

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Marion Lee Loy

"I feel this way, if they don't know how to study, then you got to help them, show them how to study—what to get, what to look for, and so on. Because some youngsters don't even know how to study. And then some parents don't know how to teach them how because they haven't had success, because they can't even read. Some of them can't read themselves, so they can't help their youngsters."

Marion Lee Loy was born November 28, 1911, in Honolulu. She attended Central Grammar School and Lincoln School before entering Kamehameha School for Girls in the ninth grade. Lee Loy graduated from Kamehameha in 1929 and enrolled in the University of Hawai'i, where she received her fifth-year teaching certificate in 1934. Her first teaching job was in a small cottage in Huelo, Maui.

Throughout the early part of her career, Lee Loy taught at schools in Kohala, Honoka'a, and Hilo. In 1951 she returned to Honolulu, where she taught at Ali'iōlani Elementary School, Ka'ahumanu Elementary School, and Kapālama Elementary School. She spent the last fourteen years of her career teaching at Farrington High School and retired in 1974.

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ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Marion Lee Loy (ML)

January 24, 1991

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is an interview with Marion Lee Loy, conducted January 24, 1991, in her Honolulu home. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

To begin with, Mrs. Lee Loy, could you tell me a little bit about your parents, and where they were from and what they did for a living?

ML: Yeah. Well, my father [Daniel McGregor] originally came from Hau'ula. He was born there. Hau'ula, O'ahu, that's on the Windward side. Since his father died when he was a year old, he was really brought up by his grandfather, who was a *konohiki* for that area. *Konohiki* in the Hawaiian term means a lesser chief. In this case, he was a tax assessor of the area. I recall my father telling me that once a year they would come up to pay what they call *'auhau*, which was the taxes from that area. Maybe they'd bring so many pigs and so many this and that. And he was always certain to tell the grandmother to be sure to put on the oldest clothes that my father had around the place so that—he knew that when he'd get there that the king would say, (chuckles) "Give (him) a new suit of clothes."

And he told us about how they would crawl in, you know, and then they'd back up, crawling out. And to us it was so surprising. We never thought of people crawling, but he said that's what they expect you to do. You crawl in and you crawl out. That part I remember.

Anyway, my mother [Louise Aoe Wong McGregor] was born in Maui. She was half Chinese and half Hawaiian. Her mother was pure Hawaiian and, of course, her father was pure Chinese. And it was a sort of matched marriage that she told us about. She said because my grandmother was the youngest of the family, they decided, well, it was time to match her. I think she was only fifteen or sixteen. And they heard about this rather wealthy Chinese who lived in Waihe'e where they had some relatives. They said he owned a bar, he had a restaurant, he had a hack service between Waihe'e and Wailuku. So he was well fixed. If she married him, she wouldn't have to work, she'd have servants and so on. So they came over and made their match. It was agreeable to him, and so they were married.

But the funny story that my mother tells us, her mother was so young, so on the marriage night she went and slept with her parents as she always did. And after a week, my grandfather said, "Say, when I am going to have my wife? You people better go back to

Kona, because otherwise we won't have a marriage." So they very sadly left their baby girl and went back to Kona.

And so they raised a family of eight girls and two boys. My mother was the oldest in the family, and right after that was her brother. Now, when my mother was two or three years old and her brother was a year old, it's a custom, Chinese custom, that they take the oldest children back to China to be raised by the grandfolks. Well, my mother's brother and she were both to go back, but my grandmother raised such a fuss that (my grandfather) gave in and kept her home and only took the boy. And that was the last time my mother ever saw her brother, although she did receive letters (now and then).

After a while, a friend had gone (to China) and said that he couldn't find the brother, and they said they (thought) the brother had died. But (the) people that took his effects must have gotten her address and kept writing, and she kept sending money. So (the friend) told her, "You better not send any more (money), because we think your brother is dead. And if the letters come, just ignore (them)."

(Mother had a) younger brother (who) got sick early and died. I don't know what number in the family (he was). I recall there was Auntie Rebecca, Auntie Sarah, Auntie Edna, Auntie (Minnie). . . . Let me see. Oh, Auntie Katie, who was the last in the family. Anyway, there were eight girls. Right now I can't recall all the names. And most of them had one or two children, some had four. My mother had the most, I think. She had seven. Actually, there were eleven, but some were born and died that same day (and) some were miscarriages. But there's seven of us that grew up.

When I was about five years old, my Aunt Lani, my mother's sister—oh yeah, that was another (aunt), Lani Hutchinson. She was married to a doctor. Somehow they split, and he had gone back to the Mainland. But in the meantime, she found herself pregnant. They didn't know where to locate him because he had not given any address. So, she died in childbirth.

Now, visiting her was another aunt. Well, Hawaiian style, all your mother's cousins you call auntie instead of cousin. So this Lani Kahinu was visiting from Moloka'i, visiting my Aunt Lani Hutchinson.

Because she was dying, (Aunt Lani) said, "I know you folks [i.e., Lani Kahinu and her husband] have been married seventeen years, you've had no children. I'll give you this child." It was a boy. So he goes by (the name of) Albert Kahinu, while all the rest of his brothers and sisters are Hutchinson.

Well, as I said, since my aunt died there was no way of locating the husband. The sisters said, "Well, let's divide the kids up."

My mother said, "No, that's not right. The children, if possible, should be all brought up together so they know their brothers and sisters."

Since they didn't agree, they went to court, and my mother was awarded all six children. So you can imagine, we had six all of our own at the time. My youngest brother had not been born yet. So here we were, six and six.

At the time, my father was paymaster in the navy yard. He had started out in the country. He met my mother because he was a substitute teacher, and she was the teacher with a one-room school in Hau'ula. In those days, you were principal, teacher, and everything else, and then you had this assistant teacher. But when they got married, teaching didn't pay too much. I think she said when they first started, it was thirty dollars a month or something like that. (Laughs) But, you know, bread was only five cents a loaf.

(JR laughs.)

ML: When you look at the ratios, it ends up about the same. So he took the test to be a policeman. So he was policeman. Then I told you [in a previous conversation] about my brother and sister that (were) born on that lot, that homestead, and that since they had passed away, someone had come to bless the place, but said that it seemed that that's why the children [died], because there was a *heiau* on the land. And it was one of these *heiaus* that took life or something.

So that's why (my parents) came to Honolulu to have me. (When my dad) first started out—I think my mother said for six months he was a motorman. And then he went to take the test to be a board of health inspector. And he became a board of health inspector later on. And I remember him telling us that he sent away—because there were not any big schools here—he sent away for this La Salle Extension University (for lessons) in accounting. And then when this paymaster's job opened, and they gave him an accounting test and he passed it, (so) he became the paymaster.

My father was an only child. He had no brothers or sisters. And because of that, he was glad to have children. He wanted more children. And it was my mother who said, "No. I'm the one that's having them. Six is enough." (Chuckles) Then, of course, she (raised) the other six.

Our step-grandfather stayed with us, too. His name was Paika Kanaka'ole. That was my grandmother's third husband. Because after she was married to McGregor, she married Halona, an elderly man from Kaua'i. And for a while, she lived in Kaua'i. And you know, Hawaiian style, usually the first grandchild you give to your parents. The grandparents raise the first grandchild. So that when I had my son, and he was first grandchild—and we were divorced—my parents then asked my husband to adopt my oldest son. And he said no, that he was going to support him.

So this little boy speaks up and says to the grandfather, "Never mind, Grandpa, when I become of age, (I'm) going (to) change my name."

And by golly, if he didn't do that. Oh, he was little over twenty-one—going on twenty-two, I think—when he came home—he was in the navy then—came home from furlough, and he said to me, "Guess where I went. I went to Judge Hawkins to have my name changed."

I said, "What?"

(JR laughs.)

ML: I was so shocked. And so I said, "What name did you . . ."

He said, "Oh, I took my first name, and I took Grandpa's [last name]."

I said, "No. Before you do it, I want you to take this name, Kawika." I said, "Because I promised your grandmother's cousin that I would give [you] his name, but he wanted me to give his Hawaiian name, Kauka'ohu." And I said, "Grandma was afraid that some Hawaiian names can be given to some people and others can't. They say if you have a given name, given to you, what they call *inoa o ka pō*, a dream name—one of your parent's dream—it can be only given to you. You cannot pass it on or (the person) might get sick."

So I said, "What we're doing now is, we're giving his *Haole* name, David, to you. And you are going to take the name Kawika, which means David (in Hawaiian)." So that's why (he) is Wilmer Kawika McGregor.

Well anyway, (Mom and Dad) brought up the six Hutchinson children. And of course, after a few years, my brother Prince came along. He's the baby of the family. That's another story, about how he got his name, Prince.

My mother and father were very close friends of Prince [Jonah] Kūhiō Kalaniana'ole. Now, Kūhiō is born in March. But this was January, and she was going to have the baby, so he said, "Aoe, if it's a boy, will you give the boy my name?"

Well, you know, when people ask and you're carrying, you cannot refuse. So she said, "Oh well, all right." But she worried when she came home, because his name is Jonah—and she thought it was such a (jinx) name, Jonah—Kūhiō Kalaniana'ole. Now, he had a brother, too, and the brother was David Kawānanakoa.

Well anyway, my brother Prince was born January 4, and the prince died [January 7, 1922]. But she did tell him yes, it was a boy, so that's why she gave the name Prince to him.

Well, (my brother) didn't mind the name Prince until he came (to Kamehameha School for Girls with my mother). In the old days, Kamehameha Schools was separated into three departments. There was a preparatory department for young boys, then there was a school for girls that ran from seventh grade to twelfth, and then the boys' department was also from—the preparatory was from [grades] one to six, then the [older] boys' was seven to twelve like ours, the girls' school.

(During the school year we lived) away [from home]. Only on Saturdays we were allowed to go home and see the family. And (we had to be) back by five [o'clock that evening]. If you got back after, then next Saturday you were punished, you had to stay in school. So most of the year we were out [of the house], so it was rather easy for my parents. They tried to get as many of us in school.

Well, with my cousins, my mother asked the trustees to give scholarship. And they were very kind about it, and they gave them scholarships. But they would work, like they would do some mopping or shutting of windows and things like that. But a good number of my cousins went to Kamehameha on scholarships. And then, of course, with us—our family, we paid

scholarships. So as soon we were sixteen, we would go and work at the cannery during the summer, paring pineapples or packing, whatever came up for us to do.

It was a large family, and yet we seemed to get along pretty good most of the time. Then my parents told us—well, every Sunday night we would have church service at our home. My mother would get on the piano, and she would play, “There is beauty all around, when there’s love at home,” and we had to sing that song. We had to go around the room, and everybody would say a verse. Well, we had taught Prince to say, “God is love,” because it’s the shortest one. And then one of my cousins took “God is love,” and he [i.e., Prince] said, “That’s not fair, that’s my verse!” It was so funny.

But my father, at that time, would tell us about things that my mother said they thought we did that we shouldn’t have done, this and that, and that so-and-so was fighting so-and-so. “Now, you must learn to live (with) and love each other, because you don’t have anybody else. Here you are related blood, all of you have the same blood somehow. And you must love each other like brother and sister.”

There are a lot of things you learn in a large family. We were given just one serving of food, and that was it. When your dish was clean, you didn’t ask for seconds, because you knew there were too many. Or if somebody didn’t want to finish or somebody didn’t like carrots, they say, “Well, I’ll take your carrot,” or, “You can take my something.” We would exchange. It didn’t matter. And desserts, we had it about once a week, maybe on Sundays, and we would maybe have ice cream.

My mother didn’t cook that much. The only thing I remember her cooking is dumplings. My father would come home—see, he bought the food at the (navy) commissary. He had privileges, I guess, because he worked there. And he’d come home, and we would meet the train and help him. If he had lot of bundles, we’d help him hold them.

At that time, we lived on Kukui Street. That’s a street near Kukui Plaza, further over there. That was the whole Chinese community. All the Chinese lived there. And of course, my mother being half Chinese, we got a place over there. Later on, most of the Chinese moved out to Bingham Tract when they opened the tract. So we were wanting to go there too, because we’d be near the University [of Hawai’i] when eventually we’d go to school. But no, my parents said no, that wasn’t to be, because my father had some land over in Kalihi down here. I guess you call it Kalihi. It’s really between Pālama and Kalihi. There’s a little lane, still there today, it’s called McGregor Lane. And we lived at the end of the lane, and we had all the property up there at the end of the lane. Today the Johiro Brothers [Inc.] are leasing the property. It runs from King Street, that narrow place. It opens on Mo’okaula [Street], that road. Most of the property is over there.

Well, I think I covered most . . .

JR: Well, I wanted to ask you about . . .

ML: Yes?

JR: . . . your parents. They were both teachers at one time.

ML: Yes. Well, he was a teacher only about a year and a half or something like that.

JR: And your mother, where did she go to school to learn to be a teacher?

ML: Well, the Kamehameha Schools—in those days, high school only went to tenth grade. Then, if you wanted to take normal training to teach, you go on two more years. That's why she graduated in the first class, 1897. Then there were about four or five of them that went on, and they got their teacher's degree. So they graduated (in) 1899. And she started teaching in Maui. She was appointed to Kīhei, Maui. And I remember her telling us that most of the kids—children—were Puerto Ricans, and they spoke Spanish or a kind of Puerto Rican Spanish. So she had to learn. She'd tell them, "Book." And she'd ask them, "Your language, what?" And they would give [her the Spanish word for book]. So half the time she was learning—that was the only way she got to teach them was to learn Puerto Rican, too. So she would use the Puerto Rican language and then translate and teach 'em the English.

I remember her saying Kīhei—I don't know if she taught at any other Maui schools. That I can't recall. But then she said later she was transferred here to O'ahu, and she started teaching in Hau'ula. But after she started raising her children, when we came so thick and fast, she didn't teach for a while.

And then when she first went back, it was, I think, when my brother Ivanhoe was a year old or something, then she went to Pohukaina [School] to teach. I know she was at Pohukaina for a while. Then she got nearer home to Kauluwela [School]. And she was in Kauluwela many years, almost. . . . I remember there used to be a representative named (Jimmie) Shigemura who told us that my mother was his teacher—and she taught third or fourth grade—and he said, "You know, your mother was small, but she was strict. Ho, we (were) scared of her!"

(Laughter)

ML: I laugh. I said, "What?" See, my mother is only five feet. And we were all taller than she. And she weighed only about 110-[1]20 pounds. She was never fat in her life. But here, we two older girls put on weight fast, and so she had—but lucky, you know, at Kamehameha, in the four years I was there, I didn't have to sit on the overweight table. If you are ten or twenty pounds overweight, they'd make you sit at an overweight table.

JR: Why is that?

ML: Because they served them, like, skim milk instead of regular milk. And I don't know whether they gave 'em jam instead of butter. But the food, they served [smaller] amounts, and that was to try and make you lose weight. And after you come down to your right weight, then you can go back to your table. But there was this overweight table, so it was like a disgrace if you ever got to that table.

(JR laughs.)

ML: But none of us, our family, ever sat at that table. So although we might have been, you know, plump, we were not overweight. That was the best part. Yeah, because we were talking about it. Frances Dunn Silva was my classmate. She was skinny as a rail. Oh, she sat

(at)—there was a skinny table for underweight girls, and they were given milk three times a day, butter—all the butter they wanted—to try and fatten them up.

(Laughter)

ML: But Frances, all through four years at school, was skinny as a rail. When she graduated, she was underweight still. But she's such a pleasant person.

JR: What year were you born?

ML: Nineteen-eleven. Eleven, twenty-eight, eleven—November 28, 1911.

JR: With twelve or thirteen kids in the family, what did you do as recreation when you were young?

ML: Oh, we could go outside. We used to play volleyball with each other. But there was so much to do. There was always a lot of washing to do, and then there (were) clothes to iron. We learned fast how to do that.

(Laughter)

ML: Of course, when (my cousins) first came to live with us, we had a Japanese washwoman, we had a Hawaiian maid who took care of us till my mother got home and all that. And sometimes it was our relatives that she paid. But as I said, pretty soon there was no more washwoman, and we were told we got to learn how to scrub clothes. In those days, there was no washing machine, until later on we got a machine. But it was the good old washboard that you used.

JR: What was the first school that you attended?

ML: I went to Central Grammar [School]. At the time, it was the English-speaking [i.e., English standard] school. And then Lincoln was designated the English-speaking school, so my mother had us take a test, and we all landed at Lincoln School, which [was later known as] Linekona School. And I graduated from the first class there, 1925.

JR: Do you remember anything about the test? What kind of a test did they give you?

ML: The test they gave us was similar to this—oh, a lot of it was oral. They would talk to you, because if you couldn't speak English very well the. . . . So the written test wasn't too bad, but mostly they asked questions about your family—just like you're doing now—and how many children were in the family and so on, what did their father do, and things like that. And so they said, "Oh, you speak English very well." So we knew when they said that we were going to get in.

Well, as I said, my parents both spoke Hawaiian fluently. But they didn't speak Hawaiian to us, and they didn't want us to learn Hawaiian, because my mother said that she felt that if we learned Hawaiian, we would begin to speak a kind of pidgin. But if she kept the language pure and we only spoke English, then we would not have problems that she noticed when she

taught other children that came from homes like that. Their English was very poor. So she said she didn't want us—especially being a teacher herself, she didn't want any of her children to speak pidgin.

JR: The test that you had to take to get into the English standard school, was it a good thing to get into the school? Was it something that you were worried that if you didn't pass the test, you wouldn't . . .

ML: Well, funny, I wasn't worried. We started at Central Grammar. In addition, it was the neighborhood school, so it was a school that you could go to. But later on they started this [English] standard school, I think when I was in third or fourth grade. But those of us that were already [attending] Central Grammar didn't have to go to a testing period, if I recall. And then, as I said, I went there up to the seventh grade. In eighth grade, we went to Lincoln School. And we were the first class. So we graduated, and then some of my classmates went to Punahou [School], some McKinley [High School], and so on.

Winona Love, who was one of the best hula dancers, was a classmate of ours, and she danced for us. She was a beautiful dancer. I remember several of the girls in my class, because lunchtime we would play together, play tag or whatever, or we'd sit down and chat.

JR: What was the makeup of the school? Do you remember? Was it mostly Chinese, Hawaiian?

ML: No, mostly *Haoles*, I guess. I remember I had George Hansen in my class. But as I said, a lot of it were *Haole* boys and girls. In my class I don't remember any Japanese or Chinese. It was just White and Hawaiians and Portuguese. Let me see, was there any Chinese? Later on, there were some Chinese, but in my particular class I didn't have Chinese.

I was in the B class. And the best part of it is, during the school year, if your grades were good—well, they would give us these exams that come from the Department of Education, and we didn't have to take it if you made A. And I know I didn't have to take the English [exam], and I didn't have to take the social studies and the math. I think I took the science test and what else?

And our school principal, Mr. Martin—T. J. Martin's wife was the cafeteria manager. So we used to like to go to the cafeteria. She was such a sweet, delightful lady. I can't recall her first name. Was it Doris? I enjoyed Mr. Martin. Then, of course, we would take turns—certain weeks we would work in the office [and not attend class]. We were the office girl. We'd take our schoolwork with us and do it between [busy] times. And all the homework that they have for the week [was] outlined for us, so when we go back to our classes next week, well, our work is caught up. But we'd go and deliver messages to different rooms, or if some teacher sent a note that somebody's naughty, you go over there and present her with a pass to bring the child to the office. And then sometimes if it were very bad we could hear that "whack, whack" in the next room. Oh, scared!

(Laughter)

ML: In those days they spanked. I don't know when they stopped spanking. I know finally they had a rule, you're not allowed to spank. In a way it's good, because once you spank, you

continue, and it gets worse and worse, yeah? Oh, we got our share of spanking.

I remember I was so angry with my sister one day. And I was mixing the poi, and she was telling me, "You're so slow." I took my hand full of poi and I put it on her hair.

My mother walked into the house just at that time. "How dare you waste food!" Boy, did I get a whack when my father came home. "She wasted food. She put it on her sister's hair." Well, I know I shouldn't have done it, so I took the whacking.

JR: If it's okay with you, I'd like to stop just now for a second so I can turn the tape over.

ML: Okay.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

JR: Mrs. Lee Loy, before we get to your time at Kamehameha Schools, I wanted to ask you about the English standard schools. What did you think of English standard schools? Some people said they were good, some people said they were bad. What do you think?

ML: Well, the ones that didn't get in, I think, were the ones that felt very badly, because they said that it was just like we were an elite group and there shouldn't be that, that education was for everyone and there shouldn't be that. I know for years that was, but I could see why the—in those days they called it Board of Public Instruction—wanted to keep as many students that could speak well together so that the language wouldn't be diluted and become a kind of pidgin kind of thing. I think that was it. So to me, I said, "Well, too bad. You should teach your children to speak well at home so that they can make the grade."

So I was in favor of it, really, because I felt that that was helpful and would make other children strive, strive to get there. Of course, there were a lot of these sour-grape parents that themselves had not gotten in, I think. And that's where the pressure was building. They felt, well, their children wouldn't get in. But they should remember that at home when they allow pidgin, the pidgin is going to leak out into the language, and before you know it, when they're at school on their own, they hardly know anything but pidgin. They're gonna speak pidgin. Of course, you could understand what they're saying, but it isn't correct English.

I know when I was bringing up my youngsters, my youngest boy came home and he gabs. I said, "Don't speak that way. You learn to speak well or you just close your mouth." I think I was strict. That's why when my daughter Pili'alo'ha was going to school—at Kamehameha she went by her English name first, Elizabeth Lee Loy. Well, it so happened in the eighth-grade year, she had three other classmates with the name Elizabeth. So when her grades came home—at Kamehameha they gave a written English grade and oral English grade, and with the oral English grade, every teacher graded you. Her phys ed teacher gave her a D. All the rest of the teachers gave her an A.

So when we went that day [to open house], all the teachers, of course, were seated around.

You'd go from one teacher to the other. So when it came to physical ed teacher, I said to her, "I am very disappointed in the oral English grade you gave." She gave a B for her accomplishment in phys ed, but oral English is a D.

She said, "Oh, you should hear your daughter."

I said, "What do you mean?"

"She's only speaks pidgin."

I said, "She doesn't speak pidgin, because I don't allow it in my home. I am an English teacher at Farrington High School, and I would never allow my youngster to speak pidgin."

And so she says, "Well, I'm sorry. When she gets to the phys ed department she forgets her good English and she uses pidgin."

And I said, "Well, I shall have to check on it." I said, "Let me show you the oral English grades she got from the other teachers," because I had the grade. She looked. I said, "There, it's a perfect A." So I said, "I don't know how she can go way down to D."

And then just about that time we were finishing, my daughter appeared in the doorway. She said, "Mom, are you finished?"

I said, "Not quite."

(The teacher) said, "Oh, is that your daughter?"

I said, "Yes, that's my daughter." Her face went white. I knew then there was something wrong. But she wasn't up to telling me, so I went on home.

I said, "I gave your teacher a piece of my mind." I said, "To think she said you speak pidgin, when we don't even allow it at home."

And then (my daughter) said, "I don't know why, but I think I have a feeling that she gave me the grade of another Elizabeth." She said, "There's one Elizabeth that speaks terrible. Oh, my," she said, "she's always using pidgin. And she's being corrected by the rest of us, but she still [speaks pidgin]." And she said, "The other ones use it off and on, but not as bad as this one."

I said, "Oh, no wonder she gave that D."

I was gonna fight with her about it and say, "I want it taken off the record, because I don't want any record of my child having a D in oral English, ever." But then I thought, well, I'm a teacher, let it go. If she made a mistake, I'll just have to forget about it.

The next quarter there was an A. So I knew she knew she had done the wrong thing. So then, that's why I told my daughter—that was eighth grade. And eighth grade used to go up [the following year to] ninth grade, that was high school. So when she went up to high school I

told her, "You tell them you're gonna take the name Piliialoha." But they told me no, that I would have to have the records changed. So we just left it like that. I said, "Well, I hope that people can tell the difference between my daughter, because accusing my daughter of speaking pidgin . . ."

And the vice principal said, "What?"

I said, "Yes, the teacher said that my daughter spoke pidgin, and she gave her a D." And I said, "My daughter said that's a lie." So I said that I believe my daughter. I said, "Anyways, she must have seen the light." And I told her about the incident, what happened. And I said that now it's A. I said, "It better be A the rest of the year." Isn't that awful?

JR: Yeah.

ML: I know that that's what happened.

JR: Were you graded on your---when you were attending Kamehameha, were you graded on your ability to speak English?

ML: Yes, we had an oral English grade and a written English grade, yes. Well, English came to me easily, because, I guess, English was stressed at public schools, and they taught parsing, you know, grammar. We had to learn the eight parts of speech and eight parts of a sentence, and we had to memorize a preposition chart and the auxiliary verb, the *be* family, we call it—*is, was, were*, and all of that, linking verbs, more or less. So that when I went to Kamehameha—this is a pidgin expression—duck soup for me.

(JR laughs.)

ML: English was very easy. I would be parsing all the sentences and be finishing, the others weren't. And so the girls used to come and ask me. I remember Kehau Peterson—she was from the country, Lā'ie—she said, "You know, we didn't have that in the schools out there." So I would help work with her and show her how we did it and so on.

And I noticed, too, composition writing was fairly easy, because our teachers gave us good background. They would say that you could write papers doing it this way or doing it this way. And they would say that maybe you would pick a big topic sentence and then you'd develop it, what you had said, what you stated, and you develop it down to nothing. And the other way, you would begin something and you kept building on the ideas until you have finished. And then they would show us sample papers that they wrote so that we can get an idea.

And then they would talk to us about using the dictionary. Now, they said like, for instance, "You don't want to say, 'He went, went, gone, gone,' all that. Maybe you want to say something else, which is all right. Take the word 'walk.' You say, 'He walked down the street.' Now, you can look the word up in the dictionary, 'walk.' And they might say 'strut' or so on, and you go find out what 'strut' means. So if a guy is walking, kind of showing off, he's strutting down the street. Use it instead of 'walk.' In other words, you build on your words and use bigger words or more difficult words or more descriptive words."

So we got all that background in the public schools. And, of course, our English teacher there [at Kamehameha Schools] would explain, but she didn't explain it as explicitly as the public school teachers did, to me. But because I had that extra background, that's why when I went out to teaching English I used those same things.

For instance, we talk about poetry. Well, you take the nursery rhymes, and then we would take, maybe, out one word. And I would ask the class, I would say, "'Away.' Give me something that would match."

And they say, "'Say.'"

"Yeah."

"'Ray' and 'bay.'"

I said, "Yes." I said, "It's easier to write a poem if you can match the ends, then it sounds like a poem." I said, "Right now you're not ready for blank verse." Blank verse means you write stuff—they didn't have to match [i.e., rhyme] on the end, but they give you a clear picture of something. Or maybe you want to tell them something good or get a moral, then you really don't need the fancy matching.

And so every year—we had this *Kahua 'Ōlelo* at Hilo Intermediate. (It was the school magazine.) And my students used to walk away with nearly all the editorships—poetry editor, feature editor. Of course, I was a very strict (teacher).

Now, we would start with nouns always. I would say, "A noun is a name word. It names places, persons, things, feelings, so on." And then I said, "Now we're going around the room." I said, "We're gonna begin with 'person.'"

I said, "'Man.'"

"'Lady.'"

I said, "Go ahead. You don't have to only say 'child,' and 'brother,' 'sister,' but you can think of jobs people do, like I'm a teacher. I'm a person still. I'm a teacher." So in no time we'd go around the room. When we came to one child, the child didn't know, I'd say, "We'll come back to you." And we'd go around, then I'd remember, I'd go back. By that time, the person has gotten her friends, maybe, to help her. So I make sure everybody's had a turn. I said, "Oh, that's very good." I said that, "Remember, nouns have not only persons. Now, the next thing we goin' take is places." I said, "Now, this is a 'town,' and what else can you say?" I said, "Hawai'i is a what?"

"'Territory.'"

"'Territory.'"

"Yes." I said, "That is a place."

And then we got on to "city." And I said, "Well, there are not too many places, but you can say, like, 'country' and maybe an area that you know. You can even say. . . ." Well, in those days we would say Onomea, or Hakalau, or Honoka'a. "That still is a place, although," I said, "that kind of place, that's what you call a proper noun, because you give a special name. Like if you say 'John.' 'John' is a proper noun because it's a name of a particular person. It's not a general name, like 'man' or 'boy' or 'girl,' so on."

So when they went to high school, these girls would come back [to visit me]. I remember this Matsuko Kuwahara came back. "Oh, Mrs. Lee Loy, sometimes I wanted to kill you, you were so strict. But, oh, you don't know. High school," she said, "we sit in the class, we know all the answers. We getting A's now. And the other kids. . . ." She said, "Finally Mrs. Hall asked me one day, 'Who was your teacher at Hilo Intermediate?' 'Oh, Mrs. Lee Loy.' 'I thought so, because all of Mrs. Lee Loy's students that come through here, they have a thorough background.'"

I made sure they knew this. And I noticed some of the other teachers didn't teach parsing and all that. And to me, it really didn't matter, but sometimes it did help. But I told them, I said that in a way, it's nice to know if you have a preposition, because you cannot use the object of the preposition to be the subject of your sentence. Like if I had a sentence that said, "Two of the boys stayed at home."

"What's the subject?"

Somebody would say "boys" right away.

I said, "No. You see the little 'of' in front of 'the boys'? 'Boys' is the object of the preposition 'of,' therefore cannot be the subject of the sentence." I said, "'Two' is the subject."

(Telephone rings. Taping stops, then resumes.)

JR: What was Kamehameha Schools like when you were going there?

ML: Well, as I said, we boarded there, so we were under a strict schedule. And the school day was a very long day. We began at 8:00. Of course, we had devotions, which usually ran about fifteen minutes, and they gave announcements for the day. And then this was this large assembly hall that held everybody. And then we left to go to our various classes.

Now, classes ran up to 12:30, I think it was. Or was it 12:00? And then it was a half hour, and [at] 1:00 classes began again. And some days classes would go from 1:00 to 3:00, and sometimes it would go from 1:00 to 2:00, then we'd go to another class from 2:00 to 2:30.

The ninth-grade class had the longest day, because we took all kinds of things. We took the regular math, English, science, or sometimes instead of science it was biology, whatever. Then what else?

(Pause)

Anyway, we would have nursing. They taught us home nursing. The second year they taught you prenatal care. You know, the funny part is that they didn't tell us how the babies were born. And I was so stupid, because my mother had told me that a stork brought the babies.

Well, I remember when my brother Ivanhoe was born, I heard this big noise outside like a bird, and then they said my brother was born. Of course, Dr. Camp had come, I guess, (to) help my mother deliver, but I was asleep. I didn't see that part. But when my brother Prince was born, I saw my mother's stomach was getting bigger and bigger and bigger. And she didn't tell us there was a baby there, and we never asked questions. Funny, there were thirteen of us, we never . . .

(JR laughs.)

ML: . . . we never talked sex or anything. So I remember Dr. Camp coming with a big bag, you know, the big black bag. So he went to the bedroom. And I was trying to peek through the keyhole, but then before we could peek, I think they must have put a towel or something, couldn't see. I heard this crying, so then we took for granted the doctor had brought the baby in the bag.

(JR laughs.)

ML: So when they talked about prenatal care, they told us there was a seed and it grew, and then it took on the features of a child, and then your mother expelled the child. But I thought because, you know, we have a navel and there was a line, line down, I thought maybe that opened, and they put the seed there or what. It never dawned on me, you know.

(Laughter)

ML: This is embarrassing. I don't think I want to tell the rest of it.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

ML: At Kamehameha, of course, we lived at the school. We all boarded. On Saturdays, if we had not any demerits, we could go out for the day. They usually let us out about 9:30, and we had to be home before 5:00. If you didn't get home in time, well, then you lost your following Saturday to go out. You were punished for everything. If you forgot one clothespin on the line—and if there were three clothespins, that's three hours of scrubbing on Saturday, and then after that you could go home. There was a lot scrubbing that we people did.

And of course, our class, I think, was the naughtiest class, because I remember Miss [Maude] Schaeffer, who had come to become our principal at junior year, said that we were the most undignified seniors she ever saw. We know we didn't win ribbons with her, because our junior year we had biology class, and we were divided into groups, group one, two, three. We had an aquarium and took care of the aquarium. We had other things to do, but if we were finished, we'd say to (our teacher), "Oh, Miss Catlin,"—she was our biology teacher—"can we go down (and) try to catch some minnows?" There was a (stream) that ran on the edge of the school. But we weren't going to catch minnows, we wanted to go and eat green mangos, because it was mango season.

So we went. They sent me to the kitchen, because the Chinese cook was very nice to me. I went in and I asked him to give me a cup of shoyu [*shōyu*]. We would eat the mangos with shoyu. And then I also asked him to give me a little package of salt and put [it] into my pocket. And then when I started walking down the steps out of the kitchen, who should be coming from the dispensary building but Miss Schaeffer. And I thought, what'll I do? I ran quick. I grabbed a hibiscus leaf from the hibiscus. And you know how those cups are this small.

JR: Yeah.

ML: And I put it over there [i.e., put the leaf over the cup of shoyu]. And then she says, "Oh, Marion, where are you going?"

I said, "Oh, I am going to join my group. They went down to catch minnows for the aquarium."

And she said, "Oh, what do you have there?"

I said, "I have a butterfly. If I show you, it might fly away."

She said, "Oh, oh, I see."

So I went on down. And I looked back, I didn't see her, so I went back. Then I didn't see the girls, so I said, "Oh, they must have gone outside." Kehau was on the tree still picking mangos, and Alexa and Edith, all the rest of the gang, were out sitting there. There were—wait—four or five, five of us all told. So I said, "Here, I brought the shoyu."

So they had brought a knife—cutting, eating. Then we heard, "Kehau, what are you doing on that tree?" And she was so nervous that she dropped some of the mango, I think, on the head (of Miss Schaeffer).

(Laughter)

ML: Cecilia Arnold was the president of the class, and she was there. She said, "Oh, (we're) goin' get caught." She said, "Never mind." She ran in, she said, "Oh, Miss Schaeffer, you should taste some of this green mango. They're delicious, they're half-ripe." She comes inside. "Try some."

Then my cousin Edith grabs that shoyu thing. She says, "You can dip it in shoyu, it tastes better."

(Miss Schaeffer) looked at me, she looked at the cup. She said, "Oh, that's your butterfly, is it?"

(Laughter)

ML: I looked down. I felt so ashamed of myself, getting caught. My gracious.

"Okay, girls, you come with me." Where do you suppose she marched us? She marched us to the dispensary, and we were each given a tablespoon of castor oil. So you can imagine, that afternoon we were running to the toilet all the time.

(Laughter)

ML: Good thing they had a lot of toilets in the school!

And then we thought we got away with it. No, we were on the punishment list. We were to go to the dispensary and work for two hours each before going home. (Laughs) Oh, we were so mad with ourselves, getting caught! What they give you, if you're not going to mop and sweep, then they have you take boards, and they have these big, wide plasters, and you cut it in different sizes, and then you strip it on the board of a certain size. Then we put it on the board, then when you work in the dispensary, you need it for bandage, you just strip it off the board. So there we'd sit for hours, putting things on board till our two hours are up. "All right girls, you're excused."

(JR laughs.)

ML: And that's sample punishments. But the one that was most famous is to sweep and mop, mop the thing down, you know, swab the floors, the big dining room or downstairs, the basement, yes.

For instance, once a year (my classmates) come up to my house. They didn't come this year, but they came the year before. That was '89. And see, we (were the) class of '29, so it was our sixtieth anniversary. So we had a party here the day before, then Saturday we went up (to school). And of course, I went on the Handi-Van. [ML is confined to a wheelchair.] And according to the program, we were going to have—from 5:30 to 7:00 they would have the dinner. And then 7:00 to 8:00 was to be the program of different classes, the honor classes, all the nines, like '19, '29, '39, so on. And then they always have the silver anniversary class there, too.

Now, we had them come over. And what we did was to buy Chinese food, then we each paid them the amount. Then, of course, Alexa Betts Jarrett got (to) the piano, and she can really rattle those keys. And she plays the different songs that we knew and we sang.

You see, each year every class has a class song and a regular song. And we used to write the songs, you know, original songs. And Edith Peterson, my cousin, was our song leader, so every year she would write a song for us. And this last year, she wrote a song which was "Aloha." And I had the strange feeling when she wrote that song "Aloha." I thought, gee whiz, don't tell me it's the last time we're gonna have her come. I hope not.

The time before that she wrote a rather cute song, that was for our fifty-fifth. It's, "We are the gang from Kalihi,/Kalihi *nō ka 'oi*./And we laughed and we loved in Kalihi,/where we were so full of joy." Then it goes, "Then we moved up to the hills of Kalihi,/and our alma mater stands there on high." Cute words. I can't remember the words now. She wrote that for our fifty-fifth, and this other one was the one about that aloha means goodbye and hello and so on and so forth, which was a rather pretty song.

Anyway, we had much fun, but little by little our class just diminished. But we consider ourselves the healthiest class that ever left Kamehameha, because when we graduated in 1929 we were twenty-one girls and twenty-five boys. When we had our twenty-fifth reunion—it was twenty-fifth or thirtieth—only one had died, and that was Ella Ka'ai Kamanā. She was a teacher at Kamehameha Schools, and she got a brain tumor. And so she was the first one that died. And she was the only one that—even when we had our fiftieth, we still had the twenty. And then after that some of our girls passed away. Helen Lindsey—I forgot her married name—passed away. She was from Kona. And Carrie Hugo Gandall. The group that went there was the first group for a long time that's all together. This last one that we went to, the sixtieth.

And when we were at Kamehameha, when it was senior year, we took care of a live baby. Henrietta Austen was the mother of our baby. His name was Edmond Austen, but we called him Denny. His nickname was Denny. And when he was brought to us—I think he was four months old in September, because in May—or maybe five months—in May it was his birthday.

And we lived in a cottage. See, there were twenty-one of us, so we were divided into seven. There were seven that lived in the cottage. And there were five bedrooms in that cottage. One for the house mother, the one that was the teacher. The second one was for the baby d. Baby d meant baby director. And we slept with the baby. For one week we washed all his diapers. We stayed home from school—the work was given us to catch up—and we made his formula, fed him, and so on. And unless he got sick—well, she would check every night, you know. And then the other six girls were two in a room. Then when one became the baby d, the baby d went to that person's room and so on. So we seven took care.

And Denny came home each time [our class had a reunion]. Beginning with the fiftieth year he came, and the fifty-fifth year he came. And the sixtieth [year] he came. Oh, we were so pleased with him coming home. He lives in Louisiana, and he has only girls, three girls. And one teaches in a Catholic school. And I can't recall what the other two girls do. I think one is in business, some kind of business practice, and I think the other's also a teacher.

Well, when you lived down in senior cottage, you took turns being—you were a hostess one week, then you were baby d, then you were housekeeper. You cleaned the whole house, you know. There was housekeeper. Then, of course, there was a cook. You were the cook. And then there was the dishwasher, and what else? I think we had a assistant cook, two people to help. Anyway, yeah, that took care of the seven.

Then on Sunday we could invite the boys to come—you could invite two people, a boy and girl. Well, one time I asked my sister and her boyfriend to come to lunch. And then you, as hostess, you serve the food and so on. So everybody, whenever you're a hostess—we go around. After seven times, you go around. No, I think it was five, because we had these extras. So every five weeks—no, it was seven weeks—we were allowed to invite somebody to come. And sometimes we asked the senior boys to come, but we used to be so mad with them, because sometimes Miss Baldwin, who was our senior-class teacher, would go off in the afternoon. And the boys could stay till 4:00. They knew that because there was calling on Sunday. They'd take Denny and put him like this, you know . . .

(JR laughs.)

ML: . . . turn him upside down. We said, "Look out, his head is going to fall off. Don't you know it's so delicate?" Oh, shucks! When we look at him so big and robust now, gee whiz. And he was so pretty. He had the bluest eyes and blonde hair. The mother was an Eckart. She was German, and she had a quarter Hawaiian, I think. So Denny only had an eighth. So he didn't have much Hawaiian. And, of course, his father was pure English—Austen, A-U-S-T-E-N.

Yeah, so we were his mamas. He had these twenty-one mamas.

JR: What were some of your favorite subjects when you were a student?

ML: Well, maybe English, because it was the easiest. (Laughs) I don't know. What I disliked was history, because there were so many dates and the book was so fat. And she'd give a chapter a night, and the chapters, oh, they were so—and so many things to remember. You know, some of the girls used to go and write the things on their fingers before they went into that room. (Chuckles) And I used to laugh at them doing that. But when I was called on and I didn't have the answer, I wish I had done that, too.

(Laughter)

ML: But somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it.

JR: What about the teachers when you were a student? Do you remember any of your teachers?

ML: Oh, yes, I remember.

JR: Did you have any favorites?

ML: I had Miss Burgman for social studies, and I had Miss Winslow for English, and then when she went on sabbatical leave, we had—oh, I forgot her name. (Oh, it was) Miss Griffith. Miss Catlin was our math teacher. She also taught us biology. And let's see, later on she taught us algebra. I think sophomore year we had algebra instead of straight math, algebra and geometry both.

I didn't have any favorite teacher because they were all very nice teachers, our classroom teachers. There was one person I disliked, and she was the matron in the dining room. Now, my sister and I were sometimes assigned breakfast girl. Breakfast girl means you come in and set your table for breakfast, get all the food onto the table, make sure that you have enough pieces of butter—ten pieces, you know—we cut it into tiny blocks and put it on a round plate and put it at the table, brought out the pitcher of milk. And they did not give us coffee. You could have Postum instead. Otherwise, we just drank milk. But most of the girls took Postum, because it was—and then Sundays they gave us cocoa. It seemed that Postum was cheaper than cocoa, evidently, so that's why we were served cocoa only on Sunday. And on Sunday we also had ice cream. Before, we used to have ice cream once a month, but by junior year, Miss Schaeffer made sure that we had ice cream every Sunday. She said she didn't think that we should go on such a stringent budget. And then we knew that every Friday that we were

going to have sardines, tomato sardines for lunch. Oh, how we hated it.

(JR laughs.)

ML: After a while, we feel the sour tomato taste coming up. And then the vegetables were onions, green onions and round onions, chopped, served pickled in vinegar, to go with those sardines. But in the evening they gave us a decent fish. They fried the fish or served it breaded. And we knew it must have been codfish most of the time, but it was fish. They would serve a salmon loaf or tuna loaf. We almost knew what we were going to have. And mostly it was tossed salad. They serve it in one big bowl, and we'd pass it around, each person (taking) what they wanted. If it ran out, then we had waitresses who ate before, and they would wait at all the tables. They'd have two tables to take care of. And they would bring in the extra if we needed extra. But like butter, you cannot have seconds on butter. You could have seconds on milk and other things. You could have seconds on bread. There was a lot of bread all the time. But we didn't have much of variety. But to us, well, it was filling and we ate.

Then, of course, we had dessert every night. We would have either bread pudding or jello, but ice cream was only for Sundays. But most times we had bread pudding. But we liked the bread pudding because he made it with lots of eggs, so it was kind of custardy, you know. But of course, the ones that were on that [over]weight table, they didn't have dessert. (Laughs) Shame on us, yeah? But we used to tell them, "Don't eat so much, then you don't have to go on that table." But some of them had family that bring them food during the week, come drive in school and, we would have our playground way down the end, they'd drop the stuff. But you know, sometimes the kids would be so hungry. One time I remember this girl offering me a slice of meat loaf. I said, "Where did you get it?"

She said, "Oh, so-and-so gave it to me." Well, then they announced at the table that someone stole one meat loaf . . .

(JR laughs.)

ML: . . . that they had to go and cook, otherwise one table would be without dinner. And then I looked over across at this girl. She was at another table because we sat by grades. She was a tenth grader, I was in eleventh grade. I looked over at her.

So they announced Saturday morning, when [at] 8:30 we had our services that we usually had, they announced that the girls are not going to have liberty today until the person who took the . . .

JR: Meat loaf?

ML: . . . meat loaf will admit. Well, we sat for two hours. Then we asked if we could be excused, go up to our room. They said yeah, we can go. Then they rang a bell. They said the person had confessed. They didn't say who the person was, but I said to myself, "I bet it's Betty Plunkett."

One of the girls, a senior, got up. She said, "We'd like to know who it was, because we don't think that it's very nice of that person to have us all punished because she waited this

long to tell you.”

And Miss Schaeffer said, “We don’t say those things. She is going to get her punishment and that’s it.”

But then it went around like wildfire. So I said, “You see, Betty, lucky thing I never ate, or not you’d go blame me.” She tried to go implicate these others, that they told her to go take it so that they could eat. And somehow, something told me not to take it because I knew it was forbidden. So I asked, “Where’d you get it?” She said, oh, that she had gotten it from the cook. I thought, gee. When they said it was missing, I said, “Got ’em from the cook, can’t be. Betty, you’re the one.”

But you know that in school it’s an unwritten law, you don’t squeal on the next guy even though they know they’re guilty. You let them open up for themselves or you shut your mouth, because otherwise, the people won’t like you for telling. They’ll, I guess, hate you worse than they hated the person that started the original business.

(Doorbell rings.)

Yeah, we had these funny moments in school.

JR: Maybe I should stop right now.

ML: Yeah.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 21-2-1-91; SIDE ONE

JR: When did you decide to become a teacher?

ML: The truth of the matter was I actually did not want to be a teacher, I wanted to be a nurse. I got interested in nursing because we nursed at school, and I thought, gee, this is so nice because you help people that are helpless. So I told my mother I wanted to be a nurse.

Well, at graduation they had given me the scholarship to go to normal school. I was the one that won the scholarship. She told me, “See, they know you’re going to make a good teacher, that’s why they awarded you that scholarship.” But she said, “Too bad you can’t take the scholarship, because I want you to go to the University of Hawai’i [UH] instead of going to this normal training school.” And she said, “If you can pass the test at the university, that’s where you’re going.”

And so, of course, we all took the—we had already taken the test, and she knew that I passed. I’d taken both tests, so I told her, “But, you know, Mama, I’d rather be a nurse.” I said, “I like that kind of work.”

She said, “No, I’m going to tell you this, Marion.” She said, “When you were six years old,

you got typhoid fever. After the typhoid, you lost all your hair. They had to use Hawaiian herbs to get your hair growing again." And she said, "And you couldn't walk. For nearly a year your father had to take you from upstairs, bring you downstairs to have your meals, take you upstairs again. You were lame." And she said that, "Gradually we had massagers and people come in, massage you, and gradually we taught you how to walk again." And she said, "That's why I don't want you to be a nurse, because you had that weakness. You going to have to stand eight hours, walking all the time." She said, "This time, when you're in school, you only work an hour or two, but an eight-hour stretch is much too long for you. Therefore, I want you to go out and be a teacher."

So that is how I became a teacher. Because she was a teacher, she wanted all her children to be teachers. If my sister Gwendolyn would have made the grade, she would have been a teacher, but instead she took business training from Phillips Commercial [School] and became a stenographer, stuff like that. But that is how I became a teacher. I had to take teaching.

And then, of course, when I selected my majors—in those days, they told us to select two majors. Of course, the overall major was education, and you got your B.A. in education.

In the junior year, normal school was kerplunk. They closed the [Territorial] Normal [and Training] School, and all those that graduated from normal school became juniors with us [at UH]. Oh, by the way, Eva Ralston took my scholarship. Since I didn't take it, she got the scholarship. Then I said to her, "Gee, if I knew we [were going to both end up at UH], I save myself a lot of money. . . ." Because I was going to school on the Ida M. Pope [Memorial] Scholarship. In those days, those scholarships were all loan scholarships, and when you finished, you paid back. I think it was \$752 and so many cents. But I paid little by little as I worked. And finally, when I paid it all, I got a beautiful letter from Miss Schaeffer saying that she was glad that one of her girls had paid their obligation in so short a time after she went out to teach.

JR: So \$700 was for how many years?

ML: That was for three-and-a-half years. I finished the university (in) February 1933. And then I went back for my fifth year, one-year fifth year to '34, and still there were no jobs open. They gave only three people jobs out of the ten of us that had been called back to do fifth-year work. So I went into nursing. I nursed at Kāne'ōhe Hospital. They call you "hospital attendant." In those days, they paid you eighty-four dollars a month, gave you three meals and a free room. And so that was considered good, because the teachers were only being paid ninety-nine dollars a month. But by the time you got it, it was ninety-three dollars and ninety-four cents.

I remember the first time I went out, when we did our fifth year, they paid you when you taught one semester. But they didn't pay you like they paid the teachers. They pay you only twenty-five dollars a month—actually twenty-four dollars and eighty-eight cents a month. I told my mother, "I wish I could keep this and just frame it." I spent it. (Laughs) I said, "I'm so broke, I need to spend it."

Yeah, that's the way it was. But as I said, when I got there to Huelo and found out they had only kerosene lamps and (charcoal) irons, I didn't care too much for it. But the worst part

was not being able to bathe in a tub of water, but to use half a bucket of water to bathe and the other half (to rinse). And I said that, as far as I was concerned, she could give Maui back to the *Menehunes*.

(JR laughs.)

ML: Of course, being a Maui girl, my mother didn't take too nicely to it. So she wrote to the chairman of the [Maui] Board [of Supervisors], Harold Rice at that time, and she sent his letter in a letter to me and asked me to deliver it to him, which I did. And when he started quoting, I said, "Oh-oh, my mother must have enclosed my letter to her in his letter."

He says, "So you want to give Maui back to the *Menehunes*?"

Oh, I looked up at the ceiling. I said, "Oh, gee."

"But what's this about you bathing (with) only a half-bucket of water?"

I said, "Yes, because you didn't take a tank out there. They have a small tank, and they said they asked you for another tank and it was never brought."

He said, "Well, I'll see that a tank gets there this coming week. Be expecting me on Monday."

On Monday morning when Mrs. Watson (our principal) came, I told her. Three of us lived at the teachers' cottage—May Takumi, myself, and Eva Ralston. And Mrs. Watson lived in her own home, so when she came over Monday—well, as I told you, what happened, 8:30 came and no truck came. And while we were singing "America, The Beautiful," this red-faced person sticks his head in. He said, "Miss McGregor, I have your water tank."

And I (ran) outside and looked at this huge tank, twice the size of the one we had. I run into Mrs. Watson's room, "Mrs. Watson, our tank has arrived!"

She ran out. She could hardly believe it. Then she saw Mr. Rice. "Oh, Mr. Rice!"

And they shook hands, and he said, "Yeah, this lady is complaining because she has to bathe in half a bucket of water." (Laughs)

I said, "Oh, boy, he's announcing it to the world!"

(Laughter)

ML: And the men set up, and in no time they had switched the tanks around and put the small tank back on the truck. And after that, they went. But, in fact, before he left, he says, "Now, what are you going to give me for bringing your tank?"

Well, I was too embarrassed to say, "I'll give you a kiss," so I told him, "I'll sing you a song." So I sang him a song. The song was "I Want to Learn to Speak Hawaiian."

(Laughter)

ML: It was the newest song that had come out about that time. And he thanked me. (Chuckles) He said, "And you come and sing to me again sometime." I didn't say a word.

(Laughter)

ML: Then Mrs. Watson said, after he left, "You better stick around. Maybe we'll get electric lights next."

(Laughter)

ML: I said, "I'm not that powerful." Oh, dear.

Yeah, I loved the children there, but I tell you the funny stories about them. You know, we had one man that used to drink sake a lot—he was Japanese—and he'd beat his wife up. And one evening the children came running up. And the daughter came, "Oh, Miss McGregor, come down and go stop my father. He hitting my mother. My mother goin' have baby, and he hitting her!"

"What?" So all three of us [i.e., the teachers], we walked down. You see, Huelo is a school that's on a knoll by itself, and then you go down, it slopes off. The next person, the Kims, lived on the next slope up here. So it's just like we're living on tiny mounds. And then, of course, you go down and there was this camp. So we went down and came to this place. You know, it wasn't much. It was like a hovel almost, just like a one-room thing. And there was that [man]. I told him, "You stop that!" Of course, he was shorter than I was.

(Laughter)

ML: He turn around. He had this bamboo in his hand. I said, "You mama goin' have baby. What if baby *make*? Whatsa matter?" I talked---I know they know pidgin, you know. *Make* means the child would die. And then I say, "You like me *tataku* you?" *Tataku* means hit. I know that (is) Japanese for hit. "You like me *tataku* you? You know, I get this, hit you?"

He look [at] me. "You, hit me?"

I said, "Sure. If I no hit you, my two friends, all three of us, we sit on you, hit you. You like that?"

(JR laughs.)

ML: "No."

"All right."

And then there were two other little children besides this sixth-grade child. I had the child in [my class]room, that's why she came. I don't know whether [her name] was Haruko? Anyway, so we thought, well, we'd stay there for a while. And we asked the mother, "How

is it?"

She said, "No, no, that's all right. That's all right." You know, the woman takes the blame when she shouldn't, just, I guess, to save face for the husband. And it seemed that she went to cook something, and then he complained that it wasn't cooked the way he wanted, and so that's why he was beating her. But the girl said that it wasn't that, but because she said she (thought) the mother had told him that he shouldn't be drinking, and spend all the money when they need the money for their food and so on.

I said, "Oh, gee whiz."

But I remember that incident, that we had to go down that Sunday night to go and help that family out. But otherwise we had no trouble from the other youngsters. And this Tokishi boy walked four miles every day to school and four miles back.

Then I got the girls interested in embroidery. You know, Kress used to sell little blocks like this that you could eventually join and make a quilt. Little blocks, and they would have a little design, maybe this would be daisies, some have roses, and so on. And they cost only about fifteen cents, so one weekend I took off and went home—I think that was a Washington weekend [i.e., George Washington's Birthday], February 22 that I went home—and bought enough for all the girls to have at least one and enough of the embroidery thread and embroidering needles. So on Friday, I said to Mrs. Watson, "On Fridays, I'm going to send the boys out to play, and I'll keep an eye and check, and I'm going to teach the girls to sew."

She said, "Oh, that's fine. We never had that."

I said, "Well, I thought it's the end of the week, and they're rather tired. And they're good kids. While I'm teaching these other, the others don't go and talk and get silly, they go on and do their work." They're so different, the country kids. They're so willing to learn, they're so anxious. What a difference from teaching at Farrington [High School]. Some of the kids that I taught there just went to school to have lunches.

And (the country kids) were so glad to learn how. And I would teach (one), "Now, this is how you make the French knot. This is called running stitch." And naturally we had the pattern. I'd show, "Now, over here it says running stitch. How you gonna make it? We going in, out, in, out. That's right."

And they all had a different pattern, so no two had the same. So I told them, "Well, you know, what you can do is *bumbai* you put a hem over here, and you folks can put it on a dresser at home or something." And I said to myself, "Gee, too bad I couldn't afford buying a real bureau scarf." But you know, those were seventy-five cents, and after all, I was only making ninety-three dollars. (Laughs)

JR: You were using your own money.

ML: Yeah, and I had to send twenty-five dollars a month for my mother to have a maid—in those days, maids were cheap—to take care of my son. He was two years old at the time.

And then the year end (the class) usually went to Kīhei to spend a weekend. I didn't know that was the situation. So when I heard that you'd take the sixth, seventh, eighth grade all out for that—there were twenty-one kids, I think, altogether. So the two teachers said they would go help me chaperone. They wouldn't go home to their relatives that particular weekend.

So we went there. And you know, we actually had these young men coming to harass us. Emma Range was a tall girl. She was about my height, maybe a little taller, I'm not sure. And these guys—I think Emma must have told them, because I said, "Emma, did you tell these men that we were coming here?" So fortunately, the driver—well, he was little older than others. His name was Kim. He was related to Mrs. Watson, and so he offered to spend the weekend. So he told me he would go to the—there was a telephone. It was in this park. There would be other people parking, but you're assigned certain areas. So he went to the telephone and called the police. So the police came, and we said about these men coming. And we were afraid they'll come back again, so we [asked] if maybe one or two of them would stay. So they said, yeah, they're goin' come back in a plain car, not a police car.

Two o'clock in the morning those guys came, four of them. And, of course, there were only three of us teachers, plus that one [driver]. Man for man—well, they were going to ruin our children. Then Olive Iwata, she was another tall girl, too. And, of course, Sadako was a small, short Japanese girl. Olive was Japanese Hawaiian, but she showed her Hawaiian with her height.

And they had to take those guys and said, "You folks don't get out, we're gonna jail you." After that everything was fine. But we worried. That was Friday night, so we asked them if Saturday night we could have the same protection, and they sent us another two people to take care of us. But I told them, "You go tell Mrs. Watson, 'Forget about this stuff when you have things like that, and they're all alone and all women teachers.' If her husband and she (came) and chaperoned, all right, take a whole group. Otherwise, we have no way."

Of course, we had to pitch tents. They have tents that they give you, and they put the girls in tents. But even though, the men might sneak out and from the back end of the tent. What would happen?

JR: Yeah.

ML: You know? And we had boys sleeping in one tent, the girls sleeping in one tent. And we were with the girls, and he [i.e., Kim] was with the boys, because there no such thing as boys sleeping with girls.

(Pause)

JR: So this was a one-room cottage that you were teaching in?

ML: No, this cottage had two rooms, because the principal was on the other side of me. Then there was another building where we had the first, second, and third grade, and kindergarten and fourth grade, because she had fifth, and I had sixth, seventh, eighth.

JR: How many children did you have in that class? Do you remember?

ML: As I said, there were twenty-one of the—not a very big class. But I think in those days, they were used to being about thirty to a class. Because when I taught at Kalākaua [Intermediate School], I think there was about thirty, thirty-three. And when we taught there, when we had our study period, they had us go and work in (the) library or dispensary. And I was assigned to the dispensary. So I would go with the nurse, Miss Westendorf, into the community. They have a list of those who didn't come to school. Then we would go out and check and find out what had happened. And I remember there was one that they suspected—she told me, "Don't touch anything," wash our hands in alcohol. They discovered she had leprosy when they made the test, and it was from the father, he had leprosy, too. I don't know what happened, because it was January, near the end of the time, and I only taught to the end of January and then went back to university for classes. But we would go into the homes.

I remember one very startling thing. This girl didn't come to school because she wasn't feeling well, and she was pregnant. And who was she pregnant from? Her father. But she became pregnant with that. She was a ninth grader. And I thought, how terrible. So I said, "What you folks gonna do?"

(The nurse said), "Anyway, I'll put it in the record and let the board of health take care of it." So I don't know whatever happened, whether she had the child, whether they had an abortion or what. That was really something.

Last week Sunday, one of my former pupils from Kalākaua came here. She was Margaret Mahi in those days, and she is the mother of [Honolulu] Skylark, you know the Skylark lady that . . .

JR: Yeah, the radio [personality].

ML: Yeah. I said, "Skylark is your daughter?" Because when she came, I said—I looked at her, and she didn't look (familiar).

She said, "I bet you don't know who I am."

I said, "No." I kept looking at her, but I remembered her for her freckles. She's very fair and had freckles. I said, "Oh, Margaret Mahi."

She says, "Yeah," she said, "Rosetti." She said, "I'm Mrs. Rosetti." The children, their maiden name was Rosetti, yeah? Same name like yours.

(JR laughs.)

ML: Any relation of yours?

JR: No.

ML: Yeah, isn't that funny? Yeah, their name was Rosetti. She's gotten so thin, but she's full of

life. And her daughters are both hefty, and she is so thin as a rail. Yeah, I knew Margaret.

JR: Earlier you mentioned the university and the student teaching that you did for one semester.

ML: Oh, that's for the fifth year. When we did our fifth year, one semester you go out to Kalākaua Intermediate . . .

JR: Kalākaua?

ML: . . . or, I think, also Washington Intermediate, they had some. Well, we used to do our student teaching at Washington Intermediate. Your junior year you go out.

JR: Junior year.

ML: Yeah, junior year—no, senior year. No, no, was junior year we went to do our—it's whatever year you sign for. Or was it senior year? Anyway, it was one semester that you did. And I did it in social studies, not in English. But over at Kalākaua, I had English.

And then when I went to teach at Kapālama [Elementary School]—the first year I was at Kapālama I had this girl, and when I looked at her and I looked at the name, I said, "Is your father's name (Ernest)?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "For goodness sake. I taught your father at Kalākaua [Intermediate School] way back in 1934—'33, '34."

She said, "Oh?" She said, "Well, I'll tell him." He was away at Wake Island or something, and he was coming home. So he came over to see me. He had the prettiest daughter. She had wavy hair. He didn't have wavy hair, but I guess his wife had. He was Japanese, pure Japanese, and so was his wife. So I had that one particular girl. And that boy, Tokishi, later on at Kapālama, his son was a pupil of mine. (Pause) No, it was at Kapālama, I think. I don't think it was at Farrington.

But so far, there weren't too many of those where you taught [the parent and later their child]. But what my daughter [Pili] didn't like was this. . . . You see, I had her when I was thirty-five, and most of the kids in her class, the parents had them when they were in their twenties or something, yeah? And (chuckles) two of her classmates, I used to teach their parents at Kohala High School. In the seventh-grade English class, I had Billy Stewart, he was a pure Scotchman, and I had Florence Chang, she was Korean English or Korean Irish. Oh no, excuse me, German. Although her name was Chang, it was a Korean Chang, not Chinese Chang. She was Korean German. Her mother was pure German and her father pure Korean. And Florence had married Harry Brown, Jr., and she had her daughter, Michele Brown, in Pili's class. And then, of course, Billy's daughter, Marnie Stewart, was also in Pili's class.

Then she said to me, "Oh, Mama," she said, "Marnie and Michele said you were their parents' teacher. You must be old."

I said, "Yeah, I'm quite old considering that, but I wasn't too much older." I said, "Let's say you're six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Most of them were twelve years old or thirteen. Your mother, when she went out there to teach, was twenty-three. The gap is just about eleven years. (Chuckles) It's not too bad." I said, "Their parents are just about ten or eleven years younger than I."

"Yeah, but you're so old." You know, it just hurt her to think that her mother was so much older than her classmates' parents. (Chuckles) So it isn't always nice to have your former pupils . . .

(Laughter)

ML: . . . turn up to be parents of your child's classmates. Wow. Lucky thing I didn't have that trouble with Sammy. Sam's the baby of the family. I have four. The oldest is Wilmer. He lives in San Diego, and he's a retired California Highway Patrol sergeant. The second is Marylyn. She works for the state in the bureau of conveyances. She's a microfilm photographer. She was the one that called a little while ago. And the third is Piliialoha Elizabeth. She's a teacher, and she's out of school today because the HSTA's (Hawai'i State Teachers' Association) having a political session. In fact, she'll be out tomorrow also for lobbying and what else. Then the baby is Samuel, and he is a fire captain at the alarm bureau, City Hall. They direct the fires, that when the fires come in, it comes to him. Then they direct the stations to go to the fires, and they keep track of what's going on and so on.

You know, it was so funny—not funny, it was pathetic, really—when my sister-in-law had a heart attack. They live here in 1942 Naio Street. My cousin Lillian's husband had passed away. It was a Monday night, I remember very distinctly. I don't go [out often] since I'm on a wheelchair and have to go by van, so my daughters were getting ready to go down to the wake at Borthwick [Mortuary] for Lillian's husband when my son called. He says, "Mama, 1942 (Naio Street), isn't that Uncle Dan's house?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Well, something is awfully wrong there. First they called the police, then they called for us." He says, "Somebody there is in trouble."

Well, we phoned down, nobody answered. Then he phoned back. He said, "Oh, there was a woman. They tried to bring her to and they couldn't, so they put her in an ambulance and took her to Kuakini Hospital, and after working fifteen minutes they declared her dead."

See, what happened was, they were getting ready to go to the funeral, to the wake, so she went to have a shower. Well, when she didn't come out of the bathroom, my brother Dan said to his little granddaughter Rosanne, "Rosie, go in and see what's holding your grandmother up."

Rosie comes running out, "Gramma's on the floor! Gramma's on the floor!"

So immediately her mother, Rosie's mother—that's Dr. Davianna Alegado [McGregor]—she ran in and she tried to use [cardiopulmonary resuscitation], tried to and couldn't. She said,

"Daddy, call 911." And she says that, "I'm having hard time to bring Mama to."

"All right."

The police, when they got it, phoned to my son and said, "There's somebody that's locked up in the bathroom in 1942 Naio Street." So naturally he sent the nearest [fire station]—I think Kuakini—to the place. And they come. Here is Davianna, when she heard this, she went out. And here they came, they were with these hatchets in their hands, mind you . . .

(Laughter)

ML: What an awful sight! She said, "What are you doing with those hatchets?"

He said, "They said that somebody's locked up."

She says, "No, we said that she was knocked out. She's unconscious." And she said, "We said 'unconscious.'" They said "knocked out," and they thought was "locked out" or "locked up." And they gave the wrong thing to the fire department.

But usually the fire department, when they send out, they always have these medics with them. So they tried. They said, "No, better call the ambulance." They called the ambulance and took it. As I said, that's what happened.

But imagine. He said to me, "Oh, Mama," he said, "to think that I took the call, and they said that the person is locked up in the bathroom. You folks better send things to—you know, use a hatchet to. . . ." So he said, here he goes and sends those axes. He said, "Davi must think I was a dummy, sending the axes over there, but they said he was 'locked up.'" Oh, boy.

Anita, that was her name. She was Anita Branco (McGregor). That was my brother's wife. He misses her very much. She was the sweetest lady. In all the years I knew her, you never heard a bad word out of her. She'd hear people talking about somebody else, or if the husband said something derogatory, she would turn around, say to him, "Daddy, that's not nice." And she said, "All people are different." She would never allow him to run anybody down. And even when she talked and she'd hear—you could look, she'd get a sad face on when people are talking bad. But I thought to myself, my goodness, she must have gone right straight to the angels.

She was such a kind woman. My younger sister, Gwendolyn, is in the Nu'uanu Lani Care Home up in Nu'uanu. (Anita) would insist on (her) husband taking her every Wednesday and Saturday to see my sister. She would visit with her for half an hour or so, take her something, you know. And, of course, here I am in a wheelchair, and I have to send my daughter. She used to go every week, but she gets so involved, she can't go every week, or she goes maybe once a month now. It's come down to that. And I told my brother, I said, "You know, you ought to go and see your sister, because you have the car and you can walk." And I said, "I don't know why you can't go and see her, at least once a month."

He said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

So I don't know if he does. There're just three of us left now—Gwendolyn, myself, and my brother Dan, who's the oldest.

JR: If it's okay with you, I'd maybe like to get back to your days at the university . . .

ML: Oh, yes.

JR: . . . because it was so different back then from how it is now. I was wondering if you could tell me . . .

ML: Well, I don't know. I guess it was the same, I think it was the same thing. Oh! There was a dress code.

JR: At the university.

ML: Yes. You could not go bare-legged. You had to wear stockings. However, they allowed—if you're wearing oxfords, then you could wear socks. Otherwise, if you didn't wear oxfords, you had to wear stockings. They were very strict about that. And you didn't wear pants to school, or shorts. If you're going to the gym the next class, maybe you would be allowed to wear shorts. In other words, girls should wear dresses, boys should wear pants. And the boys wore pants and tie and all. They did not go around—or sometimes they wore it open, because they wore sportshirts. A tie was not a necessity. But you had to wear some kind of decent top. You couldn't go with a sleeveless kind of thing around campus. So they were very well dressed when we went to school. I mean, we didn't dress to kill. We wore cottons and all that, but there was a dress code, even at Kamehameha. That's why I get so disgusted looking at the girls that go to school in jeans. If they wore clean-looking jeans, but no. In the time before, I used to have to pick up my granddaughter. She was going to Kamehameha at that time. I used to pick her up. And so I'd go, and these girls, they were dressed so sloppily, some in slippers—we were never allowed to wear slippers, you only wore shoes. And even at boarding school, breakfast was the only time you could come barefoot to a meal. But lunch and dinner, you had to have stockings and shoes, or you could wear socks, as I said, if you wore oxfords. It was almost the same like at university, they had the same thing.

Oh, there was a senior bench that nobody sat in unless you were a senior. And I remember this Massie lady, before she was raped, sitting there. [On September 12, 1931, Thalia Massie was allegedly beaten and raped by a group of local men in the vicinity of what is now Ala Moana Park.] And they told Walter MacFarlane—he was a good-looking, tall football player—“Hey Walter, here's your chance now. She's not a senior, you can tell she isn't.”

He looked at her, and he said, “No.” He said, “I just don't have a flavor for it.” And he was so funny, because she didn't look decent like a decent lady. And then when we saw her pictures in the paper—later they showed her pictures “That's the lady that was sitting on the senior-class bench!” Evidently she was taking one or two classes at the U at that time. And that was in '32, I think, 'cause I was a junior when that happened. [Nineteen] thirty-two? No. Earlier than that, eh?

JR: I think it was the thirties.

ML: [Nineteen] thirty?

JR: I don't remember the exact year.

ML: No. No. I remember now. It happened in '32, I think. The reason I know was that my brother, as I told you, went to be secretary to Delegate [Victor] Houston, and then they kicked them out in '33 when they had the election, because '32 (Houston) phoned down to have (the Massie) sentence commuted, and so that hurt the Hawaiians. [One of the defendants in the rape trial, Joseph Kahahawai, was killed by Thalia Massie's husband, Lt. Thomas Massie, Albert Jones, and Edward Lord. They, along with Mrs. Grace Fortescue, mother of Mrs. Massie, were tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years in prison. On May 4, 1932, Governor Lawrence Judd commuted the sentence to one hour.] They [i.e., Hawaiians] were mad. They said murdering—they murdered the guy by drowning him in the tub. [Kahahawai was actually shot in the chest. Lt. Massie and the others then put the body in a bathtub until deciding to put it in Massie's car, drive to the ocean, and throw it in the water. They were apprehended while making the drive to the ocean.] And it was awful. I remember this [Detective] George Harbottle, the man that caught them going over to the drive to throw the body over out near the Blowhole.

JR: Yes.

ML: And then he caught them there. He radioed in. He didn't dare go alone because they would have killed him, too. So they got him. Yeah, [the Massie house] was at Kahawai Street, and his name was Kahahawai, the one that was killed. Yeah. There were four of them that were picked up, but they had been picked up earlier, and that lady said, "Yeah, they're the ones." She pretended that she had had a lot of people assaulting her, but they think her sweetheart that she had met had fought with her and then beaten her up—or maybe her husband, but couldn't be her husband because he was on duty. [Lt. Massie was not on duty that night.] When he came out I think he saw her. So it was something.

And we were there at the Ala Wai [Inn] that night that this thing happened, but we didn't know that she was going. There was a dance. There was dancing every Saturday night at Ala Wai. And we didn't know she was there, didn't see her. But when we read about it, we were so shocked. And that caused some big—and you know, I think from that time on, that's when the island people began to look down on the military, because of the way they were treated, yeah? Because they would come to town, or they would come down that river area, they'd come in big trucks. And they'd go around, they see any Hawaiians or what, they'd hit 'em, give 'em licking. And they'd get into their trucks and drive away. Oh, it was terrible. And we didn't dare go out at night, because we might be grabbed by them, too.

So after that night—although my father worked at the [Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard], he didn't condone what they were doing. But they didn't think of my father as a Hawaiian, because he was light complexioned, yeah? And he has the *Haole* features. To them, McGregor was a Scotchman. They didn't know he was half Hawaiian, a very fluent Hawaiian scholar. Lots of times—what's his name?—Peter Buck would go ask him to translate something. And Emory—Walter Emory—called on him. No, Kenneth Emory. Walter Emory was the father, I think. And Kenneth Emory was the one that was [with Bishop] Museum for a long time. (My dad) used to do a lot of translating for him.

JR: You mentioned that your parents spoke Hawaiian at home, but you—the children—didn't.

ML: No.

JR: And then, when did you first start learning Hawaiian?

ML: When we were seniors at Kamehameha. When you're a senior, everybody has to take Hawaiian. So we took Hawaiian the whole year. And our teacher was Professor John Wise, who was also the professor of languages at the university. So naturally, when we were there, we went on, took more from him. So I took all the Hawaiian that I could. He was a graduate of [a seminary in] Oberlin [Ohio], and he was a good football player and so were his four sons. It was William and John and Daniel and Jonah. No, it was William, John, Jonah, and Daniel. Jonah was younger than John. Yeah, there were four boys, and I think there was just that one girl, Tapa, their sister Tapa. Oh no, they did have more sisters, the older ones—Ella, Ella and one other. Oh, I can't recall. No, I don't know. [Wise had six daughters—Lois, Nani, Tapa, Muriel, Ella, and Rebecca.]

JR: At the university, did they have classes in Hawaiian history as well as Hawaiian language, or was it . . .

ML: When it was at normal [school] they had all of that, but when it came over, I don't recall. Maybe they did, because when they amalgamated, everything was kind of upsy-topsy. I didn't take any—I only took the Hawaiian language. I didn't care to take the Hawaiian history because I had enough history from the family. And then, of course, we had history books and things like that. Some of the books are rare. But I know some of our books—we had a fire in the house, and some of them were destroyed. That was at our old family house.

I took all kinds. I took dramatics, and we would act these one-act plays. There was one that we acted in was *Puhenehene*, and there was *Uncle Vanya*. We didn't act in *Uncle Vanya*, but I was the stage—props (manager). You made sure that the bench was here and the chair was there and so on and so forth. It was quite something. And he was so nice. I forgot the name of the man now that was our drama teacher. He was a real good Joe. He was tall and skinny. He had owl-like eyes, a kind of greenish, greenish-bluish mixture. He was a very nice person. (His name was Wyman.)

And most of our classes—some of those classes are big. Take, for instance, when we had health, we had 100 or 200 in the auditorium. And you'd have to take notes fast as you can. Sometimes we don't take 'em, you know, so (we) out of luck and all of that stuff. And we were usually sit according to alphabet, like *L*'s and then *M*'s next and so on. That's why (chuckles) I had this Walter Loo, he was studying to be a doctor. Later on he became my family doctor. And McGregor is next door [in the alphabet], (chuckles) he was right next door to me. So when I saw him, I thought, "Oh, no. If he's gonna be my family doctor, he's gonna have to look at me. Oh, no!"

(Laughter)

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

ML: I was living in the past just a moment ago, thinking of one public speaking class where Muriel MacKenzie and I were the only girls in the class. We signed up for public speaking because we needed as many credits in English, and, too, she said to me, "Well, we take this and we change our major to pre-legal, this is one of the requirements."

So I told her, "Oh, fine." And I had a notion that I'd like to be a lawyer, but then I thought, oh, gee, there are not too many women lawyers. That'll never do. I guess I'll have to just be a teacher.

And most of the time, they would have a pretend case. We would have to be the witnesses on the stand and answer questions. And of course, (Muriel would) tell me, "Hey, let's go answer goofy answers, just for fun."

And I told her, "You can do it, but I won't."

(Laughter)

ML: And then she would hem and haw and say, "Oh, what do you mean? Will you repeat the question?" (Chuckles) Mr. Peavey was our professor, I remember, (chuckles) and I knew he was getting kind of upset with her. But then, it was kind of nice, because then we would all have a laugh. Being the only two girls—and I think we had about fourteen others in the class, and we (were) the only two girls.

I told her, "Look, I'm not going to take any more of that kind of class."

There was another one after that, it was debate and something, argumentation or something like that. We took journalism, too. And of course, I used to cut the class half of the time, so I didn't make very good grades. I think the best I made was one B and the other was a C, almost a D.

JR: What kind of classes did you have to take in the education field?

ML: Well, all the education that—they listed what you had to take, so those we put down first, all the education classes. We had all kinds—philosophy, they even gave us psychology things in there, and something of instruction, principles of instruction, stuff like that. And then after that, they would tell you that you have to make at least—was it twenty-eight credits? Twenty-eight or thirty in your majors, yeah? Anyway, I remember having forty-four in English and forty-two in social studies. And then I had sixteen—I think your minor you could have fifteen or something, twelve or fifteen. And I had sixteen in Hawaiian, so they considered that one of my minors, and the other minor was economics. I had history of economics and principles of economics and advanced economics, because I enjoyed the professor. I forgot his name. But he was the one that told us what the law of—something and demand. What was it?

JR: Supply and demand?

ML: Yeah, supply and demand. And he said that when there was a great demand, the price would

go up. When there was too much of a supply, well, the price would go down. But he had another law that he used to always say to us. He said, "You take one gumdrop, and it's delicious." He says, "And you take a second one, it taste better. By the time they take the tenth one, you want to throw up."

(Chuckling)

ML: Yeah, that's what he said about the law of supply and demand or something.

JR: That's like diminishing returns.

ML: Yeah, yeah, the law of diminishing utility. That was it. You're right. I forgot. Yeah, it was the law of diminishing utility. And we always used to laugh and tell the story. "We take one chocolate drop—" he doesn't use gumdrop, he uses chocolate drop. Oh, Mr. [Merton] Cameron, that was his name, Professor Cameron. We enjoyed him, because he would give us some real heavy stuff, and then he would lighten it with a joke or something. So I really enjoyed his class. He was one of my favorite professors.

And of course, we had others. There was Dr. [Paul] Bachman, who taught the social studies and something else. I liked him, too. He was very—and he has the prettiest little wife. I think her name was Vera, if I'm not mistaken. And Dr. Schwartz was my freshman English teacher. Boy, she was a strict one, so I said to myself, "Well anyway, it's better to study under the strict one, so you know you shape up."

But she was really all business, from the moment she got in after roll call and everything. "This is our work for today, blah, blah, blah, blah. All right?" She'd call everyone to answer, so on. "It was wrong. You are in error. This is the correct answer." And never a smile, straight business. Then I wondered to myself—because in those days there were very few women professors. I just guessed she wanted to keep herself professor-like, at least give the semblance of it, so that's why she never cracked a smile. I think if I ever saw her smile, I'd faint. She was a nice-looking woman, had brown hair, reddish-brown hair, bangs, glasses, tall—taller than I was—and rosy cheek. She didn't use make-up, because she didn't even have lipstick, but she had her own natural roses, yeah? Nice-looking woman. But the last I know, she was still Dr. Schwartz, so I don't know if she ever got married after I left. You know, we don't stay there too long, we just move on.

JR: It sounds like you enjoyed the university at that time.

ML: Yeah, I liked my classes. I looked forward to it. I didn't dare cut a class. The only reason I cut beginning of my junior year—my sophomore and freshman year I never cut, because my sister was there, and I'd always get a ride home. But, like if Muriel would give me a ride, and she says cut, well, I cut with her, because otherwise I have no ride to go home. But it was so funny, I said to myself, "Funny, she cut and then she got a B, and I cut and I got a C. I said, "Hey, how come when you cut you get a B, and here I cut and I get a C." And we cut the same days, because she's the one telling me to cut. I almost said it to the—now what was his name? Gee, isn't that terrible? I can't think of his name. One of the buildings is named after his name, I think. Gee whiz. In fact, I think, didn't he become the president of the U? I can't even remember who they were. Isn't that stupid? I can't think of his name now. With a

moustache, tall, brownish-blond hair, and a kind of receding hairline.

Dean [Arthur] Andrews, our dean of the arts and sciences—we were in the arts and sciences group—was a very tall man, about six-two, very soft mannered, and spoke very softly. And when he was scolding you he didn't sound like he was scolding, because he talked very softly and didn't yell or scream. So then we know, well, that's what a professor must be, and I have to be like that.

JR: When you actually were out there teaching in the real world on Maui, did you feel prepared? Did you feel that having graduated from the university, you were now ready to tackle this class of . . .

ML: Oh, sure. After going fifth year at Kalākaua, I felt like I was ready for anything. But first they told me Mr. [Oren] Long will assign—he was then the superintendent of [the Department of] Public Instruction, that's what they called it then. He said to me, "You're going to have an eighth-grade class over there. Now get on the boat."

Somebody on the boat, they said, "No, that's a seventh- and eight-grade class out there."

I said, "Oh, well, that's all right. I'll give this one work, and while it's quiet, I'll give the other."

I get there Monday morning, and they say, "You know what grades you're teaching?"

"Yes, I do."

She says, "Well, the eighth grade sits here and the seventh here and the sixth grade here."

I look at her. I said, "What did you say?"

"Sixth grade here."

"Oh," I said, "three grades. Oh, I thought (it) was only two." I said, "Well, I suppose I should juggle them around." But I didn't dare tell her I was shivering in my boots.

So I went. Well, Shizuko, the girl that had that before me, wrote me a note because she knew me. And she told me what she did. She [busied] the two classes that she was not going to [address] with work to do, make sure they got started, then she would work with the [other] ones. And then she said that it would be best to use the oral work for English and at least math, because there they need a lot of, you know, "to and from."

So that's what I did. And I had them read, and when they stumbled about a word, I would divide the word up, sort of phonetic-type thing. And then I always had a dictionary with me, because I used to carry one of those small ones. And I said, "Well now, we made a mistake on this word. Let's look it up and see what it means," and so on. And I said, "Whenever you get stuck at home, if you can get your parents to get you a dictionary, you look it up and try and read what the thing means. If you don't, then you have your parents." But I said, "If your parents can't because they don't know the language, that's all right, you come and ask

me. I'll try and help you." So in no time the children got used to me, and I guess they felt that I was more a help or what, and they weren't afraid to ask me what was this and that.

(Shizuko) also wrote, "Sometimes you would like to take the math in the afternoon, and take them all as one class and give them instructions as one class, and then divide them, have them go back to their books." But she said, "With that, they can all get the same. . . ." Like we talked about fractions, you know, how I told you. I drew the picture on the wall and so on, and some of them just didn't catch it. Well, after school we'd make little pies for them.

Because basically, around those grades—sixth, seventh, eighth grade—it's the same type of math. It hasn't gone into algebra yet, except one year—in the sixth grade they should be by that time beginning to master all of their tables, their multiplication table. So sometimes I'll say, "Nine times six and. . . ." And surprising, sometime the seventh grader would give the answer before the eighth grader, before the eighth-grade guy. In fact, I thought my seventh-grade class was smarter than my eighth. And there were some sixth graders who were smart. Two of them I promoted to the eighth grade, (skipped) the seventh. Because I look at their ages, and they were doing so far advanced work. Everything I gave them, they almost had it perfect, 100[-percent] papers. And so I thought, gee, we're going to try (to) skip you.

And one boy wrote back and said at first he was sad that I had skipped him, but he said—because that teacher was very strict. And he says that later on, he said that, "After I caught on, then everything was okay. And I'm glad now, I'm eighth grade." Then he would be graduating with his regular class, because that way he was a year behind. So I skipped him over, and I started to try and give him some seventh-grade work, too, have him take work with the seventh grade. Because if you're a decent enough teacher, you can see those differences right away in a class, especially in a one-room class where you have all the subjects. And then you constantly see them ahead of the rest in nearly all the subjects, then you know you got something there.

And then, of course, when this boy wrote to me at Christmastime, I contacted Evelyn Fujinaka, (who) took my place, and I told (her), "You know, Herbert is such a shy boy." I said that, "In the sixth grade, he was doing perfect work. I was going to move him over to seventh, but it [was] too late in the year." So I said that, "I figured that if he starts with the eighth, he can do the work, but he needs a little encouragement."

So I think that's why, when she went back, she was a little more lenient with him. Because when I got the letter, it was after Christmas that he had written to me, you know, about how he got my address from the teacher. I was surprised that he even had the nerve to ask her for my address. (Chuckles) And he said that he wanted to thank me for putting him up to his regular grade, and that he thought he was going to Lahainaluna to school the next year. He wasn't sure [whether] or not he goes to Baldwin or Maui High. I always wondered what happened to the boy.

And also the girl, Haruko, I had also promoted, but I never heard from her. But when he wrote me the letter, he said, "Haruko and I had a hard time at first." But he said that, "Miss Fujinaka is so strict." And I didn't dare show [her] the letter. I didn't dare tell her what he wrote, because she would be mad and be meaner to him, so I didn't want that to happen.

And I think of those kids. I said, "Too bad. If they only had electric lights."

(JR laughs.)

ML: Of course, the water didn't come right away. But they said it had rained a lot during that summer, so they had enough water. And Eva was saying now they were beginning to bathe with decent water. (Laughs) I heard from her. Then afterwards she was transferred down here, so it wasn't too bad. We'd run into each other. She didn't get a job right away, too. She went and worked in a doctor's office. And she was glad she went to a doctor's office, because she learned about all kinds of stuff that Kamehameha never taught us.

JR: You said that you stayed at that school till the end of January?

ML: No, I began in January.

JR: Oh, you did.

ML: January 1935 to June.

JR: To June.

ML: Yeah, one semester.

JR: And then?

ML: And then I was transferred to Kohala High School. Mr. Roberts—Harlan Roberts—asked for me, so I went there. Then the third year, I was at Honoka'a. Herman Larsgaard was my principal. He was also another good Joe. And he had a beautiful blonde wife. And then the following year, I went to Hilo Intermediate. And I was there till 1945, from '37 to '45. And then the fall of '45 I went to Hilo High and went to '47. Then I stayed out and had Pili and Sam. And in '50 I went back again to Hilo High, to '51, and my husband was transferred. He became fire marshall for CAA [Civil Aeronautics Administration] so we moved here.

And we lived over on Mott-Smith Drive till Mrs. McCluskey died. Then we bought the old house that was sitting here, and we moved in here January of '53, January 3. I was just saying to my children the other day, "Just think, we moved in here January 3, 1953. Your father died January 2, 1973. So he lived here one day short of twenty years." And I said, "Of course, now we're still here. It's now thirty-seven more years. So we've lived here quite a long while.

[Nineteen] fifty-three and '90, '91. Thirty-eight, yeah? Thirty-eight years?

JR: Yeah.

ML: Thirty-eight, because 1991, and this is 1953 that we moved in, January 3. Thirty-eight years we've been up here already.

JR: Long time.

ML: Yeah, lifetime for some people, maybe your lifetime.

(Laughter)

ML: Yeah. Oh, we knocked the house down in '79. We were going to build right away. By that time we were living down at the Bishop Museum tract, Kapālama Avenue, down yonder. And then I don't know what happened. I think we might have [had] some other expenses with my children or what, so we didn't move back till we started building in '82. Oh boy, we only paid 16,500 [dollars] for this house and lot when we moved. When we went to build this, it was 106,000. And that wasn't all. By the time we got to pay for the extras—we decided to have double front door and all that kind of thing, and the ramp was another 1,400—when we got through it was 110,000, the cost. Of course, today, if we wanted to sell it for 500,000, we could sell it for that amount.

JR: Yeah.

ML: Last year we had somebody offer us 350,000. I said, "You're crazy." I said, "That's less than what—they charge, what, 800 twice a year for the taxes on this place."

JR: Property tax.

ML: Yeah, so you can imagine.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape No. 21-5-2-91

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Marion Lee Loy (ML)

February 5, 1991

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is a continuation of an interview with Marion Lee Loy, conducted February 5, 1991. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

Mrs. Lee Loy, after teaching on Maui, you then went to the Big Island.

ML: Yes, I taught from 1935, the fall of '35, to 1951 at various schools on the Big Island. The first was Kohala High and Grammar School. I was the school librarian part-time. I had one class in English, and in the afternoon I had the girls' physical ed classes from ninth grade to twelfth grade.

JR: Was it normal for a teacher to have that varied a curriculum?

ML: Yes. The reason was that—well, no, some teachers had straight English or straight social studies. But in my case, I guess I got a leftover English class from somebody. It was a seventh-grade English class. That was in the morning. Then I had, after recess—oh, the library was closed up until ten o'clock, then it was opened. And it was open in the morning before eight, like quarter to eight to eight, for people to return their books that they borrowed or something like that, and then it was closed. And then up to lunch hour, it was open. Then from lunch hour on, when I was teaching phys ed, we had another teacher come in who had English classes, and then she took over library training. She taught them that. Some days, I think it was Friday, we had no phys ed, then I had the library training for that particular day.

I liked that, living in the cottage. We had a nice group. And then we also had the other cottage mates visit us. Sometimes we would have potluck dinners together. But weekends, most of the ladies and men that were there would go to Hilo or Kona, to some other place. You know, if they happened to live on the island, then they would go and visit their family. Like our roommate Doris Kotake used to go back weekends to Honoka'a, where her family lived. And Tsuruyo came from Honolulu like I did, so we didn't go visiting anywhere, except I would go weekends to my mother's relatives over in Hilo to spend the weekend. We were some very good friends of hers.

I would have stayed there, as I said, but when I had that visitation of that ghost army, that was the end. I decided I didn't want to be scared another year.

JR: Maybe you should tell that story.

ML: You know, about the . . .

JR: Yeah.

ML: Well, it seems that this happens every year. They say it's still occurring till this day. I don't know. Anyway, I was awakened by the—you see, where the school cottages were, across the street were some family homes, and there was a gas station that was owned by Sakai, and then they had some Hawaiian families. This particular road went down to the sea. It had been used years and years ago. People from way back used it to come up to—Honomaka'u was the name of that particular area of Kohala.

Now, Kapa'au was next to us. That was where they said that Kamehameha was born or so on. There's a Kamehameha statue there at that place. Now, as I said, I woke up with these dogs crying. It was a wailing more than a barking, you know. And the Hawaiians used to say when you hear that kind of bark, that means there's going to be death in the family. So I said, "Gee." I woke up and I turned myself around, and then I could hear from a distance drums—boom, boom, boom, boom. And then it sounded like a lot of people walking, or—anyway, it was just like people coming toward our cottage, and it was getting louder and louder. And with that, I didn't want to look toward my window to see if anybody was going to peek at me, so I turned myself around so that I faced the bathroom. Right next to my room was a bathroom, and then the second bedroom that Miss Yamamoto occupied. And what should I see but this white figure, all sheeted—I was so frightened. Somehow I couldn't scream, but I looked and I said, "Who is that?"

And she said she was Tsuruyo. And she said, "I'm going to come and sleep with you for a while." And she bounced in and jumped into bed with me. And I could hear her heart beating, because she was on the other side, and I knew she was frightened.

So I could hear this army passing our cottage going into the roadway. See, the cottages divided the elementary school, where they have this great big yard and the bungalows, and then our cottages, and then the school buildings for the high school and intermediate on the other side of this roadway that the trucks and the buses used to come in, drop the kids, and so on. We could hear this army.

And then it sounded like the army was going down to the playground of the elementary school. So I finally said to Tsuruyo, "I'm going to get up and look and see who that is." And so she didn't say a word. So I went there and I pulled down the shades. We had these old-fashioned shades, you know, that you pull down by string. And then I opened the windows and I looked out, and suddenly there was no sound at all. No laughter, no Hawaiian words and what else, but it was absolutely calm, and the yard was clear of anybody. But there was this late, misty moon shining into the yard. Well, with that I put the shade up again and came back to the (bed), and I said to her, "Well, I guess that's that."

So she said to me, "Well, I don't want to go back to my room to sleep. If you don't let me sleep here with you, I'm going to sleep on the floor."

So I said, "Well, it's going to be kind of hard, a little, narrow bed with two of us," but we managed. That was a Thursday night, as I recall, because the next day, I decided not to stay there, but to just take off to Hilo. And it was either the last week of October or the first week of November.

Well, the next morning we thought we would ask Doris about it. At least I thought I would ask Doris, our roommate. And I said, "Doris, did you hear the dogs barking last night?"

She said, "No."

I said, "You sure?" I said, "You didn't hear anything else?"

About that time, Tsuruyo interrupted. She said, "Marion, will you come here a minute?" So I went to the kitchen where she was, and she said, "Don't say anything more because Doris is going to think you and I are crazy because we're hearing armies and people marching and people talking." She said, "Just don't say anything to anybody."

So I told her, "Oh, okay."

Of course, when I was talking to Doris, she was just getting ready for school, combing her hair and what else. We came out to eat breakfast and nothing was said. Then I went to open the library. And Mr. Harlan Roberts, the principal, said to me, "Good morning, Miss McGregor. How did you sleep?"

I said, "Oh, just fine."

He said, "Then you didn't hear the drums?"

When he said that, I was so astounded. I said to him, "Did you hear the drums?"

He said, "Yes, I've heard them for the last thirteen years."

I said, "What?" I said, "They're always happening like that? Ho, I don't like that."

He said, "Well, the first year I was frightened. But now, I just take it for granted. They come right through." Later on they moved the cottages away, to a different area of the school, so that this wouldn't happen.

Then he told me about one of the teachers (who) had been there the year before (who) insisted that one of the little *Menehunes* was still around and jumping in her closet and what else. And they finally had to send her back. Before I became a teacher, I was a hospital attendant at Kāne'ōhe Hospital, and she was brought in at the time. Because when he gave me her name, I said, "Oh yes, she was brought there to Kāne'ōhe." I said, "I was nursing then at the time. And when they brought her and I called her, she didn't even remember me. Yet she used to come to my house with my sister, because my oldest sister is her classmate. And I said, 'Elsie, (don't you) know me at all.' She's still there, as far as I know."

He said, "Oh."

Well, several years later I went down to call, then she had been released. So I don't know what ever happened to her, whether she ever went back to teaching. But she had that sort of wild look—I mean, peculiar look on her face when she came. It was just like she was absentminded or something. I said, "Elsie."

"Yes? Yes?"

"Don't you remember me?" And I gave her my name, I gave her my sister's name.

She said, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I know, but I don't know."

Well, she had come in—it seemed it was around November or December, because January, I left. So it was just around that time, the same time.

So I told him, I said, "Look, Mr. Roberts, as much as I love to be here at this school, please okay a transfer for me next year, because I'm Hawaiian, I'm scared. I'm scared of those kind of things."

In the meantime, I wrote home to my father and mother, telling them about this experience. My father wrote back and said, "You heard the ghost army. It's called *huaka'i* [pō]." And he said that where they're very strong, they come back all the time. Anyway, I got my transfer out of there.

Years later, when I was teaching at Farrington High School, it was Halloween, and I told (my class) that I was going tell them a ghost story. So I told them about the ghost army that I had experienced. Well, one of the girls' mother was born in Kohala. She went home and told the story to her mother. "Oh, our teacher told us about this ghost army."

And the mother said, "That's true! When I was a young girl, I heard it every year. It would come through the town." And she said, "If I'm not mistaken, it's still happening to this day."

Now, I don't know. I remember once Nāpua Stevens Poire writing about it, that she was in a field—but it was daytime—and this army came through, and suddenly she was flipped over. And then after a while she came to. She went home and told (her) mother. (Her) mother told her, "Lucky, we must have had a relative in the army, and he or she took you and moved you aside. [If] not, they would have trampled you to death." Isn't that funny, they're so strong in Kohala. This still takes place in Kohala. But I didn't want that to happen to me again.

Well, we went to Honoka'a. Now, with Honoka'a it was a different type. Honoka'a is very high, you know, so it's very cold. But there they had the bubonic plague trouble. The rats had bubonic plague. So if any rat was found in your cottage, you called immediately to the Board of Health. And we were there only a week and a half, a rat came in. And we called the Board of Health. They sealed off the place, they fumigated all our rooms, they fumigated the whole thing. They took all our pots, pans, everything, and had it all fumigated, and then they told us to wash it all up before using again. And we had to be very careful, because, see, the back door, it's like a screen door. It shuts, but when the wind blows it kind of opens again. So they said to not only have the screen door shut, but our other door shut so that the rats

don't come in. So we were always careful to always have both doors shut so the rats would not come in. They finally found [the rat]. It was just a tiny little rat, but they said it had bubonic—they took it out and they found bubonic plague on it. They had that, and people died every year.

Now, so much for Honoka'a. Then that was '36 . . .

JR: How long were you there?

ML: One year. Then I went to Hilo Intermediate from '37 to '45. Then I went over to Hilo High till '47. And then I went on maternity leave after two years there. I went on maternity leave from '47 to '50. I had my two children, Pili and Sam, the last two. And then I went back in the fall of '50, and then we moved here in '51.

Then I started out at Waipahu High School, and then I had that difficulty about getting my children to the day care and getting to school on time. So then they had arranged to have me transferred to Honolulu to Ali'iōlani [Elementary School] in October of that year, or November. And the following year, I transferred to Ka'ahumanu [Elementary School] because it was very near where I lived on Mott-Smith Drive. And then when we bought into here in '53, then I moved. The fall of '53, I moved to Kapālama [Elementary School], and I was there till '60. And in the fall of '60, I went to Farrington.

See, actually I was certified for high school teaching, but because there was nothing, I had to go and take six credits to stay in the elementary school. So I went to summer school. I put the children in summer school till 11:00, while I went to university and took two three-credit courses to make those six credits so that I could stay in the elementary school, be certified to teach in the elementary school. So I told them, I said, "My goodness, my first year they gave me sixth, seventh, and eighth grade all in one room, so I'm sure I could teach elementary teaching."

So I had fourth grade over at Ali'iōlani, fourth grade at Ka'ahumanu, then I had fifth grade here. Then in—wait—I think it was '67. Yeah. In 1967, Mr. [William E.] Belt, the principal (of Farrington High School), phoned me, and he said, "I heard that you had taught Hilo High School, that you were a good teacher and you taught English. We need a teacher for our community school," you know, night school, because there's people that come to graduate to get their GED [general equivalency diploma]. And so he said, "Will you come over and teach night classes?" And at that time, they paid about four dollars an hour, something like that. So it was 6:30 to 8:30 (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays).

So that first year I had the sophomore class. They should test high enough to go up to junior or senior. But out of that sophomore class, three of them tested high enough to graduate, (chuckles) so they didn't have to go on and do their junior and senior years. But next year (Mr. Belt) gave me juniors, and, oh, I think about twelve of them went up.

Well, the third year, why I quit was that with the amount that I got teaching at night, it threw us in a new tax bracket. And everything I earned (chuckles) went to taxes. So my husband said, "Nuts! Because you're not home to . . ."

I said, "Well, it's only—" it was only Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and other days I was able to supervise my children's studying.

So he said, "No, I think it's not worth it." He said, "Here, (we're) going to work so hard, and we pay it all back in taxes." He said, "You stay home, and at least you help the children."

So I thought, "Yes, that was it." So that's why I told Mr. (Belt), (chuckles) I said, "Gee, I hate to tell you this, but I have to quit." (Laughs)

He said, "Why?" No, wait. No, it couldn't have been, because when I went to teach at '60—oh, it was '57 to '60, not '67, because that's when I told him I had to quit. And that fall, he said, "Come and teach in high school."

So I said, "Okay." Because by that time, my youngest, Sammy, was in the fifth grade there at Kapālama with me. And he was going into the sixth, so I figured, well, he can handle himself now and get himself home. Because if you're in high school, you teach longer than elementary. So that's why I made the shift then.

And Marylyn then was a senior at Farrington when I went that year to teach at Farrington. I started off teaching English for about, oh, let's see, out of (the) fourteen years I was there, I imagine, six years. And then I was changed to world history and Hawaiian language. And then I had Hawaiian language till—oh, I think I had world history about four years. That's when I had [television reporter] Emme Tomimbang.

JR: Oh, as a student.

ML: As my student, yeah. She was an only child, and her father—what was his name? Tommy Tomimbang? Yeah, I think it was Tommy. He was always running for office. Of course, he never got in. But she was an only child, but she was such a sweet person. And I remember when she first came back, she said, oh, that the jobs were scarce.

And then I had this other girl, Kim. I can't remember her first name, but she was (the) valedictorian. And she came back to tell me all she got was substitute work. So my sister Louise, who was teaching there at Farrington, had just retired at sixty-five the year before, '73. So I said to myself, "Gee, why should I wait till sixty-three? I'm just making sixty-two, then I'm eligible for social security if I want. So I might as well retire, then some of my children that are looking for jobs can get a job." (I remember the Kim girl's name now—Barbara Kim Stanton.)

So that's why I retired at sixty-two. I was good—I mean, I still had enough fight with me to teach to sixty-five if I wanted to. But I decided, no, that with the shortage of jobs, that if we hang onto the jobs, then the younger ones can't get a chance to get a job. So with that I retired.

Of course, when I retired, that was '74. And then the following year, my son got married. No, he had gotten married in '74. The following year, in '75, he had his daughter there, Jennifer. She's now a sophomore. And so the two of them worked, and I was the baby-sitter,

took care of the baby until she was two or three years old.

Then they decided they were going to put her in day care at home. Then they wouldn't have to come pick the baby up and then go all the way home. So they had her go to—there was some school near Castle. Was it Castle Kindergarten? No, it wasn't. But it was a private school, a private kindergarten. And they didn't like it, so they put her up in 'Ālewa, 'Ālewa [Nursery and Day Care]. Then eventually she went to Kamehameha, went (from) kindergarten to sixth-grade year. Then she didn't roll over, and she was over at [St. Andrew's] Priory [School For Girls] for her seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. And then the parents decided that they wanted her to try public school, because they felt that if she couldn't get B average in a private school, then she shouldn't go to a private school. But if you ask me, I told 'em, "You know, it's harder when you have only fifteen girls in a room. There are fewer A's and B's to be given out, and if you expect her to get always A's and B's in everything. . . ." Then she would get maybe a high C average, and they didn't want that.

So it was all right with me. It saved me \$6,500 that I was paying for tuition. So now she's at Pearl City [High School], and she likes it there. And she manages to get—well, I think she had only one C this last time. What was it in? Forgot now. But she had B in her Spanish, and she had A in English, and A in history, and I forgot what others. But we don't know what her second semester—maybe, you know, broom sweeps clean. We don't know what her second semester's going to be.

JR: Mentioning grades and things like that, we just talked about your teaching career. I was wondering, did you consider yourself a strict teacher?

ML: I think so. I think so. I didn't have any pets. I mean, I didn't show favoritism. But maybe a shy kid, I knew was shy and a little timid, I would not try and pressure him to do too much work, and I would give him a little more help than I'd give the others. Because some of the youngsters, although—maybe their parents were first generation, so maybe they spoke so much Japanese at home that it was just difficult for them. Yet, we had others that were very sophisticated and up in the know, depending on where their family worked, too.

JR: How did you adjust when you had different levels? Like one year you'd be teaching sixth grade, and then maybe the next year you'd be teaching high school students. How did you adjust?

ML: Well, no. Actually, you see, phys ed, it's all grades. That doesn't matter. But I had seventh-grade English with that. Well, you look in the textbook, and then look at what's going to be taught and so on. And you easily adjust to it. And then you divide your. . . . Well, what I used to do is—you see, over at intermediate, Hilo Intermediate, we had a very structured type of work. Like for instance, the eighth grade would take so many units. Every six weeks, we would change books. Maybe this six weeks (you're) going to teach the Russian unit. They have Russian stories. We'd talk about Russia. We don't go into the geography too much, but sort of the history kind of thing. And there would be books that they got. They would read these books that they got for book reports. And they had a good library, all that.

So every six weeks you know you're going to change. And maybe this next time you would have, let's see, what else? Maybe you have a Hawaiian unit. Then you would have Hawaiian

stories—Padraic Colum's [*At the*] *Gateways [of] the Day*. So that they knew that, with the literature part of English. And then the other part, the writing part, we would have them maybe write at least once a month. And we'd then try twice a [month]. We didn't want to give them every week, because they have this reading that they have to do at home and other things. But we sort of space out the work.

And then, of course, once a week I would take parsing, dividing a sentence and having them structure it. Some kids loved it. They always used to volunteer to go up and do it. So I said, "Now, every one of you will have to go sometime or other. If you're stuck about something, kindly ask me. If you don't ask me and you can't do it, I'm going to be very angry." I tell them ahead of time.

So then they tell me, "What?"

I said, "Remember, in the middle is a verb, your action word, 'go' and so on." I said, "Sometimes you don't have action. You say, 'He is a man.' 'Is' has no action. It's just stating a fact, because a verb shows action or states a fact." And so I said, "You always get the verb in the middle and the subject of the sentence over on the left, the object on the right. Some sentences don't have objects, because if you use a linking verb—like if you say, 'He is a boy,' 'boy' cannot be the object of 'is' because it's a linking verb. It doesn't take an object, so it's what you call a predicate. It's like a predicate nominative, because it's the same thing. 'He' and 'boy' are the same. But it's a predicate. Although it's in the predicate, it's called a predicate nominative or predicate noun." And I said, "I know you don't understand it, but just believe that it is so." That's what we did.

(Laughter)

ML: Then we would take, like, adverbs. I'd tell them that most adverbs you can spot because they end with *ly*. And I said, "Like 'very' doesn't end in *ly*. I gave them a preposition list to study, because I said, "If you know your prepositions, then you look for its object, and you know that can't be the subject of the sentence. If you have a sentence, 'Two of the boys were paddling,' then you look and you say—well, right off when you look, you might say, 'Oh, "boys" is the subject of the sentence.' But no, 'boys' can't be because it's the object of the preposition 'of.' So 'two,' the pronoun 'two,' is the subject of the sentence." So I said that.

Some of them had me (in the) eighth-grade year and also ninth-grade year, because maybe they'd been promoted. So they come to me ninth-grade year. So they had such a good grounding that it's easy. If I tell them to go, they get up and do the whole thing. Sometimes I have them take over, just like the teacher for the day. I called different ones, and I'd give them all a chance to do that.

I had a very slow class that I knew it was almost impossible to teach more than writing a few sentences and so on. But I just didn't want them to feel not successful, so I thought, well, once a week we're going to have a talk day. And so I told them, I said, "Once a week we're going to have Radio Station Day." Because in those days, they didn't have television, see. So we'd get the broom. The broom was supposed to be the mike. And I said, "You can come up, and if you want to sing a song, you can sing a song. If you want to tell us something that happened at your house or at the beach or whatever, so long you come up and say a few

sentences. At least each of you come and speak.”

But there was one boy, he was such a talkative. So I said—I forgot his name. Shizuo. “Shizuo is going to be the station manager. He is the one who’s going to call you folks up. If you’re not ready, you tell him you’re not ready. But the second time he calls, you have to be ready.” So it was okay, so it ran beautifully. He was smart, he’d call all the girls first.

(Laughter)

ML: And fortunately, the girls responded. I guess they were not frightened enough of me. And I felt that way I could also grade them on oral English. So I’d sit down and let them take over. And one day, I didn’t know the principal was going to walk in. Shizuo was here on this broom, singing away. And I thought, oh God, she would have to walk in. I said, “Oh, good afternoon Mrs. [Lorna] Desha.” I said, “We are having a simulated radio program. Would you like to sit down?” So immediately, the kids clammed up. You know how it is. I said, “Now just pretend that Mrs. Desha isn’t here. We’re going to continue to go on with our radio program. Now we’ve had our songs, now we’re going to have some speaking. Continue.”

Well, you know, the boy is smart enough, he picked the kids he knows that they love to talk. So he called Richard Farias up first. So Richard said, “Oh, I’m going to tell you about going on a fishing trip with my father.” And he spoke so well.

Well, what I didn’t know was that Mrs. Desha, before becoming principal of Hilo Intermediate, was principal at Waiākea Kai, where this boy was going to school. And this little boy used to speak pidgin English very badly, so she was amazed. Well anyway, that quarter he had gotten an A from me. So she called him downstairs. So she said, “Richard, well, how do you like your teacher?”

Oh, he said she was strict and everything. “But,” he said, “you know, she makes us learn. And she’s glad to teach us if we don’t know. She makes it till we learn.”

Well, she calls me in to tell me. She said, “You know, when you gave Richard an A for oral English, I was shocked.” See, he was in the Z section. This is how the classes ran. Nine-X-1 is top. They were the older, high-brained children. Nine-X-2 came from the smartest that came from the English standard school. The 9-X-3 was the third smartest. Then began the Y. Nine-Y-1, Y-2, Y-3, Y-4, Y-5. Then the last three, Z-1, Z-2, Z-3. And this was Z-3, the very bottom class. They used to give me X-2, Y-5, and Z-3.”

JR: In the same class?

ML: No, they come different times, but those were the classes allotted to me.

JR: Oh, I see.

ML: All right. Now, the ninth grade came this way. They came for literature every day. The ninth graders came Tuesday and Thursday for English, grammar and all that. And the eighth grade came every day, and they came Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for English. So in other

words, these two dovetailed. There was period one, and then the other class that would come this other time would dovetail. The eighth grade would dovetail with these for my second period. Then, of course, the straight, everyday Y, that would be my third class. Then I had this fourth class, the Z's. They came all periods because they needed all. And that was ten classes—I mean, five periods. In other words, a double period. And then, of course, I had one free period. There were six periods a day. So that's how they ran the school.

JR: Was that X-Y-Z arrangement just in that school, or all the schools had that?

ML: I didn't know, because I never asked. But Hilo was the only intermediate school at the time. And they took in everybody from that area, all over—Waiākea, Hilo proper, Kaumana, whatever. Elementary schools fed right into it. That's why it was a very large school. It was two-storied, and, oh, I think we must have had about eighty classrooms in the school.

And then Hilo High was the only high school for way around. We had people from Pāpa'ikou coming in, from I think as far as Hakalau that fed into Hilo High. Pāpa'ikou, I think they later on branched out into intermediate and high school. But at the time that we were—in the fifties, that was the only high school aside from Kohala High and Honoka'a, and then Kona Waena. Those were the four—one, two, three, four, five—oh, and Laupāhoehoe High School. There were only six on the whole island.

JR: You were talking about the structure of that one class where you'd have six weeks of Russia, and then you'd have six—you know, it was very structured.

ML: Yeah. I mean, it was structured into units. You would have the Polynesian unit, or you would have the Russian unit. But every eighth grade or ninth grade had that. In the ninth-grade year, they didn't go too much into nationalities. They read more historical periods, like maybe it would be the Civil War period or the colonial period and so on. It was a different mode.

And then they asked us to write. I wrote a Pacific Islands one. And then I had to get books, go into the library—the main library in the city—and look for the books that would be fit for that. And they decided to have units, and maybe cut down the units to only four weeks . . .

JR: So you could fit more.

ML: . . . by having more new units. I don't know if they still do that.

JR: But for you, in the different schools that you taught in, was that unusual to have such a structured curriculum?

ML: No, because in those days, even when we went there—there was a structured program to teach at Farrington, what you had to cover during your sophomore year. But it would be up to you when you would do it, not like there, whether you liked it or not this is your month to have this, and then it was shifted to somebody else. But you knew ahead what you were going to have, so that you would prepare yourself before the children got hit with it.

JR: Which way did you prefer it?

ML: You know, it didn't matter to me. I took what they—I guess it was because when you've been told, "Do this, do that," you just do it without saying, "Oh, I don't like it." You just follow through on it. You're being paid to teach what they say to teach, you teach.

(Laughter)

ML: But then when we came here, we noticed the curriculum—although they would tell you, we would ask when. They say, "You choose what time you want to teach this. We have enough books that we can cover. If two teachers want the same unit, we have enough books in the library to furnish both classrooms."

So it was very different. You had, of course, a choice of what. But what I usually did was to follow through, because it seemed to follow a nice plan, and began with simple things and gradually getting more difficult. So I followed the course of study. They called it course of study in those days. We all had a course of study to follow.

Oh, then the last four or five years before I left, the big thing, big hue and cry, was to go back to Hawaiiana. And the kids growing up don't even know their islands, their island history, and blah-blah this and blah-blah that. So it was decided that we're going to introduce—they had been teaching Hawaiian history, I think, in the fourth-grade year. But they felt that it wasn't enough and that we should continue to have this Hawaiiana program. So I was asked to head and write a curriculum for it. So I called on my dear friend Dr. Don Mitchell at Kamehameha Schools, and he gave me a course of study that they had there. And from there, of course, I adjusted, because I knew there were some things that I couldn't get, and then adjusted to—since we're so near Bishop Museum, taking advantage, making trips. Like, if we're going to study feathers and cloak making or something, that we have them go to the library and identify certain cloaks and so on, what colors they wear. I mean, you give them something to do before they go. They're not going there for a sightseeing trip, you know. And then you'd say to them—when we study feather work, we study *kāhilis*. And I told them that there was one *kāhili* there that is made from the bone—the thigh bone—of a chieftain. "See if you can find it." You can't help but find it because you could see the gray, gray color, and that's the bone.

But some people say they have been frightened going to that museum. But I told them, "Gee, I never got frightened." But I said, "I know when I first used to go in, when it was downstairs—" when they first had it, they had it (in) the side room. I said, "It was just like a breeze . . ."

(Telephone rings.)

ML: ". . . just like you could feel a breeze going, and you look around, no breeze, no window to make a breeze."

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

JR: Were you teaching Hawaiian language first, and then you taught Hawaiiana after that?

ML: Yes. After that I had to make a curriculum, and so then they continued. I don't know, maybe they have changed their curriculum, because so many other people have had other curriculums put in. So they could add to that.

JR: So through your career you taught physical ed, English, history . . .

ML: Business. Oh, over in Honoka'a I had the library. I taught a seventh-grade class in math and ninth grade in business practice. That's where I had Nelson Doi, who was our lieutenant governor years back.

JR: As a student? He was a student of yours?

ML: Yes. He always remembered that. He'd sent me an invitation to go to his [inauguration]. I always remembered him, because he didn't wear shirts like the other kids wore. He wore blue, a pure blue broadcloth or chambray that his mother made. You could tell it was homemade. And he was the only one that had this pure blue shirt, and barefooted. And he was from Kawaihae. They'd bring [him] every day up to Honoka'a, because there was no school and no high school there in Kawaihae or in that area. So he came to Honoka'a rather than Kohala, which was, I think, to them farther away. Instead of going to Kohala High School, he came over to Honoka'a.

JR: And he always remembered you.

ML: Yeah.

(Laughter)

ML: Of course, when he saw me he said, "Hoo, Mrs. Lee Loy, you put on so much weight."

(Laughter)

ML: Oh, dear. And that shirt he had.

JR: And you taught the Hawaiian language.

ML: Hawaiian language and Hawaiiana. That [i.e., Hawaiiana] would be different subjects, like fishing long ago. I think I have the---if you wait a second, I'll go up and get that.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

ML: It covers a whole array of subjects—religion, the old gods and practices. Of course, she [ML's sister-in-law, a fellow Hawaiiana instructor] has elementary school, so I told her, "Well, just don't take those things, take things like food, like poi." I also loaned her the poi pounder that her father had given to me. I said, "Go and show them the poi pounder and tell them what it's made of. You might take taro or potato—if you don't have taro, get potato—and show them how they can just mash it with it. Add a little water, that made the poi." So I said, "Small little things that. . . ." Then I said, "You can talk about quilting, different quilts, and how they got different pattern, and you can show how to cut the patterns and different ones." And then I have some books that show you how to cut it, so that maybe if you wanted to have a breadfruit pattern or pineapple pattern, it would come out that way. And I said, "Just have them do cutting work. Have them draw and just do cut work. Make simple kind, not too fancy."

She said, oh, she just loves it, and the kids love the work. And she said it keeps her busy all year long. I said, "At least they're learning a little about the background of their people." I used to love it when my father used to sit and talk to us about what he learned from his grandparents. I told you about the story of the *Haole* and the howdy.

JR: Yeah, I'd like to hear that story again.

ML: (Chuckles) I think I came down here one summer, and then there was a contest on the best story that you could tell about how the name *Haole* came to be. So my father said, "Oh, there's no other story, because the White men used the word howdy, and, of course, with the Hawaiians, they don't have a *d* in the language, it's just plain *Haole*. So they put down the word that they said in their minds with the faces, the red faces." That's why they didn't call Portuguese *Haoles* or White people. Portuguese were considered swarthy, because I guess the first Portuguese that came must have been tan from a lot of work in the fields. They didn't look really white like the other Caucasian people. So that's why. He said, "That's how the word *Haole* was." It was because when Captain Cook's ships first came (to) Kealakekua Bay—I think his grandfather was a little boy then—they said they all went on the canoes. And this is the first word that these people used to them. So that, after that, they called all those red-faced people *Haole*.

It was just like *holokū*, you remember? *Holo* means go, and *kū* means stop. And when the Hawaiian ladies helped the missionary women turn their sewing machine, the missionary women would say, "*Holo*," and then they would crank, and they'd sew. When they came to the end of the thing, they would say, "*Kū*," so it means stop, and they stopped. So after a while, they said, "Oh, *holokū*." Then the ladies called the dresses that were being made *holokū*. That's how we got this name, *holokū*. I don't know how he got that, but he said that was (the) story that was told him. Because the *po'e Haole*—*po'e Haole* means White people. *Po'e* means people.

I notice they say that now there are classes where they only speak Hawaiian all together. Gee, I'd like to go. I'm just wondering if I would struggle in a class like that. Because aside from the fact that we only talked Hawaiian in classes after you went out, they just didn't at all. It was more or less like a foreign language. But Hawaiian isn't very difficult, you know. The patterns of construction that—what's his name, that man? Elbert, isn't that. . . . Elbert.

JR: Yeah, yeah.

ML: [Samuel] Elbert and [Mary Kawena] Pukui simplified it so that it was easier, that you know how to say present tense, past tense. And while they didn't have future tense, they had a sort of a present perfect tense. Those were the three. And you use those three, basically you can talk.

I was just looking last week—back in 1984, I think it was, they went to Tennessee. Every year the BPW—I belong to the Business and Professional Women's club. And the national convention is at different places. Like in '87 it was here. And I believe in '84 it went to Tennessee. And so they wanted to have the "Tennessee Waltz" interpreted. So they asked me to interpret it. (ML looks for paper.) I think I was looking through some kind of paper over here, and if I'm not mistaken, I saw where I started to interpret it. I mean, I had interpreted it, but I didn't have the rest. So I said, "Gee, I got to go get that 'Tennessee Waltz' and make sure I get the original words." And so Nalani Olds, she's a singer—Reinhardt—asked me for the interpretation. So she sings my interpretation of the "Tennessee Waltz." No, it was written on one of these papers. I don't think I threw it out. It goes, "I was dancing with my darling," I remember.

JR: Yeah.

ML: "To the Tennessee Waltz."

JR: Do you remember any of the . . .

ML: I thought, "Oh, that's cute." But I thought I kept it. Well, if I get the words, the *Haole* words, I can easily interpret it. And then so they went that year, they took that "Tennessee Waltz," and they sang the Hawaiian words I made to it.

JR: So why do you wonder whether or not you'll be able to keep up with the class where they speak Hawaiian?

ML: Well, I'm just wondering. Yeah, I'm just wondering. See, it depends on the strength of their vocabulary. I mean, would they be using unusual descriptions, unusual adjectives that I would not be familiar with. Because that's the trouble with the Hawaiian language. If you don't use it all the time, you forget. As I say, "*A'ole ike.*" *Ike* means "to know," and *a'ole ike* means "don't know."

JR: So towards the end of your career you taught the Hawaiiana and Hawaiian.

ML: Yes.

JR: For the last . . .

ML: Well, I think the last four years at Farrington I had that, just Hawaiian and Hawaiiana. They asked me to go back in the fall to take just classes on contract, but I didn't want to earn more money and have to pay more taxes, so I said, "No, thank you." I said, "I'm sure you can find some others." Because by that time there were lot of Hawaiians coming out of the

woodwork that were glad to teach Hawaiian. So why should I go and stop them from earning money?

JR: I wanted to ask some just overall kind of questions.

ML: Right.

JR: The first one was about teaching in the country versus teaching in the city. What differences or similarities—or whether there were any differences—did you notice?

ML: Well, out in the country schools you do not have—well, shall we say you don't have as many textbooks at your disposal or for your use. Because I know when I went to that country school, there were just certain books. We didn't even have books for them to take home to read or anything. There were just textbooks. There was a limited supply. So that was all they had. And I thought, gee, it's a shame. I remember buying a couple of the small books, you know, you go and buy from Longs, the Golden books. Like those days, they were thirty-five cents, one. I would give one away. I said, "You were the best reader this month." You know, for them to take home. That's a book that they owned.

JR: How did the kids ever do any homework if they couldn't take books home?

ML: Oh, no. It was all right for them to take—we let them take the textbooks home. But what I meant was they didn't have like reading books, other books. Like with Hilo Intermediate, we had a whole set of reading books aside from our text that they could borrow to read for a book report. But it would deal with the unit. It would be just like now if we have the class that has *Doctor Zhivago* as one of the stories you could read.

But you know, sometimes I think it was a farce. Even when I went to high school, these kids think I'm a dummy. You know the blurb on the book jacket, they would write that (JR chuckles) and then hand it in. So I said, "Oh, today I'm going to give your papers back and call different ones to read your report because it's so interesting." I'm terrible that way. So I call this girl to read. And when she was reading, as she was reading along, "So-and-so and so," I joined her at reading, you know, the blurb from the book.

I said, "So-and-so. . . ." She just stopped. I said, "Yes, I wanted you to know that I know about these blurbs in the book jacket. Don't ever pull that on me again. Sit down."

And [the other students said], "What, what, what?"

"No," I said, "nothing. Let's go to the next person."

But I did that on purpose, because I didn't want her ever to do it again. And of course, I embarrassed her in front of the kids. But it was the embarrassment that only she and I knew because they didn't know what I was talking about. She could tell them later. She probably told her friends later what happened. "Don't ever pull that off." So that's what I always do. When something sounds too nice and the vocabulary isn't what I think they have, I go to the book jacket and look. Catch 'em every time. Never forgot this girl, she was in my ninth-grade class. She became a schoolteacher later.

Oh. (ML searches for picture.) Now, what did I do with Mary Anne's picture? I wonder. I was going to show you a picture of (two of) my eighth-grade students.

(ML talks with someone.)

ML: Anyway, I was going to tell you about these kids. Now, that was this eighth-grade class that I had. Now, Mary Anne is now a teacher at Punahou [School]. She teaches piano. She is dying of cancer, bone-marrow cancer. She had to go back this Christmas to—was it in California? There's a clinic or something, she had to go there for two weeks. I don't know whether they would give her something for that bone-marrow cancer or something. Anyway, I thought I had the picture here and I would show you the picture of Mary Anne. Well, she wrote me the nicest letter that a person could ever have. I know I have it somewhere here. Just a moment.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

ML: And then she was in the same class with (Hardy) Hutchinson and all this smart bunch of kids, [politician] Pat Saiki. Only Pat was in the B group when she was there. They were the X group.

JR: You had Pat Saiki as a student?

ML: Oh, yeah. Eighth grade, English.

JR: She a good student?

ML: Average. She was very shy at the time. But later on, when she went to high school, she got over her being shy.

I can't get over—that picture has been there all these days and all these months, and suddenly it's disappeared. It's crazy.

Anyway, she wrote to me at Christmastime to tell me that they were going back to the clinic. She was going with her husband, Roy. She's Mrs. Roy King. They were going back to check on her marrow. She's had it for, oh, several years. The reason I wanted to show it to you, too, was that my sister-in-law, the one I loaned the book to, is in that same picture. They had gone to a luncheon, the four of them. Her cousin, Jean Wong, and then Mary Anne. Mary Anne was Mary Anne Wong. And then there was—oh, what was the name? Alma Ching, she's a doctor, MD. And they all went to school together. And then my sister-in-law Lehua, Mrs. Weatherwax. So I thought I'd show you.

Once in a blue moon somebody will write you a letter of appreciation (chuckles) for your teaching. So it makes teaching worthwhile, yeah?

JR: Yeah, yeah. It must make you feel good.

ML: Yeah. I thought, oh my. When I got that letter that day, I was wondering who's writing to me on this yellow paper. It was in a yellow envelope, too. I said, "Who'd be writing to me?" But I wasn't curious enough to look at the end. I thought I'd just keep reading. And then where

she had said, "Margaret Fujimoto, tall and lovely and retired from teaching"—(chuckles) she was one of those that when she went to give a report and she was reading, I got. . . .

(Laughter)

ML: And she was ready to cry. Luckily, the bell rang. So I said to her, "Margaret, you stop by." I said, "Margaret, don't feel badly. Your brother Robert tried to pull the same thing on me two years ago." Robert was two years older than her. (Chuckles) So I said, "We'll keep it our secret, won't we?" (Laughs) That's why, when I heard she became a teacher, I said to myself, "I wonder (chuckles) if she remembers what she did when she was a student and go easy on the kids." Yeah, she had put down that Margaret was retired.

And then Eleanor Ung—what is Eleanor's Ung's name now? She's a teacher here, in Kailua, someplace in Kailua. Eleanor. . . . Oh, gee whiz, I can't think of it. How can I be so stupid? She's as skinny as ever.

And Lois Ann Gordon from Honoka'a. Lois Ann's mother and I both taught at Honoka'a together.

Then there was Fusae Ozeki. She didn't say what Fusae did. I don't think she became a teacher, I think she went into business work.

JR: This is the. . . .

ML: Yeah. "May I tell you how much I enjoyed your English classes?" I'm glad I instilled into some dear souls something. Then I read it, and it [was signed by] Mary Anne Wong King.

I said, "Oh my." And then my sister-in-law came to call. It's so funny, after I got her letter, the day after, she happened to come to call. And then I told her, "Oh, I heard from Mary Anne Wong."

And she told me, "Do you know she's dying of cancer?"

I said, "Oh, no."

And she said, "Yes. You know, we went out to lunch. I'll bring you the picture that we took when we went out to lunch." I mean, it was months before that, you know. So she brought me that picture.

So I had left it right there all this time, not realizing that. And I said to myself, "Poor thing."

JR: We were talking about the country versus the city. You mentioned the textbooks were. . . .

ML: Well, they just had the limited number of textbooks. And as far as extra material that they could take home—like we would have a set of encyclopedias in the room, but naturally that couldn't be taken home. But for actual giving these kids other books to take home to read, they didn't have it out there at that particular country school. But of course, when we went to Honoka'a and Kohala they had libraries. That school had no library. But these [other] schools

had a library, so the youngsters could do the work as well and have facilities. See, it depended just where the place was. I imagine that Huelo was maybe only one of a few schools where they don't feed in too much there. Not enough, because of the small enrollment. You got to go by per capita of people. Then you know that so much amount is allotted to a school.

But for what little they had, the youngsters were very keen about learning there. It was so funny, they want to stay after school. We want to shoo them out of the classroom, because we want to go back to the cottage and do things for ourselves. We had our ironing to do and washing and what else. But these youngsters wanted to stay on. "I don't know this thing. You explain to me again, please." So I'd go [and help them], and they go, "Oh, I see." It was nice, though. You feel that you are really teaching those kids. They were really getting somewhere.

But you go out to the other schools. . . . I had a few mothers that were one of these, they want to push their kids. They'd bring the kids in on Saturday morning, until I got that scare and I used to spend nearly [every] Saturday [away from school]. I told them, "I cannot stay weekends, I have to go."

But I used to have like Billy Stewart's mother. Did I tell you the story about my daughter feeling so terrible because I was so old?

JR: Oh, yeah.

ML: (Chuckles) And these kids that I had taught were the fathers and mothers of her classmates. Yeah, that was over in Kohala then. Billy Stewart, Florence Chang. But they had enough books. I would teach them phonetic method, dividing words into syllables. He said to me, "You know, sometimes I look at a word—" and which was true, because they can't tell where to divide the word to make a syllable. Gee, right now I can't think of any. . . . Some words you don't pronounce like the way it's written. All right, take the word "ballet." No child would say "ba-lā" to you, they'll say "ba-let" [i.e., pronouncing the *t*], right?

JR: Mm hm.

ML: Things like that. And then it would be difficult. Even at Hilo High, I was teaching one of the football players, and I discovered he couldn't read. Small little words, even the word "down" he didn't know. And so I told him, "Billy, how in the world did you get up here to sophomore year anyway?"

He said, "Oh, I don't know. They just passed me on and on."

But see, I never did have him in intermediate, so I didn't know. And what I do every year—it's a bad habit of mine—I always tell them that, "I want to hear your reading voice." I don't tell them that I want to know if you can read. So I have them read around the room. That's how I can catch the non-readers. And then, of course, if they didn't know, I would supply the word or the class would supply the word. I could see where every so often the class would supply the word for him. So I asked him one time, "Do you want to come in at lunch hour, any lunch hour you want to come in, and I will give you reading lessons?"

Because I knew you could get those *Weekly Readers* you buy, small ones, where you could teach youngsters. So I said, "If you want to, you can come in and read."

Well, this particular day he didn't come in, Billy didn't come in. And suddenly, he flew into my room. He said, "I'm sorry I'm late."

So I had just given him the book and was sitting there and reading when the counselor came in. I said, "Yes?"

He said, "Has this boy been with you?"

I said, "What do you mean?" I said, "I have reading classes with him."

He said, "Oh." He shut the door and went.

Well, the boy never said anything. And then, end of lunch hour, the class came running in. One of the kids said, "Ooh, Mrs. Lee Loy, did you see the raid?"

I said, "What raid?"

He said, "The boys in the bathroom, they were gambling and they got caught. Some of them escaped."

And I said, "How do you know?"

He said, "That's what they were doing."

I said, "Well." Old Billy, he was in the back turning red as a beet. So after the class—I had another class coming in after his—I said, "Billy, may I see you at the end of class period."

"Yeah."

I said, "Billy, were you in that bathroom gambling?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "Don't you think you better go and tell on yourself?"

He said, "You're going to tell on me?"

I said, "No. I have no proof you were there. I didn't hear you."

So he went and reported himself in. I thought, is he going to report himself in? He reported himself in, and they were suspended. They were suspended two weeks. I said, "I shouldn't have told him, because it would be better for him to stay in two weeks and get some more learning."

Of course, here in the public schools, if you have an excellent principal like Mrs. [Beatrice]

Carter, she'd buy these Gates testing and test all the kids at the beginning of the year and test them again at the end of the year so she sees how well the kids have done. I used to buy these *Weekly Reader* booklets that the kids could take home—improving on vocabulary and so on. I asked the parents, "Will you. . . ." But I bought it out of my own—it was thirty-four cents out of my own pocket. But you see, what she did, what Mrs. Carter did, was she took the fifth- and sixth-grade teachers. And then she would give them classes, like reading classes, to teach on this certain level. She had given me 3.4 to 3.6. That means they are third grade, fourth month and third grade, sixth month. But they were fifth and sixth graders. Whether they're fifth or sixth graders, they were all in that same class. So, of course, I look at the fifth-grade kids, some of them were my kids. So I gave my kids . . .

(ML speaks to someone else in the room.)

JR: We were talking about the fifth and sixth graders.

ML: Oh, yeah. Of course, at the beginning she'd give them the Gates test and so on. But I knew with this extra help—so I wrote a note to each [parent]. I said, "Please do this. Please check and help me to see that your child does the work." At the end of the week they brought it, and weekends I corrected all the papers. Monday I returned their books again. They'd take it home every night. Friday, no homework. And I'm telling you, those kids that did well on these booklets, workbooks, that I gave them, from third-grade reading went up to sixth grade. And 6.5 was the highest.

And Mrs. Carter---of course, they tested them. They gave them the Gates test [again later in the school year]. They corrected the papers. I don't know where they had the papers corrected, but we never corrected the papers. Maybe they gave [them to] the third- and fourth-grade teachers to correct. So Mrs. Carter said to me, "Mrs. Lee Loy, you had unusual success with your reading children."

I said, "Well, not only did I stress vocabulary, what we had for classes, but I felt there were some I just wanted to test them." So I said that, "The youngsters that were in my class, that belonged to my fifth grade, I gave books to take home." And I said, "I also, for some of them, the sixth graders who looked promising and they should be reading better, I bought these books."

So she said to me, "How much did you pay for them?"

I said, "Well, if you look, it's there, thirty-four cents apiece."

She said, "Oh, you send me the bill."

I said, "No, no, that was my donation toward education." I said, "I feel that if I can get some means of helping me help the youngsters, I don't care what I paid for it. That's my donation."

She said, "My, not many teachers would do that."

I know from that time on, she kind of. . . . She even asked me to go try for vice principal. I

told her, "No, I always feel that when you become a principal, then you're an enemy of the teachers." (Chuckles) I don't want to be—I want to be just a classroom teacher. But I was so proud because of those kids, and I feel that. And even the parents said they felt that I had helped the children a lot. That made me feel good when these parents came. I had one parent that even came to night school to take classes with me. (Chuckles) When she found out I was teaching [night] school, she said she only went to tenth grade, she wants to go get her diploma for high school. I had her in my class.

JR: You had her daughter or son in your . . .

ML: The son was in my fifth grade, the boy.

JR: Did you want to take a break?

ML: Okay.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape No. 21-6-3-91

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Marion Lee Loy (ML)

February 12, 1991

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is a continuation of an interview with Marion Lee Loy, conducted February 12, 1991. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

Mrs. Lee Loy, just to sort of finish up the interview here, I wanted to ask you some questions looking back over your career. And then, maybe towards the end of the session, I'll get you to look in the future about education in Hawai'i. But first of all, how was your relationship with administrators over the years?

ML: Well, most of the administrators I had were very nice. It's so funny, though, the one that disappointed me was a woman administrator. I know that she was going through a divorce with her husband, and that was probably part of the reason that she was very high-strung that year. Of course, at the time I was chairman of the English department. This is Hilo Intermediate. Wartime it's so hard to have people stay after school for meetings, so I used to ask the women if they're willing to give up one lunch hour, and we could have everybody bring a brown bag or something, and we'd have a meeting after lunch. Well, some of them thought it was a good idea and some didn't. But see, as I said, it was a big school. We had about seventy-five on the faculty. And English department—I think we had something like twenty-four English teachers, just English alone. It filled a good-sized classroom. She mentioned to me that some people said they didn't like the idea of me calling the lunch-hour meeting.

I said, "Well, we took a vote to it." So I said, "The majority said they wouldn't mind trying it. We did it only once. We were going to do it next month. But now you said they don't like it. I don't know who is coming to you to say they don't like it." So I said, "I'd be willing after school, if they don't mind. But I know a lot of the teachers have said to me they don't like to stay after school. Wartime they like to get home to their families." This was that '42-'43 year.

Then, as English department head, I had to go down to take the papers down to the publishing company, because we put out a students' magazine called *Kahua 'Ōlelo*. It was two or three times—it was twice a year, I think. There were no substitutes to come into the room, so I would ask my neighbor teachers. I said, "I'm going to leave work on the board." The class was so docile, I didn't think they would act up. What I should have done was maybe not

to choose that particular class to leave. But they had called me. There was something on one of the—I don't know. There were some errors that were discovered, and they wanted me to go down there to get things straightened. Otherwise, the book won't be coming out for another week. I said, "We're getting late, you know." So I told her [i.e., the principal] what the message was.

She said, "Well, you better go right down there. Have your neighbors look in on the children." Well, I did ask two of the ladies—one was right across from me, and then one on the other side—to look in. I come back and find there had been a great fight, and one girl had bitten this other girl's breast in the scramble and whatnot. And of course, that meant the parents were up in a roar when they came home. And she forgot that she told me to go down. And she says to me, "How dare you leave your children like that?"

I said, "Mrs. Desha, you told me that I could go down and to have the neighbors look in on the children." I said, "I'm sorry. Too bad we couldn't have gotten somebody else. Somebody from the office to go in and sit there, an older person that they're going to have respect for. But they're sitting there by themselves." So I was so mad with her. So I told her, "Well, I've had it. You can keep your darn department head work. I'm just as happy just being at my classroom."

You know what she did to me the next year? She took all my X, Y classes and she gave me all the Z classes. Nine-Z-1, 9-Z-2, 7-Z-1, like that. And she did that for the next three years. At the end of the first year, she said, "Oh, you did so well with your classes." And she said, "There's been big growth." Of course, what they do, they test them at the end of the year. And then she was surprised to see that some of my Z kids were doing as well as Y section, surpassed some of the Y section.

And I said to my—what's her name now? Oh, I can't think. Anyway, her husband was the principal at Hilo High School. So I was telling her about what deal she was giving me and about giving me all these classes—Elsie Dostal. Yeah, Dostal, that was his name. Was it Henry Dostal? I can't remember the first name, but his name was Dostal anyway. (I remember now. It was Joseph.) So Elsie was teaching typing. His wife was over at intermediate. So she said, "Marion, do you want to go across?"

I said, "I don't want to be teaching under this woman." I said, "I've had enough. I'm taking it on the chin, but with me, it's just pulling teeth. All day long I'm under strain. I have to remember to be patient because these are slow learners. If I had one or two other classes where the kids were a little smarter, it wouldn't tax my patience so much. By the time I get home, because I've been so patient in school, my family catches it. I fly off the handle." So I said, "I got to get out of intermediate, even if I have to go ask for an elementary school or something."

So she said, "No. You go apply for high school. I'll see that. . . ."

What happens? I go down there [to Mrs. Desha's office], and she says to me, "Well, I think you should consider this over again. You're doing such good work here. They don't need you over in high school."

I said, "Mrs. Desha, it isn't whether they need me. But for my sanity's sake, I just have to move. I can't year after year—like you've been doing to me, year after year giving me all the slowest classes with no. . . . If I had a higher class where I could feel that my capabilities were being used to the fullest, then I have some satisfaction. But with this, I know it's a hard job. Why should I be put under that strain? Because it is a strain."

She said, "Well, I don't know if they will have you over there, because there are a lot of people ahead of you."

I said, "Ahead of me in what respect?"

She said, "Well, in the number of years of teaching."

I thought, well, I do know that there were a lot that were just. . . . It was hard to get into the English department, because they had all *Haoles* to begin with. There wasn't any other—no, there was one Japanese girl. She later became a doctor, Dr. Kono. She passed away, though, about two years ago. Elaine Kono. So Elsie said to me, "Let her talk all she wants. We'll see who's going to get what."

And of course, she was so shocked when Mr. Dostal made room for me over there. And boy, I was so happy. I said to myself—oh, but then Mr. Dostal didn't stay to teach. He got transferred to Honolulu. But he made sure that I was put in there, and Mr. Crawford was the principal.

(Telephone rings. Taping stops, then resumes.)

ML: I had Mrs. Watson. She was the first woman principal. And she was very nice. She made me feel so much at home that I hated to leave. The next one was a male principal, Mr. Roberts. Then there was Mr. Larsgaard over at Honoka'a. He was very nice, too. Then I went to Hilo Intermediate, where I had Clayton Chamberlain until he moved down here. And then Mrs. Desha took his place up there. And then I moved over to [Hilo High School] and had Mr. Crawford. But then, I was there only two years and then went on maternity leave and had my last two children.

Then when I went to Ali'iōlani [Elementary School], I had Mr. Bailey as my principal. I knew his brother who was principal of Kamehameha Schools, Allen Bailey, so we had a very nice relationship. Then the next year I had a Mrs. Dolly Richmond, and she was a rather strict disciplinarian, too. The faculty all talked behind her back about her worshipping this and worshipping that, because there was this Ka'ahumanu picture there and she had *kahilis* put there. And of course, these women used to sit in the office and talk about how she was this and that.

Then I had Mrs. Carter here at Kapālama, and then after she left to go into the state office I had. . . . Funny, I can't think of it. It was a Japanese principal, and I can't remember his name. Isn't that strange. (I remember now. He was Mr. Ozaki.) Then Mr. Belt. After Mr. Belt went to the main office, Mr. [Stephen] Kanda became principal there. And after Mr. Kanda, then we had Agsalud, Josh Agsalud. When we left there, who was principal? My goodness, I'm just blank. I can't think of who was principal when I left. (I remember now. It

was Kiyoshi Minami.)

Well, what else?

JR: Well, as you were just speaking, I was interested when you were talking how the war years affected the school and the classroom. I was wondering if you could tell me any other ways that the war impacted the school.

ML: Well, we had to every day go to school with our gas mask strapped slung on the side. Every so often we would have parades just right where we were, right around the school grounds and what else. They would sing songs and have people. . . . We had competition in the classrooms to buy stamps. And they won—all the classes that everybody bought at least one stamp a week, they would get honor roll. Well, we had one boy in our class whose family belonged to a religion that did not believe in—I don't know what the religion was. They didn't believe in fighting. I don't know whether it was Jesus Coming Soon. What do you call those people?

JR: Oh, the Jehovah's Witness?

ML: Yeah, I think so, whatever it was. Anyway, because he didn't buy stamp, I told him, "Well, let me buy a stamp for you." I figured that was a way around it.

He said, "Oh, no. If my parents find out that you bought a stamp, I would be in trouble."

So I said, "Okay, Lloyd, that's all right."

So I went down to see the principal. I told the principal about my class being very unhappy because they will never make 100 percent because we have one of these conscientious objectors sitting in our room whose parents have not allowed him to put out one cent for it. I said, "I know the boy is very uneasy. He's such a nice boy. I don't like to have him in trouble. But what can we do? Can't we make it a rule that if you have students whose religion forbids them to buy stamps that we put them in a different category and not as part of the class?"

Well, she wasn't there that day, but I went to talk to the vice principal, Mrs. Isherwood. She said, "Oh, yeah, I think it could be arranged." So then we did that. So a lot of the classes were happy, because there wasn't just this one boy in my class, but other classes had students like that, and they felt uneasy. And of course, we didn't know how many of these Japanese didn't want to buy, too. So we thought it was very unfair to say that this classroom would get a star. And then you'd get this big chart that's out there in the library where everybody can look to see what classes are 100 percent each week and what else. It does affect youngsters when they. . . .

JR: How did the youngsters treat one another? Say, that one boy in particular.

ML: Well, they were the ones that were grumbling and grumbling right where he could hear it. So I told them, I said, "Look, I don't want to hear anything more about this. He cannot help it. His parents refuse to give him money. And I have offered, but he is afraid that his parents

will find out. You know, we have no right to change a person's religion. That's why we have the Bill of Rights that was made in the Constitution. And you have right of freedom of religion, speech, and whatever. Let us forget, we cannot be too overenthusiastic about this and hurt people. I don't want that ever to be brought up again." And that was it, because I was such a strict teacher. When I said something, they did it. (Chuckles)

My daughter Pili went to [Representative] Dwight Takamine's fundraiser. I don't know what day it was. I think it was on the first or the. . . .

JR: Oh, that's okay.

ML: Well, at this fundraiser she ran into two of my former students. This boy, his name was George Yokoyama. This George Yokoyama came up to Pili and says, "Oh, I see you're Pili Lee Loy. Are you any relation to Marion Lee Loy?"

She said, "Yes, that's my mother."

He said, "Oh, she was my teacher. Wild *buggah*, you know."

(Laughter)

ML: And she said, "What?"

He said, "No, I meant she was very strict." But he said, "You know, I was smart in her class. I paid attention."

And just then Michael Amii came along. So she called Michael. "Michael, come. I want you two to meet. You two have one thing in common, you both had Mrs. Lee Loy for your schoolteacher." And so he introduced [himself], says he was George Yokoyama. I don't know where he was—oh, he was from Hilo. I don't know if they had come in for this fundraiser or what.

So Mike Amii turned around and said to him, "That's the best teacher I ever had. She was strict, but she was kind, and we always learned from her. And if we didn't know something and we got stuck, we would go and ask her. She would help us out."

He said, "Yeah, yeah, that's right. She made sure that each of us learned. If she asked us something we didn't know, then she would show us how. Then she'd tell us, 'Well, now you go do it again.'" You have them go to the board, parse a sentence or what else. He said, "That's why afterwards I had a very good grade."

And he said, "You know, I had her for fifth grade." This is Mike Amii telling. "I had her for fifth grade. In that one year, I learned from her more than I learned from the first four years I was at Kapālama." That's the first time I heard that. (Chuckles)

That was Thursday Pili had gone to the fundraiser. "Oh, I got to tell you this."

But you know, I can't remember George Yokoyama. I mean, the name Yokoyama doesn't hit

me at all. Some do, but his didn't hit me. But he said he was one of my good students. He always got A's and B's.

JR: Maybe that's why.

ML: No, I used to remember the kids that were really outstandingly smart. Like Dr. Albert Miyasato's wife, Shizue, I had her. She was a Kuwahara. And she was a very quiet person but very observant. She could write beautiful poetry for a youngster in the eighth grade. Lot of them I still remember, because they sort of shine, flash by you, more or less. And of course, we had some naughty ones that we remember, too.

JR: That relates to something I wanted to ask you about. Earlier you were mentioning the Z classes you had and how stressful those classes were. I wanted to ask you about the teacher's job. Is it a hard job being a teacher?

ML: Yes, I think so. I mean, if you're a teacher that's going to put in your eight hours and so on, you can slough it off. Because I've seen some of them not taking any work home. So you wonder how? I remember saying this to a very good girlfriend of mine—we taught there at Hilo Intermediate. Sometimes I brought my own lunch and I ate in the room, so the kids used to wander in and ask me if they could sit in the room and eat. I said, "Yes, providing you take all your rubbish and everything out with you." What I meant was that they don't leave crumbs around the place when the next class comes in. I couldn't help but overhear this conversation about this girl. They were saying, "Mrs. So-and-so, we turn in homework and we never get it back." So when I heard that I thought, well, I better tell her about it.

So I said, "Hey, I didn't hear such a very good comment about you, kids at lunch hour. I couldn't help but—" I just said I was passing by and I heard it. "They said that, oh, that they turn in homework to you and you never give them back."

And she told me, "You think I'm going to sit and correct all those darn papers?" She says, "The same mistakes you correct week after week, month after month. They still make the same errors."

I said, "Why don't you call their attention to the fact?"

She said, "Oh, sometimes I get the homework, but I throw it away. I just correct half of it and return. The other half, I don't bother. But you know, it seems that they said we're required to give kids homework," she says.

That was it. And I don't know how she could really say she actually tested the kids. With me, every week I gave at least a spelling test. I gave a reading test. Then sometimes I would give them grammar work—main parts of speech or something like that—but that would be maybe once a month. But spelling and reading I always check every week. They had a test at least. But they didn't know. Maybe I'd give the reading test. I would say, "Well, today we're going to read this chapter so-and-so." And the end of the period, I give the test. I have them—sometimes it's ten, sometimes twenty. And I will ask questions. "What is the setting of the story?" Of course, always when we go over things, we talk setting, place where it happened. Time and place would be setting. "And what was the main character? Who do you consider

the villain in the story?" And that kind of thing. They should ask and write whatever answers. Then I wait a while, and I repeat the question again. I look about ten minutes before school's out, then I collect it.

When I go home, it's easier then. I would put maybe four or five one time and check the answers. Of course, I think there were about four classes. And so I will test class one on Monday. The next one, Tuesday, Wednesday. . . . So I wouldn't be taking too many papers. But sometimes it would be two, spelling and reading. And of course, Friday I usually didn't test because. . . .

And then, of course, homework, usually you ask for homework. Sometimes I used to think it's so silly to ask for homework. Some of the homework I would give would be oral work. I said, "Go and study for your spelling test." Of course, in the beginning of the week we give the words. And we go over it, and I tell them to look up the meanings. Sometimes I give them the meanings of half of the words. And I'll say that, "Some of these words have other meanings as well, so check with your dictionary." I usually gave spelling tests on Friday, because it would give them a whole week to go and check the words if they had to. And then to get familiar, too, with the words so that they could spell. But reading, I'll pick any haphazard day that I wanted. But as I said, how you going to know if you don't check? Now, of course, when you taught elementary school you had science, you had math. So you had all kinds of tests to give.

JR: Was teaching for you an eight-hour-a-day job or a ten-hour-a-day job or a twelve-hour-a-day job?

ML: I would say it was really—except Fridays, except weekends, I would say it was a ten-to-twelve-hour work. Because you have six hours in school. Then you come home with it all, depending on the class you had that year and what else. Now, I remember I told you about that year that I was given these forty-five youngsters, although they were the B section. But I had to correct forty-five papers for reading, forty-five for spelling. And it takes time, you know.

Sometimes my family would be all asleep. Well, usually I had my youngsters in bed by 8:00, until they got old enough that they could stay up later. What we did was we had them choose from Monday to Friday, they could choose one day that we'd put on the television program they wanted. And they could only see the program between six and seven. At 7:00 they go and study until 8:00, then just go to sleep. But when they got a little older—and then they'd find out maybe there some other nice program at certain time. Well, they'd go and look, so they know. So some nights we didn't have the television on. My husband was a very early sleeper. By 8:00 he was in bed. Most times I got to bed about 11:00. By the time I got through, and take my shower, and go to bed, I was just so blooming tired. Out like a light. And he's snoring away. I was tired, so snoring didn't bother me.

But I felt that if I'm going to ask a youngster for a piece of paper, you know, something to hand in—like we would have compositions. I ask them to write compositions and give them several topics to choose from. I feel that we should have it returned to them and so on.

So one teacher was cute. She told me what she did was—well, I know they used to tell

us. . . . As I said, we had some structured work. We used to ask one composition a week from the class, so on. She would go and have them turn it in, then she'd take time out really to correct it real good. Then she would return the papers to them and say to them, "Hang on to this and rewrite the thing with the corrections." So she said the next week she didn't have them write a paper, but she would collect the corrections and to see if there was improvement. If there's still some mistakes, she would have them go do it over again. But she said in that way, she was able to take it easy and not work so hard.

So I told her, "Well, when the time comes when I have such a big group, I'm going to do the same thing." (JR chuckles.)

(Laughter)

ML: But some of them---as I said, this one thought nothing of it. She said, "Oh, because they expect us to give them homework, I give them homework. But I don't even look."

I said, "Well, why aren't you going to? You should be giving those youngsters credit for what they did."

She said, "Oh, what I do is check all those who hand in homework. I just check, check, check. And one didn't, well, I put a minus." And she says, "I deduct the grade from the homework, like that."

I said, "Well, didn't they ask you?"

She said, "Yeah, one time. About a month later they ask me when they're going to get their papers back. I told them they're not getting it back because I correct them and throw it in the rubbish box."

And I said, "You know, it's a wonder somebody doesn't get bold enough to tell you, 'Then how are we going to know what our mistakes are if you don't return the papers?'"

She said, "They haven't asked me. So until they ask me, I won't bother."

As I said, there were some teachers that said that when they close their door in the afternoon, that was it. They said they weren't going to take their work home with them because they feel that their after hours should be for their family and so on. But I said, "You know, that's not real teaching. Real teaching will be you have to follow through on what each person has turned in to you. And at least they have made an effort."

JR: Your mother was a teacher.

ML: Yes.

JR: You're a teacher---you were a teacher---and your . . .

ML: My oldest sister was a teacher, and I was a teacher.

JR: And your daughter's a teacher.

ML: And my youngest sister was a stenographer.

JR: I wanted to know whether you have noticed from your mother to your daughter any difference in the way teachers. . . . Are teachers basically the same?

ML: In what respect?

JR: In the sense that does teaching seem to be the same job it was when your mother was teaching as when your daughter is teaching now?

ML: Well, let me tell you. See, my mother graduated from the normal training school at Kamehameha. She graduated from the first class, 1897. And then they added normal training for teachers. So she took the two years there and graduated again in 1899. She was also known as a strict teacher. I remember this Representative James Shigemura. His wife was a teacher, and when I was president of the Hawai'i Classroom Teachers I met the wife. And then we had a dinner that we went to, and she introduced me to her husband, Shigemura. And then he said to me, "Oh, I understand your maiden name was McGregor."

I said, "Yes."

He said, "You know, I had a teacher, Mrs. Aoe McGregor over at Kauluwela." And he said, "She was a small lady, but wow, she was a strict teacher. She made us learn our times table. If we didn't, she'd get the yardstick, and she'd whack our desk and say, 'You study till you get it.'" And he said, "She would have two of us sit," and she'd have the flash card for them to learn. So he said, "Hey, we never fooled around. We just didn't fool around. We had to learn." He said, "I was scared of your mother."

I said, "Well, you're such a tiny fellow. I can imagine when you were little, you were even tinier then."

He said, "Yeah, although she was a small woman, nobody dared misbehave in her class."

I said, "Gee whiz." (Chuckles)

JR: Well, you sound like you were a little (chuckles) like your mother.

ML: Yeah. Well, that's what I was always saying. I said, "Gee, I must have been strict like my mother." But when I went to teach at Farrington, I had English. And my sister Louise who taught there had world history. The youngsters that had her would come to me, they said, "Ho, you know, we have lot of fun in your sister's room."

I said, "Yeah. She's not as strict as I am, yeah?"

"Yeah," they said, "but, you know, she's always talking about your family. Your family this and your family that."

I said, "Oh, can you give me an example?"

Said, "Yeah."

So the next day when my sister came to lunch, I said, "Hey, I hear you're telling all about family history."

She said, "Well, I was giving them samples of this and that, and so I used our family. Because if I'm going to say somebody else, I'll get into trouble. So I just use members of our family to explain to them what was this or that."

"Oh." I said, "Well, some of them think that you're just boasting about your family." Because, see, I had a younger brother who was a state senator, and he was a judge here in the circuit court. And so she was telling about going to his swearing-in and all of that.

And they said, "Do you have a brother that's a judge?"

I said, "Who said so?"

"Your sister." (Chuckles)

So I told her, "You shouldn't be telling those kind of stories. They think you're just boasting about your family."

She said, "Well, we were studying about judges and so on, so I brought that in."

So I said to myself, "Well, gee whiz."

But a lot of the students that had her really liked her. They said, yeah, she was easygoing. But they said they really liked her because they did learn from her, even though they said, "Half of the time she told us stories. But we went through the book, and we really got things from it."

JR: Are the students any different today, do you think?

ML: I think they're worse. They're very forward. All the youngsters that I taught, they never sassed back. If you corrected them, they took the correction. And you never heard swear words from the youngsters. Even on the play field—because every so often you have to take yard duty on that—you'd never hear them swearing. They'd sit in little groups and talking, that kind of thing. But maybe it's because they're older children, I don't know. But intermediate—let me tell you, the intermediate level is the hardest level to teach.

JR: Why is that?

ML: Because they think they've grown up, and they're not really grown up. They're little kids yet. Before you know it, they're fighting. They're at the age where—now, by the time they get to high school they wanted to be treated like grown-ups, so they act like grown-ups. There's a big change. After I taught for seven years at intermediate and went over there—or was it six

years—and went over to high school, so different. Even the classroom. When they come in right when the bell ring, they're quiet. You could hear a pin drop while you take roll. Of course, we put the assignment on the board. So when they first come in, you tell them that, "When you come in, your assignment's going be on the board. If you have any questions, please come to the desk and ask." So they stop while we're taking roll and so on. They go to town because they don't know if I'm going to test them before the end of the period. And maybe that day they don't get tested on that story. Well, they know they had a free day, and the next time they'll have.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

ML: By the time they get to high school, it really is quite late for them to be taking classes. I notice that now, the third grade, they've cut the class load to twenty to one. Now, maybe at that level they could say that any child who cannot really read should be kept back, you know, at that third-grade level, halfway in the elementary. But in times past, when I was teaching in the elementary level, at the end of the year we would test as high or higher than the Mainland. But over the years now, our schools are testing lower than the Mainland average.

I hear that the classroom load has been a smaller load than they've had in the past. But don't let it fool you. When they say thirty to one, the classroom won't get thirty to one. Sometimes you'll have to take thirty-two. Because you take where they have shop and they have only twelve, then the basic classes like social studies and English have to take up the slack by taking thirty-two or thirty-four students. And that's not fair. But you can see why they have to have only twelve at a time in shop, because the tools, you have to watch that somebody doesn't get hurt. And if you had thirty in that particular class, that's very difficult. But I still say that what they should do is to have basic—let's say if they have thirty or whatever it is, it should be to the basic classes, and these would be like an off-ratio counting for those like shops and so on.

I think that, too, I know in my teaching on the Big Island, there the youngsters all seem to want to learn. You asked [for] homework, there were very few that never brought homework. By the time I came to teach at Farrington, you give homework, maybe ten won't turn in their homework papers. And you'd say, "Didn't you do it? Why didn't you do your homework?"

"Oh, I had to go drive my mother to Ala Moana [Center]. She wanted to go shop." They'd give an excuse like that. Or not, they said, "Oh, we went to the movies. When we came home, we're tired." I mean, they're frank enough to give you an excuse why they didn't do their homework. At least they said.

So I said, "Well, you're going to have to make that up and get it in before the quarter ends. Because otherwise, it's going to be an F on your grades and that will bring your average down." You have to be very frank. They're very frank with you to tell you what. I asked a couple of youngsters, not in front of the class but when they came in, I said, "Hey, you

weren't in class last Thursday, but I heard you were in school." But I had seen them cutting across, you know. They were going to the cafeteria.

So they said, "Oh, we were so hungry, we decided to go have early lunch. Excuse us."

What are you going to do when they tell you that? (Laughs) So I said to myself, "Why get mad about something like that. At least they're honest to tell you." I said, "Okay, except you make up your work now. If you don't make up your work, I'll give you a nice dandy grade." They knew dandy, I meant F, D. (Chuckles)

As I said, maybe it was the class that you got. You had these slower-learning youngsters, they feel that they're not really—they're in school because they have to be there till eighteen. And so, they figure, well, they have to be in school, but they just come to eat lunches and try and get away with hardly anything or not getting their work done. Some teachers, maybe, get so exasperated with them. I know I couldn't get over it, because even when I came to the other schools, the elementary schools, the kids would seem very eager to learn. But then when I went over to Farrington, it seemed with my slower classes, there was a different attitude from my top classes that I had. You know, I had a sprinkling. And there, there was high competition. The work was always in and so on. But down in these lower classes, it was just like you'd tell them that they haven't—it's just water off a duck's back. They don't care whether they'll get the F or not.

JR: Why do you think that is?

ML: Perhaps it depends on their home life. Maybe their parents are so busy, they go out earning, and two members working, and they can't sit down and ask the youngsters how they're getting along. And so if they're getting away with it at home, well, they try to get away with it in school. Maybe it's my supposition, but I found where we had PTA [Parent-Teacher Association], and the parents—those youngsters whose parents came to PTA, they were the very responsible kids that made sure their work got in and so on. But ones whose parents never appeared at all. . . . You hope to see them at a PTA meeting, and, "Oh, cannot. Because my mother stay home, take care of the kids. My father working nighttime." You know, that kind of thing. "They can't come PTA."

I said, "Would you ask your parents to please come, because we'd like to talk with them and get acquainted and so on."

They said, "No, our parents not going come."

At least you know they are very forward. I mean, it's a forward generation, where[as] we found youngsters out on the other islands and so on would never speak about their families or something unless you ask them point-blank. They wouldn't volunteer such answers to you.

JR: How did you feel when you had to give a F to a student?

ML: Well, I tell you what. I have given only one or two F's in all. Because I felt that if you gave an F, you were a failure, too. If you're not teaching him anything, you're a failure, because he didn't get anything out of you. But if he's plain lazy, like he didn't hand his homework in

and you know that he can do the work, then you don't feel so badly. Well, then you give him a D just to—because no kid really gets F unless he's really bad. They'll come, and even though they didn't study, some of them just manage to make a D and so on.

So as I said, if I found I gave a test and a lot of them—oh, I didn't grade on a curve. I just graded on the answers. Like if they had seven wrong, their score was thirty. I graded by 100, like that, it didn't matter. Then we totaled all the amount that they had. Maybe I gave seven tests, and let's say their total was 700, divide by seven, that's 100 percent, that's A-plus. You know, that kind of thing. So they didn't compete against anybody else. They competed against themselves. I didn't believe in having them compete against—sometimes they said, well, make the normal curve. The highest get A's—maybe 5 percent A's, and 5 percent F's, and maybe 15 percent B's, and 15 percent D's, and maybe you got this big group in here, 50 percent C's, that kind of stuff. I seldom used the bell curve because I felt that this isn't a competition among youngsters but it's a competition of the person with what he knows or what he's able to produce. So this was a fairer way. To me, it was a fairer way. Maybe I was wrong, but I used that, more or less, instead of the bell curve.

(Pause)

And as I said, like the parents today have no control over their youngsters. You find homes where they're brought up properly and they follow whatever their parents said at home, you didn't have trouble with them in school. But where they come from these deprived homes where maybe sometimes they don't even have a decent meal—we don't know—and they come to school, it seems the world is against them. They have a chip on the shoulder. So anybody says anything about them, they slap back. See, now they got gangs. At least when we were there at Farrington, they didn't have gangs.

JR: Is there anything the school can do about students like that? I mean, is there anything that anyone on the outside can do?

ML: Well, they're trying to break the gangs up by having the PTA. See, they haven't had PTA for many, many years there. We had PTA when we were there. And we teachers were required to come to the PTA meeting. So they said, "You never can tell. You might get a parent where this child is giving you trouble, there you have an opportunity to speak to the [parent]." And I believe that the teachers should go to the PTA meeting so that if a parent wants to approach you on what he's having, you know, troubles with his youngsters, you can come to some understanding to even maybe offer help or something. So I guess one of the reasons that they didn't have this. . . . But with gangs, it's hard to say how you're going to break them. Because once it's in there, it festers. It's just like a sore that festers because it isn't taken care of.

JR: I guess I wasn't asking you so much about the gangs as about these kids where the parents don't have time to, you know, really be watching their school progress.

ML: Yes, yes.

JR: And you, as the teacher, don't have any contact with the parents. You only know the . . .

ML: Right, yeah.

JR: I mean, is there any way to fix that?

ML: Frankly, I don't know. You try. Sometimes if somebody is so very bad, hasn't handed in his project or so on, I'll ask him, "Will you stop after class? I'd like to talk with you." And of course, I don't want to keep them because I know they have ten minutes to get to their next class. Well, I said, "If you are going to be late for class, can you come in? I would like to speak with you. Because I don't want to give you an F, but right now, that's where you're headed, you know." And they'll come. And I ask them why they didn't [turn in the project].

They said, "Oh, we didn't go to the library."

I said, "You know, right in class you're given permission to go to our school library where all the material is. We've told you it's in the library. And yet, you haven't gone and done it. So I'm going to call your parents up." And he didn't think I would. And the worse part of it. . . . Let's say I lived in this first house and the parents lived up there, five houses away. I call them, I said, "Mr. Silva, your son Frank has not handed in his project for this. This was his project. I have given him permission to go to the library, get the material, and he didn't do it." Then I said, "He didn't take several tests, and he hasn't come to make up any make up on it. So right now, he's averaging F. Getting the project will help him maybe just get a D or pass the class."

So he said to me, "Can you help get the books?"

I said, "Oh, I'll do that." So I went up to the library. I borrowed out the books. I told him to take it home and get his project done. That was Tuesday I called. Friday the project came in, all done, although there was just this one big reference book—I mean, big Hawaiian book on. . . . Let me see, what was it? I've forgotten what it was, where he had to get his information from. And then, of course, I had it rechecked back to the library, it was taken out with my name. So I said to him, "Wasn't that easy?"

He said, "Not easy. My father was over there, hitting my head."

But I said to myself, "Well, that's what you get for loafing. I send you to the library, you go sit there and don't take any notes, just fool around." I said, "If I didn't give any help, then you can blame me. But you blame yourself."

He said, "Yeah, that's right."

(Chuckles) It was so funny. In the end, they say, "Yeah, that's right."

I said, "Isn't that true?" I feel this way, if they don't know how to study, then you got to help them, show them how to study—what to get, what to look for, and so on. Because some youngsters don't even know how to study. And then some parents don't know to teach them how because they haven't had success, because they can't even read. Some of them can't read themselves, so they can't help their youngsters. From the time they're little, they don't sit and read the story to the youngsters.

I remember, there was a story [*Umi, The Hawaiian Boy who Became a King*]. You know, there was a booklet. It's a small, thin book. And so I had this Polynesian unit, and that was one of the books to be read. But because this class was so slow—they're 7-Z-3—I had them ordered as textbooks for them to read. Well, we would read. We each read one time. Of course, the youngsters read very slowly, and I'd help them with a word or two because there was no time to sit and teach one at a time. So finally I got so exasperated, I said to them, "Goodness, you youngsters. Why don't you go home and ask your mother to help you learn how to read?"

And this boy was a Filipino boy, he said, "Ah, my mother and father, they don't know how to read. They can read Filipino and they can talk Filipino, but *Haole* style they don't know." You know, English, it's *Haole*. He said, "*Haole* style they don't know, so they cannot help me."

Then I felt very badly. I said, "Oh, yeah, that's right." But I said, "You know, this is really fourth-grade reading. My son can read this book to you."

He looks at me. My oldest son was then in the fourth grade at Hilo Standard School. He would walk up after school and come through the back. My room was a corner room. And he'd come in and sit in my classroom till I was—they got through at 2:00. We got through at 2:45. So this little rascal, Ricardo-something. I can't recall his name. Rubio, I think, was his last name. Ricardo Rubio. Well, he said, "All right, Mrs. Lee Loy, when your son comes, you let me pick the page for him to read."

I said, "All right."

So my son came in a little while. And I said, "Oh, class, this is my son Wilmer." I said, "Wilmer, I've told the class that you read this book." Of course, we had read it at home. I read it to him, and I had him read to me. And I know at the school that they have that book, too. So I said, "They want you to please read. Come here and use my text." He didn't know what to say, you know. Here I am, putting him on the spot. But he was such a docile young boy.

And then Ricardo said, "Mrs. Lee Loy, have him read page twelve." I think it was page twelve.

Anyway, on that page it told about how Umi had come—see, he had to find his father Liloa down in Waipi'o, and he'd come looking into Waipi'o, over the place. He turned around and he said, "He stood at the top of this perpendicular cliff." And they chose it because of the word "perpendicular" . . .

JR: Oh, oh. (Chuckles)

ML: . . . to see if he could say it. So he read, and he said, "Umi paused at the top of the perpendicular cliff and looked down into the village," or something.

Anyway, he said, "Stop, boy." Ricardo, "Stop, boy. You know that word you read, that big *P* word, what that word mean?"

I said, "They want you to tell them what 'perpendicular' means."

He said, "Oh, that means a straight up-and-down cliff."

Because when we had read it at home, he had asked me what was "perpendicular," and I said, "Well, it's just straight up-and-down, you know." Of course, they went and looked in the dictionary, and it did say it was a steep thing.

Well, the next day when (Ricardo) came, he comes into class, he says, "Oh, Mrs. Lee Loy, make shame, make shame."

I said, "What?"

He said, "Make shame. Your boy more smart than us. Your boy can really read, yeah? It mean we gotta learn how to read, by golly."

I laughed. I told him, "Yeah. You know what can help you, Ricardo? Like you see that big word, 'perpendicular.' You go look in the dictionary and you see, like you go by sound. You go by the syllables. Like P-E-R, that's 'per.' And the next one, P-E-N. The dictionary is going to divide it. If you do that all the time in your reading, you see a big word you don't know, you go to the dictionary and you see how they pronounce it and what it means. In that way, that's the only way you can learn English. Use your dictionary." I said, "My mother used to be like that. She bought us all small dictionaries. Because we used to sit there, 'Mama, what does this mean?' When we're reading, we don't know, we spell it to her. 'Was it in the dictionary?' So afterwards we never asked her. We'd sit there with the dictionary and look it up and follow the sound of the word and the syllables." And so, I told him, "That is one way. But actually, you could take classes that they have in phonics."

You know, there are some times that you feel, gee whiz. Now, when I was over Kohala, this lady was very much disturbed because her son—and she was pure Scotch—her son could barely read. So we took very small—you know, the very first reading books and so on, and I'd teach him on Saturdays to read. We did that using phonics and sight reading. And then we would take several words that were the same, sort of like rhyming words. It helped him a bit, but I don't know if it helped him lots because I only had him one year. And it wasn't until the second semester that she asked me to come and help him on Saturdays. And I told her I couldn't come every Saturday, but at least one Saturday a month I would stay back to help him. Because I had been afraid of the . . .

JR: Oh, the . . .

ML: . . . the army. But I got over it after a while, you know.

So sometimes I think it's nice to have special reading classes. And that's what Mrs. Carter did. Where the child was back, she'd have special reading classes where the classes were small. And they gave them a whole year of training to bring—and the youngsters were brought up that way in their reading ability. But if they don't know how to read, it's just. . . . And that's why we think that before they finish elementary school, they should all be reading at least fourth-grade reading, if nothing else. But because there's no follow-up at

home, too, huh? Maybe all the reading they do is just from the books at the school. When they go home, there's nothing for them to carry on. Maybe there's newspapers, but that's not much.

JR: After our last interview session, there were a couple of things that you mentioned that you wanted to talk about. I thought I'd bring them up now.

ML: Right.

JR: One was the school/community-based management. You had some thoughts on that.

ML: Well, this is it. Where you have cooperation—because the school/community-based included parents feeding in, as well as interested people in the community, and then the teachers themselves and so on. Now, maybe in a community like, let's say, Kāhala, where they speak well and so on, they know what they want for their children, that thing will work. I mean, it would have success. But let's say it's an area in Kalihi. Let's take maybe Ka'ewai School or some school there, where a lot of the youngsters come from the housing and where they don't have the background or the parents themselves don't have a . . . See, these others are college trained, so they know . . .

JR: The parents?

ML: Yeah, the parents. As compared to these that maybe are just grammar school or school dropouts, lot of them. The feed-in isn't the same. So you can't always say that it is a successful thing. But I think, though, the teachers should have a lot to say, because they are the ones on the battlefield. They're the ones that taking the raw troops and trying to make and train them to become something. So if the parents decide, oh, they want this kind of curriculum and that kind of curriculum and it isn't what the teachers foresee as the means of them getting a decent education, then who knows? Maybe I'm wrong, but that's the way I look at it. It depends on the community section, whether you're going to get the actual cooperation. To say that it has to be community based, I think it's wrong. It should be depending on the areas they live.

JR: The other thing that you brought up after the last interview was merit pay for teachers.

ML: Oh, yes. Well, I notice a lot of time they speak about merit pay. And they say, "Well, how (are) you going to judge merit pay?"

They say, "Oh, by the way the youngsters test at the end of the year."

Let's say you have youngsters that are reading on 2.1 and then you get them to read 4.2, you've jumped them two years. But let's say they're in the fourth grade or fifth grade and they're reading at 2.3, even if you jump them, they're still reading below average. And when they're tested, it would be below average. Then they'll grade you because your youngsters didn't get standard? That's a very hard thing to do.

Because smart youngsters will learn in spite of you. They catch on quickly. Their minds are quick to work. And you can spot them in the class, because they'll come out with the

answers. And sure enough, when you go and check their papers, their files, you find that they are high in reading, high in math. And you look, the slow ones, you can almost pick them. And sure enough, you go and look at their files, it's the same thing.

I know there was one boy once who used to stay after school. And I used to bat his brain out because he'd stay after school with the group and wanted to take. . . . And when I'd have him read, he'd just skip over every other word if he didn't know. He said, "Oh, I don't know that word," and go on.

Then I said, "All right. Now, we're going to take this word and we're going to divide it into syllables."

And he said, "Why?"

I would take "tomato," right? Well, once when I was teaching a high school youngster, "You take the word "tomato." If you put it according to syllables, T-O, yeah?"

"All right."

"Now, M-A. To-ma-to." Now, what if they say to-mah-to, because M-A is mah? I said, "Yeah, if you look in the dictionary, to-mah-to is also correct. You can say to-mah-to."

"Yeah?"

I said, "Yeah, if you look in the dictionary, to-mah-to is also correct. You can say to-mah-to."

"Yeah?"

I took out the dictionary and showed them that there are two pronunciations of the word. But sometimes it's some other kind, where maybe it's a silent [letter]. Like, let's say, 'knapsack,' huh? There's a K. What you going say, kah-nap? (Chuckles) The kids say, "You going say kah-nap?" Eh, they're smart.

Sometimes you have fun with a youngster. And you tell them always that sometimes it depends. I said, "You have to follow certain words for this and that." Yeah, reading is really the thing that they should stress.

JR: I just have . . .

ML: Yeah. One more.

JR: . . . one more.

ML: Yeah, okay.

JR: I just wanted to have you talk about what you've been doing. You retired in 1974.

ML: Right, yes.

JR: But that's a few years ago. What have you been doing to keep yourself busy since then.

ML: Well, first of all, as I wrote in my nineteen. . . . You see, each year, we write the family letter. So just for fun I'll go read you some of the stuff.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

ML: Our family letter tells what's been going on. Oh, dear me, some are missing, you know. I don't know what happened to them. But this was '74. Let's see. "We started the year with a change of residence from Puna Street, which we had called home for the last twenty-one years, to our present location." That's when we moved over and lived out there, and then we came back here after another eight years. "Although not so spacious, our new old home is comfortable for the three of us.

"Our youngest offspring, Sammy, was married on January 12 to Gale Camara of Hilo. They're anticipating a blessed event next January. In March Pili'aloa traveled to Washington, D.C. to attend the National Education Association resolutions committee meeting. Pili and I were delegates to the HSTA convention in April, and I was asked to say the opening prayer"—now, this was '74, I guess before I retired—"in Hawaiian with English translation. The next day, I was pleasantly surprised by a standing ovation and a resolution of commendation for my service to the association and on my retirement. For the past fifteen years, part of my spring vacation was spent as a delegate to the HSTA or HEA convention. That's quite a record of sorts, eh? On April 27, I attended my last meeting as an HEA trustee, having served from 1971-74. Before reorganization, I was an HEA director five years, from 1963-65 to 1968-71. All outgoing trustees were given a pen set. In addition, I received an exquisite ginger jar, a delicious cake, and a lovely carnation lei. I was deeply touched by the generosity of my colleagues. In late May there were parties honoring retirees with leis and gifts. The Department of Education gifted each of us with a large calabash embossed with a state seal as a tangible reminder of dedicated service." I have it sitting outside.

"Marylyn transferred in June from Liberty House service building to the Ala Moana [Center] store. She spent her vacation visiting friend Sheila Allen of Arizona. They drove to the Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks and rode the tram at Jackson Hole. Later Marylyn visited friends in San Francisco before enplaning to San Diego to visit brother Will and family. She returned home the day I left for the NEA convention in Chicago. Pili had preceded me by two days, going to Seattle before Chicago. After the convention, Pili and I went to San Diego to vacation with Will and attended the annual luau given by the Hawaiian club there. It was a gala affair with old-time pageantry and fine entertainment by groups all over the state and out of state. Even Pili and Kahoonei Panoke did the hula. I tasted raw baby abalones, and they were delicious.

"I attended my first Delta Kappa Gamma Society national convention in August in Seattle, and it was an enjoyable experience. Before and after the convention I visited with cousins Esther and Don Nova who took me sightseeing and shopping and introduced me to their friends. It was a delightful but all too short a visit. I also saw Irma Rodenhouse, Bertha

Lynch, and Blanche Rutledge for the first time in ten years. It was so good to see them.

“Since September I have been retired and should be living the life of Riley. But instead, in addition to my driving chores, I have become the washwoman, cook, housekeeper, and errand runner. I joined a retired teachers’ group, which meets monthly, and have kept up with my other activities. My present schedule keeps me busy, but I hope I shall be able to do some sort of volunteer work next year. The Bishop Museum is off my backyard. We wish you all a Happy New Year.”

Now, that was ’74. I don’t know what happened in ’75.

JR: (Chuckles) Don’t read them all, please. I don’t think you need to read them all.

ML: But some of these are really good, though. I’ll read you this one because this one is unusual. “We’re experiencing cold, crisp weather . . . ”

JR: What year is this?

ML: [Nineteen] seventy-six. “. . . and the days are mostly sunny, though blustery. Receiving our first Christmas card on 11-29, reminding me that it was time to start on a hello to you with *Mele Kalikimaka a me ka Hau’oli Makahiki Hou*. Granddaughter Jennifer Lehua was a year old on January 10, and she has grown so tall she is wearing size three outfits now. In late April, Marylyn, Pili, and I spent the weekend at Kuilima Hotel on the North Shore of O’ahu, attending the Hawai’i Federation of Business and Professional Women’s convention. It was a pleasant conference where we greeted old friends and met new ones.

“Pili and I were off to Washington, D.C. in July to attend the International Biographical Conference on the Arts and Communication. A highlight of the conference was a [concert] at Wolfrap Theater, performed by the Scottish Tattoo. The crash of cymbals was echoed by the claps of thunders, and the sky was lit intermittently by flashes of lightning, which could be seen on either side of the theater, which had no side walls, only large support pillars. My sister Gwen, who lives in D.C., accompanied us to the concert, which was preceded by a delicious dinner at Evans’ Farm.

“After the conference, Pili and I flew to San Diego to son Wilmer’s, and from there, Pili flew home to summer classes and to involvement in politics. I stayed on until the 26th, and then flew to St. Louis, Missouri for the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International Convention. It was an excellent convention with much to do and see, as well as learn. I spent a few more days at San Diego shopping before heading home.

“And then my work schedule went into high gear. As corresponding secretary for the O’ahu Retired Teachers Association, I had charge of mailing the monthly bulletins. Each month, someone calls or writes that he or she has not received a paper. And then I find the person has moved and hasn’t informed me. That’s a hazard of the position. My Alpha Chapter of Beta Beta State has honored me by electing me to the office of president for the 1976-78 biennium. I am deeply grateful for their confidence and hope to serve as well as my predecessors. Pili is first vice president of the Honolulu BPW Club, and Marilyn is the young career chairman. Both are doing well at their positions. It is now aloha until next year, God

willing.”

See, it shows the different jobs that I've been doing after I. . . . That's why I read it to you . . .

JR: No, no. I didn't mean to . . .

ML: . . . to show you since you asked what jobs I had had. Here, again, we've had different jobs. The fact that we went to the. . . .

JR: What have you been doing in the last few years?

ML: In the last few years? Let's look at '87. "It's that time of year that we get in touch with friends and kinfolk who mean so much. Happy yuletide greetings we send to you with a *Hau'oli Makahiki Hou*, too. This has been quite an eventful year with chapter and club activities, reunions, and birthday celebrations to keep us busy. Marylyn served out her term as editor of the Honolulu BPW newsletter, *Manuwahi News*, and is now foundation chairman for '87-'88. Pili was chairman of Honolulu BPW's seventy-first birthday celebration in February. Members of the newly chartered Central O'ahu BPW club sponsored by Honolulu were invited to the occasion.

"In April, Delta Kappa Gamma Alpha Chapter, of which Pili is president, hosted the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International Beta Beta's convention at the Sheraton Waikīkī. In May we attended the BPW state convention at the Kona Surf and were happy to see Sam's wife, Gale"—that's my son's wife—"installed as state president for '87-'88. Eighteen of Marion's Kamehameha classmates and their spouses celebrated their fifty-eighth class reunion with a potluck luncheon at a home in late May.

"In June, Alpha Chapter presented Pili with a president's pin upon completion of her first year in office. Also in June, Marion and some of her classmates hosted a luncheon for their foster child, Denny Austin of Louisiana, and his family, who were visiting his mother, Mrs. Henrietta Austin. Denny was the baby the senior class of 1929 cared for as part of their baby care training at Kamehameha. Denny was four months old when he came to senior cottage and only went home to his family for the holidays. His foster mothers were so delighted to see him once again." See, we took care of this baby . . .

JR: Yeah, yeah. I remember you told me about that.

ML: And we had a party here for him. "A big project of the year was the BPW Hawai'i functions held in July during the BPW-USA national convention." We had it here in '87. "Pili was chairman of both functions, a luau [*lū'au*] for over 1200 at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel grounds and a luncheon in the Monarch Room two days later. Marion was ticket sales chairman for both events, and Marylyn was her able assistant. After the BPW national convention, Shirley Herman was our house guest. She is from Wyoming and was state president the same year that Pili was Hawai'i's president. Their group was called Polly's Pacers. Pili arranged to have her see the sights of our city, as well as the *Arizona* Memorial, Polynesian Cultural Center, and the National Cemetery of the Pacific, where she placed a lei on her cousin's grave. On Saturday, Shirley and Dr. Meryl Grayer of New York went with Pili and Marylyn to a family

reunion luau at Lā'ie. All too soon, we bid Shirley farewell.

"Health-wise, Marion has had a full share of problems. In April, she had foot surgery. In July, laser treatment to her right eye and cataract surgery to her left eye. She is delighted that she can read now without using bifocals. The cataract surgery was done in August. Pili decided to make a real effort to shed unwanted pounds and is pleased with her new figure.

"The birthday celebration of the year was Pili's fortieth anniversary on November 13. Actually, festivities began on Thursday the 12th, with guests being invited to her "thirty-ninth no more, no more party" at the Plaza Club sponsored by Kalika Chun Seymour. On Friday she had lunch at the Willows with several friends and that evening more friends and relatives were at the Royal Hawaiian Monarch Room to honor her. To top it off, on Sunday her immediate family treated her to lunch at the Holiday Inn. We're looking forward to son Wilmer and wife Sharon of San Diego with us for Thanksgiving. So we count our blessings and say *pau* for now." So that's what we did in '87. But you know, in '88, we lost the '88 one.

JR: That's okay.

ML: We don't know who took it.

JR: Well, maybe we should wrap things up now, what do you think?

ML: Yup.

JR: It's been a pleasure hearing your stories and talking to you. I just want to say thanks.

ML: Oh, you're welcome. I hope I helped you a little bit in your research. (Chuckles)

END OF INTERVIEW

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"On Wings of Discovery"
Ka Ho'ike Ma 'Iolana