INTRODUCTION

A Perspective on Hawai`i–US Relations

In 1988, I went to Hawai`i for the first time. As part of a study of American adoption policy and practices, I intended to include a chapter on Polynesian customs in the fiftieth state.[1] My initial contacts with social workers and lawyers soon led to an expansion of the subject, as did three months of fieldwork a year later.

Adoption, I realized, was not a bounded subject; or, to put it differently, the boundaries reflected a conception based on a North American legal transaction. Court-approved transactions concerning a child were accompanied by nineteenth-century intrusion into the public and the private lives of an indigenous people. This was, then, one mode through which the United States colonized the archipelago. The complementary, intensifying, and subtle ways in which the US defined the lives of a "native" people expanded the original focus of my research into adoption.

I met John Simeona when I returned to Hawai`i the next year. In May 1989, a colleague brought me to a meeting of the Waimānalo Senior Citizens Association.[2] John stood at the front of the room, his back to the group, leading the pledge of allegiance to the stars and stripes hanging on the wall. A rendition of "Aloha `Oe" followed, the seniors joining in song as assiduously as they had recited the pledge.[3] John ran the meeting, and introduced me at the end. I spoke of my research, still focusing on adoption as an approach to Hawai`i–US relations. The seniors responded with indifference. As president of the group, John took on the responsibility of communicating my message in their words. She is interested in Hawaiian *custom*, he said, and the "ways of old." Then, after the meeting ended, he spent forty-five minutes talking story into my tape recorder.

So began a friendship that is crucial to the form and approach of *The Legacies of a Hawaiian Generation.* Several years after we met, John added a typed document to the stories he had already provided in hours of talk, in tape recordings, and in letters. The "book," as he described it, was called *Life Story of a Native Hawaiian,* and the subtitle read "100 percent Hawaiian."[4] John's reference to a percentage both recalls and rejects the US government's cat-

egorization of Native Hawaiians as a racial group, with blood quantum taken as the measure. By referring to the loaded percentage notion, John acknowledged the power of an imposed racial definition in his life. By claiming "100 percent," he asserted that being Hawaiian, acting Hawaiian, and practicing Hawaiian "ways" meant something radically different from the bureaucratically inscribed blood quantum.[5]

The subtitle of *Life Story of a Native Hawaiian* connects the percentage to the names of his father and his mother, which appear on the lines above: "Kaheekai Kuakahela Simeona and Sarah Kealohapauole." The phrase equally points forward, to thirty-two chapters in which he describes the customs, behaviors, and attitudes that comprise his identification of himself as a Native Hawaiian man.[6]

The process of identification through an enactment of Hawaiian values persisted even as he engaged—involuntarily and then voluntarily—in the institutions established by an American colonial regime. From his childhood in the Hawaiian Homestead of Keaukaha, on the Big Island, to the last years of his life in the Waimānalo Homestead on O`ahu, John brought the lessons of his ancestors to bear on practices and injustices that are the outcome of US governance. In a phrase he would not have used, John *negotiated* his Hawaiian and his American identities until the end of his life. He died in June 1996.

After his death, his sister Eleanor took me under her wing, assuming her responsibility as the *hānau mua,* eldest living member of the family, the accepted source of wisdom, and the keeper of tradition.[7] She carried on the relationship between Native Hawaiian and outsider that John had begun. Through the years of our friendship, John and Eleanor influenced my approach as a cultural anthropologist.[8] From them, I learned the significance of writing with commitment, of avoiding the neutral voice conventionally prescribed in academic disciplines, and of including bonds of attachment as a form of data.

John offered advice on the book about Hawai`i and the United States he expected me to write. Although he told the seniors in Waimānalo I was studying "Hawaiian custom," his subsequent interactions with me conveyed a different subject, one closer to his own efforts to sustain Hawaiian values within an American milieu. Over the years, he shared his changing interpretations of the past in the face of developments in the present he called *modern times.* His interpretations of custom reflected his perspective on my work. At first he viewed me as the researcher, an anthropologist visiting the senior citizens group. I was a *malihini,* a stranger who came to the shores of Hawai`i to pursue my project. In time, my work established my genealogy and accorded me a place, without erasing my origins: a *haole* from the mainland—pale and citified. John did not solidify those identities, any more than he held one position regarding his own identity. He would, he teased, "brown" me in the sun, fatten

me on Hawaiian foods, and, most importantly, socialize me in proper Hawaiian manners. Through acting right, I might achieve understanding. In a letter about my work, he jested: now you are becoming "*hapa Hawaiian.*"

Hapa is crucial to the chapters in this book. *Hapa* translates as "half," and the common usage in Hawai`i is *hapa haole:* residents of the islands whose background is half Caucasian and half Hawaiian. Over time, the term *hapa* grew to include other locals, thereby shedding the one-dimensional racial significance of whiteness.[9] Stretching from a dichotomous categorization, the change softened the colonial impact of the designation, placing hapa along a complex continuum of difference.

Critics claim that hapa haole resembles "Hawaiian at heart" with its superficial embrace of Hawaiian culture.[10] For John, however, hapa was positive, a sign of flexible identities. When he called me "hapa Hawaiian," he reversed the negative attributions of hapa by assuming I could learn the processes that produce identification as a Native Hawaiian person.[11] For him, hapa represented an active and respectful apprenticeship to experts in culture teaching. I could learn to act according to Hawaiian cultural norms by listening to the elders, by observing behaviors, and by keeping my mouth shut. "Be quiet," he instructed, "and wait for the stories." In granting me the possibility of moving between identities, from malihini anthropologist to familiar pupil, he mimicked his own life story. For over seventy years, he had worked at juxtaposing the behaviors that represented *being Hawaiian* with those that demonstrated his acquisition of American teachings; he learned how to practice the right culture at the right time. Hapa was no more a portion or fraction than was 100 percent a fixed totality. As individuals judge and measure Native Hawaiian and American influences in their everyday lives, the components are inevitably in flux, reflecting shifting relationships.

Relationships are at the core of this book. My relationship with John, moving from friendship to collaboration—he called the project "ours"—has primary place as inspiration and as ligament for the following five chapters. We were culture learners together, he said, crossing geographical, historical, and cultural boundaries in our many conversations. Hapa shifted for John, too, as he prepared his writings for my students, colleagues, and an audience entranced by tourist images of Hawai`i. "Your students don't know Hawaiian culture," he told me. He had brought his learning to the `ohana in his *Life Story,* and he adjusted the presentation—and the meanings of being Hawaiian—for a project that through me entered another arena.

Eleanor was my other teacher, and she participated in the project less as a partner than as a *kupuna* (elder) and expert. She also extended her interpretations of Hawaiian identity through conversations about my work, my role as pupil, and my perspective on a place she revered.

Beach Crossings

I have always admired the work of Greg Dening and I particularly like the title of his 2004 book *Beach Crossings*, contemplating fifty years of writing about Oceania. I like the title because it resonates with my relationship with John. I can think of our partnership as a mutual beach crossing: he pulled me toward Hawaiian ways when he corrected my "manners" and I pulled him toward my side of the beach when he placed his writings in an academic context.

"This wet stretch between land and sea is the true beach, the true in-between space," writes Dening, who continues: "it is a sacred, a *tapu* space, an unresolved space where things can happen, where things can be made to happen. It is a space of transformation. It is a space of crossings."[12] John and I sat at his favorite Waimānalo Beach for hours, talking story. We sat in between, under casuarina trees that separated dry land from the sea. Eventually we crossed the highway—named after Prince Jonah Kūhiō Kalaniana`ole—that separated the beach park from homestead lots.[13] I met his daughter, her husband, and the four children I was to watch grow up. I met John's sister Winona, who painted his kitchen cabinets black, and I met his sister Eleanor, second oldest in the family. Winona moved away, but my relationship with Eleanor evolved and developed its own character, just as her negotiation between being Hawaiian and being American differed from her brother's. She was the political actor in the family, participant in the cultural renaissance in the 1970s, Department of Hawaiian Home Lands commissioner in the 1980s, and self-defined activist in the 1990s. Auntie Eleanor died in December 2008.

She was "Auntie" but John was never "Uncle" for me. He had initially defined our relationship as reciprocal, an equal exchange of information; we were, in his words, first partners, then collaborators, and finally good friends. "Aloha Pumehana," he began his letters, that means "greetings with affection," he explained. The first self-reference he offered me persisted throughout the years I knew him. When I met Eleanor, I was already pupil, learner, and *familiar*; "Auntie" suited our relationship from the start.

John and Eleanor opened a space in the whole `ohana for me. In different ways, each member of the family welcomed the visiting anthropologist who "came home" every summer.[14] Yet while other anthropologists have described themselves as "kin" in a family—sister or child—a fixed relational category does not fit either my experience or the notion of kinship in an `ohana. I was welcomed home and I did, in a fashion, belong to the `ohana, but I also slipped back and forth across boundaries: I went home to Pittsburgh every year. John kept these crossings in our minds when he used the term *hapa.* To belong, in the Native Hawaiian cultural context, means acting with concern, generosity, and involvement, not the kind of inherent connection my own culture sug-

gests. I was both in and out of the `ohana, a crossing that did not contradict the understandings of relationship I learned in Hawai`i.

Over a decade and a half, I formed other relationships, with individuals who became colleagues and friends. In 1989, I was granted an office in the Kamehameha Schools, on Kapalama Heights behind Honolulu. I spent hours talking with parents of children in the preschool program. Sitting in parks and playgrounds, these parents talked about education in Hawai`i, about their ambitions for the children, and about the implications of private schooling reserved for children of Native Hawaiian ancestry in an American state.[15] Teachers at Kamehameha talked with me about the same issues, struggling with the meaning of Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop's bequest in the context of scarce resources and an increasingly vocal sovereignty movement.

A year later, in 1990, an anthropologist, Stephen Boggs, introduced me to teachers and social workers in Waimānalo. I met Helene, and she and her husband Gordon became my close friends. After they married, they had moved into the homestead, where they raised three children and five *mo`opuna* (grandchildren). Throughout the 1990s and into the new century, each devoted hours to the improvement of conditions on the homestead—particularly the education of a younger generation. Helene died in September 2008. Gordon is still a friend, a colleague, and a wise advisor for my project.

In 1990, too, I participated in two groups on the Wai`anae Coast—an anger management group for men and a domestic violence group for women. I made friends there, too, with both men and women, and they expanded my circles of contact. I sat on Nanakuli Beach, I watched Odetta paddle into Wai`anae Bay with her canoe team, and I attended meetings at the Wai`anae Health Center. For some people I remained the inquiring anthropologist, and those individuals kindly provided information on the persistence of custom in a modern state. For others I became pupil, a person who could learn Hawaiian ways of life by listening and watching—no longer a complete stranger.

John and Eleanor also gave me "writings." In addition to *Life Story of a Native Hawaiian,* John wrote two books for me: a *Work History* and a *Family History.*[16] Eleanor gave me her four books on Hawaiian grammar written for the language revitalization project in Hilo, a book of Hawaiian recipes, and letters she had written as president of a homestead *hui,* or association. A 2009 collection of women's stories includes her memoir of her mother.[17] Both siblings used the word *writings* to refer to stories prepared for a "mixed" audience—outsiders to Native Hawaiian culture as well as intimates within that culture. These stories differ in style, though not consistently, from the mo`olelo recorded on tape and in the many conversations the two contributed to my book.

And alongside these stories were the hundreds of letters John sent to me over eight years. Sometimes he wrote every day and sometimes only when he could spare time from his other projects. These letters addressed my life

and my family, my work and my visits to Hawai`i, and they provided lessons couched in advice, sympathy, and understanding. John's handwritten letters offer invaluable reflections on his life, on conditions in the state of Hawai`i, and on the future for Native Hawaiians in a twenty-first-century world.

Stories and Histories

Different relationships with me produced different stories—some cautious about the role of the United States in Hawai`i, and others deeply, frankly, critical of a nation that had stolen land and suppressed the language of an indigenous people. The composite provided a picture of American colonialism full of subtexts, modifications, and intersecting themes. Without minimizing the injustice and the illegality of the American takeover, my account emphasizes the fluidity of the relationship between Hawai`i and the United States—and points to the possibility of change in the twenty-first century.

John welcomed me into his `ohana, a stranger from the nation that had taken over an existing *lāhui* (nation), seized acres of land, and subdued the voices of the people. Our conversations crossed over this intersecting history, and we exchanged interpretations of the role of the US in Hawai`i. John interpreted American presence through the lens of a public school education, his time in the Army, and his job at the Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard. In the mid-1990s, he sent me letters carefully assessing the sovereignty movement in terms of timing, responsibility to the people, and the debt the United States owed Native Hawaiians.[18] Eleanor was more directly critical in her talk, sharply appraising the outcome of the federal government's Hawaiian Homes Commission Act, recalling her protests against military appropriation of acreage, and arguing for revisions in the American judiciary system in Hawai`i.

Like John, Eleanor, and others I met, I am critical of the role the US plays in Hawai`i, and I indicate the continuation of colonial practices from earliest contact, through the territorial period, and into statehood. My book, however, is not a history of American colonialism. Nor is it a study of Native Hawaiian culture under US domination. Rather, I tell a story of relationships between an often overwhelming, arrogant, and appropriative nation and the people whose ancestry stretches to the eras before James Cook introduced the Western world to Hawai`i.[19] I write about members of a generation who identified strongly with Native Hawaiian culture despite the insistent efforts of the United States to assimilate and deny them identity as an indigenous people. This is a generation, too, that grew critical of the benefits offered by the federal and, after 1959, the state government, that warned their children and grandchildren about the "superficiality" in American construction of the islands, and that worked to counteract a spreading consumerism by practicing/teaching values drawn from "the people of old."[20] Yet, as John and Eleanor conveyed,

a given relationship with the United States offered opportunity; both insisted, for instance, on Standard English as a route "to the future." The stories I heard from them deny the simplicity of a historical narrative propelled by colonial intrusion and indigenous opposition.

In this book, I shun theoretical approaches that exceptionalize American imperialism as benevolent assimilation and limit the resilience of Native Hawaiians to nostalgic traditionalism.[21] I have an equally skeptical attitude toward approaches in which resistance becomes the exclusive strategy that allows indigenous people to regain their cultural autonomy and sovereignty, and to shed the legacies of colonialism.[22] While insisting on the fact of American conquest, I try in the following chapters to capture the complexities of Hawaiian history through the lens of the many and diverse accounts that contest and subvert the dichotomous narratives of colonization and resistance.[23]

These accounts emerge from stories exchanged on diverse occasions. In interviews, conversations, and casual kitchen-table chat, the individuals I met told stories, adapting the exemplary Native Hawaiian–style discourse. "When you come, we can *talk stories* about everything," John wrote to me in 1994.[24] Digressive, anecdotal, and meandering, talk-story captures a person's perspective and stance in the world.[25] "These stories are all mo`olelo," the Hawaiian historian Jonathan Osorio explains, "whether they tell of mythic beings, of 'real' individuals whose power and influence affected the society in which they lived, of personal occurrences and family stories, and whether remembered in the mind or committed to writing." Such stories are a form of recounting and assessing experience, as well as placing personal reflections into a wider context. Such stories are history, no less (and no more) factual, true, or neutral than the "disciplined" history of the conventionally trained Western scholar. Osorio points to another dimension: mo`olelo, he continues, are a "form of assertive scholarship," meant to persuade, motivate, and call the reader to action.[26] As Auntie Eleanor put it, a person writes in order to cause change. "'*Ōlelo*': 'word' or 'speech' was far more than a means of communicating. … The word was itself a force."[27]

Writing alters the power of the word, freeing expression from the constraints of oral communication and opening the way to an assertion of individual viewpoint.[28] Eleanor put it clearly one afternoon: "all books are a person's opinion." She referred to the book she knew I was planning to write—a warning, perhaps, or more likely a lesson. And she presented a challenge: to assert a point of view without making oneself the central subject of the story.

Writing Lives

In one of his early morning phone calls, John asked me, "When will you finish my biography?" I was startled by the question. I had not thought of our inter-

actions that way. I had not considered the outcome of my research in Hawai`i to be the account of an individual life. I have mulled over his question ever since. Why, when John's writings, talk-stories, and gestures of incorporation are crucial to my experience of Hawai`i, did I not write his biography? His *Life Story of a Native Hawaiian* provides part of the answer.

John wrote *Life Story* in 1982 and he gave it to me a few years after we met. The sixty-four-page document, typed by a daughter, traces his life from childhood through adulthood. Chronology, however, serves to organize a wealth of digressions, anecdotes, and assertive points of view. Talk-story style, John's *Life Story* is a mo`olelo, a tale of *being Hawaiian* under the hegemonic rule of the United States. It is also a mo`olelo in that the writer calls a younger generation to action, insisting on the importance of custom as a strategic response to the policies enforced by state and federal governments. His five-page list of medicinal "Hawaiian Herb plants," for instance, precedes a list of the teachers in his American public school—a comment on the juxtapositions he managed all his life. In thirty-two chapters, the writer offers instruction on combining the arts of *ka po`e kahiko* (the people of old) with the techniques necessary for success in the "modern" world. Consequently, the person—the presumptive hero of autobiography (or biography, for that matter)—is conveyed through the process of managing identities, negotiating cultures, histories, and opportunities. John's portrayal blends Native Hawaiian notions of self as embedded in social relations with American-style emphasis on individual agency and responsibility.

John wrote *Life Story* to instruct his children and grandchildren in his knowledge, his "learning," and his experience.[29] He wrote in English, the language he had learned—and initially resisted—in American public schools. By the time he sat down to do his writing, the language of the conqueror served the purpose of the conquered or, at least, provided John with a wider audience. The daughter who typed the manuscript occasionally edited, crossing out pidgin (Hawaiian Creole English) and inserting English: *uncle-them* becomes "my uncle and his family." When he gave the document to me, he turned me into pupil—and into a messenger for principles to which he was committed and values he brought from the past.

Over the years, John gave me more of his writings. He sent hundreds of letters, and with the passing of time, he used pidgin to express strong emotions and forceful opinions. Letters that tell the story of the Second World War, for instance, are sprinkled with pidgin, and pidgin phrases appear in the two accounts he wrote especially for me, the *Work History* and the *Family History.*[30] Work and family were, for him, the core of his identity—and the arc along which he negotiated between acting "100 percent Hawaiian" and being an American citizen. In return for his writings, he asked for mine—for my books and articles, in addition to the letters I sent from Pittsburgh. I gave him my

biography of Ruth Benedict, and he responded with a letter full of comments. "It is hard," he said, "to write about another person." It takes work, he continued, to put everything down in words. The biography of Benedict appealed to him—the writing of mine he most evidently appreciated.[31] Because, I learned, the biography absorbed my "knowledge," and he generously treated it like my mo`olelo—a perspective on the world through the story of a life.

I have not written a biography, as John suggested on that early spring morning.[32] Instead, I accepted a lesson about writing lives from his *Life Story.* His is not an account of a single individual, but rather his intent emerges as pedagogical: his mo`olelo is the story of transmitting knowledge and learning to future generations. Biography, in its conventional definition, does not suit the "life" John gave me in numerous talk-stories, on beaches, at home, and through letters. His way of telling lives provides a template for the wider story I tell of a fluid, complicated, and often inequitable relationship between Hawai`i and the United States.

Guided by John and by Eleanor, my story reflects the knowledge/learning of a particular generation. Throughout the following chapters, the term *generation* has several meanings. In the context of kinship, it represents not only elders by age—a grandparental generation—but also kūpuna, "elderlys" (in John's word) who possess special wisdom. These kūpuna play a crucial role in the "transmission of cultural heritage" for Native Hawaiians. At the same time John and Eleanor are part of a social generation, individuals exposed to the same historical events and the same intrusions by the United States into their everyday lives.

Born in the 1920s and 1930s, members of the generation shared a process of Americanization that influenced negotiations of identity as they moved into adulthood. Two decades old, territorial status seemed to lock the fate of Hawai`i to the United States. The Great Depression further toppled the self-sustaining economy their parents and grandparents struggled to maintain. And the continued dominance of a haole elite—complemented by the melting-pot ideology of American citizenship—restricted the expression of indigenous language and custom.

Such common experiences did not result in an individualized, passive, and silent cohort of territorial subjects. Not simply docile or compliant with a colonial regime, this generation exchanged mo`olelo—as John and Eleanor did—in order to preserve, pass on, and perform the values of the past. They were a generation "in actuality," as Karl Mannheim put it, vigorously determining the "common destiny" of the Native Hawaiian people.[33]

John initially introduced me to members of this generation, the siblings and cousins he recommended as "experts" on Native Hawaiian culture. I was neither the first nor the last pupil. The elderlys to whom John attributed wisdom accepted a burden, a *kuleana* or responsibility to the youth who would inherit

new stories and altered social contexts. Defined by a relationship to predecessors and to successors, not by kinship or age, *`ōpio* (youth) turned to the elders when, in the 1970s, historical circumstances gave birth to a Hawaiian cultural renaissance. The experiences, the "generational consciousness" of kūpuna, provided essential resources for a movement whose outcome neither John nor Eleanor prescribed when they urged action on "those who come after."

John's *Life Story* ends: "I love everybody in our surroundings, my family, my friends and our good Lord for giving me this privilege to put all I know about my livelihood, my knowledge, my learning, my good attitude and all the good things I know from my past and from my present experiences. I hope that my family will do the same for their families, when they get as old as I am." In my book, I try to fulfill the task John gave his `ohana and that his generation gave the next.

Organization

The chapters are roughly chronological, following the life span of John and of Eleanor. From the 1920s, when John was born, to the first decade of the twenty-first century, when Eleanor died, I delineate major strands in the history of Hawai`i through the eyes of a generation that negotiated identity as Native Hawaiian against the grain of Americanization. In a culture of oral remembering, in stories, chants, and song, the telling of experience at once interprets and domesticates—brings into generational relations—the core values of the past. Moreover, `ōlelo (the word) has a force, and constitutes the doing/learning nexus that transmits Hawaiian cultural traditions. The "elderly" generation worked to exemplify custom for a younger generation, exposed to the forces of an American way of life.

Inasmuch as my account depends on the mo`olelo I heard, I refrain from burdening those stories with the paraphernalia of my own academic background. Rather, I weave material from relevant anthropological and historical literature into the stories told by "ordinary" people—the main spokespersons in this book.[34] In this effort, recent works by Native Hawaiian scholars play a crucial role. These writings uncover aspects of the relation between kānaka maoli and the United States that alter the way this relation has been seen by primarily Western or Western-trained scholars. In the following five chapters, I demonstrate how an intersection between everyday mo`olelo and Native Hawaiian scholarship can revise theoretical and methodological approaches to colonialism, to indigeneity, and to movements for self-determination.

Each chapter moves between present and past, combining memories, comments on current conditions in Hawai`i, and projections into the future for the state and its heterogeneous population. Like the stories I heard, the chapters

are organized around the subjects that most forcefully bring US colonial policies and practices into the realm of personal experience. I depict the impact of relations of power on individuals who strenuously and steadfastly redesign that impact every day of their lives.

The book begins where John and Eleanor spent their childhood: on the homestead called Keaukaha, five miles from Hilo, Hawai`i's second largest city. Chapter 1, "Living on the Land," examines the significance of a Congressional act, the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act, for the way individuals interpret Hawaiian values and the impact of a colonial government on those values. The chapter moves between the viewpoints of John and Eleanor, and the background in policies of land distribution that haole advisors initiated in the mid–nineteenth century and that remain under dispute today. For John and Eleanor, Keaukaha connected past and present, represented the virtues of Hawaiian culture, and demonstrated the possibilities for future economic development on the part of Native Hawaiians. The chapter ends with Eleanor's script for improving the lives of Native Hawaiians, and her vision of Hawai`i in an international arena.

In 1930, John and, three years later, Eleanor walked the half-mile from home to Keaukaha Elementary School. Chapter 2, "'Educating the Polynesian American,'" describes two worlds of learning, strikingly at odds with one another. The practical, experiential learning through which John and Eleanor acquired "arts and skills" contrasted with American teacher-centered instruction in an alien language. In the chapter, I show how American public school perpetuates the civilizing mission of nineteenth-century settlers, with their ideas of work, virtue, and character. A Department of Public Instruction policy that followed the dictates of a plantation economy and reiterated the racism of US colonial practices tracked the children of the territory into place. At sixteen, John quit school and joined the Civilian Conservation Corps. The chapter concludes with a reappraisal of colonial practices through John's appreciation of a 1930s US federal work program for its preservation of Hawaiian-style *mālama `āina* (care for the land).

Pearl Harbor, 7 December 1941, transformed the economic, political, and social structures of the territory. A rush of newcomers, wartime jobs, and service in the military reconfigured the relationship between Hawai`i and the United States. Through his writings, John provides a unique perspective on the importance of World War II for a Native Hawaiian man, and chapter 3, "Work, War, and Loyalty," closely follows his accounts. In *Life Story, Work History, Family History,* and numerous letters, John reflected on the manipulation of race by an American government at war: the discriminatory division of labor in defense industries; the designation of enemy aliens at home; the treatment of the enemy abroad; and, the contradiction between US propaganda and administrative practice. Returning to Hawai`i for John, as for thousands of others,

exposed the two sides of US rule: new opportunities in a post-war economy were bound to visible and demonstrated loyalty to an American way of life.

John's return to Honolulu coincided with the post-war years of prosperity in the islands. In Chapter 4, "Making a Way, Building a Family," John's search for work and for housing in a competitive environment tells a larger story of the increasing Americanization of Hawai`i, formalized by statehood in 1959. But, the chapter shows, Americanization did not overpower indigenous Hawaiian culture. For John and Eleanor, the privileges of US citizenship became resources for maintaining values associated with homestead life. The chapter depicts a turn in Native Hawaiian reactions to colonial history, as individuals like John and Eleanor increasingly used US law and ideals of democracy in order to maintain Hawaiian-style kinship and relationship with the land. At the same time, class differences, the changing worth of property, and federal programs intruded further into the lives of Native Hawaiians.

Chapter 5, "'Stand Fast and Continue,'" concludes my book. By the end of the century, John and Eleanor assumed the role of hānau mua, wise elders and caretakers of custom. The role carried a *luhi*—the burden of serving the people. This chapter draws on the activities (and the writings) of John and Eleanor to examine the impact of grassroots associations on the federal and state agencies that regulate Native Hawaiian lives. At meetings and in casual conversations, as well as in documents and public statements, individuals I knew on homesteads and elsewhere in the state condemned the United States for its failures to compensate an indigenous people for the loss of land and nationhood. Talk-stories spell out those failures, in anecdotes that define the problems faced by individuals in their everyday lives. These stories reveal a profound opposition to the categories, divisions, and institutions mandated by a federal government still negotiating its responsibilities in terms of race. For John and for Eleanor, poverty and dispossession justify demands against the US, and provide a designation of *Native Hawaiian* based on history and not on race. These are the stories that count. Told by the generation John and Eleanor represent, hānau mua in an American state, the stories convert the past into a vital template for the future.

Notes

1. Robert Levy's inquiries into adoption on Tahiti—Polynesian custom under the impact of French law—influenced my original research idea. See Levy, *The Tahitians: Mind and Experience in the Society Islands.*
2. My thanks to Stephen Boggs for this contact.
3. Composed by Queen Lili`uokalani, "Aloha `Oe" is often sung to represent the spirit of Hawai`i.