

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

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composed by a certain Kauai youth. It is as follows:

Kahuaiki Song.

1. Beautiful indeed is Kahuaiki,

That cool spring water.
There you can slow down,
Can take it easy after striving.

2. The honey-sucking birds poise above,
Dipping in the Maluakele wind,
Swaying in gentle Inuwai breeze
Or winging in a circle in the forest.

3. What is Kukaniloko doing?
That green upland so cold,
Bedecked by swaying fern leaves,
And beautiful scarlet lehua.

4. No one cares for the water of Kuaikaua,
It is only drunk by the curlews,
The beauty belongs to this spring,
The beautiful cool spring of Kahuaiki.

He passed Waipio, stepped on the plain of Ke-one-lau-lima, where the flowers of the ma'o mingled with those of the wild ilimas. "How I love my homeland," said Laniloa. It didn't take him long after this to reach home where he found his parents and sister. His parents had aged greatly, for they had grown old. He kissed them and they wept over each other, for they had been separated so long and this was the first time that he met again with his parents and sister. He wept, blew his nose and was almost faint with great affection.

The writer recalls the lines of a chant composed by the experts of old:

The mountain is filled with mingled perfumes,
Fragrance that reach the heart at night,
Just as the night breaks into dawn.
The sun sends up its rays,
They reach, they reach out to Haehae,

They go beyond to Awalau,
Hovering over the hill, Makanoni,
Glistening on the lava bed of Lohi,
O how much I love you.
It is good to see you well.

The pig was cooked when the weeping had ended. They ate their fill and rested. Those of the household asked, "What brought you here?" "A thought in mind brought me and if my parents are willing, and you too, Sister, then my journey will not be in vain. This is what I want, I came for my brother the Mullet to give me some of the least of his fish to take to that fishless land where I dwell. The only thing that helps on that land are the sand crabs.

O Reader, these words uttered by Laniloa casted a reflection on the two Laies to this day for the lack of fish. There was fish there but no mullets and that was why Laniloa went on this journey. Kaulu bowed his head in thought for a long time, then he raised his head and said, "It is well. This is one thing that is not good, the wandering of the fish on the way you take them. You are going to take them yourself, but which way shall you go?" "No, I will not take them, but Sister will," answered Laniloa, "by way of Makapuu to the place where I live with my wife." "If that is the way then it is well, answered Kaulu to Laniloa, "Your fish will stay only a little while on the Koolau side, but no matter. Many will get some to eat and it will not only be the Ewa folks who will have them. Let those all around Oahu have them. Yes, that is good. When are you going home?" "On the day of Laau-ku-kahi." (This was the eighteenth day after the new moon; that was the length of time between his departure from Laie and his return from Ewa). He waited for three days and left Honouliuli for Laie on day of Laau-ku-kahi.

HEN Newspapers June 3, 1899

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© Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum AS for the sister, she left Honouliuli on the day of Kaloa-pau. She made

ready to go to Laie and divided the fish into two groups, those that were going were separated from those that were staying. While the sister of Laniloa

travelled, she went on land, as a human being and the fish followed in the sea. She started walking from Puuloa after her canoe landed at Kapua'ikaula. As Awawalei walked along, the fish followed her from Honouliuli without being seen nor coming up to the surface. The fish went into the depths until they came out at Kaaalii, then from there they moved on the surface. Those on shore saw the sea reddened by their bodies and shouted themselves hoarse. Awawalei kept travelling on shore and spent the night at Kaluahole. Where she stopped on the shore, the fish in the sea stopped too.

While they spent the night there, some of the fish broke away and remained there and that is why the mullet (anae-holo) has always been found at Waikiki. The next day was the day of Kane, and they travelled all that day and spent the night at Kaneohe, down at Nuupia. The fish stopped out at Na-moku-manu (Bird-Islands). Because they remained outside without coming near the shore, that is why there are no mullet on these shores. The next day was the day of Lono. On the morning of that day Awawalei continued, while the fish remained at Na-moku-manu. The way was long and her legs were tired after walking all day and that night she spent at Kahana. Half of the fish that remained at Na-moku-manu followed. The following day was the day of Maui and in the early morning she resumed her journey and hurried with eagerness to reach her destination without a thought of weariness. That night she reached the house of her brother, Laniloa and slept that night at Laie. The next day was the day of Muku and on that day the fish were made to stay in Laie where they are found to this day. This is the story of how the fish was brought to Laie to please Laniloa and that is how Laie got the mullet.

Here let us turn again to Awawalei, sister of Laniloa and the eel that lived with her brother. Awawalei spent four days with her brother in Laie before returning to Iwa. On this return trip she did not go back with her companion (Papa-puhi, the eel) as she did when she started out. The day on which she reached home was the day of Kulua, a day and a night after leaving Laie, the

home of Laniloa, her brother. Papa-puhi went by sea around the Koolau side, the way which he had taken with his mullet brother when the brother came to bring mullet to Laie for all time.

As Papa-puhi was on his way to Kaihuopalaai in Ewa, he reached Makapuu Point, and there he met another eel from Kahuku who was on her way home from Molokai, from Kalaau Point. This was a female eel that had been reared at Kapukaaulua until she grew up and left Kahuku. That same day Papa-puhi went home with great speed while his sister returned to Ewa by way of Waialua.

O lovers these tales, do not say, "Ah, the stories are getting to be untruthful. It is not so, but be patient and do not grumble too soon. This is the story told of that eel:

When this eel, Papa-puhi reached home, he told how on his return he met with the other eel. This was a talking eel, that you may know, and Kaulukuwaha and Apokaa, his wife told every one about it. The writer recalls a few lines of a poem on an eel,

"I love the eel that said to me,

'That is an o-u eel, this a laumilo eel,

I am a wela, a bearded eel.'"

Nov. 11, 1899.

Let us turn to Awawalei on her homeward way. As she was getting ready to leave her brother's beloved home and go on the trail to Waialua, affection well up for her brother and love for her husband called her on. Aye, great was her love, for there were a mingling of the two within her, love for husband and love for brother. Her mind was darkened with love.

THE NEWSPAPERS JUNE 3, 1899 The writer recalls the ka-i taro of Ewa, and how it affects the throat.
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© Bernice Pauahi Bishop Press the effect of the ka-i taro.

I love my wreath of orange blossoms,

There at the peaceful plain of Kahu'a.