

ascent of Kahōakeawe and down into this side of Waipio. He went as far as Kahana and went up the hill. The chiefess of Kahana had a great work on this day on which Kamapuaa was travelling and that was to see who was strong enough to pull up a koa tree. On that day, the chiefs, commoners and those noted for strength went up and among them was Kamapuaa who took the form of a handsome, pleasant faced, well built boy with dark brown hair.

The ruler whose work this was was the chiefess, Huilua, a beautiful woman. When she saw the handsome man, she took a great fancy to him and desired to take him for herself. To take him to Moanalua to break off the handle. [Note. = To be her lover. M.P.] Kamapuaa did not have the same idea for he remembered his grandmother's command to go on until he set eyes on his older brother, Kekelenuiaiku.

Aug. 26, 1899

While they were living at Honouliuli, they used to go up to Kahana. The chiefess kept glancing at him as they went up together. She thought to herself, that the man who was strong enough to uproot the tree would be her husband, for it was a ^{needed} strong man ^{to} ~~that could~~ hold the kingdom together. But her mind was fairly restless because of the handsomeness of the hog. This reminds the writer of a few lines of an old poem.

Mist laden are the eyes of the dodder vine,
Yellowed stems winding on the kukui trees,
Moving restlessly, alone in its swaying,
Its eyes wander - O for another [to join it]
The air is made fragrant by the kupukupu fern
It goes down to the plain where those of Ewa smell it.
Um-m! O ye natives of Puuloa, what can it be?
It is love - love that lies wrapt in the bosom,
It was only love that made me fall.

The tree grew on the ascent to Kahana where it led down into Waikane.

That is the ascent and the Halau-o-Kana (Kana's-house) is below it. When all had

reached their destination, every one tried with all his might but the tree did not budge for it was a supernatural tree.

Kamapuaa had not slept with the others that night but had gone back to his grandmother at Kaluanui. He told her all he had seen of the tree that the men of Kahana tried to pull up and asked her permission to let him join in the tree pulling contest of the chiefess of Kahana. She consented, and gave him mana; mana, strength and ability to do it with all the tree pulling prayers and such. The tree pulling was to be continued in the early morning of the next day. He arrived in the upland of Kahana just as they were about to begin. When the time came for the contest, no one stepped forward for they all knew that they would never be able to uproot it. There was a hush and not a sound was uttered. The chiefess asked constantly for someone to try to pull but no one dared. Then a handsome young man, with hair hanging free, stepped forward to face the chiefess and bowed saying, "Greetings, O chiefess. May you live until you grow like the yellowed pandanus leaf. I, a youth, shall attempt to pull up the tree for you, O chiefess." She turned to look at the young man before her; saw how handsome he was and smiled. She told him to go ahead.

O Reader, you who read of the noted places of Ewa that are being hidden and lost, do not grumble because I go on with Kamapuaa and his legend. I talk about it so that you would know about the point I mentioned before in another installment, the one called Ke-ana-a-ka-puaa (Pig's-cave). After he had uprooted the tree, he returned to Ewa and left Kahana. That is how it was, so that you would know. Now let us go back and resume our tale. Before he pulled up the tree he prayed thus:

The distant spirit -

Is with you, O Kane.

Lono in the night, Lono in the day,

Release it as I call,

Release it up in the lightning,

In the heavy rains, in the light rains,
In the glistening rains, in the dark rains.
In purity, in the faces of the gods shining in heaven.
In the space of Kumuhonua,
Kama in the day, little Kama who conquers the tree,
The small tree lifted in space,
Lifted by the eyes of Kane and of Kanaloa.
A great heat in the upland, great heat in the lowland,
We are in the upland, we are in the lowland,
The red house stands at Kono-pueo, the seeing-eyes of Kona,
To Kona belongs the owl, the bright-eyed owl of Halelea,
To Halelea belongs the owl, Pohihihi.
Pohaha is the bird of Kahiki,
O Kane, the one who grants inspiration, inspires in poems;
Inspired fully am I by the container belonging to the god,
Fully inspired - my prayer has flown.

Prayer 2.

To the Amakua of the night,
To Ahaaha, to Kaiu,
To Ohai, to Papa-ohē,
To Hanehane, to Uhiuhi,
To Pili-nui of Alakai,
Flung away to Lele-kolea are the honors,
Carried southward to Ke-awa-leikini of Moana,
To the moss-grown land of Ku-kamauhili,
To Luahine and to Paia - all of those of the night.

Prayer 3.

Standing until the day fades into evening,
With kapus I sleep in the forest,
To go up at sunrise to the tree.

The shouts of inspiration fades,
It is dawn down ^{at} to Oneone-honua,
Echoing off at Malaskana,
To the imu of Ku-Kanaloa.
Drawn up by the eyes of Ku,
The tree is up, uprooted,
Up came the roots of the tree,
Amama, it is freed, it has flown away.

At the end of these three prayers, he called to every one to get away from the spot lest they be killed by the falling tree. The people obeyed his voice. He began to seize the tree by one of the main roots and with a creak and a bang, the tree fell over. When the tree was uprooted the shouts of great admiration and praise dinmed the air and the chiefess was filled with gladness at the prospect of having a strong husband but he vanished like the Puulena breeze that blows toward Hilo in the quest of Papalauahi. Aye, the Pig vanished and did not come near her. When the crowd was excitedly shouting their admiration of the youth's strength, each one boasting to the other, he slipped away and was gone, changing himself from a man into a hog,—that is a striped pig. After he had assumed his hog form he was seen by a certain chiefess named Kapuna. When he came close to a cliff, she was one of those who ran swiftly after him with the intention of catching him for she had taken a fancy to the color of his bristles. They went on till they reached the hill overlooking Waikane, above the head of the holua slide of Kana. The hog did not run very fast as it went down toward Mooki'eki'e, but picked his way carefully. Kapuna was breathlessly following after Kamapuaa, determined to keep up the pursuit. He went slowly till he reached the bottom and it took several days of slow walking to get to Paa stream. He slipped into the water and came up on the other side and turned to look at the exhausted woman behind him. The woman dived into the water for she was sticky with perspiration, that poured like the heavy rains of Kona. The hog watched her until she had finished her bath and saw her swim from the side where she had

bathed. The chiefess said to herself, "If you keep standing there, I catch you, you runaway pig that made me all tired out." As the woman grumbled, the hog heard her and changed himself into a white-spotted hog. The woman who followed him became frightened and changed her mind about pursuing him and went to visit friends instead. The hog went on his way to Ewa by way of the cliff of Kahoakeaw

Let us leave him on his way to Ewa and turn to Kapuna, the hog-pursuing woman.

~~No original or translation is available for the article~~

Sept. 2 issue - missing.

published on September 2, 1899.

Sept. 9, 1899.

One day Papio and her canoeesmen went to the other side but did not go directly to Kaahupahau's place. They sailed and came to Kaheekā Point and because the breeze was good the canoe sailed on to Iole Point and from thence to the Cavern of Kaahupahau. The canoe beached and the chiefess went on to Koihala's house. She was stringing leis at the time for her granddaughter Kaahupahau. This is the legend.

When Koihala went to feed her shark grand-daughter, she strung leis, for she grew the flowers herself. She raised ilima and ma'o-ohaka and all kinds of flowers. As Koihala was stringing leis, she finished two and had many flowers left over, enough for twelve leis. These were the number strung daily for the grand-daughter by the grandmother.

Papio saw the two finished leis, beautifully made of ilima and ma'o-ohaka. It reminds the writer of the following lines:

Where are you, O ilima,

Leis that beautify my body.

You and I shall take a train ride,

To see the rolling of the wheels,

Rolling without a miss across the plain.

Listen to the sound of the whistle,

Here we are at Ewa Mill.

It is the end of the song. The chiefess Papio began to ask the old woman