

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Robert M. Hiramama, Jr.

Robert Masato Hiramama, Jr., the oldest of four siblings, was born in 1939 in Lānaʻi City, Lānaʻi. His father, Robert Masato Hiramama, Sr. and mother, Sadako Hanamoto Hiramama, settled on Lānaʻi after living on Hawaiʻi Island, where Robert, Sr. was a carpenter on a sugar plantation at Pāʻauhau. Robert, Sr. worked in a similar capacity on Lānaʻi as carpenter for Hawaiian Pineapple Company

The Hiramama family lived in Lānaʻi City, Block 17, House 19. Robert Hiramama, Jr. attended Lānaʻi High and Elementary School, graduating in 1957. With an aspiration to be a high school shop teacher, he attended and graduated from The Stout Institute in Menomonie, Wisconsin.

In 1961, he taught one semester at Kailua High School before beginning his forty-year career as a shop teacher at Leilehua High School on Oʻahu from 1962 to 2002.

A longtime Wahiawā, Oʻahu, resident, he often returns to Lānaʻi to hunt and fish. He still owns and maintains the family home in Lānaʻi City.

Tape No. 56-57-1-14

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Robert Masato Hirayama (RH)

Wahiawā, O‘ahu

June 27, 2014

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN)

WN: This is an interview with Robert Masato Hirayama. Today is June 27, 2014, and we're at the Leilehua High School library, Wahiawā, O‘ahu. And the interviewer is Warren Nishimoto.

So, Bob, first question for you is, what year were you born?

RH: Nineteen thirty-nine.

WN: Okay, and where were you born?

RH: Lāna‘i, born and raised on Lāna‘i.

WN: Okay, and when you were born, what block were you living on?

RH: Block 17, House 19.

WN: Block ...

RH: Seventeen.

WN: Block 17. Okay, tell me about your father. What's his background?

RH: Well, my dad was a carpenter. He was licensed carpenter on Lāna‘i. And just about every carpentry work that was done on Lāna‘i, he was one of them that did all the carpentry work over there. Everything from the jailhouse to all the homes over there. All the extensions, that was him that did that.

WN: How many carpenters had?

RH: There were two licensed. A guy named Saito and my dad, they're two partners. And gee, they built just about everything over there.

WN: So, your dad was a carpenter. He was working for the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

RH: Right.

WN: So, how did he come to Lāna‘i to work for Hawaiian Pineapple [Company]?

RH: Gee, I don't know that. I know he was on Maui, then he went to Lānaʻi in the mid-[19]30s, the early [19]30s, and became a carpenter over there. Then he brought his friends in. See, Lānaʻi, lot of the people over there, the old-timers, my dad brought them in from the Big Island. Especially Pāʻauhau side, yeah?

WN: Okay, so he was from Big Island.

RH: He was from Big Island. Same with my mom.

WN: Not Maui? You said Maui earlier, no?

RH: He used to work on Maui [prior to coming to Lānaʻi].

WN: Oh, okay, I see.

RH: So, the funny thing about him, one day, we were at the New Year's party, and this old man was over there, too. And then, my dad look at him, "Hey, do I know you?"

The man said, "I think so. You the guy that broke my finger, you know, as a carpenter on Maui."

My dad said, "Yeah." (Chuckles)

WN: So, did your father grow up on the Big Island?

RH: Yes, he grew up on the Big Island.

WN: Pāʻauhau?

RH: Pāʻauhau, yeah. Honokaʻa side.

WN: And so, he's nisei?

RH: He was born over there, Pāʻauhau.

WN: Do you know anything about his parents? Where they came from . . .

RH: Not too much about his side, yeah, his parents. I know that they went back to Japan. My grandmother died, so she's buried on the Big Island. But his father [eventually] moved back to Japan and remarried, you know, in Japan again. So, his side, I hardly know anything.

WN: Do you know what part of Japan they're from?

RH: My father is from Fukuoka.

WN: Oh, the family is from Fukuoka?

RH: Yeah.

WN: Okay. Do you know where he learned carpentry?

RH: Gee, I don't know, was all pick up on his own. So, he learned from old Japanese carpenters over there. So, his carpentry was like Japanese carpenters over there. Their work was really neat, you know, when they did anything.

WN: More like craftsmen, yeah, in those days.

RH: Yeah.

WN: Okay, so tell me about your mother now.

RH: My mom was born in Honoka'a. Actually, it's Hā'ena, a little town below Honoka'a. And that's where she went to school until sixth grade, I think.

WN: And what was her name?

RH: Her name was Sadako Hanamoto.

WN: And what was your father's name?

RH: Robert Hirayama. He and I, he's the senior and I'm junior.

WN: Oh, you still go by junior?

RH: Yeah.

WN: Okay. And so, they met in that area?

RH: Yeah, my dad met my mom in Honoka'a.

WN: Okay, so, how many brothers and sisters do you have?

RH: I have one sister and two other brothers.

WN: And are they older or younger?

RH: They're all younger than me. Although they look older than me.

(Laughter)

WN: Who said that? You?

RH: No, other people. (Chuckles)

WN: Oh, yeah?

RH: They're the plumbers [RH's brothers are plumbers].

WN: So, you were born in 1939?

RH: Mm-hmm.

WN: And by then, your parents had already moved to Lāna'i?

RH: Right.

WN: Okay, so your father was a carpenter for the Hawaiian Pineapple Company. Okay. So, tell me about your childhood on Lāna‘i, growing up.

RH: Well, I was raised in the [19]40s and [19]50s, so I remember the war time [World War II]. You know, whenever a plane used to pass over our house, my mom used to put my sister and me under the table, the kitchen table. Our house was on Queen Street, you know, in the back road. Well, at that time, there was no street name. But whenever the siren went off, we all had to cross the road and go up to the pasture area where we had bomb shelters. Each family had their own bomb shelter, and they dug their own. So, I remember ours like a U-shape, like a ninety-degree U-shape bomb shelter. So, you could go in from both ways, come out both ways. And our neighbor was a supervisor on Lāna‘i, so his bomb shelter had a cover. So, whenever the siren went off, I would run up there, because the lady used to make good *bentō*. So, we used to eat over there. (Chuckles)

WN: How deep down did the bomb shelters go?

RH: Gee, I don't know, because I was too small at that time. I know I had to look up to see the top of that—you know, I couldn't see up. I know my mom walking in, she was way below that. So, they dug it pretty deep.

WN: So, there was no covering?

RH: No cover on ours. And there were bomb shelters all the way down [the road]. Each home over there had a bomb shelter.

WN: So, you would go down into the ground and yet, you could see above you to the sky?

RH: Yeah, you can see the sky.

WN: Oh, I wonder if that did any good? (Chuckles)

RH: I don't know. I guess if the bomb fell on the side, then you safe, yeah?

WN: I guess so.

RH: As long as not the direct hit.

WN: Yeah. So, what was inside the bomb shelter? What did you folks have?

RH: I know we had canned goods and water. That's all I remember, that part.

WN: And what, had room for like, shelves and stuff like that? Had shelving?

RH: No, I don't remember that part. I remember had chairs, you know, a bench we used to sit down on.

WN: You said when the sirens went off, you guys went down there.

RH: Yeah.

WN: Do you remember, was that often?

RH: The siren?

WN: Yeah.

RH: Quite often. But in the late [19]40s, early [19]50s, the siren used to go off at 8:00 at night. Anybody below fifteen or sixteen better be home. Police going to pick you up. So, the siren used to be—I think was Tenth Street. The electrical plant used to be right in that community. Across the street used to be the fire station, electrical plant used to be across. That's where the pineapple trucks used to park inside there. At four o'clock in the morning, the whistle goes off. This was after the war. Pineapple was going strong. About 4:00 or 4:30, the whistle would go off to tell the workers to get up, to wake them up. Another whistle would blow about 6:00, 6:30, that you better be at the working station to take you out to work.

WN: So, the whistle would blow like two times in the morning?

RH: In the morning, and one in the afternoon at 3:30 or 4:00.

WN: That whistle was different from the siren?

RH: Different.

WN: Siren was for curfew?

RH: Right, curfew siren. The siren would start like a low, go high, and then stay up there high, and then slowly break down again. Not like the whistle. You know, you blow a whistle, one time loud, and *pau*.

WN: So, this siren you're talking about at 8:00, that was even after the war [ended]?

RH: Oh, yeah.

WN: That was to tell people to go home?

RH: After I left from high school [in 1957], the siren was still going. (Chuckles)

WN: No kidding?

RH: Well, I got picked up once being out after 8:00.

WN: What happened?

RH: They took me home. Took me to my mother, and then I got it from my parents for being out. (Chuckles)

WN: No kidding, wow.

RH: You know, when I graduated from high school, I asked the policeman about juvenile delinquency on Lāna'i. You know, there was not one single case of juvenile delinquency that time. Not a single one. Not like now, but at that time.

When I was a small kid, I had to feed—we all had livestock—chicken, rabbit, turkey, ducks. My job was to feed them. Before I go to school, give 'em water, and in the afternoon give 'em feed and water. So, that was my everyday chore.

Lāna'i at that time didn't have paved roads, all dirt roads. So, when it rained, that's it, you're walking in mud. Real bad.

Each of us had outhouse. You know, the outhouse was made for two families, you and your neighbor. So, had two doors on the outhouse. So, you take care your side, and your neighbor take care his side. You clean everything, like that's your own house. You get lot of newspaper. There's no toilet paper, so we had newspaper inside there. If you're lucky and you're at the store where they—you know, those days, they wrapped oranges and fruit in tissue paper. If you have that, you're lucky. (WN chuckles.) But we never used Sears Roebuck catalog. You know, the glossy paper, you don't use that.

WN: Why?

RH: Too slippery, that thing. It doesn't clean.

(Laughter)

WN: That's right, yeah? Because some people told me they used to use Sears catalog.

RH: No.

WN: Kind of hard, yeah, if it's slippery?

RH: It's too slippery and doesn't do a good job like newspaper.

WN: So, you used newspaper. That's kind of rough, huh?

RH: Well, no, you have to shake it up. You know, you shake the newspaper up, make it soft. Then, we had public bath, where the whole camp would go to this public bath. One side is for women, one side was for men. Our public bath was down the hill by the main Lāna'i Avenue. It's way down there, so we had to walk up in the mud, you know, if was raining. The laundry was also down there, public laundry. So, whenever they made fireplace [for the laundry]—you know, we call *kudo*, yeah? We used to bring our potatoes, put 'em in the ashes and cook that.

Oh, you know, that whistle, the funny thing, when the whistle blew more than once at one time, you listen, you know where the fire is. If something is burning—house, forest, you know, just by the sound. Because I remember one day, this was in the [19]40s, my neighbor was playing with me under our house. We heard that whistle. We said, "Eh, it's the wash house." So, he and I went down there, eh, no fire over here. His house was just couple houses away. Then we look. "Eh, your house is burning." His house was burning. So just from the whistle, you know just about where the fire was.

WN: And who would blow the whistle?

RH: The company. They're all volunteer firemen. So, like my father, the carpenters, they go in, the electrician go in first. You know. So, the house I'm living in now was also a burnt house. And was all volunteer.

- WN: You know, this whistle, did they have like a PA system that they blew the whistle in so everyone can hear, or how did everyone hear the whistle? What was it?
- RH: The whistle was like—you know that tsunami [i.e., Civil Defense] siren goes off?
- WN: Yeah, yeah.
- RH: That's the siren that you hear on Lāna'i, the eight o'clock one. But the whistle was like a regular whistle, but little lower. That thing last long time when they blow that.
- WN: So, the whistle signaled got to get up, got to be at work.
- RH: Yeah.
- WN: And also, signaled like fire ...
- RH: Fire.
- WN: That kind of thing.
- RH: That was the whistle. So, whatever you're doing, you know, the company—they stop working and go help fight fire. Pretty well organized before. (Chuckles)
- WN: You mean, in addition to the firefighters or fire company ...
- RH: There was actually no one—there was one guy designated driver. He lived two houses away from the fire station. But the rest were all volunteer. When you hear the whistle, you go, you go help. No matter where you are, you go help fight the fire. You know, there's fire hydrants along the way, so you just hook up to the fire hydrant.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: You can imagine this fire truck was just like a big round cylinder tank on a truck. That's all. But I remember once, we had a forest fire on the east side of Lāna'i. My friend used to be the honey wagon driver. So, he fill it all up, and he went with them, and let go the water, you know.
- WN: Well, tell me what the honey wagon was.
- RH: Oh, when the outhouse was gone, they built a flush toilet in the house. They dug a cesspool. If you had good drainage, you're lucky, you don't have to pay for every pump they come. If you didn't have a good drainage, then the honey wagon would come and they would pump, and you had to pay for the pump.
- WN: Pump out the cesspool.
- RH: And then, the [honey wagon worker] would go down to the gulch below the rubbish dump, and he let go everything in there. But mostly, it's all liquid coming out. They pumping only liquid coming up.
- WN: And prior to the flush toilet, I guess that's before your time, but I guess the honey wagon went to the outhouses.

RH: No, no.

WN: And collect the stuff.

RH: The outhouse, the hole was deep.

WN: Oh, okay.

RH: Had some crazy people that throw a cat down there, you know. Then you listen. "Eh, there's a cat." So what we did, we put a long pole down there, and the cat would climb up. Oh, you have all kinds of cases where somebody put newspaper over the hole of the toilet seat, and they forget, they put the purse on. The thing would fall through, and they would hire somebody, you know, give them so much if you would go and get it. People would go down, go pick 'em up.

WN: So, when the hole fills up, what, they moved the outhouse?

RH: None of 'em filled up, all the time I was there.

WN: So, a honey wagon that they pumped out the waste.

RH: The cesspool, yeah.

WN: Cesspool, so that's the same honey wagon he used to fill up with water and ...

RH: My friend used to go and take it.

WN: (Chuckles) That's a good reason, good purpose.

So, you know the public bath, that was, what, *furo*?

RH: *Furo*, right. A big one. You can swim, small kids can swim in there.

WN: Made of wood?

RH: Redwood, yeah. Two-inch redwood. So, the length of the *furo* used to have a seat, both in and out. So, you sit down and you bathe yourself, and then you rinse yourself, then you jump into the tub. And then, you can sit on the bench inside there.

WN: And then one side boys, one side ...

RH: Yeah, male and female. But the drain goes to the same place.

WN: And what, had partition in the middle?

RH: They have a partition. So, one of my friend also, he climbed up the partition and pull himself up and look the *wahine* side. The man [in charge of the *furo*] used to scold him. He said, "What you doing?"

He said, "Oh, I'm exercising."

(Laughter)

- WN: I bet as small kids, you guys used to play around in that *furo*?
- RH: Oh, yeah. My friend and I, we used to go early. When the *furo* open after they make the fire, he and I used to go in, play. Couple hours, sometimes, we're in there. But you bring your own soap, your own bucket, towel, everything your own. All they furnish is the water. I guess we were about the last to use the *furo*.
- WN: What, first came the workers? Workers had first ...
- RH: No, no. That was Japan style, yeah? But this one, no, first come, first served.
- WN: And how far was the *furo* from your house?
- RH: Oh, I lived on the top of the block, and from the main street, Lāna'i Avenue, you go straight up, you hit a dead end. That's Queen Street running up. Well, I lived on the corner, right on the top. The highest point, I think, was our house.
- WN: Okay. So, about how far? I mean, how many ...
- RH: There's one block, two blocks—three blocks, maybe.
- WN: Three blocks?
- RH: Yeah.
- WN: Wow. And what if raining, and all muddy after you take a bath?
- RH: You come home, you got to wash your leg again. (WN chuckles.) But my mom used to boil water on the stove, and then she used to bathe us, you know, when we were small kids, instead of going out in the rain.
- WN: And how far away was the outhouse?
- RH: Oh, about—from our house, ten yards.
- WN: And you said you shared the same outhouse with your next-door neighbor?
- RH: Yeah.
- WN: Who were your next-door neighbors?
- RH: I had two. At that time, was Yokoyama, my classmate. He's the one that moved when his house burned. Then came Sato.
- WN: And the laundry was the same place as the *furo*?
- RH: The public *furo*, yeah.
- WN: I see.
- RH: So, you bring your own wood, make your own fire. I guess those days, they boil the laundry. I know my mother used to boil laundry. Then after, the company made lean-to [attached to the

house]. You had your toilet, your *furo*, and washroom, you know, laundry room. Then, my father made a *kudo*, fireplace. So then, we did everything at home.

WN: I see.

RH: And lot of homes still got that lean-to yet. That same lean-to, they're using.

WN: The lean-to was made of, what, wood?

RH: All wood, yeah. Connected to the house.

WN: Oh, I see.

RH: You open your door, you're into the lean-to. All connected.

WN: So, when you had that lean-to, you folks still had open fire and boiling clothes?

RH: Yeah.

WN: Wow.

RH: In fact, when I came back from college, my mom was still doing that.

WN: Yeah?

RH: And we still have that *kudo* till today yet. We have it.

WN: What is that? What is *kudo*?

RH: *Kudo* means a fireplace.

WN: Oh, okay.

RH: So, we still have it today. So, what we normally do now is—my dad extended it just a little. We put a grill on, and we make our *hibachi* right out there. We cook out there. That's another thing a lot of people did. They did all the cooking outside. They would get *kiawe* wood and cook, all outside. So they didn't have to use kerosene, yeah? Although kerosene was cheap, but twenty-five cents is twenty-five cents.

WN: You guys had kitchen, though? You had a kitchen in your house?

RH: Yeah.

WN: Okay. But sometimes, to save kerosene, you folks cooked outside?

RH: When the kerosene truck would come—I don't know if we had to order the kerosene or it came regularly. We had a tank on the side of the road, and my dad made a pipeline all the way to the house so we don't have to go way up to fill up kerosene. We just open right by the house, the pipe. Those days, kerosene stove, you don't let the wick burn down. If your kerosene ran out, the wick would burn down, and that's it. You have to put in a new—buy that new wick to put in. Humbug stuff, that.

- WN: So you always have to have a . . .
- RH: Always have to have kerosene. So, we also had kerosene heater for our *furo* or our shower, that you had to light your own and fill up with your own kerosene.
- WN: So, you remember the days when you had open fire for the *furo*, you know, underneath the . . .
- RH: Oh, yeah.
- WN: And then, you guys went to kerosene after that?
- RH: Mm-hmm [yes]. The kerosene heater. Because we had to carry the water in a big [tub] what we call *tarai*. We put that on, boil the water. We scoop that [water out], and I used to put 'em in the *furo*. My dad put in a *furo*. But then, we got a kerosene heater. All the water we used from that heater, was for the *furo*.
- WN: So, about how old were you when you folks got your own *furo* and your own . . .
- RH: This was right after the war, 1945, '46, we had that already.
- WN: Did other families do that, or because your father was a carpenter . . .
- RH: No, no, every family, the company made. So, you look at the lean-tos, all of 'em look the same. The company made all same kind.
- WN: And what's in that lean-to? Get the *kudo*, the fireplace? What else was in that lean-to area?
- RH: Oh, no, the *furo* is outside the lean-to.
- WN: Okay.
- RH: It's outside.
- WN: Yeah, right, but the fireplace was underneath the lean-to?
- RH: No, was all outside.
- WN: Oh, okay.
- RH: Everything outside. My dad built a shed over that fireplace, so my mom wouldn't get wet when it rained.
- WN: So, imagine, yeah, doing laundry that way, boiling the clothes. And she boiled the clothes in the *tarai*, too?
- RH: Yeah. I know today, we have one, the *tarai* is still there, but made out of copper. I don't know where my dad got it from, but it's made out of copper. Like my wife's side, their *furo* was under the house. But she's from Kona, so it's a different place.
- WN: That's amazing. So, you said that you fed the chickens. The chickens were for what, for eggs?
- RH: Eggs and meat.

- WN: And meat. So, did you have to gather eggs, too?
- RH: So, in the afternoon, I pick up all the eggs, separate the cracked and the non-cracked ones. And then, we had enough chickens that we used to sell the eggs, fifty cents a dozen.
- WN: To who? To neighbors?
- RH: Yeah, whoever wants. We had our steady customers. So, I used to deliver the eggs. Sometimes, by the time I reach their house, I cracked maybe half a dozen of 'em. (Chuckles)
- WN: Walking?
- RH: On my bicycle. (Chuckles)
- WN: How you carry eggs on a bicycle?
- RH: I had a basket.
- WN: Right at the handlebar?
- RH: Yeah. So, I put it on there, and I used to go. Those days, I did everything with my bicycle. I don't tell this to the kids today, but I used to get this sap from a certain tree. Then I used to put 'em all on the wire of the chicken coop. You know, behind the chicken coop there's a pasture. So, I used to put it all on there. Then, I used to go down to the chicken coop, I scare all the birds. Those days was all sparrows, you know. They all fly to the wire, they get stuck on there. I used to catch plenty sparrows like that. So, we used to call that *tori mochi*, yeah?
- WN: *Tori mochi*, yeah.
- RH: Then my mother found out about that, she made me eat the birds. The birds all died, so she told me, "You kill 'em, you eat 'em." So, I had to clean all the sparrows. Yeah, tasted good, salt and pepper. (Chuckles)
- WN: Oh, so you didn't catch them to eat.
- RH: Just for fool around, just for play. Until I got caught by my mom.
- WN: (Chuckles) You don't want kids today to do that, yeah?
- RH: Yeah. I used to catch all that sap in a tuna can. Put it on with a fire, I light 'em all up, make it real soft, yeah? Then I chase the birds. They get caught on the leg, the wings, any place. As long as they touch [the sap], they stuck.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: You never do that?
- WN: No.
- RH: You must be city boy, then, yeah?
- WN: I'm city boy. Actually, they sell that, yeah, *tori mochi* now.

RH: Do they? I don't know.

WN: I seen it in like a little container. Not in Japan, but—anyway, they call it *tori mochi*.

RH: Oh, yeah?

WN: Yeah.

RH: I didn't see that.

WN: Yeah. So, tell me, what else did you do to have fun as a kid?

RH: Well, marble season was ...

WN: Marbles?

RH: Yeah. That used to be my mom's worst enemy, because my pants would get all dirty at the knee and the pocket. And then, we used to go by camp. You know, get our camp, we go to the next camp, we go challenge them. That's actually was all gambling, yeah? We bet marbles until all gone.

The stop sign—I don't know if you remember the stop sign. You see, the reflectors were red marbles. All red marbles, and plenty. We used to go over there with the screwdriver and break all that, take the marble. Which was illegal.

WN: They had stop signs made with marbles?

RH: Red marbles. On Lāna'i, was all red marbles. I was one of them that went with the screwdriver and take all the marbles. Then, somehow, I don't know how the word got out, the police [started] looking for guys with red marbles. So, whenever we were playing, betting marbles, if we get the red one, we hide 'em when the police pass, you know. We never put the red marbles out. That was the most popular thing when I was a little kid. That, and *peewee*. You know what is *peewee*?

WN: Yeah, well, you explain to me what *peewee* is.

RH: *Peewee*, you get a long handle. We cut it from a broomstick. We cut [another] one about, oh, three inches long, round. One with a forty-five-degree angle. So, we have three pieces. Actually, four, because you need a stick to scoop that out. From there, the forty-five-[degree angled] one, you tap, tap [into the air], and you just hit 'em away. Then, with that [longer] stick you count [i.e., measure the distance]—that's your counter and you count.

WN: That's the distance you count?

RH: Yeah, the distance. The farther you hit, you know, the more points you get.

WN: You said had four pieces? Had the stick that you hit with.

RH: Yeah.

WN: And then, the forty-five-degree angle ...

- RH: The forty-five and the one with just straight across. The one you scoop first, that's the first one. You dig a groove in the ground, yeah?
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: Then you put this round thing across, and with the stick, you scoop 'em out. If the guy catches it, you [are] out. If he didn't catch it, you put your stick down, and he would throw it, and if he bang that stick, going to be his turn [to hit] now. If that didn't happen, then you use the forty-five and you keep going. That was kind of dangerous, because you're swinging it with all your might.
- WN: (Chuckles) Yeah.
- RH: That's the kind of fun we had. Then when I came about ten, eleven years old, we used to walk to the [Kaumālapa'u] Harbor to go swimming. Each of us carried our brazing rod with the rubber, go spear fish.
- WN: You used to make your own spear?
- RH: We made our own spear, with rubber. Those days, go to the tire shop and get the red rubber. We always asked for the red rubber. Tires that blow out, so they used to give it to us. We'd walk down to the harbor, walk down to Mānele [Bay]. But you got to walk up again afterwards. So, about two o'clock, we all start walking uphill again. But we hardly walked all the way down. Somebody picked you up. That's what we counting on, somebody picked you up.
- WN: What did you use for the material for the spear?
- RH: Brazing rod, you know, welding rods.
- WN: Oh, I see.
- RH: And my friend used bicycle spokes. Used to shoot with the bicycle spokes.
- Somebody had the idea, we made tin boats. You know, with roofing iron. Put it on the road, the cars run over, it become all flat. On both ends, we put two-by-four. Fill 'em up with tar. Then, we ride that in the ocean. But once it sinks, it's down, you know. You don't want that thing to sink, it's gone.
- WN: So, you got the *totan*, flatten it out, put two-by-fours on ...
- RH: On both ends. You nail 'em together so it looks like a canoe now. Then we fill it up with tar.
- WN: Oh, fill it up with tar.
- RH: The side, where the two-by-four stay. The water would come in, yeah? And then, we got a piece of wood for our paddle, hold it, and you paddle.
- WN: And where did you guys paddle? Where did you guys take it, to the harbor?
- RH: We take it to the harbor. But once, usually it sinks, and that's it. (WN chuckles.) Another place we used to use it was right below the city. We used to call one place "Mississippi," with all mud water from the rain.

- WN: You called it what?
- RH: “Mississippi,” we used to call it. I don’t know why. We used to ride in there, but if sink you can take it out and the water going.
- WN: That was the ocean?
- RH: No, this was—you know where the sewer plant is, Lāna‘i sewer plant? As you coming up from the airport, on the left-hand side, just before you make the church.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: Well, right below used to be what we called “Mississippi.”
- WN: You mean, that was like a . . .
- RH: Used to be a little hollow, the water used to pile up over there from the rain.
- WN: Oh, I see.
- RH: We used to go swimming over there, too. But you swimming all in mud. (WN chuckles.) I wasn’t born yet, but my dad used to tell me he brought the school down from the [Lāna‘i] Ranch in [Kō‘ele]. The old school. He was the one that brought it down to where the present school is. I was always interested in that kind of stuff, so I asked him, “How you brought it down?” He was one of two guys that had license to lift the [school]house, move the house, and bring the house down again. So, you need three license right there. So, he told me that when he took the house down, was so steep that the truck couldn’t hold it back. It couldn’t hold the house back. So what he did, he called his friend, who came with a Caterpillar. Hooked the cable to the trailer, and the Caterpillar would slowly move the truck down till it came to the flat road. Then, they moved it to the [new] school [grounds]. I thought that was pretty neat.
- WN: How far was that?
- RH: The golf course in Kō‘ele almost, across.
- WN: Oh, so Cavendish Golf Course . . .
- RH: Cavendish, yeah, that’s where the school was.
- WN: . . . to the present school [ground].
- RH: Right. There is [still] one building at the [present] school, I don’t know if that came from the old school up the ranch. You know, but there’s one building still over there yet.
- WN: At the present school?
- RH: Yeah.
- WN: I got to go look.
- RH: That was my homeroom when I was in the eighth grade. It’s still there.

WN: Wow.

RH: I remember there was an old *saimin* stand at the end of Lāna‘i Avenue, going toward Kō‘ele. The best *saimin* you can eat.

WN: Who owned that?

RH: I don’t know, the two owners, but it was called Wayside Inn. Then it changed to Dew Drop Inn or vice versa, but had two names. But I remember that place used to be always full with people.

You know what is taxi dancing?

WN: Yeah.

RH: There was one over there, further down, though. Closer to the theater, but maybe halfway. I remember there was a taxi dancing hall over there, because I used to go sneak in, look.

WN: And what did they do?

RH: Oh, you got to buy ticket to go dance.

WN: You buy ticket. Okay, yeah.

RH: So, if you can find somebody little older than me, that know about that section. And across the street, little further down toward the bank was a big building. Looked like two or three houses connected together. That used to be Colbert Matsumoto’s grandfather’s house. He used to fix shoes over there. That’s why the father was called “Shoe.” Shoe and my cousin are good friends, so I used to go up there all the time. That building was long enough that I could run all the way across. That’s where he repaired shoes or made shoes, I don’t know.

WN: That’s near the Bank of Hawai‘i?

RH: Further down.

WN: The one more up by the theater?

RH: Bank of Hawai‘i, the theater is the other side of the road, yeah?

WN: Yeah, right, right.

RH: But you’re going towards Kō‘ele yet. The road goes down, just past the dip, right-hand side. Used to be Matsumoto shoe shop.

And then they had the theater over there. The post office, you know, that’s the third post office that I remember. One used to be—you remember where the other post office was?

WN: No.

RH: It’s on Lāna‘i Avenue, before you turn down to Blue Ginger [Café]. There’s a flagpole.

WN: Yeah, yeah, the flagpole.

- RH: Okay, the flagpole, toward Blue Ginger used to be the second post office. The one across now is—they have, what you call, the museum [i.e., Lāna‘i Culture and Heritage Center] over there.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: Well, the post office used to be high. You had to walk up several steps. The post office used to be high up. That’s the first post office that I knew. In the [19]40s, that’s the one I knew.
- WN: I thought that was the company headquarters over there, where the flagpole is. That’s not Dole Company?
- RH: I guess so, yeah, that was Dole Company. But the post office was over there. And then, a building toward the bank where was all the personnel offices used to be. And you know where the Hotel Lāna‘i is? On the right-hand side of that, there’s a steep road, yeah?
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: That’s where you get your driver’s license.
- WN: Oh, okay.
- RH: You drive up—used to be all standard shift before. Didn’t have automatic [transmission]. The police would tell you, “Stop halfway.” You got to stop, turn off your engine, everything. And then, he tell you, “Okay, go now.” And your car better not roll back.
- WN: You mean, you’re talking about the test?
- RH: You got to start and go, you know. (Chuckles)
- WN: The license test?
- RH: Yeah. If your car rolls back, you don’t pass. But if you go all the way down, that used to be the electrical plant right there, that corner. That’s where the siren and whistle goes off right there.
- WN: Oh, oh, oh, okay. So kind of near where the—what market is that? They’ve got a market over there, yeah?
- RH: Richard’s Market [formerly, Richard’s Shopping Center].
- WN: Yeah, Richard.
- RH: That used to be Wallace [Tamashiro] guys’ store, Richard’s Shopping Center.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: I used to work for that store. I was one of the delivery boys.
- WN: Wow.
- RH: But you knew that Blue Ginger [Café] was the ...
- WN: Was [de la Cruz] laundry?

RH: Laundry.

WN: Yeah.

[RH: Above that Canoe's [Lāna'i Restaurant] used to be Tanigawa, yeah? Before Tanigawa, used to be Endo Fountain. Endo Fountain was like your—you know, you have your fountain, your jukebox, all that. That's what it looked like at that time. Before that, was Aoki, I think, Aoki Fountain. Then you had Rabbon Store. In the back used to be the pool hall before. Then, the building between the theater and Rabbon Store used to be—you know Hirao Oyama?

WN: Yeah.

RH: Well, that was his store. He and my dad built that store. So, I used to go down watch them build that from ground, all the way up, they complete. The two of 'em built that store.

WN: So, you said that your father being a carpenter, he built a lot of those structures, like the stores and stuff, or did he just build company structures?

RH: Both. Richard's Shopping Center was further down, where Pine Isle [Market] is today. I remember my father built lot of extension on that. Instead of taking the money, he asked for fishing supplies, you know, for me. So, he told me, "Okay, let's go." So I bought maybe couple hundred dollars' worth of fishing stuff, you know. He used to repair all the schoolteachers' cottages. Then later on, after I finished school—finished college, I came back, he gave me the job, the contract to go repair the school. That's why in this school, I did all the repairing, too. So, I used to repair all the teachers' cottages, the school [buildings], whatever needed to be done.

WN: This was after you graduated from college?

RH: Yeah.

WN: Wow. Okay.

RH: Where Warren used to live—you know where Warren's house is?

WN: Warren Osako?

RH: Yeah. Well, that used to be the single men quarters. All single men, used to be the whole block, all single men in there.

WN: You know, you're talking about single men living in certain areas, and you're talking about pool hall, taxi dance. And you're a small kid growing up over there.

RH: Yeah.

WN: That was off-limits to you?

RH: When I went to college, still had the single men quarters yet.

WN: But as a kid, was that off-limits to you? You couldn't go to, like, those places, or what?

RH: I don't know about the taxi dance [hall], but the others were not. Because the service station, in the back used to be the stable. That's the Number 3 Stable. Number 2 Stable used to be Oyama

Stable. Used to be where the new houses, where Wallace [Tamashiro] guys used to live, back there. Number 1 Stable used to be Miki.

WN: Miki Camp?

RH: I think Miki Camp. I think Sadao Miyamoto father used to take care of that stable. The Oyama man used to take care of the [other] stable. But I don't know who operated that [third] stable there. So, before all this came about, I used to go down asking people, I wanted to know about old Lāna'i. Because I found out too late, you know. So, like the Pālāwai Basin—you know, where that is?

WN: Yeah.

RH: That used to be all *pānini*, they told me, inside there. [In the 1920s], there were two Caterpillars with a cable in the center, they used to run right through and knock down all the *pānini* inside there. And that's how they made the pineapple field.

WN: Ready for pineapple?

RH: Yeah. And Ma-*chan* Mitsunaga told me that he was—at that time, he was on Lāna'i.

WN: Who's this?

RH: He died already. The wife is still alive, you know, I think. Yeah, the wife is still alive.

WN: What's the last name?

RH: Mitsunaga.

WN: Mitsunaga, okay.

RH: I used to ask him about fishing, you know. Where [the] fishing spots [were] and all that. He used to tell me about when he used to live Miki [Camp], how they used to walk down to Kaunolū, fish. Lot of times, they had to dry the fish because if not, would rot by the time they came home. Everything was walking those days, so they walk up. He told me how they cleared that field over there of *pānini*. Before, Lāna'i had plenty *pānini*. Not like today, there's no *pānini* and no guava. You walk down to the [Kaumālapa'u] Harbor, we used to eat the *pānini* as you walk down. Now, nothing. I hardly see any *pānini*.

WN: How you guys used to eat *pānini*? You folks used to cut 'em?

RH: That was the trick of the trade. You cannot cut the eye, you cannot touch the eye of the *pānini*. Like, we had a guy from Philippines, he came with us. Was good friend, went to school with us. He said, "Oh, you know how to cut *pānini*." He just cut it straight down, cut the eyes and all. He open it up, then ate the inside. Then that night, we were going to the movie. He never did show up. We asked him, "What happened?" He said all the *pānini* was on his tongue. With the father's razor blade, he tried to shave his tongue to get rid of that *pānini*. You cannot touch the eye when you cut the *pānini*. You got to cut it all, miss all the eyes, you know, when you cut it. Then, you open it up, then you take the inside out.

WN: What did it taste like?

- RH: Like only fruit, sweet stuff. You got to try that. Over here [O‘ahu] get yellow one, yeah, as you going toward Waikele. But Lāna‘i was mostly red. You don’t want that thorn to poke you.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: Or the fine fuzz stuck on you. So, when you clean the *pānini*—before you pick it, you got to clean ‘em. So, you get grass, and you stay upwind, you don’t stay downwind. If you’re downwind, all that thorn, all that’s going to poke you, that needle-like stuff. So, you stay upwind, and you brush that. Then, you put your hand between the eyes, and you twist it and you take it off.
- WN: Oh, I see.
- RH: Then you cut all out so you can open it up and take only the inside.
- WN: Plenty eyes, though, huh?
- RH: Wow, plenty. You got to be real careful.
- WN: (Chuckles) So, besides *pānini*, and you said had guava before?
- RH: Yeah. Lāna‘i didn’t have too many wild fruit.
- WN: Yeah, what else?
- RH: Besides *pānini*, we had the yellow guava, the red strawberry guava, and one that looked like strawberry but was yellow.
- WN: Guava?
- RH: Yeah, but wasn’t good at all. And your *liliko‘i*. Not the sour one, the purple sweet one.
- WN: The purple one?
- RH: The purple one, yeah. So, I want to find that seed and I want to raise that, but cannot find that seed now.
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: So, that’s about all the fruits, you know. We had some rose apple trees. But we had plenty pineapple, yeah? Those days, help yourself. You know, whatever you’re going to eat, take, no problem. You don’t have to worry. Not like over here [O‘ahu], you go in the field, you get charged for trespassing. Lāna‘i, you can go in, help yourself all you like, pineapples. I never thought the day would come when I had to buy pineapple. Pineapple, water, and fish. I never thought the day would actually come.
- WN: Had mango on Lāna‘i?
- RH: We had mango trees. Maybe down on the beach side, you had some fruit, like at Kaumālapa‘u. But in the city, they turn black and fall down. Too cold, yeah?
- WN: Too cold.

- RH: We had a *lychee* tree that we planted later on. Whoo boy, that stuff make lot of rubbish. But we had lychee. Then, my dad planted—when you go to the store, you buy that green plum, the big green plum. I don't know what kind of plum you call that, but he had that. We had some nice plums. My father was a fruit eater, so he planted all kinds of fruit. We had Bartlett pears, besides your banana and papaya. Had *lychee*, we had plum. We had a guava that when I was in high school, I took it to school. I took it to our ag[riculture] teacher, I showed him the guava. It looked like a pear. You know, a pear shape. But it was a guava. I showed him that. I don't know what happened, then he came back, somebody from the University [of Hawai'i] came. They wanted to go to our house to see if they could get that seed. I said, "I can bring 'em to you." But they wanted to see the plant, everything. But was a big guava that looked like a pear. If you look at it, you think it's a pear. Not avocado pear, you know, the regular store pear, Bartlett pear like.
- WN: And tasted like guava?
- RH: But it was guava, sweet white guava.
- WN: Yeah?
- RH: So, they took samples. I don't know what happened after that.
- WN: So, your father liked to grow fruit? Did you folks have a garden in your yard?
- RH: Oh, yeah.
- WN: What else had? Had vegetable, too?
- RH: All kind vegetable, he planted.
- WN: Like what?
- RH: I guess—you name it, he planted it, you know. Onion, carrots, cucumbers, cabbage, beans, all kind of vegetables. Once, he raised bitter melon. They came out really nice, the bitter melon. So, he told me, "You take it to the store and sell 'em." So, I took to Richard's Shopping Center, the owner, if he wanted to buy bitter melon. I didn't know about bitter melon. So, I showed him the fruit. He told me he'll take all what I got. So, I took everything down, and I don't how much he paid me, but he said any time you have that, he'll take it first. Was bitter melon. But you see lot of 'em in the pineapple field, what they call *parya*, the small bitter melon. They used to take the shoot. I see all the people taking all the shoot of that plant.
- WN: *Parya*. I never heard of that.
- RH: You city boys. (Chuckles)
- WN: Yeah, I know. I'm learning so much from you. Gee. So, besides the bitter melon, any other things that you folks sold to the store?
- RH: Oh, yeah, like Chinese cabbage. You know, any kind of vegetable we have too much for us, we sell it to the store, take it to the store.
- WN: But most every family had . . .

- RH: Every family. So, even if you take it to the store, you know, people won't buy because they get in their yard.
- WN: Yeah, that's what I was thinking. So, who would buy from the store?
- RH: Oh, get lot of people that don't raise garden, they got to buy. (Chuckles)
- WN: Yeah.
- RH: Yeah, we had all kind of stuff in our yard, boy.
- WN: Wow. And you said you used to go Kaumālapa'u Harbor to fish, what kind of fish had?
- RH: Oh, well, in the evening was strictly *menpachi* or *'āweoweo*. Until today, it's still good yet. During the day, I used to like to go hook *'ōpelu*, you know, or waiting for *pāpio*.
- WN: Down the harbor?
- RH: Down the harbor. So, Lāna'i people are particular on fish. You put little junk fish, they ain't going buy. Because I used to go diving, and I used to do illegal things. I used to go sell the fish. You know, those days, speared fish you cannot sell. But I used to spear lot of fish, I take it to the chicken fight. You know, where they fight chicken. Ho, no minute, all the fish gone. I sell everything. But when I first went over there, they thought I was the police or, you know, I going raid the place. They all hide everything. (Chuckles) They put everything away. Then I told them I came to sell fish. (WN chuckles.) Oh, they came out again. I didn't raid the place. I said, "Just, I want to sell fish." Oh, they bought all the fish.
- WN: Had plenty chicken fight over there?
- RH: We had one good place, yeah. Maybe once in a while got raided.
- WN: But when they raid, what, they actually arrested guys?
- RH: No, I think that one, the house pay. The house man pay for everybody, all the fines, yeah? I don't know if they still get, but now get homes over there where we used to go chicken fight. But that was one of the recreation over there. Summertime, baseball. Now, it's *Bon* dance time. Those days, the *Bon* dance was big. They held it in the Dole Park, right across Blue Ginger [Café]. There were several rings [of dancers], you know.
- WN: Yeah?
- RH: Not like now, not one Lāna'i dancer on the *Bon* dance. All bring in from Maui.
- WN: Had only one Buddhist church, right, on Lāna'i? And they had that big a *Bon* dance?
- RH: Oh, yeah. Those days was plenty Japanese, yeah? Plenty *Buddhaheads*. Not like today. But lot of fun, because used to be known as Up Camp. You know, Lāna'i Avenue, Up Camp people. You Down Camp, you live down side. (Chuckles) So, when we have baseball, you know, the school will put up one team, the Filipino team would put up another team, the AJA [Americans of Japanese Ancestry] will put up another team. One with a mix—you know, all mixed people would put up—called Cardinals, put up another team. We played baseball, like that.

- WN: So, you guys went by nationality, not by camp?
- RH: No, not by camp.
- WN: So, the Japanese had one team.
- RH: Japanese had one, the Filipinos had one, the school had one, and the mixed team were called Cardinals.
- WN: Cardinals, oh. And what team were you on?
- RH: I was on both the school and AJA team. But once you start working afternoons, you cannot go practice. I wanted to make my money to go college. So, pineapple field was our main money-maker.
- WN: I just wanted to ask you about hunting. What kind of hunting you guys did?
- RH: Oh, ever since I was a little kid, I went hunting. My dad used to take me. See, you couldn't hunt before. Was only strictly for the *haoles* [who lived] up the camp. Other people, you poaching. But we used to go and poach pheasant. That's all we used to shoot, pheasant, pheasant. Then as I grew older, then they legalized hunting. So, we used to hunt goat, deer, now Mouflon sheep. And birds, we had all kinds. Pheasant, quail, Chukar partridge, dove. Now we get turkey, all kinds of quail—Japanese quail, California quail, bobwhite quail. That was a hunter paradise in the [19]50s, early [19]60s until Lāna‘i Company split and they took half the island, half the stake. But before days, oh hunting was my first priority. No matter what, hunting came first. And this guy Lloyd Cockett, he's the one that took me, he taught me about hunting. Him, my father, and the game warden [Richard] Morita, Albert's father.
- WN: Oh, Albert's father. Okay.
- RH: Yeah, the game warden. Because I wanted to know a lot of stuff, so I used to ask, you know. People thought I was crazy. I used to ask about all kinds of stuff. I wanted to know, why? You know, everything was why for me. So, we even went to plant [Norfolk pine] up at Lāna‘i Hale. You know what is that mountain [the highest peak on Lāna‘i]?
- WN: Mm-hmm [yes].
- RH: You see all the Norfolk pine? Well, at one time, there were 200 of those plants growing in our yard.
- WN: The Norfolk pine?
- RH: The Norfolk pine. So, that was my job, to take care [of the seedlings] until it came certain height. Then, we planted 'em up in the mountain. So, we made—the Boy Scout camp up there, my dad made a carrier for each scout to carry two plants, two trees. And we go up. A lot of people, the kids cannot walk through the mud, but we got to go, then we planted. The guy that ran the show, Toyoji Morita, he's a different Morita, nothing to do with Albert. So, we went. Then he asked me, you know, if I was interested. I said, “Yeah, I'm interested in this kind of stuff.” So, he took me around the camp, and we planted trees around. The biologist from the [Division of] Fish and Game came. You know, I went with him to go and count wild-bird eggs. We used to go down and

count Chukar [partridge] eggs, how many hatch, how many didn't hatch. Had lot of birds, those days. We used to go count deer, you know. Maybe I was crazy, I don't know.

And then, I found water up in the mountain in a cave. For the longest time, we ran a pipe from way up the mountain, all the way to a place we called Red House, where the Boy Scouts used to camp. We ran the pipe until there. Then that got forgotten, thrown away, or nobody went. Then one day, the Onuma boy, he told me that he was wondering what this pipe was for. He sees this pipe, so he followed the pipe. He found the cave, you know, where they had water. I used to go over there, because had lot of goats up there, I guess they came to drink that water, too. So, I used to watch all the goats up there.

WN: So, who laid the pipe?

RH: I was one of 'em. There were a lot of Boy Scouts.

WN: Oh, oh, I see.

RH: We carried the pipe, and we just lay it.

WN: Oh, I see.

RH: Kind of far, you know, we lay the pipe.

WN: Where does the pipe go to?

RH: Goes to the Boy Scout camp.

WN: Oh, so from the cave with the water?

RH: Yeah.

WN: To the Boy Scout camp?

RH: And we took it down.

WN: How far was that?

RH: I don't know, but half a mile, maybe. I don't know, maybe closer or farther. I was a little kid that time, you know.

WN: (Chuckles) Maybe was closer.

RH: Yeah. I was eleven, twelve years old. Lloyd Cockett used to tell me when we would go hunting, he used to tell me about where the Hawaiians used to have their battles, you know, where they fought, and where used to get the olympics [*makahiki*]. But it never dawned on me that someday that this stuff is going to be something that we should know. But my mind was either hunt or play. You know. So, one day, I took one of my friends from Kam[ehameha] Schools. So I told him, "This place, I was told was a place where the Hawaiians used to have games."

Then he look around. He found all these Hawaiian games [artifacts], you know. The '*ulu maika* stone, yeah. So, he start filling up his pocket. He told me, "You sure you can take this?"

I said, “According to the *kahuna*, we asked them, he said you can.” But he said he had funny feeling, so he start throwing them all [back]. But I told him, “You know, the guy said we could take.” Because every time we found something odd—like, I took my daughter over there. They found a flat stone, with a footprint on, footprint and a fingerprint.

So, we went to the *kahuna* and we asked if we can keep this. He said, “No, you take it back.”

WN: Who was the *kahuna*?

RH: That time, one was Kaopuiki. “Old Man,” they call him. So, we took it to him. But I took it all back, I didn’t take anything. My sister-in-law found a perfect petroglyph on a rock, small rock. But we put it back.

WN: This is going up Lāna‘i Hale?

RH: Past it. Now you coming down the other side. The petroglyphs and fingerprint, we found it as you go down the Kēomuku Road, on the bottom, we found.

WN: And are they being protected now?

RH: No, we threw one back in the ocean. But I found a cave over there. My brother and I found it, not only me. As you going down Kēomuku, the left-hand side. One day, I was going down all these boulders. *Ai!* There’s a cave over here. So, I look in the cave, I see this, looked like a basket. I saw one in there. But I was afraid to crawl in there, if a boulder come rolling down, and I’m stuck in there. So only from the outside, I look. Then I told my classmate, “Eh, you know, I found a cave.”

He told me, “Describe the cave to me.” So, I told him. His father found that cave, that’s the same stuff what I’m saying that he heard from his father. But I don’t think anybody else knows where it is. His father died, so I don’t know if anybody else found that cave. You can be standing right next to the cave, and you cannot see ’em. You have to come right up to the entrance.

So, I told my brother, “Come on, take a look.” I said, “You crawl in and go check it.” No, he no like go. (Chuckles)

But when I used to go hunting with this guy Lloyd [Cockett], he took me on the southeast side of Lāna‘i. From the cliff, we look down, he tell me, “Look at the water down there. Tell me if you see anything different.” So, I look, I see some place that looked a little soapy. You know, one area looked funny. He tell me, “That’s all freshwater coming up.” So, if somebody can tap that water, you know, oh, Lāna‘i would get plenty more water. Because you figure that thing is coming out twenty-four hours a day for how many years already, this water been coming out. So, he start telling me the story about how the Hawaiians used to get [fresh] water from that, and how they go down with that gallon jar, fill ’em up and put ’em in the canoe. Then they would come down Mānele, climb up the cliff on the left-hand side, climb up. They used to have watermelon over there. They used to water the watermelon. So, all this kind of stuff, he used to tell me. But ah, I just wasn’t interested. I wish I—if he told me today, boy.

He used to take me down to where he was living down Kēomuku. The property was bounded off by bottles. All these bottles upside down, they put it. You know, I collect bottles, so I wish I had known that at that time. You know, I would go and get those bottles. His daughter went to get

some bottles. It's still there, for people who like to go look. (Chuckles) So, wherever he took me go, some kind of history, he would tell me.

WN: Amazing guy, yeah?

RH: And like he told me, the Hawaiians used to be surveyors. I said, "What you mean by 'surveyors'?"

He said, "This rock over here used to be a surveyor instrument." You know, there was an instrument on there. Somebody took it, though. But I think they got it back. If you sight this on the top of the hill, you're going to see another rock over there. If you go over there, you sight it back you'll find a *kiawe* tree. That's the only green *kiawe* tree. I said, "Why?" That's where the water is. You know, from over there, get water. Ah. Then he told me, "That rock, don't put your watch on that rock." Kind of got a magnet, you know. You put one compass on there, the compass goes crazy. So, don't put your watch on there. By then, I was little older, so it kind of interested me.

WN: Yeah.

RH: So, the whole island, he took me around, we hunted, and he used to tell me the history. So, that's why I used to ask all the old-timers. Lot of 'em, when I wanted to ask them, they're gone, they died. Especially outside and in the city. I don't know about the city, lot of stuff inside there.

WN: Close to one hour now. You want stop here?

RH: Okay.

WN: Okay, we'll stop over here, then.

END OF INTERVIEW

Lāna‘i:

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Center for Oral History
Social Science Research Institute
University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa

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