

STEPHANIE WICHMAN

FREDERICK W. WICHMAN

## Reminiscences of Waiāhole, 1905

*Edited by Frederick B. Wichman*

HENRY WICHMAN had come to Hawai'i in 1887 a successful candidate to King Kalākaua's advertisement in a San Francisco newspaper for an engraver and jeweler. He married Hattie Louise Work in 1889. The family lived on a corner of Pi'ikoi and Victoria streets. Frederick, Stephanie, and their sister Eloise were born in the family home there.

Frederick Warren Wichman went on to attend Stanford University, serve as a lieutenant in an artillery unit during World War I, become a stock broker (selling his business just before the Crash), a member of the state legislature for a few terms during the 1930s, and a rancher. In 1936, he moved to Oregon, where he spent the rest of his life.

Stephanie Wichman was educated in a girls' school in Northampton, Massachusetts, and during World War II was a journalist with the *Advertiser*. She lived many years in Italy but retired to Kona, Hawai'i.

In their eighties, both Frederick and Stephanie, unknown to each other, began to jot down reminiscences of their lives. They each wrote of their Waiāhole vacations, especially of the happy summer just before the death of their mother in 1906. Their perceptions, one of a five-year-old girl, the other of a thirteen-year-old boy, give an unusual picture of Waiāhole valley as it appeared to two children ninety years ago.

Frederick B. Wichman resides on Kaua'i.

*The Hawaiian Journal of History*, vol. 29 (1995)

## THE OLD RICE MILL BY STEPHANIE WICHMAN (1900–1986)

For most of the families in Honolulu who could afford them there were weekend retreats and also country homes to go to during the long summer months. This need for a change of pace and scenery in the islands seemed as natural as Nature's need for seasons. Most of the city's population lived either in the lower valleys and lower slopes, or on what were called The Plains. The latter stretched from the Thomas Square district to the Punahou School grounds and on to Mōili'ili, where the trolley car took off through the duck ponds for Waikīkī. Families wanted to get out of the city proper and take to the cooler upland country or the sea shore breezes. Waikīkī did not have many homes that were permanently occupied throughout the year but was more a spot for weekend homes, seaside recreation, and picnic grounds.

The islanders had always been divided into those who preferred the hills, the valleys, or the shore for permanent homes, but the desire for change was perhaps more a natural gravitational rhythm of movement stemming from the old Hawaiian custom of planting in the uplands and fishing in the sea.

My family had both, a weekend house in upper Nu'uaniu Valley, which was then considered way out of town, and a vacation home in Waiāhole Valley on the windward side of the island. The weekend home on what is now the Old Pali Road played an important part in my adult life for it had been sold to the prominent woman who was to become my future mother-in-law. In fact, I was married in front of the fireplace where I had played as a child.

The Waiāhole home so far away was my favorite of all for it lay in lush tropical vegetation that was nurtured by a copious mountain stream as well as the frequent rains brought in by strong trade winds.

Getting to Waiāhole was our most exciting adventure for it meant Ah Ki had to harness Nip and Tuck into the shafts of our surrey "with the fringe on top." He was quite equal to the task of driving such a long distance, and he would sit erect like a venerable sage, in clean starched coat, his graying pig-tails woven in a coronet around his head. The steady slope, however, must have been a strain for our strong but gentle beasts. The long pull from the city up Nu'uaniu Valley was broken half way to the Pali (cliff) gap by a watering spot

where fresh spring water gushed out of the hillside into a big trough. Here we always stopped to rest the animals while we stretched our legs by walking to a nearby pool called "Jackass Ginger." An icy waterfall made music as it cascaded down over a smooth slab of rock into the waters below. There were times later when groups of us hiked up to the pool just to spend the day swimming and picnicking where we gathered yellow ginger blossoms growing in profusion along the banks. We used to string leis of the ginger buds and bring them back to town, where we hung them on our bed posts so the fading fragrance would give us for days the illusion that we were back in that cool, refreshing pool.

On our trips to Waiāhole, however, we never lingered long as there was far to go, another pull on winding roads to the gap in the Ko'olau range of mountains called the Pali, named because of its sheer drop of a thousand feet to the land below. Wind sucking through that tunnel gap made it almost impossible on bad days to drive past the danger point where the long descent down the face of the cliff began.

The road followed the old Hawaiian trail and although it had been widened still consisted only of huge smooth boulders and treacherous horseshoe bends. Our horses' hooves clinked sharply on the stones as they slipped and slid while straining to keep in balance. It was a perilous journey but one which had to be made if we were ever to cross from one side of the island to the other. Again there was a half-way house and watering spot on the long descent before we reached the plateau below. From here on it was relatively level going, but the trip had to be timed to reach He'eia beach at low tide. There being no inland road at that point, all traffic had to stream over the hard-packed sand. The whole trip was like an obstacle course, and everyone felt relieved when the beach had been traversed safely as the worst hazards had been left behind.

By then we were all hungry, so luncheon hampers were dragged from under the front seat and the feast spread out under a very large and ancient kamani tree. With Nip and Tuck unharnessed for a rest and happily munching and sneezing in their feed-bags, we ate our fill of cold chicken and rice balls. Then my sister and I curled up on a rug for a short nap but couldn't tarry long as the day was wearing on and Waiāhole still lay far ahead. By four o'clock we were turning in at last up the valley road past the low-lying rice paddies near the sea,

and the scent came down strongly from the mountain stream of pungent ferns and ginger and the dank smell of mossy banks, to welcome us back to the dear old summer home. Yes, there it was beside the row of ancient mango trees, and Nip and Tuck pricked up their ears and found new energy to make a final spurt for home, which meant, for them, a hard-earned rest, a rubdown, and a meal of oats and hay.

We children, too, forgot our fatigue as Minami, the caretaker, welcomed us back, his willing young helpers of the summer months. He lived in a small house in the rear of our property where an area had been allotted to him for a papaya grove, bananas, and a vegetable garden and where he also kept a few pigs. In this way he earned a supplement to his meager wages that enabled him to care for his wife, Sumi, and three small children.

It must have been my mother who had settled us in as we children raced around the yard, for very shortly we were called in to wash up for a very simple supper. I was but a chubby child of five and am ashamed that today I have no well-defined recollection of my mother. She was but a vague presence in my memory, a ghost who kissed me through the mosquito netting after tucking me in my bed for the night. This seemed to be a ritual after I had said my childish prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep" and then "God blessed" everyone and everything I knew, including Minami's squealing pigs; always a child's way of prolonging that moment when the candles would be blown out and I admonished to go to sleep.

With dawn came the excitement of exploration and always something new to find. The sow had had a new litter of piglets in our absence, and baby chicks scurried under their mother's protective wings as we approached, little hands eager to pick up and caress.

The *auwai* (brooklet) running through the yard was gurgling happily as before, through the roots of ginger and Job's tears, those reedy stalks that produced the pearly beads we loved to string and then hang in long festoons on every doorway in the house. Crisp watercress was still thriving, although we could see Minami had cut a fresh swathe through some of it quite near home as fodder for the pigs.

My sister and I were already in our diminutive over-alls with cotton sunbonnets on our heads, for blue-jeans were as yet unheard of and little girls were supposed to keep the freckles off their noses.

The mangoes were not ripe, but we knew we would find guavas

and crimson mountain apples farther up the valley. Everything in our world seemed to be as it should be except that we had hoped Tim, Minami's cat, might have had a litter of kittens for us to play with, not realizing that poor Tim was a Tom.

Inspections were fun but the greatest diversion of the day lay ahead as we crawled through the fence into the pasture next to our home and started to wear our annual trail past the one-room school-house where Miss Mudd presided. School was out, of course, but she lived year 'round in quarters in the same building so she, expecting us each summer, was never surprised to see us again as we pattered by.

There was just one drawback to the trail we made as a shortcut to our destination, for the pasture was filled with a sedge-like weed copiously covered with tiny piercing thorns. These nasty little spear-like *kukus*, as we called them, clung to our over-all pants like *opihī* to the rocks and always meant an hour's arduous labor with a kitchen knife to scrape them off when we returned home. Also our bare feet were pricked by a low-growing, running plant that also grew sharp thorns along its pinate leaves. We had dubbed the weed the *moemoe* (sleep) plant as its leaves retracted swiftly at the slightest touch. Years later I was to find this noxious weed planted in pots as tropical novelties that were proudly displayed in the beautiful gardens of the Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore in northern Italy. On the day I was there a crowd of admiring German tourists oh-ed and ah-ed, exclaiming *Wunderbar* as the tiny leaflets folded at their touch. It struck me so funny that I had to move away from them to hide my laughter.

Miss Mudd, a small, plump sparrow of a woman, smiled and waved us on our way as we crossed the only hazard on our route. We finally reached the top of the cliff that dropped steeply down to the rice fields below. Scrambling down the dirt path, we landed at the old rice mill, where a joyous reunion took place.

Ah Fook, the kindly Chinese owner, whose hard manual labor had kept him, through the years, slight and sinewy as a youth, greeted us warmly as we joined his progeny playing on the threshing floor. As good fortune would have it, they were all boys ranging in age from Sammy, who was seventeen, to the youngest baby held by Min Ling, his mother, as she came to the mill door to see what the commotion was about. They were seven in number that summer and most of them had grown a lot.

Sammy was our greatest hero for he had a job we envied with all our hearts. He sat atop a platform built high above the paddy fields where the grain hung heavy on maturing stalks. Stiff trade winds made the undulating fields look like an extension of the nearby sea as they rippled in unison with the gentle waves.

From that central platform strong twine was stretched out to the far corners of each paddy field and along this twine were tied bunches of empty tin cans, the separate twines all converging on Sammy's strategic spot. His was the job to sit there hour after hour, eyes scanning the sky for the telltale clouds of tiny rice birds that flocked towards the ripening grain and were the greatest menace to the crop. We loved those tiny birds but understood that Sammy had his duty to perform each time a new cloud started to settle down. He would yank hard on the central clump of strings setting off a jangling and clinking of tin cans over the fields that could be heard far up the valley. The birds would rise in clouds of terror only to return time after time until Ah Fook would give Sammy the signal to raise the shotgun he held across his knees. Then a loud bang, aimed at nothing special, would disperse those birds for longer periods of time. It must have been a tedious job to be a watch-out, but I think that shotgun gave Sammy the sense of importance that kept him on his job. It made him feel a man. Tai, the fifteen-year-old son, would spell him from time to time but was never allowed to touch the gun.

While Sammy kept his vigil, Ah Fook worked around the mill, and Min Ling busied herself with the charcoal fires within that had darkened the walls and brought a rich amber patina to the big round table and high bamboo stools set around it. We children scattered grain for pecking chickens and watched the ducks waddling to their pond, where, with tails uplifted, they dunked their bills searching for grubs below the water.

Soon delicious aromas of cooking food stole upon the air as Ah Fook joined his wife in cooking lunch. The black iron rice pot was already steaming as the big woks sizzled with pork bits and the water boiled for tea. Sammy was summoned from the paddy fields while all we children were seated on the bamboo stools waiting, with chop sticks poised, for the delectable tidbits to come. There were many hungry mouths to feed but two extra were always welcome, so it was there in that dark rice mill kitchen that we two sisters discovered the

delights of Chinese cookery and the etiquette of the rice bowl after the meal.

We had been admonished to return home right after lunch for afternoon naps were still in order for the very young. So up the cliff we clambered and back through the *kuku* patch to home.

Late afternoons we always had another treat awaiting, for Minami would let us help with feed time for the pigs. How I loved to sink my hands and arms into the big pails of bran mixed with water, kneading round and round while the dust of chaff tickled my nose. Minami had to lift the heavy pails and empty them into the trough while the pigs grunted and squealed with greedy impatience to be the first to eat. Nip and Tuck had long since gone back to town, for they would be needed when my father got off for a weekend from his work, so there was no fun of feeding them nor kissing of their velvet muzzles or treats of apples stolen from the larder.

We did not go to the rice mill every day because there were so many other things to do. But looking back, I think my mother's wish not to impose on Ah Fook's hospitality had something to do with it. Anyway, that summer a new project came into being, the digging of a small swimming pool. It wasn't a very professional job, and I don't know how it was ever kept clean, but it served its purpose as the place where we children learned to swim. Blown-up cotton life-wings were put under our arms before we were tossed into the icy pool to take our chances with the instinctive need to paddle. This we did with glee and never a whimper. On the rim of that swimming pool there were two sets of small imprints where our hands had been pressed into the wet cement. Above them my father had scratched "1905," a date it was sad to remember for this was the last time my mother was to be with us and the end of our summers at Waiāhole. It was only a few months after we had returned to town that she died of pleurisy and pneumonia and my broken-hearted father always blamed her death on her last swim in that icy pool.

Harvesting time was the busiest season of the year at the old rice mill. Ah Fook and all the children worked from dawn to dusk cutting the rice stalks from the drained fields. The two water buffaloes that in the spring had helped with ploughing in the wet mud were now yoked to the treadmill on the concrete threshing floor, where they plodded aimlessly all day long around and around that small con-

fined circle threshing out the rice from the dry stalks fed continuously under their hooves. Then came the clearing away of the chaff and sweeping up of the grain into big gunny sacks. It was back-breaking work, but Ah Fook knew no other in all his life. He had vowed to earn and save enough money to educate his children, dreaming of better things to come.

Finally the time arrived when he was satisfied that all the rice had been harvested and sacked, leaving the fields for the rice birds to glean. The S.S. *Cummins* had been notified in Honolulu that the freight was ready, so we knew the ship would be leaving the next day to circuit the island and anchor well off shore.

The evening before, Ah Fook's rice sacks had been transported from the mill across the road on a long flat dray pulled by his water buffaloes, then covered for the night by pieces of tin roofing.

Steamer day was the culmination of all the valley's summer activities, for not only rice was to be shipped but also many bags of taro. People came from all corners of the valley to converge on the beach where the bags were piled high awaiting shipment. With mounting excitement we watched for the ship, which was but a speck on the horizon. We could see its smoke clearly heralding an impending arrival so there was nothing to do but wait another hour to pass before it dropped anchor far off shore. Two life boats were lowered and then lashed together before sturdy seamen rowed to shore over the shallow reef. They helped Ah Fook and his sons to pile the bags onto the cargo net that had been stretched across the two boats, then gleaming with sweat, they rowed back to the ship, where the net was hoisted by winches into the forward hold. It took many trips to transport all those bags but finally the job was done. Ah Fook, as always, wanted the seamen to return to the mill, where food and tea were awaiting them, but the ship's sharp whistle warned them to hurry back aboard as the captain had other stops of call.

So once more the labors of months were over and we all turned back to the mill gratified and happy. Tomorrow would be Harvest Home and a feast prepared in the old mill fit for a Chinese emperor. Afterwards chains of firecrackers would be ignited to chase bad luck away as chickens and ducks exploded into terrified feathered retreat while the patient water buffaloes looked on.

A few days later all would be normal again when the ploughing of



the dry stubbled fields would begin as inevitable as the age-old cycle of labor would herald in another crop to come.

Our Waiāhole home and the old rice mill have disappeared forever, as have all the other rice paddies in the islands, abandoned when California seed rice arrived to price the Chinese laborers out of business.

Ah Fook has long since joined his ancestors, along with Min Ling; but their sons went on to better and bigger destinies as merchants, financiers, and importers of Chinese silks and jade, having at last fulfilled Ah Fook's fond and ancient dream.

Not long ago three of Sammy's great-grandsons opened a Chinese restaurant in Honolulu which has since become a mecca for gourmets and fabulously world renowned. From a humble rice mill kitchen in Waiāhole to the bright neon signs of a big city, the fame of Ah Fook and his sons lives on.

#### WAIĀHOLE BY FREDERICK WARREN WICHMAN (1892–1973)

Waiāhole (the water in which the *āholehole* swim) is the name of a beautiful valley the remembrance of which thrills me to this day, for it was here that I spent the only real happiness I knew as a boy.

My first trip to Waiāhole was made with my father when I was a young lad about five or six years old, and we rode there in a road wagon drawn by a span of mules driven by Mr. Theodore Lansing, who had large rice-growing areas at the foot of the valley where the land spread out flatly and bordered the ocean bordering Waiāhole Bay. My father and I sat on the front seat. When it showered, a waterproof curtain was drawn up before the front-seat passengers. This curtain had a slat through which the reins to the animals were passed, and in order for me to see out, I had to stand on the seat.

When we reached the Pali, the wagon was stopped to "blow" the mules, and one of the men would descend and place a kukui leaf on a shaft of stone at the rim of the precipice, and on this leaf was placed a small stone so it would not blow away. This ceremony was to please this god so he would assure a safe passage down the steep and winding old Pali road.

After the descent I remember very little of the trip except that we crossed several beaches and the water was half way to the mule's bellies. After about four hours (the time element I learned several

years later), we crossed the Waiāhole river on an old wooden bridge and shortly turned *mauka* up a muddy lane. On the right was the shack of “old man” Cullen and his family, and across the lane was a shed in front of which several bullock wagons were parked. A short way off, the work oxen were grazing, and not far beyond was the Lansing house, situated on a bluff overlooking the rice lands, the rice mill, and the ocean.

To the left of the Lansing house was a large fenced-in area on one side of which a sizable ditch had been dug to direct water from the Waiāhole “river” to turn the water wheel that activated the rice mill below the bluff. Along this ditch grew a row of large monkey pod trees, under which were parked the bullock wagons and in later years the horse-drawn freight wagons.

I do not believe that I could have absorbed all of this on my first trip, for I was too young, but I do remember that How Sing, Mr. Lansing’s bookkeeper, saved me from serious harm and perhaps death. The Lansing cowboys had been combing the rugged upland valleys for cattle and had been able to corral some in the large pasture beside the house. Among the cattle was a very large bull from whose horns hung two broken lariats which the cowboys were endeavoring to catch with their *kaula ili* [leather rope]. It was at this point that I crawled through the fence and was right in the path of this wild animal. How Sing, who had taken me to see the excitement, jumped the fence, grabbed me up into his arms, and waved his one free arm just as the bull was about to horn us. This motion caused the animal to swerve a bit so that only the side of his body hit us. I still remember the “woosh” of his near miss and that I was not terrified until it was all over. This episode was the beginning of a long friendship with How Sing, whose shadow I became. Whenever I was lucky enough to be taken to Waiāhole, the first thing I did was to seek him out in his office to listen to him and watch him operate the abacus and write in the books of account with a brush after making the ink with an ink stick rubbed on an oval stone in which there was a bit of water.

In later years he taught me to ride horseback, and once we rode to the He‘eia plantation, where he had some business to transact. I was riding a horse by the name of Kahuku and How Sing was riding Bismark. I was sitting on the office porch waiting for How Sing when a plantation locomotive went by and gave a shrill toot. Both horses were terrified and pulled back on their neck ropes. But, knowing no

better, I had tied Kahuku with a knot that slipped. I could not get near the horse, for by this time he was in a frenzy and was lashing here and there. Shortly he went down nearly strangled, and it was then How Sing came running from the office and with his pocket knife cut the rope. It took some time before Kahuku "came to," and right then How Sing taught me to tie a bowline and I have a knot I have never forgotten to tie.

After some years my father built a home at Waiāhole *mauka* of the Lansings' and the small government school. The original land on which the home was built was a quarter-acre *kuleana* and was bought from a Hawaiian by the name of Moiki, who lived at Ka'ālaea.

On the *kuleana* was a beautiful grove of enormous mango trees, though they bore practically no fruit, and at the edge of this grove the house was built. Although it took but a few months to build, my mother stayed for a year getting things in order, and during this time I went to Waiāhole school, taught by Miss Alice Mudge, and was the only white pupil, all others being Hawaiian or part-Hawaiian. The number of pupils would fluctuate from fifteen to twenty but mostly the lesser figure, which was lucky for us, although we did not realize it at the time. As the result of the small class (everyone seemed to be in the same grade), we learned a great deal, and Miss Mudge was the one who taught me to appreciate reading.

It was at this time that Walter Cullen or Larsen (both names being used) and I became fast friends, and every afternoon after school we went fishing or roping calves on foot or swimming in Waiāhole Bay and river. On some Saturdays we would tramp into the upper reaches of Waiāhole and Waikāne valleys and knew them as we knew our right hands.

The "Rice camp," where all the Chinese laborers lived, was across the river from "old man" Cullen's place and a few yards from it was a large concrete floor on which the rice was thrashed. In the center of the floor was a post on top of which was a disk that could revolve. The disk had four holes in it to which a rope tethering some unshod horses abreast could be tied. The rice sheaves were deeply scattered on the floor, and then the forty horses were brought onto the rice, each string emanating from the post like spokes from a hub. The horses were trotted around in a circle, and this thrashed the grain from the heads. Every so often the animals were stopped and the plants were forked up by the men so that the unthreshed grain was brought to the top.

My job was to keep the horses in motion, and my pay was either two or three meals a day at the cook house, depending on how long we worked. The taste for Chinese peasant food is still with me.

All the work in the rice fields was done with water buffalo, plowing and raking the clods that were inundated for that purpose. I tried several times to drive these buffalo, but they would do nothing for me and on occasion would turn and try to horn me, whereas a small Chinese or Filipino boy could handle them perfectly, even riding on their backs. It is said that the buffalo resents the smell of a white person but enjoys that of an Oriental and this must be so.

In the days of which I speak, a one-hundred-pound bag of rice sold for \$5.00 and rice growing was a lucrative business. It all went to California. But the handwriting was on the wall, for rice was beginning to be planted on the delta lands of the Sacramento valley, and soon that operation became a "factory in the field," ending rice growing on a commercial scale in Hawai'i. Mr. Lansing, as I remember, went "broke" because he hung on too long.

I learned a great many things at Waiāhole. The day came when I was allowed to open the sluice gate that let the water pour over the great water wheel turning the crude machinery in the mill. The unhulled rice already dumped in bins was let onto two great round stones, looking like enormous cheese wheels, that revolved in opposite directions and removed the hulls. The clean rice came out onto the floor in one spout, and the rice bran, a by-product, came from another spout, and the hulls a third. The bran was sacked and used as animal feed, and the hulls were removed and burned. The wheels did not always do a perfect job, leaving some unhulled rice, so these grains had to be strained out. This was done by hand, the Chinese using a round strainer made of bamboo some three feet in diameter. This strainer was filled with rice, held as one would hold a tray and shaken with a rotary motion. The clean rice which had passed through the sieve fell to the floor, and the unhulled remains on the strainer were tossed back onto the hulling stones. The clean rice was shoveled into bags set on a scale, each bag weighing one hundred pounds when filled. The bags when filled were sewed by hand and then were stored in the warehouse awaiting shipment to Honolulu on the steamer *John Cummings* that called intermittently at Waiāhole.

My first job (unpaid) in the mill was to stencil the rice bags and

pile them beside the scale. As time went on I learned all functions of the mill, even to adjusting the stone hullers.

Joe Cullen taught me to yoke and drive a bullock team. He said to always yoke the span from the nigh ox and stay away from the back legs. This I neglected to do on one occasion and was kicked by one of the swing span as I was passing. It never occurred to me that an ox could kick at right angles to his body but it can, as I painfully learned. It was a severe lesson, and it was a week until walking was not painful.

The process of training the oxen was interesting. Young calves were selected so that a span of them would conform to the same conformation as nearly as possible, and these were tied together by neck ropes and between each rope was a swivel to keep the connecting rope from snarling. Twice a day these ropes were untied to allow the calves to suckle and when they had finished were retied. When they grew to be yearlings, a small wooden yoke was put on them in the morning instead of the ropes and they were put out to graze. In the evening the yoke was removed and the animals would stroll off side by side to graze, never losing their nigh and off position. This position they kept through their lives whether yoked or unyoked.

The *John Cummings* was a very small steamer, mastered by Captain Searle, that serviced the parts of O'ahu. The day she would anchor quite a distance from shore in Waiāhole Bay was always exciting, for she brought household and plantation supplies and took the rice to Honolulu. Ice was delivered in a very heavy wooden box in which a one-hundred-pound block of ice was packed in paddy hulls as insulation.

Captain Searle always came ashore in one of the whale boats, which were anchored in some three feet of water, and came from the boat to shore on the back of a stalwart Japanese quartermaster. He spoke a real cockney that could be quite sulphurous when circumstances required.

Now came the real thrill, for I was big enough to drive the four horses drawing the wagon laden with bags of rice. The wagon was driven into the bay to the whale boat and the bags pitched into it. When filled, the boat was rowed out to the steamer and the bags lifted into the hold. The water was at times over the horses' bellies, but one had to take care that the water did not reach the floor of the wagon and spoil the lower tier.

Scott Pratt, a boyhood friend, would visit us at Waiāhole on occasion in the summer vacation, and we would spend the days sailing the bay in an old patched-up canoe with burlap sails or exploring the upper ends of the valley and swimming in the cold water of the stream. When Scott left, back I went to my exciting rice jobs.

The Waikāne church was the meeting place on Sunday for the Hawaiians, and it was great fun to go there for these gatherings were gala occasions. Everyone brought lunch, and the dogs followed along. Kimo Davis, the pastor, could preach hellfire and brimstone with the best of them. At times the dogs would get into a fight, and everyone in church would pile out and back their favorite animal. This was a happy break. When the fight was over, everyone would return to the church and start singing, the sermon completely forgotten for the time being. The Hawaiians have beautiful voices, and the harmony was lovely, and the singing could go on for an hour before people would get hungry and drift outside to eat.

A Chinaman ran a combination small store and bakery at Waikāne, and he made the most delicious bread that he sold for five cents a loaf. The bread came out of the oven about 9 A.M., and whenever I was sent to the store for simple supplies I tried to make it when the bread appeared and would buy an extra loaf for myself.

The Chinese who owned the Waikāne store made a trip to Honolulu on one occasion and learned of a status symbol from the city Chinese. This was to wear shoes that squeaked, which would give the wearer the attention to which he was entitled.

Upon his return to Waikāne, the male Hawaiians were enthralled by the noisy shoes worn by the storekeeper, but how to get them, for none of them had ever had a pair and none had nearly enough money to buy them. So "necessity being the mother of invention," some genius came up with the idea of all chipping in and buying one pair of shoes, a pair large enough for the largest foot. The storekeeper got his money and sent to Honolulu for the shoes and they duly arrived. One of the Hawaiians tried them on, but they did not squeak. The Chinese was equal to the occasion and inserted a knife between the outer and inner sole of the shoe and made a slit about two inches long. Into this slit he poured kerosene, and when the leather had absorbed the oil, the shoes, when worn, squeaked most satisfactorily. Should the squeak lessen, more oil was poured into the

slit. The next Sunday at church was the dress rehearsal and everything went well. The first man came in wearing the shoes, walked down the aisle to the front bench, took off the shoes and handed them out the window to the next man, who likewise made a noisy and soul-satisfying entrance. It was fully an hour before the last wearer made his entrance. In the meantime, the women sat spellbound, and the shoes were the talk of the countryside for several months until the shoes episode ceased because they disappeared. No one seemed to know what became of them, but it really did not matter for by that time everyone had tired of the show.

The Lansings had two sons, Nelson the older and Oliver, called Toots, the younger. Oliver was an excellent shot and was continually hunting doves and pheasants. He loaded his own shells, an operation that fascinated me, and eventually I learned to do it. He taught me to skin a pheasant and prepare the pelt with alum in such a way that the gorgeous plumage of the bird was fixed and did not shed.

Transportation to and from Windward O'ahu was supplied by horse-drawn road wagons and seemed to be a monopoly of the Chinese. They carried passengers and light freight, crated chickens, and pigs and started the trip from Punalu'u and Hau'ula to Waikāne, where the horses were changed. Then on to Kāne'ohe, where horses were changed again and four fresh horses were hitched to the wagon for the long pull up the Pali road, then down the grade to Mauna Kea Street, which was the terminal in Honolulu.

The Chinese were anything but adept in handling horses, and it always seemed a miracle when the trip was completed without mishap. On one occasion I was a passenger to Honolulu when, after the four horses were hitched at Kāne'ohe, the driver took the reins, clucked to the horses to get going, and nothing happened. It was some time before the driver discovered that the lead team was tethered to the tree that acted as a hitching post.

During the summer vacations I often rode horseback to 'Āhuimanu, where Henry Macfarlane had a large dairy of Guernsey (I think) cows. The home consisted of two long buildings, one the living room, master's bedroom, and kitchen and the other, facing this, a longer building in which there were many guest rooms, connected by a porch. Back of the main building was a more or less natural swimming pool fed constantly at one end by a mountain stream and

drained at the other so the water was always fresh and cold. As youngsters we could spend hours cavorting in the pool and never seemed to get chilled.

On the way to 'Āhuimanu and back to Waiāhole, I always stopped at a blacksmith shop at Ka'alaea run by a Japanese, and here I learned to shoe horses and mules. Mules were a bit tricky with their hind hooves, and one never knew when they would lash out with a well-aimed blow. Consequently the hind feet were always snagged just above the hoof with an iron rod shaped as a shepherd's crook, pulled forward as far as possible, and put in the farriers lap. The shoer then walked to the rear of the mule and stretched out the leg. In this way the shoe could be fitted and nailed on. Should the mule pull his leg away, it would have to get back under him in order to lash out, so that gave the shoer time to get away.