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FORT DERUSSY DAYS

FORT DERUSSY DAYS

Letters of a Malihini Army Wife

(1908 - 1911)

by

Anne Goodwin Winslow

Edited by

M. Winslow Chapman

Folk Press

Kapiolani Community College

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Picture of author, Mrs. Winslow

FOREWORD

In our proud, swift world of supersonic travel and instant communication, one of life's original realities seems to have gotten lost, perhaps forever, on our now shrunken planet. This was the consciousness of distance, of space -- the haunting feeling of far, far away, of things out of reach, untouchable.

Eighty years ago it was otherwise. The world was still wide and wonderful and military people knew it well when they were suddenly ordered to proceed to a distant outpost -- Hawaii, for instance. When the Winslows arrived there in 1908 after ten days of continuous travel from Washington, D.C., they had no doubt at all that they had come a long way.

Captain Eveleth E. Winslow, U.S. Corps of Engineers, was detailed to design and construct the coastal fortifications at Diamond Head and on Waikiki Beach. Mrs. Winslow, as was usual with Army wives, was "detailed" to establish, without delay, an efficient, hospitable home using whatever materials turned out to be available.

Captain Winslow, number one graduate in his West Point class of 1889, was a walking encyclopedia of mathematics, astronomy, geography and history and still always looking for more information with all the joyful enthusiasm of a schoolboy turning the pages of a new comic book.

Anne Winslow, on the other hand, cared not a whit about anything scientific. Her enthusiasm was for language and literature, especially poetry, which, when it appealed to her, seemed to install itself in her memory instantly and forever. Between the two of them they generated an unusually broad base of intense interest. For the Winslow children, Randolph, aged seven, and Mary, aged five, home life was never dull.

It was a beautiful November morning when the family climbed down the narrow gangplank of Army Transport *Sheridan* onto the flower-strewn dock at Honolulu to be immediately whisked away to the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach, only a short distance from where Fort DeRussy would soon begin to take shape. On that day, Anne sat down and wrote to her mother in Tennessee the first of a remarkable



Captain Eveleth E. Winslow, U.S. Corps of Engineers.

series of weekly letters which was to continue for three years and constitutes this intimate little history of Army life in Hawaii, 1908-1911.

From a total of 114 Anne Winslow letters I have used about half, selecting those that dealt most directly with the Honolulu experience. They are copied exactly as written, even including some family expression that may need to be explained. Little Sister could not pronounce "girl" or "small", which came out "dirl" and "mall." She called herself "the dirl" and children in general "mall." "Chickies" was Anne's name for her two children.

The letters themselves have a rather interesting history. My grandmother prized them and as they came she stored them away in an old trunk at Goodwinslow, our old family home in Tennessee. There they remained undisturbed for more than fifty years. I had no idea that they even existed, and when I discovered them in 1970, ten years after my mother's death, they came to me as a strange revelation.

My life at Fort DeRussy was an unforgettable experience, but like all childhood recollections, it presented itself to me only in disconnected flashes of memory. When I began to read those letters, suddenly everything came together. It was like having three of the best years of my life given back to me to live all over again, and this time in the intensified light of a gifted writer's vision. It was an extraordinary experience and also a very personal one which I, as the only surviving member of my family, never expected to be able to share with anyone.

However, in 1984, when the long-awaited return of Halley's Comet began to dominate the news, I remembered an old photograph of the comet that my father took at Fort DeRussy in 1910. It was a stunning view of "Halley" trailing his long tail over the coco palms of Waikiki.

I had a copy of it made, and using some of Mother's letters that dealt with the scene, I wrote a short piece, "When Halley's Comet Came," which was published in the Hawaiian Journal of History in 1985. That is a very serious and scholarly periodical, but my article created quite a stir when it was featured with the portrait of the comet on the front page of both Honolulu newspapers. From there it was picked up by our

local press here in Memphis. This resulted in my decision to publish the letters in book form.

The successful production of "Fort DeRussy Days" has been the accomplishment of many people working in different areas. My special thanks to Lela Goodell of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society Library and Barbara Dunn of the Hawaiian Historical Society.

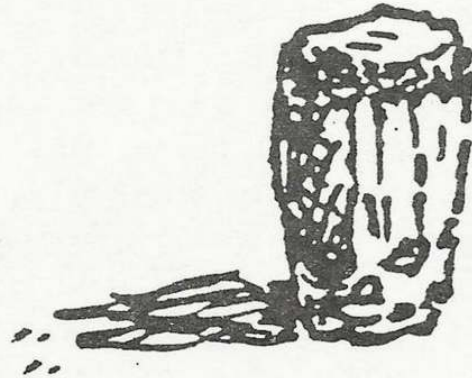
To Ms. Goodell for her information about the Damon family.

To Ms. Dunn for establishing our contact with the U.S. Army Museum of Hawaii at Fort DeRussy.

To Thomas Fairfull, director of the U.S. Army Museum, and his able assistant Donna Hanson for enthusiastic support and help in finding a publisher for the book.

To Glen Grant, editor with The Folk Press, Kapiolani Community College, Janelle Danchenka and Sandy Sanpei, graphic designers, Henry Balanay, student graphic artist, Eldon Miura, student printer, Robert Wong who contributed the original illustrations, and the Folk Press volunteers who helped at all stages of publication: Mitzi Chun, Mary Godfrey, Irene Arakaki, Betty Torigoe, Ah Nee Leong, Edith Sugano, Pat Hashimoto and Hilda Sagara.

M. Winslow Chapman
Memphis, Tennessee
January, 1988



Honolulu, 1908-1911
The Emergence of an American City in the Pacific

Glen Grant
Kapiolani Community College

When Major E. Eveleth, Anne Goodwin Winslow and their two children Randolph and Mary settled in the town of Honolulu in November of 1908, it may have on first impression seemed to them an alien and exotic Pacific port. While the streets and buildings were largely western in design, the hurly-burly of Asian and Polynesian faces, languages, costumes, foods and lifestyles were strangely new to this military family from the "mainland." Yet, Hawaii had been a territory of the United States for nearly a decade and the Americanization of Honolulu, which had begun nearly a century before was continuing in a bold, unashamed fashion.

Sugar was enjoying "unusual prosperity" in the first ten years of the twentieth century. Most observers recognized 1908, 1909 and 1910 as banner years for sugar production with consistently good weather, strong rains and rich yields. In addition to sugar, a small tobacco industry produced 50 bales a year; 1,000 mocha coffee plants were planted; bananas were being canned; and 1,000 cases of honey shipped to Japan. But these small attempts at diversified agriculture were dwarfed by the wealth and dominance of King Sugar.

Sugar plantations not only altered the ethnic complexion of the islands through the immigration of labor, they reshaped the nature of island race relations with a system based on inequity and paternalism. A small minority of *haole* or white entrepreneurs and social leaders controlled vast resources of wealth and established themselves as a distinct caste, separate from and above Asians and Polynesians. As *malihini*, or newcomers with military status, the Winslows moved easily through the *haole* society of Honolulu, negotiating with their Asian servants or peddlers, struggling with the ways of the *kanaka* or native, forming fast friendships with the older *kamaaina* or long-time resident white families and attending the social functions of the last vestiges of a dethroned



The 5th Cavalry leads a Fourth of July Parade down King Street, Honolulu July 4, 1910.

Hawaiian monarchy. A low-keyed, American style of race contact permeated the islands and helped to put "mainland" settlers at ease.

The busy, growing nature of urban Honolulu, spurred by the wealth of sugar, would have also seemed familiar to the newly transplanted American. The dredging of Honolulu Harbor was initiated in 1908 with the hopes of increased international trade and profit. A lighthouse was completed at Makapuu on Oahu for the improved safety of ships and the new interisland steamer, the *Mauna Kea* made its maiden voyage with 153 first class passengers. This improved method of island travel obtained the impressive speed of 15 knots and helped tie the separate islands even closer together. The first fifty electric lights were installed in the "silk stocking" district of College Hill in Manoa and by 1910, the Nuuanu dam and the Beretania pumping station were completed, bringing water to the growing population of arid Honolulu. On December 31, 1910 the "Skylark" completed Hawaii's first aeroplane flight, reminding the Pacific populace that even in Hawaii, technological progress was the hallmark of a new age.

In the new democratic systems introduced to the islands through territorial status, Honolulu politics resembled any typical midwest town. A new municipal government had been organized along American lines and in November, 1908 elections were held for the first Mayor of Honolulu. J. J. Fern was the victor and despite an attempt to keep the campaign "free of personality," over \$100,000 of libel suits were filed after the election. After his inauguration, Mayor Fern's office was deluged with "thronges of idlers looking for jobs." The good news for "wets" was that an effort to initiate prohibition laws through public plebiscite in 1910 failed by a three to one margin.

City lifestyles were increasingly becoming American. Baseball enjoyed immense popularity among residents of all background. Lincoln's Birthday with the Fourth of July had become the city's most elaborate and largest celebrations. More and more visitors from the "mainland" sought recreation in the islands. For his efforts to promote American tourist interest in Hawaii, Mark Twain was awarded a *koa* mantlepiece

by the Hawaii Promotion Committee. Silent movie houses were in vogue and by May 1909 the Empire theater opened its doors for eager cinema fans. Later that year a "red carpet" was rolled out for a delegation of 40 members of the United States Congress visiting the islands. Despite the large number of Asians and Polynesians in Hawaii, the political and socio-cultural climate of Honolulu was unquestionably American in style and temperament.

The military presence of the United States in Hawaii secured that cultural influence. The defense of the Pacific required major fortifications on Oahu and in addition to Pearl Harbor naval base, the U.S. Army sought to insure the harbor of Honolulu from foreign attack. To that end, two major coastal fortifications were initiated -- one at Diamond Head (Fort Ruger in 1908) and the other at Waikiki (Fort DeRussy in May 1909).

Named in Honor of Brigadier General Rene E. DeRussy, Corps of Engineers, who served with distinction in the War of 1812, Ft. DeRussy comprised 72 acres, acquired by the federal government through 12 land purchases between 1904-1915. Once marked by duck ponds owned by Hawaiian royalty, the new fort required over 250,000 cubic yards of sand and coral dredged from various Oahu areas.

The major defense feature of Ft. DeRussy was Battery Randolph which had two, fourteen inch rifles on "disappearing" carriages which could fire a 1560 pound projectile to a range of 14 miles. The battery was constructed with reinforced concrete walls and roof up to twelve inches thick. The concrete pedestals for the guns were twenty-two inches thick. One of the most important military fortifications of its time, its construction was overseen by Fort DeRussy's first post commander, Major E. Eveleth Winslow who served in that position between November 12, 1908 and March 31, 1911.

Major Winslow was born in Washington, D.C. in 1863 and graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1889 at the head of his class. A superb student with a mathematical mind, cadet Winslow broke the academic record then standing at West Point. He specialized in fortifications and was a recognized authority at the Engineer Corps. His assignment to Fort

DeRussy in 1908 was viewed as a major promotion that would be the first of many more.

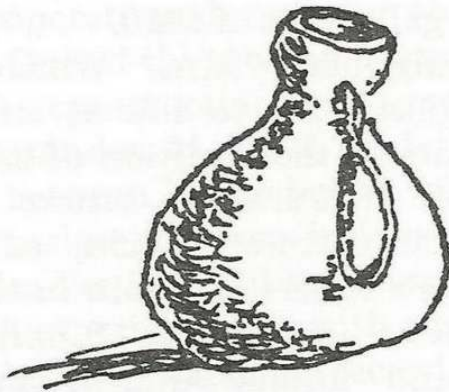
Since the Hawaiian military forts were considered "pictured Posts" desired by officers and soldiers, it is not surprising that Anne Goodwin Winslow and their two children accompanied Major Winslow. Mrs. Winslow had married her husband, then Captain Winslow, in 1900. She had been born in Tennessee in 1875 and grew up in country seclusion near Memphis with no formal education. However, with her younger sister she had been tutored in classical literature and studies by her father. Her most extensive education came after her marriage to an army officer -- through frequent travel, indulgent reading and keen observation of her environment and social setting, she acquired a fluency of languages and a often witty ability to describe human nature.

The letters which Anne Goodwin Winslow wrote home to her mother during her Hawaiian sojourn of 1908-11 reveal unique insights to the military life of Fort DeRussy and the emergence of Honolulu as an American town. We observe glimpses of urban life, race relations and social recreation. Characterizations are drawn with the "newcomer's eye" of the mundane, famous and infamous. Her descriptions of the dethroned Queen Liliuokalani, the melancholy Governor Cleghorn, father of deceased Princess Kaiulani or Mrs. Damon, the mistress of the unique "ship" Topgallant located high on a mountain peak, are poignant, often humorous insights to the personalities who dominated Honolulu's turn-of-the-century social scene. And the appearance of Halley's Comet is given fresh perspective as the gala event of 1910.

Equally fascinating are Mrs. Winslow's detailed descriptions of her adjustments to life as an army wife in Hawaii. Her letters share in the tradition of missionary wives who in the 1820's and 1830's wrote letters home to New England, revealing their cultural shocks, adaptations and concerns. Mrs. Winslow's letters also join in the tradition of army wives whose written depictions of military life have provided important and unique dimensions to a little appreciated aspect of women's history. The story of frontier America is enhanced through the writings of several army wives

including Martha Summerhayes' *Vanished Arizona: Recollections of My Army Life* (1908), Lydia Spencer Lane's *I Married a Soldier* (1893), Cora Montgomery's *Eagle Pass; or Life on the Border* (1852), Terea Viele's *Following the Drum: A Glimpse of Frontier Life* (1859) and the most famous works of an army wife, Elizabeth Custer's *Boots and Saddles* (1885), *Tenting on the Plains* (1887) and *Following the Guidon* (1890). The letters of Anne Goodwin Winslow can now add a new dimension to the history of domestic life in a Pacific military fort.

In their scope, detail and style, the words of Mrs. Winslow offer the reader a nostalgic, even romantic view of Hawaii during its first decade as an American territory. Although she is aware that deep-seated changes are occurring in the islands, as a newcomer she lacks full understanding of the tragic irony that underlies her languid days, star-filled nights and palm tree-lined streets. Her eloquence in describing first impressions only makes it more unfortunate that Mrs. Winslow did not make the islands her permanent home. In time, her keen eye for human nature may have perceived more clearly that in the midst of Honolulu's growth, wealth and modernity, an older, Hawaiian way of life was permanently passing from the scene.



CHAPTER I

*"I can't believe it myself . . .
November -- December, 1908*





"I can't believe it myself . . ." Mrs. Winslow and the children at Waikiki.

November 14, 1908
P.M. Honolulu
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

I would be simply foolish to try to describe things -- I would rather give you carte blanche to imagine fairyland. I am sitting out in a pergola at the edge of the hotel garden, the roof of the aforesaid being composed of the spreading branches of a banyan tree. There are palms and flowers all around, and the shade goes right down over the waves as they come rolling in. Sister is out in the thick of things. I can't keep her out of the water -- whether dressed or undressed. She has been right here on the beach almost every minute since we came. She met me yesterday when I came out to find her, garments dripping and that embarrassed expression on her face and said, smoothing down her front, "They are a little wet but they don't look very wet." I thought they did but refrained from saying so.

The automobile is a reality and not the myth I supposed. It is a very nice one and sho' comes in handy while we are looking for a place to live. The houses that the government has bought down here on the beach would have been lovely for us to move into if any care had been taken of them since they came into the hands of the U.S., but they are in a bad state of disrepair. The one pertaining to the Chinese millionaire could be made lovely, but it would take about five hundred dollars to do it. It is in a grove of cocoanut palms and has a very large lawn at the back. The front porch looks like Venice -- there is only a stone pavement between it and the ocean. The temptation to go ahead and spend our substance in making an ideal mansion of it is very strong. The house itself is very strange and could be made most attractive. We are going again this morning to look at houses. This time up in town (where I haven't been at all yet) and out at Fort Shafter.

You hear so much about the water here at Honolulu, and it is every lovely thing that water can be, but the mountains are the wonder. I am going to try to find a picture somewhere that

will give you a faint idea of their coloring, which is every shade of mossy green where there are trees and of soft, rich red where there are rocks. You feel bewildered almost, with the ocean at your feet and the mountains right overhead.

This hotel is most attractive and most of our transport acquaintances have come here to stay, the two days the transport stays, which gives it quite the air of home -- if you will pardon a very comparative manner of speaking. Everything here is done apparently with a view to the picturesque and unusual -- consciously, of course, where the Americans are concerned, but the effect is, as I remarked, like fairyland and I wonder at the merely polite interest the malls* display in it all. When I was a child I think it would have been too much for me. For instance when the little boats go by at night they have great torches of some kind at the end -- a true pillar of flame waving in the wind and over the water -- and the trees in the hotel garden are hung full of colored electric lights and there is incessant music of a wild and wailing sort going on everywhere. They seem to sing all their pieces as well as play them -- they even sing the waltzes in the ballroom, and in the dining room during dinner -- there is a woman who sits with her hands in her lap and not a scrap of music before her and sings piece after piece with the ease and naturalness of a bird, a very large brown bird. She sings in the garden too, after dinner, her clear, full voice rising above the din of a very large and emphatic orchestra. Apparently she doesn't know what it is to be weary or out of breath.

It is now afternoon and both the chickies are wallowing in the waves at my feet. We were unsuccessful in the house hunt this morning. The quarters at the Fort are lovely, but there are various drawbacks to living there -- the greatest in my eyes being the absence of shade -- though the nearness and beauty of the mountains might almost make up for this or anything. I don't know what we are going to do, and am anxious to get settled. The way we are living now is very expensive. (The malls are now being greatly entertained by a small brown native with a toy boat who is disporting himself in the waves

*children

largely for their benefit.) All the Japanese and *kanakas* seem to be amphibious. You see them walking along clothed and apparently in their right minds when all of a sudden they feel a call to take to the water. Off go their outer garments and there they are! When their underwear chances to be white you can see them down under the water swimming gaily about for all the world like they belonged there and might never care to come up. I dare say the malls will soon be doing it, too -- especially if they happen to annex a playmate of the native variety.

We have seen Captain Otwell's Spanish wife and his two Spanish malls. She is remarkably attractive of the slow, soft type, not loud and flighty like Mrs Ashford. One of the malls is a perfect picture. The other is more American and less booful.* They both talk Spanish and insist upon learning Japanese instead of English, much to their mother's disgust.

Must stop now. I will try to do it with a pen next time. I hate pencil and I always feel as if nobody can read the results of my labors.

Dear, dear! I wonder how everything is at home. I don't feel so far away except when I remember all the days and nights it took me to come; but I can't trust myself to look too far away or too long out over the water though very probably I am looking in the wrong direction, so I might look as long and as far as I please.

We bought some bananas for the children this morning -- neither as pretty nor as good as ours, but cheap, Sir, damn cheap!

It seemed quite a coincidence that I should have found an old magazine on shipboard among some the Chaplain had collected for the soldiers with a "hitherto unpublished" poem by Robert Louis Stevenson and a picture of him sitting in his bed in his little house here at Waikiki Beach playing on the flageolet.

I must stop now!

*beautiful

Saturday

I am going to get this in the mail today in hopes it will go tomorrow on the *Manchuria* - which the same being due today bearing a Chinese prince. He is to have twenty-one guns and all sorts of dog and then proceed tomorrow to the U. S., bearing, I hope, my letter. We haven't decided on a house yet, but the prospects are not altogether dark.

Devotedly,
Anne

November 15, 1908
Moana Hotel
Sunday Night
Waikiki Beach
Honolulu, T. H.

Dear Mama,

We are jogging along very gaily -- still in no immediate danger of being permanently settled. We have this whole, big, beautiful hotel practically to ourselves -- except when the steamers come in and there is an influx of globe trotters -- most interesting to watch but queer. Today at luncheon there was a dinner party of Chinese gentlemen, a few Americans (one a young woman), and one Hawaiian -- mixed crowd, wasn't it? The chickies were greatly edified by the pigtails.

Our transport friends all left on Saturday. We didn't prize them particularly while we were all together on the ship, but I really hated to see them go, and when the Chaplain presented Randolph with a book for his birthday and a nice old colonel of infantry presented me with a mother of pearl jewel casket with the hope that I would not forget him, I was reduced almost to the brink of tears. Poor people! How I would hate to be in their place! They won't see land again for fourteen days, and then it will only be Guam. But they don't

mind it much apparently. Some of them like to be going anywhere.

This morning we got a native to climb a cocoanut tree for us -- he simply walked up it if you please, and it was just about like a telegraph pole with a big bunch of leaves at the top. The cocoanuts were at what is considered the choice eating stage -- full of water and the meat just about the consistency of the white of a poached egg. Eveleth didn't consider them good, but I have not come all this way to not like cocoanuts.

We haven't found the mosquitoes so bad. They are not one bit worse than at Washington and they say they have very few flies. One insect they do rejoice in is a variety of large gray spider, fearsome to behold. The first time I opened my closet and saw one of these creatures, about the general dimension of a dinner plate and with eyes that glow like a cat's, I was frankly scared within an inch of life and behaved in a way that was "scarce hooman," to say the least of it. I have since been informed that such a creature is a cherished inmate -- owing to his peremptory dealings with roaches and centipedes. Apparently his enormous size doesn't keep him from being a household pet. All the same he didn't look pretty scrambling over my nightgown.

Monday, November 16, 1908

Dear Mama,

We are up in Eveleth's office in one of the lulls of the house hunt, and while he is transacting a little of Uncle Sam's business, before starting forth again on his own, I will write you these few lines. I have a letter to you at home in a more or less incomplete state.

In our efforts to find a dwelling place we do run into the most beautiful things that tempt us almost beyond our power to resist, and quite beyond our ability to pay for. There is a home out on the wonderful hills that we have just summoned the strength of mind to decline -- but it is going to haunt my dreams. I keep hoping that something will happen to make it

possible for us to stay on at the beach. It is the only dry beach I have ever seen. Really, I hardly know what I would do away from it -- even after these few days. The children are so enraptured with the water -- so much more than they have ever been before -- because it is warmer I suppose, and even I who have never been quite as daffy about beaches as most people would hate to leave this one.

Honolulu (the business part) is much like any American town of its size. The hotels are larger and finer and I haven't had the opportunity to pass judgment on the stores, but the general appearance is much the same. Of course, the number of Japanese women in their pretty native costume and the Japanese malls in theirs -- cunning, cunning (if I could just send you one of them!) make foreign touches here and there. The weather is just the same day in and day out -- delicious and refreshing like our spring days at home. The rainy season is supposed to begin about now but I don't imagine that it amounts to much. Some rain would be highly acceptable for the dust is really bad, especially in that tempestuous automobile. I have always hated them when I saw other people in them, but I did not know I could hate anything in so frantic a manner as I do this one that I have to be in myself. I never was in one before, you know, and I didn't realize what desperation all the snorting and the smell could reduce you to. But it is convenient. The distances are long here because all the houses pretty nearly have big yards, and I hardly see how we would accomplish anything in the house hunt if it were not for this same detested machine. Eveleth, I think, likes it. He has always pined to possess one. Eveleth is ready now to proceed upon our devious way, so goodbye.

With oceans of love,
Anne

Monday night

I wrote a short letter to you today up at Eveleth's office so there isn't much to add to this one. I went on a private house hunt on my own along the beach this afternoon after Eveleth dropped out. Didn't find a house, but gleaned some interesting facts, historical and otherwise. Some more steamers came in today from Japan and elsewhere. Consequently more "strangers" in the hotel for a day or two. The picture on the paper gives no idea of what a pretty place it is. It is the back that is such a bower.

Devotedly,
Anne

Sunday November 29, 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

I have had another fine letter from you since I wrote you last. They are certainly joyful things to me. I cannot tell you a thing about the steamers. Some day perhaps Eveleth can take a while off and write it down for me. They keep a bulletin board here at the hotel (where we linger, on you see) of those to arrive and those to depart and when and where, but I can't catch on to their method, Watson.

The reason we are staying on at the hotel is as follows: There is a house down here at Waikiki that we think we would like and Eveleth thinks he will be in a position almost anytime now (as soon as he can get authority from Washington) to purchase it for the government, after which, of course, we could move in. This being the case, we do not feel like moving temporarily into another house so we are sticking it out, so to speak. The Moana is such a beautiful place, and so quiet (I can go off and leave the children just as if they were at home) and I don't mind the fare, which sometimes tries Eveleth very much because the meat is so poor. We both mind the price, and we

are very anxious besides to get a little settled before Christmas. We went up town yesterday to do our shopping and we do feel so foolish to think we didn't do it in San Francisco. Everything is so expensive here, and there is very little to choose from. We are not doing much, of course, except for the children, but I don't know what we were thinking of not to get their things at some of those splendid stores in San Francisco.

We are going to begin taking pictures as soon as we get into our house. This is the rainy season, and there are heavy clouds floating over the mountains most of the time and hiding their peaks. You can see the showers going on up there followed by a multitude of rainbows, but down here on the beach the sun shines and the breezes blow almost all the time. The thing that makes the beach so different from Ocean City and Caswell and all the other beaches I ever knew anything about is that the wind blows always from the mountains instead of from the sea, and so we get none of that wretched sticky feeling that I have always so loathed. This must be a very unusual thing, and the effect of it is delightful beyond all telling -- not only for the way it makes you feel, but the way it makes things look. Today there has been more wind than usual, and as the waves come rolling in and breaking on the reefs, the spray is blown back from them in long feathery streamers. They do look so like flying horses with a long white mane that I can't think of anything else. There is no use trying to tell you how pretty it is. You cannot imagine tall palm trees waving right in the water's edge and above all you could never believe what the water is like. Think of Maxfield Parrish's *The Foundations of the New Jerusalem* for the color scheme.*

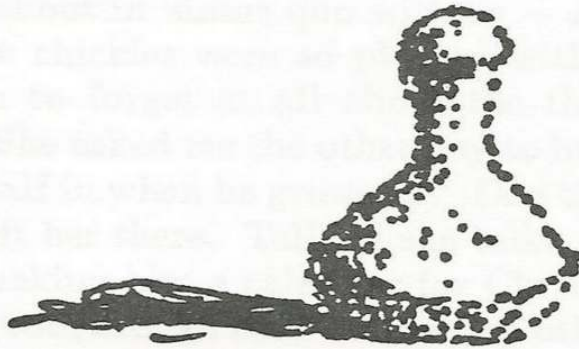
We have been called upon to some extent, but mostly by people in the service. Some of the citizens have come, however, and seem very nice. There is a Mrs. Watson whose husband hails from Holly Springs and is a nephew of Watson Fitzhugh in Memphis. I think her sister lived in Memphis or "went out in society" there. At any rate, they seem to feel identified to some extent with Memphis, and she has been very nice in a number of ways. I think the reason we have not been rushed upon is

*Maxfield Parrish (1870-1966), a noted American painter and illustrator.

because the Otwells led such a secluded life. She, you know, is Spanish and he is queer, and we had, in fact, been told that they did not look out for their social honors and had come to the point where they were quite ignored. This makes it nice for me to start with. I would so much rather meet people gradually and because there was some reason for meeting them.

I can't tell you much about the chance for food here until I go to housekeeping. Judging from the hotel, everything should be very scarce, but they say most vegetables are really quite plentiful. Fruit is expensive, and not very good -- except, of course, pineapples and bananas and some other native things that I can't spell -- and certainly can't eat yet though may learn to. I will try to add some more to this tomorrow before the mail goes.

Devotedly,
Anne



November 30, 1908

Dear Mama,

It has really been cool today -- just exactly like spring. I know you can't realize that when I say that, I not only mean the temperature but that indefinable sweet, sad sort of feeling that comes in the spring, and that I thought belonged with the waking up of things. It is very strange to think of a place where it stays the same all the time. I am going to try to get off to you on the next steamer or the next after my black coat, which I do not expect to need at all while I am here. It may be too big a bundle to send by mail, in which case I don't know what I will do, for they say expressage is something fearsome from this place. There is a steamer due today but she didn't come so we are all waiting the best we can for our letters. I have been up town this afternoon with Mrs. Otwell looking around for more Xmas things. She is a cute little Spanish woman. I am so anxious to get a house I don't know what to do.

Devotedly,
Anne

December 4, 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

Your letter to Randolph enclosing the short one to me came today. I am so distressed to think that you should have been anxious about us. I told Eveleth not to cable because he said it was so expensive when he had to put the address, but I sholy would have let him do it if I had realized that it would save you even one uneasy minute. Well, you must have had more than one of my festive notes by this time. We are having a good many mails this week and there is to be one more next Tuesday or Wednesday, in which everybody is struggling to get their Christmas presents. Then there will be no more steamers going east or west for days and days, so don't get worried if you don't hear for more than a week.

This afternoon we went out to Fort Shafter to pay calls on the people there -- not in the bubble*, which is broken down, (you see, it is a real one), but on the nice quiet street car. It is going to be such a beautiful post when the trees grow up. The mountain all around and the views of the ocean are all so lovely.

Everything is about in status quo with us -- still waiting for the house. The chickies were so pleased with the letter. Sister doesn't seem to forget at all about the things she so loved at Dambers. She asked me the other day to buy her a cup to "milk her black calf in when he grows up." One time she said she wished I had left her there. Tell Ed she talks about him a great deal and is making him a calendar for Christmas. Both the malls are very good, though they do have no other children to play with. There is a nice little Chinese girl who keeps a little store in the hotel, and they spend a considerable part of their time talking to her and looking over her post cards and beads and trinkets. One evening we found Sister behind the

**automobile*



"They always go in bathing . . ." The children in their canoe at Waikiki

counter with her most industriously selling things to a party of tourists.

They always go in bathing -- spend most of the mornings floundering and flopping in the water and trying to swim. Lots of times I leave them in the afternoon. I have various things to take me out and they seem so much happier here than pulling around with me.

It looks now very much as if we will still be here when Christmas comes. I don't like to think of that, but it will not be much like Christmas anywhere in this summer land. It doesn't seem so strange to me to feel the warmth and see the flowers as it does to be eating long corn and strawberries and things like that just as if it were May instead of December. Only we wouldn't get the long corn in May at home. The combination is an unusual one any way you fix it.

I must stop now and go take a look at the moon on the water before I "rare and tare."*

Devotedly,
Anne

P.S. I have met one man who knew Stevenson and his family here. He seemed to be something of an oldest inhabitant and told me a good many interesting things. I am so tempted to try to describe to you some of the homes here. They are so picturesque and so beautiful and so utterly different from anything you have ever seen, and every window is a wonderful picture either of the mountains or the sea. But, it's no use. I just will have to give it up. A little later I may try my hand at some of the people.

December 17, 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

It seems a long time since I wrote, and we have not stagnated since, and yet there isn't much to tell. The transport came yesterday and brought the Ridleys from Washington Barracks. I was so glad to see them and to hear from home. I must take the time to explain to you a little more about just how many of us Engineer people there are here and what we are up to.

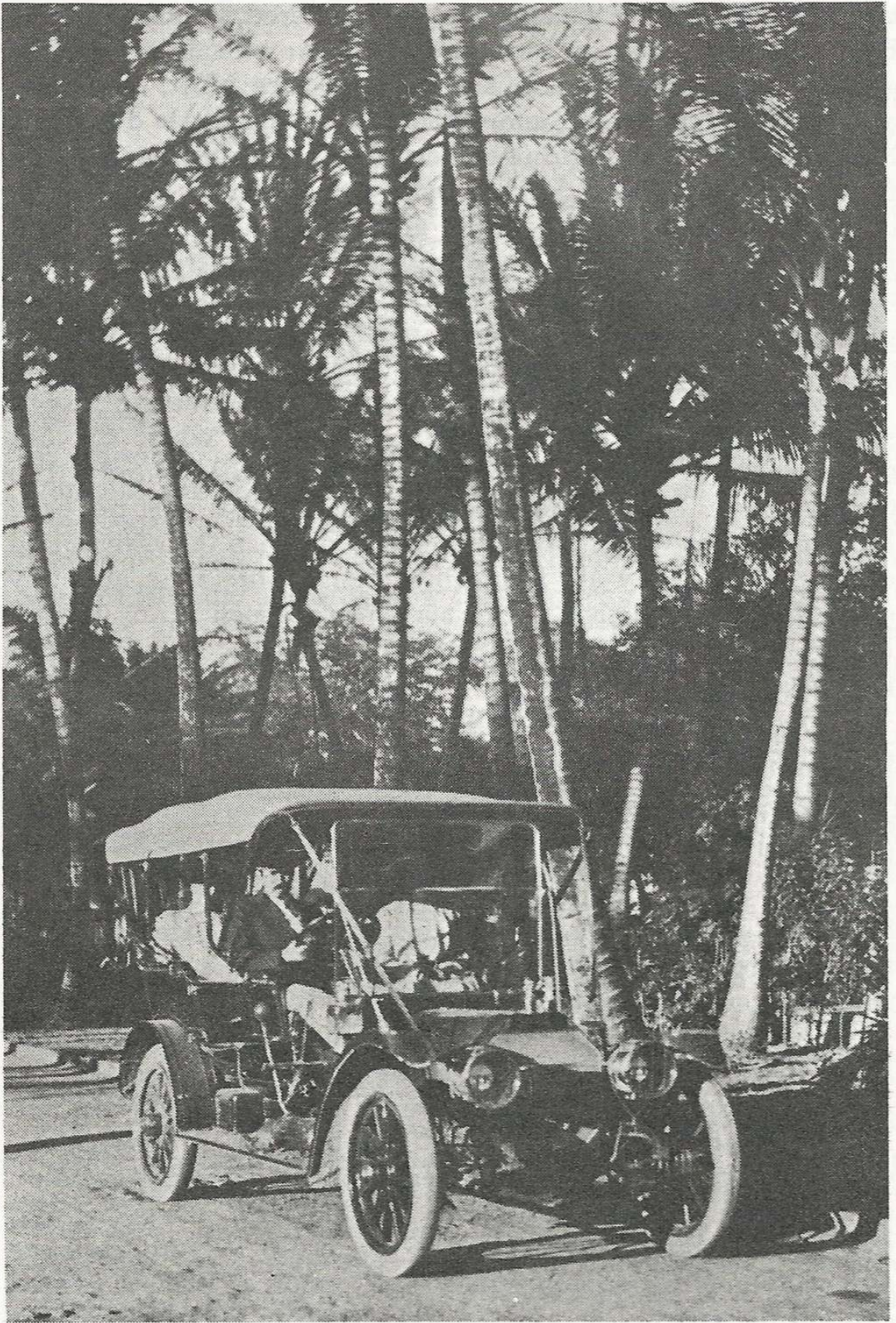
Eveleth, of course, has come to do the harbor, same as in Norfolk, for instance and to build the new and extensive fortifications there are to be along the beach and out at Diamond Head and also to be lighthouse engineer for the various islands, building new lighthouses and keeping the old ones up, etc. Captain Otwell, when he returns from the States, is to command the company of engineers we brought with us from Fort Mason. They have come to make surveys for the fortifications and lots of other things. The Department is going to send a lot of Cavalry out in January or February and the whole island is to be quite overrun with the military. Whether we are getting ready for complications with Japan, or just playing, nobody seems to know. But to return -- this company of ours is at present commanded by the Mr. Ward who used to be at the Barracks when you were there, very small and peculiar looking, if you remember. He was married only a few months ago, and has his wife with him. Then, there are two bachelor Lieutenants and the Ridleys, who came yesterday and that is all. The Company has gone into camp over on the beach where, as I am sure some of us told you, there are a number of houses in a more or less ramshackled condition. Some of these have been given to the non-commissioned officers and the best ones Mrs. Otwell, Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Ridley are, even as I write this, inspecting and choosing for themselves. The one we are to have has not yet been turned over but it is right there next to the others. When we all get settled and get the fences pulled down and some of the trees (cocoanuts and bananas)

thinned out and the grass all cut and watered, we are going to have a little post of our own, and at the most beautiful spot in all the big world. When the batteries are built, the coast artillery is to come and, among Eveleth's other little duties, he has the very interesting one of designing a very handsome post for them. It will be right there where the cottages are -- they, of course are to be gradually gotten out of the way, and Eveleth's plans are lovely and artistic in the extreme. It is a real joy to have a million or so dollars to lay out in building ideal houses, even if they are for other people to live in. I do wish Margaret was here to help him on his plans.

Mrs. Ridley has told us, among other interesting bits of news, that Captain Koester is coming here when the 5th Cavalry comes. Isn't it funny the way we all roll around? The Cavalry are to have a post up in the high hills. A post not even located as yet. What they are going to do with their wives and children while they are living in tents is more than anybody seems to know. This Uncle Sam does do such funny things. Fancy Mrs. Koester coming from Washington Barracks to a tent or a board shack.

The little malls are still having the most joyous time imaginable. They are so brown and freckled you wouldn't own them -- even if you recognized them. Sister remarked with a chuckle the other day while Randolph was undressing, "Buvver is just the same color as a *kanaka*."

You would kill yourself laughing if you could see Eveleth in a hand to hand combat with his automobile. He aspires to run it himself, and it has a will of its own, I assure you. I go with him myself -- not the malls however -- and sometimes when we come to a dead stop and he gets out and begins one of his furious battles I pretty nearly die laughing. I used to try to keep him from seeing me and would raise my umbrella and keep my handkerchief over my face, but yesterday when we went to meet the Riddleys and were so anxious to get there on time and the automobile preferred backing into the gutter and staying there indefinitely, I had to give it up. I simply shrieked and I am laughing so now at the recollection of Eveleth's face I can hardly write. I think I am very good to go with him, but



"You would kill yourself laughing if you could see Eveleth in a hand to hand combat with his automobile."

even my goodness doesn't extend to going off the beaten track or out of reach of street cars.

I almost forgot to tell you about the lovely luncheon I went to in the house that is to be mine. It is such a pretty place -- not pretentious at all nor large -- but very nicely arranged and with such perfect surroundings.

I had a short note from you the other day. Am so glad my letters pulled in at last.

Devotedly,
Anne

December 23, 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

Have I written since your letter to me and the one to Sister written at the same time pulled in? I believe not, and now another mail has come bringing me another letter and this evening Eveleth brought home with him the most alluring bundle for "Pismas," (for which we observed with bitterness of spirit you had paid the alluring sum of two dollars and something expressage.) How can we wait until day after tomorrow to open it? I had been utterly devoid of the Christmas feeling that usually takes possession of me at this season until this package arrived, but now I feel as if I might meet Santa Claus in person at any minute.

We are so happy just now over Sister's entire recovery from what might have been a very serious accident. The little monkey with her unconquerable passion for horses has given me more than one unhappy moment already as you know, but this was by far the worst thing that ever happened to her. She and her brother went with me yesterday morning over to the camp to see Mrs. Ridley. They asked me to let them come home ahead of me -- only a short walk and very quiet and pretty. On the way they encountered the postman delivering the mail from his little cart. He is a simple, kind-hearted Hawaiian and Sister, it seems, had already made his acquaintance and been in his cart when he had been to the hotel with the mail. So this morning she asked him to let her ride and he took her into the cart, and got out himself to hand some letters over a gate to someone. (It is all country out here by the hotel, you must remember, not like a town at all.) Just at this time something startled the horse and he ran away with nobody but the blessed infant in the cart -- holding on and not uttering a sound, according to Randolph, who was the only eyewitness, it would seem, to the beginning of the accident. The horse turned and cut across through a lane and so into the main road to town. I have never learned just where

he finally came to a stop by running into something and upsetting the cart, but it must have been three quarters of a mile from where he started. It nearly kills me to think of the dear little mall having all of that wild ride alone, and of my not being there to pick her up when the cart turned over, but, of course, I knew nothing of it until all this part of it was past.

Poor little Brother started out to run after the runaway but of course, he could hardly be expected to keep up so he debated in his mind whether he had better come back for me or go on and notify the people at the hotel. Fortunately for me he hit upon the latter course, for it saved me untold agonies of apprehension. As it was, when I got to the hotel and heard the news, Sister was already there. She had been picked up by some people who saw the upset, and had been brought home by a lady who was passing in an automobile. Of course, the nervous shock was intense, but she had no fractures and very slight bruises. Her composure and presence of mind during the whole adventure are almost beyond belief. She never cried and she was able to answer everybody's questions as to who she was and where she lived. It would have made you almost cry yourself to see her so white and shaken and yet holding herself together so. She stayed in bed the rest of that day and most of the next, which was yesterday, and though she seemed quite cheerful was evidently not able to get up, but yesterday afternoon she revived completely and this morning you would never know anything had happened to her. She is good as new in every respect. Eveleth said he hated it because he was afraid it would make her timid about horses, but I only hope it will make her a little less eager to get on just any four-footed beast that comes along. I don't think it is going to make her timid. Just a short while after it happened I was trying to cheer her up by talking about Santa Claus and asking her what she hoped he would bring her. Guess what she said? "A real live horse." It certainly seems to me she would have preferred a dead one just then.

I must tell you about the poor postman -- who really had almost as hard a time as any of us. He started in pursuit of his cart, of course, and though he got a lift in an automobile, he never did catch up. He couldn't find where it went or what had

become of it, and had to go on to town and report the occurrence to the police station. He has been to see Sister, and he can hardly talk about it without shedding tears. He was so overcome with anxiety about her fate. Eveleth is going to send you some newspaper notices -- chiefly remarkable for their awe-inspiring accuracy. The mall was much amused at being called a little Hawaiian girl.

I began this letter last night and am continuing bright and early on what the calendar says is Christmas Eve. I utterly refuse to believe it. It seems the most absurd thing to see people getting ready for Christmas trees and all such, here in the balmy sunshine. As I remarked, the only thing that does me any good at all is thinking of that package upstairs.

Mrs. Ridley has moved into her cottage and Mrs. Otwell is coming down to hers right after Christmas. We hope to get into ours about Wednesday of next week. We will be so glad. It seems to me we will feel almost as if we had gone back home then. The hotel has been very pleasant, for a hotel, but we hate this way of living, and it costs like smoke. There are more people here now than there were at first and they are rather interesting. Of course, they have lots of money or they wouldn't be here, but they have more individuality than just ordinary rich people who go in the beaten track for their amusements and pleasures.

Sister keeps trying to hit upon a device for letting Santa Claus in and at the same time keeping the mosquitoes out. The two things don't seem to belong together in her mind. She enjoyed your letter so much and so did Brother. It is not necessary to state that mine were also welcome.

With oceans of love to all.

Devotedly,
Anne



December 25, 1908
Christmas Day
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

The chickies are having such a happy, happy day. Of course, they have been too much excited over all their collection of new junk to settle down to the beautiful books yet awhile -- except one flying trip through the Katzenjammers, but I have settled down and I do think they are so lovely. Tell Margaret they haven't had any other books at all (she was so afraid of duplicating) except a few little funny ones we got for them and I am so delighted to have these.

I know you can't really think of us as warm and balmy as we are -- I can't believe it myself when I stop to think of it. I am like Margaret about the tropics. I can't believe yet that the palm trees are not on the stage. When I am at the hotel with a lot of other people I don't feel so much as if I were dreaming, but when I go over to the Camp and see the cottages under the tall cocoanuts, and the blue water, and especially when I open my trunks that are now stored in the Afong place and see my familiar possessions, then I do have to pinch myself sure enough. It really gives me a light-headed, floaty sort of sensation.

We are going to dinner this evening, malls and all, with the McCandlasses. They are the people who are in our house, who are going to move out of it next week, joy go with them. They have been very nice to us in various ways. Indeed a great many people have been nice about inviting us to dinner and lunch and the likes of that, and when we get into our house and get settled we will have a good deal of entertaining to do. The thing that is troubling my sleep right now is the question of my dining room furniture. Neither Eveleth nor I like this koa wood as much as we thought we would (excuse the two *woulds*). It is pretty but not so pretty as mahogany and every bit as expensive. So here we are, you see. We have struck Uncle

Sam for a set, and if he goes back on us, I am sure I don't know what we are going to do.

I must go look up the chickies who are roaming the world with fire engines and hook and ladders -- barefooted, hatless and altogether happy.

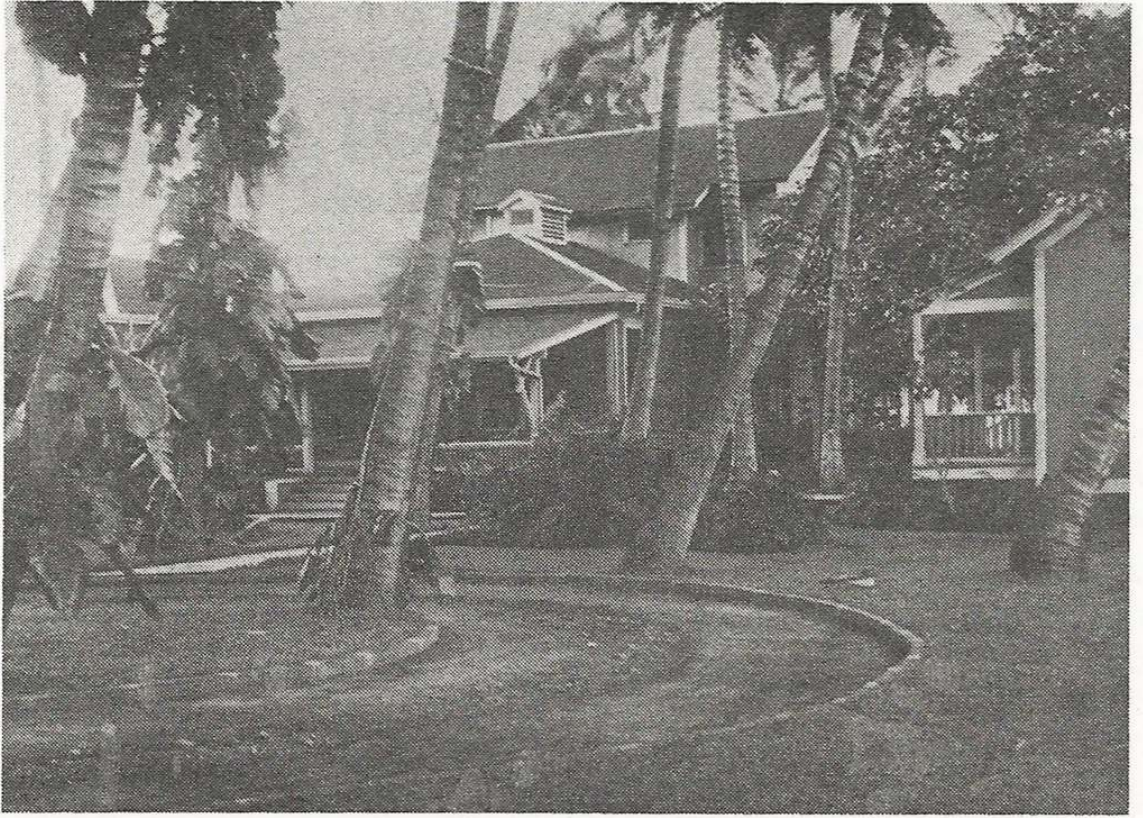
Devotedly,
Anne

CHAPTER II

"We are getting along famously . . ."

January -- June, 1909





"We are getting along famously . . ." The Winslow home at Fort DeRussy adjacent to Battery Randolph. The guest house is on the right.

January 1, 1909

Dear Mama,

We are in our house at last -- moved yesterday -- and it sho' is nice to be at home once more. Before I begin to give you a brief sketch of things, do let me bewail my carelessness in not getting your little birthday offering off in time. I really do hate it so -- far worse because I have had it already so long and then let the time slip on me. I hope to start it tomorrow, but if I only had sent it by the last steamer it would have been in time and now it will come plodding in -- not too late to be admired, but much too late to cheer the auspicious day.

Don't think because I am writing with a pencil that we are very much upset. If you could look in upon us, sitting here in our only really straight room, you wouldn't guess we "only came today," which was really yesterday, but the room was just as straight last night, and Eveleth and I sat up and read some by our same booful light, and feeling so glad to get in the midst of our own belongings once more. This one room is really very pretty. The rest of the house is not on the inside, but the outside is charming and to step out on our front yard, and see the tall palms overhanging our roof and the ocean just about fifty feet from the doorstep and the moon shining down on everything -- you wouldn't believe it even if I could describe it to you for I can't believe it myself. Some way or other I must get you a sketch made of the outside of the house -- though I may be able to do a satisfactory job with the camera. Eveleth can draw you a plan of the interior if he is not too disgusted with it. It is a fearsome comedown after our Washington house, but I am sure we can get along comfortably and I dare say we will spend precious little time indoors. There is a very cunning little house consisting of one small room and a little latticed porch in the yard which the malls have taken for a playhouse. I tried to get a snapshot of them moving their possessions into it. They were so unspeakably cunning.

I have a cook and a laundress -- both Japanese. They are a discouraging proposition to Eveleth on account of their

savvying so little English. You ought to hear him yell "Potatoes!" to the little woman flippity-flopping around the table in her long-sleeved kimono and unsteady sandals. I don't see how in the world they can do their work when they are so hampered by their clothes. Fancy yourself trying to do anything at all in angel sleeves and shoes that slipped off your feet every time you raised them up.

You would have laughed to see us moving over from the hotel yesterday morning with our hand baggage. We were a long procession, the two malls leading and the two Japanese bringing up the rear.*

I am going to do you a much finer letter in a few days. This is merely a scratch to let you know we are *in* and to wish you a Happy New Year, which Eveleth has just announced that the old one is out in Memphis.

Devotedly,
Anne

*Anne Winslow's anxiety about getting her house in order was no exercise in idle vanity, but the recognition of a well-established army tradition. As "representation of Uncle Sam," married officers were expected to maintain a dignified home where official visitors could be suitably received. Woe unto the officer married to a wife who could not or would not cope! His would be an experience of humiliation at home and frustration in his chosen career. And for this ever-ready hospitality there was another important function, in that newcomers to a post could count on being welcomed by those already there established, not only as visitors, but as houseguests. Before the days of motels this was a great convenience and with all Army families periodically on the move it was a reciprocal arrangement and for that reason all the more compelling.

January 5, 1909

Dear Mama,

This is sho' my busy day, and the way I am hopping around over-seeing my various assistants reminds me very strongly of your own spry methods. I do so wish that while I was learning to put up such an accurate imitation of you in some ways as Sister says I do, I had learned to imitate your faculty for conversing with all nationalities each in their own tongue.

You would be a shining light in this part of the world, for it is such idiomatic contortions of the language that seem to be required here.

My cook considers himself a finished Englishman -- and I am beginning to consider him so myself, after some dealings with some others. At first I wondered if I would ever be able to come to an understanding with him on any subject whatsoever. Now I treat him as an accomplished interpreter, and have to stop him from his work all the time to straighten out matters between me and his wife (laundress and housemaid) and the various odd boys I have in to do scrubbing and such. He knows a good many nouns but is very short on verbs and entirely destitute of prepositions. Then we have another element in the Chinese market men who bring the vegetables. They are a joy to behold with their pigtails wound around their gentle faces and their great loaded baskets slung on a long pole across their shoulders. I am going to take a photograph and send you. I said to Eveleth yesterday that I thought they were just the prettiest sight yet. "Prettier than rainbows, Mamma?" inquired the mall.

I wish I could give you an idea of their strange efforts to speak English. It is so funny. Of course they cannot do any more conversing with the Japanese cook than I can, and the effort we all have to put forth to get the day's marketing done is worth considering. However, there are a few Hawaiian words that everybody knows and we work these overtime, I can tell you. There never was such a polygot place. They have to have



"Then we have another element in the Chinese market men who bring the vegetables."

(to do business in the courts here) an official Spanish interpreter, a Portuguese ditto, a Chinese, a Japanese, and Hawaiian. When you go along your way and hear such chattering of unknown tongues it makes you feel queer. Eveleth and I were waiting for a car one day and he called my attention to a nice, home-like cat sitting in a drug store, remarking that she looks so natural and like she might speak good plain English.

One of the main jobs I have ahead of me is to get the cocoanuts pulled off the multitude of trees around the house and on the lawn. They have a way of falling down at odd moments, and they might as well be cannonballs. I cannot feel happy to have the children walking around under them. They are really very heavy and I suppose the green ones must weigh fifteen or twenty pounds.

The moonlight has been lovely beyond all telling these nights. As I have remarked, this is the rainy season, but Waikiki seems to be exempt from showers, and we have almost cloudless nights and days and sunsets and *such* rainbows. Anytime, almost, that you look for one you can find a gorgeous rainbow -- they even have the most beautiful lunar ones at night. The wonderful thing about them is the way they stand out from the sky -- not plastered back against it the way ours are at home. Sometimes you can almost get under the arch -- almost but not quite -- and sometimes up in the mountains the band of color is broad enough to fill a whole valley. I wish I didn't keep trying to tell you about these things, because I just can't do it, but I keep digging away. I may make you want to see them for yourself so bad that you will just have to come.

I only went in bathing once at the hotel, but here with our own private beach I want to go every day, when I get more time. We all "went in" yesterday and had a fine time. The water is just exactly as clear as the air. You can see anything lying on the bottom in almost any depth. I suppose that is why the colors on it are so brilliant. Yesterday I made the astonishing discovery that I could stay on top of the water as easily almost and much more comfortably than at the bottom. It was about the most exciting and agreeable thing that ever happened to me and I suppose I hardly knew what I was doing, in my joy at

mastering an entirely new field, until I heard Eveleth yelling at me something to the effect that I was an idiot to go way out there when he couldn't swim after me. Then, of course, I lost everything and went to the bottom like a stone. Fortunately it was not so deep as he thought. I suppose he thought I was going home. I really feel as if I might come across to see you any day now that I feel so entirely different about the water that I don't have to swallow so much of it. Like everything else it is as much or more a way of thinking about yourself than a way of moving. Think cork, in other words, instead of lead and there you are. You can't sink unless you get frightened. Oh, how Margaret would enjoy it!

I must stop now and go talk Japanese a spell -- show the boy what vegetables to *catch* for lunch -- no, that is Chinese. I am hopelessly mixed, but anyhow if I do not *wikiwiki*, he will be all *pau* before I get there and then we would have much *pilikia*.

With oceans of love,
Anne

P.S. Sister said something so funny one day. She was all ready to go bathing and Randolph wasn't, so I told her to run along and take just a quick bath and not wait for Brother. To my surprise, she went quite gaily and when she came back she told me in a confidential tone that she had enjoyed it so much to have "that little bath all by myself without anybody to *crowd me up*." The Pacific Ocean mind you.

January 8, 1909

Dear Mama,

We are getting on famously and gradually reducing things to order. My domestics continue to be the source of much amusement. The strenuous verbal effort still goes on both sides, also the perpetual misunderstanding.

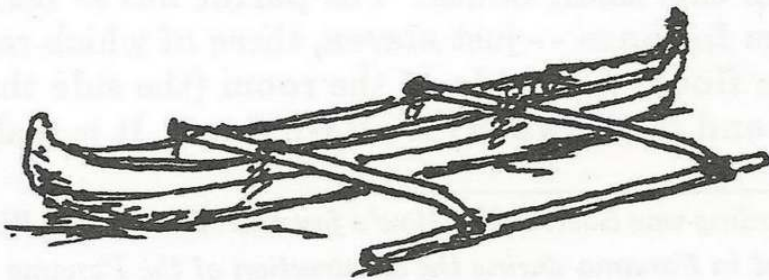
The *Sheridan* came in the other day on her return trip bringing us four guests for the day and a funny day it was.

Sometimes I feel that I would give anything in reason for a servant that could understand English. You would never believe what a lot of time and what unending patience it takes to accomplish anything this way.

I know you will think I am modeling my household after the tower of Babel when I tell you I have annexed a Spanish maid who "*no intiende Ingles*," but really she is a great comfort to all of us. The children like her and she is somebody to look after them a little when I am out, and as to making her understand things, Spanish seems to me like my native tongue after Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiian. I have been trying this morning to teach her what to say to callers when they inquire if "Mrs. Winslow is in," the poor unfortunates have been, up to present, allowed to stand on the front porch in a state of agonizing suspense. You ought to hear the explosive manner in which she practices "*La Senora isss out!*" I am sure the company will think she means it. I forgot to say that while the company remained standing on the porch in the condition aforesaid, both my maids would go at intervals and look them over. The Japanese one is named Kiku.

I am meeting quite a number of pleasant people who are disposed to be very friendly and very nice.

With oceans of love,
Anne



January 19, 1909

Dear Mama,

I wrote Margaret what a gay and giddy week the last one was for me. This one I intend to stay at home and accomplish something. There is a descent of callers every Tuesday afternoon, but with this exception I look forward to a peaceful toil. I am going to send you the latest from the Hardings*. Such a nice description of such a pretty home that I know you will enjoy it. My descriptions, pictures, etc. are coming along by and by. We did some photographing yesterday, Sunday.

The beauty and charm of my surroundings are the source of new wonder to me all the time -- especially the water. We are all learning to swim now, except Eveleth who always said he knew how.

There were several days last week when the wind blew from the water -- quite a stormy spell of weather. It was what they call a *kona* and they say they come very seldom. I am glad of this, for I can assure you the world was completely changed. People are much surprised when I tell them such is the normal state of things on the Atlantic coast and that most people like it. Here a wind from the sea is regarded as an unmitigated affliction. The Hawaiians call it "the sick wind" and it was strange to see the way just those few days of it changed the appearance of the trees and plants. They were just as if they had been scorched.

Eveleth is even now cutting curtains for the dining room windows with his mathematical scissors. I have oodles of windows in this small house. The parlor has -- let me go and count them for once -- just eleven, three of which reach all the way to the floor. One side of the room (the side that leads to the porch and to the water) is all windows. It is really a pretty

**Chester Harding was Eveleth Winslow's favorite classmate at West Point. He was stationed in Panama during the construction of the Panama Canal 1907-1914 and became the first governor of the Canal Zone in 1914.*

room, but how to curtain it? The chickies like their school. It seems to be a very nice one. I was particularly impressed with the music teacher. I am still having such a funny time with my Japanese, but they must be learning English (or perhaps I am learning Japanese) for our misunderstandings are not as hopeless now as they once were. The little Spanish is a real comfort so far.

When I get my curtains up in the dining room and the furniture question solved, I am going to begin to beat the town for candlesticks to go with my new shades. Perhaps I can have a pair made of brass. Ask Margaret to do me a sketch.

With oceans of love to everybody,
Anne

February 3, 1909

Dear Mama,

I enclose a few inadequate photographs. They do seem so colorless and altogether hopeless by the side of the reality, but I know it is safe to trust a great deal to your agile imagination.

The thing in which I am sitting is not a pergola. They do not have them in this country. Here everything is a *lanai*. We have two of them, this one is the smallest, the other is by the side of the house (I mark a cross on the back of the picture) and it is said to be the largest one in Honolulu. It is large enough to give a dance in and all under the roof of a giant hau tree. The limbs of this particular brand of tree mat together in a perfect network, and they build a sort of trellis under to support them. The small house in the same picture where I have marked the cross is the guest cottage, consisting of two rooms and a bath. The house proper has only two bedrooms so the guest cottage is a necessity. People here seem to like being all strung out in the yard.

Eveleth departs tomorrow for one of the other islands to be gone the rest of the week. It is a pity for him to leave just at this time because we are in the midst of some domestic complications. Yesterday, which was Sunday, I had invited some people to dinner in the evening (having borrowed some chairs and being now in possession of a larger top for my table.) I had carefully drilled my cook during the week in the dishes I meant to have and was really counting on doing any amount of "setting back." You may know from experience that that is a fatal mistake.

About half past three my domestic turned up to get dinner and I never hope to see anything on earth again like unto his face. He had been in a fearsome fight, and if he was victorious therein the other man was, doubtless, altogether dead. He maintained as well as he could with his shut eyes and swelled mouth and no English, that bad man had hit him because he had declined to drink with him, but if he had not been drinking he must have been soaking himself in something

spiritous or malt. The worst of it was he insisted that he was quite able to get dinner and I had to threaten him with much military discipline before I ever got rid of him. I finally did, however, and then I borrowed Mrs. Ridley's cook and the dinner was all right, but that face. Will I ever forget it?

I felt very sorry for the culprit. He is, of course, still *hors de combat*, but he is so anxious to keep his place and has sent his brother to hold it down for him, and his friends to apologize for him and to assure me that he will never do the like again, but it seems to me once is enough. I am now looking for a Chinaman to cook. They seem to me to be miles ahead of the Japanese judging from their looks. Uncle Herbert always said their characters were so much finer.

But this is not all my story. Yesterday my little Spanish maid went home for her customary Sunday visit, and this morning she did not return. This afternoon Mrs. Otwell, impelled by curiosity, went to the miserable settlement where she lives to inquire into the matters and came back with the saddening report that there were two yellow flags* flying from the house. Isn't it too bad she didn't stay with me yesterday. Who had got it or what it is we don't know but of course now she will be quarantined for weeks even if she does not get sick, and she was getting on so nicely and was really the only reliable thing in my establishment.

What we are going to do for someone to keep us company at night in Eveleth's absence, I don't know. He says he isn't going to leave us alone, but of course he will and I dare say we will get along all right. By and by, when the lighthouse tender comes we are going with him on some of his trips.

I am so anxious to have another letter from you. Are you still bereft of domestics, I wonder.

With oceans of love,
Anne

*The yellow quarantine flag used in the service.

February 20, 1909

Dear Mama,

Everything is jaundering on about as usual with us. The days go by so fast, but I can see that I am really accomplishing a little with my house, in the midst of a good deal of company and in spite of much hospitality on the part of my new acquaintances here. This week and part of last I have been dealing with a slow and intermittent soldier who is doing some painting for me. I think by the time I write again I can begin my description of my interior.

The chickies are so well and so happy, both in school and at home. I wish I could get Eveleth to write a description of the Lincoln Day proceedings here in this place of many races and many shades of brown and yellow. It was very hard for the young Americans who were called upon for public demonstrations of patriotism to look their part. I believe there is to be even more of the same for Washington's Birthday -- mingled with a flower parade.

Have I told you of the little Princess Kapiolani who goes to the school with my malls? She is such a pretty little girl -- much thinned as to complexion by various white mixtures, but quite unfaded in the matter of eyes and hair. She is the little daughter of Prince David, who was, a short while ago the congressional delegate from these islands. Eveleth told me the other day he was afraid the malls had been guilty of the crime of *lese Majeste* because the Princess had told him on the street car that Sister and Brother were throwing some stick-lights in her dress. Familiarity breeds contempt, you see.

I do hope I will hear from you soon.

Tell Margaret many thanks for the magazine. It only came last night so we haven't read it yet.

Loads of love,
Anne

February 26, 1909

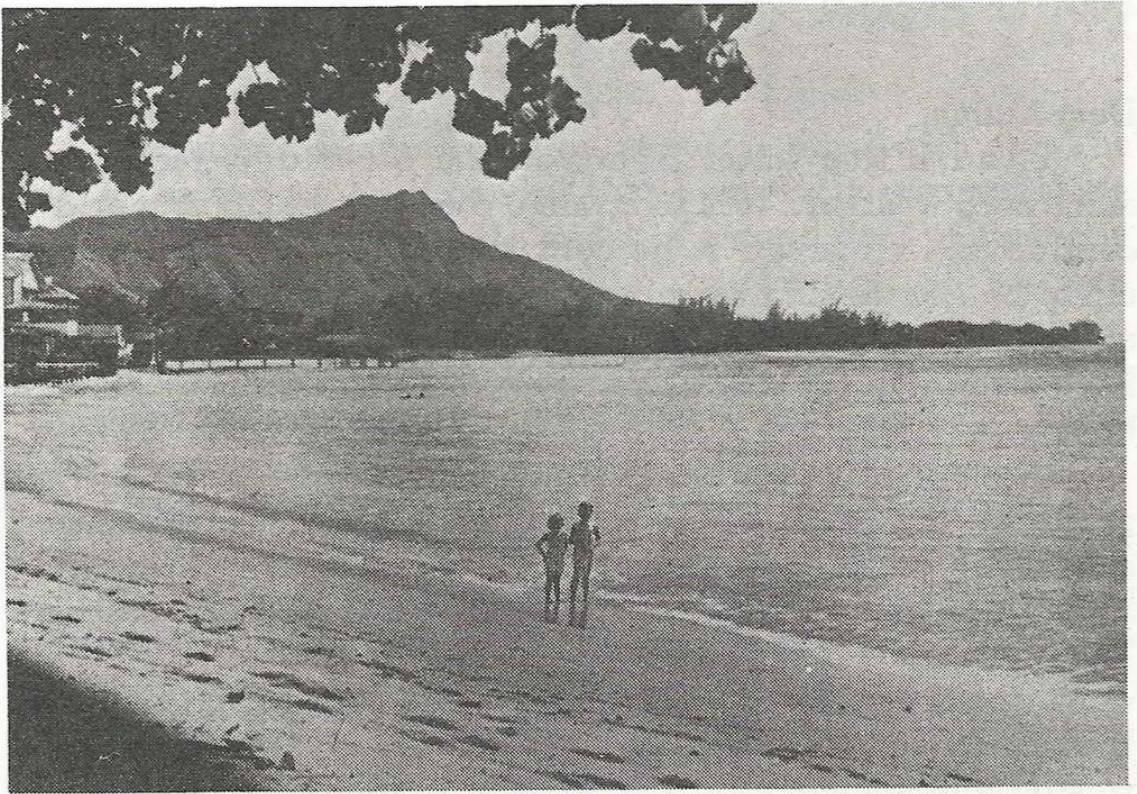
Dear Mama,

I had a fine letter from you the other day, recounting much cold weather. It is so strange the way this funny world is conducted. How can it be cold like that anywhere when it might be like this! I see now that I wasted much time getting up all those nice little light wraps for my malls. They don't need a thing in the way of a wrap, and won't unless we go on a boat trip.

Their school is not a kindergarten exactly. It is the first grade of the preparatory school of the old and somewhat celebrated institution known as Oahu College.* It is a very nice school apparently and the buildings and grounds are lovely. When I go to meet the chickies and see them running down the grassy slope from the big white college building with the sunshine and the brilliant flowers everywhere, I really have to stop and wonder if it isn't some of it a dream. Some people think the dirl's rather young and small for regular school work, but after a careful examination of the methods adopted with the first grades I thought she could possibly stand the strain. The hours are from nine to twelve, and in that time they manage to get (in addition to their arduous class work) a lunch, a recess, a story read aloud, two or three sets of calisthenics, a game, drawing pictures of their own on the blackboard, much singing, some conversation, and above all a season when they are told to lean their heads and arms on their desks and rest! Shades of Mr. Squeers+!! Do you think the mental strain is like to prove too much for Sister? I met their music teacher at a party the other day and she reports

*Oahu College or Punahou School was established in 1840 for the purposes of educating the children of American Protestant missionaries. In the 19th century it became the major private school in Hawaii for the early education of children from the island's upper crust haole families.

+Mr. Squeers, the brutal schoolmaster in Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*



The "malls" at the "that little bath all by myself without anybody to crowd me up.' The Pacific Ocean mind you."

very favorable things. She says she has written out an original musical of the dirl's. They certainly practice enough at home. We have "do ti so so re me do" from morning till night, more especially at the table.

March 8, 1909

Dear Mama,

Your recent letter expressing so much appreciation of the pictures is certainly an encouragement to up and at it again. There should be a lot more by this time -- mostly of me in my new hat posing in various spots of interest, but I believe the photographer spoiled them in developing. Seeing as how I figure so prominently therein he may have done this to spare my feelings.

Randolph spent a portion of yesterday doing you some sketches of the flora and fauna of these parts -- after perusing which I am sure you will need no visual description. He said he couldn't draw a hundred legs to the centipede, so he put the figure 100 above to show you the extent of his possession in this line. I wish you could be here for many reasons but more than anything to observe the chickies. I have never seen two beings so supremely happy. They play together incessantly and hardly ever come where I am or give me a passing word or glance. Much of their time is spent along the beach, collecting various treasures which they bring up and deposit in odd places so exactly like little dogs that you can't think of anything else. Old shoes, for instance, and dead crabs and fish and broken bottles and tin cans with other unsightly and unwholesome articles too numerous to mention. They are perfectly crazy for you to come here so they can see you "go in." We do have such glorious times in the water. Are there any pictures in the book you have of people riding surf boards? They are very much the size and shape of ironing boards, and we all have one apiece. Of course, we only aspire to ride them on our stomachs, but some people can stand up on them and shoot through the breakers in the most miraculous way. There is one young fellow here who can even stand on his head and do it. But they are lots of fun and such a nice way to rest from swimming. To

get out with one of them just at sunset, and lie down on it with the red and purple waves washing over you and the wonderful sky in front of you is an experience not of this world.

The *hau* tree under which I am sitting is a remarkable production. I enclose the leaf. It has also a bloom similar to that of the althea, and it has a way of growing as if it meant to possess the earth. The one that makes the roof of our large *lanai* is very soon going to make the roof of the house, too. They say up in the mountains where, of course, they can have their own way and nobody props up the branches, that they make dense and altogether impassable thickets. The clump of verdure you mention is, I think ferns. I haven't the picture just now, but I think there is a great bank of ferns around a tree about in that place. One of the prettiest things they have here is the hibiscus. There are many varieties of them and they are talking of adopting it as the national flower. About the most common hedge you see is one of hibiscus and they are always in bloom. I know when you think of this place you fancy it as feeling heavy tropical, now, don't you? Can you really believe the weather is like our most perfect spring and fall days with just the same half mournful and half happy look and feeling to everything -- especially the shadows on the grass. Bammy* remarked the other day (you hadn't forgotten that he is here) that the only thing to remind you that you were not in heaven was that you saw a funeral procession now and then.

Something you may be glad to hear, and not quite believe is that there is more *time* here, too. In spite of the fact that I have been so busy at home and so beset socially, I can see the greatest difference in this respect. I think it is because the temperature is so exactly right. I believe we don't realize how much time we lose at home trying to get either warmer or cooler. Here you forget all about the matter and proceed with other things.

Devotedly,
Anne

*A civilian employee at the Engineer office in Honolulu

March 16, 1909

Dear Mama,

These items of interest are about all I have time to narrate at this sitting, for it has just been sprung on me that the *China* starts for the States in a very little while. I ought to have had my letter all ready to go, but I have been more than usually busy of late getting ready for Colonel Biddle,* who came in on the transport and will be here for a week or more inspecting everything in sight. He came Saturday -- or rather the transport did, but she ran aground in the harbor just before landing, and nobody went ashore until Sunday morning. This is now Tuesday and Eveleth and the Biddle have gone to Hilo, Island of Hawaii to be gone until Saturday. This would leave me a nice time to "rest up" if it were not for the fact that the old *Logan* is sitting out there stuck fast in the mud with various people on board to be looked after in one way or another. Everybody is having a nice long glimpse of Honolulu this time. All the able-bodied craft in the harbor including a visiting British cruiser are taking pulls at her, but so far they have only broken their hawsers for nothing. She was run aground by the pilot so nobody is to blame. Pilots and doctors have this license to slay and destroy.

The Biddle is nice and no trouble in himself, but I am taking advantage of his presence to "ask" various people and to make things a little more lively than they would otherwise be, very much more lively for myself. This isn't any letter and doesn't pretend to be. I will speedily take my pen in hand again and try to show myself more grateful and responsive for all the nice letters.

Devotedly,
Anne

*Lieutenant Colonel John Biddle, U.S. Corps of Engineers, Washington, D.C.



The trail to Diamond Head -- "I felt like I was in a nightmare . . .

Sunday
March 21, 1909

Dear Mama,

This has been so far a stirring day. In fact, there has been plenty going on lately anyhow, but I shall begin by relating today's adventures.

Eveleth and Colonel Biddle invited the "family" to go along this morning on the trip to Diamond Head, where the mortar batteries and other interesting things are in the process of construction. You can see Diamond Head in almost all the pictures of Honolulu. The base of it shows in the little picture I put in this. It is an old volcano and towers up as clearly as a knife blade straight out of the sea. I have wanted to go in a mild way ever since I have been here, and Eveleth has been determined to get me to the top of it, so this morning the expedition came off. You have climbed mountains in a famous way, I know, but I don't think you ever climbed one that was built of dust and ashes without a sprig of anything to catch hold of in case your hooper slipped. To my mind it was a nightmare, and I don't know now what got into Eveleth to take us to such a place. It will always be a regret to me that I didn't take the camera and get some pictures of the children cavorting around the dizzy ledges of rock like a couple of little "shammy skins," as Colonel Biddle said. The chance is gone for a picture because they are never going there again, for sho'. It was bad enough as long as there was a shelf cut to wind our way along, but when there wasn't even that I did draw the line. It seems a pity to even suggest danger to those monkeys, who would have gone straight to the tippy top with no more concern than if they had been walking on a wide plateau. I never saw anything like them in my life. It seemed wonderful that they could have the physical strength to do it, much less the daring. Isn't it funny how everybody seems to have one special thing to *not* be afraid of. Eveleth is generally more than cautious about things, and I am not, so this morning when he seemed so determined to get his family up to the top of that awful place, I

felt like I was in a nightmare, with everything reversed. I think Colonel Biddle was very unhappy in places, and when I gave him Sister to escort to a safe footing he felt like his cup was full. Well, we are down now, and I shall let Margaret go by herself when she comes. Eveleth says all the worst was over and only a little more would have brought us in sight of the "view," which was, I suppose the thing we were going for. I have never appreciated views from a height myself. I don't think things are any prettier when you look straight down on them. Do you remember Sylvia in the Alpine story we read, who had inherited her father's mountain climbing ability? I think Eveleth's ancestors must have been goats.

The picture is of some of us going forth to sea in an outrigger canoe. The boats are made out of the trunk of a tree hollowed out with a big outrigger to keep them from turning over. After you have once seen people ride the waves in one of them, or on a surf board, much less done it yourself, everything else seems utterly worthless by comparison. I have not yet learned to do it on a surf board, but in one of these boats it is simply glorious. They don't seem to do it anywhere else except here -- I suppose this is the only place where the surf is just right for it. We go out to where the breakers come in over the reef -- about like good sized hills. Of course, there are always natives in charge of the party, and they know just how and where to catch one of these giant waves so that it brings you rushing in toward the shore at a furious speed, dashing all over you and just feeling so full of joy that you can hardly stand it. It is like coasting down hill on water. It isn't at all uncommon for the boats to get the waves inside them and to sink all they can sink -- whereupon everybody has to get out and hang on to the outside and either get rescued by some other boat or washed slowly into shallow water. This happened to us -- not Eveleth, but the Ridleys and two visiting ladies who we were "giving a treat" and me. The two ladies were taken into another boat after having suffered all the sensation of drowning many times over. The Ridleys and I hung on to our submerged craft until we got to where it was smooth enough to bail the water out and do some more "riding." It was so funny to see the absolute unconcern of our Hawaiian boatmen while

all this was going on, unconcern for us, I mean. They were dreadfully concerned about losing their paddles, which kept floating out of the boat.

There would come a mountain of water right on top of us -- with any depth beneath us -- and they wouldn't even say "Hold on" (I suppose they knew we were going to do that without any telling) but would say something to each other about paddles instead, and then go plunging after them as soon as the breaker had passed. It was a long time before I found out that the look of evident anxiety on their faces was all for their paddles. At first, I thought it was because they felt sure we were all going to be drowned. But I don't believe it even crossed their minds that people can be any worse off in the water than on the land.

Mrs. Ward says she thinks when people come to Honolulu and you start out to do the things for them that are supposed to give them joy that you should inquire if they have sufficient insurance, dependent relatives, etc. etc. -- after settling which questions they can proceed to "have a good time." But don't you worry. We are not going up Diamond Head any more and I am not going out surfing any more in such high wind as this one was -- that is, not until I have learned to swim far better than I do now.

Col. Biddle is going some time this week. He has had a nice time, I should suppose. I know he has had a lot that was good to eat and he has smoked until we have all been blue in the face. I had his room fixed up as if for a bride and it looks now as if inhabited by a bear. "Papa Bruin" himself.

Devotedly,
Anne

April 4, 1909

Dear Mama,

There is another transport due tomorrow -- this time from Manila. You remember that nice Mr. Kingman at the Barracks? He is to be aboard, and of course, we are going to ask him to spend his time with us.

There are two Japanese war ships in the harbor now, and yesterday there was a big reception for the officers at the Governor's, a garden party. It was most picturesque and interesting, but rather a failure so far as mixing the Orient and Occident was concerned. It was too funny to see the two races flocking by themselves. Of course, there were troops of little Jap middies -- each more alike than the other. There was the Royal Hawaiian Band playing *Aloha Oe* in one part of the lawn and the Japanese band for the flagship in another part playing -- guess what? *Wagner*.

Apparently they have gone in not only for the Kaiser's tactics but for his music, too.

The Governor and his wife are very nice people. I meant to write you about her before. She is much in the order of Mrs. Heiskell though more on the spot and less in the air a good deal. She is something of a poetess and has many gifts and graces, the chief of which is a simple and pleasant way of entertaining and doing her rather arduous part. She gave a "very delightful" musical and luncheon in honor of a Marine Corps lady and me, and it really was nice. Of course her home is everything lovely that you can dream of and some things that you can't. It is the only house I have seen here in Honolulu with floors like ours at home. They are identical except that hers are not polished.

The most stirring event of the past week was the trip the Ridleys made up Diamond Head. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley and a young lady who is visiting them started gaily forth one morning to go to the top. They returned looking ten years older apiece, owing to the fact that when they had gotten about half way up (nothing like as far as we went) nothing

would do Mrs. Ridley but she must jump off! I have so often heard of this form of insanity, but I never knew until I heard them describe her woozy conduct just what it must be like. Fortunately, the visiting girl was all right. Mr. Ridley says if he had had two on his hands he would have let them go and gone after them, and together they managed to blindfold their precious lunatic and get her down. She is the last person in the world you would ever think a thing like that would happen to. She is so sensible and so spirited. She says it never happened to her before and that she didn't think there was anything she couldn't do, but now of course her confidence in herself is terribly dashed.

It will be such a short while now before we have a big upheaval and all the garrison of Fort DeRussy (did you know the name of our post) will be changed. Nobody that is here now will be here after June -- except us. The Otwells go to the Washington Barracks, and I wonder what some of the people there who found the Ashfords a trial are going to make of this Spanish family! The Ridleys go on to Manila, the bachelors to Washington, and the Wards -- that's so, they are going to stay here, too. I had forgotten that. Of course there will be new people all the time. The Ridleys are going to leave a big hole. They are both so fine, besides being so beautiful, that we are going to miss them terribly. We are all going this afternoon to a select tea-party at Mr. Cleghorn's.* He is the brother-in-law of Queen Liliuokalani+ and the father of the Princess Kaiulani, who died, and many other interesting things. His

*Archibald Scott Cleghorn (1836-1910), was a prominent Honolulu merchant, married to Princess Likelike, sister of King Kalakaua. Their only child, Princess Kaiulani (1875-1899), was heir to the throne of Hawaii before the overthrow of the monarchy in 1893 and U.S. annexation in 1898. Kaiulani was taken suddenly ill and died March 6, 1899. Cleghorn family members held a close friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), famous author mentioned in several letters. Cleghorn is also referred to as "Archie" in these letters.

+Queen Liliuokalani (1838-1917), was the last ruling monarch of Hawaii, 1891-1893.

house is said to be a regular museum. The Queen herself has returned. I, for one, lay off to call on her one of these days. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Devotedly,
Anne

Sunday
April 26, 1909

Dear Mama,

My lawn party came off yesterday in great shape. It was really a very pretty party. The day was lovely. The band was very satisfactory, the refreshments good, and the people all happy and not too numerous nor too few. There were fifty or more guests and we had lots of chairs and rugs and cushions in the *lanai* at the water's edge so the older ones could sit down. There was a table with a big bowl of punch in the yard, and the ice cream and cake were brought out on trays by Japanese maids -- mine and Mrs. Ridley's and Mrs. Ward's. Everything went off fine and Colonel Schuyler* and Eveleth were pleased and I am so glad it is over.

The Colonel is staying with us over Sunday. He is such a nice man, you would enjoy talking to him. I have never known anyone who had had so many advantages in the people he is related to and the places he has been and just everything. He knows Fanny# and Lloyd# and loads of other literary people. Mrs. Scribner is a cousin and of course in this way he can meet just any literary celebrity that comes along.

This morning we took another try at Diamond Head. Colonel Schuyler had his bubble and Eveleth his, so pretty nearly the whole post went, and this time some of us made it to the top and came down on the ocean side. None of the pictures you have show you the climb going up. You see there is a crater

*Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, U.S. Cavalry, was in command of the 5th Cavalry at Schofield Barracks.

#Fanny Stevenson, wife of Robert Louis Stevenson and her son, Lloyd.

down inside. The upper edge is only wide enough to be comfortable on, of course, my going up was owing to the fact that I beguiled the children to go down after we began to get to the "dange" place. Eveleth is quite proud to have gotten me there at last, but I still think everything is prettier on a level or a very little eminence.

This evening we are going to have Governor Cleghorn and Captain and Mrs. Moses to dinner. The Governor is thawing visibly. Eveleth and I called on him the other day and took the children to see the peacocks. I never saw such tails.

I am invited to make up a party of my friends and bring them to his house some afternoon. "Any afternoon," he said in a voice whose gruffness was enough to scare you stiff. "Choose your own party" (gruffy still); "You pour tea" -- this last *such* a growl that I couldn't seem to put any meaning to the words and came away feeling as if I had been threatened with something. Tea at his house is lovely -- and an elaborate affair I can tell you. All sorts of little jam sandwiches and hot biscuits and such -- until you can't eat any dinner afterwards. I always thought English people made their tea a very light affair.

Devotedly,
Anne

May 8, 1909

Dear Mama,

Eveleth has gone on a lighthouse trip to one of the other islands. I can say it, but not spell it. He left Thursday and missed the concert and will return tomorrow. Tomorrow afternoon we are going to have another surfing party -- Captain and Mrs. Moses and the Wards. The Captain is studying Japanese furiously with two tutors and hoping for a station at Tokyo. The other evening when he was here he told me of his first effort to decipher one of the Japanese signs downtown. It turned out to be two familiar English words written in Japanese. He wrote them down for me -- the

Japanese letters and their English equivalent sound. See if you can make out the words. Say them very fast.

Our two bachelors and the Otwells have gone. The transport left early Thursday morning, but everybody had to be on board and farewelled the night before. Sometime I will relate the departure of the Otwells, which quite surpasses anything anybody ever heard of or anything anybody (except those we who saw it) is ever going to believe. There are so many strange points of resemblance between them and the Ashfords. How very strange that they both should have come my way. And if Mrs. Langfitt is still in Washington when they get there, how will she bear up under the fact that they should have both become hers. I wish I had time and paper to describe that going away. I haven't, but this much I will say--that when the time came for the family to get into the automobile and start to the transport (by "family" I mean Mrs. Otwell and the children who were here for dinner). The Captain had marched down with his company and was busy getting them aboard and Eveleth and Mr. Ward went over to pick up the grips and whatever hand baggage there might be. There they found (are you listening, woman) enough of everything under the sun to fill an escort wagon. There were two closets Eveleth said that hadn't been touched, and he and Mr. Ward had to go to work and pile underclothes and millinery and every imaginable article into bundles to go down to the transport. I was present when the soldiers began bringing these things on board and I assure you there were two detachments, coming from different directions and loaded like pack mules. The two staterooms were chocker block, and the poor Captain in the midst of it all looking like a man who had put himself in iron bands to keep from flying into fragments.

They were not making a sudden departure. They had had months to pack, and his part was all done, and his men marched down like clockwork. This was her part and she had packed, too. She had one basket about the size and shape of a wastebasket which she told me to be careful of as it contained mostly eggs and shoes. This basket was lost in the scrimmage, and there was so much conversation about it, both in Spanish and English, and we coupled these two words together so often

that we actually felt as if eggs and shoes naturally belonged together.

After we left them to their fate, Eveleth and I went to the Moana where there was a dance in progress. Then we bumped on home in the darkness -- the automobile making fearful lunges over the ruts in the road. At home the first sound that greeted me was the telephone ringing violently and Carmen standing on the porch excitedly stating that *el Capitan* had lost his *Zapatos* and *huevos* and had telephoned that he thought that they were still somewhere in the automobile. And would you believe that the basket was calmly sitting on the step of the automobile and after all the bumping neither eggs nor shoes were mutilated.

The next day the Wards and the Ridleys and I went to view the Otwell's battlefield. No tongue nor pen could ever describe that house. Among other things on the floor I saw one of the Captain's perfectly good "biled" shirts with the white tie lying beside it. I asked Mr. Ward if he didn't think we ought to rescue it and send it to him. "No," he said, "Let it alone. He will be lucky if he finds the ones he's got. I know three separate things his shirts went into."

Now, will you please tell me what these people are to do in Washington, where there is no such thing as shunning society as they have shunned it here?

With oceans of love,
Anne

Monday
May 17, 1909

Dear Mama,

I have let more than a week slip by me without taking my pen in hand, but now it is transport week again. Captain Putnam and Mrs. Putnam and their burbling son of nine or so have been *on us*. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins second lieutenants and infants in arms both of them, have been on the Wards. We have managed now by various means both over and underhanded to shift them off on themselves, but for my part I only succeeded in doing this because I had other guests coming and simply had to. Isn't it funny how the world's population seems composed of two thirds chronic visitors and one third visited. I can run a wayside inn (and do it pretty well) and as long as I am allowed to choose my guests there are few things I like better, but of the people who come and stay without seeming to know where they are or why, I don't have to mention to you that it sometimes seems a thankless business.

I would just give anything if you could see this land of beauty now. It is one broad flame of color. Just think what it would look like at home if the woods suddenly break into blooms with flowers on the trees just as we see them in the flower beds. You cannot even imagine it, but if you want to try, take *poinciana regia* and carry it up in your mind to a big tree and then cover it with solid bloom. Then there are so many trees that must be varieties of acacia -- some of them orange, some red and some pink. The oleanders are small trees, too, and I believe I wrote you about the magnificent varieties of hibiscus. There are countless colors, shapes, and sizes, and they are blooming now as if they hadn't been doing it all winter long. There is no sense in trying to describe things. I enclose a little bit of just about the most beautiful thing I have seen. It is a vine that tumbles down in one cascade of blossoms from tip top of a tall tree over in Mr. Cleghorn's wonderful garden. The tree itself is covered with orange-colored blossoms and has another vine growing on it with a

beautiful white blossom. The enclosed sample is about the color of our wisteria for one half -- the other half is green just the same color as the leaf. It looks for all its beauty like the flowers on a hat. It seems so wonderful to see waves of purple and green blossoms.

My tea party at Mr. Cleghorn's came off with great *éclat*. We took Colonel Schuyler and some others and had tea and a long stroll through the grounds. These are almost a tangle of vines and trees and shrubs -- the trees mostly palms towering up as if they wanted to get where they could breathe. If I should send you a picture of it you would think of a tropical jungle, sultry and oppressive, and yet here was the lovely wind blowing from the hills and every leaf in motion. The wonderful thing is that the Governor himself planted every tree and one of them is a hundred and twenty feet high. This is not a palm, but what they call an ironwood -- looks more like a variety of pine. The famous banyan in front of his house is as tall and wide-spreading as a small hotel -- really one of the most stupendous trees you can imagine and he planted that, too.

This time he showed me Stevenson's poem. It made me feel so strange to put my hand on it. I think you have read it. It begins "Forth from her land to mine she goes. The island maid, the Island Rose," and at the bottom he had written a little note that was of more interest to me than the poem. It was something to the effect that the poem was written for Kaiulani in April and in the April of her youth, within a short distance of her banyan tree. Then there was something about how he would miss her when she went to "her father's home and mine" and how she must take the poem with her and "when she hears the rain beating against her window (as I fear it will) she must read it and think of the shadow of her mighty tree and hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms and see her father sitting there alone."

I could hear the peacocks screaming as I read it and when I looked at the poor old gentleman, so left behind by everybody, I could very easily have done a little screaming



"Bathing in our 'swimming pool . . .'"

myself. We now have John Burroughs* in our midst. Captain Moses has already both nabbed and grabbed him as he does everything interesting that comes along.

Devotedly,
Anne

May 24, 1909

Dear Mama,

I am so glad you manage to take my letters (speaking of jaundering) in a spirit that enables you to enjoy them. It is the spirit that does it. They could easily be considered a trial. They ought to undergo a marked improvement now that I have been flocking with John Burroughs. The dinner party of which I wrote you came off with flying colors, but before that I had made the nice old gentleman's acquaintance. Captain Moses brought him and the two ladies who are traveling with him over one morning to go bathing in our "swimming pool." They also went surf riding in a mild way and had a good time generally. I got some pictures of them in the boat, Mr. Burroughs arrayed in a scanty bathing suit of Eveleth's and my big shade hat. I hope they will turn out all right. I am only sorry I didn't have the courage to photograph him in my kimono as he trotted back and forth from his room to the bath house. He looked like Father Time himself, the long sleeves and a large flight of white storks on the kimono somehow supplying the winged effect. But he is so nice, and it has been such a pleasure to meet him and hear him reminisce on Emerson and Alcott.

When they got through their aquatic sports I had hot tea and cold strawberries and ice cream for them on the *lanai* on the water's edge and I am sure they had a good time.

Devotedly,
Anne

*John Burroughs (1896-1920), was a prominent American author, poet and naturalist.

June 1, 1909

Dear Sister,

The lamp shade makes my whole room look as if it might belong to an artist or a poet, and I was so glad to have it just ready for yesterday (Sunday) because I had John Burroughs and his two travelling companions to dinner. They came in the afternoon and rested -- they had been "entertained" pretty hard all day -- and then we went in swimming and then had dinner and then moonlight and much conversation in the yard by the water. We did pretty nearly everything in the heavens and earth of English literature, it seems to me, and everybody jumped when somebody pulled out his watch and saw how late it was. I shall never cease to bless the kind breeze that blew to these shores and into my front yard a man who has known personally and written understandingly about so many of my cherished museum friends. I have recently read his essays on Matthew Arnold, and it was such a pleasure to hear him talk about him. I did so wish you could have strayed in about that time. Captain Moses took *Literature and Dogma* to read at my suggestion some weeks ago, and he told me yesterday he had finished it. He says he is going to keep on at it and see if it can finally answer the question that bothers him, namely, what is the difference between a good Jew and a good Christian. It is not Arnold's religious views so much as his literary ones that interest John Burroughs, however.

We have such perfect pictures of him sitting in the steamer chair in my *lanai*. It is a lovely illustration for his own poem "Serene I fold my hands and wait." You would have laughed yesterday when we were talking about Emerson and I said something about that passage that always amused me for the strong light it threw on his character, about the landscape looking quite different when seen between the legs. Up jumps Mr. Burroughs to take a view of Diamond Head through his, with as much earnestness and curiosity and interest as if I had offered him a look through a telescope.

The two ladies who are with him are lovely. The wonderful thing about them all is the way they treat everything so calmly and simply. They come over here and settle down as restfully as if they had just gotten home and there is never any touch of hurry or excitement in anything they say or do. Nice, nice people.

Devotedly,
Anne

June 25, 1909

Dear Mama,

Eveleth is still away on his trip to Hilo and the chickies and I are jaundering on alone. I always lay off to do a lot of reading and sewing while Eveleth is gone, but people are all extra "good" to me then because they think I am so lonesome, and I don't get so very much time to myself after all.

Eveleth is going to fall in a faint when he does come and finds that we have been getting up before breakfast and going swimming. That is, Brother and I have. Sister tried it one morning, and decided (independent as she is) that she preferred lounging in bed and rising at her leisure. She is so blest in always knowing her own mind about things. So Brother and I hop up and into our bathing suits and run down the beach to the best swimming place and have a lovely time in the cool water (it gets too warm after the sun has shone on it all day) which seems doubly pure and clean in the early light - - I never fail to long for you all to be here. We do have so many happy experiences.

I think I must tell you of rather a funny one that I had yesterday. It came over me very strongly in the midst of a French book I was reading yesterday morning, that my enjoyment of its exquisite style would be greatly enhanced if I knew a little more about the pronunciation of the words, and I bethought me of the fact that I had heard last summer of a man

here who is considered a very good teacher of the language. I found out by much telephoning that he lived down here on the beach, not so very far from me, and I started forthwith to look him up. I drove about half a mile then turned into a lane leading toward the beach. It looked dusty and unpromising, but it ended with a pretty vine-covered gateway, and beyond this I wandered into a green garden with mango trees and Chinese orange trees loaded with their yellow fruit, and the ocean right in front and little boxy houses scattered all around. From one of these came the sound of a piano, and at its screen door I knocked. It was my Frenchman, of course, playing away at that hour of the day and arrayed in a scanty kimono -- and in nothing else I am sure from the way he gripped it around him when he arose and faced a lady on his threshold. He had a gray moustache turning upward, and he was, of course, absolutely desolated at being surprised in such a state of undress. He didn't want to speak to me and gave me to understand by every sign imaginable that he wished to be considered invisible. But I had come too far for this, so I told him in very matter of fact English that I had no wish to come in and that if he wanted to he could step back out of sight while I spoke to him on a matter of business.

His room was so tiny that I don't think he could have stepped out of sight in it, and I was really perishing to come in, for it all looked so attractive with his music books and things arranged a la studio. I told him who I was, and he said it was most wonderful -- that even as he had sat there playing at his piano he had been thinking of Major Winslow and wondering if he would be at all interested in forming a fencing class for the officers. What between amazement at this piece of "telepathy," as he called it, and natural politeness and the scant kimono he was really so funny that I could not keep from smiling. He assured me he would wait upon me at my house as soon as possible, and I left him to recover from his mixed emotions and kimono as best he could. He came, of course, in a couple of hours, arrayed in everything desirable even to a walking cane, and still bursting with apologies. As Mrs. Ward said when I told her about him, "The idea of his wasting all that modesty on you," which sounds insulting but is a very

pertinent remark all the same. We spend so much of our time in wet bathing suits and have grown so familiar with the contours of the human form that I don't think it is in the power even of the "altogether" to shock us in the least.

We arranged about the lessons, by the way, and I think I am going to find him a very satisfactory teacher. In addition to French and fencing, he also teaches Spanish and music.

I don't believe I have mentioned Dr. and Mrs. McGrew in any of my letters. They are old residents and I think the Doctor's name figures in the history of annexation difficulties. He is quite old and feeble, but Mrs. McGrew is very much up to snuff. You would know that she had been a beauty in her youth by her general air and behavior, even if she didn't have a lovely hoopskirted portrait to prove it, and she is such an interesting woman particularly on the subject of the native royalty, whom she knew intimately and always called by their first name. She was reminiscing about Governor Cleghorn and his royal spouse one day, especially touching upon the hasty temper of the latter. "Why yes," she said, "Likelike used to strike Archie." If you had ever seen the Governor you would know what the effect of hearing him called Archie must have been. Please don't wonder why I keep writing nonsense. I don't suppose it has a single claim to being a funny story as written down, but when I hear and see these things I pretty nearly go up. They do amuse me so.

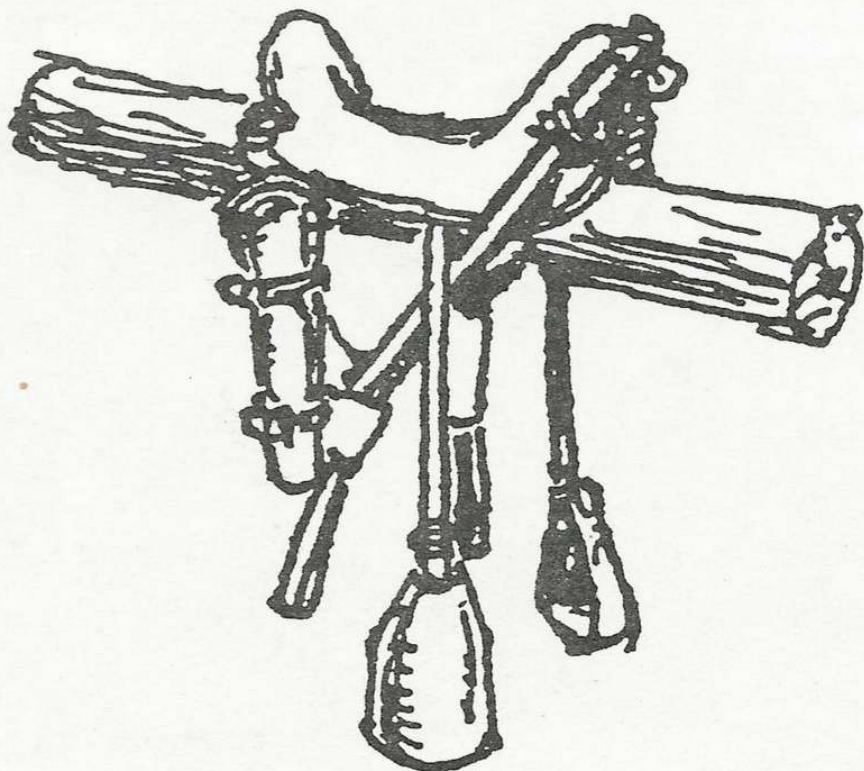
We have a beautiful addition to our front hall in the Battalion flags. They are perfectly gorgeous big silk embroidered things and make the hall look very festive indeed. We are going to keep them as long as we are Battalion Commander, and I am going to hate it dreadfully to have to give them up.

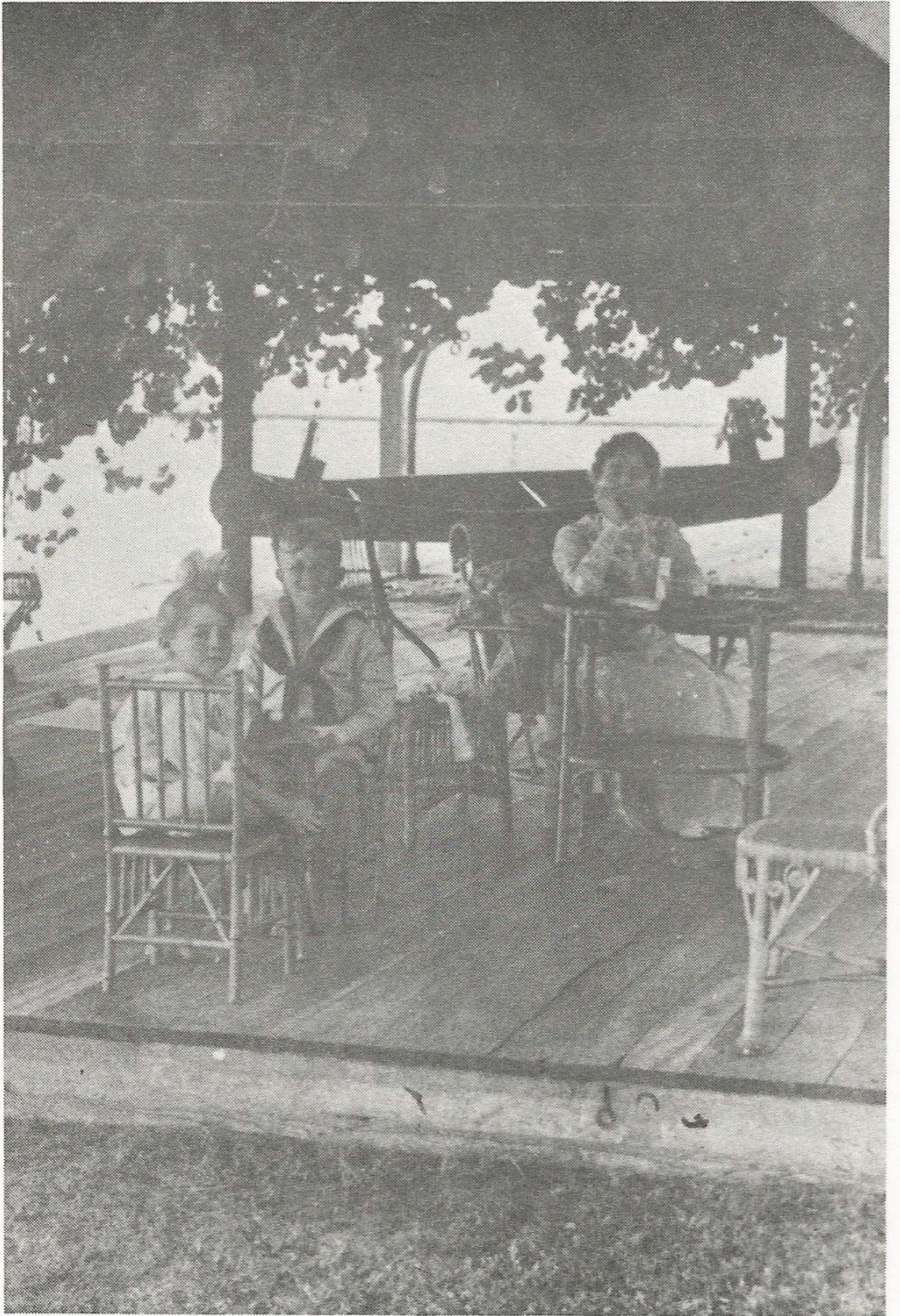
Devotedly,
Anne

CHAPTER III

"Such a beautiful monotony . . ."

July -- December 1909





"Such a beautiful monotony. . ." Mrs. Winslow and her children on the beach lanai at Waikiki.

July 2, 1909

Dear Mama,

I ought to have been scribbling away for hours, but I got switched off from my literary work (as a steamer goes tomorrow) and onto the beach where the moon is weaving such a shining magic that I like to have never gotten away. The tropic moon is a marvel, and tonight the tide is low and the "moving waters at their priest-like task of cold ablution around earth's human shores" are so crystal clear that you cannot help feeling they must wash all the old world clean at last. If you don't come and see this place on such a night as this, you will never, never know what the soul of beauty is.

I believe there is no news to boast of. Eveleth came home, and everything is going on just the same -- such a beautiful monotony that you cannot want even the least ripple of a change.

My Frenchman is not all I hoped to find him. We have had more than one difference already in the matter of literary taste and judgment, and I think I shall have to plunge him into the depths of woe by dispensing with his instruction. In a way I hate to do it, for his pronunciation is exquisite, but pronunciation is not all I want.

I now am the proud possessor of a complete and beautiful edition of John Burroughs, bought in San Francisco for me as they passed through (a commission kindly undertaken by Doctor Barnes) and with all the volumes autographed in the author's hand. The first volume has this: "For Mrs. Winslow with the love of John Burroughs."

With oceans of love to you all,
Anne

July 27, 1909

Dear Mama,

Sunday -- yesterday -- we went out to the Pali. Have you seen any pictures of that stupendous cliff where Kamehameha drove his enemies over and down to the sea? It is one of those "views" that are almost too wonderful to be remembered, and utterly impossible to describe or photograph. The thing of all others that makes it wonderful is the wind that comes sweeping over it perpetually, on such mighty wings that everything bends low before it. Even the waterfalls are swept away right before your eyes and vanish in a cloud of spray, right in the middle of their courses.

No wonder it is always cool and breezy down here on the beach, with that tempest always howling in the pine trees only those few miles away. Of course we forgot to take the camera, but I hope I can hold on to the picture I have in my mind of Sister holding on Eveleth's hand and with her little skirts wrapped around her and her hair streaming on every side.

Both the chickies are so cunning in the water. You would hardly believe your eyes if you could see them leaping headlong into just any depths. They are never curious to know how deep the water is, just so it isn't too shallow so they might bump their heads on the bottom. Brother has quite a masterful racing stroke, but Sister swims exactly like a little dog. She is so cunning. There is a magazine called *Overland*, the July number of which is all about Honolulu. Perhaps you can get it sooner than I could order it for you. I think you might enjoy it.

I have the consciousness that this letter is more like a railroad train than anything nicer. I have so raced along. But I will do better next time. Oh, if I could only send you a breath of coolness and comfort.

With oceans of love,
Anne

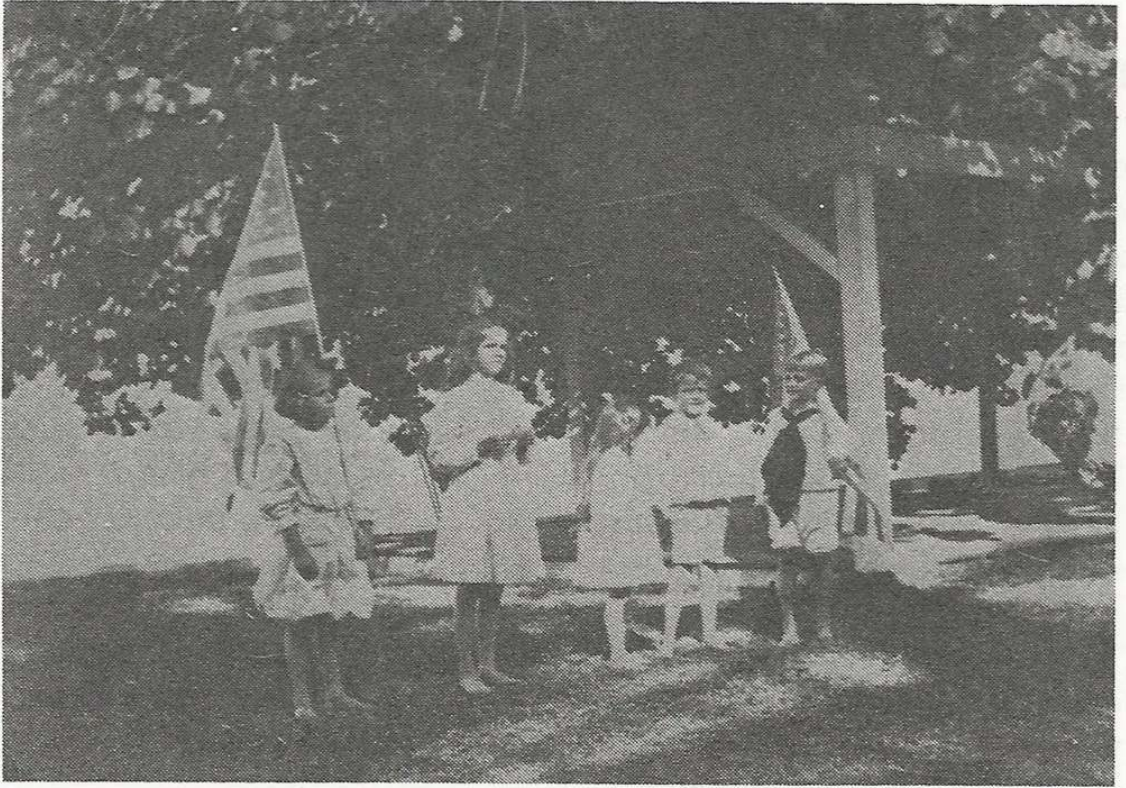
August 16, 1909

Dear Sister,

Everybody except me has gone down to see the transport off. It didn't bring us much excitement this time -- a classmate of Eveleth's and another man for dinner, and the Major of the new Artillery post (Diamond Head Mortar battery) for lunch. But we have Mrs. Watkins spending the week with us, so we managed to keep from stagnating. Mrs. Watkins is the wife of the young officer who came when the Putnams did. He is a boy from Franklin, Tenn., and I fear he is sometimes led to wish himself back in that metropolis, for his life is not a bed of roses here -- camping out in a desert spot and making interminable contours of mountains. Mrs. Watkins looks like Nancy Scruggs only very pretty. I have never seen such a young looking "married lady" and everybody talks of her as an infant, but it seems to me that sticking it out month after month in a desert tent is not an infantile quality. I think she has a fine character under her dimpled exterior.

The new Artillery are to live in shacks out at Diamond Head -- a happy prospect for them, for there is not a tree in sight and no grass -- only red dust. I thought it was cruel to bring this Major here to lunch (to this slice of Eden) and then take him to his camp. You see, the verdure of Honolulu is entirely dependent on the rain, which is the most localized institution you ever head of. In some of the mountain ranges it rains all the time, and everything is green and plummy, but there are other places where they never have a drop and these mountains with their scarry sides and deep barren craters look as if they might have happened yesterday. There are some places I *know* Childe Roland must to the dark tower have come. At Waikiki it seldom rains but everybody waters day and night and keeps all nice and green. Of course, the new Major can water, too, but it will take time and many patient soakings to coax any greenness out of the vicinity of Diamond Head.

Devotedly,
Anne



The Winslow and Damon children on the Fourth of July, 1909 at Waikiki. Heather Damon, Esme Damon, Mary Winslow, Sam Damon and Randolph Winslow (left to right).

August 27, 1909

Dear Mama,

I must tell you briefly of our last outing. We went last Sunday to visit Mrs. Damon* and the children (they are the people who have been next door all summer) in their mountain lodge. They are spending a week there by way of a change from the sea, and a change it is -- being about as near the sky as you can get on this island. First we went to Mrs. Damon's regular house, which is a lovely place about at the foot of the long ascent which terminates in the location of the lodge. Here we were conducted to a regular English stables and offered all sorts of horses and saddles to ride up the mountain. We accepted a horse for the children but Eveleth and I loftily proclaimed we would walk. The Chinese groom protested patiently, "I think more better ride," he said glancing from my not-too-heavy shoes to my altogether light expression of face. Well, walk we did. The children on their horse with saddle bags of provisions and a boy on another horse with more saddle bags, jaundered peacefully along in the lead while Eveleth and I plodded on behind. For four blessed miles we tramped up that mountain -- through scenes of unforgettable loveliness it is true, but also through pouring rain, as we neared the top, and through mud of a slipperiness not to be imagined. I am pretty strong and rather persevering, but there were times, as I saw jags and jags still arising before me and the top of it all nowhere that I could see, when I could have laid me down in the wet grass and wept. Well, we did attain the height at last and the children stood on the porch and blew a bugle and Mrs. Damon ran down in riding breeches and top boots to boost me up the last steep incline. The little house is a thing after Stevenson's own heart. It is built out of an old

*Mrs. Gertrude Damon (1880-1917), was born in Scotland and married two Damon brothers in succession. Her home was designed to resemble a ship and was called *TopGallant*. It was built on a ridge high above Moanalua Valley outside the city limits of Honolulu.

abandoned ship -- the lumber was carried up piece by piece on men's backs. They have carried out the original architecture wherever it was possible -- even having the galley stairs and the heavy ship's buckets and swinging lamps and old-time fire arms, and (most interesting of all) the old log books, which they are continuing on as a guest book. The name of it is Top Gallant -- and a more suitable name could not be devised. I think to be up there on a windy night in this queer craft, perched on the very crown of a mountain, might make you have strange dreams. There is just barely room for it up there, too. The land falls down almost perpendicularly all around -- and gigantic ferns and tropical bloom are spread below. How you all would have loved to see it.

I will not go into detail over the homeward journey. Of course, having refused to bring horses up, we had none to ride down, so the descent was also affected via shank. My, but we were glad to get home and take to the water! I suppose it seems funny to speak of the little jaunt in such heavy terms, but when it comes to mountain climbing, I am not "used of it" and I am now in the frame of mind to 'low that I never intend to be. But when it comes to swimming and all manner of water stunts, then there are few things I cannot do and none that I will not attempt. Mr. Ward is going to take his camera out in the canoe and try to get some lightening exposures of the "Post" at its afternoon recreations. If he succeeds, how we will shock our earthbound friends at home!

With oceans of love,
Anne

September 4, 1909

Dear Sister,

One day soon I am going to get some new ink, and then you may expect something really worthwhile. Writing with this unreliable fluid now in my bottle bereaves me alike of "pity and wit," but I must make a try at telling you people that Honolulu is doing it up brown for the congressmen. We have

just come from a gigantic *luau* given in their honor at the Seaside Hotel. Here we had the joy of seeing five hundred greasy mortals consuming all manner of fish and *poi* (not to mention roast dogs, which belong at *luaus* but are not always distinguishable.) Everybody was there -- white and brown most thoroughly sandwiched. Our stay was short but full of feeling. Eveleth paused at the head of one long table to introduce me to Mr. Taylor (gentleman from Alabama) who was feasting away between the Governor and his wife -- crowned and wreathed with *leis*, and (just at the moment when Eveleth addressed him) with his forefinger immersed in a calabash of *poi*. Of course the *poi* went into his mouth and the finger was quickly and most voluntarily extended with the rest of his good right hand to shake with me. I told him I couldn't think of it -- not that hand, and I was doubtful of the other one, too. They are having one good time and doing everything they are asked to do. I suppose they form a habit of being obliging during election time which lasts them over. We were asked to meet Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Chandler from Mississippi at dinner the other night. Oh, how much at home I was! I never saw Mississippi so adequately represented before and that is saying a good deal. The coats and neckties and the voices -- all was what it should have been and when they were telling their jokes I got to laughing so at them that they like to have never stopped the flow of wit and animation. Mr. Humphreys, by the way, is the husband of a first cousin of Henry Yergers. Eveleth knew him in Washington. He was on the Rivers and Harbors Committee. I believe he is considered pretty smart. Eveleth likes him and has asked him to dinner here tomorrow. I have asked Governor Cleghorn and some others to meet him.

Yesterday the Queen gave a reception. She does this very infrequently of late, but it was her birthday, and the concatenation of this and the congressmen was too much for her, and so she celebrated. I shall always be glad I saw it all, for its like will not be seen much more. She is a dignified old lady with a fine face and bearing, and her pictures are a fearful slander. The Palace was, I suppose, much as it has always been -- the most wonderful conglomeration of Hawaiian ornaments

and American junk you can imagine, but the reception was not an amusing thing and nobody laughed, in spite of the queerness of it all. It was really like a tremendous funeral. There were so many flowers, countless yards of *leis* -- and people were all so quiet. Of course, the Royal Hawaiian Band was there, doing its classic utmost, but whenever it let up you could hear the voice of a weird old woman who stood outside the porch chanting the Queen's interminable *mele*. That is, I gather, the family history and the deeds of her ancestors. The chanter was dressed in a flowered cretonne *holoku*, and leaned on a stick when she was not gesticulating. The Queen herself had on a beautiful gown -- national, of course, in cut, but most tasteful and becoming in material and color, silk and lavender, respectively. On her right stood Governor Cleghorn, more grave and imposing than you can imagine. On her left were Prince Kalaniana'ole* and his Princess. Around and about stood various tall Hawaiians in the rare and beautiful (but hot, I fear) feather capes which they wear on such state occasions. They were mostly made of brilliant yellow plumage. I suppose such birds have all vanished away -- as these last relics of royal magnificence are soon to do. It all looked to me like the final gasp of a dying order of things, and in spite of the fact that I enjoyed it greatly it made me sad. As for Archie, he almost took my breath away. Heavens, thought I, have I asked this mighty Chieftain to my humble abode on Saturday, to meet my Mississippi congressman, and can it be that he will accept?

No mail from home, but I am glad you are not trying to write in the hot weather. I sent Papa a coat of arms for his watch. If he never wears his watch this way and doesn't want it, just send it quietly back.

Devotedly,
Anne

*Jonah K. Kalaniana'ole (1871-1922) served as a Territorial Delegate to the U.S. Congress 1902-1922.

September 22, 1909

Dear Mama,

I suppose you have seen from the papers that Honolulu is entertaining the Navy to a finish. The Navy are to respond in kind with a grand ball to be given on the dock flanked by the two flagships. It ought to be grand indeed. The congressmen have gone, but for a while we had them and the Navy, and the old town waxed pretty hot. There was a tremendous reception given by the Prince and Princess Kalaniana'ole. You are aware I suppose that he is the representative from Hawaii, and, of course, he aspired to do his royal best here on his native turf to dazzle and delight his colleagues from Washington. And really it was wonderfully well done -- quite putting the White House affairs to the blush. It was out-of-doors on this windy night, with many lights under many palm trees, but the house, of course, was thrown open, and was a veritable museum. I will just have to wait until I see you to describe it to you. If you only knew how when I take my pen in hand I am tempted to run into sunsets and moonrises and the other beautiful changes that befall our kingdom of beauty here, you would certainly give me credit for a mighty restraint. The ocean has seemed so more than wonderful now that we have the battleships on it.

With oceans of love,
Anne

October 1, 1909

Dear Mama,

The dance on the battleship was a grand affair. It was, I suppose, as magnificent a party as could be given here or in any land. I wish you could have seen it. The ships looked as if they were made of light, and the searchlights turned on the flags made them like waving flames of color. On the big dock there

was a huge imitation battleship (the *U.S.S. Honolulu*), so covered with flags and festoons of lanterns that she looked as if she might have sailed from out some brilliant dream. Really it was booful, and of course everybody that had a uniform was there -- even the officers from a Dutch cruiser that is now in port. They were an extra patch of brightness with their extra quantity of gold lace.

Are you people getting up much excitement over Halley's Comet? Eveleth has been hot on its trail for some days -- with an outburst of mathematics that fairly makes me reel. He is giving us a pretty close shave. If the comet doesn't veer from the course he has prescribed for it, we will be next spring sometime within easy lashing distance of its tail, tail, tail!

Speaking of astronomy, I wish you could have heard Sister the other day airing her newly acquired knowledge with practical intent. I have been trying to train them to go to sleep with no lights up stairs. Please try to fancy the following remark made with an emphasis and a rising inflection that carried the last part up through her nose -- "Do you know, Mama, when you put out that light all I have to give me any light at all is two little teensy weensy stars and an old dark cocoanut tree and Brother, he has the moon and Venus and he has Mardy!"

Unfair distribution of the heavenly bodies, isn't it?

Devotedly,
Anne

October 19, 1909

Dear Mama,

At this end of this week we set forth for an inter-island cruise of some days' duration. We go in the lighthouse tender -- the *Kukui* by name. Have I ever written you anything about this notable vessel? In the first place, she is called *Kukui* from the name of the nut that grows on the candle tree -- a very oily nut that the natives used to string on sticks and burn as their sole means of light before the missionaries and their candles arrived. I think the name is poetic, both in derivation and

sound. You know all the lighthouse tenders are named for trees and flowers. If only the boat herself were as gentle and euphonious as her name, we might promise ourselves a gay voyage, but they say she is guaranteed to throw the oldest sailor -- entirely unsuited in every way for these proverbially rough waters, except in the one particular that she is quite safe. But at least we will have the satisfaction of travelling in state and seclusion and sick, or well, this is much. We are going to take the Wards along. Mrs. Ward came on the last transport and they were here to dinner and to talk it over this evening. She is a most undaunted little soul, to be willing to rush upon the deep so soon again, for she is no kind of a sailor, even on the dignified old transports. What the gay and light-hearted *Kukui* is going to do for her remains to be seen. But here she sat this evening, just the same, planning what she is going to wear and this and that, paying no heed to Mr. Ward's sardonic remarks about bunks and kimonos. She says she feels exactly like the Stevensons!

Needless to say the main object of the cruise is to see the volcano. I can't help wondering if it is going to scare the chickies. I never seem to learn how calmly they take things. They say there are rare instances of grown people (especially of one cautious man do they tell) becoming terrified, but I have never heard of a child objecting to even this bird's eye view of hell. Well, we will have much to relate when we come back again. I only wish I could get one more letter from home before I go, but I have just looked on the list of steamers arriving, and there is nothing due before the twenty-sixth, which will be two days before we lay off to return. We are going to the leper settlement, but only Eveleth expects to go ashore there. He has a lighthouse there and goes every now and then. The scenery about those parts is said to be the most stupendous in the world.

The chickies went to a nice birthday party this afternoon. I want to have a Halloween party for them if I can get back in time to get it ready.

With oceans of love,
Anne

October 25, 1909
Volcano House, Hawaii

Dear Mama,

We have just arrived and had our lunch and are now booted and spurred for our trip to the volcano proper. We are right by the big crater, and here in the yard of the hotel there is smoke coming up through all the cracks in the ground. It is a fearsome place. No use trying to describe it to anybody. To get to the red hot central crater we have to ride on donkeys over the lava field of the big crater -- about ten square miles. The middle, boiling crater is about a quarter of a mile across. The thing that impresses me more than anything else is to see the ferns growing and the cattle peacefully grazing with the smoke coming up all around them. It seems as if every living thing would simply quake in terror to find its' self at a place like this. But this hotel is considered quite a resort for people from Honolulu -- who come for the high altitude and not at all for the volcano.

I meant to keep a sort of a little journal of our trip here but the *Kukui* knew better. She is a devil of the deep. I have never imagined a boat could act so. Eveleth was the only one of us who didn't give up.

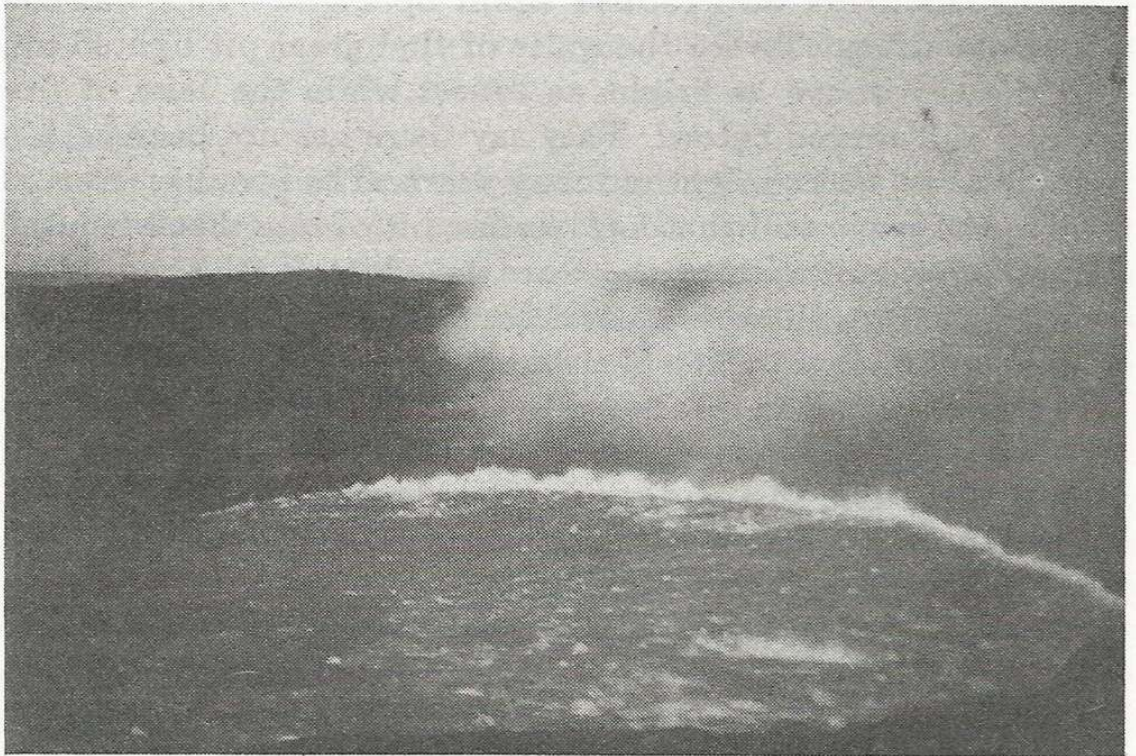
Evening -- after dinner

I was called off from my beginning of this afternoon, by the arrival of the horses and the call to mount. It is about three miles to the cauldron, down, down, into the big crater, and then across the lava fields full of cracks and fissures, hot and steaming. We were all mounted except Eveleth and Mr. Ward, who tramped. At the end of the journey came the wonder. No use trying to describe it, NO USE! We looked at it awhile by daylight (it bears no resemblance to the above illustration, by the way), when we spent an hour drying our soaking garments and scorching postals and roasting apples over one of the red hot cracks beneath our feet. The rain just

simply poured most of the time. There was one spell when it looked like a fight between the rival elements. Then we went back to the brink and looked again by night. This was the marvelous thing. To see the walls of that great pit lighted up, and the sky above as bright as sunset while the lake of fire danced and surged below! They say there has not been such a display as we had tonight in many years. The lava has risen so high in the great well that has confined it of late that when the big geysers shoot up they overflow the edge. It isn't red as the colored pictures show, but the color of the golden coals -- the almost white ones. When the waves break against the walls, it looks as if they were plastered with gold leaf, and sometimes the lava flies up in a regular show of gold. All the time, of course, there is a tremendous roaring, just as the ocean makes. Well, I hope we will all be given grace to remember it! The chickies like it well, but Sister was in a hurry to start back on account of the horse! Dear little monkey, riding those three soaking miles back in the darkness, and remarking sleepily as she got into bed, "I would have liked it if I could have stayed on that horse a little longer!"

Our guide heated coffee for us over the cracks and fed us sandwiches while we waited for the darkness to fall at the volcano and then we had dinner and nice open fires when we returned to the hotel. So, altogether our long absence from the sight of fire has been largely atoned for. I will also say that I didn't think the volcano a bit like hell, in spite of the sulfurous smell. The wetness and the chill around us seemed more like it. The volcano was bright and beautiful, and the nice hot cracks felt like the hearth at home. I have been slowly meandering through hell with Dante this summer, and when we got down to the fourth circle where he had the pleasure of seeing his enemies stuck in the mud and incessantly rained upon, I said to myself, "Now this is it."

We have looked over some of the interesting old registers this hotel has kept up for many years. Some of the inscriptions are by famous people. I was particularly impressed by that of the Reverend Joseph Smith beginning "Wonderful are thy works, O Lord!" Most of them are rather frivolous. They are written in every language under heaven -- even Turkish and



A lake of fire at Halemaumau Crater on the island of Hawaii. "No use trying to describe it, NO USE!"

Arabian. The man who keeps the hotel is Greek -- Mr. Demosthenes Lycurgus, if you please. I tackled him at once on the subject of Robert Louis Stevenson. He knew him well, he said, had shaken hands with him and waited on him at the table. "Nice man, but a shadow, a perfect shadow." And speaking of Stevenson takes me back to our cruising in the South Seas. I don't think there ever were such waters or such a boat. The steward gloomily remarked as he helped me hold the poor little chickies over the rail, "She's a bad boat, m'am. Can't hold her down anyway." That was just it. She simply went up in the air and there she writhed and twisted and got her nose down somehow preparatory to taking a header into the yawning abyss below. Oh, she was something to go home and forget about and all the while the scenery was so exquisite. Eveleth heroically tried to take some pictures -- with four men helping him hold the camera down. We were all of Saturday and half of Sunday getting to Hilo, Island of Hawaii. Here we loitered about trying to find our legs again and early Monday morning -- today -- got in the automobile and started for the thirty mile trip from Hilo to the hotel. It was a wonderful trip through such tropical scenery as you can scarcely imagine -- great forests of fern and guava and trumpet lilies and more brilliant flowering trees and plants than I have ever found names for. There were miles of sugar cane and whole little Japanese villages belonging to these great plantations, and once when the automobile broke down, Mrs. Ward and the children and I walked on ahead and came to something so much like a storybook that we could hardly believe it -- a real New England home, with old-fashioned roses growing amid the rampant exotics in the garden and two dear old white-headed ladies in the house. One of them had Winslow relatives in Massachusetts, and I hope we are on the same tree. It seemed so strange to find her there out in that lonely stretch of tropic country, but these islands are such a strange mixture. There are lots of New England people here, in spots, and they have stayed just as they were back in the old missionary days. The precious belongings they managed to get out here then are just as desirable in their eyes as ever. It is like the country New England, I imagine.

I shall leave the scorched cards for the chickies to indite. Poor little tired monkeys. They are knocking it off in their hotel bed at present and dreaming, I dare say, of many things, but not volcanoes. Who would waste a dream on that when there are real live horses in the world? There was a gramophone squeaking out "Home Sweet Home" as we mounted the stairs to bed, and Randolph seemed much impressed thereby. He spoke of it several times, and while he was stripping off his little garments murmured sleepily "I should say 'Home Sweet Home.'"

Well, we hope to be there again Wednesday night sometime with the many wonders to recall, at least among which will be the antics of the *Kukui*.

Devotedly,
Anne

October 28, 1909
On board the *Kukui*

Dear Mama,

You will surmise, no doubt, that the precious creature is lying at anchor and so she is. Off the leper settlement at Molokai. Eveleth and Mr. Ward have gone ashore to sojourn for some hours with their lighthouse. The rest of us have just had lunch, and are settling in to amuse ourselves according to our respective tastes until about four o'clock when the men return and we plunge once more into our gymnastics on the deep. We have had a much better trip coming back and have all enjoyed a great deal of it. The moon last night was a wonder. We left Hilo about four and followed along the coast of Hawaii for hours and hours with the moon behind and Venus on our port beam and such waters and such a wonderful coast! It isn't often one can follow the coast so closely as we can here where the mountains run straight down into the deep ocean with no shoal places to speak of. We were in close enough to see the little toy villages and the pretty little church spire nestled on the green, green slopes. But the most

wonderful sight of all was the high mountain tops, Moaukea and Moanloa about fifteen thousand feet up in the clouds. That is pretty high when you look right up from the sea.

I would rise to remark that both chickies have come in and decided to indite also and what between spelling to one on the right and another on the left I am likely to write anything myself. The aforesaid mountains may not be fifteen thousand feet. Papa will know. Perhaps I had better take another try at names Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Speaking of names, Eveleth has the most wonderful faculty for remembering Hawaiian words. The names of all those rocks and rivers and towns and lighthouses come rippling from his tongue in a way that is really absurd. And he thinks they mean something to the rest of us. This morning out on the deck he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and remarked just as a man would say, "Let me off at Buffalo." -- "Let me know when we get to Makubacniki?" When we did get there he was fortunately awake, for I would have never known it, I can assure you. It was only a rock, but even if it had been a town it would have been too small to have such a name written on it. You never saw such tiny, tiny little picture places.

The shores of Molokai are beautiful beyond all words. The cliffs rise in some places two thousand feet up from the sea. They are that right at the settlement. They are covered with a verdure that you have to believe is moss even though you know it is trees and there are countless waterfalls. It is where the cliffs divide and run back into steep valleys that you can hardly believe your eyes. The settlement is very pretty. Much larger than the other little towns, I am sorry to say. There are several churches and various established industries. Eveleth only walks through it but he never sees anything to make him sad or sorry.

You will be interested to know that we "lay to" for an hour last night between moonset and daybreak. On the *Kukui*, this is equivalent to a first class storm at sea, but we had all gotten so accustomed to having our belongings flying about the stateroom and to holding ourselves hard to the mattress to keep from joining the dance that nobody noticed the "laying to" until we were informed of it next morning. That is, nobody

but Eveleth. He never misses anything. I don't believe there ever was a man so fitted both by genius and digestion for a seafaring life. He says he doesn't like this boat, but I believe he does. I think we all like to "come out strong." However I don't believe that even he would care to come out any stronger. He upholds me in my assertion that any boat that can act like this under normal conditions would be at the absolute mercy of a storm. We have been so fortunate to have only normal winds and waves here where the normal is at least unique.

We expect to get to Honolulu sometime tonight. We want to leave here late enough to see something about the lights after dark. I wish I could tell you about the lighthouse with the sea and the cliffs behind. Mr. Ward has taken some pictures, and I only hope they will do to send. I am so anxious to get some letters from home. I seem to have been gone so long and feel as if almost anything might have happened. How much I hope all such happenings have been good.

With oceans of love,
Anne

November 4, 1909

Dear Mama,

I have just heard such a fascinating tale from an old Hawaiian who comes around selling bead trinkets. Somebody told him I had been to the volcano, and he came to see me and tell me as how his grandfather used to live down in the crater! "He, great prophet (*kahuna*) lived six months there and six months up in high mountains. He have long white moustache and long hair. He take his surf board and ride on fire. No! He no on fire. He no burn! He great *kahuna*. He close his eyes, make prayer. God hear him. He no too hot!"

The idea of the old codger down there riding the surf of those waves of fire appeals to me. That goes Shadrach, Mishac, and Abednego one better, I think.

What a wonderful mythology these imaginative people must have had, here in this marvelous land! If only it could

have been written down and preserved. But I dare say the first people who did the writing thought it more in keeping with the missionary spirit to hush it all up and forget about it. As Ernest Renan* says -- take a monotheist into a land of polytheism and he seems to become at once deaf, dumb, and blind.

Devotedly,
Anne

November 9, 1909

Dear Mama,

Mrs. Jones (Miriam Pierce) came through yet again on the last transport from the Orient. She has given up Manila as a bad job. She says Mrs. Ridley may come back too, but I hardly dare hope for this. It is mighty hard on those young women out there. Their husbands have to be out in the bosque and they are not allowed to go, no matter how brave and willing they may be, so there is nothing left but a poor boarding house and the endless round of army society.

We are going to dinner tomorrow evening with the British Consul. This is His Royal Majesty's birthday, and the party may be a birthday party. How many candles ought King Edward to have? Only seven (VII)?

Devotedly,
Anne

P.S. Papa says the "accredited" costumes of the orientals. Doesn't he believe they really wear them? I would like to take him for a drive in Honolulu. The women all look so dainty in theirs -- too much like flowers or butterflies for the uses of their hard work. But the men look very untidy and slovenly with nothing but that loose garment girdle around their naked

*Ernest Renan, *Vie de Jesus* (1869).

legs. Everybody's cook, of course, wears American clothes -- everybody's maid, Japanese.

December 20, 1909

Dear Mama,

Your more than fine letter of December first came last week and gave us much. I think I acknowledged the ones of the mails that came just before. They were highly appreciated.

Eveleth has gone off again -- this time on that silly ride.* Colonel Schuyler conducts the victims this time, and victim is the name for Eveleth. To think of a man as rushed as he is with important work having to give up three whole days of his precious time for anything so senseless. However, the none too energetic Colonel has done his best to make the performance physically light. Tonight they all (the Majors -- about six in number) spend at Schofield Barracks, the Cavalry post. Tomorrow, Monday, they do their thirty miles and camp somewhere on the beach for the night. Tuesday they do another thirty and arrive here, where I had engaged to give them a dinner party, but my dandy cook has gone and I am going to beg off. Wednesday they do another thirty -- winding up at Schofield again. After which the course of life can be normally resumed. Silly, silly, silly!

The chickies' school closed on Friday for three weeks vacation. There was a celebration, needless to say, in which Sister took the prominent part, also needless to say. The cutest feature of the entertainment was the Christmas songs, in all the different tongues of the first grade. Greek, German, Japanese, Russian, Hawaiian, and French all are spoken by those infants. Did you ever hear of such a polyglot population! I have never seen anything funnier than some of the performance was. Please remind me to tell you about it. The Russian song almost broke up the school.

*In the horse-drawn Army of that day, a three-day, ninety-mile ride was required of all senior officers as a yearly test of physical fitness.

"Such a beautiful monotony . . ."

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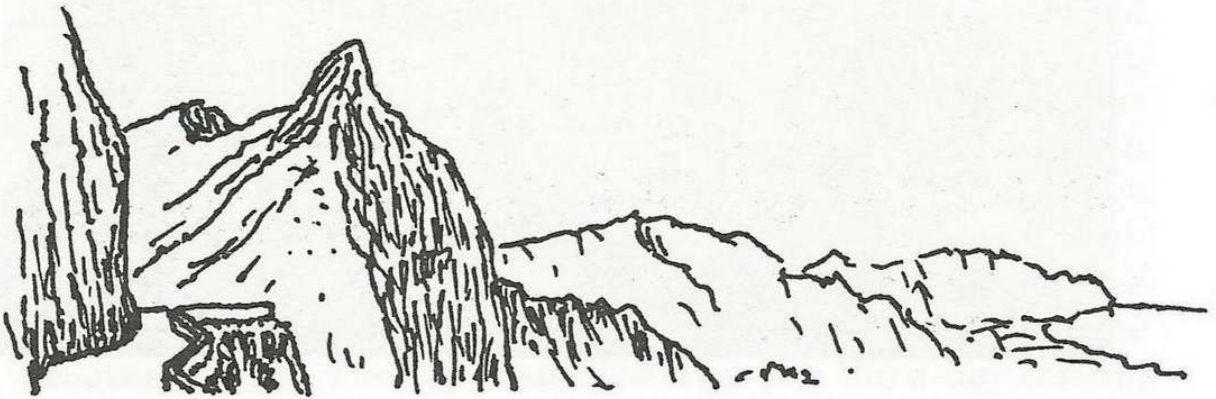
My invaluable domestic has gone to Hilo where he contemplates making a fortune in the laundry business. He is so admirable as to character that I cannot help wishing him success, though a good cook is thereby lost to the world. My new one is so far hopeless, but cheer up! He may improve.

Devotedly,
Anne

CHAPTER IV

*"I shall never forget how beautiful
and strange it is . . ."*

January 1910 - March 1911





*"I shall never forget how beautiful and strange it is. . ." Departure from
Hawaii, April 1911.*

January 3, 1910

Dear Mama,

It seems to me I have not written for ages but it has been just about a week. I don't think there has ever been enough said about the way time seems to be lengthened by being broken up. I wonder if other people's time is that way as much as mine. This last week seems as long as two or three because it has been such a varied one. I might use a stronger adjective and say a humping one. I did not break it to you in my last that we were to have a Major General, two Colonels, and an Aide visited upon us, (and during Christmas week of all times) but it was, and still is, even so. Of course, they are not all actually quartered on us. Only Colonel Biddle is actually our house guest, but we have them on our minds to the exclusion of most other things, notably peace. At the present sitting they have mostly gone to Hilo, Eveleth, too, of course, and as I saw the *Kukui* ride the waves past our house this morning, I realized that I might safely trust her to even up for me whatever grudge I may entertain against these untimely and high-ranking visitors. Eveleth being immune, I could watch that delirious boat go by with all on board and suffer not a pang.

It is needless to say, after this unfeeling preamble, that my present chef is a source of excitement, uncertainty, and at times despair. In addition to which, the fact that the Japanese New Year and ours are simultaneous occurrences and that theirs has to be celebrated whether ours is or not, has complicated matters not a little. In fact, I might say that I received one of my very reddest letters on the first of January just safely past, and that I have settled down today with not a soul on the place (except some stray visitors) but me and the chickies, with a deep breath of peace. We have done our own cooking on a small alcohol stove and it has really been good for my reason to prove in spite of the crying evidence of yesterday, that the great game of life can still go on after the range is cold and the crockery silent. The Japanese New Year is a three-day season, but I think tomorrow will have to be observed mainly in spirit.



"I think it is about 200 feet from the gate to the garage. . ." The drive from Akia Road to the Winslow residence on Waikiki Beach. The Officer's Quarters are on the right.

Eveleth and the others will be away until Wednesday. On Friday the visitors are supposed to depart for good, but our guest says he thinks seriously of another week. He really is so nice and agreeable that we will be glad to have him. I feel that the strenuous time is past. People are beginning to ask him to dine by this time, and this will be a big help during the coming week though we have never considered it an unmixed delight to attend at.

The grandson came around Christmas morning and called me into the yard, where he put two long chains of seeds and beads around my neck -- and made me a speech that I wish I could remember. It was the most remarkable utterance to fall from the lips of that poor, old, ragged thing. He also gave me a *kukui* nut, polished till it shines like jet and with a device etched in gold on it. It is cut into a ring.

Devotedly,
Anne

March 3, 1910

Dear Mama,

To answer your question, I think it is about 200 feet from the gate to the garage (if you please! Not "automobile house"!). But don't take this too seriously. Eveleth has gone to bed and you know I am not good on feet and such. The aforesaid garage is being pulled down now, by the way, to make room for more concrete. I often wish you all could see our remarkable doings at this place. It is a shame that anything but peace and verdure should ever have entered such a spot, but the peace has vanished and whole hills of concrete are fast taking the place of grass and shrubs and trees. The gun blocks look like great frosted cakes (to a giant, as the chickies would say), and the concrete piles, lying in hundreds on the ground, look like mammoth sticks of candy. They are forty feet long and beautifully moulded, and it seems still wonderful to me that they can drive them in the ground without breaking them. But they sho'ly do it. Night and day they are pounding away, and

we are so used to the noise and the trembling of the earth we seldom notice it, except when we have visitors who shrink and turn pale. Eveleth is so absolutely wrapped up in this wretched pile driver and spends such long hours worshiping before it that it is a joke.

Devotedly,
Anne

April 1, 1910

Dear Mama,

I have just come back from a visit to the Lunalilo Home for aged Hawaiians, and I feel really almost as if you had been along--the whole thing was so exactly in your line. It is in charge of a most interesting woman, a Mrs. Weaver. She seems to be many things in one, but in two of them she makes me think of you. One is her interest in literary people and things. The other is her dealings with her "babies", as she calls them. I can see you with poor old Uncle Sam multiplied on your hands to the number of forty or fifty. There do not seem to be any women among them. I forgot to ask about this. Most of them are the regular old-school kanakas. Many of them speak no English. A few of them are gifted in reciting the old lyric chants or meles (recounting the pedigree and exploits of various royal personages) and one of them-- O supreme accomplishment--is a performer on the nose flute. He is the only living man who can play upon this obsolete instrument, and I am greatly chagrined to confess that I did not hear him, because the performance has been put under a recent ban as savoring too strongly of paganism! Mrs. Weaver says this is ridiculous, this measure of reform was inaugurated by the most sanctimonious of her infants whom she accuses of a trifle more jealousy than religious convictions in the matter. She has hopes of lifting the taboo for a few people later on, and I am to be one of the elect. The Home is a perfect picture. It is more like a Catholic institution in architecture than a New England

Missionary one. The general effect is quite gothic, but there are long porticos and corridors, and everywhere, of course, green vines and blazing shrubs and trees. How I wish you had seen it all.

Devotedly,
Anne

P.S. Have you seen the Halley's comet these last few nights? It has been a wonder and a delight. I wonder how much difference there is in it here? The moon and the other luminaries are considerably brighter here than at home.

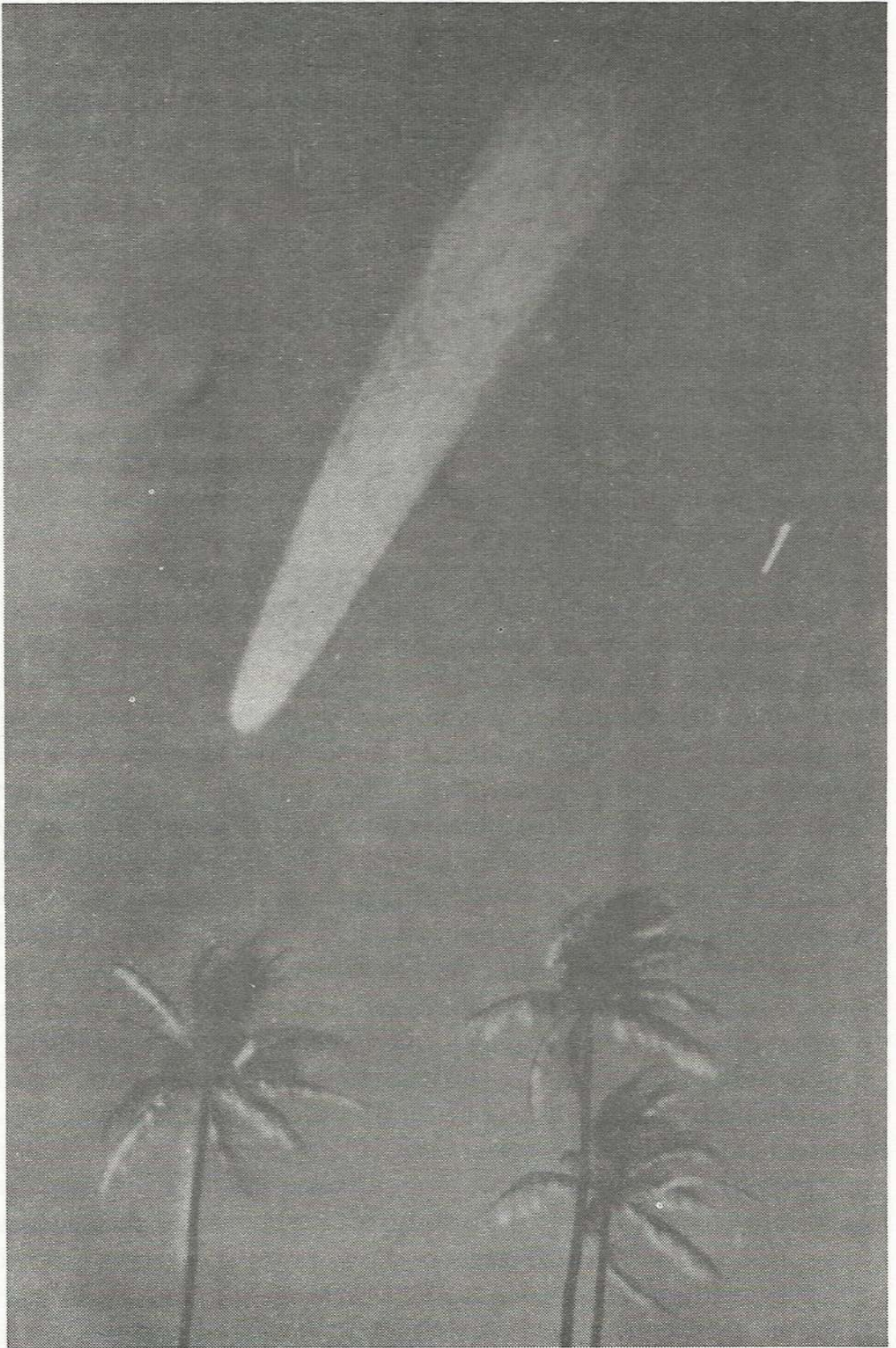
If I expect to do any star gazing this night I had better be getting in a little sleep!

May 21, 1910

Dear Mama,

What have you people seen and said about the comet? It seems so strange that not one of you has even so much as mentioned it. We have talked of little else, but the Great Visitor is now supposed to have gone past. On the 18th we had a big party -- not originally intended in honor of the transit, but just "our best" in the way of a dinner for company. When we remembered, however, that it was the comet's day, we hastily ordered decorations to match. I enclose one of the place cards Eveleth did. We had the table drawn out very long indeed and a great comet of coreopsis and yellow ribbon running the whole length of it. Then, of course, the candles and candle shades were yellow, too, and the effect was lovely. An appropriate floral farewell to Halley from this land of perpetual bloom where flowers speak a language all their own.

Surely I have written you about the beautiful custom they have here of hanging wreaths of flowers on departing friends. They call them *leis*, and I believe it to be almost the biggest business the *kanakas* have -- stringing these yards and yards of brilliant blossoms and selling them at the dock. It adds a



"What have you people said and seen about the comet?" Halley's Comet as photographed by Major Winslow at Fort DeRussy, May 5, 1910.

beauty and picturesqueness to the sailing of a ship that you can hardly imagine. The people look as if they were decorated for some royal festival -- perhaps I should say victims adorned for the sacrifice. And when the steamer at last pulls out and the Royal Hawaiian Band starts playing *Aloha Oe* with everybody cheering, it is all so wildly bright and gay that you can hardly believe it is true.

And then the passengers start throwing all their beautiful *leis* overboard, for it is an old tradition that all these flowers must go into the sea while they are close enough to be washed back to shore to make sure that the departing travellers, too, like Halley's Comet, will return again some day to Waikiki.

Devotedly,
Anne

June 24, 1910

Dear Mama,

We have all been having such loads of pleasure in a new place. Some friends of ours, Judge Ballou* and his family, have been spending the month at a wonderful place on the ocean about two miles from us, around Diamond Head where the shore is wild and rocky and the waves rush in like mad upon it -- and we have been going out there to do our swimming. There is a big cement tank among the rocks to swim in, and the waves rush into it when the tide is high in a beautiful way to see. We sit on the edge and get washed in feet first -- head first -- any way, you sho' do get an idea of the energy of the waves when you find yourself treated like an atom. Judge Ballou has some good pictures of the scene and I shall get some for you. In the meanwhile, I send this to just give you an idea.

The children have been leading a gay life since school closed, and I have been escorting them back and forth to various parties and picnics. The last one was a swimming party at the foot of Diamond Head. You cannot imagine how weird and wild a thing it looked to stand up where the road runs around the mountain and look down below and see those wild sea creatures leaping and sporting in the waves. The water was so transparent I could see every movement of their bodies as they swam about and dived under. I never shall forget it. It will be something to look back upon sometime when we are living in an uninteresting street.

Sister is still the same simple farmer's wife. She will give up any party or picnic to go with Mrs. Damon to Moanalua and poke around with her among her fowls and horses and such like. She says it seems to her like Dambers. The Damons are still here, at the beach, but Mrs. Damon has to spend about half her time at home "looking after" all these fascinating creatures.

**Judge Sidney Ballou, prominent Honolulu attorney.*

This letter is also a bum affair, and again I promise to do better.

With oceans of love,
Anne

July 9, 1910

Dear Mama,

Another nice pine letter from you came in the last mail. I am so glad all the time to remember the garden.

I haven't time for much writing this morning, for I must catch a noon steamer. The slippers (Chinese) are for Papa to cool his heels in when he comes from town these summer days. I think they look pretty even in the best parlor. I am so in love with the Orientals and their sense and reasonableness in the matter of clothes as to be fairly disgusted with us and our ways.

It certainly seems peaceful without the Secretary of War and party. My! but we put them through. And I, who was to set back so big, really did anything else but set, which Colonel Schuyler having put me at the head and front of the fight, and then, after sending me skylarking over the Island and lunching and teaing and surfing about in various places with the ladies and the hangers-on of the party, what should he and Eveleth do but bring the other -- the high Secretary official part of the delegation to see my house, and my children looking like sin in all the chaos of a fourth of July without "mother." Men-like, they thought I could be away doing as I was bid to do and yet be here at the same time, to serve tea on the lawn all swept and garnished as it is want to be. Well, they saw the difference. That is one comfort.

Devotedly,
Anne

July 22, 1910

Dear Mama,

This is one of our enchanted nights, and I have moved a little table out under the palm trees on the brink of the gently washing waves, and here, in the full blaze of the moon, I am writing you these few lines. I cannot help feeling that some of the spirit of the night will get into my letter without being put into words. If you could only see the tops of the palm trees against the sky and hear them rattle in the wind, I could s'cuse you the rest, even the ocean. I call it "rattling" because it is a different sound from the rustling of ordinary trees, and the leaves shine as if they were wet. There is one tall, tall tree right in front of me growing up like an aspiring flag pole, and just one swaying bunch of plumes at the tippy top. They look as if they would inevitably snap in two when the wind catches them and they begin to sway and twist about like serpents. They are a source of constant wonder and delight to me.

There are clouds coming up the eastern sky and my magic light is having intervals of dimness. I shall have to move in out of a shower of rain! But first I shall go hunt for the lunar rainbow. Didn't find it, but they say there was a wonderful one last night. I am sorry the shower came and made a mess of things. I think I caught all there was right on my letter. Well, we will let that go for the "spirit" of the place that was to get in unaided by words "liquid moonshine" this time.

We have found a new delight now in dining out of doors. I have given three or four successful parties in my front yard, right by the water. It is like eating on a ship's broad deck -- only a thousand times nicer. We didn't do it before because we thought the flies would be troublesome, but they seem to rear and tear about six o'clock, and we can get in a fair-sized spread between that hour and dark -- especially these nights when we can turn on the moon to help us through the ice cream and coffee. Oh, it is a wonderful thing to do, and you can imagine that when our guests are people from the States it makes a tremendous hit.

Do you sometimes weary of my raving? It seems to me you might read my last year's letters all over again and let them do in place of new ones, but nothing seems to lose its wonder for me here. I am so glad all the time that I never forget how beautiful and strange it is, and I do hope and pray that I can still continue to remember it when I have had to put it all behind me, "bearing onward man's reluctant soul."

Has it been long since you read the Arabian Nights? I wonder if you looked at the copy you sent the children enough to really *drink in* the pictures. Judge Ballou and I are strongly of the opinion that Maxfield Parrish should be brought to Hawaii. He seems to have dreamed it already and deserves to see the reality. I believe Judge Ballou is really in earnest and is going to invite him to come. I enclose another little picture. This is my favorite because it looks really so "home-like," as if we were Rhine maidens or some sort of creatures that had always lived on the rocks.

With oceans of love,
Anne

August 3, 1910

Dear Mama,

We are going on Saturday to spend the "week-end" with Colonel Schuyler out at Leilehua (Schofield Barracks). I think we are going to explore the mountains, which I will love, and I dare say I will be entertained to a finish -- which I will hate -- but in a way it seems "proper and appropriate to go" and so we are going. The Colonel has taken a house for the purpose of doing this and some other stunts, and I dare say he will do himself proud. I wish you could see this post of "horse back soldiers" as my cook calls them. There could hardly have been anything more primitive even in the old frontier days.

I must rear and tear so goodnight, with oceans of love, and please do as you would be done by in the matter of Papa's present.

Devotedly,
Anne

August 10, 1910

Dear Mama,

Our trip to Leilehua was a big success. I do so wish you could see the place -- it is like all the stories you have ever read or imagined of army life. A great wide plain surrounded by mountains. The shacks where the officers live and the larger shacks where the soldiers live all dropped down together in the center of the plain and everywhere on every hand troops, troops of horses -- oh they do look picturesque! I never realized before the added effect that comes from having everything on horseback. You should hear the band and the bugles reverberating from the mountains.

The great event of our visit was a trip up one of the high peaks. We rode as far as we could on horseback and then got out and walked up a trail the Colonel had cut the day before. This particular view is his own discovery, and of course his pride in showing it is fully as great as if he had made it. And

my pride would be unbounded if I could give you by any skillful use of words even a faint idea of its grandeur. I think when we "got there" we were about twenty-six hundred feet above the ocean spread out in all its blue immensity before us; and the sides of the mountain dropped straight down, but in great vertical lines like the pipes of a colossal organ. These mountains are not like those we have at home. They don't have the outlines shaded and softened by so many curtains of trees. In many places they are bare rock, and they never seem more than lightly sheathed in grass. It is the difference between plumes and velvet. And they stand up in separate and distinct peaks, fall down suddenly to sea level almost like a wall. It was an indescribable experience, and when everything was still except the wind, it seemed as if the organ was playing some tremendous prelude.

There wasn't much wind on this particular morning, and the fact that there was so little visible motion in the trees made the murmur all the more wonderful. You could hear it in the place you were standing and then in another key from another towering peak. Of course, where we climbed out on the sharp points over this dizzy height we seemed almost as much cut off from the earth as the birds were. The Colonel's nephew balked entirely at some of the coigns of vantage, and when I urged upon him to come forth and try the "detached feeling," he said the detachment would be something more than feeling in his case. But "Uncle Walter" is a champion mountain climber, and you should have heard him assuring me that one place we were going up was all right, "because see, here is where some wild goats have been along." I was more complimented than reassured by this remark, but it didn't occur to him that it was funny until I laughed.

I could hardly bear to come down into the plain, and I asked Eveleth as we turned away if he supposed we were looking our last upon the scene. "No, indeed," he said, "you'll come here with your mother." He often makes this cheering remark, partly because he knows I like it, and also partly because he really longs to show you all the wonders and hear you rave over them.

Sister wants to know when we really are coming home but I see no way of finding out. Eveleth thinks next summer. It is really strange that we should be allowed to stay so long. I think you ought to come about January of next year and then go back with us when we go. But I do not want you to think you have to be away from home very long. You can really get your money's worth in a month, if you really feel that you can't stay longer. One of the women who came here after I did has had her mother come to visit her twice from New Haven. It is an easy trip. You will truly enjoy it. I hope for another letter soon saying the weather has lifted.

With oceans of love,
Anne

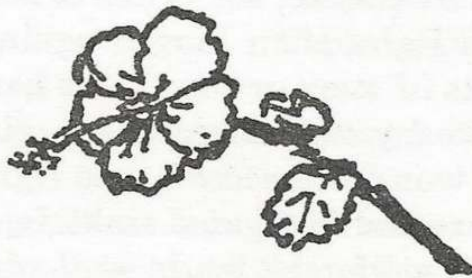
August 19, 1910

Dear Mama,

The children and I are going up Mrs. Damon's mountain this afternoon and stay over the full moon tonight. They are spending the month up there in the little brig. I think I shall enclose some of her correspondence on the subject of this visit. It is funny the way she keeps up the fiction of being at sea up there. She has been having various additions made to *Top Gallant* and various painting and plantings done, and we are expecting to have a lovely time. You would fancy to read such scribblings as these that she has never had anything but joyful experiences, but I never knew anyone who had had more that was tragic. She is a wonderful character. She was a Scotch girl and married at the age of nineteen the young son of the Damon family here in Honolulu, missionaries originally and feudal barons now though of a very lovely and gentle variety, I must not forget to state. She was a girl who had never done anything for herself -- not even think, to hear her tell it, and yet when her husband was tragically killed and left her twenty-six years old with four little children, she rose to a point of self-sufficiency that I have never seen equaled. She is now given entirely to philanthropic work, that is, in addition

to the personal management of the big country place and her live stock and gardens -- and her three children. Some people, in fact most, think of her as a religious freak and say her mind was unsettled by sorrow, but she is saner than most anybody I know. Sometimes she reminds me of Dinah in Adam Bede -- she goes right among the criminal classes and preaches in the prisons and has built a little church for the soldiers and all sorts of things like that, but she is such an unemotional, sensible sort of person, and although she is only thirty now, you would imagine her forty at least from her experienced behaviour. she must have been an exceedingly pretty girl, and she has so many gifts and accomplishments. She had just come out of school in France when she met Mr. Damon, who was connected with a bank in Edinburgh. I have never read a story that was more romantic than her life has been. The children are lovely. I think both the little girls are going to be beauties, and the little boy, the heir to so much wealth, material and spiritual, so so exactly like his father (judging from all the pictures I have seen) that it seems like a providential consolation. I am telling you all this because I think you asked me about the Damons and said something about having lost the letter where I first told you about them. But I should be spinning around getting ready for the trip, for I am to find a "week end" guest here when I return and probably a strange Jap in the kitchen -- my own jewel having elected to go holidaying just at the wrong time. This makes a lot of planning necessary and I must go and plan.

Devotedly,
Anne



[The following two letters were received by Mrs. Winslow from "Captain Damon" or Mrs. Damon]

Top Gallant
Monday evening
15 Aug, 1910

Fair Lady with the Golden Locks,

I write sailing with a fair wind on a moonlight sea of beauty and delight. The good ship points SSW and the lights are trimmed, the crew have gone to rest -- a wise precaution as the last man was found fast asleep at his watch while David Copperfield held the floor.

We shall be in port any day after Thursday, but would advise you to name your day, as everything here awaits you.

It is this way. I send into town on Wednesday and Saturday for provisions and mail, and word from you delivered before 9:30 AM at Bishop and Co. is sure to get me. Tell me how many are coming. If the Major cannot come, Chun Wai can bring you up in safety, only please remember to start early in the morning and leave here at 4 PM. I should love to have you stay over night, but have only two guest beds at present.

We are most ridiculously happy, especially when we have fine weather. Last week brought us more than our share of rain, but it could not dampen our enthusiasm, and if the weather stays as it has been yesterday and today, nothing but the lack of water and the knowledge that we cannot live for ourselves alone would every drive us to the plains -- beautiful as we know Punkapu to be.

As I write, the crickets keep singing so cheerfully, and the wind sighs, then laughs again. Away in the distance twinkle lights of stars or man? 'tis hard to say. Above it all the moon glides mysteriously on, bringing hidden gulches, deep ravines, and wondrous secrets into light, then quietly draws a misty veil before her face, and sinks in night the secrets thus laid bare. What a life she leads, and oh, how much she sees, and, could she speak, what tales unfold of nameless waifs and homeless cats.

I am truly delighted for Mrs. Phelan. Give her my love and congratulations. She has her reward, and may it satisfy him. But I have my doubts. As Burns says, The best laid plans of mice and men gone oft astray.

Well, if you have waded through this shallow stream of scattered thoughts springing from a lightsome heart, you are kind enough.

My love to all but the Major, who never acknowledged my last expression of friendship. I doubt if I could read it if he did.

Yours hale and hearty,
Captain Damon

H.M.S. Top Gallant
Anchored on the Ridge

My Dear Nancy,

Great excitement! Chun Wai arrived, having left your supposedly good navigator in the plains. I am sure he is no sailor. Be at my house at 1 p.m. It takes a little time to put you on your horses. Chun Wai will bring you up. Put your nighties in a bundle and it will be tied on back of the horse.

We shall have to let you come up on two horses -- you and Randolph on "Moonlight", Chun Wai and Mary on another. You need have no fear. You see, I rode down this morning, and the pony has come up again with your letter and is too tired to go back.

Yours in haste
Captain Damon

You will return Saturday p.m. reaching the lower house at 4:30 p.m.

I have had to open this to say please bring 1 lb butter from C.Q. Yee Hop (don't pay) and opposite at Ah Seong buy 4 tins strawberry jam (don't pay).

August 4, 1910

Dear Mama,

The transport from Manila surprised the town at an early hour this morning, and I presume I am not the only one who has taken my pen in hand to forestall her early departure this afternoon. Of course, there are people on board to be seen and fed, but it may be they have disposed themselves to such an extent that we won't be able to catch up with them. However, we have that cheerful feeling of uncertainty as to whether lunch is to be a snack or a banquet, a feeling I may some day learn to love if I stay in Honolulu very long.

A steamer came in from home yesterday, but brought me no mail. I certainly don't deserve any, miserable worm that I have been of late about writing, but all the same I was more than grieved. I am so anxious to hear that the weather is cool and everybody is more flourishing.

Captain Moses has his orders home -- a week's notice. He and his wife leave Saturday on the *Siberia*, and I don't like to think of it. There is a possibility that in their slow meandering across the continent they may go by Memphis, in which event he tells me he is going to look you all up. So tell Papa please to know him if he should appear any time within the next few months. He is one of the world's best and brightest, and she is so sweet and grateful for any help or attention -- and faith I should think she would stand in need of both by the time she had gotten that far on her journey.

A letter from Mrs. Ridley reports a safe and smooth passage and a not altogether enthusiastic outlook on a new world. Those Philippines are funny -- unique, I should think, in the strangely contrasting impression they make on different people.

I enclose some more unworthy photographs -- exasperation to the last degree, from Sister "acting up" (literally this time) to the lofty cliffs of Makapuu. The little Japanese girl was arrayed for this picture in such coats of many colors as you have never imagined. Her sleeves as well as her

skirts were trailing. She is Kiku's little niece, and so cunning that it is a sin to send such representation of her charms to people who can never behold the original.

I am so disgusted to be unable to send you even a sample of the fruits that are so abundant at this season. I have recently had two baskets sent me that looked as if they had come out of the Arabian Nights. They are not as good as apples and peaches, after all, but they are so wonderful to unaccustomed eyes. I particularly long to share the alligator pears with you, for I know you would love them. When I come home I am going to make lots of guava jelly and Chinese orange marmalade and bring it with me. I think I shall sell my furniture here and bring my allowance in these things and cocoanuts.

We have had a wreck on the reef right in front of our house. I have often read of such things, but I didn't realize how they would make you want to howl. And the worst of this is that it just had to be abandoned and left there for the billows to dash over and the winds to rock. Now there is very little left but the hull, but when she lay there with her great sails all set and so helpless, it was a woeful thing to see. Nobody was drowned, and there has never been a satisfactory explanation given of how such a thing could have happened. She was an Australian ship loaded with coal and bound for the coast. The Hawaiians along the beach worked like galley slaves day and night rowing out in their canoes and bringing the coal ashore. They brought in tons of it -- diving down and fishing it out of the water and gathering it off the reef. But their ardor was dampened when the insurance people and the customs officials jumped in. There had been a good deal of interesting argument on the rights of the case, and I believe the result has been a compromise and a "divvy." Sister proudly gleaned two lumps herself -- but we do not mention it.

The Koeslers have come at last (did I tell you?), and are howling against fate and Leilehua, as I rather feared they would.

Devotedly,
Anne

September 21, 1910

Dear Mama,

I have not done myself proud in the matter of writing here lately and I haven't any of the good excuses to advance for we certainly have had no such weather as you describe in all of your later communications. It has been far from "our best", however -- the weather. There has been a good deal of ocean wind and a good deal of rain. The people in the hills are fairly soaked, and even here at this dry Waikiki we have had some rainy days. We resent it very much because we are not used to it and are so spread about out-of-doors. We have the same feeling of indignation we would have under ordinary condition if the house should suddenly begin to leak. We have to move in the chairs and tables and crowd the *lanai* furniture onto the porches, and we are always discovering something that has been forgotten and left out to get a soaking.

Devotedly,
Anne

November 4, 1910

Dear Mama,

The last mail brought such a nice letter from you. I am so pleased to think of the weather being so booful. We can feel just a little touch of fall in the days, too. I think the longer people stay here, the more sensitive they become to the changes in seasons, "would-be seasons," I should say.

If we could only look in upon you a while before it gets cold and then be wafted back to here to "finish out." What time this finishing out is going to take we still have no idea. Not an indication of a move except a message sent us from another officer that he "will be out here himself in a few months." This may be for fun and most probably is, but it might be earnest.

Our nice old friend Governor Cleghorn died night before last. We are very sorry to lose him and to realize as we do the loss of such that he represented of the old time "entombed." Soon there will be not even a breath of it left.

Today is the Japanese Emperor's birthday, and everybody's kitchen is empty of its lord and everybody shifting for one's self -- that is, unless the incumbent should chance to be a Chinaman. To add to the general air of *Banzai* prevailing in the town, there are two Japanese training ships in the harbor and receptions galore. We went to one this afternoon and it was truly unique. I enclose a portion of the program.

Devotedly,
Anne

March 20, 1911

Dear Mama,

We are still having very uncertain weather, with lots of ocean wind. I just can't love it.

Colonel Biddle is here now and various other interesting people, but he is the only one staying with us. Company is nice, but it seems to me there is a lot of it in this world.

Yesterday they fired the big guns down at "twelve inch." (Did I ever tell you the habit Eveleth and Bammy have of speaking of the various forts by the caliber of their guns?) This battery is located at Pearl Harbor and is quite a journey from here; but we made the trip, the chickies and I, along with a whole train of men, and saw the sight and heard the sound, after which the Japanese can declare war whenever they feel like it. They have no further terrors for me.

Sister forgot to write you the letter she had in her mind to write telling you about the little shells. The tiny dark ones are what they call land shells. They are one of the curiosities of Hawaii and an endless source of interest to naturalists. She got these up on the mountains near the Damon's place last summer, growing in the trees. There is one variety that is

called the singing shell, *Pupukanioe*, and it is really supposed to do it.

With oceans of love all round.

Devotedly,
Anne

[By the end of 1910 the fortifications at Diamond Head and Fort DeRussy were nearing completion and Major Winslow was awaiting news of his next assignment. In the service this is always a suspenseful period, for, although rumors continually drift down from Washington, until the actual orders arrive no one is sure of what the next duty will be. The following is Anne Winslow's last letter from Honolulu.]

March 31, 1911

Dear Mama,

When we fired that bombshell at you this morning we thought we were going to leave on the transport sailing about Tuesday or Wednesday, but that now seems impossible and we will probably not leave before the 11th. We will telegraph you from San Francisco when to look for us. I know you will not bother over a few days difference in time. It seems absurd for them to have given us less than a week's notice, when it might as well have been a month's. I am almost afraid to tell you where we are ordered to. You won't like it, and no more do I, but it is such a stunning compliment to Eveleth that we must stand it. It is Panama -- to build the fortifications. Think how they must appreciate his work to give him a thing like this -- quite the biggest thing they had to bestow! Keep on thinking of it as I do, until you don't mind the rest. There are a thousand things to think about and talk about, when I come where I do not have to drag along a heavy pen.

Isn't it lovely to come home in such a perfect time of year. Think of the roses. Poor Eveleth will have to hike on to Washington immediately, but we are going to stay for a long visit. We haven't had time to plan much beyond this.

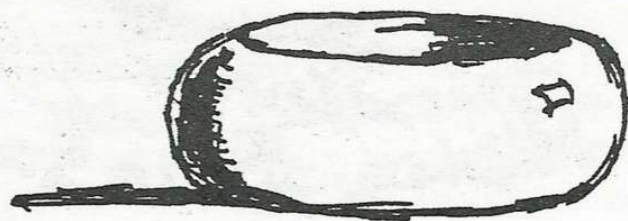
"I shall never forget . . ."

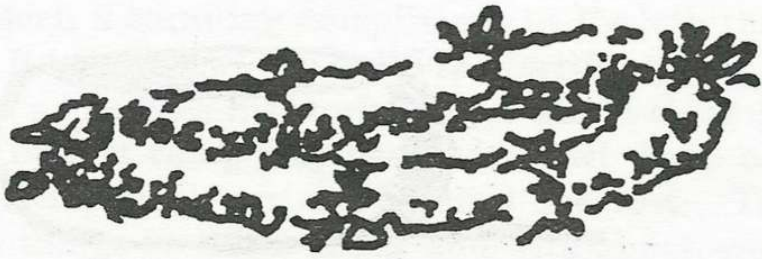
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I am so glad I went on my trip to Maui before the orders came. It was something I just had to do, and now I have done it, and I shall always be glad.

I hope I will not write any more now though I may. We haven't had a letter in a long time from you.

With oceans of love,
Anne





AFTERWORD

After leaving Hawaii, Major Winslow was assigned to build the fortifications of the Panama Canal. This important promotion was followed by reassignment to Washington, D.C. from 1914 to 1918, taking part in the mobilization of U.S. forces during World War One. As acting Chief of Engineers in 1917, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for the rapid expansion and deployment of the Corps of Engineers to meet the wartime emergency.

In 1920 Major Winslow retired with the rank of Brigadier General and the family returned to their Tennessee homestead named Goodwinslow. With the children at college (Randolph at West Point and Mary at Vassar), Mrs. Winslow began a professional writing career, contributing poetry and critical essays to the prominent literary journals of her time. In 1925 her translations of Rainer Maria Rilke introduced that young German poet to his now enthusiastic American audience.

When her husband died in 1928, Anne Goodwin Winslow continued writing fiction. Her short stories were widely published in the U.S. and were translated abroad. Between the age of 70 until her death in 1959, she produced six full size volumes, including a best selling novel, *The Springs* (New York: Alfred Knopf, 1948).

William Randolph Winslow followed in his father's footsteps, graduating from the U.S. Military Academy in 1923 and serving a tour of duty in Hawaii from 1924 to 1926. He was a Colonel in the Corps of Engineers when he died in World War II, in 1945 in Luxembourg, at the age of 43.

Mary Winslow Chapman is the editor of these letters and holds them in her possession. Mrs. Chapman resides at Goodwinslow, maintaining the family home for children and grandchildren. Retired in 1979 from an active career in farming real estate, she started writing and has since published six volumes of prose and poetry.

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