

THE BELOVED MOUNTAIN

BY REV. A. W. PALMER

Four years ago from the deck of the Mauna Kea I first saw the beloved mountain. All through the late afternoon we coasted along its shores, marveling at its contour and bulk. It was not jagged and dramatic like the high peaks of the Alps or the Sierras but resembled nothing so much in all the world as an over-turned bowl or the low-swinging outline of a Byzantine dome. It was hard to believe that this great rounded hill was ten thousand feet high. But as one sails along besides it hour by hour, watching the shadows and the clouds fold and unfold upon it, its enormous bulk, its unshakable silent dignity, its unity and symmetry are more and more impressively revealed. Here is a great mountain rising out of the sea in noble isolation, unscarred, untroubled and serene. So you say—for until you have climbed the mountain you know not the mighty wound concealed beneath that rounded crest—the great crater with its six mile chasm so completely hidden from the sea.

Since then I have known Haleakala in many moods—the grassy trail through upland meadows to the summit, the long rough road which struggles along its corrugated sides to Kula, the jagged edge of the crater, and the noble trees of Ulupakua, and the superb view from Waiahoa off across the fields of sugar cane to the cloud rack above West Maui or down into the blue serenity and breathless stillness of the ocean and the flat outlines of Lanai and Kahoolawe, lying without depth or perspective upon the surface of the sea.

But Haleakala is the beloved mountain, not only for its serene and healing beauty but even more for the well-loved folk who dwell upon its hospitable, far-spreading sides. First among these are the birds—the larks with their canary-like carols and the larks, those invisible miracles of song, "singing hymns at heaven's gate" far up in the clear blue sky. Akim to the birds are some of the people who share with them the clear cool air and the limitless view from the mountain. Most serene is the uncrowned queen of Maui, who sits in the golden afternoon of life enthroned in the love of all who know her. The ample friendliness of her simple and home-like house, the kindly errands of her silent car, the tolerant hospitality of her poised and sympathetic mental outlook, have slowly woven a spell of great-hearted goodness about the island that has been her home during all the years. It is the lingering benediction of a saintly father and mother who came in the long ago bringing the evangel of the Son and Man. If she has had sorrows and found her way through shadowed valleys, no trace of it has been left upon her except it be in a mellow wisdom and a kinder patience.

Here upon the beloved mountain also lives the lady of all good deeds. The full strength of life is hers and

she uses it nobly for the building of human brotherhood. She knows the social forces of her island, has organized and guided many of them and year by year, without spasmodic sentimentalism or dilettante futility, she steadily builds the better social order that is to be. Few others with her wealth and social prestige could so completely escape from the artificiality and glamour of wordliness, what Jesus called "the deceitfulness of riches." Few others, rich or poor, are so sane, so wise, so modest, so constant, dependable and unassuming in the service of the great ideals of Christ.

There are many others who make the mountainside of never ceasing interest; there are the bride and groom, for gracious loveliness and boyish strength are also in this sanctuary; and there is "the woman who knows how," ready for a fight or a frolic, as Dewey said, whether the fight be a struggle for life as she helps the doctor with a baby case or the frolic a picnic at Makena. Happy

the doctor who opens the door to some mountain cabin and finds "the woman who knows how" has reached there first and greets him with a cheery "Hello, doctor," a sound of boiling water on the stove and her sleeves rolled above her elbows.

But, for me, interest in the beloved mountain centers at the sanitarium at Kula because there the best friend I ever had fights the good fight and keeps the faith. Always a man of action, tremendously vital in all his ways, with bulk of body, clarity of judgment, sensitiveness of brain and rightness of purpose, he has become in these latter days of physical weakness an illuminating and life giving spirit to all the mountain side. From the observatory of his screened lanai hung out above it all he looks down over the world and the seven seas with love and faith and never flagging interest. Though his body wastes his soul grows greater as he communes with the stars by night and the world by day and all the time with the God whose strength is so often made perfect in weakness. And we who are his friends go from him onto with pity but with renewed strength and deeper faith in the unseen verities which abide forever.

The heart of the sanitarium is "a doctor of the new school." Read over again Ian MacLaren's loving account of "a doctor of the old school" in the Bonnie Brier Bush and then un-

derstand that the doctor at Kula, in original and modern ways appropriate to his day and his problems, is never the less Dr. MacLure's counterpart in integrity and spirit. This is the suggestion of the patient on the screened lanai and he knows that it is true.

Nine years ago a tall young doctor came to be the government physician in the wilds of Kula. He noted the ravages of tuberculosis and built among the palms on the mountain side a hut with a corrugated iron roof to shelter four patients. It was the beginning of the present well equipped, faultlessly spit-and-pan sanitarium and one of those patients is still there today.

For nine years this tall young doctor has gone his wholesome human way along the mountain side. He knows "T. B." as few men know it but he also knows the human heart. It is said of the heavenly city that "they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it." He has brought the sick and forlorn of all the nations into his place of healing. And he has in some way synchronized his thinking with theirs so that he understands them and they understand him. (I know this—the man on the lanai observed it and told me so.)

On Armistic Day they had a spontaneous parade. The Kula glee club led it, singing:

"We're going to show the Kaiser How the Yankee boys come through!"

MALULANI HOSPITAL

Malulani hospital is a county project and one in which the county government is deeply interested. It is a beneficiary in the special tax fund arranged for by the legislature two years ago to care for the Kula Sanitarium and the county hospitals whereby \$200,000 annually is secured. The hospital cares for the indigent sick of the county at county expense, the sick from Waialuku plantation at a set figure paid per person per diem by the plantation and pay patients as well.

New And Modern

Where a few years ago there was a nest of old buildings, inadequate for needs and purposes, there has grown up a group of buildings with lawns and flower gardens in the foreground that house one of the most comfortable and completely equipped cases for handling the sick or injured to be found in the Islands. It is a part of a project that is nearing completion, carried out by the county in well arranged plans. Those who have not visited and inspected the institution can have no adequate idea of its com-

pleteness, cleanliness and the comfort it affords the suffering. It is in charge of Dr. William Osmers as physician and a head nurse and five nurses, Catholic Sisters.

The hospital proper is several buildings connected up with one another by covered lanais. It is located off the Waialuku-Kahului road, adjacent to the St. Anthony Church and school properties and in location it would be hard to suggest an improvement.

Light Airy Wards

Entering the main building there are on either side of the hallway an office and a reception room. In this building also there is the thoroughly equipped operating connected with wash-up and sterilizing room, the physicians office, a well outfitted and supplied dispensary, an X-ray room with a splendid outfit that has cost about \$6000 and is the latest to be installed on this island, a men's ward with 24 beds, a small ward for children that has not been put in use but is equipped to accommodate six or eight, a room where aged men for whom there is no other place and of whom there are now more than half a dozen all feeble and unable to care for themselves adequately and several rooms for private patients. In the basement is a heating plant for hot water at all times.

One separate wing, connected only by the covered lanai, houses the women's ward where there are accommodations for 14 women and two or three rooms for private patients. In both of the wings there are linen closets, bath rooms, toilets and other necessary facilities. A third building connected with the other two by lanais contains the kitchen with an oil fuel-electric motor range, ample pantry room, a nurse dining room, linen rooms and rest rooms.

Other Buildings Added

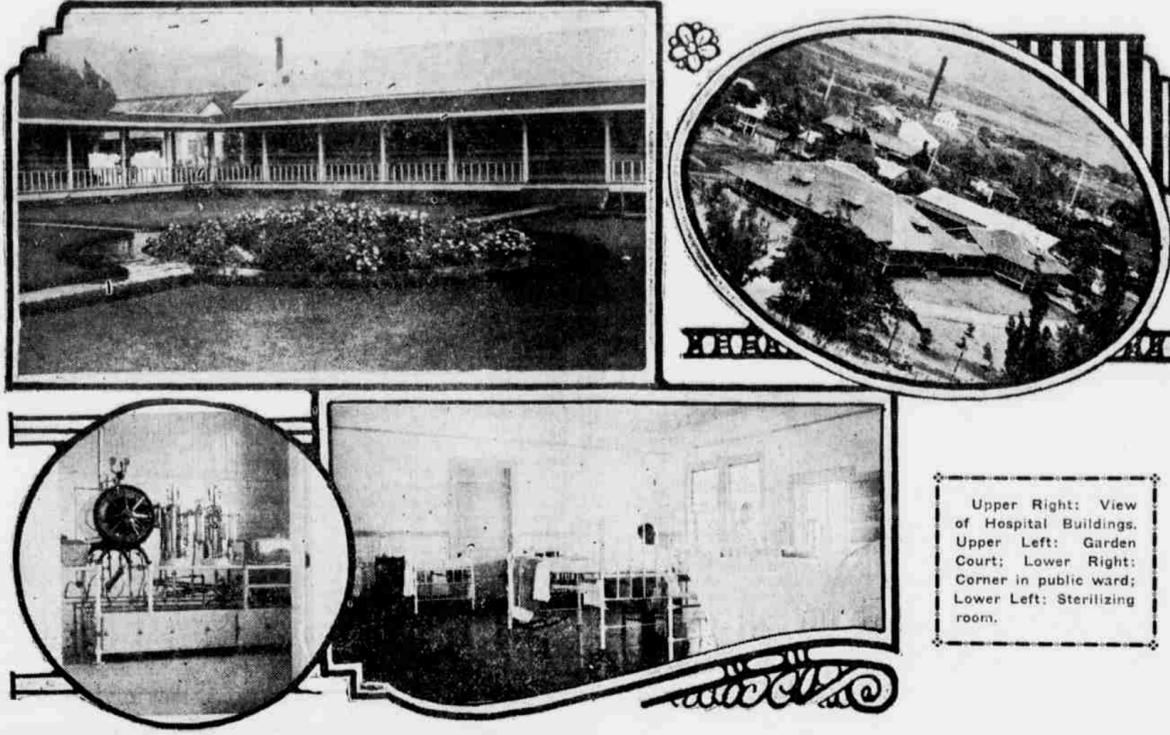
Not connected with the other buildings is the new nurses cottage, a commodious and homelike building, outwardly attractive, for the sleeping and rest hours of the sisters who devote their lives to helping the sick and suffering. Nearby, also, is the cottage for the women helpers, the newest building of the group. Soon to be started is a new laundry building. The whole group was planned by County Engineer Paul Low.

In the court ward back of the three buildings that form the main group there are flower beds and a lawn. The broad lanais give the patients who are able to leave their beds ample room to enjoy the fresh air and the sunlight with a pleasant outlook on all sides.

The accommodations at Malulani Hospital at present are for about 55 patients and there is no county institution more creditably conducted.

Recently a fine modern automobile ambulance was added to the equipment.

Maui's taxable wealth this year is \$38,795,000.



Upper Right: View of Hospital Buildings. Upper Left: Garden Court; Lower Right: Corner in public ward; Lower Left: Sterilizing room.

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