Oct. 7, 1899.

Let us go on our way to Kapuna. The cave of Kapuna used to be occupied by chiefs in ancient times. That time has passed. A new generation came later and the cave was used by the fishermen of Waikale and Waipio to this day on which the writer mentions this. It was of this cave that the famous riddle of the ancient mentioned, "To Kapuna belongs the house, the sea dwells in it." (Ko Kapuna ka hale noho ia e ke kai). This is the answer to the riddle, "To a brother-in-law belongs the house, a sister-in-law dwells in it."
Hawaiian relationship too complicated to explain here. M.P.]. There is life for
the people where fire is lighted. This cave is on the Waipio side and a sea
passage separates Waipio and Waikale and Waikale and Honouliuli. The passage is
obstructed by three small islands, a middle one and manana and Lualumui. These
small islands are in the middle of the passage to Honouliuli and inside and outside
of these small islands is the sea of Kaihuopalaai where mullet lived till they
whitened with age.

Kaihuopalaai was famous from ancient times down to the time when the Haele
became ruler of Honouliuli and the well known, beloved name is lost. Let me
relate the tale of this place that had been made famous for its fish, when the
natives were living there. In those days, it was said that the mullet was a fish
that understood human speech and was originally born from a human being or a
god.

Those who kept this fish, the mullet, were named, as follows: Hauulii, the
husband, Apokaa the wife, and to them were born two children, a son, Laniola, and
a daughter, Amawalei. When these children were born, two supernatural children
were born with them, the Eel and the Mullet. From this mullet came all the
mullet of Kaihuopalaai and that was how Kaihuopalaai was renowned for its mullet.
The children grew up and Laniola went from Ewa to Laiie at Koolau-loa where he
married. The sister married a man, Hokowee, of Honouliuli, and their descendants
were the owners of the mullet, among them Mauliawa who died just recently and
perhaps there are others too, living perhaps and perhaps not. They were fisher-
folks and made the fish multiply so that they came close to the shore. The
supernatural children lived and grew up in the sea and the mullet multiplied as
it was told in the legend of Honouliuli.

Here let us turn to the supernatural son, the eel, whose name was Papa-
hina. While Laniola lived in Laiie, news reached him constantly of the mahools of
mullet at Honouliuli and no mullet was ever seen where he lived. He recalled his
younger sister the mullet and wondered if this was her doings. He said to his
wife, "I will ask my sister to bring us some fish. O how I long for some mullets."
His wife agreed, "Yes, go and ask your sister to give us fish." "I will," answered
the husband. Laniloa stood up and departed from Laie for Ewa on the night of
Hua. He went by way of Kahuku and spent the night at Waialua. Next day, he went
up the plain passed the stream of Kaukonahua, passed the plain of Mahie, and turned
to look at the clouds gathering on the summit of Kaala. He, the traveller,
chanted these lines that the writer is setting down here:

Beautiful is Kaala, a vessel for the sparkling dew,
The mist at the top of Maunauna glides by,
The gathering clouds thickly cover the precipices,
Hiding from view the beautiful sights.
I smell the fragrance of the kupukupu ferns,
The fragrant fern leaves of Kanehoa.
Sweetness and fragrance are my companions,
My companions - dearly beloved,
Beloved is the mountain where fragrance dwells.

Ending his chant, he turned toward Ewa. The way across the plain was
long. He passed Waikakalaua, where the Portuguese who blows at the cow's rectum
lives, and where he makes bloody milk come from the hole where taro greens come
out of. [Note. - This last is a reference to a vulgar song sung in my childhood
and even before that. The first verse is like this: "Where is Manuel? He is at
Waikakalaua. What does he do? He blows at the cow's rectum." M.P.].

Oct. 21, 1899.

He passed Punaluu, went down to Kipapa stream and up again. Turning to
face the sea, he went on the trail that led through the plain of Kanoence to
Waipio and swam through the water of Kahuaiki. This was a refreshing pool, loved
by the sons of Waipio. This reminds the writer of the lines of a song
composed by a certain Kauai youth. It is as follows:

Kahuaiki Song.

1. Beautiful indeed is Kahuaiki,