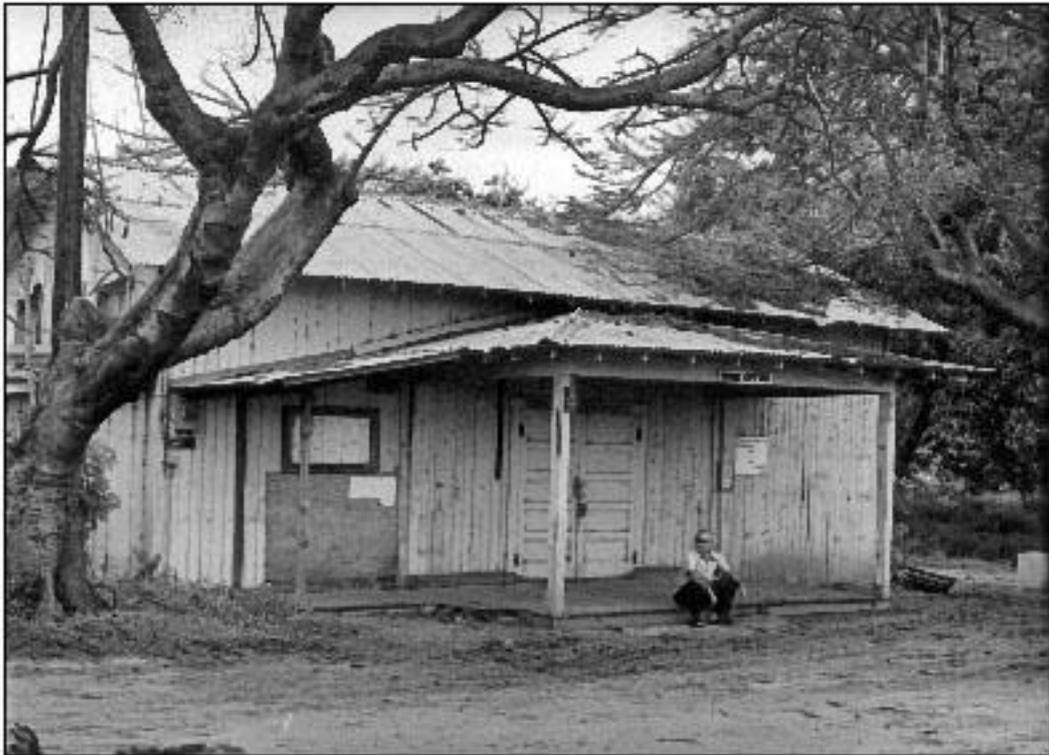


MANA, the place and its people



By John Martin



Dedication



Lawrence Martin (1926 - 2001)

“Mana, the place and its people” is dedicated to my brother Lawrence. He knew Mana and its people better than I ever did and he loved the quite plantation camp and those who lived there. The friends he made at school and at work, remained friends throughout his life.

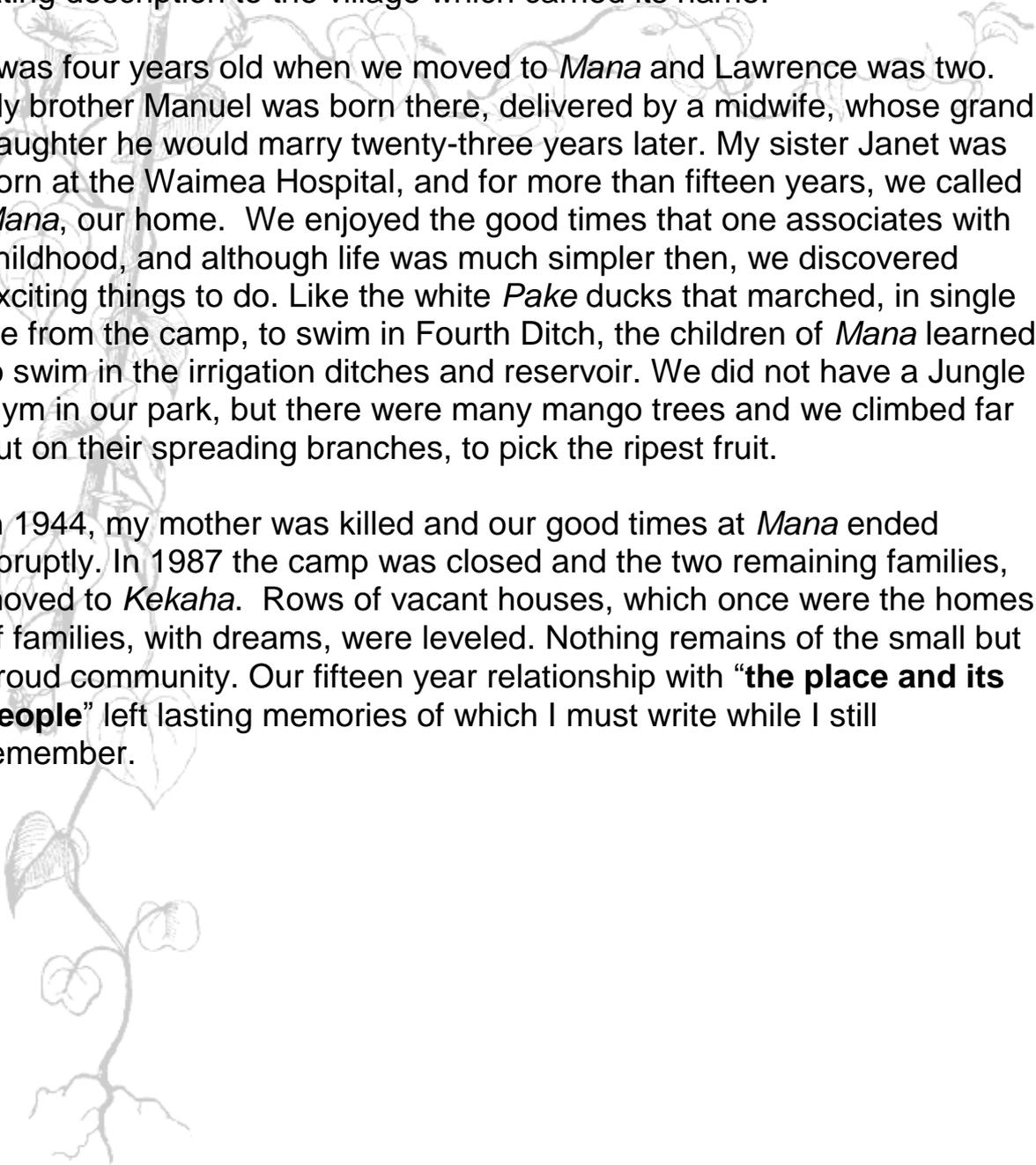
Lawrence helped me, with names, to identify faces that I had long forgotten; and without his help those voids would have remained. I promised him a finished copy of this work ... I can do no less now, than dedicate this story of “Mana, the place and its people,” to him.

Introduction

Why would anyone want to write about *Mana*, a small, quiet community surrounded by sugar cane fields, seven miles from *Kekaha*, its larger and closes neighbor? *Mana*, which in Hawaiian means *hot* and *arid*, is a fitting description to the village which carried its name.

I was four years old when we moved to *Mana* and Lawrence was two. My brother Manuel was born there, delivered by a midwife, whose grand daughter he would marry twenty-three years later. My sister Janet was born at the Waimea Hospital, and for more than fifteen years, we called *Mana*, our home. We enjoyed the good times that one associates with childhood, and although life was much simpler then, we discovered exciting things to do. Like the white *Pake* ducks that marched, in single file from the camp, to swim in Fourth Ditch, the children of *Mana* learned to swim in the irrigation ditches and reservoir. We did not have a Jungle Gym in our park, but there were many mango trees and we climbed far out on their spreading branches, to pick the ripest fruit.

In 1944, my mother was killed and our good times at *Mana* ended abruptly. In 1987 the camp was closed and the two remaining families, moved to *Kekaha*. Rows of vacant houses, which once were the homes of families, with dreams, were leveled. Nothing remains of the small but proud community. Our fifteen year relationship with “**the place and its people**” left lasting memories of which I must write while I still remember.



Acknowledgments

Much of this story is written from personal experiences and from stories my father told me. Where my memory sometimes failed, with the names of people and places, I turned to my brothers Manuel and Lawrence, to my sister Janet and to books.

Kanuka of Kauai, the biography of Valdemar Knudsen, written by his son Eric helped me to learn and understand the early history of *Mana*, and all that surrounded it to *Kekaha* on the East and the *Na Pali* coast on the West. It was especially helpful with the names of places that I had forgotten.

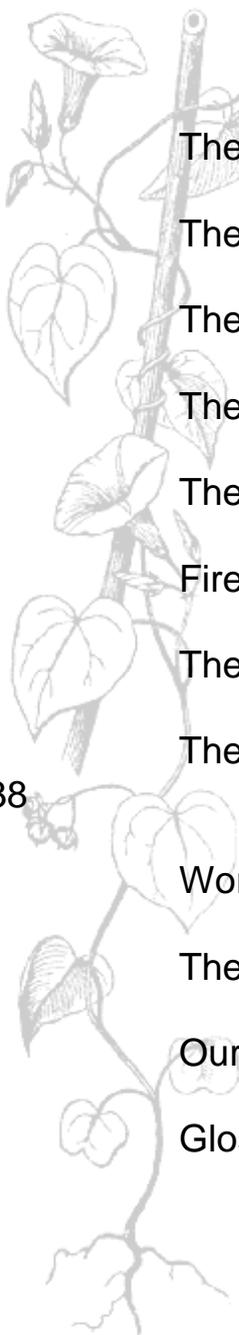
The History of Mana, by Kekaha Sugar Company, was extremely helpful with the full names of people that I had known, during my childhood, only as, *Kono*, *Okino*, *Shimaoka* and others.

To Kiyochi Kanekuni, from whom I was able to copy photographs taken at *Mana*, of classmates and relatives, mahalo.

To those mentioned above, and to others, which I may have failed to acknowledge, the story of *Mana* is not only mine, it is our story.

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MANA, the place and its people

The Place

“Once upon a time, long ago” I suppose I could have started my story this way, for *Mana* is very much like places one reads about in fairy tales. It is real in the minds of those who lived there, but only a name to others. *Mana* does not exist anymore, and we cannot say to those who ask, *“Come, and I will show you.”* So let me tell you the story of **Mana, the place and the people**, my way.

I was only four years old, in early 1929, when KSCo (Kekaha Sugar Company) promoted my father to *Water Luna* (Irrigation Supervisor), and our family moved to *Mana*. My brother Lawrence and I sat in the back seat of our 1925 Star touring car, as father drove up the long driveway to the large empty house at the end. His mind was preoccupied by the challenge of his recent promotion. Father began working in the sugar cane fields of Koloa Sugar Company when he was only twelve and later as a tractor operator for McBryde Sugar Company. He was experienced and confident of his ability, although he had never been responsible for a large group of men before. He wondered whether the one hundred or more men that he would be supervising, would accept him, a stranger, as their *luna*.

My mother sat beside him, saying little. She was a tall slender woman with dark wavy hair, deep set eyes and an olive complexion. Mother was expecting the birth of her third child in a few months, and she too, was preoccupied by the events taking place. When our neighbors and friends at *Kekaha* learned of my father’s promotion, they felt obligated to add their stories to those he had already heard.

“Mana is a terrible place to live and the heat is unbearable. The days are stifling hot and at night the mosquitoes are vicious, they are bigger than flies. Did they tell you that the house is haunted? The last two families to live there, moved out after only a few weeks. The doors face East and

West and the souls of dead Hawaiians march through the house singing weird chants, on their way to Polihale.”

Long before my father drove his young family up that long driveway, *Mana* was already an old village, occupied by few Hawaiian families as early as the 1850s. This small village or *Camp*, as everyone called it, on the western plains of *Kauai*, lay between the foot-hills of the *Kokee-Waimea* Canyon mountain range, and the Ocean. *Mana* sweltered in the dry and hot summer months, and was mired in sticky mud during the rainy winter season when the *Nohili* and *Kawaiele* Ponds joined. It was said that one could travel several miles by canoe on the inland swamp, which was a favorite nesting ground for large flocks of *aio* (Hawaiian Stilt), *koloa* (Hawaiian duck) and *alae* (mud hen).

During his lifetime and tenure as *Konohiki*, Valedmar Knudsen, the energetic Norwegian, had established a successful cattle ranch, at *Waiawa*, producing hides and tallow for export. He began the first sugar plantation and built the first sugar mill in *Kekaha*, all of which, one day would become the *Kekaha* Sugar Company. Knudsen experimented growing sisal, hoping to establish a fiber production industry, and the remains of his endeavor can still be seen in the undeveloped lands along *Kawaiele*. There, stands of sisal, descendants of plants he brought in, still grow. He also began producing honey and established colonies of bee hives throughout *Kekaha*, *Mana* and *Polihale*. Many of these bee hives remain where they were originally established, and continue to produce honey that is flavored with the nectar of *haole koa* and *keawe* (algarroba) blossoms.

During a particularly severe illness, Mrs. Knudsen enlisted the help of her brother Frank Sinclair of *Ni`ihau*, Paul Isenberg, George, Albert and Sam Wilcox, to take over Knudsen's obligations. Two planters, Meier and Anton Faye, were hired to manage the operation of the sugar plantation, which became a thriving reality. By 1886 the ownership and control of this fledgling industry was consolidated into three concerns. Hans Peter Faye, purchased his cousin Anton's shares and the *Mana* lands. Meier and Kruse controlled the *Kekaha* lands and Otto Isenberg, the *Kekaha* Mill Company. It was not until July 16, 1898 that these three holdings were combined to create *Kekaha* Sugar Company, Limited.

Mana was connected to *Kekaha*, and the outside world, by a narrow two lane road, which ran along the foothills of the mountain range, passing what once were Nonaka's vegetable gardens and Pah On Leong's rice fields. Along the seven mile road, grass, brush and *haole koa* clawed at the crumbling edges of asphalt, as if trying to reclaim that, which the road had taken from them. One-half mile beyond Camp 3, where the boundary of the *Mana* Division began, was a fork in the road.



"Kumuao"
The home of Hans Peter Faye

The right fork, led to *Kumuao*, the home built by H. P. Faye at the mouth of *Kawaloa* Valley. A larger home was built in front of the original three bedroom cottage when he married Margaret Lindsey of *Moloaa* in December 1893. Their children, Isabel, H. P. Jr., and Anton Lindsey were

born at *Mana*; Ida, Margaret, Eyvind and Alan at *Pokii*, and Alexander in Norway. In later years, *Kumuao* became the residence of succeeding overseers, William Danford, Friedrich Weber, and William Waterhouse. The left fork in the road led through fields of sugar cane, to *Mana*, arriving between the school and the *Mana* Store.

The Hawaiians were already settled in *Kekaha*, *Pokii*, *Mana*, *Polihale* and smaller settlements along the highway, long before Valdemar Knudsen was appointed *Konohiki* (Headman of a division of crown lands) by King Kamehameha IV. Largest and most prosperous of these settlements was *Pokii*, where taro, sweet potatoes, yams, coconuts, mangoes and gourds were grown. The chief product was *pili* grass used in the rows of thatched houses that bordered the road along the foothills.

As *Konohiki*, Knudsen was granted absolute control over all lands extending from the *Waimea* River bounded by the ocean, to *Nualolo*, and upland into the mountains and dense forest of *Kokee*. All Hawaiians living within these boundaries became tenants-at-will, and subject to Knudsen's orders.



Our Mana home, shortly before it was moved to Waimea to be used as a tourist rental - Photo taken 1987.

Ours was a large house, which had been built in 1900 for E. K. Bull. He was a supervisor in the Mana Sugar Plantation development, and sometimes acted as the Plantation's Manager, during H.

P. Faye's absences. A row of tall Ironwood pines grew along the length of the yard and another of Eucalyptus trees across the front of the yard.

In the back yard, a shed, containing necessary honey processing equipment, stacks of new, but disassembled, hive boxes, starter trays, smoke pots and protective clothing, stood adjacent to ten double tiered hives, each one complete with angry bees (as we were soon to learn) and honey. The garage, empty chicken coops and rabbit hutches occupied the *mauka* side of the yard.

Mana Camp had no more than 400 to 500 residents and was built on a coral ridge-like hummock that rose about twenty or thirty feet above the surrounding area. The site had probably been selected for this reason, since much of the encircling land was marsh and flooded during the rainy winter season. d

During the late 1800's and early 1900's, the labor force consisted mostly of Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos. Those who lived in *Mana* were segregated, as was the practice in all the sugar plantation villages. Ethnic groups were segregated by race into Filipino, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese or Chinese Camps, without the stigma of racial discrimination. It was practiced by choice and necessity because of the

cultural and language differences between each race. It was in the sugar cane fields, where these diverse groups intermingled at work, that *pidgin* English was born. Many of the *pidgin* English and Hawaiian terms are still exclusively used by the plantation workers and their *haole* (Caucasian) supervisors and managers to describe work assignments.

In Hawaiian, *ko* means sugar cane, thus *ha'pai'ko* (*ha'pai* meaning to carry) is what the harvesters did when they carried bundles of cane stalks onto the rail cars. Collecting the cane stalks that fell off these cars along the rail line was called *ko'lili* (*lili* meaning "little" or "small amounts"). As the sugar cane stalks grew tall and heavy, they would eventually fall. This is normal, and a field being harvested is a tangled mass of fallen stalks. Those which fall across irrigation water courses, drains and field roads; obstruct their purpose and must be cleared. Lifting and pushing the stalks away was called *huli'ko* (*huli* meaning to turn-over).

Many of the first Chinese contract workers and free laborers to arrive in 1852, settled in the mud flats of the Camp 3 area, where they worked in the rice fields of Pah On Leong. He was a well known planter whose rice fields extended from the foothills of *Mana* to *Waimea*. When KSCo acquired these mud flats for cane, Pah On Leong lost his lease and closed his rice plantation.

Before sugar cane, most of the land between *Kekaha* and *Mana* was swamp or marsh, with nothing but scrub *keawe* and salt grass. In 1922 a wide network of canals was dug and large pumps installed through which the salt and brackish waters were drained to the ocean at *Limaloa*, *Kawaiele*, *Kinikini* and *Nohili*. A system of ditches, siphons and tunnels was built high in the mountains of *Kokee* to bring fresh water from the large water shed at *Alakai* swamp, to three reservoirs (*Pu`ulua*, *Papa`lae* and *Kitano*). Another system brought water from deep within the *Waimea* Canyon to irrigate and leech salt from the sticky adobe soil.

Our friends and neighbors at *Kekaha* had said that our house was haunted. We had not heard or seen anything unusual or frightening and soon forgot their warnings of strange sounds and marching souls of dead Hawaiians, until ... One night, shortly after we had retired, a

strange sound began and repeated over and over. It was an eerie sound, like that of a violin's bow slowly drawn across one string. With lantern in hand, my father went out into the night to investigate and returned a few minutes later. Our moaning spirit, that evening, had been nothing more than the branches of oleanders, rubbing against the galvanized roof of our home as they swayed in the night breeze. The tall oleanders were pruned and the sounds were never heard again.

Our first year at *Mana* was not easy for my parents, with so much happening and so much yet to do. On May 27, 1929, Lawrence and I had a new baby brother, named Manuel Benjamin. We were disappointed with the small baby, we had preferred a puppy instead. KSCo sent men to cut and dispose of the ironwood and eucalyptus trees, and after an unsuccessful and painful attempt to harvest honey, men from Knudsen's honey operation were called to remove the hives and whatever equipment they could use. The old rabbit hutches were torn down and new chicken coops and a pig pen built.



Mana District Overseers
William Waterhose & Fredrich Weber

When we moved to *Mana*, Friedrich Weber was the *Mana* Division Overseer, having held that position since April 1918. He and his wife Marie, sons Henry, Fred and William, daughters Dorothy, Marie and Eleanor, and a cousin William Bomke lived at *Kumumao* in the home that H. P. Faye had built in *Kawaloa* valley. Weber retired in 1939 and together with his wife,

moved to *Kokee* where he lived the remaining years of his life. His son, William was hired in 1933, as timekeeper for KSCo and was cashier when he retired in 1977.

Upon Weber's retirement, William Waterhose, who had been with KSCo since 1931, became the *Mana* Division Overseer. In 1951, changes to the functional system management were initiated, and his title changed to Cultivation Superintendent. Like the other overseers

before him, Waterhouse, his wife Geneva and their six daughters took up residence at *Kumumao*.

Burly and athletic, Waterhouse organized many sports activities for the community of *Mana*, and was instrumental in developing a swimming pool for the community in 1947. He was the last of the Overseers to reside at *Kumumao*, and the old residence was later used as the Supervisors Club.

By any measure *Mana* was a small community, yet at one time it boasted three merchandise stores. Adjacent to the stable paddock, on the makai side, was the Muranaka Store. It was closed about 1934, and the building became the new *Mana* Field Office. A small booth like room on the porch contained *Mana's* only telephone. Two larger rooms at the opposite end of the building served at the Health Clinic and Post Office. The Clinic was staffed a few hours each day by Mrs. Okino, and during the weekly visit of the plantation's Registered Nurse.

Across the community tennis courts and approximately 600 feet away, was the Ah Ning Store. The only Chinese family in *Mana*, Hong Ning Hee, his wife and sons, Hong Gee, Hong Sun, Hong Chow, and their daughters, Poi Mun, Poi Ying, and Poi Yee, owned and operate the store. On hot summer days, mother would give us a dime to buy vanilla flavored ice cakes from Ah Ning Store. Within weeks after December 7, 1941, an addition was made to the store, which served as a bar for the hundreds of GI's stationed at Barking Sands Army Air base and in the surrounding vicinity. When the store closed in 1950, the building became the *Mana* Community Clubhouse.

Mana Store, a branch of C. B. Hofgaard and later AMFac, was located at the far end of the Filipino Camp and across the highway from the *Mana* Elementary School. Its location made it the store of choice for the Filipino community, and its grocery shelves were stacked with goods familiar to, and favored by them. It was managed by George Takata, and in later years, by Dick Saito.

In addition to these three stores, Papalekoa Store in *Kekaha*, sent a grocery salesman, Manuel Costa, to *Mana* weekly to take and deliver orders to a few regular customers. Ishihara Meat Market in *Waimea* sent

a butcher, in a screened truck, to sell beef and pork, while Masaki Fish Market, in *Waimea*, also sent its own screened truck to sell fish and other seafood to the people of *Mana*. Occasionally, a vegetable vendor would drive to *Mana* with produce, but since everyone had gardens, he did not come often.



In the center of town, at the top of the hill, stood a large building. This was our community hall and theater, where movies were shown on Saturday nights. William Weber and Manual Costa operated the single projector, which required long intermissions, so that film reels could be changed.

On our way to school each Friday morning, we passed by the hall to stare at the larger-than-life size posters of the movie to be shown that Saturday. They were always westerns, the cowboy hero against the bad guys. The hero always wore a white hat, rode a white horse, and carried two pearl handled six shooters, each capable of firing a dozen shots without reloading. The bad guy, always wore a black hat, and never rode a white horse. He always shot until his pistol was empty then threw it at the hero. Tom Mix rode "Tony", Ken Maynard on "Tarzan", Buck Jones called his horse "Silver". Bob Steele He rode several different horses.

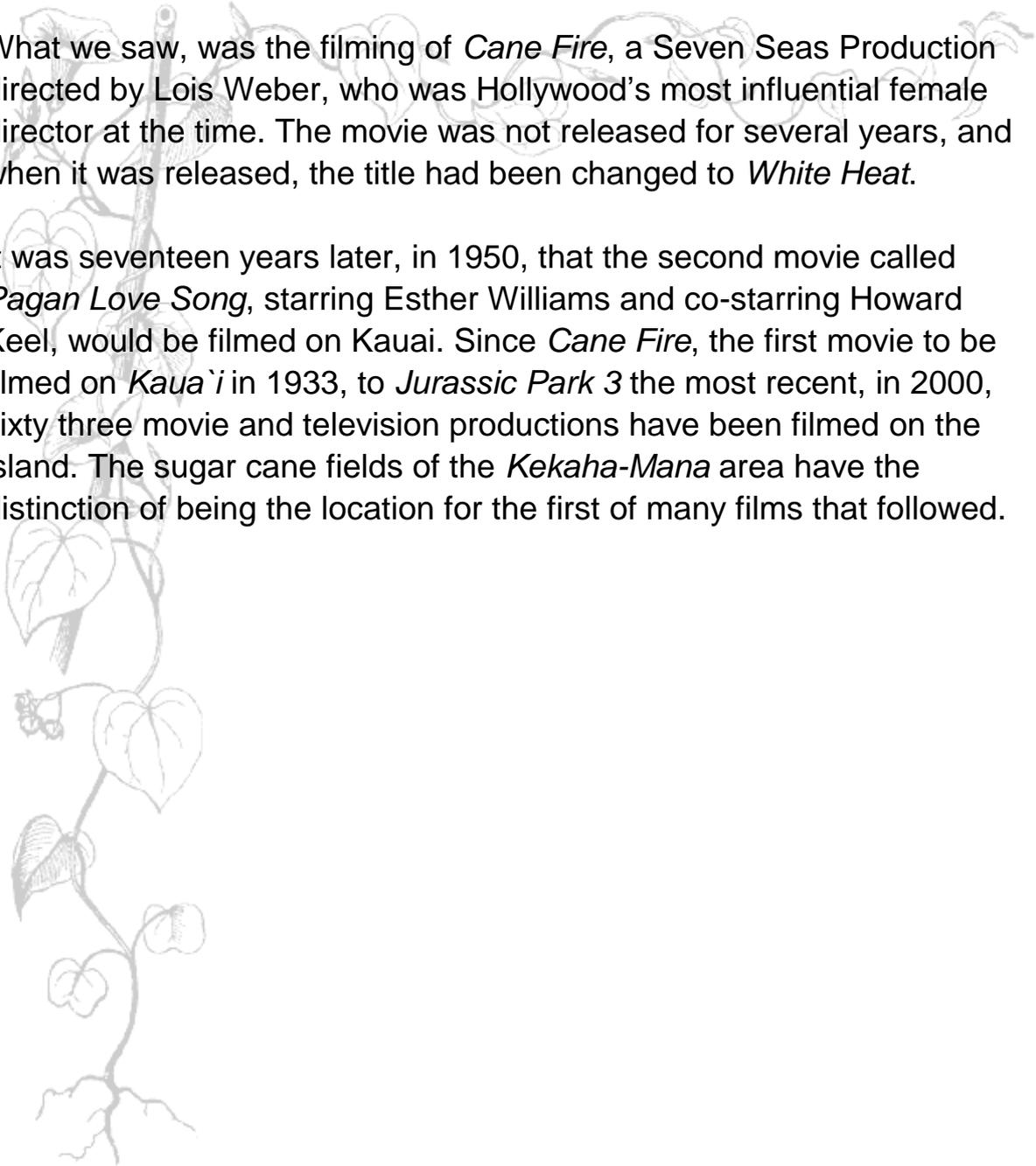
Every movie had a wild chase across barren flatland, ... until, the bad guy is tackled from his speeding horse. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a shallow gully appears, and both riders fall to the ground and tumble down the slope. With everyone standing and cheering, we barely saw the fist fight that followed. But, when the punching and rolling ended, the good guy always won, and his big white Stetson hat never fell off.

One Sunday, in 1933, as we drove along the narrow two lane highway to *Kekaha*, we saw the filming of the first movie to be produced on Kauai. We were surprised by the number automobiles and commotion near the

Waiawa Reservoir outlet. Water gushed out, while men placed sand bags, attempting to stop the flow. A huge fan, like the propeller of an airplane, created gale force winds, while men with hoses, on a nearby tower, directed streams of water into the fan. Somewhere in the crowd a voice kept shouting, “*More men, more bags. We need more men*”.

What we saw, was the filming of *Cane Fire*, a Seven Seas Production directed by Lois Weber, who was Hollywood’s most influential female director at the time. The movie was not released for several years, and when it was released, the title had been changed to *White Heat*.

It was seventeen years later, in 1950, that the second movie called *Pagan Love Song*, starring Esther Williams and co-starring Howard Keel, would be filmed on Kauai. Since *Cane Fire*, the first movie to be filmed on *Kaua`i* in 1933, to *Jurassic Park 3* the most recent, in 2000, sixty three movie and television productions have been filmed on the island. The sugar cane fields of the *Kekaha-Mana* area have the distinction of being the location for the first of many films that followed.



The Filipino



Except for the Filipino, most immigrant workers to the sugar cane fields of Hawaii, arrived with their families. My grandfather Francisco Martin Casado, for example, brought his wife Maria and their five children from Spain in 1907. My father, at eight, was the eldest, and his baby sister Encarnacion, at one, was the youngest of the children. Most of the first Filipinos, who came to Hawaii in 1889, left their wives and children in the Philippines, and sent money to them or to their parents. Except for a few family homes, housing in the Filipino camp was different from that in the Japanese Camp. It consisted of large bachelor quarters, each divided into eight or ten rooms, and each room occupied by a single individual. The buildings were about three feet above the ground, and was relatively comfortable, even on hot summer days.



Typical bachelor quarters for Filipino workers.

Adjacent to the sleeping quarters was the cook house, built on a concrete slab, and divided into four or five kitchen units, each shared by two men. A sink drained into an open flume, which ran through each kitchen unit and emptied into an open ditch outside. In addition to the wood burning fireplace, a table and two benches were the only other furnishings in the room, which also contained a week's supply of chopped *keawe* firewood. To this day, many of the older Filipino

families, prefer to do their cooking over an open fire. They will argue that food cooked in this manner, has a distinctive and preferable flavor.

Mana was usually very cold in the early morning, when these men awoke to prepare for work. Every meal consisted of rice with a few pieces of *baboy* (pork), fish or chicken and greens, collected from gardens they had planted, along irrigation ditches, in the cane fields. The tender shoots of pumpkin, squash, bitter melon and many other plants including the flower buds were carefully plucked from the vine, to become a part of the next day's meal. Every Filipino planted a tall bush, called *calamungai*, next to their home or kitchen. The beans and young shoots of this bush, was used in their cooking.

It was still dark as they walked the one-half mile distance from their homes to the *Mana* Field Office. Each man had a *kau-kau tin* (lunch can) slung over one shoulder and a hoe or shovel on the other. At the office, they received work assignments, and were transported to the various fields.



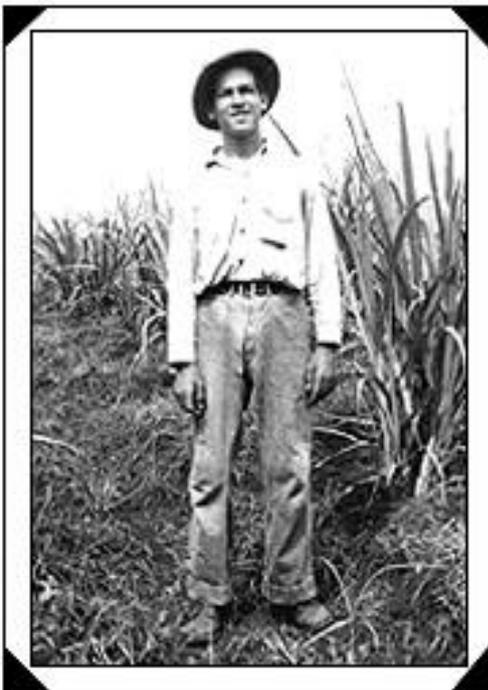
Kiyoichi Kanekuni and friends chewing cane.

In 1910, a railroad system was laid from the Kekaha Mill to *Polihale*, to transport sugar cane, workers, fertilizer and other cargo. Smoke belching steam locomotives *Polihale*, and *Mana* were the first, followed by *Kolo*, *Nohili* and *Pokii*. In 1928, these engines were replaced with diesel locomotives. The entire

system extended from the sand dunes of *Polihale* to the *Waimea* Landing, where sugar, in burlap sacks, was transported by train to the pier for shipment to Honolulu and to the sugar refinery in California. During the harvest, most of the men were sent to cut, bundle and carry the heavy stalks of cane, up narrow wooden planks, onto open rail cars. These empty rail cars, sat on portable tracks, waiting to be loaded, and pulled by an eight-mule team to the main track line. Work began as the first rays of sunlight colored the early morning sky and it was hard and

dirty work. The cane had been set on fire to burn off the dried leaves and the intense heat of the flames had opened lesions in the hard shell of many stalks through which sticky sap oozed. Sap, soot and perspiration added to the discomfort of their labor. I clearly remember the sweet smell of sugar cane being harvested, and the hundreds of myna birds that gathered in large flocks to hunt and peck and feed on the bees and other insects that were attracted to the sweet smell of molasses.

In the years that follow, the scene before me would change, and in 1947, the hundreds of men and their machetes, with the sound of their voices, the ring of their knives and the chatter of myna birds would be replaced by the sound of diesel engines. Bulldozers with modified blades, tear and push cane into long heaping rows. There, the huge trucks and loading machines, like the clandestine rendezvous of two lovers, meet for brief moments, before one slips away with a load of cane to the sugar mill. Yes, even the flocks of myna birds were eventually displaced by flocks of white scrawny looking, cattle egrets. These birds were introduced to control flies and other insects.



Lawrence during summer
in the canefields.

During the off season when the mill shut down for repairs, some men were assigned to *kalai* (weeding) gangs. Others, to remove the twelve to eighteen inches of mud and silt that settles at the bottom of drainage ditches. Still others are sent to fertilize young fields and to replant the newer fields. There was work for all throughout the year, and in the summer, school children over twelve worked in *kalai* gangs. Each was paid by the number of lines hoed. A line being three feet wide and sixty feet long, and depending upon the amount of weeds, the worker received from 1/2-cent to 12 cents per line. Even the very best were not able to earn much more than \$1.15

for eight hours of hard, steady work.

Many of the Japanese wives did laundry for the Filipino single men and also mended their clothes. Except for this, the Filipino was completely independent and self sufficient. He enjoyed gambling and bred, raised and trained fighting cocks for the sport. It was common to see groups of men, squatting in a circle, and holding their roosters like pampered babies. Gently stroking their birds while negotiating matches and wagers for the coming weekend. Although cock fights were illegal, many were scheduled on weekends with bets placed on the outcome of each fight. These wagers were never made in haste, but carefully negotiated, each bargaining for most favorable odds from the other. The cook pot of many Monday morning meals, were flavored, by victims of the winning game cock's long thin razor-sharp knives.



Cruising at Mana - 1943

As young teenagers, Eddie and I once followed several older boys to a crap (dice) game at the Filipino Camp. Crowded into a small kitchen unit were more than fifteen men huddled around a blanket covered table. The room was filled with smoke and the pungent odor of *Toskani*, a cigar favored by all Filipinos. The noisy jabbering of Ilocano and Tagalog dialects added excitement to the scene, and crumbled dollar bills exchanged hands each time the dice was rolled. We stood at the edge of the crowd, trying to muster enough courage to squeeze up close and lay our quarters on the table. "No pass!" I shouted, and my money was quickly grabbed by someone next to me. "No pass!" and again "No pass!" and soon, instead of quarters, I, too, held a fist full of crumbled dollar bills (perhaps seven or eight). I had never felt this rich before, when one of the older boys whispered,

"We in big trouble if the police raid this place."

He had whispered "police," which had sounded like, "**POLICE**," to everyone, and even the Filipinos, who understood little English, scampered in every direction. The only door was jammed as everyone squeezed through it, and the single window, across the room, was

barely large enough for the stream of bodies that poured out. Eddie and I were the last ones out the window. We were not sure why we ran, but the others had, and we decided it was the prudent thing to do. Stumbling across the railroad track we plunged into a field of young cane, ran in a short distance, then stopped to catch our breath and listen.

"*What happened?*" He asked. "*I don't know.*" I replied. This was the adventure of growing up in *Mana*.

Each month, on payday or the day immediately after, *Mana* was visited by women, the likes of which we had never seen before. Eddie and I, among others, were attracted, each time the big shiny car came to *Mana*. We had seen this car before, and each time it came, the single men would gathered around to stare at the heavily rouged ladies (the term used lightly) inside. After several minutes of greetings, laughter, discussion and negotiations, the driver led his merchandise to one of the men's quarters and disappeared inside.

All day and into the night, that room received a steady stream of visitors. After several days, when most of the men looked tired, but satisfied, and their wallets a little lighter, the driver would gather his merchandise and leave. The big shiny car drove off to another plantation camp, for more greetings and laughter, more discussions and negotiations. The enterprising driver (being a family story, I choose my words carefully) had recognized a need, and in the true spirit of an American entrepreneur, he found a way to satisfy that need.

Besides fighting game cocks and gambling, the Filipino enjoyed playing volley ball and music, and a game called *sipa sipa*. There was no limit to the number of players, who formed a circle and kicked a woven bamboo slat ball (about the size of a soft ball) from one player to another. I was fascinated by the dexterity of these players; how nimble, how quick they were. Always managing to control the ball, using only the side of their foot, and delivering it swiftly and accurately to the other player. I never clearly understood the rules of this game, but believe the objective was to eliminate players who mishandled the ball. The last remaining player won the match.

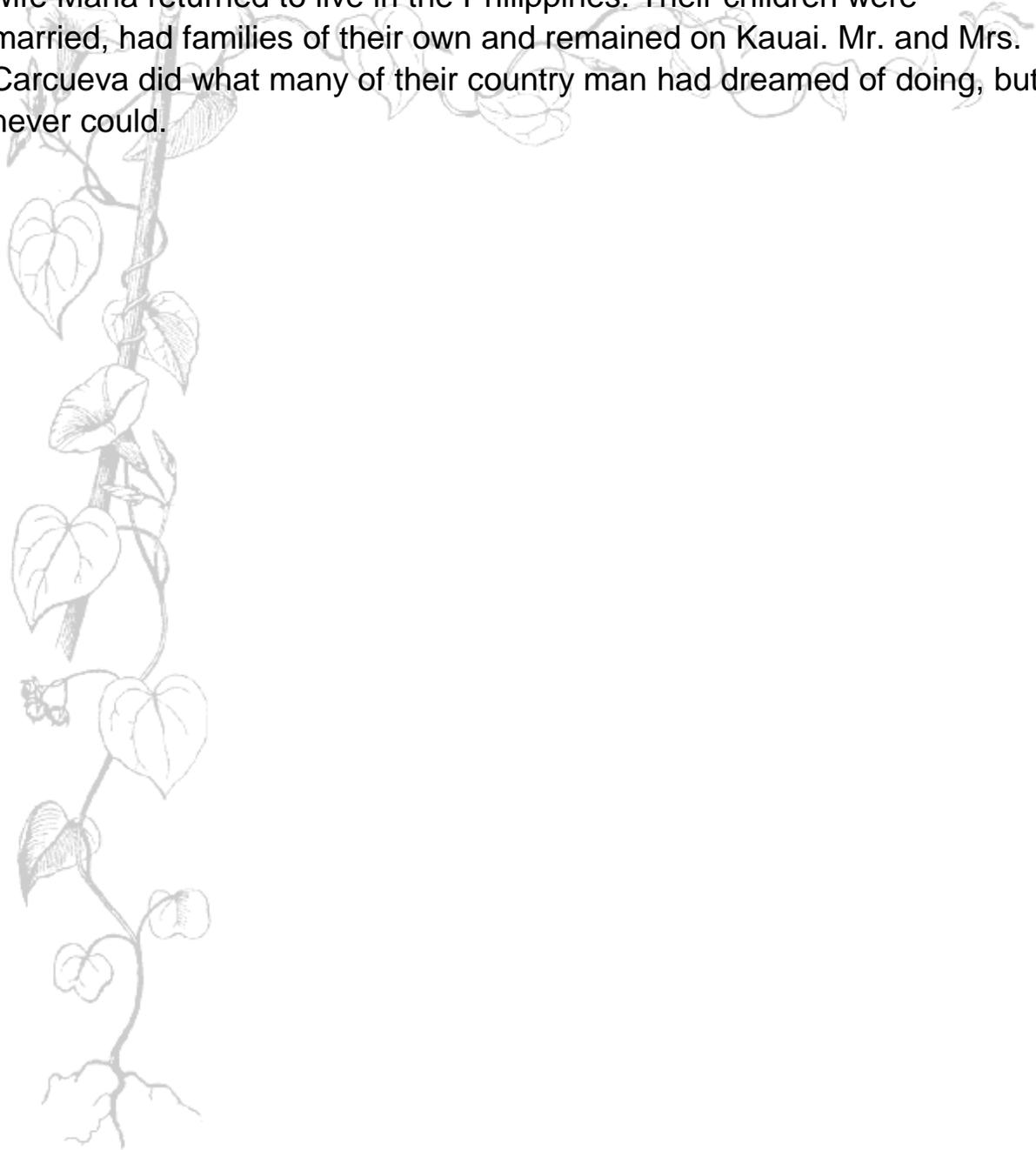
The Filipino was creative, resourceful and artistic by nature. In the Fall when the trade winds become more than gentle breezes, and the tasseled sugar cane bowed to blustery winds, it was time for kites. No one made kites more beautiful than the Filipino. From a stalk of dried bamboo, strips were cut and carefully shaved. They were tapered and shaped to precise tolerances, then tied into any variety of shapes. Colorful crepe paper was glued to these bamboo structures, each more decorative than the other. The bridle was precisely tied to the frame, and a line attached to it. To see these beautiful kites streaking across the sky in a game of tag with each other, or fluttering, like a puffer fish, in an almost stationary position, high up at the end of a thin line, was exciting and fascinating to watch.

In the Filipino Camp, one could hear the music of stringed instruments in the early evening and on weekends. The guitar, banjo and mandolin were, the favorite instruments of these informal musical gatherings. *Mana* also had its very own band, a real band with saxophones, trumpets, clarinets, drums and symbols. It was organized and conducted by Bruno Yines, who had served aboard the U. S. S. Arizona in the 1920s. They were definitely not *creme de la creme* as musicians, but everyone agreed that they had class and were a proud group of men. The band played at many community occasions and participated in parades throughout the island.

Collectively, Kekaha Sugar Company, Waimea Sugar Company and Gay & Robinson Sugar Company built the Waimea Hospital, hired a doctor and nurses, and provided free medical care and transportation to its employees. Arriving from the four corners of the world, many were suspicious of modern medicine, others were hesitant and only a few, visited the hospital. They relied on their body's ability to heal itself or the regular visits of a Plantation Nurse.

Since most of the Filipino workers were single, it was not uncommon for many to be unattended at death. Today, an unattended death must be followed by an autopsy, but in the 1920s and 1930s, an autopsy was not required, and on the Death Certificate, "*Unknown*" was often scribbled as the Cause of Death. In time, these unknown causes became known as the "Filipino mystery death."

Among the better known Filipino families, was Fortunato Carcueva, a pump man, and his wife Maria. They came to *Mana* from the Philippines in 1921 and raised five children, sons, Cilino, Pantonec, Sofronio, and daughters, Mabel and Corazon. Upon his retirement, Fortunato and his wife Maria returned to live in the Philippines. Their children were married, had families of their own and remained on Kauai. Mr. and Mrs. Carcueva did what many of their country man had dreamed of doing, but never could.



The Japanese

The first Japanese arrived on Kauai in 1885. For them, the family was the most important thing in their lives. Most of them arrived in Hawaii as a family group, with each member contributing to the well being of the family. When sons were old enough to marry, picture brides were ordered from Japan, and the liaisons of this ancient custom were seldom, if ever, broken. Their daughters were less important, but they, too, were not permitted to marry outside their ethnic group. Their marriages were often arranged by a mutual friend of both families, who approached the prospective groom's family, with the proposal of marriage.

To the eldest son, fell the responsibility for the welfare of his parents, and that responsibility ended, only after both parents were dead.

As in many other communities, the children of these immigrant families attended the Japanese Language School, where sessions were scheduled each day, after the public school let out. The Mana Japanese School was located next to my Uncles Laureano Corral's home, and over the years, had seen a procession of Japanese language teachers, Koiki, Hino, Tashiro, Furuya and Tatsuhara, among them. The school was open to anyone, and my cousin Sophie attended it for a year. Occasionally, Japanese movies were shown in a tent on the school grounds and though we did not understand the language, we enjoyed watching the sword whirling Samurais in battle.



Lawrence Martin and classmates. Norimi Miyashiro and Yasumori Ishikawa having lunch during summer in the field.

The Japanese were hard working, industrious people. In many cases, both, the husband and wife worked side by side in the cane fields. She wore foot gear made of fabric, called *tabis*, a broad brimmed straw hat, fabric gloves, a long sleeved shirt and skirt.

Her face, legs and all other exposed areas were swathed in bands of cloth, to protect her from the sharp edges of the cane leaves and the scorching sun. After a hard day of work, many came home to tend their gardens, take in laundry and do their own household chores.

Mrs. Maeda, for example, also operated the community *furo* (bath house). Using *keawe* firewood, that her husband had chopped, she lit the fire place that heated the bath to an almost scalding temperature. Late into each evening, she worked, cleaning and preparing the baths for the following day. Day after day, she faithfully followed this ritual.

The bathhouse was a fairly large structure, partitioned to separate the men from the women. Men, women and children would lather, bath, and draw water from the tub to rinse their bodies. Then, and only then, did they climb into the *furo* tub to simmer and relax, to talk and joke, or just to close ones eyes and doze. How sweet it was. Many Filipino men enjoyed the comforts of a *furo* bath and became regulars.

Imagine, if you will, a long wooden tub (perhaps sixteen to twenty feet long) extending across the men's bath, through the partition and across the women's bath, with six to eight men and boys in one side and about an equal number of women and girls in the other. The underside was sheathed with galvanize metal and the bath fires lit under it. To save the small monthly fee charged, or perhaps by choice or for convenience, some families built their own private *furo* baths. These were usually large enough to sit the entire family at once.

The Japanese were dedicated to their work, and proud of their craftsmanship. Because of this, many Japanese men held positions of some responsibility. Kametaro Kono was a stable-hand, he fed the horses and



Pau Hana
School children workers climb aboard
a truck. after work.

mules, cleaned out stalls, and was barber to the stable herd. He and his wife Takano came to *Mana* in 1930 and with their sons, Masahiro and Hiromi and daughters Teruko, Satsuki and Ihoko, lived in a cottage by the stable. Seichi Kanekuni assisted Kono in his chores and was responsible for the tack room. He maintained and repaired saddles, bridles, harnesses and all the leather trapping required by the mule teams. His first chore each morning, was to select and saddle the mounts for each *Water Luna*.

Kudaishi was an excellent blacksmith, having learned the trade, as an apprentice to his father, in Japan. He shod the animals, did general and plumbing repairs. A network of pipes, brought water from the *mauka* (toward the mountain) irrigation ditch, to each home. The water was not potable, and an empty Bull Durham tobacco bag was usually tied to each faucet, as a filter for leaves and other debris. This water was used for bathing, laundry, dishes and gardening. A surface pipe line brought fresh drinking water to *Mana* from an artesian spring deep in *Kawaloa* Valley. At the center of each street, a single faucet provided drinking water to ten or twelve homes. It was a common sight to see groups, gathered at these faucets to fill their water containers, in the late afternoon.

Ryutaro Shimaoka was a skilled carpenter and his talent seemed wasted on repairs to the old homes in *Mana*. A person with his skills should have been creating things of beauty. Shimaoka selected his wood carefully, and without the benefit of power tools, he cut, surfaced and joined separate pieces with such precision, that only the practiced eye could detect it. In the Spring of 1939, my father asked him build a desk, as a present, for my graduation. That was sixty-two years ago, and the desk is still as sturdy as the day it was given to me and is still in use. Shimaoka and his wife Yuki came to *Mana* in 1907 where they raised a large family of eight, Tadao, Tero, Hiroshi, Yoshiko, Shizue, Tomiko, Hisae and Masaru. The family moved to *Kekaha* in 1949,

Takichi Okino was *luna* of the women's *Kalai* gang and his wife, Tsutayo served as camp nurse at the Mana dispensary. Mr. and Mrs. Okino were parents to sons, Tadashi and Tadayuki and daughters, Hatsumi, who was the first University of Hawaii graduate from *Mana*, and Betsy.

Nobuichi Tomomistu came to Mana with his father, Motoji, from *Polihale*. He was a *Water Luna*, responsible for a number of fields covering several thousand acres. His sons, Jitsuo, Kenshi, Hiroshi, and daughters, Tamae and Miyoko, lived next door to the Okino family. Together, these men and women, with big hearts and determination, made our small community of *Mana* a finer place to live.

There were other names and other faces, Chikaguma and Chioko Masumoto, who came in 1923 and had six children, among them, Hajime, Rachel, Setsuko and Janet. Hajime was one of the original members of the Merrie Melodiers, an orchestra organized and led by Charlie Kaniyama. In later years Hajime married the orchestra's lead singer, Yoshie Nitta of *Kekaha*.

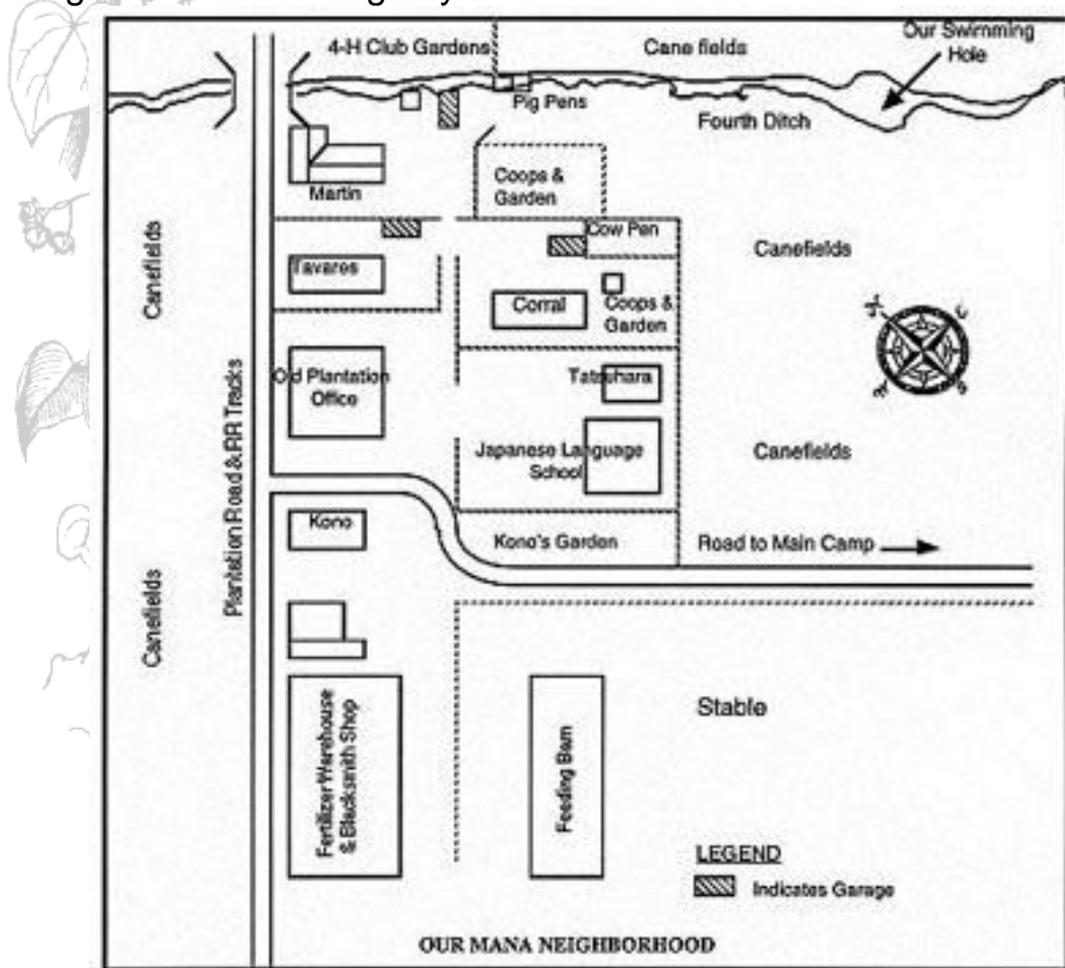


Field P at Polihale with Na Pali cliffs in background.

The Water Lunas

The first *Lunas* (supervisors) were Germans. Later, the plantations selected Spanish and Portuguese as *Lunas*. My father, and uncles Antonio dela Torre and Laureano Corral and acquaintances Delfin Martin and Paco Ledesma, were *Water Lunas* for Kekaha Sugar Company. These men were dedicated to their work and I remember that when visiting each other, their conversation always centered on the progress of planting, irrigation, fertilizing or harvesting in their respective fields. Occasionally, one would accuse the other of taking the “lion’s share” of irrigation water, depriving them of their allotted share and delaying irrigation schedules on their own fields.

The camp was laid out in such a way that all of the luna's lived in a designated area away from the main camp. It may have been viewed, by some, as an informal caste system, but in reality it made it easy for a messenger to contact any or all them in the event of unanticipated changes to the following day’s work schedule.



At *Mana* there was only one telephone in the entire community so all communication was done on a person-to-person level. Routine orders and work assignments were delivered to the employees assembled at the *Mana* Field Office each morning, before work began. Special assignments or emergency orders were normally issued from the Main Office in *Kekaha* to the *Mana* Division Overseer, by phone. He would then relay it to the *Lunas*, and they, in turn, to their fieldworkers.



MACARIO MACALMA . . . closed out his sugar career on February 1, 1960 with 32 years of continuous *Kekaha* service. A native of Ilocos Norte, P. I., he worked as a pump tender and field hand. Harwood Danford, right helps put on his gift watch as Frank Martin stands by.

From an article in the KEKAMANA News.

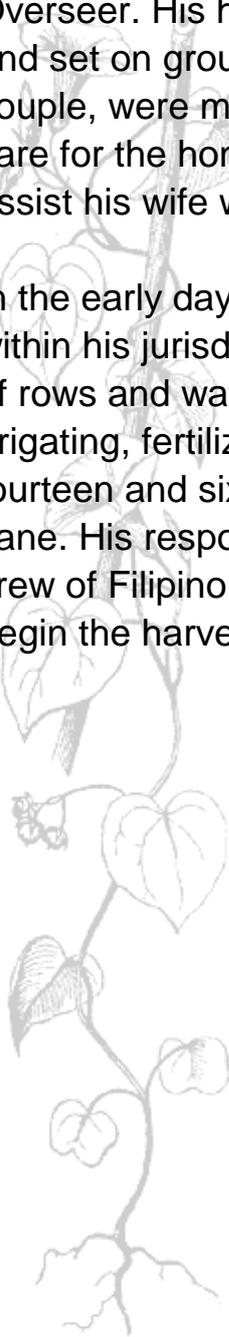
Except for Nobuichi Tomomitsu, the other *Water Lunas* all lived in this designated area. The homes were larger with bigger yards and a few more amenities, such as indoor plumbing, toilet, bath and electricity. Our drinking water came from a faucet in the back yard, and was kept in a large five-gallon crock, from which a ladle hung.

A long driveway led to homes of the three *lunas*. On the right, was the home of my uncle Laureano Corral, my aunt Micaela and cousins

Catherine, Edward, Mary and Sophie. On the left, was the home of Henry Tavares, the *Harvesting Luna*, his wife Marie and their daughter Gladys. Our home was at the end of the driveway.

A crusty old German named Friedrich Weber was *Mana* Division Overseer. His home in *Kumumao* was twice as large as any in *Mana* and set on grounds that looked like a botanical garden. A Japanese couple, were maid and yardman to the Weber family. She, to cook and care for the home, and he to care for the grounds, milk the cows and assist his wife with the heavier household chores.

In the early days, each *Water Luna* was totally responsible for each field within his jurisdiction. Among other things, this included the placement of rows and water courses to facilitate gravity flow irrigation, planting, irrigating, fertilizing and weeding. Each *Water Luna* controlled between fourteen and sixteen fields, totaling more than a thousand acres of sugar cane. His responsibility ended when the Harvesting Supervisor and his crew of Filipino cane cutters put the torch which set the field on fire to begin the harvest.



The Holidays at Mana

We soon learned that Weber's surly demeanor was a masquerade to the heart of a pussycat. Each year, until he retired, he and Mrs. Weber prepared gift packages of Christmas goodies; an apple, an orange, a spray of dried raisins (not the seedless), an assortment of nuts and hard candy, for every child in *Mana*. He had milking cows and shared gallons of fresh milk with the community every day.

Every year our school presented a Christmas play for the community. Each student had a part, and for several weeks we rehearsed, over and over, again and again. The play was presented at the community hall to an overflowing audience, and the event was always a success. It was second only to the school's annual Operetta, which was held prior to graduation.

The New Year festivities at *Mana* were even more exciting. No one living there during the 1930s can forget the noise and exhilaration that chased away the old year and greeted in the new. The Filipino men gathered in groups of eight to twelve and, banging on large tin cans and trash barrel covers, they went from house to house, making the most ungodly sound possible. A few in each group, strummed on guitars or mandolins, but each to a different melody and a few, not so musically gifted, carried empty white sacks.

Their commotion could be heard a half mile away, and we could hear them coming long before they came into sight. Closing my eyes, I can still hear the BANG-BANG, CLANK-CLASH as the men marched up the long driveway and into our yard. We gathered on our front porch, where my father and the men exchanged greetings. Addressing each by name, he offered them a drink of wine or something stronger, and as they accepted, each would salute the New Year and the good health of Mr. Frank and his family. Expecting them, my mother had prepared a tray of goodies, which included sliced home made fruit cake; and knowing what to expect, she was not surprised when one of the men with a white sack, took the offering from her hands and dumped the entire tray into his white bag. BANG-BANG, CLANK-CLASH, - HAPPY NEW YEAR, and the jolly revelers leave our yard - it is still early and there are more

homes to visit. We remain standing on our porch watching them bang-bang, clank-clash down the driveway to my uncle Laureano's home. Being children, we hated to see them go, it was fun and exciting, it was the highlight of New Years Eve and now they were gone until next year. Mother was probably saying, "*Thanks to God, it is all over for another year.*"

The Japanese celebrated the New Year in the tradition of their ancestors. During the week that preceded the New Year, the family engaged in a flurry of activities. The home was spotlessly cleaned, debts were paid and other affairs attended to. It was considered a bad omen to begin the New Year with unsettled obligations or neglected commitments.

Every family bought *mochi gome*, a special long grain variety of rice from which their New Year's rice cakes were made. Papa San rolled out of storage, the *ishi usu*, a heavy solid rock pounding bowl and *kine*, a long handled wooden mallet, while Mama San boiled the rice.

The cooked rice was then placed into the *ishi usu*, where Papa San, with his *kine*, pounded it into a paste. Between each blow, Mama San turned the paste from which the mochi cakes were made. The timing, between each blow and turn of the paste, was critically important, especially to Mama San's hands and fingers. A few of the rice cakes contained a coin for good luck, some contained a sweet brown bean paste and others were plain. All were coated with a light sprinkle of sweet rice flour and traditionally served on New Years.

Fire on the Mountain

On one of our hikes, Eddie and I discovered a honeybee hive, as we descended the steep slope of *Kamokala* Ridge. The next day, at school, we shared our adventure, with classmates, and our discovery of the honeybee hive was particularly interesting to a certain few. The next weekend, Joe Dancil and two eager cohorts, with a taste for wild honey on their lips, climbed the steep hillside of *Kamokala* ridge in search of the honey we had found. They had gone prepared to collect the honey and used smoldering burlap bags to smoke out the bees. They succeeded in collecting a large quantity of the sweet stuff, but in the euphoria of their success, no one noticed that the smoldering bags had been carelessly dropped, starting a fire to the dry grass. Quickly the fire spread and the honey hunters barely escaped without serious injury.

The large bell, which had been mounted on the roof of the old *Mana* Field Office to summon field workers during emergencies, was sounded. Its deep sounding peal could be heard throughout *Mana*, and soon every able-bodied man, women and even curious children gathered at the office site. Most of the men, believing they had been summoned to fight a wild cane fire, brought their machetes with them, and soon hundreds of men, women and young adults converged on the mountain side.

Wielding heavy burlap sacks they fought the fire until it was extinguished. The sun was low over the Barking Sand dunes when the volunteers returned to *Mana*. They were dirty and tired but happy that they had won their battle with the fire on the mountain. The three honey hunting fire starters were probably at home enjoying the spoils of their harvest.



The School

The earliest School in Mana was organized in 1880 for native Hawaiian children. Classes were held in one of the plantation houses, and taught by a Hawaiian master-teacher Kanuikino. As Mana began to grow, and more contract laborers arrived, the Hawaiians moved to *Polihale*. There, Kanuikino continued to teach until he was replaced by Miss Beatrice Mahlum in 1887. She taught the Hawaiians at *Polihale* until 1889 when a school was built in *Mana*, and both the Hawaiian and immigrant children attended.

Mr. Prigge was selected as master-teacher-principal of the first school, which was built at the bend of the main road leading to Barking Sands. Twenty-six years later, in 1915, a new school was built on higher ground east of the *Saki Mana* road. This school was later destroyed during a cane fire, and in 1923 another was built on a high knoll across the road from Mana Store. It was not until 1927, that Mana School became a multiple teacher facility. In 1932, the last school was build on the same site, replacing the single classroom building, which was renovated into a residence for faculty member Peter Muranaka and his family. The cafeteria, the Health Room and the Principal's cottage remained until the school finally closed in 1953.

During the seventy-three year history of Mana School, its faculty made lasting impressions on the student body. Their names, years at Mana, student body and grades are shown below:

1880-1887 Kanuikino, Master-teacher, Receiving to 4	39 students
1887-1889 Miss Beatrice R. Mahlum, Grades 1 to 4	44 students
1889-1913 Mr. Prigge, Master-Teacher-Principal Grades 1 to 5	48 students
1914-1915 Mrs. A. D. Heapy Grades 1 to 4	30 Students
1915-1916 Mrs. A. D. Heapy Grades 1 to 5	48 Students

1916-1917 Mrs. A. D. Heapy Grades 1 to 5	35 Students
1917-1918 Walter E. Mooney, Teacher-in-Charge Grades 1 to 5	40 Students
1918-1919 Miss Agnes Dorsey Grades 1 to 7	56 Students
1919-1920 Walter E. Mooney, Teacher-in-Charge Grades 1 to 6	65 Students
1920-1921 Miss Choy K. Ching, Acting Principal, Grades 1 to	54 Students
1921-1922 Miss Lily Virginia, Headmaster,	63 Students
1922-1928 George Kekauoha, Principal Receiving to 8	69 Students
1927-1928 Mrs. George Kekauoha and Shizuo Tsuchiya, Teachers	
1928-1946 Shizuo Tsuchiya, Acting Principal/Principal Receiving to 8	65 Students,
1928-1929 Misses Majorie & Gladys Kimura, Teachers	
1929-1930 Mrs. E. P. Tsuchjiya & Peter Muranaka, Teachers	
1930-1931 Mr. Peter Muranaka & Miss Dorothea Hamamoto, Teachers	
1931-1946 Peter Muranaka & Mrs. E. Tsuchjiya, Teachers	
1946-1948 Paul M Shimizu, Principal, Grades 1 to 8	51 Students
Mrs. Charlotte Shimizue & Mrs. Ginevra Waterhouse, Teachers	
1948-1951 Isamu Sam Miyoshi, Principal Mrs. G. Waterhouse, Teacher	
1951-1953 Richard Oguro, Teacher-in-Charge/Acting Principal Grade 1 to 8	40 Students
Mrs. G. Waterhouse, Teacher	

The enrollment in 1880 was 39 and in 1922 peaked at 69. It dropped in 1953 to 40 and at that time the school was closed and students bussed to the Kekaha Elementary School by KSCo.



Mana Elementary School - 1937



Mary Corral (far right) during recess. Old cafeteria in background.



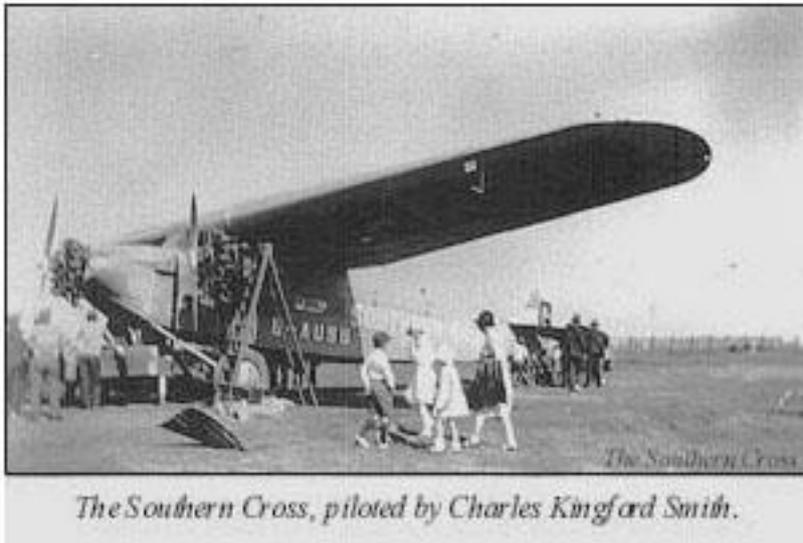




Clockwise from top left: John Martin, Kiyochi Kanekuni, Moriyoshi Ganeko, Edward Corral, Shigeo Takeuchi, Fujie Takenouchi, Tsuruko Toma, Kiyoko Fokuda, Kikue Uehara, Hisae Shimaoka and Shoichi Harada



The Barking Sands



Three miles West of *Mana*, lay the Barking Sands, an area that played an important role in the life of the people of *Mana*. Even as a very young boy, in May 1928, I had come to Barking Sands with my parents, my uncle

Antone Martin, and hundreds of others, to see the famous Charles Kingsford Smith begin his flight to Australia. The 1927 Fokker tri-motor airplane was named *The Southern Cross*. Many other planes were there that day, most of them were military aircraft which had flown from Honolulu to witness this historic event. These were the first airplanes; I had ever seen. Twenty years later, in 1947, I would begin my career with Hawaiian Airlines at this very same place, Barking Sands.

We watched, entranced, as his fuel-heavy airplane lifted a few feet off the ground, struggled to clear the low sand dunes along the shoreline, and disappeared behind them on its thirty-four hour and twenty-four minute flight to Suva, Fiji. That flight of 3,180 miles was the longest over water flight in the history of aviation.

Also, at Barking Sands, in a large trench dug by the Kekaha Sugar Company, our garbage was dumped. Each day a Filipino named Gimo, on a two wheel dump cart pulled by a mule, traveled between the rows of houses collecting garbage. Gimo was old and so was his mule, and the cart was heavy and unwieldy. Although *Mana* was a small town, garbage collection was a full-time chore for the gentle old man with the wrinkled face and his equally gentle mule. Oftentimes, he would let us ride with him to the dump. It was a special treat for us, and as the old mule plodded along, we threw pebbles in a vain effort to make him go faster.

Here, too, at Barking Sands, on a slight rise under a stand of *keawe* trees, was the Japanese cemetery. We had attended the burial of our class mate, George Kanekuni, had smelled the pungent odor of incense and witnessed the solemn ritual of the Buddhist burial ceremony. On other visits to the cemetery, we saw the gifts of food that relatives and friends had left on the graves. It was a strange custom to us, and we wondered what would happen if we took some of the offerings for ourselves, perhaps an orange or tangerine? This cemetery on the knoll was another link between Barking Sands and *Mana*.

All of that grassy pasture, criss-crossed with the tires ruts of fisherman, and extending from the *Kinikini* ditch to the large sand dunes three miles away, we called the Barking Sands. Along that entire coastline, were smaller sand dunes covered with *Pohuehue* (Beach Morning Glory), its pink and purplish blue flowers on vines that extended more than twenty feet, scattered clumps of *keawe* trees and *nau`paka*. Together they seem to guard between the power of the sea on one side and the tranquil pasture on the other. Across it, on the *Mauka* side (towards the mountains), a wide belt of *keawe* trees, *lantana* and a drainage canal separated the pasture from the sugar cane fields that stretched to *Mana* and beyond. As young children, we had gone into this forest of *keawe*, many times, to pick the yellow *keawe* beans that covered the ground. The plantation used it as feed for their horses and mules and paid 10-cents for each sack we collected. It was here also that horses and mules, too old for work in the sugar cane fields, were set free to live out their lives.

As young men in the late 1930s, we hunted the flocks of Golden Plover that made their winter home on that vast grassy pasture. In a Station Wagon, with our shot guns protruding from every window, we raced towards the feeding flocks of several hundred birds and as they rose in flight, we fired into the mass of flapping wings and shrill cries, *pee-dee-weet, pee-dee-weet*. Many of us called the Plover by its cry, "Pee-dee-weet". We collected our kill, and pursued the flock to their next landing; the scenario was repeated again and again. Was it legal? I don't know. I now believe that it was not legal to shoot these birds. These wild exciting hunts were another link between the Barking Sands and *Mana*.



The Barking Sand dunes of my childhood do not resemble those that are now covered with *keawe* trees. The dunes of the 1930s, were bare of any vegetation, except for the *Pohuehue* with its leathery leaves shaped like the wings of a butterfly. The large sand dune, with its mantel of green, extended almost to the edge of the *Na Pali* cliffs. We often enjoyed our picnic lunches in a large pavilion that stood at the bottom of the sand dune.

During fishing contests, it was the place where catches were weighed and prizes awarded. As youngsters, we cut *pohuehue* vines, stripped off their leaves and tied several lengths together to make a long rope. Before leaving we tied one end to the bumper of our car, then watched the long vine jump and skirt, twist and turn as it churned up a cloud of dust that followed our car home. This was another link to *Mana*.



Barking Sands as it looked in the 1930's

I remember my father's love of fishing. Fishing was good in those days, but fishing at Barking Sands was absolutely the best. Fishermen came from every part of the island to fish along its coral reefs and sandy coves. In addition to the pole and hand line, my father, like many others, had adopted the *lama lama*, a Hawaiian way of fishing by torch light at night. The early home-made torches were simple. Usually a three or four inch copper pipe about 24 inches long, filled with kerosene and a rolled burlap bag for a wick, it produced smoky but adequate light. Armed with

a three pronged spear, usually home-made which was fitted to a hoe handle and a sack to hold their catch, the hopeful fisherman walked out upon the coral reef. *Lama lama* was always conducted during low tide and fishermen were able to gaff a wide variety of reef dwellers. Squid, crab, eels, and colorful reef fish were the usual catch of the *lama lama* fisherman.

To those living at *Mana*, Barking Sands was more than just a name. It was a place of leisure for those who worked in the cane fields that surrounded the village. Here, sitting on the sand above the water line, many found relaxation, tending their fish lines and looking out to sea, over the crashing waves, and across the channel far beyond the island of Ni`ihau. They sat in solitude, perhaps occupied by thoughts of home.

Across this very ocean that lapped at their feet, were the homelands they had left, the Philippine Archipelago, the Islands of Japan and Okinawa. Many came to these islands, leaving their families and loved ones behind. Most of them had hoped to find their fortune and return. Some of them returned home, but many did not and now lay buried in unkempt and forgotten graves.

It was here, also, at Barking Sands, that another event of incomparable excitement took place. Hynie Tilman, an engineer at the sugar mill in *Kekaha*, and an avid sportsman, enjoyed fishing for sharks. He selected a small deep water cove in the coral reef, and on the sand dune above the cove, he built an open pavilion, thereafter called the Shark House. A ten foot high steel tower was constructed on the coral reef at each side of the cove, and a gear and ratchet winch was secured to the rocky shoreline at the head of the cove.

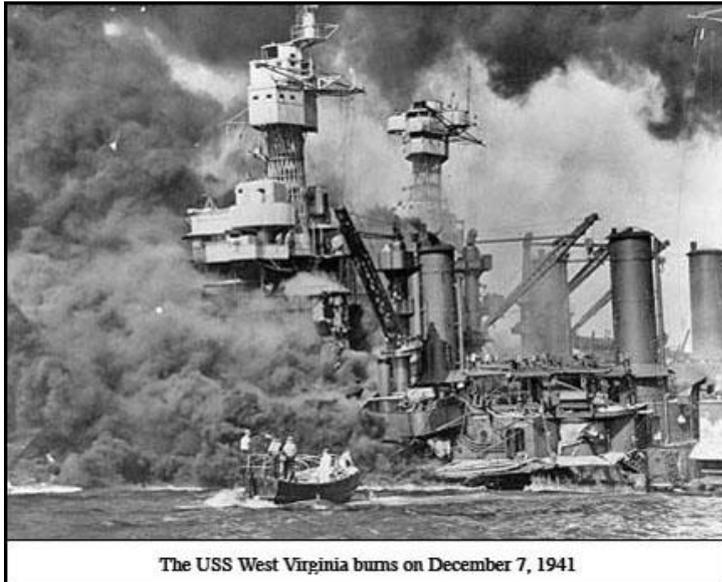
For bait, Mr. Tilman slaughtered an old mule or horse from the pasture in back of the Shark House. A large home-made barbed hook, secured to a fine line of steel cable, was baited with the animal's lungs and, with added buoyancy of several empty containers, floated out of the cove and into deeper water. To attract the sharks, the animal's hindquarter was secured to an iron ring embedded in the rocky shoreline. There, in the pounding surf, the scent of blood and flesh was quickly sent out to sea.



Almost a hundred men, women and children gathered at the shark house to witness and participate in the excitement of the catch, and Tilman, the Shark Hunter, never wanted for the lack of help. Everyone there wanted a hand in bringing these voracious predators ashore. Once landed and the wild thrashing stopped, their stomachs were slit open to spill the contents of a recent meal. It often included portions of a turtle, squids, fish and crabs. Sometimes pieces of junk and even metal were found in their stomachs. Pregnant females carried pups, some of which were more than a foot long, and quickly scooped up by the Filipinos.

The shark's jaws, with its rows of sharp serrated teeth, were removed by Tilman and buried to dispose of any clinging flesh. Several months later they were retrieved, thoroughly cleaned, and placed among others in his collection. These were the trophies to the skill of Tilman, the Shark Hunter. The Filipinos returned to *Mana* happy, they were permitted to divide the catch among them, and for many days to follow, their *kau kau tins* would contain generous portions of shark fillet.

World War II



World War II brought Mana to its absolute glory. The Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, forced changes to everything and everyone. *Mana* did not hear the sounds of battle, that Sunday morning, nor did it smell the acrid smoke that covered Pearl Harbor like a blanket and rose in towering black columns to

mark the carnage below. Still *Mana* felt the impact as though it had been there. Japanese planes, with their deadly load of bombs and torpedoes, had passed close to *Mana* on their way to Oahu. The sound of their engines, far out at sea, was probably heard by early risers that morning, but no one suspected what was to happen, and the sounds were shrugged off.

I was a Junior at Waimea High School, and the Student Body Vice President when the Japanese attacked. That Sunday morning, began as any other, until the beat of approaching horse hooves brought us to our back porch. Bill Waterhouse raced into our yard and announced that Pearl Harbor was being attacked as he spoke. *“Frank, I want you to take your shot gun and another man to guard the drinking water well at Kawaloa Valley. Don’t allow anyone to approach, and shoot if you must”*. Turning astride his horse, he spoke to me. *“Get your gun and come with me. We are riding to Polihale to check on a large fire that was sighted on the beach early this morning”*

Mother had turned on the radio, and as I hurriedly dressed, I heard the excited voice of Weberly Edwards repeated over and over again:

“This is not a drill, this is not a drill. Pearl Harbor is under attack. It is not a drill, this is the real McCoy”.

A few minutes later, with my .22 cal. rifle securely tied to my saddle, we were riding hard, taking the shortest cane field roads to *Polihale*. The horses were tired and lathered when we arrived there, but we urged them over the sand dunes and onto the beach. We continued to the very end, where the sands end and the rocky shore of the *Na Pali Coast* begins. Fortunately (for the Imperial Japanese Army) Bill



Waterhouse and I did not see anything suspicious. Riding back home, I was a little disappointed that we had not found anything (ah, the foolishness of youth).

High school students from *Mana* were not able to attend Waimea High School. Instead we reported to the Mana School Cafeteria, where Melvin Tsuchiya, who had been football coach at Waimea High School addressed us. He urged those who could, to volunteer their services to any activity which promoted the civil defense of our country. Most prominent at the time, was a volunteer group, called the “Keawe Corps”. Their mission was to clear the beaches of all underbrush, and provide a clear field of fire for machine gun emplacements.

The Hawaii Army National Guard, Company A, 299th Infantry Regiment, was immediately mobilized and stationed at Barking Sands. Ditches were dug across the pasture and derelict vehicles placed to prevent enemy aircraft from landing. Access to Barking Sands was closed for security reasons, and for several months, my cousin Edward Corral and I worked as civilian volunteers in the Company’s mess hall. We reported to Mess Sergeant Tony Silva, and were assigned to scrubbing pots and pans, peeling potatoes, slicing bread and delivering hot meals to the

troops on the field. A number of machine gun emplacements had been strategically placed along the shoreline.

In the early days following the Pearl Harbor attack, many of the younger soldiers were scared and trigger happy. "Halt, who goes there?" **BANG! BANG!** Another old mule or horse, is sent to that big green pasture in the sky. Being in the Keawe Corps was safer, but Edward and I enjoyed being "in the Army".

Soon that vast expanse of grassy pasture, where we had once hunted the Golden Plover and where I had learned to drive, succumbed to the blades of bulldozers, earth movers and graders. The high ground was cut and the low ground filled, then layer upon layer of crushed rock from, a quarry in the foothills near Camp 3, replaced the sand and grass. What God had created in eons, was being changed by men on a mission, and I, among them.

After the National Guard left Barking Sands, I was hired by the USED. (United States Engineers Department) and assigned as a helper to John Perriera, a tractor operator from Grove Farm Sugar Company, on hire to the U.S.E.D. As his helper I rode on a large wagon with bomb bay type doors. The wagon was towed to the high ground where it was filled with sand, then towed to the low ground where I released the lever to open the bay doors and deposit the load of sand on what was to be the new runway.

Thousands of young GI's from every part of the United States converged on the surrounding areas of *Kekaha, Mana* and *Polihale*. Anti aircraft and machine gun emplacements were scattered in cane fields, in marshes, and under *keawe* trees. One of the large guns, salvaged from the USS Arizona, was placed on the ridge overlooking Camp 3 and an armored unit of light tanks bivouacked under *keawe* trees below it. Barking Sands became a large and important facility to the Army Air Corps. During the Battle of Midway, several B-17 bombers, damaged in battle, returned to make emergency landings at Barking Sands.

These were days of glory for *Mana*. Never before and never since, did

so much happen in our small village. Hundreds, no, thousands of new faces, from every part of the United States visited *Mana*, walked its dirt streets, played in its park and were welcomed guests in its homes. Ah Ning's bar thrived, as most would visit it before returning to their posts at the end of the day.



KAUAI VOLUNTEERS - Laureano Corral with Company flag, my father at his left. Both sergeants in the KV.

But her days of glory were numbered, and though *Mana* bulged with new faces, many of the old faces were gone or going. Our neighbors, Henry and Marie Tavares and their daughter Gladys left to live on Oahu, only weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor. My aunt Micaela and her daughters, afraid of a possible invasion, had left on the first available ship to California, in early 1942. In September of that year, my uncle Laureano and Edward, my cousin and best friend, left to join their family in San Leandro, California, and *Mana* became smaller place.



I was not at *Mana* to see many of these changes, and I would never return to live there again. Early in 1944, I enlisted in the army, and was inducted on May 27, 1944. During

my thirteen weeks of Basic Training, at the 13th Replacement Depot in Wahiawa, Oahu, I was summoned to the Company Commander's Office

one day, and told that my mother had died. It was June 26, 1944, just sixteen days after her 43rd birthday, and almost a month, to the day, since I had left home. She had been hanging the laundry to dry in our back yard, when the intruder approached, unseen, and with a piece of *keawe* fire wood, struck a savage blow to her head.



Shortly after mother's death, my father, Lawrence, Manuel and Janet, left the big house in *Mana*, drove down its long driveway one last time and moved to *Kekaha*. When I received by discharge on March 2, 1947, it was to *Kekaha* that I returned, and *Mana*, my beloved *Mana*, where I had lived since I was four, became a part of my past and a little bit smaller.



The Conclusion

Then it all ended. Slowly at first, as a Company, or Battalion, or Squadron shipped out. One after another they left. When the war ended, there was no one left, no one except a small contingent of care takers at Barking Sands Air Base. The boys, which *Mana* had sent to war, had fought with valor in every part of the world and earned the distinction of being the most decorated unit of World War II. Now, they were returning as men, who had faced death and seen the world around them. They wanted more in their lives, much more than *Mana* could give them, they returned to settle in other towns and other places. High School graduates went off to universities in Honolulu and the mainland, some returned home, but none of them stayed, and *Mana* became smaller without them.

Mechanization had replaced manpower in planting, fertilizing and harvesting fields, and *sabidong*, a poisonous herbicide, to kill weeds, had replaced the *kalai* gangs. With the workforce becoming smaller, trucks were used, more extensively, to transport workers to the fields, Maintenance and upkeep of the small plantation camps at *Pokii*, *Waiawa*, *Kanaulewa*, *Camp 3*, *Saki Mana* and *Polihale*, had become too expensive to continue, and one by one each was closed.

By 1953, *Mana* had becoming a community of elderly. Young families continued to leave, some to *Kekaha*, others elsewhere and the enrollment at Mana Elementary School dropped to 40 pupils. The school was subsequently closed and KSCo began transporting students to the Kekaha Elementary School.

In 1980, the Amfac/Kekaha Housing Program offered home ownership to its employees. Many of the remaining residents of *Mana* took advantage of the offer, and moved to *Kekaha*. Then, on June 30, 1989, one hundred and thirty three years after its beginning, the *Mana* Camp was officially closed, and the last families, Alipio Butac and Eloy Pascual, moved to *Kekaha*. *Mana*, which began “*once upon a time, long long ago*”, was no more.



PAU HANA

The End of a Work Day ---
--- The end of a place called MANA.

Our Photo Album
The many faces of our Mana Community



Ricarda and Frank Martin
Lawrence, Manuel and John



Dad & Lawrence, from an issue of the KEKAMANA newspaper.



Harui Maeda across of me at the Mana Tennis Court - circa 1940



The Four Martins
Lawrence, Janet, Manuel and John

Aug. 30, 1981



Manuel at Polihale Beach



Mana School - 1937, 3rd, 4th and 5th Grades

Top Row: (Unknown), (Unknown), Lawrence Martin, Cilino Cacueva, Rose Maeda, Tamaye Tomomitsu (Unknown), and Enrecita Dancil.

Middle Row: Pantonec Cacueva, Rebecca Kualo, Louisa Apduhan, (Unknown), Sophie Corral, Mildred Muranaka, (?) Florendo, and (Unknown).

Front Row: Kiyoshi "Fat" Takata (sitted), (Unknown), Teruko Kono, (?) Ishikawa, (Unknown), Setsuko Matsumoto, Rose Apduhan, Matsue Nohara, Gregoria Isona, and Norimi "Tommy" Miyashiro





Front Row: Seitchi Gando (D), Kiyochi Kamekuni, Shigeo Oshiro, Shiroo Tama (D), Seichi Miyashiro (D), Tadashi Okino (D), John Martin, Hiroshi Tomomitsu (D), Edward Corral (D), and Tadayuki Okino. **Second Row:** Mochiyuki Gando, Takako Miyashiro, Fujie Takanozuchi, Hisao Shimooka, Kikuo Uehara, Kiyoko Tokada, Tsuruko Tama and Chitose Matsumoto. **Third Row:** Satoru Kudohshi (D), Shigeo Takouchi (D) Poi Mae Hon, Catherine Corral, Sumiko Ishikawa (D), Yukiyo Ishikawa, Shiroo Uehara (D) Abdulla Dobroscio, and Yoshiko Shimabukuro. **Back Row:** Masachi Ishikawa, Minoru Maeda (D), Valentin Sejot, Hiroshi Shimooka (D), Shobchi Harada, Komei Tomomitsu (D), Yohsei Yamanaka, Doro Sejot and Seifetsu Florendo.





Lawrence going fishing
to the Mana reservoir.



All one needs is patience and the right bait.



Lawrence at Mana reservoir
with a Hawaiian bat



Lawrence at Mana reservoir.
Sometime nothing bites



Old man Kanekuni,
The Farmer.



Hiroshi Kono, son of the stableman.
"Mrs. Martin, I like you queso pan".



Hiroshi Tamomitsu



Poi Mun Hee. Her sisters
were Poi Yee and Poi Ying.



Hong Gee Hee. Parents owned
Ah Ning Store. Hong Sun and
Hong Chow were his brothers.



Tadeyuki Okina & Moriyoshi Ganeko



Kookau time in the canchero.



A day at Pōi Hale beach. Catherine Corral and Virginia Costa-Ayres (Corral) in foreground. My father and the rest of us in back.



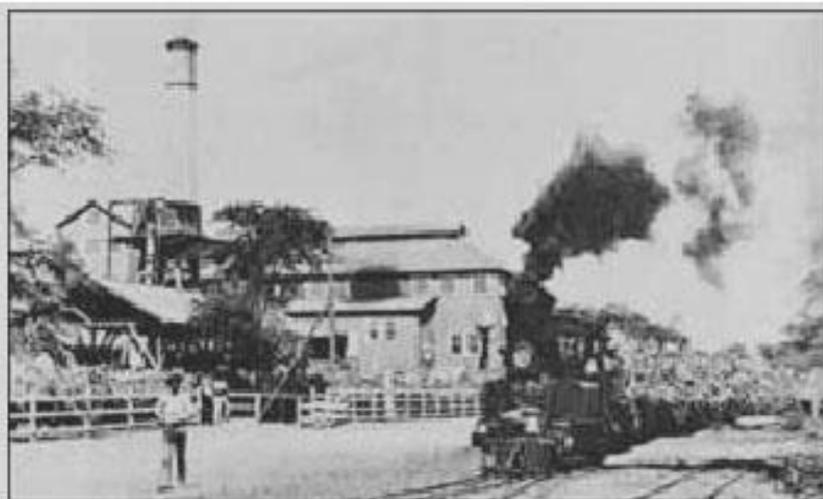
Scottie, Mary & Gladys Tavares



Lawrence, Mary Corral with shotgun and my mother on the back porch of our Mana home.



Manuel B. Martin



Kekaha Sugar Mill about 1920s



Imene Takemura

Kiyochi Kanekuni self-taught photographer and taxidermist. A good friend

Jane Tatsuno. Her father taught Japanese School.



Edward Corral



Sumiko Ishikawa



Glossary

Throughout this book I have used Hawaiian words, some of which were not defined or explained. These and their definitions, if any, are described below.

Alakai - A large high plateau swamp (Elevation 4,000-ft.) at the edge of the Kokee rain forest and extending to the base of Mount Waialeale.

Hana'wai: To irrigate. Hana means to work or do, while wai means water.

Haole koa - A plant introduced to the Hawaiian Islands as grazing food for cattle. Of medium height and with woody stocks, it is particularly adaptable to arid soil and hot climates.

Hapai'ko: The bundling and loading of cane stalks onto rail cars in the field. Hapai means to lift or carry and ko means cane.

Huli'ko: To lift and push cane stalks away from water courses, drain ditches and field roads. Ko means cane and huli means to turn over.

Kalai - To cut and weed, as with a hoe.

Kau kau tin: A lunch pail, usually carried in a denim sack slung over the shoulder.

Kawaiele - The second of four sites, where large pumps were installed to pump water from drainage canals into ditches, which led to the ocean. This, effectively, lowered the water table making marshland suitable for agriculture.

Kekaha - Plantation town, seven miles SE of Mana. It was the location of the U. S. Post Office, and the Kekaha Sugar Company's main office and sugar mill.

Kinikini - The third of four sites, where large pumps were installed to pump water from drainage canals into ditches, which led to the ocean. This, effectively, lowered the water table making marshland suitable for agriculture.

Kitano - One of three reservoirs on the mountain, where irrigation water from the Kokee water shed is stored. Its name acquired from the Japanese ditch man who lived by and tended the reservoir.

Kokee - The mountain water shed, bordered on one side by the Waimea Canyon, on the other by the Na Pali cliffs and extending to the Alakai Swamp.

Ko'lili: To collect cane stalks which fall from cane cars in the field and along the rail line. Ko means cane and lili means little or small amounts

Konohiki - The headman of a land division under the Chief.

Kumuao - Location of Hans Peter Faye's first home at the mouth of Kawaloa Valley. The Mana Camp was approximately three miles to the West.

Lama lama - Fishing by torch light at night.

Limalo - The first of four sites, where large pumps were installed to pump water from drainage canals into ditches leading to the ocean. In Hawaiian it means "God of mirages" because of the illusions that many saw on very hot days.

Luna - Foreman, boss, leader, supervisor or headman.

Luna, Water - Irrigation Supervisor.

Mana - The largest of many small plantation field camps. It was located seven miles NW of Kekaha and was dry and hot as the Mana is defined in Hawaiian.

Mauka - Meaning "inland" or "towards the mountain".

Ni`ihau - A small island approximately seventeen miles across the Kaulakahi channel from Kauai. It was purchased for \$10,000, from the Hawaiian Kingdom by Elizabeth Sinclair, an ancestor of the Robinson family who now own the island and approximately one third of Kauai.

Nohili - The last of four sites, where large pumps were installed to pump water from drainage canals into ditches leading to the ocean. This, effectively, lowered the water table making marshland suitable for agriculture.

Pake - China or Chinese

Papa'lae - One of three reservoirs on the mountain above Camp 3, where irrigation water, from the Kokee water shed, is stored.

Pula'pula: Cane stalks, cut to 18-inch lengths and used for planting .

Pau hana - In Hawaiian, pau means "finished" or "ended" and hana means "work, labor" or "job". Therefore pau hana means "finished work".

Pokii - A small Hawaiian village, where the government road begins it's upward climb to Kokee. In 1898, Hans Peter Faye built his second home in Pokii, which was later occupied by his son Anton Lindsey Faye. The home was already vacant in 1941, when an Army Intelligence Communication Monitoring Unit occupied the building. For a short period after World War II, the buildings left by the military were used as housing for plantation employees.

Polihale - A small plantation field camp with two or three bachelor quarters located about seven miles NW of Mana, and the last in the string of plantation field camps. In legend, Polihale was where spirits of the dead congregated before entering Po, the realm of darkness.

Pu`ulua - One of three reservoirs on the mountain where irrigation water from the Kokee water shed is stored.

Na Pali - Sheer cliffs rising 4,000 feet from the sea and extending eleven miles from Polihale beach to Ke`e Beach at Haena.

Waialeale - A mountain rising 5,243 feet in central Kauai, with an average annual rainfall of 400 inches. It is reputed to be the wettest place on earth. The Alakai swamp, at 4,000 feet. encircles much of its base.

Waiawa - Location of the Valdemar Knudsen home and ranch headquarters at the mouth of Hoesa Valley. Its meaning in Hawaiian is "bitter water". Waiawa was located along the old Government road, approximately four miles from Kekaha.

Waimea - Location of Waimea Sugar Plantation, its main office and sugar mill. Inter island vessels made stops to unload and load cargo at its Landing. Waimea was basically a non plantation town, having a bank, post office and C. B. Hofgaard, a large retail merchandise store. It was also home to Waimea Stables, the largest transportation company on Kauai.

