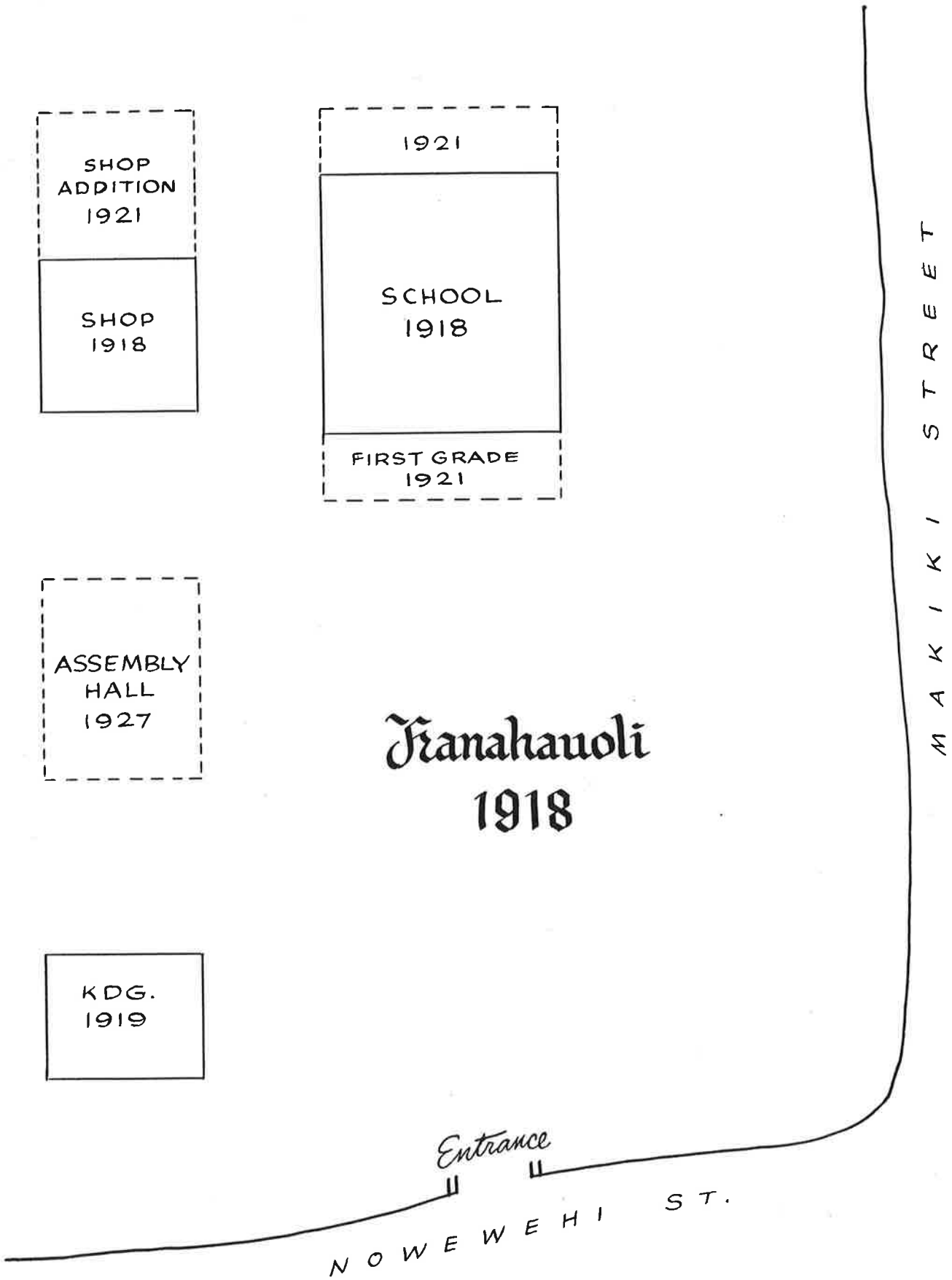
MEMORIES OF HANAHAUOLI


SHOP ADDITION 1921
SHOP 1918
1921
SCHOOL 1918
FIRST GRADE 1921
ASSEMBLY HALL 1927
KDG. 1919
Kanahauoli 1918
MAKIKI STREET
Entrance
NOWEWEHI ST.


Johannes

MEMORIES OF HANAHAUOLI

The First Fifty Years

Louisa F. Palmer

As these memories are assembled into a book, they remind me of my grandmother's old silk patchwork quilt—bits of "this and that", of various textures and colors, lacking a certain continuity—for the chapters were written at many different times since I retired in 1957 —and with so many omissions! But as the Hanahauoli school song says "our memories go on" and so they will with me and all of you, the boys and girls of Hanahauoli, your fathers, mothers, teachers and friends who have been constantly in my thoughts as I have written.

I have mentioned but a few names, yet hundreds of you are back of these pages. I had thought at first of asking you to send me your memories. What a Book of Knowledge that would have been! Perhaps you will write the next volume, for this book is about the first fifty years, and there is so much yet to be written. Many people over the years have asked me about the school's founding and early years, so I have tended to make this a record of those years—with pictures from the old collections more than those of recent dates.

If my memory has failed or been at fault at any time, forgive me. And to the numerous good friends who have aided with suggestions, typing, encouragement and in so many other ways, my warm *Mahalo Nui.*

Here's to the next fifty years and Volume II of *Memories of Hanahauoli!*

Louisa F. Palmer
Honolulu, Hawaii
July, 1968

"You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one's heart, even that may some time be the means of saving us."

DOSTOEVSKY – *The Brothers Karamazov*

THE REALIZATION OF A DREAM

Hanahauoli was a dream realized for Sophie and George Cooke in 1918, a school of joyous work, which its name signifies, for their six children and those of many of their friends. It was a small school, permitting the sharing of experiences from kindergarten through sixth grade where all the children cooperated as in a large family.

Many interesting experiments in the education of young children were taking place in America during the early years of the 1900s. Colonel Francis Parker, at the Oswego, New York, Normal School, had taken the first steps toward better understanding of the small child and hence a more intelligent approach to early education. Dr. John Dewey followed with his controversial new philosophy of education. By 1918 when the Progressive Education Association was formed, many new and small elementary schools had begun work, chiefly in the eastern part of the United States. They were breaking away from established customs and finding paths in expression and experience to make a child's school life more meaningful to him, introducing broader interests beyond the cover of his books. Hanahauoli was no hasty venture. A group of dedicated women had worked and read with Mrs. Cooke for some time. Then Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, the noted Norwegian author and storyteller from Francis Parker and other experimental schools, came to Honolulu and brought to this group, from her long experience, practical advice about founding a small school.

Thus it was that in October of 1918, Hanahauoli opened its doors to a group of sixteen children from six to eleven years old. Its simple beginnings were in line with its philosophy. An ideal location was a vacant lot of almost two acres belonging to C. M. Cooke Ltd. A fine lava rock wall had been built around this lot in 1902 when Makiki Street, previously only a path up the hill, had been paved. It was then a quiet corner with Nowewehi Street, now Nehoa, in front. From

their home on Makiki Heights, the Cookes moved to the site two small buildings which became the nucleus of the new school; one for classrooms and the other for a shop, always a most important part of Hanahauoli's work. These buildings were placed well in the mauka corner, high up on the sloping lot, leaving the major part of the campus for a fine playground.

Kiawe trees growing in the yard afforded the only shade for several years until they were supplanted by the monkeypods of today. An amusing story of that change was told when the Advisory Board decided that too many thorns from the kiawes were troubling the bare feet of the children. A mainland teacher was asked to keep count of the *kukus* (thorns) stepped on by her children, and on her blackboard was found this accounting: "10 cuckoos today".

I have tried to picture that little school in its first year. The two small buildings which I found in 1923 (with slight additions made in 1921) were at the top of the hill with lawn below shaded in parts with kiawe trees. That day in October, 1918, the children were called into their room when Miss Cecil Palmer rang the school bell, Hanahauoli's oldest tradition. An old bronze handbell about five inches high, it was purchased in Florence, Italy, by Sophie Cooke when she toured Europe with her mother, Mrs. Judd, in 1914. It has the names and symbols of the four evangelists carved on its sides. The one on the cover of this book is the eagle, St. John's symbol, a copy of a block print done by Pat Van Cleve in 1939 for our book, *Hanahauoli Traditions.* Previously, the bell had been used to call the Cooke children in from play on their Molokai ranch. Most fittingly, it became the beloved Hanahauoli bell, still in use after fifty years and affectionately polished by the sixth grade.

The staff that first year was headed by Miss Cecil Palmer who had been with the Cooke children on Molokai. The following year she was called to work in Siberia with the Red Cross. She later went to Peking where I met her in 1931 and enjoyed hearing of the formative days of the school.

In these early days Miss Palmer taught the academic subjects, assisted by Miss Ruth Farrington. Mrs. A. A. Wilson came in from Wahiawa two days a week to teach the shop work; Reverend Okamura taught Japanese; Mademoiselle Sainson, French. The teaching of French by French women has continued through the years, the main objective being that children learn conversational French with a correct accent. French was discontinued only through the war years when a territorial law prohibited the teaching of "foreign languages" below the fifth grade. Japanese was not taught consistently through all the years up to 1942 and was discontinued thereafter.

In a letter to Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen in February of 1919, Mrs. Cooke describes the working of the little school: "I am going to tell you about the school, for I feel you will be interested. We began in the hardest way possible: that is, we took in children of different grades in order to have company for our children. We are able to divide the children's work into three groups, which is a satisfactory division. The children all love to come to school and seem happy while there. The handwork (shop) is interesting to them. All the children have a valuable daily period with Miss (Cecil) Palmer discussing the chief news of the world, bringing in objects of interest, reciting poetry or telling the results of some investigation. (This was the forerunner of Hanahauoli's morning meetings in the court and of Friday assemblies.) Each child has individual work in arithmetic, etc. The oldest group stays after school session twice a week for special work in literature. With the help of each mother in turn, the children up to Christmas cooked lunch on Mondays at school and served it. They now do this unaided. One child has charge each week and chooses two assistants."

She continues: "After lunch on Monday, the weekly excursion takes place. During the term, the children have visited the following places: Bishop Museum, Aquarium, Sugar Planters' Experiment Station, printing office, pineapple cannery, wharves, Makiki Valley stream, blacksmith shop, bakery, etc., etc." These excursions to actually "see and experience" continue to be a vital part of Hanahauoli's work.

Like many experimental schools of that decade, by trial and error, Hanahauoli began to find its educational course in various ways. The first need was to provide for the five-year-olds eager to enroll in the new school. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke asked Miss Alyce Hoogs, who was teaching kindergarten on Kewalo Street, to join Hanahauoli. She was the perfect person to be allied with this school. She had trained as a kindergarten teacher with Miss Frances Lawrence of the Honolulu Free Kindergartens and had worked with Mr. Cady in his school of music in Portland, Oregon. Alyce was completely in accord with the new ideas in education and carried them out during her lifetime, whether as a teacher at Hanahauoli, a director of the educational work at the Academy of Arts, or as a Board member at Hanahauoli. She was an inspiration in whatever capacity she served.

In January, 1919, Mr. Cooke had the kindergarten built. It is the only one of the original buildings still standing at the school. The next month Miss Hoogs, with her kindergarten children, moved into their new and delightful quarters. She has told of that moving day with real nostalgia and great amusement. She said: "My 20 children and I packed our kindergarten materials, blocks and all our play materials

into the little express wagons which the children had brought from their homes—and when all was ready, the procession started up the hill and turned into Nowewehi Street (as Nehoa was called then). When we arrived at our new building we found delightful new bamboo tables and chairs, easy to carry around the room or the yard, made by old Mr. Sakai who did so much work with bamboo in those days." The moving done by the children themselves was most indicative of Alyce Hoogs' educational philosophy which so fitted that of Hanahauoli—learning by doing. This has been a vital need in America—where the need for work by the pioneers was being supplanted by machines and urban life—with too much done *for* children and not enough *by* them.

Another facet of Hanahauoli life was apparent that day, when the "upper school" with its sixteen children and teachers trooped down the sloping hill of the campus to welcome the newcomers. This family feeling of mutual interest has continued at Hanahauoli, made possible by its continuance as a small school.

The original classroom building had two main rooms with a small kitchen at the makai end. The rooms were informally arranged. I remember a rocking chair and small library table were in one, in addition to pupils' desks and a piano. In 1921, with added enrollment, several changes were made. A first grade lanai was added to the main building and a mauka lanai for the third grade was built next to the kitchen; also three rooms were added to the shop building to be used for an art room, the second grade, and a tiny principal's office.

In the fall of 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and three of their children spent some months on the mainland visiting schools. Mrs. Cooke said: "It was at the North Shore Country Day School in Winnetka, Illinois, that some parents devised an apparatus out of piping for children to climb. We were able, after waiting a year for it, to order one like it—in the form of the Jungle gym which adorns our campus. It affords a safe place for children to climb and to develop not only their legs and arms but the big muscles of the trunk. It is even said to be good for children from five to eighty years of age." And with that, she told of the day it arrived and was set up in the makai end of the campus. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, with their children, went down to "try it out", and climb it they did, with as much pleasure as the children.

And so the school continued its work. The many needs of the school were met as often as possible by the work of the children. One of the first of these was a short walk from the shop to the classroom building. This was an ideal project in shop for the older children and a board walk was constructed, the measuring and cost of materials being a part of their math. The shop always has been supplied with excellent tools

and children learn their proper use and care. Doll beds and furniture for the new kindergarten was another need, and the feeling of working together of all the groups for their common good was fostered.

One of Hanahauoli's most beloved traditions was begun soon after the boardwalk. In the book *Hanahauoli Traditions,* written by the children in 1939, Dudley Pratt, Jr., writes: "Someone suggested the plan one year of starting to make stepping stones from the gate to the school room and then to the shop. So the children made plans with Mrs. Wilson. Everyone from second grade up who wanted to, made them. The next class made their stones from these same molds the next year. Later, the fifth and sixth grades in alternating years carved their own blocks."

Mrs. Cooke's daughter, Dora, from her memories of that first year, adds: "Science (nature study) as well as Mathematics was taught in practical ways. We measured daily the growth of a banana leaf from a plant growing by the front steps and, as I remember, the growth was six inches or more! We also had a hive of bees with glass on one side so we could watch them."

These practical experiences were repeated in later years. On an Arbor Day in the thirties each group chose a different kind of tree to plant. The Fives chose to plant several eucalyptuses near the Makiki gate and for many weeks they measured the growth, resorting to measuring the shadows at a certain time of day when the trees became too tall for the measuring sticks. When a swarm of bees settled in the shower tree in the court, a tradition of bee keeping was started that lasted almost to the present.

IT IS A FRAIL MEMORY THAT REMEMBERS
BUT PRESENT THINGS.

BEN JONSON

Memories of Hanahauoli are much too personal for me to write of them in the third person. So I will write of the school as I have experienced it since 1923.

Dean Chambers of the University of Pittsburgh had been one of Mrs. Cooke's advisors in Hanahauoli beginnings. When Mrs. Cooke needed a first grade teacher for the fall of 1923, the Dean asked me if I was interested in going to Hawaii. I had been the head of his School of Childhood at the University and believed that the new school fitted my educational philosophy: creative work with young children, a small school and small groups, and learning by doing from first-hand experiences whenever possible. Hanahauoli had been following these principles for five years and so, with the proviso that this should be for a year only, I came to Hawaii. How that year has stretched!

I arrived by ship, of course, after a glamorous crossing. I had never before sailed an ocean. The *Maui* docked at old Pier 15 and on the wharf, with the first leis I had seen, were Ermine Cross and Sara Chaffee, Advisory Board members, with Alyce Hoogs, who was then to teach second grade.

My first sight of Hanahauoli was thrilling—this little bungalow school on a quiet side street (rather different now) with a roomy, well-shaded lawn and the mountains beyond with their fleecy white clouds. I had long been accustomed to city schools in crowded streets and this "country atmosphere" was perfect. Imagine teaching almost out-of-doors—the large first grade lanai, built against the school wall on one side, was screened on the other three. Woodrose vines grew over it as protection against too much sun and screened us from the playground as well. The lanai had a cement floor and there was ample space for

the block building which I always combined with the "social studies" work in first grade. The one big hurdle was the top-heavy enrollment in that grade—forty-one children! But we divided them at once, putting the younger ones (some were only five) into a *B* group with an extra teacher, leaving me the twenty children which each grade was supposed to have.

Two early experiences stand out in my memory of that autumn. The first was seeing a Hawaiian spider run across the blackboard, enormous as a tarantula to my eyes. And when one of my small boys jumped up and chased it along with his finger, all my teacher training could scarcely keep me from showing my fear. But what was a spider compared with a centipede! The piles of blocks were favorite places for them to hide and barefooted children had to be protected. So after pulling off my shoe to kill the first one, I became quite an expert as the school centipede killer, especially for the *malihini* teachers.

Mrs. Watumull, who as Ellen Jensen had been on the staff in previous years, returned to teach music to the school. I wish we had taken pictures of those groups. They carried their chairs down on the lawn where the assembly hall now stands and sat down in front of the piano box, one side of which opened for Mrs. Watumull to play. On rainy days she came to us in our rooms, but those early music periods out under the trees were delightful.

Since other elementary private schools did not have kindergartens at this time, ours was the largest unit in the school. When Alyce Hoogs went on to teach in the lower grades, Constance Van Inwegen, from Chicago, who followed her in our kindergarten, had groups of thirty-five to fifty children with two assistants. Fortunately, the children could be divided into small groups working both in the kindergarten room and out in the yard under the trees. Those lightweight bamboo chairs and tables were easily carried by the children wherever needed. Midmorning lunch and rest were almost always out under the trees. The kindergarten had a small kitchen with a little stove which was often used by "Miss Constance" and her happy children. She always took her group on a guava picking excursion up Tantalus. Probably the mothers who drove did much of the picking, but Miss Constance helped the children make guava jam as a Thanksgiving gift for their mothers each fall.

The children had gardens where the junior kindergarten now stands and they proudly raised lettuce and radishes for their midmorning treat. Hana, our wonderful Japanese yardman, happily dug up the ground each year for them and kept the gardens watered during week-

ends and vacations. Hana was beloved by everyone. He was Mr. Hanatani, but the children knew him only as their Hana and thought he was named for the school. He served us faithfully all the years up to March, 1942, when he died of cancer. One of his last acts was to dig bomb shelters for the various units into which the school was divided after Pearl Harbor.

The kindergarten in those early years had large shutters instead of windows. They swung down at night for closing and were raised by pulleys each morning. This building was the largest on the campus and thus was the assembly hall for P.T.A. and Christmas carols until our present Assembly Hall was built in 1927. In 1935, the addition for the four-year-olds was built on the makai side of the kindergarten. Finally, in 1947 when the new shop was erected, *Hale Kakou,* the house built by all the Hanahauoli children in five months of work, was moved down to be the part of the kindergarten used for block play.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL GROWS

With its modest beginnings of two small buildings for school groups and shop, plus the kindergarten building, Hanahauoli continued for eight years.

The school had a total enrollment of ninety-six children in 1926. The first urgent need had been for an assembly room where the children could meet; where music and rhythms could take place; where children could enjoy lunch. P.T.A. meetings and carol programs also were to be considered. Thus was launched the building program which Hanahauoli parents have loyally carried on through the years. The present Assembly Hall was built at the unbelievable cost of $1800. Music classes no longer needed to fear a rainy day. And at Christmas of that school year, 1927, the annual carols, which have been the children's most prized gift to their parents, were held in the new Hall. It is an open pavilion and, for the twilight carols, it is bordered with branches of bamboo, giving it a mystical appearance which children never forget in later years.

A Saturday remembered by many parents was the one when, the new Hall completed, a group of workers gathered to plant bamboo and vines around the new building. The fathers dug, planted, and were rewarded with lunch served by the mothers.

Morning assemblies which had been held with the children clustered about the steps of the old school building, now moved to the Hall on Fridays for assemblies in which the kindergarten joined.

In 1929, with an enrollment of one hundred twenty children, the school was "bursting its seams" and new plans were imperative. This time a building was needed to care for future as well as present needs. Harry Bent, a prominent architect and a parent in the school, drew

the plans in which backgrounds of the school were incorporated. The building was to be constructed around two sides of an open court (future plans would include the other two sides), giving a feeling of the oriental court often seen in the islands. The roofline was to follow that of the old Hawaiian grass huts and the generous width of the lanais facing the court would have the slim columns of the old missionary chapel at Waioli, Kauai.

Again the parents, Board of Directors, and many interested friends came to the fore and raised the funds for this, the main building of Hanahauoli. The L-shaped structure now houses the first and second grade rooms, fifth and sixth grades, library, office, nurse's room, toilets, and janitor's room. The first grade was given as a memorial to his little girl by a Board member. The orginal hill on which the first buildings were placed was leveled somewhat to provide the court and coconut trees planted on succeeding Arbor Days. These now far o'er top the roofs. Planting placed around the building, under Catherine Thompson's direction, soon made it most attractive.

The original old buildings served for some years longer, but the classroom on the mauka side of the court finally succumbed to termites, and in 1948, was replaced by the third and fourth grade building. Again, an architect father planned the building, parents and alumni paid the bill, and upon its completion in August, everyone gathered for a happy reunion.

With continuing large enrollments, the old shop was most inadequate. So Marion Ramey, our shop teacher from 1946 to 1965, planned a shop "just as she wished". It was given as a memorial to a child who had loved shop at Hanahauoli and is known as Aka's Shop. It was built on the mauka end of the Makiki side of the campus, where in the early days the school often gave plays under the mango trees.

The original shop remained as art and storage rooms until 1961, when the present art and music studio, named for Sophie and George Cooke, was built by parents, alumni, and friends of the school. The termites had left little of the old building to be carted away. The Hanahauoli "family" gathered to celebrate the opening of the building and Sophie Cooke spoke of her continued interest and joy in the school. The dedication ran thus: "In gratitude to Sophie and George Cooke who established the school from its small beginnings and who have nurtured it for many years, we wish to name this fine new building the George and Sophie Cooke Studio—a place where Joyous Work in the Arts will continue to be enjoyed by all the children."

The most recent addition to the campus was made by the children; this time by the sixth grade as their commencement gift to the school.

It is the small pavilion at the Nehoa gate which serves as a shelter for the kindergarten children who wait for their mothers at noon. The Sixes obtained a building permit and constructed the shelter themselves with Marion Ramey as "luna". Thus Hanahauoli has grown since its beginnings, through the generosity and work of its patrons, children, parents, and friends. Such a school has its roots deep in their hearts.

THE KITCHEN

Lunch time is always a high point in the child's day and school lunches become very important in school. In that first year most of the children went home at noon, with only the two older groups remaining until two o'clock in the afternoon.

In succeeding years, children brought sandwiches and school groups took turns serving soup from the hot plate in the kitchen, for which they charged five cents. Mothers provided a hot dish on certain days, and after 1923, I remember that often Dora Jane Isenberg's mother would hand one of her delicious casseroles over the fence from her home mauka of the school.

Patricia Stanley, in *Hanahauoli Traditions,* adds: "The children had a vegetable garden and ate the vegetables for lunch. They raised chickens too. When the first eggs came, all the children wanted to eat them, so they had to make scrambled eggs so that everybody could have some." This was when the school was very small.

But after the Assembly Hall was built in 1927, our need for hot lunches could be met. The tiny kitchen in the first old building was no longer sufficient. Let a sixth grade child (in the bulletin for 1929) tell of planning the kitchen.

PLANNING THE KITCHEN

Some of our mothers wanted us to have hot lunches. This meant that we should have a kitchen. There was a good deal of discussion about it until finally it was decided to let the fifth and sixth grades plan it as their project. We had to decide where we would put it and how large it would be.

There was a little music house about three feet from the Assembly Hall. The floor was six feet square and the building was six feet high. Many of the children, including

myself, made plans to use this for the kitchen. But it was too low from the ground. So we thought we would make a slanting walk from the music house to the Assembly Hall. Then we thought it was too small and we made plans to double the length. An insurance man said if we had insurance on the Assembly Hall the roof of the kitchen would have to be nine feet high and it was only six feet high so the roof was raised and the added three feet screened instead of boarded in. We had the kitchen moved to the end of the Assembly Hall and raised to the same level.

Then we planned where we would put the sink, icebox, stove and safe. Over the sink we put two shelves and on the side we put another shelf.

After the contractor did the work we stained the outside to match the roof of the Assembly Hall. We painted the inside cream and rubbed the shelves. We laid green and white linoleum on the floor. The Parent-Teachers' Association voted to pay for the work that was done by the contractor and some of the mothers and fathers gave the stove and piping.

Mrs. Lawrence, who was an excellent cook and was now teaching the fifth grade, volunteered to interest her group in running the lunch room. There was no question of interest—in fact, there was almost too much interest—for the children wanted to take over the kitchen entirely, doing the planning of meals, the cooking and serving, and finally, the sending out of bills and care of all funds.

They began that week with high hopes and decided on a first lunch of their favorite foods (among them, spinach of Popeye fame and ice cream). Experience swiftly followed. It took a whole morning to look over spinach spread out on great papers on the floor and find kettles sufficiently large to cook it. Carrots that week took many hours to scrape. And so it went. Finally the children realized that there was no time for their school work (and arithmetic with Mrs. Lawrence was one of their favorite hours of the day). Of course, this had been foreseen. When they came for advice, we suggested hiring a cook (having one in abeyance), whom they interviewed and employed. But the planning of the meals, the serving, the keeping of accounts, taking in money and paying bills, which formed a vital part of their arithmetic, continued for years and is well remembered by all those who participated. Lunches were served for fifteen cents at first.

At a P.T.A. meeting in 1932 Mrs. Lawrence told of the benefits which the fifth grade children derived from their cafeteria experience. "They get a great deal of practical experience in planning balanced meals, purchasing food, keeping within their budget and in serving lunches popular with the rest of the school," she said. Their experi-

ence with money included making change when the monthly bills were paid, having their own bank account in which they deposited their funds—we took a different committee down to the bank each month. They learned to write checks and pay the food bills and the cook—a most practical experience in math. I remember when bills ran too high and jello had to be substituted for ice cream. The whole school was apprised of the need for economy.

One of the children said, "One of our favorite desserts was peach and apple tapioca, and we liked to 'lick the dish'."

Today the food is planned by the cook and the bills handled in the office. But the fifth grade continues to serve the meals and have charge of setting up tables and benches for lunch. This responsibility is eagerly anticipated by children in lower grades.

Among the several cooks we have had, two will be remembered especially as having served us loyally for many years: Moi Lau, who came to us in 1930, cooked many dishes from Mrs. Lawrence's recipes that the children so enjoyed, and remained until war work called her in 1942; and Eto-san Kyogoku, who served delicious meals to the school from 1948 to 1965 when she retired.

LET JOY BE IN ALL EFFORT

ASOKA—2nd CENTURY B.C.

To break with tradition has always been a difficult thing to explain. Words have many different meanings to people. To label work at this new school in 1918 as "Joyous Work" immediately meant only play to many, as well as the lowering of academic standards. And when phrases like self-expression, creative work, and freedom were added, this immediately was translated by the school's critics as "children doing as they please, no discipline, etc.". The idea was not yet accepted that school work utilizing a child's real interests and abilities gave him the motive power to do his best. Few could conceive that a child's school should be, not a thing apart, but a vital element of youth and growth—"a process of living and not simply a preparation for future living"—as Dr. Dewey expressed it in *My Pedagogic Creed.*

Today much of this is self-evident and well understood by the majority of schools as well as the American public. But Hanahauoli had to go through the many difficult years of experiment and criticism that were the portion of the experimental schools of that decade.

The best answer to the critics was "come and see for yourself" and come they did, by scores. No class or teacher was alerted to expect visitors; anyone was welcome at any time and what they saw was the daily work of interested and happy children with freedom to accomplish their various jobs but not license to disturb others.

Mrs. Cooke had said: "The school has not been a hobby. It has been a reaching out after what we felt was best for the education of young children." Over the years this reaching-out has continued, with constant study and experimentation by the staff of carefully selected teachers, meeting changing conditions as they arose, yet always holding to certain basic convictions.

These were experimental years for all such schools, but they were years of significant advances which have greatly influenced and changed

all education in the United States and extended it to many other countries in the world. What were these aims and ideas—this new philosophy?

The first Hanahauoli school bulletin of 1919 states: "Our aim is to give the child opportunities for self expression and to provide, through the interests and activities of the school, occupations necessary for the development and unfolding at each stage of his individual powers and capabilities; to show him how he can exercise these powers, both mechanically and socially, in the little world he finds about him." There follow several tenets of "We Believe"—some taken from Dr. John Dewey—and others from professors of philosophy and social education. Education is a *process of living;* school life growing out of home life; the moral training that one gets from having to enter into proper relations with others in a unity of work and thought; the realization that each child's endowment differs from that of others—these were some of the beliefs expressed in that first year.

In 1923, the bulletin gives these standards for a modern school: "Ability to think, to execute, to lead, to co-operate, to judge and to organize his own methods of work." It also quotes from John and Evelyn Dewey's *Schools of Tomorrow:* "To find out how to make (find) knowledge when it is needed is the true end of acquisition of information in school, not the information itself." That is most significant today when tomorrow's needs in this world cannot be visualized and the ability to create and to think creatively in every line—mathematics, science, literature, drama, music—is being stressed by every thoughtful leader.

In the yearbook of 1929 the children themselves wrote of their work in every phase of their school life, academic as well as the several areas of arts and crafts expression. Our foreword in that yearbook says: "We want the children to form strong habits of first-hand research and to use what they find."

This sentence brings out another of the basic theses of Hanahauoli; the use of first-hand experiences whenever possible through excursions or other means to give real meaning to a situation which mere book study can never do. Such experiences must be planned intelligently and followed by thoughtful study on the parts of children and teachers alike. The bulletin continues: "That the course of study should provide for hard work is self evident. Improvement comes only through effort, and children themselves realize this enough to resent that which is too easy to challenge them."

Dr. William Heard Kilpatrick summarizes it thus: "Education is the continuous reconstruction of life to ever higher and richer levels."

So year after year this frontier school in modern education stated and restated its aims, though with the same basic philosophy, and today "the mountain has come to Mahomet"; much of the questioning of our ideals has been answered in terms of the children's record of accomplishment.

At a Hanahauoli P.T.A. meeting in 1959, Dr. Lawrence Snyder, scientist of world renown and, at that time, President of the University of Hawaii, said in effect:

> The work of the elementary school should provide a *broad basis* for life—culturally, creatively, aesthetically, and with emphasis on the tools through which life can further be explored. It should cultivate awareness, understanding, the real knowledge of life in all forms and not just facts, which are ephemeral in our present civilization. The historical basis of knowledge lies not in dates, formulas, etc. Knowledge cannot always be tested—it is "built in" and cannot always be answered by YES and NO. But it is of paramount importance; the facts we have taught have constantly changed or been discarded; but the spirit of inquiry, the desire to create, the broad understanding of life through the ages received through a rich social science experience is a sure foundation on which a child can build his future life—a house built on a rock and not on sand.

Hanahauoli has given its children just such experiences. Of course, the school has practiced a radical departure from the "read the book and recite the lesson" philosophy which preceded old ideas in elementary education. The program has called for dedicated teachers who understand children and who have the initiative, imagination, and intelligent approach to be able to interpret the philosophy successfully. Naturally, there have been failures, but as a staff we have been eager to learn with the children. Parents often formed study groups to know more of this education which, as they said, "we wish we could have had in our childhood". Doubtless, the briefest and best expressions of Hanahauoli philosophy have been *learning by doing,* which includes the creative aspect, and *learning from real and first-hand experience whenever possible.*

From the school's inception the shop has been a vital center in which a child could work out his ideas individually, creatively, and with due regard for high standards of work. Here, even the youngest child learns daily by doing. By the time he has made and left his stepping stone, his final creative expression upon graduation from sixth grade, each child has had, through the years, an infinite number of unforgettable experiences. Shop has illumined his life experience, his various studies, and his respect for doing as a basis of learning.

The school's small enrollment made excursions for first-hand experience much more possible in Hanahauoli's early years. Honolulu was a small city where we could see industries and exhibits near us which had not become too complex for the understanding of young children. The rice fields were within walking distance. The University farm, now the site of the East-West Center, was only minutes away, enabling the children to see the chickens, pigs, and cows in a farm setting. Even on the campus of the school itself, the scarcity of buildings provided room for gardens and the care of pets. A shop project in the school's second year was the building of a chicken house. In a later experience in chicken raising at school, the second grade tended a setting hen through the hatching of her brood. Subsequently, the group studied poultry feeding. The eggs produced were sold to the Hanahauoli kitchen.

Many experiences of our early days come to mind. Most alumni will remember the adoption of the dog, Hammy. He belonged to our friend, the "beeman" who cared for our hive. One day his dog followed him to school. Hamburgers were served for lunch that day, and the children shared some with the friendly dog. His appreciation was so apparent that he was immediately named Hamburger, soon shortened to Hammy. The story of his many years with us has been written delightfully by Elly. There was as much "learning" from this real experience as from the bee culture of his master.

In the study of textiles by a third grade, we planted flax and cotton in our gardens. Mrs. Cooke sent us wool from her Molokai sheep. We processed these in the pioneer manner. Finally, the children watched a tray of silkworms develop through all its stages, feeding them daily from our mulberry bushes. The group was delighted to hear the worms "munching" in the classroom closet when the room was very quiet.

Today, to supplement many of those early advantages in first-hand experience, we resort to audio-visual devices. Parents, children, and staff travel more widely and share many of their experiences with an enthusiasm which imparts a feeling of real participation in the school groups. Our aims for children at Hanahauoli are many and varied. They often have been stated and restated, yet statements can never quite encompass all that we desire for the children of our changing world.

SOCIAL STUDIES

To attempt an understanding of our world and its peoples has been an ever increasing need in this age of rapid communication and transportation. With the "new education" emphasis on social consciousness, we have taken a new look at history, geography, and their attendant arts.

Social Studies at Hanahauoli ever since its beginning has meant the broadening and enrichment of experience at all the levels of a child's understanding. Kindergarten is not too early to begin this aspect. The child of four, five, and early six, with no tools for reading, must be approached through his five senses, enlarging his perceptions of the world immediately surrounding him. If his awareness and appreciation can be established at this age (the teacher's approach is the key) and if his investigative powers are aroused, a foundation is laid for much of his succeeding work. This awareness is an essential part of his Social Studies throughout his school life and is a basis for his future studies of people and civilizations.

The young children, through excursions to the zoo, to the airport and train station, to see a house being built, to the boat harbor, to a small bakery, or a Post Office substation, enlarge their world, which has been mainly that of home and school. With blocks, paints, and other media, they can express impressions which later they will be able to verbalize in creative writing.

The six and seven-year-olds go further afield as they become cognizant of the city in which they live. The Thanksgiving Makahiki in the 1930s was the incentive for the six-year-olds to go to the nearby Sugar Planters' Experiment Station, where they were given stalks of sugar cane with purple plumes to carry in the procession. Then the seven-year-olds decided to carry another island product, a sheaf of rice, and thereupon began a study of the island's only grain. Within

the blocks bounded by King, Kalakaua, and Sheridan Streets, in pre-war years, was a Chinese rice field. The children watched the whole cycle of rice culture from its beginning when they went down to watch the ground being plowed by water buffaloes, the setting out of the rice plants by hand in even rows throughout the field, watching eagerly as they drove past to see when the grain ripened, and finally, seeing it cut and taken over to the old cement threshing floor on Sheridan Street where it was flailed and tossed high in old Chinese baskets so that the wind would blow out the chaff. So simple a process was well within their understanding and became a basis for later knowledge of grain growing throughout the world.

Other second grades have been interested in the milkman, visits to the dairy at the University (now moved away), and to the bottling plant not too far from school (now rather complex for young children). These were bases for their Social Studies.

The study of water, "man's greatest need", involved watching our nearby Makiki stream, the pumping station adjacent to the school, as well as an excursion to the big Halawa underground station, and resulted in the group's building a miniature Tantalus in their sandbox, with the water coming down to Makiki stream and watering the part of the city represented by their building blocks. Naturally, this led to a study of weather, clouds, and rain, which the children shared at morning assembly with the school, giving weather reports and explaining their weather vanes.

Subsequent groups have used the sea and sea life, shells, etc., for a basis of study of the world immediately surrounding them. And already these children are asking about the world, the heavens, the oceans.

So the fascinating study of the universe begins in the third grade. "Oh boy! The universe!" was the enthusiastic comment of one of this group who, since college, has seen a new and fascinating part of the "universe" as a Peace Corps volunteer in Ethiopia.

Hawaii is a world in miniature, for here we see how the land is formed by our own volcanos, and the ocean about us is seen from our school yard. With the early nightfall in the winter months, the children may watch the planets and moon before their bedtimes. A high point of that subject was the evening when they studied the heavens from the old observatory at Kaimuki. Now we have the Bishop Museum Planetarium toward which the children contributed funds.

After the evolution of the world come the fascinating prehistoric animals! Clay, paints, and shop contribute to the expression of this work. The study of "peoples and civilizations" begins this year, for the early Hawaiians typified a marvelous stone age culture so close

to the child in Hawaii that he can become almost a part of it. The Bishop Museum is a constant source of reference; sometimes excursions there were weekly. The making of *kapas* for the Makahiki begins in October. The third graders relive the life of the Hawaiians as they learn of the many interesting phases of this culture: the building of grass houses, the raising and preparing of food, the making of *kapas* (their only textile), fishing, making canoes, the games of the people. Source and reference material is easily available and the excursions to Bishop Museum are made for each phase. One year an enterprising group wanted to make a grass hut large enough for them to use. They were not daunted by the teacher's warning of the magnitude of such a task for eight-year-olds. So trips were made to Diamond Head to gather the *pili* grass, the frame was built in shop periods, and the work went on week after week. At long last the hut was finished, for "what we begin we must finish", and a Hawaiian play was staged in and around it. Another class in the 1930s gave a *luau* for their parents with a group from Kamehameha School to help in preparing the *imu.* With first grade blocks, a long table was built along the lanai and covered with our own ti leaves. No *kalua* pig was attempted for this feast, but fish and chicken, bananas and sweet potatoes were pronounced delicious by the young hosts who proudly wore the *kapas* they had made.

As always with these studies, many other phases of their school program contributed toward the enrichment of this work. Creative rhythm programs illustrating the work are given as assemblies to the school, dramatic plays of Hawaiian life are created by the children to share with the school, Hawaiian songs are learned in music classes and often new ones created, musical instruments such as *uli-ulis,* drums, and bamboo pipes are used and sometimes made.

The children were privileged in past years to have Mary Pukui, an authority on Hawaiian lore, come to talk to them. Caroline Curtis, for many years, told them the stories of old Hawaii and wrote two charming books, *Keola* and *Manu,* which were first shared with the Hanahauoli children. One year Mr. Thomas Maunapau came to tell them tales of his father, who was King Kamehameha's fisherman, accompanying the king on all his trips off the coast of Hawaii. With a globe to introduce world geography to these children, they have traced the long Pacific voyages of the Hawaiians. What better background for an appreciation of the fine Hawaiian people could a young child living in the island have?

The following year the fourth grade, with wider reading ability, can take the next step: learning of the life of Americans on the mainland. They, too, were voyagers from other lands and came to a country new

to them. Living first on the east coast and then coming by covered wagon and Indian trails westward, the pioneers settled the wide United States. Here, many of the children must imagine the great distances, the enormous grain fields, the industrial cities of today. But the emphasis is on the simple pioneer life which they can more readily grasp and which was in part typified by the coming of missionaries to Hawaii. Again they can have a first-hand experience as they visit the old Mission houses and the coral church. Painting takes on dramatic tones in this year as the covered wagons are attacked by Indians. Log houses, trundle beds, and simple weaving are done in shop. Churning butter in the classroom and making soap in shop are science projects accompanying this study. Rhythms and music follow with dances and old folk tunes. The much used costume closet yields pioneer gowns and sunbonnets for the plays.

The fifth grade goes back to the foundations of history: Egypt, Greece, China—sometimes the old Middle East civilizations as well. The sixth grade continues with Rome and the marvelous tapestry of medieval history.

Such ages of gods and goddesses, heroes and dragons, knights and ladies! Many of you remember, I am sure, those years of living with the ancient heroes in a wealth of literature: *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey, The Greek Heroes, Robin Hood, King Arthur,* and on and on. Not as "history", but as life in days of old, the ten and eleven-year-olds live, and in later school years, when subjects become more academic, the richness of this introduction gives color and interest. How many children of Hanahauoli, in these days of travel, have acted as guides to their parents in Greece and Egypt with a warmth of understanding no guide book could give!

The wonderful story of Queen Hatshepsut and the voyage to Punt was a highlight of the Egyptian study. It lends itself so well to dramatization and to making the costumes with all the "painted jewels", an engrossing work in art class. The fifth and sixth grades collaborated in this play in 1928, assisted by the fourth grade as fan bearers, natives of Punt, etc. Mary Cooke was a beautiful queen in a headdress modeled from that of Queen Nefertiti seen at the Academy of Arts. The words and music of the chant to Amon-Ra were the children's own, created after much reading of the "Book of the Dead" and other Egyptian poems to get the ancient meter. This was one of the first plays to be given in the new Assembly Hall.

A wealth of work in shop and art contributed (and continues to do so) to these studies of ancient life. In the school bulletin of 1929, a child writes of the work in record making.

RECORD MAKING

We are making an illuminated book. We thought we should know about the different things on which people wrote and the writing they did. The Egyptians wrote on papyrus and picture writing was the way the Indians wrote.

We each prepared a subject. Half of the class took the way the alphabet started. We had memory aids, picture writing, cuneiform writing, hieroglyphics and then the alphabet. The other half had what people wrote on: rocks, clay tablets, papyrus, temple walls, Roman Tablets and other things. We each drew pictures and pasted them on a long piece of cloth to make a moving picture for Assembly.

Since papyrus grows in Hawaii, the fifth grades often used it to make a writing material as the Egyptians did of old. This is one account.

PAPYRUS

We made a piece of material to write on from papyrus. This is the way we made it. We got several stalks of papyrus when they were dry, and we cut them into about 12 inch lengths. Then we stripped off the outer skin, and stripped the inside to very thin pieces. We laid several pieces very close together on a smooth board, then another layer across on top of these. Then on top of that we put a very thin paste, made from flour and water. This we covered with a piece of oiled paper and weighted it with a big block of wood, until it was stuck together. The Egyptians only needed to use water, because their papyrus had more juice in it. When we took it from the press we rubbed it with the bowl of a spoon, to make a smooth surface. The Egyptians used a shell or a stone.

Classes also made Babylonian clay tablets, Roman wax tablets and scrolls, and finally paper from linen of modern times.

The sixth grade, in their work with monks and monasteries, makes a special study of manuscripts and manuscript writing. The Academy of Arts is visited for inspiration for this undertaking. The first book of illuminated manuscripts done by the Sixes was a group project, each child illuminating a page of parchment paper with his own creative design and copying a Bible verse from the Nativity story. This book was bound in leather by Alice Louise and has been used for years for teachers to read the Christmas story to the school groups.

Later, Sixes have learned to make and bind books, each for himself, in which they have recorded their medieval work in manuscript. Some of them have been true works of art and are so treasured by their makers.

Linoleum block printing is another art form learned by the children. Some of the earlier prints were made for covers of the school magazine, *Kaao Hanahauoli.* One fourth grade, studying the geography of the world, made a series of large block prints of animals around the world, which remain as one of the school's fine exhibits.

The murals in the fifth and sixth grade rooms must not be forgotten. When a group is on fire with interest in a subject, painting becomes a "must" as an outlet. The murals of Greek and Egyptian life on the fifth grade walls and a medieval scene with cathedral, manor fields, and castle in a sixth grade room (now the school library) remain as an inspiration to future children.

The Greeks become all absorbing to the ten-year-olds. Such heroes, such exploits, such ideals of fine bodies and beauty! One boy's memory of his love of this fascinating year went with him through college and he vowed to name his first-born child Achilles, but was dissuaded by his wife.

The Olympic Games occur yearly as a tradition at Hanahauoli and are a real impetus to good physical education for the whole school, though performed only by the fifth grade, with the Sixes serving as judges to present the laurel wreaths (from local olive leaves).

With the background of old medieval stories told for so many years to the upper grades by Caroline Curtis, Hanahauoli's last year with its medieval studies becomes a high point. The children's reading ability enables them to range far afield in the varied and fascinating mass of literature at their command. Lords and ladies, castles, armor, cathedrals, monks, monasteries and manuscripts, old walled cities, Renaissance art—all of this material is crowded into one short year that becomes a background to illumine later years.

Numerous plays have been given throughout the years. *Robin Hood* has been a real favorite (once involving almost the whole school). The legends of St. Francis, well known to the school, have been the basis of Chrismas plays. And in 1928, many groups participated in the *Pantomime of St. Francis* (to music), which was given after the Thanksgiving procession, followed by the *Canticle of the Sun,* which the school knows so well.

Now the Great Hall has become a tradition with the sixth grade, an annual event presented usually in March. The sixth grade room is transformed into a Medieval Great Hall, hung with banners and shields, with a presiding Lord and Lady for whom various entertainment is given. Seated around the Hall at tables are the guests (parents at one performance, various school groups at others), and "mead and

sweets" are served at the conclusion. Many of you remember the long, brown velvet cape of the costume closet which is the prized apparel of the Lord of the Castle and the fourteenth century long robes and high headdresses of the Ladies.

Probably the most ambitious undertaking of this grade was the real castle built of rock in 1929, midway between the old shop and the Assembly Hall. A sixth grader wrote this description of its making.

OUR CASTLE

We first started talking about castle life. We had been studying it in history. It was about the time of the middle ages. Then someone had the idea of making a castle. We had two or three discussions on it and we told Miss E., our shop teacher. She said, "Why not draw some plans and have it big enough to walk within the court yard?"

We drew plans and made them one inch to a foot. We made a trip over to the Punahou library and got books on how castles were made. Six or seven plans were made, and we thumb tacked them on the blackboard and left them there one period so we could see them. Then, in the history period, each person told about his plan of the castle. After they were all done we discussed the best ones, and why we liked or disliked them. Robert K. had the best plan. It was a nice one with four round towers and a big moat and a round donjon. . . .

The next day we staked out the moat. . . . After digging the moat, we began building the walls from the middle toward each end. We had a committee to take care of each thing: a stone committee, a cement committee, a masonry committee. . . . The rock committee had to get stones with two flat sides from the pile, put the rocks in water, and bring them to the masons. . . . The masons would often call out for little stones which they needed to fill in the holes. The masons had to make a straight wall by guide ropes; they could not have any stones sticking out. . . . Every morning a person had to come out with water and pour it over the wall so it would be ready for use when the masons came. There were four boys—two in the fifth grade and two in the sixth—who made abutments on the side of the moat. . . . When it was all finished we took our trowels and marked in 1929 and our initials.

The group made and dressed dolls to scale for the "castle people" and this castle was played in for several years.

Art, shop, music, and rhythms all contribute to the enrichment of this year's study. Probably the creative writing and poems of this more mature group are predominant features. Do you remember who wrote "Knights"?

Then they charged with spears of ash
Which splintered on their helms.
Then each leapt from off his steed,
Drew swords which flashed and parried.

All of these studies in the life of peoples—our immediate families with the youngest children; the more primitive living of early Hawaiians and American pioneers; the foundation of the civilizations of Egyptians, Greeks, and early Europeans, are really lived by the children and form a continuous and related study throughout the six years which constitute the richest memories of Hanahauoli alumni. And in a small school, like a family, the whole school participates in an enjoyable environment.

"... there is nothing ... more wholesome and good for life than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood."—Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov.*

SHOP AND ART

In that autumn of 1918 which marked the school's beginning, one of the two small buildings which the Cookes moved down from Makiki Heights to the present site was to be the shop. This sturdy appellation marked its unique importance in a school for young children in those days. Art, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Industrial Arts and Crafts were titles variously applied in the growing list of schools beginning to realize the importance of a place in the curriculum for creative work in the schools. But to the public, shop meant tools, lumber, saw horses, and a type of manual work designed for boys only and was found in high schools, if at all. However, Mrs. Cooke visualized a shop in which children of all ages could learn the use of real tools to meet the needs of this school, as well as their individual creative desires.

So, to the astonishment of some of the earlier parents, their daughters of six, eight, and later years, as well as their sons, were introduced to and learned the correct use of real and efficient tools, the only concession to small hands being shorter handled hammers and saws that a young child could use. Toy tools were not to be considered. I remember with affection the first shop teacher, Mrs. Wilson (Nellie B., as she was known to her friends) in her efficient heavy blue denim apron working with the children of the various groups.

That first shop (up in the corner where the Sophie and George Cooke Studio now stands) was a small square building with a wide overhanging roof as protection from the rain. Screened sides served as windows. A dozen benches of varying heights filled the room and the children at work seemed to be a part of the outdoors. In fact, the charm of the constant use of our tree-shaded campus by various classes in those days, as well as the buildings with screened sides, made Hanahauoli a real part of its tropic environment—an especially cher-

ished concept to me, accustomed as I was to the "closed-in" mainland schools.

That first year a project created by all except the youngest children was a large playhouse which was featured in the activities and creative dramatics of those years. A report reads: "At first the children make articles that are necessary in the school such as sand tables, tables, racks, etc. Then they make properties to be used in plays or in their school room projects. Later they use their own ideas for themselves or for gifts."

A modern version of the shop work from Marion Ramey reads: "The shop at Hanahauoli is indeed unique in this day and age. When Mrs. Cooke started the school she felt that the whole child needed to be given a chance to grow and that the creative development was as important as the mental and physical. Our shop is a separate building with a good supply of hand tools, work benches, foot pedal sewing machines, kiln, etc. Wood is a favorite material of boys and girls alike. Classes are divided in half, so there are only ten or twelve in shop at a time, allowing for a great deal of individual attention. At times the work is correlated with Social Studies; at other times it is individual; again it is teacher-directed projects to teach skills.

"Hanahauoli Social Studies form a rich background in each class, and shop projects are planned to enrich this training. The shop is an exciting place for teacher and pupil to plan, to work, to appraise, to learn, to develop skills, and to have fun."

One of the old treadle-type sewing machines Miss Ramey mentions is believed to have belonged to Queen Liliuokalani.

Another of Hanahauoli's cherished traditions had its beginning in this shop—the creating and carving of individual designs and making of stepping stones to be left at the school. All the walks around the campus now represent in cement the "calling cards" of children who have graduated from the school.

Additions had to be made in 1921 to both original buildings to meet the growing enrollment. The shop building was extended mauka to include a room for art classes with Mae Walker, one for Alyce Hoogs' second grade, and a tiny office. The slope of the land was so great from the mauka wall of the campus down to Nehoa street that the buildings provided storage space under the floors at the lower ends. The kindergarten used this space to store their out-of-door big blocks; the shop stored its old lumber and, later, the stepping stone molds.

When Miss Walker left in February of 1926 to be married, Madge

Tennent, the artist, whose two boys were in the school, came to us for three months—sketching at her easel as the children worked at theirs. It was a shining event for them to be able to watch such an artist at work. Elsie Das also came in the thirties to work in clay and pottery with our children.

One year a crafts teacher from Winnetka, Frances Presler, directed the shop work. With the Social Studies background for which Winnetka is famous, she was a real inspiration in the staging and costuming of our Egyptian and American pioneer plays. Many other devoted teachers should be added to this list of art and shop faculty at Hanahauoli. May Ramsay (Danford) worked with us for many years. These teachers have always worked closely with the classroom teachers to make the child's day an entity, each subject contributing to the others.

In the 1920s, only experimental schools were requiring teachers of shop and crafts who could meet the needs of creative work with children below high school; hence to find such a teacher was no small task. But to our great good fortune, Frances Ellison came at this time from an excellent background in New York's Ethical Culture School, which was among the leaders in this work with young children. Elly, as she was known by everyone, could do anything, whether with hammer and saw, needle and thread, or paint and brush. She was able to guide each child in creative work suitable to his age and ability, to work with a whole class on a mural in the classroom, to supervise building "the castle" by the upper grades.

When to help, to suggest, when to let a child find out for himself, when to accept a crude result if it was the child's best effort, but always to keep in mind working toward a higher standard—these were things we were all learning together in new education, which was supplanting so much of the former teacher-dictated work. Creative dramatics, costumes, scenery—all became of growing importance in the shop. They were the outlet along with creative writing and music, for the focal interests of each group in its Social Studies, and so continued through the years.

Elly carried on with art after Grif Woodruff came to direct the shop work. Four of the rooms still contain the murals painted by various groups during these years, though some have been covered by more recent murals. When materials were unavailable during the war, some murals had to be turned over to be painted on the other side.

The value to the children of this group work is summarized in one of Elly's reports: "The group murals afford a fine example by which their level of work may be judged. These two large paintings were done in two weeks' time, and during this highly productive time

one could observe an ideal social unit at work. Leadership, direction, cooperation, joy in work were presented in their best possible proportion. The creation of real beauty and the ensuing emotional satisfaction and zest were the binding tone which ran through the entire composition."

The murals and the work involving the entire school in building a pavilion in 1941 show plainly what results when a group works together on a piece of art or shop work, on a creative play, on a magazine, or any other undertaking which involves cooperation. No plan of individual instruction so much heralded today can give to children these qualities so needed in all social life. If young children can grow through cooperation rather than competition, we will have a much more vital and productive society of adults in the future. And this the world must have.

Mr. Woodruff had spent some time at Marietta Johnson's school in Fairhope, Alabama, another of the early experimental schools. His largest contribution to Hanahauoli was having the whole school combine to work on the building of a pavilion, *Hale Kakou*. Then came the war and the little pavilion became an air raid warden's headquarters. So much of the usual work at school was disrupted. Only the termites continued, undeterred by war or peace, to gnaw at the old shop building.

Then to Hanahauoli's delight, Marion Ramey came to preside over our shop. She had decided after graduation from college that crafts and shop were her chosen professions, and she had taught them in a Quaker school in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Her first commission was to plan the new shop to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cooke. The shop was finished and dedicated in 1947, on the Makiki side of the first grade. Using one of the original benches as a model, the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades made three benches for the new shop which are still in use twenty years later.

Miss Ramey guided the children in an amazing variety of creative activities. If a child brought to her some project never before attempted, she would say, "We will find out together how to make it." Nothing seemed impossible. When Miss Ramey and Miss Croft spent their sabbatical year on a tour of the Orient, she came back with many ideas gleaned from the gifted craftsmen of Asia.

Marionette and puppet plays have been a frequent occurrence over the years. The puppets, as well as the stage settings and the marionette theater, have been made by the children. The children have been the characters in the various plays which they have created in

true Hanahauoli style. *My Father's Dragon, Charlotte's Web, The Princess Runs Away, Jack and the Beanstalk, Poppy Seed Cakes,* and others will be remembered by many of you.

Clay articles are fired in the shop kiln, "critters" are made from scraps of wood by third graders, beautifully bound books are a tradition for sixth graders' manuscript articles, gay skirts are worn proudly by little girls who have learned to sew on the machines, and many other shop traditions accumulate.

Meanwhile, the art teachers guide the children in making the yearly Hanahauoli calendars, the many phases of painting, block prints, the scenery for plays, and various other art activities. Shop and art are truly a vital part of every Hanahauoli child's education.

MUSIC

Can you imagine children of any age or society growing and developing without music of some kind? Among the musical experiences shared by children the world over are singing, rhythms, folk dancing, chorus, bands and carols. Music in its several forms becomes an important factor in every child's maturing process. The home and school share the responsibility of developing the child's musical instinct along the paths not only of the highest standards, but of the greatest joy as well. Its importance as a means of creative expression must be equal to those in art, creative writing and dramatics.

The Cooke children, while on Molokai, had had an unusually fine exposure to the best in music. In the ranch home was a popular "orchestrelle", a player organ with all the orchestra attachments, which all the family played by "foot pumping". They were able to select from an extensive library of rolls which included the classics of Mozart, Tchaikovsky and Beethoven as well as the popular marches of Sousa. This music became an important part of their lives. They sang, hummed or whistled this well-loved music not only at home, but as they drove over the great ranchlands. Consequently, music was not forgotten when the new school was being planned. Limited as the space was in that first classroom building, a piano was part of the equipment from the beginning. Numerous children are remembered as having played the piano, flute, or other instruments at those first Friday assemblies. Folk dancing was also included, which doubtless took place on the lawn.

The kindergarten children learned the customary songs and musical games, and Miss Hoogs augmented the program by teaching them the old French singing games as well.

Ellen Jensen (Watumull) was Hanahauoli's first teacher of music and brought to the school the fine creative ideals of Calvin Cady of the

Portland Music School. Many fine music teachers have followed her.

When Dora Peterson was music director, for assemblies on Friday mornings all the children came into the hall to the soft music of the old spiritual, "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder", joining the singing as they reached the top of the steps. Then came the songs they all loved—the folk songs, the rounds, the music for special occasions. On many occasions there was also a play or program given by some group before a sixth grader called the classes to leave—the littlest ones first —again to music. These are our memories.

Occasionally, on May Day, there is a Spring Festival with "dancing on the green". Generally, however, the day is celebrated more simply with an assembly of the whole school. At such assemblies everyone attends in Hawaiian dress—muumuus and aloha shirts adorned with leis —making the colorful groups sitting on the floor somewhat resemble a flower garden of children. During the festivities the children sing, in Hawaiian and English, the songs they learn each year. As a finale everyone stands and sings "Hawaii Ponoi".

Among the songs sung by the children are some of particular significance to Hanahauoli. Mary Dillingham Frear's *The Coco Palm* has yielded several favorites. Also, a former Hanahauoli art teacher, Jessie Shaw Fisher, illustrated Miss Ermine Cross' *Kindergarten Song Book*. "See the Pretty Lei I Have Made Today" and "With Needle and Thread and Flowers" have been consistent favorites with the younger children through the years.

The two songs which all Hanahauoli continues to sing are "Stepping Stones", now a "must" for Stepping Stone Day, and the present Hanahauoli School Song.

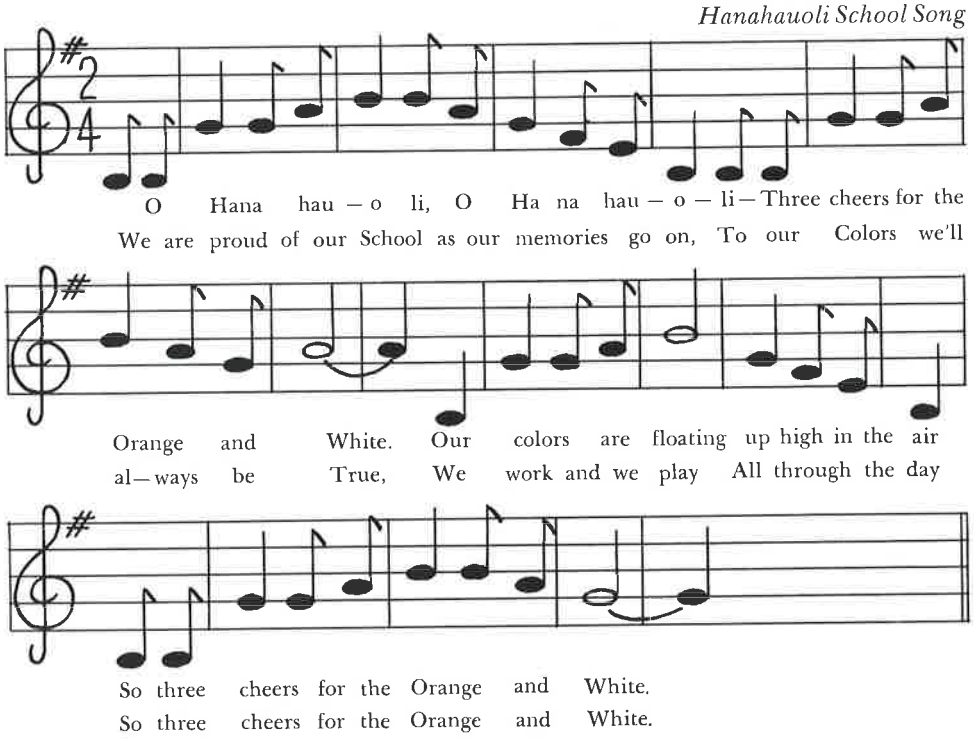
A former school song, remembered by many of the earlier Hanahauoli groups was sung to the tune of an old popular song with these words:

Hanahauoli is the very best school I know.
Hanahauoli is the place we want to go.
Here we work and here we play,
We like this school—Hip, hip, hooray.
Hanahauoli is the very best school I know.

But on my return from visiting mainland schools in 1948 a great surprise awaited me. The third grade came marching into Assembly carrying an orange and white pennant and, to my astonishment, led the entire school in the fine new school song which they had composed during my absence. Everyone except me knew it that day, but I have now sung and enjoyed it with them for twenty years.

THE ORANGE AND WHITE

Hanahauoli School Song



With the gift of a fine record player and an excellent collection of records, we not only listened to recorded music at times, but Mrs. Peterson started a Record Lending Library which became very popular with the children as well as their parents.

We also had talented guests who came to play for us. Our symphony conductor, whose daughters were in the school, played the cello. A mother of two brought her harpsichord and played accompaniment for our carols. A small group from the symphony comes each year to demonstrate the various instruments as an extension of our music teacher's instruction in orchestral instruments. And many years ago, after I had studied creative music for children with Mrs. Satis Coleman at Teacher's College, Columbia University, we experimented in making primitive instruments with the help of the shop teacher. Drums, flutes, pipes of Pan and marimbas were among our accomplishments. Val Tennent's fine drum, made from a small keg and decorated in gay colors, was in use for many years at Makahiki time.

A most unusual musical experience was enjoyed at Hanahaouli soon after the main building was built. Governor Lawrence Judd called the office to ask if we would like to hear a group of Scotch bagpipers who were in Honolulu enroute from Hong Kong back to Scotland.

Did we! The children sat like a fringe on the edge of the lanai (no border of lilies at that time) when into the court came the Highlanders in their kilts, with skirling bagpipes. We never knew who were the most thrilled, the children with their first experience of bagpipe music or the Scots themselves, homesick for their own land and their children. It was a day to be remembered.

Music has been so vital a part of Hanahauoli that when friends of Sophie and George Cooke sought some special gift to honor the couple at their Golden Anniversary, they decided on a piano for Hanahauoli. The Golden Wedding Piano, which was delivered gaily wrapped and tied with wide ribbons, is still used with enthusiasm in our music room.

Another important phase of music has been the rhythmic work—a program both of music and physical fitness. Ruth Doing, an inspired teacher of Creative Rhythms in New York City, had founded a system of instruction based on an acute awareness of the correct bodily activities for the growing child coupled with her intelligent use of the child's imagination for a motive power. Mary Davidson, teaching our kindergarten, had studied with her. When our Assembly Hall was built in 1927 with its beautiful wood flooring ideally suited for rhythms, Miss Davidson carried her excellent instruction on through the six grades in the afternoons. It was in those years that we had pianists come in as accompanists, using the music of the masters which soon became a part of every child's memory. Later, Hanahauoli had the great pleasure of playing host to Ruth Doing when her ship stopped enroute to Australia, and she not only gave our staff a fine explanation of her work and its standards for children, but she taught our rhythm classes that day—a most generous gift to us.

Beginning in 1943 and continuing today, Josephine Taylor happily carries on the instruction in these ideals in body building and creative response to music. Also, her valued assistance is solicited in planning the various festivals, from the Makahiki and the Nativity scene at Christmas to the many folk dances needed in various dramatics at school, always keeping in mind our ideals of simplicity. It is the working together of the staff in a small school—the bringing in of the teachers of art, shop, music and rhythms that binds the children's work into a meaningful whole.

CREATIVE DRAMATICS

"What fun we had giving plays," say the alumni when they talk of their Hanahauoli days and look over the old Kodak books so full of memories. Plays were not only fun, but they were a most vital experience in learning and creative expression. "We made up our own speeches," they say. How alive a character can be when, full of the love of a story, the child himself becomes a certain player. With no need of stage directions or set lines to learn, he throws himself into the part.

Various children in the group play the part in different ways and play all the different parts in their own way, until certain ones seem best fitted for the roles. To identify himself with some personality in history, or fiction, or in his imagination, is an instinctive thing in a child's life. He lives a multiple life—the real, the imaginative, the comic, the fantastic—pouring into each his teeming impressions and experiences. When such dramatizing is built on a good foundation—a background of history, art, and music experiences—then plays become a never-to-be-forgotten part of life experience.

Children at Hanahauoli begin such dramatics in kindergarten and continue them throughout the elementary grades, growing in ability to live their parts in plays as their experiences increase. There is seldom, if ever, learning of lines to recite. There is rather the saturation period of the background, the feeling that all the characters are real flesh and blood. Only then comes the ability of the child to put himself into any part, creating the lines as he goes along. If the studies or experiences preceding a play have had the living quality which good teaching gives, the creative results are fresh and amazing from a child of any age.

Often plays are the fruition of a Social Studies unit which may have extended over weeks or even months. Sometimes they are the

means of bringing the whole school into a dramatic experience in which even the kindergarten may have its part. Again, they may be simple dramatizations quickly created with little or no costuming, played for the satisfaction of their group or to entertain a neighboring group.

One of Hanahauoli's first plays was *The Capture of Caractacus* in 1919. The school then was small, and any activity of one group was shared by all. Children, teachers, and parents all cooperated.

In 1921, *Sir Percival,* a play of chivalry in Merrie England was given with Judd Cooke as Sir Percival, Northrup Castle as King Arthur, and Helen Judd as Queen Guinevere. The newspaper account says: "The whole performance was marked by naivete and unselfconsciousness of the players. The children had studied art and history in preparing the play and have worked diligently, the knights fashioning much of their own gear and trappings."

The third annual spring festival in 1923 was *Robin Hood,* with Robert Cooke as Robin Hood, Ned Arledge as Sir Richard, and Peggy Melanphy (Turner) as Maid Marian. The settings of these early plays were always the tree-shaded campus of the school.

Robin Hood, with its medieval allure for children, was repeated in 1947, with Robert Carroll as Robin Hood, Don Carswell, a fine sheriff, and Ann Sakamaki, Maid Marian. The sixth grade put on the play with many children from other groups playing minor parts. The court at Hanahauoli also was the setting for this play.

When Caroline Curtis came to Hanahauoli in 1928, she began an era of creative dramatics which stemmed from her marvelous story telling and lasted for many years. She began the tradition of the graduation play, the result of the Sixes' experience in medieval history. *In the Days of Gloriana,* a tale of Sir Francis Drake, is remembered particularly because the stage was the whole makai yard of the school with the audience of classes and parents seated on the sloping hill. The children's voices did not need to compete with the noises of road traffic in those days.

The plays continued year by year and are highlights of many alumni memories. Although creative dramatics need have no special costuming—and many, many dramatizations were given by children in all the grades with little or no settings or costumes. Elly loves costume design —she is continuing in that work—first with the Honolulu Community Players and now with the Youth Theater group. As a result, the costume closet at Hanahauoli grew with a wealth of material which has met our needs for many years.

One year the Christmas carol pageant was costumed so that every child in school had at least a bright red cape and cap (for the English waits) or a peasant headdress from some other country. Those red caps were the delight of the kindergarten later when they dramatized the folk tale, *Caps for Sale,* with the jungle gym for a setting. Playing their parts as chattering monkeys, they agilely climbed over their favorite playground equipment and threw the caps to the ground. The rest of the school was enchanted with these youngest thespians.

The younger children often quickly and easily dramatized their favorite stories, inviting the grade next door as an audience.

Sometimes a group decided to do a play in French, using their newly discovered linguistic ability. This was done in 1929 by a second grade. Here is the account written by the children: "We had a French play about *The Shoemaker and the Elves.* Billy was the shoemaker and Dagmar was his wife. George was the man who bought the shoes. June and Patsy were the elves. Dagmar sewed a little red cape for June and June made another for Patsy. Billy made an apron for himself and sewed bells on the elves' caps. Our mothers and daddies came to see the play. Billy's daddy took a picture of us." I wonder if Billy, now a prominent surgeon, remembers this.

That same year the sixth grade chose a peasant family and one from Paris as characters for a play and the Fives said, "Why can't we have one too?" So they dramatized the old French song, "Marlborough S'en Va-T-en Guerre".

There have been Greek and Egyptian plays following the children's work in fifth grade. I especially remember *Queen Hatshepshut's Voyage to Punt,* which made my own visit to her temple in Egypt some years later a living experience, as I am sure it did for several children who also traveled there.

The Threes often dramatize the old Hawaiian life which is such an absorbing study to them. The Fours become American pioneers and love to wear the costumes of that covered wagon period with American Indians playing their parts.

Closely related to creative dramatics are the fascinating puppets and marionettes which all children from first through sixth grades made with Frances Ellison or Marion Ramey in shop. The Ones can make hand puppets and have their own simple puppet plays, while the older children learn the more difficult art of the marionettes. Backed by stage settings of their own design, they give plays fascinating to all the children, as well as to appreciative parents.

HALE KAKOU (our house)

In February, 1941, the school embarked on an undertaking of great moment—the building of a pavilion somewhat like the Assembly Hall, though much smaller. Grif Woodruff, the shop teacher, felt that a project involving all the children would unify their interests and activities for the spring semester. Coincident with the work of building, the staff planned a study of correlated material such as forests, lumber, and homes of the various peoples which already constituted the core of the Social Studies of the school groups: Hawaiians, Greeks, Chinese, American Indians and pioneers.

The book, *Hale Kakou,* made by Miss Alice Adriansen, its cover showing the building plan, contains pictures taken throughout the project. I quote from it:

"January 17, School Assembly—Mr. Woodruff proposed a plan to build a small house. Everybody approved of it. The music teacher said she could use it for music. The other teachers said they could use it when part of the group was having French. The children liked the idea too." (Written by Mary Lou Erdman)

"January 20, School Assembly—Mr. Woodruff talked about the difficulties of the house the school is going to build. He said we had to get a permit to build the house and that the committee will go down with him to get it." (Written by Patricia Das)

A Building Committee from the school was chosen. There was one child from each grade. They were: Manu Schuman, Harold Henderson, Frances Mossman, Jerry Fisher, Emilou Baldwin, and John Mowat.

The sixth grade measured the space by the kindergarten and the kitchen and found it was inadequte for the building permit. There must be a space twenty-five feet wide between each building. Two other possible sites were considered and the present site (Waikiki of the first grade) was chosen.

Early in February the committee went to City Hall to get the permit. They presented the blueprint, drawn by Mr. Woodruff and signed by the architect, Mr. Rothwell. The sixth grade determined the roof pitch to match that of the school. The second and sixth grades staked out the exact location. Then the second grade "broke ground" and began a week of digging the trench which was to contain the brick "rat wall".

On February 13, a load of bricks and one of sand was delivered; the first and second grades came to stack the bricks. A concrete foundation had to be laid in the trench and the kindergarten had their turn. With cans filled with sand, they supplied the concrete mixers; when not employed, they sat on the brick pile, like a row of mynah birds, so Mr. Woodruff said.

Each phase of the work was watched avidly by all. When some special endeavor like setting up the first wood column, or nailing on the "plate", or the exciting day when the rafters began to go up and the building took on the look of a real pavilion, the school bell sounded and all the groups came out to share in the triumph. The first grade helped carry the shingles to an older group at work. And finally, on the day the last shingles were nailed in place by Leonard Stanley and Bobby Hinckley, OUR HOUSE stood forth. A whole school had "learned by doing" and felt the wonderful glow of the result of hard work!

Radha Watumull has written of the dedication of *Hale Kakou* on Commencement Day of that year:

> All spring, the children had been building a house and the idea came that for commencement we should show the different ways people from faraway countries dedicated their houses.
>
> Each group took a country except the first and second grades. The fifth grade were Egyptians and Greeks; the fourth grade, Chinese; the third grade, Hawaiians; the sixth grade, American Indians and early Americans.
>
> First on the program was the Egyptian dedication. The owner of the house came and brought offerings. The high priest blessed the house. The owner's friends brought offerings. The high priest said a prayer to the gods. That was how they dedicated their houses.
>
> The Egyptians' costumes were very beautiful. They wore very handsome headdresses, too.
>
> Then came the Greeks. Their dedication was in a way similar to the Egyptians. The owner of the house and his friends came and brought offerings of wine, fruit and other things. Prayers were said and that ended the Greek's dedication.

Next came the Chinese. As soon as the ridge pole was up on a Chinese house, the chief carpenters told the master and again offerings were brought, this time to the builder's god. The master of the house threw rice cakes to the four corners of the earth and asked blessings. Then his family and friends had a big celebration.

It was the Hawaiians turn next. The owner's friends all brought gifts of lauhala mats, tapas, leis, and other things for the new hut. A prayer of thanks was said and a chant was sung.

The fifth one was the Indian dedication. Four medicine men put up the four corner poles. They asked for a good crop from the gods. Then they smoked a peace pipe, asking blessings from the four corners of the earth.

Then last but not least, came the dedication of the house that *we* had built. The sixth grade did some pioneer dances. Then two boys nailed the last piece of wood on the roof and the house was finished. That is the way we dedicated our house at Hanahauoli.

The End

In true Hawaiian style, an eighty-foot lei of green vines was twisted by many helping hands (our house was twenty by twenty feet in size), and the program ended with the children in a long line, holding the lei, winding it around the pavilion which was so truly theirs.

Six months later came Pearl Harbor! The little building which had been the center for Cub Scout meetings, tutoring, parent conferences, etc., was now requisitioned by the Civil Defense wardens. They sided the pavilion and added an "L" entrance to preclude any light showing at night. Thus *Hale Kakou* functioned for the duration of the war. When plans were made for building a new shop in 1947, *Hale Kakou's* location seemed to be the ideal one. So the little house was moved down adjacent to the kindergarten to serve as a lunch room for the kindergarten children and later was connected to the building and used for the block room. The cement floor so painstakingly made by the different grades (each contributing its own strip) was sacrificed in the moving. But whatever its future fate may be, the "joy was in the doing" and no child who worked on the building will ever forget it.

THE WAR YEARS

BULLETIN TO PARENTS. . . . January 19, 1942. . . .

> December 7, 1941, found Hanahauoli with its largest enrollment for many years—127 children—with a credit balance from the previous year, and an additional one in prospect. One day, of course, changed the picture entirely. Thirty-seven of our children have left the territory. But after holding school in nine homes throughout the city for two weeks today we are rejoicing that, with the permission of the acting military governor, we are resuming school in our own buildings. We can plan but a step in advance these days but the courage and loyalty of all our faculty, friends, and patrons has kept us from failure thus far. We feel Hanahauoli has filled a real need for twenty-five years and we are bending every energy toward continuance.

This note, sent to the parents after we were allowed to resume school, gives the picture of the beginning of our war years.

The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941. By radio, we were told by the military authorities to stay off the streets, not to use telephones, and to await further orders. Since May, 1941, Hanahauoli had been marked by Civil Defense as one of the many evacuation stations in the city in case of bombing or any war measures. Our school rooms had been measured in three-foot by six-foot areas to accommodate persons for sleeping. Blankets in sufficient quantity to care for five hundred evacuees were stored at the school. Emergency rations of coffee, cocoa, tea, canned milk, pilchards, and canned peaches were in cupboards and each teacher was given certain duties "in case". But we hoped and tried to persuade ourselves that "it" would not come.

But it did come with terrible certainty, and we almost lost our school to the military for the duration.

The Monday following the attack I went down to see what could be done. To my dismay, the Engineers were already digging trenches in the yard for bomb shelters. Our wonderful and faithful old Japanese yardman, Hana, who had been with the school since its inception, met me with tears streaming down his face. "I so sorry, Miss Palmer," was all he could say in apology for his nation's attack. "I think you no more want to see me." Indeed I did want to see him. He was one of thousands who felt so deeply the humiliation of Japan's attack; we who knew their loyalty to America never wavered in our friendship to them—and they needed it.

Of course, all schools were to be closed indefinitely; but ours had been chosen for evacuation and to keep it for that purpose meant that, when possible, we could have our school. The buildings taken over by the Engineers and other military groups would not be available "for the duration". How often we were to use that phrase! Fortunately, one of our parents was working in the local Red Cross and immediately acted as intermediary with the military to clear the school for evacuation purposes only.

There was nothing to be done for the present. The Military Governor was in command; it was nearing the time for Christmas vacation; school problems must wait while the weighty problems of defense, reorganization of business and transportation, and all the other civic and territorial problems could be put into some kind of order. Meanwhile, mothers with children, as well as other people, were being urged to leave the islands to relieve defense planning and to make room for the hordes of military and defense workers that were pouring in.

The annual Christmas carols had been rehearsed and the music teacher, Edith Vail, wrote me later: "The morning of December 7th, I was sewing on costumes for the carols, which were never sung. Bebe Moody was to be Mary and Stuart Ho a page for one of the Three Kings. The children were to enter the Assembly Hall singing 'Here We Come A-Wassailing'." What a different Christmas that was! Miss Vail was one of those to be evacuated soon after.

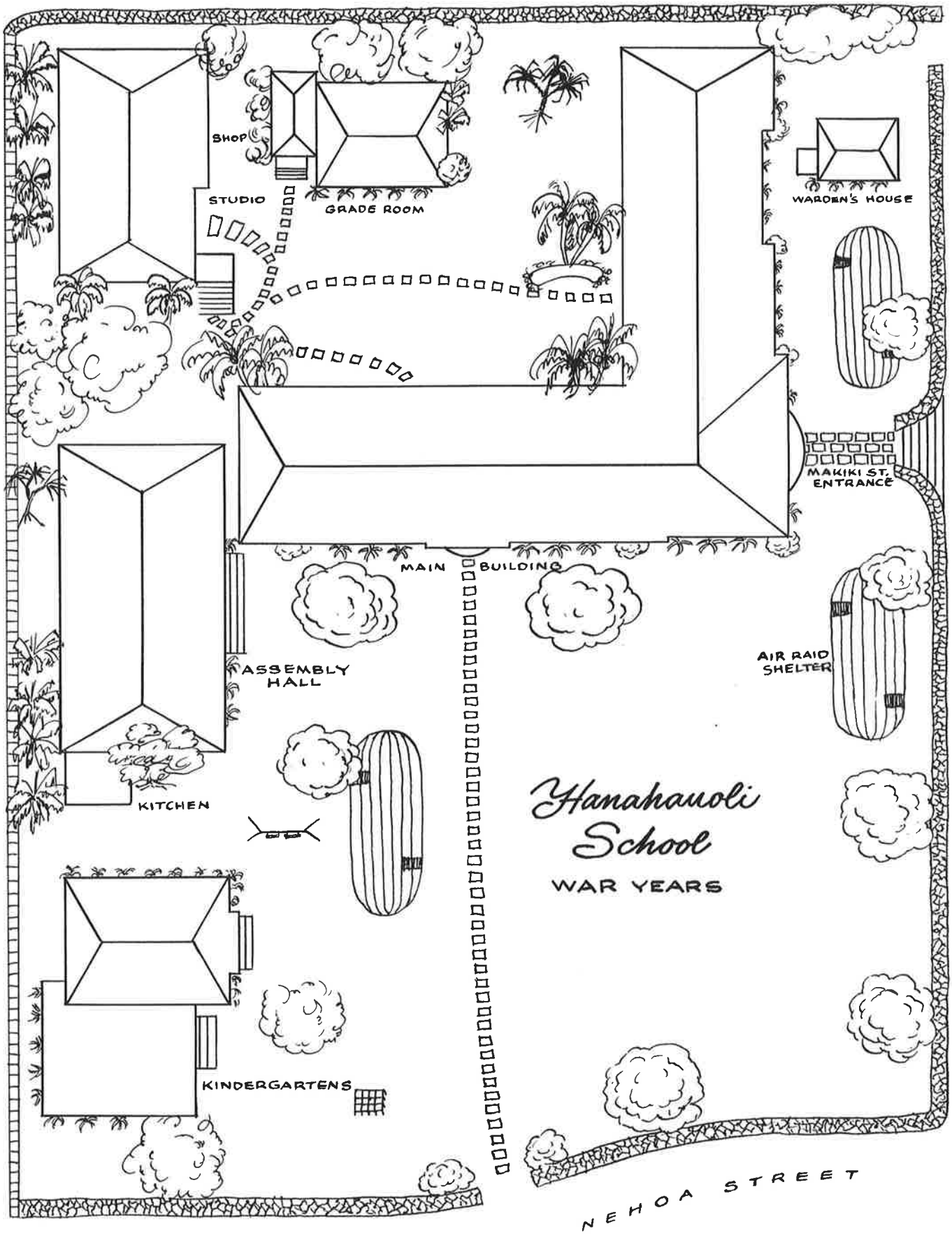
To relieve the tension and fear under which the children now lived, we felt it imperative to get them back into as normal a school situation as soon as possible. Our parents, as always, came to our rescue with offers of their homes in various localities for small neighborhood schools. The Governor did not want to risk children in large groups or face transportation problems in having them come long distances. Accordingly, in the January interim, we opened neighborhood schools in homes as follows:

Kahala	Rosemary Ballinger, kindergarten teacher At her home on Kealaolu Avenue
Makiki	Camile Delnoce, third grade teacher Fourteen children on Dominis Street
Makiki	Louisa Palmer and Mrs. Norman King, nurse Thirteen children in home opposite the school
Nuuanu	Alice Adriansen, first grade teacher Sixteen children in Robert Carter's home in Nuuanu
Nuuanu	Nell Moore, fourth grade teacher Ten children in her home, 203 Dowsett Avenue
Manoa	Winnifred Lawrence, fifth grade teacher Fourteen children at Dr. Uyeno's home on Ferdinand Avenue
McCully	Caroline Curtis, afternoons Six children at James Chinn's home on McCully Street Also, a morning group in Nuuanu Ten children at Mr. Faye's home on Wyllie Street

Mr. Woodruff (shop), Miss Ellison (art), and Miss Hammond (kindergarten), went to work with the Office of Civilian Defense (fingerprinting became a law). Every person in the islands was fingerprinted, and the headquarters for this territory-wide work was in the basement of Kawaiahao Church.

From my report to the Board in June, 1942, we find this picture of Hanahauoli for the first six months of the war: "On December 5th, 1941, our enrollment was 130—in January, it was 105; in April, 89; in June, 80. Thus our evacuation to the mainland continues and will continue throughout the summer. We have lost one teacher each month since December 7th, also four other employees. We converted the fourth grade room (now the office) into a 'gas-free' room where the kindergarten children have their special bunny gas masks and where the nurse has her materials for decontamination. This room is sealed except for one door. Our nurse, Minerva King, made a game of putting on the 'bunny masks' made especially to allay the fears of these little children, for, of course, they had to go through practice alerts as well as the older ones. The older children are taught to put on their own gas masks and evacuate quickly to the bomb shelters in the yard, which have been planted with sweet potato vines as camouflage.

"The fourth and fifth grades are combined under Mrs. Lawrence; the junior and senior kindergartens, under Mrs. Ballinger. The pavil-


SHOP
STUDIO
GRADE ROOM
WARDEN'S HOUSE
MAKIKI ST. ENTRANCE
MAIN BUILDING
ASSEMBLY HALL
AIR RAID SHELTER
KITCHEN
Hanahauoli School
WAR YEARS
KINDERGARTENS
NEHOA STREET

ion made last year by the school is much used by the wardens who plan to board it in for permanent quarters 'for the duration'. We are ordering paper, paint, and other supplies early in view of later shortages. (And what shortages there were! It took hours of standing in line at military quarters at Iolani Palace to get one piece of lumber for repairs.) Mrs. Carter Galt has given us playground apparatus which has not been put up because of shortage of labor."

When on January 21, 1942, we were able to come back to our own school plant, we felt we had reestablished some feeling of stability and reassurance with our children. Christmas had been a saving interlude to children in this emergency. Santa Claus won over war in their thoughts, and when they came back to school, there were few that were greatly disturbed.

With our creative program closely watched, we were able to find the special need for expression in certain apprehensive children—painting, written expression, and the playground all helped—and very soon the children became engrossed in their school life and interests to the exclusion of war interests, in most cases.

Our janitor, Hana, had gone to each home that was offered us as an interim school and dug trenches to meet the regulations for protecting groups of children. It was his last work for us, for an unsuspected throat cancer sent him to the hospital from which he did not return—our first war casualty.

Thomasine Lutken was one of our best remembered teachers. She came to Hawaii in 1923 to teach an experimental first grade at the old Castle kindergarten on King Street, and the year following, she came to Hanahauoli's first grade which she continued to teach until her death in 1952. A graduate of Mississippi College for Women, with a master's degree from Columbia University, "Tommy" was a most valued and intelligent member of our staff. With her fine understanding of children, she met the anxieties of the children in those problematical war days of 1942 in a sane and intelligent way. The two articles following were written by her. After Miss Lutken's death, a library fund was given in her memory.

THERE ARE CHILDREN IN HONOLULU, TOO

A tense group of seven-year-olds reassembled late in January, after more than a month of mingled war terror and Christmas joy. They all had to talk, and talk they did that first morning—for forty-five minutes, growing gradually more controlled as meanings were made clear. Inevitably, the absence of K. was noted. Where was he? Did he have anyone to play with him? Couldn't he even go out of his yard?

No attempt was made to camouflage the situation. K., whom we all liked so well, was the son of the Japanese vice-counsel. K. had done nothing wrong, but his father represented an enemy government and so the whole family had to be under guard.

"Let's all write to K.," a child suggested. Ignoring the fact that they were addressing an enemy alien these second graders wrote K. their experiences during the attack and drew diagrams of their bomb shelters.

"Dear K.," wrote one curly-haired little girl, "I have not had any fun at all since you went away. I will write you whenever I get a chance." And she does. I don't know if the letters get past the censor, but let the enemy get what comfort he can from this demonstration of a working democracy.

As for W., our American-born Oriental, no one has ever noticed that he is of Japanese descent. To save gas, W. comes to school with a group of two Chinese and one Caucasian child. Everybody admires W. for his flamelike intelligence and his cooperation in worthwhile undertakings.

How to lead this group of apprehensive children to be absorbed in calming interests, how to canalize their pent up energy, how to carry on the required air raid and gas protection drills without frightening them, were problems which had to be solved at once.

Although we had never encouraged war play, we now permitted tin soldiers to be brought from home. We helped build airports, barracks and coast defenses. Our small bags of sand, which had hitherto represented sugar sacks, were piled into barricades for sentries. It was felt that from a dramatization of these defense measures, a real sense of security was built up.

The day after a Sunday air raid alarm we re-enacted the events of that day in the light of newspaper explanations. A child operated the friendly plane arriving from the mainland which had caused the precautionary alarm. Another acted as the sound detector. The child who was most disturbed was the radio announcer. One could tell from her ominous tone what fear had engulfed her on the previous day when, crouching in her dugout, she had listened to that voice, punctuated by sirens, reiterating, "This . . . is . . . an . . . air . . . raid . . . alarm . . . . Take . . . cover."

The tin soldiers and the civilians retreated to their shelters, the plane was identified, and the "All Clear" was given.

The real shelter was made their own familiar property by the "bucket brigade" which deepened the trench after the fathers had covered it. The children pitched in with spades and buckets and made the trench deep enough for

them to stand in. On the dirt mound above they planted honeysuckle and morning-glory vines for camouflage.

Gas masks are too big for seven-year-olds, so they must hold saturated cloths over mouth and nose and hurry to a sealed, gas-proof room. We have breathholding games so we won't breathe "the bad-smelling medicine that makes you sick".

We started a garden immediately—a real garden. We proposed to provide the school cafeteria with lettuce, beans, and spinach. How those children dug!

"The only way to win this war," they were told, "is for everyone to work a little bit harder than he likes to."

"Enemy helpers", the time wasters were branded, and they didn't stay idle long. When the nut grass, a particularly persistent weed, began to infest the plot, the children attacked the enemy weeds. They had to burrow for the roots. A big one was a general, and so down to the smallest "R.O.T.C." root. Over weekends they sprang up again.

"They come in ships. They come in planes. They come in parachutes," said W.

Three times our cook has purchased lettuce from the Second Grade.

The first time the money went to buy ice-cream for Hana-san. For twenty-five years he has cleaned our yard, tended our flowers, watered our gardens on Saturdays, and carefully swept around our intricate block schemes without ever dislodging a block. Now Hana-san was sick and we missed him. The older children raked the yard and swept the rooms. The small ones emptied paper baskets and picked up seed pods. They wrote letters to Hana, telling him what they were doing. But he didn't get well.

Now the Second Grade has experienced all the "Vital Statistics". The first assistant teacher we had was pregnant. She was not self-conscious about it, so we all took a keen interest in the progress of the baby. We are awaiting the promised visit of little Timmy as soon as he is big enough. The next assistant married a naval officer. Each child had a bit of the wedding cake. They call her "Mrs." most of the time now. We have a new janitor now, and the children understand that Hana will not come back.

Another kind of parting takes place almost every week. One by one, on secret convoys, our children are slipping away to the mainland. It is very unsettling to say goodbye every day, taking home all your possessions in case you get two hours notice. It is unsettling, too, for the ones who are staying.

Trembling hearts are not always apparent, but itching arms, feverish from recent inoculations, must have immediate attention. So they are patted with cold pads while promises of no scratching are exacted.

> After nearly three months of routine lessons, vigorous gardening, and dramatization of the unusual events of every day, the excitement has waned. During all this time the study of milk was waged against great odds, and with almost no cooperation. But it finally caught hold and now the whole group peaceably builds dairies and pastures and plays the story of milk production. Not a soldier is in sight. Some of the white-clad naval officers have been pressed into service as milkmen.
>
> We have weathered birth, marriage, war and death, and nobody bats an eye when the reverberation of the big guns shakes the very earth.

Naturally, units of work with the older children were made to include the problems of rubber, oil, the geography of Malaysia and Asia, now so engrossing to the whole world. But younger children's interests were not so easily diverted. Learning through experience was not as easy with many first-hand experiences and excursions forbidden or cut off by military measures. But by constant watchfulness and elasticity of planning, the usual interests in boats, planes (which needed constant interpretation from war to other uses), water and milk supply, and the "first days of earth", with all its answers to wondering minds, became absorbing.

Familiarity with frequent trench drills and other necessary war routines helped to allay apprehensions, and the new military regulations became a matter of course. On the bulletin board, this announcement was found: "The Punahou Siren sounds like a sugar plantation train!! But we shall ALWAYS go when it sounds, for it is that training to distinguish a siren that we need for emergencies."

The battle of Midway was fought in June, and what a weekend of tension that was! Wartime security demanded secrecy and only key people were alerted to prepare for an emergency. The principals of schools chosen for evacuees were put on a twenty-four hour alert and only they and their chosen evacuation staff were told of the impending danger. This was, of course, a wise provision that saved a majority of the people from great apprehension and panic.

But with what joy and relief did all Hawaii hear the news of Japan's defeat at Midway. It was indeed the turning point of the war; Hawaii was safe from invasion.

Hanahauoli's graduating class that year was but twelve strong, six of their group having been evacuated. But they gave their usual class play and received their leis of orange and white, the school colors.

An item from the *Star-Bulletin* says: "The present emergency has made certain changes necessary in every school, but the principles upon

which Hanahauoli was founded remain the same today—emotional stability as a fundamental need; learning by doing; intelligent appraisal of facts rather than blind acceptance; assuming of responsibility for the individual's share in the future. To help children think straight and meet the present threatening world with sanity are Hanahauoli's great tasks today."

A P.T.A. notice for January, 1942, reads: "Meetings will be curtailed, but the P.T.A. will have a great opportunity for service this year. The first request is for fathers to come Sunday, February 1, to help cover part of our trenches." Signed, Margaret Lloyd, President.

Lewers Paris, from Lewers & Cooke, was able to get us some corrugated sheeting to roof over the open trenches and prevent cave-ins, a real feat in the wartime stringency of materials. And how the fathers worked that day!

The first graders planted sweet potato vines on the covered air raid trench nearest their room as camouflage from the air and kept them watered until the bare earth was no longer visible.

We had proved that the children were more secure in a school situation; therefore, there was no question about summer school. We would have it, and sixty-one of our children came. To Miss Lutken goes the credit for much of the fine and useful planning of that summer. We called it the WORK-PLAY SCHOOL, and "Tommy's" account of it is a marvelous picture.

HANAHAUOLI SUMMER SCHOOL JULY-AUGUST, 1942

"This is the busiest place I ever saw," observed a visitor to the Hanahauoli Summer Work-Play School.

On the lanai children were vigorously soaping and rubbing the towels used after swimming. Another group was hosing and scrubbing canvas cots used by the kindergarten for resting. Two little boys carried a big basket in which they collected the rubbish raked up by the yard workers. Others weeded and watered the vegetable garden. A very enthusiastic group was engaged, in a cloud of dust, in filling in an abandoned trench. In the kitchen two children poured the juice in pitchers and delivered it to the rooms for mid-morning lunch.

In another room a very small boy with meticulous care folded the corners of the sheets hospital-fashion and passed his bed-making test to the applause of those who had been practising on miniature beds. A group of girls stitched industriously on "swing" skirts which they were making for themselves. (They had previously made a quilt for a faculty baby.) Even the smallest boys were learning to thread a needle, knot the thread and sew on a button. The assembly

benches were being painted in various gay colors by six earnest workers.

All these were "task forces", willing to do their part in winning the war. Most of their mothers have lost their maids. These children were now learning to take part in the work of the family and were given recognition at school for doing so. Even the small boy who grumbled at having to walk up Makiki Heights every day was made to feel he was contributing to the war effort by transporting himself.

That was the "Work" part of the school. For the next forty-five minutes the children formed "Family Groups". There were four of these. Here twelve children of various ages had their mid-morning lunch together and enjoyed some "project". One group identified all the plants on the campus. Another produced plays. One family made a toy village of cardboard boxes. Another made a map of the world in the garden dirt, sticking up different colored flags to represent Allied, Axis, Occupied and Neutral countries. As one of the girls said, "Even if I am older, I enjoy being with the younger children sometimes."

The "Sports Period" lasted for an hour and a half. For this the children rejoined their age groups. Each group spent half an hour in a nearby swimming pool getting very competent instruction from a good swimmer. The improvement has, in some cases, been spectacular. After a rub down and games in the sun the younger ones rested on mats, while the older ones had a story. Those who needed tutoring were given help at this time.

On Fridays, we had assembly, at which each family showed the results of the project for the week. At these assemblies the kindergarten children, who had been carrying on a program better suited to their age, almost climbed on the stage, so entranced were they at the presentations.

Everyone brought his lunch on Friday, for Friday was hiking day. The children have been taken up Makiki Valley, Makiki Heights, and Roundtop, as well as to the adjacent Makiki Park. Always gas masks were slung over shoulders. A great deal of fortitude has been developed. The small boy who whined, "I want to be carried," on the way up the valley, negotiated the much more arduous trip to the Heights without a complaint. He even managed a breathless "Good fun, isn't it?" as we reached our destination. The same remark was made by a "task force" returning from cleaning a neighbor's house and yard. Requests for a troop of weeders from another neighbor had an overwhelming response.

We hope to carry on some of this work in our regular school session next year. When a child is eager to wash towels or pleads to be on the trench force, there is a new meaning in Hana-hauoli—Joyful Work.

It would fill a book to tell of those next three years—of the air raid drills—one in November, 1943, being a city-wide alert. Our entire school could be evacuated in two minutes with gas masks all on. The fifth and sixth graders were trained to go at once for the four and five-year-olds and take them to our retreat up the valley.

Perhaps a few items from the principal's report to the Board in 1945, almost thirty years after the school's founding, will summarize the years that ended with the war!

> The school year 1944-1945 has been a very significant one to me. In examining my reasons I find (in) the release from immediate war tension, felt so acutely the preceding years, including the termination of the evacuation center drills . . . a new forward look for Hanahauoli in the future which now seems assured.
>
> In looking back over the years our work has seemed to fall into distinct periods. The first was one of experimentation; of trying out the new progressive techniques, often by trial and error. Our philosophy was built on the sound basis of new child study and psychology and became so convincing through its results that our patrons and graduates became our best advertisers.
>
> During this period our school was far from financially independent and Board, staff and parents shared and tried to meet the problem of keeping going. Of course, it is due to the staunch support of our founders and some of our old friends that the continuance of our work with no lowering of standards was possible. The loyalty of our staff of teachers during these years is a tribute to Hanahauoli's worth. They continued work with us despite cuts in salary after depression and in the face of better offers from other schools. That "pioneer" group is one to be remembered. The parents, with their interest in establishing study clubs and working toward a more perfect understanding between home and school (a real essential), were a fine stimulus to us as well as a financial aid through their enthusiastic work at our annual fairs. All of our expansion in a building program was in our first ten years, except the addition of a Junior Kindergarten in 1935.
>
> Perhaps ten years ago Hanahauoli moved into a second period. While keeping our experimental attitude, we had proved certain materials, techniques and motives were sound in our particular situation. This every school must do for itself. Adding to our assurance was the growing interest of much of the community. Scores of visitors came to see and inquire, other schools began to modify their procedures and a better understanding and tolerance were evident on all sides. Our staff was in demand to explain our work to educational groups everywhere. We received

much national and even international communication as our school was sought out by visiting educators. Our graduates began to be recognized in colleges.

In this second period we began to recognize Hanahauoli as a permanent institution in the community. The year by year, hand to mouth planning could now be extended to more intelligent planning for the future. Financially we were increasingly more able to meet our problems. Hui Hanahauoli helped us to maintain our democratic idea of giving scholarships to deserving children. Occasionally, gifts helped maintain our library and other extra needs.

War came during our 24th year. We, too, might have lost our building to the U.S.E.D. during those first months had we not become an evacuation center. That we have been able to carry on uninterrupted, except for the exodus of 50 per cent of our enrollment in the spring of 1942, has meant much to the school and the children. A comparison of the work of children who had an uninterrupted school history and those who came back to us from the mainland shows the great advantage of continuous schooling for small children. Tutoring was necessary in almost every case where the child had been evacuated.

The discontinuance of French classes was necessary from a financial standpoint. There was not enough left to pay a teacher and soon the territorial law was passed forbidding any foreign language to be taught to children under fifth grade. I feel that for our type of children this is very wrong. The small child very easily and naturally acquires a true pronunciation that no college French would give him. Our graduates, now young officers, have repeatedly written or told me how much the French facility they got at Hanahauoli has meant to them. I hope to see the law repealed and French again taught to small children at Hanahauoli. An international world calls for at least bi-lingual ability.

These war years are too close for appraisal. Certain things, however, are apparent. We have had to deal with tensions in children, parents, and staff. We have had difficulty in obtaining even the most essential materials for work. Above all, the janitor and school upkeep was a problem. Old Hana, with his loyalty and never failing willingness for 25 years had spoiled us. We can only hope that no future emergency like this is in store for our little school.

Despite our hopes, the Korean War followed in the fifties and two of our alumni, who were Air Force pilots, were killed—Jack Rainalter, a graduate of the class of 1934, and Michael Martin, class of 1940. Mike's painting of the cathedral in the medieval mural in the library is one of my memories. The St. Francis statue in the bird bath in our court was given by the Rainalters in Jack's memory, and I think of him

as I hear the school children repeating *The Canticle of the Sun* in many daily assemblies.

> Praised be my Lord with all His creatures, and especially our brother, the sun.
>
> Who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a very great splendor.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our sister, the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in Heaven.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our brother, the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our brother fire; through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness, and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.
>
> Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us, and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors, and grass.
>
> Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility.

THANKSGIVING AND MAKAHIKI

Children and parents of the last thirty years think of Thanksgiving at Hanahauoli in terms of the lovely Makahiki given each year the day before Thanksgiving. But go back with me to the twenties when the children's procession started from the old (and only) gate on Nehoa Street and wound up through the campus to a small stand originally built for a booth at an early Hanahauoli Fair. The children all wore leis and, led by the oldest ones, all carrying their offerings of fruit, came up the campus hill singing "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come". As they left their baskets at the stand, they sang a favorite song from Mrs. Walter Frear's song book, *The Coco Palm,* so much used by all the schools at that time, "Father, We Thank Thee". Its verses written for island children truly reflected Hawaii: "We thank thee for the sugar cane, and coffee berries ripe and red, and taro we are daily fed. And all the rice field's golden grain."

Then with the two big screens which formed so much of the school's "scenery" at that time, a tableau was posed depicting some phase of Thanksgiving. Of course, it was the traditional Pilgrims one year; another year we had studied some of the world's painters and we used Millet's "The Gleaners"; and again, while Mrs. Lawrence's fifth graders were engrossed in their study of the Greeks, a tableau of the Greek eleusinian procession was most effective, with the girls wearing wigs of transformed mops!

The procession of children carrying baskets of fruit has persisted through the years. The song about the island products has led to the bringing of these Hawaiian gifts in the Makahiki procession. The program was first staged on the steps of the kindergarten in 1932, and moved to the Assembly Hall steps for many years. It is seen now each Thanksgiving on the grass-covered stage in the court of Hanahauoli.

In *Hanahauoli Traditions,* Ann Hayward wrote in 1939 that some-

one suggested we have a Hawaiian festival at Thanksgiving instead of having Pilgrims or Greeks. This seemed suitable to the children for they lived closer to the Hawaiians. So we have held the festival in the Hawaiian way. Two or three children beat old Hawaiian drums while the procession brings its offering to a low ti-covered altar. While the children chant and say the ancient prayer to Lono, other children come, dressed in *kapas,* who have been chosen from each group to offer the chief fruits and flowers of Hawaii, as the Hawaiians did at their *ho'okupu.* Some carry bananas and coconuts raised at Hanahauoli, stalks of sugar cane, sheaves of rice, and many island fruits. Others bring leis of island flowers.

Among the many traditions of Hanahauoli was that of the first grade going down to the experiment station to gather sugar cane stalks with high and feathery tassels. These they carry at the head of the procession. The second grade went to the rice fields to get sheaves of rice for their offerings.

Rice fields are no longer available in Honolulu, but the sugar cane is now planted on the campus for the Makahiki, and the ancient prayer to Lono is always chanted by the children in Hawaiian. The translation is:

> Oh Lono of the broad leaf,
> Let the low-hanging cloud pour out its rain
> To make the crops flourish.
> Wring out the dark clouds
> Of Lono in the heavens.
> Oh Lono, let down a net full of food,
> a net full of rain.
> Gather them together for us.
> Let food plants grow, Oh Lono,
> Let fish multiply, Oh Lono,
> Wauke shoots and the ferns for dyeing tapa.
> Amen. It is free.

Various Hawaiian games of skill and chants have been added to the festival. The gaily decorated boxes of fruit have gone in different years to the Korean Institute, the Child Welfare Association, and the Salvation Army Children's Home.

In 1930, Frances Ellison conceived the idea of the third grade children making their *kapas* to wear in this celebration. They began with lengths of unbleached muslin which they dyed various colors from vegetable dyes or red soil. The court resembled wash day as they hung them out to dry. After trips to the Bishop Museum to see the old *kapas*

and how they were made, the Threes returned to create their own designs which they painted on the muslin. The results were beautiful and original. They wore them in the Makahiki, then put the *kapas* away to be worn each year through the sixth grade when they proudly took them home to keep among their school treasures.

This project was done in Elly's art class until she left Hanahauoli. Then Adria Croft came to teach the Threes and has combined the making of *kapas* by her group with their Hawaiian studies each year.

Thus today's Makahiki becomes a pageant of old Hawaii. All await the blowing of the conch shell (often quite a feat for a child). Then the small group of musicians under the coconut trees in the corner of the court furnish the measured beat, with coconut and gourd drums, *uli-ulis* and bamboo pipes, for the ceremonial entrance of the bearer of the Lono Pole (reminiscent of a Hawaiian chief's procession around his territory during the Makahiki season). At the 1967 festival, the Lono Pole was topped with a small carved wood statue of Lono, the gift of Adria Croft, and will be carried henceforth in Makahiki celebrations. After the procession, the low altar below the terrace is filled to overflowing with fruit, and all join in the ancient prayer to Lono. Despite its plea for "a net full of rain", we always watch the clouds a bit apprehensively, yet seldom have the "low hanging cloud . . . to make the crops flourish" made it necessary to retreat to the Assembly Hall for the festival.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

The Christmas season is perhaps the most loved of Hanahauoli's traditions, ending with the program of carols—the children's gift to their parents. My memories begin with the Christmas of 1923, but the tradition of the carols began in 1920 when Ellen Jensen (Watumull) led the school in a carol service in our kindergarten, then the largest room in the school. An enrollment of forty-three students, including the kindergarten, in 1920, had increased to one hundred sixty-one by 1923. The kindergarten was too small for parents and children that year. So the children in their white cottas walked down Kewalo Street to the Scottish Rites Temple on Wilder Avenue for the carol program. I remember lighting a candle for each child as he went up the steps to the platform. Lighted candles continued to be a highlight of the program for many years until fear of fire caused us to abandon it.

Building the Assembly Hall in 1927 was a happy solution for our Christmas programs, though today we are again "bursting at the seams" when children and parents come together. For Christmas, this Hall, a delightfully open pavilion with its exterior planting of tropical vines, is further enhanced by "curtains" of bamboo around three sides while the stage is enclosed with drapes of soft blue cotton—a serene background for the children in white cottas filling the platform. For many years lighted candles in sconces on each post were the only light—a place of wonderment long remembered by the children coming in at twilight from the adjacent entry way, singing the old processionals—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing", "Joy to the World", or (for our English carols) "Here We Come A-Wassailing".

Learning the carols of all nations has been the heritage of Hanahauoli children. Often there have been carols in French and other tongues as well: "Silent Night" or "O Tannenbaum" in German, "Adeste Fidelis" in Latin, and once we learned "Nu Ar Det Jul Igen", the Swedish dance song.

Regardless of changes in the carol program, the tableau of the Holy Family remains. Mary is the coveted choice from among the sixth grade girls. The shepherds, Wise Men, King Wenceslas, St. Francis, wee angels and many other characters are chosen at various times to illustrate the carols and add to the tableau, surrounded by the rest of the school children.

Returning to my earliest memories, a carol program in 1925 combined with Bible readings was illustrated by two tableaux. The first one was Fra Angelico's *Annunciation* with Nancy Bukely as Mary and Beba Cooke, the Angel. The second was a detail from Corregio's *Holy Night* with Nancy as Mary and Alice Loomis as Joseph. These were the outcome of the school's previous study of the great madonnas in art which Mrs. Norman Schenck brought to Hanahauoli (and to many other schools) with her wonderful stories of the artists. This endeavor was the beginning of the work with schools which she carried on after the founding of the Academy of Arts in 1927 when she became its first Director of Education.

A letter to parents in those early years reads: "The significance and the symbolism of Christmas in this and in many other lands is being made the center of interest at Hanahauoli. Many of the finest old legends of Christmas have been studied and the third grade has volunteered to go to the other groups in the school, as well as Morning Assembly, and tell these legends as their contribution of goodwill and happiness at this time."

One year Mrs. Isaac Cox came to read *The Wolf of Gubbio,* the story of St. Francis of Assissi, who inaugurated the first Nativity play which has led to the universal custom of Nativity plays and creches found throughout Europe and America. Hanahauoli, following this reading and hearing many stories of St. Francis, gave an outdoor pageant of the life of the saint with Awee Judd as St. Francis.

In the fifty years of Christmas at Hanahauoli there has been infinite variety in the carol programs, but certain things are traditional—the time, twilight; the children in white cottas coming into the dimly lighted Hall in procession; the Nativity tableau; the lovely quality of the children's voices.

One alumnus of the thirties said, "Standing here, waiting for that first note of the processional before we came into the Assembly Hall with its audience in the dim light, is my dearest memory of my school days." Certainly the children during the six years of their participation at Christmas have a heritage of beautiful carols, and many a home carries on the carol singing long after the children have left the school.

The carols of 1941 were rudely canceled by the attack on Pearl Harbor, but they had been sung in practice and perhaps gave that desolate Christmas a bit of light in the homes. But Christmas, 1945, was a memorable one. The war was at an end, and I quote from my Christmas letter to friends and alumni: "Isn't it marvelous to be able to say Merry Christmas this year with no reservations! With what joy the servicemen are coming through from the East by thousands and looking forward to a Merry Christmas at home. Some of us who have not seen our mainland families for years are hoping to be able to travel again. Meanwhile we have the good news that a 'Christmas tree ship' will once again sail to Honolulu harbor. No matter how effectively we have arranged bamboo or palm leaf substitutes, nothing has given the real Christmas feeling of a little pine tree. Our Christmas carols will be at twilight December 21st and will have 'lighting the candles of liberated countries' for the theme. As old European carols are sung, groups in costumes of each country will light huge candles and pantomime some ancient custom—filling Dutch wooden shoes, trimming a tree, watching a Nativity scene in France, all bringing Christmas in other lands to us out here in the Pacific on this first Christmas of peace."

Well, we lighted the candles in yard-high standards (Lorna Joan Harrison was the candle lighter); one for each country as we sang its carols and the children costumed to represent those countries appeared. Mrs. Edgar Schenck directed the little pageant which was prefaced by this introduction read by one of the children:

> For more years than some of us have lived the candles of Europe have been unlighted and the houses in darkness. Now they may shine again! Yule logs will burn on English hearths, pine trees will be cut for German homes, Dutch children will fill their wooden shoes with hay for St. Nicholas' reindeer, and Jeannette and Isabella may safely run through the streets to the church and find the Christ Child. Tonight we shall kindle six symbolic lights to represent our thankfulness that these and other children may celebrate this Christmas according to their various customs.

Before the last group of carols, the reading was from an ancient Celtic rune:

> God kindle thou in my heart within
> A flame of love to my neighbor,
> To my foe, to my friend, to my kindred all,
> To the brave, to the knave, to the thrall,
> O Son of the lowliest Mary,
> From the lowliest thing that liveth
> To the Name that is highest of all.

How rudely our hopes for Peace on Earth have been shattered; but the carols continue!

In 1947 we read the early legends of the animals that spoke at midnight on Christmas and learned the many carols of birds and beasts that are found in old carol books. In this *Animals' Christmas,* we sang "The Friendly Beasts", "Carol of the Birds", and others, while children with mask heads of colt, cow, sheep, donkey and dove gathered about the cradle of the Nativity scene.

This program was followed by *Why the Chimes Rang* in 1948, and a *St. Francis Christmas* in 1949, when the children enacted the story of the Nativity play in the little Italian village of Greccio. In 1950 the *United Nations Hymn* was our theme. Children representing various European groups came in as carols of those countries were sung, beginning with this Finnish prayer:

> Don't give us fame, oh Lord above,
> Don't give us riches great.
> We beg for peace, we long for love,
> That stem from heaven's gate.
> Let Christmas be
> Eternally
> The symbol of a world set free.
> Not fame nor power nor worldly worth
> But Peace on Earth.

I was on sabbatical leave in Provence the Christmas of 1952, when I found the santons—little saints—the Nativity and folk figures of Provence. In a tiny church in Arles, I attended the traditional Shepherds' Christmas at midnight. Shepherds from the hills in full-length capes of white sheepskin brought their lambs and a ewe, proceeded by traditional fifers and drummers as they walked about the little church.

This moving experience I shared with Hanahauoli's children and parents the following Christmas, when, with the help of Madame Burkette, our French teacher, we had a Christmas in Provence, enacting the old French tale of Lou Ravi who calls upon all the countryside to follow him to the cradle of the Christ Child. In Provence every home has its creche of santons, the clay figures depicting not only the Nativity scene but all the country folk who follow Lou Ravi to the stable. So some of the children were the miller, the hunter, the fisherman, the knitting woman, the drummer and fifer, all bringing gifts to the cradle. At P.T.A. a week preceding the carols, we acquainted the parents with all that the children had been learning and a Provencal feast of mulled wine and cakes made it a festive occasion. This was the first of several pre-carol P.T.A. occasions.

The idea of a carol program from a special country was followed by an *Old English Christmas* the next year. Mrs. Geoffrey Davies was chairman of the P.T.A. celebration that year which staged an English Hall with its Lord and Lady, a King Wenceslas, and Mummers. These special programs were so popular with both parents and school that we chose Austria in 1955. Hilde Randolph and Gertrude Roberts, who knew so well the Austrian traditions, led the parents in an evening at P.T.A., as well as coming to school assemblies to give the children background. At the carol service a Christmas tree with Austrian decorations made by the children was the center of the stage.

Once again, in 1956, we celebrated a special region and its Christmas customs—Scandinavia—led by mothers with Scandinavian backgrounds, Mrs. Peacock and Mrs. Martin. The P.T.A. followed the old customs and the children added to their linguistic ability by singing a carol in Swedish.

Through these many varied carol programs, the children have learned not only countless fine carols, but the customs and legends of much of the western world during the Christmas season. The school library has a fine collection of Christmas books, and December "reading hours" are given over to tales old and new.

The Hanahauoli kindergarten has had its own Christmas celebration suited to the five-year-olds, and, since 1937, the four-year-olds as well. The spirit of the joy of giving, not getting, is begun with these youngest; gifts for father and mother are painstakingly made and hung on the Christmas tree to be presented on the last day with a program of songs and story. My first memory of the beauty of the kindergarten observance was in the early 1920s when Constance Van Inwegen had her mother come to read the story of the first Christmas to the childen, who sat on the floor at her feet. Then, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, the children went to a corner to get Joseph's staff, Mary's veil, perhaps the crowns for the Wise Men—and with the others on hands and knees as sheep—they formed the tableau of the first Christmas. At the morning rehearsal of the carols of recent years, the kindergartens are always present to catch the spirit of their future Christmas program at Hanahauoli.

Years ago, the little children used to walk up to the Territorial Nursery in Makiki Valley where they were given tiny Christmas trees to take to their homes. When this was no longer possible, a small Norfolk Island pine was planted near the Hanahauoli court. When it grew tall enough to be cut, a sizable trunk was left to grow for another Christmas. Now, three trees are growing for future supply. "Cutting the Hanahauoli Christmas tree" has become an event participated in

by the whole school, with a chosen few wielding the saw in turn. Others are allowed to carry and set up the tree in some special place.

Another tradition is one of sharing in the Academy of Art's beautiful Christmas sometime in December. Every group from kindergarten through sixth grade has the experience of seeing our Academy in its "Christmas dress", with the wonderful medieval Christian art and its special program for the thousands of children all over the island. The Academy, too, had an Austrian and a Scandinavian Christmas. On different occasions the carol singing—always a feature—has been to the accompaniment of harpsichord, recorders, and harp, as well as piano, with groups of one hundred fifty children each hour from all the schools joining in the singing.

In one Christmas letter I wrote: "If you were at Hanahauoli these days you would hear children humming carols as they finish a toy or gift." Giving, not getting, is stressed and gifts for father and mother come first; often scenery for Christmas plays and tree decorations has been made (so much better than buying them). But a special joy was the making of a creche for each grade. The six-year-olds made simple figures from paper cones with balls for heads. The various characters were draped with materials for costumes and cotton sheep with match sticks legs accompanied the shepherds. The next group chose clay for the figures. The third grade made a Hawaiian creche with a stable resembling a grass hut and figures of coconut fibre with macadamia nut heads. The fourth grade creche was of glazed clay; the next group decided to make the santons of Provence. The sixth grade used relief figures of painted wood on a scenic background one year and costumed the figures another year. The creches are displayed with varying backgrounds each year, then carefully packed away until the next Christmas. Many children have made creches for their own homes as well. Perhaps these creches began in 1938 when a child brought one to school to remain as "the creche in the library", installed every year with the background of old Nativity pictures which had been used in the ranch home of the George Cookes.

For many years clothes and toys for welfare were collected at Christmas time. We were given lists of families with the names and ages of the children. Each room in the school outfitted "their family" with loving care and sometimes a committee of children was allowed to accompany the teacher when the gifts were delivered. Later, social service people frowned on this, but during the years in which we did it, a real bond was formed between the children and "their families". Letters continued between them and, with no thought of giving to the poor, the joy of sharing with others was a part of our Christmas.

Later, packing boxes for Foster Parent children overseas was undertaken. A letter from 1947 says: "We have sent 14 huge cartons, chiefly of toys, to the children in Foster Parent camps in Europe and three to Austria. We climbed aboard the Friendship Train 100 per cent, filling the cars of our kindergarten toy train with coins and bills until our quota was met. Soon we shall set up the little Christmas tree by the office and fill the red box with coins for our helpers, the janitor and his wife, the postman, the milkman and others."

The red box continues to be filled each Christmas—our thoughts and thanks to those who serve us so faithfully. In pre-World War II days, a big red cloth bag stood open by the office door into which the children poured their contributions of rice for Hana, who looked like a veritable Santa Claus as he shouldered his pack to go home.

May the songs that we sing
The stories we tell
The music we listen to
The festive beauty we give . . .
Mark this day as one of deep and tender feeling.

May our Christmas be blest with fragrance—the fragrance of the festive meal—the tree—the pungent smell of green things from the wood—and above all, may there be the hallowed memories which all these customs evoke.

STEPPING STONES

Stepping stones, one of our earliest traditions, are the first things to greet everyone at Hanahauoli's three gates and guide them about the school.

Frank Earle, in an article for the school magazine in 1930, described the process of making the stones.

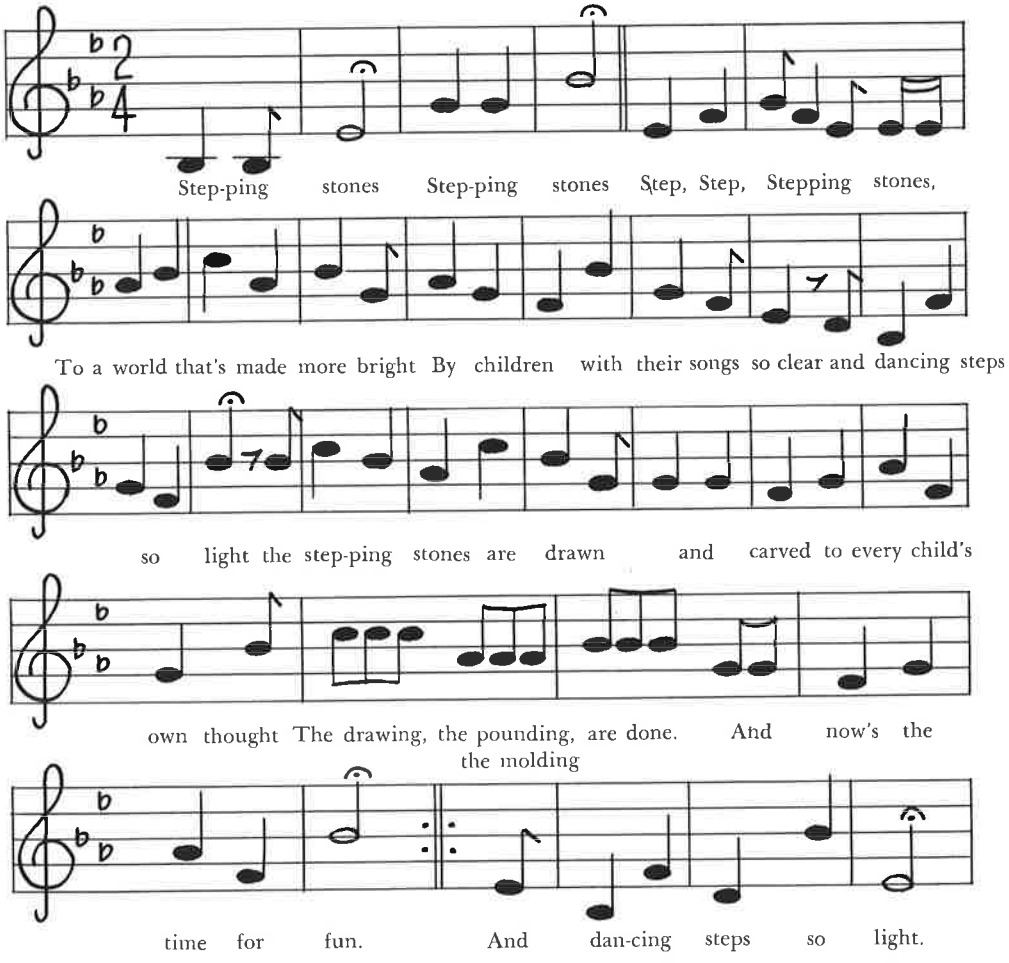
> A stepping stone is one thing that everybody who goes to Hanahauoli leaves behind him. Each stone is different from the next and bears the personal trade mark of the maker. To make these stepping stones we each took a board eleven and a fourth inches square. Next we carved our designs in these boards. Then we put sides on them to make shallow boxes two and a quarter inches deep. We oiled the insides thoroughly to keep the cement from sticking and cut squares of chicken wire to keep the stones in the cement from sinking to the bottom. The cement came next. We mixed ten parts cement with ten parts sand and had a jolly time doing it too! Putting a half inch of cement in our molds, we tamped it to get the bubbles out. Then we put the wire netting in. We tamped hard for about fifteen minutes, and the stepping stones were taken to our room and covered with wet gunny sacks. Two days later we opened the molds and found our designs in relief.

I am sure every alumnus remembers each step of this process, and invariably, his first objective in visiting Hanahauoli years later is to show his stone to his wife or children. With hundreds of stones throughout the grounds, this is not always easy, but all the stones are there and a list is kept in the office to aid the searcher.

The making of the stones is usually a spring project (now by fifth and sixth grades on alternate years). Stepping Stone Day is combined with a delightful spring program of rhythmic dances in the court, end-

ing with the young artisans standing by their stones as they sing "Stepping Stones", composed by the two upper grades in 1953. Then, after the school and parents have joined in the school song, all form a procession over the new stones which remain in the honored place crossing the court until replaced by others in two years.

STEPPING STONES



The first Stepping Stone Day, another of my early memories, was in March, 1926. The program listed the names and stone designs of the seventy children who had made stones from 1920 to 1926. We planned the festival around the medieval concept of accomplishment by people working together.

The preface of the program stated: "Long ago, in the middle ages, all the people were eager to share in any work which should express their aspirations and their needs. The King, Princes, the Nobles—all

became artisans and worked eagerly, bringing the stones from the quarries and the great trees from the forests with songs and festival dances. And Beauty—they did not forget that—but carved it out upon their stones, adding to strength and usefulness some of their own joy in the creation of it."

Alumni from 1918 to 1926 came to participate, and a group of these former Hanahauoli boys were the "artisans" in medieval smocks who pulled a great two-wheeled peasant cart filled with the stones which they laid out in walks. What a time we had finding a cart which looked truly medieval, but one was found at the Montague Cooke's. The outdoor stage was ample for the dances given by the children, for the school buildings at that time consisted of only the two original buildings in the mauka corner and the kindergarten on the lower campus. Music for the dances was provided by the Cooke, Schenck, and Atherton brothers, and the procession over the stones ended the first Stepping Stone celebration.

In 1930 Dick Borden wrote of the program presided over by a May Queen and concluded: "At the close, a staunch group of masons of old, and a band of brawny sailors, led by the Greeks, laid the stepping stones."

Marion Ramey introduced the idea of making a small, glazed tile of his stone design by each child. He takes his carved wooden square and tile home, but his stone always must be left at the school.

One stone usually excites comment as people enter the school from the Makiki gate. It shows a boat under full steam and is marked with the date, 1952. It was my "Aloha Stone", made as I departed on a long-awaited sabbatical year in Europe. The stones in that walk from the gate to the main building are the only ones on the school grounds left in their original places. Others have been added to form a center to the walk, but the picture shows the Class of 1943 with their stones.

The designs usually reflect the child's enthusiasm, at least at that stage of his growth, and we see the interest in horses, birds, sports, Greeks, ships, and so on as we walk over the Hanahauoli campus.

A SPIRIT OF COOPERATION

"Do you know my teacher?" a little boy asked his mother.

"I don't yet," his mother answered. "Why?"

"Because I don't see how you can both bring me up if you don't know each other," he replied.

On the basic principle of school and home working together Hanahauoli was founded and continues in a spirit of cooperation. The advantage of keeping the school small gives it the intimacy of knowing each other, not only through the frequent opportunities of group meetings, but in the many activities involving the school as a whole.

What is now the Parent-Teachers Association began as the Home and School Association of Hanahauoli School. Its first meeting was in November, 1919, with the object of furthering "the best interests of our children and the closer relation of parents, teachers and school". Early meetings record talks by Miss Nellie Young, the principal in that year, of her experiences in the schools of Gary, Indiana; by Miss Ermine Cross on "The Aims of the New Schools"; by Dr. Herbert Gregory, of Yale University and Bishop Museum, on "Changes in Education since World War I". Dr. Gregory felt that "the war brought us face to face with real problems and the trend of affairs now is to give the children real live problems and through these to develop all their faculties, initiative, originality, quickness of perception and perseverance—to give children an impelling purpose for study which would result in real education." All of this happened just two years after the founding of the Progressive Education Association in Atlantic City. The educational world everywhere was awakening to new aims and needs in the training of children and Hanahauoli parents were vitally interested.

In 1924 the Home and School Association was changed to the P.T.A. At the first meeting five teachers reported on the work of their

groups, an account enthusiastically received by the parents. Various activities were reported with keen interest by the P.T.A. secretaries in succeeding years. Members were asked to bring friends to visit the school and to become acquainted with its work. The Progressive Education Magazine was recommended reading for parents and subscriptions were taken by a committee. Mainland educators (often enroute to the Orient on commissions) were invited to visit the school, as well as to speak to the parents and staff on the work of experimental schools elsewhere. A parent related her experiences in visiting schools in Russia. These were "growing years" for us all.

A group of women (led by Juanita Vitousek, whose children attended Hanahauoli) wrote and presented a series of marionette plays, to the delight of the children as well as the adults, and the proceeds went into a scholarship fund. *The River of Adventure,* by Mrs. Theodore Cooke, and *Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy,* by Mrs. Charles McMorris, were two of these productions.

Good books for children was and is a topic of great interest. In 1927, Miss Elsie Wygant, from the Francis Parker School and the University of Chicago Elementary School, came to join our staff for the year. She also gave a series of lectures on *Children's Literature* at the Y.W.C.A. She spoke to our P.T.A. on the progressive method of teaching science, history, geography, etc., and the secretary reported: "As usual, Miss Wygant's listeners were held spellbound by her enthusiasm and interesting presentation."

Miss Wygant was the incentive for the delightful Spring Festival play that year, *Old Pipes and the Dryad,* in which the whole school participated. Mrs. Norman Schenck, then the director of education at the Academy of Arts and always a friend of Hanahauoli, came to tell of her work with pictures for children, illustrating her talk with fine examples of Dutch, English, and Italian art.

Dr. Paul Dengler from Vienna, Austria, spoke to a combined meeting of Punahou and Hanahauoli parents on changes in European education since World War I. He returned to us later, after the devastation of World War II, to tell us of the plight of Austrian teachers. Many of our parents contributed to the CARE packages which Dr. Dengler was empowered to give to needy teachers.

The children, as well as parents, contributed to funds for the Friendship Train in 1947 for the hungry of Europe. And it was Caroline Curtis' example the children of the four upper grades have followed in adopting a Foster Parent child, first in England, then France, Italy, and now, Hong Kong. Monthly letters to and from these "adopted children" have been a means of enlarging Hanahauoli children's vision

of the needy in other lands. The parents played a great part in packing cartons of toys and clothes in September to be sent to headquarters in Korea, Italy, and other countries in time for Christmas. To some of our children at least, offerings of their favorite toys gave them the realization that "it is more blessed to give than to receive". After Mrs. O'Brien's sabbatical in 1955, when she visited Greece, sixteen cartons were sent to headquarters for the children there.

In the school's early years especially, the need to know about the educational aims of Hanahauoli prompted a series of P.T.A. meetings resulting in helpful discussions. These led to the forming of various study clubs interested in the many facets of school work, in addition to the group meetings with each teacher early in the year (continued to the present day) to give the parents an understanding of, and interest in, all the child's work. Such knowledge on the part of a parent means much to the progress of the child.

A serious study of the effects of comic books, radio programs, and movies in the 1940s resulted in appeals (which were heeded for the time being) to radio stations to change the hours of programs undesirable for children's listening. A majority of parents adopted better standards in reading and movies for their children. This action was taken almost thirty years ago; such problems are still with us today.

One committee sent out a questionnaire covering "What your children do with their 24 hours each day", an appraisal of the children's leisure time, both cultural and social. Helpful suggestions for summer vacations were often discussed. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", there are so many more memories, as I read these old records, of less serious meetings when we all enjoyed travel talks by parents and staff, illustrated by slides and movies.

At the opening meeting each year new parents and teachers are welcomed to the Hanahauoli "family" at a traditional sukiyaki dinner (presided over by Eto, our cook for the many years that she was with us). Often classmates of an earlier generation greet one another as parents in their former school.

Fairs have been an important part of parent participation in the school and have contributed in two ways—first, to weld the group together, and secondly, to raise funds for the many growing needs of the school. The children always have their special part in making things to sell and to be the salesmen. One of the first Fairs took place in 1924—a bridge and mah-jongg party for which the children made the table prizes in shop. The bridge tables were arranged in the classrooms and mah-jongg was played out-of-doors. Mrs. Marshall Webb, first president of the P.T.A., was chairman, and the proceeds were

divided between a scholarship fund and new equipment for the school.

No Fairs occurred between 1936 and 1947 as the P.T.A. voted to raise the dues per family and thus provide money for needed improvements. When the war was over, during which time the termites had worked more assiduously than ever at our one remaining building, it was decided to build new classrooms for the third and fourth grades. In 1948 a Fair was planned to raise funds. The theme chosen was a Medieval Guild, quite in keeping with the Social Studies of the sixth grade. The craft guilds were represented in booths gay with banners and shields and announced by town criers. The sixth grade gave a marionette play, *The Reluctant Dragon;* the third grade had dyed extra pieces of material when they made *kapas* from which they now made attractive telephone book covers. Every grade and all parent committees worked untiringly, and supper was served and eaten on the lawn ending a most successful return to Hanahauoli Fairs, which now occur on alternate years.

The reports of the many chairmen are refreshing to read. Forgetting all the fatigue and hard work, they write: "Didn't we have a marvelous time working together for Hanahauoli"; "Even the weatherman gave us a beautiful day"; and "It is nice to know that the Fair was a financial success but even nicer to know that it was 'in keeping with Hanahauoli's standards for children'."

The tenth, twentieth, and fortieth anniversaries of the founding of the school have been celebrated and now we approach the fiftieth in 1968. The dedication of our buildings have also been occasions for bringing the Hanahauoli family and its alumni together.

In June, 1927, the dedication of the Assembly Hall was celebrated with a "planting bee" by fathers and sons, followed by a program in which each grade contributed its part. The event was concluded with *The Medieval Court,* a play by the sixth grade, with Robert Judd as Charlemagne and Elizabeth Cooke, the medieval queen.

When we moved into our new main building in 1929, the P.T.A. president wrote: "Our building erected this last summer through the strong interest and effort of our parents has proved a great source of joy and inspiration. At our October meeting, Mr. Harry Bent, architect, Mrs. Catherine Jones Richards, landscape architect, and Mr. Philip Spalding, chairman of the building committee, gave us clear ideas of the new building's design and purpose." Then she adds, "I feel sure that there is no P.T.A. where every parent and every teacher takes more vital interest in the entire school and in each child's individual needs."

The twentieth anniversary of the school in July, 1938, was the

occasion for an afternoon reunion of alumni, parents, and friends, with Mrs. Robert Thompson as chairman. Exhibits of the children's work over the years, moving pictures of school events, and a happy coming together of old friends made it a memorable occasion.

The next alumni and school celebration was the formal opening of Hanahauoli's shop building in August, 1947, with three alumni laying stepping stones at the front of the building. The notes to alumni on that occasion read: "Look for your stepping stone somewhere . . . and you will find alumni paintings, stories, and articles in the classrooms. Old Kodak books, pictures, and school magazines are also on exhibit for you to enjoy."

How swiftly the years pass as I review these happenings! We have come to Hanahauoli's fortieth anniversary (the year after my retirement) with the school inviting "Alumni, Parents and Friends of Hanahauoli School to come and walk over the Stepping Stones to Hanahauoli's future on May 9, 1958." The invitation continues: "After visiting with your friends, the old school bell will call you together to hear some plans for Hanahauoli." And come they did, over six hundred, who gathered for the homecoming and renewing of friendships. This picture will doubtless be repeated in the plans of our long awaited fiftieth anniversary in the year 1968-1969, so I will quote at length from the 1958 reports.

The fortieth anniversary book was bound in the school colors of orange and white, similar to the books made each year by the sixth graders. It begins with the old Hawaiian greeting—*"Puehu Ole Ke Ala Aloha*—The fragrance of Aloha cannot be blown away". The first pages contain the signatures of the hundreds of guests, followed by those of the children of each grade in school except the kindergartens, who had not yet learned to write. Then come the nostalgic pages of telegrams and notes from those far away. "How I wish I might be with you to walk over the old stepping stones of so many memories. I can scarcely believe it is 40 years ago that I was a charter member!" (from one of the school's first pupils). "I was on hand when the first stepping stones were placed. How many feet have trod those stones since then! They (the stones) in a way symbolize the educational inspirations I have received through all those years. As you step forward on those stones to a New Future, keep in mind the magic and wonder, the curiosity of childhood—that dancing and painting, music and poetry, our great inheritance of beautiful literature, the natural love of Nature and of animals, all are part of the child's educational development. They are more important than developing a Sputnik Creator! Hanahauoli will always live happily in my memory as a place for the right way of living with children." (from an early kindergarten

teacher). "Does Hana still cut the bananas for the children's lunches? . . . It doesn't seem possible that Hanahauoli is a staid old lady of forty. I always think of it as young and gay as the children it nurtures so well." (from a mother of two alumni). "A toast to your philosophy and to your belief that priority for children today and everyday is the development of a love of learning, respect for limitations and love of others." (from a university professor who was once on our staff). "Somehow when I picture the St. Francis courtyard, I think of you all on a brilliant sun-lit morning and the image is a warm and unforgettable memory"; "May Hanahauoli continue to uphold her high scholastic standards and sympathetic understanding of children"; (all from staff members far and near).

The plans for Hanahauoli mentioned in the invitation were the establishment of a building fund for maintenance and replacement and the long needed endowment to meet the increasing cost of education. With an alumnus, Roy Vitousek, Jr., (known as Peter in his Hanahauoli days) as chairman, the building fund of $50,000 and endowment of $100,000 were raised in the next three years.

To return to the fortieth anniversary celebration, the day was the epitome of the Joyous Work for which Hanahauoli stands. The school colors were everywhere—on the lanai tea tables, with yellow chrysanthemums and golden butterflies as a special feature, on the school children with orange badges on their white shirts and shorts, ready for the sports program to follow. Alumni from the classes of 1918 through 1958 served at the tea tables; former Hanahauoli staff members were hostesses-at-large to greet the guests.

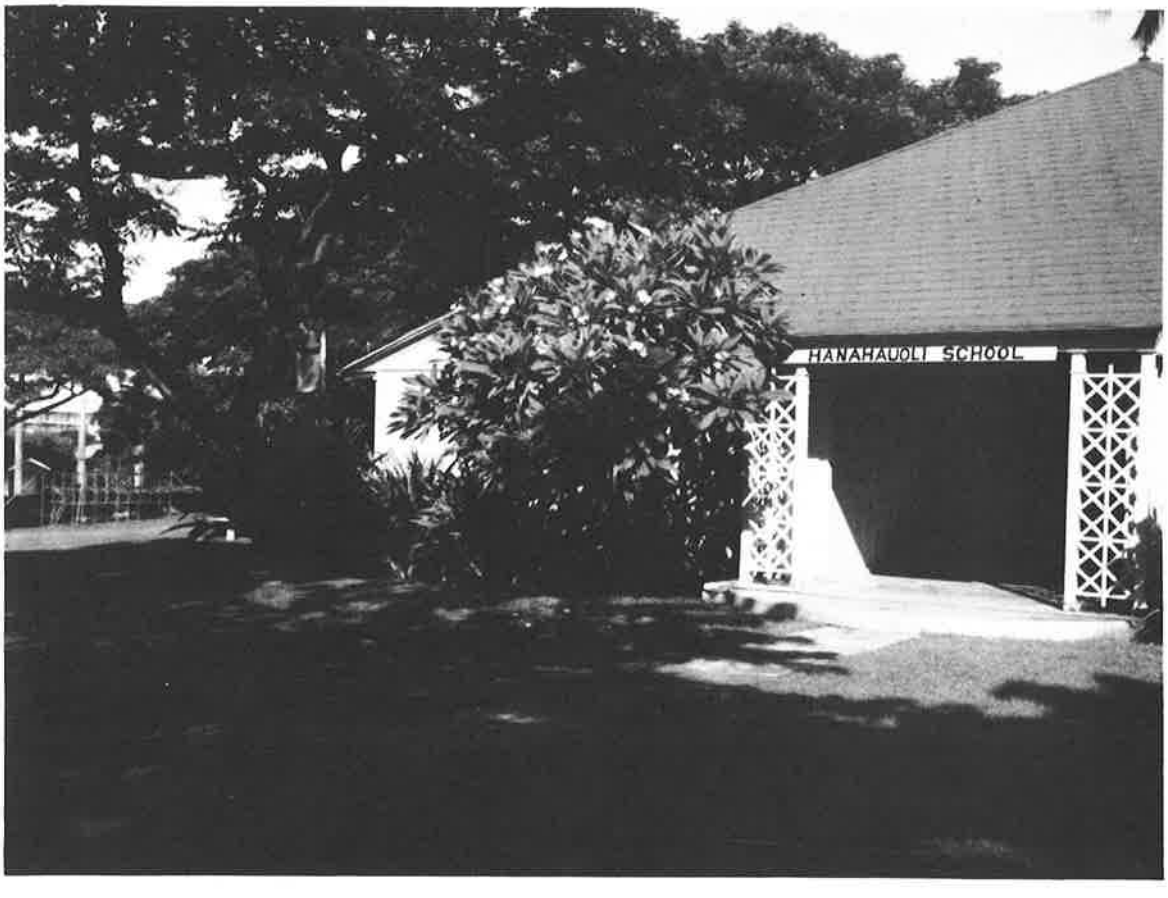
Pictures culled from the school's large collection over the years brought back many forgotten memories. Finally the school hand bell called the guests together in the court for a short program featuring talks by Mrs. Cooke, the founder, and former staff and alumni. Then the children who had made the most recent stepping stones stood by them as the assembly sang the Stepping Stone song and Hanahauoli's song, composed by children in earlier days. A long-to-be-remembered occasion ended as all "walked over the stepping stones to Hanahauoli's future" and wandered over the campus finding and reminiscing over their own stones.

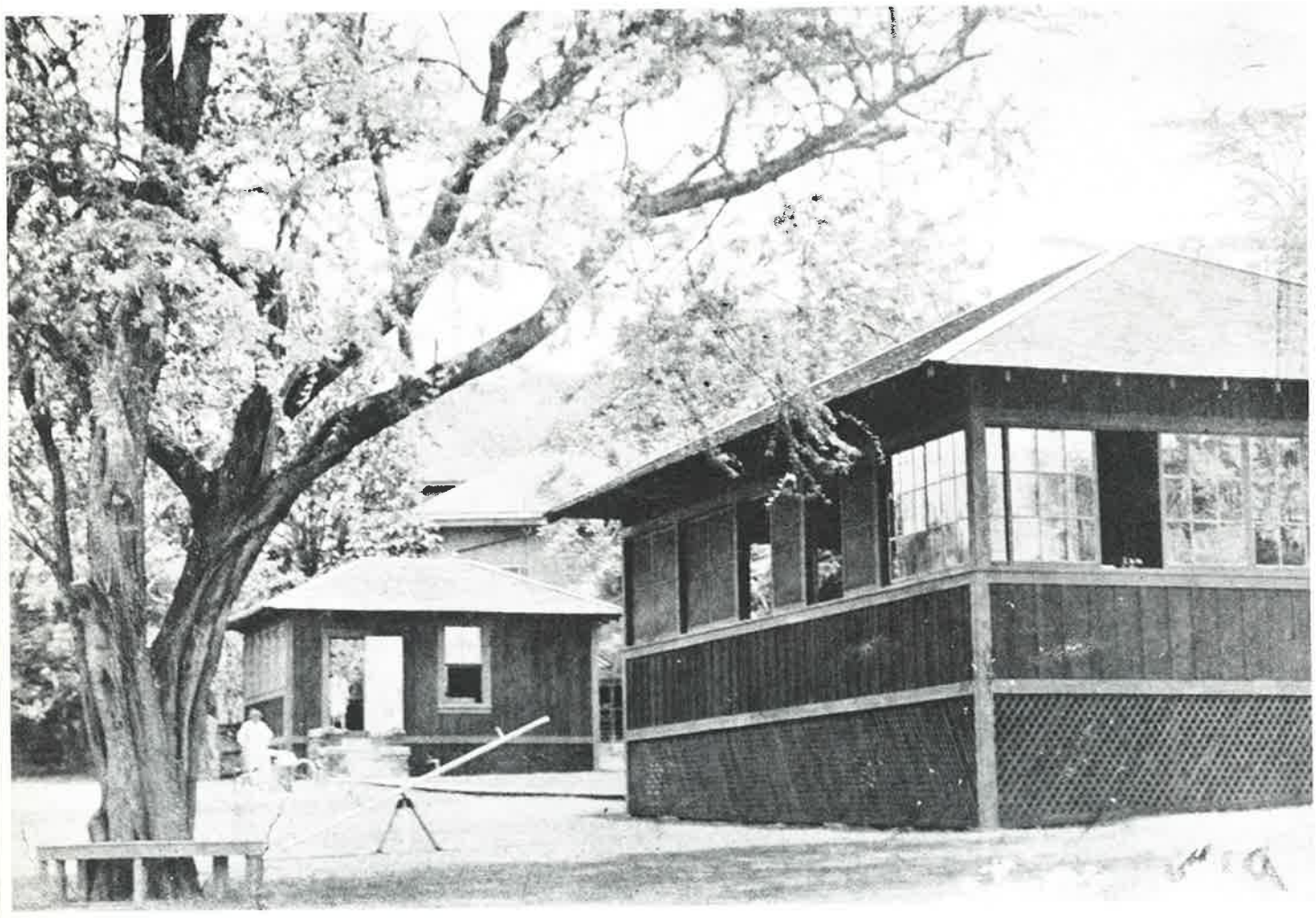
These memories of Fairs, Makahikis and *kapa* making, Christmas carols, Olympic games, Guild Halls, creative work of all kinds—excitement of discovery and pleasure of accomplishment—continue and will continue as future children add their stepping stones to lead them on their way to Joyous Work in the future.

Thus will the Hanahauoli family gather on many future occasions, for we repeat, "The fragrance of Aloha cannot be blown away".

THE REALIZATION OF A DREAM

THROUGH A SPIRIT OF COOPERATION



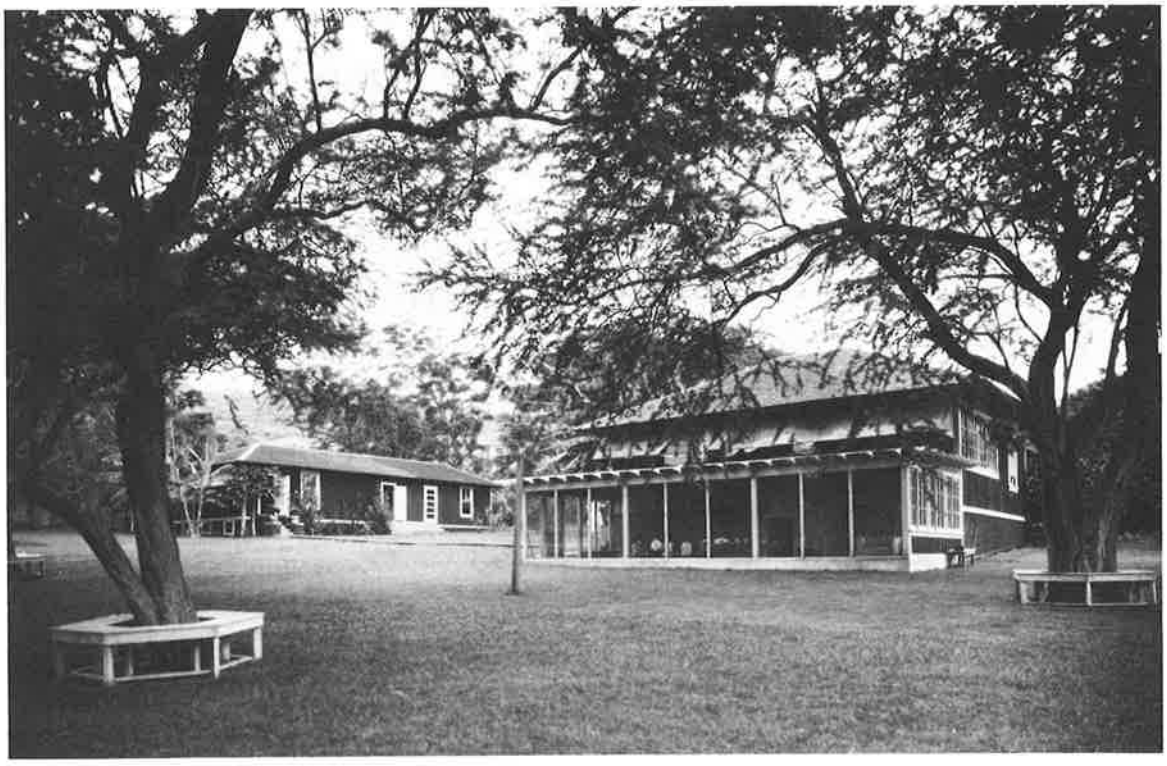


two small buildings which became the nucleus of the new school . . .

after excursion to the Sugar Planters' Experiment Station . . .

ample space for the block building . . .

the rooms were informally arranged . . .



the charm of our tree-shaded campus . . .

good for children from five to eighty years of age . . .

gardens where the junior kindergarten now stands . . .

lightweight bamboo chairs and tables were carried by the children . . .

Hana, our wonderful yardman . . .

Aka's Shop . . .

Assembly Hall, built in 1927 . . .

first-hand experience . . .

serving lunches popular with the school . . .

Eto-san served delicious meals . . .

planning balanced meals . . .

we liked to "lick the dish" . . .

chicken raising at school . . .

the building of a chicken house . . .

Hamburger, soon shortened to Hammy . . .

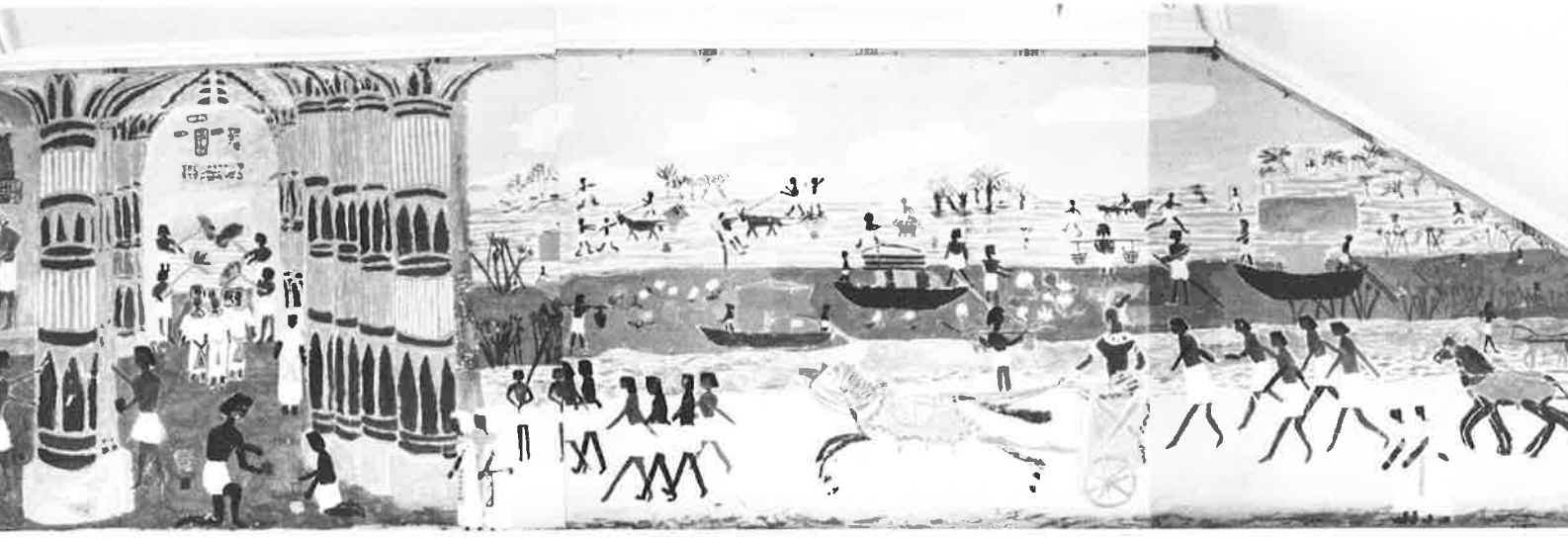
the "beeman" who cared for our hive . . .

care of pets . . .

a tradition of bee keeping . . .

the mural of Egyptian life . . .

a fine playground . . .



a feeling of the oriental court often seen in the islands . . .

rice, a study of the island's only grain . . .

the ground being plowed by water buffalo . . .

the *pili* grass . . .

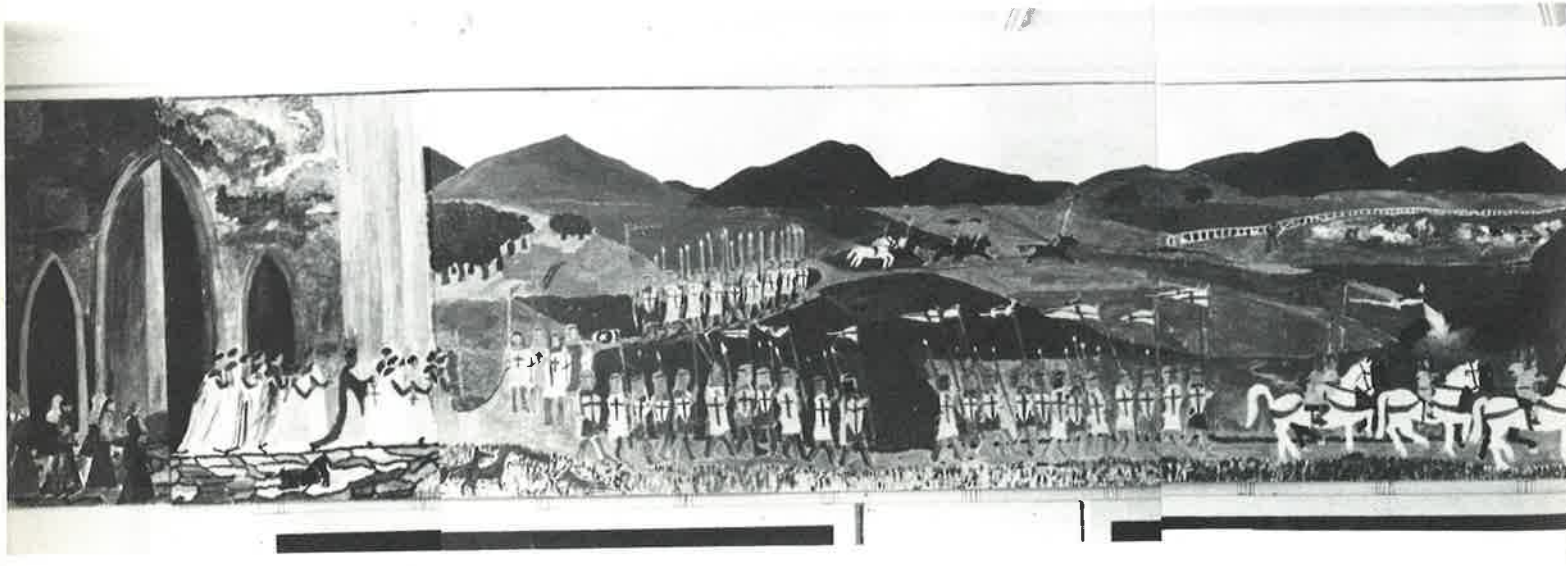
a *luau* for their parents . . .

preparing the *imu* . . .

a grass hut large enough to use . . .

the Greeks become all absorbing . . .

the Olympic Games occur yearly . . .

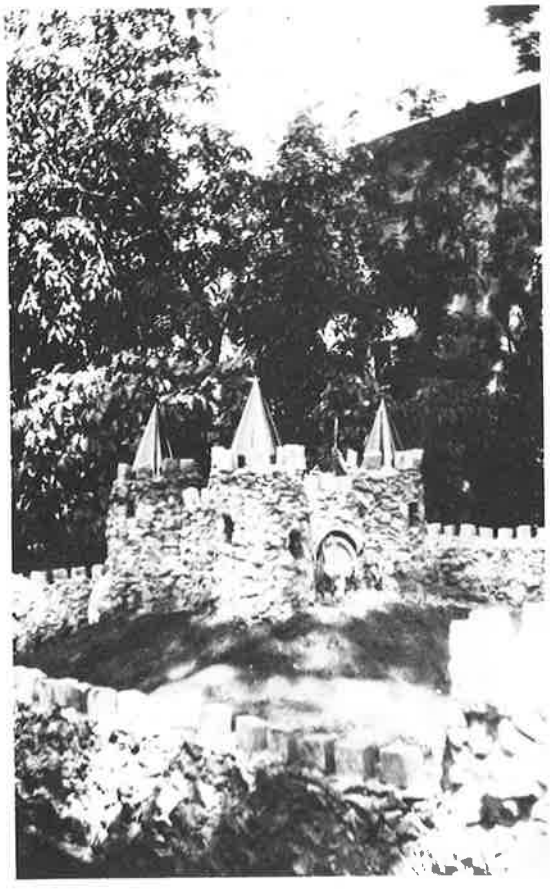


not as "history", but as life in days of old . . .

a real impetus to good physical education . . .

the laurel wreaths (from local olive leaves) . . .

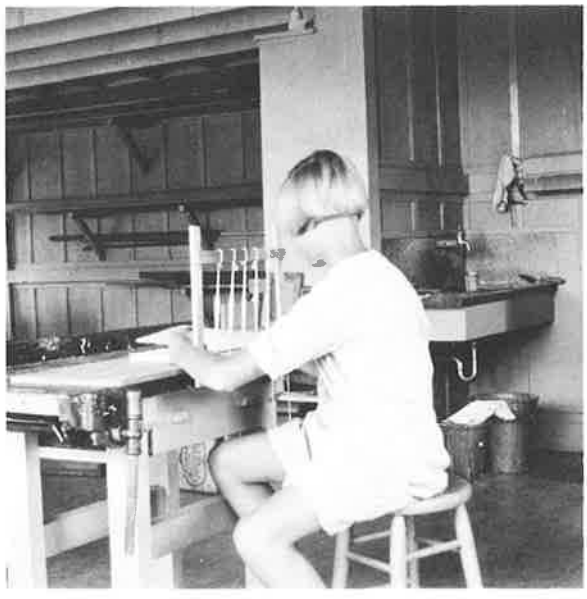
a wealth of work . . .



a real castle built of rock . . .

a Medieval Great Hall, hung with banners and shields . . .

a large playhouse featured in activities . . .



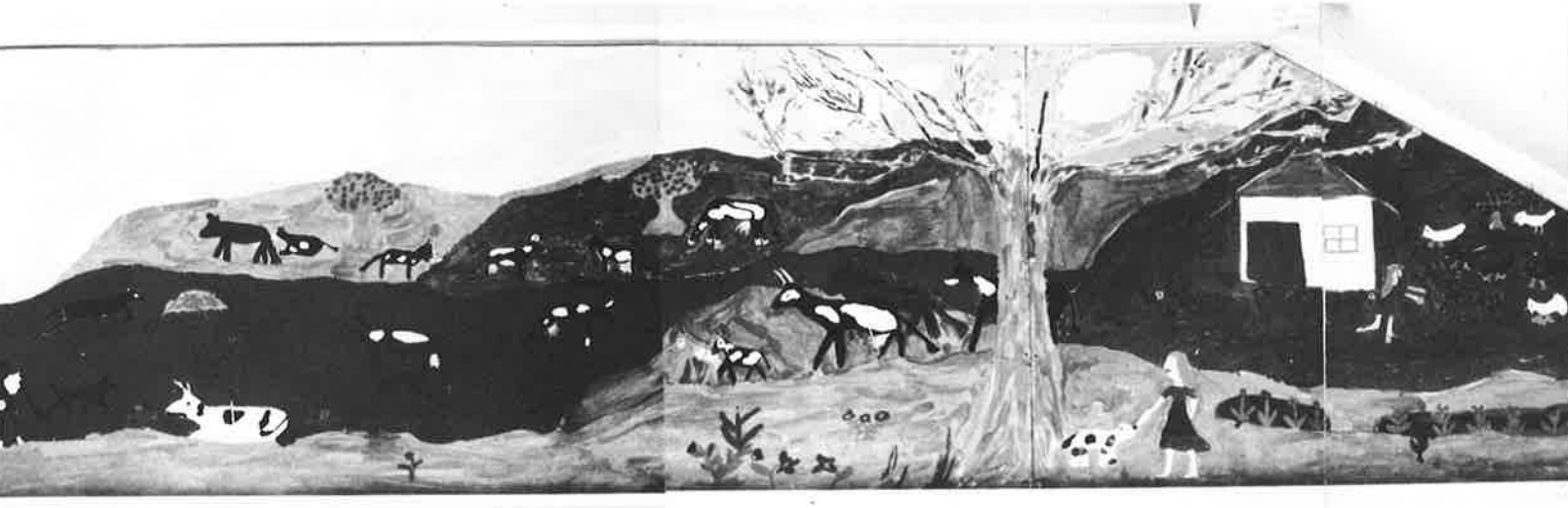
daughters, as well as sons, learned . . .

a dozen benches of varying heights filled the room . . .

many other phases of their school program contributed toward the enrichment of this work . . .

correct use of real and efficient tools . . .

an exciting place to work, to learn . . .

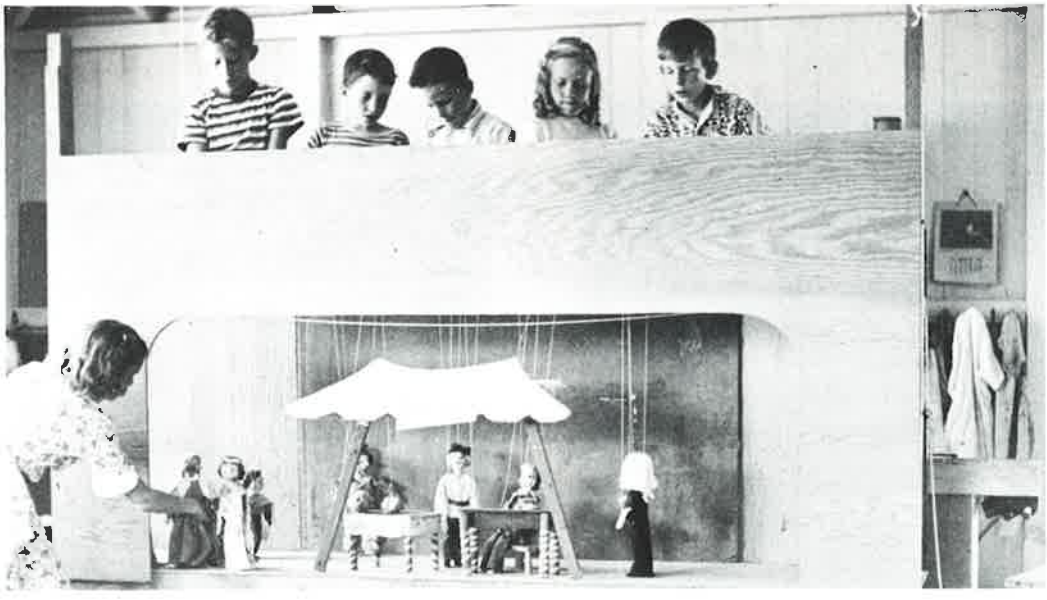


they use their own ideas . . .

a great deal of attention . . .

the phases of painting . . .

wood is a favorite material . . .



the fascinating marionettes which all children made . . .

marimbas were among our accomplishments . . .

Scotch bagpipers . . .

rhythmic work . . .

George and Sophie Cooke Studio . . .

beautiful wood flooring suited for rhythms . . .

a means of creative expression . . .

Queen Hatshepshut's Voyage to Punt . . .

the legends of St. Francis . . .

Robin Hood . . .

In the Days of Gloriana . . .

the audience of classes . . .

Robin Hood and Maid Marian . . .

second and sixth grades staked the location . . .

the trench to contain the brick "rat wall" . . .

the joy was in the doing . . .

the last shingles were nailed in place . . .

our house stood forth . . .

the dedication of *Hale Kakou* . . .

practice alerts . . .

planting vines as camouflage . . .

the children had a vegetable garden . . .

there was no question about summer school . . .

emotional stability, a fundamental need . . .

St. Francis statue in our court . . .

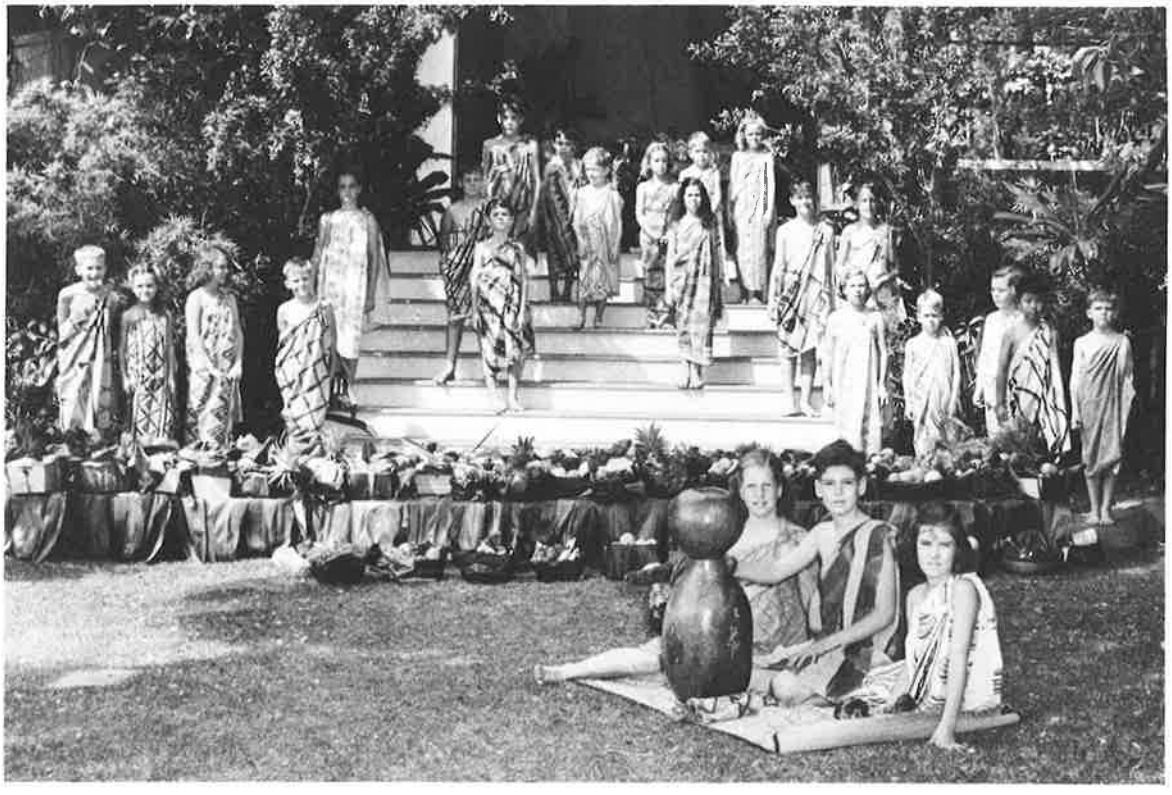
the blowing of the conch shell . . .

a tableau of the Greek eleusinian procession . . .

the traditional Pilgrims one year . . .

a small group of musicians furnish the measured beat . . .

the procession brings its offering to a low ti-covered altar . . .



the altar is filled to overflowing and all join in the ancient prayer to Lono . . .

the Christmas season—children in white cottas filling the platform . . .

the Nativity tableau . . .

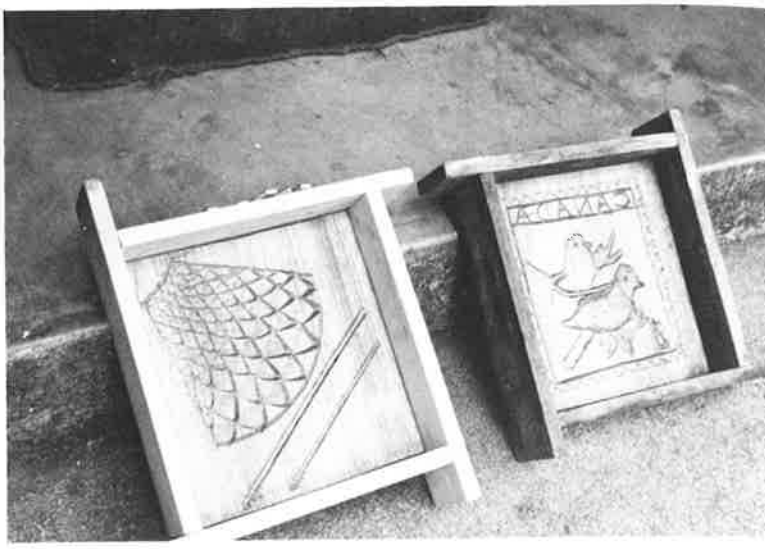
the pungent smell of green things . . .

the Hanahauoli Christmas tree . . .

the kindergarten has its own celebration . . .

the universal custom of creches . . .

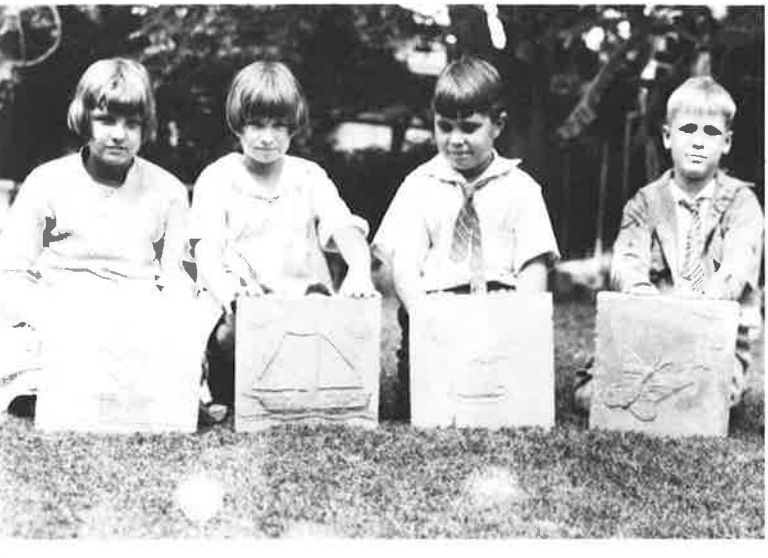
the only stones left in their original places . . .



the creating and carving of individual designs . . .

mixing cement and sand . . .

a staunch group of masons . . .



the "calling cards" of children who have graduated . . .

Stepping Stones, one of our earliest traditions . . .

the memories of Fairs . . .

part of parent participation . . .

attractive telephone book covers to sell . . .

the children have their special part . . .

the theme was a Medieval Guild . . .

booths gay with banners and shields . . .

HANAHAUOLI STAFF 1918-1968

PRINCIPALS

Miss Cecil Palmer	1918-1919
Miss Nellie Young	1919-1921
Miss Della Copp	1921-1924
Miss Louisa Palmer	1924-1957
Mrs. Chester O'Brien	1957-1961
Mrs. Newell P. Price	1961-1963
Miss Katherine A. Mills	1963-

TEACHERS

Miss Mildred Adams
Mrs. Judy Sammis Albert
Miss Carlotta Alexander
Miss Jesse Borg
Miss Elizabeth Baldwin
Mrs. Rosemary Ballinger Stewart
Mrs. Beth Kassabaum Blackford
Miss Madeline Bergmann
Miss Evangeline Breck
Miss Eleanor Burts
Miss Charlotte Carlson
Miss Madeline Carr
Mrs. Georgia Durden Cavanagh
Mrs. Ann Chidsey
Miss Della Copp
Mr. Gary Craig
Miss Adria Croft
Miss Caroline Curtis
Mrs. Vincent Danford
Miss Mary Davidson
Mrs. Philander Derby
Miss Gladys Dickey
Miss Gertrude Dierks
Mrs. Zella Ellsperman
Mrs. Vasili Eremeef
Miss Mary Ewing
Mrs. Ruth Farrington Leavey
Mrs. Edna Hardie Fassoth
Miss Ruth Fellows
Miss Patricia Fleming
Mrs. Morris Fox
Mrs. Bonnie Frazier Andrew
Mrs. Frank Freeland
Mrs. Nancy Hammond Frink
Mrs. Lee Hess Gerber
Mrs. Edwin Gillaspy
Mrs. Peggy Hawkins Gillespie
Mrs. Nora Graffius
Mr. Harald G. S. Green
Miss Edith Greer
Miss Florence Griffin
Miss Josephine Griffin
Miss Mari Hale
Mrs. Marguerite Dutton Hard
Miss Louise Harris
Mrs. Jean Morrell Harris
Miss Frances Harrison
Mrs. Mary Robinson Heyd
Miss Jane Holden
Miss Alyce Hoogs
Miss Laila Jarvela
Miss Carol Jenkins
Miss Helen Joerger
Mrs. Evelyn Christian Johnson
Miss Ann Kenrick
Mrs. Mildred Waldron Kilmer
Mrs. Elizabeth Haglund King
Mrs. Inez Gollan Kurokawa
Mrs. Basil Lamb
Miss Joyce Larsen
Mrs. Russell Laubaugh
Mrs. Lee Lawrence
Mrs. Amos P. Leib
Mrs. James Linn
Miss Thomasine Lutkin
Mrs. Phyllis Asplund Mabry
Miss Ruth McMillen
Mrs. Anne Nechak McSpadden
Mrs. Mary Lou Bixby Mead
Miss Marie Merkel
Mrs. Jean Woodman Miller
Miss Marjorie Minnis
Miss Nell Moore
Mrs. Patricia Ashley Moore
Mrs. Jean Moorman
Miss Marion Morris
Mr. Herbert Nadelhoffer
Miss Edith Nelson
Mrs. Harry Nelson
Miss Ann Nielson
Mrs. Carol Strong Oberg
Mrs. Chester O'Brien
Mrs. Eleanor Peacock
Mrs. H. C. Penhallow
Mrs. Robert Peterson
Mrs. Alice Adriansen Porteus
Miss Hester Pratt
Mrs. Newell P. Price
Mrs. Marcia Lundgren Reddin
Miss Mary Reddin
Mrs. Vernon Richardson
Mrs. Helen Roberts Walker
Miss Sylvia Saastamoinen
Mrs. Donald Salter
Mrs. James M. Sattler
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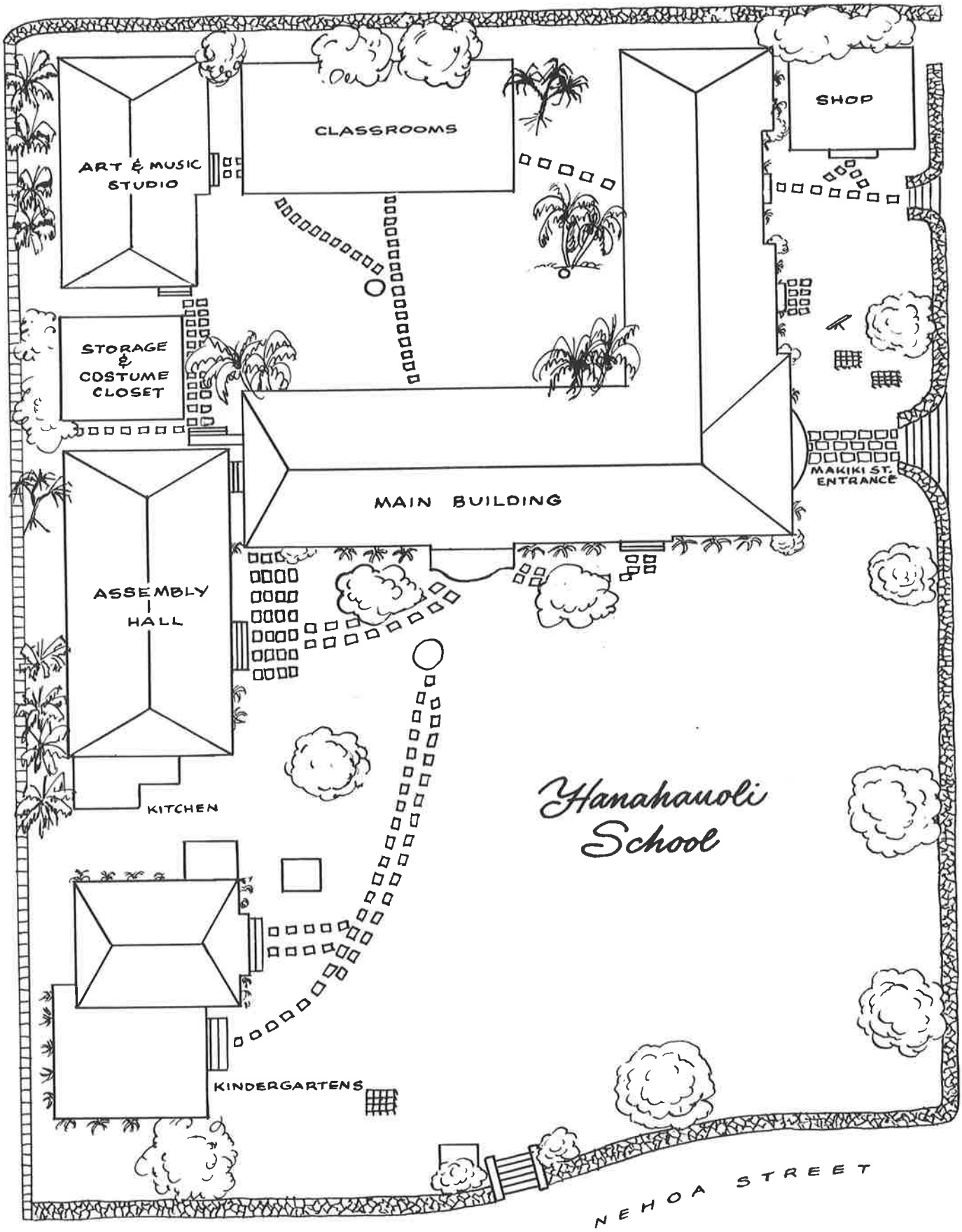
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