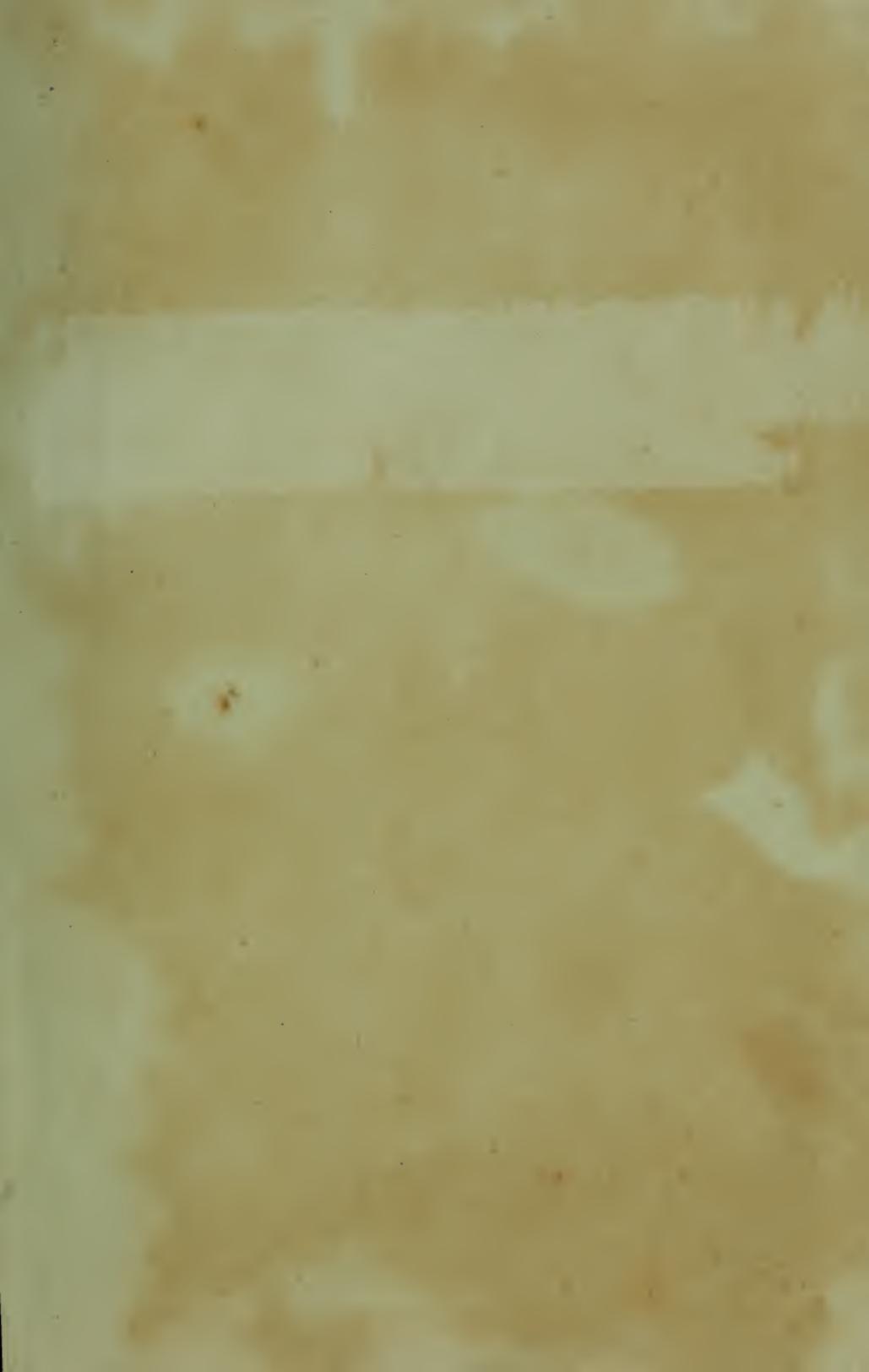


Seeing Hawaii on American Pluck



BY JOHN FISHER ANDERSON





The Author, John Fisher Anderson "Off for Hawaii"

John Fisher Anderson

Pacific Islands

Locked

DU623

.A55

SEEING HAWAII ON AMERICAN PLUCK

BY

JOHN FISHER ANDERSON

Author of

“Around the World on Eight Dollars”
“Seeing the Grand Canyon Without Money”



TIMES-MIRROR PRESS

LOS ANGELES • CALIFORNIA

Joseph F. Smith Library
Brigham Young University - Hawaii Campus

93679

Copyright, 1922
by
John Fisher Anderson
Pasadena, California
All rights reserved

DEDICATION

This little book is affectionately dedicated to my Wife and Son, Corda and Frank

CONTENTS

- CHAPTER I—OFF FOR HAWAII.
- CHAPTER II—HAWAII—THE BIG ISLAND.
- CHAPTER III—A HIKE TO THE HEIGHTS OF
MAUNA LOA.
- CHAPTER IV—ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI.
- CHAPTER V—ON THE SUMMIT OF HALEAKALA.
- CHAPTER VI—BACK IN HONOLULU.
- CHAPTER VII—THE PASSING OF HAWAIIAN
ROYALTY.
- CHAPTER VIII—A WEEK'S HIKING TRIP ON
GARDEN ISLAND.
- CHAPTER IX—AGAIN IN THE METROPOLIS OF
HAWAII.
- CHAPTER X—IMPRESSIONS OF HAWAII.
- A SONG OF HAWAII 118

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AUTHOR—OFF FOR HAWAII	FRONTISPIECE
MAP OF HAWAII	INTRODUCTION
KILAUEA VOLCANO IN COLOR	“
THE STEAMER MAUI	PAGE 19
A HAWAIIAN TRAFFIC OFFICER	“ 20
PINEAPPLE PLANTATION ON OAHU	“ 23
THE PALI	“ 25
WINDWARD SIDE OF OAHU	“ 26
RICE MIRE AND BUFFALO	“ 28
HILO, THE CITY OF TROPIC SPLendor	“ 32
TREE FERN FOREST	“ 34
MILITARY BARBER SHOP AT KILAUEA	“ 36
DAILY WALKS ON HAWAII	“ 39
KILAUEA LAVA GUSHER	“ 44
COCOANUT ISLAND	“ 48
BEAUTIFUL IAO VALLEY	“ 51
HALEAKALA, ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI	“ 57
THE SILVER SWORD	“ 59
SUGAR MILL AND PLANTATION	“ 61
A BEAUTIFUL HOME	“ 64
A HAWAIIAN MOTHER	“ 66
A PICTURESQUE ROAD	“ 68
HAWAIIAN FLOWER SELLERS	“ 69
THRONE ROOM OF CAPITOL	“ 72
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF PRINCE KUHIO	“ 75

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

MY ISLANDS	PAGE	80
WAIMAE CANYON	“	85
SUGAR CANE FIELDS OF KAUAI	“	87
PRIMITIVE LIFE QUICKLY PASSING	“	89
WATERFALLS OF KAUAI	“	91
CAMP LIFE IN HAWAII	“	93
NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS	“	94
WAIKIKI BEACH	“	96
HAWAIIAN SURF-RIDERS	“	98
IN DR. BRIGHAM'S GARDEN	“	100
THE BISHOP MUSEUM	“	102
PAPAYA FRUIT AND TREES	“	106
PRIMITIVE HAWAIIAN POI BEATER	“	108
ENCHANTED FORESTS ON OAHU	“	111
RICE PLANTERS	“	113
WHISPERING PALMS	“	116

INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM, Sc. D.
519 Judd Street, Honolulu, H. I., Box 584.

Honolulu, February 18, 1922.

MR. JOHN FISHER ANDERSON,

My dear Sir:

I have read your manuscript on your impressions of these Hawaiian Islands, and am not only pleased with the contents, but am surprised that in the comparatively short time that you have been here, you should have collected at first hand so much that is of interest and value. I can testify to your unusual accuracy of statement in what I have read and your taste in selecting photographic illustrations for the illustration of your texts and the instruction of your audiences. You have certainly made a most favorable impression on the many who have met you on these islands.

Having myself been thrice around the world in search of information, I am perhaps in a position to appreciate the pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge thus obtained; may you have the even greater pleasure in imparting to many others the good things you have brought together with such industry and skill!

Yours very truly,

WM. T. BRIGHAM.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF HONOLULU

Honolulu, Hawaii, March 9, 1922.

To Whom it May Concern:

We have had sojourning within our Paradise of the Pacific, these last three months and more, my good friend, John Fisher Anderson, who came here to obtain first-hand information concerning every-day life of the peoples of these islands and to absorb the natural beauty and wonders which nature has so abundantly bestowed upon us, with the idea of going out among those people who may never have the privilege of seeing for themselves and depicting that life and those scenes by story and picture.

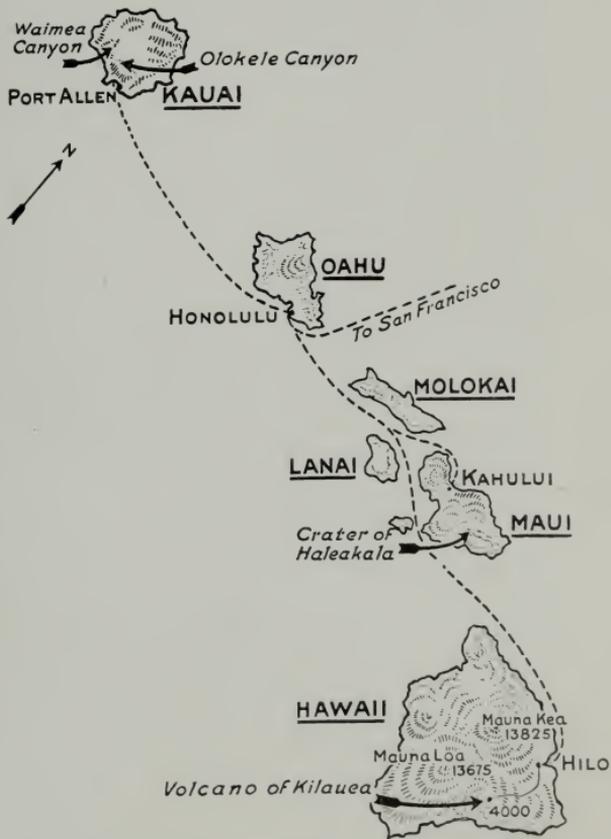
I have been with him through his story, following him throughout his rides and hikes and I can vouch for his fair judgment and accurate description of the people and things Hawaiian and can honestly say that I believe few lovers of nature and travel have absorbed more or seen more of these wonderful islands than Mr. Anderson.

He has on numerous occasions entertained, not only many thousands of Uncle Sam's boys in uniform but students and people of all classes, with his breezy travelogues.

For his keen insight and depiction of the commonplace in life, I should like to dub him a present-day Dickens. We wish for Mr. Anderson all success possible in his journeys around the world and hope to see him again in fair Hawaii.

Sincerely,

ERNEST B. CLARK, *Secretary.*



HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



THE WORLD'S WONDER KILAUEA VOLCANO

CHAPTER I

OFF FOR HAWAII

The geography of my boyhood days told me that an island was a bit of land surrounded by water. Since my many years of traveling around the "Big Mud Ball" on which we live, I have found the old geography definition incomplete, as it tells nothing about the charms of most islands, and especially those comprising the Territory of Hawaii, in mid Pacific, 2,100 miles from anywhere. In the short, romantic history of Hawaii we are told that in the second year of our independence—1778—Captain Cook, in his old "Wind Jammer," discovered this group of islands in seeking a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Here he found a semi-civilized, happy, light-hearted people of a chocolate complexion, clothed and fed as nature had provided for them. Where they came from, no one knew—whether they had slid down the rainbow from the North Pole, or floated in from the islands of the sea—it is still a question. When the Republic of Hawaii became a Territory of the United States of America in 1898, our newly acquired possession, with their beautiful mountains and valleys, their tropical vegetation, and their living volcano, became the "Cross Roads of the Pacific."

They had beckoned to me for many years and many times I had planned and experienced the joys of anticipation, times almost beyond number. Each time something happened to upset my plans until at last I determined to solve the financial diffi-

culties by making the trip without purse or scrip, and traveling in a manner that would enable me to see the country from the ground up.

Early in my life I had learned the barber's trade, it being, to my mind, the one best adapted to picking up a living in any country for, hot or cold, wet or dry, whiskers will grow.

So on October 12, 1921, with my barber's kit and umbrella and taking "no thought of the morrow," I left my bungalow home in Pasadena, California, and crossing the beautiful Colorado Street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, started on foot for San Francisco. In the midst of an extensive olive grove that lined both sides of the highway, a driver of a speeding truck stopped and welcomed my company for the second leg of the trip, the first invitation to ride having been accepted before reaching San Fernando. It was at Newhall, on an abrupt halt at a small store, that my never failing hearing caught the sharp voice of the driver saying, "Far as I'm going with this load of junk."

His sense of humor warmed my gratitude, which I expressed in all the polite terms at my command. Undaunted and with determination I took to the road again. During two miles of strenuous hiking, while passing Saugus, fourteen automobiles flew by without even recognition. The fifteenth carried a traveling salesman who said he was from Santa Monica and that his name was Charles D. Robinson. He also claimed to be lonesome. "I must look 85 per cent to the good, for you are the fifteenth car and the first to ask me to ride," I exclaimed.

Magnificent panoramas spread out on the Ridge Route, a famous American highway, and the twists and turns, some resembling a corkscrew, in a steady climb for thirty miles seemed like reaching the "top of the world." The ride from the summit, four thousand feet above sea-level, soon reached Tejon Pass into Lebec, a mountain resort with its single hotel, general store, postoffice, garage and a restaurant. It was a busy day in Lebec and upon noticing numbers of people in the few establishments, my further acceptance of Mr. Robinson's assistance was suddenly declined.

"Gentlemen, have you a barber in Lebec?" I asked of the crowd.

"Bakersfield is the nearest barber we have," retorted a Tejon cow puncher.

"You are mistaken," I added, "a barber has just landed and I'm ready to do business."

The announcement caught the male members of the audience with merriment and the storekeeper spoke up: "You are the most welcome guest that has ever flown into Lebec. Yonder in that shack is a barber chair. Use it." And I did.

The whole village had received the good news by the time the shop, which could boast of a roof and three board walls, was spruced up for trade. Cowpunchers, a cook, storekeeper and a tourist or two were profitable from a financial view-point, while scissors, razor, clippers and tonic worked fast.

It was a cowpuncher nearing fifty years of age, and long of the Tehachepi, who unfolded the story of Lebec while seated in the barber chair. Lieuten-

ant Pierre Lebeque, he said, an officer at Waterloo at the time Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, had broken away from France and had come to the Tehachepi to prospect for gold. On an oak tree at Lebec appeared the inscription: "Lt. Peter Lebec, killed by a bear, Oct. 17, 1837."

Late at night after three coal oil lamps had burned low, \$9.50 reposed in the pocket "cash register," after expenses had been paid on my first day's journey of one hundred miles. This inspired a short session of barbering early the next morning to accommodate men on their way to work.

A highway construction camp two miles away appealed as an ideal place for business. The north end of a Fresno four-horse scraper, beneath the shade of an old Live Oak, served as a chair where cement workers, mule skimmers and truck drivers, one after the other, were trimmed up spick and span.

Again on the smooth, winding canyon highway after lunch, two occupants of a Ford appeased a strong appetite for a ride. The great San Joaquin Valley was a beautiful sight and in the dim distance of the sky line of the Sierra Nevadas, arose, snow-capped Mt. Whitney, the nation's highest mountain, omitting Alaska.

By many friendly "lifts" from passing automobiles and by plying my trade at every opportunity, I arrived in San Francisco a few days later much better equipped financially than I had anticipated and immediately laid siege to the offices of the Matson Navigation Company for some position on one of their boats, whereby I could work my passage to



THE STEAMER MAUI

Here's to the Maui (staunch little ship),
And here's to the captain and crew;
Here's to the doctor and purser,
And here's to the passengers, too.

May the good ship Maui sail true and straight,
With her priceless cargo of human freight.
May she weather all seas and wintry blasts,
And land in a harbor of peace at last.

the Islands. I succeeded in making arrangements, and on October 19th passed out through the Golden Gate on the Steamship "Maui," bound for Honolulu as a steerage passenger.

On an ocean voyage the passengers get acquainted quickly and soon become as one large family. They are out on a floating world of their own, where even trivial events are things of common interest. One thing to which we all looked forward was the gorgeous and flamboyant sunset at the close of each day's journey, as we plowed through the calm tropical sea and the balmy air replaced the autumn we left with the spring we were approaching.



A Hawaiian Policeman in Honolulu

At daybreak on the morning of the sixth day, we were nearing Diamond Head and shortly after sun-up, we were entering Honolulu Harbor, with Diamond Head on the right and Pearl Harbor on the left. As the steamer neared the pier, native Hawaiian boys skillfully dived for coins thrown overboard by incoming passengers and the heterogeneous crowd standing on the dock to welcome our arrival, told the story that it is here, where the roads of the Pacific cross, that the world race is "double-crossed."

I landed on Queen Street, crossed King Street to Hotel Street, with their Royal palms and other native trees and plants which charm the traveler as he reaches the "Gateway to the Orient." I was impressed by all this beauty. But all these attractions were not first to me, for in this whirlpool of a mixture of humanity, with Americans forming the great minority, I had to earn a livelihood. I landed with 25 cents in my pocket. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee was my barber's kit.

The second barber shop at which I stopped was the right place for me, for here a young barber said, "If you are looking for a real hard job, you can get work out at the Schofield Barracks." When I told him that "Hard Work" was my first cousin, and that we always got along well together, he gave me a note to the post barber, a ticket and told me to take the Oahu Railroad to Castner. Shortly after my arrival at the station in the Oriental district, the train on a narrow-gauge railway moved out and was soon winding through luxuriant vegetation.

The harvest was in progress in the tiny rice fields; there were bougainvillea and hibiscus flowers, slender cocoanut palms, with their shaggy tops, banana plants and papaya trees loaded with golden fruit.

Then we came to the water's edge at Pearl Harbor, which has more than twenty square miles of land-locked harbor, in which are many beautiful islands. Leaving the blue ocean, we passed through cane fields, each a picture in itself, where a brilliant display of Oriental cultivation greeted us. We passed

upward through a gulch of cane fields and then on through pineapple plantations, where the harvest was just being finished.

At Castner station I landed at Schofield, right in the heart of the Lelehua Plains, a beautiful plateau between two ranges of mountains. As I entered the barracks the sprinkling rain in the tropical sunlight, called "liquid sunshine," gave me a beautiful rainbow—a rainbow of promise—that I might never be deluged with sorrow while in this fair land. I stepped into the Quadrangle of the barracks, a three-story cement structure, adorned by the clinging vines of the rich lavender bougainvillea, and climbed the winding stairway past the iron barred door of the guard-house to the second floor where I found the Consolidated Engineer and Artillery Company and Battery Barber Shop, with seven chairs, electric equipment and modern in every way. The proprietors were two civilians, business was good and there was a vacant chair for me on a percentage basis of sixty per cent. I was at work within six hours after I had landed from the "Maui," although the sea motion had not yet left my legs.

The Post Barber Shop at Schofield Barracks, I found to be a very active business center, always crowded with American soldiers, who are generous to themselves when they get into a modern barber chair. Invariably the "buck private" nominates his own barber routine by saying, "Give me a hair-cut, shave, massage and tonic at army regulation price of \$1.05," and "jaw-bone" which in army parlance means a verbal order, was the same as cash when



On the fresh, green uplands of Wahiawa, Oahu, are thousands of acres of pineapples like these. They grow on each island now, and in them are stored all the sweetness of Hawaii's sunshine and trade-winds.

a voucher was signed drawing on his next month's pay. A soldier's credit is gilt-edged if he keeps out of the guard-house, and if he doesn't go too strong on "pay day" crap shooting and blackjack.

The Hawaiian Division of the United States Army and Navy have a monthly payroll of more than a million dollars.

I had my choice of company mess or a Chinese restaurant in the canteen. The rooming accommodations were excellent, another civilian barber and I being allotted an officer's cottage in the old barracks three miles nearer the mountains.

My first night spent in the "Paradise of the Pacific," was in a modern bungalow with bougainvilleas climbing over the door, hibiscus and poinsettias in

the yard, hot and cold water bath, and a mosquito netting for self protection, in case one of those interesting "birds" should enter when the screen door was opened. We were in one of a cluster of bungalows which stand within the shadows of the Waianae Mountains, just on the edge of the western sea.

At six o'clock in the morning I walked to the post shop, always an inspiring hike with which to begin an eleven-hour day of labor. The rising sun over Diamond Head, its first rays forming a circle of rain and sunshine that seemed to creep on the ground behind me as I walked, the sweet-scented morning and glorious surroundings, altogether gave me an understanding of the meaning of the world's greatest Teacher, when He said, "Blessed are the poor"—surely here the poor can see God in nature.

I was soon known by the name of "Dad" in the Post Barber Shop, and by Saturday night the work and vocabulary became an old story.

Sunday I was guest of honor on an automobile picnic tour of the Island of Oahu, given by one of the proprietors of the shop, who is proud of their little Island World. By 8:00 o'clock with a well-filled lunch basket, we were rolling over the smooth, winding road, down the red gulch, through cane fields and villages, the same beautiful country of which I had only a glimpse as I traveled on the railroad train going out. We went to Honolulu, and from there the grand tour was on, going along Waikiki Beach, around the snubbing post of Diamond Head, through Fort Ruger, and back by



A vista of fern-clad mountain ravines and sparkling sea beaches is obtained from the famous Nuuanu Pali, six miles from the business district of Honolulu, the Waterloo of Hawaii, where King Kamehameha the Great conquered his last enemies.

Punch Bowl, returning through "Bungalow de Lux," the residential neighborhood, and then through the Royal Garden, and on up the beautiful Nauuanu valley to the Pali, which is a precipice 1,200 feet high at the pass where the wind blows a terrific gale as it sucks through this wind shaft.

The panoramic view from this elevated winding hillside drive was wonderful with the rice fields and cane plantations, and the double rows of pineapples

growing on the gentle slopes of the hills, spreading out before us and beckoning us on.

We stopped on the seashore for our lunch, for which I had purchased bananas, pineapples and coconuts at the places where they were grown. From this spot we had a wonderful view of the cloud-capped mountains, with perpendicular walls and sharp peaks on our left and with the ever changing ocean on our right.

We then followed down the winding road crossing narrow valleys, which reached up into the flanks of the picturesque mountains, then down again through the cane fields of Waialua plantation. At the foot of the mountains on the western sea, we suddenly came upon the pretty little village of Waialua, where we spent a delightful hour surf bathing, with the setting sun displaying a gorgeous tropical sun-



Volcanic cones on the windward side of the island of Oahu, worn down by the action of the elements into fantastic pinnacles, ridges and ravines, are for the most part covered with producing crops, sugar and pineapple.

set over the waters of the blue Pacific. We returned through Waialua plantation and were soon back on the Lilehua Plains, which are covered with the entangled lantana, and on to Schofield Barracks.

Every minute of the time spent on this tour around the Island of Oahu was crammed full of inspiration and information. One member of the party was a Hawaiian school teacher, who volunteered to teach me the use of Hawaiian words; to use V instead of W and E instead of I, the effect of which was like pouring water on a duck's back as far as soaking in was concerned. To illustrate certain phases of the language, I will quote the following paragraph as a sidelight on Hawaiian history: "Keoua Kalanikupuapaikalaninui, styled Keoua-nui, was the son of Keeaumoku-nui, second son of Keaweikekahialiokamoku, King of Hawaii, by his second wife, Princess Kalanikauleleieiwi, granddaughter of Iwikauikaua."

Ninety miles straight ahead took us around the wonderful little world, and brought us back to where we had started. I returned with a feeling that I was welcome, for the ocean was waving to me all around the Island, and the mountains and valleys smiled a friendly greeting. To find sufficient adjectives to describe Oahu is impossible. It is like a girl who is good-looking—she just can't help it.

The next day found me at work again at the Post Barber Shop with the routine of army life, the bugle call, the military band at retreat, and the music of the cow-bell for "chow" at the company mess.

The gentle breezes of the balmy trade winds;



Oriental and His Water Buffalo Cultivating a Rice Mire

the drifting clouds across the tops of the impressive mountains in front of my window; the tropical sun shooting golden spears of light through these clouds and the gorgeous rainbows, filled my heart with gladness because of the love of it all. An index finger seemed always to be pointing out something in every view. Few of the soldiers at Schofield Barracks seem to appreciate their lot. Soldier-like, they always desired to be somewhere else.

My barber kit was yielding good profits for my hard work, and as the days wore on, I learned that General Summerall, Commander-in-Chief of the Hawaiian Division of the United States Army and the National Guards, had provided a way to enable one hundred soldiers, in relays of ten days, to see the world's greatest volcano, at the cost of \$11.15 each. Two weeks' work gave me a net profit of \$92.00, and left me a net balance over my steerage passage of \$25.00 cash. My feet began to itch to see the "Big Island" of Hawaii, with its volcanoes and mountains, so I cashed my wage check at the Army National Bank, a vine and flower-covered bungalow structure, and was off for Honolulu. November 11th was celebrated as Armistice Day and I enjoyed seeing the wonderful Hawaiian display at Kapiolani Park.

CHAPTER II

HAWAII—THE BIG ISLAND

The following day I made an investment of \$4.32 for a steerage ticket to Hilo on the Mauna Kea steamer, of the Inter-Island Navigation Company, and went aboard with one hundred soldiers, who had contracted for all the steerage space. Army Captain L. B. Jefferies was in charge and he welcomed me to join them, saying, "There is always room for one more American." At three o'clock that beautiful afternoon the Mauna Kea moved out and Oahu soon faded in the distance, just a faint outline being discernible as the sun was sinking in the tinted west.

There was a spirit of good-fellowship among the soldiers, the military restraint being somewhat replaced by holiday abandon with games, music and story telling on deck, until 10:00 P. M., when orders were given, "Off deck, down below." My new acquaintance saw to it that I had a mattress, and the cool sea breezes made possible a good night's rest even though in crowded quarters on the lower deck.

Sunday morning, at the break of day, every soldier was up and on the upper deck to get the first view of the shores of Hawaii, along which we crept, until we were land-locked within the crescent harbor of Hilo. Upon landing, the railroad train carried us along the water's edge to the railroad station, and at 7:00 A. M. there were one hundred and one hungry men scrambling for breakfast in a Japanese restaurant.

Hilo is a beautiful city with a population of about 10,000. Hawaii might be termed an "overgrown" island, for it is larger than all the other islands put together, although it is only 300 miles in circumference and is the youngest geologically.

We soon left Hilo on the train and my fare was 82 cents. The ride inland presented interesting scenes, great varieties of tropical plants, and sugar cane fields. We passed under wooden flumes floating the cane to the mills and up a steady grade to Glenwood, the end of the railroad, at an elevation of 2,100 feet above sea-level. Here we found three army trucks waiting to take the one hundred (and one) soldiers to the military camp for a week at the volcano. The soldiers climbed into the trucks standing packed together like asparagus in a can. The Top Sergeant in charge of the transportation, said to me, "Dad, if you are going to the camp with us, get in the front seat with the driver on the first truck."

The truck groaned with its load up the very deceiving grade which penetrated a wonderful tropical jungle and a tree fern forest, with a growth thirty feet high whose lacy, bending boughs arched the road.

When the Crater Hotel was reached, we still had a mile and a half of expectation and jostling before we came to the Volcano House, where we got our first view of the crater of Kilauea, the largest continuously active volcano in the world.

We drove a mile along the crater's edge, to the military camp at Kilauea, where men and barrack



Hilo, city of tropic splendor. When the sun is brightest, the snow-capped summit of Mauna Kea, 14,000 feet, is the crowning glory above it all.

bags tumbled out of the trucks. The barrack bags were piled into the sleeping barracks and then the gong rang for "chow." There were also one hundred soldiers who had spent their week at the volcano, and were to leave on Monday so they, with the incoming one hundred, made two hundred soldiers in the mess hall.

In the midst of the army meal the camp sergeant blew a whistle for all to come to attention. The silence was as still as death itself. The announcement he made was, "You men who have just come in are to draw four blankets and are not to leave camp until further orders. Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, director of the observatory, will give a lecture on the volcano at 6:30 P. M." As soon as I had finished my meal I met the mess sergeant, who assured me that I was a welcome boarder at the regular rate of 75 cents per day. I then found a stick and was off for the crater, being joined by three soldiers who had been there a week.

We followed the edge of the crater to the right for a mile, then climbed down the steep, rocky bluff a distance of 250 feet (a climb a mountain goat would decline), to the lava flow of only last March, then three miles over what had been molten lava but a short time before, glistening like glass, and twisted into interesting formations resembling huge batches of molasses candy. Upon reaching the edge of the Kilauea fire pit, I stepped over cracks within two feet of red hot lava, just below the hard crust upon which I was standing. I walked around the pit itself, which is about 1,150 feet wide and looked



A wonderful tropical jungle and a tree fern forest approaching Kilauea volcano. The mountain districts in the Hawaiian islands lure the visitor whose pleasure inclines toward the beautiful, simple and peaceful in life. Wonderful growths of palms and ferns are everywhere in evidence.

down into the lake of fire with its magnificent views appearing and disappearing through the clouds of smoke that at times fill the pit to a depth of 340 feet, and as the curtain would lift, I could see the sharp crags of peaks standing as hills of live lava and the influx of the liquid "gushers," or standing fountains, at the bottom of the pit, tumbling and lashing the walls.

Leaving the volcano, famed in both legend and history, we reached the auto road, "The Road to Hell," leading through a jungle of tree ferns and with dead craters on either side, a district full of unique and wonderful interest which enticed me to take many hikes during the following days, passed the Volcano House in a shower of rain, and returned to camp having had a twelve-mile hike.

I drew my four army blankets, which were none too many, and with a good wool mattress was prepared for a splendid night's rest.

After "chow" I was one of the first to occupy a front seat to hear Dr. Jagger, the world's greatest volcanologist, lecture on the volcano. His scientific and historic explanations confirmed the unwritten history of the very ground under the army chairs upon which we were sitting. The doctor's lecture has been heard by audiences around the world, but by none as understandingly as by those two hundred American soldiers who heard it on the very ground.

Monday morning the camp commander told me that a barber shop would be appreciated at Kilauea. A room was provided for me and I procured a rough twelve-inch board and a saw and hammer and in a



Barber Shop—Military Camp at the Volcano Kilauea

few minutes had manufactured a barber chair. I had one hundred and forty customers in camp, one hundred having come on the boat with me. There was a line-up for barber work and a thriving business was carried on until lunch time when I closed up shop and was off for the crater regions again. At the brink I met Dr. Jagger, who gives accurate information to all who desire it. I told him I would like to spend a night on the rim of the crater camping out, if there would be no poison gases to prevent it. He told me just where to camp where the surface of the earth was warm and the hot air pure. Five soldiers standing by volunteered to join me on this camping expedition. We returned to camp and as soon as supper was over, each took a blanket, some coffee, bacon, bread and raw "spuds," and walked three miles over the lava where we had been the day before, using a flashlight to see our way, while the red glow from the fire pit lighted the sky. We made camp on the crater and then walked around the brink watching the liquid lava lakes of every shape and color; gushers, or standing fountains, imprisoned among the crags of tiny mountain peaks, while the molten lava broke against the crater wall almost under our feet. It was after midnight when I lay down on my blanket, one half under and one half over me. The flat surface was just warm enough to be comfortable—nature's heating plant was a perfect one. When some strange phenomenon would occur in the fire pit, someone would call out

and we would run to the brink and drink in another wonderful display of color, marvelous in its fantastic beauty. Among soldier comments, one said, "If hell looks anything like this, I am going to mend my ways." The moon rose in the wee small hours of the morning making the lava waves, over which we had walked, glisten like glass. Later the sun came up over the Volcano House and cast its rays over this interesting sea of lava. Using a little frying pan, such as I had used as I camped around the globe, I fried the bacon, boiled coffee and roasted potatoes over the same crack near which we had slept. This was the most convenient kitchen I had ever worked in and with free fuel provided by nature. A hole bored into this mountain would undoubtedly supply the entire island with heat and fuel for ages.

The first week on the big island of Hawaii was the greatest privilege of my life and I made the most of it. With headquarters at Kilauea Military Camp, I spent the days tramping over the lava beds and through dead craters, some of which are almost smothered by the jungle of tropical plants and through forests of tree ferns which mask the approaches to all the craters. So my week was spent with hiking day after day over miles of lava formation and through the tropical growth until the soles of my shoes were worn out, but the lure of it all increased and I wanted to see more and more.

On Saturday I returned to Hilo by automobile



A Familiar View on My Daily
Walks on Hawaii

and while my shoes were being repaired by a Chinese shoemaker, I spent the day working in a Hilo barber shop earning a little money like an old mining prospector working for a grub stake. I was always eager to return to the mountains to search for the wonders of nature that are everywhere waiting to be unveiled to the earnest inquirer. With my pack bag filled with canned pork and beans, deviled

ham and other necessities that grow out West in tin cans, I returned to camp.

Sunday night, at the request of my soldier friends, I gave my illustrated lecture, "Around the World on Eight Dollars," to the two hundred men of the camp.

CHAPTER III

A HIKE TO THE HEIGHTS OF MAUNA LOA

On Monday morning the one hundred soldiers who had enjoyed the week at Kilauea, started on their return trip and two soldiers who had just arrived a week before them to see the volcano region, joined me for a four-days' hike. With blankets and rations on our backs, we were off for the greater heights of Mauna Loa, from whose long gradual slopes the meaning of its name, "Long Mountain," is derived. Passing through the corral just back of the military camp, we took the trail, as directed by the sign-board, and the first hour's walk took us through a huge forest of Koa trees, the Hawaiian mahogany, much prized for furniture making as it has a handsome grain and takes a beautiful polish. By lunch time we had reached an elevation of 6,270 feet and a stone cabin where a sign read, "Volcano House Nine Miles."

We saw many wild goats, or goats that had been lost, for they would stop and give us the "once over" when within a stone's throw of us and then leisurely amble away.

One soldier companion was six feet two and the other five feet four, so naturally I called them "Slim and Shorty." They gave me the friendly name of "Dad."

A heavy rain started falling soon after we had eaten our lunch and we tramped all afternoon in the storm. Our rain-coats did not keep us dry and

we were encumbered by our packs, but according to my compass, we were going in the right direction, although we were not making the elevation we should to reach the Rest House, which was at 10,000 feet and above the timber line. We had passed no forks in the trail and no signs to indicate to where the trail might lead. Our weariness from the long hike unfitted us to judge how far we had traveled. About 4:00 P. M. the rain stopped, suddenly the clouds lifted and we were a thousand times rewarded for our tramp by a wonderful view of Mauna Loa, covered with snow from the storm that was still raging on its summit. In a few minutes the fleecy clouds again veiled it from our view. With only an hour of daylight left, we realized that we must camp in the open and began to look for firewood. The first woods we came to was a cluster of koa trees surrounded by a lava flow of the year 1855, which had made its way downward towards Hilo. Here we found many dead trees of handsome mahogany. We carried a gallon can of coal oil with us with which to cook above the timber line and it meant much to us in getting a fire started with the wet wood. We soon had a glowing fire and found plenty of water for camp purposes in the lava basins filled by the afternoon's rain. The generous use of koa wood made possible the drying of our clothing and over the hot coals we fried bacon, stewed tomatoes and made coffee. Four blankets for three to sleep under on the lava at 6,270 feet elevation was not enough for comfort, so we took turns, one keeping the fire burning while the other

two slept. We kept the fire glowing throughout the night and burned enough of the native mahogany to have made a thousand ukuleles.

The early morning air was too keen for sleep, so we had breakfast and were on the mountain trail with the light of the moon to aid us on our way until we came to a trail which was so uncertain we were forced to wait for daylight. The sky was clear as the sun rose and we were again privileged to view the snow-capped mountains, not only Mauna Loa, but also Mauna Kea—it being true to its name, "White Mountain."

Not until this moment did we know that we had crossed the slopes of Mauna Loa and were entering upon the slopes of Mauna Kea. We had a magnificent view of the highest mountain in Hawaii, capped with snow, the round crater tips looking like the petals of a beautiful white rose. We were between the two volcano peaks, Mauna Loa, 13,657 feet on the left, and Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet, in front of us.

Shortly after sun-up it commenced raining again and we trudged along the trail in the rain until 9:00 A. M., when we passed through a pasture gate and spied a city of refuge, a ranch settlement on the slopes of Mauna Kea. The distance was deceiving, as mountain distances always are, but as we dragged through the meadows, which were covered with heavy grass, over the last hill and reached the corral, we were met by a smiling gentleman of middle age and robust appearance who said, "You have been through quite a storm; come right into the house



Kilauea gusher of red lava, beautiful with its fantastic colors.

to the fire and get some hot coffee.” This was the ranch superintendent, Dr. V. D. Shutte, of the Puu Oo Ranch. By this time we knew definitely that we had taken the wrong trail and were thirty-five miles from Kilauea Military camp. The beautiful interior of the house was like a dream, all finished in koa wood, hand sawed and hand polished, while on the shelves were many of Dr. Shutte’s books. Puu Oo ranch contains 22,000 acres and has 5,000 head of fine Herford cattle.

After our clothing and shoes were dry a clear-up hour came so we climbed the round hill back of the paddock where the cattle were kept, and had another wonderful view of the snow-capped mountains. We agreed that it was a God-send that we took the wrong trail, for our fondest expectations had been more than realized.

Our arrival at the Puu Oo ranch was welcomed as though we had been long-looked-for invited guests. Our dinner that night would have made the

menu of a fashionable hotel look modest. There were porter house steaks, potatoes, vegetables, butter, all from the ranch, as well as quantities of fresh milk, not milked with a can-opener either. We had a delightful chat around the fireplace with Dr. Shutte, whose footprints had encircled the globe, and he told us many things which were full of human interest.

The Puu Oo ranch house contained two spare bedrooms, with a double feather bed in each, and when bedtime came a Japanese cook escorted Slim and Shorty to one and me to the other. The rain fell all night long, so I was told, for I was completely unconscious until morning. Buried deep between the warm feather ticks, I slept soundly until called for breakfast.

The day opened with passing clouds and Dr. Shutte assured us we were welcome to stay until more favorable weather, but we wanted to go on, so he sent one of his Japanese cowboys with us to guide us through the pasture and to see that we were started on the right trail. It was four miles through this pasture to the gate, where we had another wonderful view, but shortly afterwards it began to rain again and we tramped all day long in the storm. We reached the nine-mile shack with quite different surroundings from those at Puu Oo ranch, but they were none the less appreciated by three men rain-soaked to the skin. Under the corrugated iron roof of the stone cabin was a quantity of koa wood and an old rusty axe, so we were not long in getting a fire started in the fire-place. After a hike of twenty-

five miles, twenty miles of it in the rain, we were ready to thoroughly enjoy fried bacon, beans, coffee and hard tack with a can of peaches to top it off.

We shook up the dry leaves on the floor of the cabin and with one blanket as a mattress for all and a blanket each to wrap up in, we indulged in a restful doze until the fire got so low that we began to feel the chill. We began the relay of keeping up the fire in two hour shifts, as we did two nights before at our lava bed camp, while the rain pattered on the iron roof all night long.

This was the first good rain in months and the water tanks were filled everywhere. On the windward side of Mauna Kea, twenty-one inches had fallen in three days, as reported to Dr. Shutte by telephone while we were there.

November 24th, Thanksgiving morning. After breakfast we left what remained of our provisions in the stone shack for other travelers, and with our packs containing only blankets, started on our way again through the rain. Finally the rain stopped and before we were out of the koa forest, the sun was shining brightly. With rising spirits we discussed what we were to have for Thanksgiving dinner when we should reach the end of these last nine miles of our hike. Upon reaching camp the first thing we did was to get into dry clothes and then came our dinner of ham, cabbage and pumpkin pie.

I went from the mess hall to the barber shop and found a line up for the wooden chair, so traveling expenses again commenced dropping in. Daily hikes were the order of the day and I saw many in-

teresting things—saw trees planted by Mark Twain and stood where Jack London wrote—is it possible that I have been exposed to and might catch the inspiration that leads to fame?

Saturday I returned to the Crescent City of Hilo, for my shoe soles had again been filed off by much tramping over the mountain lava trails. To go to work that day in a modern barber shop and to wear a white coat, was “coming to earth” after the days spent amid the glories of the Hawaiian mountains.

Monday morning was the time set for the outgoing of the one hundred soldiers and I also bade good-bye to the men who remained in charge of the camp.

The road to Kilauea, the world's greatest wonder, had become very familiar, for I had gone over it several times, but the luxuriant vegetation and the unique Japanese villages, with the houses standing on stilts and clustered here and there among the cane fields, were still very interesting objects to me.

At 4:00 P. M. I was aboard the “Mauna Kea,” having spent some of the most interesting days of my life on the big island of Hawaii. After all expenses were accounted for, I had \$26.00 more cash on hand when I left Hilo than when I arrived.

It was a beautiful afternoon as the “Mauna Kea” steamed along the northwest coast of Hawaii, over which the storm of the past week had passed and many water falls were to be seen as the mountain streams made their way over the perpendicular palisades towards the sea. Beyond these were the



Coconut Island with its graceful and nodding palms

green cane fields, sugar mills and plantation villages, upon the slopes of Mauna Kea, while back of it all towered the snow-capped historical Hawaiian Mountain, the monarch of the Pacific, gigantic, and proud of its height. If one could approach the island of Hawaii across the oceanic plain, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea would be seen to rise from their submarine base to a height of nearly six miles—a relief which exceeds that of Mount Everest. The average depth of the Pacific around the Hawaiian archipelago is about three and one-half miles.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI

I had a United States mattress on the upper deck and was enjoying a restful snooze when the Japanese steward called me, for I was to get off at Lahaina. My soldier friends, Slim and Shorty, were up to see me off at midnight when the ship dropped anchor, lowered two rowboats and landed the passengers ashore.

I was now on the island of Maui and at Lahaina;—in front of the Pioneer Hotel, I took an automobile for Wailuku, arriving there in the early morning hours.

In 1790, at the entrance to the Iao Valley, Kamehamaha completed the bloody conquest of Maui and became the first ruler of the entire Hawaiian group. It is said that the stream was dammed with corpses and Wailuku, "Water of Slaughter" received its name from that event.

As I walked up the picturesque "Little Yosemite," I could see a slight resemblance to the Yosemite Valley of California, as is claimed by the guide-books. The water flowed down the narrow valley and the beautiful perpendicular walls entangled with tropical vines appeared much larger than they really were. Crossing the valley, I made my way back to the other side through a dense growth of bananas, papaias, guavas, climbing bougainvilleas, hibiscus and poinsettias, all entangled to-



Beautiful Iao Valley, "Little Yosemite" on Maui

gether, which would be impossible to find in California's Yosemite.

Straight in front of me as I returned down the beautiful valley, were the cultivated fields and then the bare upward slopes to the stupendous dome of Haleakala, luring me on to see its rugged summit, one of those twenty minute walks before breakfast attempted by mountain travelers in many parts of the globe.

After lunch at a Japanese restaurant, with cape, blanket and kodak in my bag, a stick in my hand and a big idea in my head, I was off. I was hiking along the smooth road less than a mile out of Wailuku, when to my surprise, I was asked to ride by a lady who was riding alone in her own car. She stopped and said, "Would you like a ride? You look as though you were out for a long hike." I assured her that I would and that I was. My hostess was Miss M. E. Taylor, employed in educational work on the island of Maui and a woman brimful of inspiration and information about the crater of Haleakala. At Paia our roads parted and I had been walking again but a few minutes when I was asked to ride by a Mr. G. W. Steele. When we reached the Plantation Sugar Company's store, Mr. Steele saw an old Ford runabout at one side of the big store and said, "There is Mr. Jones' machine, I will introduce you to him as he goes five miles further up the mountain." Mr. Jones invited me to ride with him and when we had started up the grade he informed me that he was the "Trouble shooter" for the Haleakala Ranch, which meant that he was the

mechanical genius who keeps the automobiles, caterpillar tractors and power plants in running order on this ranch of several thousand acres which had boiled out of the world's greatest crater. Mr. Jones had been educated in Boston and could talk of things of interest in almost every part of the world—personal experiences during his travels. When we reached Makawao, a pretty little cross-road settlement at an elevation of 1,500 feet, he said, "I am going up the road two miles further, but here is the last store where you will be able to buy any grub." So I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a supply. As we resumed our journey, Mr. Jones informed me that Mr. Smith, the ranch foreman, would probably be glad to loan me a saddle horse to make the trip to the summit unless I was morally bound to walk. When we reached the ranch and I was introduced to Mr. L. K. Smith, he gladly offered me the use of a horse for the next day and told me I could probably get a room for the night at the home of Prof. Crook. Prof. Crook and his daughter, Miss Rose, very graciously accommodated me with a room and in addition I found them to be a real bureau of information, and I also learned many interesting things about the Hawaiian Islands.

At six o'clock the next morning, without disturbing the Crook family, I slipped out of my room, had breakfast at the Japanese restaurant and was at the corral soon after to join Mr. Smith and his three Hawaiian cowboys. The Japanese stable man gave me the reins of a little black horse, weighing about 800 pounds and on the back of the saddle was a rain

slicker and a sack of barley. Mr. Smith said, "I am giving you a gentle horse; he is a lazy shirker, but I know an old horseman like you can get along with 'Gold Dust.'" I assured him that the little horse and I would be the best of friends.

It was a beautiful morning as the five of us started along through the pasture and we jogged along the trail over the red soil, at a Spanish dog trot. When I told Mr. Smith that my home was in Pasadena, he said, "I have an uncle and a bunch of cousins in Pasadena." I replied, "Is William Waterhouse your uncle? I know him very well and have enjoyed his interesting talks on Hawaii." As he answered in the affirmative I thought, the more we travel around the world, the smaller it gets.

At the corral gate at Olinda, Mr. Smith told me that I could get the key of the Rest House from the Japanese caretaker and with a friendly good-bye from him and his cowboys, they were soon out of sight around the winding trail. I entered the enclosure in search of the Japanese who had the key to the Rest House, feeling like a country boy looking for a left-handed monkey wrench in a garage. I searched everywhere for the Japanese without success, called up central on the 'phone and not being able to find the key, finally started on. Every eighth of a mile along the trail was a white sign-post giving the distance to the summit. In crossing the great upward swinging plains and ascending the long slopes it was impossible for me to realize that I had reached an elevation of 4,500 feet as shown on a mile-post.

The cultivated pineapple slopes and the cane fields below, seemed to shrink as I looked down upon them and the ocean spread wider and wider, the many colors seeming to merge into more of a sameness of dark blue water. It was a beautiful day, although the sun was hot, and at frequent intervals I would walk and lead "Gold Dust" to give him a rest and at the same time relax my own muscles, seemingly newly discovered muscles since riding horseback.

CHAPTER V

ON THE SUMMIT OF HALEAKALA

It was one o'clock when I reached the summit and stood on the rim of Haleakala, "House of the Sun." I took the saddle from "Gold Dust's" back, gave him a drink of water from a water hole in the lava and a feed of rolled barley from the bag he had carried all of the way up the long trail. I then opened a can of beans, made coffee over a tiny camp fire and with hardtack, chocolate and raisins, a delicious meal was enjoyed by a "lone traveler" who sat near the cement Rest House on the brink of the largest extinct volcano in the world and looked down a perpendicular cliff 2,000 feet to the floor of the crater, which has been silent for ages. The magnitude of the walls, the vast floor covered with the many colors and tints of lava sand, the lack of vegetation, all made an inspiring impression. I spent three wonderful hours tramping around the rim and it was difficult to make myself believe that the crimson-colored crater was twenty miles in circumference. From the rim the little purple cones on the floor of the ancient volcano looked like warts on the side of a man's neck and yet they were 700 feet high. The human mind cannot picture the making of this island of Maui, when these cones were spouting fire, and when rivers of molten lava poured over the sides. I was sitting on top of the world where I could look down on every man on Maui and could see four of the islands of the



Haleakala (House of the Sun), on the island of Maui, is the world's largest extinct volcano and is painted by Mother Nature with all the colors of the rainbow and flowers. Clouds float around its summit and nestle at night among its cinder cones—ashes of long-dead fires.

Hawaiian group in the distance; to the southwest, the snow-covered mountains of Hawaii, and to the north and west, the outlines of Lanai, Molokai and Oahu, tropical green patches against the deep blue of the ocean and, as the winter sun dropped into the Pacific, the shadows in the great crater made a wonderful motion picture that no cameraman could record. At 5:00 o'clock I decided to return down the slopes from this elevation of 10,032 feet, rather than spend the night without the benefit of the shelter and comfort of the Rest House, denied me because I did not have the key.

So "Gold Dust" and I took the soft cinder cut-offs straight down the long slopes. As the sinking sun cast its last rays of light upon the shifting clouds, a sprinkle of rain began to fall and a gorgeous rainbow formed a golden picture frame around "Gold Dust" and me; while before us was the ever-changing, fascinating view—the stupendous gorges, innumerable peaks of Iao Valley, west of Maui, the cultivated fields, and shrubs of every imaginable shade and color along the slopes we were descending. Dusk comes quickly in the tropics and even more quickly in the mountains, but we finally reached the pasture gate at the end of the automobile road at Idlewild, where I kindled my camp fire under a huge eucalyptus tree and had hot coffee and another can of beans, while "Gold Dust" had his barley. After a short rest we were off again down the road. The night was so dark that it would have made charcoal look white in comparison, and the lighted village near the water's edge gleaming in the distance, added to



The silversword, lonely guardian of Haleakala's barren slopes.

the surrounding gloom. I gave "Gold Dust" the reins, knowing that with his horse instinct he would much rather trust his judgment than mine to bring us to the ranch. At 9:00 o'clock I was again occupying the room in the Crook home that I had left that morning. I have traveled over mountains in many parts of the world, but never before had I condensed so much into one day's journey.

December 1st, I started from Makawao. My enthusiastic hiking appearance soon prompted an invitation to ride in an automobile going my way, which

led to the beach at Kahului. From there I strolled over the beautiful road shaded by tropical trees, passed the county race track and fair grounds and on to Puunene sugar mill, the largest mill of its kind in the world. Just as I reached there the whistle blew for lunch, so I entered the beautiful bungalow club house where the mill hands were eating in a strictly modern dining room, which had the appearance of some bathing resort hotel "down East." There were white linen table-cloths and silverware and the Japanese waiters were dressed in white coats. I inquired if a traveler could get a meal there and a good-natured Portuguese replied, "Yes, sir, you are welcome, the price is sixty cents per meal." I sat at his table and soon learned that he was Mr. Andrade, the sugar cooker at the mill. That was the best meal for the money that I had eaten since the "high cost of living" has been with us.

After lunch, in my privately conducted party, I was shown through the gigantic mill and saw the cane go through the whole process from the carloads of stalks brought in from the mammoth cane fields, through the crushing and grinding process, through the cookers and centrifugal cylinders and then sewed up into sacks, ready for steamboat shipment. Within eight hours from the time the raw cane reached the mill, the sugar was ready for delivery.

Everywhere in the islands I have found the Japanese to be the plantation laborers, all housed in little villages, living as they did in Japan, the women laboring as well as the men.

The next day I could not resist the second oppor-



A Sugar Mill and Plantation on Maui

tunity to see the beautiful Iao Valley where my kodak and I enjoyed the forenoon. After lunch I invested \$2.00 in an automobile ride to Lahaina, crossing the isthmus which connects the two parts of the island, over barren hills, then passing along the sea shore where the cane fields extend right down to the sea. The mountain back of Olowalu, stood out boldly, with its tremendous gorges, like a gigantic replica of the bad lands of Dakota, back of the cultivated fields. We came to Lahaina, the oldest white settlement on the island and once the capital of the group, with its grove of ancient trees, a picturesque landmark of the old missionary days. I spent the evening in front of the Pioneer Hotel, watching the Japanese fishermen using torchlights to attract fish, and in a doze of sleep I dreamed of the pioneer days when fifty whaling and sealing vessels had anchored at a time in these beautiful waters, playing hookey

from the cold winter of the north. Frequently I was aroused from my quiet rest by the personal touch of one of those interesting "birds" (mosquitoes) that made Dr. Gorgas famous. However, all things considered, I had a very enjoyable evening until midnight, when the "Mauna Kea" came along and I went aboard, bound for Honolulu.

CHAPTER VI

BACK IN HONOLULU

At 7:00 o'clock the next morning I was again in the "City of Charms" and at once plunged into the maelstrom of life, to earn a livelihood in the metropolis of the islands.

I secured work in a little hole-in-the-wall barber shop on North King Street just a block from the docks, where the passenger traffic steps ashore from all parts of the world and where the skillful swimming Hawaiians are always ready to dive for nickels and dimes—while waiting for their "Ship to come in." Honolulu means "quiet haven" and is well named.

In that little hole-in-the-wall barber shop there was no warning as to who the next customer would be. He would perhaps be a tourist from Australia, China, Japan or California; if a citizen of Honolulu he might be either English, Chinese, Japanese, or two or three, or even four or five combinations of any of these nationalities. One day I cut a splendid growth of hair on a Chinese banker, but his beard was thin and scattering—like a baseball game, "nine on a side, three out, all out." I asked him about financial conditions, to which he replied, "Money not much-ee tight now."

As the Christmas holidays approached, the daily street life grew more and more brilliant in color and variety of dress. Christmas shoppers came to Honolulu from all parts of the islands, being dressed



A beautiful home planted in the midst of a vast garden of tropical beauty when approached from the seaward.

in all kinds of strange looking garbs. There were the Japanese women with their babies strapped to their backs, while they shuffled along the pavement with their wooden shoes or sandals anchored to their feet by a cord extending from one side and passing between the big toe and the next one. Their beautifully colored kimonos hobbled them to a very limited stride. The Chinese women were dressed in their linen blouses and trousers, the blouses reminding one of the jacket of a man's pajamas, while the trousers extended down to their tiny shoes. They wear no head-dress at all, while their hair is slicked back as if with liberal applications of vaseline and coiled in a small knot at the back of the head, being held in place by several spike-like pins. The older Hawaiian women were garbed in their native costume

(a holoku, or mother-hubbard), while American and European women were adorned in the latest fashions made from hand-made Irish and Belgian lace, which had been scantily designed between Paris and Peking. The men generally wear straw hats and palm beach suits.

The open street cars explain the meaning of that wonderful word "climate" as it is here used and all the promises are fulfilled. The business center of Honolulu is quite modern, while the surroundings of the city are most charming and convince one that he is truly in the semi-tropics amid beautiful, peaceful scenes,—extending from the coral reefs of the blue ocean to the brilliant and often rainbow crowned mountain range, just to the north of the city.

In my daily walks, I became acquainted and fell in love with the charms of the city; the beautiful gardens adorned with endless varieties of brilliant tropical plants, flowering trees and shrubs covering the flanks of the Koolau range of mountains, while frequently clouds surged around their sharp lofty peaks. As I wandered over the mountain slopes and down into the beautiful valleys it was a common occurrence for me to stumble into a Japanese Tea garden beside a sparkling brook, the garden made beautiful and artistic by the use of the volcanic rock converted into the Japanese style of architecture.

For a change of scenery, by day or by night, I would wander down through Chinatown and the oriental district, where I rambled about, questioning



"Race Suicide" is unknown among Hawaiian Japanese. 70 babies out of every hundred are Japanese.

here and there to add to my store of information and occasionally would drop into a Japanese movie house where the Japanese "spieler" told the plot of the American play in Japanese. The Japanese and Chinese shops are interesting, with their display of various curios and numerous wares collected from the Orient to Boston. In the windows are to be seen paintings of Fujiama, scenes from the islands of the sea, Hawaii's fantastic volcano fires, fans made of pretty feathers, American kodaks and Boston garters, as well as many Hawaiian curios. The oriental family invariably lives in the rear of the shop, their domestic life occupying very little space amid the mixed odors of dried fish and incense. I often wished for a clothespin for my nose. The Oriental section consists of many narrow winding streets lined with two story wooden shacks. Most of the district is "taboo" to the American soldiers and sailors and is policed by Army and Navy M. P.'s to prevent the Japanese "bootleggers" and others, selling their native booze "okolehao" to the men of the service. One night about 9:00 P. M. I went down into Tin Can Alley, a narrow street just off Hotel Street, when an interruption occurred in this notorious section and a

raid was made on the Chinese gamblers. The police patrol did a land office business and fifty "alleged" gamblers were given a "joy ride."

As the days slipped by, I began to count my acquaintances and friends from among the dock stevedores to the most prominent citizens of the islands.

The shop windows were filled with modern toys, but the explanation of ice and snow and Santa Claus' sleigh drawn by reindeers must have been a difficult task to those with children, in this tropical land.

Such a thing as tune had not been invented by the Hawaiians up to the time of the discovery of the islands by Europeans. Music they did not have and its softening and elevating influence they knew nothing about until the missionaries came, one hundred years ago (1820). I attended the Christmas program at Kawaiahao church, this church being built of blocks of coral and dedicated in 1842 as the Royal Chapel and was permitted to join the largest Hawaiian congregation on the islands. The musical cantata, rendered by Hawaiians, was evidence of the wonderfully successful Christian influence of the devoted New England missionaries during the past one hundred years. The prophecy had been fulfilled—"The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light." The voices of the Hawaiians in Christmas music, with its melodious sweetness, was such as I had never heard before and the great throng that assembled to hear the wonderful Christmas story told in tuneful harmony, was thrilled by the wonderful rendition.

I enjoyed my frequent visits to the public buildings, which are located on King Street, in the heart of the city. First in importance is the Executive building, formerly the Royal Palace, occupying the center of its own open park and now utilized by the officials of the territory. Across the street stands the Judiciary Building and in front of it, among the palms, is the statue of Kamehameha I.

Old Father Time, who waits for no man, planted another milestone along the way to mark the journey of life, when January 1, 1922, arrived in Honolulu.

The Honolulu newsboy, in his daily grind on the streets, is in a class all by himself and does business on less vocabulary than any other newsy I have ever seen or heard in any part of the world. His age runs from four to fourteen and his garb, a shirt, trousers and bare feet—and perhaps a hat. He



A Picturesque Road in Hawaii



Hawaiian Flower Sellers in Honolulu

might be Portuguese, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino or a combination of half a dozen nationalities. Very unexpectedly, with a few papers under his arm, he appears, and in a modest tone of voice says, "Pap, Pap."

CHAPTER VII

THE PASSING OF HAWAIIAN ROYALTY

Saturday morning (Jan. 7th) on my way to work, I noticed that several American flags were at half-mast, but the newsboys had the same call of "Pap, Pap," with no enthusiasm and no information as to who might be dead. The paper bore big headlines and a large cut of Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, announcing the passing away of the last of the titled princes of all dynasties of those islands of the mid-Pacific.

He had been Hawaii's representative in the American Congress for twenty years, and a tribute paid him by his own Hawaiian people was, "We have lost our last prince and leader of the Hawaiian race." It had been his request that the funeral services be simple, but the Hawaiian people felt that the respect and honor accorded dead monarchs of the former kingdom should be shown him, so from the time of his passing away in his home, until his body reposed in the crypt in the mausoleum in the Royal Cemetery, all the ancient Hawaiian customs for funeral ceremonies were to be performed. The body of royalty is never moved in the daytime, except on the day when laid away in its last resting place.

On Sunday at midnight, following the day of his death, the body of Prince Kuhio (the name by which he was familiarly known) was removed from his home at Waikiki beach to the old Hawaiian Kawai-



Throne Room of the Capitol building where the Prince's funeral was held

ahoa church, there to lie in state until the following Sunday, when the funeral was to take place. At midnight I saw the procession pass on its way from the home of the Prince, three miles away, to the church. The hearse bearing the casket moved slowly. Hawaiian men and women walked ahead, while the royal torch-bearers walked at the sides, all dressed in native Hawaiian regalia, wearing ahuulas (small capes made of feathers) and carrying kahilis (consisting of a long pole or stick with the top ends profusely and variously adorned with feathers of innumerable varieties of now practically extinct birds of the island. The kahilis pertain only to things royal). A flaming torch is the emblem of the Kalakaua dynasty, and must always accompany a funeral cortege of any of that dynasty. Immediately behind the hearse was the Princess, the widow, in an automobile. She was dressed all in white, a flowing white veil covering her head and looked more like a bride than a widow. The procession entered the church and among those assisting the Hawaiians in the placing of the casket on the altar, which was covered with a robe of royal purple with a fringe of gold, were officials of the army and navy and prominent American citizens acting as honorary guards. The church was beautiful with the thirty or more kahilis, of different kinds, colors and sizes and those who were to stand watch or to participate in the ceremonies which were to follow from then throughout the week, forming an enclosure about the casket. Eight stood watch at a time, four on each side, each holding a

kahilis in his hand, which was waved back and forth over the casket in rhythmic motion timed to the beat of a heart. The watch was changed every hour, those coming in to stand watch in their turn marched in and stood at the foot of the casket, bowed low, then took their places just behind the watchers they relieved, each took the kahili from the hand of a watcher and continued the rhythmic waving over the casket without a moment's cessation. At frequent intervals throughout the week, both day and night, there was singing and chanting by various Hawaiians and occasionally weird and tragic wailing by some aged Hawaiian woman, a native custom, as an expression of the tragedy which had come into the lives of the Hawaiian people. The Princess sat at the head of the casket throughout the week, each day and a part of every night, being relieved from her sad vigil at various times only long enough to get needed rest and food. At midnight on Saturday the procession again moved. This time the body of the Prince being brought from Kawaiahoa church to the Throne Room of the Capitol Building, where the funeral was held.

It rained that Saturday night. The storm gladdened the hearts of the Hawaiian people, for, according to legend, rain at the time of death signifies that the spirit of the departed alii (royalty) has found favor in the heavens and that a place has been fittingly prepared for the royal spirit, there to abide in everlasting peace.

The funeral ceremony in the Throne Room lasted from 10:00 to 11:00 A. M. and then the pro-



Honolulu buried Prince Kuhio with all the splendor of royalty

cession started for the Royal Cemetery in beautiful Nuuanu Valley. Only those to whom invitations had been issued were accorded the privilege and honor of attending the ceremonies in the Throne Room. This was necessary on account of the lack of space and the time it would have taken for the immense crowds to view the remains. I made my way out on Nuuanu street, where thousands had congregated to see the procession pass, the street being lined with people on both sides, from the Capitol to the Royal Cemetery. It took nearly three hours for the procession to pass. First came the Mounted Police, Military Bands, then units representing all branches of the army and navy, cadets from various schools and colleges, boy scouts, civic and fraternal organizations, the Royal Hawaiian band, Hawaiian societies, and clergymen of many denominations. The men of the army and navy and the cadets and boy scouts dropped out of line along the way and formed a guard of honor as the catafalque, bearing the royal burden, passed up the street and into the Royal Cemetery. The casket was drawn by at least three hundred poolas (Hawaiian men). Horses are never used for drawing a vehicle which bears the body of royalty. The highly polished casket was of beautiful Koa wood, built especially for the body of the late Prince. The pall-bearers, honorary pall-bearers, torch-bearers and kahili carriers, walked along the sides of the catafalque and immediately following came the automobile bearing the widow. Bringing up the rear came high officials of the army and navy and all city and

territorial officials, with their staffs, making a long line of automobiles.

The same honors were accorded Prince Kuhio that are given officers of the highest rank in the army and navy, a salute of twenty-one guns being fired from cannons at the Capitol grounds and Punch Bowl at frequent intervals, from the time the procession left the Capitol until the body was placed in the mausoleum. The passing away of Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole closed the doors to an ancient custom accorded members of the Royal Family. He had died in his prime, but his life had been full of deeds of kindness, he having devoted his life to looking after the interests of his own people. So, for a long time, the Hawaiians brought forth their sacred kahilis and waved them over the body of their beloved dead, then put them away among their other sacred possessions, never again to be brought forth to do honor to a loved one.

CHAPTER VIII

A WEEK'S CAMPING-HIKING TRIP ON THE GEOLOGICAL ISLAND WONDER CALLED THE "GARDEN ISLAND"

January 9th, I paid \$3.65 for steerage passage on board the S. S. Claudine, which gave me equal rights with the mixed crowd of Japanese and Hawaiians. On the lower deck I found a clean space on a mat near the engine room, midship. I unrolled my blanket and rubber cape and was comfortable between the open doors of the lower deck where there was plenty of fresh sea air. The Japanese women changed their traveling clothes and that of their children. The babies were tied to the backs of their mothers, the twisting of whose shoulders was the lullaby which put the little Orientals to sleep. If the conduct of one of these youngsters during the evening was not what was expected by the mother, she would give the noisy little fellow a poke in the ribs with her commanding elbow which seemed to bring the desired result. The younger set of Hawaiians played their ukuleles and sang the beautiful Hawaiian melodies as no one else can sing them.

Two hours out of Honolulu found us in the open channel and the lazy swells were not as lazy as I should have liked them. The uncertainty of my stomach had me tamed and I was contented to lie very quietly on the deck space which I was occupying. After a fair night's sleep, I was aroused at

5:30 A. M. by the lowering of the anchor, the chain and winch making a grinding noise which told me the good news that we had arrived at Nawiliwili Bay. The little steam launch towed a rowboat with the cabin passengers first and then returned for the steerage crowd and over a restless tide we were landed safely at the dock.

I was surrounded by a crowd of Japanese automobile drivers, who almost shanghaied me, asking, "Where you go? Where you go?" I considered the question too personal, so declined to answer and with my bag and blanket I started up the road in the dark. My first day on the small northern island of Kauai had begun. At daybreak I made my way up the hill from the village of Nawiliwili and at the edge of the cane field on the brink of the little valley, I made camp for breakfast. A short distance below I bought real fresh eggs from a Japanese farmer, who had a rice field, a sty for his pig and a pond for his ducks, all in Oriental style. With the fresh eggs, my jar of American bacon and coffee, made to suit my own fancy, I finished my first meal just as the sun rose over the beautiful bay. I then walked on to Lihua, between the cane fields on each side of the road, many magnificent hibiscus flowers adding to the beauty of the scene, and passing the little court house, went on to the post office opposite the plantation store. Then as I walked on down the hill into Nawiliwili gulch, with its red soil, past the sugar mill and on up the winding road beyond the school buildings, the shifting clouds made a check-



MY ISLANDS

On the edge of the world, my islands dream

ered pattern on Mount Waialeale (5,140 feet), the highest mountain on the island.

Kauai is a little world in itself, ninety miles northwest from Honolulu, with a circumference of only a little more than one hundred miles around its nearly circular shore. On the summit of Mt. Waialeale there is the heaviest rainfall in all the world, more than 600 inches yearly. Think of it! More than fifty feet of rain! With this amount of rainfall and a temperature of between 60 and 80 degrees the year around, one could expect surroundings similar to those of the Carboniferous Age.

As I was walking along, a young Hawaiian driving a truck, overtook me and offered me a ride. We rode over the interesting road with cane and pineapple fields all along the way and as my new friend was greatly interested in the United States, it was an enjoyable ride for both of us. He stopped at the pretty village of Koloa, having given me a "lift" of ten miles. When I thanked him for my ride and was ready to start on, he said, "That is the way to Waimea Canyon. You won't walk far before someone will pick you up." He had prophesied well, for I had scarcely begun to enjoy my walk and to drink in the delightful view of the southern slopes and the cane fields which spread out over the plains right down to the sea, when a man in an automobile stopped and asked, "Would you like a lift?" I accepted his kind invitation, and had scarcely gotten my pack bag and myself located in his automobile when he said, "Is not your name Anderson?" To which I replied, "How did you guess it?" He said,

"I heard you give your lecture to the men of the 6th division in France at the head of the waters of the Seine where we were located after the armistice was signed." Then followed an exchange of reminiscences about things that happened "over there." Mr. John Hanson is a building contractor in Kauai. Meeting people like this on a little island in mid-Pacific, reminds a fellow of the old saying, "A bird never goes so far but his tail follows," and a good "tip" to travelers is to "watch your step." When we reached Mr. Hanson's destination, I started on foot again and soon entered the Makaweli Sugar Plantation, the largest on the island.

I walked past the mill settlement and was talking with one of the plantation bosses, when a Portuguese truck-driver invited me to ride, landing me at Waimea, a picturesquely situated little village. Here I at once engaged a saddle horse to take me to Waimea Canyon and in the bargain, for five dollars, I was to have two double blankets for the night. While the horse was being fed and saddled, I made my midday camp at the mouth of the Waimea river in the shade of a beautiful tree. By the time I had put the match to the fire and had opened a can of beans and a can of soup, I had quite an audience of Japanese children, who gathered around and watched my every movement with wide-eyed interest. As I was eating my meal, the father of the children came out and in quite understandable English told me that I was camped on the spot where Captain Cook (the Columbus of the Hawaiian Islands) first stepped foot upon the islands, 144 years

ago this month of January. I did not spend time, however, looking for his footprints in the sand, for my saddle horse was ready, a little gray mare named "Roxey."

The stable man rode with me through the cane field to the water ditch, up the red slope and started me on the trail up the west edge of the Waimea gulch. The cane fields of thousands of acres, spread out below me with their white tassel-like plumes, making a beautiful picture.

At the end of an hour's ride I had my first view of the beautiful canyon, with its layers of rock of vivid colorings—the bluffs of decomposed rock hundreds of feet high, stained by volcanic fires, being first seen from the trail before it leads into the automobile road. It has many features in common with the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and not altogether in miniature. "Roxey" was a lazy little beast, but I succeeded in keeping her jogging along through scattering forests until we reached the head of the canyon and after passing through the pasture of Puukapele—3,600 feet high—I found running water and a vacant tent, so with an hour and a half of sunlight at my disposal, I made camp. The surrounding mountains were bathed in sunlight and to my great surprise, there stood Mt. Waialeale, the most rainy spot in the world, without a cloud to hide it from view and the sunshine smiling upon it. Looming up before me in all her majestic beauty and grandeur, was this inexhaustible water center, while the deep gorges, weathered by the ages, spoke eloquently for nature in erosion, which had carved

out the twisted canyons that reached far back into the flanks of the mountain in every direction.

I took the saddle off Roxey's back, tied the lariat to a small bush in a green meadow on the mountain slope, then watched the shadows in the canyon dissolve the many shades and tints of green and purple and yellow and red and merge them all into a dark blue as the sun dropped from sight behind the little Island of Niihau. The moon was three hours high when the sun went down and the canyon seemed to flatten out as the moonlight fell between the towering walls. There could not have been a more beautiful night for camping out and as I busied myself around the glowing camp-fire it really seemed selfish for me to enjoy it alone. So far as I knew there was not another living human being within fifteen miles of that spot.

Camp life in Hawaii is ideal, with temperature nearly the same day and night, except on the high peaks and no wild animals or snakes to fear. My only discomfort was caused by mosquitoes. I would be no more surprised to find a battleship in a desert than I was to find mosquitoes at that high altitude. However, my pack bag contained a mosquito netting, which proved to be of great value to me there, my first night on Kauai Island. Since my arrival on the steamer that morning, I had traveled twenty-six miles by boulevard and fifteen miles on horseback.

After a glorious moonlight night, the second day began with a gorgeously colored sunrise over the summit of Waialeale's domes and peaks, this mountain where nearly always are to be seen clouds and

rain. After breakfast I threw my coffee grounds and dish water over the canyon's rim into 3,000 feet of space.

Returning over the same trail, the slopes became more familiar as I neared the stable and when I reached there, I bade Roxey good-bye and started on my journey a-foot.

On the banks of the Waimea river, I enjoyed another mid-day meal. Then just after crossing the steel bridge an automobile came along and I was in-



Horseback to the summit of Waimae Canyon. There is a wonderful diversity of scenic attraction to be found in comparatively small area in the Hawaiian Islands. The seacoasts offer marvelous opportunity for the artist or photographer.

vited by the Japanese driver to ride and went with him as far as the Makaweli Sugar Mill. I was shown through this mill, which belongs to the largest plantation on the island.

There are 30,000 persons on the island and I noted one automobile numbered 1,647, so you see I had many chances to ride. The climate is ideal and the scenery beautiful. The people are hospitable and the combination of the three puts a hiking-camper in luck while seeing the "Garden Island."

Leaving the main road at Koloa, I spent a delightful night on the seashore—after a dip in the surf. I had a splendid sleep on a bed of pine needles on the volcanic rock near the Spouting Horn, which is a curious rock formation where the waves rush into lava tubes and force the water high up into the air in geyser fashion.

Returning over the same road to Lihue, I set out for the other side of the island and enjoyed the splendid panoramic view of ocean and mountains, with the surrounding verdure-covered crags, the cultivated cane fields, pineapple and banana plantations and cocoanut groves, leading to the ocean's edge. When I reached the pineapple cannery at Kealia, it was "quitting time" on the plantation, and Filipinos, Japanese and Portuguese laborers came pouring in from every direction. As I walked up the long slope, I was joined by a Portuguese laborer from the cane fields. In his mixture of tongues, the old man told me his life story. For twenty-six years he had been a laborer on one plantation. His daily wage was one dollar a day for a hard day's toil. The old man

summed up his daily grind of life by saying, "Wage come down, but Kau Kau (living) no come down. Me get house, light, water."

The sugar plantations are only utilizing 75 per cent of their capacity for the lack of plantation labor. The wage of a dollar a day is not very attractive to Europeans, Americans or Hawaiians, most of whom think themselves above common labor and are going around as a "boss" with a pencil behind their ears and a blue print in their hands just playing "hookey" from a pick and shovel, or other honest toil.

A young Chinese who lived in the little village of Anahola, nestling in the pretty valley, invited me to ride with him. When I spoke of camping out, Mr. Kum, a gentleman of education, said, "My wife



Sugar Cane Fields of Kauai

is the school teacher at this school and you are welcome to occupy the cottage, which has a good bed." He could scarcely understand why I preferred to sleep outside even though the weather was beautiful and I was on a camping trip. I made my camp-fire in the corner of the county school yard in a cluster of small pine trees. Just back of the bungalow schoolhouse towered two sharp mountain peaks, Mt. Kalalea and Mt. Konanai, which can be seen for miles. Three young Chinese were guests around my camp-fire and they asked many intelligent questions about America. One of the young men (a brother of Mr. Kum) brought me a mattress and a clean sheet to make me comfortable, since I would not occupy the cottage. He also brought several strips of Chinese mosquito punk which I placed at the head of my bed on the ground and the fumes did their work in keeping the mosquitoes away as I "lay me down to sleep." The wash of the ocean waves lulled me to sleep while the incense from the Oriental punk, induced dreams of being in a Chinese Joss House.

Friday, being also the 13th, indicated that it would be a day of good luck for the traveler and the day began with bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. My breakfast consisted of pineapple from the fertile slopes of the mountain and fresh eggs from the nearby chicken coop—eggs are one thing over there which do not stay long where they are laid. While most of the eggs used in Hawaii may be first-class when they start on their long sea voyage, they lose classification enroute and many arrive steerage.



As a land so blessed with wondrous beauty and climate as Hawaii, it is regrettable that quaint and primitive life in the islands is quickly becoming a thing of the past.

By early dawn I was walking through a pineapple plantation of many thousand acres, which made it convenient to occasionally quench my thirst with the juice of the delicious fruit.

It is quite evident that many of the Hawaiian-born Chinese are progressive business men, for a young fellow came along in his six-cylinder automobile and invited me to ride. We rode along through several plantations, quaint villages and rice fields, to Wainiha Valley, that being his destination. His keen interest in my desire to see as much as possible of his native island, prompted him to volunteer to take me to Heana Point to see the lava caves. These are interesting caves at the sea-level, extending for unknown distances through old lava channels under the high cliffs. At the north end of the mountain range, the lava formation on the sides and the roofs are twisted into rope-like columns. One of the caves was filled with fresh water from subterranean seepage.

I bade goodbye to my Chinese friend and turned back on the road which led on down to the beautiful valley bottom, with its charming river winding gracefully between fields of vivid green rice, with little clusters of Japanese houses here and there and an occasional native Hawaiian grass house, such as I had found on the other three islands.

The Japanese own most of these little irrigated valleys where they are tickling the fertile soil with their fingers in real Oriental fashion. More than 65 per cent of the population of Hawaii is Japanese and from my personal observation in visiting the



Waterfalls of Kauai.

schools in many villages, I would say that the children are nearly all of that race (seventy-one babies out of every one hundred are Japanese). When Uncle Sam takes his next census of his new territory, he will find that the Japanese family is increasing very rapidly, the Hawaiian Islands being Uncle's Japanese incubator.

Walking perhaps ten miles between rides I reached Lihue. I made camp under the broad leaves of some banana plants, while above them towered graceful cocoanut palms and the ground was carpeted with green velvet-like grass.

The most unusual thing about my tramp on the Garden Island was that there was not a single rain-fall during all the time, only an occasional bit of "liquid sunshine."

The fourth night I slept on the ground. My method of sight-seeing, camping out and hiking, had attracted considerable attention, for everybody knows who comes and goes on this island, and I had been kindly treated by all whom I met. Once when I walked through one of the large sugar plantations, the Portuguese engineer on the little cane train stopped his train to give me a ride.

This is the oldest island geologically and is truly a wonderful spot, which has been thrust up from the great depths of the ocean by volcanic action and whose single crater has spewed out the foundations for its circular shores. The tremendous rainfall has speeded up the age-long action of erosion covering those foundations with decomposed rock and leaving the mountain with its deep and ragged gorges,



Ideal Camp Life in Tropical Hawaii

making it appear as if some giant tiger had scratched and gnawed it. The plentiful water supply and the semi-tropical climate soon covered the valleys with a carpet of green so that today it is worthy of its name, the Garden Island.



Under the southern moon, the glorious night-blooming cereus of Hawaii opens in lovely splendor.

CHAPTER IX

AGAIN IN THE METROPOLIS OF HAWAII

Sunday afternoon, after five days and four nights on this delightful island, I again took passage on the S. S. Claudine for Honolulu, where I arrived the next morning. My expenses for the week of sight-seeing amounted to \$16.50, which included steamer fare, horse hire and camping expenses.

The next day I obtained employment in the barber shop of the Army and Navy "Y" and Mr. Evans, formerly of Ohio, my congenial employer, asked me if I would take charge, as he wanted to visit one of his eighteen children on the Island of Maui. Mr. Evans is very proud of a letter of congratulation from the late Mr. Roosevelt, upon his large family.

Most travelers who visit Honolulu, travel to and from the Orient and those who spend a few hours in the city between boats, will not die from indigestion of the brain from knowledge they gather of Hawaii. Humanity is the same in all parts of the globe, doing all they can to get ahead, instead of getting something in the head they already have.

Of my six months in seeing Uncle Sam's new territory, four of them were wonderfully spent on the Island of Oahu, in and around Honolulu. The world famed surf-riding at Waikiki Beach, was delightfully enjoyed many times on a surf board of beautiful Hawaiian mahogany. With the temperature of the air at about 70 degrees, I would push and

tow my rented board from the sandy beach while the cocoanut palms, so slender and graceful, seemed to watch as I, with natives and tourists, swam out to sea and then rode back on the incoming surf. Sometimes I was riding the board and other times it was riding me, but it was grand mid-winter sport in a land where the meaning of the word winter is unknown.

The natural beauties of Hawaii are very fascinating. The history of it, I found to be most interesting. In the short period of one hundred and fifty years, the Hawaiian race has almost vanished. I found Bishop Museum most interesting and in it saw the most precious product of Hawaiian feather work, the famous robe of Kamehameha I. The gathering of feathers for this robe required a hundred years and the cost has been estimated at a million dollars. There are also feather helmets, fam-



Waikiki Beach has the "ol' swimmin' hole" beaten forty ways

ily poi bowls and finger bowls in which the Royal Family had washed their sticky fingers and then wiped them on perfumed leaves, which have been handed down through generations of the Hawaiian race. "One fingered poi" and "two fingered poi" is a lost art—poi is now made by machinery and is eaten with a spoon. Poi was the native food eaten by the Hawaiians and is a gray mush that looks like tombstone dust and is made of tero root, a vegetable grown under water. The visitor who comes to Hawaii and expects to find Hawaiians beating poi with a rock and clothed as nature found them, must remember that their visit and that of Captain Cook, are one hundred and fifty years apart, and no influence modernizes more quickly than American influence.

In visiting the Kamehameha school with its beautiful grounds, in a western suburb of Honolulu, a company of Hawaiian boys gave me a wonderful demonstration of real army calisthenics, drills to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" played on the banjo and ukulele, on the green lawn in front of Bishop Museum. No regular soldiers could have done better and some of these Hawaiian youths were as young as twelve years. Princess Brenice Pauahi Bishop, the founder of the Kamehameha School, endowed this splendid and well equipped institution in which to educate the youth of her race, the Hawaiians.

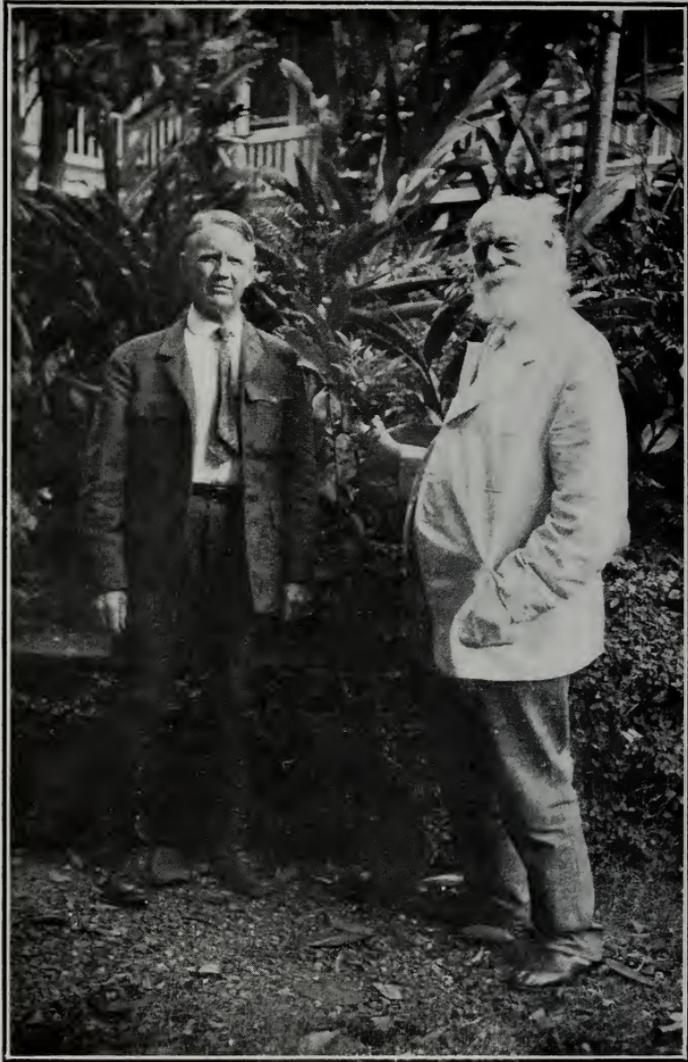
On a beautiful Sunday afternoon I returned from a walk to the Pali and arrived at the grounds of the Royal Mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley in time to see the boys and girls of Kamehameha School en-



The native Hawaiians easily become splendid swimmers. However, surf-riding has developed expert riders from the ranks of the visitors. The temperature of the water at the beaches permits bathing every month in the year.

ter the Royal Cemetery to pay homage to the memory of the late Princess Bishop, at the annual memorial services. They marched between the royal palms to the front of the tomb, where they gave a musical program, the Royal Hawaiian Band taking part. The passing of the late Prince Kuhio and the limited number of the Hawaiian youth, means the writing of the final chapter of history of the Hawaiian people before many more years have rolled around.

I have made many helpful acquaintances of authors of song, poetry and history, who have spent long lives in the "Paradise of the Pacific" and who spare no pains in imparting their treasure of knowledge to others. I was most fortunate in meeting Dr. William T. Brigham, who was sent by Harvard University in 1864, to Hawaii and was privileged to spend many hours with him, a real, living encyclopedia. He is the father of scientific and historic Hawaii. For sixty years he has been studying these islands and knows more about them than any other living man. It was he who established the Bishop Museum and many of the remarkable collections of specimens were gathered by him. I asked which he liked the best, roast pig or roast dog, cooked in the same fashion on hot rocks covered over with earth—the original fireless cooker—and with a most delightful smile, he said, "Roast dog is more delicious." This grand old man is 81 years old, has been three times around the world and speaks many languages. He is the best posted and the most in-



In Dr. Brigham's Garden

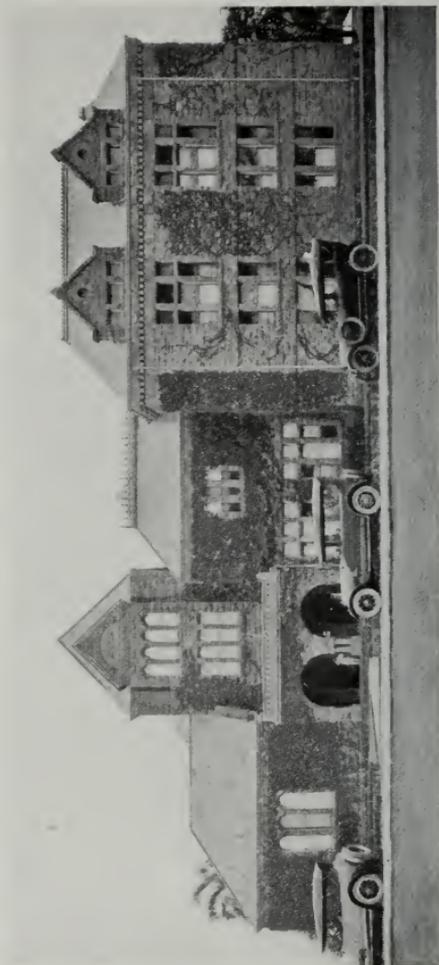
teresting man that it has ever been my privilege to know.

One man, when asked where he lived, said, "I live up the famous Nuuanu Valley and my house is just above the second shower."

In this favored land of beauty and attractiveness of scenery and charm of hospitality, it has been a real pleasure to be one of its people in everyday life, where I could twist my legs around a lunch-counter stool in a Chinese restaurant, beside a Hawaiian policeman or a street car conductor, eating poi with a spoon; or beside an American soldier ordering ham and eggs and French fried potatoes. I was also an invited guest at an Ad Club luncheon in the Blue Room of the Young Hotel and to an excellent Christmas dinner at the home of W. L. Hopper.

A few lecture engagements enabled me to renew acquaintances with people from many parts of the world, especially the American soldiers and sailors.

Honolulu has hotels to accommodate and suit the pocketbook and taste of every class of visitor, from cheap chop suey restaurants and Japanese rooming houses, with a matting for a bed and a block of wood for a pillow, to the modern American plan hotel, most beautifully located. With all my intermingling in this "melting pot" of humanity, I felt most at home at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. This is in the heart of the city, occupying what was formerly the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, famous for fifty years for its hospitality. The beautiful white building, made of blocks of coral from the reef in



The Bishop Museum at Honolulu.
Few, if any, collections of exhibits and specimens from the South Seas cover wider scope than the treasures of Polynesia assembled at Bishop Museum, Honolulu.

the ocean just outside the harbor, nestles in the shadows of towering royal palms within a garden spot of mango, banana, alligator pear and papaia trees and many varieties of flowers and shrubs and blooming trees. It is now a world-famed social center of interest for the soldiers and sailors in Honolulu, whether they be stationed there or just breaking the monotony of a long sea voyage to or from the Orient. They have four hundred comfortable beds and serve refreshments at a very moderate price, while the entertainment provided is wholesome and uplifting. The Sunday afternoon lobby services conducted by Dr. John W. Wadman, a wonderful "mixer" who provides a program of the best and keenest talent that arrives in Honolulu, are always helpful and interesting and are followed by light lunch on the lanai (veranda) to all the men of the service who will come.

Mrs. Eleanor Hazzard Peacock, the soloist and reader, is affectionately known by the men of the service as "Mother Peacock."

In summing up my six months' glimpse of the Hawaiian Islands, from October to April, I found that the rainfall in Honolulu and vicinity averaged about one inch per week, with frequent showers and sunshine alternating and a temperature ranging from 65 to 75 degrees. A Japanese umbrella is commonly used as a protector from the rain while on the streets. My wardrobe consisted of a hiking suit and a palm beach suit. In some measure I am familiar with most of the places where tourists go who are looking for a place to play "hookey" from winter

weather and the undertaker, but I know of no spot in the world that offers more in climate, charming beauty, attractiveness and human hospitality, than the Hawaiian Islands. If this "Out Post" of Uncle Sam's were located six days by steamer from New York, as it is from San Francisco, many of the southern European resorts would be for rent, so far as American travel is concerned.

I did not knock when I entered the Hawaiian Islands and I am not going to knock when I go out. I have learned to love our new territory and since I have hugged it close to me, I feel that it is mine and am anxious that all the world should see and enjoy it.

CHAPTER X

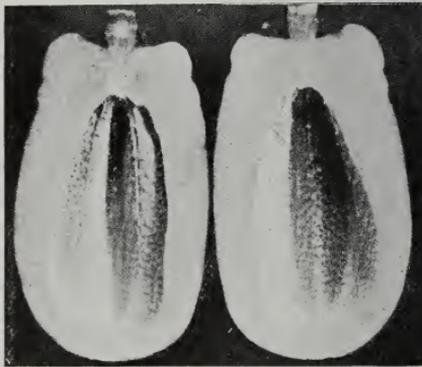
IMPRESSIONS OF HAWAII

The Hawaiian Islands have a population of about 250,000, of which 65 per cent is Japanese, the other 35 per cent being made up from the four corners of the earth. The Hawaiian-born Japanese are citizens of the United States and it is commonly predicted that in about seventeen years they will control the elections. They are very prolific, the large family being the usual thing. It is very common to see families of six to eight children (all of them small) and the conditions are so favorable that it is no great problem for their parents to provide for them. They raise plenty of rice and fruit. Clothing and shelter is of secondary importance. However, they are good truck farmers and in the little valleys, where nearly all the land is owned by them, they are producing more per acre than could or would be done by any other people. While it is common for the Japanese to boast that in a short time the Americans will be working for them, they, as well as other "foreigners" on the islands, are under the American influence and therein lies the solution of the problem. Education and the proper absorption of American ideals, should make them so proud of being citizens of the U. S. that, it is hoped, we need have no apprehension on their account.

Like the British Isles and Japan, Hawaii is far from being able to produce what she requires and is dependent on water transportation for most of



Papaya has been called "the melon that grows on a tree." This is a good view of a tree and fruits.



Papaya Fruit Cut Open.

her needs. While there are many varieties of delicious fruits, most of them are only raised in sufficient quantities for their own use, but they have large tonnages of sugar, pineapples and bananas to offer the world in return for their requirements.

The majority of the large business houses in the cities are English with "Limited" as a suffix to their names.

As homegoing time approached, I became active in my endeavor to connect myself with the crew of some ship bound for San Francisco. I registered with the employment clerks of the two principal steamboat lines and after I had worn the trail smooth by my regular and frequent trips, I was informed that a freighter was to take on a cargo at several of the islands and return to San Francisco, and that her chief cook had been taken to the hospital upon her arrival in port. I was given a pass to the chief steward and on going aboard, was informed by that dignitary that he had put the second cook in the chief's place, but that I could have the place as second cook while they made their cargo tour of the islands and upon their return to Honolulu, if the chief cook were not sufficiently recovered, I could continue with them to San Francisco. I took a chance as work on ships bound for the mainland, was hard to get out of Honolulu. The chief steward took me to the galley and introduced me to a pompous little, dark-skinned Cuban who was to direct my labors, then showed me my sleeping quarters, which were with the chief cook, butcher and baker.

The steamer left the dock about midnight and the next thing I knew the night watchman thrust a flashlight in my face and said, "Cook, five o'clock. Turn to." He imparted the same information to my roommates and I followed my chief down the companionway to begin my first day's labor in the ship's galley. He lighted the oil burners in the three ranges, I put on a large pot of water for oatmeal mush and got steaks, chops, ham, bacon, etc., arranged on the work tables for quick action when the meal started. The work tables ran parallel to the ranges and were but six feet from them; there were no electric fans and but two small port holes; so with stirring in the mush in the boiling water over the hot range, frying French fried potatoes and



A splendid conception of the picturesque life and environment of the primitive Hawaiians is now possible by the introduction of added features to exhibits placed at Bishop Museum, Honolulu.

many individual orders of chops, steaks and eggs, I was mighty glad that with the cook's uniform they had furnished me, there was included a large towel. I have read that the human body is composed of 95 per cent water, but from the way I perspired, I believe the figure is too small.

Before we had delivered the breakfast to the pantry department, I saw I was due to suffer for not accepting the invitation of my chief to a stud poker party the night before, for instead of showing me what was expected and explaining the work, he would wait until the order should have been ready to serve and then call attention to my incompetence.

At 9:00 A. M. we dropped anchor at Kohulu, the sugar shipping port of Maui. After getting the roasts and boiling meat on for lunch, I went out on deck to get some fresh air and could see the beautiful Iao Valley, a wonderful valley of smiles, rainbows and tears, with its perpendicular walls and marvelous colors. I spoke to my shipmates about the wonderful scenery, but they saw nothing more interesting here than at any other seaport. "Having eyes to see, they see not," and being so long at sea, they care not.

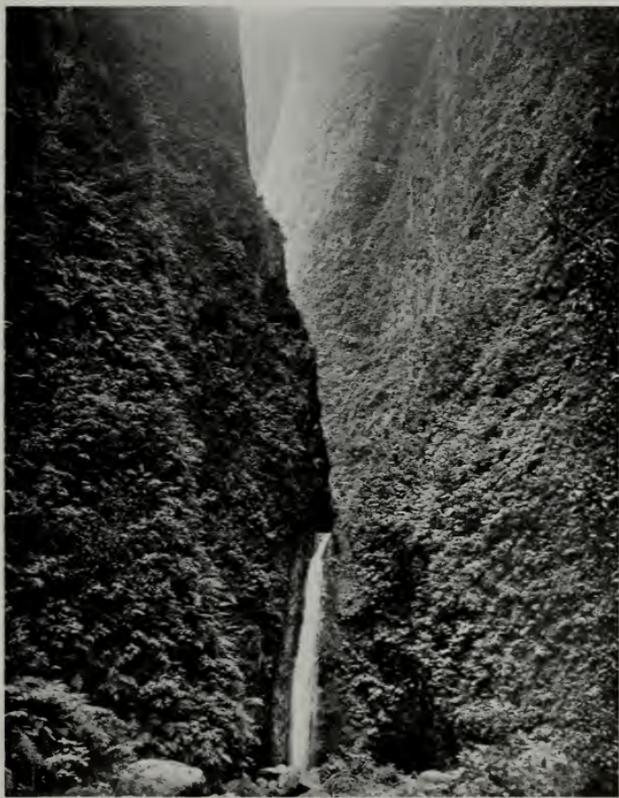
As we were serving dinner, the anchor was raised and by the next morning we were skirting the Island of Kauai, and I was able to pick out many objects made familiar by my former visit. We anchored off shore and tug boats brought out sugar and pineapples until the supply was exhausted. We arrived at the Honolulu dock Friday morning. The butcher had fallen down the companion stair-

way and broken his leg and one of the oilers in the engine room had his hand badly crushed by getting it caught in a gear. It was welcome news to me that the chief cook was sufficiently recovered to resume his work. I was glad to be relieved of the necessity of traveling to San Francisco in the company of the little Cuban cook who took every opportunity to impose upon me and vent his spleen against me. He always carried a cigarette over one ear and a match over the other, I judged for ballast, for when they were removed he had very little left above the ears.

As soon as the boat was tied up to the pier, she commenced taking on the remainder of her cargo in earnest. Raw sugar in 100-pound sacks was elevated through the roof of the warehouse and dropped into metal "corkscrew" chutes which delivered it to the bottom of the hold, where Hawaiian, Japanese and Chinese laborers clad only in trousers, stacked it in solidly until the little freighter had 7,000 tons of sugar in her hold.

When the chief steward informed me that the chief cook would be able to return with them to San Francisco, I immediately went to the purser's office and asked to be paid off and drew \$8.00 for my four days' work. The compass of the ship did not point toward San Francisco for me.

A few days later the Hawkeye State, a passenger steamer "de luxe" on her second voyage from New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal, arrived in port and I learned she was short a cook. Obtaining a pass from the clerk of Castle and Cook,



It is in the uplands of Oahu that one finds the "enchanted forests" of that island. No camera can depict the glorious green, purple, tawny and silver tints of those mountain fairylands

Ltd., I went aboard the floating palace and found the steward who took me to the chief cook, a remarkably well proportioned man weighing about 235 pounds, who was evidently well worthy the title of "chief." He was a typical French chef, although an Italian, and his picture would have graced an advertisement for any food. He questioned me regarding my experience and then told me I would be able to fill the bill as "ship's cook," the cook that cooks for the ship's crew, and added, "You won't have very hard work as we will all help you out until you get acquainted with your duties." I went to the shipping offices of Matson Navigation Company and "signed on," the clerk underscoring the clauses, "I will not take any liquor on board and will work to handle the cargo if called upon by the master of the ship." Upon signing the contract, I became a member of the ship's crew, so with my dunnage bag on my shoulder, I went up the gang plank, which landed me on "B" deck, and was shown the cook's quarters.

"B" deck contained the saloon, dining hall, pantry and galley mid-ship, with staterooms fore and aft. As I passed the staterooms in going to the cook's quarters, I noticed their palatial furnishings, the heavy plush rugs, mahogany twin beds and other conveniences that make traveling comfortable, but after all there was only about 20 feet in distance and \$20.00 in price separating me from the first cabin passengers,—and in the cooks' quarters we also had twin beds, but they were arranged one above the other and were made of steel tubing in-



Japanese Women Planting Rice

stead of mahogany. My roommates were the chief baker and his second and the smoking room steward, all of whom had sailed the seas many years and had been "stewed" in so many seaports of the world that they thought they were "hard boiled."

My good-natured chief introduced me to the other three cooks, assigned me the end range and gave me a printed menu for each day of the week, then told me to ask any of them if I needed assistance.

There was a marked contrast between the conditions here and those I had found on the freighter and the difference was not so much in the larger space, the electric fans and the other comforts, as it was in the attitude of the chief and the other cooks. You can tell the difference between a jackass and a gentleman any place you meet them.

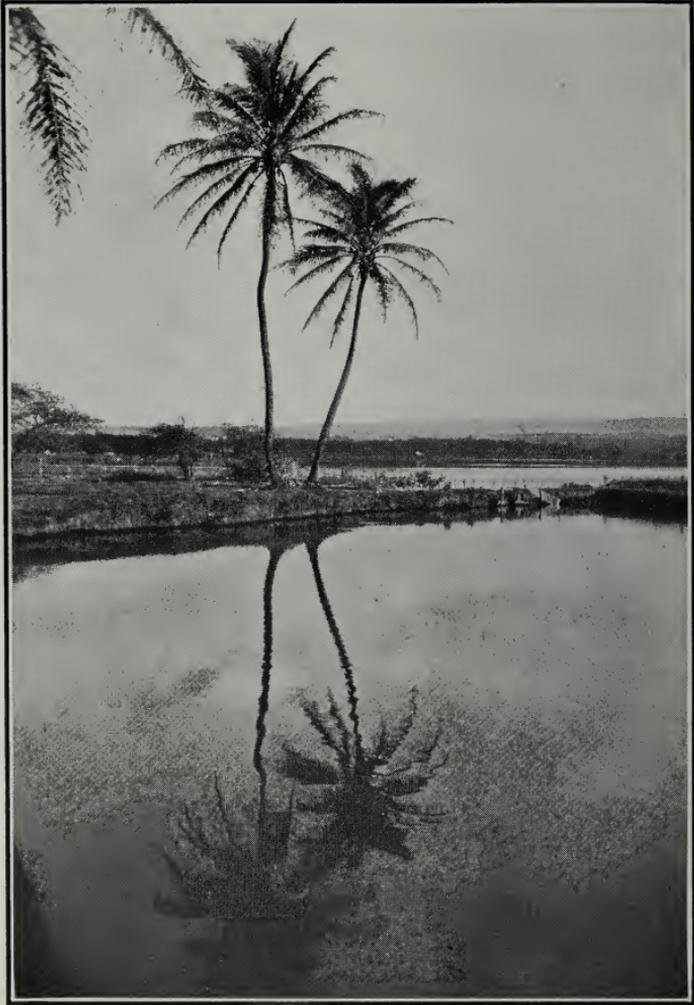
However, the job of cooking for the ship's officers and crew of eighty men was no sinecure. The first thing in the morning I made a 20-gallon batch of oatmeal mush, then put several large open pans full of ham and bacon in the ovens, dropped frozen chops and steaks into 24-inch frying pans containing hot grease (which requires considerable skill to keep from being burned), and at the same time handled six individual orders of eggs from soft boiled to scrambled. For the other meals there were roasts and stews, macaroni and cheese, potatoes in many styles and a great variety of ordinary "grub," but the chief saw that I was doing my best and came to my rescue many times and with a few swift move-

ments and a few kindly words of advice turned catastrophe into success.

The Hawkeye State went from Honolulu to Hilo and remained a day to allow the passengers to see the volcano, then back to Honolulu and set her course for San Francisco. My last glimpse of Hawaii, was to me a gold mine of delight, with its strange mixture of the tinge of the Orient and a picnic ground in itself.

Time passed very quickly for me on board the boat. Besides twelve hours of hard work, there were many things of interest to occupy my attention when off duty. There were a large number of negroes in the steward's department and "African golf" occupied their time at every opportunity, whether on duty or off. When two would meet in the hallway, out of sight of the steward, one would produce a pair of dice, drop a coin on the deck and declare, "I am right, who says I ain't." And it would generally take several "passes" to settle the question.

The last dinner before reaching port is called by the cooks, the "Captain's tuxedo dinner party," at which are served roast duck, turkey, chicken, etc., and is the event of the voyage, for the waiters, for then the passengers distribute their tips. That night, after their duties were finished, there was a grand reunion in the "Glory Hole" (the lower deck), and the tip money was redistributed to the tune of many quaint sayings. I heard one son of Ham, who was pleading with the dice inform them, "My baby ain't got no shoes,"—which was true with many of them



The Last Glimpse of Beautiful Hawaii and Its Nodding,
Whispering Palms.

as well as with the white sailors for "rolling the bones" seemed to be almost a universal habit among the members of the crew. To hoodoo the dice, one would say, "You can't eight, you can't eight, Adam and Eve were deceived in a 'pair-a-dice.'"

The morning of the seventh day out of Honolulu, as I passed through the pantry for my hot rolls and coffee with which to begin my day's duties, I looked out of a port hole and saw that we had passed through the Golden Gate and were at anchor near Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. By 8:00 o'clock, the "Hawkeye State" was tied up to her pier and I was making arrangements to get "paid off" and go ashore. I was informed that those who had signed on for "Frisco" would be paid off the next afternoon at the U. S. Shipping Commissioner's Office in the Custom House. When I arrived there next day, there was quite a large crowd and I was glad my name was not Zeigler, for they paid off alphabetically. I was paid \$24.83 for twelve days of the best culinary training I had ever experienced and which was embellished with the best "eats" the ship contained.

Within two hours I was a passenger on board the "Lark," the fast train between San Francisco and Los Angeles, bound for my home in Pasadena with a feeling that my objective had been well accomplished, in seeing our beautiful Hawaii.

A SONG OF HAWAII

To Mr. John Fisher Anderson

By DR. L. E. CAPPS, *Honolulu*

Let me sing you a song of a wonderful land,
Of the beautiful isles of Hawaii.
Let me sing of a sun-kissed blue ocean that rolls,
And the sand and the hills and the sky.

And the slow swaying palm trees, that wave their high heads,
In a welcoming, whispering nod;
Of the wondrous hibiscus, its glory and sweetness,
Each day a new message from God.

Let me sing of the great rugged hills, tow'ring up
Like the famous old mountains of Rome,
With their cool, shady forests, their feathery ferns;
Of volcanic fires on a lava-topped dome.

Of the clear gleaming stars in an indigo sky,
Of the moon turning night into day,
With its wonderful whiteness, its crystalline brightness,
And charms that forever will stay.

Let me sing of the Palis, and green sunlit valleys,
The clear, cooling mist in the dell,
Of the marvelous rainbows that arch while the sun glows,
And often by moon's light as well.

I would sing of a wonderful garden of flowers,
With blossoming trees, showers of gold, pink and blue,
Of roses and orchids, and cool fragrant bowers,
Of night blooming wonders that scarcely seem true.

And the soft blowing wind and the waves as they roll,
From the sea to the amber-hued strand;
Of the silvery, high flung, fleecy clouds,
That lazily drift o'er this rainbow land.

And there 'neath the soft, blue, sunny skies,
Lies old Waikiki Beach like a golden band,
A wedding ring for the queen of the seas,
That old Neptune gave when he won her hand.



J.F. SMITH LIBRARY BYU-HAWAII



3 3300 00309 0169

