Hawaiian Gardens
Box 297, Honolulu, Hawaii

The following tropical seeds, cuttings and roots are available to our many customers on a year round basis. Note that prices include postage, and in most cases this is airmail direct to you. Certain items such as seeds and slips, will go first class mail. Airmail will reach you within three days from date of shipment. Regular mail takes from ten to twenty days.

Most of the items listed here are suitable for growing anywhere on the mainland with little care and attention. Room temperature, adequate sunshine, humidity and the common sense treatment that applies to any plant will bring you pleasing results. In cold weather our Hawaiian plants are perfectly at home in a parlor or hothouse. Growing instructions accompany each shipment. We guarantee safe arrival in growable condition. We cannot be responsible for grower's skill, knowledge of plants and climate in his area.

BIRD-OF-PARADISE (Regina Strelitzia) Seeds.
With long stalks resembling the neck, this flower truly resembles a poised, gaudy bird with a colorful orange beak and golden crest. It is one of the most exotic flowers of the tropics. The leaf is long and oval, resembling the banana leaf, of which this plant is a member. Plant grows about 18" high, in clusters. $1.00 per packet of 12 seeds

WOODROSE (Ceylong Morning Glory) Seeds. Rose Pods on stems.
So rapidly does this leafy vine grow that in Hawaii it is often called the "Mile-a-minute." This unusual plant produces yellow morning-glory flowers. However the calyx of the bloom develops into a large bud which opens as it dries and the dried pad, globular shaped and brownish in color, becomes the attractive wood "rose." These can be sprayed any color. Widely used as corsage arrangements. Nonperishable. (Grown under glass in the north.) Seeds, $1.00 per packet of 24 Dried woodroses, $3.00 per dozen

ORCHID (Vanda Joachim), Cuttings.
One of the hardiest and the easiest to grow of all the orchids. Stalks reach a height of from 3 to 5 feet. These cuttings will bloom within 4 to 8 months after planting. (Sand, osmunda, sawdust, compost, etc., will do for planting them.) Blooms are fuschia, about 2" in diameter, and last 2 weeks or more. Foot length cuttings, $3.50 per dozen

POTHOS (Aureus Linden), Cuttings.
This vine, one of the Philodendron group, is equally at home clinging to trees, stumps, and trellises or simply growing out of water. Its heart shaped leaves are green spotted with gold when they receive benefit of sunshine. Otherwise they are a true tropic dark green. This plant is a native of the Solomon Islands, but is a popular mainland house plant. Foot length cuttings, $2.00 per ½ dozen. (You can cut them in half for more slips.)

CUP-OF-GOLD (Solandra Guttata), Cuttings.
Also known as the "Golden Chalice" vine, this is one of Hawaii's most magnificent flowers. Its huge yellow blossoms often reach 6 to 8 inches across. It is heavy with sweet fragrance, and when the bud opens it does so with such speed that eye can observe the process. A woody vine, the Cup-of-Gold grows rapidly and blooms annually. Its green leaves are large and oval shaped. 6" unrooted cuttings, $2.00 per ½ dozen

HAWAIIAN TI. Cuttings and plants (Pronounced "tea")
This gorgeous wide-leaved tropical comes either in the deep green or variegated. It is widely used as a house plant, for halls or for patios. Grows to over four feet from a woody stalk. The white flower cluster of small blossoms is attractive and graceful even when dried. The long, wide leaves are often used as ornamentals. In Hawaii they are used to form the skirt of the hula dancer. (The Ti plant resembles dracena.) Cuttings $3.00 per ½ dozen 6" - 8" plants $2.00 for 3

ANTHURIUMS plants
The aristocrat of the tropics! These heart-shaped waxy finish flowers are so unusual and long lasting as to be mistaken for artificial blooms. The flowers come in red, white, pink and salmon. Can be used as cut flowers or corsages. Truly an exotic house plant. Grown in pots or upon the ground. They prefer a semi-shaded, humid atmosphere. Seedlings $5.00 per ½ dozen Small plants $2.50 each (min. of 2)
LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

FROM NEW ZEALAND, YET!

Greetings from New Zealand, where I arrived safely after a pleasant flight from Honolulu. I remember with great pleasure our all too brief time together, and write to express my appreciation of No. 1 of the reincarnated "Mid-Pacific Magazine." If you will share this with me, I shall be most happy to reciprocate with "The New Zealand Vegetarian." Your subscription for one year will begin with the June, 1953 issue and comes with my compliments. I greatly enjoyed your kindness in driving me along Waikiki beach.

GEOFFREY HODSON
73 Margot St.
Auckland, SE 3,
New Zealand

AND, OF COURSE, TEXAS

I would appreciate receiving a sample copy of Mid-Pacific Magazine. Enclosed is 25c for one issue. Please advise your subscription rates.

GEORGE W. SULLIVAN, JR.
504 No. 20th St.
Waco, Texas

Dear George:
Standard subscription rates for Mid-Pacific Magazine are $3.00 for twelve issues.—ED.

NOT TO MENTION THE EMPIRE STATE

I have read of your magazine in Writer's Digest, however, would not care to subscribe to same without seeing a sample copy first. I wonder if this would be possible to have you send me. I will appreciate this, and also can you tell me what other types of magazines are published in your

By RALPH S. KUYKENDALL

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Territory? Or where can I find this information?

GRACE T. SAYMAN
4 East 28th St.
New York 16.

Dear Grace:

Your sample copy is on the way with our compliments. The oldest and most widely known of Hawaiian magazines at the present time is "Paradise of the Pacific," a general magazine which should be of interest to you as a writer. You might also write to Pacific Publishing Co., Box 1875, for sample copies of "Armed Forces Patrol," a monthly magazine for service men and women in the Pacific, and for "Aloha" another general magazine of the Islands. All of these are published in Honolulu.—ED.

THEN THERE IS MINNESOTA

Enclosed is two-bits for a sample copy of Mid-Pacific Magazine. Thanks.

BENNIE BENGSTON
Kennedy, Minnesota

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, CALIFORNIA

I will be looking forward to seeing the first issue of the magazine and what you have done with it. As you know, the fact that I lend you the HRA name list will appear as my full recommendation to the HRA's that they subscribe. For this reason I want to have a look-see and check material and policy as it pans out, and I also need to know what guarantee you can offer that subscribers will get a full year for their money. I know you will understand my position.

MAX FREEDOM LONG
Box 2867
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Max:

A copy of Volume 50, No. 1 has been long in your hands by now. We believe it shows pretty well the four years of preparation which lie behind it, not to mention the backing of one of the most successful printing plants in Honolulu. We're both in this to stay and the strength of that intention will be evident in the quality and "guts" of the editorial content. That quality, plus the charm of the format, and nothing else is going to sell Mid-Pacific Magazine to you and to anyone else who wants to buy or subscribe.—ED.

THE SUN NEVER SETS

It is with much regret I say that I am unable to send three dollars for 12 issues as advertised — having no U. S. currency, but I would thank you ever so much if you sent me a specimen copy, I would repay you in kind with magazines or newspapers from Ireland.

EDWARD MINOGUE
Claremorris, County Mayo, Ireland

Dear Ed:

Why not? Your sample copy is on the way.—ED.

EDITORIAL

In a recent issue of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin we were interested and somewhat annoyed to read the following in David Lawrence's "Today In Washington" column:

"When the American people voted the Eisenhower Administration into power nearly a year ago, they expressed a desire to eliminate waste in government and get efficiency.

"But when the present regime starts to put into effect a reorganization of bureaus—even though Congress has approved—protests arise. They come largely from vested interests—those that want to see certain jobs or certain expenditures continued irrespective of their merits."

The merit of the multi-million dollar Federal pay roll in Hawaii, Mr. Lawrence, is that it enables local merchants to sell millions of dollars worth of goods and services annually to these civil servants with a "vested interest" in eating regularly, keeping their bodies clothed and sheltered, and keeping up the payments on the doctor bills, refrigerators and automobiles.
Another news item from Washington in that same issue of the Bulletin quoted Chairman Phillip Young, of the Civil Service Commission, as hoping that another 50,000 people could be lopped off the Federal payroll in the next eight months!

And Mr. Lawrence goes on to say in his column: "If the present Administration can get the necessary work done by fewer jobholders, the American people will be happy—and the protests will be drowned out by applause."

Do you suppose, Mr. Lawrence, that the merchants who traded with the fired jobholders are going to applaud their unpaid bills? The jobholders are American people, and so are the merchants—and anyone else depending on that payroll for a living!

Isn't it rather ridiculous for the most productive, the most extravagant country in the world to try to practice efficiency and economy IF it leads to a depression?

If the Republicans don't want to be tossed out on their derrieres in the coming elections, they'd better burn the midnight oil figuring ways to keep the purchasing power of the American people up to its present level!

In this land without a philosophy we've learned at last the brotherhood of the pocketbook, if nothing else, and the would-be leader of tomorrow will rally his followers around the slogan "What hurts one hurts all!"

His political genius will be shown, not in a ruthless drive to eliminate waste in government but in figuring out ways and means to keep America's wealth as widely distributed in peace time as it has been in war!
wave could I persuade to boost me shoreward. And then arrived a friend, Alexander Hume Ford, a globe-trotter by profession, bent ever on the pursuit of sensation. And he had found it at Waikiki. Heading for Australia, he stopped off for a week to find out if there were any thrills in surf-riding, and he had become wedded to it. He had been at it every day for a month and could not yet see any symptoms of the fascination lessening on him. He spoke with authority.

"Get off that board," he said. "Chuck it away at once. Look at the way you're trying to ride it. If ever the nose of that board hits bottom you'll be disembowelled. Here, take my board. It's a man's size."

I am always humble when confronted by knowledge. Ford knew. He showed me how properly to mount his board. Then he waited for a good breaker, gave me a shove at the right moment, and started me in. Ah, delicious moment when I felt that breaker grip and fling me. On I dashed, a

I deserted the cool shade, put on a swimming suit, and got hold of a surfboard. It was too small a board. But I didn't know, and nobody told me. I joined some little Kanaka boys in shallow water, where the breakers were well spent and small—a regular kindergarten school. I watched the little Kanaka boys. When a likely-looking breaker came along, they flopped upon their stomachs on their boards, kicked like mad with their feet, and rode the breaker in to the beach.

I tried to emulate them. I watched them, tried to do everything they did and failed utterly. The wave swept past us and I was not on it. I tried again and again. I kicked twice as madly as they did, and failed.

Half a dozen would be around. We would all leap on our boards in front of a good wave. Away our feet would churn like the sternwheels of river steamboats, and away the little rascals would scoot while I remained in disgrace behind.

I tried for a solid hour, and not one hundred and fifty feet, and subsided with the breaker on the sand. From that moment I was lost. I waded back to Ford with his board. It was a large one, several inches thick, and weighed all of seventy-five pounds. He gave me advice, much of it. He had had no one to teach him, and all that he had laboriously learned in several weeks he communicated to me in half an hour. I really learned by proxy, and inside of half an hour I was able to start myself and ride in. I did it time after time, and Ford applauded and advised. For instance, he told me to get just so far forward on the board and no farther. But I must have got some farther, for as I came charging in to land, that miserable board poked

---

We've searched the early issues of Mid-Pacific Magazine in vain for pictures of Jack London or Mr. Ford on surfboards or even in the water, but here's "Dad" Center in those early days, Outrigger Canoe Club's great surf rider and teacher of a generation of ambitious young swimmers.

From the October, 1915 issue of Mid-Pacific Magazine, the lead story, in which Jack London tells of his struggles to master the famous surf at Waikiki.
Here's a rare shot of Jack London on the beach at Waikiki, in front of the Outrigger Canoe Club. Extreme right is Alexander Hume Ford who, as editor, was careless about identifying the women. He did say that one of them was Mrs. London! Can anyone name the other two?
a struggle between insensate force and intelligence.

I soon learned a bit. When a breaker curled over my head, for a swift instant I could see the light of day through its emerald body; then down would go my head, and I would clutch the board with all my strength. Then would come the blow, and in the onlooker on shore I would be blotted out. In reality the board and I have passed through the crest and emerged in the respite of the other side.

I should not recommend those smashing blows to an invalid or delicate person. There is weight behind them, and the impact of the driven water is like a sandblast. Sometimes one passes through half a dozen comb- ers in quick succession, and it is just about that time that he is liable to discover new merits in the stable land and new reasons for being on shore.

Out there in the midst of such a succession of big smoky ones, a third man was added to our party, one Freeth. Shaking the water from my eyes as I emerged from one wave and peered ahead to see what the next one looked like, I saw him tearing in on the back of it, standing upright on his board, carelessly poised, a young god bronzed with sunburn. We went through the wave on the back of which he rode. Ford called to him. He turned an air-spring from his wave, rescued his board from its maw, paddled over to us and joined Ford in showing me things.

One thing in particular I learned from Freeth, namely, how to encounter the occasional breaker of exceptional size that rolled in. Such breakers were really ferocious, and it was unsafe to meet them on top of the board. But Freeth showed me, so that whenever I saw one of that calibre rolling down on me, I slid off the rear end of the board and dropped down beneath the surface, my arms over my head and holding the board. Thus, if the wave ripped the board out of my hands and tried to strike me with it (a common trick of such waves), there would be a cushion of water a foot or more in depth, between my head and the blow. When the wave passed, I climbed upon the board and paddled on.

The whole method of surf-riding and surf-fighting, I learned, is one of non-resistance. Dodge the blow that is struck at you. Dive through the wave that is trying to slap you in the face. Sink down feet first, deep under the surface, and let the big smoker that is trying to smash you goes by far overhead. Never be rigid, relax! Yield yourself to the waters that are ripping and tearing at you. When the undertow created by a big wave catches you and drags you seaward along the bottom, don’t struggle against it. If you do, you are liable to be drowned, for it is stronger than you. Yield yourself to the undertow. Swim with it; not against it, and you will find the pressure removed. And, swimming with it, following it so that it does not hold you, swim upward at the same time. It will be no trouble at all to reach the surface.

The man who wants to learn surf-riding must be a strong swimmer, and he must be used to going under the water. After that, fair strength and common sense are all that is required.

The force of the big comber is rather unexpected. There are mix-ups in which board and rider are torn apart and separated by several hundred feet. The surf-rider must take care of himself. No matter how many riders swim out with him he cannot depend on any of them for aid. The fancied security I had in the presence of Ford and Freeth made me forget that it was my first swim out in deep deep water among the big ones. I recollected, however, and rather suddenly, for a big wave came in, and away went the two men on its back all the way to shore, a quarter of a mile away. I could have been drowned a dozen different ways before they got back to me.

One slides down the face of a breaker on his surfboard, but he has to get started to slide. Board and rider must be moving shoreward at a good rate before the wave overtakes them. When you see the wave coming that you want to ride on, you turn tail to it and paddle shoreward with all your strength, using what is called the windmill stroke. This is a sort of spurt performed immediately in front of the wave. If the board is going fast enough, the wave accelerates it, and the board begins its quarter-of-a-mile slide.

I shall never forget the first big wave I caught out there in deep water. I saw it coming, turned my back on it and paddled for dear life. Faster and faster my board went, till it seemed my arms would drop off. What was happening behind me I could not tell. One cannot look behind and paddle the windmill stroke. I heard the crest of the wave hissing and churning, and then my board was lifted and flung forward. I scarcely knew what happened the first half-minute. Though I kept my eyes open, I could not see anything, for I was buried in the rush-

Continued on Page 28

Mid-Pacific Magazine
WHEN A SAILOR ENTERS THE BOTTOM OF THE escape-practice tower at the Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor, he has 134 feet of water above him through which to swim. Don H. Yuen, SN, decided the boys needed more incentive than just plain air in their ascent to freedom, the Commander of the Base concurred, and so here you see Don putting the finishing touches on an 8x51 ft. mural just above the surface of the water at the top of the tank. Arrow on outside shot points to approximate location.

—Official U. S. Navy Photo.
Here is the conclusion to L. W. deVis-Norton's thrilling descent into the fire pit Halemaumau in the crater of Kilauea on the island of Hawaii, to take the temperature of the active volcano and to measure the depth of the molten lava in the pit. The Professor is Dr. Jaggar, late dean of Hawaiian volcanologists, and the story is reprinted from the April, 1917 issue of Mid-Pacific Magazine.—ED.

Behold us then, on the following morning, gathered once more beneath the protecting rampart, screwing many lengths of pipe together for a sounding rod. Two hundred feet in all did we prepare and carry to a low point less than three feet above the lake. We slid it forward and the Professor guided it downward, slowly and surely as the heat cracked our faces and beat in solid waves against our bodies.

Up went the Professor's hand, then down again, the signal that bottom had been touched and we were to pull. Heavens, how we tugged! The pipe was covered with Pele's hair. The sharp lava fragments tore through our hands like knife blades; our muscles cracked and the blood pounded through our veins tying them into knots, and slowly, inch by inch, Pele yielded our measuring rod to us. The lava floor splintered under our feet.

The bench on which we stood throbbed heavily from the mighty forces beneath. On we toiled until only three lengths of pipe remained beneath the surface. Only machinery could help us then and so a block and tackle was rigged to multiply our strength tenfold; but the rope broke and our efforts were useless.

The Professor had us unscrew the pipe then, length by length, until we reached the very edge of the lake over which it bent sharply. A rush of hot gas came from the tube. The Professor struck a match to it. A hot flame flared out, flickered, then expired. I put my hand over the opening; wonder of wonders, cold air was coming up in regular pulsations! I stooped to listen.

Why, somewhere in the depths of that lake of fire Pele kept an engine; for plainly to my ear came the beat of the exhaust from the cylinders!

Marvellous beyond words was that sound; the huge fountains soared, splashed and tumbled; the surface skins ground and crackled against each other; fiery bombardments added to the din; but nothing changed the steady rhythm of Pele's workshop down below.

The cooler outside air blew into the pipe and drops of water gathered in its mouth. We measured up the lengths we had saved and deducting them from the total found that we had touched bottom at sixty-two feet. Of

Continued on Page 28
A HAWAIIAN-PORTUGUESE CHRISTMAS STORY

By Kaukaohu

"He been ask if us go church every Sunday," Pumpkin dipped his hand into the bag of tarnamouch.

"Yep. We go church." Bones had some more tarnamouch.

"But we nevva tell him dat we sit behind the statue of St. Agnes and read funny books."

"Yep. Good ting he dunno."

"He would fo'give us."

"Tink so?"

"'At's wat da catechism book say. You gotta fo'give, no matta wat. You gotta fo'give the guy who kick you; you gotta fo'give the guy who swipe you pants. You jest gotta fo'give, 'at's all."

"Tanks to God." Bones turned the bag inside out. He sighed. "No more 'ono. 'At's what I say, 'ono, eh Bones?"

"Us guys been eating all afternoon."

"Yep."

"Yep."

"More betta we go swipe some more, eh Bones?"

"I tink so. Dis small bag tarnamouch no nough fo' us." Bones grabbed a handful of tarnamouch and stuffed the creamy yellow beans into his mouth.

"Them guys real dumb, eh Bones? 'Specially dat new priest, Fada Big-nose."

"Yep. He dunno us guys da ones swiping da tarnamouch from da Holy Ghost Fair."

"He dunno no'ting."

"'At's right, Pumpkin."

"But he been almost catch us dis aftanoon."

"Yep." Bones giggled.

"But he nevva."

"Okay, Pumpkin, gimme a lift."

Bones forced the window and helped Pumpkin in. The interior of the storeroom was dark and musty. There was a door at the end which opened into the booth. "Wat of somebody come inside now?" asked Bones.

"Tough. But no worry. Fada Big-nose fo'give us."

"Tanks to God." Bones uncovered the lid of a barrel. He began filling his sack with tarnamouch. Pumpkin was at another barrel, his dirty hands sloshing the briny water. He scooped the golden beans in his hands and let them fall through his fingers. "Tarnamouch, tarnamouch, I lufe you. I lufe you." He crammed a handful into his mouth and nearly choked.

"Pumpkin, we betta hurry up befo' somebody come."

"Why for you every time worry, Bones? Nobody know we stay heah."

"I get a hunch. 'At's all. I get a hunch us guys betta take off befo' somebody catch us. I get da feeling."

"You nuts. Take it easy. Us guys ..." The door suddenly opened, and a man with a dirty apron around his middle rushed into the room.

"You see, Father. You see! I told you I heard voices inside the back. That's the crooks. That's the crooks been stealing the tarnamouch."

The priest who followed him in was a little man with lively gray eyes and with a nose resembling an overripe banana. When he saw Pumpkin and Bones, he stopped. Then he slowly walked to them, wagging his fingers.
"So it is you!"

Pumpkin and Bones trembled.

"You want me call the police, Father?" The man wiped his nose with the back of his arm. He glared contemptuously at Bones, who at that moment was fervently mumbling: "Our Fada Who Stay in heaven... fo'give me my sins...." The man sniffed. He wheeled around and headed for the door.

"One moment, Mr. Silva.

"I go call the police, Father. You watch them. I no take very long."

"No. You will not call the police."

"But, Father..."

"I will talk to them."

The man looked at the little priest as if to say: You're crazy. You don't know what you're doing. "Them kids ought to be in jail, Father," he urged. "They're stealing from the church—that's much worse than no good."

"Mr. Silva, the church's primary purpose is to help people, not to send them to jail."

"I no understand. We catch them steal the tarnamouch."

"Yes, I imagine you wouldn't understand." The priest smiled kindly at the man.

Mr. Silva shrugged his shoulders, and wiped his hands on his apron.

"The church will not go bankrupt over the loss of a few beans, Mr. Silva. And stealing from the church is no more nor less sinful than stealing from a blindman or a millionaire. Stealing in itself is wrong. There are no shades of wrong, Mr. Silva, really, for when you do wrong, you wrong God, your fellow men, and yourself. It is that which is condemned."

Mr. Silva shrugged his shoulders, and wiped his hands on his apron.

"You the boss, Father. What you says go. But, if I was you, I call the police. Anyway, if you need me holler, I be in the booth outside."

Closing the door, the priest faced Pumpkin and Bones. "You haven't been fooling me," he said.

"Wat you mean?"

"Yeah, wat you mean?" insisted Bones.

"I know you two have been making a mockery of the mass by reading comic books behind the statue of St. Agnes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Pumpkin.

Bones covered his face, but his fingers parted a fraction of an inch so that he could observe the priest.

"And this afternoon when I spoke to you, I suspected you were the cause of the vanishing tarnamouch. But I said nothing to you because I had hoped you would realize you were doing wrong."

"Fo'give us, Fada," said Pumpkin.

"Forgive you?" The priest shook his head. "Yes, you have come to depend upon it. For some, the confessional has been a means of spiritual house-cleaning, a preparation for communion with God. For others, well, it just makes them feel good to confess and know they can start all over again with a clean page. But you Pumpkin! And you Bones! You have deliberately depended upon it to escape punishment."

"No, Fada. At's not true," protested Pumpkin.

"At's right wat Pumpkin say, Fada."

"Good," replied the little priest. "Then you will not get forgiveness, since, after all, you expected none."

Pumpkin and Bones exchanged troubled looks.

"You will be punished," continued the priest, "and I personally shall see that you receive what you deserve."

Pumpkin swallowed. He was perspiring.

Bones whispered under his breath: "Go 'head, Pumpkin. Tell da Fada wat da catechism book say."

But Pumpkin looked miserable. Bones lost all hope. Clutching at the priest's cassock, he pleaded, "Fada, Fada, we sorry. No punish us."

And Pumpkin, hearing the crushed Bones repent, and noticing the twitch in the priest's nose and the softening of his stern features, became a sinner, too. "Fada," he begged, "fo'give us. Us guys nevva mean no harm when we was swiping da tarnamouch. Honest, Fada, us guys..."
WHY I WROTE

The white man who solved the secret of Hawaiian magic, white and black, writes the foreword to his latest and third book, Secret Science At Work, which tells the story of applying the secret, an ancient religion of the Hawaiians to the problems of modern life.

by MAX FREEDOM LONG

My first book, Recovering the Ancient Magic, which reported on the psycho-religious beliefs of the ancient Polynesians and endeavored to explain the magic used by the native priests of Hawaii (the kahunas) was published in London in 1936. It came out in a small edition of less than a thousand copies and was distributed mainly in the British Commonwealth before the outbreak of World War II. During the war the plates and remainder of the book edition were destroyed by enemy bombing. Though so few of the books had been sold, it had been placed in libraries, and over a thousand readers wrote to me concerning the discovery of the ancient system. A lively and valuable correspondence ensued, and much additional material from related fields was sent to me.

In 1948 a revised and greatly expanded book on the same subject was published in America under the title, The Secret Science Behind Miracles. This was a book which I had hoped would put readers on their own feet, so to speak, in trying out the old methods if they wished. However, hundreds of letters soon poured in asking about self-help, or just asking for help.

It was clear that some method must be devised to handle this unexpected flow of questions, and also there seemed here to be a promise of help for further research and practical tests. So with the help of some of the letter-writers I organized a loosely knit group with members scattered from Australia to England, all through North America and even in the troubled parts of the European
continent. This group took up with me the further studies of the old system and, especially, the task of determining whether or not we had learned enough about the theory and practices to be able to perform miracles ourselves. Our interest was centered mainly on miracles of bodily healing, but included the healing or correcting of circumstances, social failures, financial failures, and mental derangements. All of these things had been successfully accomplished by the kahunas.

The word kahuna is an ancient term and is in use today. It is pronounced "kah-hoo-nah" and means "keeper of the secret." The word for their secret lore was never found. The code of secrecy had been so strong and so well kept that it may never have been given a name. Or, if it had, it may have been too sacred to mention, like the name of God in some cults. The name we used, for this reason, was Huna (pronounced "hoo-nah"), which means "secret." So it came about that in our search for a name for our new organization, since our project was research into this and related systems, and into psychology and psychic science, we decided upon "Huna Research Association"—HRA for short.

As such, we began work which was carried on through the medium of letters. A little later I co-ordinated the information for the use of all by issuing a mimeographed bi-monthly of eight pages, the HRA "Bulletin." In the HRA were some of the best students of the materials of this field to be found. There were also those who had little understanding of what was being tried out, but who needed healing for body, mind, purse or circumstance, and for that reason joined in the work as best they could. Some were several who just "went along" out of curiosity, doing little themselves but watching eagerly to see what the others accomplished or discovered. Many carried on experiments with vigor and enthusiasm. Occasionally people dropped out, and always others were coming in. Every six months I cleared the list of those who had not sent in the requested reports, which were the measure of our progress. Thus the group has maintained an average of a little over three hundred members.

At this time of writing, five years after the organization of HRA, the work of uncovering and testing Huna has progressed to the point where a further report is in order. We have accomplished much, and we have learned much that we did not know at the beginning. In this report I shall endeavor to give the reader the latest findings of the HRA and of myself, as well as instructions in the methods we have found best for the practical use of Huna. While the reading of The Secret Science Behind Miracles is an excellent preparation for the approach to the use of Huna, enough basic information will be incorporated in this book (Secret Science At Work) to give a working picture of the system of beliefs and practices upon which experimental work has been based.

No attempt has been made to present information in the exact order in which it was obtained over the five-year period. Working instructions are first given for the basic action involved in making the Huna-type prayer. Following that is given information covering work to be done along other healing lines, either with or without the use of prayer methods.

Interspersed with the instructions will be found explanations of the sources of conclusions, of symbols, words and word-roots familiar to Huna, but which are also found in other religions, mainly Christianity. These will tend to show that the meanings ascribed to Huna are well founded. This is essential in order to establish sufficient confidence and belief in the system to make it acceptable, for unless one is convinced that the instructions are based on valid data, no benefit from our findings and experiences can be had. That the same truth pervades all psycho-religious systems is apparent. The basic elements of Huna are a part of the ancient wisdom found in some proportions in all religions. Huna is compatible with other systems. It interferes with none of them, but makes possible a greater understanding of the old truths.

The purpose of this work has never been to start a "cult." It has been, and continues to be, that of helping people to help themselves and each other through the use of Huna methods. The research has by no means been completed. Concepts advanced at this time are open to change when new information is brought to light which justifies such change.

The goal of the work is not only the healing of body and mind, or social and economic tangles, but a restoration of the lost knowledge of a way of life such as was taught not only by the kahunas, but by Jesus, and by many great initiates of the past under an ancient code of secrecy. With the breaking of this code the "True Light" can be given to the world, to be known and used by all who have "eyes to see and ears to hear."
Of the thousands during Hawaiiana here are five from the Rolle.

Upper left, the Holo or Split-Bamboo Hula at the Royal Hawaiian where, below left, Steere, graceful in Holoku gown, dances before the approvisor.

Young Filipino couple above are dancing the Hoolaulea or Hawaiian "festival." Left and right, Lorraine Quiniola, Mrs. Stanley of the group, kneels at center, beating time with bamboo sticks. Polynesian dancer whipping blade at right is Kimo, Samoan sword of his own race beat out the fiery rhythm.

Photos courtesy the Hawaii
An outstanding event of Aloha Week was the staging of a Royal Hawaiian wedding before the hotel of that name in Waikiki. Central figure in the royal court above is King Paul Kamana, wrapped close in his robes. Seated next to him in order, to the right, are the Royal groom, Prince Robert Naauao, the Royal bride, Princess Anna May Kaananehe, and the Aloha Queen, Anna May Hutchinson.
can and will be answered! Second, you have to believe in the very real existence of ghosts or spirits. It would be even better if you could see them! And third, you have to believe that ghosts can be talked to and trained to follow you around like a dog, ready to obey your commands.

This last seems to be the most important requirement of all and it will become clear to you as you read the following story, re-printed from Max Freedom Long's book "The Secret Science Behind Miracles," written down pretty much as he heard it from the lips of Dr. William Tufts Brigham, first curator of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

"I went to Napoopoo on the Big Island (Hawaii)," said Dr. Brigham, "soon after the Museum was built (1889). I wanted to climb Mauna Loa to collect indigenous plants. It was to be a three-weeks trip with native guides and a pack train.

"At Napoopoo I spent five days getting men and pack animals together, but finally set out with four Hawaiians and eight horses and mules. It was good weather, and aside from the usual difficulties of those days when trails were all but lacking, we got on very well.

"I had reached the barren country above the rain forests and was making for the summit crater of Mauna Loa when one of my boys became ill. He was a strong lad of twenty. I left him behind with a man to care for him and went on to the summit, thinking it was the altitude which was bothering him, and that he would soon be all right.

"We spent the day in the crater and got back to the lower camp and

DR. WILLIAM TUFTS BRIGHAM

THE DEATH PRAYER

THIS INFAMOUS PIECE OF HAWAIIAN BLACK MAGIC IS HERE DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO EXPERIENCED IT AT FIRST HAND, DR. WILLIAM TUFTS BRIGHAM, FIRST CURATOR OF THE BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

Few details of the magic of the Hawaiian priesthood have more fascination for the strangers from across the sea than the methods involved in the death-prayer.

At first glance, the possibility of murdering an enemy by thought-power alone, without fear of detection by the police or retaliation by the courts, fills the would-be criminal with a burning desire to learn the technique as quickly as possible!

But the requirements of successful death-prayer practice are almost insurmountable stumbling blocks to most haoles or whitemen who come to Hawaii. First of all, you have to believe in the power of prayer—that prayers
the sick boy early in the evening. He was stretched out on a blanket, now too weak to rise. I decided to move him to a lower level the next morning and was about to sit down to my evening meal when one of the older men came to me.

"That boy very sick," he said. Then, after much beating about the bush, it came out that the Hawaiians had decided that he was being prayed to death. I was slow to believe, but went to the boy and questioned him.

"Do you think you are being prayed to death?" I asked.

"No! No!" He was instantly frightened within an inch of his life. I next asked him if he had any enemies who might want to have him killed. He could think of none, and was more than anxious to have me say that I still thought it was the altitude that was bothering him.

"I made another and more thorough examination, but found nothing significant except the usual symptoms of slow paralysis of the lower limbs and threatening general collapse, all of which symptoms belong to the death prayer. At least I became convinced that the old man was right and that some kahuna was at work. When I admitted this, all the men became frightened. For all they knew the whole party might be killed.

"I went back to my meal and thought things over. Meantime, one of the men kept on questioning information. The boy's home was on the windward side of Hawaii in a little out-of-the-way village in a narrow valley which ran to the sea. There was little to bring "haoles" (whites) to the village, and its old kahuna had endeavored to keep the people isolated and living in the old way. Among other things he had commanded them to have no dealings with the "haoles" under penalty of being prayed to death. The boy had left home and gone to live in Kona several months back. He had all but forgotten the command.

"Up to the time of my arrival at Napoopoo, the boy had lived entirely with his Hawaiian friends and had not come into contact with white men—at least not in a business way. When I was hiring men for my trip up the mountain, he had joined me without a second thought. It had not occurred to him that the command still held outside his village.

"As I heard about these things I became more and more angry. My temper was no better in those days than it is now when it comes to someone injuring my friends. I sat there wishing I could lay hands on the kahuna, and also facing the fact that my work would have to stop if the boy died and I had to take him down to the coast.

"While I was thinking things over, the old man came to me as spokesman for the others and made a perfectly natural suggestion. He politely called my attention to the fact that all Hawaiians knew that I was a great kahuna and fire-walker. To him it seemed simple enough that I should adjust matters by praying the kahuna to death and saving the boy.

"The men waited expectantly, and I could see in their eyes their confidence that I would turn back the death prayer and that all would be well. On my part I was cornered. I had bluffed for years, and now my bluff had been called. I was most uncomfortable. If I refused to do the obvious thing they would be sure that I was afraid of the kahuna and not the strong fellow I pretended to be.
was guilty of no actual sin.

"I was a long way from the ti leaves which are usually brushed over the victim as a part of the ceremony to help drive out the spirits, but I had never believed them very necessary. Moreover, I was angry and impatient. I got up and said to the men: 'You all know that I am a very powerful kahuna.' They agreed most enthusiastically. 'Then watch me,' I growled. With that, I went over to the boy and set to work.

"The trick of the thing is to put up an argument of such cunning that the spirits will be made to think that their master must be a devil to send them to kill one so pure and innocent. I knew that if I could win them over and get them worked up to a high emotional state and ready to revolt, I would be successful. Of course, I had to chance the kahuna having kala-ed (cleansed) himself; but I thought that improbable as he would have no fear that I would send back his death prayer. I doubted if he had ever heard of me over on that side of the island.

"I stood over the boy and began to advance arguments to the spirits. I was smoother than a politician. I praised them and told them what fine fellows they were, how deserving and clever. Little by little I worked around to tell them how sad it was that they had been made slaves by a kahuna instead of being allowed to go on to the beautiful heaven that awaited. I explained just how they had been captured by the kahuna and imposed upon. I told them how pure and innocent and good the boy was and how black and vile the kahuna was. I still consider that argument a masterpiece. The Hawaiians blubbered from time to time as I described the pathetic condition of the spirits.

"Finally I decided that I must have the spirits ready to pull the kahuna limb from limb. I was ready to give them the command to return and visit the kahuna with ten times the punishment he had ordered for the boy. I could bull-roar in those days with the best. I can yet! (The doctor threw back his head and gave a roar that shook the house.) Well, I gave my commands in about such a tone. I yelled so loudly that I frightened the pack animals. The men drew back hurriedly and the boy whimpered like a frightened child.

"It was a supreme effort, mentally, emotionally and physically with me. I put every particle of will and concentration into that command. When I had repeated it three times, I sat down by the boy, trembling and dripping. I continued to keep my mind fastened like a vise on the project at hand, never letting it waver from my willed determination to see that the spirits obeyed my orders. The light faded and the stars came out. The boy lay silently waiting. From a safe distance the men watched me with faces now expectant and now reflecting horrible fear of the unseen. At times the air about us seemed to tremble with the fury of some unearthly conflict of forces.

"The longest hour in history was about gone, when I suddenly felt an odd sensation. It was as if the tension in the air had gone in a flash. I drew a deep breath. A few minutes later there came a whisper from the boy, 'Wawai . . . maikai' (Legs . . . good).

"I could have shouted in my triumph as I set to work to massage the twitching limbs which seemed to react as if they had been frozen and were gradually becoming warm again. Little by little circulation was restored and the toes began to wiggle. The men crowded around me to offer timid congratulations. It was the high point in my career as a kahuna. In an hour the boy was up and eating his poi.

"But that isn't the end of the story. I had a pleasant conviction that I had killed something deadly. I wanted to check on my performance and see what had happened to the kahuna. I decided to cut my trip short so I could go down to the boy's village—the collecting had been less successful than I had hoped, anyway.

"We covered the ground rapidly in the few days we stayed on the mountain-tops. We camped one night at the lake on Mauna Kea, and explored the crater of Mauna Loa. We roasted by day and froze by night.

"In due time we pulled out for the lower country on the north side of the mountains. Water was easier to get, but the country was badly cut up and the forests heavy. At last, however, we got down to the ocean and struck a trail which took us along the bluffs and up and down through valleys and ravines. Always we followed the sea.

"Late one afternoon we came straggling out of the brush into a clearing in a fair valley. An old woman and a girl were working in a taro patch as we came along. They took one look at me and the boy, then flew screaming before us. We followed and
soon came to a cluster of grass houses. Not a person was to be seen. I sat down outside the big hut where the kahuna had lived, and waited while the boy went to see if he could find someone.

"I heard him shouting for a time and then it was quiet for several minutes. Pretty soon he came back with news. On the night I had sent back the death prayer to the kahuna he had been asleep. He had awakened with a scream and rushed around to get *ii* leaves and began to fan himself to fight off his spirits. Between gasps he told the people what had happened. He had neglected to *kala* himself and the white kahuna had taken low advantage of him. In a very short time he had fallen to the ground and lay there groaning and frothing at the mouth. He was dead by morning.

"The people were certain that I had come to wipe out the entire village. I told the boy to go back and tell them that I had taken my revenge and that if they behaved themselves I would consider them my friends.

"We waited some time before the head man came back with his flock. He wasn't at all happy, and most of the women were frightened nearly to death. However, I soon reassured them, and in no time we were all great friends. In fact, they seemed to consider me quite a fellow. No one seemed to resent my having killed their kahuna—that was all a part of the game to them.

"Some of the horses were tired out, so we accepted an invitation to stay and be feted. They gave us a *luau* (feast) which, considering the poverty of the village, was not bad. They had no pigs, but the dog was as tasty as you please—being *po'i* fed meat. I had never taken kindly to dog, but as a full-fledged kahuna, I no longer hesitated. We parted blood brothers.

"The one thing which I could never understand about the matter is this: The old kahuna had found out that I had hired the boy—and by psychic means—but he had not found out that I had turned kahuna and was sending his death prayer back to him. The only way I can account for this is that he must have turned in for the night at dusk and gone at once to sleep.

"Another thing which seems certain is that the kahuna was of a fairly powerful class. Only those well up in their art can see at a distance. Just why he had not seen into the future, I cannot say, unless he was not quite up to that."

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Top, the Tree Fern-Ohia Jungle on the north rim of Kilauea, middle, eruption fume cloud from Mauna Loa in 1948, and bottom, pahoehoe lava.

—Photos courtesy Hawaii National Park.
Thomas Manby, HIS JOURNAL,
1791-1793

The Master's Mate of the "Discovery" and then of the "Chatham," under the command of Captain Vancouver, Manby kept a written record of his visits to the Sandwich Islands in March, 1792, and in February and March, 1793. Drawn from Judge Howay's manuscript.

O JOHN LEES, Esq.
Dublin

Should anything prevent me returning to Old England, it is my intention to pursue such plans as shall give you an opportunity of tracing me through every creek and corner of the Globe chance may direct us too, we have an immense field to engage the mind and gain professional knowledge in, therefore, my Dear Friend I shall commit every occurrence to paper for your inspection and should it tend to assume in a leisure hour my wishes will be perfectly completed. However recollect you are not to expect philosophical transaction and observations, or the works of nature unfolded like a Naturalist, but the scribble of a plain blunt seaman to his Dearest Friend, perhaps your dear boys may give it a polish, and add those decorations and corrections that lay beyond the reach of my abilities, at all events I submit it resting assured it will not go beyond your Walls, where I shall not begrudge mirth and good humour to enjoy and laugh, even at the expense of J. M.

Spithead, Feb. 10th, '91.

To give you a description of the ship fitting out at Deptford, is unnecessary, let it suffice that on the 16th December, 1790, Capt. Vancouver hoist the pendant and in the latter of Jan. 7, 91, we left London river and proceeded to this place in his Majesty's Ship Discovery of three hundred and twenty tons, the Chatham Brig of one hundred and twenty tons, is ordered to attend as her given to Lieut. Bob Broughton. The Discovery was fitted for the purpose of making a voyage to remote parts, previous to the dispute with Spain in the spring of 1790 was nearly rigged and great part of provisions aboard, at the time Capt. Vancouver took the command of her. On the 7th of Jan. 7, she fell down to L (—) and there took in Ten four pounders, with proper
Ordinance stores for the voyage, besides four trap field pieces of three pounds each to protect us on shore against the Indians. We had been originally ordered to victual for twelve months, but finding the ship capable of stowing a greater quantity, an order was issued from the admiralty to supply vessels with such additional stores and provisions as should be demanded.

The utmost escerptions were therefore used in getting on board such further stores and provisions as were judged necessary, together with a quantity of Bark and sundry other articles in the surgeon’s department.

Nature to complete the happiness of Utakeita (Tahiti) has kept it exempt from those troublesome and poisonous insects that are the torment of Countries and lie within the Tropic; neither have they snakes nor any venomous reptiles to destroy their happiness—Hogs, Goats, Dogs, Cats and Bats are the only quadrupeds they have any knowledge of.

The Cattle left by Capt. Cook are alive on the Island of Eimco, consisting of two Cows and a Bull. Unfortunatley the males received a hurt soon after landing that has left him in a state of impotence for many years.

They have fowls in great plenty; it is hard to keep them any time at Sea as they feed chiefly on vegetables. Small Birds are in great variety, but none very remarkable either for beauty or any other quality.

The Ducks I often shot in Trees when started from the swamps. Not any of their Feather’d Tribe have any scarlet intermixture with their clothing, which makes red feathers the most valuable article of barter you can supply Utahita with. I fortunately did save a few from the New Zealand Paraquets, tho’ had I before known it I could have given them an immense supply. It is not uncommon for their double Canoe to visit other Islands situated Sixty or Eighty Leagues on Commercial Expeditions exchanging the productions of Otahita for other Commodities. It is rational to suppose that the numerous Islands scattered thru the South Seas have by this means become inhabited, as boisterous weather must occasionally leave them to the mercy of the Sea and Wind.

As a proof of this conjecture we find a great sameness in the language of all the Islands situated in both hemispheres. A few days previous to our sailing a circumstance took place which obliged us again to solicit heard of the Monarch—Toraroo a Native of Owhyee was put on board us in England for the purpose of conveying him to his native Island. This poor fellow who like all other men equally susceptible to the shafts of Love formed an attachment with one of the engaging fair—Our preparations for sailing (from Tahiti) rent his heart with agony and urged him to the alternative of desertion as the only avenue to attain his happiness by passing his future days with the Women he adored. He had the address to convey all his clothes to his Dulcina and only waited for opportunity to throw his person into the arms of his Mistress. A dark night favored his attempt. At an hour when all on board were locked in Love’s embrace, by slipping overboard and swimming to the Shore; he tried to carry a Gun with him, but its weight obliged him to drop it half way, as he had a mile to go, before he gained the shore. Pomarra sent searching parties in every direction who brought in the miserable and dejected Swaine after two days absence, lost to his Love and destitute of clothes. The unfortunate youth lamented his cruel torture. Well might he. I ever thought it a harsh ingenuous deed to separate the couple. As what is life unless we share it with those we tenderly esteem.

By the 21st Jan. the Ship was pretty well stowed, the Observatary and Astronomical instruments were sent on board, and we soon after got orders to break up the encampment. An evident gloom hung on every face at the striking of the Tents that had so long been the Habitation of pleasure and delight we could only trace back in our minds the idea of transports past ever to be remembered. The moment the Tents were removed hundreds rushed in to search the ground for beads and other things; a few nails recompensed some for their trouble.

My Friendly Mappee expressed the deepest sorrow at the thought of our going; his last request was to me begging I would visit his Old Father before we sailed. I consented and attended him about eight miles where I found a most excellent residence in a small grove of Bread Fruit Trees, situated on the Banks of a Cool meandering stream. The Old and venerable Proprietor welcomed me to his Mansion of Hospitality by every token of Friendship could devise. The figure was truly striking by the Majesty of his appearance, his only character of advanced age was a reverend and respectful countenance imprinted in a fine and stately form. His hair was as snow graced his manly head, whilst a Beard as white hung from his honorable chin, without any other Marks that deserve the appellation of decrepitude. His body bore many scars that bespoke Arms the profession of his early days; these added dignity to his deportment, as who demands respect so much as an old Soldier.

The Wives of my Host all saluted me with Tears of benevolence all assuring me, how much they loved and thanked me for the Visit, it added a heartfelt pleasure to my Journey in having created so much Joy.

We had reason to believe our Ark joined in the general sympathy that prevailed throughout our crew, by the little progress she made since her reluctant anchor was torn from the deeps of Mataiva.

A succession of calms and gentle airs prevented our entering the Northern Hemisphere before the 11th of Feb., on that day we crossed the Line in Longitude 210, 25 E. of Greenwich. If the wind had admitted of our fetching Christmas Island Capt. Vancouver intended to have stoped a day for the purpose of catching Turtle, but unfortunately we were now fifty Leagues to leeward of it. Tropic Birds and others of many sorts were daily hovering round us, and when calm we could always kill what num-
ber of Sharks we pleased. All Sailors have a natural antipathy to this fish and often hook them for no other purpose than to practice torments and cruelties on them. Our apparatus for distilling Salt water Fresh was daily used; the quantity yielded in ten hours amounted to thirty-five gallons, it retained a slightly greasy taste, as the salt provision for the crew was boiling in the Coppers at the time of its working. But when mixt with a Butt of Water it augmented the stock without leaving any unpleasant smell or taste; the contrivance is admirable, as it would obviate the worst of all disasters incident to a Sea life, provided you are furnished with fuel.

"Rikeriki, femme de chef Kraimokou" as drawn by the artist of an early French expedition to the Islands. Photographic copy of original made by Dr. William Tufts Brigham, of the Bishop Museum.

On the 12th Feb., 1792, the breeze freshened up from the E.N.E. We pursued our route under a (?) of sail, shaping our course for the Sandwich Islands. In the latitude of 7 North we met with immense flocks of Birds. Rocks and Islands must be in the vicinity of this situation; we kept a diligent outlook from the Masthead, but were not lucky enough to make any discovery and we had no time to spare to make the search our inclinations prompted us to.

On the 1st of March we had the high land of Owyhee (the Big Island of Hawaii) bearing North thirty Leagues, and on the following day the S.E. point of the Island bore E.S.E. 4 Leagues, as we approached the shore Canoes were observed paddling toward us from every part of the Island. We shortened sail and soon entered into a brisk trade for Hogs and Vegetables. Iron was the favorable article the men required, and the Ladies who soon flocked to us made looking glasses the object of their fancy. The girls were by no means equal in beauty to the Otahiteans; they are of darker complexion and not so prettily featured. Instead of graceful ringlets to gratify the Eye, the hair is cropped close to the head except in the forepart where it is plastered up with lines which gives it a dirty red color. Some abominable custom has deprived every woman of her foreteeth. The deuce take the inventor of such a fashion.

With a fine breeze we stood along the South part of the Island keeping about 5 miles offshore. Canoes came off from every village all bringing something to barter. Being anxious to get on we did not stop, and more particularly as no Chief of distinction came off; they informed us the King was on the opposite side of the Island, but that many of the great men were at the royal residence near the southwest part of the Island.

In the morning of the 3rd, we arrived off the Bay of Karakakova (Kealakekua) and brought to about a league from the shore. In this Bay the melancholy even took place which deprived the World of that indefatigable and persevering navigator Capt. Cook.

Capt. Vancouver had it in agitation to have anchored both vessels here but now thought it proper to alter his plans, tho' for what reason I know not.

Upwards of three hundred canoes were soon alongside us, and a very brisk traffic took place for Hogs and Vegetables. At Utahita we had expended all our salt; we had an opportunity of procuring what quantity we pleased, as the Natives brought it in large packages nicely stowed in Mats, giving Twenty or thirty pounds for a small piece of iron or two or three strings of beads. A great many of both sexes swam off to the ship whilst at three miles distance from the shore, and having several hundreds round us in Canoes, we were able to select some (?) fairs than those we had first met with near the Eastern part of the Islands; it did not take long to reconcile us to their short hair and want of teeth as being women they were surely entitled to every civility and attention honest Sailors could bestow!

Their eyes are fine, black as jet; and when possessed by youth beamed forth with languishing softness. A slight beckon was a sufficient invitation as they plunged like Sea Nymphs from their Canoes going under every canoe that obstructed their passage to the ship. No incumbrance of clothes impeded their swimming as they were in a state of nature, except a small strip of cloth applied like Fig Leaf worn by our Grandmother Eve.

A towel absorbed the saline particles from the skin and leaves them cool as cucumbers. No bad thing in a tropical country.

(To be continued)
"Does the ti plant have a future?" is a question Hawaiian florists and growers have been asking themselves. To many of Hawaii's old timers who recall the days when okolehao ran freely, the question seems superfluous. From the ti root after it is baked, mashed, fermented, and distilled comes a clear, golden liquor that for potency and taste is incomparable. To bear out their statement, since okolehao is unavailable on the market, old timers will refer you to the time many years ago when Eben P. Low of Hawaii sent a bottle of okolehao to the Paris World's Exposition and walked away with first prize.

But of course, florists and nursery men are not interested in the liquor business. They see in this regal plant, not the sacred significance placed upon it by the Polynesians in their rituals or the countless practical usages of its leaves such as wrappings for foods and the making of hula skirts, but rather as green foliage in the florist markets.

The ti, or cordyline, is found throughout India, southern China, and the South Sea Islands. But only in Hawaii can its potentialities as a marketable foliage be realized. The present market on the mainland for ti leaves as foliage is limited, for the simple reason that the majority of retail florists are slow to accept new products and to adopt novel ideas. Furthermore, ti leaves are in direct competition with the more conventional mainland greens which are cheaper, on the whole.
The only way in which ti leaves might compete with mainland foliage is in quality. The ti has versatility which exceeds mainland foliage, but one ti leaf covers an area of about one square foot whereas a sprig of salal or huckleberry covers three or four times that area. The use of ti, however, is considered "modern" by creative florists who are always eager to find some foliage which can be worked into a fashionable design. The fact that ti leaves are cleaner, easier to handle, and available in several colors is also an advantage which, combined with quality, might offset the price disadvantage. Ti is usually wholesaled on the mainland anywhere from 15c to 25c per dozen. This includes the red, green, and variegated ti leaves.

In considering the quality of the ti leaf, the matter of packing and grading must be taken into account. Among some of the complaints which mainland retailers and wholesalers have of their Hawaiian suppliers is that ti leaves are packed too loosely. The constant rubbing and shifting of the leaves against the sides and ends of their containers causes damage to the most valuable parts of the leaves, the tips and edges. Perhaps the solution to this particular problem is to have the ti leaves packed with their tips towards the center.

Standardization of leaves is also a bugaboo. Having the same price for large as well as small leaves is a detriment to business. One florist wrote: "Need standardization. I pay the same for large and small foliage leaves." Another, "Better quality ti leaves in West Indies." By having prices according to grades, retailers and wholesalers would be able to order by grades and colors. If premium products or leaves are desired, they may be had for premium prices; and conversely, prices may be adjusted to the different grades of leaves according to purchasing power. Standardization then
would increase sales; failure to standardize would mean confusion, dissatisfaction, and resistance to products.

The fact that ti is not produced commercially as cut foliage on the mainland is perhaps to an advantage for Hawaiian suppliers. But there must be promotion. Potential customers are not likely to purchase products which are unfamiliar to them. Furthermore, to interest wholesalers and retailers, other uses for the ti must be found. Home decorations might be encouraged, and to facilitate arrangement in floral shops, ti stem might be a little longer. The life of the average ti leaf is about three weeks; by the use of preservatives or spray longevity might be increased, thereby increasing the shelf life of the leaf. As conditions are at present, the shelf life of the ti leaf is probably only two weeks since about a week is lost during transit.

The prices of ti leaves could not only be kept at a minimum and on a level with similar foliage on the mainland if there were proper grading and packing, but if a cooperative were established in Hawaii with an intermediary packing and distributing plant on the West Coast, there would certainly be a phenomenal increase in trade as well as an orderly market. This applies not only to ti leaves but for all Hawaiian floral products as well.

Trio of unskirted Island beauties above are preparing their hula skirts with fresh ti leaves. The waist of a spread out skirt is shown at lower right. Ti leaf hula skirt on and in action is shown on preceding page. Flower leis and headpieces are white plumeria blossoms.

—Hawaii Visitors Bureau Photo.
The Hawaiian Kingdom, Vol. II

The colorful history of the Hawaiian Islands, since their discovery in 1778 by the English sea captain, James Cook, falls naturally into three periods. During the first, Hawaii was a monarchy ruled by native kings and queens. Then came the perilous transition period when new leaders, after failing to secure annexation to the United States, set up a miniature republic. The third began in 1898 when Hawaii by annexation became American territory.

The Hawaiian Kingdom, by Ralph S. Kuykendall, is the detailed story of the island monarchy. In the first volume, Foundation and Transformation, the author gives a brief sketch of old Hawaii before the coming of the Europeans, based on the known and accepted accounts of this early period. He then shows how the arrival of the sea rovers, traders, soldiers of fortune, whalers, scoundrels, missionaries, and statesmen transformed the native kingdom, and how the foundations of modern Hawaii were laid.

In the second volume, Twenty Critical Years, just off the press, the author deals with the middle period of the kingdom's history, when Hawaii was trying to insure her independence while world powers maneuvered for dominance of the Pacific. It was an important period with distinct and well-marked characteristics, but the noteworthy changes and advances which occurred have received less attention from students of history than they deserve. Much of the material is taken from manuscript sources and appears in print for the first time.

The third volume, scheduled for publication some time in 1955, will deal with the stormy reigns of Kalakaua and Liliuokalani, the expansive reciprocity era, and the downfall of the monarchy.

Work on The Hawaiian Kingdom began many years ago when the Hawaiian legislature authorized the publication of several works dealing with island history. One was to be a comprehensive general history based on study of original sources. Responsibility for the project was placed first with the Historical Commission of the Territory of Hawaii, later with the University of Hawaii.

Mr. Kuykendall is professor emeritus of history at the University. He came to the Islands in 1922 at the invitation of the Historical Commission, bringing with him an extensive background of historical experience and training on the mainland. After serving as executive secretary of the Commission until 1932, he joined the department of history at the University. Other published works by him include A History of Hawaii (textbook); Hawaiian Diplomatic Correspondence in the Archives of the Department of State, Washington, D. C.; Constitutions of the Hawaiian Kingdom; and numerous research articles on phases of Hawaiian history.
ordinarily saved only for Roman generals and governors. 'I am he whom you seek,' he replied pompously.

"Your pardon, O King," answered the Wise Men, "but he whom we seek is one newly born.'

Herod was aghast. His first thought was to have their heads chopped off, but he reconsidered. The Wise Men could be valuable to him. He would discover the whereabouts of this pretender; and then, if the bud were nipped, there could be no fruit. Herod gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together. 'Where is the birthplace of this—this so-called Christ, King of the Jews?' he demanded.

"Then Herod called the Wise Men and told them what he had learned. 'Go and find this baby,' he cooed cheerfully, 'and when you discover him, bring me word, so that I too can go and worship him.'" The Wise Men went and found Jesus. And they worshipped Him and offered gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. That night, after bedding their camels, a voice came out of the night and warned them not to return to Herod. Being Wise Men, they departed before dawn.

"After their departure, an angel appeared to Joseph. 'Joseph,' he said, 'arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek this child to destroy Him.'"

"Joseph arose and shook Mary. 'Mary, Mary, get up.'"

"Mary muttered sleepily. 'Go back to sleep, Joseph, it isn't daylight yet.'"

"'Mary! You must get up. King Herod is sending soldiers to kill our child!'"

"Mary blinked. She clutched Joseph's arm. 'What are you saying, Joseph?'"

"'The soldiers are coming to kill Jesus.'"

"'How do you know?'"

"'An angel appeared to me.' Joseph glanced around nervously as if he expected to see a soldier in the room. 'You get ready. I'll go find a donkey.'"

"'But Joseph,' Mary asked anxiously, 'Where can we go?'"

"'Woman! Hurry, hurry, don't trouble yourself.' He peered down the road apprehensively. 'Be ready when I return.' He kissed her on the cheek and hurried out.

"Mary had no sooner wrapped the child in a blanket when she heard a faint clanking up the road. She listened. It grew louder. It was getting closer. Soldiers! Joseph was right. They were coming for Jesus. She hugged the child and ran to the door. No. Not that way. Through the back. Into the field of ripe tarnamouch. She turned and dashed madly through the cottage, through the yard, and into the field of tarnamouch which extended in an arc around the cottage to the road, up to the rosemary bush which stood alone on the rise of the hill."

"Meanwhile the soldiers had entered the cottage and found it deserted. Mary shivered as she crouched, her child clutched to her breast, hidden in the field of beans. And then it happened. The tarnamouch began to rattle. Louder and louder. 'Please, please, tarnamouch, hide me. Don't give me away. The soldiers will discover me if you continue to rattle.' But the rattling of the tarnamouch clamored perversely. The entire field shook and rattled. And the whole countryside was awakened by the racket."

"The soldiers tumbled out of the cottage. 'Hola,' shouted their captain above the din, 'she's hidden in the tarnamouch field.'"

"'Curse you! Curse you, tarnamouch.' She could hear the shouts of the soldiers as they pursued her across the field.

"'She was breathing hard. The child in her arms weighed as much as the pillars of the temple. Her legs felt as though they were anchored to the ground. But she must escape. She must."

"She reached the rise of the hill and nearly tripped. Behind her the soldiers had fanned out. They would soon be upon her. Mary began to cry. She felt too tired to move, yet she staggered on, half hysterically. Suddenly, just as Mary was about to collapse, the rosemary bush, which grew like a sentinel on the hill, spoke to her: 'Mary, Mary come to me and I will conceal you and your child.'"

"And when Mary went to the rosemary bush, its branches embraced her and the child, concealing them. The soldiers, reaching the rise, were dumbfounded. Mary had disappeared. They searched the gullies and draws on the other side of the hill and spread out down the road, but their search was futile. Mary could not be found."

"After they had left, the rosemary unfolded its branches and Mary stepped out. 'O rosemary, rosemary, thank you! May you be blessed forever.' Then she turned to the field of tarnamouch, shaking her small fist and crying out wrathfully. 'And you!
You shall be cursed! Hereafter you shall bear bitter fruit, and you shall never, never satisfy man's hunger. You shall forever be useless, worthless!"

"A little later when Joseph came along the bend of the road leading a donkey, he found Mary sitting on a rock, singing a lullaby to Jesus.

"The rest of the story I guess you know. Mary and Joseph and the child escaped to Egypt, where they lived until they learned of King Herod's death."

After a long interval, Pumpkin said, "Chee, 'at's a good ting da rosemary tree been hide Mary."

"Yep, tanks to God." Bones echoed reverently.

Pumpkin ambled to the door. "Getting kinda late, Fada. I gotta go home."

Bones was at his heels. "Yeah, Fada, me too. Tanks for da story."

"Wait a minute," called the priest. "I'm not through with you boys yet."

Pumpkin looked surprised. "Wat you mean, Fada? You mean you no fo'give us?"

"Yes, I forgive you."

Bones exhaled a sigh of relief.

" Tanks to God."

"But have you forgotten your penance? I will walk home with you. I'm sure your parents would also be interested in hearing the story of the tarnamouch."

Pumpkin spoke hurriedly. "Nah, Fada, no need. My ole man and ole lady no like heah stories."

"Mine's too," chirped Bones.

The priest grinned. "That's all very interesting. But I don't think they will mind hearing the story of the tarnamouch."

Pumpkin wet his lips nervously. He knew his parents would not be content with the story of the tarnamouch. They would ask Fada Big-nose why he was telling them the story. And of course Fada Big-nose would tell them he had caught . . .

"Come along, boys," said the priest cheerfully, as he linked their arms with his. "It's getting late, and I wouldn't want to keep your parents waiting."

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Jack London Learns to Ride

Continued from Page 6

ing white of the crest. But I did not mind. I was chiefly conscious of ecstatic bliss at having caught the wave. At the end of the half-minute, however, I began to see things and to breathe. I saw that three feet of the nose of my board was clear out of water and riding on air. I shifted my weight forward and made the nose come down. Then I lay, quite at rest in the midst of the wild movement, and watched the shore and the bathers on the beach grow distinct.

I didn't cover quite a quarter of a mile on that wave, because to prevent the board from diving, I shifted my weight back, but shifted it too far and fell down the rear slope of the wave.

It was my second day at surf-riding, and I was quite proud of myself. I stayed out there about four hours, and when it was over I was resolved that on the morrow I'd come in standing up. But that resolution paved a distant place. On the morrow I was in bed. I was not sick, but I was very unhappy, and I was in bed.

When describing the wonderful water of Hawaii I forgot to describe the wonderful sun of Hawaii. It is a tropic sun, and, furthermore, in the first part of June it is an overhead sun. It is also an insidious, deceitful sun.

For the first time in my life I was sunburned unawares. My arms, shoulders and back had been burned many times in the past and were tough; but not so my legs. And for four hours I had exposed the tender backs of my legs at right angles to that perpendicular Hawaiian sun. It was not until after I got ashore that I discovered the sun had touched me. That is why I spent the next day in bed.

But tomorrow, ah, tomorrow, I shall be out in that wonderful water, and I shall come in standing up, even as Ford and Freeth. And if I fail tomorrow, I shall do it the next day, or the next.

Upon one thing I am resolved: I shall not sail from Honolulu until I, too, wing my heels with the swiftness of the sea, and become a sunburned, skin-peeling Mercury.

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Descent Into the Firepit

Continued from Page 8

course that may have been a shelf, beyond which were feed pipes up which the lava surged a mile, ten miles, a hundred? God alone knows!

Was our work foolhardy? Was it tempting Providence? Let me tell you something. Yesterday I sat on the outer wall of that firepit looking down on the fray rampart upon which we had stood and made our measurements. The fire fountains roared; the lava boiled and bubbled and even as I looked our rampart swayed, suspended for a moment, then crashed outward with a wall of fire rushing triumphantly through the break. For an hour I watched that wondrous cascade spread over the entire floor until it touched the foot of the wall below me.

Anything that adds to the knowledge of the earth we live on is worthy. Men will dare much for science, and will risk their lives in the name of God, who is good to his children. In complete trust I am going down again with the Professor tomorrow.
This booklet represents the efforts of Martha Homsy, photographer and editor, and Doris Keppler, Hawaiian expert and collaborator, to give you a general idea of what the present day hula means. Through pictures, explanations and instructions they hope to show you how it is done in the simplest form possible.
The foods of many lands as developed in Hawai‘i—Tasted, tested and enjoyed by all races.

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