

Harriet Ne
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I was brought up in an atmosphere where malehula was taught. This was in the valley of Pelelumu on the east coast of Molokai. I was born on Oahu but at 4 mths. I was taken back to Molokai. I became interested at 5 years - old. I had the opportunity to walk in and out of the halau and watch the ^{male} dancers train. I had three uncles who had a halau so I was permitted entrance. I learned to take my first steps to the beat of the palm drum.

My nickname was "Lovely Hula Hands". When I was growing up my Auntie would tell me to be proud of my hands. I was always conscious of my hands.

Ka'o'o was the outstanding kumu hula of Molokai. He was my first kumu. He taught me that you cannot do anything unless you have the right feeling within you. You can feel the vibration when ~~the~~ your thoughts about the hula are correct. I was 5 years - old when I started w/ Ka'o'o. He believed in training early in the morning. He believed that hula ^{training} should start when the sun is rising in the east. ~~He~~ He taught me how important the sun is to the Hawaiian lifestyle, culture. He taught me that you have to go with thoughts inside you when you dance. The sun is shining and another day is beginning where you are going to learn something new. Your heart and mind must be wide open to the acceptance of these teachings and that means you must discipline yourself to be open.

My second kumu was when I came to Honolulu to attend High School because there was no high school on Molokai at that time. My kumu lived out in

Kahului. His name was Kapule, a big, husky hapa-haole. He gave every student special attention. He would stress on good points and work on his students weaknesses after class. I stayed w/ Kapule for 3 years. I was mixed up at this time because my father was a minister and he said I cannot be a Christian and ~~dedicate myself to Laka~~ ~~dedicate myself to Laka~~ at the same time. So he yanked me out of the class.

We lived up in Kaimuki on 9th Ave. So my mother found a teacher in Kaimuki named Enolia Palea. I was w/ him for 2 years until my father pulled me from the class again. My father did not want me to dedicate myself to the old gods.

My next kumu hula was Nanawai. He was a dreamer but he was very good. He used to say to dance the hula you have to be a dreamer because you have to imagine yourself in another world, you have to fantasize about the chant. You have to ~~be~~ be a dreamer, to dance. It took me seven years with Nanawai before I was able to uniki. The uniki was a equal measure of modern and ancient ceremony. He taught me at Nalani Hawaiian Village in Waileale on Kaula Island Ave.

I began teaching at 46 years old. I thought there was a need for our young children to learn about their culture. ~~so I chose the hula~~ I began to teach the hula through the YH Club I was involved with.

I had an opportunity to go to college at Pacific University in Oregon but my haumana begged me stay. I was 42 at that time.

I was teaching

But I didn't really have what I considered a halau until 1958. In 1958 one of my uncles was dying at Humuhumu Home. He asked me to come visit I went to visit him and he asked me if I was teaching. I said I was teaching boys and girls on Molokai. He told me to teach the Molokai kuni to ~~the~~ ^{the men of Molokai first.} When I told him I didn't know the step he told me to come to the side of the bed and he spit into my mouth. This was the old Hawaiian way of passing one's talent onto another generation. ^{the family.} He then got out of bed and performed the Molokai lei steps for me. He then lay down on the bed and I think he was very happy because he had passed on the lei style ~~of the~~ that ~~was~~ had originated on Molokai. A few days later he passed away. So I opened a halau filled with only boys from Molokai.