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Ethnographic Interviewing Techniques (Anth 445)
Professor Charles Langlas

Biographical sketch of Agnes Leilani Chow, Opihikao, Puna, Hawaii
(compiled from recorded interviews)

Background

My name is Agnes Leilani Chow. I was born on March 20, 1938, in Kaualeau. My mother gave me my haole name because she named me after the haole teacher that came to teach at Kaualeau school. My maternal great grand father's name was Joseph Huaka Hekekoa, my greatgrandmother's last name was Kanuha. My maternal grandparents were Solomon Lili'i Hekekoa and Kaniku Moanalihaiakawaokele Kanu. My mother's name is Margaret Kamakakaualii Kahana Hekekoa, my father's name is Hiram Makea Kahaloa. My husband's name is Henry Fook Sing Chow.

I grew up in Opihikao and Kaualeau in the Puna district of Hawaii island. I have four half brothers and one half sister. The oldest is John Kuamoo, next is Alfred (we call him George) Kuamoo, then David Kuamoo, next born was Evangeline Kuamoo, and finally James Kahaloa (he changed his name). Their father was David Kuamoo, he was my mother's first husband.

After my mother married my father, they had my brother and I. My older brother came first, his name is Enoch Kahaloa. So, I am the youngest of two children on one hand, but the youngest of seven on the other. All my brothers and sisters were all quite a bit older than I. When they had children, their children (my nieces and nephews) were only five or six years younger than me. When I was growing up, my nieces and nephews were more like cousins, and brothers and sisters, since they were so close to my age.

Houses

We had two houses in mauka Kaualeau, and two houses makai in Opihikao. One was used only for the family business. It was located on about 120 acres of land that was planted in awa. We never lived in the house when I was growing up, it was only used for

awa production at that time. It was located next to the Kaualeau trail, about one half mile below the house that I live in now. Later on, my husband fixed it up and we lived in the awa house for awhile. It is no longer standing. The second mauka house was located just a short way away from the old Kaualeau school house. We used to move between the mauka and makai houses during different times of the year. I can still remember driving the cattle down the street to the makai house on hot summer days.

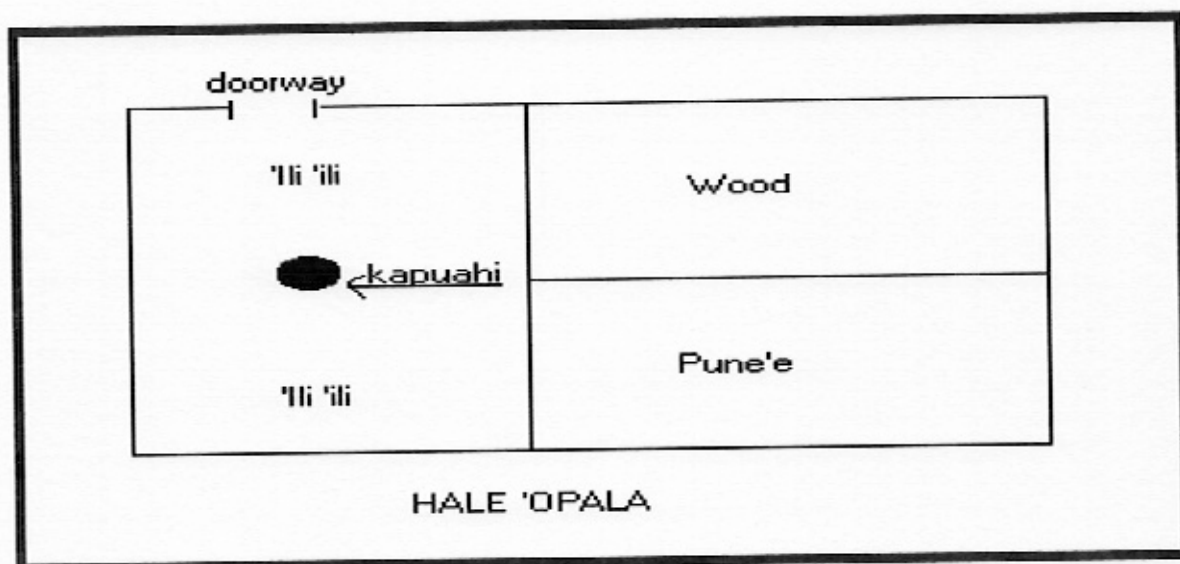
Hale 'Opala

We lived in two different makai houses at different times. The oldest one that I can remember is our hale 'opala that I lived in until I was about five or six years old. It was located makai, a short distance from 'Auke'e beach area. 'Auke'e means crooked. The beach is not crooked, so I assume they named it 'Auke'e because of the tide or something. After we lived in the hale 'opala, we moved to the house with a bell, and no longer used the hale 'opala after that time. As far as I know the remnants of the hale 'opala house is still located near the beach in Opihikao, near my sister's grave.

Our hale 'opala was one of the last of it's type left in Puna. Everybody else lived in plantation type houses at that time. The plantation style homes were made from the lumber that was floated off of the ships. That's why they never had termites, because of the salt water. And they were very sturdy houses, many of them still stand today. We called our house a Hale 'opala instead of a Hale pili because we didn't have pili grass growing nearby, and it was made from what we had growing around the area. At that time, I remember that in other places, like Ka'u many people still lived in hale pili. In fact, I remember coming down the hill towards Honoapu, and the whole of the beach there was covered in several hale pili before the tidal wave in 1946. We had family there.

I am not sure what kind of doorway our hale 'opala had, or whether it even had a door, but I'm sure it must have had one. Otherwise, how could people keep their things safe inside? I'm sure it had a regular size doorway, but I do remember a story my sister told me about a menehune. She said that she saw a menehune come in the doorway and

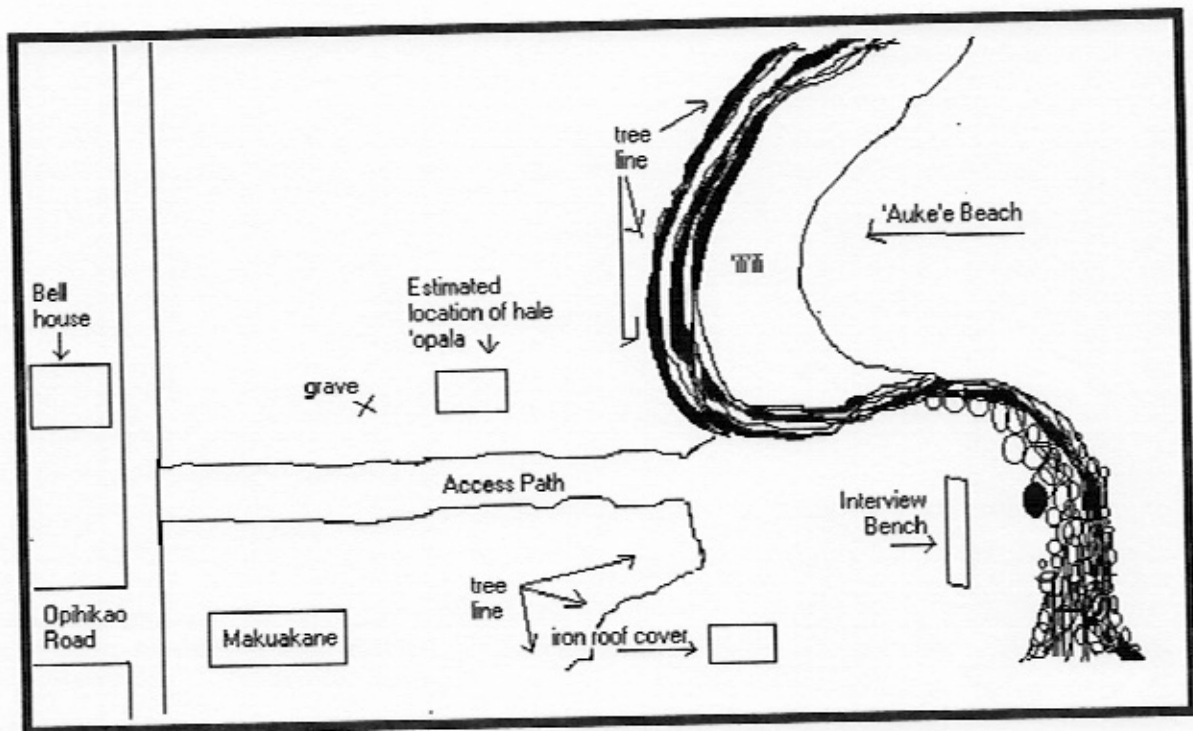
look at her and the two kids. He didn't even have to bend down to get inside the door, he was standing in the doorway. He just stared at her and the kids, and then turned and left. So maybe the doorway was small, I'm not sure.



The hale 'opala was the size of one room, just big enough for about six people to sleep in. It had one pune'e and pillows that were made out of weaved lauhala, and stuffed with lauhala leaves, and an area for an indoor kapuahi, and a wood floor. There was no furniture inside the hale, it was only used for sleeping, and maybe eating on the wood floor. I remember it had an 'ili'ili floor one side with a kapuahi inside of it, on the other side was a place for the pune'e, and a wood floor. Now, I wonder about the smoke from the kapuahi. I don't know how they took care of the smoke. The sides were layered with la'i (t-leaf) ^{underneath} on the bottom and coconut leaves ^{outside} going up the sides, with a la'i and lauhala ^(underneath layer) ^(top layer) roof. Big leaves were used so the rain would slide right off. We had alot of lauhala here in Puna. It was growing all over the place. I remember rolling out lauhala mats for sleeping on the wood floor, and rolling out other mats for eating on the wood floor. Not big meals, only small meals. At night, the children slept on the wood floor area.

Now, the area where the hale used to be is all overgrown with 'opala trees, you cannot see it now. Those days, the only 'opala trees growing there was guava. My sister

was buried by the old hale, she's still there. Before, you could see the kai from the hale, which was located a little inland from the beach. The shoreline was further out in those days, because the ocean floor has dropped since I was small. Now, my grandson surfs at 'Auke'e, but the current is strong in places, you have to be careful if you swim there.



Bell House

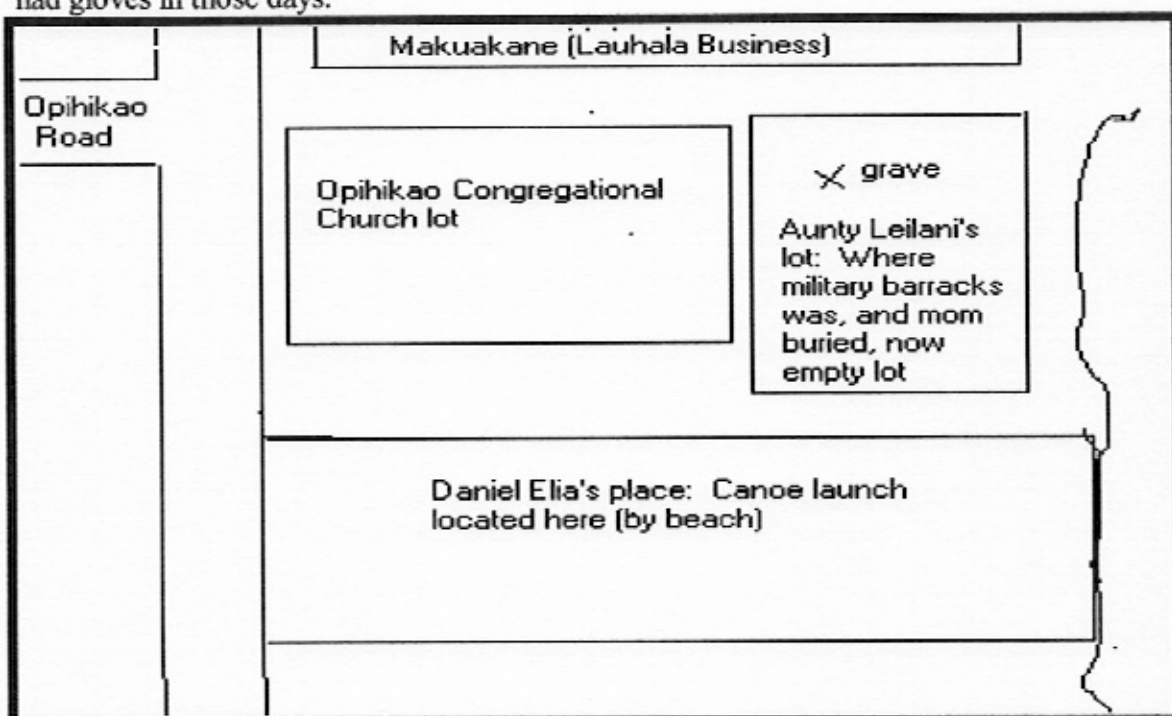
After we lived in the hale 'opala, we moved across the street to my uncle Enoka Poaha's house. He was a parapalegic. So, I was the one that they was designated to ring the bell every morning at 5 o'clock, just to wake up the whole community. And, you could see everybody pass, hui! Every morning, I had to ring this bell about five minutes, then put it away. I don't even know what happened to that bell. I'll never forget ringing that bell every morning.

No one used the bedrooms to sleep in. We all slept in the parlor, just like in the hale 'opala. The bedrooms were for guests when they came to visit. It was the same way in all the rest of our houses from that time on. Even when we went to visit other people's

Pōhā
or
Pohā?

houses we slept on the floor in the parlour. Mostly the kupuna slept in the bedrooms because it was too hard for them to sleep on the floor. In the bedrooms there was mostly just our clothes and beds.

The Makuakane's lived across the street from this house and a little down. They had a lauhala business. He used to hire all the young boys around here to go and harvest lauhala. The thorns would mess up their hands. They would be all sore because no one had gloves in those days.



Lot behind Opihikao Church and Military Barracks

Before time, there was a school, named the Hawaiian Evangelical School behind where the Opihikao Congregational Church is now. The School sold the land to a man named Charlie Tong. When he moved to Volcano, he sold the land to my mother. My father bought a military barracks and put it up on my property. He built it by hand and when it was almost finished, he stopped. The only thing left to build was the porch and the kitchen. I don't know why he stopped, but he did, and eventually it just became

rubbish. My mother was buried on the lot. Several times over the years different people have cleared the land for different things. Now it's just an empty lot.

Present House

The house where I live now is in Kaualeau. It used to be the Makio store, and a post office. Right next to the house, where the driveway is now, is where the old railroad used to run. Opihikao used to have three stores. Makio, Okuda and Iwasaki stores.

House by Kaualeau School

I remember that we used to go mauka during different times of the year, but during school times, we stayed mauka in another house. This house was just down the street from the Kaualeau School. We lived there for a long time, but still went makai during certain times of the year.

*Which way
from the
school*

Schooling

For Kindergarten I went to Kaualeau School. I remember the school was a one room school house. All the grades were in one room. At first, I was the youngest one there. At lunchtime, we walked home to eat lunch, except maybe the older ones. I think they took their own lunch, because I don't remember seeing anybody on the road but me, going home to eat lunch, and going back again after lunch, to go and play. I remember, that's the only thing I did, go eat lunch, and play. (laugh) This was right before the war because they shut the school down when the war came, and dismantled it. The school went to Iwasaki camp, which was taken over by the military. In the camp there was nothing but wooden Army barracks at that time.

For first grade I went to the Royal School in Honolulu. During the war we stayed in Honolulu. After the war, from third grade to 12 grade I went to the Old Pahoa Elementary School. . It used to be the former Japanese School. I graduated in 1956. The government took it over and it became our school.

I remember when I was about 12 or 13, old enough to go opelu fishing, Mr. Keliipio used to take the kids from Paho School during the last month before school was out for one week everyday to learn to swim down by Kapoho.

During my junior year of high school we used to go down to Kapoho warm springs. There was a trail by Kumukahi. There was water in the cracks where one side dropped and water filled it in. It was just like that Bird of Paradise movie scene where the girl dives off and goes under the rocks and swims out. Later on, Professor Holt at HCC took over that area.

What was interesting about my school years was that the children that lived makai of the railroad tracks did not socialize with the children that lived up mauka. The only ones that lived up mauka was me, my brother and my cousin, and three cousins who lived next to the railroad tracks. There were a lot of children who lived makai at that time. We each had our own store, the makai children had Okuda store, we had Makio store. And, we each stayed to ourselves, separate from each other. One day, my cousins and I went down and crossed the tracks over the path towards Okuda store. Our excuse was to say that we were going to the store to buy something. When we got almost there, we were stopped by some kids and asked what we were doing down there. One of the parents even came out and told us to go home. We told them we were going to Okuda store. They told us that we had our own store up mauka and to go there, so we left. I never really figured out why we never played together in those days. Not even at school did we socialize, even though we rode the same bus.

who?

Eruptions

I was in the 11th grade when the 1955 eruption took place. We were at school and we saw a big smoke. We thought it was a forest fire. Then the Civil Defense announced that if you live in Kapoho you cannot go home, and that Kapoho is being evacuated. Army trucks came and picked up people and their ukana and took them to the gym in Paho. There was enough time to evacuate before all of Kapoho was taken. After

the place was evacuated, some people went down and stole from the vacant homes left behind.

In the 1956 eruption, my families Kalapana place was taken. They evacuated to the gym where people were using pakini to wash clothes. So, we went to Papa'ikou to stay with my father's brother and his family. After a short time, my father was worried about our home. So, before they said it was okay, he loaded us up and we went home to watch the house. It was against the National Guard's orders.

Sugar Plantations and other work

In Puna there were two big sugar cane planters. Iwasaki and Albert Kudo. Iwasaki was a big sugar cane planter here in Puna. He lost his whole cane field and home when the lava flow came, and then he moved away. A little while after Iwasaki left, Kudo left as well. Then, Kudo started growing bananas.

*Kudo left
in 1956
growing sa*

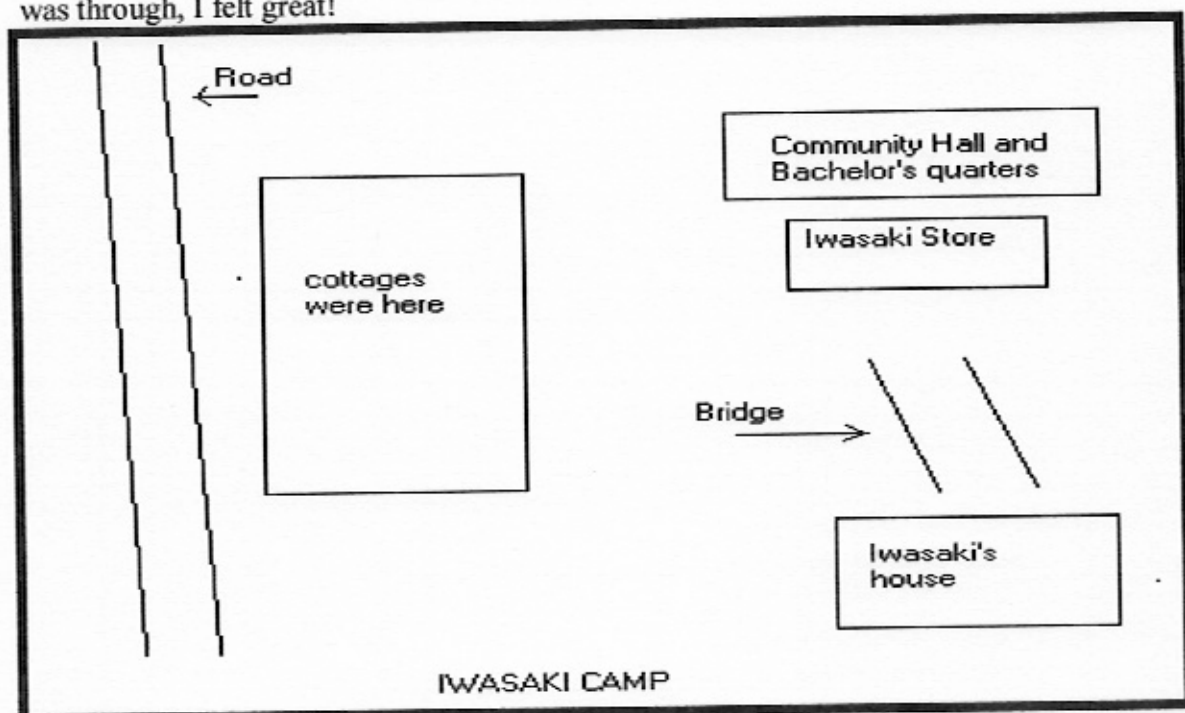
In 1957, not too long after I graduated, I went to Honolulu to help my sister after she had trouble with having a child. I was never close to my sisiter, so it was interesting. While I was there I worked at the Libby's cannery for one pineapple season, about six months. My mother called me home after that, because she needed my help. So I came home, like I was supposed to. Afterwards, I worked with my cousin planting papayas, sugar cane, and banana farming for while. Some people, mostly the cowboys used to go and work at Kapapala Ranch in Ka'u because it was the only ranch around at that time.

Kudo Camp

During plantation times, right above my old place, where I used to live was a camp named Kudo camp. I remember working for Kudo, planting bananas in 1957, just after I returned from Honolulu. I made seventy-five cents an hour. That was big money in those ways, but the work was very hard.

When I worked papayas, I used to come home in terrible pain. I had aches and pains all over. I would go home and 'au'au, and my cousin would make me lay down on the pune'e, and she would lomi my back. Boy would my bones crack! My Aunty would

ask her if she was breaking my back because she could hear the cracking. My cousin would say "Nothing, I'm just putting them back in shape" And sure enough, when she was through, I felt great!



Iwasaki Camp

Iwasaki camp was like a community of it's own. There was a big community hall, and downstairs were the Filipino bachelors quarters. There were six cottages (plantation size houses) for families. He had his own road made for the camp. Sometimes they had dances in the community hall. We used to go over there and watch people dancing and drinking. We used to make fun of them, because to us they looked like old people acting stupid. Until you grow up and you understand why ^{they're} ~~they're~~ falling down!

Homemade Swipe, 'Okolehao, and beer

My dad used to tell us about his Aunty because in those days they used to make their own swipe. They made both Okolehao and swipe. The Okolehao they made from the la'i (t-leaf) stump. They used to also make beer from sweet potato hops. I don't know how they made it, but my dad used to tell me that they make beer. The only thing that I used to watch them make was awa.

who?

When people nowadays talk about how in the old days that the virgins have to chew the awa and spit it inside the bowl, there's no such thing in my time. Everybody chews it, and spits it inside the bowl, then you let it ferment. I don't know why they do that, cause awa doesn't make you high, it just makes your whole mouth numb. In those days, Puna had nothing but awa growing mauka.

Awa making

My father had a profitable awa business in Puna since before my parents were married. Awa growing and processing was done mauka on the 120 acre lot that has a "back boundary" as the Kaualeau trail. My father planted, grew, harvested and processed the awa on the lot, dried it down by the ocean in the house where the bell was, and then hauled it to Hilo for sale.

Awa was harvested behind our other mauka house about every 2 months depending on the climate. I think one of our other relatives used to live in that house, but we only used it for awa processing. The awa was planted in a'a, mostly growing on top of the ground. The stem color was black. When it was harvested, the roots, stems, and leaves were chopped off in the field to use as it's own 'opala. My father would cut it by the nodes, and stick a stem into the ground for the next plant to grow. To harvest it, you have to hemo the root from the rock. The root ball was bout 3 to 4 feet in circumference, not like this small awa root I see now. It was really huge. So huge that they had to use mules to drag the root to the processing area. Then, my father would split the huge root into smaller chunks. Then my mother would slice the smaller pieces into long strips. Then, I would chop the slices into small cubes. Then my father would take the awa cubes down to the makai house where the bell was located and lay them out on racks to dry in the drying shed. We used to have to turn it often so it wouldn't mildew. It was drier by the ocean so it would dry faster and better. When the awa was dry, my father and I would bag the cubes in 150 pound bags. We would use a wooden mallet to pound and shove all the cubes into the bag, until the bag was full. Then, the bags were hauled to Hilo for sale.

It was taken to the "Trust Company" building that is still standing on the mauka (Wailuku side) corner of Waianuenue and Kilauea Avenue.

Planting bananas

When I was young I used to help my father when he went to plant mai'a. My father would dig the hole, and then we waited until the moon came out. He would tell me to carry the banana stump like it was really heavy and huge, even if it was light. Then we would plant it into the ground after we acted like it was a struggle to carry it to the hole. This way, when the bananas grow the bunch of bananas will be huge and heavy.

1st plant
the moon
(acc to moon
calendar)

Wood for building and fire and canoe making

Aside from the lumber that came from the ships for house building, we used ulu lama and 'ohi'a trees for wood. My father went to Papa'aloa mauka to gather koa for canoe making because there was no koa growing in Puna. There used to be alot of lama wood growing over here in this area, but now alot of them are gone because people harvest them. We used guava wood for firewood and for certain games, but there really wasn't alot of guava growing in the area either. There were alot of coconut trees though.

Foods

When we were hungry, all of us kamali'i would go down to the beach and we would head in different directions to gather food. Then afterwards, we would get together and share what we found or caught with each other. Most of time we ate coconut, salt and poi. When shoyu became available, we used to sprinkle it onto the old coconut meat that we previously scraped and eat it just like that. It tasted so good. Of course, since we had so much coconut, we ate it in all of it's stages of maturity. We called the young ones haku, because when you open it up, the inside is like cotton, and it tastes good. Besides coconut, salt and poi, we ate all of the mea 'ai from the ocean, including fish and limu, ha'uke'uke, big to medium size 'opihi, as well as anything from the rocks, including 'a'ama crab. We could get alot of things to eat from the ocean, including pa'akai, but we had to go to Kalapana to gather that.

Lots of time we just ate the 'opihi raw, and chew it fast before it starts moving. In those days there was alot of 'opihi. Now, all you see people serving small 'opihi at parties. In my day they would have been ashamed to serve that at the party. Those were the ones that we threw back so we will have something to gather the next time we come. By then maybe they will have grown bigger. Nowadays, I see people in Pahoia selling 'opihi. They say that the 'opihi is fresh. That's not fresh. Just try and pick an 'opihi off of the rocks, then immediately pop it into your mouth. Now that's fresh! I guess it's hard to judge people for selling the 'opihi, or serving it at parties, since there is not much left, and people have to make a living.

When we wanted something sweet, we used to go up mauka and harvest sugar cane. It was useful for brushing you teeth as well. My mother used to tell us to chew the cane and use the oka to brush your teeth.

Poi at the Lu'au

We used to have luau on special occasions, one year birthday, and so forth. My dad said that he had an uncle, that could scoop the poi pa'a and if you were on the other side of the room, you would hold up your coconut bowl, and he would throw the poi and it would go right inside the bowl. In fact, my friend told me they used to do that to from ship to shore in Kailua. Can you imagine if they miss the bowl? The poi was poi pa'a, and it was being thrown. It probably didn't feel too good!

Movies

When we went to the movies, we went to Pahoia. The movie costs about 25 cents. If you want to sit upstairs, you had to pay 10 cents more. If you go and sit up there without paying, they will track you down and make you pay. There was an old Coca-cola cooler, and you take the soda out and then pay the lady standing by the candies, about ten or fifteen cents. Soda and candies, that's all that we had when we went to the movie. We used to go to the movies frequently. I guess we were more outgoing than the people in Kalapana because we had the railroad, and went to town more often.

Games

Kanapio I think
I remember this game we used to play, it's called Kanapio. We used to take the broom, and cut it in half, and then in half again. Then, you get two stones, and you place one across, and one you hold, and then you go look for a stick, maybe a guava branch, but not real long. Then you cut points on both ends. We used to throw the pointed sticks up in the air and hit them with the broom handle pieces to people that were in the outfield. If you were in the outfield, you would have to catch it, if not, then I take the stick and I flip it on the ground and measure how many stick lengths that it takes to reach the point where the stick dropped and that's how many time I get to bat again. We threw them up in the air and hit them, just like baseball. You have to be careful that the stick doesn't hit you in the face. We used to play dangerous games!

Another game was like a knife throw. We used to take a pocket knife, and stand around and look at the ground, and just throw it, like that, poop! Hopefully you don't hit your toe! But you have to land the knife between your two feet. The object was to see if you would hit your own toe I guess!

Other games we played were with Bull ^{/P}furum tobacco bags with the string, and job's tears. We would make bean bags and put up the string on the bag, so none of the seeds fall out and throw that at each other, like dodge ball. If there's no bean bags, we would climb separate guava trees and throw guavas at each other. Some were palaha already. Those were the messiest. The green ones were hard, so they really hurt when you got hit with them.

Pohiki? must say Pohikiwai
The waiwela, the cave, and Pohohikiwai

In those days old man Kamao owned all the subdivision down here and he had fenced it in, and built a stairway that went over the wall from the inside over to the alanui. So, I used to wait for the Kuamoo kids to come down. They had nine children in the family. About six of them used to come down the road to go swimming. I could hear them coming because the dogs would be barking. From the Konanui house I could hear

the dogs barking. So I would ask my mom if I could go swimming in the cave. She used to ask me who I was going swimming with, and I would tell her that it was the Kuamoo kids, and she would let me go. I would run out of the house and go and chase them to catch up.

We would go and sit on the steps and wait for the tourists to come by. The road was narrow and there wasn't much traffic at that time, but when they came by, we would ask them if they wanted to see the cave and go 'au'au, swimming. If so, then they had to pay two bits. If they said yes, then we took them to the small cave opening. You had to crawl in to get inside. When you crawl inside of the cave, there is an area where you have to go down, and then climb up on top of some boulders. I think the boulders must have fallen from the roof because the ceiling of the cave was so high. The first person to arrive there has to splash water on the ceiling, to create air, and place the torch nearby for the next person that is coming in behind them. Everybody waits until everyone arrives with their torches. Then, you only need about three torches to light up the entire cavern.

On the sides of the cave were lots of smaller chambers. We used to play hide and seek in them. In the middle is a warm pool of brackish water that is about fifteen feet deep. We used to swim there, but sometimes it was scary because at the bottom there were tree roots growing out of the rocks, and they felt like someone was trying to touch you. If you keep going in the cave, you will reach Pohohikiwai, where people gathered fresh water to drink. It was the only source of fresh water. Most of the tourists took one look at the small cave opening and didn't want to go further, but they paid anyways.

Then one day we had an earthquake and the opening closed even tighter, so old man Kama^w covered the opening with rocks to keep people out of the cave. They had found a skeleton in the pool, so he covered the opening so no one would get hurt.

Chickens in the tree

My father used to raise chickens. At night they used to like to roost up in the top of this big 'ekaha plant that was growing in this big melia tree in our yard at the makai

house with the bell. They were always easy to find because they stayed there all night, every night. Whenever you needed to catch a chicken, you simply waited until dark, picked out a chicken, and quickly hanapa^{ia} the chicken's legs. My cousin told us one night that he went to hanapa^{ia} the chicken legs and it didn't work. He said when he went to hanapa^{ia} the legs, the chicken flew away, and he was stuck with the legs!! He was so funny!

Ghosts

One time when my uncle was living with us, we were sitting outside talking about ghosts. He told us that he didn't believe in ghosts, and that there was no such thing as obake, and went in the house to go to bed. He was sleeping in the living room at the time. When he went into the house, my father came out and waited a little while before he walked to the front of the house. Then, he stuck his whole arm inside of the water barrel. The water was really cold. Then, he went over to where my uncle was sitting by the window and touched him on the shoulder. My uncle jumped up and started yelling. Oh! The kepalos in here! The kepalos in here! We could hear him outside. We were wondering what he was yelling about. Then, he opens the door and runs outside where we were. Ho! The kepalos in here! He tells me to go and get the pa'akai and sprinkle it everywhere. My father is standing there watching everything. He says "What? What you said?" My uncle tells him. "Oh, inside here I was sitting by the window and this kepalos when come and touch my shoulder, I said Oh my God!" My father said, "I thought^k you said you no believe in that?" My uncle says, "Yeah I no believe in that, but when the thing^{wen} when happen, I believe." Oh, my father laughed! So, my father tried to explain to my uncle that it was really him that touched him, but my uncle wouldn't believe him. He just kept saying that it was the kepalos.

Doctors

One time, I was cutting the awa into cubes and I cut my wrist. Lots of blood was coming out. My mother told me to pinch it closed while she ran outside to get some

guava shoots. She chewed them, and put the shoots, saliva and all, onto my wound, and wrapped it up. It healed perfectly. Those days there was no doctor close by. If we had to go to the doctor, we had to travel to Hilo. The only doctor nearby was in Keaau at the plantation dispensary. You had to work for the plantation in order to go there. In those days, men never went to the doctor, unless they cannot walk.

Mother

My mom's name was Margaret Kamakakaualii Kahana Hekekoa. The name Kahana came from my grand Aunt side. She married Iona Kaapana Kahana, and somehow dropped the Kahana. My mother's side picked up the name. So, now we have Kahana and Hekekoa. So, actually, the Kahanas came from the Kaapana side. Her family is related to the Kaapana's, Huakahekekoa, Whittington, Hoolapa and Lilikalani in Ka'u.

name?

My mom's family came from Miloli'i. From Miloli'i they migrated to Ka'u. Some of the family stayed there. Then the rest of them went to volcano makai, to a little place called Kealakomo. That place is very desolate and dry, and the people were poor, so they moved on to Puna. From here, some moved to Papa'aloa.

I have to give my mother credit. She worked hard. She took care of the house, helped my father in the mahi'ai, prepared and dried all the 'opelu and aku and the other fish, took care of me and my nieces and nephews, and my brothers and sisters before that, plus more. We always had dried fish in the house. My mother used to set the fish out to dry on the rocks, and then pack the dried fish in salt and put them into a tin. Those days there were no flies around to bother your fish.

Whenever people would come over, they would ask my mother if they could have some dried fish and my mother would give it to them, because we always had dried fish to give, and my father was a good fisherman. In those days, people would sell aku too, by the tub, ka'au. You pay for it and then you get a tub full of fish. My mother would dry the aku too. She dried it and salted it in such a way that it was still red, but not salty. It was so 'ono, people in the area would go crazy for her dried aku!

My dad used to bring the kauana'oa home, cause my mom was sick all the time. He used to make a bon fire, a small one. When you look at the kauna'oa, it's so ugly looking underneath. My dad would burn it, so when it comes palaha, that means the cancer is spreading already, no good. But, my mom didn't have cancer, I think she might have been diabetic or something because she was sick all the time. I know that she was hemorrhaging alot because she told me this. I never knew this until I was older, and I was married already. My mother told me that she was hemorrhaging so bad that one day she went to church and told God that if you cure me of this I will go all out for you. And so, she got better, and she became hard, because she became a reborn Christian.

One day, my mom went to go make opihi, with my Aunty and my cousin. And, they went by the pali. And my cousin was saying she heard her mother call out. My mother had fallen into the water, and they couldn't find her. So, my cousin said that she saw her mother take off her opihi bag and throw it inside the water, then she heard her mom chanting for my mom to return. She returned the 'opihi because my mother fell in. My cousin said that when she heard her mother chanting, she got chicken skin. So, she ran to the nearest Army outpost for help, which was at Kamaili at the time. When she returned with help she saw my mother, floating, coming into shore, and her mother was still chanting. My mother came back. So they took her up my house, the first house up mauka. There was alot of people at the house when I came home. I don't know where I was, but when I came home I saw all those people there and my mother was lying on the pune'e. I asked my dad what's happening, how come all these people were there? He didn't answer. So I said nothing, but I wondered if my mother had died.

The Army surgeon came up to the house to check on her, and she was alright. But, you know, in those days the Hawaiian mana was very strong, and when they chant, a certain kind of chant for the person to come back, whatever took that person, would bring them back.

Church

I never went to church until my mom became a reborn Christian. But , I didn't know what was church or Sunday school was all about. At home, we spoke English with some Hawaiian words. My parents would use English, and fragments of Hawaiian. How you say that Hakahaka, fragments. They would say "go get the pale umeke (dish towel)." So you have to figure out what is a pale umeke? But they would point to the article, so you would go and get it. Just like today, I have a hard time sometimes when people are talking to me. Sometimes I say a thing, and then afterwards I wonder if I used the correct word. It's the mix of Hawaiian and English going on in my head that makes it come out in fragments.

Our parents only spoke Hawaiian when they were trying to talk about something that they didn't want us to understand what was being said. At school, we spoke English. At church, everyone spoke Hawaiian. Everything was in Hawaiian, and I didn't understand what was said, and didn't understand their interpretation of the Hawaiian or their explanations of the lessons. Those days, even the lessons were hard, the teachers were hard. Even when they took the time to explain themselves to you, it was still hard to understand. They didn't have bibles to read from, never. They would read to you, and then they would explain to you what the story was about. And, still it wouldn't sink in. Everybody had their own interpretation of what they read. And those days, if you didn't know what your reading, how can you tell the children what your reading?

Father

When I was young we used to go to 'Auke'e, when the shore was farther out, and collect kauna'oa and play with it like string. My father used to get mad at us because we weren't supposed to hana'ino the kauna'oa since he used to gather and prepare it for a cancer medicine.

My father used to raise cattle, horses, chickens and mules, and he used to grow, process and sell awa on our mauka land, next to the Kaualeau trail. My father was always

working. When he moved here from Honolulu, my mother was married to her first husband, the sheriff. When she met my father, they ran off and everyone was looking for them. They had secret hiding places that they would hike to. So, she got divorced from her first husband, and he got married to a young wife and made new family. My parents got together and raised their new family. Her other children stayed behind with their father. So, I have five half brothers and sisters, from my mother's first marriage. Besides that, I am related to Daniel Elia. He is my cousin, because one of my grandpa, or grand uncle or somebody, got married to Elia. But, I have a lot of relations in other places on the island.

My father used to tell me that a long time ago, way before this time, the whole of 'Auke'e all the way to Puala'a was filled with war canoes. They landed over here and walked up to Kilauea. They were going to war with Keoua. As far as the eye could see there was war canoes.

I am my father's punahele. Sometimes I used to sit and wait for him to come home from work. I know when he is coming home, you see. I'm in trouble with everyone, but they had better not beat me up, because my father is coming home soon. But the next day, I get in trouble with everyone, they get me. So, if they continue until afternoon, I wait for my father again, and I tell him. They get lickings. My brother and sister would hate me, but I didn't care.

My father raised me as his son. Because my brother is my mother's pet, and he is always in the house sleeping. So while he's sleeping, I have to go outside and make imu with my dad, or milking the cows with my mom, and all the while I'm grumbling. "Why am I out here early in the morning? It is still po'ele'ele and my brother is sleeping!" My father tells me that it's because my brother is good for nothing, so he's sleeping. I couldn't figure that out! I say to myself "Okay, so I'm out here 'cause I'm good for something, and he's good for nothing, and he's sleeping!" Go figure!

Siblings

My brother, when he grew up, he went into the National Guard, then he started working cane, then he got married and went down under. He never learned to work outside or inside. My sister by this time was married already, and kept sending children home for my mother to take care of. She ended up having a dozen children. She even adopted. So, every year, another child came to live with us, for my mother to raise. My mother was always busy raising all her own children, and her grandchildren at the same time. My brothers used to send their children home too. The house was always filled with children that my mother had to take care of. She did it all herself, even though she wasn't feeling well.

Launching a canoe and 'opelu fishing

We never used 'Auke'e to launch canoes, although it looks like we could have when you look at the beach area. But maybe since the beach area was different in the old days, it wasn't good for that then. We used to use the launch that is located on my cousin, Daniel Elia's place. We used to launch the canoes so that they were parallel to the shore, it was the only way because of the current and the reef.

I remember when I used to go fishing with my papa. The night before we would go up to the ponds at Waiopae to gather small 'opae 'ula for bait. My father used to lease the land from the Lyman's. It was located between Pohohiki and Kapoho, by Lyman's place.

My father would put on his malo to go to the beach. When we got there, you could see the ponds looked black! The reason they looked black was because of the dark green limu growing in them. There was nothing but dark green limu and lots of 'opae'ula in those days. But, the water looked black! So my papa said to me. "Okay, you go kaka the 'opae in this pond, I'll go ova to the other pond, and come back after." I thought to myself, "No thank you, I'm not going into that black water!" So, I go all around the edge of the pond, only as far as I can reach and gather the 'opae. When he returned he asked

me “You went in the middle already?” I looked at him and said, “Of course not!” He said, “Harrumph!” Then he goes into the pond and wades to the middle, and gathers everything in the pond. I watched him in awe. He wasn’t even scared. He looked up at me and motions for me to come inside and join him, but I shake my head no. So he harvested the limu, and ‘opae and put them into his basket. So, I asked him if he was finished with all the other ponds already. He says “yeah, pau. You the last one. You supposed to be pau this one already, but no.”

The next morning we take what we gathered for bait down to the beach to go fishing. The ‘opae was hauna already by this time. Me, my uncle Mi’oi and my Dad. When we arrived, there was about six people standing there waiting to hapai wa’a, sharing a cup of sun, staring at the canoe. So they hapai wa’a and we launch the canoe, and go out to go fishing. Not too far out. I’m sitting in the middle and my Dad is in front, with my uncle in the back of the canoe. Then my uncle looks inside the glass thing to see the bottom, and after awhile he says “Ho! Ova hea!” Then we lower the net with the ‘eke inside with the bait. Then I smell the bait, and it was so hauna, especially when the wind blows the smell into your face. All of a sudden, next thing I know, boop! My uncle was laughing at me and saying that I was feeding the fish. But, my father, he doesn’t scold me, because I’m his favorite. When we return, people will hapai wa’a. If they come with all their family, everyone gets one fish. If they come by themselves, my father knows how many people is in their family, and he gives enough for the family. Sometimes there is only enough fish to dry and salt. If you don’t give to the people who hapai wa’a, then bumbae you will have bad luck when you go fishing next time.

First boyfriend, dating and marriage

I never was allowed to date. In fact I married my first boyfriend. My father used to chase any boy away that came near the house. One time I told a boy to come and pick me up about 5 o’clock for a 6 o’clock movie. So, I hear him coming, and I go downstairs to ‘au’au. When I came out, he wasn’t there. I found out that my father told the boy

N.O! And from then on, I never had a chance to go out until my cousin moved back from the mainland and then we started going out together. I had to go with her, I couldn't go by myself. So when I met my kane, I moved out, and went to stay with him. And poor thing because, I don't know how to cook. I didn't even know how to cook rice when I was staying with him. So, he had to cook. He told me that I didn't have to cook or clean the house. I know how to wash the dishes, because that is not hard, but the rest I didn't know how to do. The water boil, I don't know if it's hot! (laugh)

When I got married I didn't know how to cook or clean because I was raised like a boy. I know how to do outside work, but inside work was a mystery to me. What's a broom? What is this for? I don't know! I knew how to harvest awa, kalua pig, make kulolo, cut firewood, work in the mala'ai, but cook or clean, no way.

My husband was from Hilo, and he was fifteen years older than me, and lived right on Kinoole Street. His name was Henry Fook Sing Chow. After my Mom called me home from Honolulu in 1957, I worked for a while. Up until this time my husband was working for his family ranching at Hanaipoi on the Waimea side of Mauna Kea until the lease expired and then they came to Kapoho and bought 3,000 acres from Lyman. His family did land clearing, ranching and coffee. My husband and his family fixed and opened up Opihikao road that year. It still looks the same as it did then. In 1958 we got married and moved to Kapoho to his family's ranch, then later moved to behind the nursery in Keaukaha (by Onekahakaha) for about 6 months until the 1960 tidal wave came. Afterwards, we moved to my mom's house in Kaualeau.

In 1960 my son was born. His name is Hiram Ikaika Chow. He was born in Hilo Hospital. He lives in Puna now, on my nephew's place. He comes up to my house each evening to eat dinner with me and keep my company.

In 1962 my daughter, Ida Lahapa Chow was born in the awa house up mauka. My husband had fixed up the awa house so we could move into it. No sooner did we move in,

my daughter was born. My mother was there to help me with the delivery. Her last name is Kalawe, and she lives in Kaualeau with her family.

In 1983, my other daughter, Stephanie Mapuana Chow was born. Her last name is Kajiya now, and she lives in Hawaiian Beaches with her family.

Mapping Information (genealogy) - Relatives that lived on numbered parcels on tax maps of the area

Plats #1 and #2: No relatives

Plat #3		
Name	How related	#
Alfred Kuamo'o	1/2 brother	31
Enoch Kahaloa	brother	37
Ida Lahapa Chow (Kalawe)	daughter	38, 18
David Kuamo'o	1/2 brother	32
Evangeline K. Nakayama	1/2 sister	33
Cecelia Naungayan	Father's cousin	12
--related to 1/2 sis		11
Alice AhToong (Hauanio)	cousin	8
Hiram Ikaika Chow	son	28, 29, 30

Plat #4 (makai)		
Name	How related	#
Daniel Elia	cousin	24
David Kuamo'o	1/2 brother	2
Hiram Kahaloa (old 'opala house)	Dad	1
Agnes Leilani Chow (behind church)	self	5
Enoch Kahaloa (bell house)	Brother	18

Plat #5		
Name	How related	#
Ernest L. H. Kahaloa	cousin	24
Genevieve P. Kini	cousin	31
Jennie K. Yuen	cousin	2
Cecilia Naunguyan	Father's cousin	19
Shimeko Ah Toong	cousin	21
Julia Moses	Aunty	4
Violet Furtado	Cousin	27
Agnes Leilani Chow (current residence)	self	13
Rodney L. Kahaloa	hanai nephew (sister)	25, #
Sarah Hauanio		32
Margaret Kahaloa and David Kuamo'o	mother 1/2 brother	5
Margaret Kahaloa and Alfred Kuamo'o	mother 1/2 brother	23

Plat #5 (cont.)		
<u>Name</u>	<u>How related</u>	<u>#</u>
Ernest L. H. Kahana	cousin	24

Plat #6		
<u>Name</u>	<u>How related</u>	<u>#</u>
Mrs. R. K. Hanohano	mom's sis	13
Jack Kahana Jr.	cousin	3
James Kanuha	(GGM maiden name)	18
Jack Kahana		