The Souza Interview (30 Dec 1983)

This is an important interview.

Many items about MARY ANN PERRY MAIKAI GONSALVES (grandmother)

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MANOA HISTORY PROJECT Interview December 30, 1983

Marie (Mina) Souza (Mrs.)
2680 E. Manoa Road
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822
Phone: 988-3912

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[Note that some dates and other information have been inserted in brackets.]

Major interviewers: Beatrice Krauss (BK), Peggy Robb (PR), Evelyn Trapido (ET)

I was born in 1914 at Kapiolani Hospital, then located on Beretania, where now is the Mormon Church with the big statue of Jesus out front. I have lived in this valley all my life. My husband is Portuguese. We were married in Punahou at the Sacred Hearts Church. My great-grandfather Narcissus Perry was also Portuguese, who married a pure Hawaiian. He was her third husband. They had four children. One was my grandmother Mary Ann. [Mary Ann Perry, then Koloa'amakai'i, then Gonsalves; born September 23, 1872, died August 16, 1942.]

When I was little, I was told by her that her father owned land in Woodlawn, Kaneohe, and on East Manoa Road, where we lived and where I now have a small part of that property [2680 E. Manoa Road.] I know that he also owned taro patch land. He also had a ranch. I was told by the late Mayor [G. Fred Wright (1881-1938)], by another mayor, Charles Crane [1869-1958], and by Judge Antonio Perry (no relation) [d. 1924] that as students, they used to ride horses on Great-grandfather's ranch. My daughter did some research for me at the Archives and found out that he did own properties in Manoa, New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Kaneohe. There was a news item about his

being cited by the Board of Health for leaving animals' droppings and also dead animals on his property.

My grandmother Mary Ann married one of his cowboys, Koloa'amakai'i; his first name was John. They had many children, but some of them died in the cholera epidemic; only five survived. My mother Evelyn was the only girl among these five. Great-grandfather left the Islands and went to Boston with his daughter Isabelle. He had been very disappointed by the marriages of the other two daughters. He sold some of his properties for $30,000, but divided some to his wife and children (whom he was leaving in Hawaii). According to a deed (written in Hawaiian), he had bought the property from the Kanaina Estate. According to the map--there were apana--known as Grant 642, Lot 1, to Charles Kanaina [1801? - 1877], and R. P. 2452 L. C. Aw 1918 Apana to Kamahiai. Grandmother sold two lots to Nicholas and Dorcas Char, one lot each to families with the names Yamasaki, Akiona, Kojima, Morimoto, and another lot to another Japanese family. Later when there was a death in the family, my grandmother bought back both the homes and the property.

She and her sister were some of the first boarders at the Fort Street Catholic Church, run by the Sacred Heart sisters. When their father took their four-post koa bed, it was too big for the room. I don't know what happened then. I recall one often retold incident from that school. She and her classmates had to perform for Princess Ruth. The sight of the princess frightened her. She cried, much to the embarrassment of the nuns.

So, anyway, I grew up in this valley, brought up by my grandmother. She took me away from my mother. I guess it was a

Hawaiian custom to take the eldest child, not only for companionship, but also to help with the housework. They got their young moopuna to help, which I did, and I enjoyed living with Grandmother. I would go to my mother's at various times. After Grandmother had all of her children with Koloa'amakai'i, she divorced him. I remember Grandma talked about giving him what they called "alimony," a settlement, in money, and she also had to give money then to her own children, though I never could find out why so.

So Grandfather John and Grandmother were divorced. My grandmother remarried and became Mrs. Murphy Gonsalves. Grandfather married a woman called Rose (Loke), "Tutu Loke" to us grandchildren. He and Tutu Loke bought a piece of property where Manoa School is now. She was a lei seller, and John did not work except to help with the leis. She owned land in Palolo and somewhere in California. They adopted a baby girl, who later went to Punahou School, [*get*name*] and eventually inherited all their properties.

I remember going down to the boat pier to greet or see some of my "ohana" selling leis. We never bought the plumeria lei because it was called the "graveyard flower". Carnation leis were plentiful, and there were pikake, "ilima", and gardenia. All these ladies wore muumuus and lauhala hats. It would be difficult for me to decide whom to buy from without offending a relative. Because they lacked education, they had to sell leis to survive. The Manoa graveyard was a good source of plumerias for many Hawaiian families. Actually, Tutu Loke was kind of well-to-do, yet sold leis.

So Grandma would tell me stories about the different families and things that happened. Do you remember where Manoa School was when

you were a young girl?

BK: Well, where the Japanese school is now?

Mina: Yes, but the old Japanese school, which was between the present one and where the fire station was. When my grandmother remarried, she moved out of the big old house she had and moved to where the Bank of Honolulu is now located. It was also a big house, right across from the graveyard. I remember that place so well. There was a Chinese store, an old store across the street, the one that runs between Manoa "chop suey" and today's fire station. There was a mulberry tree next to the road. I used to love to climb on it. It hung quite low and when the berries were ripe, I would sit on the tree and eat. Oh, that was so much fun!

The Japanese were a very close community. They had shows, plays, dances, movies. After dinner, they would appear with their mats, and when it was dark, the movies. There were many intermissions. Then a man would read a long list of names of those who contributed money, and how much. The shows were very colorful, with a lot of background drumbeating. The stage was decorated with paper flowers. Pink seems to be the dominant color, I recall. The flowers were supposed to be cherry blossoms. The actors and actresses were made up to look like kabuki players. Though so many of us did not understand Japanese, we enjoyed these shows and somehow understood what was taking place.

The Hawaiian families in the valley were: Moepono, Kamana, John Maikai'i (my grandfather), and some others that lived where Manoa School is now. They came by Manoa Road, where they had entrance to their properties. On East Manoa Road, near the Chinese cemetery, lived the Kalimapehu's and the Bray family (William K.). Nearer to

Manoa School, but on East Manoa Road, lived the Koloios and relatives (3063 E. Manoa). Joseph Koloio was Maka Harris Woolsey's brother. I believe that most of these Hawaiian families were somewhat related.

There was a Hawaiian man who knew the mountains very well. He would climb the mountains early in the morning. In the late afternoon, he would bring my grandmother herbs. He had perfect teeth. He lived in a shack (where houses now are), and had his own taro patches, sugar cane, and other plants.

There was a Walanika Paka, who was a not very well-known composer of Hawaiian songs. Her home was across from today's "7-11" Store. She owned this area all the way to the stream. Across the stream was taro patch land. Where St. Francis School is now, were quite a few Hawaiian families, whose names I have completely forgotten because they moved out of the valley.

Now I have to tell you this story about that house that my grandmother lived in. During Prohibition, she had this favorite Japanese bootlegger, who came from Kaneohe in his old Tin Lizzie. She was the middleman--middlelady we'd have to say today--for supplying her friends. She never had a lot around. One day, she got a warning telephone call from a friend. G-men were on their way to arrest her! The voice said, "Aunty Mary Ann, get rid of the liquor." Mr. and Mrs. Purdy (relatives) were visiting then. Grandma and the Purdys poured the stuff down the sink, except for one pint. "Oh", she said, "I can't get rid of this." So she hid it behind a big picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was diagonally on a shelf where two walls met; the surviving pint went in that space. You could still smell the outpouring, and I'm sure the G-men who did show

up very shortly could smell it, too. They found nothing and went away. No doubt they were satisfied that she was a small-time operator. And she was not bothered again, and she continued to buy from the same man for many years.

Grandmother certainly had a lot of friends. I remember a well-known poet, a young haole man, who often visited. There was Prince Kuhio's wife, Princess Elizabeth Kahanu Kalanianaole [1879-1932], who came with her chauffeur. He would go tell Grandma that the princess was waiting in her car. I guess Grandma came out with the liquor. Right next door to Grandma, there lived two cousins of the princess, two sisters name Opunui. Their mother's name was Kaai. The princess never visited them. Different social standing, I guess. But when she died [1932], it was these very cousins who walked directly behind her hearse. She had no other relatives, except for the Opunuis. (They also inherited both her assets and debts. Their attorney was Charles Hite. He put the word "irrevocable" in his contract with them! They could not dismiss him!)

Prince Kuhio died in 1922; the princess remarried and was then known as Elizabeth K. Woods. She was a kind and considerate woman. She gave money to relatives. My youngest sister got help from her when in the Children's Hospital.

Then Grandmother moved back to her former home [2700 E. Manoa Rd.], but had it torn down and a new one built. It was really big, with a parlor (but also dining area!) that could hold 60 or 70 at one sitting. My job was to collect ti leaves and hibiscus flowers for the tables. I would cover the tables with the ti and then sprinkle

the flowers about. Grandmother was now in business giving luaus for the hotels. They sold tickets in their lobbies. These were the Royal Hawaiian, the Moana, the Alexander Young, and the Pleasanton (where Fernhurst is now, across from Punahou).

Grandma, this Tutu, was a very shrewd lady, and kindhearted, too. All the drivers and chauffeurs ate the same luau food in her big kitchen where the table would seat twenty. Of course these tour drivers and chauffeurs thus became her salesmen. (My husband's father came to eat in that kitchen.) She served food in cut glass and dishes from England. This was the "Rose" pattern called "Lokelani" by the Hawaiians. E. O. Hall Company was the distributor, who proudly limited each family to only one set. Grandma got relatives and friends to buy sets for her. Her pantry was filled. I wish I could remember what the punch was served in. I can remember washing tubs full of those dishes out in the backyard.

Her guest list was often distinguished. There was a titled English lady who gave Grandma a beautiful ivory purse. There were the reigning movie actors and elderly men with very young wives (we called them "sugar daddies"). Even missionaries who loved Hawaiian music. Their favorite was "Anapau". A double-sided song! The tutus could explain that it was about a queen riding a horse. The underlying meaning was rather risque.

She had Ray Kinney [1900 - 1972] and Burroughs as her musicians. Ray's nickname with us came from his theme song "Across the Sea." David Bray and his wife Lydia were in charge of the kahiko, the ancient hula performances. Mr. William Miles (who later during World War II became in charge of rent control) was her narrator. Four

children were used in the kahiko. Some of her hula dancers were plump women in their 30's or 40's. The chanting was usually by David and Lydia. I remember her so well for her very red hair and freckles and fair skin.

Those were some luaus! The food from the imu was kalua pig, sweet potatoes, lawalu fish wrapped individually, cooking bananas; dried fish; kulolo, a pudding made with coconut; this was not always served because of the difficulty of making it. There were coconut chicken with luau leaves, squid with coconut milk and luau leaves. Raw fish, lomi salmon, poi, watermelon, pineapple, fresh fruit punch, and oh so delicious coconut and chocolate cakes from the Waioli Tea Room (that was not far away). All this cost the tourists about $5.50, including transportation and even a cabaret tax. Some of the guests brought along Waikiki beach boys.

In much later days, during the war, I had trouble with Grandma's former narrator, when I would petition Miles for a rent increase in some of my units. When I finally confronted him in person, he said that he had been thinking that I was just another Portuguese lady--that is, not the granddaughter of his former employer.

Grandma had built a special outdoor patio under the trees, all for a rich man who wanted to eat outdoors. What a waste, for we hardly ever used it thereafter. I wonder what that party cost him.

Aunt Lydia was as volatile as her red hair indicated. Things could become precarious whenever a guest complained. Once, she was outside by the imu mixing poi with her hands. The guests were all out there for the excitement of seeing the pig being taken out of the imu. A guest said what she was doing was disgusting. She stormed

back with a good question--"How do you make bread?" At another time, some guests said the hula dancers were indecently clothed. Lydia reminded them of their own burlesque shows and said a lot more besides. Her dancers wore cotton panties under their skirts. Lydia compared the dancers (two of whom were her own daughters) to Broadway and Hollywood movie showgirls. In comparison, she said hotly, her dancers were overdressed.

Some guests hated poi. But there was an English family whose two chubby teenage sons took seconds and thirds of poi. We asked them what they thought it tasted like. Rosewater, they said. Other guests said it tasted like library paste, but surely they were thinking of the appearance, not the taste.

Lena Machado [1903 - 1974] was a well-known singer. Mrs. Amelia Guerrero and her troupe entertained.

Grandma usually invited all her neighbors for the entertainment. Most were haoles. (The only neighbors that were Japanese were those on my grandmother's land.) The parties could last until early morning hours, for after the "contract" tourists" went back, the waitresses would sit and eat and sing.

Once, some southerners brought along their black maid. She was not allowed to sit with the guests. We took a small table, set it prettily, and waited on her attentively as though she was a very important person. We could not understand about segregation. (Yet, if we had thought about it then, we could have realized that the chauffeurs and drivers were not allowed to mingle with the hotel guests.)

The neighbors called Grandma "Aunty Mary Ann". She was a dark

Hawaiian woman who had many haole nephews. She would tell them that when they shared a bowl of poi with a Hawaiian, all became calabash kin. We needed that term ourselves to separate blood relatives from those adopted. The haole neighbors became calabash relatives, and could no longer see the color of Grandma's skin.

Grandma used to take new neighbors some papayas, avocados, sometimes eggs and chicken. (The chickens had the run of her property.)

One haole neighbor, a southerner, refused to have anything to do with Grandma. She was Mrs. Fortescue, who lived on Kolowalu, close to E. Manoa Road. Grandma went over there with her nice full basket, but was received very coldly, almost as though invisible. Grandma came back home very hurt. And Mrs. Fortescue, perhaps by her own choice because she was not attending the parties, would often call the police. They would drop in and say, "Now, Aunty Mary Ann, play down the music, not too loud. You have a neighbor that doesn't like it," and they would point to the Fortescue house.

One day [1931], as I was sitting on Grandma's porch, a neighbor rushed over and said, "You know that house over there, a boy was murdered!" We slipped over, just in time to see Pat Gleason, the sheriff, go into the place. I slipped in back and looked in the kitchen window. A table was set for breakfast, but eggs, cups, coffee were scattered. The chairs were turned over. The Sheriff came out with a piece of rope. I think the killers had taken that poor boy in the bathroom and killed him. Grandmother knew Kahahawai, the boy's father. He was a bus driver. After all this, when I would come home from school, there would be Mr. Kahahawai on his porch,

just staring at that Fortescue house for hours and hours. I would go in at the back of my house so as not to disturb him.

Later on, two Japanese women lived there--a mother and daughter. One day, the daughter came to me and asked, "Who lived in our house, and were any old bones buried there?" I could only say that this had once been a dairy, ranch land, grass land, no buildings. The daughter said they were much disturbed because an old man, a spirit, not a living person, would come and sit and stare and stare at their place. She added, "My mother cannot sleep in that house. She feels the presence of this old Hawaiian man, as if he resented us." I couldn't help her. They finally sold the place.

When I was very young, my grandmother told me she was going to perform a special ceremony. She bought a chicken from some Chinese neighbor. (I don't know why she didn't use one of her own--they were all over the place dropping eggs everywhere.) She bought the chicken, boiled it, made a stew. She took a puolo and a red neckerchief. Ti leaves were made into the puolo, the container. We were told that not a feather, not a bone was to be thrown away. Everything was to go into the puolo. When we were through, she tied it all up with the neckerchief and said to me, "Now take this down to Manoa Stream and throw it in." The purpose of this ceremony, she explained, was to free me from all the Hawaiian taboos. "You are now free from that. You are a true Christian."

Hawaiians were very superstitious. There were things you could not do. We could not sit on someone's bed or pillows. That sort of thing. I remember two Hawaiian women from Papakolea who were visiting. They would sit on the mat; they would not sit at the table

to eat. They spoke no English. I was about twelve or thirteen then. The visitors were very old. Grandma said the only way we could find out how old was by listening to them tell about who was king when they were young ladies. They were very neat eaters on the floor. Grandma said, "Watch how they eat. That's the proper Hawaiian way."

Nothing could ever be put in with poi. That bowl was only for poi. There was a proper way to eat with your fingers. Indeed, until I was married, I ate all Hawaiian food with my fingers.

The two very old Hawaiian women would giggle when I called them to dinner in Hawaiian, my kind. I did not learn the Hawaiian language, unfortunately. We were supposed to go to school and learn English. I still don't speak English properly. I have my daughter to correct me. Grandma told me to go learn English, to never mind speaking Hawaiian.

When she met her Hawaiian friends, they would speak only in Hawaiian. At her luncheons, there was much laughter. Somehow, I would begin to understand. One day, I really understood. I gave myself away by joining in the laughter. Grandma slapped me. This ended my sitting with them at luncheon. But I continued to do the dishes!

She was a storehouse of information concerning Hawaiian culture, history, language. She knew about Hawaiian medicine, knew what herbs would heal sores, stop aches, control high blood pressure, control diabetes and heart problems.

She taught me the art of lomi-lomi massage. Many days, I could not go out to play until I had given her a lomi-lomi. She taught me

to massage the thick veins behind her neck and legs until they were soft. She had a grass-like leaf with a very sharp edge that she used on her eyes. She softened potato leaves on the stove, being careful not to burn them. She covered her eyes with these and then put green ti leaves above, and tied a neckerchief around her head. I remember a heavy-set Hawaiian who lived in the slums of Iwilei. It was he who taught my grandmother to do this sort of operation on her eyes. He told her he taught her because he was going to die, and there was no one to take his place. But she could not heal every ailment, and she called on the regular doctor for medicine and advice.

East Manoa Road, as a dirt road, could supply her with most of the herbs that she needed. She would send me to pick them, referring to them by their Hawaiian names. One of the herbs, laukahi, (plantago major, plantain), was for boils. The leaves were softened over heat and applied to the boil. You repeated this daily until the boil burst without squeezing.

Ihi (Oxalis) was used for sores on your legs and feet. This herb is boiled and then when the water has a comfortable temperature, you bathe the stores. Noni (morinda citrifolia, mulberry) was used for heart problems. It was boiled like tomatoes, then strained, and then drunk. The noni is a yellow-colored fruit as big as an orange, with bumps on it. When boiled, it gives off a very offensive odor. Popolo (solanum nigrum, nightshade) was a multipurpose medicinal herb. The leaves were placed in ti leaves, wrapped securely, then put on charcoal to cook. Kukui nut (the young fruit) was used for sore throats. This was sometimes mixed with the ala ala of the squid. It is found in a pouch in the squid. It was usually dried

first on a clothesline. The mountain apple (ohi'a-'ai) bark was used. One woman who came to get bark from our tree, would take a handful of dirt and rub it on the cuts she had made. Then she apologized to the tree in Hawaiian, and then for my benefit in English. Of course, I though she was crazy. Yet, today, we are advised to talk to our plants.

Now we come to genealogy. There were so many who claimed to be related to us. But, now, the only and best source, my grandmother, has died. Our own parents refused to talk about ancestry.

It seems that nearly every Hawaiian friend I have claims to belong to some chief or chiefess. There is one woman, who is herself childless, who came from a chiefly family in Manoa. Kamehameha I and his wife Peleuli had a son Kinau, whose wife was Wahinepio. Their daughter, M. Kekauonohi, married Levi Haalelea and had no issue. Levi had a brother, A. W. Haalilio, who married Hannah H. Iaea, who were the grandparents of Lydia Kaloio, who was a sister-in-law of Maka Woolsey Harris. This Iaea family can trace their genealogy from court records. Somehow, we were also related to them. As I look at the charts, they seem to be related to Kamehameha I only by marriage, unless there is an unrecorded relationship.

The ohana system was important to Hawaiians. Many people would tell me that we came from a line of aliis, but I have no proof. The chart I have was from a member of my ohana, who told me that I was entitled to the alii claim.

Hawaiian children were taught to call the older people "aunty" or "uncle". And so, we had the descriptive term "calabash aunty" to try to keep the record plain. Many times, I had to explain to my

children that we have real relatives and also good close friends. Some part-Hawaiian calabash relatives would introduce my children as their cousins. "Aunty Mary Ann [Perry]" was an affectionate name more than a reference to a relationship.

One who could claim to be a descendant of Kamehameha was Mrs. Wilcox who lived on 7th Avenue in Kaimuki. She was a neighbor of my sister-in-law, who referred to her as a "fishwife" who yelled at her kids. I, of course, reminded my sister-in-law that Theresa (Owana Kaohelelani Wilcox) [1860 - 1944] was a princess by right. She once made the news, but I was too young to know what it was about. (Her granddaughter is Kapiolani Toledo, who has recently [1983] been in our news--she killed her husband in self-defense.)

When Theresa came to visit my grandmother, Grandmother would chant while Theresa very slowly approached. She stopped chanting when Theresa stepped on the porch, Grandma having completed the whole ole. Then they embraced, both talking and crying. This gave me the goose bumps, so that I looked at my arms.

Grandma knew John Lane [1872 - 1958], high sheriff and then a mayor of Honolulu. Once, as we were on Fort Street in front of Liberty House, Lane and my grandmother met and kissed and cried and talked. I was really embarrassed by this public display. Everyone stared at these two intimate Hawaiians who did not care what others thought of them. This was their custom. Perhaps this crying was customary.

ET: Do you know anything about the Opunui family?

MS: Well, it should be the Oopuni. They were first cousins to Princess Kalanianaole. They marched in the back of her coffin as it

went to the mausoleum. They could be from Maui.

ET: Did they own land in the valley?

MS: No. My stepfather was a stone mason. It was hard for him to get a job. He became a janitor for Manoa School. He took care of the plants of the grounds. Marie Brown, the principal there, was my godmother when I was going to school; she knew my family well. Her sister was Emma Taylor, who married the editor of the Star-Bulletin. It was Emma Taylor [1867 - 1937] who told me that we were related to Kamehameha's Kahuna Nui. She may have meant Isaac Davis. His name was somehow a part of the family background. Trying to remember some of the conversations I had with Emma, I now believe that the "connection" was to the Kanaka Kahuna, and not to Isaac Davis.

Emma Taylor tried to recover the bones of Kamehameha in Kohala! She had to go alone at midnight. Some kahuna had told her what to do. She tried, but was prevented from going any further into the area.

She wrote a column for the Star-Bulletin about the royal families and how they lived in Hawaii. She had a room in the Young Hotel Building; I would go there and type for her.

The mother of Marie Brown was Mary Montano [1842 - 1930] who composed "Old Plantation" (about the Ward Estate). I met the old lady once. Her house is still standing on East Manoa Road.

I used to baby sit for Mary Jane Brown Wax (Mrs. Willard Wax), Mrs. Montano's granddaughter. Nina Bowman (3030 E. Manoa) and Anne Moore were the lei day queens. They were two beautiful girls. The Bowman's were our neighbors.

Another well-to-do Hawaiian lady living there was the mother of

Charles Davis. Recently, I asked him about the house on the hill. He said it was the one he was born in. His mother was a very beautiful woman. She did not trust me to play near her property. She would even ask me to back away when I was still in my grandmother's land. I was too close! She thought any Hawaiian child was capable of ho'okolohem pranks and vandalism. I used to go up the hill, and there, magically, would be this angry woman, saying: "Get away from my property. Get out of here."

Oh, I must tell you another story. My grandmother would have the Japanese bootlegger bring the liquor in a keg of oak. In the new house, we had a big basement with in one corner a shower, a wash tray, and a toilet. She would put the keg next to the toilet! In the oak, it aged. When the time was right, she would call her friends to come sample.

There was a vice-president from the Bank of Hawaii (if I told you the name, you would know who it is) who said to my grandmother, "Please don't tell my sister I was here." Another visitor was Donald Bowman, Sr. So, down to the basement where the bananas were ripening, hanging from the rafters. The basement was really big and high. They were very comfortable. Sometimes, they had their wives with them, except for Bowman.

The banker was unmarried. The men would sit and talk and joke and laugh. I was the kid who peeked through the lattice and watched them. One seat was on the toilet (lid down, of course!).

No wonder my grandmother never got arrested. She knew all the right people, and also she knew whom to give liquor to safely. I don't remember that Japanese bootlegger ever being arrested. When he

brought the liquor, we put it on the sink and shined a light through it. If it was blue, that was good liquor. So many things of interest from my childhood!

ET: You went to Manoa School?

MS: I was a tomboy at Manoa School. I had two godmothers. To Marie Brown (also the principal), I was "Marie". But when Mina (my other godmother) came, I was "Mina", after her, of course. It was confusing. I was the only girl in dungarees. Maybe Marie Brown said I didn't act like a girl and might as well be in pants? I used to play hookey and go to Manoa Stream where there was a concrete mountain pond. I would swim there until I heard the voices of the other students coming home from school.

Back home, my mother would ask, "How was school today?" I'd say, "Fine, O.K." She'd grab me by the hair. If it was wet, she'd send me to get the koa stick and give me a wallop. I was afraid of Marie Brown. She had one of those stern-looking faces. You felt she could read your thoughts. When I was older, I came to love her. Then, we became good friends. She had one daughter, Mary Jane Brown (Mrs. Wax), but her sister, Emma Taylor, had no children. There was also a brother, I think, named Davison. It was Marie Brown who would tell me that I was related to the Kahuna Nui, but I had my doubts. We Hawaiians lost our genealogy.

BK: When I was growing up, there was this "hiatus" between two cultures. Hawaiian mothers would tell their children, "Don't talk Hawaiian. If you want to get along in the haole world, learn to speak English." They destroyed their tapa, threw away the handed-down artifacts; they did everything to become haole. Yet,

this was the generation that could have preserved so much of old Hawaii which was still at hand right after 1900.

PR: Of course, most of their genealogy was in chants, and these were lost at this time, too.

BK: There were eight Hawaiian newspapers. The editors of one or two have asked their readers to write down their genealogy and bring it to the newspaper. Edith McKenzie and Ruby Johnson are translating and collating these. This is a last effort of rescue.

MS: My grrandmother had the language and much more. She was a healer. The very wealthy Mr. Piko (of Piko Drive), perhaps even richer than the Dillinghams, had a wife who was part Hawaiian and Indian. They were good friends of my grandmother. One day, Mrs. Piko said, "I want you to know that I owe my life to your grandmother. She was given a gift of healing; it came from God." (Grandma always acknowledged that the gift came from God.) Mrs. Piko said she had been dying, but had been saved by Grandmother. Once, after Grandma was dead and gone, our neighbor Mr. Morimoto [2836 E. Manoa] came to me to seek help for his wife, who had high blood pressure. "Mina", he said, "can you help me? You know Grandma make medicine for my wife. My wife sick now. You know Grandma medicine?" I said, "No, Mr. Morimoto", and I felt so helpless, I wanted to cry. His wife did die, and I went to the house where she lay in her coffin. He said to me, "If your grandma living, my wife no stay there", and he pointed to the coffin. Part of Grandma's treatment of Mrs. Morimoto had been neck massage.

The Hawaiian man who gathered herbs in the mountains would get $5 for bringing her Cockscomb (lepe-a-moa; Celosia argentea). We had

one of those big poi "old boys" on which she would pound the herbs. She would grind in a little sugar cane to take away the bitterness. This would be kept in a bottle. People said this potion was good for bronchitis and asthma, things like that.

As a young wife, I had what they called kane (Tinea, a fungus skin disease; cf. kakane), a white mark on my arm. Well, I used to be very knowledgeable about herbs, always for her. She sent me to Diamond Head for a certain herb, where it was plentiful. It was very hard to get any juice out of it. You had to bring plenty home. After pounding the herb, she put it in a clean bag with Hawaiian salt. I had taken my own urine and made a paste, fresh every day. As I sat on her front porch, she said, "Do this for five days and stay out in the sun. This paste will heal it." You know, that thing disappeared. Hawaiian children were very prone to have scabs and sores. She would take the ihi (Oxalis, wood sorrel) that grows along the grass, pound it, use that, and also laukahi (Plantago major, broad-leafed plaintain). When I had a cold, she got ala'ala (liver of the squid), that black sack in the squid. I used to hate that. We had kukui nut trees in our yard. She would get that thing and rub it down my throat; and oh, I hated it, but if I didn't take it, I was spanked.

Do you remember Dr. Jeffreys who used to live on East Manoa Road? He was, so to speak, our doctor [Oliver A. Jeffreys, 1882 - 1950].

When I had a cold and a fever, Grandma would get eucalyptus leaves and old blankets, put the leaves in hot water, and then the water on the blanket, and the soggy blanket on me. I must say I

didn't like it, but when I finally came out, I felt refreshed. This would go on for two days. I was kept on a diet, mostly soup. I got to be very hungry.

Well, when she was satisfied that I was well, I was allowed to go to Dr. Jeffreys for a checkup. I would walk over and there would be Mrs. Jeffreys with eggs all over her head for shampooing. Dr. Jeffreys would come and ask, "What now, Marie?" I'd say, "Well, Grandma sent me to be checked up." He'd grunt and say, "O.K. Now go home and tell your grandma you O.K." She never sent me to the doctor when I was sick, but afterwards.

In later years, I tried some of that medication that I could remember, but it didn't work for me. I was glad I had her for my grandmother.

Well, there were some negative things that happened in the family, as in all. Sometimes, it sounded like Peyton Place! I haven't brought out all the things I might, but it was always interesting!

PR: Was there a steep cliff behind the house? Were there stairs or any way to get to the top?

MS: The Bowman kids lived on Halelena, and they used to walk through Grandma's property. It was a kind of right-of-way for them to go to the store. She had ti leaves growing on the sides of the walkway. She also had that for her tenants living in the back, who also used the walkway. In later years, she had a road built back there so that she could sell the properties to the several Japanese families I've mentioned. Today, there are about sixteen or seventeen houses on that land. Then, everyone had big property. I remember the Akionas,

who were kind of ohana to Grandmother. She let them have land [2714 E. Manoa] to build on. They were to pay for the building and later pay for the land when they could. She made it very easy for them.

Where there was the big house on the hill, there are now three homes. The Zane family lived there before the McAdam's (came in 1920), who was the first postmaster. She used to come over for avocados. She also sent us her leftovers. One day, she sent potato salad that had worms. She must have had it for ages! She used to come help herself to our fruits. She was a southerner, with very southern speech. Where Mayor Crane lived, there was a black man married to a Hawaiian, living on Kolowalu. Once, I heard that woman and this man talking in their own deep south tongue. It was fascinating to me. When Crane was mayor, he used to pick me up; his wife would be with him. They'd take me as far as the City Hall. Then I'd walk on to Honolulu Business College. I had the mayor as my chauffeur. He was indeed a well-loved, humble, and generous man.

EI: Could you describe again where your grandmother's house was?

MS: Noelani School is on Woodlawn Drive. Nearby is Kolowalu which fronts her property. The house where Kahahawai was murdered is across the street, the second house from the corner. (I always advised Hawaiian friends not to buy there!) So her house was on East Manoa, across from Kolowalu. It's close to where Toyo's Store is. That is now the oldest store in Manoa. There used to be a Yano Store where the Shell Oil is now. The Yanos sold it to Okamura. They moved across the street. They had the Keama place next. Keama [Ewala?] lost his properties. He was related to the Apolianas. She was his sister.

Keama borrowed money to pay for his poi, could not pay, lost all. There is a deadend street named for him next to Toyo. I don't know the circumstances, except through hearsay from his relatives and mine, but I'm sure his creditors had to pay him some money after getting back what was owed. Toyo's Store was property sold by Keama to the Okamuras. Keama had owned on both sides of East Manoa Road.

My grandmother also borrowed money from the bank and also from the Magoon brothers, but she always paid off her notes. I found all her cancelled checks after her death. She borrowed from Philip Spalding at the Bishop National Bank. She could just walk in, and out with the money. It was easy! I couldn't. When my grandmother died, she had a $10,000 debt, which I paid off in four years. I told the man (no longer Mr. Spalding), "My credit should be good with you." He implied that there were too many beneficiaries involved in Grandma's estate. No more loans to me.

X: What is a puolo?

MS: Puolo, made from ti leaves, is a bag, a container to hold things, like mountain apples while you are up in the hills. If you found you need a puolo, that is, a basket, you broke off the top of a ti plant and then pushed up the leaves; it would hold fruit, leis, and so on. Now, kulolo was served at our luaus. It was a pudding made out of taro, sweet potato, and coconut milk, and put in the imu; it could be either steamed or baked.

X: What were the customs concerning eating with the fingers?

MS: One finger for the ladies, two for the men. The fingers had to be sucked clean when they left your mouth. In the Hawaiian family, there were no individual bowls. That's why they wanted the poi left

clean. And, of course, anyone who dipped in the family bowl, the calabash, was a "calabash cousin". I've already talked of that.

CAROL: Do you have a picture of your grandmother?

MS: I did have. I gave it to a cousin, who was as white as can be. My attorney was Judge Mizuha, who met my cousin in New York. It was Grandma's son Dudie Maika'i, who went to Chicago, married a haole lady, and had one son. His son received quite a bit of money from Grandma's estate. My cousin is as fair as fair can be, much more fair than any of you here. Mr. Mizuha said, "Is he really Hawaiian?" And when Dudie came here, he said he had to meet the cousin (me) "who gave him all that money." I said, "It was your grandmother, not me; don't give me the credit. I was just carrying out her wishes."

X: Whose land was it where the Bank of Honolulu is?

MS: It was and still is the land of Wong Nin. Grandma leased the land and the old house there because she got married, again. And my mother lived in the former house. Then I went back to live with my mother. The new husband was Gonsalves. Grandma had resumed her maiden name of Perry when she divorced Grandpa Koloa'amakai'i. (He was called Mr. Maikai'i.) The Perry name was what she used on all the tickets sold to the hotels for her luaus.

We went to the auction of the possessions of Princess Kalanianaole, "Princess Kahanu" we called her, when she died [1932].

It was too bad I wasn't then a trustee; otherwise, not one thing would have been auctioned. I would have done something with everything, as later I did with Grandmother's. I was, however, too young when Kahanu died. From that auction, we had in the house all

the things Grandma had bought: among them, a sword and a Queen Emma table. At the auction was a lady from the museum of Queen Emma's home; she was there to acquire that table. Grandma kept putting up her hand. "Grandma, don't!", I kept saying to her. The haole lady broke down and cried. Grandma justified her purchase by saying Emma was her queen so she had to have the table. It was in our house. A good thing the parlor was so big. Before she died, she wanted to give the table to me, but my parlor was too small. Anyhow, I was a bit superstitious about the table because of the wood it was made of. The legs were kauwila (buckthorn), the top of milo [Thespesia populnea]. These were the woods that the idols were made of.

After my grandmother's death, the table was bought by Mrs. Doris Keppler for $75, the same amount it had cost us at the auction. I couldn't donate it to the Queen Emma Home because the table was locked in the estate; I had to sell it.

Abigail, Princess Kawananakoa [1882 - 1945], used to come and sit in my grandmother's parlor. Grandma had bought a few trinkets from the auction. They looked like rubies, but were glass. I used to put on the earrings and the necklace and admire myself in the glass. Oh, I really loved that box of trinkets from the Princess Kahanu sale. Then Abigail found out about the source of these items. She said she wanted them and would pay for them, but Grandma very willingly gave them all to her. I think Abigail took them to keep commoners from wearing them. Indeed, her royal children used to wear them in their Christmas plays. So there went my favorite indoor playthings.

Grandmother said that she had once been one of the Princess's musicians and traveled with her when she went to the other islands.

I remember that the Princess was at one time the Democratic Chairlady here. Robert Shingle was her brother-in-law. He used to bring us chocolates.

Grandma knew all the politicians. Mr. Urban Wild, who married Virginia Frear, whose mother was a Dillingham, had his property right across the street. There must be ten houses there now, some pretty big. We used to go to his big white house. There, at politics-time, in the parlor were all these dainty sandwiches. My grandmother's task was to invite the Hawaiians of the valley. You could hear them complaining about the little "finger" sandwiches. They would say namunamu, ho!, how can we get filled on these tiny things!" They might grab two or three at a time. But Grandmother had a little more, what you call class. Not always too much, though! She would scold them in Hawaiian. They were Democrats, strong ones. Did they go there to eat the food or to risk conversion to the Republicans? We used to love those politicians; it was exciting the way they went around slinging mud. Lots of it.

When we got through with the Republicans where we ate, off to the Democrats. And in their rally, we heard the same things, lots of loose gossip. But they had good music. They came with their leis and all those beautiful hula dancers and singers. You'd want to get up and dance around. I do believe that those who had the best entertainers got more votes.

Kamanele Park was one place, another at the Manoa-East Manoa triangle. We walked to these. It was quite a thing to go to these rallies. Today, it is so pale and dull.

PR: Can we go back to that mountain pond you played in?

MS: It's where Manoa School is, by the bridge. Right there, look over the side; there's a pipe. God must have been with me, for I would be there all along, jumping in from the guava trees. I could have cracked my head. There was already concrete there then, and we used it as a slide. There is a lot more concrete now and less water depth because the stream has been broadened. When I moved here, my father used to walk through the fields and keep horses and cows. He would go across that broken chunk of bridge to go to the store. The bridge was already cracked up then.

During the depression, we survived in part on our own produce. We had avocados, oranges, bananas, sugar cane, mangoes, guavas, papayas. No lilikoi. We used to take the green papaya and peel it, not green, but half-ripe. It had to be a "certain" half ripeness. We'd peel it and eat it. This was papaya at its prime for us kids. Then we'd take the avocado and mix it with brown sugar and spread that on a cracker. Being kids, we had a sweet tooth. We had "koolau tea" that grew wild. For months, during the depression, we lived at Grandma's on butterfish and sweet potato. Just to save her land.

Once I told Grandma to sell land so as to take a trip with Mrs. Emma Hausten. I got a good scolding. I never suggested that again. This was Mrs. Hausten of the Willows. It was a good thing she didn't go because the boat was shot at by the Japanese navy!

In the parlor was a statue of Venus, armless, upper torso uncovered. Grandma had bought it, along with other things, at the Princess Kahanu auction. It came from her covered garden and had been made in Italy. Grandma finally sold the statue because the Hawaiian ministers and some friends blamed her sickness on the

statue. One woman claimed it walked around the room, but I lived there and it never walked! Some people tried to create legends about Mary Ann. The ministers said the statue was a pagan idol, that people would worship it. We didn't. It was just in the wrong setting. Grandma sold it to the Willows for $15. They had a fishpond. Now it's in a garden on Kauai. That's a statue with a history!

BK: You had brothers and sisters?

MS: I had siblings. I was the oldest.

ET: Are any of your family buried in the Manoa Church graveyard?

MS: My grandmother is. It was hard after her death for me to pass by that graveyard. My mother's there; my stepfather, too.

I can't remember the name of the woman who wanted to write about my stepfather; she lived behind Sacred Hearts Church in a little house, and was a school teacher. She was related to the James family. [The name is Emma Lyons Doyle.] She said that many Hawaiians today come from a background of royalty. My stepfather's name was Bill Opunui.

ET: In doing research on Manoa Church, I came upon that name. I'd like to know more of them. An Opunui came from Maui with the Rice family. Rice helped build the original church and also Moiliili Church. Opunui was apparently his right-hand man. You mentioned that he was a stone mason. Perhaps he was one of the builders of the church here? There was a hui of members of the congregation that bought a piece of property, with Mr. Rice as the leader. An Opunui was listed as one of the hui. In the end, I think this land was sold.

MS: There's a Peter Opunui who used to be a top violinist in the Royal Hawaiian Band; he was my stepfather's brother. In the family, it was "Big P" and "Small P"--again confusion.

ET: Why was it that your Catholic relatives were buried in this Protestant cemetery?

MS: Well, the Hawaiians had a loyalty to their alii because that was their church. As for Grandma, although a Catholic, she had divorced her husband and could not receive holy communion. To the Church, she was living in sin when she remarried. Also, she had a plot in the Manoa Church cemetery before any distinctions were to be made; note that the Kawaiahao Church could not stop her burial there. Later it did stop Catholic burials there, I think. The Woolseys had been there for a long time, and we had several sections there. Everyone buried there was a neighbor or a friend or a relative. Grandpa Maikai'i is there and his wife Tutu Loke. My Grandmother is next to her brother, right next to the theater, so that kids may be walking back and forth over the grave. Down on the other side is the Opunuis, next to the Tanabe Service Station; that's all Opunuis buried there.

My stepfather has his name on his gravestone. The one that got run over by a streetcar on Nuuanu Street, Mrs. Lyons was instrumental in getting his headstone. The Sacred Hearts Church has her land.

Those plumerias in the graveyard were gathered by the Opunui ladies, who made leis and sold them on boat day. They all wore muumuus, with scissors attached to a ribbon around their necks. They wore lauhala hats. They would all be there. A really colorful sight, all those Hawaiian ladies on boat day. Later, other

nationalities joined them. I heard that in the 1970's they made $14,000 a year.

I remember going to meet the queen of Tonga. I know her relatives pretty well. When I paid a call on her, Mrs. Kamokila Campbell was there. She wanted to know "who I was" and why I had the honor of sitting with the queen. I didn't know what to say. Later there was a shower for the princess, the king's niece, at the Methodist church across from Thomas Square. Behold, someone gets up and says, "We have Hawaiian royalty here." I looked around to see who this was. I expected to see the Campbells. Then someone said, "Would you please stand up?" and called my name. I was flabbergasted. I went to the prime minister's wife (mother of the princess) afterwards to apologize. I said, "I'm not royalty." She said, "So am I." But I was embarrassed.

ET: We've heard that Kalakaua had a house in the area where you lived.

MS: I never heard of it. In my time, the owner across from us was Urban Wild.

During World War II, Grandma never paid any attention to the air raid sirens. I would plead with her to go down to the basement. She would say, "Don't worry, we're going to win the war." When I would read her bad news of Japanese advances, she'd say, "Kulikuli, we're going to win the war!" I'd say, "Grandma, how do you know?" She says she had a dream of seeing many "yellow" fish dead in the water; and that came true.

My mother died in December, 1941. Grandmother was on the porch with her. I remember clearly seeing her on the stretcher, under a

to my house. He had heard my mother calling, "Take care of Mama" (that is, Grandma). Now, I too heard my mother's voice, "Take care of Mama." On August 16, 1942, I found Grandma dead, at 70. And I had a dream and again I heard my mother's voice and request. These things do happen in a Hawaiian family. And soon after, in October, my stepfather went. Three within a year.

I got scared when Grandma was in the living room in her coffin. Mrs. Maka Woolsey was there. Grandma's niece was handling everything; she was with the mortuary. Mrs. Woolsey was sitting next to the coffin overnight. She was talking to Grandma. She said, "Hey Mary Ann, if you want ilima lei, I'll go get it." Then she turns to me and says, "Grandma asks for ilima." Well, I was scared. The next day, she brought the beautiful ilima leis Grandmother wanted.

Princess Kawananakoa and a lot of notable people sent condolences and flowers; and the Japanese people in the valley came and cried; they cried because she had loved them. She had always invited them to all of her affairs.

One flower-wreath giver was a granddaughter of Grandma's sisters. She was considered notorious and also retarded. But when I wrote in the newspapers thanking everyone for their wreaths, I listed the princess and also this girl. Comes a telephone call from her

niece, Mrs. Ordenstein (the one in charge of the service), who asks, "How could you put her name in the paper?" Well, at least I had put her at the end; I didn't start with her! She was a relation.

I was sorry that she didn't have a good reputation. She was a lei seller. Soldiers would make dates with her, and she would take off with their money. She never did anything wrong! She had a brother who was a colonel. Some of her family wanted to put her in Kaneohe, but an in-law, Zilla Young, stopped it. She said, "She's not that bad, like you people say." I wouldn't say she was promiscuous. And she had the sense to run!