Cathcart, the principal. Very gentle man. He insisted on (teaching us) penmanship. Of course, that didn't last with me. My writing wasn't like the students (of the old days)—my father and uncles were (students) of the

missionaries (and were taught penmanship). Their writing is similar. I mean, all of these brothers wrote pretty much alike.

So now, my father and mother are thinking about my education after (Kalua'aha). That school only went to the fifth grade. Henry and Louise, after they had finished the Kalua'aha School in the fifth grade, they had to go to Kamalō in the sixth grade where Mrs. Foster taught. The Fosters lived in (Kamalō). Frank Foster was the tax assessor on Moloka'i. (Henry and Louise) would ride (horseback to Kamalō, a distance of) about five miles.

WN: And Kamalō was from sixth grade on?

LS: Well, just as they needed (to progress, that is), if they needed another [grade]. If these students stayed on, then they would add seventh grade, but the sixth grade was probably the top. About that time, Louise, Henry, and Zelig came to Honolulu and stayed with my grandmother and (attended) Kalihi Waena School. My sister Zelig (went on to the) Kamehameha Girls School, and she was graduated in 1919. That's as far as they went in the girls school and the boys school alike. So then, because (Zelig) was graduating in 1919, it was fitting that Louise and I should enter (Kamehameha in) 1919. (Zelig) graduated in June, we entered in September (1919).

(To my father, Mr.) Cathcart said, "Oh don't take Laura out of school. She's only in the fourth grade, why don't you leave her until she finishes (fifth grade)?"

And he [father] said, "No, I want her to go with her sister."

Louise and I entered school at the same time, Kamehameha Girls School, that is. I was in the fifth grade, she was in the seventh. She and I were very close. She (was) four years older than I, and when she was in Honolulu and I was in the fourth grade [on Moloka'i], I apparently missed her so much. My father and mother didn't know what was wrong with me. When they'd ask me, apparently I didn't know either. It (was) just that I missed Louise. We shared a bedroom, we shared a bed, and I just missed her. So they asked Dr. Goodhue. Dr. Edward S. Goodhue was the county doctor of Moloka'i. His brother was a doctor for Kalaupapa, William Goodhue. He [Dr. Edward S. Goodhue] took (charge of) me for a little while, just took me by the hand, and said, "Come on, let's take a little walk." We loved him. He was such a learned person, he was an intellect. He knew how to treat children. He was a general practitioner. (We) came back (from the walk, and) to my parents he said, "This girl misses her sister. You have to get her back here [to Moloka'i]."

"But she's in school. How can we bring her back in the middle of the year?"

He said, "Mrs. Goodhue will tutor her until June, and then they can go to school together."

They brought Louise home. She rode horseback (nearly two miles) to Mrs. Goodhue every day for this tutoring. I used to help her with (the) dictionary, because Mrs. Goodhue would give her a number of words, (saying), "Now you look at that word and I want you to use it in a sentence." So I'd help Louise with her study (of words) and the definition, but she'd do her own sentence. At least (that) gave her a little more time to work on her other studies. We came to Kamehameha (Girls) School at the same time. I entered the fifth grade at (age) nine,



and Louise (entered the seventh grade. She) had had what we thought was rheumatism. She (suffered a lot and) lost a couple years of schooling. Or a year, anyway, and then it turned out that she'd had—we didn't know it—but she had rheumatic fever, (discovered) in the Kamehameha (Girls) School, in her physical examination. (It was) determined that her heart had been damaged some, so she could not enter all the physical ed classes, you know, the real (active games)—playing baseball—and she was not allowed to swim. When she went to the University [of Hawai'i], she wanted to be on the swimming team and (was told), "You can't swim. You can paddle around, but don't swim." They didn't want her to exercise, so (the damage to her heart) actually took her life when she was fifty-two. She had a (massive) stroke. She (had been) a social worker and (a teacher). She was one that touched everybody. I mean, in her lifetime, she was that person that just helped (just about everyone) with (their) problems. Sometimes she annoyed (someone) because she was getting too personal, but she dealt with it, so there was an understanding). She was something special.

WN: Was she the closest sibling to you?

LS: Yes, yes, yes. She and I were really, really close. (Even after) I was married and (living) on the Mainland, (my home was always with Louise. On return visits), we always stayed with Louise. I mean, it was understood that's where we would stay. She was married to a military man, (and) he was on duty here most of the time so they didn't travel much.

(Going back to school days), my brother, Raymond, and I were in the same room, but he didn't continue school (when I left). He liked to fish so he (helped my dad). I mean, he didn't go back to school, (he stayed) home. Henry went to Honolulu Military Academy. I guess he told you that. He would come and visit Louise and me at Kamehameha Girls School (on the weekend off from HMA). He was so handsome in his uniform. (He) apparently had enough allowance (to) bring us a box of candy. When the girls saw him, you know, (they oohed and aahed). Kamehameha Girls School was a beautiful school, the old one, (that is).

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

WN: Now, you were telling me about Kalua'aha School. Was that school and Kamalō School existing at the same time or did one replace the other?

LS: Yes, well, the Kamalō School (had the) higher grades. The Kamalō children walked to (Kalua'aha) School, (a distance of) five miles (for some, and) four miles (for others). There were two gates to enter the school (grounds); *mana'e* (for the children from) the Pūko'o side, (and *malalo* for those who entered from the Kamalō side). *Mana'e* and (*malalo* are) expressions (only used) on Moloka'i. "*Mana'e* side," (or we'd) say East End; and *mana'e* means that direction, east. The Kamalō side was *malalo*, (in that direction, west. Kamalō children) came in that gate; some of them just ran all the way. Henry said that when he didn't have a horse to (ride) to school in Kamalō, he would walk it (or) he'd run (all the way). So you (see), this jogging is not (all that) new.

(Laughter)

WN: He did it barefoot too, eh?

LS: Yeah, barefooted. I should say. (We all had tough feet from going barefooted.)

WN: He didn't have any fancy shoes.

LS: (Henry) tells about the time when he was (walking) to school and he was late. 'Cause you see, the boys milked the cows before they went to school. We always had cows, and we all love milk to this day because we lived on it when we were children. I mean, it was something that we always had. We made our own butter. My father would set out pans (of milk) for the cream (to set) and then he'd skim it the next morning and make butter. We had (a churn, a small barrel on a wooden frame that he used) when we had a lot of cream. (After constant) turning, turning, (and) turning, (butter formed). You could tell you had butter when it clumped (against the sides), you know, (the sound). 'Cause it's a mass in there already. Then he'd (call) out, "Who's gonna be a strong girl? Who's gonna be a strong boy and drink some buttermilk?"

"Me!"

"Me!"

Anything to please my dad, we would do. We didn't like the taste of buttermilk. He'd get a glass for (each) one of us, as we came out. There was a spigot on this barrel. We'd (walk) away (with our share and make) faces (he wouldn't see. Drinking it) time and again, we learned to love buttermilk. I love it today! The type you (buy) at the store (today is not real buttermilk, but milk processed to produce buttermilk. It tastes good, though, but not) the way we used to have it. (Anyway), we made our own butter.

WN: How does the butter churn? Through generator or . . .

LS: No, handle! You turned it (by hand). And I still remember my history teacher saying about when she made butter. I raised my hand, and she said, "What is it?"

And I said, "We used to make our own butter and we had to churn (it)."

She said, "I bet you didn't say what I did."

And I said I didn't know what she meant.

She said, "We'd churn that churn and say, 'IXL number one, redwood trademark Gibber and Son.'" And after we said that a thousand times, whatever number she said, the butter was made. So I've memorized that that she told us. I'm getting off the question . . .

WN: No, no, no, no. This is fine.

LS: Yeah, so . . .

WN: I was wondering, what did the girls do before school?

LS: Before school?

WN: Yeah, you said the boys had to milk the cows.

LS: Well, the boys had their chores, they milked the cows. Before we went to school, our duty was to clear the table and wash the dishes. Except, my mother always had somebody at home to help, so maybe we just cleared the table. Then our work started after we got home from school. If there was—I don't remember that we did our own washing when we were young, but oh, that's another story, the way they used to wash those clothes on rocks. Did you know that? Where they beat it? You know they . . .

WN: How did they do it?

LS: Well, they have to have a certain size of a rock, we called it a stone. Of course, the lava rock is very porous, and it would be, chee, I don't know what that diameter would be.

WN: Twenty, twenty inches?

LS: Twenty, diameter, okay. There'd be a platform. We had a spring that ran out into—we called it a well, but actually it was a pond. It was as big across as from this wall to that. Well, even a little longer. It could've been all of twenty-five feet. And it was banked up. You see, that all was taro patch (area) one day, and then this was the water source. But when it no longer went into the taro patch, it was a water supply for the home, too. But the spring was (contained) with a wall of rock, (then) it ran through the rocks and filled this pond, which we called the well.

WN: How deep was it?

LS: Oh, at high tide (about four feet)—you see, the water came in from the Pūko'o Pond, through the culvert that ran under the government road, and (backed up) through (our) drainage ditch (to the pond). The tide came in from the ocean to the fish pond (on) to our well.

WN: So that's brackish water then.

LS: Well, it was slightly brackish because the spring never got all of the high tide (to make a difference), but it did get a touch of it, (and) we had brackish water, very light salt content. We never noticed it, but people that came from Maui did. They could tell that's brackish water. (Some brought their own bottled water.) We thrived on it. When we'd (return from) swimming in the ocean, we freshened in the fresh water (of our well, pond), before we went on home.

So the girls didn't work until we got home from school, then first thing we had to do: take (off) your school clothes and (change to) home clothes. (The good) dress we might be able to wear all week if we kept it clean. I didn't because I—at plum season, on our way home from school, (we're) hungry, you know, the plums were (ripe), break off (a cluster, put) some in (the) pocket. My mother would say, "I'll never make any pocket for you anymore on your dresses. So take that off, put on your home clothes." My job was to collect the eggs, 'cause about that time (after two o'clock) the chickens had all laid eggs. My father had boxes (with nests) in the chicken coop, and he wouldn't let those hens out (before) two o'clock, (after) they had laid the eggs (and) cackle. Some (hens) didn't like (the boxes when released from the

coop), and they had their eggs under the steps or (elsewhere). Then I had to find (the eggs), that was my job. (Feed the chickens.) Another would bring in the wood (to fill) the wood box. We had a wood stove. So each of us had our own little jobs to do.

WN: How did you find the eggs? Did you have any kind of a system or you just went all over to look?

LS: Oh, we found them after a while. When we heard the hen cackle, (we'd follow the sound. She'd be) in the garage, (in the banana grove). Or she's under the step 'cause she comes out cackling, cackling, (a sure sign), so we look under the steps. Sometimes two hens would use the same nest, so you take all the eggs but one, you leave one. (Later) my father had these imitation eggs to fool the hen and we left that one (chuckles). There had to be an egg (in the nest) for them to go back. We always left one, until (we had) the imitation ones. 'Cause we didn't know which one was the oldest one, (or the latest one laid. We) always had one there (so) they'd go back.

If my father wanted to set some, he would keep that nest (intact). He said, "Now don't take the eggs from this nest." Then he would (select a hen to) set; (there's always) one setting hen (looking for a nest). I don't know whether you've been around chickens. Do you know when they're setting? Well, they're clucking a (certain) way, (always clucking), and (even) steal a nest that has eggs. When he wants to set a hen (and has enough eggs, he has to find the right one). If he doesn't want (a hen) to set until he has enough eggs, he douses her in water, because her body is warm, warmer than normal, and that's because she's a setting hen. (One dousing) doesn't cure her, she just shakes (herself) off and finds another nest. (Eventually, with such persistence) he would use her as a setting hen. (She would remain on the nest until the eggs hatched, eighteen days. She and the chicks are housed in a small henhouse built of shingles and laths. The chicks could run in and out, but not the mother hen. They'd) always come back to her; that's the way to keep your chicks (close to) the mother (and not wander in dangerous territory where the mongooses are ready to steal a baby chick).

Well, (in) later years, (my mother and dad) didn't bother about a setting hen because they didn't keep a rooster. They would get their chicks from the University of Hawai'i (hatchery), and that was easier, but then they'd have to (keep) them warm (in a brooder with) a lamp (in the center). The chicks would huddle around it; they didn't need a (mother) hen. They'd been hatched (by the) thousands, and my father and mother bought (the chicks). They (continued) raising their chickens like that. So (if) anybody (was) coming home, (the word spread). "Oh, somebody is coming home. We're gonna kill a chicken." It's always (for) a special occasion, (and handy that we) had a flock of chickens (for food supply).

The cattle were—we didn't have any special breed. We had a couple of Jerseys, they gave very rich milk; we had some Holstein and some other breed. We really had a hodge podge. We couldn't say we had all Holsteins, we just had a mixture. Some of them gave a lot of milk, and we never separated that.

I started saying, we did not eat the eggs. They were for sale, maybe fifty cents a dozen, or they were set for breeding chicks, or they were for baking purposes; (pies or cakes, or puddings). If any of us was sick, my father would always visit the sick room. The first thing he did when he got home from work, he'd visit the sick room and wonder how you are, and

(asked), "Do you want egg?" And that's really something when you're gonna have an egg, all for yourself. (For the whole family), we'd have scrambled (eggs) so that there'd be enough to go around, but that was really (for a) special (occasion). 'Cause the eggs weren't for eating purposes.

WN: So you hardly had eggs then for meals?

LS: We hardly had eggs for meals, except in the cake or in muffins, in cornmeal breads, you know, we had that. So the eggs we used for cooking, we did eat the eggs, but it was in the bread or something, but never (just) an egg. So this was special. (To the sick child), "Do you want an egg?"

"Yes."

So he'd go and cook this egg for you, fry it maybe, (put it) in a saucer or salad plate—that size—and then he'd put some poi in the plate alongside of it. And he'd bring that in to you. So to eat that egg with that soft poi in the saucer tasted so good, because Papa made it. You know, he was something in our family. He was special. My mother was (always) there, we took her for granted. We loved her and all, but Papa was something. He was the king.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

WN: So the cattle that you folks had, did you use that for beef?

LS: Yes, just the steers, you know, from time to time we would. When the word got around that we had slaughtered, neighbors (came by and asked), "Can I have the hooves?" They'd take that; somebody else would want the head. There was always some for everybody. But some of them wanted some special piece, and I think the hooves had—you know that soft bone around the joint, when you have a . . .

WN: Cartilage?

LS: Cartilage. They took that and boiled it and made jelly, not jelly, but something like Jell-o, (gelatin). I think it gets to that consistency, that's what they used it for. We never needed it, we never wanted it. Then the tripe was something else.

WN: Was these Hawaiian families who wanted the hooves?

LS: Yes, neighbors. We had storekeepers that were Chinese like Lin Kee (who) married a Hawaiian (lady). Ah Pun never married. Akeo was one of the early ones. And so, the tripe, of course, (chuckles) had to be. . . . I remember someone taking it in a wheelbarrow, 'cause they were—what is it—the cow is supposed to have seven stomachs? Get it in the wheelbarrow and (wheel it) to the beach, clean it (in the ocean) the best they could. There's so much that has to be cleaned, then, of course, that's food for the fish. The action of the



waves would help clean (the 'ōpū, then) they'd bring it home, (and) that would be shared too, because there's so much of it in the cattle's stomach, in the cow's or the steer's stomach.

Now you asked me what we did with the cattle. The cows were for milking, and the steers were (our resources, as) my father would say, "That one will pay Louise's tuition." That's my sister Louise. So that (steer) would be earmarked for somebody's tuition, because that beef (would be) sold (door to door from the family car. Once word got around that there was meat for sale, customers were already waiting for the delivery. The price), I guess, was twenty-five cents a pound, fifteen cents a pound, I don't know what it was. (Otherwise) he would ship cattle to Honolulu; (in) that way he got the extra money to put Louise and me in school. Henry's (tuition came from another source). Sam Kalama was on the Board of Supervisors (County of Maui) and he had an adopted son (Walter Soule), and he wanted somebody to go to Honolulu Military Academy with him. He (selected Henry and paid the) tuition. That was a big help, 'cause (the tuition) was \$500 a year. (HMA) no longer exists. I think after Henry graduated (from HMA in 1923 it became) part of Punahou School. Colonel Blackman was the commandant, and Henry liked him very much. He liked the school. (Honolulu Military Academy was in the boondocks, 18th Avenue to 22nd Avenue in Kaimukī, in the red dirt area, a good distance from the car line which ended at Koko Head Avenue. Henry) was appointed one of the candidates to go to West Point, he was the (alternate) and Sam Fuller was (first), and I think (William P. Jarrett) was (Territorial Delegate to Congress, he appointed the candidates), Henry was second. Sam Fuller had to (return home). He couldn't stay the four years of West Point for (personal) reasons, he was called home by his parents. Henry, (the alternate, was offered the opportunity to attend West Point). He (refused). He said he had (had) enough military (training) at the Honolulu Military Academy, he couldn't stand another four years (of military life).

WN: He didn't tell me this (chuckles).

LS: He didn't? He finished Honolulu Military Academy, but he said he just had enough. He wanted to be a doctor and he went to the University [of Hawai'i]. And his first year he took chemistry. He was able to put himself in school. He would get there. He had a little truck he would drive to the university. And he would do some janitor work. I think he got forty dollars a month for that. Well, you know, the university didn't have a tuition at that time, or if they did, it was very low. A student like that, that earned that forty dollars a month, could pay his way through school. He was studying chemistry because he had in the back of his mind he was going to be a doctor. But with this thing that happened in our family with my father (away), Henry had to leave school and he became the provider for (the younger ones, at age twenty-two). And he went to work. Has he told you about himself, his job?

WN: Yeah, mm hmm, right.

LS: Well, you know, he was just digging trenches for the water works and had this big responsibility (at home). And he and Margaret were engaged for eight years before they were finally married, because he had this responsibility. He never complained, and to this day we all have that feeling about Henry. He's really something. He replaced my dad, I guess, (during) my dad's (absence). As I said, my dad was really the person we—well, I shouldn't say worshipped, but we just looked up to him. If I was in any kind of trouble or anything (else) I wouldn't go to my mother, I'd go to my dad, you know. If I was hurting or anything

or if I wanted to tell him (what) I couldn't tell my mother, I'd go to my dad. And then they would discuss it. My mother never chided me for that. She just, well, she's (not) going to discourage it, because maybe they wouldn't find out anything about me. So . . .

WN: Were there some siblings who were closer to your mother than your dad?

LS: Well, uh, yeah, I suppose---we couldn't say, "You're Mama's pet." But they did say, "You're Papa's pet." You see, it started with Zelig. Then when she came to school (in Honolulu), I stepped in that place. And if my father went to Maui and he was going to be gone overnight, it bothered me. Because I would wake up every so often in the night and I'd call to my mother 'cause he was coming back tomorrow. So it didn't matter what hour and I'd (ask), "Is this tomorrow?"

She said, "No, two more hours," or so many hours. And then it would still be dark and I'd wake up. As long as he was gone, I couldn't sleep the night through. I missed him, you know. Then, of course, when I came to Kamehameha Schools, I was nine years old, Mary stepped in. She became Papa's pet, you know, so each one on down the line. "Oh you're just Papa's pet!" Only when we had some squabble they'd say, "Oh, you're gonna tell Papa 'cause you're Papa's pet!" You know, that sort of thing, but it was part of the growing up. But he never showed any favoritism. If you ran to him he'd pick you up, but otherwise, he didn't show (favoritism). And I can't remember that my mother showed any favoritism. Except, yeah I do remember now, Pauline. She was the youngest girl and she was Mama's pet. And she was spoiled rotten (chuckles). And then when she was married and had her own family, she became so responsible. When we tell her the things that she did, she said, "Oh no. I couldn't have done that." So yeah, now I do remember Pauline was Mama's pet.

WN: You know the beef that you people sold? Who did you sell to? Community—people in the community?

LS: Yes, yeah. They would just—whatever we didn't need 'cause we made a lot of jerky beef, you know. We didn't have refrigeration at that time so you salted everything. You salted pork. We had this big crockery that we called *kelemānia*. That was the Hawaiian name for it. It had a cover so everything was salted (and stored) in there. We'd cut fish to dry and squid to dry. So all of this was put in sacks—in flour sacks, sugar sacks. 'Cause that time flour came in fabric sacks and so was the sugar. You don't have this packaged stuff like you get in five pounds. You got 'em in twenty-five pound, 'cause you needed that much to last. We got it from Honolulu in big quantity. But the beef was cut up in different (sizes, for stewing mostly), and then, as they call [*kālewa*] is to, oh, when you carry things to sell, (to peddle). I think the term is (*kālewa*). But we didn't do that too often 'cause usually there was enough of the family that we shared with.

WN: Big family, yeah.

LS: Yeah, big family. So one (household) would get the forequarter, one would get the hindquarter, and so on. That's the way (beef) was divided.

WN: Whose job was it to go around the neighborhood to sell?



LS: Maybe one of the older boys, you know. Like my half brothers, but then that was earlier. And when there were enough livestock to ship, then everybody shipped the cattle at the same time. Brown lived way up Pu'uoHoku, which is closer to Hālawā. And his cowboys ran that cattle all the way down to Pūko'o, where there was a holding pen. And then sometimes Rex Hitchcock had a few heads, and Papa would have a few, so they made a good load for the steamer, the *Mikahala*, to take the cattle. Now, I'd like to tell you about that shipping of the cattle. It was quite a sight and if you've been to Kawaihae, on Hawai'i, and saw the way they ship cattle in the water?

WN: Yeah.

LS: Well, we did that on Moloka'i, also. But all the people that wanted to ship cattle would say, "Oh I have so many heads; I have so many heads," and then they'd make a shipload. Sometimes Brown would have enough so that he'd say, "No, I have twenty-five and that's about all the ship can take." So we'd stand (and watch)—see, the wharf came up to where the land was built up, where the tracks ran again some more . . .

WN: This is Pūko'o Wharf?

LS: Oh, I'm sorry.

WN: That's all right. Let me turn this off.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

WN: Okay, we were talking about shipping cattle.

LS: Yes, the cattle were held (in a makeshift fence) on the shore of the Pūko'o Pond. And it's right at the corner of where the land part of the pier joins the water part of the pier, (the *mākāhā* of Pūko'o Pond). Then you have these pilings, you know, (foundation). One side (of the wharf) had a railing and the other did not. So you were very careful, if you were walking, to be close to the railing. 'Cause if it's windy, well, there was a chance that you might be blown into the water. But we all could swim, so it didn't matter if we fell. We could swim back to shore. But then when the ship was (moored outside), their boat would come in, it's the size of the whaleboat. (The boat crew would) row in (as a cable was released from the ship, and anchor outside the *kuapā*, wall of the pond). Then these cowboys would chase the cow or the steer into the water. And then (it would) start swimming. Of course, (the cowboys would) have their lasso over the horns. They (drive) it to the boat and they turn that cow or steer around so that its legs were away from the boat. And then the head was tied back—the horns (were) tied back—on the gunwales of the boat. After they loaded, the number I can't remember, on each side they had all these cattle. Poor things, dangling in the water, with their head back (and) tied to the gunwales of the boat. Then they (were pulled by) this cable back to the ship. But (a member of the crew) would walk along this (wharf) railing and sort of guide that (boat) 'cause they had a rope tied to the cable to keep it from straying, so that when they (got) to the end of the (wharf)—this is (where there was) the big deck (space with buildings; warehouse, purser's office, and outhouse)—and then they would (release the guide rope). Then the ship would pull this boat (by the cable) with the cattle load. Meanwhile, another one is coming in for more cattle. And we'd watch it. (With the boat alongside), they

would (remove the cattle) one at a time, undo it from the boat, and (with) a band around the stomach, and (attached to a) davit (was) pulled (up) onto the ship, until the (entire herd was aboard). They might come (back) with three boatloads, depending on the number of cattle (being shipped).

WN: How far out was the big boat?

LS: Oh, it was (moored at) the entrance (to) the harbor, 'cause it wasn't very deep inside. There was a buoy there. I'd say, perhaps about—I'm very poor at measuring—anywhere from 250 feet, maybe 500 feet, 'cause it stood out quite a ways from the wharf itself, from the pier.

WN: The whaleboat would come way further in.

LS: Yeah, it would come all the way in (near shore), which would be. . . . Maybe that would be a greater distance than the ship (was) from the end of the wharf. We always . . .

WN: So how far would the cattle have to swim from the shore to the . . .

LS: Oh, not a great distance. Just about (twenty) feet, you know, 'cause (the crew) had to sort of steady the boat so it wouldn't run against the wall of the pond, the stone wall, the *kuapā* as we call it. And you know, I'm just interjecting this, but when they kept calling that pond at Hawai'i Kai, "Kuapa," it always (was) just like a discord in music.

WN: Yeah. (Chuckles)

LS: Yes, 'cause it's [pronounced] Kuapā. I was glad they changed it to Marina because nobody (was) saying "Kuapā" and I didn't have to listen to that again.

And that's how we'd ship the cattle. After a while, when (Paul) Fagan came, when he shipped his livestock way later after the war [World War II] years, he just trucked them from his ranch in Pu'uoHoku to Kamalō. Now Kamalō [Wharf] was very deep, and some of (the) big ships could come alongside. So he shipped his cattle to Hana (Maui) from Kamalō.

WN: And where were the cowboys from? Moloka'i Ranch?

LS: No, no. These were *mana'e* side. I'm not even talking about the Moloka'i Ranch, because they had their own way of shipping the cattle, and I don't even know how they did it. Because they never came to Pūko'o to ship their cattle, it was always from Kaunakakai. So you see, *Mikahala* could come alongside the Kaunakakai Wharf, and that may have been their way, 'cause they only needed to drive the cattle [directly] on [board]. Now Moloka'i Ranch had their own cowboys. They had regulars. I mean, that was their (permanent) job.

So on our side, as I said, the *mana'e* or East End, the cowboys were---maybe some were regulars for the Browns 'cause the Browns owned that Pu'uoHoku Ranch at one time. But then they would just hire them, like my brother Johnny was one of them that would drive the cattle. And they'd just pick 'em up, 'cause all these men were cowboys, they all rode horses. They may not have even had cattle, but they could break (in) horses (for riding). They were good at that. If they had a cow, maybe it would just be one cow for the family use, but no

herds. And they would have maybe two, three horses. And then you could hire somebody to train your horse for riding. Now my father could ride a horse and he could break one in, but not for any one of us to ride because (his) horse would be, as we call, very frisky. And he never wanted us to ride those. Whoever broke our horses were for the more gentle handling. And we could watch (my dad) sometimes; he'd get on a horse and that thing would buck and off he'd go. And when he came back, it was tame. It was no longer frisky. But one of the worst ones we had, I think, was the one we called Makanui. That was Raymond's horse, and he never liked to see a horse ahead of him because he would just [try to] beat him. I always teased my husband because he couldn't seem to stand to see a car ahead of us when we're driving long distances. He'd catch up (and pass) and I'd say, "You remind me of Makanui."

He said, "Who was he?"

("A horse, of course," I'd emphasize.)

WN: So did your father sell his cattle to the Brown Ranch and the Brown Ranch shipped it or how did that work?

LS: No, each one was responsible for (his own herd and his own) record, (and) each of them had made (his) own arrangements in Honolulu. One would go to the Hawai'i Meat Company, or whatever. I don't know where my father shipped (his or) how it ended up here [Honolulu]. I only knew he shipped. Maybe he would just ship about six. He never (raised) a herd to sell, mostly were for milk and meat for the house.

WN: Did he ship anything else besides cattle?

LS: Sweet potato.

WN: Oh?

LS: He shipped them to—there was this big store, (a market), Ah Leong. I think it's Ah Leong. And, well, and he shipped frogs . . .

WN: Really?

LS: . . . to the Moana Hotel.

WN: And where did he catch the frogs?

LS: As I told you, we had what we called the well, (and) we had frogs there. I mean they just bred and when he got a big enough number of them, why then he would ship 'em to Moana Hotel. They said, "Whenever you had enough, just ship 'em." So he would ship them and he had a special crate for them. He would (put) some *honohono* grass in there and if he'd catch some this night, he'd put (them) there. Kept 'em alive until he had enough and he'd ship 'em to the Moana. Then, when he had bigger orders from some hotels in San Francisco, he had to have a bigger place. He went to Pelekunu, where Mrs. Wilson lived. Now this is (the wife of) John Wilson, the mayor [of Honolulu]. (My father) had to have new breeding places for them, and (there were) taro patches in Pelekunu, and Jenny Wilson lived there, her husband

had her staying there (when) he built that derrick for landing at Pelekunu. (That) was (a) very hard landing, you couldn't bring your sampan in. (The) passengers had to be lifted (in or) out in this basket (from) this derrick. And I have pictures of that too. So, periodically, (my dad) would take these young frogs. Have you ever seen where the frog starts out as little bitty things, when they're eggs. When they have the eggs they're in some sort of a jelly (sac).

WN: Yeah, yeah.

LS: Okay. Then these little things (grow and) have a little tail, and then they (mature and) wiggle out of it. Then they become very independent, they become tadpoles. First thing you know they sprout legs, back legs. Then they'll have front legs and the tail drops off; now they're (small) frogs, see. So at that stage (my dad) would take them to Pelekunu and drop them in the taro patches (to grow larger). Now the Hawaiians (that lived) there liked the *pūpū*. Now I think that's where we (got) the name for *pūpū* (appetizer). I just guess it's because they used to pick up these snails in the taro patches and then they'd (probably parboil) 'em, just enough so that they could (remove the meat) out of the shell. Then they'd (string) it on a coconut leaf—the rib from the coconut (leaf), the *nt'au*. Then they'd *pūlehu* it over a (charcoal) fire. Then they'd just eat that. That's just tidbits, that's *pūpū*. The shell was called the *pūpū*. All right, they would go into the taro patches. Now, the *huli* is the new taro. When you (pull) a taro plant and cut off the taro, that [stem] becomes the *huli* and it becomes the next . . .

WN: The seed you plant.

LS: Yeah, okay. So when (the workers) had just planted the *huli*, the Hawaiians (would wade in) to get their *pūpū*, and they would trample some of (the plants) or dislodge them from the soil. Jenny was in charge of all these leases here for the (workers)—they were all Chinese. So when the frogs (were released in the taro patches), the Hawaiians (were) afraid of the *mo'o*, the lizard. But not just the lizard, (the) crocodile. I think that some of them must have seen a crocodile, because when they saw (the frogs), they wouldn't go in the pond anymore. (Jenny was happy, the destruction of young plants stopped.) They called it *mo'o* (lizard), 'cause here (were) these little creatures, and they got big. When they were big enough, (my dad) would come and catch (them); I don't know, he must have had help to do this, (then) ship 'em to San Francisco. That's when he had his saloon. When he had his saloon in Honolulu, he was getting enough frogs to (ship) to the hotels in San Francisco. He had one of these little French helpers, a bartender or whatever. And (Dad) said he wanted (the Frenchman) to go with (the shipment) because it was, oh, 500 (or more). Such a big shipment had to have somebody go with it. When this (Frenchman) came back (from San Francisco) he said he didn't have the money. My father (asked), "What's the matter? You took the bill of fare. Where is the money?"

(He said), "You know, when they knew it was from Moloka'i, they had the idea that you caught these with (strips of) the blankets the lepers (used), so they didn't want any of the frogs." And, oh, of course, that just (about) killed (my dad, after all the time and work). Two weeks later, or whatever time it was, he got a letter from this hotel—my father did, or rather the little Frenchman got this letter, and it was from the hotel that he was supposed to have delivered (the frogs) to. My father held that letter until he came to work. And (Dad) said, "I want you to open this letter."



He said, "Oh, no. It's just a personal friendly letter."

(Dad) said, "No, I want you to open it right here, right now."

(He) opened it and it was for an order of more frogs. So this man had spent the money or whatever he did with it. Well, we never knew. So (Dad) fired him. (Later) on the trip to Seagirt, (chuckles) they stop at one hotel and they were interested in the operation. They said, "Oh, you wanna see something?" They went in the back with somebody, where they clean the chickens, and here was this little Frenchman, (chuckles) taking the feathers off a chicken. He (just) said, "You?" (with a few choice words). And that was the first time he'd seen (that man) again since that deal (in) San Francisco.

WN: So the Frenchman made up that story about the lepers.

LS: Yes, he pocketed the money or spent it. He didn't have it anyway.

WN: Oh, brother.

LS: So that was just—you see, I'm diverting. I (got) sidetracked here to tell that story.

Well, when four of us were (in school) in Honolulu, there were still (six) children at home. See, when my father—I'll have to go back now to 190(4). When he went back (to Moloka'i), his mother was (living) there and there were three houses on the land. The old way the Hawaiians used to (stay), and this was the way they had the grass houses, because they didn't only have one that they lived in. They had one for sleeping, one for eating, one for the women (at certain periods). . . . They would have five, six houses. It would look like a village, so this custom continued in the old way. So (for my grandmother and the old folks) there were three homes, small (frame homes). And one was for the cooking, one for eating, one for sleeping. So my father took one from the middle and moved it to the front of the property and that became the saloon. And then he had a store across the road (from the saloon). So he, after having his saloon in Honolulu, still had this feeling of having a saloon, so he had one on Moloka'i. He also had a store. And he found that he (had) the only store on the East End.

WN: What store was this? What was it called?

LS: This was the—I don't know, (that was before I was born). Probably Pūko'o, you know. Pūko'o. And (the people there), they were great for charging, and the (word) is 'ai'ē. In other words, (as) we say now, "Put it on the book." You know, but their term was 'ai'ē. So he had all these (charges) on the book, where they weren't paying. So he put up a sign, "Cash today, charge tomorrow." They'd come and look at the sign and they'd leave. They'd come back (the next day), the sign was still there. "How come you said cash today, charge tomorrow?"

And he said, "That sign is there every day. You pay cash."

(Laughter)

WN: So your father ran a store on Moloka'i.

LS: Yes, yes. Yeah.

WN: I didn't know that.

LS: Henry never told you that?

WN: No, this was in Pūko'o?

LS: Yes, in Pūko'o. Gee, I'm sorry that that store wasn't still there when I was child, because Henry them would say, oh, when they wanted candy, they all could have candy. But I didn't have that privilege because the store was no longer there, nor was the saloon.

But this center (area, where) he had removed this house up to the front, (that) became the (space), the place where he was going to build the home. Our first (home was) big enough to take care of his family. As he was building it, there was a problem, of course, of getting carpenters. Peruvia Goodness (from Maui) built the schoolhouses, he had (that) contract. So we had some help from him to use some of those carpenters; paid them, of course, to build (our) home.

Before it was completed—oh, it was not anywhere near completion—he had a letter from my grandfather's niece. This was really my step-grandfather who was married to my mother's mother, my maternal grandmother. His niece [Kanani] was one of the ladies-in-waiting with Queen Lili'uokalani. (She) was no longer (queen); she had been deposed in 1893, as you know. Well, she [the queen] was traveling. She was going to go to Maui and from Maui she wanted to stop in Moloka'i. But she didn't know anybody there that she could visit. So she asked Kanani, "Do you have any 'ohana on Moloka'i or somebody?" She said, "I could visit."

Really, she should have contacted Chris Conrad, who was the judge. He would be the likely person, protocol, to have received her and had a place for her. No! She wanted some 'ohana of Kanani. She said, "Well, yes, I have an uncle there."

So they made the contact with my father and he said, "Oh my goodness, where we gonna put her?" The house wasn't finished. So he had to rush it and get (help from) Peruvia (for) whatever he needed. He had to have (carpentry work) done very quickly. The roof (had to be) finished; the stove had been ordered already from E. O. Hall [and Sons], that was a hardware store and Lewers & Cooke supplied lumber (both in Honolulu). So he had all the lumber, but then it was getting the roof on, the windows in, the screens on, and the flooring completed. So enough of it was finished (and) ready for Queen Lili'uokalani's (visit).

Both my father and Chris Conrad were there, just where [the photograph of] this truck that you saw, of us sitting on the truck. That was an open area where all the horses were tied on poles, you know. It was that area where both my father and Chris Conrad (had their carriages). Now our little buggy was just a, what you'd call a one-seater. Conrad had a huge one. Fringe on top, real fancy, two white horses. And my father just had one (horse), 'cause he intended to have (only) the queen ride this. That was my mother's buggy. The people were

very silent when they greeted her at the wharf. I wasn't even born. I just wish I could've seen that procession, 'cause everyone followed very silently, see. And when she got there with Kanani, and of course Mr. Conrad, both men went up to greet her. And he said, "Well, I have my carriage ready for you."

She says, "No, I already made plans to be with the Duvauchelles." So that was decided then, and he led the horse while she was in the carriage and took her to (our) house, (a short distance). She was there, I don't know, less than a week. I don't even know the period that she was there. I only knew what (we) were told. This story was so great. Zelig remembers, 'cause she was about six or seven. She was born in 1901, so it was around that period, (1907—Henry remembers this visit; he was four, Louise two). I have to research to get the actual year that she came, because Zelig had already learned to speak Hawaiian. She lived with my grandmother so much and (they) only spoke Hawaiian. You couldn't speak English to my grandmother 'cause she'd scold you and say, "Speak Hawaiian."

WN: This is the one in Kalihi?

LS: Yeah, way up Gulick Avenue. So she was there (the queen, I mean) and everyone came, I mean the people, the Hawaiians. They wouldn't walk from the gate, which was all of twenty-five feet, fifty feet to the house. Maybe sixty feet, when you think of the setback line today. They would crawl and chant as they came. (We heard that) it was very touching; they brought gifts. It happened all the time that she was there.

Well, when she was leaving, she gave my mother a gold necklace—it was a choker really. My mother always kept it in the safe. (On) special occasions she would wear this, and I can remember that too. Before she left, she (told my mother and father), "I was the first to stay in this house, and of royal family. I'll name your house Kalani Hale." And we never used it, but it's in our (memory), whenever we talked about it. She named it "Kalani Hale" or "Royal House," or "House of Royalty," whichever (interpretation fits). But we never (used the name), you know, we were told. Lot of them (asked), "Why didn't you use it? Why didn't you refer to it as that? Why didn't you name your hotel that when they built the hotel?" No, we never used it, but we always told of it that she called it Kalani Hale. In fact, she named my sister Zelig. She gave her her Hawaiian name, and she spoke Hawaiian to this child. Louise was only about two, (she could say some words in Hawaiian. Zelig spoke Hawaiian) fluently (at age six. Lili'uokalani) asked her, "What is your Hawaiian name?"

She said, "Oh, I don't have a Hawaiian name."

And my mother said, "She does. Her name is Kulia."

Now Kulia could be Julia, you know, but I'm not so sure that's what it stood for, but that's all her name was. Just Kulia. So (the queen) said, "I'll give you your name, Kūliaikanu'u." And that's how Zelig got her Hawaiian name. When she (left she invited) my mother and father the next time they were in Honolulu to be sure and come and visit her, which they did, and they had (either) lunch or dinner with her (I don't remember). When they came they had hired a hack to bring them there (to her home), and then she had them taken home in her carriage. It (is) a nice story for us to (remember) because it's (about a visit by royalty).



WN: In essence, that house was built for the queen coming over?

LS: Well, it was built for us 'cause, you know, (our) family was growing. And (Dad had to build) this big house, but before it was (anywhere near) finished, he had to rush it (for the queen, and) before any of us lived in it, why, the queen did. I told you there were three houses—now, one (end) was the cottage. I showed you the picture of my grandmother, she was standing in front of this house. That was the men's; my older brothers, the three brothers lived there. Until they married, they lived there. Oh, there was always somebody staying on, you know. One of my brothers would have a friend (to visit); he would stay on. (On) the other (side was my grandmother's) house. My father always took care of his mother. As I can remember, she was always with us until she died in 1913 (or 1914, on New Year's Day).

WN: This is your paternal grandmother.

LS: My paternal grandmother. We called her *Kūkū* Mele, 'cause her name was Mary [Lynch Duvauchelle]. My sister Mary is named for her. It was after she died that Mary was (born). Some of these grandmothers want their (namesake) right away, so that they'll have *ku'u inoa*, you know, "my name." And they're so proud of that. (My father) always took care of her. (She lived in) her (own) home, (separate from ours. In it was) the cooling room for my dad's cream, the creamery, you know, (for butter). He had these agate pans about that big around, and it would be filled with milk. Then the next day (there) would be cream (on top) and then he'd skim it. That room was (in the shade of the orange tree and) quite cool. After my grandmother died, we used (the house to sleep in). Sometimes we would just want to get away from the big house (and the small children, where we would tell stories they wouldn't overhear).

And oh, this is another story, it will have to be told another time, but we called it the "Scratching Jack House" because of this scratching that went on in (chuckles) the night, (spooky). I wasn't there but Henry, Zelig, Louise, and Raymond, I think, (slept there) and they heard this scratching. And, of course, one of them said they didn't dare leave the house. 'Cause it was like they (heard it coming from) the back room, which was the creamery, it's like somebody went with a ten-penny nail, or whatever size, and scratched (the wall). And they just were so frightened. Finally, one of them ran over to the big house to get my father. He came over with the lantern, *kukui hele pō*, (but) there wasn't (anyone) there. (There were scratches on that back wall), so the name became the Scratching Jack House and that's another story, (a mystery).

Well, so then our family kept increasing, and this (so-called big) house became too small. The dining room was the biggest room. I can remember it just stretching right across (the width of the house), and this big table. And when I see the *Kennedys of Massachusetts* family around this table, I said, "Oh my goodness." You know, this was our life (the family around the dining table), but of course not quite as fancy (nor as sumptuous). When we were in this new house, there were six bedrooms and upstairs (like a dormitory). [LS points to painting of house on her wall.] This is the house over there.

WN: Right, yeah.

LS: Now all of those windows you see, every one of them, is a bedroom. And across of it were

three more bedrooms, and (later) one was converted to a bathroom. So we had five bedrooms downstairs and (the dormitory) upstairs; (the dormer windows in front), another on the (opposite) side. So that was where we (slept) when we had hotel guests. In fact, there were double beds (inside) each dormer. In the middle (of the dormitory) was the equivalent to three double beds (put together). Wai Foo was the carpenter that built this house, practically alone.

WN: Wai Foo?

LS: Wai Foo.

WN: Chinese?

LS: Chinese. And he was a carpenter for the Moloka'i Ranch, and my father asked George Cooke if he could borrow the man. Well, he wasn't available right when my father wanted him, but eventually he did come and build our house. And of course, we had to take (apart) the (home) that the queen named, Kalani Hale. That had to be demolished, giving room for (the new) house. So as this one was built, Kalani Hale was (taken apart) little by little, (the timber usable. Meanwhile), we had (to) stay in this little cottage that used to be the boys'. About this time they'd all gone, (were) married, had their own families.

WN: Did it become a hotel only after the family got smaller, people were moving out?

LS: When we went to school, yes; there were these spare bedrooms, you see. And Dr. (Edward S.) Goodhue, he was (my father's) mentor. He was the one that suggested (the hotel idea), 'cause, oh, this is how it started. The Trail and Mountain Club came in great numbers, about twenty-five of them. And they had to have a place (to stay). My father said, "I can't begin to accommodate them."

(The doctor) said, "Oh, they'll sleep on the floor." We had a big parlor. It ran right across the front, the width of the house. That was the parlor. "Oh, they could make do, you know." They weren't there very long, (just) overnight to rest and then they (hiked) the Wailau Trail. I have a newspaper clipping about that Trail and Mountain Club taking this hike to Wailau. I don't know that it was the same period that they stayed at our house. But after this, Dr. Goodhue said to my father, "Why don't you run a hotel? You could get your guests from the Moana Hotel. Or you can get some of those that want to come to go deer hunting." So he gave (Dad) the idea and he (agreed), "Well, it's quite a good idea."

So he said, "Now you have to have a name for that hotel." And so, you know, he set to thinking and he said, "Well now, you see, your house is situated just below the mountain. So you have the mountain, the lowland, and the water." Right across us was this Pūko'o Pond. So he said, "How do you say mountain in Hawaiian?"

My father said, "*Mauna*."

He said, "And then when you come down to this lowland, what is that?"

He said, "Well, that's a *kula*." You know. It's not quite as high as the mountain.

"And then the water?"

He said, "Wai."

So he said, "Why don't you name it Maunakulawai?" That was the name of the hotel, M-A-U-N-A-K-U-L-A-W-A-I. I guess you've had Hawaiian, haven't you? You seem to be . . .

WN: Uh, well.

LS: . . . familiar with the names.

WN: I was raised here, that's about it.

LS: Yeah, yeah. I must interrupt now and say I do have an appointment at 1:00. Is that going to interfere?

WN: Well, that's---we can stop here and then I can come back another time and continue from here.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 19-8-1-90; SIDE ONE

WN: This is tape two of an interview with Laura Duvauchelle Smith on February 21, 1990.

LS: Now, I'll tell you a little bit about our herd of cattle. Nāpili, the bull that we were afraid of, we never (let) him anywhere near us. And whenever there was any slaughtering, there was a special tree on the place where all of this was done. And of course it wasn't a concrete slab or anything like that (for drainage). It was washed down with water afterwards, (and) pretty much of it went back into the soil. And at night, now, Louise and I had our room—across this first window—was our room. And back of it was the stone wall, which was the boundary of (the property) where we lived. Nāpili apparently had the scent from the slaughtering the day before. And he would, oh, this awful sound, mooooooo, you know, that the bulls have now. And deep, deep, you know. And I would touch Louise and she'd touch me. That meant we were both awake. She said, "That must be Nāpili. I hope he doesn't come in. I hope he doesn't break the wall and come in." And he would just be around the wall there, and it would be real frightening to us when he did that (mooing). But he never bothered, it's just that he had the scent of the slaughtering the day before. So that was . . .

WN: Where was the slaughtering, where did it take place?

LS: (The children were ordered to go indoors and not watch.) It was right (under) one of (those) huge monkeypod trees. It was very crudely done. It wasn't every day that we were slaughtering, you know. Maybe once in six months or so. (All done) under a big monkeypod tree, with the branches that was stout enough (to hold) the (carcass) up to (strip) the hide (off). 'Cause you see, the (beef) would be on the ground, and they would start (stripping the

hide from) the middle (toward the back) until the hide was pulled off (completely). The carcass was pulled up on davits, so that then they (could) rip the rest of it off. Even to slitting (hide off) the tail. They slit it down and then that (all) came off. They would salt (the hide) and fold it so that it (looked) like a real heavy blanket. Then, maybe two or three days later, they would (unwrap it and) scrape all (that stuff) off. 'Cause it was preserved with the salt, they didn't have to (clean) it right then. They kept it that way and (later) unfolded it and scraped all that clung to it. That hide would be (stretched and) nailed to the side of the house, one of the back storage houses, or the garage.

WN: Mm hm. And used for what?

LS: Well, they used it for---well, when they were in Maui running the ranch, they made their own rope, *kaula 'ili* they called it. They made their own saddles. I mean, I'm going back in time, you know, when they did this. Everything they did. August was particularly good for the frame of the saddle. There's another name for it and I can't think of it right now. (Oh, yes, the tree.) He was good at that. My uncle Eugene was good at leather work, and so was my father. So between the three of them, (they made their own equipment). Beautiful leather work. Most of the saddles in those days, when they were young, they made themselves.

WN: How often were these cattle slaughtered?

LS: Well, just when we felt we needed the meat. As I said, maybe it be one in six months, 'cause, meanwhile, (there were) pigs and there was the hunting for deer. That we would put into jerk beef, jerky beef. We call it "jerk beef." We even used goat. But never the billy, it was always the nanny, 'cause the billy goat had an odor. And so when they took the nanny, they would (save the) kids. They became our pets. We just had 'em running around the yard. We fed 'em milk in a bottle (and a nipple), and they became so tame they (were) nuisances after a while. Because, they would butt you, you know. If you were in a position just right for them, boy, their head (down) like this and bingo! If you'd be bending over and they saw you, didn't matter where they were, they'd start running. Somebody said, "Hey, he's after you!" You'd turn around and you gotta get out of his way. And Ah Pun was one of the storekeepers, he had a store. He was pretty fragile as he got older. He would come to the post office, my father was a postmaster. When he would leave, we'd notice this goat kind of backing up and kind of sighting this person, you know. We'd say, "I wonder what he's gonna do now. I wonder what he's gonna do with Ah Pun." Instead of us stopping him, we wanted to see. (Chuckles) We were pretty young then. And as he went along, you know the receipt you get for money order? That little strip? Well, that slipped out of his hand and he went slowly, slowly, shuffling, shuffling. And he bent over (to pick it up). Wow, (laughs) the goat was after him. Bingo! "*Auwe!*"

(Laughter)

LS: Down he went. Then even if you sat on steps like my brother Johnny, the last of the three of our half brothers. He was very powerful. Watching "Bonanza," Hoss was Johnny. I mean, that was the typical person he was, big guy. So he'd call, "Hey, Billy!" And he'd put his foot out like that. That goat would sight that and he'd come running in, and his head was down. And Johnny would pull his leg up. Bang! He'd hit the steps instead. And then he'd turn away and shake his head, shake his head, and he'd do it again. He'd keep doing that every day.

Then my father would stop us. But we'd have these pets, and they were kids. My father and mother never called us "kids." We were always "children." And today when I hear people call their children "kids," I said, "Oh they're their little goats," you know.

WN: That's where that word came from probably, huh?

LS: I don't know, but everybody refers to their children as "kids." And we never, because we had kids that were goats. I don't know what you call your children.

WN: Kids. (Chuckles)

LS: Okay, call 'em *keikis*.

WN: *Keikis*, children.

LS: We all had Hawaiian names. And the Hawaiian names were all for somebody before us. Today the youngsters, like my nieces and that generation, they're not using the old names. They're making up their own. But they're like, say, one calls it the sun, the second child. Because where they live, the sun came up in a certain way so he's named for that. Sun rising and so on. And then the daughter is named something else, La'akea. I can't even translate them. And Anna's children, I mean the grandchildren, the mother has named them some names that she derived but she had help from someone. Like one she named about the tide of water, you know, the sea or something. And they all have some bearing on something that's happened at that time or something that catches their fancy. Or another one, a niece, asked Mary, "Well, tell me something. How do you say 'rainbow'?" So they named their child something about the rainbow. But never back to these sort of names that we had.

WN: What is your middle name? Yours was . . .

LS: My Hawaiian name?

WN: Mm hmm.

LS: Kapākauokamehameha. See, Kamehameha had his warriors trained on Moloka'i. And this means "Kamehameha's fort." Kapā, the fence, the fort of Kamehameha. So okay, Kelii got her name from the queen. Henry's comes from my mother's background.

WN: What is Henry's name?

LS: Kanapeokahanuhopeokeali'ikūmoku.

WN: Kanape.

LS: . . . okahanuhope . . .

WN: Hope?

LS: Yeah.



WN: Hopi or hope?

LS: Hope, H-O-P-E. Meaning "back, last." Okeali'ikūmoku. And I can't tell you now. This translation was done by one of Mary's churchmen, an elderly man who's fluent in Hawaiian. But his translation is so different from my sister Zeli'e's. I wouldn't even use it. But it has to do with a prince that, you know, like Achilles—how he was dipped in water and his heel was the only thing that did not get wet with water so it's your Achilles' heel now? Similar to that. This child was—this was the last breath of this prince, Henry's name, you know. But that's on my mother's side. And they always say your Hawaiian name denotes royal lineage, but we can't claim that. We don't know. We just say, "Well that's what the name says. We don't know." My sister Louise's name is the same as my maternal grandmother, Nāpua'ala—this runs right through, you know. You just put the letters all together. Nāpua'alaikahikina. The fragrant flower of the East.

WN: [Nā]pua'alaikahikina.

LS: Yes.

WN: Okay.

LS: All right, now Raymond's name is the shortest name, is just Punia. P-U-N-I-A. And my brother Danny has a very short name. It's just Kenui. And we understand that Kenui means, "the big," you know, "the large." And of course it denotes Kamehameha, he was such a big man, you know, so. But they hid all the meanings of these names, as they call it *hūnā*. Hid the names—the meanings—because well, like the old European way, if you ever have any connection with any of the royalty, you were killed for fear you might get to be king. So after Kenui, my sister Mary, Kekahualani.

WN: Kekaha . . .

LS: Kekaha.

WN: Kekaha.

LS: Kekahualani. And this is kind of pretty because this is the path that has been wet from the heavenly rain. So you know, sometimes you walk on this little path, just after a rain, and the rain from heaven, see. So that's Mary's. And then Anna's, Kekapaoka'ahumanu.

WN: Kekapa.

LS: . . . oka'ahumanu. Now Anna and I are the two that have Kamehameha and Ka'ahumanu in our names. Mine being the fort, Kamehameha's fort. Now this is Kekapa, now you know what the *kapa* is. It's your quilt or it could be a mantle. So this is Ka'ahumanu's mantle. You know, like her cape. So this, again, denotes some connection.

WN: Looks like your family, you know, did have royalty. It's just like the names.

LS: On both sides, see. This is from my mother, the Kamehameha is from my father's side. Then

Kaunalewa, K-A-U-N-A-L-E-W-A.

WN: Who was that?

LS: That's Pauline.

WN: Oh, Pauline.

LS: Now, this Kaunalewa as Kelii, you know, has told us. It denotes the carrying of a person. That *lewa*, you know the meaning of *lewalewa*? You know, something is just hanging, it's not touching the ground. Like if you're driving a truck, you have that rag in the back. So it's *lewalewa*, it's hanging there. It's not touching the ground. I just gave that as an example. It's not a good one, but it's something that does not touch the ground. Well, apparently, whenever the king went anywhere, he never touched ground, he was carried. Okay. So this is them. Okay. Now, this is the last brother who changed his name from Letwell to Paul. And his name . . .

WN: Letwell?

LS: Yeah.

WN: L-E-D . . .

LS: L-E-T . . .

WN: L-E-T.

LS: . . . W-E-L-L. He doesn't like the name, he didn't like it. When he went to school they said, "Letwell, Letwell, what kind of name is that? Where did you get that name from?"

WN: Where did he get that name from?

LS: I won't tell you until we're off.

WN: Oh, okay.

(Laughter)

LS: So he was named Aimoku. Now, the full name would be Ali'iaimoku or Aimokuali'i, but he was just named Aimoku. And if you know Hawaiian, you can tell about what that means. *Moku* is always referred to as an island, and *'ai* is to eat. So you see, Kamehameha conquered all the islands. So there's your derivation.

WN: What was Zelig's name?

LS: Kūliaikanu'u. That's "to strive for the highest." If you ever visit the ['Iolani] Palace and you go through Kapi'olani's bedroom, you'll find across her pillow is this "*Kulia i ka nu'u*." It was sort of like a motto for Kapi'olani. And, of course, Kapi'olani was Queen Liliu'okalani's



sister-in-law. She was, of course, married to King Kalākaua. You see, all these names came from our ancestors. But, let's see, Henry's name has been used by Mary's son. And Mary's other son, Harold, has named his son "Kenui" and his son's son is named "Kenui." And this name Kenui is used a lot. It's a nice short name, you know, and it's nice-sounding. So it's passed on a lot. A lot of people have used that name. It's very good. It was my mother's uncle. See, my mother was born in Kaupō; and my father, in Pūko'o.

WN: Kaupō, Maui.

LS: Yes, and her father was Penehas Wood. She told us that he always spoke to her about his office, equivalent to the council members now, with Lunalilo. But I haven't looked up any records to determine that. But his Hawaiian name was—see Penehas is a biblical name. Lot of these missionaries, P-E-N-E-H-A-S, I guess, but the Hawaiian of course, they said "Penehaka."

WN: Penehaka.

LS: And he and my grandmother were not married. And he called my mother Ku'uhalelā'au. And we haven't been able to really translate that 'cause I never asked my mother what it meant. So many things you think of now, I wished I asked. Ku'uhalelā'au means "my medicine house," you know. *Lā'au* is medicine, also it's stick, it's wood. My mother tells us that their grass house in Kaupō was the only one that had a wooden floor. I don't know, you see, still that's a grass house. And this man says, "Well, I don't know, I think maybe she took care of him when he was sick, or maybe she was so precious to him that . . ." We really don't know.

WN: Your mother's name was Annie Wood.

LS: Annie Wood. Annie . . .

WN: What does the K. stand for?

LS: Kapuanani. (The) beautiful flower. Now that name has been used with my brother August's daughter. She runs the Duvauchelle Realty over in Kāne'ohe. And Anna's daughter is named Kapuanani, but they don't use the Kapuanani. They just call themselves Puanani. But my mother was always referred to as Kapuanani. She always signed everything "Annie K. Duvauchelle."

WN: And your father is Kekuhi. Edward Kekuhi?

LS: Yes, yes.

WN: Duvauchelle.

LS: My goodness, I don't have his name here, but it's not only Kekuhi. It's—oh, I didn't have his. It's um. . . . I wouldn't dare try to. Let me try with Henry.

(LS telephones her brother, Henry. Taping stops, then resumes.)

WN: Okay, what was your father's middle name again?

LS: Kekuhi'iaokamehamehaika'anā'anā. It's what we call a very sacred name. I couldn't translate it to you. In fact, my sister Zelig does a better translating of all ours, and I have her translation somewhere. I wish I had it now, but it's very interesting.

WN: Now this is—you said this is your brother's one. Which brother?

LS: August.

WN: Oh, August.

LS: Yeah.

WN: Okay, you don't have August.

LS: No, I didn't. I was surprised until I went back when you asked my father's name. I had to look for his and it wasn't there. It wasn't on my list, which surprises me.

WN: Do we have all? We have Zelig, Henry, Laura, Louise, Raymond, Daniel, Mary, Anna, Pauline, Paul, August.

LS: Okay, I'll have to name that again in our—as we were born. Let's see: Zelig, Henry, Louise, Raymond, Laura, Gene. Did I give you Gene? (Keka'alauniu.) Yeah, he's another one I missed.

WN: Okay.

LS: Mary.

WN: Mary.

LS: No, excuse me. Gene, Danny, August, Mary, Anna, Pauline, Letwell Paul. Paul Letwell, now. He changed it around.

WN: And your three (half) brothers?

LS: The first one was Edward.

WN: Okay.

LS: And only Johnny had a Hawaiian name. Edward was Edward Lynch Duvauchelle. L-Y-N-C-H. And Waldemar. W-A-L-D-E-M-A-R, Rogers, R-O-G-E-R-S, Duvauchelle. Johnny, John Kapi'iwi, K-A-P-I-I-W-I. So that takes care of the whole family with their Hawaiian names.

WN: Okay, did you folks speak Hawaiian at home? Quite a bit?

LS: My father and mother would speak Hawaiian when they didn't want us to know what they

were talking about. But if they say, "*O Kapā kēia*," you know. "*Kolohe mai nō wahi kapā*." Then I say they're talking about me. Zelie was the one that learned Hawaiian because she lived with my grandmother. Henry and Louise got to converse in Hawaiian because they came to Honolulu to go to school at Kalihi Waena. They lived with *Kūkū Pua*. And she would never allow English spoken in the house.

WN: This is your maternal grandmother.

LS: My maternal grandmother. If you spoke [English] she would spank them or say, "*Mana'o 'oe he Haole au?*" "You think I'm *Haole*? I want you to speak Hawaiian." They couldn't speak English in the house. So they had the advantage of learning that. When we were home, as I said, our parents would (speak it) if they didn't want us to know what they were saying about us. And so we'd say, "We want to learn Hawaiian."

He [father] said, "You learn English well first."

So first thing, you know, I was nine years old. I was in Kamehameha Schools. They didn't allow us to speak Hawaiian there. We were punished! And now they're teaching it in Kamehameha Schools where it's supposed to be taught the right way: (Back then) if anybody was caught doing the hula they were punished. Now they're teaching hula properly up at Kamehameha. That should be the source of all Hawaiian heritage and customs and whatnot. But we were punished for that. This was the old missionary style that they carried on through Kamehameha Schools.

And so, it was my father's feeling. I mean, he had a lot of missionary traits in him because he was taught by missionary teachers. In Maui he had one teacher [whose] name was Dickinson and he carried a cane. He walked with a cane and he used that cane to cane the students. He whipped them. This was true about the missionary teachers. They beat 'em. Not whipped them, they really beat 'em. And the other punishment was you get out and pull weeds. Now we had that punishment at Kalua'aha School. Depending on what you did, you were sent out to pull weeds, and you had to have roots. And if you try to pull weeds out of dry soil, hard soil, you could hardly get roots. So they'd say because of what you did, "You come in and you bring me 100 weeds before you go home today." So they used the same old missionary style of pulling weeds (for punishment), but it had to have roots.

WN: What about your paternal grandmother? Didn't she live with you on Moloka'i?

LS: Yes, *Kūkū Mele*.

WN: Now, she didn't emphasize Hawaiian to you folks or did she speak only Hawaiian?

LS: She only spoke Hawaiian. And when we spoke to her, she would be very angry when we spoke Hawaiian, broken, you know. We'd use the best we could. She would speak and we picked up more from her by trying to get her to understand. She sent me to get Raymond, now. "*Hele 'oe (e kii o) Leimana*." I knew she said, "Go get Raymond." He was up at the store, so I'd go looking for Raymond. I was on horseback and when I came back she said, "*Ai hea 'o Leimana?*" "Where is Raymond?"

And I said, "*Hele aku au 'a'ohe.*"

And she would scold me, "*He aha kēia 'ana (walaau)? Hele kunei au 'a'ohe.*" It was broken Hawaiian 'cause I said, "I went nothing." And I meant to say, "I couldn't find him." But I didn't know how to put it in Hawaiian so I used what she would understand anyway. So we learned from *Kūkū* Mele talking to us in Hawaiian, and we would return in English, but she never spoke English, see.

WN: Interesting.

LS: Yeah.

WN: But the difference between the two grandmothers was that the Moloka'i, your paternal grandmother tolerated English, whereas your maternal grandmother didn't.

LS: That's true, that's true. Yeah. Because that's the only way my paternal grandmother could get us to converse with her, you know.

WN: And that's the best way to learn a language.

LS: Indeed!

WN: Right?

LS: The way *Kakū* Pua did. Zelié got the best of it because she had her reading the Bible to her. And then there was the serial story in the Hawaiian newspaper. There were two Hawaiian newspapers at the time, and they were running the serial of "Tarzan." So when she came home from school, she had (Zelié) read this story to her from the papers. And then she learned that way too, see. But she was willing to do it.

Now when we went home, after we were in school in Honolulu, when we went home, we were just interested in playing. I mean, we wanted to go horseback riding, we wanted to go swimming. And there was no Hawaiian class for us. They didn't even tell us now, "You're gonna stay home and learn this in Hawaiian." They could've forced us to do it. The orders we used to have, "Before you go swimming, you pick up the manure in the yard." We didn't have a mower because we had a horse we kept in the yard that would just eat the grass down. So it kept the grass well mowed. So whatever the horse left behind, we had to clean (up) before we went swimming. Or, whoever was the baby, well, you put the baby to sleep before you go swimming. So these were all things that we had to do, see.

We had banana trees in the front of the house. Papaya trees on the other side. And whenever we had a bunch of banana ripen, you know, we said, "*Kapu* that bunch. That's mine." 'Cause you're the first one that saw the first ripe one. So that bunch was hung in the kitchen, near the stove 'cause it was warm. We always had a wood stove, as I told you. Then they'd say, "Can I have a banana?" They'd ask me 'cause I had seen that, that's mine, that *kapu* that's my bunch. It was a rule we made ourselves.

Just like getting into the car, you know. Now if we got in the car, our touring car, a Ford

Model-T. Two could sit in the front, my mother and my dad. And maybe the baby could sit in the middle, maybe it would be on her lap. Three or four of us children in the back, but then my father ordered these folding seats that would hang on the door. But he was very careful with us. He would be nervous, you know, I mean, overdo it, you know. "Put your head in! You don't know when we'll get close to a telephone pole and it will hit your head!" But we're far enough from the telephone pole. "Sit still or you'll fall out!" You know, and then he's always telling us to be careful. So the seats---we had a little lever on the old model, and you had to press it back to open that door. To be sure that it wouldn't spring open when he had that jump seat on there, he would have twine pull those two together so that neither one would open. And this one was a folding seat that just opened and it hung on to that back (door), so that a child could sit there and one (on the other). When he (wanted) to take the whole family, he had to improvise so we could all go.

I can remember when World War I ended. (My dad) was very patriotic to the United States, you know. Kaunakakai had the big celebration. So he had this big flag flying from the back of the Ford, and all us kids bunched in there. We went to Kaunakakai, that's where everything happened, all the big affairs. And the wireless keeper was something. His name was [Richard Ernest] Hagemann. [LS speaks with German accent:] "This is the wireless," he would say. Now, we were on that country phone---the wall phones---you ring, you know. Our ring was three short. One time it was two long, short, long. Because my father was road overseer, he had two phones. One was called the county [line] and the other was called the territorial line. Territorial line was limited. The judge had one, my father had one, and I forget. There were just about, I don't know, maybe less than a dozen (on) the territorial lines. And they could reach one another, but the county line could not reach the territorial line.

But these phones were great for rubbernecking. You know, if you hear somebody, "Oh, that's so-and-so's ring." Take off and listen, you know. And my father had always told us never to rubberneck. He had to set the example, so Eddie McCorriston came one day. Now, he was, I forget whether he was judge then, I think he was. "Say Eddie," he said, "one of your kids must have been rubbernecking yesterday."

He [father] said, "No,"---they were both called Eddie---"No, Eddie, none of my children 'cause I've told them they cannot rubberneck," he said.

"It must have been from your house," he said.

"No, don't tell me that. My children don't do that 'cause they know they are not supposed to." We did, we used to sneak.

So he said, "But we heard your gander!" We were the only ones that had geese. That was a dead giveaway!

"Really?" So he said, "All right, I'll find out who did it." It was Henry. (Chuckles) He got, I think he got a little paddle.

WN: He didn't tell me that either.

LS: Oh, he wouldn't.



(Laughter)

LS: On the territorial line, you could lift that receiver up, but there was a little thing that held it down so that they couldn't hear any sound from your side. But that was limited the number of people we could rubberneck because, you know, it wasn't interesting. But we did.

WN: Did most people have phones on the East End?

LS: No, they didn't. But whoever had phones were contacted by wireless. So if there was some special news that we should know about, he'd phone everybody. "Stay on the line. This is the wireless. I have a special message. I have news." So he calls everybody and then he says, "Stay on the line," until he's gotten everybody, all the way down to Hālawā. See, one telephone in Hālawā. Then he'll tell you the news, whatever it was.

WN: Was that his job?

LS: Yes, well, he was the wireless operator on Moloka'i.

WN: Was that Kitty's [Akutagawa] father, [Richard Ernest] Hagemann?

LS: Yes. You knew Hagemann? Yeah, that was her father. In fact, their mother [Grace Kaawakauo Hagemann] worked for us. I shouldn't say as maid, you know, one of our helpers really, Grace, okay. She was single. Papa paired them, paired her, with [Richard Ernest] Hagemann. Hagemann was a bachelor, I think he was a little bit older than Grace. But he talked Hagemann into marrying Grace. He paired them. 'Cause he said, "You're a bachelor. Here's a nice lady, she's a good cook, she's a good housekeeper. I know she can make a good wife." So he agreed, he married Grace. So they had all these children.

WN: I'll ask Kitty about it. See what she says. (Chuckles)

LS: Yeah. Tell her that my father was the matchmaker. But she took care of us, you know, Grace.

WN: It's twelve o'clock.

LS: Yeah.

WN: We should stop here and then . . .

LS: Okay.

WN: . . . we'll continue some other time.

LS: Oh wait, I'll tell about the war news.

WN: Oh, okay.

LS: During World War I, every so often there'd be some news, you know. So, same system.

[Hagemann] called everybody, "This is the wireless. I have some news about the war." So he says how the American troops were doing or how the Germans had done such and so, you know. And so everybody got the news that way. And who didn't have a phone would hear from somebody else.

My father was a postmaster. Our house was a great gathering place, so that if they didn't have a phone, they'd come, "What was the news today?" Then in the mail would be the newspaper, my father got the, I guess I don't know which one he had, the *Advertiser* or *Star-Bulletin*. But he always had the newspaper, too. So they would gather in the dining room. They would gather there on mail day, and to some of them we'd just say, "Well, have you had breakfast? Come and have breakfast with us." Our mail carrier stayed overnight and he would always have breakfast with us.

I can remember wherever we had a home, Papa was postmaster and he had his own office, He had two windows to his office, and when the mail was all sorted, the people would gather there. They'd come from the steamer after the steamer had come. See, it gets there about two o'clock in the morning. It goes on to Lahaina, [then to] Kahului. Then it comes back and it's on its way back to Honolulu. But then it's in the evening, you know, that they're coming back. But the mail had already been sorted that came from Honolulu. So the people that had been down the wharf or that knows about the time my dad would hand out the mail, they're there. It's like the army mail call. My father had that. He had the old system. All right. All the mail was sorted and stamped, (cancelled).

Do you know that the postmaster did not have a salary? If you made eighteen dollars a month, that was what he got from cancellations. Like any of the letters that come in that do not have a postmark, he cancels with the Pūko'o Post Office. And he got the collection from that. He'd report that and that's the money he would get, and that was his salary. Whatever he got from mail order dues, that was his to keep. What he called the cancellation money—that was from the mail—that's all he had. It was hard work and long hours and late hours, you know. Two days a week when the steamer came. So he'd open the window. "Keakamai!"

"Here!" You know, and he'd hand that on. And sometimes, "Rose! Rose?" Nobody answers. And he said, "Roses!"

"Oh, Roses. Me!" That was a Filipino, you know. So then each one, as his name was called, they would answer, "Here." And that's . . .

WN: How often was mail day?

LS: Oh, twice a week.

WN: Twice a week.

LS: Yeah, and during the week, there would be some coming in to get their mail. If one of us was home, (and) my father wasn't home, we'd go in and handle (it). And say, "Yeah, here's yours."

Keakamai was my favorite. I didn't even tell you about having a blacksmith. Keakamai was the one, the blacksmith. When we came home from school, well, that's another story I'll go into later. But he had gold teeth. I thought it was so beautiful. Every time I saw him coming, I'd run to the office. Of course, besides coming for his mail, he would stand there and he and my father would have a conversation all in Hawaiian. I just stood there because I was, you know, next to my father's desk. I was, I don't know, seven, eight, nine years old. And just admire this man's mouth 'cause he had all gold teeth. I guess they were, what do you call 'em, you know, they weren't really all solid gold. It was . . .

WN: Caps.

LS: Caps. And I thought that was the most beautiful thing. When he'd leave I'd say to my father, "When I get big and I'm rich, I'm gonna have all gold teeth." But I didn't.

(Laughter)

WN: You don't? (Chuckles)

LS: No. In fact, these, well, anyhow, I never did follow Keakamai. So, that's our day today, huh?

WN: Okay, thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape Nos. 19-10-2-90 and 19-11-2-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Laura Duvauchelle Smith (LS)

March 7, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Laura Duvauchelle Smith on March 7, 1990, at her home in Honolulu, O'ahu. The interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

Okay, let's begin. Why don't we start talking about fish ponds today, 'Ualapu'e Fishpond, that your father leased.

LS: Yes, my father leased that from the territory of Hawai'i. I can't remember the year [1918]. It seemed that we always had it. And we were quite friendly with Bob Lilys. He was the sheriff of Honolulu. He used to come to Moloka'i and visit us and one time he brought some clams, these small clams. I think they were from Japan. So he seeded the pond, around the edge of the *kuapa*, you know, the wall. And my, that just spread and they were good eating. I remember our digging for these. They were so plentiful. But that bed was destroyed by the tsunami on April 1, 1946. [Some interviewees claim the clams disappeared before or after the 1946 tidal wave.] And it never came back. It was totally destroyed. All you found were shells from the dead clams. But our fishing there was strictly for mullet and mostly for home use, for food. But we'd always share. 'Ualapu'e [Fishpond], of course, was near the clinic. We didn't call it a clinic, we just called it the doctor's office, 'cause he was a county doctor. Just one doctor on Moloka'i, (except Kalaupapa, of course).

WN: Who was the doctor?

LS: Well, at the time that I remember, was Dr. Goodhue, Edward (S.) Goodhue. And then there were several after (him), but I can remember the Atcherleys, Dr. [R. T.] Atcherley. We would always share some of the fish with them. Of course, (there was) the dread of going in with gill nets, you know. We always had gill nets. My father had a Model-T that we'd go over there with the nets. But we were always afraid of the *kūpala*. I think they call 'em *kakū*. They were fierce. They would jump, get out of the net. If they didn't break through the net, they would jump over it. My sister Zelig was hit once, right in the shoulder. She still has the, I don't know whether right or left, still has the scar.

WN: She was in the water in the pond?

LS: Yes, well, we all got behind the gill net to help pull it in. The hardest jobs were done by the

men on either side, pulling it in. You keep pulling, pulling until it got smaller (close) to shore, and then your fish would all be flapping. And every one of us rushes to pick 'em up so that they don't jump over the net while it was still shallow water. Then (in) later (years), my niece, Edwina Duvauchelle—she runs the Duvauchelle Realty here in Kāne'ohe—she was struck in the shoulder, she was little, really tiny. And she was in there, and she was struck by a *kūpala*. We called it *kūpala*, but when I mentioned it to Carol Wyban, she said, "Oh, I think the name is *kākū*." Well, I think it's more popular known now as *kākū*. But they were vicious . . .

WN: This is barracuda?

LS: Barracuda, yes. And they were really the dangerous type and they got in (the pond).

WN: Besides mullet, was barracuda what they wanted to eat?

LS: Well, if we caught it we would eat it. I mean, it's not a very good-eating fish. It was slender and long, but they made good steaks. You just cut it right through after you've cleaned it out and scaled it. And there was a *hale mākāhā* right by the *mākāhā*. I think Carol [Wyban] recognized that some foundation there showed that there was a building there (earlier). She mentioned that when she was here with you. There had to be a watchman (on guard) because there was always (somebody) stealing fish. Of course, (there) wasn't a great deal (of fish), but still, if they were going to take more (and more), then we wouldn't have (any left).

But the mullet—the pond mullet—is sterile. They don't reproduce. So in order to stock a pond, you have to bring in the fingerlings from wherever you can catch them, usually on the shores of the ocean. They come up to the shore, as close to the shore as they can get to get away from the bigger fish that's trying to eat them. And that was the thing that you would have to do periodically. Catch these (little) things (*pua*) and then dump them in the pond. Then they would grow into bigger mullet. That's why you didn't have season on pond mullet. (When) we said "outside fish," we meant the ocean fish. You could get mullets on the outside (at open season), but the pond mullet you didn't have any season on them. You could catch 'em any time of the year and even sell them. But if you were going to sell them, you had to have some permission to do this. But we just (fished) for family. And I remember getting some of these (with) spawn. And we liked that because you cook that, just fried it, you know, it was good. The roe . . .

WN: Oh, you mean the baby ones?

LS: No, the roe of the mullet, (fish eggs). It was really good eating. So there would be someone watching at the *hale mākāhā*. My sister, Mary, remembers going with my mother one time. She doesn't even remember how old she was, except that she was little. I would say she was around nine or ten. My mother said it was her turn to watch [the pond] that night. She put Mary in the *hale mākāhā*, and she fell asleep. She said she was wakened by this splashing and splashing, she could hear fish flapping. 'Cause what my mother was doing was catching the fish that was coming in [through the *mākāhā*]. You know, the fish will come in at low tide, and then when the tide is high they stay in the pond. And she was catching either those coming in or trying to leave. So (Mary) could hear the fish flapping. Well, that was my mother's turn to watch in the *mākāhā*. Henry has done it and Raymond (too), and, of course,



I told you Sakanashi was one of the Japanese men that was with us. You needed to do that because there was---you know, (poaching), you might lose the fish and then . . .

WN: Did they ever catch anybody stealing?

LS: No, we suspected some of them, but if they. . . . There wouldn't always be a watchman there. Maybe spasmodically you don't go over there regularly because then if you had a schedule, they'd know when somebody was going to be there. They never knew when someone was going to be there. And there was always a lantern inside. But this building was really, what we call *hakahaka*. The boards were separated, there would be a little space. They weren't tongue-and-groove, so that you had the space and the wind would (blow) in. I was thinking about that this morning when the wind was coming in this apartment. It was just whistling. So I thought, well, because I was going to talk to you about 'Ualapu'e this morning, that reminded me of it. And that's about all I can tell you about when we had the lease of (the pond). I don't know (whom) it went to (after) that. Of course, recently, George Peabody leased it and he opened up the *mākāhā* for his, what do you call it, sail surfing or wind surfing.

WN: Wind surfing.

LS: Yeah, and he should repair that [wall]. Now, of course, they have that *kuapā* committee [Hui o Kuapā].

WN: Your father had the lease and then people watched the pond. But could anybody go in there and catch fish, or they had to ask permission?

LS: Well, it was ours as long as the lease held. They went in to catch *kūhonu*, the crab, and (they) even dug the clams, (but) it was the fish—the mullet—that was more precious. Because it was quite a job to go in with gill net(s) to get that, to catch it. Because there were these, what we call '*aka'akai*, the bulrushes. If you didn't get your gill net around (the school) quickly, they'd [the mullet] all get in there and you couldn't follow them. You couldn't get in there with nets. And even if you tried to walk in there, that mud was very soft, you would sink in practically halfway up your calves. So you had to (surround the fish) very quickly. And sometimes you didn't get enough in the first surrounding, maybe you'd have to try again. But usually, we did get enough just one time around with the gill nets.

WN: How often did your father folks go and fish in the pond?

LS: Well, not very often. I can't remember that we went fishing. Lot of times we just went for clams. 'Cause when they had nets, you had to have more men than us. 'Cause we're young girls. I mean, we could go and dig the clams and do that in our bathing suits and get really sunburned where it peeled afterwards. And that's about all I can remember about 'Ualapu'e, except that there's so many legends about it that I don't know. I couldn't tell you about those because I'm not. . . . I think Anna would be more knowledgeable in that if you saw her. 'Cause she talks about a spring that—a secret water source there—and she would be the one that would know. But I would like to say something about the Pūko'o Pond.

WN: Okay.

LS: Well, that was right across (the road) from us. Our land ran all the way to where that Moncado group has their house up on the hill there. That first belonged—it was (where) Harry MacFarland and his wife lived. When they moved to Maui they sold it to my brother and sister-in-law, August and Sophie Duvauchelle. When they built their house at the beach, they sold this home to the people that have it now. But this pond, [according to] Catherine Summers' book, *Sites of Moloka'i*, she goes way back to when the pond was [owned] by this Napohaku Ilae [the first tax assessor on Moloka'i, who was awarded the pond by the Land Commission]. There's more information about that in this survey of hers of Moloka'i. But then Emma Nakuina, N-A-K-U-I-N-A, owned it. She had that land, too, where that Moncado religious group [i.e., Filipino Federation of America] is now. And then she sold it to, oh, the sale went on from party to party and finally, (to) Paul Fagan. And then he sold his Pu'uoHoku Ranch to the Ward sisters. And they sold it to [Harold] "Buddy" Wright, (and he developed) it into (the) lagoon (it is) today.

But when we were growing up, that pond was sort of a, well, I could say a playground, and yet we also caught crabs there. And that way was such a crude way. We did fish for the crabs because we'd get a straight pole, the straightest pole we could get from any of the groves where we lived. Then we tied a string, just ordinary wrapping string, to the top of it. And just with some meat, if we could get some meat from the kitchen, that was too precious. Or maybe a bird—a mynah bird usually, 'cause we never ate the mynah bird—and that was very good bait. And it was before the tide came up. These crabs would bite (the bait), and, of course, the string was taut and we'd know that we had a bite. We also had a scoop net, so you'd pull the string up and get (the crab) with the scoop net. Then we had something to put these crabs in. And there was no objection to that at that time, as we wouldn't object to anybody fishing for crabs in 'Ualapu'e Pond. So we did this in this [Pūko'o] Pond. We would even sometimes fish off the wall, the *kuapā*. There was also the small shrimps that would be all around the wall where the water came up at high tide. The shrimp would be these tiny ones that usually (are) always hanging around the rocks. So we could scoop it up with (our) hands, you know, just run under like that. And we'd use that for bait when we went to the end—that's when the (wharf) was (still standing)—and fish with our poles off the railing from the [Pūko'o] Wharf.

WN: So you folks did do pole fishing?

LS: Yeah, but not with reel. I mean, just this ordinary, you know, with the tiny hook for *h'inalea*. And oh, sometimes we were lucky we might get some—not very lucky with *pāpio* or anything like that—but the smaller fish. Sometimes we would just stay on the beach and *pūlehu* these. And then maybe we'd take some poi with us and salt and whatever. We wouldn't go home. We just stayed. And my mother never worried about us then, because if we went we said, "Well, Mama, we gonna have lunch at the beach." You know, whatever we catch.

And she said, "Don't cook your fish (chuckles) before you catch 'em." But we would get the bait in the pond here.

Then when we'd have games, we'd make our little—I think I told you about these little shingle or flat piece of wood or board that we would make into a little sailboat with a dowel and, well, we didn't have dowels at that time, whatever we could stick in. Splintered something, and then the *lau hala* for sail. And then let it (sail) from this side (to the opposite

side) and then run on the road to see who won.

On the opposite side from where we let our little boats sail was the sandy beach. Where we sat to catch crabs was mud, but packed. That pond did not have the bulrushes, I spoke of and referred to at the 'Ualapu'e. It had these low-growing, what Hawaiians used to make *makaloa* mats [with], the softest mats you could have made. And it took a lot of this to make one, you know. Even a nine-by-twelve [mat] would take a lot of this material. But there was never 'aka'akai in Pūko'o. It was all this little growth that was made into *makaloa*. 'Aka'akai was the big bulrushes. There was another type of growth, but this was all low-growing. It was maybe up to my knees when I was a child, and this had tiny, little berries and I wouldn't even know what the name of that is now. I can't remember.

WN: What color were the berries?

LS: It was sort of a chartreuse green, you know, more yellow. And the leaves, if you pressed them it was watery inside. These little berries weren't edible. But that was the type of growth. It was low-growing, all toward the *mana'e* side of the pond. And the other side was all sandy beach. That's where the water ran out, like the *mākāhā*, and it dug quite a hole there. You know, just by the rushing out of that, if some of the others weren't working at the time, it just pulled it out. But all of that was sandy beach, and there was a courthouse. And the, what we call the "lighthouse," although it was not a lighthouse. There were two poles, one (with) red (light) and one green. And one pole was cemented on part of the *kuapā*, part of the pond wall, and the other was closer to the courthouse. And the lighthouse (keeper) was Ah Leong. And he would put those (lights) up every night, take them down every morning, clean the chimneys, fill them with kerosene oil, and put them up again. I mean, we would see him coming (in the evening) with the two lanterns and he'd (haul them) up (the poles).

But once the county seat was moved, of course, then the Pūko'o Wharf just deteriorated. You know, they just didn't repair it anymore. 'Cause Eddie Berlem and his son(s) came periodically to repair the wharf. And they always stayed---well, our home was large, and when most of us were in school in Honolulu, there was room for guests, for paying guests. The Berlem contractors would live there, and my mother would give them room and board. I mean, she took care of that part of it. We got to know them quite well, so when they'd come for repairs, I think they'd stay about, oh, sometimes nearly a month to complete the repairs. 'Cause all the pilings were wrapped with, I think it was brass or bronze. When those would deteriorate, why, they would replace the pilings, or whatever they did. I can't remember. I only remember that they were there.

WN: You remember the wharf being used . . .

LS: Oh, yes.

WN: . . . for purposes?

LS: Oh yes, yeah. In fact, our sampan was always moored there. When other sampans would come from Maui, they could come alongside. But of course, the inter-island steamers could not. It wasn't much more than six feet or nine feet [deep] at high tide.

- WN: How far out—could the inter-island steamers dock on the outside and then come in with a smaller boat?
- LS: Yes, they came in with a smaller boat. And these big Hawaiian men, rowing them in. And they were whaleboat-sized. I would guess about 500 feet or more where the buoy was, that's where (the steamer) would anchor. But if it was too windy, sometimes it was too rough, they would not (come in). But most of the time, they were able to maneuver the boats in.
- WN: At that time the main port was Kaunakakai or . . .
- LS: It was Pūko'o.
- WN: That was the main one?
- LS: Yeah, but when the capital changed to Kaunakakai, they did more with the harbor—(and) the wharf—there. And it was more practical, really, because that harbor was calm. Kaunakakai [Wharf] was usually calm, whereas Pūko'o could be rough. And the bigger ships, the *Hualālai*, the *Haleakalā*, would moor outside Kaunakakai. But *Mikahala* could come alongside. I always liked to come in *Mikahala*, 'cause I hated that boat trip (from ship to wharf). Sometimes I would get sick (during the) towing [of] this boat. The fumes from the motorboat that was towing us would make (me) sick. My father was postmaster and he was busy getting the mail ready, but when we were coming to Honolulu, why, he'd bring us to Kaunakakai. We thought, oh, that was shorter. You know, instead of going from Pūko'o and stop in Kaunakakai, then come the rest of the way to Honolulu. We'd rather just drive there, he always allowed himself an hour to get to Kaunakakai, and then see us off. And that would be about, oh, six o'clock in the evening, perhaps five or six o'clock.
- WN: At Kaunakakai you still had to ride a smaller boat out to the boat, or the larger boats could go right in harbor?
- LS: The *Mikahala* was the only one that came alongside. I don't remember that *Likeli* could come alongside, but the others had to stop (outside). And it seemed forever getting in from there. 'Cause they might have two boats, if they had both passengers and freight, and then we would just (bounce) around out there until they filled the next boat. I'd get sick in that (smaller boat) if I hadn't been sick on the ship itself.
- WN: Did the *Mikahala* go up to . . .
- LS: It came right along . . .
- WN: . . . closer to Pūko'o Wharf?
- LS: No, all the ships in Moloka'i just (anchored outside). And that was quite a (good) maneuvering, because there were reef on both sides of (the entrance), see. The sampans, when they came in, had to really maneuver between those (reefs). They better not come at night unless they really knew the entrance. My family did, I mean the men in my family. They used to have a guide by some rock or peak, and that was their landmark (on the mountain) when they came in. It was quite (a) narrow (entrance to maneuver) between the



reefs to the wharf.

WN: Did they come at night a lot?

LS: Sometimes they would come at night, yes. But most of the time, if they were coming at night, we were always there at the wharf. Maybe hang a lantern on the wharf when the men were late. And we worried about them. But I think the wives of the seamen are always worrying about their men when they're out at sea.

WN: How far was the wharf from the fish pond, Pūko'o?

LS: Well, it was contiguous to it. Part of it was the buildup. See, that buildup from the pond bordered the beginning of the wharf, which was land. That buildup portion (to the level of the wharf), I don't even know what you could (call it)—it's not an abutment, because it was wider than that. But right as the *kuapā* ended, this buildup ended, too. And then it was all (wharf). It was not even gravel. I guess it was smaller rocks and then the tracks with the crosspieces, (ties). And then from there on, (where) the wall of the pond (ended), you were (over) the sea. The wharf (extended), I would say all of—I'm not accurate in my measuring—I would say maybe 100 (yards) or more from that part to the end of the wharf. (There were) these flatbeds, (with) trucks, (wheels), two pairs of trucks. Two in back and two in front. (They were used) for freight, that would be the transportation of freight or joy rides, as we (used them). 'Cause the steamer only came twice a week, (with) mail and passengers (aboard).

WN: I see. Was the wharf dredged at all?

LS: Was it what?

WN: Dredged? You know, was the wharf deeper than the fish pond, in other words?

LS: Well, I think by your natural depth, as you go from the sand beach on (out). You know, it keeps getting deeper. But I said at the end of the wharf—I keep referring to it as the end of the wharf 'cause that's the way we spoke about it—it was little better than a fathom. I think a fathom is what, six feet?

WN: Six feet.

LS: Because it wasn't very deep, even at the end of the wharf. Just [for] the sampans, which don't draw much water. I think they're practically flat-bottomed.

WN: How deep was the fish pond?

LS: Well, the fish pond, at high tide, wouldn't go much more over three feet. Four feet would be full. And sometimes, of course, when you have *kai maumau*, there's no tide at all. I mean, it's just one level. And that's twenty-four hours of that. You know, 'cause I can hear the folks say, "*Auwē! Kai maumau.*"

WN: What is *kai maumau*?



- LS: Well, it's. . . . When you see Henry again, you ask him. It's like the tide does not rise. It's just one level and it just stays that way. It has something to do with the moon drawing or not drawing the water up so that it's just at one level and never at high tide. Henry, being the fisherman, he could tell you. But I can still remember hearing them, "*Auwē! Kai maumau.*" It's something that comes only at a certain time of year, which he could tell you better than I can.
- WN: What were some differences that you noticed between Pūko'o Fishpond and 'Ualapu'e Fishpond?
- LS: Well, of course, the first thing I told you the bulrushes. And the Pūko'o Pond, the fish was not plentiful there, you know.
- WN: Pūko'o?
- LS: I suppose because that was a lack of restocking. Because you have to be at it all the time. You'd get some *āholehole* and mullet, you could see mullet jumping at high tide. But I don't know whether they had any problems with *kāpala*, but I think every fish pond has trouble. Because those things come in through the *mākāhā* when they're little. Then they stay in there and grow up. Of course, that's probably how a lot of it got in the ponds. But it seemed that it didn't pay if you were in the business. If you just relied on the Pūko'o Pond for your livelihood, you'd have to have something else, too. That was my impression, it wasn't very fruitful.
- WN: But 'Ualapu'e you could make a living off of it?
- LS: No, well we never tried 'cause we just used it as . . .
- WN: Home.
- LS: Yeah, just for our household. Then of course, later when my mother bought 'Aha'ino at auction, we got 'Aha'ino Pond also. So that included the *konohiki*. Fishing rights. That little pond was very good. I mean, for the size of it, it isn't as big as Pūko'o Pond.
- WN: What's the name of the pond again?
- LS: Aha'ino. A-H-A-I-N-O. And of course, that property has been sold now, we've . . .
- WN: Where is that?
- LS: It's, um---well, how far have you gone beyond Pūko'o?
- WN: Well, I've gone to Hālawā.
- LS: Oh, you went to Hālawā? Well, you know where Kainalu is? I mean, where the bank president has his house. He lives there. [Kip] Dunbar.
- WN: Oh, oh yeah, yeah.

LS: You know where the Kūpeke Pond is?

WN: Yeah, I know where Kūpeke is.

LS: Okay, well, it's beyond that. And where the Buchanan home used to be. I can tell you who lived there when we were growing up, the Kamokus. But I think someone else lives there. It's about a mile from Pūko'o, maybe not quite a mile. Just before you get to where you turn around, I can only tell you where the Napapas live, where the Napapa church used to be, on the hill, but it's before you get to Kainalu. I think a mile.

WN: So your mother got that at auction?

LS: Yes, about 1921, '22. That was quite an experience for her, too.

WN: Why did she buy it?

LS: Well, it happened to be on sale. You see, my father bought a lot of the property that he's gotten. He bought more than he inherited, and what he inherited was rather troublesome. I mean, there was multiple shares in there. I think I told you previously how he bought this, and then when he had enough land, he bought cattle. And then he bought a bull and this is how he built up his cattle. Mostly he was interested in the milking cows for the household. Well, when my father went to Maui, someone told him. 'Cause when these pieces are at auction, there are notices in the newspaper. It runs for about thirty days, then it's run again for sixty days, or whatever period that they did that. Well, we got newspapers just when the steamer came, you know, twice a week. And he was in Maui and someone said, "Hey, Eddie! Did you notice there's land at auction. The Jones' property on Moloka'i."

He said, "No. Where?" So he went to look for it and sure enough, this was 236 acres. And the posting of the date for the auction. And there were a lot of people interested in it too. So he had to be very secretive about it, because they'd say, "Oh, are you going to bid on this, Eddie?"

And he said, "Oh, no," you know, just lackadaisical. Then he told my mother. Well, it was just about spring vacation for us at the Kamehameha Girls School. So when my mother left, then, of course, all these questions.

"Why is Annie going to town? Why did she go to town? Is she going to bid on the land?"

"No, the girls have a vacation now, so she thought she'd be down there." 'Cause we couldn't come out of school and live at my grandmother's, my maternal grandmother. And when she came, we could leave school, you know, live out. So that was a logical thing. But we did not. We stayed in school, because she wasn't going to be there long enough. So he told them, "Well, she's going to see the girls in school."

So she went and bid, and he had told her beforehand, "When you go this much and the bidding is kind of getting slower, you know. They raise it fifty dollars or maybe hundred dollars, or just little by little it would be raised." So he said, "You jump a hundred like that." And he said, "Time will pass and the block will come down. I mean, the auctioneer

would say, 'Sold.'" So she did that.

When she got to Honolulu, there was somebody there, a friend of ours, of the family. He told her the same thing. That was her first experience at the auction. She did that and so the auctioneer said, "Going once, going twice," and everybody was looking around to see who made this bid. [She was] the only woman there that was bidding. So, sold to Annie Duvauchelle, or if he knew her name, whatever it was. So after that, why, somebody went up to her and said, "Gee, I'll give you," offered her another hundred dollars.

She said, "I came here to get the land, not to sell it," you know. So that's how we got Aha'ino.

WN: Well, when you own a fish pond, what is that, from the shoreline to the *kuapa*? Is that what ownership constitutes in terms . .

LS: Oh, you own all the land around it.

WN: The land around it?

LS: Yeah, because there was some real nice property there. There was a well, like a spring I guess, for the water supply. There was a house there. And, in fact, I mentioned to you about Ikeda when we used to ask him, "You hook *aru* or you bamboo *aru*." Well, he lived there first. There was this cottage on the land there, and he raised cotton. He was sending the cotton back to Japan. He was selling it. So, you know, they all had their own. . . . When they leased the land they just raised what they wanted. And there was a big *kamani* tree there, the type that has beautiful wood. It's not the edible *kamani*, it's the other. And some *hala* trees right down by the beach, and they had the good leaves. The *hala*, *lau hala*. And the *lihilihi'ula*. Toward the top of it where it was green, there'd be this red. That was red lace, you see. *Lihilihi'ula*. When we saw it at first we thought, "Oh, boy. Red *hala*." 'Cause red *hala* is rare. The only one that I knew of on Moloka'i that had it was Lucy Crane. I don't know whether you've ever seen a red *hala* lei. Have you?

WN: I don't think so.

LS: Yeah, it's very rare. So when we saw this, you know we saw the red, "Oh, boy. Red *hala*." But it wasn't. It was just the *lihilihi'ula*. And they were big. I don't even know the name, the things that you break off from this whole bunch. It has a real sweet meat, this *hala*. The old-timers used that. When it dried, it became a good brush. They used that in designing their *tapa* or whatever, like a paintbrush.

WN: You eat that, too, then?

LS: Yeah, if you broke the top open, there's nothing much in there to work for. It's so hard, 'cause it's a hard thing to break. There are four segments, and they're tiny, tiny little meat in there. But it's sweet, very sweet. Oh, anything we did to just have something to eat. 'Cause we stayed away from home so long. And there's pomegranate, there was always something to eat. Even in the potato fields, after they had dug up the potatoes, there'd always be some left. And you could find these by the little growth. There would be a sprout there, "Oh, here I

found one.” And take that and wash it over. If we had knives, why, we’d peel it and eat it raw. Have you ever eaten a raw sweet potato?

WN: Raw? I’m trying to think—raw. No, I don’t think I have.

LS: Well, I wouldn’t compare it with an apple, but it’s close. It’s kinda sweet.

WN: (Chuckles) Is that right?

LS: Yeah, anything to. . . And tamarind. Sour as it was, we’d eat that. And there’s the edible *kamani*. And of course I’m getting away from my stories from the fish ponds.

WN: No, no, no . . .

LS: And these *kamani* would fall from the tree and it’s good for the—you let the pigs in—and then they’d eat all the pulp off. The nut would be left, and about the time we thought it was dry, we said, “Let’s go pound *kamani*.” The reason we said “pound” *kamani* was because we used a rock to pound it open, to break it open. Maybe some of us could find a hammer that maybe my dad wouldn’t miss. That made such a good (tool to break the nut for) what we call *hemo ‘i’o*. When you get the nut out whole. We would eat what was cracked, you know, what didn’t come out whole. Then we’d take one of the *kamani* leaves, and then the whole [nuts] we’d put in there. And that was for Papa and Mama. We always took home something for Papa and Mama. Then we’d race home to see who got there first; our gift, you know. *Ho’okupu*. And with the mangoes up in Pūko’o Valley, we’d save the *melemele* ones for Mama and Papa. This is for Papa, this is for Mama, vice versa. And we’d always try to run home to (be first), you know. We’d hand it to ‘em, “Why,” they told me, “don’t you want it?”

We said, “No, we had plenty,” even if we wanted. (Chuckles) We always said, no, we had a lot. So that’s the way we thought of our parents. They were always first when there was something we got like that. Always took home something for them. So that was the way we revered them. They were so important. I told you before that my dad was top dog. And my mother was always home, the working mother. Come home from school, she’d have the oven full of sweet potatoes, all about this size, cooked. If there wasn’t doughnuts, why then we’d look in the oven. And it always would be there. There’d always be something for us to eat (after) school. You’re hungry walking that one mile from Kalua’aha to home. We’d look in there first. First thing we did. Get your good clothes off, put your home clothes on. So that could be worn the next day. If we were lucky we could wear the same (clothes) the whole week. Except, I used to stain mine with plum. I’d put plum in my pocket and my mother would say, “I’m not gonna make you any more pockets ‘cause you keep staining it with plum.”

My mother did our sewing. She sewed all our clothes, most of our clothes I should say. Some of the things like—they weren’t called “jeans” or “Levis,” they were called *sailor mokus*. Those were the denims. Those we bought coming into town in about August, prior to our returning to school, if we were in Honolulu in school in September. All along Nu’uanu Avenue were all these stores. Leong Chew [& Co. Dry Goods] was our favorite. In there, you could get *sailor mokus* for fifty cents, seventy-five cents, depending on the size. They all

had these metal buttons. What we couldn't buy or didn't buy in Honolulu, we had the mail-order houses. Montgomery Ward in Chicago. And for our special dresses that we needed for church or good wear when we came back to school, we ordered. Because she couldn't make them fast enough for three girls coming to town. So we'd order from them. Then Sears and Roebuck moved to Seattle. So we dropped Montgomery Ward and (ordered from) Seattle, it was closer, so we'd get things sooner. So those two, you know, Montgomery Ward was something I knew the name of for such a long time, and Sears Roebuck was very familiar. At those times they were just mail-order houses. At one time, these stores could not get in here [Hawai'i] because of the control by . . .

WN: Right, right, right.

LS: . . . Big Five, see. And Kress was the first one that sneaked in. They managed that somehow. And then I don't know when Sears came, but . . .

WN: Sears came in, yeah. They occupied [what later became the] police station.

LS: Police station, yeah. It was Sears, yeah.

WN: Yeah, it was Sears.

LS: Yeah. So, of course, those names are very familiar. And if you just give me some lead here.

WN: Oh, okay.

LS: Unless I take—well, you know there was no electricity on the island. None whatever.

WN: When you were growing up?

LS: When we were growing up. Well, when we had the new house, we call it the new house, that was the largest one where we had six bedrooms. One of those bedrooms became the bathroom and, of course, upstairs we had the dormitory. All the beds filled in that space, so when we had guests, then it became a hotel. When we had guests, they took these rooms downstairs. We never had more than would fill four bedrooms. 'Cause my mother and father had the one bedroom downstairs and then the bathroom. And, of course, when we were in Honolulu, that was when they had more of these rooms. Because at one time, my sister Zelig had one (bedroom), and Louise and I had the other, and Henry and Raymond another. Then all of (the youngsters) moved upstairs when we went to school (in Honolulu). My father read somewhere, I think he knew he wanted electricity, he bought a Delco system. And (built) a separate house, one room was for the Delco system and the storage batteries, and the other room was for laundry. Laundry tubs and a washing machine. There was no electrician on Moloka'i, so Jimmy Crane installed the wiring in the house. So we had like, dropped cords and then a bulb, nothing fancy, but (we had) electricity. We were the first ones on Moloka'i to have electricity.

WN: You know about how old you were? When that was?

LS: Well, I think it was before I came to Honolulu. I may have been seven, eight, nine,



somewhere around there. And that home was built by just one carpenter. But (later) when we had electricity, we could have a washing machine.

WN: Ooh.

LS: Yeah, I know I don't remember it arriving so I must have been in Honolulu. It was a Westinghouse. And on the side of it was their logo, you know the Reddy Kilowatt?

WN: Yeah, yeah.

LS: And underneath it said, "We'll jump in and do the job for you." Isn't that cute?

WN: (Chuckles) You'll never forget that.

LS: No. And that thing rocked, you know. It didn't have a cover like the machines do have now. You fill it, and then the drum spins. Well, this was (chuckles) concave-shaped. And on the bottom it was like a washboard. But, of course, it was bigger, the risers were bigger. And it was open, see. It had a wringer (to wring out) your clothes into the laundry trays. But it was really high-class when we had a washing machine, I tell you. Because before that, the washing was all done in what I told you we called the "well," although it was really a small pond. We had the spring where we got our water, it was separate from the pond part of it. There was a platform that my father built for my mother in the pond itself, the well. In the middle (of the platform) was this hole, and on either side was a round rock. And that's how they did their washing. We did our washing on rocks. Those rocks were the regular lava rocks. You've seen them, they're porous. They would soap the item of clothing and scrub it the regular way (on the rock). Some of it they would use the mallets or poles. Have you heard of that? How people would take sticks to their washing?

WN: They'd beat it.

LS: Yeah, beat it, yeah. So you keep turning it and turning it and turning and beating it like that.

WN: Did you have to boil the water at all?

LS: Well, that was for the other (wash). Yeah, I'm getting to that. And then they had to be careful not to use those sticks on the buttons. 'Cause you could break buttons as you went along.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

LS: And those rocks, I would say, chee, they were about. . . . What would that be? About eighteen inches in diameter?

WN: Uh huh.

LS: Yeah, and they had to be selected. It had to be nice and round and porous, but not sharp so that it wouldn't hurt your clothes. And the scrubbing was done, but the more dirty clothes, as I said, they'd use the sticks to beat it. This hole (in the platform) was where they'd rinse. You know, they'd just reach (down) and rinse it, and then that would be done. But if it was something that had to be bleached, all around there were groves of weeds or (bushes) that had branches that stuck out. So you just throw these (clothes) on to bleach them. And they had to be washed again another time.

WN: Oh, you mean, out in the sun?

LS: Yeah.

WN: Oh, I see.

LS: Bleached in the sun. It was easier just to put it on there, just like the women used to do in the olden days where they hung out their *kapa* to dry before they beat it some more or whatever they were going to do next. So that had to be bleached, and then maybe the washing would be done the next day. When the surface of the water rose with the high tide, that was the time to go because they could rinse in that square hole that was cut there purposely to rinse the clothes. Then that was carried back to the clotheslines, 'cause this was a little distance from the house. And hang 'em up on the clotheslines. But the harder thing is the work clothes. The men's shirts and pants. Some of it was khaki, some was denim, the *sailor moku* as I told you. Now my father would always help my mother with that. And she had maybe one or two women help her. And that took all day 'cause it was boiling, and the stick would have to be in these big drums, you know, that was (over) a fire. My father tended that, he was always careful to do this for my mother. And then of course, it would all be taken down to the pond—to the well—to rinse, and then brought back for drying. That was a long, tedious thing. Until we got this fancy Westinghouse washing machine, why, it all had to be done by hand and boiling. So that was the housewives' duty . . .

WN: How often did they wash?

LS: Well, maybe once a week. Because it was really a big job. 'Cause those were . . .

WN: Once you got the washer it probably was little more often.

LS: Well I guess, yes. And of course the ironing was another big job. Now there were no ironing boards. We took the dining table, and that was long because, you know, our family was many on either side. My mother and father at the head. That was covered with old flannels and old sheets and whatever. The ironing was done with charcoal iron. Of course, we always had charcoal on hand. And so, "One of you children stay home today because we going to iron." And that means one of us has to be there, or even two, to blow on the iron, you know. Because it got ashes on the charcoal and it wasn't heating very well. So they'd call whoever was home, "Come and take this," you know. So you'd go outside and you'd blow on this thing. There was a little window in the back, you open that and then you blow into that and shake, shake, shake. And blow and shake, shake, shake. And all this ashes come out and then you bring it back. And they didn't have a regular stand for the iron. It would be a tin, an empty tin can. Maybe it would be those old oval things, the sardines that came in tomato

sauce, that would be an iron stand. And maybe there were two or three of them ironing at the same time. The dining table was long enough so that there could be two on one side and maybe another if she was able to get two. And Maria Ilae would come and help. So every week this was done.

WN: Did the charcoal ever pop onto the clothes and make a hole in it?

LS: I don't remember that it did. I guess it must have happened sometime, but you know, I wasn't aware because I was just running around, that kid, I wasn't helping with the ironing or anything like that. If they had to refill it, then my dad had to do that because that was, oh, a cotter pin, you know, to (replace) strategically on this iron. Have you seen an old iron?

WN: I've seen one, yeah.

LS: Yeah, well, now they're only (used) for doorstops. They use 'em for doorstops or their antique collections, you know. If they (were) going to stop ironing, they'd close this little trap door on the back. And there wasn't any . . .

WN: Oxygen.

LS: . . . oxygen anymore, see. So maybe they'd stop for lunch or something like that. And then maybe (to restart) they'd open it up and shake, shake, shake it, then they'd let it heat up. And you kinda turn that little window toward the breeze, you know, where it would blow into the thing and heat (the coals) again. But it was hard work, every bit of it. So that was women's work at that time.

WN: Were there many fires on Moloka'i?

LS: Our house burned.

WN: How did that happen?

LS: Well, we had a stove, a wood stove. And we had all gone to a baseball game, because there were two teams, one Kaunakakai and one Mapulehu. Our team was Mapulehu, the *mana'e* side. There was a great competition between the two teams. And this was the championship game, you know. At that time the Mapulehu Dairy was (in operation), and they had a lot of men (working) there. So they had formed some of the team, and my three brothers were on the team: Weli, Johnny, and Henry. So this was going to be very exciting. Well, the night before we (gave) a concert and we took some coconut leaves and decorated the concert hall. My sister Zelie, you know, we ate green coconut. She got sick and all through the concert there she was just—she was doing all the directing. She was playing the piano and then somebody else (directed), we did our numbers and all, and we were raising money for the Ida M. Pope Fund of the Kamehameha School. The next day (Zelie) was too sick to come to the game. My father used to have these headaches. He called it "neuralgia." What do they call it today? Um, when they have—I can't think of the term right now—when they have this bad headache.

WN: Migraine?

LS: Migraine. Yeah, it's migraine. Now at that time he called it "neuralgia." He would have these quite often. So he stayed home, although he's (a baseball) enthusiast. He told Louise and me to call him at the seventh inning, to tell him how the score was. Zelig stayed home and Anna was about four, I think, and she had an earache. And the baby was Pauline, who was just about a year old.

And oh, we used to sell ice cream. I'm sorry I'm getting off of my story, but I have to get it all together, you know.

WN: That's okay.

LS: We used to order a whole barrel of ice cream. I mean, it was in the (ice cream) freezer, (packed in ice). It was about five gallons, I think, in one of these freezers; (we sold ice cream cones) to (raise) money for the girls' team; softball. To get their equipment: bats, gloves, and whatever we needed, and balls. We sold ice cream, ten cents a cone. And we'd have strawberry and vanilla. Well, my mother was minding (the sale) at that time and Louise and I were in the cheering section. There were actually bleachers there, and Zelig was the one that usually led the team in our cheers. And it was about time for Louise and me to go and make the call. There was Otto Meyer Store and the other team—the cheering section for the Kaunakakai team—was on the Otto Meyer Store (veranda), on these benches and whatever, you know. And yelling back and forth, "Yaaaah!" You know, the women, how they (do). But Zelig was the one that used to fight with Mary McCorriston. They had a feud between them about their teams. But Louise and I were peaceful. I mean, Louise was very peaceful. So we went in to phone my father. And our ring was three short (on) one of these wall phones. And ring, ring, ring. And she said, "Funny, he's not answering. Maybe he's taking a nap." The parlor was a long way from where my father's office was and the phone. We said, "Well, Keli can answer." You know, we called Zelig, "Keli." We kept on ringing and ringing. Finally we gave up.

On our way back to the bleachers, my brother Eddie, the oldest one of my three half brothers, was coming toward us. He said, "I just saw Eddie McCorriston, and he said the hotel burnt down." They always referred to our home as hotel. It was our home. And we said, "Oh, that can't be. No, it can't be." You know, we wouldn't accept it. Then Louise looked at me and said, "No wonder no one answered." Now we were going to the car to tell my mother. She was (in our Ford) helping with the selling of the ice cream. By that time it had all been sold. My mother looked and she said (to Mary), "What's the matter with Louise?" 'Cause she had her head down like this, and you know the mother knows all the difference in their children. She was crying. When we got there (Mama) said, "What's the matter?"

We said, "Our home burned down."

She said, "How's Papa?"

We said, "We couldn't reach him."

So Eddie drove us home. There (were) my mother, (Louise), and Mary, and me. And then one of my younger brothers (Kekuhi), and then Kenui was (calling), "Wait for me!" We



were starting off and he was chasing us so we had to wait and pick him up. And that usually took anywhere from thirty to forty-five minutes, that run from Kaunakakai. We made it in, I don't know, in such short time. And all the bumps (we) could feel 'cause we just had dirt roads there. Before we got there we could smell the smoke and all we could see (were) these embers. And the piano strings all (warped sticking) up there. Of course, my mother started crying right away. My father was there and he was all bandaged up. His arms were bandaged and his forehead 'cause he went in there to try to save something.

Well, my sister—this was how it happened—went to warm the milk for Pauline, who was the baby, (warm) her bottle. And see, for fast cooking we used this two-burner kerosene oil stove, which was alongside of the wood stove. And the wood stove was cold, well, we used it that morning, I guess, 'cause we had breakfast, but she hadn't kept it banked. So to prepare lunch, you'd have to start it with kindling again. My father had told us to be careful with the oil stove because he had sent for new wicks. And these had to be trimmed every so often, and apparently it was short about this time. So she heated the milk for the baby and it boiled over into the burner. She turned the burner off, she filled the baby's bottle, and took it in to the baby. Meanwhile, that thing went down into the kerosene. You know how the burners were round?

WN: Yeah.

LS: And then there's always this little key to turn, and you turned it off by turning it down. But apparently, it hadn't totally gone off. And it took a while, because she went back to her book. She wanted to fix lunch for my dad, but he was asleep, he was taking a nap. She gave the bottle to the baby and went back to her book. And (later) she smelled smoke. The kitchen was all aflame already, and she called out to my dad. When he came he said, "Go get some *'eke huluhulu!*" You know, gunny sacks. 'Cause we had a smaller house in back where my grandmother and grandfather lived, when my maternal grandmother came to live with us. She was from Honolulu. But she had long since died, and my grandfather moved back to Honolulu. So it became a storage house. So she ran back for some gunny sacks and by the time she got (back, the flame) was just up (to) the ceiling already.

How he got burned: he picked up (the) stove and threw it right through the screen, you know, to throw it out of the place. But the flame had already gone to the ceiling; then he had trouble getting out of there because he had closed the door behind him. See, there was a dining room and then the kitchen, and then there was another room outside of that where we had an ice chest. You know, there were no refrigerators, it was ice chests. And I told you that the Mapulehu Dairy was active at that time, I mean it was (operating), and we could get blocks of ice from there. So we had an ice chest where we kept butter, and milk, and things like that. So that was (a screened lanai with) a concrete floor. But (the flame) had gone too far. Then he tried to, I don't know why he thought he could move the safe where he had his post office thing. He was postmaster, you see, and he had a lot of the post office things, and he was thinking of trying to move (the safe). Well, that thing is cast iron, I mean he couldn't possibly—you know, he moved it a little bit. Well, that was earlier when he tried to move it, you know, after the stove. Then when he got back into the dining room, he tried to get out and the smoke was rolling in there. It's a wonder he didn't get asphyxiated in there because he must have breathed in an awful lot (of smoke) by this time. Then he got down on his hands and knees to get out of there. Do you remember those enamel doorknobs? Have you



ever seen them?

WN: Enamel door knobs?

LS: Well, they're all absolutely white, (a knob on either end of a rod that goes) through the hole (in the door from inside) to the outside and it's white. Really stark white. And that's one thing (he could see through the smoke) that led him to that door so he could get out. But he was already badly burned. The word spread, a little island like that where we just have telephones to, you know, county lines. And Bella Munro, whose husband, Jim Munro, was manager of the Moloka'i Ranch, arrived. She gave us a key to her cottage in Kainalu. She said, "The beach house has got everything. It has sheets, it has bedding, it has dishes." And I don't know, I can't even remember how we got food, but we had something to eat that night, because everybody comes forth.

Now, all we had was the clothes we had on. All the things I had ordered from Sears, to go back to school [had burned]. One of the things that I had wanted so much—the style then were these knitted capes. They had a turn collar, and I ordered a green-and-white one, I think. And it had a long cord and then little balls at the end of them, you know. That was for evening wear if we ever went to movies or something like that. It was something that I had always wanted. Well, all of that was burned. And I had dresses. That whole year I was going to have all store-boughten clothes, which I had ordered from Sears. We just had the clothes that we had on.

The next day, George Cooke came all the way up to Kainalu, where we were living in the Munro beach cottage. And he had this—I can still see it—it was a drab green sheet tied four corners and stuffed with clothes. He just came and dropped it and talked to my dad. I can still see him with his leggings. You know, the one-piece leggings, not the wraparound. He said, "I hope you all find something that will fit." Every one of us was able to find something that fit, the girls and the boys.

But my dad really suffered with that burn. And finally they had change of doctors from Dr. Goodhue, Edward S. Goodhue, to Dr. Black. I don't know Dr. Black's initials, but he was a younger man. I know he was blond, he had a moustache. And when he unwrapped the arms, he said, "My goodness! You should have that aired." You know, not to be wrapped with those bandages as long as that. And the skin on top of it looked like it was healed, you know, if you had a burn, extensive burn, the skin turns white. Well, he cut that all off and told (Dad) to just not have it covered. I can still remember the night. My father was just walking the floor, he was in pain with his both arms burned as they were. Once Dr. Black had treated (the burns, they) did heal.

Then we had to go back to school with whatever. We did find something (decent) we could wear on the boat going to Honolulu. A cousin in Maui, she was my dad's niece, his half sister's daughter, Lizzie, said for me to go and charge on her account at Liberty House for whatever I needed for school. Ella Groves, another niece of my father, said she'd pay for Louise's clothes. Then Zelie Cockett (also a niece) would pay for (my sister) Zelie. So (in) Honolulu we just charged what we needed at the Liberty House or wherever they told us we could shop, so (there) we were—especially my sister Louise and I 'cause we were going into boarding school—we had to have everything, you know, (inside) and out. Shoes, stockings,

and all of that, which we (already) had prepared to return. 'Cause it was in August when this happened, August the 22nd. And school opened the day after Labor Day.

WN: What grade were you?

LS: Uh, probably the sixth or the seventh, because I entered [Kamehameha] at the fifth. Twenty-two, wait a minute. Uh, I entered in 1919 . . .

WN: Girls School? Kamehameha?

LS: Yeah, Kamehameha Girls School. I entered in the fifth grade in 1919, '20 I was the sixth, '21 seventh. Eighth grade, I was eighth grade. And Louise was tenth grade.

WN: But the fire was in 1921?

LS: Twenty-two. I remember that because Pauline was just a year old and she was born on August the 9th (1921), so it was (1922). Anna [Duvauchelle Goodhue] said she remembers the only thing they saved was the cabinet in which we had all the calabashes. There were twelve calabashes, an heirloom. I mean, (they were) handed down from my grandmother—my maternal grandmother—to my mother and (were) in a showcase in the parlor. It wasn't [called] a living room then, it was a parlor. And Anna said she remembers my dad pulling this showcase, this cabinet, down the stairs from the parlor down. She said she could remember the glass breaking as he brought it down, but he did save (them).

Some of those that came for help, I mean, they knew of the fire. I mean, word spread. They tried to help, they tried to move the piano out. They didn't get it even out of the door. The others were saving saddles that was. . . . The front of the house was quite high, we stored the saddles under there. Got some of that out. Otherwise, nothing was saved. Lives were saved, however. Fortunately, there weren't any of us at home, you know, 'cause we'd all be running in to save something. But of course, if we were at home, I don't think it would have happened. And Henry was on the team and he learned what was happening. We tried not to tell him. He had to get back to Honolulu Military Academy, too, himself. And he must have been, gee, I don't know what grade he was in then. That's something he'd have to tell you.

WN: Well, if you were eighth he was---you're two years apart right?

LS: He's six years older than I.

WN: Oh, he's six years older.

LS: 'Cause, see, there's Zelig, Henry, Louise, Raymond, then me. I was the fifth of my family, of my mother's family, well, really the sixth . . .

WN: He was probably at the University [of Hawai'i] then. 'Cause he spent a couple of years at the UH.

LS: Yeah, he did. You know he wanted so much to be a doctor.

WN: Yeah, he told me.

LS: He wanted to be a doctor. He would have made a good one too. 'Cause even now, you know, he treats just anybody. Margaret's nieces and nephews, when anything happens to them they come over to Uncle Henry, "Can you fix this?" You know, so he does. And *kane*, do you know what the *kane* is? The breakout of this white spots on your body.

WN: *Kane*?

LS: *Kane*. You see, you get it from sun. You have these white spots, and it spreads. So he has what he calls the *kane* medicine, he got the ingredients from my father. I think one treatment of that would cure this. It's sort of disfiguring if you have any on your neck, it doesn't look very good. So he does have that cure. I don't even know what the ingredients are.

WN: So after the house burned down, did they rebuild on the same spot?

LS: No, I was in Honolulu, of course. Mary can tell this story because they lived on at the Munro cottage. And they went to school from there. Now, from there, they could take the bus because it was far enough. Pūko'o was too close to the school so you made your [own] way to school. So now they're in Kainalu, they had another three miles. So if it was four miles [or more] to school, they were eligible for bus rides. They would go by [the property], I don't know how long they'd been there, maybe a month. And my father wanted to, I told you about this storage—this little house that was a storage—he said we could go back there and live. He would tell my mother, "We have to go home Mama, we have to go home." Whenever they passed the place, where the house was, she wouldn't even look in. She'd start crying. And Papa would always say, "Mama, we've got to go home. We can't stay in somebody else's house this long. We've stayed here long enough. It's time we went home." And she wouldn't accept it.

But (Mary) says she remembers one day, when they came there—he didn't even say we have to go home—he just turned in the gate there. And that was it. So they had moved out into this little place. They had to clean it out because (of) all the things (stored) in there. The two rooms were used as bedroom(s), and they (built) a *pūne'e* 'cause (one) room was a little wider. They built (the) *pūne'e* right across, (wall to wall and) all the kids slept there. Then on the veranda, one end of it, he just built up a foundation for a mattress, and when Louise and I came home from school, why, that was ours, (with a) mosquito net, you know. The next room, of course, was theirs. There was a kitchen (and eating area). He set up his post office there (too). Always had a little platform outside of his office. I think there was a time that they leased (this) out to some Japanese; they had a wooden sink. You've seen them, a wooden sink?

WN: Wooden sink?

LS: Yeah, instead of porcelain, like we have now, it was wooden. It was very well constructed, I mean it didn't leak. I don't know how they managed it.

WN: With running water?

LS: Running water, yes. So that was our home until the family moved to Honolulu. My mother had a piece of property (in Kalihi) with (a) house on it that my grandmother—her mother—gave to her, deeded to her. That became too small so they built, City Mill built this house: three bedrooms and a bathroom, a living room, dining room. And you know at that time they had casement windows. Inside of the window there was a storage. Instead of having a piece of furniture, (the seat) was built in. That's where you have your bedding or whatever stored in there. But they kept the old house too, because my sister-in-law would come down in the summertime to go to summer school and she lived in it. The house was really high and underneath was high enough; there (were) living quarters down there, too.

Well, when my dad needed more land as he increased his cattle, he leased that Pūko'o Valley. That's where I told you the mango tree was, you know, and the ridge. I didn't realize it was leased land, because I thought it was always ours.

WN: Who did he lease from?

LS: Maui. County of Maui. He wanted to buy it, but they never sold it. I think it still belongs to county of Maui. And then, of course, we had the milking cows, and I told you about Jack Johnson, the bull that we had at that time. We didn't need a lawn mower because we had the horses to do the job. But, of course, then we had to clean up after the horses. And you could hear them chomping, chomping, chomping all night long, you know, 'cause the horses continue to eat. They will eat more than cattle. Cattle stop eating. You've seen cattle lying down, chewing their cud all the time, but they're not eating. But the horses will graze all the time, even at night. So of course, there's an awful lot of mess to clean up after them.

So when we want to go swimming we'd ask my mother—we always had to ask permission to go swimming—she said, "If you clean the yard first, then you can go swimming." That means pick up all this manure. And I said, "Oh, shucks." So we got busy, you know, "Come on everybody!" And then the girls, we'd have chores. "I want you to do this. I want you to try on, I'm trying to sew you a dress. And you, you put the baby to sleep before you go swimming." So we always had these assignments. So we used to ask early enough after lunch, 'cause we had to wait an hour before we went in to swimming 'cause you might have cramps, you know, not digesting your food. And then we'd ask to go swimming, then we knew that she was going to assign something to us.

So it was soon enough. By that time the tide was in. So we'd swim down to the beach where Sophie and my brother live now. That was where we went swimming. We always had boats, skiffs as we called 'em, that would be anchored there. So when the tide was in we could swim out to this boat and then it was deep enough for us to dive off. Because just to swim was not enough. We wanted to do some diving. What we preferred to do was go swimming at the end of the wharf. We asked to do this, "Can we go to the end of the wharf?"

She says, "No, unless your brother Henry is with you or one of the older brothers."

She never let us go alone. We could swim. The sampan was moored there, and it was like a springboard for us. It was a playground. I mean, we would get up on the *Annie D* and dive off. And it was part of our fun.



At the end of the wharf was a house, a building, you know. And the roof slanted like that, all corrugated iron. And then there was a restroom, but it's just a hole and a seat (over the ocean). And the purser's room that was usually locked. And lanterns that (were strung up) on steamer days; they always put out a lantern. It was quite a---one of those big, magnifying glass-type things, a chimney. And Gene was the only one that could go to the top of this and dive off. He was the only one that was brave enough to do that. And of course, he had one lame leg that when he dived, one would be straight and the other would be like this, you know.

I think I told you where he took care of the cows. I mean, all the men, all the brothers, right on down from my half brothers on down to Gene, had to milk the cows before they went to school. And Gene, of course, went out and brought in new cows. When that one was missing he said, "Oh, I think she's going to have a calf," (go) looking for her. And he, I guess I told you how he got crippled. Did I?

WN: I don't think, I don't know.

LS: Oh, maybe not. Well anyway, when he was just about walking, I think about nine months, you start walking. They noticed that he was crying a lot. My mother discovered this boil in his left leg. This was a carbuncle, that's two heads, two boils. And it was so bad that my dad didn't want to lance it or anything. So he called the doctor. The doctor at that time was Dr. Homer H. Hayes. He was the county doctor at that time so my dad asked him to look at this leg, because Gene was constantly crying because he was in pain. So they just kept him warm. When he saw it he said, "Oh, I have to get something to draw this out." Usually my father used zinc ointment, which was a good drawing ointment. But this was different. Because it was a carbuncle, he [father] didn't want to attempt anything that might be wrong. And maybe he would have done a better job if he had. Because he had that tendency to be a doctor. He had to be to treat all of us kids. I told you how he always had the chewing tobacco in his mouth so that he'd use that as a poultice if any one of us had cut ourselves on an old rusty can.

So Dr. Hayes used blue butter. He put that on that carbuncle and when it drew out, it was the two heads like that around a nerve. When he (removed the dressing) it pulled the nerve all the way from his ankle on up. And that's the leg that is crippled today. It wasn't noticeable until it healed. And they noticed that leg was smaller. He should be walking now and he couldn't, he didn't. So he was just a cripple, 'o'opa they call it in Hawaiian. It was something that he's going to have to live with. My parents felt so bad about it. One day, and it was a long time afterwards somebody said, "Blue butter, that must have been blue ointment." It was something that went wrong, and when Gene was maybe nine, maybe older, maybe twelve, the Shriners started with their taking care of crippled children. And one came to Moloka'i to look for anyone there that was crippled. So they brought him to Children's Hospital and they started (with surgery). He had surgery after surgery on that leg. They sent him home with braces. He was supposed to wear these braces, but we had a Japanese man that lived with us---lived in at that time; and his name was Shima. He was to take Gene out to exercise with these braces. As soon as he got out of sight of the home, he would (crouch) down and say, "Gene, *kua*." You know what *kua* means, piggyback, you know. So he'd get down on his haunches and he'd carry him the rest of the way. He was getting the exercise, but not Gene, who needed it. Then as he came closer to the home, where my mother could have seen him,



he'd let Gene walk the rest of the way. So he wasn't getting his exercise.

WN: Why would he do that?

LS: He felt sorry for the boy.

WN: Oh.

LS: You see, pity the poor kid. I think he did come back for more surgery at the Shriners Hospital. Not the one that's built now. They had another one up here on Kuakini Street somewhere. Children's Hospital, I guess, used to be there.

WN: Yeah, used to be.

LS: Yeah, they used (those) facilities. I remember coming to see him and they had him in a crib. Although he was quite big, but still they had him in a crib. I don't know whether you know the Botelhos of Hawai'i from Kohala. One of the Botelho girls was in there at the same time that Gene was. So when he was scheduled for more surgery, he begged my father and my mother not to send him for more surgery because he couldn't stand the ether. So they didn't send him back. So he's done with that crippled leg all this time, and pulled his weight, and never expected anything for him because he was crippled. He did everything and even played ball. But he always was the catcher. And he always had somebody run for him. And he was a slugger. He built up those shoulders from just working the way he did, milking cows and all of that. He got strong in his arms.

WN: So he's still on Moloka'i now?

LS: No, he lives here. He's in Kāne'ohe. He just had surgery. A year ago, he had surgery on his foot because the foot was turning out. They turned it in and now he wears some special shoes and then that brace thing that they have. He says he can walk better, but his wife says, oh, it's hard for him. He needs to have the brace on, the special shoe, and all of that.

And my sister Zelig, since she was probably nine, ten, eleven, somewhere around there, had to have one eye removed because it was diseased. They didn't know what it was. So for the number of years that she had that done, she's done with just the one eye, and done very well, too. She's written (a book on) grammar. She has her second edition out for her *Beginner's Hawaiian Grammar*. And she's taught the Hawaiian language, and she's abstracted [land] titles. She and her group did a lot of [title] searching and translating of Hawaiian documents. So she did a lot of things in spite of that (handicap. When) she was in Kamehameha Girls School, someone teased her about her handicap, just teased her about that. And you know, even the Hawaiians would say, don't pick on the handicapped like that. Even Gene. Kids are monsters, you know. Any handicap of a child they just (tease).

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 19-11-2-90; SIDE ONE

WN: This is tape two, side three, of an interview with Laura Duvauchelle Smith on March 7, 1990.

Okay.

LS: Well, I told you last time you were here that from time to time we would slaughter for meat for the house, and then shared it with neighbors or (family), different parts and all. Well, because of the fat, the fat in the carcass was removed and that was cooked into tallow. I forget what the mixture was that they add to that. I was going to try to name it, but I can't remember. And then we made our own soap. Talk about boiling the clothes. This was brown soap and when it was all cooked and mixed with the ingredient that made it into soap—I don't dare even begin to guess what it was. Then it would harden to the consistency of soap. It would be about, well, about two inches wide and they'd cut it in blocks like a gold brick. (Chuckles) And some of it was long. So when they got it out of the pan, they'd cut it with wire. Just cut it like that and then the sides. And that was what we used as laundry soap, until later when we got Purline or some of the soap powders, the earliest one that was out. Lot of the stuff that we had, we had to make at home.

Well, like the slaughtering, we'd get our meat that way. We raised pigs also and periodically would slaughter one. Of course, if it was for a luau [*lū'au*], you take the whole thing and cook it. But if it was for the household, they cut it up and salted it. And the way they cut it, they'd have the rind and fat, maybe in pieces about a foot long. And this was salted and put in crocks. Those earthenware crocks. We called them *kelemānia*. Now, *Kelemānia* means German. I don't know whether they were made in Germany, for that reason they called 'em *kelemānia*.

The men would go hunting deer. They always had to get permission from the Moloka'i Ranch to hunt deer. The first day (the skinned deer was) hung up (and) it would be fresh. I mean, without refrigeration, we could eat the meat fresh (the next day). Then it was cut up and made into jerky beef. We could make (venison) into jerk beef, it was pretty well flavored with shoyu [*shōyu*]. I don't know whether we used garlic, I don't—yeah, I think, garlic to flavor. Then (after drying) that was all put into flour sacks, 'cause flour came in cloth bags and so did sugar. And those made terrific kitchen towels. And the sacks, the bags, were used to (store) the jerk beef in it, and tied it, and store it that way. Same with dry fish, (even goat meat). They caught a lot of fish like *akule* that was cut for drying. After they were dried, they were stored in sacks, too, so that we always had food in the house. I don't remember that we ever had this [hunger] problem. My father said that in the old days they would have what they call *wī*, W-I. You heard of that, it's a famine.

WN: Yeah.

LS: Not with us, you know. But he'd tell about the old days (when) they would have this famine. And desolation, dry, no water, (nothing). So I think this was a throwback to that where you had enough. You stored your fish, you stored your, you know. I'm only assuming that, that's probably why they did learn to (preserve food), the salting down of pork. You just took out what you needed (for the meal), soaked it, and boiled it with cabbage.

My father had a garden. I never knew how he could do so much and still have time for us.

He was road overseer and he would either go on horseback or in the car when we had it. We bought a Ford touring car in 1915. Besides that, he was postmaster. That meant long hours when the ships would come in. He would be there two o'clock in the morning, canceling the letters that came in. And he had the garden. He had beets, carrots, lettuce, and I say *pia*, which is starch. There was one, it was a tuber. I think that Singapore exports a lot of this. I can't think of the (name). But then it made pudding, you know. And that was . . .

WN: Tapioca?

LS: Yeah, tapioca. It was that ingredient from this bulb in this plant. It looked like potatoes. We made that into pudding and it was like Jell-O, or gelatin. It was clear white. He grew that in the garden. He also had sunflower. We have a picture of, I don't have anymore, of my father standing next to this sunflower plant which had a big flower. He was six feet two and this thing was (taller), a foot and a half or so. He wanted to show how great and tall his sunflower was.

My mother could hitch the buggy and it was a one-seater with a top and a fringe. She'd take one horse and she'd go visiting. She'd visit Mrs. McCorriston, which was the mother of Eddie McCorriston, in Kamalō. Maybe she would enjoy a cup of tea with her. Or another time she'd go all the way to Kaunakakai. Now this was before we had our car, our Ford. Some of us would go along too. But that was an all-day trip. It probably took us two hours to get to Kaunakakai (to buy) whatever she needed. You know, we could buy these *palakas*. Now they're coming into style. Those days it was work clothes or we went horseback riding with that *palaka*. Or sailor caps. This Ah Tung Store had these sailor caps. And that's what we would wear. We had to go along because she didn't know our sizes. So, "You, and you, and you. You go with me today so you can pick up what clothes you can wear," you see. And then we'd come home. Probably we'd get home about five o'clock in the evening. It was really a long day.

There were (other) stores. There was a store in Waialua, there was one in Kalua'aha right across from the school. Then Kamalō there was a store and (in) Kaunakakai there was Ah Tung. Kawano is still there and Otto Meyer. Otto Meyer is still there. I mean, these stores still exist today. And those were what we had to go to Kaunakakai for—because the one at Kamalō didn't have clothes—all the things that we really needed.

WN: What about Ah Ping?

LS: Ah Ping came later.

WN: Oh, Ah Ping came later?

LS: Much later, yeah. And then that was really handy 'cause he had liquor, too. (Chuckles) Yeah, whiskey. And [Joseph] Ah Hong [Ah Ping] was terrific. Anytime at night (he'd open up), "Oh, we want a bottle."

He said, "I close already."

"Naw, come on." And he'd come out, he really would.

Oh, and the soda works. Okazaki came one day to lease property. And whenever these men—all of them were Japanese—wanted to lease property, they had to put a building on it. They had to get their own water and everything, the pipes and all. My dad didn't take any of their profit from whatever they grew or manufactured, like this one. But they did have to pay the property tax, which was very low at that time. Well, he had to have funds . . .

WN: Who was this now? Who owned the soda works?

LS: Okazaki. I think that was his name because it was the same name as the one that ran a massage—health massage (clinic)—at one time. Okazaki. And if I'm wrong, I'll have to correct it, but that's (as) I remember him.

WN: Where was it located?

LS: Well, where Anna lives today.

WN: Oh.

LS: Another thing in the lease said whatever improvements they made on the land, stayed with the land. So whatever buildings were there, stayed. So when he left, here was what we called the soda works. And the floor was . . .

WN: In Pūko'o?

LS: Pūko'o, yeah. . . . Was all concrete floor. He got his water from our spring. And that's quite a ways to get it to his (soda works), except that he hooked into our water source, our pipes. I don't remember that we had meters at that time, 'cause we weren't on the county, we had our own spring. So he would deliver all (the soda water) to Kaunakakai. I think the (flavors) were the lemon, ginger ale and strawberry. Ginger ale at that time was peppery. We never cared for it. It was real peppery. It stung your tongue. When he [Okazaki] left, of course, the building (was) left there. When my Uncle Eugene came to Moloka'i he wanted a place to stay, so he stayed there for a while. He planted that *kukui* tree and that avocado tree that, oh, it's so tall today. The other ones that leased property were all in agriculture. Watermelon, sweet potato, corn, peanuts, and Ikeda with his cotton. (Chuckles) Sakanashi was the first one that came. They were like family because they even got bossy with us. Sakanashi, especially. He'd get bossy with us when we were kids. When we were doing something, he knew it was wrong, he tells us not to do that and scolds us. Sometimes we called him "Takanashi," another time he was Sakanashi. So we never really knew what he was baptized as. I don't think he was baptized.

WN: So Sakanashi was watching the 'Ualapu'e Pond under your father, right?

LS: Yeah, sometimes. But you know, he leased the land where Sophie and my brother live now, at Pūko'o beach there. He leased that and he had it, I think, in watermelon. And I don't think he continued in farming. I don't know whether he was raising pigs. But he still was with us in some way or another. At times he would be watching the pond. And, of course, all the menfolks (did) their share (at the pond); except the one time that my mother and Mary (were on watch).



Now, when we were going to return to school in the fall, a week before that, or maybe a few days before that, we'd start making our plans to make leis. We had to have leis to go to Honolulu! Gosh, so we made *hala* leis and we went looking for *maile*. You had to find these in the valleys. That was quite a hike, all the way back. And *maile* would keep. And then *hala*, it would keep, too. And we'd get some *pakalana* leis, of course, that had to be the day before we left. I don't think we ever had *ptkake*. It was *hala* and *pakalana*. I don't know whether—have you ever tried to get the *maile* in strands?

WN: Not me, no. I've seen them, but . . .

LS: Okay, well, they branch out. Little tiny branches from the main (vine). Well, [when] you pull that off you have to 'u'u; you twist it and pull it off the rib so that you have this soft (strand). You see how soft (and pliable) it is, and you can tie (one) to the (other).

WN: Uh huh.

LS: Okay, so we make these strands as long as we needed to go around the *hala* lei. In fact, when we were getting *maile*, you could 'u'u the thing right on the vine. You just get that and twist it. Instead of breaking it off you just pull the thing off. I don't know whether that thing covered itself again. But it was the easy way rather than breaking it and then pulling it off. We'd get a whole ti leaf, break it off, the whole head of the ti leaf, and turn it upside down. Now your leaves are headed down. And whatever you got, the *maile*, you (twist) it around it like that, whatever length you have of it. As much as that one ti leaf (stock) would hold. Then you bring the leaves up and you make this *pū'olo*. And that green of the ti leaf just keeps it cool in there. Then we would hang the *maile*, in this ti leaf, in the banana grove 'cause it was always shady there. Then maybe the day ahead we would make our *hala* leis. And then the *pakalana*, again, we put in this *pū'olo*. And it kept (fresh). So just hours before we left to go to Kaunakakai, get our leis out, deck ourselves with (them). And you get aboard ship, you take your leis off, and hang (them) up in your room. When you get to Honolulu, put (them) back on, we ride the hack. Ride all the way up to Gulick Avenue, where my grandmother and grandfather lived, take the leis off. All that time, the week before, we work so hard to get our leis to go to Honolulu, and then hang (them) up. The *maile* you kept because the fragrance of it lasts a while.

WN: Yeah. I see. I didn't realize so much work went into it. (Chuckles)

LS: Oh my goodness, yes. I mean, getting *maile* alone was the biggest job. The *hala* about that time would be ripe. So that, of course, you (use) a board (to) break (the segments) off the main bunch. You don't take the top (ones) because (they're) misshapen. You don't take the bottom 'cause they're sort of twisted, they're fitting in a different way. You just take (those) of the middle lot, and they're nice and straight. Then you (cut off) the root from the thing. You have to have a real sharp, small blade from your pocketknife to cut it. (If) you see some today, you can tell that somebody didn't know how to cut it (to make) the edges. Now they (cut) up higher so that the edges are sharp and longer. They're really more decorative than when (we cut 'em). But I could still do it, I can still cut the *hala*, if I had the right knife. It had to be real sharp. Sometimes if the blade is too sharp, you'd be too strong and it'll go right through and that (flowerette) is not good. 'Cause if you tried to string it, why, it would just break off.



My mother liked to plant trees. She liked to start mango seed, a pear seed, and then she'd start it (in water). We'd set (those) out and plant *hala* trees, too. We had one of (those) push carts or push wagons. Have you ever seen them? Two wheels and a handle and just the body where you loaded everything in. That handle (could be) set down. Until you get a horse in it, the front of it is lowered. I can't think of the term to tell you what this is. Well, a push wagon—we called it a push cart—had big wheels and it was something that a person built, like my father would build one for us. The wheels would be taken from an old wagon that's no longer in use. The body is built, then the handle. So when you pick up the handle then push, it goes very easily.

Well, she would take us into our coconut grove, we had one at Pu'ulua, and pick up all these coconuts that were sprouting. And then we'd replace them. So we'd go around picking (those growing). She said, "Well, this is a good tree. Let's take these coconuts because they are good shape," the coconut itself, 'cause (the shell) can be made into dishes or decorative things, buttons and all. "Well, this is a good one (to grow)," we'd throw (those) in the bog. There's always mud underneath; the coconuts thrown in there would sprout. Those that had sprouted, (we'd) put on (the) push cart, and go wherever she says, "Well, we'll plant some here, we'll plant some there." And that's how she (started a growth). "Oh, this is a good mango," so she (saves) the seed to sprout, she leaves it under a faucet and lets that faucet drip on this (seed) until it sprouts. Then she plants it somewhere. I mean, she was great at it.

Ti was about the first thing she ever planted (near) the house. Right under the eaves because when it rained it watered the ti (plants). And the ti leaf is a most useful thing. My grandmother, if we saw her with a ti leaf on her forehead, we knew she had a headache. That leaf is so cool, you know, they'd put it around their head. And poor *Kūkū* Mele, poor thing. "*Eha kou po'o?*"

"*Ae,*" you know, she (has) a headache.

Then, of course, you use it for cooking and you use it for table setting. And you use it for *lāwalu* cooking, you know. Just all kinds of use for that (plant).

The other thing we did, when we went for mountain apples, we never took a bag. You broke off the ti (stalk) and you took each leaf and (wrap) a mountain apple in it. You bend it back like this and you put your fruit in there and you tie it with part of (an) old ti leaf. I mean, some of the brown leaves that you use to tie it. So each leaf had a mountain apple in it. And (used the stalk as) a handle. You've broken it right off, the whole head of it (from the plant).

WN: Yeah.

LS: And you put one in each leaf and then you carry it home.

WN: Oh, in a bunch.

LS: In a bunch, yeah. You eat what you want there and then take (some) home for those at home (to eat).

WN: So you had one apple in one ti leaf?

LS: One apple in each leaf, yeah.

WN: Wow. That's kind of tedious, too.

LS: Yeah, I mean everything—we were resourceful.

WN: Yeah.

LS: I told you about our getting the food storage. Well, I did tell you about my father and mother moving to Moloka'i in 190(4), then Louise was born (May 14, 1905). And then my father leaves for Seagirt, New Jersey, with the rifle team. I think you have that already.

WN: Yeah.

LS: I tell you about the poi factory?

WN: Was that Ah Hong's one?

LS: No, no. This is Aipa. Well, we used to make our own poi. They didn't grow taro (at home) anymore when I can remember. I don't remember it ever (growing) in (the) taro patches.

Well, I'll have to tell this while I remember 'cause I'll forget it. Our spring---we had to have a windmill. So my dad gets somebody called Collins. I don't even remember his first name, Collins. He came to install the windmill, and he stayed. This happens so often. Friends (of) my brothers (may) come to do something or they came for a visit, (then) stay. On the other side of our house (was a cottage for) my brothers, and (there were) two bedrooms, I think. They were welcome to bring their friends. Sometimes they'd come (for a visit) and they'd stay. Well, Collins stayed and he became an engineer (who) ran our sampan, *Annie D*. I can remember the name Collins. I couldn't even tell you what he looked like. But that's what happens to so many of them that (came), they enjoy Moloka'i and stay on.

WN: *Annie D*, the D is Duvauchelle?

LS: Yeah, it was named for my mother, *Annie D*. Yeah, he had sampans before that. I think Henry must have told you about it. There was *Success I* and *Success II*. Didn't Henry tell you about the sampans my father had?

WN: Not with those names. He didn't mention the names.

LS: Oh? Well, he always said that (very) boat was rightly named because he had success with that sampan.

WN: You mean in terms of fishing.

LS: Fishing, yeah, the fishing. The thing about the fishing in those days, it was hard work. Even when you were in the sampan, you didn't have those sounding things that they have today. You know, the equipment they have today? They don't have to take a chance to fish here or there or (another) place, because they know where the fish is. (In the early days), they

(looked) for the birds, 'cause usually the birds were where there was a school of fish. Or my father would have to, from his perch (on the ridge), look for *akule*. (For) the big (schools of) fish, in those days, they had to have deep(-sea) fishnets (which) were all made by his fishermen. They took good care of (these nets, kept them mended). I mean, that was their life.

I can still remember when (my dad) was paying off these fishermen. So much for the sampan, so much for each fisherman. If he went out, too, maybe he'd get a share, too. But usually, the sampan was considered as whole, as one of them. I can remember their sitting in a circle, and my father would (join them) with all (this) money. No paper money—it was all in dollars.

WN: Silver dollars.

LS: Silver dollars. And all the way down to ten cents. "So here, Suga, here, Sakamoto, Iona," and he'd go right around. And they all sat there getting paid. It was something (we enjoyed to watch. Besides the three mentioned, there were others: Kawai Cockett, Johnny Healy, Jim Opu, Leo Poaha, Charlie Rodrigues and three Duvauchelles, Eddie, Weli and Johnny.)

And then another time, when they were working, mending the net, it would all be strewn out on our front lawn. We had a big lawn. They'd be mending the nets. Henry would tell you, he'd rather make a net from scratch than to have to mend one. Because you have to cut off all the loose ends and then it's quite an art to mend (and match the *maka*—eye—gauge). If one can mend a fishnet, he's darn good. Raymond and Henry could both make nets and mend (them), too. Raymond had friends that made him throw nets. Now, Henry has made throw nets with filament, that new stuff that they (use now).

Well, I started off telling you about taro patches. I don't remember taro patches when I was growing up, but there were years prior to (my time). And all by the spring (on) land around it, shaped into patches. The water from our spring ran out there. They'd (build) a mound and on the top of it (plant) the banana trees and around the bottom, in the water, was the taro. The banana was not to be in water, but taro was. They grew them that way. We used to buy the taro, I suppose, from Hālawā, 'cause that was the taro-growing (valley). Until the April 1, 1946 tidal wave, they were growing taro there. (That) was the most beautiful sight, to look down on (Hālawā Valley). Something like Hanalei on Kaua'i (and Waipi'o on Hawai'i). But when that filled, why it was never brought back.

So when we (had) the taro in these huge cauldrons, they would be cooked outdoors. We children (thought it) was fun to sort of help peel the taro (with) those slivers of bamboo. About a (quarter)-inch thick, it was sanded down, and the edges were sharp. You could get a real bad cut from a bamboo edge. It's kind of like a razor, it really cuts well, so that you could peel the taro. So we'd help until we got tired, we'd drop it, and go away. But they let us do it, whenever we wanted.

The same thing with cleaning of fish. We would say, "Oh, I want to clean. I want to help. I want to help." So they'd let (us) do it. I mean, it's time that you learned how to clean a fish, take out the *na'au*. If you weren't going to dry it, then you just cut the first gill and then take out the *pu'u* and the *na'au*. And that was easy. But to cut for drying, you had to (slit down) the back (from head to tail). And you open that up (flat). When you (have) learned how to do

that, you were really getting good. But you had to have a good knife. Then you (cut) slit(s) on either side and then you salt (the fish generously, leave it a day or two, soak in fresh water to remove the salt, then set out to dry).

I'm getting away from my poi story. So after the taro was cooked and we peeled it, then the pounding. And you had to have this stone poi pounder. We had a big poi board so that there could be two working on either end. But the same tools, you had to have the poi pounder, you had to have a bucket of water, and the taro, and the seat. And on either end would be my brother, Weli, and maybe Johnny. Weli did sweet (poi); his hand was sweet. They said, "Oh, he had a sweet hand." It's not good. My father had a sweet hand. It's the same taro and the same board, but his poi would be different than the other one (pounding). So my father never pounded poi because it seemed to be the sweet poi. I think it soured faster, or whatever the reason that they didn't want anybody with a sweet hand to pound. So the (poi) pounding was done with two people (on the board). And Weli would do it sometimes. And then they get (started, one taro at a time is pounded—mashed—on the board to a mass and pound) into (poi, pound the poi), then slap (the poi pounder, pound) and slap. They'd (pound) in rhythm. Then they'd wet the (poi) stone, and they'd (continue the) rhythm. They'll raise the stone, pound. And the two of them (would finish with) the *pa'i'ai*. They turn (this mass), turn and turn, and they kept on (wetting it) until it was *wali*, (to) whatever consistency was right. Then they put (all of it) in the crock. As we needed it, (would) just scoop up what (was) needed and mix that (with water to the right consistency. Poi stored in a crock) doesn't get sour. When it *hū*—the poi—it would bubble. Have you ever seen sour poi just . . .

WN: No.

LS: Ho. It would come up just like when you pour Coke in a glass and you pour too fast. Poi does that when it soured. It would *hū* and (run) over. We made our own poi and then later on, of course, there was Aipa. Aipa's poi factory. And he had men working for him. It was (located) just beyond where Anna lives, (next to) the Pūko'o Stream. I think you know where the Pūko'o Stream is. The stream bed is still there. And right there is Aipa's home—I mean, his family lives there (now). That was (the) poi factory, (a separate building). They used the poi stones (for making poi) and the Board of Health declared that it was (unsanitary), bad for the health (of customers. The workers) were bare-(chested), 'cause it was hard work (and) they perspired. The perspiration was (dripping) into the poi. So (the Board of Health) ruled that out, (so they changed and) used mallets. You know, like a croquet mallet, but longer handles. Then they'd pound the poi with that. Later on, of course, (Aipa) got real fancy. He (used) machinery, and that was run with (a cable around the raised back wheel of) the automobile (with the engine running. He found a way of complying with the Board of Health rules.)

WN: So then, in order to keep poi from spoiling, you try to keep it stored without water. And then when you needed it . . .

LS: Yeah, when you need it you get out what you need.

WN: How long would it keep in the crock?

LS: Well, it would keep for as long as we needed it. Because, you know, we ate poi every day.

WN: Yeah.

LS: So, let's say five days, maybe even a week. And so you just kept it in that [hard] consistency, as they call *pa'i'ai*. And then when you needed it you get it and mixed it [with water]. But, of course, the poi went fast in our families.

WN: How would you compare the poi you used to eat in those days, with the poi you get now?

LS: Well, it uh . . . (Chuckles) If you didn't mix it right, it would be *pu'upu'u*, lumpy. And then you had to strain it. Well, I think this here [today] is all strained, so when you get it it's a proper consistency, you just add a little more water. But I think it was more tasty.

WN: Before?

LS: Yeah. I don't know why that is, but it seemed it was more tasty. I think it's the taro, really. Now I think Kaua'i has dryland taro, they don't have it in patches. They grow it in, well I don't know, not dirt. It's sort of, almost like gravel. I haven't seen them grow, but I understand they just call it dryland taro, whereas the other [wetland taro], they have to have in patches. (One time), Wailau was just a mass of taro patches. That's where all these Hawaiians lived. Now, people are going there to just (go) sightseeing. People are buying land there and I think they'll start putting up some cottages.

WN: So these taro patches were leased—the land was leased—and it was cultivated by Hawaiians mostly?

LS: You mean in Wailau?

WN: Yeah.

LS: I think that was, at one time, Bishop Estate land. And I often wondered. Somebody asked me why did they [farmers] move? And I thought, well, they were getting pretty old. This was kinda rough life, you know, for them. See, Wailau was quite a little village at one time. They had a school, (a post office); they had a lot of children there. And only during the spring—the late spring—and summer could the boats land there. Otherwise, it was too rough. So those residents had to hike over [to Pūko'o]. These Wailau people would come. You talk about backpacks. It wasn't invented (yet). They were making backpacks out of ti leaf, you know. Now you see backpacks. If only they thought of manufacturing something like that. They'd come, they'd hike over, and that was one mountain (up and) down and another mountain (up and) down, either way, when you're going over or back. The trail is through that Mapulehu Valley, up on one ridge there, the trail (is there).

When they had the CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] during World War II, they had some of (the young men) clearing the trail to give them something to do. They planted trees up in Pālā'au Park, up at Kalaupapa where you see the view. (The Wailau families) were the nicest people you could find.

Our house was pretty much a halfway house. Hālawā people would come down. And if it's mail day, they watered their horses at the hitching posts, then would come (in) and sit. 'Cause



my father was postmaster, and they would come for their mail. But they'd come and then if we happened to be at breakfast, invite 'em in or they'd be there for lunch. My father wanted that (wood) stove kept banked so that (we could) just stir it up and have something ready. And it was so easy to feed them. We always had jerk beef, we always had dry fish. Just cook it, you know, and the poi. We always had this *kelemānia* full of poi. So there was always food in the house, even for those passing by. And the word that you would (hear) when you were passing (a) house, everybody knew everybody else, "*Mai e 'ai*," you're invited to lunch. When he was on the road, either on his buggy, before he got the car, on horseback or in the car, (my dad) didn't have to carry a lunch. No matter where he was, (the invitation) "*Mai e 'ai*." It was that sort of hospitality that existed then. It was beautiful, I thought.

WN: You think we could stop here?

LS: Sure.

WN: And try schedule one more time? We could continue.

LS: Yeah, all right.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape Nos. 19-12-3-90 and 19-13-3-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Laura Duvauchelle Smith (LS)

March 28, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Mrs. Laura Smith on March 28, 1990, at her home in Honolulu. The interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

Okay, let's start.

LS: Okay.

WN: You were going to tell me something about your grandparents.

LS: Ah, yes. My grandfather [Edouard Henri Duvauchelle] was on Moloka'i. He was sort of a friend of Kamehameha V, sometimes acted as his chef. And he met my grandmother, Mary Lynch (Duvauchelle), and they were married in about 1866. Now he was about five [feet] two [inches] (tall), and my grandmother was six feet, so that made quite a difference in their height. And he was thirty years older than my grandmother.

His first wife had died. By her, he had had two daughters, so my father had two half sisters. With my grandmother, Edouard Henri Duvauchelle had four boys and one daughter. Their daughter died as a young girl. Her sister, (Margaret), did not have any children. As in the Hawaiian style, the older (member), like a mother or the older sister, can say, "Give me this child." So her firstborn, August, was given to her sister, who was married to (Edward) Reimann. He was from Germany.

Now, my mother and father moved to Moloka'i in (1904). And my sister, Louise, was born (in May 1905). They had thirteen children. One of the babies, Helen, died. She was born before Henry, in the (early) period of their marriage. Now, my parents were very loving and caring. And while my father was very busy, I mean, I don't know how he held all those jobs and still had time for us, but he did. He was district overseer, he was a deputy sheriff, he was a postmaster, he was a commercial fisherman, he had a sampan, sometime lawyer, he was a rancher, farmer, and a father. And with all this that he had to do, he still had time for us. He would have games. Like he'd make a kite, and he made the biggest kite out of old newspaper and bamboo strips that he had stripped (from a larger piece), with rags (stripped) for the tail. And then he helped us fly it. And it was a huge thing. I remember holding (the lines) and it carried me off the ground. So it was really a big kite. He enjoyed playing with us with the

kite, too. He was sometimes a lawyer. He had this record book of all the cases that had been decided by a judge. In a similar case he (referred to he used) to defend (the) man or woman, whoever was (his client), but only on occasion was he an attorney. But he was experienced and knowledgeable about law.

WN: How did he learn to be an attorney?

LS: By reading. He was an omnivorous reader. Everything. Magazines, books, 'cause he suffered from insomnia. So he read late into the night and whenever he had spare time. Our evenings were spent in the parlor, as we called it, at the piano, singing. My mother would join us singing. My father would sit at the table with a lamp, this koa table that we had in the parlor and he'd call out the songs he wanted (sung). He'd say, "Sing 'Ka'iulani.'" "Sing—" and then he'd (select) another (song). And he continued to read. When he sang, he would play the guitar. And we'd beg him, so he finally would sing, but never Hawaiian songs. It was always his favorites, "Daisy, Daisy." And he had a song of "McGinty." And I remember the ending said, "Although he won his five, he was more dead than alive. Poor McGinty fell." You know, and those were his songs, but not the Hawaiian songs. It was very strange that he did that, but at least it was entertaining for us.

And he would make telephones from the dried bladder of a pig, you know. It became like leather, or like the sharkskin. And then he (stretched) that over two open cans, both ends (for receivers), then run a string from one to the other. And then we'd (play) telephone. It might be twenty-five feet (apart). And then on (one end) he would play the harmonica. It was very entertaining.

We had two orange trees and (the fruit) was the type like Kona oranges, but when we had California oranges, that was really a treat. Only at Christmastime, whole box of oranges, whole box of apples, would be ordered from Honolulu. When I (had) an orange and I wanted it peeled, I'd take it to my dad and say, "Peel this orange for me." So he'd make a spiral (around the orange rind) and then it would come out like this. And then he'd take the end(s), like yin and yang, and put it together—put it around my neck—and hook it in back.

WN: Put the whole spiral around your neck?

LS: Yeah, around the neck and then he'd—see, comes out with yin and yang? Not that he knew it at that time but then he'd put it together (around) my neck.

WN: You connect the back, I see.

LS: Yeah, so he would spiral first and then peel it. So I thought I'd demonstrate that to see what I enjoyed.

WN: Did he ever break it while he was peeling it?

LS: Well, I don't remember that part. (Chuckles) It was usually (done). He would take out his pocketknife, wipe the blade on his knee, on his pants, then he'd start. And he'd stop whatever he was doing (to peel the orange). He always had time for us. That was a remarkable thing about him. Very lovable. And, of course, my mother was always there for the children. I

mean, they weren't working mothers at that time. She was a seamstress; she sewed all our clothes. She cooked and was a nurse. She was practically a Florence Nightingale at night because she was always with her little lamp. When she heard somebody coughing, "Who's coughing?" And then she would take care of that one. Rub (the chest with) camphorated oil and (apply) a flannel which she heated (above) the lamp chimney. It was wonderful.

As I told you, my father was a postmaster, and at one time, Dr. Edward [S.] Goodhue—it was the Republican year, I think, Teddy Roosevelt was the president. So he told my father—he was very influential with my father 'cause he was really a, oh, he was (my dad's) mentor, you know. He was really intelligent, so he said, because Theodore Roosevelt was the president, why not we name the post office Roosevelt? Instead of Pūko'o Post Office, it was changed to Roosevelt (in 1921). But then it was changed back, I think after the Republican group (chuckles) left the White House, you know. So it went back to Pūko'o. But I still remember. It was a very short period that it was Roosevelt Post Office on Moloka'i. (Chuckles) It was so funny, (an unlikely name).

Now, our home was large. It became a hotel, (another idea of Dr. Goodhue; we also had rooms for rent and space for business) so we had one man (who came every year), referred to him as drummer. The old times, (he) came with all his wares, mostly clothing. So he'd . . .

WN: Where was he from?

LS: Honolulu. His name was Goldstein. And he would have all his (goods) set out in our parlor. It was (a) big (room); it just spread right across the width of the house. (Once he displayed his items) he didn't have to move (them) 'cause there was always room there (as) we didn't use that part of the parlor (where) he had his things set up. And (people) would come from everywhere, 'cause this (was) the chance they (had to) buy store-bought clothes. And he even had some jewelry. And I remember that he took a liking to me and he would always have a little piece of jewelry for me. And I remember one looked like an acorn. And you (could take) it apart and there was a little (piece of) cotton in there (where) you dripped a little perfume, you know. I don't know what happened to it. I remember wearing that even when I came to Kamehameha Girls School.

Then there was a dentist and his name was Dr. Southwell.

WN: Southwell?

LS: Yes, and his arrangement was, he would take care of all the children's teeth for his room and board. It seemed like a very good idea, but we were never ahead. (Laughs) His bill was always more than his board and room. And his name was Southwell, so my father said, "Well, Southwell. He's a soak well, 'cause he soaked us very well."

(Laughter)

LS: And, of course, all our transportation was by horse and buggy. I think I told you that. And the Wailau people, from the valley all the way across, would hike over. And these Wailau people would walk practically barefooted all that time.

Now our house was more or less a halfway house. (Folks) came from Hālawā (to our house to rest and) because it was a post office also. They'd come (from other directions too). We had a wood stove, and my father said to always keep it banked so that (we) could start it up again. Because you never know who's going to come that needs to have food. And (of course) we'd have fish—dried fish—and, you know, there was no refrigeration so that you couldn't keep (anything) on ice. But these were Hawaiians (and we were Hawaiians). That's the sort of food they ate anyway. As long as (we) had enough poi, there was always (enough) food. Dried fish, salt meat, (salt pork and jerk beef, venison).

WN: These Hawaiian people from Wailau were mostly farming?

LS: Well, taro. Taro, yes. Finally, years later, they all left. I don't know whether their lease expired. I think that was Bishop Estate property. Nobody lives there anymore, you know, now. Except (a few maybe). There are some that will go and live there, about one or two families. I don't know whether Pelekunu is populated now. That was more difficult to get to so they had a derrick that they would pull people up (in a basket) to land at this wharf that John Wilson built. He was an engineer. He one time was a mayor here (of Honolulu). His wife lived in Pelekunu.

Now, we didn't have any school buses. We walked to school until later, of course. When we were going to school we walked. So, now today . . .

WN: How far was the school?

LS: Well, almost a mile.

WN: This is Kalua'aha?

LS: Kalua'aha, yeah. And there were times when Louise and Henry went all the way to Kamalō. They did go on horseback sometimes, but Henry says he remembered once, after milking the cows, he practically ran all the way. That was five miles. Tough guys.

Now my father bought a Ford touring car. We always referred to it as a Model-T. That was in 1915. It was delivered to Kamalō Wharf (on) the *Ida May*, which never stopped at the Pūko'o Harbor because I don't think it was deep enough, whether she drew more water. She could come alongside at Kamalō, because that was really a deep harbor. And that was when we had our car, and he told us that he was coming home that day with the car. We were all excited at the schoolhouse. Kept everybody stirred. "We going get a car today. My father going get car today. He going bring home the car." And sure enough, we heard this (sound), but we didn't know what the horn was going to be like. It was one of those, honk, honk, honk, honk. You know, a big rubber thing, (a ball attached to) the hose (and fastened to the running board). So the teacher said, "What is the use?" She said, "All of you children get out to the porch." So we went out to the veranda and watched the car go by. And my brother (Johnny) was driving 'cause my father couldn't drive then. (He honked the horn.)

(My father) learned all about this Ford by (reading) the Ford book that Henry Ford (published) that went with every Ford. He didn't want my brother Johnny to—he was a good mechanic—to do any of the work because he was so strong that he would put everything back



so tightly my father couldn't get it off. You know, any screws or whatever (parts were) to be put back on, he put (back) so tightly, he couldn't get it. He reminded me—this Hoss of the "Bonanza" movie reminded me of my brother, Johnny. He was that big and husky, and so strong he didn't realize his own strength. So when he puts it back, well, he wants it tight, so my father couldn't (remove) it after that.

WN: Who else had cars at that time?

LS: Well, there was Tollefsen, Olaf Tollefsen.

WN: Who was he?

LS: Well, he was a Swede that lived in Moanui. And I don't remember his wife, I think she died early while they were living on Moloka'i. And I don't remember seeing her. I think he was. . . . I can't remember what he did. 'Cause I think it was partly blacksmith, but I don't remember that there was any fire there because the only (blacksmith) I remember was Keakamai. And he was near Kalua'aha. Between Kalua'aha and Mapulehu. But then there (were) the Meyers, of course, Theodore Meyer. And my father in 1915. Of course, George Cooke, of the Moloka'i Ranch, they had cars. And Eddie McCorriston. Those are the ones I can think of right now. And Rex Hitchcock. He had a Pierce-Arrow. He really had status there with his Pierce-Arrow. I can remember this big gray car that he went by and drove very slowly. And all his children that were in the car. They'd climb all over the car. They'd be on the top, they'd be on the hood. And my father would look at that he says, "How does he let those children do that? They could fall off and he could run over them." But it didn't happen, these children. I don't know whether you knew some of the Hitchcock boys that went to Punahou. They played on the football team there. Probably earlier than you can remember.

WN: Tell me something about these families like the Hitchcock family. What did they do?

LS: Well, Hitchcock was a rancher. He was a descendant of the earliest missionaries on Moloka'i. And the land was given to them at Kalua'aha, which was situated between the Calvinist church and the Catholic. Now they were the early missionaries and built this first church [i.e., Kalua'aha Church]. I can remember when it was dedicated. All the choirs from the different islands came and, oh, practically everyone on Moloka'i from Kamalō on up, Hālawā down this way, all came to that big (event). Because it was, oh, after the service, all contests, song contests. All the choirs from the different islands came. So he was a descendant of the Hitchcock and Forbes missionaries that came to Moloka'i.

WN: Are they part Hawaiian?

LS: No, all *Haoles*. All *Haoles*. And then there was Rogers also. Now Rogers . . .

WN: Rogers?

LS: Yeah, his wife died so he married one of my father's half sisters and (they) had two daughters, Zelig and Elizabeth. And two sons. But at (that) time, (the men were forbidden) to marry (native women), of course—see, they all came, the missionaries did, with wives. No single men came in any of the companies because (the New England missionaries) didn't want

them to mix with the natives. So that when this Rogers was a widower, he decided he would marry a part-Hawaiian lady. And (the mission board) tried to stop that, but he said, "I'm in love with her; I'm going to marry her." So (eventually) it worked out all right. And he (was) kept (on), you know, as one of the company.

Tollefsen, chee, I wish I thought of it to have asked Henry, 'cause it seems to me he was a mechanic. He had a sampan and his sons ran the sampan. I don't know whether you watched the (program) that came on the other night—on Sunday—and one of the weekdays, too, when Mary Mendonca, who was a Tollefsen, spoke about her father. I think her father was Fred Tollefsen. So he (the elder Tollefsen) had two sons, Fred and Olaf. And they married native women, you know, Hawaiian women. Had nice families.

Eddie McCorriston, I don't know what he could have been in those early days, but he was at one time the judge. And he held court in Kaunakakai.

The Meyers were descendants of Rudolph [Wilhelm] Meyer who was, oh, he had so many duties I don't know how he managed them all. If you ever read [Charles S.] Meyer's book [*Meyer and Moloka'i*], it would really tell about this wonderful man. He was a superintendent of the Kalaupapa Settlement. He managed property for Charles Reed Bishop—'cause he had a lot of land over there. He raised produce and shipped them to Charles Reed Bishop in Honolulu. He was a rancher. He sent beef to Charles Reed Bishop. And when his daughters were here, he would send them bananas or whatever. He had a farm and he started the sugar mill, which is part of (history), oh, (a place) that you can visit today. It's one of the curiosities of the island.

WN: Meyer Sugar Mill.

LS: Yeah, sugar mill. And he . . .

WN: Rudolph.

LS: Rudolph, yeah. And he had many daughters. And one of them married (into) the Hitchcock family. I think it was Hannah, probably. And the daughters were all married, you know, very well. And this Meyer family is still really quite a large family. And Pearl [Meyer Friel] Petro, I don't know whether you have met her, she's the daughter of William [Auld] Meyer. There was William, Theodore, Otto. Otto Meyer ran the store in Kaunakakai. It was called the Otto Meyer Store.

WN: I see.

LS: Of course, Eddie McCorriston was married to a part-Hawaiian lady. She was a Campbell; not of the wealthy Campbells, but she was from the Big Island. Very statuesque woman, very attractive. And they had quite a few children.

WN: Did they all live in the same area as you?

LS: No. Rudolph Meyer lived in Kala'e.

WN: Right, that's right.

LS: Okay, Eddie McCorriston lived in Kamalō. Rex Hitchcock lived in Kalua'aha. And Tollefsen, of course, lived in Mo'onui.

WN: Did you know all of these families?

LS: Yes, yeah.

WN: Did you folks get along or have social gatherings with the families?

LS: Not much. There wasn't much of that. Oh, and Chris Conrad. I didn't mention that. He was a judge and he lived in Mapulehu Valley. He owned all that property. He had cattle; they were the Hereford, the white-faced cattle. He finally sold that property to George Cooke, and George Cooke then started the Mapulehu Dairy. The building still exists there where they had milking cows. And they dispensed gasoline. And what we call the ice house. We could store meat there, and you could get blocks of ice, you know. But it folded, (the dairy, that is).

He had cattle there, too. But he used to ship milk to Honolulu on the *Leleiona*. And my brother, Eddie, my oldest half brother, was the captain of the *Leleiona*. Now, he would take these big milk cans, they were put aboard the *Leleiona* at the Kamalō Wharf and come at night to Honolulu with (inadequate) refrigeration. And half the time, the milk started turning. So that's one of the reasons that the dairy failed. Because there wasn't enough customers on Moloka'i to use all the milk that was produced. They did make some butter because they separated (cream from milk). But I don't remember how long the dairy lasted, but finally it folded. They (hired) a lot of people to work there. They were *Haoles*. Curly Kilbey, oh I forget some of the others, but they made a good baseball team from East End to challenge the Kaunakakai group. And it was quite a battle, you know, 'cause it was really something. We even had a cheering section for our Mapulehu team fighting the Kaunakakai team. And usually . . .

WN: Were they mostly *Haoles*?

LS: Yeah, that were working at the dairy. They were great organizers and in fact some of the men coached the teams. Curly Kilbey stayed on after the dairy folded and so did, oh I can't think of this one. Rosy cheeks, nice-looking man (Spahn), and married Moloka'i girls and stayed on. And there was (a Dr.) Backus, he was the veterinarian. There was another that was in charge of the cattle (Anderson); he used to bring cattle down (to Honolulu) to show when they had the county (livestock) shows here.

But it was a great thing, you know, to have the dairy. Especially when you could get gasoline. 'Cause my father used to have to order drums of gasoline and put (the drum) on the cradle. I can remember when they were testing it to see if it was filled. They'd hit it with (a) hammer. I guess they could tell from the sound whether it was empty (or near empty).

WN: How many people were employed by the dairy, would you think?

LS: Oh my goodness, 'cause there were a lot of men on the (Mapulehu) Ranch. There was

Fernandez, too, was in charge of the cattle. Oh I can't think of this one. He had a real case on my sister, Louise. Then she liked him all right while there, but then finally, when she met Byron (Meurlott) in Honolulu here, why, she liked him better, (eventually married him).

WN: (Examining family photograph.) Who's Louise?

LS: Here.

WN: Uh huh.

LS: She died very early. She was only fifty-two. She had a heart problem 'cause when she was a child she had rheumatic fever.

Now, that takes care about these. (Rex) Hitchcock (was) first married to one of the Meyer girls. And she died; (there were) some boys (in) that family, (as grown-ups) they left Moloka'i. Then he married a Hennessey. And (they) had children with them. When she died, he married the young girl—she was an Ilae girl—that was taking care of the family. They moved to Hawai'i 'cause he had property over there (from) some of the descendants of the Castles. Not the Kailua Castles, not the Kāne'ohe Ranch. Was another Castle on Hawai'i, so he stayed there until he died. He had (a family) with Dorcus Ilae.

We (were on friendly terms). I can remember as children that we were invited by (Judge and Mrs.) Chris Conrad to (their) home. But later on, he and my father didn't get along because it had something to do with the cattle. When I say they didn't get along, it was mostly (when Judge Conrad would phone), "Your bull, Jack Johnson, is in my yard again. Will you come and get him?" I told you about the bull, that he could get into any fence. If it was a wire fence, he'd get his head in first and then his two front legs, and then he'd raise (his shoulder and the wire) and all the poles came up and he'd get in. And he'd (visit) another (breed). It was not good because he was a Holstein, whereas Conrad had Herefords. Heaven help them.

(Laughter)

LS: And so, I think that . . .

WN: Would you say that all of these families were in the same social class?

LS: Yeah, just about. But it didn't seem that—now Theodore Meyer and Eddie McCorriston were neighbors, they lived right next to each other. But I'm not so sure that they saw one another socially. Everybody was working hard during the day. My father with all this work that he had. At night they just spend it with their family, at leisure, because they were tired. They were hard-working men. The Meyer sons ran their ranch and their father had 'em doing everything. They were hard-working men. They had to take care the pigs, they had to take care (of) the farm, (the ranch), and the store, and everything.

WN: So some of you were part Hawaiian and some of these families were *Haole*?

LS: The men.

WN: The men were mostly *Haole*.

LS: The men (early on). And then they married (Hawaiians). Rudolph married Kalama [High Chiefess Kalama Waha]. Now, she was from Mapulehu, but she was *ali'i*. She was royalty. Theodore Meyer lived in Kamalō, although his father lived in Kala'e. That was quite a few miles away, more than twenty-five miles, driving.

WN: Were there any animosities between *Haole* and Hawaiian?

LS: No, not that I could really mention. It wasn't noticeable. They were too busy working, you know. Either on the farm, the ranch, or (fishing). And the only time that we'd see one another, probably when there was something (going on) at Kaunakakai (town), at a big celebration, like that. Maybe it would be a [*lū'au*]. Everybody sees one another. But otherwise, there wasn't too much. I can't remember too much social life. My mother would go and visit Mrs. McCorrison; call on her. The women would get together—Catholic groups, you know—and I think that was about the limit of the socializing. (Otherwise, the men might talk over the phone, my father being road overseer. Just a few of them had what they called the territorial line (for government business.) So he would call them (about) something (important)—whether there was flood damage—or (whatever) was new that was going on. Because he'd have to let them know what he had heard from the board of supervisors in Maui. So that was the sort of contact they would make, business.)

When we had (our new) house built, my father had a *lū'au* that ran for about three days, so that all the Moloka'i people could get there. And you know, every day the *imu* would be opened and more *laukaus* put in. It was all *laukaus* 'cause that was easier to serve, rather than cutting up a *kālua* (pig). They came from every corner of the island. So that was (probably) our biggest social life, you know. (Chuckles) Even our Maui relatives came over.

WN: How often would you have luaus [*lū'au*] like that?

LS: Well, (the baby *lū'au*) for one-year birthday, you know, (first) year for the baby. (Other people had), but the only *lū'au* we had that I can remember, was this one for the housewarming. Otherwise . . .

WN: Do you know when it was?

LS: Pardon?

WN: You know when that was?

LS: Um . . .

WN: When the house . . .

LS: Yeah, I'm trying to think.

WN: . . . was built?



LS: It was finished, probably, about 1915. Somewhere around there because I remember that our Ford we bought, we had in 1915. And the house was already up. We just had one man build it. Wai Foo. He did the whole thing.

WN: Wai Foo?

LS: Wai Foo. It took a while. I told you about the houses. There were three. One had to be moved and then this house was in the middle. And then the one they'd take lumber. We had some new lumber. And as they needed lumber they'd break that part of the house and (meanwhile) we lived in the little cottage. We moved around while this (new) house was being built; it had six bedrooms (downstairs) and a big room upstairs (for) the children, (and dormers on either side of the roof for ventilation. Downstairs bedrooms were for) hotel guests (and our parents; also a dining area for guests), and my father's office. (Beyond) there was (our) dining room, the kitchen, and way back was a cooling room. We did have ice after a while. Just in an ice chest; not a regular refrigerator, just a chest. It was lead-lined, and then we'd have a block of ice in there. (We) just (stacked perishables) inside there, (such as) butter and whatever raw meat we'd have. We kept adding to (the home) after (it was first) built; the dining room and (other) part(s) of the building.

WN: Did I ever ask you when the fire was?

LS: Nineteen twenty-two.

WN: Okay, so the house wasn't up for very long then?

LS: No.

WN: It was only up for about seven years?

LS: Just about. And by that time, we were the only ones that had electricity on the island. My father had a Delco system. And that was in a separate house from the (main) building. The Delco system had storage batteries so that (we) didn't have to run this machine all the time. He was the only one on Moloka'i with electricity. Even the Moloka'i Ranch didn't have electricity. You'd run it during the day and charge all these batteries. And these batteries came in green glass (containers). I can still remember. They looked like these building blocks that (are used) today, some of the glass blocks. (These) were green and they were rather pretty. After a while, we used some of them as planters.

And then I told you about our washing machine, you know, that said, "We jump in to do the job for you." (It was a Westinghouse and the logo was "Reddy Kilowatt".)

WN: Yeah, yeah.

LS: So, with our electricity we could have the (appliances). The (electric) irons, too, because I told you how my mother used to use the charcoal irons to (iron our clothes).

When he had the Ford, my father would have to do his own patching of tubes. You know, those little tires had inner tubes, with a little valve that you'd press to release the air in the

tires. To go to Kaunakakai you had to go through this *kiawe* grove, you know, on either side of the road. And there was always a chance that there'd be some thorns (*kukū*) in the road. And these little tires would be (punctured), you know. So there'd be a tube that he'd have to mend. He could use cold patches on the road, but if there were a (large) tear, he'd have to do some vulcanizing. That was done with heat (from) a flame. He'd do that (on the floor) in his office. We used to just watch it. (A fixture) would be latched on (to the tube) and then (filled with) a little alcohol (and lit to apply heat). I suppose it was similar to a sterno (stove). And that would be a hot patch, but it would be a big (patch), see. If he had a slit, he'd have to have a patch (of the right) size to cover that. But with a cold patch, it (was applied) just like our Band-Aids, you know, that was just a Band-Aid treatment.

Well, the reason I'm saying this is that Makahira came one day. He had honey; he had bees, near the school. And at recess time, especially long recess, we used to run over to Makahira's. He wasn't too far from the school and he'd let us have honeycombs, part of it, and we'd get the honey out of that and chew the wax, you know. He was very kind.

WN: Makihira?

LS: Makahira.

WN: Japanese?

LS: Japanese. And he came to the post office one day to get his mail, and my father was sitting on the floor doing some vulcanizing. And he said, "What you do?" So (my dad) explained. "Ho, if you fix my tires—my tubes for my car—I give you honey." (That was a good deal.) He used to bring honey in five-pound tins. (There used to be Kona coffee those days.) Wing Coffee in cans so he'd (use those). When he'd bring his tire—the inner tubes—for my dad to patch, he'd have a can of honey, (too). That was the deal they had. When the honey came, it (had some) bees, you know. You had to try out (the honey) and strain it. But oh, it was good honey because there's all *kiawe* trees there, you know, (the blossoms), they make the best honey. That's why they say Moloka'i has the best honey. So meanwhile, if you have any questions?

WN: Sure. No, no.

LS: Okay, (Moloka'i) was referred to as the long ranch because (not everybody) fenced their cattle (in); I mean of the *mana'e* side. So if you had milking cows, you'd keep the calves fenced in because those cows would come back every morning to feed their calves. And then you've got the milk that time. And (our brothers) would milk the cow with the calf alongside of the (mother) cow. Otherwise, she's '*u'umi*'; she holds the milk. And you just can't get it. So you keep sort of pumping her (belly) like that. So they kept the calf tied to the cow's. . . . Uh, let's see. You had to milk the cow only on one side. I think it was the left side. So the calf would be tied to that front (left) leg. So the mother felt like the calf was nursing. I mean, this is the way they fooled her. So they left one udder for that calf. So after the milking was finished, they'd loosen the calf and she would suckle the rest of the milk. And that's how we got our milk.

WN: (Chuckles) Interesting.

LS: So when they call this the long ranch, it's because after the cow was milked, we just let her out to the valley 'cause my father leased (the Puko'o Valley from the County of Maui.).

WN: Your father's ranch.

LS: Yeah, and we leased that Pūko'o Valley. And maybe the (cattle) got out. We fenced them in, but sometimes there would be a break in the fence and they'd get out. And they'd be on the road. And other people's cattle would come into your yard. They'd eat the young banana leaves, they'd eat the young coconut leaves. They'd eat everything they could get to that was edible. So you could drive them out, you know, and that's why they called it the long ranch. 'Cause there'd be cattle on the road all the way up to Hālawā; maybe everybody's. Except, now—oh, I forgot to tell you. The opposite end from the Cookes were the Browns. Now the Brown Ranch was at—I'm trying to think of the name. It's such an easy name.

WN: Pu'uoHoku?

LS: Pu'uoHoku. Yeah. The Browns had cattle, and (later) the land was put into pineapple. That's (the site of) the famous groves of Lanikaula, the *kukui* grove. There's a legend with that too, but I don't think I can go into that.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

WN: Okay.

LS: My brother, Johnny, had a string of donkeys. I think he had about six, you know. We called (them) Kona nightingales.

WN: Yeah, yeah. Oh, you called it Kona nightingale on Moloka'i, too?

LS: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

WN: I thought it was only in Kona.

(Laughter)

LS: I don't know why they call 'em Kona nightingales, really. I suppose because they started there, but you know, it didn't matter. You'd hear these donkeys. "At, there's Johnny's donkeys." One by one they disappeared. Finally, the whole string of donkeys were gone, and Johnny (chuckles) couldn't figure out where they were gone. 'Cause you couldn't find the carcass anywhere. And so finally, somebody told us, "Oh, that's," and I'm not even going to mention this man's name. It's a Hawaiian name. "You go past his house. You look on his clothesline. All jerk beef. That's all donkey meat."

(Laughter)

LS: And they said . . .

WN: That wasn't true, though. Was true?

LS: It was, it was!

WN: It was true?

LS: Oh yeah. It was true. So that all the donkeys on Moloka'i disappeared. You can't find one today. Because the meat is so good. One day, my sister Louise and I were out horseback riding. We stopped at my sister-in-law, Johnny's wife, and she said, "Why don't you stay for lunch?" So we did. And this meat was sort of different, you know, there's no fat on it like beef. After we finished we said, "Oh, that was a good lunch."

She said, "Do you know what you ate?"

We said, "No."

She said, "That was donkey."

We said, "Ahh!"

(Laughter)

LS: And that was Johnny's wife. I don't know that they were responsible for taking one of his donkeys. But they said the meat is very good.

WN: You know, how did these—the Brown Ranch and the Moloka'i Ranch—compare in size to your father's ranch?

LS: Oh, our ranch was just small, you know. I don't think we had . . .

WN: What was it called? Duvauchelle Ranch?

LS: No, we didn't even name it, you know. We just said home. We never even referred to it as a ranch because we had the cattle and we also had farming. I mean, farming for the house, mainly, you know. 'Cause that's why I say, even after his work, my father worked in his garden, you know. I think he was one that had to do something all the time, you know. He was always busy, but once he had dinner, then his job was finished.

WN: So the big ranches like Meyer . . .

LS: Meyer's.

WN: . . . Meyer's, they were more profit, commercial enterprises.

LS: Yeah, they were commercial (and household). Ours was merely for (family provisions). Sometimes, as I told you, my father would ship cattle. Maybe six heads or maybe ten. It

depended, and usually it was because we were going to school and he needed that extra money for tuition. Because he'd say, "That steer is going to be Louise's tuition." He already marked them so that they would be shipped with the others. And like, Hawai'i Meat Company would pick 'em up when they got here [Honolulu] on the steamship, either *Likelike* or *Mikahala*, because they had provisions at the front of the ship (the hold) where they had the cattle. And it wasn't such a long trip. It was about five and a half hours (enroute to Honolulu) where they unloaded the cattle.

But mostly we liked the milking cows. I mean, we needed that for the house 'cause we had milk, made our own butter and cottage cheese. I never knew what (processed) American cheese was. The only cheese I knew was cottage cheese. When I tasted American cheese I didn't like it (chuckles). I didn't like celery, I didn't like olives, you know. 'Cause we didn't even have that at home. We just had what we got out of the garden. The only thing we had to buy was flour and bread. My mother had several tries at making bread and she never got it 'cause she couldn't make the yeast. 'Cause we didn't have Fleischman's yeast (available in the stores). She had to make yeast from potatoes, you know, Irish potatoes. So everything was do it yourself. You had to just improvise. When she finished (baking) the bread she'd say, "Oh Papa, the bread isn't so good."

He'd say, "Oh, but the crust is delicious."

(Laughter)

LS: Inside was all gummy, you know. He wouldn't tease her about that. So we subsisted on our own garden, from the cattle, and the (men would) go hunting deer, for venison. That was a change in the meat. And we could hunt the migrating birds at that time. The plover, 'cause they were plentiful, and the ducks. We could tell the ducks because when they were flying past, they'd have this long (outstretched) neck. We could tell. "Oh, the ducks are flying today." And in fact, the *nēnē* was killed for meat, too. But the mongooses were the one that were really getting the birds when they were still on the ground. And of course, the *nēnē* all (are) on the ground. Quail was another. But we didn't care about the quail—cleaning it—because when you pulled the feathers, the skin would come out (too). They were so soft. We had the doves, but never mynah birds. They were too tough. Yeah, they were. (Chuckles) But I liked to watch in my father's garage, there was a mynah bird nest and they had the bluest eggs. It was like the robin's egg, you know. Real pretty sky-blue egg.

And of course, the fishing. My father was in that, too. After the fishing season, the sampan became our pleasure boat. He would take us on trips, sometimes to Maui to visit Uncle Eugene or Uncle August. (Other times he) would take us to Wailau, where he (maneuvered the sampan) through this cave. The sampan could go right through the cave, Anapuhi. He killed the engine before he entered the cave, then he had enough power to go on through. While we were in the caves, the (men) would use poles, you know, to guide (through and) come out the other end. It was very interesting (and exciting). The strata on the inside of that cave were all colors. Red stripes, you know. I think that if the Chinese found the nests in there, they could get a lot of stuff for their bird's nest soup, because the birds seemed to be flying (in and out the cave). Whether they nested, I don't know. But (entry) had to be a certain time of day. The tide had to be just right. And my father knew when to do that, because that's when he took us. Then we'd stay with the Wailau people, these Hawaiian



people. Oh, that valley was beautiful. You could smell the ginger and the *lokelani*. And what we call snowballs, you know, hydrangea. And bananas growing wild. (There were taro cultivated here in taro patches; these were built years ago and were still yielding crops for poi.)

WN: How did the Hawaiian people live over there?

LS: They lived off the sea and off the land. But during only the summer months could they get 'opihi. Because it was rough most of the winter months. (Our menfolks went there for 'opihi and *hthtwai*.) I think about four months, from the spring through August, you could land there on a boat or go out and get 'opihi. But all the rest of the time, it was too rough. Then there was the freshwater shells, the *hthtwai*. You know what that is?

WN: Mm hmm.

LS: Well, that was another one of their food source. And the 'o'opu in the rivers. During the time that they could fish, they would store a lot of this, as what I told you. You could store the dry fish, you know, that would keep. Of course, they had all the poi they needed, and that was their staple.

WN: What about housing? What kind of houses did they have?

LS: They were frame houses. The bedroom and the living room. 'Cause I remembered that one room where we ate and, of course, the others were the bedrooms. And they had beds. I mean, you didn't sleep on the floor. They had bedsteads. It was very pleasant, very nice. They were lovely people. And when my father and them went over there, they just anchored the sampan. This was a time when you could leave the sampan anchored because it was still calm. And then they'd stay ashore. 'Cause they had any number of houses. I could name all these people. I couldn't name them right offhand. Henry is the one that can name them, you know. And then, sometimes, during the winter, they had a home in Pūko'o. So they'd come and stay there. Some of them, as they got older, would stay longer and longer. And then finally, they just abandoned the [Wailau] place altogether.

WN: Was it common for those Hawaiians to have more than one home in different areas of Moloka'i?

LS: Well, just those people because, after all, in the wintertime they would be stuck there, you know. So some of them would hike over and some would get a ride, like with my father and my uncle. 'Cause Uncle Eugene was always there too. And Henry would take the surveyor over, he was with the water department—Carson. Uh, can't think of his (first) name. He'd come over and my uncle or Henry would take him over in the sampan, leave him. And he'd hike all over where he needed to go. Then about the time that he was to (return), you know, they arranged for the rendezvous where he would be when they come and pick him up. 'Cause he had to be out of there before the winter storms.

And he was the bravest thing. I mean, he'd camp out in these valleys (alone for months). And he'd have his own little stove; he (prepared) all his meals. He was really quite capable of taking care of himself for, oh, it might be a month or longer. 'Cause he was making surveys

of all the waters. The amount of water, I guess. I don't remember. He had gauges that he would install at these places, too. He even went to Moa'ula, that's in Hālawā. He managed to hike all around these areas. You know from Wailau to Pelekunu, that's quite a climb 'cause it's very steep. But then (he adhered to a schedule), wherever he said, well, you can meet me here, at such and such a date, he would be there. So they'd go and pick him up. He was nice. Really a nice man. I met his (family and his) mother. When Louise and I were in Kamehameha Schools, why, they would invite us out to their home for Thanksgiving (dinner, a real treat), you know. We had this friendship with Carson and his (wife). His mother, in fact, was a missionary in Burma. So that's another story. (She and her husband gave them an alphabet for a written language; as the missionaries did for the Hawaiians.)

Well, the fishermen had a lot of superstition, you know. You don't take bananas (on a fishing trip). Did you know that?

WN: Uh uh [no].

LS: Banana is hard luck. So if you're going to take lunch to a fisherman—maybe they don't have that superstition now—don't take bananas. 'Cause one time my father was late coming home. I was always concerned about my father, you know. I would be his little shadow. I was always trying to be near him. And (my brothers and sisters) used to say, "Oh, you're Papa's pet," you know. I used to get that name. One day I was worried; he wasn't coming home. And he was still on the wharf, (fishing). Sometimes they'd fish for *ulua* off the wharf. They'd have a eel that they'd caught the night before, and they would fix the hook with this bait. They had another part of the eel that they (use) for *hauna*? You know that term?

WN: Is that chum?

LS: *Hauna* is the scent from this . . .

WN: Oh, that's where you get the word *hauna*.

LS: Yeah, it's a scent (to tempt the fish to your lines).

WN: Oh, the unpleasant odor?

LS: Well, somehow the scent (drifts) with the (current) and then the *ulua* (traces) it to your hook. You'd have another eel (hanging in the water) to pull out of the water, and that was my job, see. Pull it out and ask, "Shall I pound the *puhi* now?"

And he said, "Yes."

So you pull it up and pound it, (drop it back and) that releases some more of that scent; that was called the *hauna*.

WN: Was it a different smell? Was it a different smell than regular fish?

LS: Well, (what was used) as bait was usually the (same used for the smell, eel). The night before we'd go torching in the Pūko'o Pond; the eels would be (swimming) around, you know.

Henry would have a tire iron with one side all wrapped with cloth and then that's where he held it. He just hit the (eel) on the head and put it in the bag. The next day you have your bait and your *hauna*. You cut it open, you know. So that was what they did. (Strips for bait, the rest hung in the water to attract the fish, usually *ulua*.)

One day I decided that I'd go and meet my father 'cause he must be hungry about this time. I said, "Chee, Papa is late. He's not coming home." I didn't tell my mother I was going to take bananas. So I took about four or five bananas. I thought, well, gee, this will hold him until lunch. So when he saw me coming he said, "*Auwē! Pala ka mai'a!*" You know, the expression, "Oh my, the banana is ripe." And that was the (expression), *pala ka mai'a*. Then he pulled everything in and we went home. And he was laughing.

And I said, "Don't you want the banana?"

He said, "Oh yes, when I get home."

And I said, "Why did you say, *pala ka mai'a*?"

He said, "Well, when you brought the banana I had to stop fishing because that's bad luck," you know.

(Another bad luck) is if you quarreled. If you are going fishing and you quarrel with those that are going with you, don't go. 'Cause there won't be any fish, you know. It's hard luck already.

You don't ask anybody, "Where are you going?" If you know he's going fishing. "*Hele 'ana 'oe ihea?*" You (ask, "Where are you going?").

They'll just say, oh, they're going for a walk or something. "*Hele 'ana au i kuahiwi*. I'm going to the mountain."

You see, asking him, "Where you going?" He's not going to tell you, "I'm going fishing." He'll just say, "Oh, I'm going up the mountain." And this is at night. (Chuckles) You know, maybe we'd be walking and here's Ah Leong, he's going somewhere, you know. So, "*Hele 'ana 'oe ihea?*" We just ask him, "Oh, where are you going?"

"Well, I'm going *kuahiwi*." Then we'd ask, "Why is he going up the mountain tonight, Papa?"

He'd say, "Well, he's really going fishing, but he doesn't want to say that 'cause that's bad luck," you see. (Today's fishermen may not be superstitious.)

Well, of course, all our menfolks were into fishing. For the house, or some of them just enjoyed going fishing. My brother Raymond would always go out with his throw net. Always had fish for my mother, 'cause she loved her fish. It would be *manini*. There's one place [that had] a little *ko'a* for the *manini*. He'd go with his throw net and he'd have this (catch and) come home with fish. The cats would see him coming and he'd have some small fish (and threw them some). They had him pegged, he was going to have something for them.

I would go (fishing) with Henry, sometimes, in a skiff. And instead of fishing off the pier, we'd go in the boat to one *ko'a* that he knew we could get *hīnālea* or whatever. I (liked to) go with him. I was trying to think, my goodness, I kept going with somebody that was going fishing, you know. Sometimes I'd go at night, up to Honouliwai [Honouli Wai], and they'd throw lines from the rocks (on shore). I wanted to go. My mother said, "They're going to be out late at night."

And my father said, "That's all right. We'll take a *hali'i* (mat) for her." Put it down for me to go to sleep, but I never slept. I was all excited. I wanted to see them pull (the line) in.

I would go squidding (with my father). My father (and another fisherman, Aukai, a Hawaiian man that lived in Pūko'o, (both went squidding about the same time of day. Each argued that the other was encroaching on his part of the ocean). They (finally agreed) that from the Buchanan Pond to about (midway) to the [Pūko'o] Wharf would be Aukai's (territory). The other half would be my father's. Don't cross that line. Here's your landmark. (Each understood.) But if one of them goes squidding early, why, he might cross that line and then when (the other arrives), he scolds, "You crossing my line!" When they are at sea, they're enemies, but ashore they're fine; they're friends, you know. (The boat in which) they went squidding was a skiff—flat bottom—and (at) the (bow) there was a little area, you know, the bow of the boat would come (to a point where a flat board fit). I'd sit there. I was really small enough to do that.

(Laughter)

LS: And so the fishermen would wear this coconut. It's dry; it's *niu ka'a*. *Ka'a* means, you know, it shakes. And they would take it out of the shell, it would come out whole. And they'd cut it in half and then they'd string it, (the halves, hang them around their neck).

WN: This was the husk?

LS: The coconut. No, the inside, the meat.

WN: Oh, the meat.

LS: Yeah. And then as they went along, they would bite a piece off and chew it and then spit it all out. And that's oil; oil on troubled waters, you know? Would clear. So I would go with him and I'd say, "I'll chew the coconut. I'll spit the coconut." So that's my job. And so then he'd see a squid. He says, "See, there's one right there." (He stood just behind me in the bow of the boat using a pole to move the skiff, watching for a squid hole.) And I tried to look at it. Have you been able to see a squid in a hole?

WN: No.

LS: 'Cause they're really camouflaged, you know. But they [fishermen] have trained eyes. He said, "No, there's one right there. Can't you see it?"

I said, "No."

So when he pokes the spear in, then, of course, the thing comes up and all this (ink). I got squirted a lot with the stuff, you know. When they come up they start squirting.

WN: So the oil clears the water.

LS: Yes. Yeah, you try it sometime. Even when you go fishing, just take oil or that type of coconut. Even the fresh coconut. But this was so easy to get to. You didn't have to pry it out. And it's juicy, I mean, it's really pleasant. I think that's how they made the coconut oil, the copra. So I was designated the coconut spitter.

(Laughter)

LS: So that's the *niu ka'a*.

WN: Did you eat, also?

LS: Yeah, you know, it's good enough. I mean, it tasted good. So he said, "All right, you can spit here." So I'd spit. Sometimes, he'd make a good haul fishing. He did a lot of fishing. He had nets galore. He had gill nets for the fish pond, and then he had deep-sea nets for fishing for *akule*. In Honouli Wai was about the best spot. And he was the *kilo*. He'd stand up on the mountain with the ti leaf, (he had) the whole branch, he brought up. And he'd direct them. (One) boat come this way; the (other) boat come the (opposite) way, until they formed a full circle. Now they've got the school of fish (surrounded). And they keep pulling (and) pulling it in. This was (the fish) they took to Maui to sell at the markets. And when he had more, he would call (John) McVeigh of the Kalaupapa settlement (and tell him), "I have some fish. Would you like some?" (They could always use the fish for the patients. He delivered the fish to the settlement.)

There was another place. Sometimes it would be *akule*, and another time it would be *'ama'ama*, or the mullet. Outside of the Keawa Nui Pond, (that) spot was good for mullet. There was always a school of mullets there. They referred to the mullet caught in the [pond] as [inside]. Or *loko*. The *loko* mullet was more desirable than [mullet caught] outside, for some reason. Because they were fat and, you know, they ate the mud and they were not as active, I guess, as the ones outside. But there was a difference. People chose the pond mullet.

WN: They got real fat?

LS: Yeah, certain seasons; when they weren't spawning. But you know the mullet that were in the pond never reproduced. They were not fertile. That's why they had to bring in these fingerlings to restock the pond.

Henry was delivering poi (to Kalaupapa) on the sampan. Henry started running a sampan when he was, chee, seventeen. I remember (him) coming (home) from Maui one time. The engine died and he managed to steer it into the (Puko'o) harbor. He had this (young) kid that was helping him. He got seasick; he was no help at all. Henry did a lot of things. He went fishing with my Uncle Eugene. He knows a lot. He can name you every (place) on Moloka'i. He can (trace) the map and tell you the names of (all) the places.



Well, (one) way they could get freight to Kalaupapa was by (land and) donkey train that would come down the (winding) trail, or by ship. Kalaupapa could not get any freight (by) ship at times. It was rough during the winter. (Same was true of) Wailau and Pelekunu. (Ships) couldn't land there. The donkey train brought (freight) down. One of the Joao men, way back, was the one that cut this trail. I walked down that trail in 1941, I think in November. And it was very pleasant. Now it's a (Moloka'i) mule (ride, a tourist attraction) down (to the Kalaupapa peninsula).

I don't know whether you heard of the *kāpe'e*. Do you know what they are? They come up when the tide is just (right), when the night is dark (and) there's no moon, just a lot of stars in the dark sky, and the *kāpe'es* are (on top the small rocks). And you know what *pipipis* are?

WN: Yeah.

LS: Okay, well, these are bigger shells. They're (about) the size of a snail. When my grandmother would look up at the sky she'd say, "Oh, the stars are out tonight. The *kāpe'e* is up." So we'd get our lanterns or preferably the (Coleman) gas lights, and we'd go and (gather) these things. (We would) go while the tide is just beginning to come in. Now these things come up on the rock; they're poised on the rocks. You go along and everybody is picking (them). "I got one, I got one." (Great excitement) going (in one direction then) turn around to come back. You just keep doing this until these rocks are covered at high tide. They're good-eating (boiled) and (picked out of the shell).

WN: How big were they?

LS: Well, about the size of a—bigger than my thumbnail. And they have pretty designs on them. They have red stripes, gray stripes, and every one is a different design.

WN: Do they still have 'em today?

LS: Oh, I'm sure they do. I don't think people go after 'em like we did. It was fun, we loved doing it. Then we'd go home, boil 'em. Then sit down and eat 'em. It was . . .

WN: People don't eat 'em anymore?

LS: Oh, they (are) too fancy. They go to the store and buy everything they want. I don't know. I can't say that they don't. Maybe there's some that still go after them, you know, because they're good-eating. But only like *pūpū*. You can't—well I guess you could make a meal of them (chuckles) if you want to; if you have enough.

And oh, when [Queen Lydia] Lili'uokalani died (in 1917), my father knew that some *ali'i* had died. You heard of the '*āweoweo*'?

WN: Yeah.

LS: I don't know how we heard about it. This was in 1917. Somebody saw (them) when the Pūko'o Wharf was still (standing). Where the wharf meets the (wall of) the fish pond. Right in that corner, where the wall of the fishpond—the *kuapā*—and where the wharf ended—all

the pilings—were these red fish, the biggest school we've ever seen. Well, I've never seen 'em in schools. And they're good-eating fish, you know, the Hawaiians like that to eat 'āweoweo raw. There's another name for it, ('*alalauwā*). But when we heard about it, I can remember, we all went down to look at it and the moon was out. And these fish would turn and they'd flash this (fluorescent) red. It was beautiful. And we could hear my father saying to my mother that some *ali'i*, you know, something. Some *ali'i*. And apparently it's some sort of a phenomenon when these fish appear like that in such a large school. It has to do with (the) death of some *ali'i*. I don't think you see 'em in big schools; no more *ali'i* left, huh.

WN: I've heard stories, not just Moloka'i but other areas. That happened, too, you know.

LS: Yes.

WN: The fish came in.

LS: Yeah, I don't say that—it was what we saw, you know. And then my father said, oh, you know, somebody's dead. Of course, Lili'uokalani was the only (remaining *ali'i* by birth).

At one of the times when they surrounded a school of *akule*, (my father) took (the fish to market in) Maui. He and (three men) went on this (trip). They just (rigged) a sail (on a whaleboat). They didn't have a motor, they just loaded the fish (aboard) and (set a course for Maui) when it was cool. Early, early morning. And delivered (the fish), sold all, got their money, (and) were starting back to Moloka'i (when) a squall hit them and they had the sail up, see. (My father) hollered out to the young man who was in charge of (the rigging to lower the sail). He had made the wrong knot, (a square knot), I think, and he couldn't (release) it in time. Those squalls come up so (suddenly) that you had to be fast. The (boat) capsized and the mast went right down into the water. They couldn't bring that up and they couldn't get the sail down (and couldn't right the boat). Well, it was too late; it (had) already capsized. Two men decided they would swim into Lahaina (to get help), and they could see (people) on the road; (they were so close to shore). They tried to wave to get (attention) and my father said, "I will swim," he says, "'Cause I'm the strong swimmer." These were younger men except for the one man (Kamake'e) who stayed with him and the boat. "I can make it too . . ."

"No, no, no. We'll go." So they took part of the mast (and flotsam) and made a raft. And they started in. Two hours later my father said (to his companion, Kamake'e), "They're not coming back. They can't; they didn't make it," he said. "I told 'em not to go 'cause that current was coming out." And that Moloka'i current—well, the current in the ocean here, between the islands, is tricky. It changes very quickly. The Moloka'i Channel is a bad one. So he and (Kamake'e) decided. They (had) hung on (to the submerged craft) for the longest time. They were alongside. Finally (my father) said, "Well, if they're not coming back, we'll have to start out ourselves." They started toward Lāna'i; the current changed. They (changed course) toward Moloka'i; the current changed. They were trying to go with the current every time, and it kept changing. They were in the ocean for about eighteen hours when they finally got (close) to Mokuho'oniki. Now that's the little island offshore (from) Pu'uoHoku Ranch. They had (salvaged pieces of the mast and floor boards from the boat that they used to float to save their strength and make the) swim easier as the current kept changing. So (with the float, they would tread water and make progress. They were getting closer to) Mokuho'oniki

(when Kamake'e) said, "I can't make it, I can't make it."

(My father) said, "Yes, look. We *pau*. We're in the shadow of Mokuho'oniki already." He kept trying to encourage him. He had let his piece of debris go and my father gave him his (float). He said, "Here, take this."

"No," he said, "You tell my family good-bye for me." He [father] said when (Kamake'e) let go he just went straight down. He was so waterlogged. And he had just given up. He probably stopped breathing even before he went under. (My father wanted to save Kamake'e but he was too weak. He could have been pulled down by the drowning man; he had thoughts of his own family.) So he swam the rest of the way and he got to Mokuho'oniki; (his foot touched solid ground). It was nighttime and he just made one (lunge). For some reason (and God-given strength) he got a good grip and he got up on (a ledge) there. He said the sun wakened him (in the morning). And he was stark naked then. Just everything (in the struggle stripped him,) even his pants. And all the coins, you know, they were paid in silver in those days. (That morning) he tried to signal the people (he saw) ashore. There was another three miles I think, (to swim to Moloka'i island from Mokuho'oniki).

So he finally made it to shore. And those people (he'd seen who) were fishing (were frightened) when they saw him. They had heard that he was lost at sea and they thought this was his ghost. He was naked, and there was one woman there, and he tried to shield himself as best he could. He asked them if they would lend him their horse. They said no 'cause they (were convinced) he was a ghost. So he walked (barefooted) quite a ways (on rocky dirt road and) he finally got to the house (in Honouliwai [Honouli Wai]) where one of his own fishermen (lived). He tried to give (my father) something to eat, the (very) *akule* that they had caught. He couldn't swallow 'cause the salt water (had parched his throat). Somebody ran to (Moanui) to get Olaf Tollefsen. He came in his wagon (pulled by) two horses, and he knew just what to bring: goat's milk. That was the only (food) my father could swallow and brought him home to (his) mother (in Puko'o). Henry, Louise and Zelig were all in Honolulu with (our) mother (Annie). She had heard the news (that Edward was lost at sea). Her mother kept saying, "I just opened the Bible. It says, 'He has landed, he has landed.'" (Edward left Moloka'i) as quickly as he could to get to Honolulu, (where) he rejoined his family. (My mother) said it was hard to recognize him. His face was (scarred); stung (by) those (flying) little sharp-shelled crabs that just float on the top of the ocean. He said they just kept coming at him, (skimming the surface, striking his face). He told his mother (that) he saw some sharks. She said, "Why didn't you call? They're our '*aumakua*.'"

He said, "Oh, I don't know. I was scared. I thought maybe because. . . ." 'Cause he used to catch sharks, just for the liver. They just took the liver and threw the rest of the shark away. They'd go out with their boat, like a whaleboat, and usually it was the carcass (of a horse) that attracted the shark (which) they would just (let) float where they were. Again, here's the *hauna* that is floating at sea. The sharks will come and they'll start attacking (the bait), and when they can't get to it they (would) attack (the) others. He said, "Oh, these sharks will eat one another." When they'd catch 'em they just take the liver out, drop it in the boat, and (drop the dead shark overboard).

WN: What did he use the liver for?

LS: (For the oil.) They would bring that home and my mother (dreaded it). "Oh, my goodness, it stunk!" 'Cause they would dry it (in the sun). They didn't boil it. They just (stretched these pieces) out on corrugated iron, and (the oil) would just run down into barrels. (The stench was not too bad when wafting downwind, my mother said.) They would take (this oil) to the (sugar) mill in Lahaina; sometimes there would be a period when they ran out of diesel oil. I say diesel oil 'cause I don't know what kind of oil they used for their machinery. They would use the shark oil (which) wasn't cured. It was just melted. (Chuckles) And the Chinese men would say, when they saw them coming, "*Pilau 'aila* man come!" Here this stinking oil men are bringing oil. And they knew, because when it ran through the machinery it's just, huu! Yeah. But, you see, these men (earned money) doing everything (they could) to support a family, and that was part of it; also the fishing, (farming, and ranching). That's why I say they didn't have (much) time to socialize. They were just hardworking (men, my father and two brothers).

So the Duvauchelle men at sea: my father, (boat overturned, swam to safety in) 1906. My brother, August, his (cabin cruiser) went out from under him, (it sank). He had just had it repaired (in Honolulu. The bottom split open.) His son was with him and they (were in sight of) Kaunakakai (when the engine room was flooded and the engine stopped). He and his young son (abandoned the boat and started swimming ashore, then surfed over the reef). He knew how to body surf (and helped his son). They got over the reef at the right time and he held (onto) his son. It was dark before they finally got to shore.

My uncle, Eugene's (Duvauchelle), sampan (*Rose D*) capsized or rather, a wave (swamped the boat). The engine died and there they were, (passengers and crew), between Moloka'i and Maui. My (oldest) brother, Eddie (Duvauchelle), stayed with the sampan and my uncle (Eugene) and Willie Lono swam ashore. Eddie (stayed with the sampan), the oil kept coming out from the engine (room) and he was pretty badly burned from (exposure to) the oil. But he said he never saw people die so quickly. Just the exposure, they got cold. What do you call (it), hypothermia? He said he tried to tie them to the boat, so that at least he'd have their bodies to take home. One of the rope kind of floated out, you know, and he had heard it snap. And he kept telling them, he said, "Keep moving, (kick) your feet. Otherwise you might die." One little boy, young Chinese boy, had just come to join his family on Moloka'i, and he wanted this as his first trip. He was scared of water and he was the first one that was swept (off). They never saw him. So that was the Duvauchelle men at sea. I mean, all the experiences they've had.

And there was a lot of opium smuggling, only (for) the Chinese. See, there wasn't any (known) drug use in the islands at that time, except the Chinese, 'cause they were already addicted (in China) when they (arrived) here as laborers. If they didn't get their opium, they couldn't work. They just weren't strong enough for (hard labor). So there was a lot of this opium smuggling and there was money in that. And the way they were smuggled, you know, different ways. The ships' captains (merchant marine) used to have different ways that they (smuggled) on board ship. So that it got in like everything else is doing now. My father (worked at) the immigration station at that time, and found that one captain had (hidden the stuff) behind a panel all in little tins the size of our spice (tins).

Oh, we had movies, outdoor movies. (The owner-operator) had quite a sizeable car as he didn't have a trailer. He had a tent, (lights), and all his (movie) equipment. There would be



benches (all ready at the site). Now, one of the places was at the soda works, where I told you Okazaki made soda water on a piece of property that he leased from my father. There were (these) benches (and) when this man came he would set up his tent and his equipment, and the movie (projector powered by) the engine of the car (which) ran all the time. I think he was (running) it off the back wheel (of his car for power) to get his projector working. So of course (lights came on at the) end of (each) reel, then (a pause) to change films before he (got it going again).

Other times he would have (the movie) at Kamalō. That was great because the Kam Chee family made doughnuts. And while we were at the movies, just about the (time the) movies were over, we could smell the doughnuts. And boy, from there we would rush; if you didn't get there in time, they would all be gone. They were those sugar doughnuts. Oh, they were so good. My father loved movies. When he came to Honolulu he'd go to two or three movies (in) one (day). He'd see 'em all. He just loved (moving pictures, as they were called). So we were sure that when the movies came (to Puko'o) we would go, 'cause he (never missed) the movie. So that was (the height of our evening entertainment).

WN: So where—they actually had it outdoors [on Moloka'i]?

LS: Outdoors. But he had a tent. He had all this equipment with him, except for the benches. The benches were always left at this site. They wouldn't come, maybe, for two or three months. And (before) they (arrived), we'd have enough notice that they were coming. This big touring car; it wasn't a Buick. I don't know what make it was, I don't even know who (the owner) was. I was only interested that there was going to be a movie.

WN: What kind of movies did they have?

LS: Oh, usually westerns. Of course, that's the kind that (was popular then).

WN: These were before talkies?

LS: Oh, yes, (long before talkies), all silent. Of course, everybody liked westerns, you know. It always ended with a clinch, (a hug, an embrace), so that was enough. They don't like all this mushy stuff and this suck face, today. (WN laughs.) Oh my gosh! That's terrible! Oh, I don't know. But they said it's not as bad as it looks.

WN: Did you have to pay?

LS: Yeah, I think it was a nickel for children. I forget, maybe quarter for the adults. I don't think he made an awful lot of money, but, well, maybe he had made (a small profit or he wouldn't go to all that trouble for one night).

WN: What, did it run by electricity or generator?

LS: He ran it off his car.

WN: He ran it off his car.



LS: Yeah. However way it was. I think on one of the back wheels. I think he raised it up. The motor of the car kept running, so that that wheel would turn. And that's how they did it at the poi factory, you know, Aipa Poi Factory. First they were pounding poi the regular way, with poi stones. And then, of course, when the board of health inspected that (method), they found (that) the men were perspiring and very likely some of it dripped into the poi. So they (switched) to (long-handled) mallets. So here were these big mallets; imagine the croquet mallet, but these were longer sticks. They were pounding poi that way. And then later the machinery (generated) off the wheel of a car. Everything was improvised and improved. When they got their engine that was high class (modern times), you know. (Chuckles)

My uncle, August (Reimann), lived [on Maui] right across [the channel] from Pūko'o. That was Nāpili. Now, we couldn't do what we did before. I mean, we couldn't see (much) before 'cause it was all dark. Now you look over there you see all these [lights from] hotels, you know. Sheraton and I don't know what else (is) in Nāpili (Ka'anapali. When we went) torching we used the gas light. And when (my uncle) wrote my father, he would say, "Oh, I saw you folks out *lamalama*," whatever night it was. He could see us, and we could see them, whatever was happening over there. If he wanted to signal my father (without long-distance) telephone, he could use the wireless, but he didn't bother with the wireless. He just (made) a signal with a fire, like a bon fire. If he had it in (one) spot, that meant come for a good time. (In) another place it would (mean) illness, (or bad news). So (when) his adopted mother, which was his aunt, was very ill, (his signal) meant sadness. We'd go over in the sampan (which) was always available. When it wasn't (used for) fishing, it was just tied up to (Puko'o) Wharf. Or we'd go to see Uncle Eugene; he had a place in Maui, near Lahaina. I think it was called Māla. A beautiful little place and he lost it 'cause he didn't keep up the (tax) payments. So, he moved to (Puko'o), Moloka'i.

After our home burned (down in 1922), we moved to—well, we lived in this (small cottage) in back that was (built) for my grandfather and grandmother. My father fixed it up so there would be room for all the family. He always wanted to keep the family together. (Later) we moved to Honolulu and built (a home in Kalihi). City Mill did the (construction and) financing (which was rarely done) at that time. I think it was [\$]6,000 for the house. Imagine [\$]6,000, huh. It was on the land that my mother (inherited from her mother located off) Gulick Avenue, way back on Pua'ala Lane; Pua'ala named for my grandmother.

(My mother kept in mind) we would go back to Moloka'i and build again—always in the back of her mind she'd go back—well, she made arrangements (to salvage lumber from vacant) homes. The Wailau people had moved out, so the homes were all vacant. (She asked the owners, probably) Bishop Estate, if she could (dismantle) the homes for the lumber. So the boys did that. The menfolks would go over by sampan, and then they'd (dismantle the homes, salvage the lumber), even saved the nails. They said those (houses) weren't even attacked by termites, the lumber was (in) perfect (condition). I don't know whether it was redwood; (must have been). Anyway, two or three times they went over and (each time) they would make a raft of the lumber, tie it firmly, then tow it. Then another time, if they didn't have quite that big a load, they would just load (the lumber) on the (deck of the) sampan, (laying the boards) across (the deck). (That) would have to be in the summertime, when the weather was good. (All) this (timber) was stockpiled for (the time) when we would build again. It was (stored) right on the piece of property (where the house) would be built. It was right on the beach at Pu'ulua (*makai*), stacked there for quite a while. (We thought) it would've been (safe), except

that little by little somebody was taking the lumber and building their (own) house. One house was going up and my mother's pile of lumber was going down. (We knew who it was.) The lumber wasn't there when we were ready (to build). So the only one that had gone back there and built (on that property) was my sister, Zeli; (a Hicks home from Honolulu. Later, she moved this home from Pu'ulua to Puko'o where it stands today. My mother and dad didn't build again. They fixed up a two-story Japanese schoolhouse on our property that had been leased before World War II.)

Oh, when my sister (Zeli) got a piano, (that) was really very exciting. I think that was in 1917. We all wanted to go down to the wharf where the (inter-island steamer was moored). It was still daylight. My mother said, "You watch from our porch here. You can see it." She said, "You're not going down there. You'll get into trouble." She's always feeling that one of us would fall.

"Why, if we fall down we can swim," you know, we all could swim dog paddle or whatever (the stroke was called). We had one spyglass among us. We had to sit on the front porch to watch (the steamer). All (of us) on the steps. We could see this piano hauled out, then lowered (into the passenger boat). Then come alongside where there was a derrick on the wharf, (where the piano was hauled up and set on the wharf deck). This piano (was in a) crate. Then finally, oh, it seemed interminable to just wait for this piano to get home, you know, so Keli (Zeli) could start playing. It finally (arrived). The (men) uncrated it and carried it into the (parlor) and we couldn't wait until she---well, she couldn't wait either. That's my oldest sister Zeli (whom we call Keli). Well, that piano (crate) became our playhouse. It was (set up) in the backyard under a big (poinciana) tree. And that was a great fun (house). Have you seen a . . .

WN: You mean the piano was put out?

LS: No, the crate.

WN: Oh, the crate. I'm sorry.

LS: You've seen a piano box, I mean the crate that it comes in?

WN: No.

LS: It's shaped---well, we had an upright, cottage-type piano. Upright. So the (crate) was built to (match) the shape of the piano. So when the front (piece) was taken off, why it was a perfect playhouse.

WN: Better than the piano, probably (chuckles).

LS: Oh, yeah. I guess after a while we got (used to) the piano; (it no longer was a novelty). However, when the people would come to the post office for their mail, and my sister would be practicing, they'd come to the front steps and sit and listen or they'd sit in the front yard and listen. So it was something for them, and (Zeli) enjoyed (playing). She would get all the latest music sheets, like. . . . I'm trying to think of some of the numbers. The Dardenelles, "Oh sweet Dardenella, da da da da boom." And "Moonlight and Roses" and all the latest

songs, you know. And she was fast at reading music.

Now I'm going to go into a very nice story about a mystery lady. She arrived at---see, my father being the deputy sheriff—that was another thing he did too—he would always meet the (ships) that (came) in.

WN: Let me change tapes, okay?

LS: Okay.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 19-13-3-90; SIDE ONE

WN: Okay, you were talking about the mystery lady.

LS: Yeah, the mystery lady. The only name we knew her by was Mrs. Campbell. Well, I wasn't even born at that time, when she (arrived). As I said, my father was a deputy sheriff. He always met all the (ships) that (arrived). They came twice a week. After everybody left, this lady was still there with one of those old-fashioned valises. I don't know whether you've ever seen them. The top, you know, fitted right over the bottom part. And it was all this basket weave. Well, that was the old way of traveling. I mean, you (don't see) this kind of luggage. It was a weave, basket weave. Then (there were) straps that went around it and (ended with) a handle (on top). Part of the straps formed a handle. So there she was, sitting by her valise, as we called it. And my father looked at her and watched her. She didn't move or make a move to go anywhere. So he went up (to her) and introduced himself (as) the deputy sheriff, and (asked if) she was waiting for somebody. "No." He named the McCorristons and the Hitchcocks. "No." She wasn't waiting for either of them.

He asked, "Well, where do you plan to stay?"

She says, "Well, I hadn't planned." She says, "I'm looking---I thought I'd find a job." And I don't know whether she said a job, maybe she said employment.

And he said, "Well, what sort of employment?"

She says, "Well, I'm a good housekeeper, and I like children. I can take care of children."

He said, "You're just the lady we need." (Chuckles) He said, "Oh, you can help Mama, you know," so he brought her home.

As my sister described her, she had this gray dress, very starkly dressed. Like, she said, like you see (in movies); women (guards) in prisons. They take care of the inmates, like that. She was. . . . Well, I can't describe her any other way. I mean, that's the way my sister described her, 'cause she had this straight brimmed hat and this (long) flowing gray dress. (Meanwhile), my mother was watching (from the veranda at home). "What could he be bringing home

now? Who is this?" He was carrying this valise.

(Arriving home), he said, "Mama, I brought you somebody that will help you. This is Mrs. Campbell." And that was the only (name) he knew. That was the only name (she gave).

She and my mother got along very well and she liked the children. She took care of them. She also was a (good) cook and taught my mother how to cook several things, like biscuits that my mother never did very well. At her spare time she would make doughnuts or cookies; kept those on hand. She really endeared herself to the children. There were just Zelig, Louise, Henry. I think Raymond was the youngest. Raymond was just ahead of me. She'd go riding—horseback riding—with my mother. They got to be very dear friends. She trained (my mother) in a lot of things. Trained the children in table manners. She said, "By the time these children go to school, when they're six years old, they should learn to eat with knife and fork." So that was (a set rule): you used knife and fork when you were six years old (and started school).

One day, there was a letter in the mail for her. And I don't know whether my father was still a postmaster. At any rate, it was from Texas. Right after that she said something to my father that she was going to leave. So he thought, well this must have been a letter (from home). Not too long after that, two men arrived to escort her back to the (states). There was no way that my father, or anybody (else could) know who these men were. Henry says, probably they were FBI men. Maybe she was a witness; protected witness. We had to make all kinds of stories up as to how come she came all the way to Moloka'i. Maybe that was the last place anybody would look for her. But then she left just as mysteriously as she arrived. Everybody went down to the (wharf) to see her off. Raymond, of course, about that time had (grown) so fond of her; he was crying. She said, "Well, when I came your mother was holding you and you were crying; now I'm leaving and you're still crying."

He said, "I'm crying for you because you're (going away)." So she left (and was never heard of again. She left a void in our family after eighteen months.) We always refer to her as Mrs. Campbell, (and now and then speculate who she might have been).

Oh, the nice story about her. Before the men (went deer) hunting, they (would test) their guns; the sights and (the barrel). When hunting season came (around) they wanted their guns to be in (excellent condition). My father always insisted that (each one) put a gun away clean. You use it, clean it, (then) put it away. So (just before the hunting season the men were just) testing (the guns. My father) got out his (smaller firearms), a .38 or .45, just kind of getting (them) in use again, because it wasn't used (much). When he was a deputy sheriff he used to carry (sidearms). He was firing the pistol and (Mrs. Campbell) was watching, (standing outside) the dining-room door (between) the two orange trees. The men were between the two orange trees, firing. Their targets were the lichen on huge rocks (on the mountain slope). When you (look at) the mountains, you (see) these big, black rocks; the lichen was a perfect target for them. Then (my dad) put tin cans on this one *kiawe* branch that (bent) down (close to the ground). He was firing; testing the pistols. Well, I don't know whether he hit 'em every time. (Mrs. Campbell) came (closer and asked), "Do you mind if I try my luck?"

He said, "No."



He thought, you know, what does this lady think she can do with a pistol? Well, so she took the thing—I think he (may have) loaded it for her, and put up the tin cans. The lady shot. She shot and she (chuckles) hit the target (every time). Then she said, “Would you like to throw them up for me?”

My dad said (to himself), ho, show off. So he started throwing up (tin cans). She’d keep the things up in the air with her shots. Boy, about that time, (my dad) was really impressed.

(When finished), she said, “Oh, that’s fine.” She left and went inside. Again, just that mystery woman. (Who was she?)

Then my brother, Weli (short for Waldemar), said one time he saw in the back of her hair, she had—he said—a small pistol. I guess it was a derringer and she had it in her hair. But apparently, this time she didn’t fix (her hair) well enough to cover it. He swears he saw it. She had a lot of hair. It was always combed up and piled up high. (When) he told my father, he said, “Let’s not say anything about it. She’s a nice lady and maybe one day we’ll find out about it.” So that (was) never mentioned (again) ’cause he felt, well, she was peaceful and he didn’t know who she was. Of course, now in the present-day lingo, (we’d) say, oh she must have been a moll, you know, a gunner’s moll or (just) somebody. And was supposed to go to jail but she escaped and then these two men came for her. We had the story all built up but (to this day) we really don’t know. Never heard from her after that. But my mother remembers her ’cause she helped her so much with the baby and with the children. She was there for her and she was a companion, too; a good friend. (Then) she was gone (but not forgotten).

Today, you can get Dutch cleanser or Comet or all of that stuff. And you can buy brushes for your cleaning. Well, we had a wood stove and we would save the ashes. We would screen the ashes of whatever pieces of wood that was left over, (like charcoal). That was our scouring powder. For brushes, we used coconut husk (cut and shaped as a brush). The edge of it would be (used for) scrubbing. It was the perfect thing. You would hold (one end as a) handle and (the other end to) scrub our pots. Ashes and coconut brushes (were our tools). On the wood stove the pots (are) right over the flame, why, you’re going to have some black-bottomed pots.

WN: Did you scrub the bottoms, too?

LS: Yeah, yeah. Oh yeah. The bottoms would very often be black.

WN: Yeah?

LS: Yeah. We had oil lamps for lights, and every morning, whosever job it was—we all had jobs, you know—(she or he would) clean the chimney ’cause it would always be black the next morning, or refill (the lamps) with kerosene oil. Depending on the size that a child was, (the smaller ones) couldn’t always be the ones to (handle the lamps). My father would have to (fill gallon bottles from) those big cans of kerosene oil. Every morning the lamps had to be cleaned and refilled (to) be (ready) for the night again, until we had (Coleman) gasoline lamps. Then later on (our home was wired for) electricity. My goodness, we were living (in modern times).



WN: So you got electricity while you were in that big house?

LS: Yes, yeah.

WN: So between 1915 and '22.

LS: Mm [yes]. And Jimmy Crane did the electrical work. He was a friend that came over with Uncle Eugene, I think, when Uncle Eugene was on the police force, he was on the—what do they call 'em when they're on horseback, you know, on the police force?

WN: Mounted police.

LS: Mounted police, yeah. He and Jimmy Crane were great friends. They were always up to some kind of tricks. Uncle Eugene brought him over to Moloka'i (where) he settled. He married one of the Ilae sisters and raised his family on Moloka'i. He was the one (who) wired our home (for electricity. Eventually he worked for the County of Maui as telephone lineman.)

On our way to Kaunakakai, (we passed the charcoal kilns operated by) a Chinese (man). It's all underground. He had a smokestack that came out of a mound (for ventilation) and it emitted smoke. I remember going past there and my dad would say, "Children, hold your breath." So we'd hold our breath because this (smoke) that was emitting from that (kiln), he felt, was poisonous. I guess it was. So we'd hold our breath (until we passed the place) and he said, "All right, let it out now."

WN: Making charcoal?

LS: Making charcoal.

WN: *Kiawe*?

LS: Yeah, but that was years ago. *Kiawe*. *Kiawe* makes the best charcoal. And that's the only thing that I can remember (about charcoal making). We also had salt beds in Kaunakakai (operated by Chinese). They'd let the seawater in, (that would evaporate and the residue) would be salt. I can't see how it was such good salt, because that mud in Kaunakakai, I didn't think was too clean. But there were these salt beds, I can remember them. Going down to the pier (those salt beds were) on the right. (The sides were) raised like the taro patches were. (The process of) letting the seawater in and then closing (the openings) then the sun would dry it out and the (residue was) salt. I can't imagine how they had enough time to have the salt solidify from the seawater. But I do remember these salt beds. I think the only ones that are existing today are the ones on Kaua'i, that I know of, and it comes out red salt (from the soil).

WN: Who ran the salt beds?

LS: I think they were Chinese. There were also rice fields close to Kawela. I can still remember, as we were riding to Kaunakakai, we'd look (*mauka*, see them) winnowing (the kernels), they would be tossing this up to get the shafts blown out. I don't know how far back it was started

and where they sold the rice. I don't think it was sold in the Islands. I really don't know where it went. I was too young (to care, I guess). We just (looked) up to see if they were tossing the rice (kernels). They were so far back from the road (we) couldn't see (some figures) outdoors. And in front of that (closer to the road) were rice patches, (marsh land). I don't know whether it's still in water, just bogs, perhaps. I don't know. There was so much going on (those days), because (most) everybody lived off the land the best they could. The inter-island ships would only come twice a week, (carrying mail and cargo; from Moloka'i cargo was produce, livestock, etc.).

I told you about the *hā* healing, did that all right. But then there's another they call *lā'au kāhea*. Have you heard of that?

WN: Mm mm. *Lā'au kāhea*?

LS: Yes. And it's a gift and anyone having it has to develop it and they have to train. Now, one man on Moloka'i, his name was Aitake. My brother, Eddie, had to climb the mast to adjust something for the sail and he fell over the gunnel of the (sampan), the sides, and broke his back. His head out and his feet in. I can still remember they rushed home and my father was—he was always up on this perch looking for (a) sampan or looking for fish. And the sampan was home a day or two early, so he knew there was something wrong. So he goes on down to the pier. And Eddie had to be carried. And I can remember somebody being carried home in a piece of canvas. You know, the canvas (curved) down, almost touching the ground and four people holding each corner. And we were told to stay outside, because you know, the children, (there were) so many of us. My mother sent (a messenger) for Aitake—he lived about a mile away—and told him what the problem was, what my mother wanted. I don't know whether she went herself on horseback, but any rate he said, "You go home and you wait for me." He says, "I'm going by the way of the beach." So I suppose he wouldn't be met, you know. Whatever his reason, he came by the beach. And he came to the bedroom and he told my mother that he wanted to be alone with Eddie, and to keep everybody quiet. His hands were clenched and Eddie lay there and he asked, Eddie had to tell his story. He asked him all sorts of questions and he'd run his hand on his body. Then he told him to turn around on his stomach so he could get to his back. (Eddie) said, "I don't think I can."

He said, "Yes, you can. You turn." So he did. (Aitake) was doing something to his back. I mean, we—none of us saw it—except for Eddie's description). The last move that he made was from the back of his neck all the way down the spine, right to his buttocks.

And he (asked), "What did that feel like? Did you feel that?"

He said, "Yes. You have water in your hand. You had water pouring on my back." Well, there wasn't any water. It was just that last feeling.

So he said, "Turn around. Now, you get out of bed."

He said, "I can't walk!"

He said, "Get out of bed!" And he did. There was no pain; he was healed. But I can't tell you the time it took, because it must have been over an hour.

Eddie got up and he walked all the way down to the end of the wharf where the people were, still on the sampan. They were cleaning up and looked up. They were surprised that he could walk, because they carried him; (an invalid). His back was broken, but that's one of the things you hear about this *lā'au kāhea*. Literally, (*lā'au* is medicine; *kāhea*, to call; I would not attempt a translation). There hasn't been anybody since Aitake that we (know) of, that had this (power, a gift).

But I understand—did you ever hear of Winona Love? She was one of our famous hula dancers. Beautiful dancer. Her mother had this gift and she cured George Ii Brown. He was in a very bad accident and he couldn't walk; had so many broken bones. She did that for him, and you know, how many years he existed. I think he and Winona Love lived together until he died.

One of the missionary doctors wanted to learn this *lā'au kāhea*, and (the Hawaiians) wouldn't give it to a *Haole*. However true it is, this man committed suicide, this doctor. 'Cause he wanted so much to learn that (science). When they didn't teach him he just felt he wasn't useful. I don't know why he would have committed suicide. There was probably another reason, (who knows).

Well, the end of World War I (there was) a sign in the sky. It was very strange because Henry saw it, an American flag (formed by clouds). It was absolutely (incredible). I remember seeing it. (There was a) shape of the American flag, and even the stripes (of wispy clouds). Where the stars should've been were the real stars in the sky. (It lasted moments but long enough for members of the family to see it.)

WN: Wait, wait. Come again, now.

LS: It was the shape of an American flag in the sky.

WN: You mean from the clouds?

LS: Just the clouds. Yeah, you ask Henry sometime. (WN chuckles.) He'll, yeah, it doesn't seem possible. But I still remember seeing it because they said, "Look at that perfect American flag." And we got the news the next day that World War I had ended.

WN: Really?

LS: Yeah, spooky, eh?

WN: Yeah!

LS: Unbelievable, huh? Unbelievable. But it was there. It was very strange, you know, 'cause we looked at it and we didn't even think of it. We just said, "Oh, look." It looked like an American flag. We called everybody. By that time, you know, it had just floated away. I mean the cloud formation. Don't believe, yeah?

(Laughter)

LS: You ask Henry.

WN: That's a little hard to believe.

LS: Yeah.

WN: I'll ask Henry. (Chuckles)

LS: Yeah, you ask Henry, 'cause he was the one that spotted it (first).

WN: Oh, yeah?

LS: Well, I think that's the end. I finally came through before twelve o'clock. How about that?

WN: Well, okay. Well, what I want to do now, then, is to just ask you a few questions about your feelings toward Moloka'i. I'm sure you told me a lot of your feelings toward it, but you know, in terms of the future of Moloka'i. What does the future hold for the island?

LS: Lack of employment. It just can't keep the young people there that don't want to stay. (Moloka'i is) the biggest welfare (island, more) recipients (per capita), because there isn't any (industry.) Pineapple is gone, and (the people) don't want to leave. They have their home there and they (need financial) help. They still do some fishing and some farming and I wouldn't say that they're loafing all day, because they do hustle. But they can't make it. That's why so many of them would like a home, the federal government is building some homes there. I don't know whether you've noticed it in Kalua'aha, where my school used to be. All these (are) federal housing. But they can't (qualify for) the mortgage. I mean, they just don't have a (regular) salary. They can't say, "I make \$25,000 a year; I make \$12,000 a year," so they can pay the mortgage. They don't qualify for the loan, they can't (buy) these homes, 'cause they don't have that kind of salary. They can make \$30,000 one year in a good scoop with the fish, and the next year would be lucky to make \$10,000 or even (\$5,000). So I don't know what the future is for Moloka'i. As long as they don't have employment there, they won't advance.

And the people that are living there, they said they don't want their lifestyle disrupted or interrupted. They like it the way they have it and they're happy. Now there are a lot of Mainland people that are coming and building homes, and staying there, because they like the quiet (and slow pace). They're people (who) have an income, see, (good retirement). They don't have to worry about (cost of living). My sister, Anna, would be a better one to answer that question, because I can't see—at the present way of life—that there'll be any advancement (on) any big scale.

I like to go there, sometimes, to visit my sister (and one brother). We stay with my sister-in-law or we'd stay at Zelig's house. But it's deteriorating so bad it has to be repaired. It's nice to go for a special (occasion) like a baby *lū'au* or some celebration or wedding, or just to visit. It's relaxing. When my husband was alive, we had this lot that we could've built on, (but) he's a city boy—he came from San Francisco—and he, you know, can't exist on Moloka'i. He thought he could, 'cause we were going to do it. Came right to the time when we would go over and build a house, he reneged. Same thing with Kona, we were going to



try Kona. But that didn't work either. So I don't know how to answer that.

WN: How did you feel when you folks decided not to live on Moloka'i?

LS: Oh, it didn't bother me, 'cause we just went back to the Mainland. 'Cause we tried Kona and the house that we wanted to see, the fellow was out fishing. He didn't even leave a key with the real estate lady. So we didn't see (that) house. But you know, on the island of Hawai'i, I still have this feeling about the volcanos all around. Well, in Kona you have that Hualālai (in the background). Of course, it's dormant. But you still see some of the lava beds (everywhere). So I'm not so sure. We had the plans for (Kona); we had the lot and everything. I don't think, at this point, I would live on Moloka'i, especially now that I'm alone. My sister, Anna, is a widow, but she has all her (children and) *mo'opunas* around. And her daughter is (her neighbor)—*'ohana*-style place she built in back. My sister-in-law and brother are there, but they've been there a long time. They went there when it was rough. He was working down at Kalaupapa, and until they had their own business they were eking out their living, but they liked it well enough to stay. (Eventually) they (had their own business and) made a good life for themselves; (then sold the business at a good price. Sophie) sells real estate now; (semi-retired). She wouldn't live anywhere else. Zelig wouldn't live anywhere else. Now she's in long-term care. It's not a place (where) I could live. (I've been away too long.)

WN: What about this fish pond project, the 'Ualapu'e Fishpond project? What are your feelings toward that?

LS: I'm glad to see them rebuilding it because it's, you know, this man, [George] Peabody (editor of the *Moloka'i News*), really (broke the wall for sail surfing in and out). And by—oh, excuse me. I wanted to show you something.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

LS: . . . and develop into home sites, you know, which is lost.

WN: You think it can be economically feasible?

LS: If they (are) going to sell the fish, the mullets are expensive. So maybe if they get (a good) price. But let's see, when they get productive, the prices will come down, wouldn't it? But I think it's a nice thing to do, to restore these (fish ponds), because Rockefeller had some sort of foundation. I think it was Rockefeller. They were trying to work with (some of the) ponds, but they didn't know (enough) about (Hawaiian) fish ponds. They (had) scientific knowledge to apply there. It doesn't work. You have to activate a pond. You can't just let it stay there for a year and decide well, next year I'll go fishing. It has to be activated. That mud has to be (stirred). Otherwise, the silt builds up and you (are) going to have shallow water and the fish won't live where it's too hot. So whatever they did with those two ponds, I don't know. This was closer to Kaunakakai. And I don't know whether they improved it or whether they made it productive. I don't think they did, because someone told me, well, it was just so shallow that the fish (couldn't) survive there. I think 'Ualapu'e has possibilities, because I think it's deep enough to (be productive). But I don't know how far in the *'aka'akai* has grown, you know. That's the one pond that has the tall *'aka'akai* and that's the bulrushes.



WN: Yeah.

LS: And from time to time you have to cut those down or cut 'em back because they'll still grow in and lessen the size of the pond. But I think 'Ualapu'e hasn't—I think that's stayed pretty much back of all the water, where the fish is. You see, to get your fish you can lose 'em when they go into the 'aka'akai, you know. There's water in there and they just back up in there, especially when the tide is high. And that's the time to fish, when the tide is high.

But it's a good start. She seems to have—Carol [Wyban] (that is) works really hard at that (project); she and her husband both (work at it), you know. [Walter] Ritte has changed from his (activist movements), the Kaho'olawe (Island) and all that. He would dress the way he did and I think he's had his—he tried it and he's satisfied he tried it so he's doing something worthwhile now. I think he's got a nice job with the government and then this pond (project), also.

WN: Yeah. Well, I want to just say thank you very much for your time.

LS: Okay. Well, I think . . .

WN: I appreciate it a lot.

LS: Well, I was telling Mary. I said, "Warren can't understand how I remembered everything." I said, "Well, I enjoyed it, you know, I mean our life was so nice." Our big thing of the summer was going to Hālawa, (horseback ride) to Hālawa. That was twelve miles on horseback so we started early in the morning about five o'clock. And my father and mother would follow us. They were always (active) with us children. Like the sampan, my father would take us (on excursions). Of course, my mother, if she wasn't *hāpai*, she'd go horseback riding with us. But in Hālawa we'd go (on) up to Moa'ula, all on horseback. Oh, it was an all-day ride and—well, until noon anyway. So when we got down we'd cross the river with our legs (propped up) around the saddle like this so you wouldn't get your legs wet because the water comes up to . . .

WN: You mean, cross-legged?

LS: On the saddle.

WN: On the saddle, yeah.

LS: Yeah. And then we (would) go up the trail to Moa'ula, leave our horses where they can (enjoy) grazing (on a) nice (grassy area). Our folks arrived (by automobile) before we got there because the car took about an hour. They had the food. Watermelons (too), we'd (put) the watermelons in the (cold stream) water. We'd go in swimming, but we'd get this ginger that grew, you know. The flowers came in this little bulb and it was full of this thick, sort of like glycerin (fluid). We'd hit each other on the head. Now, somebody's making shampoo from that. What's the matter with us, we were so stupid, we didn't see that. (We'd) hit each other on the head, then when we go in swimming we'd wash our hair. (Returning home) on horseback (we got) all the dust back in (our) hair again. It was (fun). We'd have our lunch there, and then we'd come on home. It was our big (event) for the summer.

All the concerts at Kaunakakai ended in dancing, (and) that was another (entertainment for us. Music by) Hanky, uh, I forget his (full) name. He was Portuguese, a crippled fellow and played the mandolin, accompanied by ukulele [*'ukulele*] and guitar (players). It was good music, good dancing music. (A big event), dancing at Kaunakakai after the concert. So that was big time. (We drove sixteen miles from Puko'o.)

WN: I'm going to turn this off, so thank you.

LS: Okay, you're welcome.

END OF INTERVIEW

# **‘UALAPU‘E, MOLOKA‘I**

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