

**When Halley's Comet Came:
Letters of Anne Goodwin Winslow, 1908-1911**

M. Winslow Chapman

This is an unusual portrait of Halley's Comet (fig. 1). In official photographs from the great observatory telescopes, the comet is routinely shown high in the sky against the indifferent void of night. Here, however, we see it in relation to the earth where, trailing its brilliant tail above the familiar palms of Waikiki, it gives us a measure of its true size and splendor.

According to mathematical calculation, after rounding the sun in 1910, the departing comet travelled for 38 years to the far end of its cigar shaped orbit, where, in 1948, it headed once more in our direction. But it was not until October 1982 that a silicon chip at Mount Palomar Observatory, in California, recorded the first visible evidence of its return.

By that time, an international reception committee had been organized to greet the approaching voyager. In Europe, Japan, and the Soviet Union, specially designed aircraft were being readied for launching to intercept, follow, and photograph Halley and relay their findings back to earth. At long last it seems that mankind will be able to satisfy its perennial curiosity about comets, the lawless intruders, streaking across the familiar sky of night, that so puzzled our ancestors.

Harbingers of Good or of Evil? No one was ever sure, but wise men never ceased to wonder. According to the ancients, in 66 B.C. at the fall of Jerusalem, a comet "appeared as a mighty sword hanging ominously over the human race."¹ A comet appeared again in 1066 at the Battle of Hastings. Then in 1708, the brilliant British astronomer, Edmund Halley, sat down one day and, assembling all the data he had collected, proceeded to calculate the orbit of one particular

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comet, the one that came to bear his name. This comet had been last seen in 1682, and Halley boldly predicted that it would return in 1758. When it did, he realized that he had looked not only into the future, but also into the past, since his handsome equations now proved that many of the celestial lights recorded through the ages as having appeared in conjunction with great historic events were, in truth, only Halley doing its thing with periodic precision.

Halley's period is 76 years which, interestingly enough, is precisely the life span presently allotted to us by our life insurance companies. What this really means is that once in every lifetime the Great Visitor returns to mark the passage of time and the changes wrought thereby and to remind us how things used to be. Waikiki, for instance, was a serene and quiet spot when Halley looked down upon it in 1910, although, to be sure, the Moana Hotel was already there.

For an eyewitness description we have the record of Anne Goodwin Winslow who lived at Waikiki from 1908 to 1911, while her husband, Major E. Eveleth Winslow, U. S. Corps of Engineers, was constructing the coastal fortification at Diamond Head and Fort de Russey (see Biographical Notes at the end). Their home was right on the beach where Mary and Randolph, the Winslow children,² played by day and where, by night, Halley's Comet put on the fine show of 1910 and will shine again in 1986.

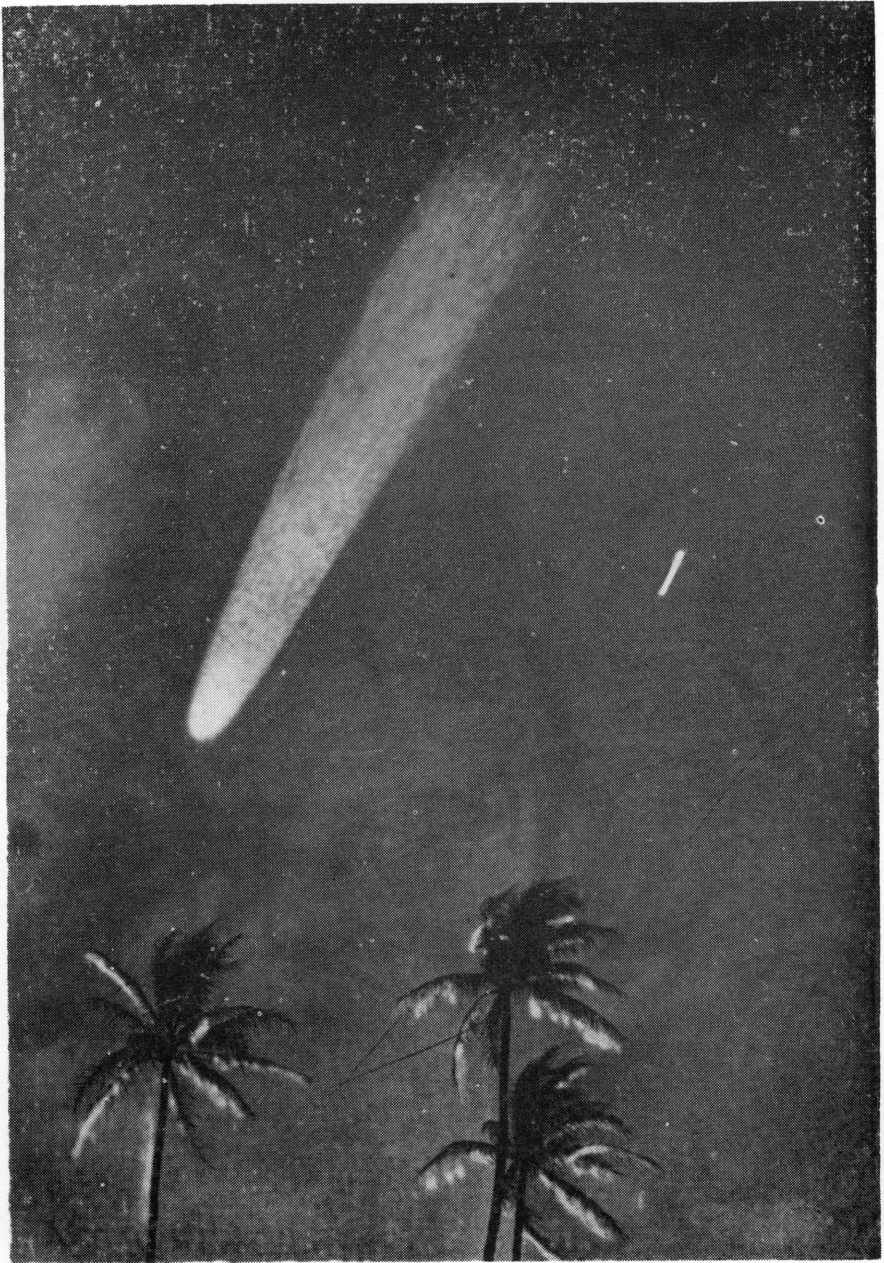
The Winslows arrived in Honolulu in November 1908. Anne Winslow's regular letters home to her mother in Tennessee provide an intimate view of that time and place.

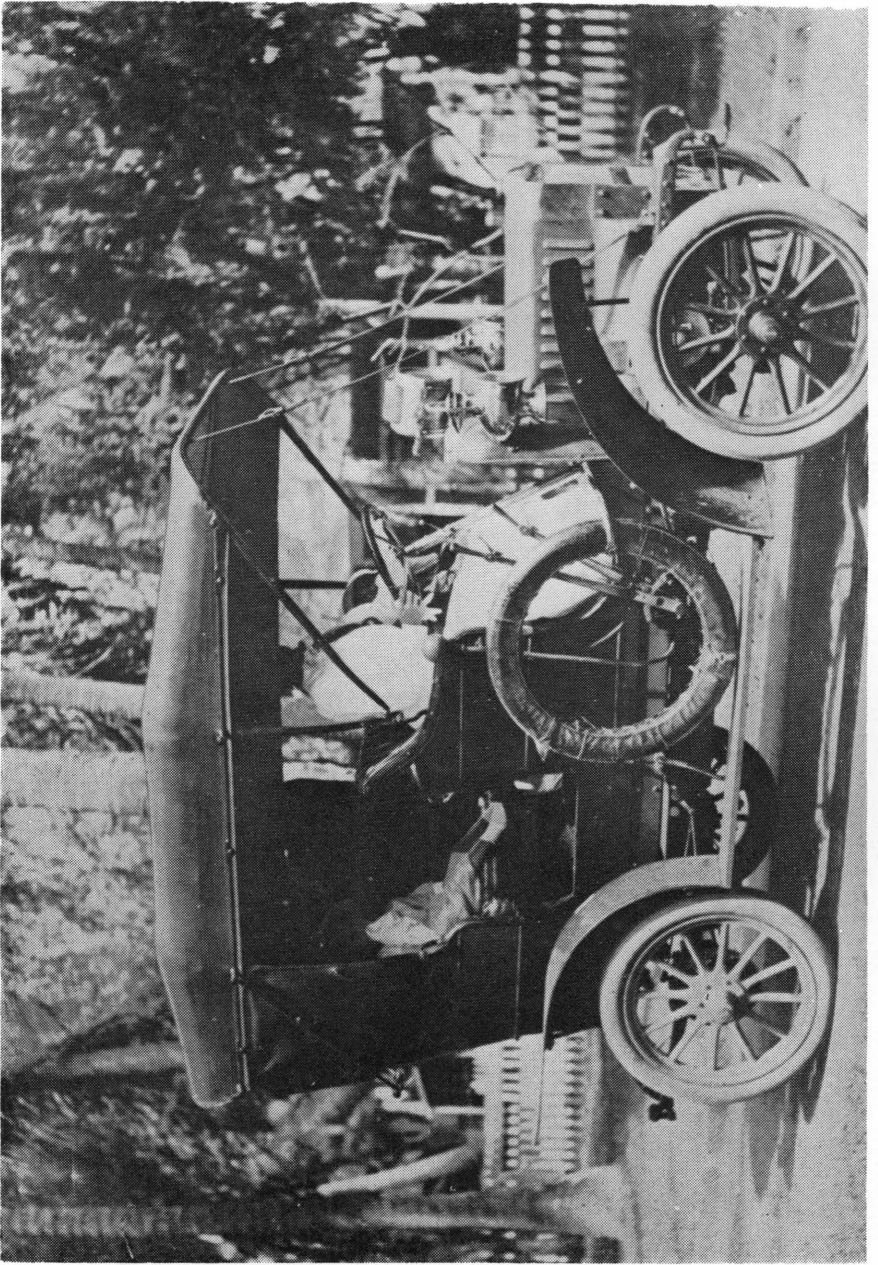
November 14, 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

I would be simply foolish to try to describe things, I would rather give you *carte blanche* to imagine fairyland. I am sitting out in a pergola at the edge of the hotel garden, the roof of the aforesaid being composed of the spreading branches of a banyan tree. There are palms and flowers all around, and the shade goes right down over the waves as they come rolling in. Sister is out in the thick of things. I can't keep her out of the water—whether dressed or undressed. She has been right here on the beach almost every minute since we came. She met me yesterday when I came out to find her,

FIG. 1. The author ascribes this interesting photo of Halley's Comet to her father. (All photos are from the author's family collection.)





garments *dripping* and that embarrassed expression on her face and said, smoothing down her front, "They are a little wet but they don't look very wet." I thought they did but refrained from saying so.

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

You hear so much about the water here at Honolulu, and it is every lovely thing that water can be, but the mountains are the wonder. I am going to try to find a picture somewhere that will give you a faint idea of their coloring which is every shade of mossy green where there are trees and of soft rich red where there are rocks. You feel bewildered almost, with the ocean at your feet and the mountains right overhead.

This hotel is most attractive and most of our transport acquaintances have come here to stay, the two days the transport stays, which gives it quite the air of home. . . . Everything here is done apparently with a view to the picturesque and unusual—consciously, of course, where the Americans are concerned, but the effect is as I remarked, like fairyland. . . . For instance when the little boats go by at night they have great torches of some kind at the end—a truly pillar of flame waving in the wind and over the water; and the trees in the hotel garden are hung full of colored electric lights and there is incessant music, of a wild and wailing sort going on everywhere. They seem to sing all their pieces as well as play them—they even sing the waltzes in the ball room, and in the dining room during dinner—there is a woman who sits with her hands in her lap and not a scrap of music before her and sings piece after piece with the ease and naturalness of a bird—a very large brown bird. She sings

FIG. 2. Mrs. E. Eveleth Winslow and children in Honolulu, about 1910.

in the garden too, after dinner, her clear, full voice rising above the din of a very large and emphatic orchestra. Apparently she doesn't know what it is to be weary or out of breath.

Devotedly,
Anne

December 1908
Moana Hotel

Dear Mama,

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

We are going to begin taking pictures as soon as we get into our house. This is the rainy season, and there are heavy clouds floating over the mountains most of the time and hiding their peaks. You can see the showers going on up there followed by a multitude of rain-bows; but down here on the beach the sun shines and the breezes blow almost all the time.

The thing that makes the beach so different from Ocean City and Caswell and all the other beaches I ever knew anything about, is that the wind blows always from the mountains instead of from the sea, and so we get none of that wretched sticky feeling that I have always so loathed. This must be a very unusual thing, and the effect of it is delightful beyond all telling—not only for the way it makes you feel, but the way it makes things look. Today there has been more wind than usual, and as the waves come rolling in and breaking on the reefs, the spray is blown back from them in long feathery streamers. They do look so like flying horses with a long white mane that I can't think of anything else. There is no use trying to tell you how pretty it is. You cannot imagine tall palm trees waving right in the water's edge and above all you could never believe what the water is like. Think of Maxfield Parrish's *The Foundations of the New Jerusalem* for the color scheme. . . .³

March 16, 1909

Dear Mama,

[the Eveleth house at Fort De Russey]

These items of interest are about all I have time to narrate at this sitting, for it has just been sprung on me that the *China* starts for the States in a very little while. I ought to have had my letter all ready to go, but I have been more than usually busy of late, getting ready for Colonel Biddle who came in on the transport and will be here for a week or more inspecting everything in sight.⁴ He came Saturday—or rather the transport did, but she ran aground in the harbor just before landing, and nobody went ashore until Sunday morning. This is now Tuesday and Eveleth and Col. Biddle have gone to Hilo, Island of Hawaii to be gone until Saturday. This would leave me a nice time to “rest up” if it were not for the fact that the old *Logan* is still sitting out there stuck fast in the mud with various people on board to be looked after in one way or another. Everybody is having a nice long glimpse of Honolulu this time. All the able bodied craft in the harbor including a visiting British cruiser are taking pulls at her, but so far they have only broken their hawsers for nothing. She was run aground by the pilot so nobody is to blame. Pilots and doctors have this license to slay and destroy.

Have I told you of the little Princess Kapiolani who goes to the children's school? She is such a pretty little girl—much thinned as to complexion by various white mixtures, but quite unfaded in the matter of eyes and hair. She is the little daughter of Prince David who was a short while ago the Congressional Delegate from these Islands.⁵ Eveleth told me the other day he was afraid Sister had been guilty of the crime of *lese Majeste* because the Princess had told him on the street car that Sister and Brother were throwing some “stick-lights” [*sic*] in her dress. Familiarity breeds—contempt you see.

Their school is not a kindergarten exactly. It is the first grade of the preparatory school of the old and somewhat celebrated institution known as Oahu College. They say there was a time when aspiring youths and maidens were sent from San Francisco and other cities on the coast to be educated in the aforesaid.⁶ At any rate it is a very nice school apparently and the buildings and grounds are lovely. When I go to meet the Chickies and see them running down the grassy slope from the big white college building with the sunshine and the brilliant flowers everywhere, I really have to stop and wonder if it isn't some of it a dream.

March 22, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

The enclosed picture is of some of us going forth to sea in an outrigger canoe [fig. 3]. The boats are made out of the trunk of a tree hollowed out with a big out-rigger to keep them from turning over. We go out to where the breakers come in over the reef—about like good sized hills. Of course, there are always natives in charge of the party, and they know just how and where to catch one of these giant waves so that it brings you rushing in toward the shore at a furious speed, dashing all over you and just feeling so full of joy that you can hardly stand it. It is like coasting down hill on water. It isn't at all uncommon for the boats to get the waves inside them and to sink all they can sink—whereupon everybody has to get out and hang on to the outside and either get rescued by some other boat or wash slowly into shallow water.

It was so funny to see the absolute unconcern of our Hawaiian boatmen while all this was going on, unconcern for us I mean. They were dreadfully concerned about losing their paddles, which kept floating out of the boat.

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

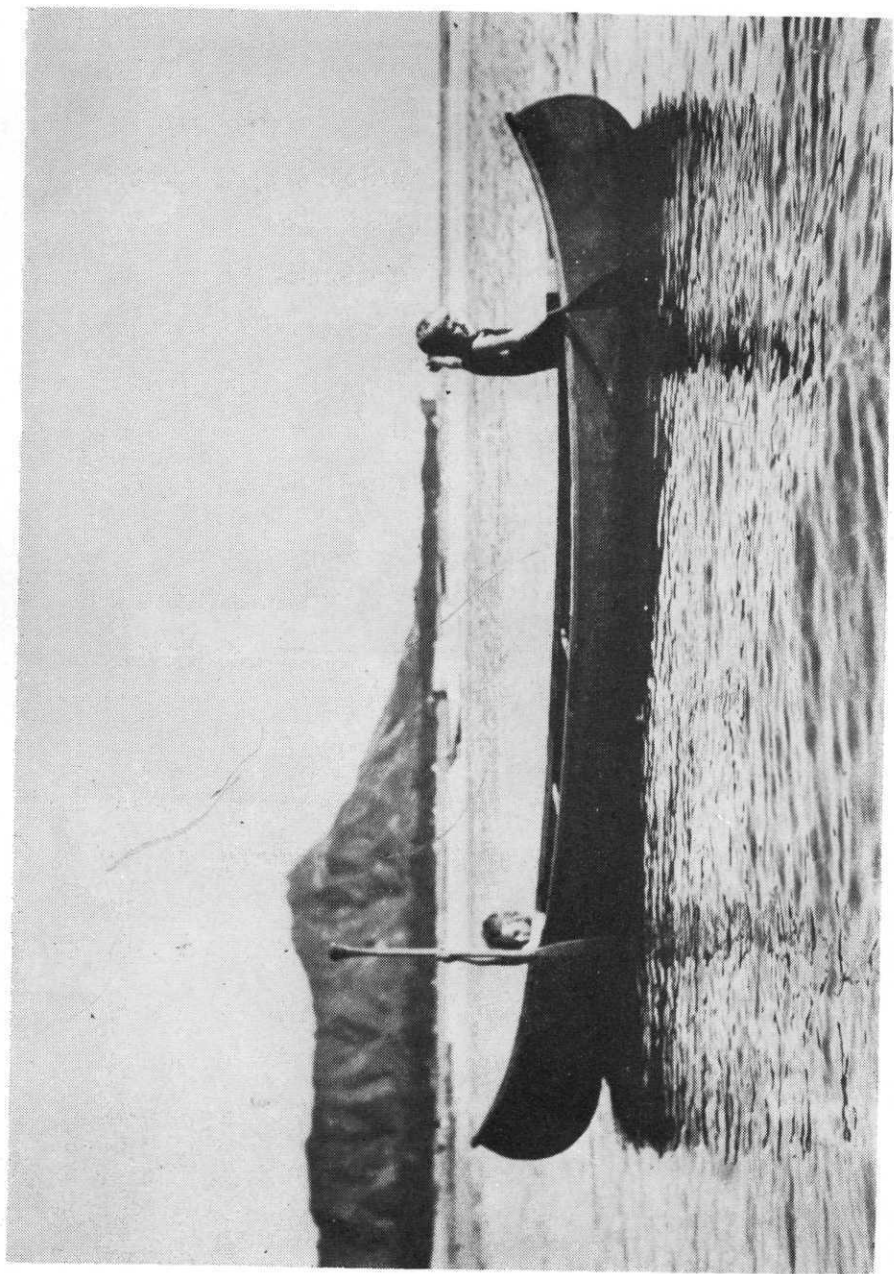
Devotedly,
Anne

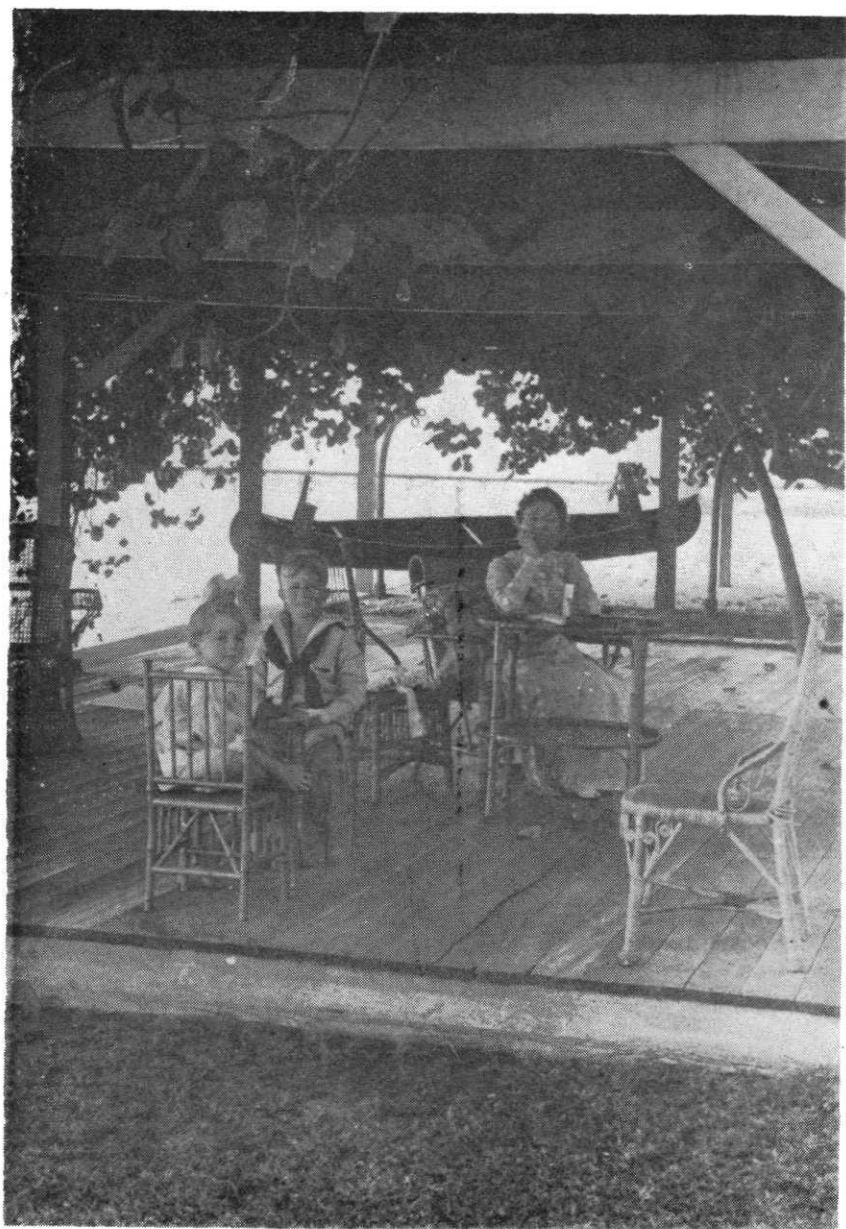
April 4, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

There are two Japanese war ships in the harbor now, and yesterday there was a big reception for the officers at the Governor's, a garden party. It was all most picturesque and interesting, but rather a

FIG. 3. Mary Winslow ("Sister") and Randolph Winslow ("Brother") at Waikiki.





failure so far as mixing the Orient and Occident was concerned. It was too funny to see the two races flocking by themselves. Of course, there were troops of little Jap middies—each more alike than the other. There was the Royal Hawaiian band playing “Aloha oe” and such in one part of the lawn and the Japanese band from the flagship in another part playing—guess what? *Wagner*.

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

The Governor and his wife are very nice people.⁷ She is a poetess and has many gifts and graces the chief of which is a simple and pleasant way of entertaining and doing her rather arduous social part. She gave a “very delightful” musical and luncheon in honor of a Marine Corps Lady and me, and it really was nice. Of course her home is everything lovely that you can dream of and some things that you can’t.

Devotedly,
Anne

April 12, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

The small and select tea party at Mr. Cleghorn’s of which I wrote you, was very interesting.⁸ He is an old Scotchman with very white hair and very bushy eyebrows and a rather forbidding cast of very red face; but I think it is possible to thaw him, and for my part I have set out to try. He lives in a small house (small that is, except for one very large sort of drawing room or audience chamber). There is a large house connected with the smaller house by an enclosed gallery, but he says he has not used the large one “since Kaiulani’s death.” He talks of her very often—not at all of his wife, who was the Princess Likiliki [*sic*]. . . .

The only person who lives with him now except his Chinese and Japanese servants, is a rather nice young nephew who has come here from New Zealand. He it was who trotted us all over the grounds which are extensive and crammed full of all sorts of tropical trees and plants. It is a queer place. I think the last touch of queerness is the peacocks, which are numerous and beautiful and who welcome the coming and speed the departing guests with more than earthly screams.

FIG. 4. The Winslows on their lānai at Fort DeRussy.

Night before last we met Mr. Cleghorn again at a dinner and this time he told me some things about Stevenson. He says he will show me when I come again the autographed poems of Stevenson about Kaiulani and his peacocks.

The Cleghorn place is only a little way from here—right down here at Waikiki. I am going over in a little while and take Stevenson's letter in which he speaks of "his little Princess". Mr. Cleghorn said he had never seen it.

Devotedly,
Anne

April 18, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

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

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

Devotedly,
Anne

April 24, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . My tea party at Mr. Cleghorn's came off with great eclat. We took Colonel Schuyler and some others and had tea and a long stroll through the grounds.⁹ . . . These are almost a tangle of vines and trees and shrubs—the trees mostly palms towering up as if they wanted to get where they could breathe. If I should send you a picture of it you would think of a tropical jungle, sultry and oppressive, and yet here was the lovely wind blowing from the hills and

every leaf in motion. The wonderful thing is that the Governor himself planted every tree—and one of them is a hundred and twenty feet high. This is not a palm, but what they call an iron wood—looks more like a variety of pine. The famous banyan in front of his house is as tall and wide spreading as a small hotel—really one of the most stupendous trees you can imagine and he planted that too.

. . . . This time he showed me Stevenson's poem. It made me feel so strange to put my hand on it. I think you have read it. It begins "Forth from her land to mine she goes. The island maid, the Island Ross" and at the bottom he had written a little note that was of more interest to me than the poem. It was something to the effect that the poem was written for Kaiulani in April and in the April of her youth, within a short distance of her banyan tree.

Then there was something about how he would miss her when she went to "her father's home and mine" and how she must take the poem with her and "when she hears the rain beating against her window" (as I fear it will) she must read it and think of the shadow of her mighty tree and hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms and see her father sitting there alone.

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

June 1, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

I had John Burroughs and his two travelling companions to dinner.¹⁰ They came in the afternoon and rested; they had been "entertained" pretty hard all day and then we went in swimming and then had dinner and then moonlight and much conversation in the yard by the water. We "did" pretty nearly everything in the heavens and earth of English literature, it seems to me, and everybody jumped when somebody pulled out his watch and saw how late it was.

I shall never cease to bless the kind breeze that blew to these shores and into my front yard a man who has known personally and written understandingly about so many of my most cherished museum friends. I have recently read his essays on Mathew Arnold, and it was such a pleasure to hear him talk about him. I did so wish you could have strayed in about that time.

We have such perfect pictures of him sitting in the steamer chair in my lanai [*sic*]. It is a lovely illustration for his own poem

“Serene I fold my hands and wait”. You would have laughed yesterday when we were talking about Emerson and I said something about that passage that always amused me for the strong light it threw on his character, about the landscape looking quite different when seen between the legs. Up jumps Mr. Burroughs to take a view of Diamond Head through his, with as much earnestness and curiosity and interest as if I had offered him a look through a telescope.

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

Devotedly,
Anne

[Postscript]

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

business. His room was so tiny that I don't think he could have stepped out of sight in it, and I was really perishing to come in, for it all looked so attractive with his music books and things arranged a la studio. I told him who I was, and he said it was most wonderful—that even as he had sat there playing at his piano he had been thinking of Major Winslow and wondering if he would be at all interested in forming a fencing class for the officers. What between amazement at this piece of “telepathy” as he called it, and natural politeness and the scant kimona he was really so funny that I could not keep from smiling.

He assured me he would wait upon me at my house as soon as possible, and I left him to recover from his mixed emotions and kimona as best he could. He came, of course, in a couple of hours, arrayed in everything desirable even to a walking cane, and still bursting with apologies.

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

Devotedly,
Anne

August 27, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

I must tell you briefly of our last outing. We went last Sunday to visit Mrs. Damon and the children (they are the people who have been next door all summer) in their mountain lodge.¹¹ They are spending a week there by way of a change from the sea, and a change it is—being about as near the sky as you can get on this island. First we went to Mrs. Damon's regular house which is a lovely place about at the foot of the long ascent which terminates in the location of the lodge. Here we were conducted to a regular English stables and offered all sorts of horses and saddles to ride up the mountain. We accepted a horse for the children but Eveleth and I loftily proclaimed we would walk. The chinese groom protested patiently, “I think more better ride,” he said glancing from my not too heavy shoes to my altogether light expression of face. Well, walk we did. The children on their horse with saddle bags of provisions and a boy on another horse with more saddle bags, jandered peacefully along in the lead while Eveleth and I plodded on behind. For four blessed

miles we tramped up that mountain—through scenes of unforgettable loveliness it is true, but also through pouring rain, as we neared the top, and through mud of a slipperiness not to be imagined. Well we did attain the height at last and the children stood on the porch and blew a bugle and Mrs. Damon ran down in riding breeches and top boots to boost me up the last steep incline.

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

I will not go into detail over the homeward journey. Of course having refused to bring horses up, we had none to ride down, so the descent was also effected via shank. My, but we were glad to get home and take to the the water!

Devotedly,
Anne

September 4, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

I must make a try at telling you people that Honolulu is doing it up brown for the congressmen. We have just come from a gigantic *luau* given in their honor at the Seaside Hotel. Here we had the joy of seeing five hundred greasy mortals consuming all manner of fish and poi (not to mention roast dogs, which belong at luaus but are not always distinguishable.) Everybody was there—white and brown most thoroughly sandwiched. Our stay was short but full of feeling. Eveleth paused at the head of one long table to introduce me to Mr. Taylor (gentleman from Alabama) who was feasting away between the Governor and his wife—crowned and wreathed with *leis*, and (just at the moment when Eveleth addressed him) with this forefinger

immersed in a calabash of *poi*. Of course the *poi* went into his mouth and the finger was quickly and most voluntarily extended with the rest of his good right hand to shake with me. . . .

Yesterday the Queen gave a reception.¹² She does this very infrequently of late, but it was her birthday, and the concatenation of this and the congressmen was too much for her, and so she celebrated. I shall always be glad I saw it all, for its like will not be seen much more. She is a dignified old lady with a fine face and bearing, and her pictures are a fearful slander. The Palace was, I suppose, much as it has always been—the most wonderful conglomeration of Hawaiian ornaments and American junk you can imagine, but the reception was not an amusing thing and nobody laughed, in spite of the queerness of it all. It was really like a tremendous funeral. There were so many flowers, countless yards of leis—and people were all so quiet. Of course, the Royal Hawaiian band was there, doing its classic utmost, but whenever it let up you could hear the voice of a weird old woman who stood outside the porch chanting the Queen's interminable *mele*. That is, I gather the family history and the deeds of her ancestors. The chanter was dressed in a flowered cretonne *holoku*, and leaned on a stick when she was not gesticulating (please excuse the pun). The Queen herself had on a beautiful gown—national, of course, in cut, but most tasteful and becoming in material and color, silk and lavender respectively. On her right stood Governor Cleghorn, more grave and imposing than you can imagine. On her left were Prince Kalanionaole and his Princess. Around and about stood various tall Hawaiians in the rare and beautiful (but hot I fear) feather capes which they wear on such state occasions. They were mostly made of brilliant yellow plumage. I suppose such birds have all vanished away—as these last relics of royal magnificence are soon to do. It all looked to me like the final gasp of a dying order of things, and in spite of the fact that I enjoyed it greatly it made me sad. As for Archie, he almost took my breath away. Heavens, thought I, have I asked this mighty Chieftain to my humble abode on Saturday, to meet my Mississippi congressman, and can it be that he will accept?

Devotedly,
Anne

September 20, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . There is a whole fleet of Battleships lying off our shores now. They came steaming in this morning, in the old royal way we learned to know at Hampton Roads. I am glad we do not feel called upon to go to all the festivities that are to be waged in their honor. The Navy are to respond in kind with a grand ball to be given on the dock flanked by the two flagships. It ought to be grand indeed. The congressmen have gone, but for a while we had them and the Navy, and the old town waxed pretty hot. There was a tremendous reception given by the Prince and Princess Kalaniana'ole. You are aware I suppose that he is the representative from Hawaii, and of course, he aspired to do his royal best here on his native heath, to dazzle and delight his colleagues from Washington. And really it was wonderfully well done—quite putting the White House affairs to the blush. It was out of doors on this windy night, with many lights under many palm trees, but the house, of course, was thrown open, and was a veritable museum. I will just have to wait until I see you to describe it to you.

Devotedly,
Anne

October 1, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . The dance on the Battleship was a grand affair. It was, I suppose as magnificent a party as could be given here or in any land. I wish you could have seen it. The ships looked as if they were made of light, and the searchlights turned on the flags made them like waving flames of color. On the big dock there was a huge imitation battleship (the U.S.S. Honolulu) so covered with flags and festoons of lanterns that she looked as if she might have sailed from out some brilliant dream.

Are you people getting up much excitement over Halley's Comet? Eveleth has been hot on its trail for some days—with an outburst of mathematics that fairly makes me reel.

He is giving us a pretty close shave. If the comet doesn't veer from the course he has prescribed for it, we will be next spring sometime within easy lashing distance of its tail, tail, tail! . . .

Devotedly,
Anne

October 19, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

At the end of this week we set forth for an inter-island cruise of some days' duration. We go in the lighthouse tender—the *Kukui* by name.¹³ Have I ever written you anything about this notable vessel? In the first place she is called *Kukui* from the name of the nut that grows on the candle tree—a very oily nut that the natives used to string on sticks and burn as their sole means of light before the missionaries and their candles arrived. I think the name is poetic, both in derivation and sound. You know all the lighthouse tenders are named for trees and flowers. If only the boat herself were as gentle and euphonious as her name we might promise ourselves a gay voyage, but they say she is guaranteed to throw the oldest sailor—entirely unsuited in every way for these proverbially rough waters, except in the one particular that she is quite safe.

Devotedly,
Anne

October 25, 1909
Volcano House, Hawaii

Dear Mama,

. . . . We have just arrived and had our lunch and are now booted and spurred for our trip to the volcano proper. We are right by the big crater, and here in the yard of the hotel there is smoke coming up through all the cracks in the ground. It is a fearsome place. No use trying to describe it to anybody. To get to the red hot central crater we have to ride on donkeys over the lava field of the big crater—about ten square miles. The middle, boiling crater is about a quarter of a mile across.

The thing that impresses me more than anything else is to see the ferns growing and the cattle peacefully grazing with the smoke coming up all around them. It seems as if every living thing would simply quake in terror to find one itself at a place like this. But this hotel is considered quite a resort for people from Honolulu—who come for the high altitude and not at all for the volcano.

I was called off from my beginning of this afternoon, by the arrival of the horses and the call to mount. It is about three miles to the cauldron, down, down, into the big crater, and then across the lava fields full of cracks and fissures, hot and steaming. Then we spent an hour drying our soaking garments and scorching postals and roasting

apples over one of the red hot cracks beneath our feet. The rain just simply poured most of the time. There was one spell when it looked like a fight between the rival elements. Then we went back to the brink and looked again by night. This was the marvelous thing. To see the walls of that great pit lighted up, and the sky above as bright as sunset while the lake of fire danced and surged below! They say there has not been such a display as we had tonight in many years. The lava has risen so high in the great well that has confined it of late that when the big geysers shoot up they overflow the edge. It isn't red as the colored pictures show, but the color of the golden coals—the almost white ones. When the waves break against the walls, it looks as if they were plastered with gold leaf, and sometimes the lava flies up in a regular shower of gold. All the time, of course, there is a tremendous roaring, just as the ocean makes.

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

We have looked over some of the interesting old registers this hotel has kept up for many years. Some of the inscriptions are by famous people. I was particularly impressed by that of the Reverend Joseph Smith beginning "Wonderful are they works, O Lord!" Most of them are rather frivolous. They are written in every language under heaven—even Turkish and Arabian. The man who keeps the hotel is Greek—Mr. Demosthenes Lycurgus, if you please. I tackled him at once on the subject of Robert Louis Stevenson. He knew him well, he said, had shaken hands with him, and waited on him at the table. "Nice man, but a shadow, a perfect shadow." And speaking of Stevenson, takes me back to our cruising in the South Seas. I don't think there ever were such waters or such a boat. The Steward gloomily remarked as he helped me hold the poor little Chickies over the rail "she's a bad boat m'am. Can't hold her down anyway." That was just it. She simply went up in the air and there she writhed

and twisted and got her nose down somehow preparatory to taking a header into the yawning abyss below. Oh she was something to go home and forget about and all the while the scenery was so exquisite. Eveleth heroically tried to take some pictures—with *four* men helping him hold the camera down.

. . . We were all of Saturday and half of Sunday getting to Hilo, Island of Hawaii. Here we loitered about trying to find our legs again and early Monday morning—today—got in the automobile and started for the thirty mile trip from Hilo to the hotel. It was a wonderful trip through such tropical scenery as you can scarcely imagine—great forests of fern and guava and trumpet lilies and more brilliant flowering trees and plants than I have ever found names for. There were miles of sugar cane and whole little Japanese villages belonging to these great plantations, and once when the automobile broke down, . . . the children and I walked on ahead and came to something so much like a story book that we could hardly believe it—a real New England home, with old fashioned roses growing amid the rampant exotics in the garden and two dear old white headed ladies in the house. One of them had Winslow relatives in Massachusetts, and I hope we are on the same tree.

It seemed so strange to find her there out in that lonely stretch of tropic country; but these islands are such a strange mixture. There are lots of New England people here, in spots, and they have staid just as they were, back in the old missionary days. The precious belongings they managed to get out here then are just as desirable in their eyes as ever. It is like the country New England, I imagine.

Devotedly,
Anne

October 28, 1909
Department of Commerce and Labor
Light House Establishment

On Board the *Kukui*

Dear Mama,

You will surmise, no doubt, that the precious creature is lying at anchor and so she is. Off the Leper Settlement at Molokai.¹⁴ Eveleth and Mr. Ward have gone ashore to sojourn for some hours with their Light House.

We have had a much better trip coming back and have all enjoyed a great deal of it. The moon last night was a wonder. We left Hilo about four and followed along the coast of Hawaii for hours and hours with the moon behind and Venus on our port beam and such waters and such a wonderful coast! It isn't often one can follow the coast so closely as we can here where the mountains run straight down into the deep ocean with no shoal places to speak of. We were in close enough to see the little toy villages and the pretty little church spire nestled on the green, green slopes. But the most wonderful sight of all was the high mountain tops, Maunakea and Maunaloa about fifteen thousand feet up in the clouds. That is pretty high when you look right up from the sea.

The shores of Molokai are beautiful beyond all words. The cliffs rise in some places two thousand feet up from the sea. They are covered with a verdure that you have to believe is moss even though you know it is trees and there are countless waterfalls. It is where the cliffs divide and run back into steep valleys that you can hardly believe your eyes.

The Settlement is very pretty. Much larger than the other little towns, I am sorry to say. There are several churches and various established industries. Eveleth only walks through it but he never sees anything to make him sad or sorry.

We expect to get to Honolulu sometime tonight. We want to leave here late enough to see something about the lights after dark. I wish I could tell you about the light house with the sea and the cliffs behind. Mr. Ward has taken some pictures, and I only hope that they will be worth sending.

Devotedly,
Anne

November 4, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

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

Kahuna. He close his eyes, make prayer. God hear him. He not too hot!"

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

What a wonderful mythology these imaginative people must have had, here in this marvelous land! If only it could have been written down and preserved. But I dare say the first people who did the writing thought it more in keeping with the missionary spirit to hush it all up and forget about it. As Ernest Renan says—take a monotheist into a land of polytheism and he seems to become at once, deaf, dumb and blind. . . .¹⁵

Devotedly,
Anne

December 20, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

Eveleth has gone off again—this time on that silly ride.¹⁶ Colonel Schuyler conducts the victims this time, and victim is the name for Eveleth. To think of a man as rushed as he is with important work having to give up three whole days of his precious time for anything so senseless. However, the none too energetic Colonel has done his best to make the performance physically light. Tonight they all (the Majors—about six in number) spend at Schofield Barracks—the Cavalry Post. Tomorrow, Monday they do their thirty miles and camp somewhere on the beach for the night. Tuesday they do another thirty and arrive here, where I had engaged to give them a dinner party, but my dandy cook has gone and I am going to beg off. Wednesday they do another thirty—winding up at Schofield again. After which the course of life can be normally resumed. Silly, silly, silly!

Devotedly,
Anne

December 27, 1909
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . We have been having the most joyful Christmas and the most remarkable weather. Yesterday and today the rain has come down

in bucketfuls. Tonight the wind is sweeping from the sea roaring its own anthem in so loud a tone that we can hardly hear the roaring of the waves. But the moon is shining gloriously, and it seems as if I cannot stand to not have you see the way the "fronded palms" are glistening and swaying overhead. It really isn't safe to go out, because the leaves are falling and when they hit you they are guaranteed to lay you low. We have never seen anything like this in Honolulu. The night before Christmas was the whitest night I have ever imagined. Venus was shining out over the sea, as large almost as the moon. You wouldn't believe how big and soft she can be making a wide bright path of her own across the waves.

On the other side of the house the moon was flooding the palm trees, and it really seemed a shame for a thinking soul to sleep a wink. We didn't sleep much, for what with our Santa Claus work inside and our frequent suspensions of it, while we went out to see what the "heavens were telling" it was a late hour before we wore and tore!, and then, last and most enchanting, about two in the morning a band of Hawaiian musicians, with their stringed instruments and songs took up their station just beneath my window. I shall never forget the sensation of being drawn up out of a bottomless depth of sleep—slowly, by this music, and finding myself almost blinded by the moonlight that was everywhere in the room and over the land and sea outside. This and the book have been all the Christmas I could stand.

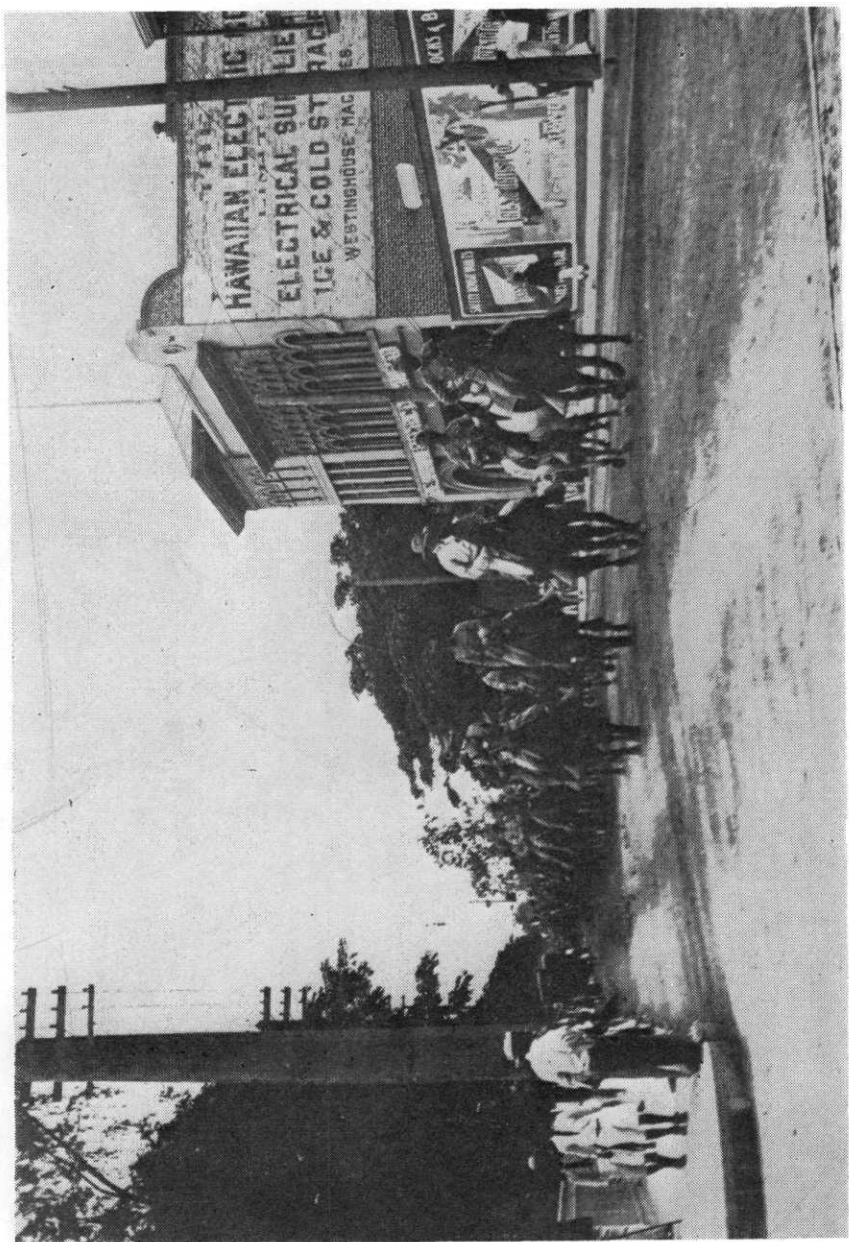
Devotedly,
Anne

Dear Mama,

March 3, 1910
Fort De Russey

To answer your question I think it is about 200 feet from the gate to the garage (if you please! Not "automobile house"!) But don't take this too seriously. Eveleth has gone to bed and you know I am not good on feet and such. The aforesaid garage is being pulled down now, by the way, to make room for more concrete. I often wish you all could see our remarkable doings at this place. It is a shame that anything but peace and verdure should ever have entered such a spot, but the peace has vanished and whole hills of concrete are fast

FIG. 5. The Fifth Cavalry on parade on King Street, downtown Honolulu, 1910.





taking the place of grass and shrubs and trees. The gun blocks look like great frosted cakes (to a giant as the chickies would say) and the concrete piles, lying in hundreds on the ground, look like mammoth sticks of candy. They are forty feet long, and beautifully moulded and it seems still wonderful to me that they can drive them in the ground without breaking them. But they sho'ly do it. Night and day they are pounding away, and we are so used to the noise and the trembling of the earth we seldom notice it, except when we have visitors who shrink and turn pale. Eveleth is so absolutly wrapped up in this wretched pile driver and spends such long hours worshipping before it that it is a joke.

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

If I expect to do any star gazing this night I had better be getting a little sleep so, Bob swore!

Devotedly,
Anne

April 16, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Consul, Mr. Liang Kwo Ying, having requested the pleasure of Eveleth's presence at a reception tonight given in honor of His Imperial Highness Prince Tsia Tao party, I am alone in my humble mansion. The pleasure of My presence was also requested, but my presence at all such is generally so anything but pleasant that I decided not to appear. I suppose you have seen it mentioned that this gay celestial Uncle to the Son of Heaven is about to pay you-uns a visit. He is the highest who has ever left his native China and apparently he is to be regaled as becometh his height. Our Colonel Schuyler has been honored with the duty of escorting him to New York. He is pleased as can be to do it. It will be very interesting and highly amusing—apart from which there is a serious side to it all—and all of these aspects Colonel Schuyler is capable of appreciating. The same steamer that conveys this missive will bear these important passengers from our shore to

FIG. 6. Mrs. Winslow and children departing from Hawai'i, 1911.

yours. I wish you might see them tho' they say there are no pigtails. The Prince is a reformer, and the Consul here had to sacrifice his time honored queue before he could go to the dock to meet him. . . .

May 13, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . Are you all taking a very lively interest in the comet? We just love it and are rapidly acquiring what one many here calls the "disastrous comet habit." Waking up at four in the morning and parading around the house and out of it as if it were broad day. I thought I never saw anything funnier than Sister one morning at this weird hour, when she caught sight of one of hers and Eveleth's unfinished puzzles lying on the table and calmly fell to on it, as though she were up for the day, . . .

Devotedly,
Anne

May 21, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

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

Surely I have written you about the beautiful custom they have here of hanging wreaths of flowers on departing friends. They call them *leis* and I believe it to be almost the biggest business the Kanakas have—stringing these yards and yards of brilliant blossoms and selling them at the dock. It adds a beauty and picturesqueness to the sailing of a ship that you can hardly imagine. The people look

as if they were decorated for some royal festival—perhaps I should say victims adorned for the sacrifice.

And when the steamer at last pulls out and the Royal Hawaiian Band starts playing *Aloha Oe* with everybody cheering, it is all so wildly bright and gay that you can hardly believe it is true. And then the passengers start throwing all their beautiful leis overboard, for it is an old tradition that all these flowers must go into the sea while they are close enough to be washed back to shore to make sure that the departing travellers too like Halley's Comet will return again some day to Waikiki.

Devotedly,
Anne

August 10, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

Our trip to Leilehua was a big success. I do so wish you could see the place—it is like all the stories you have ever read or imagined of army life.¹⁷ A great wide plain surrounded by mountains. The shacks where the officers live and the larger shacks where the soldiers live all dropped down together in the center of the plain and everywhere on every hand troops, troops of horses, oh they do look picturesque! I never realized before the added effect that comes from having everything on horseback. You should hear the band and the bugles reverberating from the mountains.

The great event of our visit was a trip up one of the high peaks. We rode as far as we could on horseback and then got out and walked up a trail the Colonel had had cut the day before. This particular view is his own discovery and of course his pride in showing it is fully as great as if he had made it. And my pride would be unbounded if I could give you by any skillful use of words even a faint idea of its grandeur. I think when we "got there" we were about 26 hundred feet above the ocean spread out in all its blue immensity before us; and the sides of the mountain dropped straight down, cut in great vertical lines like the pipes of a colossal organ. These mountains are not like those we have at home. They don't have the outlines shaded and softened by so many curtains of trees.

In many places they are bare rock and they never seem more than lightly sheathed in grass. It is the difference between plumes and velvet. And they stand up in separate and distinct peaks, fall down

suddenly to sea level almost like a wall. It was an indescribable experience and when everything was still except the wind, it seemed as if the organ was playing some tremendous prelude.

There wasn't much wind on this particular morning and the fact that there was so little visible motion in the trees made the murmur all the more wonderful. You could hear it in the place you were standing and then in another key from another towering peak, of course where we climbed out on the sharp points over this dizzy height we seemed almost as much cut off from the earth as the birds were.

Devotedly,
Anne

August 19, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

The children and I are going up Mrs. Damon's mountain this afternoon and stay over the full moon tonight. They are spending the month up there in the little brig. I think I shall enclose some of her correspondence on the subject of this visit. It is funny the way she keeps up the fiction of being at sea up there. She has been having various additions made to Top Gallant and various painting and plantings done and we are expecting to have a lovely time. You would fancy to read such scribblings as these that she has never had anything but joyful experiences, but I never knew anyone who had had more that was tragic. She is a wonderful character. She was a Scotch girl and married at the age of nineteen the young son of the Damon Family here in Honolulu, missionaries originally and feudal barons now though of a very lovely and gentle variety I must not forget to state. She was a girl who had never done anything for herself—not even think, to hear her tell it and yet when her husband was tragically killed and left her twenty six years old with three little children she rose to a point of self sufficiency that I have never seen equalled. She is now given entirely to philanthropic work, that is in addition to the personal management of the big country place and her live stock and gardens—and her three children. Some people, in fact, most think of her as a religious freak and say her mind was unsettled by sorrow, but she is saner than most anybody I know. Sometimes she reminds me of Dinah in Adam Bede—she goes right among the criminal classes and preaches in the prisons and has built a little

church for the soldiers and all sorts of things like that, but she is such an unemotional sensible sort of person, and although she is only thirty now, you would imagine her forty at least from her experienced behaviour. She must have been an exceedingly pretty girl and she has so many gifts and accomplishments. She had just come out of school in France when she met Mr. Damon who was connected with a bank in Edinburg. I have never read a story that was more romantic than her life has been. The children are lovely. I think both the little girls are going to be beauties, and the little boy, the heir to so much wealth, material and spiritual, so so exactly like his father (judging from all the pictures I have seen) that it seems like a providential consolation.

Devotedly,
Anne

[Letters from Mrs. Gertrude Damon to Mrs. Winslow. Mrs. Damon called her home in Moanalua "Top Gallant" and signed herself "Captain Damon. The home no longer exists"]

Top Gallant
Monday evening
August 15, 1910

Fair Lady with the Golden Locks,

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

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

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

As I write the crickets keep singing so cheerfully, and the wind sighs, then laughs again. Away in the distance twinkle lights of stars or man? tis hard to say. Above it all the moon glides mysteriously on, bringing hidden gulches, deep ravines and wondrous secrets into light, then quietly draws a misty veil before her face, and sinks in

night the secrets thus laid bare. What a life she leads, and oh, how much she sees, and could she speak what tales unfold of nameless waifs and homeless cats.

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

Captain Damon

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

My Dear Nancy,

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

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

Yours in haste
Captain Damon

You will return Saturday P.M. reaching the lower house at 4:30 P.M. I have had to open this to say please bring 1 lb butter from C. Q. Yee Hop don't pay and opposite at Ah Seong buy 4 tins strawberry jam. don't pay.

[Mrs. Winslow's letters continue.]

September 6, 1910
Fort De Russey

Dear Mama,

. . . . We have had a wreck on the reef right in front of our house. I have often read of such things, but I didn't realize how they would make you want to howl. And the worst of this is that it just had to be

abandoned and left there for the billows to dash over and the winds to rock. Now there is very little left but the hull, but when she lay there with her great sails all set and so helpless it was a woeful thing to see. Nobody was drowned, and there has never been a satisfactory explanation given of how such a thing could have happened. She was an Australian ship loaded with coal and bound for the Coast. The Hawaiians along the beach worked like galley slaves day and night rowing out in their canoes and bringing the coal ashore. They brought in tons of it—diving down and fishing it out of the water and gathering it off the reef. But their ardor was dampened when the insurance people and the customs officials jumped in. There had been a good deal of interesting argument on the rights of the case and I believe the result has been a compromise and a “divvy” (Sister proudly gleaned two lumps herself—but we do not mention it.)

Devotedly,
Anne

Dear Mama,

July 22, 1910
Fort De Russey

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

There are clouds coming up the eastern sky and my magic light is having intervals of dimness. I shall have to move in out of a shower of rain! But first I shall go hunt for the lunar rainbow. Didn't find it, but they say there was a wonderful one last night. I am sorry the shower came and made a mess of things. I think I caught all there

was right on my letter. Well we will let that go for the "spirit" of the place that was to get in unaided by words "liquid moonshine" this time.

Devotedly,
Anne

[By the end of 1910 the fortifications at Diamond Head and Fort de Russey were nearing completion, and Major Winslow was awaiting news of his next assignment. In the service this is always a suspenseful period, for, although rumours continually drift down from Washington, until the actual orders arrive no one is sure of what the next duty will be.

The following is Anne Winslow's last letter from Honolulu.]

Dear Mama,
March 31, 1911
Fort De Russey

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

Devotedly,
Anne

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The literary career of ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW was unusual. Born in Tennessee in 1875, she grew up in the deep country near Memphis and never attended school. She and her younger sister

were educated at home by their father, a Memphis attorney, and grew up surrounded by books and steeped in the classics of English literature.

Until her marriage to Captain Winslow in 1900, Anne Goodwin had never travelled more than a few miles from home, but in the course of following her husband's military career she lived in many lands and studied many languages, becoming fluent in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Greek. Stationed in Washington, D.C., during the war years 1914-1918, she was brought into contact with representative people from all over the western world.

In 1920, with her children both away at college (Randolph at West Point and Mary at Vassar), she began her professional career, contributing poetry and critical essays to the prominent literary magazines. In 1925 her translations of Rainer Maria Rilke introduced that young German poet to his now enthusiastic American audience.

After her husband's retirement from the service, Mrs. Winslow and family moved back to Goodwinslow, the family home in Tennessee. There she started writing fiction. Her short stories were widely published in the U. S. and abroad in translation.

In an extraordinary final period, from age 70 until her death in 1959, Anne Goodwin produced six full-size volumes, including a best selling novel, *The Springs* (New York: Alfred Knopf, 1948). Some of her books were reprinted in England and on the European continent.

Major E. EVELETH WINSLOW, a grandson of Admiral John Ancrum Winslow of Boston, was born in Washington, D.C., in 1863. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1889 at the head of his class, breaking the academic record then standing at West Point.

He specialized in fortifications and, as the Engineer Corps' recognized authority, was given the two most important assignments of his day: the fortifications of the Hawaiian Islands and of the Panama Canal.

Stationed in wartime Washington from 1914 to 1918, he took part in the mobilization of U.S. forces for World War I. As acting Chief of Engineers in 1917, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for the rapid expansion and deployment of the Corps of Engineers to meet that emergency.

He retired from the service in 1920 with the rank of Brigadier General and went home to Goodwinslow where he died in 1928.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH WINSLOW followed in his father's footsteps, graduating from the U. S. Military Academy in 1923 and serving a tour of duty in Hawai'i from 1924 to 1926. He was a Colonel in the Corps of Engineers when he died in World War II, in 1944 in Luxembourg, at the age of 43.

MARY WINSLOW CHAPMAN is the editor of these letters and holds them in her possession. She has retained the original spelling and punctuation of the letters for this article. Mrs. Chapman resides at Goodwinslow, maintaining the family home for children and grandchildren. Retired in 1979 from an active career in farming and real estate, she started writing and has since published six volumes of prose and poetry.

NOTES

- ¹ *New York Times*, 26 October 1982: C:1.
- ² Mary Winslow ("Sister"), aged 5, and Randolph Winslow ("Brother"), aged 7, also called "chickies" by their mother.
- ³ Maxfield Parrish (1870-1966), noted American painter and illustrator.
- ⁴ Lieutenant Colonel John Biddle, U. S. Corps of Engineers, from Washington, D.C.
- ⁵ Jonah K. Kalaniana'ole (1871-1922) served as Territorial Delegate to the U. S. Congress 1902-1922.
- ⁶ Punahou School. This oft repeated legend has no basis in fact. It probably arose from seven California youths having been educated at O'ahu Charity School in the 1830s.
- ⁷ Walter Francis Frear, Governor 1907-1913, and wife, Mary Dillingham Frear.
- ⁸ Archibald Scott Cleghorn (1836-1910), prominent Honolulu merchant, married Princess Likelike, sister of King Kalākaua. Their only child, Princess Ka'iulani (1875-1899), was heir to the throne of Hawai'i before the overthrow of the monarchy in 1893 and U. S. annexation in 1898. Ka'iulani was taken suddenly ill and died March 6, 1899. Cleghorn family members held a close friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), famous author mentioned here in several letters. Cleghorn is also referred to as "Archie" in these letters.
- ⁹ Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, U. S. Cavalry, in command of the 5th Cavalry at Schofield Barracks.
- ¹⁰ John Burroughs (1836-1920), prominent American author, poet, and naturalist.
- ¹¹ Mrs. Gertrude Damon (1880-1950) was born in Scotland and married two Damon brothers in succession.
- ¹² Queen Lili'uokalani (1838-1917), last ruling monarch of Hawai'i 1891-1893.
- ¹³ In addition to his fortification work, Major Winslow was Lighthouse Engineer in charge of construction and repair of all lighthouses in the Islands.
- ¹⁴ The Leper Settlement at Moloka'i was in use at this time.
- ¹⁵ Ernest Renan, *Vie de Jésus* (1863).
- ¹⁶ The 90 mile ride required of all senior officers as a test of physical fitness.
- ¹⁷ Leilehua, the site of Schofield Barracks.