


on the north side of Kohala Mountain. A black sand beach with a wide, shallow sandbar offshore and high vegetated dunes in the backshore front the valley. Ironwood trees are the primary dune vegetation. The surf site is a shorebreak on the sandbar, and the beach is a popular beachcombing site. The black sand is detrital material eroded and transported to the shore by Pololū Stream. *Lit.*, long spear.

P

 *mo'olelo*

I was born on September 15, 1905, and I'm a cousin of Bill Sproat. When I was young, I spent a lot of time in Pololū and Honokāne Nui. In the middle of the surf at **Pololū**, there is a *wiliau*—a swirling current. The old folks always told us never to swim there. It's near shore where the waves are and then goes back out to sea. You can see the whitewater trail in the channel next to the *wiliau*.

I have two *papa paepō* in my artifact collection. They're two small concave boards about ¼-inch by 1 foot by 3 feet made of *wiliwili*, and they were used for spying. The spies selected a night with rough seas and then surfed in to gather information about various activities. The boards were easily concealed. I heard this from the old people, and they said that's why the boards were called *paepō*, "night landing."

In 1916, I went on a fishing trip with my uncles. Outside of Pololū there's a small flat rock with holes in it. One of my uncles jumped out and grabbed some *he'e pali*—small brown squids—between waves as they washed over the rock. Then we paddled towards the big island. About midway there's a sandy area, and we stopped, skinned the squid, and cut it for bait. Then we dropped fifteen hooks off either side of the canoe and used long, narrow *pohaku 'alā* that we picked off the beach for sinkers and *hau* floaters. We caught some huge *onaga* in about 65 feet of water. Then we went to visit Kahikina who was living on the point at Honopu'e, and traded him fish for bananas. He left after the '46 tidal wave.

On the Niulii side of Pololū, there are conch and other shells along the rocks. My grandmother ate the conch meat. There are also small brown eels there that the women caught by using red streamers that the eels would bite and get tangled in. There are huge *'ōkole* there, too, reddish, that we boiled to eat. We also ate the *he'e pali*, but only raw. It was considered the best squid for [eating] raw and was never cooked.

Alfred Solomon, June 25, 1982

I was born and raised in Pololū. The *wiliau* at the beach is a circling current—it comes with the waves and circles back out through the surf. You swim to the side to get out of it. On calm