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Nupepa Kuokoa.

Dec. 12, 1919.

Ike Hou Ma Ka Hale Hoiikeike o Na Mea Kahiko  
Ma Ke Kula o Kamehameha.

B.M.  
Owa

I Saw It Again in the Museum at the Kamehameha  
School. (Bishop Museum)

It was twenty years ago when I saw the Museum showing the ancient relics of Hawaii and the other little islands of Polynesia that had been gathered together in that house. They are of great value to a person who is eager to see them and truly, there are more things to be seen than when I first saw it. Some things excited my mind and some made me sad.

When I arrived at the Museum, it was full of strangers and local people, going up and coming down. Most of them were foreign soldiers from battle ships that arrived that day, officers and soldiers who were going home or going to the scene of war. They were filled with amazement. Only three hours were allowed to visitors and as I looked, peering here and there, I glanced at my watch. An hour had gone and here we were on the bottom floor with more yet to see in the house so we tried to hurry in order to see what we could. If we thought of seeing everything, that could not be done in a day, for there are so many things to hold one's attention. These would take some minutes to look at, and because I wanted to read the labels and what they said, some minutes were passed in that way.

There were fish of every kind, birds, fruits, all sorts of weapons used in warfare of that period, all so fascinating to see and also the animals of the land and sea that look as though they were alive.

On the second floor are the thrones of the beloved rulers of

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Hawaii nei now gone. It brings an ache to the heart to see these beloved reminders. Their portraits hanging all around seem to say "Beloved, beloved were the chiefs of the land."

So the time sped on and the mind was so eager to see all that could be seen but the time was short.

A glance here and there and we reached the third floor. Beautiful and wonderful were the things that the eyes were looking at. A look downward in the house and there again was more beauty in the winding stairway and how clean everything was kept. In all these things that my eyes saw, I had two things in mind, first, the thrones of the rulers and their furnishings and second, a large rock of a ton or more in weight. As I came in and met the host he gave me a piece of metal stamped with a number. He also asked me to leave my hat and coat. I stood at the bottom of the stairs and wondered where to go first, then I went into a room on the mauka side of the house where I was delighted with everything till I came where a big rock reposed. I was puzzled at the kind of stone and its appearance, and it seemed that I had seen it before but where? This milled in my mind and because I was so puzzled I looked here and there and saw a white man sitting at a table reading a book. I greeted him and he looked at me and asked if there was anything he could do for me. I said yes, perhaps he could tell me about this stone.

"Yes," he said, "that is a grind stone used by the Hawaiians in ancient times. On this stone adzes were sharpened and that is why it is hollowed and smooth at the top."

As I listened to the explanation of my good companion, my eyes were on the stone. Then I saw a printed label below and left him to go and read it. I was filled with amazement and stood there for several minutes. I was greatly awed at seeing this stone again after a space of fifty-five years.

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The label said that it came from Kilauea, Kauai and was sent here when George R. Ewart was head overseer of Kilauea plantation in 1897. Then I went back to my companion and told him the truth about this stone, its name and use. It was not a grindstone like the story he knew and when he heard my account, he began to write.

So, my friends who are fond of news, in order to clarify the puzzle in your minds concerning this stone, when perhaps you visit this house, and you are certain to see it, you will know the story I am telling you.

The name of this stone is Kanoa and <sup>it</sup> was used as an awa container by the chiefs of that period. That is why it had a hole at the top. The land between Kilauea and Pila~~a~~<sup>a</sup> was named for this stone, Kanoa, to this day. This stone was taken from this place by the head overseer, Geo. R. Ewart when he was manager of that plantation. The place became a Portuguese cemetery. A Catholic Church stands there to this day near the government road.

I first saw this stone fifty-five years ago, when the land was a wilderness. It stood under a hala tree, about a foot or more from the surface of the earth. The awa container was neatly made and by its side was the awa cup, a small one of stone made in the shape of an awa cup.

My grandparents told me that this Kanoa (awa container) belonged to the chiefs and where it stood was the site of a big house, a place where the chiefs amused themselves. The name of the owners of this awa container was told to me, Kamoku was the husband. There is a hill, standing in the center of a plain, that bears that name to this day. If a visitor goes to see that Catholic Church, that place is Kanoa. Look toward the upland, about two miles away is a hill like a volcanic cone, trees of all kinds grow all around

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it below and half way up, and the rest of it grown over with pilipiliula grass. Now, tall pine trees grow at the top because the <sup>former</sup> ~~dead~~ owner of this land, Mr. C. Bertleman, was taken and buried there some years ago.

The chiefess was Kahili and a land directly below this place bears her name. There is a wide river there in which all kinds of fish are found to this day. When the chiefs wanted amusement, the chiefess came up with poi and fish and Kamoku came down with the potent awa root of Kalua-a, bundles of cooked oopu fish, moki-hana leis from Kahilikolo, the dark-backed shrimps of Kaluaokalani, to the house where they and the people amused themselves. This is the whole story of this stone, the awa container of chiefs.

Perhaps if George R. Ewart knew about the other stone that is also at Kilauea, above Kalihiwai, perhaps he would have brought it to this house to be looked at. This stone rings with a bell-like tone when struck by a hammer or a stone. School children used to play with it.

I am grateful indeed for on the year on which this stone was sent here I was working on that plantation but I didn't know until I saw it again in this house.

So to the Editor and to the ~~w~~alder of the metal prints I give my regards.

Gratefully;

Chas. K. Nawailua.