ELL me one of your many legends, Puna, some tale belonging to the Big Island of Hawai'i where Kamehameha First, whom many people call the 'Napoleon of the Pacific,' was born—something different, something altogether apart from the lore of Pele, goddess of Volcanoes, creator of the Islands. 'Tell me some sweet story of a lovely, flowerlike girl and a handsome lover steadfast and true."

So spoke a tawny-skinned young girl to her indulgent old Hawaiian nurse whose bent form bespoke four score years and more.

The beautiful girl made a charming picture as she reclined on an exquisite, almost priceless makaloa mat, patterned with small brown squares and tiny triangle designs of finely-woven rush that looked as lovely and was as soft as a silken coverlet.

A shady hau tree with its pale gold and russet-tinted, bell-like blossoms formed a canopy above her head, whose flowing, almost-raven-like tresses fell abundantly below her waist in perfect abandon. An orange-colored hala lei entwined with green nokele (myrtle), held the stray tresses in place and away from her forehead, forming a coronet. Her long, sweeping black lashes half-concealed soft eyes that gleamed like burnished copper.

Her whole attitude bespoke an appeal as she leaned forward, with her chin resting in the slender amber-like hands bent back from softly-moulded wrists and arms, while she held a red ripe ohia fruit lightly poised in the frail tips of the tapering fingers of the other hand.

Her narrow, arched bare feet bespoke a nervous impatience as they peeped from beneath the folds of her brilliant red muumuu (Hawaiian house dress)—their tiny toes moving rhythmically back and forth.

Her devoted old nurse sat on the edge of the mat, facing her. Her lap was filled with stubby green hala fruit contrasting sharply with her black holahu (H.}

"How beautiful!" exclaimed pleasure it would be to see them with the story, please."

Then her old nurse's voice flowed, chant, apparently chiding, impatiently—

"The youths of Kohala—never Their hapa-togas are alread They need not the rain nor For their shoulders are even.

So worry not for thou The story of the Pink-God Whose glowing beam is seen And she of the snow-white Whose heart melts at his ch."

"Listen," continued Puna; "the snow seen on Mauna Kea, the great towers above and almost touches the summit of snow-clad peaks clinging near the sun, at Hikiana (the Be) Kipu'ua pū'u (chilling) rain continues sweeping down to the district of Kekaha, and away up on this great a beautiful snow-white maiden (Bosom of Treasure), who wears snow-white hina-hina blossoms the tain tops.

"She is known as the Snow She is the favorite daughter of the Creator of Waters, and the God Hina. Her nurse's name is Lihau. "Ka-ne, her father, created a with beautiful clear water within the summit of Mauna-kea, reflecting a basin behind the snow-clad peak..."
that he had ever seen. He was known as Ku-kahau-ula (the Pink-Tinted Snow’s Arrival), the Pink-Tinted Snow-God of Mauna-kea, who made daily pilgrimages to court the Snow Goddess at morn and in afternoon.

“Throwing his pink hapa (robe) over his shoulders, and starting down on the first sun’s ray, beyond Hahane, the Land of Desire at the eastern gateway of the sun at Kahiki (the Beyond), he tried to approach as near as possible the place where she dwelt upon the snow-capped mountain. He watched her each day as she played with the Kini-aluma (fairies) amongst the silversword abounding near the pool, and sometimes further down near the fern-belt. But her faithful attendant, Lihau, (the Chilling Frost) was always with her.

“Each day he became more fascinated and made every effort to reach her abode and court her—win her for his bride—but Lihau, another sprite (the Fine Rain) drove him back, and at other times when he started, Pele’s sister at the eastern gateway of the sun endeavored to entice him away, all striving to prevent him visiting Poliahu at Mauna-kea.

“Undaunted, he continued his pilgrimages, sending his plea towards Mauna-kea. One day when Poliahu had grown into womanhood, the handsome prince espied her, dentifying her by her fine soft white hapa robe that Hina, her mother, had beaten out so beautifully from the bark of the Wau-ke plant with her magic hapa beaters; until it resembled soft white clouds when finished. Her nurse, Ahu, wrapped it around her.

“Poliahu was coming slowly down the mountainside almost to where plant life grew when she saw her, and immediately was enraptured with her beauty, beholding her from her place of vantage. Her sparkling face and livine form were radiant beauty, and it seemed to him that she even outshone the silvery-white hina-hina blossoms. Throwing his pink hapa over his shoulder again, he hastened to greet her, but her nurse, Lihau (the Chilling Frost) and Kipau pu’u (the Hail) came out and found her. It became so chilly he withdrew his feet.

“However, that did not weaken his resolution to court her. The next day he departed earlier than usual on his love quest—for he planned all night how this feat of winning the Snow Goddess for his own could be accomplished, and when dawn arrived he departed bravely, but Lihau (the Fine Rain) chased him away again. Again and again he made the attempt at each new dawn of day and near sunset, approaching closer and closer until one day Poliahu’s mother, Hina, (Goddess of Mist) discovered him just as he was nearing the Snow Goddess.

“Another dawn came and he started again, wearing his usual pink hapa robe, full of hope, and determined to win his heart’s desire that day.

“Hina, who was on guard, saw him and sent the biting black rain after him. He glided back and forth and waited until the rain had disappeared, when he departed again, his pink hapa so vivid as he traversed the heavens that its reflection caused a glorious rainbow to arch. When the sentinel Merman saw the rainbow caused by the radiant form of the Pink God reflected in the mist, he understood the omen of love and took pity on him, and blew his conch shell, calling out to him:

“Oh, Magnificent Pink Lord, come tomorrow at dawn and I will show you the way to meet Poliahu and conquer Hina; come with thy iridescent pink robe; part the Gray Veil of Night, and send thy red glow to fascinate her.

“I have watched thee daily as thou sailed the heavens in quest of thy loved one, at morn and in afternoons, and am convinced of thy love; come to the swimming pool; he not afraid of Lihau’s anger; you can overcome her coldness.

“Ku-kahau-ula did as he was told, and as he started down in all his radiant beauty, he saw Moo-i-nanes beckoning and he came a little nearer to the topmost peak with his pink hapa cloth outspread prepared to throw one end of it over the shoulder of the Snow Goddess.

“Poliahu, seeing him at that moment, called out to her mother in ecstasy and delight:

“Oh, Hina! Behold the handsome one as he stands at the very edge of the sun’s ray—all ray himself—and his rosy form is sending a warmth to my bosom. He is wearing a pink helmet and is swathed in a pink cape. Look, mother Hina! Call to him to come nearer that I may chant a message of aloha to him!

“Hina was beside herself with fear and grief at the possibility of losing her daughter, for she saw that her beauty had attracted Poliahu, and again, she sent the biting, driving wind and the cold, white mist over the land until the Pink Snow God was lost in the fog and it took him some time to find his home. He became discouraged, and he chanted to the sentinel of the pool, appealing to him to come to his assistance, for he was burning with an unquenchable love for Poliahu.

“‘Lead me over the swimming pool, to my beloved; to the gods Ka-me and Hina that they may know of my devotion.’

“‘Then,’ the sentinel called to him, ‘come, brave one of the sky, but you must first conceal your beautiful pink hapa robe from view until you arrive at the pool.’

Exhibit B.13p
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