

PATCH ME THROUGH TO...

The Iolani Palace Irregulars

Correspondence & Information Exchange for fans of Hawaii Five-0
Member National Association of Fan Clubs

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A HULA HISTORY

by Beth Mitchrone

Hula is a folk dance of Hawaii, and illustrates the story being told in the chant or song ("mele") which accompanies it. There are three main types: KAHIKO, the ancient way, done to chants of a few notes and sung only in Hawaiian; AUANA, a more modern style done to melodic songs sung predominantly or exclusively in Hawaiian; and HAPA-HAOLE, sung primarily or exclusively in English. ["Hapa-Haole," of course, means "half-white."]

Hula almost exclusively starts on the right foot. In the more ancient styles, the introductory phrase is chanted or sung in Hawaiian. The older-style dances also have a phrase at the end, usually dedicating the dance to royalty or deities.

PA ("pah") is the signal a teacher gives to begin steps. PAU ("pow") means finish or end, and you'll hear this in the Islands used in the phrase "all pau," meaning you're all done with a task [or, in "Hawaii Five-0," it can mean dead]. HA'INA ("hah-EE-nah") means "tell the story" or "tell the refrain," and it is heard at the beginning of many of the last verses of hula mele.

Costumes: The muu-muu is suitable for all but kahiko, and on the mainland probably wouldn't be terribly out of place for that. For kahiko, one simple costume is a pa'u ("pa-ooh") skirt and top. They're easy to make: the skirt is a simple gathered skirt of at least three yards (five is better) of solid or perhaps tapa-print cloth. The side "seam" is left open. Cords or elastic may be used to gather the skirt; however, unlike most gathered skirts which have a casing for a single cord or elastic, the pa'u skirt has anywhere from three to five of these. The top may be either a long shirt-tailed peasant blouse, also usually solid, or a simple tube-type top made like a gathered skirt--a casing up top for one cord or elastic, and the side seam sewn. Underneath are worn pantaloons, for which you might use a warmup pant pattern or look during Hallowe'en for Raggedy Ann and Andy patterns. These pantaloons may go below the knee (cut the fabric long in the leg!) or reach the ankle. Usually these end in ruffles. The blouse and pantaloons may be one color, the skirt in another.

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HULA HISTORY -- continued

Islands, their flowers and colors (used in hula): Hawaii (the Big Island)--red, Lehua (looks like our "powderpuff" shrub); Maui--pink, lokelani (pink rose); Oahu--yellow, ilima (a small yellow-orange blossom); Kauai--purple, mokiha (a green berry and lavender tinge); Molokai--green, kukui flower (a small white blossom); Lanai--orange, kauna'oa (an orange vine); Niihau--white, pupu shells; Kaho'olawe--grey, Spanish moss [and we thought we Southerners had the monopoly on that stuff!]. Maile vine and ferns are sacred to the hula; certain ferns are sacred to Laka, patron of the dance.

Hulas may concern mundane events of celebrities--a queen's horseback ride--or a big event such as the sailing of royalty to Europe. They have been written about romantic encounters, natural events and, of course, Madame Pele. The history of hula and the stories of Madame Pele are intertwined, and of all the historical or mythological figures of Hawaii, Madame Pele still seems to command respect. And we will not presume to disagree.

Beth Mitchrone is an artist and writer. She adapted "MythConceptions" scripts for an eight-issue series for Apple, and has adapted scripts for "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles." She is an avid costumer and has won double honors at the World Science Fiction Convention. Beth was born in Hawaii but left there while still young. She indulges in a love of Hawaiiana and led a two-hour introductory seminar on hula at CrackerCon in Jacksonville, Florida, March 13-15. One more word of Hawaiian we learned in the hula seminar is "ho'omalimali"--empty flattery, or B.S. Useful word! Mahalo to Beth for her essay on the hula.

[Coming next issue: "The Iolani Palace Today" by Robert McArthur. Be here! Aloha!]

ACHIEVEMENT

Maryann Gallant has made her first professional sale as a writer, for an inspirational piece entitled "Finding Mary" for the Catholic magazine "Queen of All Hearts," published by the Montfort Missionaries. In addition to real money, Maryann received a glowing letter from the editor of the magazine. CONGRATULATIONS!

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Lieutenant Commander Robert McArthur, USN, recently assigned to Kings Bay, GA, from Hawaii, gives us a bit of trivia (which some fans may have already known): Jack Lord's personalized licence plate on his car is FIVE-O.

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Mini-bio: HILO HATTIE

(Submitted by Robert Sandla, from an article in Honolulu Magazine, November 1991, on famous Hawaiian entertainers featured in the Hawaiian Music Hall of Fame.)

HILO HATTIE (Clara Meleka Haili Inter Nelson) (1901-1979)

Born Clara Haili, she attended the University of Hawai'i and became a teacher. Show business didn't become her full-time profession until she was 35.

Clara belonged to the Royal Hawaiian Girls' glee club. One night she ad-libbed a comic hula to a song written by Don McDiarmid, Sr., of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel orchestra. It was called "When Hilo Hattie Does the Hilo Hop." It brought down the house.

By 1939 Clara was known nationally as "Hawai'i's Queen of Comedy." She toured the Mainland extensively, always with two new Cadillac Fleetwood sedans, each pulling a trailer designed by husband Carlyle Nelson, with compartments for luggage, instruments, costumes, and--most important--her golf clubs.

The Hall of Fame display shows Hilo Hattie performing on a wall-to-wall liquid projection screen. Much of the footage is from Kodak Hula Shows. Several of her queen-size mu'umu'us ("her mu'umu'us were 10-1/2 yards long!" remembers dancer Sweetie Moffatt) and a scale model of one of her custom trailers, complete with golf clubs, are displayed.

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Fans will remember Hilo Hattie as Mrs. Kapali in "Strangers in Our Own Land" and as Mrs. Pruitt in "The Late John Louisiana." Mahalo, Bob, for sending that clipping in!

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## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS...

[Dr. C. P. Negri of Morgantown, WV, publishes a 'personalzine' called "Man Overboard." In October, 1991, he recounted the following encounter, here reprinted with his permission. Bear in mind it was written for a mundane--that is, non-"Five-O"--audience.]

I've just been handed a bulletin, as they say in TV land....

Another of my medical mentors has just died. Since you've read this far, indulge me a little longer.

You probably remember Khigh Dhiagh's face, even if you never knew his name. He was the popular recurring villain "Wo Fat" on HAWAII FIVE-O. He most recently appeared in the TV mini-series NOBLE HOUSE a few years ago. But you probably don't know that it was he who talked me into entering the field of Oriental Medicine.

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## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS -- continued

In 1973, I was trying to decide how to make possible a career in "alternative" medicine, after having my eyesight saved by an unorthodox physician.... the man responsible, Dr. Harry Miller, wanted me to go to osteopathic medical school. Another friend tried to convince me that chiropractic college was not only more within my means but held more of what I wanted. About that time I went to a seminar on Oriental medicine and was fascinated by what I learned about acupuncture.

I was confused and had just about convinced myself that the closest I would ever come to any of these would be to become a massage therapist. I started studying everything I could find on the subject and practiced on everybody, abandoning hope of getting any of that expensive schooling that lay ahead in the other fields.

It was at this time that a friend named Alex was on the committee which brought speakers to WVU. Alex told me (me, a die-hard HAWAII FIVE-O fan, in case you didn't know) they were having Khigh Dhiegh speak at the Mountainlair and would I come? What a question.

The man turned out to be pretty amazing. In addition to being an actor, he was a Taoist priest, an herbalist, and sixth-generation (if my memory serves me) acupuncturist. He was an expert in Tai Chi, the slow-motion Chinese martial art. He gave an enormously interesting talk. At one point, he couldn't hear an audience member's question, so he jumped down off the stage to get closer. Returning to the stage, he leapt straight up to the platform which was at least four feet high. It was more like he levitated up; the audience burst into applause. "Remember, I'm sixty-two years old," he said, "and that's no joke!" More applause.

After, Alex was kind enough to get me into the private suite to talk with him. I told him my situation, and he was interested. Considering my interest in martial arts, he said, acupuncture would be a natural. "Study acupuncture and traditional herbal medicine and you'll be able to do all the things you want to do," he affirmed. I mentioned the few schools I'd found out about, including the one which I'd eventually attend. "They have everything you need," he said, "and it won't be so expensive." It was that night I chose my path. Where would I be today, I wonder, if I had not met this man?

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[Brandy Johnson is a Paralegal Assistant in Mobile, Alabama. She went to Hawaii in 1969 to visit her sister and brother-in-law. Her brother-in-law, John, who is part Hawaiian, took her 'on the town' one night while sister Judy kept the children. After seeing Don Ho's show, John took her to a rather dramatic rooftop restaurant. The rest is in Brandy's words...]

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## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS -- concluded

We entered the elevator and started up. John turned the lights off and told me to turn around. I instantly realized we were on the outside of the building (my first experience with that type of elevator), and fear took me to my knees. When the doors opened at the top, we were in the entrance to the restaurant, and I was still on my hands and knees. Of course, everyone there, customers and personnel, laughed uproariously. I finally rose to my feet, with my face in flames. Embarrassment doesn't even come close to a description.

The restaurant was jammed, but the Maitre d' asked around and found someone willing to allow us to sit with them. When we arrived at the table, I almost went back on my knees because the occupant was Jack Lord. We had a wonderful dinner and about forty-five minutes of delightful conversation with Jack Lord. My articulate brother-in-law hogged the conversation, but I couldn't complain because I was dumb-struck mute.

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UBIQUITOUS 'FIVE-O'

On "Tequila & Bonetti" on February 28, lady cop Garcia brings in a whole slew of gang members to be jailed. Another cop says to the desk sergeant, "What is this, like 'Five-O'?" The sergeant says, "Yeah. 'Book 'em, Danno!'"

April 1, 1992

My Dear Friends,

Mr. Stephen McGarrett! As ever, brief and to the point. Once again it would seem that McGarrett misunderstood and has no appreciation concerning my good intentions. Well, neither am I interested in obtaining his approval!

It does appear that McGarrett is up to more tricks. Very well. In truth, this is a truly inspiring prospect and I am honored. It is now his move, and, rest assured, I will not settle for a stalemate.

Your own Mr. Jerry Mezerow, an astute individual, once stated in one of your past newsletters that he believed it to be my intention to beat McGarrett at any cost. I would genuinely hate to harm any man but if McGarrett continues with his foolishness, you all may one day find out just how true Mr. Mezerow's observation really is.

Until the next time ---

Your true friend,

Wo Fat

[See top of Page 6...]

APRIL ... well, May ...FOOL!

Time to confess: The Wo Fat letters are original fiction by Maryann Gallant. She sent the first one to me as a lark. I decided to let the membership share the fun, and with Maryann's collusion...er, cooperation, ran the Wo Fat letter in the January newsletter. Then Maryann and I decided we'd stretch it just a little longer and run a rebuttal by Steve McGarrett, which I wrote. And note the date on the "Wo Fat" letter, above.

Why did we do it? April Foolery was in the air, perhaps. Maybe because we both love a good joke, and love "Hawaii Five-O." Or perhaps unconsciously we felt the way Patricia Hayden Walker of Tucson, Arizona, consciously felt in a letter to me in January and which I now quote with Pat's permission:

Jack Lord, man and actor, is facing the ragged edges of mortality. Steve McGarrett is not. Khigh Dhiagh, man and actor, died recently in a small city south of Arizona's state capitol. Wo Fat, arch foe and busy villain, did not. Mort Stevens, man and composer, died in November, 1991. I can hear his music right now.

As long as people care, Steve McGarrett and Wo Fat will chase each other through the corridors and chambers of time, always fresh and alive. The game indeed is still afoot, and I am grateful.

At bottom, that's why the Iolani Palace Irregulars is here: because we all care.

Mahalo to all of you, especially for having made the first year of the Iolani Palace Irregulars fun and fascinating for me. This little joke has been Maryann's and my gift to you. -- Karen Rhodes

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FINANCIAL REPORT

Balance last report 90.36

Income

Dues & renewals 98.00

Expenses

Postage 40.09

Horn (incl. postage
and insurance) 11.22

March newsletter 27.32

Zine expenses 52.54

Total Expenses 131.17

Net of income and expenses \$57.19

NEXT TWO PAGES -- PAU HANA 1 IS READY TO GO!

MAY 11-16 IS "POLICE WEEK." HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR COP TODAY?