

JOHN DOMINIS HOLT

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

JOHN DOMINIS HOLT

(1919 -)

John Dominis Holt IV, well-known writer and publisher, relates some of the family background of his English, Hawaiian, and Tahitian ancestors. He describes a family history that includes prominent shipbuilders of England and alii women of Hawaii.

He recalls his life growing up during a period of transition not only for his family but for Hawaii itself. He vividly recounts stories of his parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, and tells of their attitudes and life styles.

Mr. Holt discusses early influences on the Hawaiian culture and changes that occurred, particularly during the nineteenth century, in the Islands. His experiences and studies on the mainland, his return to Hawaii, his reassessment of Hawaii and its culture and his writing and publishing accomplishments are recounted.

Mr. Holt includes his genealogy in both narrative and chart form as an addendum.

©1987 The Watumull Foundation, Oral History Project
2051 Young Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826

All rights reserved. This transcript, or any part thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without the permission of the Watumull Foundation.

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN DOMINIS HOLT

In the reception room of his Topgallant Publishing Company,
Kakaako, Honolulu, Hawaii

October 30, 1986

H: John Dominis Holt

S: Alice Sinesky, Interviewer

H: Well, it is October 30, Thursday morning, a warmish Thursday morning in Honolulu in old Kakaako. I'm sitting in my reception room where I have conferences down in Kakaako on property that used to be the home of my great-grandparents, Owen Jones Holt and Hanakaulani O Kamamalu. It seems proper that I begin talking about myself from this particular place.

Actually, I began life in Honolulu some sixty-eight years ago in my grandparents' house, which was on Fort Street, upper Fort Street near School. It was an old, old neighborhood. Their house had been built in 1881 and I was born in 1919, so at that point it was forty years old, and it seemed as I grew up to be four or five that it was 500 years old. It had the feeling of great antiquity.

It was a typical old style Island house of that period. Many old Hawaiian families (I'm part-Hawaiian) built these kinds of houses. They were usually one-story houses built on quite large pieces of land. In this case my grandparents had a lot that was five acres between Fort Street and School Street, which is now where the Queen Emma Gardens apartment complex is. Their home took up about half of that space clear into the highway.

They built big rooms. Hawaiians built huge rooms and they didn't clutter them with junk. They sort of took on Victorian notions of decor from other people. They usually had very few things in a room. Nice pieces of koa and some nice pieces of Chinese furniture, but very large rooms. Airy and cool. It was a big house. There were seven or eight bedrooms. They had five children and they had many guests. There were rooms on one side of the house that were kept for guests; largely for my grandmother's family because they came from Maui. One sister lived on Hawaii--Mrs. Francis Spencer. She would come to visit two or three times a year. That was called the guest wing. It had a couple of bedrooms, a sitting room and a little porch of its own.

Around this house swept a very large verandah. It was quite wide and on the verandah were many, many, many rocking chairs. It was the age of rocking or of rocking chairs and people loved to fit into these rocking chairs like pieces of sculpture by that famous man Joseph Epstein. They would settle into these chairs and rock and talk. Here and there would be maiden hair; there would be anthurium varieties, maybe not the flowering ones, but the leafy ones.

My grandmother was a great plant lady. She had two glass houses; smallish greenhouses in which she grew the most beautiful potted plants, which she brought to her front porch to put on Chinese porcelain pedestals in between the rocking chairs.

The impression that I have of that house is one of decorum. It was quiet and dignified. If anything scandalous happened ever, it was kept quiet. It was sort of kept from the house itself. The house was protected from scandal or any other kinds of human suffering, as compared to other houses we lived in, which was the opposite. I loved it because it was so quiet and dignified and so big.

S: It was foible free.

H: Yes, it was foible free. There were beautiful meals and quite a few of the old servants still lived down there when my father and mother, aunt and uncle, and a grandaunt and uncle all shared it. There was a large formal dining room and there was what we would now call a breakfast room. There were huge pantries and a kitchen separate from the house with a little passageway.

S: Were the servants primarily Orientals?

H: Yes, they were Oriental. They were Japanese and Chinese. Mostly Chinese. My grandmother was used to Chinese servants as compared to other branches of the family who had only Japanese servants. There would be these wonderful meals with wonderful people who would come. Sometimes we were allowed to sit at the table and be a part of the group and it was a wonderful experience. It was filled with happiness and anticipation and I listened a great deal to what these older people had to say.

There were all kinds of people; business people, sea captains who were still coming to town, old friends, people from Maui, people from Kauai, people from Hawaii, all the old-timers. At a very early age I began to collect information about all the different families that lived here and had settled for a long time.

S: Did you keep diaries or journals?

H: I didn't keep diaries or journals but I wrote down a lot in stories, in just random notes, which I still have and which I'm trying to perfect now. That was Fort Street and it was an interesting neighborhood.

Our immediate neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson. She was Aunt Rose (Aunt Rosie we called her) and she was Princess Kaiulani's half sister. Her husband, James Robinson, was one of Chief Justice Robinson's sons and he was at an earlier time a chamberlain of the court to King Kalakaua. They had an interesting family of girls mostly--one boy. They were all older people by then, but they were all "Auntie" and "Uncle," and we were all very close. I thought of them as the most beautiful people in the world. They all were such striking looking people.

There was a little lane that ran from the back of my grandparents' house alongside their fence to Nuuanu, so we had access from Fort Street to Nuuanu. Usually Fort Street was the entrance and Nuuanu was the back way, the exit. Then there was another exit into School Street.

It was an interesting neighborhood because of Foster Gardens...of course, Aunt Mary Foster lived in the house at Foster Gardens, which had been built by Dr. [William] Hillebrand. And all those great trees (some of which still exist) were planted by Dr. Hillebrand. Aunt Mary bought the house because she was interested in botany and plants. She was still a figure to me when I was a child. She would go driving and sometimes come to our house and sit in her car. She had some strange kind of automobile--one of those locomobiles--aptly named loco--you know, you had to get up using a stepladder to get into the car. Aunt Mary had become interested in Buddhism and had a resident swami. Always the swami and his robes would be in the back seat with Aunt Mary. There would be conversations in the car, then she would drive off.

Then across the street on School Street were the Afongs with all their beautiful daughters. Fourteen of them, I think. I remember Aunt Julia, the old lady, but I don't remember the old man. But I can remember those beautiful girls who were so exotic and strange and wonderful to me because they seemed rather peculiar and they behaved in a rather special way. They were neither fish nor fowl. They were very educated, cultured, they spoke beautifully, but they were not haole. And they were certainly not Oriental. They were in a no-man's-land of people who are half and half.

S: And you know that feeling well.

H: I know that feeling well, but we had experienced it at an earlier time. In the 1820s and '30s. By the time the Afongs came along we were well used to it, but they weren't quite. And there weren't any haole-Hawaiian-Chinese people who were as rich as the Afongs, which put them in another category. Very rich. I mean they were millionaires in the 1880s and 1890s. There weren't many around.

S: It was a social strata unto itself.

H: Yes, but they married interesting men; they had interesting children. To me they were the essence of exotica. I used to love to see them coming and going in their cars and I used to love to see the children who were always beautifully dressed. Occasionally, one sister, Mrs. McStocker, who was a neighbor of my great-aunt Ellen Lorenzon on Lunalilo Street... Ernest Street comes into Lunalilo and separates the McStocker property from my Aunt Ellen's property. Next to Aunt Ellen's was the Tenney property. So there was quite a row there of these beautiful homes. Mrs. McStocker was an Afong and she always wore furs or she wore fur-finished coats. She must have felt cold a lot. She would arrive somewhere with a fur-trimmed coat. Mostly sable. (laughs) To me they were the most interesting family in Hawaii, just about.

Then across the street on School and Nuuanu were the Frank Damons. Frank Damon was the Reverend Damon, the second Reverend Damon. The first Reverend Damon was Samuel Chenery Damon. This was his second eldest son, I guess. Next to that was the Waterhouse house. They were directly across from the Afongs. Then there was another house above the Afongs. I can't remember who was there now, but right across from that was the S. M. Damon house. Now I'm married to Frances McKinnon Damon whose grandparents lived in that particular house. They were all neighbors. It's almost incestuous. It's all so close.

Right mauka of the Damons were the Judds, Chief Justice Judd. The "Alapaki" Judds as we called them. (laughs) They had an interesting old house there which stood for a long time. It was torn down. The Japanese consul is there now. On and on up the street, but it was really quite an interesting neighborhood of kamaaina families who were in the middle of their ascendancy.

The Holts were sort of on their way down, but the others were on their way up. (laughs) We had been spending money wildly since the 1830s and '40s. My great-great-grandfather Robert Holt made a fortune in the whaling industry. He was a shipbuilder and he was involved in shipping. He was from the famous Liverpool family of Holts who are still England's

leading shipping people. He joined the man who became his father-in-law and another Englishman, who didn't know very much about business, joined their company and took care of it and made it into a great success.

Great-great-great-grandfather Robinson lived further up Nuuanu where the cemetery is now, the new one. All of that was the old home. That's where my great-great-grandfather died in 1862.

Well, there were many mementoes of all this at the Fort Street house. Then it had to be sold. Taxes to pay. Bills to pay and what have you. It was sold and we moved to another house that my grandfather owned at Piikoi Street and Beretania. It was a largish house--I wouldn't say that it was as large as my grandfather's house on Fort Street--but it was big. Big rooms and again that verendah where they all sat and talked. Whoopee! What a change! All that decorum from Fort Street went completely out the window. And my Aunt Ellen, who was sort of an enfant tete, she was an Auntie Mame-type of her generation, set the pace.

And my father decided, well, you know, "May, I think let's go and live with sister Ellen. She has all the old folks still working for the family." My mother said, "No, we've just bought a house." They bought a house behind the Kaimuki Theater on the lower slopes of Wilhelmina Rise. That was one of the early subdivisions of Honolulu. These were lots that ran from one street above down to Wilhelmina Rise. They were largish lots and the houses were nice. They were sort of suburban cottages and just right for a new family starting out.

My father had a little business out there. He wasn't much of a businessman. He just couldn't manage sugar or pineapple or banks or any of that. He had lots of land. Lots of land. As my poor Aunt Ellen used to say all the time, "You must remember, dear, we were land poor, and we simply had to sell it." (laughs) And my father would sell off pieces of land as he needed money.

But he had taxis at the end of Kaimuki where the Rattan Art Gallery is and they took people from the end of the streetcar line home to their new houses out toward Waialae-Kahala and this side of Diamond Head.

S: What year was it when you moved out to Kaimuki?

H: We never moved out, but they started all that about 1920. They used to just sort of look in. The rugs were still rolled up: they were never unrolled. The furniture was all covered. This went on for six or seven or eight years. My father had people driving for him. They charged twenty-five cents apiece for these rides from the end of the

streetcar line to their houses at that end of Kaimuki. It was really quite a successful operation but he didn't pay much attention to it. He was very fond of drink and at that time, I think, was over the line, already an alcoholic. No longer a borderline; he was hooked. Anything that happened happened willy-nilly as far as he was concerned. He let it go. My mother had to hold things together, so we lived with Aunt Ellen down on Beretania Street for a couple of years. Nineteen twenty-four, twenty-five, up to twenty-six.

And that house became sort of...well, there was the Great Gatsby feeling only with a tropical overtone. A big elephant ear tree and crotons and tamarind trees and all sorts of heavenly smelling tropical plants. Many of the people that were left from the old court life, from the old court families, used to stop by in the afternoon (or in the morning) and begin their day's drinking because my Aunt Ellen and my father simply adored drinking. By then it was considered the most important thing in life to sit with friends and have a drink beginning at ten o'clock in the morning.

Ladies would arrive in very beautiful holokus and beautiful jewels and they spoke wonderfully well. They all spoke with English accents or they spoke with cultured accents and they were all sort of in the same plight except for the Campbells. The Campbells just couldn't stop going up because that gush of money kept gushing like oil. They were protected, of course, by that ironclad will written by their father. They were perfectly safe while all the rest of us were not. I mean every asset that people had they would use. If they needed another twenty cases of champagne or if they needed to pay another bill at Liberty House for \$1,000 or Metropolitan Meat Market or May and Company, they just let their bills pile up and then sold land.

S: So actually it was just squandered.

H: Squandered. This class of people squandered their assets and they squandered them rather selfishly on good times. I mean good eating and good drinking, lots of dancing, spit curls. The old Victrola--somebody was there to crank it--one of the houseboys or some old-timer would be there cranking that phonograph and there were piles of records; "Moon over Miami" and "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue." It tinkled away all day long. They gathered for lunch. They came about ten o'clock in the morning, sat most of the day on the porch with these big plants, which had been brought from Fort Street, but were no longer as well grown as they were there when my grandmother started them fifty years before.

Someone would say, "My goodness, I have such a dry throat this morning," and Auntie would say, "For heaven's

sake dear, time for a cocktail." She'd call one of the boys --Willie and Dindin and Takahashi--and it was usually Willie who came. The oldest Chinese houseboy. "Yes, thirsty. Gin fizz? Okolehau old-fashioned? Oh, gin fizz. Gin fizzes all around." Then they'd go from gin fizzes to okolehau old-fashioned. Okolehau was the bootlegged stuff. Or if they had bootleg gin they'd have gimlets. Double or triple gimlets.

These were just elegant, wonderful people. I loved them to death. I simply adored them. They were role models. I felt very attached to them. Even more attached to them than to my mother who was from Maui and from a missionary family. Well-heeled, but she was a hick. I mean these other people spoke with such elegance and such sophistication. Some were always running off to Africa. Some were running off to Paris. Selling off a piece of land, of course, to do whatever. Getting into hot water with the trust company. Always the trust company. Every day the trust company. But I loved these people. I thought they were simply wonderful and here they were all going down the drain.

My mother finally insisted that something be done and she sued my father for divorce. She said, "If you don't move away from here and if we don't move into our home, we're going to divorce. I can't live this way." This went on for a year or so, back and forth, back and forth, then she got terribly serious and was on the verge of setting a date for the first hearing in court. Everybody was just, "You mustn't do it. How can you do this to poor Jack when all he wants is a drink? I mean, what's so terrible about Jack having a drink?"

Mother would say, "Well, Jack having a drink is ruining his family, ruining Jack and ruining our marriage." They now had four children and living with a sister and brother-in-law in this motley household that was filled every day with these high-heeled flappers and men dressed in pongee and white linen suits. It was a convenient place to stop. It was on the way home to somewhere.

Well, Aunt Mary Beckley, who was considered an absolute --I mean she was impeccably a dowager--a grand dame--had a daughter, a beautiful daughter, who was having trouble with dope. Aunt Mary had taken her away to California and everywhere to try to cure her. Nothing had happened. She came back and she heard about a little place out in Kalihi on Middle Street where this couple from Los Angeles had a tent and they were offshoots of Aimee Semple McPherson. They were born again Christians and fundamentalists and they were apostolic in their practice. So she took Juanita and Juanita seemed to improve at least for a little while.

She said to my mother one day, "May, I know that you're suffering terribly and I don't want to interfere." My mother said, "I've just come from the dean at St. Andrew's and I said to him that I have a serious problem with my husband who is, I think, an alcoholic. He said, 'I'm sorry but the church is not interested in matters of that kind,'" She was terribly disillusioned. She joined the Episcopal church to satisfy my father and his family. She was born Catholic and then moved over to the Protestant Church when her grandparents adopted her. Her mother died when she was a small child. Her mother was half Spanish and half Hawaiian. That's why they were Catholic. She was terribly wounded and very concerned.

So she went out with Aunt Mary in Aunt Mary's great Pierce-Arrow with the headlights on the front fenders. They just bore down on you like dinosaur's eyes from the middle of darkest midnight. They went in together and they heard the preaching. My mother was very impressed. She thought that Mrs. Lochbaum, Ada Lochbaum, who was an Australian, was a very impressive speaker and that she knew scripture and she knew Christianity deeply. When they went into prayers--and these prayers were all very loud and very Holy Roller--my mother just quietly turned over on her back flat on the grass (this was under a tent, mind you) and as Auntie Mary told the story later, "May went completely out of her mind." There she was for a couple of hours having visions of all kinds, as though she had taken LSD.

When she came out of it finally, she said very happily to Aunt Mary, who was testy at the moment (May, you took so long, dear, it's quite late) but that was undaunting as far as my mother was concerned. "Oh, Aunt Mary, I just had the most wonderful experience. Absolutely wonderful. I saw Christ on the cross and I saw heaven. I saw the pearly gates and the lambs sitting down with lions." Aunt Mary said, "What do the houses look like? Do they have any Chinese rugs?" (laughs) My mother said, "I don't remember. I think they were just all finished with gold and they seemed to be so clean. Everyone was so peaceful and there was no stress at all. Everything was wonderful. I have found my home." So she sold her house, the one on Wilhelmina Rise, and found a place in Kalihi. Mind you, here we were brought up on Fort and Beretania Streets in the stronghold of the old royal set and we're moved into proletarian Kalihi right back of the church so she would have no trouble going and coming.

S: From St. Andrew's to a tent in Kalihi.

H: Yes. And she fell right into the whole system and had a wonderful time. She made friends and we met some wonderful people from old Hawaiian families. We got to know the whole neighborhood. All kinds of people; Japanese people, Chinese people, every race in the world. The most interesting

neighborhood that anyone could live in. All sorts of drunken fights on Saturday nights. The drinking was taking place down in the "camp" as my mother used to call it. The camp on the other side of the road. It was not happening in our house.

S: But your mother and father did not divorce? Your father went to Kalihi with the whole family?

H: They did not divorce. He went to Kalihi with the whole family and he went to church for a while. He said, "May, I think you've done the right thing," which made her very happy. She said, "Well, Jack, I love you very much and I just want to have a family life, bring the children up properly with religious training." He said, "I really don't quite agree with this preaching and this Holy Roller business, but I will do it for your sake because I do love you and I love the children and we want to be together."

We had a great time there for about ten years until we moved away. I hated it at first because I just couldn't stand the poor people. Really! Tacky clothes; tacky houses; tacky furniture. Here we had beautiful pieces of koa furniture just bursting out. My mother was giving it away left and right to the church and to members of the church, and I, as a child of eight or nine, would be screaming about it saying, "How dare you do this!" At one time she even threatened to give a four-poster bed to the preacher and his wife. My father said, "I'm afraid I draw the line there. That belongs to my family, not to yours. You may not give that away, May," and the whole thing was just so mixed up and in a way so wonderful.

Our house was full of all kinds of people. Mostly we heard Hawaiian spoken. My mother's friends were mostly Hawaiian from church and then in the evening when the old guard came to see us--uncles, aunts, grandaunts, old friends--they also spoke Hawaiian. It was a bilingual house. I can remember that most of the time Hawaiian was spoken. It was a very strange atmosphere, believe me. But once I got used to the neighborhood, I didn't mind it too much, but I never quite accepted it. It just never seemed to be acceptable.

S: You had started school prior to the move to Kalihi?

H: We had been tutored by a Miss Meryl Squires.

S: You said that you were one of four children. Where did you rank? What were the age differences?

H: I was the second eldest. We tried Punahou first but that didn't work out because the missionary element and the Hawaiian element just didn't mix. There were Hawaiians at Punahou and they got along with the haoles, but we heard so

much antimissionary sentiment at home that it was impossible to go to school to know them. I never got to know any of them until my college years. We all knew each other and who we were, but we weren't friends.

S: All four children were tutored at home?

H: Two of us and then we went to a little school near the church facing Middle Street, then we went to an English standard school, Kapalama, and then from there I went to Kam School for two years, and oh boy, that's another story, believe me. That was a weird experience. From Kam School I went to Roosevelt. That was still avoiding Punahou. I was in the seventh grade.

So we grew up in this strangely mixed world of flavors and tastes and smells. Fort Street used to smell of the most beautiful Chinese plants that bloom at night like pak lan and mei sui lan. Mostly, the Afong garden, but the Damons had trees. Everybody had the sweet smelling tree that blooms at night with the fragrant flowers. They were in my grandparents garden and I would just dream of those beautiful smelling flowers. For the rest of my life I've always waited going through neighborhoods to smell...if I pick up the scent of one of these types of flowers, it just brings floods of memories, all kinds of memories, of those early days on Fort Street.

I had a Hawaiian nurse, Julia, who took wonderful care of me. She was a great person. Walked me around the neighborhood in the evening so that I could smell these. When the pak lan was in bloom and the mei sui lan. She went to Beretania with us and then left when we went to Kalihi. She decided to get married. I was so attached to Julia that I went on the honeymoon.

S: You did!

H: Yes. (laughs)

S: I think you'll have to explain that.

H: Well, I was so attached to her. I mean she was my mother. My own mother was so busy fighting this problem of my father's alcoholism and his profligacy. He was very careless with money and insensitive to the use of it without any return. Just using instead of earning as well. So she had that battle to fight. She had her own property on Maui to protect. Her great-grandfather was one of the founders of Wailuku Sugar. She owned a chunk of shares in that company, which she protected with her life, but which she finally had to get rid of in order to support us. She had real estate, buildings, houses, and she was a person who had been left very comfortably well off by her grandfather who was a sweet

and wonderful man who brought his grandchildren up with a lot of style and grace. He sent her away to San Francisco to live with an aunt of hers, her mother's sister, where she could go to opera, she could have music lessons, voice, piano, anything. She went to be finished. He knew the Mills of Mills College. She didn't actually go to Mills, but...

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 1

...they helped to guide her in what to do, what lectures to hear, what plays to go to, what books to read. She even took courses from time to time. This wonderful period in San Francisco had really prepared her to live a way of life that was quite different from that Beretania scene, that F. Scott Fitzgerald jazz.

S: She was not cut out to be Zelda.

H: She was not cut out to be Zelda. Absolutely not!

S: How did she meet your father?

H: They met on Maui. The families were feuding, they hated each other. My mother's aunts went to Mills. They actually went to Mills for two years and they were followed home by two men whom my grandfather declared instantly on meeting them as being fortune hunters, and, "No, Mary, and no, Ella, you may not marry them." But they went off and married them anyhow and did not go back to Mills. Married them and very soon they learned the truth that they were fortune hunters. My great Aunt Ellen loved to use--it was one of her favorite terms--they were simply "lounge lizards." (laughter)

S: When was the last time you heard that term?

H: Lounge lizards. So they were divorced and Aunt Ella never married again. She had one daughter, Aunt Ann. Then Aunt Mary married a magnificent man who was part-French and part-Hawaiian and had a great dairy on Maui. His name was Bal and they raised a huge family of children, a number of them. The first and second generations were fine, but after that they all sort of went to pieces. My mother only kept in touch with her first cousins who were people that she could feel comfortable with. They were very nice.

But Aunt Mary was...I suppose she would be called a harridan in some quarters. She would yell and scream at baseball games. She was very close to Harry Baldwin and Frank Baldwin and they used to love to come down to her house and drink. "We're all going to Cousin Mary's after the races." After all the screaming and yelling and the gambling and the winning at the horse races they'd end up at Cousin Mary's. This went on for one or two days maybe. So my mother was never close to her Aunt Mary either.

S: But you say she and your father met on Maui.

H: Oh, they met on Maui. My father went to work for Wailuku Sugar Company. Since my mother was connected with it, her family, they somehow met. He worked with his uncle who was the manager of the office--old uncle--Weight was his last name. There were these two families--the Daniels, my great-grandmother Holt. My grandmother Holt's mother, Nancy Kamaekalani Copp Daniels married a man named Daniels who was judge of the Circuit Court from its inception in 1851 on.

Then there were the Baileys. The Baileys lived up here in this interesting big old house that's still there. The Maui Historical Society headquarters. They also lived in the Alexander House at times. My great-grandfather bought that. They had all twenty-eight acres between the church which the first Edward Bailey had designed and built where they all went to church because there was no place else to go.

They hated each other. The Daniels girls were very large, very proud and very English. Their mother was in her way kind of bluestocking. A part-Hawaiian bluestocking if you can picture one. She had an impeccable background. Her father was a cousin to the Dukes of Portland who had come from London in 1822 and arranged the trip to England of Kamehameha II and his wife Kamamalu. It all comes together again in the next generation.

My great-grandmother Holt was Hanakaulani O Kamamalu. She was related to the first Mrs. Charles Peter Copp. They were both Kamehameha great-granddaughters. There were these two families--you might say the best families in town except for the governor, who lived on the corner. Here were the Daniels and here were the Baileys. There were five or six Daniels girls and the Judge was not a moneymaker. His wife had inherited some properties in Hana which brought money, but not a great deal. They didn't have anything like the money the Baileys had and so the Bailey girls would be naturally overdressed when they went to church so far as the Daniels girls were concerned. Just imagine coming to church in rustling silks, disturbing the choir. (laughs) This went on and on and on.

Papa and Mammah meet and they have a terrible time. She'd had a first marriage and had a child by this man who was another California fortune hunter. She was extremely unhappy and my father was a very kind man. He was very handsome and they fell in love. But you know he would go home to Aunt Rose's--by now Aunt Rose's husband Noah Kepoikai, who was a great-grandson of the High Chief Auwae as was my great-grandmother Emily Bailey and they were cousins--Father lived with Uncle Noah and Aunt Rose. Aunt Rose was a Daniels. Uncle Noah was now the judge. Judge Daniels had

either died or retired. He would go home and be absolutely pummeled by Aunt Rose and Aunt Millie. Not so much Aunt Millie, but Aunt Nancy. And Aunt Ellen Lorenzon when she was up for vacation. She was the most brutal of them all. This went on for a couple of years before they were married.

Finally, they just decided to ignore them all and go off and get married and they did. My father continued to work for the plantation and they were very happy. They lived in a little house in Waikapu and they had bird dogs. The Holts were great dog people. They had dogs of all kinds; castrated Great Danes; Russian wolfhounds (right here in this place where we are) given to them by Russian naval officers who had attended their parties. They had a big house right in here with a little lake in front of it. They were married and lived very happily.

My father had for a boss an old German by the name of Gross who was a bitter enemy. They were not friends at all. Gross had a pack of dogs. Two little dachshunds from Germany and the rest were a variety. My father said they were all scrub bird dogs; very bad bloodlines, the pointers were no good and the setters were terrible. That's why he could never get a bird.

One day they met during hunting season and one of the little dachshunds got lost. They were named "Yerry and Yack." Jerry and Jack. My father helped old Gross find the dog. "You must come home for a glass of beer. I have some very good beer from Japan, which my brother sends me." So they went home, they talked about birds, my father gave Gross his shoot. He had two or three birds. "Ach, you keep one. Ach, I can't shoot a thing here. No luck." They sat there drinking beer until it was dark.

Gross was married to this lovely little Hawaiian lady, very small and thin, and she said, "Oh, where is your woman?" "Oh, she's at home." "Well, we have to go down and get her." She got ready and got into her car with the driver and down they went and picked up my mother. She said, "You must bring clothes enough to spend the night." They came back up and the lady had planned with her people a whole luau. A whole luau! For four people. They had this wonderful luau that went on and on into the night and they stayed there for one year. They lived with them for one year.

Then the plantation built the house, a beautiful little house with copper finishings on the sinks and all the rest, in deference to my mother because of the Bailey connection. The house was ready and they lived in it and they were happy. The old lady cried for days, "I know you must leave me. I'm not dying, but I felt as though I were dying." She would kuo. Kuo is to wail. (demonstrates) "My keiki, my keiki." But they finally parted. Parted

peacefully and they were friends for the rest of their lives.

They were happy there until one of my father's drunken friends came up from Honolulu. He had just inherited a lot of money from an estate that was settled and these were an accumulation of rentals so he had a lot of money. Thousands of dollars. Two locomobiles. Again locomobiles. He filled them up with pretty girls and a couple of drivers. My father took off from work without saying a word and off they went around the Island and around the Island and around the Island just having a wonderful time. Hana, Keanae, Kaanapali (such as it was in those days), Lahaina. My father was gone from his job for three weeks and they fired him. They had no children (we weren't born yet) and that's when they came down to Honolulu and lived in my grandfather's house.

I have a strange collection of memories of these people. My great-aunts who were, well, they were like Victorian monuments. When they got into black, it was the blackest of black; it was the heaviest of moire, huge sleeves and enormous bows for some reason and these big black hats. If there was a death in the family, they would all converge. This is when I would sit and hear them talking about their past usually at Aunt Rose's. My aunt had a house big enough to accommodate them all. These are my Daniels. Judge Daniels', Henry Wilson Daniels', daughters.

My Daniels great-grandmother I don't remember at all. I just have a very beautiful picture of her. She looks like a very sweet and wonderful lady. I have a picture of my mother's grandmother reading her bible. She had the most elaborate black holoku. It seems like it's nine o'clock in the morning and she's dressed for an audience with Queen Victoria at eight in the evening. It's Belgian lace of the most beautiful kind. But, of course, they loved to dress beautifully. Look at the old days. The feather capes and cloaks and leis.

S: Personal adornment was very important.

H: Personal adornment was very important. Very important. The trouble is that with all of their advantages and all of their exposure to these beautiful things--they had lovely furnishings, beautiful houses, beautiful clothes, wonderful food--they didn't develop their minds. Their minds were such that it was as though they were captive of this small place here and that the only thing that they dared to be interested in was what was happening at the neighbors.

S: It was all very superficial.

H: Yes, yes, superficial but painfully restrictive, painfully narrow. It made these people almost what Hawaiians

call ihepa. It made them almost idiotic because my great-aunts--these magnificent ladies in their wonderful clothes--they all went to St. Cross school in Lahaina, the English priory. They all learned to cook, to sew, they kept beautiful houses and they did beautiful things--their linens, their kapa, their quilts, that kind of thing, their furnishings, but their minds at times were like cesspools they were so filled with nastiness. And merciless. Criticism of themselves and other people.

My father's father's family, the Holts, weren't really that way. They were more expansive, more loving, more giving. They had lots of parties. They were very rich and they had that wonderful place at Makaha, that beautiful ranch where they had many, many guests. They also had a place at Waialua. They had a beautiful beach house at the end of Haleiwa Park. A little piece of it is still there, a little piece of the wall going down to the water and a little piece of one of the guest houses is still there.

There's a lot of lore connected with that. My Aunt Eliza married my Uncle William in her middle years. He was younger. Divorced her husband. Oh, a terrible scandal. She was a great friend of Queen Liliuokalani's as was my great-grandmother Hanakaulani. They were always there at the Queen's sewing, music. Eliza Holt was a composer. She composed O Makalapua and Uluhua, a song associated with the Holts of Makaha. She was just a wonderful woman. I have a picture of her. She was a marvelous looking person, but she looks very tortured. Very, very tortured.

She was the godmother of one of my youngest great-uncles and she used to come here to Honuakaha (this place was called Honuakaha) to see Uncle Chris when he was a little boy. She would also see Uncle William who was a very dashing, beautiful, handsome man with dark green eyes and strange reddish skin. He was, most of the time, across the street at Princess Ruth's because Ruth sort of decided to hanai him, helped to raise him.

Aunt Eliza's and Uncle William's flirtation developed into a great romance. She divorced her husband of Austen Lane, which is still existent in Palama. They lived down there. She was Eliza Wood Austen. She was the daughter of George Wood. George Wood was somehow related to the Princess Kekauonohi, Kamehameha's granddaughter. That was where Aunt Eliza got all of her feathers and all of her beautiful furniture, just as my great-grandmother Hanakaulani O Kamamalu got her beautiful things from the Princess Victoria Kamamalu. Somehow she was close to Kamamalu and her father Kekuanaoa. In fact she was raised by Kekuanaoa.

The Holts were different. They were very different. Honolulu wasn't as...it was bad enough, believe me, all the

gossip that went on. All the people that were crucified. All the people that were condemned. It was this beautiful paradisaical place which had been enjoyed for hundreds of years by very civilized people who knew how to enjoy it and suddenly it's filled with these Victorian creeps with their black dresses and their black suits...

S: And their black minds.

H: Their black minds, yes. And these missionaries adding fuel to the fire. They set the tone. They were terribly vicious. Very harmful. I must say so. I'm sorry. I descend from Edward Alden Bailey who was really a wonderful man. He ended up being a painter and a good one. But I must say that they really contributed to the destruction of the Hawaiian people. I mean to the deaths, to the loss because of their cruel attitudes toward the culture and toward the people. They didn't understand them at all. Didn't know what made them tick. They didn't know how to live in this place. I mean they kept those hot clothes on, kept carefully buttoned up, went to church and sweated all afternoon listening to those terrible long sermons that they would go to heaven and get rich first, and maybe convert a few Hawaiians.

But my Holt ancestors were far away from that. They were English. Robert Holt was from Liverpool, born in Warwickshire. The family business was in Liverpool. He was a younger son, so he moved from Liverpool to Boston. Went to work for a firm called Owen Jones. He must have lived with the Joneses. I don't know that, but he married one of the Jones' daughters and the Jones' daughter that he married was the younger sister of Mrs. John Dominis, the first Mrs. Dominis. Mrs. Captain Dominis. Mary. They were sisters.

Robert Holt had two daughters who were born in Boston. Their mother died around 1830. So despondent and again, alcohol, he didn't know what to do. Dominis induced him to come out here. Such training and knowledge, don't waste it, put it to work. There's a great deal to be done there. So he did come and he did get into the Robinson firm.

S: What about his two daughters?

H: They stayed at home in Boston with the family. Eventually they came out here. One became Mrs. William Aldrich whose husband was Charles Bishop's partner in the First Hawaiian Bank. They were the founders of the bank, using of course, Robert Holt's money. Aldrich married Elizabeth who was the surviving sister. The younger one, Anna Marie, somehow died here in one of the epidemics. They lived at Washington Place with their aunt, Mary Dominis, the house that Captain Dominis built, then went off to get

furniture and never came back. He went off on my great-great-grandfather's ship, the Joseph Peabody, and it was lost. The Captain was never seen again.

But the two families were very, very close. They weren't blood related but they were almost blood related. My great-grandfather Owen Jones was named for Owen Jones, the first father-in-law of Robert Holt. The second son, John Dominis Holt I, was named for the Captain. And he was the Captain's godson. The third son was named James Robinson Holt. He was named for his grandfather James Robinson whose daughter Tauati was part-Tahitian. Actually, her mother was Tahitian.

There's a story that's told in the family. I don't know how true it is that Tauati, Kauaki's mother, was the child of Lucien Bonaparte born in Paris about 1804 or 1805 when two Tahitian princesses of the Teva clan went to France to try to get help from the French to restore the Tevas to power in Tahiti. The British had blithely given power to the Pomares, who were not the ruling family of Tahiti. Captain [Samuel] Wallis had fallen madly in love with "My Porea, my Queen," and he just gave them everything. The Tevas at the time were at Papara about sixty miles away where they still have holdings.

I was talking to one of them recently and she said, "Oh, I live in Papara. I live in Tati's compounds." Tati was one of the sons of the old chiefess who married Alexander Salmon. He was a Jew from London and they had a very large family of girls, and had also two boys. All highly educated. The old man insisted that they be properly trained to assume their place in the royalty in Tahiti. The girls went to school in Germany and Switzerland. The boys went to school in England. They went to school in Paris. One of them became a finished musician. Wonderful pianist. Kekau my cousin was a marvelous pianist. She only died recently in her eighties. She was the daughter of a French Admiral and Queen Marau, a Teva. Marau was a Teva daughter who married a Pomare. Married him so she could get the title queen. Then she very soon left him. He was the one who drank Benedictine constantly and has a big bottle of Benedictine as a tombstone. Can you believe it? The High Chief of Polynesia.

Beginning with old Honolulu and Beretania Street and Fort Street. Not so much Fort Street, but Beretania. Anyhow, I grew up getting to know my great-uncles and aunts very well. My father's family, the Holts, I used to see all the time. I would talk to them when they felt like talking, and leave them alone when it was best to leave them alone. They were interesting people. They had this chiefly background and they all lived it. They had these sampans, boats, and had crews that went out and fished. They looked like chiefs. They had nice, comfortable old style houses and

big families. There were nice, pleasant family gatherings at their homes.

S: You mentioned the Daniels girls being here in Honolulu. Did people move over from Maui or did they just visit back and forth?

H: Aunt Rose stayed on Maui and Aunt Millie lived on Maui. Aunt Nancy and Aunt Ellen moved here. The Daniels girls. Two of them moved here, so did Uncle Charles. They had two brothers. Uncle Charles was the younger. A giant of a man. Six feet seven. He used to go into Hawaiian Trust, "I want twenty-five dollars." (laughs) But he's another story, believe me.

I saw a great deal of Aunt Ellen because Aunt Ellen was somebody who was very interesting to talk to and she might have just hated your guts, but she would love to sit and talk to you. "Oh, do come. I'll have Kenji make little pancakes. We'll have coffee or tea after school." She would talk a lot. Mostly about my mother's family and how terrible they were. But nothing else. Oh, she would talk about Iao Valley and different parts of Maui, different lore and different families. We learned a great deal from our older relatives because they knew a lot of people in Hawaii. They knew a great deal about the life here and they were willing to talk about it. I learned where so-and-so lived and where so-and-so died and where so-and-so left his wife and where so-and-so's wife got on a horse one night and made a mad dash to Hilo, her husband following on his fastest racehorse with a heavy whip, but he couldn't catch her. She made it safely into Hilo.

This was one of the Daniels cousins. The one in Waimea, Martha, the oldest sister. The one who left in the middle of the night with her child and his nurse was a very beautiful lady. She was from Hilo from a well-known Hilo family, the Browns. They were lively and had parties and people coming and going. And the life at Waimea, Kamuela, in those days was dreadful. Full of kahunas and ghosts and all kinds of icky, terrible things. She just couldn't stand it, so she got her maid and her little boy and she got two of the best horses so that they could ride fast and off they went to Hilo, Uncle Pakana in hot pursuit but he couldn't catch up. She must have stopped on the way for changes of horses. They knew people on the way. He was probably too proud: "My horse will get me to Hilo." (laughs)

S: And you absorbed all of these stories. You were young at this time.

H: I was young and I absorbed it all and I absorbed all of the tragedies, too. The whole thing about Liliuokalani and the overthrow and the tragedy of the Kalakaua era and Robert

Wilcox and Bush. The tragedies of Queen Emma and Kamehameha IV, and later Kamehameha V. Very early on I began to ponder why didn't these people have children or why didn't they have more children. The Kamehamehas had one heir in their reign. and the Kalakauas had one heir, Princess Kaiulani. The little prince of Hawaii, Albert Leiopapa, who died at the age of four, was the only Kamehameha child of his generation. No other children.

My great-grandparents down here had seven healthy squalling brats riding around, as old Mr. Mist said to me one day when we were talking, like great louts. The Mists lived in Princess Ruth's house after she built the big mansion up on Emma Street. "Oh," he said, "we lived in Princess Ruth's house and I remember an Owen Holt in that neighborhood. He used to charge around on horses. Wonderful horses. Just a great lout. Was he one of your relatives?" "He was a grand uncle. He happened to be a handicapped person. He was eepa." "Oh," he said, "that answers that. That's why he behaved in a funny way."

This old haole-Hawaiian thing just went on and on and on. Then they'd get together at these beautiful parties and just love each other to death. I mean Hawaii was the most charming, wonderful place. You'd go home and all the gossiping would start. Those terrible Hawaiians. Those terrible haoles. Then they'd get together at the racetrack and sit together and picnic, go to country houses and everything would just be wonderful. Separate and right back to the old. Times were very hard.

The whole social dynamic here was one of growth and change. Growth and change. From the time of Cook. When you think of what the Hawaiians had to go through from the moment of Cook's arrival. From the moment of his arrival they had to change and they did. The women went out to the ships and they stayed out and they broke the fundamental law, their kapu, they ate with the men. That was the beginning of the undermining. It didn't surprise me that Queen Kaahumanu and Queen Keopuolani induced Kamehameha II to break the kapu because they were inculcated and the law deeply established. People's way of dressing, people's way of talking, people's way of doing things.

Already you have this ferocious social dynamic that is beginning to erode the old and to have whatever effect it was going to have on the other culture, which was the stronger culture. It was a scientific culture. It was the culture of mathematics and Greek philosophy. The culture of the Hellenic tradition. Mathematics converted into arithmetic and into figures. The way books were kept in the making of goods and the selling of goods. You have now an accumulation of wealth and money.

S: And two totally different work ethics.

H: Two totally different work ethics. Hawaiians had no money. No need to produce a surplus. No warehouses. No accounts except maybe for the feathers because they were so valuable. They might have kept some sort of accounting for the feathers that were put together in little rolls and used as garments were made.

I mean you have a culture here that is not mathematical, that is not scientific. They didn't have any idea of what a sextant is. They didn't have any idea of how to build ships. No idea of what metal is except that you can pound it and make a knife out of it. Something to carve wood and make that simpler instead of using the adzes. Imagine making a whole canoe with adzes.

It's a culture where people work and when the work is done, logically done for that day, they call it quits. It's ukupau and they go home. They go home and they do lauhala, they do their tools, they do their meles, they do their chants, they do their hulas. Cook and his people observed all of this. They wrote it all down. It's all in those journals. Nobody searched them out because they used to be so difficult to read, but now they're all printed and some day they will be properly studied.

You have on the one hand an imaginative, mystical, poetic culture that depends a great deal on silence; it depends on an ability to relate to the universe, to time and space, because that's all there is. No interruptions. No horses and carriages, no factories, no big buildings, no streets. You have this separation surrounded by nature. So you have chants like Pele and Hiiaka and you have Laiekawai. You have these strangely powerful pieces of literature coming from a people that you just wouldn't dream would have this kind of imagination or the power of this kind of imagination.

But they were in touch--you see, I think they had to--they looked to the universe, they looked to the stars and they looked to nature, the trees. They felt a relationship to everything. That's why everything was named. Every little place was named. Stones were named. Certain trees were named. You had this strong connection between man and these other creatures. We certainly had birds and the relationship to birds is well known because of the feather work. They really respected them. And the kahilis made from the feathers of sea birds.

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 2

January 21, 1987

H: This seemed to be the foundation of a value system for the culture. It was very much reflected in the culture, this respect for the connectedness of everything. Not only a respect for it, but a respect for it that made people. Their consciousness was so developed that they had prayers for everything.

It sort of registered, their respect for what they called malama ka aina, malama ka au, the sky, malama ka kumu, the trees and kumulaau. They registered this respect not only in the way they lived, in the way they functioned, but it was captured in all their prayers. The surviving prayers illustrate this. The ones you see in David Malo's Hawaiian Antiquities. It was a very basic thing; they never lost this. There was no intercession of industry, science, and development. They were strictly a nonmachine people, non-science people, nonmathematical people, and so they were free to develop this high state of spirituality, I think much the same as you find in Indian culture, you know, in the Tantric teaching, the Vedic, the Upanishads, that whole phenomenon of Indian Buddhism which takes the body from the bottom and works up to the highest level. I think there are eight different stages.

That would infer an extreme concentration on one's relationship to environment, to other people and the cultivation of a kind of peace or a kind of spiritual integration that gave people an enormous amount of energy to work, to work physically at the mundane everyday things and to work at the higher realms. You have these great chants like Pele and Hiiaki, Laleikawai, which is a great saga. Then you have the story of Kawelo, which is another one that was preserved; then you have the song of Kualii--Kualii was an Oahu island High Chief. There was a great song composed for him. He was the father of Peleiohaini. These are the great Oahu kings who came down from Kahi Kapu and Kalae Manuia.

These people are important because they represent Oahu culture, which seemed to be the culture in Hawaii that brought the highest level of spiritual development. You have about three centuries there of almost no conflict; just development of taro fields, poetry, hula. The hula became a great art on Oahu. Moanalua seemed to be one of the great centers, where Moanalua Gardens are now. And it carried on into this century.

The great chantress and hula kumu of this century was Namakahelu; literally translated it means the eyes that count, the eyes that watch, the eyes that are so observing that they don't leave anything out, they see everything. And she was blind. We have a tape of Namakahelu chanting, and

you've never heard such chanting in all your life. She was past eighty when she was chanting. Incredibly strong and powerful and so meaningful. You know there's something important there.

S: When did she die?

H: She died in the 1930s, so we were lucky to get this. It was at the Bishop Museum. She was a friend of Kuluwaimaka, who was one of Kalakaua's younger kahunas and chanters. He lived into our age and he died in 1934. For a time he lived in Moanalua with Namakahelu and her family and different families of that area and taught them everything he knew. He was a great teacher and a great chanter. Some of his heirs are still around. They don't do very much chanting, but they're here. I know one quite well and he's a wonderful person. He's a marvelous man in his own way. You can see the inheritance there of this talent, this gift, this spirituality.

So with this concern for the life of the stones and the trees and the animals and the dirt and everything in the sea, you have the foundation for a way of life that evolved from this place and that just seemed natural to Hawaii because there were no other interferences.

S: This non-preoccupation with the scientific gave them the time to concentrate and develop this.

H: No concern over profit. They only produced a small excess of goods to feed the kahunas and the alii, but it was minor compared to what they had to produce to feed themselves.

There's a man at the University [of Hawaii] now, David Stannard, who is doing some very detailed studies of demographics. His feeling now is that there were over a million people here when Cook came. He said the estimate has been much too low and his arguments are plausible. I have a copy of his paper, the first chapter, if you'd like to see it. I think you'd enjoy reading it because it's so unusual in its approach and it's believable. He's a scientist; he's careful; and he's a very fine academician. He's going at it in a very rational way, so what he produces is believable.

Well, it's quite possible there were a million people here because look at what they produced. Look at what they gave Cook; thousands of pounds of taro; how many pigs--they were salting pork continually for three weeks; stirring the taro. They had tremendous amounts of food. The sailors all got a little fat. The supplies were plentiful. He uses that as an argument and many other things.

So you had a people not preoccupied so much with the bottom line or with scientific investigation, but who were more or less concentrating on spiritual development. It's understandable. So when Cook came, and suddenly there were sextants and guns and metal and ships rather than canoes and sails, complicated sails, not just one beautiful sail made of lauhala, but many sails made of cloth. They couldn't possibly make tapa to imitate the cotton sails on the ships. It was impossible. So they used lauhala to make one big sail and it seemed to work for them, but they didn't cross as many oceans as Cook had. But, all of that must have really been astonishing to these people who had never seen anything.

When the sextant was explained to some of the chiefs, they said, "Well, we have a kilo." A kilo is a navigator and he's a kahuna. He says prayers and he looks at water and then they feel the water in the ocean. They had to do all their navigation by a totally different means, by feel and touch and imagination, and to some extent watching the stars. It was a very different kind of approach to the same problem; the one of sailing the seas.

I can just imagine how excited they were. You get glimpses of it in the journals. They write about how the chiefs were astounded, how they just couldn't understand. They wanted to know what went into the creation of this thing, how did it work. You have Kamehameha going from Maui. They were on Maui having a little skirmish with Kahekili, and he asked Kalaniopuu, the king of Hawaii, his uncle, for permission to spend the night on the Resolution with Cook.

He and eight of his companions boarded the ship and they made the crossing from Maui to Kawaihae over night. Then they got off. Kalaniopuu sent a double canoe in the middle of the journey and that was tied to the back of Cook's ship, so that they could get off. He didn't want to lose the cream of some of his young people.

I'm sure that he questioned Kamehameha assiduously. What did you see? How important is it to you? He wanted to see those guns. He wanted to see how they worked. He was very curious and he asked lots of questions. Some of the ship's officers spoke Tahitian. If you spoke Tahitian, you could understand Hawaiian, so there was communication. Not a great deal, but enough to make things known. So this curiosity was aroused in a brilliant person like Kamehameha. He wanted to know. Probably he was asking the question, "What can these things do for us? What will they do to us? How will we be affected by these strange new things?"

So when they settled in Kealakekua, it gave everybody a chance to observe and look. By then, you see the dynamics involved in the coming together of two cultures because there was a three-week period there of steady intercourse, back and

forth, and already changes were occurring. Small ones. The women go out at night, sleep with the sailors and they eat with the sailors. They break the fundamental law of ai kapu, which is eating with men. Separate eating, ai kapu.

Eating together finally when the kapu was broken was ai noa, free eating. But that was the pinion of the old kapu system. The theocratic, the religious sort of arrangement of laws. So there is one little shaky thing happening, one dent. Then there are the guns; then there are the ships themselves; there are the clothes, the cotton. They feel the cotton. How was this made? By then they had a few machines in England working cotton into cloth. The Hawaiians heard about it. Why do we have to work so hard to produce ours? That's why these shirts and these pants and things they gave them were so valuable to them. They considered them of equal value to their feathered cloaks and capes. When they traded, if they didn't get metal, they got clothes. The cotton was extremely important.

S: Weren't the nails a big trading item, too?

H: The nails were because of the metal. They pounded them into the form of daggers because of these wars. Back and forth. These little chicken-feed skirmishes that were a nuisance. I would say that the important thing to me about Cook is that he brings this whole phenomom of western achievement to these far-off islands, to a little group of people who knew nothing about them.

When you think of England in the eighteenth century, you think of Dr. Johnson, you think of Burke and Mill. Mill comes a little later. When you think of the great philosophers of that age, when you think of the factories just beginning, when you think of the enormous amount of learning and sophistication, that all has its basis in the Hellenic experience in Greece. You have a high degree of achievement, and the epitome of that achievement is Captain Cook. He is the product of the eighteenth century. He is one of the most perfected human results of the kind of culture, the kind of social processing that went on in England at that time or in Europe, generally, because you have similar kinds of people everywhere.

You had the French philosophers before that. The Diderots, the Voltaires. Even earlier. And they inspired not only English people, but Americans as well. Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Adams. They all took seriously the philosophers, and they wrote hoping their ideas would triumph in the revolution. Of course, they didn't. The mob took over and there was anger, bitterness, rage. Then you had the killings, the terrible killings.

Anyhow, that's just one piece of the eighteenth century; a piece that Cook represents. Sir Joseph Banks, for instance, who was on the first voyage of discovery, was a very rich young man. He went to Cambridge or Oxford and he had all this money. He equipped the first ship with scientists, botanists and astronomers. When they went to Tahiti, he did all kinds of work. He was a great inspiration to Cook and a great nuisance at times with his love affairs and his tantrums.

Of course, they both had tantrums. Cook had tuis; the Tahitian word for whirlwind. When they come to Hawaii, Captain King writes in his journal, "I'm afraid the Captain has had another tui." That occurred over the making of grog from sugar cane. He wanted his men to drink that grog and save the other grog for the rest of the journey home. They wouldn't touch it. He had this big demonstration on deck: he drank it, King drank it, Clerke drank it, Dr. Samwell drank it. They all drank it and loved it. It did exactly the same for them as the other grog did, but the sailors wouldn't touch it. He went into a rage. King said that Cook has gone into one of his tuis.

Well, he had another tui when he was killed; when he was trying to get Kalaniopuu. They had apparently noticed these temper outbursts and the Tahitians noticed them to such an extent that they gave it a name, T-U-I, tui. Tute they called him. Tute tui. Cook, the whirlwind temper.

The thing is, you have these two cultures coming together; one highly developed in one way, the other highly developed in another, an opposite way. In coming together there was bound to be destruction and the destroyed were bound to be the people who were fewest in number. The culture that was more vulnerable by virtue of how it was organized and structured. The Hawaiian thing was so fragile, spiritual and out of this world. Everybody had ESP and they were constantly looking into each other's minds.

That went very quickly once sandalwood was discovered and once it became a big dollar crop. Then began the rape of the forests, the taking of sandalwood to China to trade. The chiefs just plunged into it. Kamehameha during his lifetime kept it somewhat in order. He organized the trade so that they didn't just go and cut everything in sight. They cut here today and over there. He had some sense of preservation and conversation. Cut it all down and then what are you going to do? If you engage too many people, who's going to plant the taro?

But once he died and Kaahumanu and Kamehameha II and some of the other chiefs, mostly Maui chiefs, they lost control of this situation. Then the big debacle was on which led, finally, to the High Chief Boki leaving Hawaii to go to

the South Seas to find a new source of sandalwood. Of course, he was lost and never came back.

But Kaahumanu said, "Well, it's your responsibility. You're the one. You are the governor and you're responsible for these debts." She was making use of all the mirrors, all the silks, all of the junk that they bought. Just junk. They bought ships and the American traders sold them inferior ships.

In the meantime, the populace who had been living on taro and fish in this very sort of organized routine--taro planting, potato planting, breadfruit planting and gathering --just went to pot because they were taken from their duties to go and cut sandalwood. And cut and cut and cut until such a time that they destroyed all the baby plants saying, "Our children will never go through this kind of suffering."

They had never known that kind of marketing ethic that would make people work harder than they had to. If you could produce taro and finish work at ten o'clock in the morning, you're not going to stand out there in the sun for the rest of the day. You go home; you make tools, you sing, you chant, you create chants. Everybody in the culture had this kind of artistic drive.

You see these things in the museum now. They are not really always the best examples, but in every case they're beautifully made. The ties, the braiding of the sennit, ulana or of coconut, just perfect. They had the time to do it. They put artistry into the simplest of activities. The result is this magnificent development of hula. You had these great chants. A high development of usage.

Andrews was so surprised that the Hawaiians could understand so much. He thought the language was very limited to grunts and groans. Then he learned that they were very abstract in their thinking. Even the common people would stand around at hulas and he said, "They seem to understand everything that's chanted and the dance. They understand it completely."

At that point you have the next wave of influences. Really big influences. You have Cook, the traders, and in 1821 you have the missionaries. They have these tremendously set ideas and this rigorous training. The ones that came were the followers of Jonathan Edwards' teachings. He pulled away from Lutheranism and went more in the direction of evangelism because he saw the possibilities of sending out missionaries to the rest of the world to convert the so-called heathens. People were sent to China, to India, to Africa, and some of them came here. The ones who came here walked in to a wonderful situation; the king and everybody were ready to listen to what they had to say.

S: They went to Tahiti earlier, did they not?

H: The English, not Americans. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, England, a very rich society, sent them out.

S: In the eighteenth century?

H: Yes, and one of them married into the natives and Teuira Henry, a great scholar of Tahiti in the nineteenth century, was a daughter of what's his name. A couple of them ended up here on Kauai and their descendants are still around, but the English went to Tahiti and the Americans came here.

They were a tremendous influence. They decided who came; who was allowed to come and stay, who was not. They fought off Catholics successfully in two instances; Kaahumanu first, Kinau next. They had these people completely...they were by now converted, true believers. So you have a combination of Kaahumanu and her brothers and her cousins Piilani, and the missionaries running the Islands for ten years. She dies and Kinau takes over. She's just like Kaahumanu. She's a niece; her mother was Kalakua who was the oldest sister of Kaahumanu, so she's out of the family, out of the Piilani, and her father is Kamehameha's half brother, Kaleimamahu, same father, different mother, which put them way down. If they'd had the same mother, they'd have different rank.

So these two women and all through the 1820s and the 1830s.... We're bringing out the Reynolds Journal. Pauline King is editing and we're up to 1832, I think. (I wish she'd hurry and do more.) In it, Reynolds came here as a business man, so instead of the missionary's point of view we have the American businessman's point of view and quite often they were in conflict. The American businessman was a little more liberal, a little more understanding of the native culture. He was closer, actually, in a certain way than the missionaries were.

The missionaries were close only if you behaved yourself. We cannot contaminate ourselves if you are going to backslide and drink and carry on. We're going to have to excommunicate you and that would be very bad. So Kaahumanu behaved herself. She didn't want any more trouble; she'd had enough and she liked to rule. With Hiram Bingham, she had a great helper. Bingham was a strong man, a bright man, and a man with tremendous energy and spirit. He understood, of course, the haole culture very well, so he could guide her from his position. She would process it in some way, I suppose, and try to figure out how it should end up for the native Hawaiians.

By that time Kamehameha III was old enough to come to his senses; he was carrying on pretty badly. In one period he and his sister lived together as husband and wife. Marjorie [Sinclair] Edel has written a beautiful book Nahienaena in which she takes on this whole problem. She has a great aloha for Nahienaena and I don't blame her. She's a tragic figure, and Marjorie has very strong feelings about this place and Hawaiians. So she does a good job, although she doesn't know the oral history; she goes by the record.

I grew up with the oral history side of it, plus the records later, when I was able to get to the archives and chose to get into it myself. Anyway, Marjorie deals with Nahienaena and she deals very well with this business of two or three periods that she lived with her brother. She lived with the [Charles] Stewarts and was very Christian, very isolated, removed, very un-Hawaiian until she broke away.

Then she seemed to conceive with her brother the notion that they should live together and produce children and carry on; that they would be pio born, pio ranked, pure brother-sister rank. And they would carry on. Of course, in every case when she was pregnant, they said she lost the child. The Hawaiian side of the story is that she didn't lose the child; it was hidden away and another dead child put in its place, and that there were three children, two survived. One from Kamehameha III and one from one of the Piilanis, one from Kaahumanu's first cousin, his youngest son.

So when she married the oldest son, after the liaison with the brother was broken off, she took to drinking and dancing the hula and carousing, and she had a very sad life. So she married Leleiohoku and one of the children was given his name. Her name was Kamalo-O-Leleiohoku. Kamalo-O-Leleiohoku was my great-great-grandmother. She was the mother of my great-grandmother Hanakaulani-O-Kamamalu. You would not have had a name like Kamamalu in 1843 if you weren't really closely related to that family. You just wouldn't.

So that's the key; and the ka malo. Under the malo of Leleiohoku. That was the way they protected a child whose parentage either could not be revealed or whose parentage was shaky. In this girl's case, it was perfect. She was eleven and a half years old, almost twelve, when [Lord George] Paulet came and they slept together and she was impregnated. She had her child in December and he came in February. No one seems to be quite certain of Hanakaulani's birth. On her gravestone it says 1844, but my father always said, "I was born in the same month as my grandmother."

I had another grandmother on Maui. Her name was Alii Haole. Alii Haole was born in 1800 and died in 1832 at the age of thirty-two after giving birth to a part-Hawaiian

child. She married a man named C. P. Copp from London, an Englishman, allegedly brought here as a tailor. I think what he did was teach Kamehameha II and Kamamalu how to dress before they went to England. I think he more or less taught people what to do because he came here with some money. He was related to the Dukes of Portland. The man who became the Duke of Portland was a cousin. That man was Dutch; the first Duke of Portland. He was a favorite of William II, William and Mary. As a "thank you," he really ran the whole show. A brilliant man. The Coppemius family were, you know, his relatives and his helpers.

So C. P. Copp came with an education. He wrote well; he wrote very good letters and he married this interesting lady. Her name was Alii Haole. They don't know whether she was a haole or she was a blue baby, without breath [ha ole]. But she was a Kamehameha child with Kamai, who was Queen Liliuokalani's grandmother. That's another basis for the closeness of my family with the Queen, this connection. Aside from the Dominis.

My great-grandmother grew up and married an Englishman, W. H. Daniels who became judge of the Circuit Court of Maui, so they remained English for two or three generations. Robert Holt was an Englishman. Of course, he was in the middle of that whole turbulent thirties period. His wife was English-Tahitian and Napoleon's brother Lucien, so she was a nice, neat little mixture. (laughs)

By then you have through the 1830s, the solidification of the missionary influenced teachings; you must have an organized economy, you must have a land system that takes care of foreigners and that takes care of your own people more equitably and in order to have that you must have laws, you must have a constitution.

The Reverend Richards goes to Europe in the late 1830s with Haalilio, who was sort of an educated Hawaiian for the time, who was the right hand to the king. This handsome devil here, Haalela, was his brother. One was Haalilio; one was Haalela. They were from a family of not very important chiefs of Maui. This one married a Kamehameha granddaughter, Kekauonohi, and that's where the Academy of Arts gets all these beautiful things. She had the little hearts put in; she was madly in love with him. (Displays photos of capes from The Art of Featherwork in Old Hawaii) There are some leis that belonged to them. They own this. This comes from Haalela. They got three capes from the Coneys.

The feathers eventually went to Haalela's second wife, Amoe Ena. She was half Chinese. Then she left them to her sister Mrs. John Coney of Kauai, and they went to Mrs. Coney's daughter, Aunt Lizzie Rengers who married a German sugar grower on Kauai. Aunt Lizzie gave them to her

granddaughter, Mrs. McKee, who still lives here. She lives out in Hawaii Kai. Aunt Lizzie loaned some of these to the Academy for years and then on their 100th anniversary Mrs. McKee gave them to the Academy, so now they're property of the Academy.

They're beautifully cared for, beautifully exhibited. Oh, it's a great thrill to go there. But that's how they got from Kekauonohi and Kamehameha to the Academy of Arts. We know the history, which is wonderful. It's all in that book. They've taken it all and compiled it. So don't be too...you know, you have to use it judiciously. You really don't know categorically what the facts are. You can't be exact. Except there are letters from Mrs. Haalela to Mrs. Ena and Mrs. Ena to somebody else. It's clearly established that these are Haalela's feathers and that they came from Kekauonohi in the 1830s, so they go back quite a while; quite a long time as age in Hawaii, as the age of things and the age of recent settlement goes.

To get back to the organization of government. Reverend Richards with Haalilio went to Europe. On the way back, poor dear Haalilio dies of the cold. He froze all the time; it was in the dead of winter and he simply couldn't stand up to it. He died; Dr. Richards came home alone and the king said, "You must find an economics instructor. If we're going to do all this land changing and law changing, somebody has to learn economics." So Richards started economics along with somebody else who knew a little bit about it, Andrews, itinerant foreigners who came to town who could teach them something about the system. They engaged people who knew the law, who were well trained to do the laws, had the first constitution in 1839 and in the early '40s built up to the establishment of the judiciary.

S: This was all in preparation for the Great Mahele?

H: All in preparation for the Great Mahele. Without it, it could not have happened. Now they have the power of the law to support this tremendous document that divided the lands. You see it building up in the 1830s to 1848 to 1850 when the kuleana grants were made. Most of that was missionary influence. Then you have people like Dr. Judd who found John Ricord. John Ricord was a lawyer, educated at Rutgers (I think it was one of those eastern schools) in the 1830s. He had a law degree, knew the law and he did most of this jurisprudence work prior to the creation of the assembly, the council of chiefs and then the house of representatives.

Then Bishop and his friend arrived and his friend [William L.] Lee was a very fine lawyer and put the finishing touches on it. He's very American; American in ideals, American in system, so he does it in the American way and it fits right in with the way the missionaries have

developed it. So you have an ever and ever stronger document hewn from the American democratic process, which is fine if you understand fee simple ownership of land, but if you don't, like the Hawaiians, leads to a disaster. But the Hawaiians seemed to have survived it!

We're still struggling today with that Mahele thing, that distribution. So much land, the crown land was absorbed into the state when we became a territory in 1898 with annexation. Then the alii lands went to aliis, but soon those were divested from the aliis who were all dying young and leaving estates and leaving these lands open for purchase. So many of the lands changed hands from native owners to foreigners.

Then the makaaina, the common people, only got 13,000 acres compared to the millions of acres that the king and the nobility had. I mean the nobles had enormous tracts of land. The members of the royal family were given. for instance the Bishop Estate, ostensibly the lands of Princess Victoria Kamamalu, and she was awarded an enormous tract. She was only nine years old when the distribution was made. Then after 1850 her father and her trustees were selling off the land for cash.

My great-great-grandfather and his partners James Robinson and Lorenzon, all of them married to alii women, were given the opportunity to buy and they bought Waialua, Haleiwa, they bought Halemano, Wahiawa, and Oahu Nui, which the Robinsons still own, which is Waipahu and above, and they bought Makaha Valley. My great-great-grandfather wanted all of the rural lands. He had three sons and he was thinking of how valuable land is in a family and that the sons could work the lands. Ranches, farming, whatever. So he got Waialua, Haleiwa, and he got Halemano, Wahiawa, and he got Makaha, which came from Paki, Bernice Pauahi Bishop's father--he sold it. But the idea was keep it in the family. They had the cash, the cash flow and we were well born, but poor in terms of cash. We needed the money.

So Paki used some of that money to build Haleakala, the big mansion in the middle of town. Actually, built it and installed his daughter in it and that's where she lived until she died. She never lived in that big house that Ruth built that she inherited.

Kamehameha IV dies, Kamehameha V dies, Kekauonohi dies, all the lands go to Ruth. She hates the Kalakauas, she loathes them, she thinks they're upstarts. She took Likelike to court, Princess Likelike, for using kahilis when she rode about town. Kahili bearers followed her carriage and Ruth said that was an absolute misapplication of the use of a kahili and she didn't deserve to use them in the first place. She won her suit. She was always in court. She

loved to go to court. But anyhow, Ruth had all of these lands, collected from the deaths of her relatives, and they were all Kamehameha lands and then she left them lock, stock and barrel to Pauahi.

Pauahi created the trust estate and the schools. Trustee Henry Holmes wrote the deed, the deed of trust and he also wrote the will, I think. So we have the schools, and Charles Reed Bishop, with what he had left had the museum built, separate from her estate. He built it in her memory, gave Punahou lots of money, gave money all over the place. Then he turned the bank over to S. M. Damon; sold it to him for \$900,000. Damon borrowed the money largely from the bank of Stockton, which was run by my great-uncle from Maui, William Hervey Bailey, my mother's grandfather's brother. He went to California. He was the president of the Bank of California for a while. He made lots of money here. Wailuku Sugar Company was theirs. Took it all away. Helped to create these banks. The next thing, S. M. Damon is going to an old friend for a loan of \$350,000 as a down payment. Within three years, I think he paid off the whole thing.

Interestingly enough, William Hervey Bailey was my great-great-uncle. He was the next youngest brother of my great-grandfather Edward Bailey. He went with his money to California and he was interested in the beginnings of the Bank of California and the Bank of Stockton. The Bank of Stockton, particularly, became the source of money for Island people if they couldn't get it from Bishop Bank.

END OF TAPE 2/SIDE 1

February 24, 1987

H: The Hawaiians needed changes in land, they needed laws, and they needed a lot of new things that were inimical to the original culture. They simply didn't exist. It was not a marketing culture. It was a produce-for-use culture. That's the way it was. They knew nothing about trading nor was there anybody to trade with.

The "little king," Kamehameha III, they called him the "little king." Whether he was physically little or not, we don't know. I have never found a description of how big he was. It's strange in those days how they didn't make much of the size of people. They talked about Kamamalu's size at the receptions in London, but those were only found in letters, the Princess Lewin, for instance, Prince Metternich's mistress. Mrs. Berry, Dorothy Berry and her sister, were great friends of Horace Walpole, the eternal gossip of the eighteenth century. They were the ones who wrote down the size.

S: I'm sure the English were just astounded by her size.

H: But very few of them wrote down that she was so big. It didn't seem to concern them that much. So the little king was the little king, and the little king had friends among the sea captains with whom he drank and he had friends among the missionaries that he depended on to run the government, then he had a few foreigners who were primarily British who helped to run the government. They were not missionary or American traders. They were English traders or English politicians. So they began to create laws very slowly. Dr. Judd, Dr. Richards. Dr. Armstrong was the head of what then would have euphemistically been called the school system. It wasn't much of a school system.

But these were pretty capable men. Ultimately they had it all their own way. The king just said, "Do something about it. Just that it's done. I'm tired of having these Englishmen breathing down my neck and telling me what to do. Making demands on me for land and laws and treaties." They kept the Catholics out, Kaahumanu first and then the person who inherited her office, Kinau, who was the mother of Kamehameha IV and Princess Victoria Kamamalu.

So William Richards taking Haalilio, a chief of Maui, goes to the United States and to Europe to ask for treaties, to ask for some sort of recognition from the European powers and from America as well. They weren't very successful. And poor old Haalilio died of the cold on the way home, so he sort of gave his life to that little effort.

Meanwhile William Richards decides that what the nation needs is economics, courses in economics. The so-called natives need to learn economics. They begin to teach courses in economics. The king gives him \$1,000 or \$2,000 to find a teacher in economics during this famous trip abroad. He comes back without the teacher, saying that he couldn't find any, so he will do the teaching. He's made a special study, he's bought textbooks. So William Richards becomes the economics professor of the Hawaiian Islands. This leads to the study of law, this leads to the study of property, the holding of property, the whole phenomenon of land tenure, particularly fee simple land tenure.

Dr. Judd becomes the power that deals with land. Armstrong and a couple of others deal with law. Dr. Judd goes to California and he finds a man there, sort of a nefarious character. He was originally from New Jersey and he was thrown out of there and ended up in California. Ended up in Dr. Judd's arms. Dr. Judd hired him to come out here and write the laws of the kingdom of Hawaii. He was an extremely capable man. He was from a very good family on the East Coast.

S: Was that the man that you had mentioned previously?
John Ricord?

H: This was Ricord. So Ricord writes foundations for the judiciary system. The courts are established and they very slowly take shape. They begin to appear on various islands. Judges are selected. Along comes Mr. Bishop and his friend William Lee. Lee had come here to die. He had tuberculosis. Somehow the environment had an extremely good effect on him. It brought him to life and he survived. About 1846 or 1847 he plunges into the whole Mahele situation. He devises more laws and he involves himself in the making of land claims. It isn't only the natives who can go and claim land, it's foreigners as well. So he's encouraging the missionaries to go out and stake their claims for land inasmuch as they can.

Then you have by 1850 a resolution of the whole thing. The laws, the judiciary, the courts, the land system, the distribution and Hawaii has now reached the point where it's moved from its ancient position, just producing for use and living in isolation, toward becoming now an important place in the world scene. Here it was a very rich place in the middle of the Pacific, a great stopping off place for the great China trade nexus. China trade people used it to the hilt.

From that point on it began to become less and less an indigenous Hawaiian place and more and more a quasi-foreign place. A place where you had foreign laws, you had foreigners living, you had native people disenfranchised from their lands, what lands they got, two or three acres to raise taro. They never raised taro that way in their entire lives. They raised taro by being out working in families. The ohana system. They all went out and worked and produced food. They harvested it and brought it in and everybody shared in it, ate, and continued life in that kind of a cycle.

Now it was more and more whaling, more and more trading. The government is becoming more and more sophisticated. More officers. We now have a Supreme Court. You have three justices and you have a chief justice. So actually it's a functioning little kingdom based on British, democratic, monarchical propositions.

S: What time period are we talking now? Are we up to 1870 at this point?

H: We're up to 1850, '60 and '70. We're up to '70. We're moving into the Kalakaua period where you have even more Europeanization. This is when you have the almost total wipeout of the old culture and of the people. Cook estimated 400,000. They now say it was more like 800,000. They had an enormous population. There were 40,000 pure Hawaiians in the census of 1883. Forty thousand! The decimation of Hawaii

had been colossal. So you have the disappointment. You have a heartbroken population. They're sick at heart and they're dying like flies. They can't survive anything. The common cold. But Hawaii is no longer theirs, that's for sure.

Oh, they've got a little palace with balls going and luaus and parties and it's all very pretty and it's all very nice. Kalakaua's trying very hard to revive the hula. He's trying to revive some sense of respect for the alii and for the Hawaiians among the foreigners, but believe me, he isn't getting very far. The handwriting is on the wall. It's there that Hawaii as a nation is doomed. It's only a matter of time.

My people at this point had moved from shipbuilding and hotel keeping and all of that to banking. My great-great-grandfather was loaning money left and right to everybody that came along who was creating a new business. Three of the Big Five firms got their money to begin operations with him and certainly the Bishop Bank did. The reason the Bishop Bank did was that his son-in-law William Aldrich, who married his daughter Elizabeth Holt, was the partner of Charles Bishop. Charles Bishop is one of the witnesses to my great-great-grandfather's will.

It's all in documents, it's all in papers. The money that was borrowed, the money that was loaned, the money that was paid back. It was all paid back. They did very well. The bank wouldn't have done very well without this mother lode of cash. They needed that heavy infusion of cash flow. Bernice Pauahi Bishop had no money. She had land, some land. Her father had sold that and spent money building houses. She had no money to speak of. Bishop had no money, except for some perhaps that he had saved.

Aldrich had money of his own from home. He was a Bostonian. He lived in New Hampshire, then Boston. Very successful businessman. Anyhow, they went through this brief period of banking.

My great-great-grandfather died, was buried, and besides this daughter from his first marriage who was pure haole, Mrs. Aldrich, he left three sons who were part-Hawaiian. John, James and Owen. John was John Dominis Holt I, named for the sea captain and the sea captain was his godfather. They were very closely knit, the early Holts and the Dominises. Owen Jones Holt, my great-grandfather, was named for Owen Jones who was the father of Mrs. Dominis. James Robinson Holt was named for his grandfather, James Robinson Holt I.

Well, there were these three boys and they were all sort of grown-up. Bishop has the bank. Aldrich has had a bit of it. Aldrich has gone to California and has invested in the

bank in California. Also the Southern Pacific Railroad. Enormously successful investments.

So my great-grandfather and the brothers moved out to the country in the acquisition of property by these men who were shipbuilders. They had bought up these enormous tracts of land that were made available to certain people by the royal family. All of them had married alii women and the idea was to keep the land in the family. They have the cash, we need it. They have the land, they need it, they want it.

So my great-grandfather went out into the country and started ranching. Wahiawa, they owned most of it, they owned Halemano, they owned Waialua, a big piece of Haleiwa. Eighteen thousand acres of land in that particular area. And they also owned Makaha, which my great-grandfather had started to fiddle with as a country seat. Being an Englishman and now landed and in the position of an oldest son he wanted to build an estate.

He didn't live long enough, so his son Owen who married the High Chiefess Hanakaulani (a magnificent woman--again she was over six feet--she was six feet two), together they began to build Makaha. They built up Waialua as an agricultural place and they kept the money rolling in, not to the extent that they were doing in town by virtue of loaning money at high interest rates because the corpus of that estate, \$146,000 in cash, was still intact. They kept loaning it and earning interest and paying it to the beneficiaries of the estate, his three sons and his widow.

Gradually they developed this beautiful place at Makaha. Built a huge house to begin with and they built an even bigger one later and they developed it into a splendid place. Beautiful horses, all kinds of fowl, all kinds of crops, taro. They had Chinese taking care of the taro, Portuguese running the dairy, Hawaiians running the ranch. They used to bring 100 head of cattle into town every other week. Drive them into town over Kolekole Pass. It took them two days into the markets.

From this work-a-day position, the house became an elaborate place. Beautiful furnishings. My great-grandmother was a woman of great taste. Very proud of her English blood although she didn't speak English well. She didn't particularly want to learn it. She was satisfied speaking Hawaiian. She was a woman of taste and an enormous sense of place, so she built these beautiful homes. The house at Waialua was described as a very fine house and the house at Makaha.

Then they moved right back here on this street, Halekauwila, which was my grandfather's land that was given him by Princess Victoria Kamamalu on the day that he was

baptized, Christmas Day, 1869, I think it was. Or 1859. But they had this house here that was a Louisiana-styled house, according to descriptions made by people. Beautifully furnished. Lovely luncheon parties in particular. So my great-grandparents sort of moved between town and Makaha.

S: That's what I was just going to ask you. They maintained both places and just went back and forth?

H: Back and forth. She particularly became more atoned after she had done all the cowpunching that she wished. And because she was with the Queen a great deal at that time. I don't know whether she approved of the Queen's ancestry or not. I would presume that she did. But she was very genealogy conscious and the Kalakauas were held in doubt by some people, although they needn't have doubted them. They had very, very fine chiefly connections. They weren't as high ranking as the Kamehamehas, but they were high ranking enough.

My great-grandmother just had a wonderful time enjoying her grandchildren, seeing her own children grow up. Her daughters went away to school, Notre Dame in California, and she was very interested in seeing them go away to school to be trained. She was interested in people being trained. And surrounded herself with lots of young people, their friends. She lived the good life of an aging dowager in a nice old house.

Then my grandfather decided to lease the land or sell the land to Lewers & Cooke. In creeps the monster, deeper and deeper. So he talked his mother out of leaving Honuakaha and going up to Fort Street and living next to him. He built her a house, which was a nice house, a comfortable house, but it wasn't as grand as her old home. They knocked down the old house and made this into a lumber yard. At that point the family fortunes began to dwindle. My great-grandfather Owen Holt died in 1891 and his mother died two weeks before that. For some reason the family fortunes began to suffer. There were some bad loans made by trustees. There was a succession of trustees. None of the later ones were as good as the older ones.

S: So actually it was downhill from the Kakaako home to Fort Street to Piikoi.

H: It went downhill. They began to lose control, they began to lose the cash, the cash flow began to slip away somehow, and then they all began demanding interests in the lands that they held in the Holt estate. In other words, "If we can't have cash, we want to have land so that we can sell it." They brought a judge from California and the judge came here, the Ninth Circuit judge. I think the first one to come here, Judge Geer, ruled in my grandfather's favor.

My grandfather was the chief perpetrator of the dissolution of the estate because he had enormous debts. Hundreds of thousands of dollars. His lands were all tied up as collateral. The judge ruled that the trust be dissolved, interests be created, and there was an absolute frenzy of selling. Ever since then the family has been landless. A couple of the branches have somehow managed to keep their cash, their investments.

My mother had an interest in the Wailuku Sugar Company because her family had created it, so she managed through the years (in spite of using a lot of her money to take care of us because of my father's drinking) to keep some of her basic assets, which we, of course, today happily enjoy. Everybody scattered. Where they had once lived in beautiful houses with beautiful gardens, they were now living in little cottages. It's the story of the White Russians in Paris being taxi drivers and doormen and all of that. The same old thing. Right now I'm so sick and tired of the story, I could really puke.

But we grew up happy. We had a wonderful mother who was very intelligent. We had a wonderful father. He happened to be a drunk.

S: Weak, but wonderful.

H: Yes, weak, but wonderful. He was a loving man who was very caring. He did what he could do to see to it that we were properly cared for. We were clothed, fed and we went to school. He sent me away to school in San Francisco.

S: At what age was that?

H: I was seventeen, and Hawaii was still changing. It was changing radically in all kinds of ways. You now had the Academy of Arts. You had a different kind of Bishop Museum. Bishop Museum was much older, 1889, but it was a different kind of place, a different kind of research. Forbidding, frightening, but functioning. It (Honolulu) was the sort of place where some of the people have now made fortunes with sugar, people made piles of money on sugar. It was an extremely profitable crop. These were the people who were now enjoying the best of ...

END OF SIDE 1/TAPE 3

S: In the first interview we talked about how your mother had made that rather dramatic and traumatic move to Kalihi and about her church work, and just a little bit about your experiences at school here.

H: Well, in a way, the Kalihi experience was not as bad as one might have thought it would be. In many ways it was a lot of fun because it was a real community of people. It was a real Island community; Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, you had a great mixture of Island types all living rather close together. In time we all became close and friendly. We lived there for eight years. Some money came in so we moved back up to Makiki. I went away to college.

S: Did you graduate from high school here?

H: I graduated from Roosevelt High School.

S: And then went to San Francisco?

H: I went to junior college in Sacramento, Sacramento Junior College. Graduated from there. Then I went to George Washington in Washington, D. C., and from there I went to Columbia.

S: Had you travelled to the mainland at all before that?

H: No, I had never travelled to the mainland before that. I went off to California at the age of seventeen and I just loved it. I was so happy to get away from all these old ladies, these old people, gossiping and talking about each other. All the fun days of Beretania Street were over and now it was down to the nitty-gritty of oh, certain types. The Ward sisters, for instance, of Old Plantation. One of my great-aunts, Ellen Lorenzon, was a great social butterfly in her own way with this particular group of people.

Then there was Aunt Carrie Robinson who had married their mother's brother and he had died young at the age of twenty-six. Aunt Carrie lived in a great big house on Kalakaua Avenue and Beretania Street and that was one stronghold of Victorian morality. The icy rules and regulations. Then there was Elizabeth Booth of Booth Tract on Pacific Heights. She was another rich Hawaiian, one of the new rich. There were the Campbells, the McFarlands, the Shingles, the Wrigleys, who had moved away but first they were the Beckleys. They all married part-Hawaiian men except Mrs. Shingle. She married Bob Shingle who was something of an Irish, or whatever.

Then there was the Princess Kawanakoa who was a new light at that time. In that passage of time she became sort of a star, a social lioness. She gave the great Hawaiian parties. She had the big house. She had the whole Campbell estate income. Lots of it. She was a personage. The people in the Legislature. My Uncle Harry from Maui was a Senator. My cousins Charles and George were in the House of Representatives. It was a different kind of political scene.

This was when we were still in the grips of the old Republican party.

The Japanese were in their stage of upward mobility. Many, many Japanese storekeepers and a couple of Japanese hotels. Japanese from other Islands came to Honolulu on business and decided they wanted to stay. But you have this growing ascendancy of the Japanese. The Chinese are already buying up land and they are already two or three generations ahead of the Japanese. They have been marrying Hawaiians and they have been creating aristocratic families, Chinese-Hawaiian-haole, very beautiful girls, very handsome boys. The famous Afong family lived across from us on Fort Street.

S: You described them. How fascinated you were by the girls.

H: Yes, yes. They were so beautiful and so different. There seemed to be many, many more Hawaiians around in those days, as I recall. Many, many more. And there was much more Hawaiian spoken. You could hear it on the street all the time. If I went to the market with my mother, you know, she would meet half a dozen people. The whole conversation in Hawaiian. Hold up a fish. "Shall I take this one? This one? Tell the driver to come and pick it up."

My great-uncles and great-aunts, those who had survived into the thirties and the early forties, were Hawaiian speaking. Much more Hawaiian spoken. You know, fluent, pure Hawaiian. The stuff that I hear today, which is learned in school, is very different. These were people who had learned it from the very beginning.

Kaimuki was becoming a neighborhood where there were many, many part-Hawaiians. The land was cheap. You could build houses cheap. They used a lot of stone because there was a lot of stone around. There were huge baroque-looking stone walls.

S: Well, the quarry was right out near University.

H: There was a quarry there, but there was a lot of stone in Kaimuki on the land. They used that. So they made very comfortable houses. And we were all going to high school with new types of students. At Punahou, for instance, we knew all the people and they knew us. We went to their parties. We were no longer giving parties on that scale so we didn't give back parties.

There were people like the Watumulls. My Aunt Ellen lived on Lunaliilo Street in an old house, falling apart. A grand old thing full of her Chinese furniture, koa from the old house on Fort Street. Some of it from Makaha. Right

next to her on the other side of the fence were the Watumulls in a big, two-story white house. That was the home of the Hodgins family, I believe, Dr. Hodgins. Here you have another group of people who had come and who were being successful financially. As I remember, they all went to Punahou.

I didn't know them at that point. I only got to know the Watumulls later through their mother and their auntie, Elsie Das. Elsie was a very good friend of ours. My first wife was a painter. We saw a great deal of Elsie. Then I did landscaping for the Watumulls and I got to know Ellen and G. J. quite well.

S: You started telling me about the move to Sacramento and your first trip to the mainland. You were glad at that point, you said, to get away.

H: I was so happy to get away from all of this clutter of Victoriana that seemed to dominate this place. These old houses. The old houses we'd lived in. The old houses other people lived in smelling of jellies and chutneys and the old houses with a particular smell. I just hated the people in them because they were so opinionated and so nasty. It seemed to me that they'd changed. They'd become sort of mean and critical and harsh. Hard on young people.

Everywhere you went downtown on every street you would see people that you knew. This could be sickening. It could be exhausting. You had no freedom to be yourself. You had no freedom to read, it seemed to me, and appreciate what you had read. I mean reading Dostoyevski or Tolstoy or, God forbid, Proust. It was difficult to relate what you were reading to this place and to these people because they were so ignorant, it seemed to me, and they were so unlettered. Very few of them read. Everybody was making money and everybody was working hard. It was a work-a-day place.

My great-grandfather and one of his brothers were readers. They were cultured, but there were very few people who were. They were all working too hard. Getting up at three o'clock in the morning to run sugar plantations or gather up their whaling crew from the brothels of the town to get them back on board. You had here this beautiful place that in another context would have encouraged people to develop their finer senses, but here, it didn't. It just made them greedy. That's my opinion. I could be very wrong.

There were exceptions like my wife's grandfather S. M. Damon who bought the Bishop Bank from Bishop, who was a cultured man. He went to Scotland, for instance, and found one of those famous Scotch gardeners. A landscape gardener. Moanalua Gardens, what's left of it, those great big trees. Those are the work of Mr. McIntyre and old S. M. Damon. He

collected Pauahi Bishop's Hawaiian things, accumulated them, loaned them to people, the museum. They lived well. They had beautiful old houses.

And my wife's mother, Scottish. She was from Glasgow. Her father was a businessman, an accountant in Scotland. He mended all those broken shipping companies and became enormously successful, so she came here well read, well exposed. She lived that way and she brought her children up that way. When the girls got to be twelve and thirteen years old, she took them the hell away from here. She took them to school in England.

As much as she loved Hawaii, I think she saw its pitfalls as far as education goes. Except for one sick sister, a brother and two other sisters did very well by their European educations. My wife studied with Bertrand Russell, Susan Stebbing. She went to Bedford College, she went to West Heath School for seven years or six years. A school that the Princess of Wales went to. Patches lived in New York for years, as I had, just staying away from here. Scared to death to come back. Scared to death. Scared we'd find some horrible catastrophe waiting. We both were bewildered and confused by Hawaii. Very confused by Hawaii.

S: You had known Patches over the years?

H: I had known her since childhood. Oh, yes. I had known her Uncle Douglas. He was my father's classmate at Punahou and they were great friends. I used to go down there all the time with my father. The fish ponds and orchards.

So tremendous changes just going on and on and on. Princess Kawanakoa was the Hawaiian queen. Louise Gaylord Dillingham, late of Chicago, was the haole queen. She ran haole society and Kawanakoa ran Hawaiian society. The Dillinghams had that big house up there called La Pietra. They lived wonderfully. They gave great parties. Entertained everybody who came to town who was of any importance at all. They had sort of a golden life. That was the 1930s. The middle thirties, the late thirties. It was very different, very different.

The Royal Hawaiian was sort of a nugget of activity. Everybody went there if they didn't go to La Pietra or some other private house. There were enormous parties given by the new rich who never considered themselves nouveau riche, of course. In their crumbled beginnings they were the lords of creation. I mean one of my great-great-grandfathers was an English lord and the others were English who came here with educations and background and culture. They were the old rich, and these people were walking around and flying and then came the war.

I was on Midway Island working for a semester to earn some money to go back to school. So with the war and with the help of a couple of psychiatrists who said I should not stay here, I would go nuts, I got sent back to New York. That's how I went to Georgetown.

At that point I met my first wife who was a friend of Ellen Watumull, a very good friend of Elsie Das. They were soulmates, painters and dressmakers in the Bohemian style. They were charming, lovely. Fredda was from an old New York family. She had connections with the Van Rensselaers. Commodore Perry was her Grandfather Perry and her grandmother was a Whitney, one of Colonel Whitney's sisters. She and Jock were second cousins. Very good friends. So her whole upbringing was New York, New York culture. She decided to become a painter. She brought all of that with her and sort of handed it on to me and I became a perfect New Yorker. I simply adored it. I just lived there as though I'd lived there all my life.

S: This would have been the forties or fifties?

H: The late 1940s. We knew lots of people. Met lots of people. Lots of Russians. I spoke Russian. I spoke French. It was like discovering Paradise as compared to this dump. I mean I could go to the opera two or three times a week. Standing room only, a dollar and a half. You could stand in back of the dress circle, lean on the old balustrade and that way I heard just about everything there was to hear. At the old Met.

S: Were you attending school at this time?

H: Oh, I was attending school like nobody's business.

S: The perennial student.

H: You couldn't keep me away from school. I worked in the morning part-time for a photographer, went to afternoon classes, went to some evening classes. Nights I went to evening classes I didn't go to the opera and I didn't go to the theater. Fredda was working at the time for the military, the Air Force, and she was very generous about letting me go. She said, "Oh, I've heard all that stuff. You go. It's your turn." She was wonderfully generous about it.

S: Of course she had been raised with it.

H: She was raised with it, so she said, "It's your turn." But every time Mother came to town, Mother would come with her lovely dresses and beautiful clothes that she kept tucked away hidden in Massachusetts. She was living up there now. She had moved from Long Island. Why I would have to squire

her and go every night. She would hand me a wad of bills and say, "Go and buy tickets for everything in town." She loved the theater and off we'd go every day to everything possible.

And then eating in New York restaurants and talking to New Yorkers. Not only New Yorkers, but this whole mass of people, many from Europe. The most cultured people in Europe. Jewish families with art collections, education. I mean we could stay up and talk all night. Go some place. Musicales. We used to go to hear Wanda Landowska play the harpsichord. She lived right down the street from us. We lived on 88th; she lived on 86th. We used to go to Frieda Hempel's. Frieda was a singer. She was retired, but she would give concerts and invite people. We went to Hindemith's to spend evenings with this wonderful, beautiful man.

S: Did you ever think at that time, while you were just revelling in all of this, of ever returning to Hawaii or had you put that all behind you?

H: I was absolutely never coming back to this place. Never. I was going to go on to Europe and go to England where I have some cousins and try to use them to see to it that I might be allowed to stay there and maybe take courses at Oxford and Cambridge. I never dreamed of coming back to Hawaii. I had become a New Yorker. Friends in the Village, friends on the East Side, friends all over the West Side. Wonderful meals. We were both tremendous cooks. I'd go to 11th Avenue and buy marvelous Greek mushrooms and Greek oils and Greek rices. Go down to Chinatown and buy marvelous Chinese food. I could cook Chinese food and have a wonderful meal.

We had a huge apartment. I went to study with Boas, but Boas died. Instead of meeting Boas, we met his daughter Francesca. She had advertised in the school paper for someone to rent her apartment for the summer. This huge apartment. Sixty dollars a month for two months. (laughs) There was his piano and all of his music. There were his books. There were his pictures. I just went absolutely wild. We didn't waste any time. "We'll take it." She said, "Well, someone else is coming to look at it, but maybe you could have it."

Then before the summer was over we got the next story above, which was exactly the same kind of an apartment. Half a block long. Seven rooms plus a maid's room. There was a back stairs. You could store all your stuff. There was a dumbwaiter for rubbish. A sitting room. We were in heaven all the time we lived in New York. I mean go back to that taro patch? Never!

But then when I finally did come back...I had some very disappointing results. I was working with Ruth Benedict and Sula Benet. I was Sula's graduate assistant, and I had some disappointing grades and some disappointing judgments of my work. I would have to redo some work in order to get back into the master's program, so in a huff I came home.

S: With your wife?

H: Yes, oh, yes.

S: Had she ever visited Hawaii?

H: Never visited Hawaii, never cared to visit Hawaii, hated the thought of it. Oh God, she just wept. "Oh, God, must we go?" I said, "Yes, I have to go." I telephoned, "I want to come home. The Matsonia's coming on such and such a day. I need so much money. Can you wire it?" They did and they were happy to see me. The prodigal son. (laughs) So I came home and I fell in love with this place. My mother had a beautiful garden. We had an old house in the country with a huge garden.

S: But ostensibly when you came, was it just for a visit?

H: Just for a visit.

S: But then you fell in love with it all over again.

H: All over again and off we went. We were going back to New York. I was going to terminate these things. I thought, day after day, "My God, I'll end up a school teacher, a terrible, dull school teacher with smelly breath," and you know, I thought, I'll have to write books and it will be difficult to write. I found it very hard to write monographs. Ruth Benedict had the same trouble. She always wanted to get rid of it in a hurry.

My mother's garden was growing, so I went to San Francisco and worked for a nursery company. In a couple of months I became the head of the whole thing. I used to go to all the nurseries in the Bay area and choose the plants and these were all hot house plants, tropical plants, for growing inside of apartments. I thought, my God, these are the things I grew up with. What am I doing here?

So one day I talked my wife into letting me come back. She said, "All right, I'll stay and work for a while." She loved San Francisco. She loved the clothes, the pretty dancing clothes. She designed and sewed. She used to get all the Paris patterns, made Jacques Fath dresses. She was a wonderful dressmaker. She liked all of that, and she knew damn well that Hawaii was changing for the better. She thought of that house in the country and all those Hawaiian

relatives and all of that. But she faithfully followed me back all decked out in her Tam o' Shanter made of raw silk, and a suit, an umbrella. I mean she couldn't have looked more New York. I said, "My God, why the getup?" She said, "I simply wanted to make my way."

And she came back and she began to work with plants. Then she met some people and she really learned to love it. We got season tickets for the symphony here. We did that for fourteen years. We got close to the Academy of Arts, and close to the Bishop Museum. Close to the university and close to a lot of people quite elegant and quite cultured. Among them, the Watumulls, of course. "You've brought me back here. It's now home." And we made a very good life for ourselves. Our little house in the country was famous for its activities. All kinds of people.

She painted and I did landscaping. I became a landscape designer and contractor and made lots of money doing it. We developed this property which my mother had deeded to me, the lease. She didn't think that any other kid wanted it, and they didn't. It became a paradise. Beautiful.

Unfortunately, I was a drunk like my father. Periodically I went on terrible binges, terrible binges. Binges that were just killing me. They were very hard on Fredda. She hated them. I would go back to AA, try again, and simply couldn't make it in AA. Go out and drink again. Back and forth. There were periods of two or three years that I didn't drink and we had wonderful times. We took Gordon and his brother Joseph, who is now dead, and brought them out from an Aiea ghetto and did a wonderful job with them bringing them up. They were good kids and they were willing to learn.

I guess with all the marvelous things happening, many of these people travelled, travelled, travelled. Used up thousands of dollars travelling. All the money I earned went into travel and books, pictures. My income, I guess, paid the bills.

S: Did your wife ever threaten divorce as your mother had with your father over this drinking?

H: Never.

S: She hated it, but she stood by you.

H: All the time. She never threatened divorce. Never. We separated once at my insistence, but she never threatened divorce. She always stood by me. It went on and on. Then we got to know Patches again. Patches came back to town. She was sick of New York and she was sick of San Francisco.

She arrived back and, of course, we had known each other. We had gone through the same New York experience. We became the closest of friends. We saw each other three or four times a week. Dined, went to movies, went on picnics, went together all the time. The next thing you know I started drinking again and my wife said, "Now I can't stand it any more." She had a cancer of the lower colon. She had a dysfunction of the ilium, it couldn't close the upper intestine, so everything she ate went right through her, and one day she committed suicide.

S: How old was she?

H: She was sixty-eight. I got over that and saw more of Patches. Spent a lot of time with her.

S: Did you go on one of your drinking binges at that point? How did that affect you?

H: I went in and out. I would drink and then not drink, drink and not drink. And I had lots of work to do. I had the crew waiting every day for me to be told what to do. I was somewhat in control of my business, and I frequently went to the tax office. In that last year of Fredda's life I was in a terrible mess with them. Finally worked my way out of that.

Then ultimately Patches and I were married. And we've been happily married since then.

S: Had Patches been married during the interim?

H: She had been married to a man who was a political writer. He was very far to the left politically, so far to the left that they wouldn't give him a visa to enter this country. So they had to live abroad all the time, living in Paris, living in Mexico, finally ended up in Mexico. In Mexico they quietly came to the decision that perhaps this was their way to make a move. They decided that divorces were easy to get there, so they were divorced. It made her very, very unhappy. She loved him. Everything I've heard of him would indicate that he was a very decent guy, a nice man.

S: Following the divorce, did she come back here or go to New York?

H: Oh, she went back to New York. She always kept that New York door open she told me. She always kept that foot in the door.

S: And what prompted her to return to Hawaii? Just tired of New York, as you say?

H: Tax problems for one thing and tired of New York. She got tired of it. She went to San Francisco to get a little bit closer to Hawaii. She was inching her way home and then she discovered it was too cold, the fog was cold. She lived on Nob Hill and she was up on the twenty-first floor. It was extremely cold and she got sick, very sick. She had pneumonia. She had a bad cold first, then the flu, then pneumonia. And she decided that she'd better come home. The doctor said, "I think you should go to your warm Hawaiian climes." So home she came.

And like us, she began to like it. She began to discover everything like the Academy, the museum, various people. She began to discover and better understand her kamaaina heritage. Now she can understand it.

S: Don't you think that sometimes it takes the experience and the exposure on the mainland to reassess what is here?

H: I think that this is true of certain people, certain people as complicated as Patches and I. She could assess New York and the mainland from here when she decided this was wonderful. I really think that those years on the mainland prepared her (and they certainly prepared me) for being able to come back here and live without going crazy. In spite of all my drinking, I still wanted not to. I was still fighting it. I must get sober. I want to write. I wanted to write my feelings about this place. I've done a lot less writing than I might have if I didn't have a problem. I'm sure of that. Although I have three novels now being published. One is cleaning things up, putting the present tense back into passive tense. One of my editors changed that. So that is gradually coming. Then there are two others. One is a massive book called Children of the Chiefs.

S: That's been incubating for many, many years, hasn't it?

H: Yes, much of it is written. Great romantic passages. It's about the sixties, seventies, eighties, nineties. And the other is called Shadowed Margins. That's the one about addiction, alcoholic addiction, dope addiction, any kind of addiction. It's an ugly, harsh story, but it has to be told. Somebody has to tell it. Maybe it will be posthumously published. I don't know.

S: Oh, I hope not.

H: Well, we have to get Alexander Liholiho out first. I'd really like to get that to the printers, the typesetters. It's a very good book. I think that people will like him.

END OF TAPE 3/SIDE 2

ADDENDUM

January 5, 1979

MO'OLELO 'O HOLT

by John Dominis Holt IV

The founder, Robert William Holt, was a native of Warwickshire, England. He settled here in 1824. He was married to the daughter of his business partner, the pioneer shipbuilder, James Robinson. Mrs. Holt was Caroline Robinson, known also as Tauati, the daughter of Teriirare, a Tahitian high chiefess of the Teva line. She was married to an English sea captain before she married James Robinson. She was his his first wife, and Caroline or Tauati or Kauaki if you prefer, was their only child.

Kauaki Robinson Holt was the half sister of Mary E. Foster, Bathsheba Allen, Lucy McWayne, Victoria Ward, Annie Wati Yaeger, Mark P. Robinson and John Robinson who died young. John was married to the late well-known "Aunt Carrie" Robinson, nee Caroline Johnson of Kona.

The Holt family acquired Wahiawa, Halemano and Waialua lands from the Victoria Kamamalu Estate in 1851. These lands 18,000 acres, were used for ranching until sugar cane and pineapples made it more profitable for them to be used in that way. (See files of R. W. Holt Estate, Archives of Hawaii. Numerous other court records at the same source pertain to Holt family land transactions.)

MAKAHA VALLEY

This holding was the most famous of the Holt lands. In the early sixties, a large, elaborately appointed house was built, and Makaha became the "family seat" of the Holt family where many prominent visitors and kama'aina were entertained. (See Bishop Museum Bulletins, Waianae, Krauss, et al; The Fabulous Holts, Clarice Taylor - a series of articles appearing in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.)

A NOTE ON THE DOMINIS QUESTION

Captain John Dominis, a Croatian was married to Miss Mary Jones of Boston. Robert William Holt was first married to a Miss Jones, sister of Mrs. Dominis with whom he had two daughters: Anna Marie and Elizabeth. Mr. Holt's daughters came to Hawai'i after receiving their education in Boston. They lived with their aunt Mrs. Mary Dominis at Washington Place. Anna Marie died young and Elizabeth was married at

Washington Place to Bostonian William A. Aldrich, who with Charles R. Bishop founded First Hawaiian Bank. Capital was provided by Mr. Aldrich's father-in-law, Robert W. Holt.

COPP - CHARLES PETER

My Copp ancestor, Charles Peter who married the ali'i Ha'ole was brought here by Boki and Liliha as a tailor when they returned with the bodies of Kamehameha II and Kamamalu on the HMS Blonde, Captain, Lord Byron.

Copp lived in Lahaina for a while and then moved to Hana where he was granted six hundred acres of land. He established on these lands a sugar plantation. It was known as "Ka'eleku Plantation." The plantation was sold in 1872 to Mr. J. I. Dowsett (from Mau'i News, 1872), a gentleman who believed passionately in the future of sugar and became financially involved in many sugar growing ventures. Waianae plantation on O'ahu was one of his holdings. He was a great-grandfather of Richard Smart, owner of Parker Ranch, a side of the family you do not for some reason hear too much about. Smart's grandmother, Elizabeth Knight, was known universally and affectionately as "Aunt Tootsie." She was a daughter of J. I. Dowsett.

My great grandmother's sister, Nancy Emma Copp married David Crowinburg, October 4, 1856. He was related to Jessie Crowinburg and the late Lydia Keomailani Taylor. Jessie Crowinburg's son, Charles Ke'eaumoku, married Lydia Kolomoku. They were parents of the late high chiefess Miriam Pele'uli, the very gracious Mrs. Charles Amalu, Sr.. She is the grandmother of Hawai'i's well known news columnists.

Lydia Keomailani was sent to England by Queen Emma. She later fell in love with a musician, Mr. Wray Taylor. They were married and for many years Mr. Taylor was organist of Kawaiaha'o Church. They were the parents of the late "Uncle Bill" Taylor, father of Allen, Wray, Lunalilo and Lydia Namahana Maioho. One of Taylor's sisters is the mother of Wray and Leon Straus. Wray is married to the former "Billie" Kinney, daughter of the late great Hawaiian singer Ray Kinney and his wife Dawn Hanaka'ulani Holt.

Emma Copp and David Crowinburg were the grandparents of the very beautiful and celebrated Addie Crowinburg Dowsett (Mrs. David) and the rather modest and most kind Eliza Crowinburg Robertson (Mrs. Archibald - a grandson of A. Cleghorn). They had two children: Cleghorn Robertson and his sister, Helen Edith.

BAILEY

My missionary great-grandparents, Edward Alden Bailey and his wife Caroline Hubbard Bailey were the parents of Edward Hubbard Bailey who married Emily Kuho'oki'eki'e. They arrived in Hawai'i in the Eighth Company of Missionaries sent to Hawai'i by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1836. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey sailed from Boston, December 14, 1836, on the barque Mary Frazier, Captain, Charles Sumner, and arrived at Honolulu, April 9, 1837, a voyage of 116 days.

They were stationed at Kohala, in 1837; Lahainaluna, 1839; and Wailuku Female Seminary, 1840 - 1848. They left the mission in 1850 and were active later in school work and sugar culture in the years before 1885 when they moved to California to live for the remainder of their lives. At the time of his death in 1903, Mr. Bailey was the last male survivor of the missionaries the A.B.C.F.M. sent to Hawai'i between 1820 and 1850.

He was a man of many talents. Without any medical education whatever, he was practically the physician of the stations he occupied except for Lahainaluna. Among his efforts in the healing arts was a month devoted to small pox vaccination in Wailuku where he also was charged with the dispensary for the station. He was the architect for, and directed the building of, the old stone church at Wailuku. He designed and built a water-run mill at Wailuku for grinding wheat and sugar and conducted the earliest manufacture of sugar at Wailuku in a venture which later was merged in Wailuku Plantation. He also had an active part in starting the Haiku Sugar Company. He superintended work on the roads and building of a bridge across Wailuku Stream and surveying and causing to be surveyd native kuleanas (homesteads). He settled land claims for which he received his principal means of support from the Land Commission. His interest in girls' training schools was shown in the many years he aided Girls' School at Makawao. He was a first rate musician and did much in teaching music. He wrote a synopsis of Hawaiian ferns and a long narrative poem, Hawai'i Nei; An Idyll and the unpublished work on Micronesia for the use of the Hawaiian Missionary Association. He drew many of the sketches for the engravings made at Lahainaluna, an art which developed to greater dimension in his later years when he painted delightful landscapes in oils. (See Mowee, Speakman and Mission Album.)

HENRY WILSON DANIELS

This great-grandfather was born at Clacton Hall, Clacton-by-the Sea, Essex, England. He was the son of Sir William and Lady Susan Daniels. A younger son, he was forced to migrate in order to make a career for himself.

He arrived in the islands in 1848 and on August 7, 1852 he was married to Nancy Kamaekalani Copp at "Ka'eleku." Ceremonies were performed by the Reverend Mr. Green who had at one time with his wife supervised the education of Nancy Copp.

Henry Wilson Daniels was appointed Circuit Judge of Maui in 1852, a position he held for many years. He was succeeded by Judge Kalua and then by his son-in-law Noah Auwae Kepo'ikai. Judge Kepo'ikai married Rose, third daughter of Judge and Mrs. Daniels. Henry Wilson Daniels died at Wailuku on May 18, 1873.

MY HAWAIIAN 'OHANAKAMEHAMEHA

'Oahu king

Ali'i pi'o

Kaneika'iwilani-----m-----Keakealani-----m-----Kanaloa'ika'iwilewa

(ni'au pi'o)

Kalanikaulele'ia'iwi-----m-----Keawe'ikekahiali'i'okamoku

(ni'au pi'o)

Ka'ua'ua'amahi

Ha'ae'amahi-----m-----Kekelakeke'okalani

(ni'au pi'o)

Kekuipo'iwa II-----m-----Kahekili

Pai'eakamehameha-----m-----Kamaekalani

Ha'o'ie-----m-----Charles Peter Copp

Nancy Kamaekalani-----m-----Henry Wilson Daniels

Emma Daniels-----m-----John Dominis Holt II

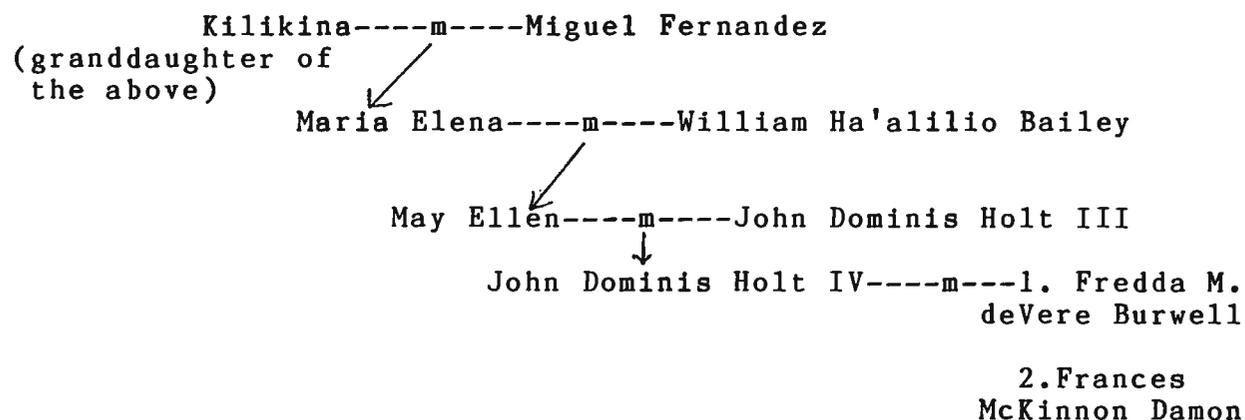
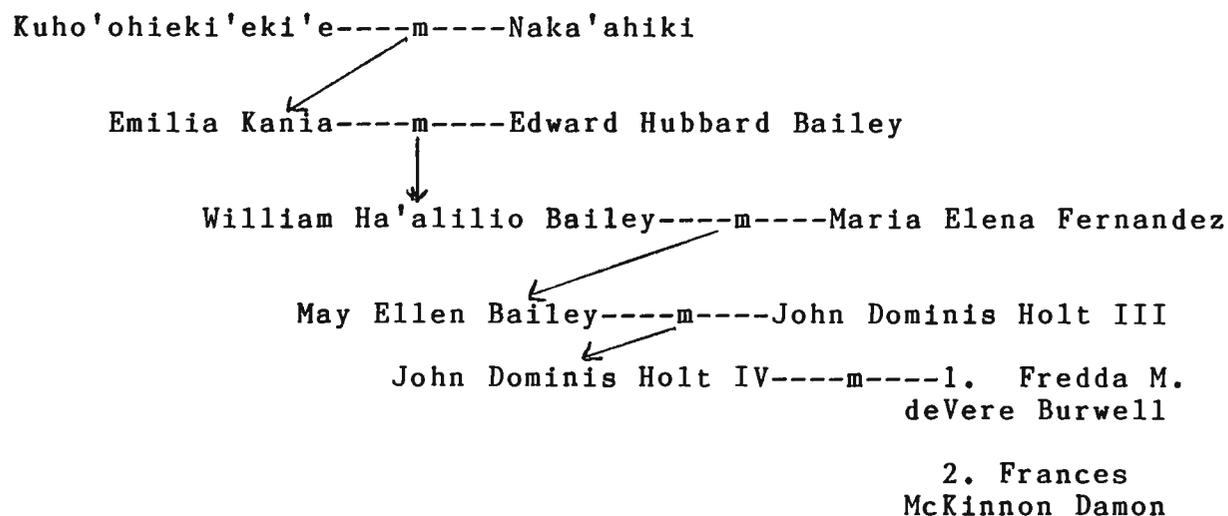
John Dominis Holt III-----m-----May Ellen Bailey

John Dominis Holt IV-----m-----1. Fredda M.
deVere Burwell2. Frances
McKinnon Damon

KANEHOA from Kula - 'Ulupalakua

John Young

James Young Kanehoa

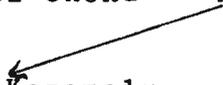
MAUI - PI'ILANI

KAMEHAMEHA

KAMEHAMEHA----m----(kapu)

(kapu)----m----Lelei'ohoku


 (hanai) Kamalo'o Lelei'ohoku----m----Lord George Paulet


 Hanaka'ulani 'o Kamamalu----m----Owen Jones Holt

1. John Dominis Kau'ikeouli Holt II
2. John Dominis Holt III
3. John Dominis Holt IV

My family is sworn to secrecy regarding the true origins of my great grandmother, Hanaka'ulani. Even in these enlightened times, I am not at liberty to reveal her true identity. Kalamaia 'oe.

SUBJECT INDEX

- 1-2 Description of grandparents' home on Fort Street
- 3-4 Neighbors on Fort Street: the James Robinsons,
Mary Foster, the Afongs, the Frank Damons, the
Judds
- 5 Move to home at Piikoi and Beretania Streets
- 5-6 Kaimuki: parents' home and Father's business
- 6-7 Description of life-style at the Piikoi home
- 7 Anecdote: the Kalihi religious experience
- 8-9 Mother's threatened divorce and the move to Kahili
- 9-10 Early education: Punahou, Kapalama, Kam and
Roosevelt Schools
- 10 Attachment to Hawaiian nurse, Julia
- 10-11 Mother's Maui and San Francisco background
- 12 The Daniels and the Baileys
- 13 Parents' marriage on Maui
Relationship with the Gross family
- 14 Father's firing from Wailuku Sugar
- 14-15 Recollections of great-aunts
- 15-18 The Holt family background
- 18 The Daniels: Aunts Rose, Millie, Nancy and Ellen
Uncle Charlie
Relationship with Aunt Ellen
Anecdote: escape from Waimea
- 19-21 Discussion of the pre-Captain Cook Hawaiian
culture
- 21-22 Namakahelu, hula kumu and chantress
Kuluwaimaka, kahuna and chanter

- 22-25 The impact of Captain Cook's visits
- 25-27 Decline of the Hawaiian culture
- 28 Kamehameha III and Nahienaena
Kamalo-O-Leileiohoku
Hanakaulani-O-Kamamalu
Alii Haole and C. P. Copp
- 29-31 Influences through the first half of the 19th
century prior to the Great Mahele
- 32 Pauahi and Charles Reed Bishop: Bishop Estate,
Bishop Museum
- 32-35 Transition to a trading and whaling community
Continuing decline of the Hawaiian culture
- 35 The Holts' transition from shipbuilding to banking
and acquisition of property
- 36 Development of the Makaha home as an estate and the
Kakaako home Honuakaka
- 37-38 Dissolution of the estate
- 38-39 Mainland education: Sacramento Junior College,
George Washington in Washington, D. C. and
Columbia University
- 39 Honolulu social leaders: including Ellen
Lorenzon, Carrie Robinson, Elizabeth Booth,
Princess Kawanakoa
- 40 The emergence of Orientals as storekeepers and land
owners
- 41 Friendship with the Watumulls and Elsie Das
View of Hawaii as a work-a-day place
S. M. Damon's interests
- 42 Longtime friendship with Patches Damon and her
family
Description of social activities in the 1930s
- 43-45 Marriage to artist Fredda Burwell and life in New
York: school and cultural events
- 45 Return to Hawaii

- 46 Career as landscape designer and contractor
- 47 Death of first wife
Marriage to Patches Damon
- 48 Current publishing projects

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Watumull Foundation Oral History Project began in June of 1971. During the following seventeen months eighty-eight people were taped. These tapes were transcribed but had not been put in final form when the project was suspended at the end of 1972.

In 1979 the project was reactivated and the long process of proofing, final typing and binding began. On the fortieth anniversary of the Watumull Foundation in 1982 the completed histories were delivered to the three repositories.

As the value of these interviews was realized, it was decided to add to the collection. In November of 1985 Alice Sinesky was engaged to interview and edit thirty-three histories that have been recorded to mark the forty-fifth anniversary of the Foundation.

The subjects for the interviews are chosen from all walks of life and are people who are part of and have contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The final transcripts, on acid-free Permalife bond paper and individually Velo-bound, are deposited and are available to scholars and historians at the Hawaii State Archives, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii and the Cooke Library at Punahou School. The tapes are sealed and are not available.

August 1987