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Tutu Keaka Kanahale

My background <sup>in</sup> the hula started more than 50 years ago, with Tutu Keala Kanahale, who is the grandmother of Eleanor Hiram. Tutu Keaka was our neighbor for many years, it was easy for me to go through the back fence twice a week and I was at practice. I practiced with her for many years, in Kalihi on ~~Mokuae~~ <sup>Mokuae</sup> Street, and then she moved to King Street, between the depot and Dillingham Blvd., where my practice continued, every Saturday for 4 hours. We entered with uke ke ke ukeke, and when right into <sup>the</sup> ~~or~~ dance. Practice was also, hands up against the wall, knees bend and kaholo, shoulders straight with other intensities. We also practiced at Aunty Muriel Lupenai's home on Waikamilo Road, with Aunty Katie. One night stands out exceptionally at the Princess Theater, when it was our turn, 6 girls in line, I was the first out, my right foot stepped out on the stage and I fell and was unconscience till the show was completely over. I should have known not to dance that night, but I wanted too so much and did not tell Tutu Keaka about my maïwahine, she knew when I fell what had happened, and that did not happen ever again.

*Tutu Keaka* Aloha No ~~Tutu Keaka~~

Lokalia Montgomery

The State Foundation on Culture & Arts asked Lokalia Montgomery to select someone to leave her knowledge too. Lokalia Montgomery at a conference in Kona at the Halehalawai asked about fifteen of us to her home, for lunch and announced that I was the one she had chosen. I told her she had to make another choice because I had other obligations. She pounded the table and said if I was not going to accept, she would take it with her. So I stayed with her in Kona about 1 year, coming home every other week to be with my family and work. My training with her was from dawn to dusk, 6 days a week, even in Honolulu.

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If I was on the 14th verse of 15 verses, and made a mistake on th 14th, I was to go back and start, all over again from the 1st verse. During my training with her, I did not do anything. She prepared all my meals, did everything for me, even to get a glass of water. All I did was train, concentrating on an enviromental feeling for the hula, and chants.

The emphasis that was concentrated only on those walls within that institution. Lokalia Montgomery lefted with me many chants and tableau that have not been heard of. There came a time, when I could not bend my knees, at that point my son Kamaki took my place and continued with her

Kealoha No, Mama Lokalia .

There is <sup>not</sup> no comparable resources of even greater concern, <sup>re</sup> responding to the lessons I have learned, the efforts and support of these great artists, that I pay the highest tribute too. The impact on my participating artists was projected as a stabilizing factor in my hula carrer, lacking other means for independent artistic activities.

I <sup>st</sup> much also pay tribute to my mother Sarah Kalanihookaha Hakuole Mengler and my father, Henry T. Mengler, whom permitted me to attend the hula classes, and not the library at times,

Mekealoha pumehana,

Daddy and Mama

AGNES KALANIHOOKAHA COPE