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Hawaii: Rainbows of Kauai (1994)

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Part VI

RAINBOWS OF KAUAI—1994

PROLOGUE

The newest lands on earth are the volcanic islands that broke through the surface of the Pacific Ocean five and a half million years ago between the Asian and American land masses. The islands, 15,000 feet above the ocean floor, were barren for eons before life arrived, blown by winds and carried by birds. The first people were the most adventurous and easternmost Polynesian peoples who had originated from the islands of today's Indonesia and spread island to island to what are today the Marquesas and Society Islands. These people, at home on water as on land and possessing incredible navigation skills, first arrived in Hawaii around 750 years after the birth of Christ. They had journeyed 2,400 miles aboard 40-foot twin-hull canoes and brought with them fruit, vegetables, pigs, dogs and birds, and a religion with a thousand gods. Several centuries later their Polynesian cousins from Tahiti arrived. This society remained isolated and intact for 500 years until a British expedition headed by Captain James Cook happened upon the islands by accident in 1787. Cook was looking for a Northwest Passage through Asia to the Atlantic Ocean on behalf of the British Admiralty and his patron, Lord Sandwich. Cook was motivated by many things including a 20,000-pound reward for finding the Northwest Passage, which Cook could not know had never been part of the plan of Providence.

I was seated on the dining porch of the Sheraton Princeville Hotel overlooking Hanalei Bay on the northern coast of Kauai when, moments after a brief afternoon shower, a rainbow appeared arching over the coastal valley below. I had spent more than a week in Hawaii absorbing an intoxicating brew of natural beauty, family history and relaxation away from commercial chores. By this time, these showers in Princeville had become routine, the result of the unique combination of air and ocean currents, land, heat and light at this particular spot.

The emergence of that particular rainbow, however, was an epiphany. How many rainbows had been here before, I wondered? After all, not that many people had been to this unspeakably delightful place or seen the natural world cast such beauty in quite this way. Since before man came here such natural revelations of color had been for themselves alone. A rainbow after all is merely the physical consequence of moisture and light briefly revealing mysterious flickers of colors that, in a moment, are gone. But in such moments, I realized that day, the hand of Providence is revealed.

I. THE SETTING

Last year, Sun Oak received word that her cousin in Japan was getting commitments from the family in Japan and Korea for a gathering in Hawaii. The gathering would include Sun Oak's relations from three countries and take luck to pull off. This was a no-brainer for us. We'd be there, guaranteed, and use the United Airlines frequent flier miles I'd earned traveling for work to help pay the way.

Mariko, the spark plug behind this East-West gathering, was Sun Oak's first cousin, one of three daughters born to Sachiko, Yung Ja's sister in Osaka. About the same age as Sun Oak, Mariko was married to a Japanese and had three children. Sun Oak and Mariko had only met for the first time in Florida the previous winter when Mariko came on a three-day Disney World Holiday package to Orlando arranged by Japan Airlines for the sum of $700.

War, money and distance had first broken and then kept Sun Oak's family apart since the Korean War. Within weeks of the outbreak of war, both North and South had wanted Sun Oak's father, Chung Kuk Kim, dead. A police lieutenant in Soon Chun City, Chung Kuk had been labeled a suspected spy the South could not trust because Chung Kuk had not been sufficiently ruthless against Red sympathizers before the war. The South's authorities were wrong: Chung Kuk was no Red. Moreover, because he was a police officer trusted in the village, the invading North also wanted Chung Kuk and all municipal leaders dead to make sure any vestige of the South's authority was destroyed in Soon Chun City. This was war; no time for miscalculations or subtleties. In the next three years, hundreds of thousands would die in Korea for reasons like this. With a shoot-to-kill warrant on his head, Sun Oak's father disappeared in 1950, first into the hills near Soon Chun City, South Korea, and then to Japan, where he took a new name and vanished.

The armies of the war would roll, back and forth, through Soon Chun City three times. Sun Oak's mother, Yung Ja, at age 20, trapped in this surreal world of the dead and starving, left her two daughters and one stepdaughter in the care of her parents and went first to Pusan and then Seoul to work for Americans.

Ten years later, Yung Ja, a wizard at numbers and accounts, was the pur-

chasing agent for the American Officers Service Club in Seoul. She was in charge of outfitting, supplying and resupplying a network of restaurants maintained by the American military command. Yung Ja never stole a dime. But when her job required her to purchase goods (liquor, cigarettes, food, air conditioners, refrigerators, furniture, etc.) she would buy the same for her own account, pay for her goods through her position as purchasing agent, and then resell her goods for up to three times the money on the Korean black market.

In this way, Yung Ja, by now 30 years old, had become one of the most successful independent black marketers in Seoul, able to purchase a hilltop mansion in the capital with servants and drivers. She also bought a new home for her parents and children in Soon Chun City and supported some 25 family members and other random claimants who appeared at her back door begging that she save their lives. Yung Ja did this by carefully using and then replacing the $15,000 in greenbacks, a veritable fortune, she kept in cash secreted in a trunk in an upstairs bedroom.

In 1961, Yung Ja married an American and, promising to bring her daughters later, emigrated to Salem, Massachusetts. Yung Ja's older daughter, Sun Soon, ailing from a chronic ear infection, listened to fears the ailment would prevent her from making a journey she wasn't sure she wanted. In the grip of grief and shame, Sun Soon, at age 14, swallowed poison and killed herself. Pu Cha, the stepdaughter, would run away. Sun Oak, alone but protected by her grandparents, survived. Two years later, wearing a slip of paper containing flight information and the word Boston pinned to her coat, Sun Oak followed her mother to America. She became a U.S. citizen in Salem on November 22, 1963; made hauntingly memorable because it was the same day as Kennedy's assassination.

The rekindling of Sun Oak's family relationships across Korea, Japan and the States began four years ago when Yung Ja's brother, Jae Ea Lee, came from Soon Chun City to the States for a visit. Jae Ea stayed in our home in Northern Virginia for a week. This was the first time Sun Oak had seen Jae Ea since 1970 when she had returned to Korea just before we got married. Jae Ea, Yung Ja and Sachiko Lee were all been born in Kobe, Japan. Their parents had gone to earn a living in Kobe during Japan's occupation of Korea, when the imperial empire was creating a slave zone of hell called the Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere that would eventually be destroyed by American warriors. The Lee family had returned to Korea before the end of World War II.

While Yung Ja stayed in Korea after the outbreak of the Korean War, both Jae Ea and Sachiko return to Japan. Sachiko and her husband had Mariko and two other girls in Osaka. When Yung Ja moved to the States, she persuaded Jae Ea to return to Korea to take care of their parents and run family affairs in

Soon Chun. Yung Ja left Jae Ea her suitcase of cash.

Despite the money, there were years of hardship. Finally, Jae Ea began to prosper when he opened two retail electronic shops in Soon Chun and Yam Clun, the village 10 miles away. The economy of Korea was now booming. Jae Ea, a husband and father of four, became prosperous enough to send his children to college, own a new residence in Soon Chun and a condo in a Seoul high rise, and pay for travel abroad.

After Jae Ea returned to Korea from the States, Jae Ea invited Yung Ja to Korea. Three summers ago, Lee and Micah went with their grandmother on a three-week visit to Soon Chun and Seoul in Korea and to Kyoto in Japan where they saw all available cousins and relations. This was a joyous reunion and it was Mariko's view that more visits were the order of the day. Mariko flew to Yung Ja's in Florida and her visit with Sun Oak was such a delight for both, all were eager for more. So the rendezvous in Hawaii was on.

II. LIBRARY WORK

My avocation these past years has been to commune with ancestral ghosts and listen for any echoes that might linger in libraries, historical societies, on the pages of old letters and in the memories of family members willing to recall their people and past. In this pursuit, I have traveled in New England and the Midwest and to Ireland and Britain to collect quantities of obscure facts and tales of interest for the illumination of what turns out to be a discrete if small set of readers. Now with the bright prospect of a Hawaii visit blazing on the horizon, I summoned the memory that my ancestors Obadiah Mead and Isaac Knapp (my great-great-great (3g) and great-great grandfathers (2g), respectively) of Greenwich had for years carried on what I was told was a rich correspondence with cousins who were missionaries to Hawaii.

Last winter, to find these missionaries, I went first to the Daughters of the American Revolution library at Memorial Hall in Washington and found a volume called Descendants of New England Protestant Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands 1820-1900. This volume was privately printed in 1984 by Mrs. Robert G. Rigler, Hawaii State Regent NSDAR, and Mrs. Glenn R. Greenwood, Aloha Chapter Regent NSDAR, and had the imprimatur of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society Library. I leafed through the back of the book, and ran my finger down the list of names. Which ones might be relatives?

There on the passenger list of 17 couples in the Eighth Company were Mr. & Mrs. Horton Owen Knapp who sailed from Boston December 14, 1836, arriving in Honolulu April 9, 1837. On the passenger list of the Tenth Company were Dr. & Mrs. James Wilson & Melicent (Knapp) Smith, who sailed from Boston May 2, 1842, and arrived in Honolulu on September 21, 1842.

I browsed through more volumes of Hawaiian history and the Sandwich Island missionaries and learned that the maiden name of Mrs. Horton Knapp was Charlotte Close of Greenwich. She was called the widow of Horton Knapp and the second wife of Rev. Daniel Dole, who had arrived with the Ninth Company of missionaries, which sailed from Boston November 14, 1840, and arrived in Honolulu May 21, 1841.

Knapp and Close! Eureka! The middle name of both my mother and grandmother is Close. Knapp was the maiden name of my great-grandmother, Theodosia Caroline Knapp. The Knapp and Close families of Greenwich and Stamford were descended from Nicholas Knapp and John Close, who were among the earliest 17th century settlers of Connecticut. Both were with the Puritans who fled England in the 1640s, migrating first to Boston and within a short time to southwestern Connecticut. Together with the descendants of settlers named Mead, Ferris, and Husted, the descendants of John Close and Nicholas Knapp had intermarried over the generations. It didn't take my fictional investigator F. X. Quill of Queens to figure out that any correspondence from Obadiah Mead and Isaac Knapp to their missionary cousins in Hawaii was directed at the individuals named Horton Owen Knapp, Melicent (Knapp) Smith, and Charlotte (Close) Knapp from Greenwich. My 3g and 2g grandfathers would be cousins with these Hawaiian missionaries many times over.

When I first was able to parse out the interlocking relations of these original Yankee families from Stamford and Greenwich, I was relieved that my great-grandmother, Theodosia Caroline Knapp, had married Henry Elliot Savage, who resided, as had most of his ancestors, near Middletown, a day's ride away. By their union Theodosia and Henry had thickened up the blood a bit for my grandfather, Willis Isaac Savage. He was a wonderful quiet man, a farmer like his parents and grandparents before. He would marry a daughter of Scots-Irish immigrants and their daughter, Mary Close Savage, my mother, would marry a son of Irish Catholics. I believe Willis Isaac Savage's Yankee legacy has insisted on honesty in the Druid's spirit I inherited from my Celtic ancestors.

I did more research and learned that Charlotte (Close) Knapp's husband, Horton, died in 1845. A year later she married the widower Rev. Daniel Dole, whose wife, Emily Ballard, had died giving birth to her second son, Sanford Ballard Dole. Rev. Daniel Dole, now widowed and the father of two young boys, wed the widow Charlotte (Close) Knapp. Sanford Ballard Dole, the young boy Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole raised, would go onto become the first president of the Republic of Hawaii, and later governor of the territory when the U.S. annexed the islands. This Dole was also the uncle, I learned, of James Dole, who brought a succulent South American version of the pineapple to Hawaii and turned the family's name into a household word.

When I told this to Dr. Charles W. Savage, my mother's brother, my uncle said: "Looks like the family missed out on the money again."

III. THE FLIGHT

Sun Oak, Lee, Micah and I were as eager as we could be when the vacation to Hawaii began July 19. By that time, both Lee and Micah had spent two summer vacation months working at Northern Virginia corporations: Micah as a night-shift computer operator at Mobil, and Lee as a 9-to-5er at Unisys and Sprint. Lee also had taken evening prep classes for med school exams. Coco, our aging dog, was in the kennel.

Our vacation time had been driven by our companions. Japan's strict vacation schedule locked Mariko into a 10-day block in late July. East Asians' travel taste for Honolulu and travel-volume-driven pricing dictated Mariko's decision to commit vacation time to Waikiki Beach in Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. For our part, library work told me my targets would be Honolulu's museums and libraries on Oahu and the island northwest of Oahu named Kauai. Both Melicent (Knapp) Smith and Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole had died in the town of Koloa, on Kauai. We knew Maui was the most popular island with mainlanders, so we wanted to go there, too.

We had blocked out three weeks, aiming first at Honolulu, then Kauai and finally Maui. We made reservations months before. Just days before our departure, however, we learned Mariko, her husband and children and her sister, Tamiko, and her three children could not make it. Mariko, who had been in marketing promotions for Fuji Film, had lost her job. The recent Japanese recession, the one the international press touted as evidence of the breakup of Japan Inc., had hit Fuji. Mariko and Sun Oak were disappointed. But there was nothing that could be done; we pressed on. The Korea contingent was still committed to the gathering. Perhaps we could visit the Japan-based cousins later.

Sun Oak and I were as ready as we could be. The flights were two 4.5-hour legs, Dulles to L.A.; L.A. to Honolulu. The 747 took off at 9 a.m. Tuesday and we would land in Honolulu six time zones later at 2:45 p.m. Tuesday. My seatmate on both legs was Micah, who slept most of the way listening to his CD player play the music of Smashing Pumpkins, Soundgarden, Stone Temple Pilots, Spin Doctors and others.

In preparation for the mid-Pacific rendezvous, I had done homework: reading the Encyclopedia Britannica, Hawaii guide books published by Fodor of New York and by MPH & Sun Tree publishing companies of Singapore, and, of course, James Michener's 1959 novel *Hawaii*, a volume I later learned had caused great anguish within an island community Michener had no intention of harming.

I finally finished Michener's book shortly after our flight took off from

Los Angeles. Perhaps the air was too thin on the flight, but after I had finished the book, I thought about Michener's work and wondered by what joss it was that I had named my son, Micah, now asleep next to me, the same first name as Micah Hale, the fictional name Michener gave the real life Sanford Ballard Dole.

Whatever had inspired Michener in his storytelling, the name Micah had captured me before his birth for a variety of reasons: Old Testament names were common among my Yankee ancestors (Obadiah, Isaac, Isaiah, Abijah, Elisha, Seth, and Selah being among those used), the sheriff in one of my favorite TV westerns, The Rifleman, was named Micah, I liked the sound of the name, and because of the truth of the prophet's question asked in the Old Testament Book of Micah Ch 6 v 8:

> *He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with they God?*

IV. SMALL WORLD

The sight of Oahu as we made our approach had been breathtaking. After so long over water, the islands below seemed like an oasis. But don't get mushy. Honolulu is a big city. We could easily be between San Diego and L.A. now, with the multi-lane highway and interstate exchanges leading to town, high rise condos downtown, the warehouse districts, port and loading docks and assorted industrial hardware and modern earthworks that instantly translated into Modern America. Honolulu ranks as the 11th largest U.S. metro area. But upon alighting from the airplane I could smell and feel the difference. The warm breeze circulated around us like a warm embrace.

We gathered our bags and made our way to the cab stand, where we piled into a blue four-door Dodge sedan and told the driver to take us to the Sheraton Princess Kaiulani in Waikiki Beach.

"First time here?" the cabby asked.

I had my knees right up against his hack license. Dinh Quang, it read. Vietnamese.

"First time," I said. "We're coming from the Washington area. Northern Virginia."

"Ahh," the cabby said. "Seven Corners."

See how small the world has become? Seven Corners is the Northern Virginia locale where Henry Elliott Savage and Company G of the 16th Connecticutt Volunteers assembled with the 9th Army in September 1862 just before marching to Antietam Creek. Dinh Quang, born 40 years ago in Saigon, came to the U.S. a decade ago after spending seven years in a Red Vietnamese gulag. Quang had been in the South Vietnamese Army at the end of the war and needed "reeducation." I told him the world is changing

fast; that I'd just been in Hanoi.

He turned his face to me and smiled. "Never made it up there."

He said he didn't want to go back, either, like many Vietnamese who fled the Reds, whose hold over that country is now more benign. Quang said his life was in the States now. Quang had lived at Seven Corners near Falls Church, Virginia, some 10 miles from our house. He'd also lived in San Diego and been in Honolulu for the past year and a half. His two brothers still live in Northern Virginia; both are computer science teachers at George Mason University in Fairfax.

"I'm the vagabond," he was explaining, as he easily negotiated the cab through highway traffic leading to downtown Honolulu. He pointed out all the sights, the Korean restaurants, explained about high prices housing and tourists and rainy weather and sunlight. I asked him how he liked Hawaii.

"Okay, I guess," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "A little boring."

A half-hour after we checked into the hotel Sun Oak's mother called. Her brother, Jae Ea, and his two sons weren't coming. War jitters on the Korean Peninsula the past few months had crippled the economy. Jae Ea had to close one of his stores, and remain to tend the other one. Nobody was buying new electronic equipment; and the only healthy line of business was repairs which required he be there. He had also co-signed a note for a family ne'er-do-well who had now skipped out on the loan. Jae Ea was forced to work doubly hard to get cash to pay off this deadbeat's debt.

Jae Ea's other concerns were his two sons, both between high school and college, who were on active duty in the Republic of Korea (ROK) Army. Though President Carter's recent visit to see North Korea's Kim Il Sung had defused the immediate drive toward war over the North's playing peek-a-boo with nukes, Kim's death days later had everybody nervous. Heir apparent Kim Jung Il was an odd duck nobody knew. His biggest problem was his stepmother, his father's second wife. She had her own son she seemed to think ought to have the top job. U.S. intelligence was working overtime to divine this court intrigue, which had such potentially deadly consequences.

We ached about the circumstances faced by Jae Ea and his sons. Worrying about the nuke developments on the Korean Peninsula the past few months had created images too horrible to contemplate. We kept keen eyes on the news developments and during my reading of Hawaiian history I began to get a sense of deja vu. Reading how the Hawaiian royals had transferred power when a king died seemed pretty similar to the pattern evidenced today in North Korea. I took solace in the notion that the forces of history usually grinds gangsters to dust. The trick is to keep them from

grinding you to dust at the same time. As the Hawaiian royals learned, the guys with the guns usually win.

When the Hawaiian gathering was first planned, there was the potential of having seven from Japan and six from Korea. In the end, the cousins who showed were three: Jae Ea's two daughters, Sun Hwa Lee, 24, and Sun Kyung Lee, 26, and Sun Kyung's new husband, Wan Soo Lim, 30. Though Sun Oak's first cousins, both girls were closer in age and generation to Lee and Micah. The four of them, plus then-fiance Wan Soo, had met two years before when Lee and Micah went to Korea. Having these cousins here now was the essential ingredient in this gathering. Not only did they speak some English, though Lee now spoke a bit of Korean, owing to her year of language study at Penn, both Lee and Micah had developed a genuinely close relationship with them.

Wan Soo, who at that time spoke the best English, was the chauffeur while Lee and Micah traveled throughout Korea and in the Kobe area of Japan, and expedited everything. Sun Hwa and Lee walked everywhere arm in arm and became close. Sun Kyung, as the engaged older sister, took responsibility and graciously presided over it all. These three were just terrific to Lee and Micah. There was never a moment's hesitation that Lee and Micah were family and thus due all respect, support, deference and kindness. But it was more than family duty. They genuinely had affection for each other.

Having them here now in Hawaii was worth everything. They had checked into the Sheraton Princess Kaiulani the previous day, having arrived on a Korean Air six-day package tour, and were already a day ahead on preplanned Oahu excursions. We got together that night in one of the hotel rooms. At first the logistics of language required Yung Ja to translate English and Korean. But in time, Sun Oak's Korean came back, and Lee pitched in too.

It helped that Sun Kyung, Sun Hwa and Wan Soo all had taken years of English in school. These three were an impressive lot. Both girls were college graduates; Sun Kyung had her graduate degree in pharmacology and Sun Hwa was on her way in the fall to graduate school in nutrition. They could read English well and understood it if you spoke slowly. Wan Soo had a greater edge. He was a medical doctor, a brain surgeon of all things, and had studied in English because that is what the textbooks were written in.

The two girls looked like twins, both with black hair, slight frames and lovely complexions. Wan Soo still had a young man's willing look. Though as a physician he was confident enough to open a human skull and work with living brain tissue, he was as youthful and deferential in his demeanor as Micah.

Over the next few days, we ate meals, shopped and took a drive in a van

around Oahu together. Our conversations centered on each other and enjoying our time together. Tears were shed over the death of the girls' mother three years before, the difficulties Jae Ea had in meeting the requests for assistance from relations seeking help, and in living alone while his sons were in uniform and daughters away at school. They feared for their brothers, and like anyone with relations in the service they were eager that political disputes get resolved. Jae Ea and his wife had done their job as parents well. The affection between them was obvious and uncomplicated. The three of them were a delight to be with and patient as we all struggled through the limits of our uneven language skills to express the family feelings we shared.

At one point, I was seated on the floor of one of the hotel rooms as others in the room talked about the events of the day. The room was on a corner on the fourth floor and we had opened both sets of double doors on the corner walls so the strong evening breeze could easily flow through the room. Below were the sounds of a band played pop music with Hawaiian overtones. Showgirls dressed in grass skirts and headdresses entertained patrons of the hotel's open-air club. The brisk warm trade winds were bending the bows of the palm trees outside the window and snapped the red, white and blue of Hawaii's state flag.

V. CITY TOUR

The day after we arrived, the Korean cousins and Yung Ja and her husband, Ed Murdock, both had tourist chores from pre-paid packages. So we followed the guidebooks and gave ourselves the Honolulu tour conducted by an outfit called Waikiki Trolley. It was a long day. We left the Royal Hawaiian on this open air bus and made our way along the Ala Wai Canal and past the tourist traps, such as the jewelry makers, the Dole Cannery Square and Hilo Hattie's shirt factory, through Chinatown, the downtown business district on Bishop Street past the famed trading houses, Castle & Cooke, and Alexander & Baldwin, and a high rise building named Pacific Tower, owned by an oil and gas company I had heard was named Pacific Resources.

This wasn't postcard Hawaii; this was the City of Honolulu. We got the warehouse district and municipal bus depot with the rusted chain link fence. We got the container port, and the exhaust of the city traffic. Chinatown wasn't safe at night. The neighborhood where the Tongans and Samoans lived was the roughest part of town and their neighborhood high school could have been a set used by the TV cop show NYPD Blue. Speaking of TV cop shows, we drove past the condo tower where actor Jack "Book 'em Dan-O" Lord looked out at the beginning of Hawaii 5-0. By the way, why were Alaska the 49th and Hawaii the 50th states? Because Jack Lord couldn't very well be in a show called Hawaii 4-9.

I paid particular attention to a few of the landmark buildings and venues,

such as Chinatown, the Bishop Museum, the Mission Houses Museum, Aliiolani Hale (where the government offices are located) and the Iolani Palace. Chinatown today is more a section of lunch hour restaurants on a tourist map than a reality. Much of Chinatown is being renovated today; the famed Wo Fat Restaurant is being torn down. The area of downtown Honolulu bounded by North Hotel, Mauna Kea and River Streets along the Nuuanu Stream near the harbor became a defined Chinese district about the middle of the 19th century. It was home to whalers, sailors, vagrants and Chinese brought to the islands as $6 a month laborers for the sugar and pineapple plantations. It also was the red light district and home to gambling parlors and opium dens.

It was fixed in Hawaiian history January 20, 1900, when the Department of Heath tried to destroy an outbreak of bubonic plague by burning down three buildings in Chinatown. Disease-bearing rats had escaped from ships, and health officials wanted to burn the homes of those first infected to kill the germs and rats. It didn't work. The fire spread out of control and burned for six days, destroying 12 square blocks. No one was killed and the plague continued anyway. Today Hawaiians of Chinese descent are among the most prosperous in the state. Chinatown is still unsafe at night.

We got out at the Bishop Museum, more formally the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, which is the state museum of natural and cultural history founded in 1889 by Charles Reed Bishop, the banker and investor, in memory of his wife, Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who was the last descendant of the royal line of King Kamehameha I. This magnificent brown stone structure was home to a beautifully curated series of artifacts, art, photos, objects and displays dealing with Polynesia, the physical natural and social growth on the Islands as well as its immigration history.

We were there in time to see a live performance of hula, without any Las Vegas overtones. The dancers wore traditional leaves, i.e., grass, shirts, headdresses and performed the storytelling dance to a narration and songs sung by a pleasant Hawaiian couple playing a ukulele and bass fiddle. We could have been in church. The narrator explained that the dancers wore a full body covering, though pink and loosely fitted, in a manner that would illustrate the views encouraged by the missionaries who wanted to tone down the obviously romantic nature of these dances. At one time the dances were openly discouraged because of the missionaries' views, but Kamehameha III, the so-called Merry King, brought them back.

The Bishop Museum showed how Hawaii was a blend of everything from the start. The museum was arranged with display booths on three levels around the edges of the large open room. The collection had been put together by Bishop's Hawaiian wife, and contained a rich variety of family heirlooms and Hawaiian artifacts. On the top floor there were also native dress-

es, photographs and artifacts representing the variety of immigrant groups brought to Hawaii. These include the Yankees, the Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Portuguese from the Azores, Germans, Norwegians, Puerto Rican, and Koreans. We of course lingered over the Korean displays. Today there are 15,000 of Korean ancestry in Hawaii, and the guidebooks say they are among the state's most prosperous. Their cultural influence has spread beyond their numbers because as a group Koreans tend to intermarry more than others. No argument there, I figured.

More than a week later in Kauai, Sun Oak ordered a dish of Japanese scallops. She was told the dish was quite good, that the chef himself was Japanese and prepared the dish Japanese-style. When the serving arrived, Sun Oak saw the hot Korean cabbage, kim chee, atop the fish. She was delighted, but this had to be wrong. Sun Oak called the waitress over, and she said, yes, this was the Japanese dish. How does a Japanese dish get Korean kim chee on it, I asked. To a Japanese or mainlander, you'd find kim chee on a Japanese dish, when you found mustard on caviar. Oh, she said, the chef puts kim chee on everything.

In the area showcasing the Korean immigrants, there was a photo of elementary school age children (Korean Children in Oahu School, 1902). There were three rows of children wearing western style dresses, shirts and pants. They stood in an open field, with a white clapboard building nearby and the ocean in the background. Seated in the front was a little girl whose expression, I swear, appeared identical to one I had seen stare at me from several of Sun Oak's old school photos.

We went to Aliiolani Hale on King Street, with the statue of Kamehameha I out front. This municipal building was originally built in 1874 as a royal palace for King Kamehameha V but only used as a banquet hall for parties never a residence. It once housed the state legislature and supreme court, and now is the home of the state judiciary. The building wasn't to the liking of Kamehameha V, so the nearby Iolani Palace was constructed in 1882 under the commission of King Kaladaua who had liked British royal residences he saw on his European Grand Tour. The Iolani Palace was the Hawaiian royal residence for 11 years until Kalahaua's sister, Queen Iiliuokalani, was deposed by a Hawaiian Committee of Safety led by the kingdom's business leaders in 1893 and Honolulu lawyer Sanford Ballard Dole, Charlotte Close's stepson, was proclaimed president of the Republic of Hawaii.

Oh, dear. Time to back up a bit. Before I get to what happened at the Mission Houses Museum, I should put some of this in context.

VI. CAPTAIN COOK

When Captain James Cook, an austere British explorer who had twice before sailed the Pacific, departed the Thames River in July 1776 in command of two

vessels, Resolution and Discovery, he was under orders from Lord Sandwich of the British Admiralty to find the Northwest Passage that was said to link the Atlantic with the Pacific. The British at that time were trying to expand into the Pacific while holding down a rebellion in the Atlantic. On the way out, Cook passed a fleet loaded with reinforcements, supplies and other goods Redcoats needed to fight the American Revolution.

By December 1777, Cook had traveled around the southern tip of Africa, passed south of Tasmania, on to New Zealand and eventually Tahiti. He was northbound and found an unexpected atoll shortly before Christmas he named Christmas Island, where his ships spent several days fishing for food, taking in a catch that included 300 turtles. Not expecting to see land again until North America, Cook's ships on January 18 saw land to the northeast, and by the following day were upon the southeast coast of the island that we know today is Kauai. Cook named the whole island group the Sandwich Islands, after his patron.

What we now called Hawaii, in fact, is nine main islands with several lesser islands, stretching over 750 miles from the island of Hawaii at the east, to Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu and to Kauai and Niihau. At the point of Cook's arrival, these Polynesian peoples were of one society and culture but of multiple political groups, many deadly enemies within the island populations and between islands.

Within hours of Cook's arrival, natives paddled canoes to Cook's ships, where they tried to help themselves to anything made of metal. Their language was similar to Tahitian. Cook sent an armed party ashore, where it promptly got into a scrap and killed a Kauaian. Despite this beginning, the Hawaiians were predisposed to honor Cook's expedition because the kahunas who first saw the ships advised their people that these tall-masted ships were floating islands with trees that could only be manifested through the god Lono.

Cook selected Waimea Bay on Kauai's southern coast as the point of embarkation. There were 14 attempts to go ashore, but currents and surf prohibited the crew from landing more than three times. Cook went to neighboring Niihau island, where his landing party failed to find clean water but did obtain yams and salt. Overriding all other problems with this first encounter, however, was sexual relations. The willing natives and eager sailors did what men and women always do. But the eventual health effects of their indiscriminate intercourse would be devastating, as it always is. Tahiti had already become infected with venereal diseases from the crew of a British discovery ship a decade before. The disease had not only spread through Tahiti with deadly results, but it also had come back to infect subsequent crews who contracted even more virulent strains of the diseases. The pay book of Cook's Resolution, for example, showed that 66 of the 112 crewmen were infected. Despite warnings, Cook's men went ashore in Hawaii and circumvented the

ban on sexual intercourse. As Cook noted in his log: "the very thing happened that I had above all others wished to prevent."

Cook's ship left the Sandwich Islands February 2, heading north to find the Northwest Passage to the Atlantic. The venture failed, of course, and Cook's two vessels returned to the Sandwich Islands, arriving at Kealakekua Bay on the Big Island of Hawaii January 17, 1779. The two ships stayed a month, trading and exchange of supplies and multiple relations. After a few weeks, Cook sailed north to go to Kauai, but a storm forced his return to the Big Island for repairs.

This time, however, Cook's reception was not good. The chiefs were tired of the British and had placed Big Island's Kealakekua Bay under kapu. There was no way to explain this properly. The Hawaiians and British bickered. A group of Hawaiians stole a launch from the Discovery. Cook went ashore with nine marines to take a hostage to exchange for the launch. A confrontation occurred and, within moments, Cook and four marines were dead. The Hawaiians were suddenly mortified: they had killed the British captain who only moments before they considered a messenger of God. They feared over their fate. The British were stunned; one the empire's most eminent commanders was now murdered in the middle of nowhere, and for what? After burying Cook in Kealakekua Bay, the ships, now under the command of Charles Clerke, went to Waimea in Kauai to recover.

At Waimea, Clerke made amends with the local chiefs and learned about the complex nature of island political affairs, departing with relations on a more even keel. Clerke went to Kamchatka, and anchored his battered ships in the harbor of Petropavlovsk and became friendly with the governor, Major Behm. Clerke learned the Russian governor was going to St. Petersburg, and decided to send Captain Cook's journal and a report on the voyage with the Russian minister for delivery to the British ambassador there.

This risky method of communication worked but served to notify the Russians of the existence of the Sandwich Islands and prompted Russian expeditions there.

Though the Northwest Passage was never found, sea otters were. Their skins were so highly valued by Chinese traders at Macao, the prospect of the otter skin trade stimulated new British merchant vessels. The future of the Sandwich Islands as a way station for international merchant trade was ensured. Over the next few years, a variety of British expeditions went to the Sandwich Islands, followed by American, Russian and French fur traders and New England whalers.

For Americans in these early days, the most important commercial discovery was sandalwood, which had first been taken aboard for firewood. When the ships reached Canton, Yankee traders learned the Chinese used sandalwood to make boxes, chests and ornaments, as an ingredient in perfume,

cosmetics and medicinal preparations, and burned it on religious and ceremonial occasions.

The Chinese had wanted only a few things from the west: furs and Spanish gold pieces; now they wanted sandalwood. For American merchant-traders trying to open new markets and recover from losses suffered during the American Revolution, this new sandalwood trade was a tremendous opportunity. By the early 19th century, the sandalwood trade was the economic engine propelling Yankees to the Sandwich Islands.

VII. OBOOKIAH'S MISSION

Opukahaia was born in 1792 in Ha'u in the southern part of the island of Hawaii. At age 10, his family, fleeing enemy warriors, sought refuge on Mauna Loa but were captured and killed. Opukahaia grabbed his younger brother and fled on foot with the boy across his back. An enemy threw a spear and killed the boy. Opukahaia was captured. An uncle finally arranged for Opukahaia's release and he began training to become a kahuna at Kealakekua Bay.

In 1808, an American trading ship, Triumph, under the command of Captain Caleb Brintnall of New Haven, sailed to Kealakekua Bay. Like many curious natives, Opukahaia swam out to the ship. Captain Brintnall hired the 16-year-old as a cabin boy. Opukahaia later said Captain Brintnall "was very agreeable, and his kindness much delighted my heart as if I was his own son."

Renamed Harry Obookiah, the would-be kahuna went with the Triumph on its trading voyage to Canton, China, to the Seal Islands in North America's Pacific Northwest in the seal skin, tea, cinnamon and silk trade and eventually to New York and New Haven. There a Yale student, Edwin D. Dwight, befriended Obookiah. Though perhaps apocryphal, it is told that Dwight found Obookiah on the steps of Yale Chapel weeping because his people were lost in ignorance. Whatever the truth of that tale, Edwin's father, Timothy Dwight, president of Yale, took the Hawaiian teenager into the Dwight home and taught him to read and write.

At the Dwight home, Obookiah met Samuel J. Mills Jr., a graduate of Williams College, who had earlier pledged with four other Williams graduates to form a secret society, The Brethren, dedicated to missionary work. Mills invited Obookiah to live with his family to study and do farm work in Torringford in 1810. Meanwhile, at Andover Theological Seminary, Mills sought the support of the Congregational Church's governing body for The Brethren's mission. In response the church leaders established the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM), adopting the model used in Britain by the London Missionary Society, which had been established in the late 1700s to establish missions in the South Pacific.

In 1811, Obookiah joined Mills at Andover where students instructed him. The following year, Obookiah lived with the family of a deacon of the church at Hollis, New Hampshire, nearby. In the summer of 1814, Obookiah went to live with the minister of Goshen, Connecticut, where he studied geography and mathematics. The following year, on April 9, 1815, Obookiah was admitted to the Mills family church at Torringford, the first Hawaiian Christian. Now under the direction of the ABCFM, Obookiah returned to Goshen to prepare himself as a missionary for his "poor countrymen without knowledge of the true God." Obookiah felt afflicted "for the loss of their souls" and prayed to the Lord "to pluck them from the everlasting burning. May the Lord Jesus dwell in my heart and prepare me to go and spend the remaining part of my life with them."

Obookiah wrote his life story that fall and in the spring of 1816, the ABCFM sent him on a preaching and fund-raising tour for the planned Mission School, which Mills had argued was needed to train foreign boys as missionaries to their homelands.

Obookiah's frequent public talks in village congregations had a profound effect throughout New England. The post-Revolutionary War generation of Americans were citizens of a new Republic facing a multitude of uncertainties in a world in which Britain still felt able to wage war against them. Thoughtful Americans were struggling to establish economic property in markets yet unseen and find their place in the world. To have an articulate young man from a distant land emerge to preach about the need for salvation among his people sparked the imagination of the pious New Englanders.

The Mission School was established in Cornwall, Connecticut, in May 1817 and provided training for Obookiah, six other Hawaiian boys, two Anglo-Americans, and a Bengali, a Hindu, and an Indian. Among the Hawaiians were Thomas Hopu, William Kanui and John Honolii, as well as George Kaumualii, Prince of Kauai, and son of Kauai's King Kaumualii. Though all were considered dedicated and worthy, it was Obookiah and his skill, eagerness and intelligence that captured the imagination of his patrons. Many earnest New Englanders believed in Obookiah's presence the hand of God was at work. Then Obookiah contracted typhus fever and died on February 17, 1818. He was 26 years of age.

Later that year, Edwin Dwight published a narrative of his friend's life. Memoirs of Henry Obookiah proved so popular it was reprinted the following year. For his part, Samuel Mills continued to promote missionary work, persuading the Presbyterians to form the United Foreign Missionary Society, which later merged with the ABCFM. His advice was also instrumental in forming the American Bible Society, and the American Colonization Society to help freed slaves return to Africa, an endeavor that led to the founding of Liberia. Mills would die at age 31 on a return voyage

from West Africa where he had ventured to find a suitable place of refuge for freed slaves.

The ABCFM, headquartered in Boston, began to organize the first mission to Hawaii. Recruits were solicited from among the young, religious Congregationalists eager for adventure and devoted to the word of God. Most were in their 20s and full of zeal. Some were scholars or teachers, others tradesmen. All proved able to handle a variety of tasks. The first mission group included ministers, doctors, carpenters, printers, a farmer and a bookbinder. The ABCFM decided that none should be unmarried, so most of the young Christians were married just a few weeks before they left Boston on the journey of their lives.

The ABCFM paid Captain Blanchard of the 85-foot-long, 24-foot-wide, 13-foot-deep brig Thaddeus $2,500 to take the seven missionary couples and five children to Hawaii. This Pioneer Company left Boston October 23, 1819, and faced a journey south toward the tip of the Americas around Cape of Good Hope and west to the Pacific before arrival in Hawaii 164 days later.

From the first voyage in 1819 to the 12th and final voyage in 1848, a total of 169 people were part of the ABCFM's effort. Independents arrived from time to time, as early as 1822 and as late as 1894. However, the sanctioned ABCFM missionary effort was relatively short-lived. In 1845, the ABCFM began withdrawing support from the missionaries in Hawaii and formally suspended its financial support in 1863.

Over these years, some would spend their entire lives in missionary service; others left the Church to serve the Hawaiian royal family in government service; others returned home; and some resigned and worked in trade. For the most part, the missionaries formed a mutually supportive community of Americans dedicated to high purpose and righteousness. They would have resisted the notion they were America's 19th century version of crusaders as well. But without them the Hawaiian Islands would never have become part of the United States.

As they were put aboard the Thaddeus in 1819, members of the Pioneer Company were instructed by the American Board's Prudential Committee:

> *Your views are not to be limited to a low, narrow scale, but you are to open your hearts wide and set your marks high. You are to aim at nothing short of covering these islands with fruitful fields, and pleasant dwellings and schools and churches, and of raising up the whole people to an elevated state of Christian civilization. You are to obtain an adequate knowledge of the language of the people; to make them acquainted with letters; to give them the Bible, with skill to read it; …to introduce and get into extended operation and influence among them, the arts and institutions and usages of civilized life and society; and your are to abstain from all interference with local and political interests of the people and to inculcate*

the duties of justice, moderation, forbearance, truth and universal kindness. Do all in your power to make men of every class, good wise and happy.

VIII. MISSION HOUSES

We got off the Waikiki Trolley at the corner of King and Punchbowl Streets where we found the Kawaiahoa Church, a large structure shaped like the white clapboard Congregational churches surrounding so many town greens in New England, only this building was made with a sturdy gray coral stone. The church was situated on a plot of several acres in the neighborhood of the Aliiolani Hale and other municipal landmarks. This was prime turf, surrounded by a six-foot coral stone wall. Behind the church was an old rectory, a utility building. A cemetery was nearby.

We were aiming at the Mission Houses Museum, but first wandered into the churchyard, where we found on the drive several white stretch limos. Well-dressed men who had the appearance of ushers stood at the top of the entry stairs. We heard organ music and saw several well-equipped photographers standing by the fence out front. Sure enough, we had come upon a wedding, so we beat a retreat and learned later that Kawaiahoa Church, founded in 1820 and the first missionary church in Hawaii, is a favored locate for Japanese who come to Hawaii to get married and honeymoon. Some young Japanese favor Hawaii, it seems, as a venue combining the lures of Niagara Falls, Vegas and Disney World.

We went around the church and down King two blocks where three clapboard houses of a familiar New England style shaded by large trees proclaimed by a small dignified sign they were the Missions Houses Museum. We figured out the logistics of tour times and exhibits, paid the fee of $5 a head, and gathered inside the Mission House itself for the tour. A friendly Yankee-type docent about 60 years old greeted us. I struck up a conversation. My specific purpose was to find out more about Horton Owen Knapp, his sister Melicent Knapp, their cousin Charlotte Close and their families and how they fared in Hawaii.

"You mean you are related to missionaries?"

"Well, I guess, in a way, that's right," I said, though I quickly explained this was a tie of some considerable distance, owing to the fact the three missionaries in question were cousins to one of my great-great-grandfathers. One thing I've learned in genealogical work is that after a few generations, blood ties get thin. Nonetheless, the connection was there. I explained about the Knapp and Close families in Greenwich.

"This is wonderful," she said, clapping her hands. She made a phone call to an official from the Missionary Children Society, who was on the grounds; he agreed to come right over. Lee and Micah witnessed the docent's welcom-

ing reaction with wide-eyed surprise; hey, maybe Dad's not such a nut after all.

"Daddy," Lee said, "You mean some of our family are Hawaiians?"

In a manner of speaking, I said, I guess they were. Lee found this idea perfect. Lee had fallen in love with Hawaii, as had we all, of course, although in her case there was an added dimension. "They all look like me," she said a few hours after we landed. Lee and Micah didn't make too much of this racial connection. Their sense of identity is well grounded in areas beyond race. But the racial composition of the community on Oahu was different from their home turf, the demographic region called the Northeastern Urban Corridor. In fact, guys of my racial composition are the minority "haole" (pronounced—howlee); a term for pale skinned mainlanders stating a fact or implying derision, depending on tone and use.

The docent took me to a wooden table and leaned over an open volume entitled Missionary Album, Sesquicentennial Edition, 1820–1970, published and enlarged from the 1937 edition in 1969 by the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, Honolulu. What a find! Leafing through it we found descriptions and brief biographies of all the missionaries, including Rev. Daniel & Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole on pages 84–85, Horton Owen & Charlotte (Close) Knapp on page 133, and Dr. James Wilson & Melicent (Knapp) Smith on pages 176–177.

The docent and later the guy from the Missionary Children's Society listened to my renditions of the Connecticut founders and the Close and Knapp family trees. As family historians themselves they requested more background, which I promised to send when I got back to the mainland.

While I went through all this, Lee and Micah went to the bookstore and picked up the commemorative volume, plus The Hawaii Journals of the New England Missionaries 1813–1894, edited by Robert Benedetto, a Guide to the Holdings of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society Library, published 1982 by HMCS, Honolulu. For the rest of my stay in Hawaii I pored through these volumes, as well as all the maps, tourist magazines and brochures I could find. At the Bishop Museum and later at the Kauai Museum in Lihue, I purchased volumes entitled Hawaii's Missionary Saga—Sacrifice & Godliness in Paradise, by LaRue W. Piercy, published 1992 Mutual Publishing, Honolulu; Kauai—The Separate Kingdom, by Edward Joesting, published 1984, the University of Hawaii & the Kauai Museum Association, Ltd.; and The Kauai Papers, 1991 Kauai Historical Society, Lihue, Kauai. Much of what I absorbed and put down here comes from following my nose in Hawaii while mining these mother lodes of lore.

IX. THADDEUS

The society that greeted the Yankee missionaries aboard Captain Blanchard's Thaddeus was very different from the Hawaiian community found 40 years

before by the British sailors aboard Captain Cook's Resolution and Discovery.

For one thing, cholera, measles, plague and venereal disease had reduced the island population from 300,000 to 75,000 people. And, by the time the missionaries arrived, British weapons had helped Kamehameha I unify the largest islands into one political entity, a contribution still noted by the Union Jack's presence on the upper left quadrant of the Hawaiian state flag. Since pre-history each of the islands had separate rulers. By 1795, however, King Kamehameha I flew a Union Jack in front of his residence in appreciation for British support and friendship. Using British weapons Kamehameha's warriors had put down his foes and he declared himself undisputed ruler of Oahu, Maui, Lanai, Hawaii, Molokai and the other islands. When Kamehameha I died in 1819, only the island of Kauai remained a separate kingdom; its regent, Kaumualii, had avoided outright conquest by the whims of weather fouling two invasions and also by paying annual tribute to Kamehameha's court.

When the Thaddeus reached Kailua on the Big Island on April 4, 1820, the missionaries presented themselves to King Liholiho, the son of the late Kamehameha I, and informed the Hawaiian regent of their purpose. King Liholiho was cool, perhaps listening to an English advisor who warned that Britain might frown on such Americans here. However, Queen Kaahumanu, one of Kamehameha I's widows, also greeted the missionaries and was a more cunning ruler. Already vying to increase her own authority within the Hawaiian court, the king's widow had advocated abolishing the kapu system, which limited women's participation in Hawaiian society. She now welcomed the opportunity to learn from the religious Americans. She also enjoyed her first company with the women aboard and insisted, for instance, that they sew her a dress like the ones they were wearing, which is the origin of today's muumuu.

Four days after their arrival, Liholiho agreed to let the American missionaries stay for a one-year trial. Two couples were allowed to stay at the Big Island; the others were sent to Honolulu, where they established their headquarters, which became the Kawaiahoa Church. The Mission Houses, now housing the quaint headquarters for the missionary descendants museum, were begun in 1820. Over time, the ABCFM established 17 missionary stations and two schools on the islands, in addition to other less formal preaching stations, assigning incoming missionaries as needs arose.

X. CHARLOTTE'S MISSION

Sixteen years after the Pioneer Company left New England, the ABCFM organized the Eighth Company. It comprised 15 couples, and two single people, and was the largest contingent of Missionaries ever dispatched. The Eighth Company's vessel was the barque Mary Frazier and was 108 feet long, 23 feet

wide, and 288 tons. Captain Charles Sumner sailed Mary Frazier from Boston December 14, 1836, arriving in Honolulu 116 days later on April 9, 1837.

Among the 15 Missionary couples were Mr. & Mrs. Horton Owen and Charlotte (Close) Knapp, who were both 23 years in age. Horton Owen Knapp, born March 21, 1813 in Greenwich, was appointed by the ABCFM as a teacher. On November 24, 1836, just weeks before the voyage, Knapp married his neighbor and cousin, Charlotte Close, born May 26, 1813 also in Greenwich. One account of the Mary Frazier's 116-day voyage said:

> *Our voyage was of almost uninterrupted happiness and prosperity. Our accommodations were excellent, the treatment of the Captain was kind, the officers were obliging and all the crew highly respectful when in our presence. Permission was obtained to have morning and evening prayers in the passengers' cabin (the Captain taking the lead during the latter part of the voyage), and to have public worship on the Sabbath. A deeply interesting state of religious feeling prevailed among the ship's company and about half of them gave encouraging evidence of having entered on the Christian life. After their arrival in Honolulu, six of the ship's company, including two of the officers, made a public profession of religion at the mission church.*

Horton Owen Knapp and his wife, Charlotte, were stationed for two years at Waimea on Big Island, which had been established in 1832. In 1838 the Knapps were reassigned to Lahainaluna, on Maui where Knapp taught school and helped scholars prepare a Concordance to the New Testament as well as mounting maps of the Sandwich Islands. In 1839, the Knapps went to Honolulu where he was assigned to teaching duties.

The Mission Houses Museum has Horton Owen Knapp's journal from 1836–42 in three volumes. Volume One contains an account of the voyage of the Mary Frazier, describing the weather and position of the ship, the meetings and services held aboard ship, and the cordial relations which existed between the Captain the Missionaries. The voyage's last weeks are contained in the second volume as well as account of the arrival in Honolulu, the Missionaries various meetings and services there, travels in Lahaina and travels around the Island of Hawaii, where he and his wife were first stationed. The third volume describes the Knapps activities in Honolulu in 1839. In 1840, there is the following account:

> *Aug. 11th—Lausanne arrived to day from the coast of California. Letters were received from the missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M. at Oregon, also from the Methodist Missionaries.*
>
> *Sunday Aug 16th—My Sabbath School was much larger this morning than usual. I attribute the increase to the influence of Mr. Armstrong who has taken an interest in it and made efforts to bring out children to attend schools. The number of children present was about 150, the house nearly*

full. Mr. Armstrong came in near the close of the school and made some remarks, then closed with singing and prayer, having appointed a meeting for the children at Tuesday morning at 1/2 past 8 o'clock, at which time he intends to have a feast for them consisting of poi and molasses.

In Honolulu, Horton Owen Knapp fell ill and died March 28, 1845 at age 32. The journals of his widow, Charlotte (Close) Knapp, are also in the Mission Houses library. Charlotte (Close) Knapp's journals are in four volumes and were written from 1836–46. The first volume describes the voyage of the Mary Frazier and her first days in Honolulu and Waimea. Parts of volume two were written on Maui at Lahainaluna, where she and her husband were stationed, but much the journal details the various trips taken to Honolulu, to Koloa on Kauai and to Waimea in Hawaii. Volumes three and four were written at Honolulu from 1839 and describes the daily activities, health problems and the social life of the Missionaries. Part of volume four also records trips taken to other islands. One entry, written in 1845 after the death of her husband, follows:

Honolulu Nov. 1st—I arrived here a week ago yesterday in company with Mr. & Mrs. Whitney and Dr. Smith after a passage of two days and three nights from Koloa. We had a rough uncomfortable time but felt thankful that it was no worse. Mr. Whitney had been ill for 4 or 5 weeks and suffered much of the voyage. It seemed very pleasant to meet my old friends and neighbors and to be at home again, but there is something wanting—he with whom I once enjoyed them is not here.

At that time, Charlotte (Close) Knapp, widowed and 32 years in age, was living in Honolulu. She and her late husband had no children. Also in Honolulu was a widower, Rev. Daniel Dole, the 37-year old principal of Punahou School, whose wife had died giving birth to their second son in 1844.

Dole, born September 9, 1808 in Bloomfield (now Skowhegan) Maine, had been married to Emily Hoyt Ballard, born June 11, 1807 in Hallowell, Maine. Emily Ballard, a teacher, had been in charge of the Young Lady's Academy in Norridgewock Maine in 1937. Dole and Emily Ballard were married in Gardiner, Maine October 2, 1840 five weeks before their voyage with three other Missionary couples in the ABCFM's Ninth Company.

Their voyage was aboard the ship Gloucester, under the command of Captain Easterbrooke. The vessel, 107 feet long, 26 feet wide, 388 tons, sailed from Boston Nov 14, 1840 and arrived after 188 days at Honolulu May 21, 1941. During its voyage, the ship touched land at Valparaiso, and also at Rio de Janeiro, where the Missionary Company was hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a Methodist Missionary.

When the Doles arrival in Honolulu in 1841, Dole was assigned to establish and be first principal of the Punahou School, which the ABCFM wished

to create to educate the children of the Missionary community. Until that time, the children of Missionaries at ages six and seven had been sent back to New England for their education. This was such a burden to the Missionary families, it threatened the ABCFM's entire enterprise.

Dole's wife, Emily (Ballard), assisted at Punahou, which remains today Hawaii's premier secondary school. The Doles had two children; the first, George Hathaway Dole, was born June 6, 1842. Emily died April 27, 1844, four days after giving birth at Punahou to her second son, Sanford Ballard Dole.

On June 22, 1846 Rev. Dole married widow Charlotte (Close) Knapp, whose knowledge, training and availability must have seemed like a act of Providence. Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole was a scholar in Hebrew, Greek and Latin and taught with her new husband at the Punahou School. She was also an accomplished homemaker, cook and seamstress that made her a valuable teacher and Mission wife. In a letter to her sister, Sarah Close in Greenwich, Charlotte sent along a daguerreotype taken of herself and Rev. Dole about seven years after their marriage. The photo, she wrote,

> *makes him look older than he does out of the picture, and our hair was do damp with perspiration, that it has a glossy appearance. You have his sober thoughtful expression, when he is speaking or is engaged in conversation he looks quite different…You will hardly think I had on a black silk dress. It is one that has been colored and watered, and somewhat glossy so it does not look as a plain black would, but I had no better suitable. I think black or very dark clothing the best for likenesses. The collar is one Elizabeth Dole sent me and if you will examine close you will see her work. It is run in figures with floss cotton I should think….*

In 1855, Rev. Dole resigned from Punahou after 14 years and became pastor of a foreign congregation and teacher in a school for white children at Koloa, Kauai. The Koloa Missionary station was established in 1834. Five years later, Rev. Dole was released from the ABCFM but remained a teacher in Koloa of what was known as Rev. Dole's School until his death. He died August 26, 1878 at Kapaa, Kauai. Charlotte Close (Knapp) Dole, also a teacher, died in Koloa July 5, 1874 at age 61.

XI. MELICENT & HER HUSBAND

In reading the descriptions and diary entries, I took note that in Charlotte (Close) Knapp's diary entry November 1, 1845, she was on a vessel sailing from Kauai to Honolulu and among her companions was Dr. Smith, who I knew was her brother-in-law.

James Wilson Smith was born July 8, 1810 in Stamford, Connecticut. He became a physician after studies at the New York College of Physicians &

Surgeons and practiced medicine in New York City for five years before joining the ABCFM. Smith, then 32, married Melicent Knapp in Greenwich on April 18, 1842. At the time of her marriage Melicent Knapp, born in Greenwich October 15, 1816, was the 26-year-old sister of Horton Owen Knapp, who had been teaching in Hawaii for five years.

Three weeks after their marriage, the Smiths sailed with the Tenth Company to Hawaii aboard the brig Sarah Abigail. The vessel was 96 foot long, 22 feet wide, 11 feet deep, and 210 tons. Captain Doane sailed the brig from Boston May 2, 1842, stopping at Valparaiso and arriving in Honolulu 143 days later on September 21, 1842. The Tenth Company comprised only two couples including Dr. & Mrs. James William and Melicent (Knapp) Smith

The Smiths were stationed at Koloa, Kauai. Dr. Smith was the only physician on the island and his duties took him at a moments notice on sudden calls to all parts of the island, from Hanalei 40 miles to the north, to Waimea, 12 miles to the west. In the Koloa Station Report to the ABCFM in 1851, Dr. Smith alluded to the financial problems faced by the Missionaries and how he might be able to earn his keep through other sources. He wrote:

> *As to my salary I explained to one of the officers of the church my relation to the American Board and told him that if the church would raise annually $250 toward my support that with what I should probably receive from foreigners for medical services and from other sources it would be sufficient to justify me in making the experiment of ceasing to draw my support from the Board. This Elder proposed the matter to the church members who all seemed to enter into it cheerfully and the specified sum was soon raised. It remains to be seem whether they will continue to raise the sum year after years.*
>
> *Kahookui, whose name has been mentioned in a former Report as well as this, continued to do well as a native preacher & I consider him a useful helper. He is at present a member of the legislative body now in session.*
>
> *On the whole, though there is much worldliness among the people & it is to be feared much impropriety, both in the church & out of it, still there is much encouragement to labor. The people come out to the meetings and seem disposed to hear the truth, the scriptures are in their houses and are read. I have sold for cash during the last 6 months more than 60 bibles besides testaments. The word of God is among the people.*

Dr. Smith was released from the ABCFM in 1851 and ordained to the ministry July 1854 at Koloa. The Smiths had nine children. In 1861, Melicent (Knapp) Smith established the Koloa Boarding School for Girls and maintained the school for a decade. The Smiths lived and worked in Koloa, Kauai for the rest of their lives. Dr. Smith died November 30, 1887 at age 77 and Melicent died September 24, 1891 at Koloa at age 74.

XII. TOURIST

While on Oahu with the Korean cousins, we spent a day touring the Island in an AstroVan. We left Honolulu and made our way to places with names like Diamond Head and Kahala, around Koko Head, to Hanauma Beach and up Sand Beach Park to the eastern coastal road to the neat little towns at Kailua Bay and Kaneohue Bay. We drove up the eastern coast past magnificent terrain, combining a tropical Ireland-like beauty with surf, beaches, natives, haoles, a Mormon Temple, the Polynesian Cultural Center and around Kamehameha to tourist traps of one kind or another, including Waimea. On the return leg, we drove down Oahu's central valley and the cooper-colored soil of the pineapple fields operated by Dole and Del Monte.

Since Hawaii's entry into the modern world, the Islands' economic activity has evolved. First came the sandalwood trade, then whaling nearby and use of the Islands as a way station for randy sailors and traders, then as an agricultural center for sugarcane, rice, coffee, tobacco, and pineapple. The planters' need for field labor drew the people from China, Japan, the Philippines, and Korea whose descendants populate the Islands today.

Hawaiian economic realities continue to change. A quarter century ago, there were 40 sugar plantations in Hawaii, now there are only a dozen. More than 100 countries complete in the sugar market, and sugar beets not sugar cane have become the favored source for sugar. Pineapple in Hawaii is less competitive. Pineapple growers have removed 12,000 acres from plantation use, and pineapple canning is being phased out on Oahu and Lanai. Many of the once great trading companies now explain to municipal zoning authorities how they plan to convert plantation lands into residential or resort developments.

What remains true of Hawaii is its natural beauty, its succulent air, the winds, the warm surf, the lush vegetation, the colorful flowers and what its professional promoters call the "aloha" spirit. I figure there's something to this "aloha" business. My explanation is that the people inhabiting the Islands have a pre-conscious awareness of their blessed living conditions, which causes their outlooks to brighten to match their magnificent surroundings. Sound right?

Whatever the lure, tourists love the place; Hawaii is so unlike the symbolic factories our economies force us to live in people spend fortunes to be there. Jet travel enables half the world to visit Hawaii within 12 hours. At any one time, there are about 200,000 tourists in Hawaii. Over the course of the year, more than four million Mainlanders and two million foreigners visit Hawaii, spending $10 billion, which is 50 percent higher than 15 years ago. By the way, 1.7 million of those annual visits by foreigners are Japanese. And the average Japanese spends nearly $350 a day, compared to the $140 spent by the average Mainlanders. It doesn't take a genius to figure out why Japanese is printed underneath the English language signs in public places throughout Oahu.

Another aspect to Hawaii, hard to avoid on the drive around Oahu, are the strategic realities of international geopolitics. Let's face it, Hawaii is an American military base. The Islands are perfect natural land carriers to maintain the killing hardware we like to protect the west coast on the one hand while projecting American influence into Asia. One quarter of the land on Oahu is controlled by the U.S. military. More than 125,000 US military personnel reside in the state, who with their dependents pump $2 billion a year into the economy. During our ride, we passed a Marine base at Kaneohe Bay, Scoffield Army Base, Wheeler Air Force Base, and finally the Naval Base at Pearl Harbor.

Hawaii's military relationship with the United States began in 1840, when the Wilkes Expedition, sponsored by U.S. Coast & Geodetic Survey, pinpointed Pear Harbor as a potential U.S. Naval Base. Commercial, political and religious leaders argued for half a century about how much political responsibility, if any, the United States should assume for Hawaii. But in 1898, after the break out of Spanish-American War and the U.S.'s emergence as a global Naval power, the obvious strategic military importance of Hawaii to the Mainland overwhelmed all other arguments. Hawaii was annexed as a U.S. Territory on August 12, 1898.

Our day drive ended at Pearl Harbor. We snaked our way via the highway interchanges to the Naval Base itself, which remains a huge reserve complete with Quonset huts, barracks, office buildings and the rest. It was near the end of the afternoon when we got to the Memorial Area and most of the crowds were gone. Like millions of other have, we parked our car and walked into the open reception/museum/display area and soaked up the photographs, memorabilia and legend of that Date That Will Live In Infamy.

Across the harbor we saw the Arizona Memorial, a white canopy alter planted over the sunken hull with the remains of more than 1,000 sailors still there. Many sailors who survived that day have instructed that upon their demise their remains be cremated and placed in burial with their lost comrades in the Arizona. In this place, flags snap in the warm trade winds; docents, plagues and display models all explain the paths taken by the Japanese fliers in their air attack and the events, which ensued. This place had the beautiful solemnity of Church.

We took photographs of each other, this East-West family. Though late in the afternoon, we weren't alone. Near us were two tour groups, one Korean and one Japanese. They didn't mix, of course. I took time to watch the dynamics to see how we avoided each other while quietly checking each other out.

Yung Ja, though born in Kobe and a resident of Japan at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, was a member of a virtual slave colony, after all. She had no Japanese friends and was eager to leave Japan when she did for the arranged marriage in 1944 her father engineered to get the entire family out of the coun-

try that would surely be overrun by Americans. Though economics pulled her brother and sister back to Japan, Yung Ja wanted no part of the place. Still doesn't. She was raised when Japan was the Imperial terror of Asia. No country was too big or too small to avoid being invaded, bribed, threatened or otherwise captured and its people murdered, kidnapped or raped while Japan's elite created the Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere. Among Japan's first victims was Korea, which through threats and stealth became a principality of Japan in 1905 and quickly became a slave colony for the next four decades until Americans ended the reign.

In Pearl Harbor all this comes up in living relief. You have to wonder about the commanders of those Japanese pilots. What did these Japanese elites think the response would be when Mainlanders realized that 21 ships of the U.S. Naval fleet was nearly destroyed and that 2,395 of her uniformed sons were killed without warning? Couldn't they know that the people of the U.S. would have only one response to an attack of this kind? Of course what the Mid-20th Century Americans did was methodically but utterly destroy Japan, its society, its order, its medieval religion, and all its works. By doing so the U.S. liberated Asia from evil and created a new Japan with a future.

I bet one thing: Japan's elite never figured the single most decorated combat unit in World War II would be Americans of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii. These guys sacrificed their lives in Europe, fighting a U.S. war, to prove their loyalty to their new country. They demonstrated to everyone, most importantly to their fellow citizens, that Americans had ideas about what is right and what is wrong that are so important to its citizens—whatever their ancestry—they will sacrifice everything to keep them alive.

XIII. TO KAUAI

We did what tourists do on Oahu: eat at Chinese, Korean and Japanese restaurants, get cheeseburgers at Burger King, buy colorful Aloha shirts. We swam in the surf at Waikiki, had the surf overrun our towels and beach gear, got sunburned and sand in our swim trunks, and were captivated by the beauty of this urban resort. Then it was over. Sun Hwa Lee, Sun Kyung Lee and Wan Soo Lim returned home to Seoul and Yung Ja and her husband Ed Murdock returned to Florida. We switched gears and flew to Kauai.

Kauai isn't Oahu. Not even close. Hawaii has a resident population of about 1.16 million. While Honolulu has 865,000 residents, only 50,000 live on Kauai. Of the 200,000 tourists on the Islands at any one time, only 5,000 will be on Kauai.

Of all the Islands, Kauai is the oldest, some 5.6 million years old, and in occupying 627 square miles, is fourth in size. Located 95 miles northwest from Honolulu, Kauai is the furthest north of the Islands, and measures 33 miles from west to east, and 25 miles north to south. Kauai owes is round

shape to being the remains of an enormous yet dormant volcano with twin peaks.

Atop Mt. Waialeale, which means "A Rippling of the Water," at nearly 5,000 feet, is a windy weather beaten plateau, usually cloaked behind clouds. There is no other place in the world like it. The trade winds and moisture laden clouds that funnel up the valleys on the north side of Mt. Waialeale pass over some 2,000 miles of ocean before hitting the Kauain land mass. The natural collision makes the summit of Mt. Waialeale the wettest spot on earth, with a rain fall of more than 500 inches a year. As a result the western side of Mt Waialeale is an area of slime, mists, birds, disintegrating trees, and exotic plants, known as the Alakai swamp. For the rest of the island, eons of winds, tides, rain and sun have sculpted ridges and valleys into breathtakingly beautiful mountains, canyons and nurtured greenery, earning Kauai the moniker "The Garden Isle."

Unlike the other Hawaiian Islands, Kauai was never conquered and for generations the Island remained an independent and isolated place. To place Kauai in the Hawaiian consciousness, know that the from earliest days Islanders divided the archipelago into two parts. Oahu and the Islands to the east were called the Windward Islands, while Kauai and its small western neighbor, Niihau, were called the Leeward Islands. Any sailor could tell you that to be in the lee means, in effect, to be past by or behind. In other words, Hawaiians considered Kauai a backwater; probably still do.

Hawaii's modern monarchy began in the Mid-18th century, with the birth of Kamehameha I. As he was maturing, many Islands chiefs acquired weapons from the traders to further their ambitions. Kamehameha I who was well fortified by the British was the most successful at this game. By the time he was 40 Kamehameha I had gained control of the Island of Hawaii and, in 1795, he succeeded in putting down other chiefs and declaring himself undisputed ruler of Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, Molokai, and Oahu as well.

But Kamehameha I never conquered Kauai. Bad weather twice foiled invasion attempts and he never did set foot on Kauai. However, by 1810, Kauai's 30-year old King Kaumualii, who began his rule at age 16 in 1796, ceded his island to Kamehameha I, who enabled Kaumualii to govern Kauai as a tributary kingdom within the Hawaiian Islands. They never trusted each other. But the union accommodated reality. When the Leeward Islands were eventually drawn into the Islands' mainstream, it was because their inhabitants and leaders understood that their economic, cultural and political well being of each depended on it.

When Kamehameha I died in 1819, authority fell to one of his wives, Kaahumanu, now fabled as the rotund queen in the Michener's Hawaii who befriended in the first shipload of missionaries who arrived in Hawaii in 1820, protecting them and eventually converting to Christianity in 1824.

Much of that is true. Kaahumanu was a cagey regent who knew what she was doing, not only in consolidating her power at the expense of Kamehameha I's son by another wife, but also in abolishing the male-centered kapu system which created a variety of taboos for women in denying them various foods, standing and authority. Kaahumanu also knew how to consolidate power. She dashed any hope Kauai had it would become independent after Kamehameha I's death. She kidnapped Kauai's King, brought him to Oahu and made him her husband. While Kaumualii remained alive, Kauai was quiet. But after his death in 1824 at age 44, his home islanders staged a short-lived rebellion whose focal point was Prince George, the one-time student from the Cromwell, Connecticut Mission School.

We arrived at Lihue Airport after a 35-minute flight across the water between Oahu and Kauai. The terrain surrounding the airport was far different than the urban center at Honolulu. Lihue was a coastal town in the middle of the agricultural fringe that surrounds the island of Kauai. The buildings nearby were low, brown strained wooden structures that looked to be the Hawaiian version of cabins, utility huts or warehouses. Windows stretched from floor to ceiling and were open to let in the persistent warm winds. Across the way, the reddish brown soil was painted with vast patches of tall green sugar cane plants, which despite the difficulties of the sugar market, seemed to be growing in abundance nonetheless. The coast has only a narrow strip of flat land, perhaps a mile or so before the terrain immediately began to raise in elevation leading up the valleys and mountains toward the center of island hidden behind clouds. To a Mainlander, this was a coastal community of some beauty, but not particularly developed for the modern tourist trade. The ambiance was more like farm village on Cape Cod in the off-season. Relaxed, rural and pleasant.

In the rental car, I got out the map of Kauai to get myself oriented. Picture a clock in your head, and Lihue is located at about 5 o'clock. We were aiming at Princeville, which was at 12 o'clock, on the north shore. After a ten-minute drive, we were in Kapaa at about 3 o'clock on the dial and in the midst of what could be a summer mid day traffic in the Boston Post Road in Guilford. The two-lane roadway was under construction, and the strip malls and village shops to either side were jammed with customer traffic.

During the 40-minute drive form Lihue to Princeville, the traffic congestion at Kapaa was the exception. Most of the drive was through rural sugarcane fields, interspersed with sections of natural growth, flowers, pasturelands, coastal beaches and bluffs in a wide variety of coastal vistas. At two points, however, there large sections carved out for rubbish, mounds of it, piled up by earthmovers, which looked as though they were bulldozing the homes of a subdivision. The problem was that the homes were brought here

in this condition. Signs marked these as temporary dumps for debris resulting from Hurricane Iniki.

If you come to Kauai these days, what you quickly learn about is Hurricane Iniki, whose winds at 160 to 200 miles an hour hit Kauai in November 1992, a once a century storm that hit the island from the south dead on. At the time, there were 50,000 residents of the Island, and perhaps 10,000 tourists. Only three deaths were attributed to the winds. One resulted when someone was hit by debris; another was a heart attack during the storm. The third was a woman undergoing a divorce with no insurance who killed herself after the storm in despair. It was the second hurricane to hit Kauai in 10 years, though the first, Hurricane Iwa in 1982 was a routine affair. Iniki, on the other hand, caused $1.6 billion in damage, persuaded 15 percent of the people to leave the island for good, and destroyed the tourism industry. Tourism dropped on Kauai 34 percent from 1992 to 1993, compared to the 7 percent drop on Oahu, and 3 percent for Maui. Of the 10,000-condo and hotel rooms vibrant before Iniki, only 4,000 are open now.

The tourist material you read about Kauai leaves you with the same feelings associated with visiting Los Angeles and thinking about earthquakes. While we were in Oahu, we kept reading about gathering storms to the south. The day after we arrived in Honolulu the lead story in the TV news and page one of the *Honolulu Advertiser* was Hurricane Emily, 300 miles south of Big Island packing winds up to 190 miles an hour. For days, the story was: Where would Emily go? In time, of course, Emily lost zip but was followed by Hurricane Fabio, of all names. Every story repeated the tale of Iniki. The stand up TV people all filed their news stories via live remotes from Kauai locales at rescue stations, Red Cross preparedness drills and the like.

Kauai, though rural and remote, remained firmly connected with the modern world. On the drive away from Lihue, we quickly passed just about every franchise fast food joint you've ever heard of. Our move, of course, was to pull into Kentucky Friend Chicken, where Lee got mashed potatoes and gravy, and then to the Taco Bell on the next drive, where we got a bag full of tacos, burritos and Diet Cokes and other necessities. We all laughed ourselves so silly we nearly wet our pants. I mean, come on! Here we are in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 10 minutes off an airplane and eating tacos and mashed potatoes, listening to rock 'n' roll on the radio. Is this a great country or what?

American enterprises have been remaking Kauai and the other Islands from the start. Britain's wars elsewhere restricted their Pacific trade. The greatest number of vessels arriving in Hawaii after Cook's discovery were American. After the Revolution and the War of 1812, Yankee merchant ship captains were hungry for trade and Hawaiian sandalwood fit the bill. The economic

drive was easy to understand. Sandalwood was measured in piculs, equal to about 135 pounds in weight. Hawaiian chiefs valued sandalwood at $10 to $15 a picul. In Canton, Yankee traders could get slightly more than that, but more importantly the wood was one of the few things that Chinese traders were willing to trade for. As a result, the Yankees were able to trade sandalwood for tea, chinaware, silks, furniture and other items of substantially greater value in New England. The results were profits up to 500 percent; one good voyage could earn a ship's owners a fortune and set a captain for life. Between 1805 and 1829 the sandalwood trade in China earned merchant captains a fortune.

Yankee vessels traded 900 piculs of sandalwood in Canton, China in the 1804–5 season, with sandalwood imports increasing to 19,036 piculs in the 1812–13 season. Trade fell off during the War of 1812, picking up to 16,000 piculs in the 1817–18 season. On Kauai, the sandalwood port was at Waimea, Cook's first landfall, located at about 7 o'clock, with the mountains behind the town yielding huge amounts of the wood.

The sandalwood was carried by tying a load of logs to a man's back with rope, which went over the shoulders and under the arms of the laborer. The maximum amount held was about 135 pounds, equal to about a picul. The laborers developed thick callus, and were called "callus backs." The laborers fate was death and hardship and the abuse of their chief.

Kamehameha had held tight control over access to Hawaiian sandalwood. But after his death in 1819, successor regents could not resist pleas and offers of the traders for the commodity, which was gathered through cruel use of labor and without regard to the scaring of the earth. The all-time trading high occurred in the wake of Kamehameha's death when 26,822 piculs were traded in 1821-21 season. Kamehameha I death changed many things. His widow Kaahumanu gained authority and the kapu system was abolished, destroying with it centuries of cohesive binding of the Hawaiian community. The lure of sandalwood trade prompted chiefs to heap abuse on their people in the collection of the sandalwood undermined their authority and paved the way for the social and religious reforms of the Missionaries, whose influence began to take hold as the sandalwood trade impact was felt on the community.

As supplies of the wood began to fall off, trade began to drop off supplies and tension over the trade increased. As the wood became more and more scarce, the merchant-captains extended credit to chiefs against future payments in sandalwood. The sandalwood trade put the chiefs into debt to the Yankee traders. As wood dwindled, debts became delinquent. American warships appeared in 1826 to support the commercial demands on Kamehameha III who was forced to acknowledge Hawaiians' debts, thus beginning the island people's national debt. Taxes were imposed, and ever more wood taken. The last big year of trade season was 1828-29, when Yankees traded 18,206 piculs in Canton; thereafter trade deteriorated until it ended six years later.

When the Thaddeus reached the Islands in 1820, members of the Pioneer Company of ABCFM missionaries were allowed to stay on the Big Island and in Honolulu, where the main body went to establish Mission Headquarters. But aboard the Thaddeus was Prince George, a student form the Cromwell Mission School, who was the son of Kauai's King Kaumualii. The young prince had gone to sea as a result of his father's friendship with British explorers. King Kaumualii had been befriended by British Captain George Vancouver in the late 18th century. King Kaumualii was so impressed with Vancouver and his British colleagues, Kaumualii wanted to be called King George after the British sovereign. When the opportunity arose, he named his son George in honor of the British king and eventually let the young man find adventure at sea with sandalwood traders. Prince George eventually wound up in New England at the Missionary School in Cromwell.

The missionaries in Honolulu dispatched two couples to Kauai to return Prince George to his father and establish a mission station there. Assigned to the task were Samuel & Mercy (Patridge) Whitney and Samuel & Nancy (Wells) Ruggles, who returned the Kauain prince home and found King Kaumualii so overjoyed to see his wayward son again, he paid the Thaddeus's Captain Blanchard sandalwood and free provisions valued at $1,000 and invited the two missionary couples to stay. The Whitneys and Ruggleses established the first ABCFM mission station at Waimea that year.

Both missionary couples are well remembered today. Samuel Whitney, born April 28, 1793, in Branford, Connecticut, and Mercy Patridge, born August 14, 1795, in Pittsfield Massachusetts, had married on October 4, 1819, in Pittsfield less than three weeks before their voyage on the Thaddeus.

Whitney, 26, was graduated from Yale in 1819, was an apprentice shoemaker and though educated at Yale, felt his physical aptitudes outweighed his "mental exertion." After he became convinced of his calling, he offered himself to the ABCFM and was hired as a teacher and mechanic. During the voyage, Whitney was washed overboard while painting the outside of the vessel while under full sail. A wave washed him from his perch on a plank, and he kept himself afloat by grabbing a bench thrown to help him. He was saved a half-hour later by a launch sent to fetch him.

Samuel Ruggles, 24, born in Brookfield, Connecticut, and unable to pay for higher education, had been a teacher at the Foreign Mission School in Cornwall and knew Obookiah. The ABCFM had hired Ruggles as a teacher and catechist.

Four years after the Whitneys and Ruggleses set up their mission station, King Kaumualii died and his son, Prince George Kaumualii, became the focal point if not the leader of a brief rebellion. After the joyous homecoming,

George soon wore out his welcome by drinking and making trouble. Once George burned down a building in Waimea to get at a bottle of gin.

When Kaumualii died in 1824, there were brief skirmishes on Kauai in rebellion against the Kamehameha court. Eventually Hawaiian soldiers launched an island-wide roundup and massacre of Kauai rebels, leaving their bodies to rot in the sun and rain. George, who had led one armed rebel gang, escaped to a mountain hide-out and was eventually captured. George was banished to Oahu, where he died a drunk at age 29. Kauai land was taken from local chiefs and granted to friends of the Kamehameha family court, changing power in the Garden Isle forever. The hereditary heir to the Kauai title, Deborah Kapule, lived her life on the fringes of society in Wilmea in near-poverty.

Despite these Island political struggles, the work of the missionaries had been successful with both courts. In 1824 Queen Kaahumanu converted to Christianity and encouraged her people to read and study religion. Before 1824, school enrollment at mission schools had been small, confined mostly to the children of chiefs. By the end of the year, 2,000 were in schools, and by 1831 some 52,000 Hawaiians (40 percent of the population) attended classed in 1,100 schools. On Kauai alone, a survey in June 1831 found 9,000 students went to 200 schools and that 3,500 could read. In 1832, Sunday church attendance in the mission station in Waimea was between 1,500 and 2,000 a week. Teaching and preaching were to go hand in hand. Schools were essential to learn the language and thus scripture. Printing in the Hawaiian language commenced.

Both the Whitneys and Ruggleses suffered health problems at Kauai. Three years after the Kauai rebellion and after seven years of missionary work in Kauai, Whitney went to Oahu and other islands hoping to improve his health, returning to Kauai the following year. In 1832, Whitney went to the Marquesas Islands with two other missionary couples to determine whether the ABCFM could establish a mission station there.

Though Whitney remained in Kauai the following year, others went to the Marquesas Islands and worked for two years before abandoning the effort to establish a mission station there. Between 1832 and 1836 Whitney, despite his criticism of his own intellectual skills, had mastered Hawaiian and translated into Hawaiian the Universal Geography, Bible Class Books Vol 2 & 3, and Child's Book of the Soul, Vol 1. Ruggles' health forced his return with his wife to America in 1834, taking the daughters of the Whitneys and children of other missionaries with them to New England.

Rev. Dr. James W. Smith, who went to Kauai in 1842, called Whitney "of rather large stature, of pleasant manners, very companionable, and generous almost to a fault, one of nature's noblemen, and a model missionary."

The Whitneys remained on Kauai until 1845 when he became ill in

September. He went to his summer place in Hanapepe, but found no relief. As noted in Charlotte (Close) Knapp's diary in November 1845, failing health forced Whitney to travel to Lahainaluna on Maui for a cure, but the journey was plagued by continuing diarrhea and vomiting. In Lahaina on Maui, Whitney's health continued to fail. Several weeks later, on December 15, 1845, he died. His wife, Mercy, returned to Waimea, Kauai, where she died 27 years later.

XIV. PRINCEVILLE

Princeville is a former plantation estate on a bluff overlooking Hanalei Bay at 12 o'clock on the Island dial. Before going there, all I knew about it was that the Sheraton Princeville had reopened in October 1993, after 11 months of repair work made necessary by Hurricane Iniki. To us, planning the trip in Northern Virginia, flight mileage points and the Sheraton's drive to lure tourists back to Kauai made the place such a bargain we couldn't pass it up.

When we drove into the front turn around at the main entry, the hotel was beautifully planted with lush greenery and constructed with more green marble than a quarry. The design was low and open, with natural greens and earth tones dominating. When we got out of the car we could look through a lushly furnished lobby straight to the three-story windows on the rear wall overlooking Hanalei Bay beyond. As we soaked this up, bellhops took our bags and our car, and a lovely hospitality lady actually put leis around our necks.

"Are you sure we are at the right place?" Lee asked.

This was the place. We were obligated to stay only one night; if we didn't like it we could leave. This created no problem. I realized once we got there, that rather than wanting to stay only one night, I never wanted to be anyplace else. There is only one way to say this: Princeville was the most beautiful resort I have ever seen.

The hotel, a Sheraton franchise part owned by Japanese investors, did a magnificent job creating a low-lying resort that hugs the hill overlooking the eastern shore of Hanalei Bay, a way station for sandalwood and whaling vessels a century and a half ago. Our room was on the third of the nine floors with a magnificent view overlooking Hanalei Bay and the mountains on the western side of the bay. Beneath our window were the swimming pool, the beach and a coastal garden area sculpted along the shoreline. Providence had configured Hanalei Bay in such a way that the Pacific surf broke well offshore, leaving the water's edge here like the Madison beaches on Long Island Sound on a calm day. Here Lee and Micah put to use the gear they rented from "Snorkel Bob," introducing themselves to perhaps 100 different species of fish feeding in the coral offshore. We could have spent all our time using the resort for the pleasures it offered alone; swimming in the bay and in the pool, the lounging in the sun, the meals, and coastal beauty.

Princeville was a perfect home base; we explored the island like all tourists, secure that we'd be returning to the best place on the island. Our first afternoon we took a drive along the northern road to Kee Beach through Hanalei Valley, and toward Kalalau Trail and the Na Pali cliffs. We never did get that far, but we saw the Waikapalae and Waikanola wet caves which, legend had it, the god of fire, Pele, searched for fire and found only water. There was a lookout on the Kuhio Highway near Princeville, which made the Hanalei River Valley below look like an Asian image of a farm. The Hanalei Valley was richly planted with taro. Slender white birds with stilt-like legs shared the meadow with bison, maintained by a rancher. The red soil contrasted with the green mountains.

Sun Oak and I took a look-see at real estate. There are a couple of features to life here. One is expense. A bag of groceries that cost you, say, $55 in Fairfax will cost you $80 on Kauai. And real estate? It's expensive and, owing to the reaction to Iniki, much of it is on the market. The towns of Lihue, Koloa, Kapaa, Poipu and Hanalei are peppered with hide-a-way places of charm. Maybe someday. They also have cheap rental flats and bungalows. These had limited appeal; about as much as the few mainland-style subdivisions underway. The Sheraton hotel was in the midst of a Princeville development project involving thousands of acres of natural beauty, golf courses, sculpted green pasturelands interspersed with clusters of residences in several styles and levels of expense. We could have been in Florida. You can get a one-bedroom condo with a magnificent view of the ocean below and mountains for nearly $200,000. You can also get a home like the one we've got in Vienna for $1 million. Finding out these facts, Sun Oak and I figured we could save the ownership responsibilities and simply come here to the hotel and have somebody else worry about the sheets, soap, cooking and hurricane repairs.

Kauai has had its share of influence on American pop culture. Some of the chopper shots in Jurassic Park were in Kauai. The "Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair" musical sequence in South Pacific was shot at Lumahai beach; in the same movie "Bali Hai" was shot at Haena State Park. The King Kong remake had scenes in Kauai, Charlton Heston is on Kauai in the final sequence of Planet of the Apes when he jumps off his horse and pounds the sand after finding the broken Statue of Liberty. Remember the Peter, Paul & Mary song Puff the Magic Dragon? One verse goes something along the lines of "…lived by the sea, in a land called Hanalei…"

The Hanalei referred to is a real enough place; some people will call it magical and enchanted. It is the village on the coast of Hanalei Bay, appropriately, and more of a swollen strip of small shops in the midst of an eclectic community of homes and hide-a-ways in the valley. It's a haven for aging hippies, some of whom, no doubt, create their magic by smoking Maui Wowie, by the looks of the things: head shops, hemp products shops, whole earth cat-

alogue marketing, organic foods etc., all to the tunes of the Grateful Dead piped into the shops from the tape deck in back. We bought some good bread there, and organic peppermint chewing gun made without sugar.

A few miles east of Princeville at 1 o'clock on the Island dial, we entered visual terrain like we'd never seen in real life before. It occurred as we drove through a final stretch of natural growth, with a dense forest of trees bearing huge leaves, interspersed with a thick veil of vines and flowers. We passed over a crest in the road and proceeded down an embankment and saw sunlight ahead, indicating the forest was opening into a clearing. The road sloped down and to the right into the clearing. We drove as slowly as traffic allowed when suddenly we realized we were about to pass over a sloping bridge over a wide valley stretching out below that arched up the hill on the other side. The speed of the roadway picked up. Suddenly we had the sensation of being on a Kauaian roller coaster ride in this natural amusement park. Out the window to either side we saw paddy-like sections of plantings, taro and rice, no doubt, with a little hamlet at the end of the valley. The setting was colored many shades of green, and the force of the car against the roadway gave the physical sensation of flying. This physical sensation and the modest farm below was beautiful. But oddly familiar, too; perhaps fearful, because of the visual memory a modern American TV watcher possesses of wars in Asian landscapes like this one. There is something about a tropical farm village that makes a Vietnam-era American think of chopper gunships and napalm airstrikes.

XV. THE SEARCH

From Oahu I had called the Kauai Museum in Lihue, the county seat, and asked the docent who answered if she had any idea how I would go about locating the graves of Rev. Dr. James & Melicent (Knapp) Smith, who lived and died at Koloa, and the Rev. Daniel and Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole, who died at Kapaa and Koloa, respectively. The docent, very polite, said she knew of no island or town-wide graves registry but suggested I call the Congregational churches in Koloa, Kapaa and Lihue. I tried but didn't get an answer at any of them while we were in Honolulu. After we settled in Princeville, I grabbed a spare moment to do homework and called the Koloa Union Church. A woman named Rev. Edith Wolfe answered the phone that rang at what turned out to be the parsonage on Waikomo Street off Poipu Street.

Rev. Wolfe, who sounded spry and eager, listed to my story and jumped at the chance to take up the hunt. She said there were a few graves nearby and agreed to meet my family and me the following morning at the Kauai Museum in Lihue, about a 15-minute drive from Koloa.

What I can say at this point is that Lee, Micah and Sun Oak were good sports. They have long become used to my gravesite hunting, but let's face it,

my obsession was putting their tolerance to the test. Here we were in one of the most beautiful places on the planet and I was hunting the dead. What can I say? They put up with me with the most modest of complaints, uttered with such respect I was obliged to remain among the living and not become completely lost on arcania. But they knew that sometimes one unearths the most precious jewels in such mines.

At the museum the following morning we found Rev. Wolfe to be not only a genuinely interesting person, storyteller and interpreter of the spirit of Missionary Hawaii, she also had in her hand a neatly folded sheet of paper from the parsonage with the handwritten inscriptions of the gravestone engravings of Rev. and Mrs. Smith and their children buried in the parsonage backyard in a burial ground still maintained by the Waterhouses, a family of means into which a Smith daughter, Lena, had married.

"Glory," I said, "you've found them!"

"Well, so I did. You'll have to come by and see them."

Rev. Wolfe, it turned out, was a retired Congregational minister who had spent the past 30 years in Honolulu as part of the United Church of Christ's Woman's Board of Missions. Now in her early 70s, she was filling in as interim pastor at Koloa Union Church until the congregation could replace a pastor who had unexpectedly passed away. We drove to a nearby shopping center where we found a coffee shop and spent an hour becoming acquainted. She was a gray-haired lean woman with a direct, take-charge attitude who liked to talk. Being a preacher and an empathetic person by profession, she was perfectly at ease in explaining how she got to Hawaii, her opinions about the missionaries and their contributions, and in responding to this somewhat curious mainland family that just appeared asking questions about gravesites. In time, she understood perfectly what we were up to and devoted time and energy to our visits over two days.

Rev. Wolfe was a 1945 graduate of Union Theological Seminary at Columbia University, an acolyte of its then-dean Rev. William Sloan Coffin, father of today's Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Jr. After hearing Miss Wolfe speak before a congregation, Rev. Coffin Sr. took a shine to this bright theologian and told colleagues: Well, why not? Being a woman graduating with a theological degree from Union was unusual enough in the mid 1940s but one who aspired to the ministry was unusual indeed. Miss Wolfe, though raised an Episcopalian, fell within what is called the Non-Conformist tradition in the U.K., and Congregationalism in the U.S. After a few administrative positions in church organizations and mission work in Wales, Miss Wolfe was ordained a Congregational minister in 1949 after applying for and finding employment with churches in Brooklyn, Connecticut and later in Rhode Island.

The key questions regarding her duties were whether she was willing to live without complaint in the congregation's modest parsonage, and whether

she would shovel coal to keep the furnace operating at the church. Many women participated in quilting sessions in the church, and having a certain degree of warmth prevented their fingers from aching in the winter months. These gatherings around the quilt were very important to these Congregationalists.

"Yankees are a practical lot," Wolfe explained. "They had a need for a minister who would do what it took to maintain their Congregation. The fact that I was a woman didn't seem to have much bearing on the subject. I applied for the jobs, I agreed to take the money they offered, and would shovel coal."

Despite this matter-of-fact tone, the appointment of a woman to the church caused a sensation in the wider Congregationalist community. By now things had changed. Later in our conversations, Rev. Wolfe allowed that today's theology schools are about one-half women; women pastors are quite the thing in many denominations today.

"But I hear some say that they didn't go to Yale or Harvard Divinity School to shovel coal in a church basement," she said, chin out, her expression conveying perfectly what she thought of this approach to the work of God.

Rev. Wolfe came to Hawaii in 1965 to work with the Women's Mission in Honolulu and stayed. "For the first few winters I missed snow at Christmas time," she explained, "but I still have my Yankee friends ask me: Are you ever going to come back from that place so far away?"

She said this on the steps of the Kauai Museum in Lihue with a shrug, as if this argument had no merit at all. After all, we were located on a mature thoroughfare that had a town square nearby, many shops, stores and traffic and railroad sidings and bridges and municipal buildings and the entire town commercial and social infrastructure. At that moment, so far away didn't seem far away at all. Right here was just as central to any human reality as anywhere on the mainland.

The next day we drove to the parsonage in Koloa using the roadway that passed through the "Tunnel of Trees," the natural arch of trees lining the road in Lihue south to Koloa and Poipu, where we later would go for a swim and snorkel. These massive eucalyptus trees had recovered from the damage inflicted on their canopy effect by Iniki. This was among the most photographed areas in Kauai, and driving beneath the shade of these trees was another of the island's gifts. The trees lined the road that cut through huge flat expanses of sugar cane fields.

Koloa turned out to be a farm village of about 11,000 people that was once the center of a Hawaii's first sugar cane plantation and is now more a mature farm town on the border of an expanding coastal community of Poipu a few miles to the south, which is home to first rate snorkeling, hotels with names

like Hyatt, Marriott and Sheraton, golf, condos, surfing and beach combing. In Koloa there is a strip of stores along the main drag that had a raised wooden sidewalk covered by a wooden canopy. It could have been a set in a cowboy movie.

We kept an eye out on Poipu Road for the Koloa Union Church, which turned out to be a 1950s style low cinderblock affair of a very ordinary, if not ugly, sort. It stood next to an Assembly of God church that occupied an historic building resembling a lovely white clapboard New England meeting house.

"When I die it will be because I've been hit by a car while looking at what the Congregational Church lost to the Assembly of God years ago," Rev. Wolfe had explained. "Some kind of split in the congregation decades ago." The result is that the fundamentalists have the original Koloa Mission Church, and the Congregationalists, the missionaries' descendants, have the one-story cinderblock next door that could be mistaken for the hangout of a ne'er-do-well Realtor.

It was this landmark that alerted me to take the next left on Waikomo Street and find the white vertical clapboard one-story bungalow with the hand-lettered sign saying "parsonage" three houses down on the left. The parsonage occupied about an acre in a neighborhood grid of mature single-family homes, ranging from a very modest cabin to three-story brick tudors. We found Rev. Wolfe at the kitchen door presiding over a yard of some considerable natural disarray. Weeds were getting the best of the lawn, and vines, dried leaves and broken limbs were scattered about.

"Care to do some yard work?" she asked right off. She put her hand on Micah's shoulder and pointed him toward a lawn mower that was obviously broken and would never work again. "What say, young man, think it will work?"

This was a lost cause, of course. She brought us inside the home that reminded me of the simple uninsulated wooden homes of the Connecticut shoreline, open and plain with large windows, with wooden walls that had a coat of light green paint. She served leftover spaghetti, fresh tossed salad and iced tea. I asked her about an illustration poster I had seen at the Mission Museum which explained how the United Church of Christ (Congregational) in 1989 had "apologized" to the Hawaiian people for some of the excesses of religious zeal displayed by missionaries of the last century. When I read this in Honolulu, I thought this odd in the extreme. Apologize for what? Schools, the written language, medical services, teaching, preaching the worth of each and every individual regardless of station?

"I agree completely," Rev. Wolfe said. "I have made something of a nuisance of myself over that, it seems. How can a missionary in 1845 be held to account for something a descendant does 50 years later?"

Rev. Wolfe explained her theory that Michener's 1959 book had made a cartoon out of one of the original preachers, whom Michener called Abner Hale. The portrayal of this character by Max von Sydow in the movie hadn't helped; this very sour Abner Hale captured the popular imagination as a typical, narrow-minded and misguided missionary. Lost in the popular translation was Hale's fictional wife, Jerusha, who had been selfless and wise in the Michener tale and, as played by Julie Andrews in the movie, seemed to epitomize the goodness in fact lived by many of the missionaries. However, Andrews' sweet portrayal did not have the sour but memorable tang of von Sydow's.

Compounding this public relations problem for the missionary's legacy is the fashion in modern times, particularly in the realm of "native" affairs, which require that well-intentioned, good people put into the worst possible light the work and intentions of pioneers and seekers who crossed cultural borders to explore and interact with other human beings. Such explorations, of course, are as old as human history, with the "natives" themselves descendants of such seekers. Such nuances, alas, are lost in modern fashion, which requires that the ills of today clearly be the fault of those who helped forge the country we call home.

I located arguments worth saving. While in Hawaii, Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, wrote a letter published June 5, 1860 in the New York Tribune:

> *It is no small thing to say of the Missionaries of the American Board, that in less than 40 years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science and entertainment, etc., etc. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than New England; …and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chamber, and filling posts in the local magistracies.*

A modern observer, Albert F. Judd II, wrote recently:

> *The Missionaries fought injustice arrogance, selfishness, licentiousness and ambitions directed against Hawaii's independence…that the missionaries 'stole the land' is an often repeated untruth…the story of the Mission is one for which no apologia needs be written…the noblemen and women who gave their strength, prayers and lives for the Gospel in Hawaii, have left their own monument. 'Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.'*

XVI. DOING WELL

The UCC's apology in 1989 smelled to me like toadying to the trendy politi-

cal correctness of the left. Maybe, maybe not. I since learned that the apology was specifically for the missionaries' complicity in the coup against the royal family. On these points, I am sure historians and moralists will continue the debate well after your correspondent is dust.

But there is a criticism to make. Just look at who owns what. On Kauai, there are 555 square miles of usable land, with 51 percent used for agriculture, 46 percent for conservation, and 3 percent for residential, commercial, industrial or hotels or resorts. Of that usable land 44 percent is held by the federal, state or county governments and free from commercial exploitation. When the public owns land and removes it from private value, nobody owns it. But of the private land available, more than three-quarters of what is left (78 percent of the 196,540 acres, to be exact) is held by seven firms. What modern critics may have in mind is how it is that so much is held by so few. Put another way, it is said the missionaries came to do good, and their descendants stayed to do well.

With Horton Owen and Charlotte (Close) Knapp in the ABCFM's Eighth Company aboard the Mary Frazier were two other missionary couples: Samuel Northrup and Angeline (Tenney) Castle, and Amos Starr and Juliette (Montague) Cooke. As mentioned earlier, the Mary Frazier left Boston on December 14, 1836, and arrived in Honolulu on April 9, 1837. The Knapps were first assigned to the mission station on Hawaii.

The destiny for the Castles and Cookes was somewhat different. Samuel Castle, as Assistant Superintendent of Secular Affairs for the mission, and his wife were first assigned to Honolulu. Angeline Loraine (Tenney) Castle, a teacher at a school for native girls, died in 1841. Castle returned to the U.S. and married his wife's sister, Mary. He returned to Honolulu in 1843 and resumed his administrative duties for the mission.

Amos Cooke was a teacher. In 1839, the king and chief asked that Cooke and his wife set up a school to teach Hawaiian chiefs. The ABCFM released the Cookes from their mission duties, and for the next 10 years, the Cookes taught the Hawaiian hereditary elite. These children would become in adulthood the rulers and final hereditary rulers of the islands. The Cooke students included Prince Moses, hereditary Governor of Kauai; Prince Lot, who later became King Kamehameha V; Prince Alexander, adopted by King Kamehameha III; and his successor; Prince Victorian Kamamula, the last Kuhina Nui; Emma Rooke, wife of King Kamehameha IV; William Lunalili, first elected king; David Kalakaua, last reigning king; Lydia Kamakaeha (Liliuokalani) last sovereign of Hawaii; Bernice Pauahi, granddaughter of King Kamehameha I and founder of Kamehameha Schools.

After a decade, the Cookes were exhausted from raising their own five children and organizing, conducing and maintaining their school for the children of the Hawaiian royal families. In 1849, Amos Cooke left the school and

succeeded Samuel Castle as Assistant Superintendent of Secular Affairs.

In 1851, both Castle and Cooke resigned from the ABCFM to become partners in the mercantile business. They formed Castle & Cooke, which remains one of the largest companies in Hawaii, and today owns more land in the Islands than anyone else. Is there any doubt that the friendships and relations formed in the classrooms of that first royal school gave Castle & Cooke profitable access to land and commercial opportunity?

Castle & Cooke recently made news when it announced that it intended to sell Dole Food Company, the pineapple giant founded by James Dole, Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole's grandson. Castle & Cooke had acquired Dole's pineapple works some years ago. James Dole was the son of Rev. Daniel Dole's firstborn, George Hathaway Dole, who had moved to California to ranch. Rev. Dole's second son, Sanford Ballard Dole, became a Honolulu lawyer and politician and helped lead the civilian overthrow of the Hawaiian royal family in 1893.

On Kauai, the largest landowner is the firm Gay & Robinson, which owns 60,000 acres, 25 percent of the island's private land, of which one-third is set aside for watershed, as cliffs and valleys, and two-thirds is used for agriculture and cattle. G&R Sugar, still dominated by the Robinson family, also owns the island of Niihau entirely and preserves it for Hawaiians only.

The Sinclair, Robinson and Gay families, who were of Scots ancestry and interrelated by blood and marriage, arrived together on their own ship after a quest for land, fortunate and their place that began in Scotland, and carried them to California and New Zealand before they arrived in Honolulu in September 1863. They quickly became favorites of Honolulu society and the Hawaiian royal court. Kamehameha IV sold the island of Niihau to the Sinclair-Robinson-Gay clan in 1863 for $10,000. When Frances Sinclair, the family matriarch, found Niihau's climate and living conditions too harsh, the clan purchased land on Kauai that had belonged to Victoria Kamamalu, a granddaughter of Kamehameha I, and began their acquisitions of other large tracts for their enterprises.

Another of Kauai's largest landowners is Alexander & Baldwin, whose 21,944 acres include the McBryde Sugar Company and real estate development firms. A&B was founded in 1870 by Samuel T. Alexander and Henry P. Baldwin. Baldwin was born in 1842 in Lahaina, Maui, where his missionary parents, Rev. Dwight and Charlotte (Fowler) Baldwin of the ABCFM's Fourth Company, were assigned. Alexander was born in 1836 in Waioli, Kauai, a son of Rev. William Patterson and Mary Ann (McKinney) Alexander of the ABCFM's Fifth Company.

Another landowner is the Bishop Estate, whose 12,000 acres on Kauai are

used to grow agricultural products. These lands are part of the original 434,000 acres put in trust in the will of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a granddaughter of King Kamehameha I, for the purpose of establishing and supporting Kamehameha Schools for Hawaiians. Bernice Pauahi Bishop married American businessman, Charles Reed Bishop, in 1850. Bishop was the founder of Hawaii's first bank, which today is called the Bank of Hawaii and is still the state's largest. Bishop Street is the heart of Honolulu's financial center and Bishop's Museum was founded in honor of the banker's wife, Bernice, who was also a student at Cooke's school.

XVII. THE NEWEST OWNERS

I got a taste of how modern economic power on Hawaii can shift on my first day on Oahu, during the Waikiki Trolley tour of Honolulu. I had taken this tour just days after leaving work for vacation. The day I left, Mobil was reacting to the sudden resignation of John Sullivan, 47, an executive vice president in the Exploration & Producing (E&P) Division, who had once been a rising star destined for the board one day. A headhunter for the Australian outfit, The Broken Hill Proprietary (BHP) Co., Ltd. had lured him away with a more attractive job, something very unusual in the Mobil culture. A native of Ireland, Sullivan had graduated from University College, Dublin, with a chemical engineering degree but the spirit of a poet. He had spent most of his career in the Middle East, first in Libya and later Abu Dhabi. I first met him when he was chief of Mobil Oil Canada, Ltd. Sullivan had charm, a keen and quick mind and a sense of public grace. He later invited me to his 25th anniversary dinner, where I met his wife, a slender Irish woman who had a dry, ironic take on this odd ceremony attended by corporate colleagues.

In 1990, John Kenneth, a senior exec in charge of the Middle East & Marine Transportation Division (MEMT) was diagnosed with cancer and retired suddenly. Sullivan replaced him and helped Allen Riley, the chairman, reorganize MEMT. Within months Riley named Sullivan to coordinate the corporation's initiatives in the former Soviet Union. This high-profile assignment required thinking grand thoughts and breathing thin air in high places. When business options in the former Soviet Union dimmed and Riley was to retire, Sullivan was relegated to E&P again, reporting to a division chief who did not appreciate young stars burning quite so brightly. Now that Riley was gone, perhaps Sullivan figured his best days at Mobil were over.

The Thursday before I left work, I sat at the conference with other E&P managers as Sullivan announced he was leaving Mobil after 25 years. He had just been recruited to become president of BHP Petroleum, Ltd., the Australian oil and gas company a few of us knew had been shopping for a leader for a while. Some sniffed at the move, saying Sullivan was taking a job others at the table had turned down as unworthy. I had a different view. BHP

has come up at the top of our list among competitors in our recent government relations survey among host governments. I knew this to be true because BHP has beaten Mobil for some acreage offshore Vietnam. Sullivan said he would be moving to Melbourne shortly.

Now in Hawaii days later, I was seated in the tourist trolley on Bishop Street in the financial district. Across the street from the formal stone buildings housing both Alexander & Baldwin and Castle & Cooke, I saw the modern office tower for Pacific Resources, an oil and gas enterprise.

How odd, I thought. I had read in a magazine on Hawaii on the flight to Honolulu that Pacific Resources was Hawaii's largest business. The story had caught my eye because in 1989, Pacific Resources was taken over by BHP, which is Australia's largest company by a factor of 10 and owns steel mills, mines of copper and gold and other minerals, a variety of engineering and construction arms, as well as an oil and a gas subsidiary named BHP Petroleum. After the purchase, Pacific Resources was renamed BHP Petroleum (Hawaii). The firm operated a 90,000-barrel-a-day gasoline refinery on Oahu and a string of gasoline stations called Gas Express. In 1990, the parent company's revenue was about $4 billion for enterprises that encompassed ventures around the world.

Riding now on Bishop Street in Oahu, I realized this Hawaiian business center had a new chief, and his name was Sullivan. How small this world, I thought? But the tradition of privately changing economic authority in Hawaii without regard to Islanders' opinions apparently was continuing.

XX. THE LEGACIES OF MELICENT, CHARLOTTE & OTHERS

First there was sandalwood, then whaling; but what transformed Hawaii forever was sugar. The idea for sugar plantations came from three Yankee merchants who came to Hawaii in 1833 aboard the ship Hellespointe.

William Ladd and Peter A. Brinsmade, both of Hallowell, Maine, and their partner William Hooper, a native of Boston, had invested $2,000 each in a cargo of goods to stock a new store for general merchandise called Ladd & Company. Brinsmade had attended both Andover Theological Seminary and Yale and had friends among the missionaries, who quickly befriended the three young capitalists as "pious traders." Within months, the three fell upon the idea of developing a plantation to manufacture sugar. Sugar cane had been brought to Hawaii by the Polynesians, but manufacturing sugar from the cane plant had never been tried before and certainly not on the scale envisioned by Ladd & Company.

Friends at the royal court helped the partners purchase 980 acres at Koloa for 50 years at $300 per year. The lease, signed July 29, 1835, by Kamehameha III, established Ladd & Company as the first commercial sugar plantation in Hawaii.

Hooper hired 25 Hawaiians to work the Koloa fields as laborers. The

conversion for the Hawaiians was hard. The routines of labor, and the use of script as payment for labor, were concepts utterly foreign to the natives. Soon a barter system was developed. Three years later, a few Chinese laborers already on Kauai begin work at the Koloa plantation. The 1837-38 season yielded 30 tons of sugar and 170 barrels of molasses. In March 1838 a test acre produced more than 5,000 pounds of sugar and 400 gallons of molasses. The Koloa experiment was a success.

Hooper set up a pattern of plantation life that would last a hundred years. There was a company general store selling goods purchased by the company for laborers who lived in company housing, purchased milk from a company dairy. Part of their wages included being given space for a garden and animals they could raise themselves. Medical service was provided by an ABCFM missionary, first by Dr. Thomas Lafon, who arrived in Koloa in 1839 and was succeeded three years later by Dr. James W. Smith.

By 1840, Ladd & Company developed financial difficulties. The government granted incentives, including 100-year leases costing the company 50 cents per acre on all lands used, $10 a year for mill sites. In return, Ladd & Company would help the U.S. recognize Hawaii as a separate nation. The recognition took place in 1849 after Kamehameha III turned Hawaii into a constitutional monarchy.

Ladd & Company eventually went bankrupt. Ladd and Brinsmade left the Islands. Hooper remained in Koloa as sole owner, with others coming to manage the enterprise. Despite Ladd & Company's collapse, the success of the Koloa plantation changed everything.

Among Koloa's imitators was the plantation established in nearby Lihue by Pierce & Co. in 1847. The Lihue venture was started by Boston native Henry Augustus Pierce who arrived in Honolulu in 1828. Pierce eventually became a partner with James Hunnewell and later with Charles Brewer in the firm known as C. Brewer & Company, Ltd. Founded in 1826 as a Honolulu trading company, C. Brewer & Company later became one of the so-called Big Five, which first dominated the Hawaiian economy in the early 20th century and today remains one of the seven largest landowners in Kauai.

Pierce came up with the idea of a Lihue sugar plantation when he saw the land while on a sailing trip to Kauai. Pierce enlisted Honolulu investors into a $16,000 capital venture called H.A. Pierce & Co. Among the partners was Charles R. Bishop, later founder of Hawaii's first and still largest bank and husband of Hawaiian royalty. In 1849 Pierce & Co. purchased 2,500 acres in Lihue from the estate of Oahu governor Kekuanaoa, and hired J. F. B. Marshall as manager of the new plantation. By 1854, Marshall was exhausted, so the partners turned to a suitable replacement, William Harrison Rice.

How Rice came to this assignment as Lihue plantation manager illustrates the choices faced by many ABCFM missionaries. Rice and his wife, Mary Sophia, had come to Hawaii in 1841 with the Ninth Company, which also included Rev. Daniel Dole. Rice was a teacher and his first assignment was at Hana, where his first child was born. Weather and damp climate forced them to move to Lahaina, Maui, and in 1844 Rice was assigned to Punahou School, which had been started three years before by his shipmate, Rev. Dole. Rice was in charge of financial matters among other work, and his wife helped supervise the dozen Punahou students.

The work was hard and support from the ABCFM was dwindling. At its annual meeting in 1852, the ABCFM discussed financial support for Hawaiian missions and decided it was best if the missionaries became more self-supporting. Kamehameha III was worried that the missionaries would leave, so he offered each family land at low prices as a partial means of support. Many purchased land from the king at discounts.

This decision to drop financial support was years in the making and over time, increased the missionaries' desire to integrate into the financial fabric of the islands. Rice's financial allegiance was symbolic of this. After 13 years of schoolwork, Rice went from being a poor schoolteacher and administrator to being offered the opportunity to be manager of a financial colossus. In 1854, Rice was hired at $400 a year, and given a house and space for a garden. The Rice family threw themselves into the enterprise and quickly became Lihue leaders. They were well liked by the other families, including the Smiths and within a year, the Doles, who had worked with the Rices at Punahou. Dr. Smith, on his medical rounds, was a frequent visitor. Dr. Smith wrote of Rice and his family:

It is a great blessing to have such a family in the field—a family that cordially sympathizes with me and is already ready to lend a helping hand.

Rice died of TB in 1862 at age 49. Daughter Hannah Maria Rice would marry Paul Isenberg, her father's successor as manager of the Lihue plantation. Son William Hyde Rice would raise cattle and horses at Kipu, between Koloa and Lihue, manage the Lihue plantation ranch from 1867 to 1869, and begin his own ranch in 1872 and eventually become governor of Kauai and a leader of the drive toward a republic.

In 1839, Dr. Thomas Lafon came to Kauai and made his home in the Lihue district, where he ran a school and served as the ABCFM physician for Ladd & Company's Koloa plantation. Three years later, Dr. Lafon was replaced as mission doctor by Dr. James M. Smith who was assigned with his wife, Melicent (Knapp) Smith, to Koloa Mission.

It is hard to overstate the effects of disease on Hawaii. Estimates vary, but

one account held that when Captain Cook arrived, the Islands were inhabited by about 300,000 people. In 1823, the missionaries estimated the Islands' population had been cut in half. Using these same tally techniques, the estimates were that 84,165 people inhabited Hawaii in 1853. Epidemic disease cut people down; mumps in 1839, measles a decade later. In 1849, measles, whooping cough, and flu killed 10,000. In 1853 smallpox took another 5,000. On Kauai, the population dropped from 12,000 in 1831 to 7,800 in 1853. During that same period, the population on all the Islands dropped from 129,800 in 1831 to 73,100 in 1853. The population decline reached its low point in 1872 when the Islands' population was 56,900 and Kauai's population was 5,200 people.

From an economic standpoint, this destruction of humanity was intolerable to the plantations being established throughout the Islands. In 1850, Honolulu leaders created the Royal Hawaiian Agriculture Society whose purpose was to find and import foreign workers. Two years later the first Chinese contractors arrived in the Islands. Some 280 Chinese were assigned to plantations in Hanalei, Koloa and Lihue. More started coming in 1857 and by 1866, some 1,306 Chinese on the Islands for periods of up to three years or more.

The practice of using contract laborers from China grew slowly. In 1872, of the 3,846 workers on Islands, some 82.8 percent of the workforce was Hawaiian and part Hawaiian, Chinese 11 percent. A decade later, Chinese were half of the workforce, while Hawaiian or part Hawaiian 25 percent. Japanese were 0.1 percent and Portuguese labor imported from the Azores was 12 percent. By that time, there were eight plantations on Kauai: at Koloa, Lihue, Kilauea, Hanalei, Grove Farm, Eleele, Kapaa and Kawaihau.

Leaders' concern over the reliance on Chinese laborers began early. Efforts were made in the 1860s to attract Japanese. In March 1883, when Chinese made up half the labor population, plantation owners formed the Planters' Labor & Supply Company at a way to the speed up importing non-Chinese labor, specifically Japanese. Four years later, the Hawaiian government required all Chinese entering Hawaii to have passports.

The first labor team from Japan, 153 people, arrived in 1868. As a result of the new policy however, 1,950 Japanese came to Hawaii in 1885, far short of the target of 6,000 the planters had hoped for. However, thereafter the policy of attracting Japanese and discouraging Chinese labor shifted into high gear. From 1886 to 1896, 14,894 Chinese arrived, while 13,994 returned home after their contract period. During the same period, 32,056 Japanese came and only 8,969 returned home. In the 1880s, Japanese labor became the predominant group: 63.3 percent in 1892 increasing to 73.4 percent in 1902. Portuguese accounted for 6.3 percent of the workforce that year. Koreans began arriving in 1902, and by 1908 represented 4.5 percent of workforce. On

Kauai, there were 2,828 Japanese on plantations in 1896, and by 1901 5,921. Japanese were 58 percent of Kauai's workforce in 1896 and 71 percent by 1901. From 1890 to 1900, the population of Kauai increased 75 percent from 11,859 to 20,735. At the turn of the century, 75 percent of the people on Kauai where either Japanese or Chinese.

By this time, Hawaii's leaders and their allies in the U.S. were concerned about the very nature of the Islands, and whether Japan itself had designs on them. At the time, Japan was beginning its Asian expansion and had a proprietary interest in Hawaii and its people. In fact, in 1897 Japan protested to the U.S. about possible American annexation of Hawaii and sent a warship to Honolulu in a show of force.

In the summer of 1855, a year after the Smiths arrived at Koloa, the Doles moved to town. Rev. Dole had been principal of Punahou School for 14 years and had been married to Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) for nine years. By that time, differences had grown up between Rev. Dole and some of the trustees of Punahou. Though some wanted him to say, Dole wanted to find another position. Since Dole had not learned Hawaiian sufficiently to preach, many positions at congregations were not open to him. However, there was a need for a school on Kauai. Mission and plantation families found it expensive to send their children to Punahou on Oahu; they also didn't like sending their young off the island to school. The Doles were hired to start and run a school on Kauai.

Though Waimea remained capital of Kauai, Koloa had become its economic center. Whalers, suppliers and travelers of all kinds frequented the Port of Koloa. Koloa was the center of agriculture. A customs agent has been assigned there because of traffic. A house was built for Dole and his family consisting of two rooms and a garret. The cookhouse was separate. The two Dole boys occupied one end of the garret; the first student, Maria Rice, daughter of the Lihue plantation manager, occupied the other part. The first Dole schoolhouse was a single room, a clapboard building with bare timbers inside under a thatched roof. Rev. Dole also preached in English and alternated his Sundays between Lihue and Koloa.

In Koloa, the Doles found friends: William Harrison Rice and his wife had worked with the Doles at Punahou. Mrs. Melicent (Knapp) Smith, a sister of the late Horton Owen Knapp, had been Charlotte (Close) (Knapp) Dole's sister-in-law. Missionary family children and part-Hawaiian children all attended Dole's school. Five of the Smith children attended. Since many parents wanted their children to board at the school, more room was needed. Among the children who attended were children of the Rice, Sinclair, Robinson and Gay families, whose children would go on to become leaders of

Hawaii's economy. Their home became a boarding home, too, for children from Hanalei, Waimea, Lihue, Wailua.

Missionary homes became virtual wayside inns for visitors. The Smith and Dole homes provided lodging for people going to and from Koloa. Plantation and ranch owners and managers, including William Harrison Rice, and the missionaries all took on increasingly important positions as leaders and counselors in the community, as the Hawaiian chiefs lost authority. The American expatriate families became close, sharing each other's lives, hopes and dreams, from the grand to the routine. For example, the families formed magazine clubs sharing Harper's Monthly, Edinburgh Review, North American Review and other magazines. The children of missionaries and the children of the merchant class grew up together in mutual respect, and often in a bilingual manner with many Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians as classmate and friends.

Koloa wasn't ideal. The Port of Koloa could be rough. The reason was New England's Yankee merchant-captains and their crews. Whaling vessels first showed up in Hawaii in 1819 when the Balena and the Equator dropped anchor at Kealakekua Bay, on the Big Island, searching for new hunting grounds. These two ships took whales off Kealakekua Bay and within five years, the number of New England whalers visiting Hawaii reached 104.

Hawaii's strategic location, 30 days' sailing time from the favored North Pacific whaling ground west of the islands, ensured the Islands would become a port known around the world to whalers. The high point of whaling traffic was the 1859 season when 549 whaling ships visited the Islands. Whaling's influence began to change when the Civil War began, and when oil was discovered in Pennsylvania. Kerosene replaced whale oil for lamps, eliminating the market for whale oil. In 1860 the number of whaling ships stopping in Hawaii dropped to 325; two years later only 73 whalers came.

The favored ports for whalers since 1825 were Honolulu on Oahu and Lahaina on Maui, which grew to become favored seamen's communities, complete with all the attractions sailors enjoy everywhere. Since Captain Cook, Kauai's favored port was Waimea to the south, but Koloa got its share of trade. In the early times, those ships that did visit Koloa tended to those piloted by captains who had more pious ideas. Dr. Smith was invited on occasion to preach aboard whaling vessels offshore Koloa. Some captains brought their wives and children with them on their voyages. In January 1857, Dr. Smith noted:

> *Capt Cox & his wife and daughter came on shore form the Magnolia and stopped with us…Capt. Perse…had his wife and two daughters aboard…Mrs. Jones & child was with him (Captain Jones) & spent several days with us.*

In return for hospitality of this sort, James and Melicent Smith were often given several gallons of whale oil for their trouble. On October 14, 1854, for example, the Scotland was at Koloa. Dr. Smith wrote:

> *Capt. S. generously made me a present of 5 gals of Oil—the 2d can full I have received from him the same way—He is homeward bound.*

Though Koloa avoided the level of depravity of Honolulu and Lahaina, the whalers trade did cause trouble. The financial rewards of whaling were obvious: A captain on a whaler could earn three times the amount earned, say, by the manager of the Lihue plantation; a seaman earned three times that of a laborer at the sugar plantation. Many young Hawaiians, at home at sea and handy about a sailing vessel, were favored by captains. Many signed up for voyages only to regret the treatment, work, food and miserable working conditions. Despite its financial promise, few who had a choice signed up for a second tour on a whaler.

On shore, seamen favored brothels, which paid women well. But a whore's wages often include VD. John Cook, a one-time sailor who became a carpenter on Kauai, wrote of boatloads of women who sailed for Honolulu to work:

> *Many's the time one would see a fine, healthy, strapping young girl, with fresh, clear complexion, leave Kauai and return in six months or so with here face all blotched and sodden, an utter physical wreck, who would help to further spread disease like wildfire through the countryside.*

Weary of the crews of some ships, Dr. Smith noted in his journal in April 1865:

> *Three whaleships here at anchor & bad proceedings are expected on shore.*

Rev. Wolfe walked us back behind the Koloa parsonage to a small cemetery plot on the other side of the hedge at the rear of the property. There were perhaps 20 gravestones, most of them bearing the names Smith and Waterhouse. The Waterhouse family was descended from John T. Waterhouse, a British immigrant who worked as the Honolulu agent for the Sinclair, Robinson and Gay clan. William Waterhouse, presumably a son, married Melicent Philena (Smith), who was born to Dr. James William & Melicent (Knapp) Smith here in Koloa. The Waterhouse family would become among Kauai's most distinguished. The gravestone read:

> *Mother Lena Smith Waterhouse*
> *Nov 6 1854–March 19 1943*

Also buried here was Dr. Smith, who died in Koloa November 30, 1887, at age 77, and his wife, Melicent (Knapp) Smith, who died in Koloa September 24, 1891, at age 74. The green moss and fungus had been recently cleaned off the

fronts of their headstones. They gleamed white in the midday sun. The face of Melicent's stone read:

> *Melicent Knapp Smith*
> *Born in Greenwich, Con*
> *"Her children rise up and call her blessed"*
> *"Precious (sq) in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."*

James and Melicent Smith had nine children, all born in Koloa. One son, Jared Knapp Smith, born December 23, 1849, became a physician like his father and in 1897 was murdered as a result of his duties; the victim, in his way, of leprosy and the panic associated with the disease.

Leprosy first appeared in Hawaii about 1840, probably coming from China. But it was 1863 before the board of health became concerned. Three years later, authorities set aside a flat isolated projection of land cut off from the rest of Molokai by cliffs and ocean and designated it as a leper colony. It was called Kalaupapa. Any individual judged to have leprosy was taken there and abandoned to the fate of the disease. There were no appeals and, when judgment was rendered, no escape. Hundreds of afflicted fled into the hills and valleys to avoid detection. On Kauai's northern coast, the Kalalau Valley became a gathering place for people seeking refuge from the health board's agents.

By 1889, 25 to 35 leprous people were living in Kalalau. When sheriff's men tried to get them out, open gun battles ensued. In June 1893, after a sheriff was killed, Sanford B. Dole, the president of the Republic of Hawaii, declared martial law in Hanalei and Waimea and ordered an armed expedition. But it was futile, and was called off after more lawmen were killed and it became clear that the expedition lacked the heart for the task.

It was this resistance to the leper policy that cost Dr. Jared Smith his life. As part of his medical duties, Dr. Smith was to certify whether or not people had the disease. At his Koloa home on the evening of September 27, 1897, he got up from the table where he writing his fiancee to answer a knock at the door. When he opened the door he was shot through the heart and killed. His murderer was a man who wanted to prevent Dr. Smith from signing an order sending to Honolulu a young Kauai girl suspected of having leprosy.

Another Smith son was William Owen Smith, born August 4, 1848, whose middle name was for his mother's brother, Horton Owen Knapp. W. O. Smith went to Rev. Dole's school and became a lawyer, a politician and a friend and colleague of Sanford Ballard Dole.

By 1863, the Dole family had saved enough to send its younger son, Sanford Ballard, to Massachusetts to spend a year at Williams College, after which he

read law at a Boston law firm. He returned to the Islands in 1868.

Dole practiced law in Honolulu at a time when the Hawaiian monarchy was in ferment. King Lunalilo died February 3, 1874. David Kalakaua and Dowager Queen Emma announced their candidacies. On February 12 the legislature gathered and named Kalakaua as the new king. Queen Emma's supporters rioted; one legislator was killed in subsequent fights. The governor of Oahu requested troops from three warships, two American and one British, that were anchored at Honolulu harbor to come ashore to restore order. The next month, Kalakaua, the new king, went to Hanalei for a tour. In Koloa King Kalakaua went to church where Rev. Dr. James W. Smith offered prayers.

Within a few years, support for King Kalakaua had dwindled. Iolani Palace was completed in 1883; and an elaborate coronation ceremony proved an embarrassment. It was also shown the king had taken bribes from Tong Kee for the rights to control the opium monopoly.

By 1887, the king had lost most of his support. On June 13 Sanford Ballard Dole, by then a Honolulu political leader, wrote to his brother George, who was managing the Z. S. Spalding Plantation in Kapaa, Kauai: "When (Kalakaua) drives out to Waikiki he has a squad of mounted armed police around him."

Later that year, an organization called the Hawaiian League was formed by the business community to express displeasure with the monarchy. It was supported by a military unit called the Honolulu Rifles, which was ostensibly an armed unit of the monarchy. A public protest was held at the armory a block from the Iolani Palace on June 29. More than 2,000 people filled the armory. Members of the Honolulu Rifles were on hand in uniform.

William Hyde Rice, son of the Lihue plantation manager and a longtime legislator representing Koloa, spoke to the gathering in Hawaiian:

> *Hawaiian citizens from Hawaii to Niihau…It has been well said that the ship of this movement has been launched…now let us take the helm and steer.*

A committee of 13 was appointed to make its demands known to King Kalakaua. They gave him 24 hours to respond. When a new constitution was drawn up stripping the king of much of his authority and creating a constitutional monarch, the king signed it.

When King Kalakaua died in January 1891, his sister, Queen Liliuokalani, became Hawaii's queen. The two years of her rule were similar to the early days of her brother in that she continued to lose the trust of the community. When news reached business leaders she was going to propose a new constitution, broadening her powers, a Committee of Safety was formed in January 1893. A mass meeting attended by 1,500 called for overthrow of the monar-

chy. Another meeting of royalists drew the same number.

At 5 p.m. Monday, January 16, an armed force of 162 men from the USS Boston landed in Honolulu at the request of the U.S. Minister, John L. Stevens. The next day the monarchy fell. Sanford Ballard Dole accepted a call by the Committee of Safety to head a new government. Queen Liliuokalani surrendered her kingdom under protest not to Dole's provisional government but "to the superior force of the United States of America."

When U.S. President Grover Cleveland heard about the overthrow, he denounced the coup and demanded that Queen Liluokalana be restored. Dole and the Committee of Safety ignored the president and declared Hawaii's independence, created the Republic of Hawaii in 1894 and named Dole president. There would be arguments about who did what and at what time and what was constitutional and legal. But at the end of the day, the guns of the 162 uniformed men from the USS Boston provided the armed cover for the citizens led by Dole to take power. And they did.

Six years later the United States, during the Spanish American War, annexed Hawaii, creating the Territory of Hawaii. President Cleveland appointed Dole the First Territorial Governor, a post he held until his retirement in 1915. Dole died in 1926.

W. O. Smith became a lawyer and served as Sheriff of Kauai in 1870 and later moved to Maui representing that district in the Hawaiian legislature on and off from 1878 to 1912; also serving as the attorney general of the Provisional Government from 1893 to 1899. The only note made by his sister, Juliette Smith, of her brother's assignment was in her diary February 1, 1893, when she said that her brother and other rebel leaders were in danger in Honolulu.

In 1915, W. O. Smith wrote a reminiscence of his Koloa boyhood for the Kauai Historical Society:

> *My father, Dr. J. W. Smith, succeeded (Dr. Thomas Lafon the missionary physician on Kauai) in 1842. My father was the only physician on the Island and devoted himself to that work although he and my mother, Mrs. M. K. Smith, were engaged in general missionary work. The Island was quite well populated at that time and my father was often away from home. My mother had classes of native women in Bible study and taught them sewing, etc., and later established a boarding school for training Hawaiian girls, in which she was assisted by her sister, Miss Deborah Knapp, and her daughters, Emma and Charlotte. In 1857 my father, at the earnest request of the missionaries, consented to be ordained and become pastor of the Koloa Native Church, which position he held til in the sixties when the American Board adopted the policy of installing native pastors. While pastor he still carried on his medical work.*

During the early days missionary families often had to entertain company. Some of the visitors were acquaintances and friends and many were strangers. There were times the good mothers became weary with the extra work and care of entertainment of strangers. The hospitality was given without grudging and the best things were offered to the guests, and many times the appreciation and kindness of the guests fully compensated for the labor; but there were instances of strangers going away and telling of ëthe luxury' in which the missionaries lived, little knowing how economies had to be practiced after their departure and of the weariness which they had caused.

Home life of Koloa was very pleasant. Our Mother, like nearly all of the missionary mothers, was New England born and had training and ingenuity in household matters and making the best of conditions. The children were taught to be helpful and were instructed in the early school branches. The clothing was home made and with a large family this entailed much work and care for the mother.

As the years passed and the children of these missionaries increased in number and there was no school for them on Kauai, and sending of the young children to Punahou entailed much anxiety and expense, it was decided to establish a school at Koloa, and Rev. Daniel Dole who had been principal of the Punahou School consented to come to Koloa. He came in 1855 with his wife, Mrs. Charlotte C. Dole, and his sons George and Sanford, and for many years maintained the school; and the mission children from Hanalei, Lihue and Waimea were boarded in his home. Father Dole was an excellent instructor and is remembered by his old pupils with great respect and aloha. The reputation of the school was such that some pupils came from the other Islands…Besides maintaining the school Father Dole established a church at Koloa for English speaking people, which he maintained for a number a years.

We flew from Lihue to Maui but I was forced to cut short the vacation and leave Sun Oak, Lee and Micah behind for three days while they explored Maui and I engaged in work duties I couldn't avoid. We had our last night at Ka'anapali, south of Lahaina, the old mission town, where I wondered about the grit of widow Charlotte (Close) Knapp sailing alone from port to port in 1845. At that time, Lahaina was a whaling and sailors' town of a vibrant and rough sort. Today, it has the sun 'n fun ambiance of Santa Monica. We ate lunch in the Hard Rock Cafe. The beach was right outside our hotel bungalow and we spent the sundown hours at water's edge taking pictures and being silly.

Some weeks later, while going through the books and papers I had collected, I found a passage written by Sanford Ballard Dole toward the end of the 19th century in a reflective essay entitled Hawaii After Annexation:

I do not know that anywhere there is a civilized community whose social

life is more natural and unconventional without loss of refinement than that existing in the Hawaiian Islands. A charm of Hawaiian society is its cosmopolitan quality. Every large social gathering has representatives from the great world races—Polynesian, Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Scandinavian, Franks, Mongolians. What will be the result when the American comes as he is coming now, and faster? Without doubt the union of little Hawaii with great America lifts the curtain before a future full of great possibilities to Hawaii. We shall undoubtedly have our disappointments. There will be some bad mixed with the good. But there will be growth beyond our own precedents. Our local world will be larger and we shall be in touch with the great communities of the rest of the world. We are Americans now, for better or worse.