

Ashland Lady Tells Of Day in Honolulu

Mrs. M. C. Reed, who with her husband, left in October for New Zealand with an Ellison-White Chautauqua entertainment bureau, recently wrote the following interesting letter to the Ladies' Aid Society of the Talent Methodist church describing her voyage to that far-off land:

October 20, 1915.

Here we are under the Southern Cross sailing towards Auckland at the rate of seventeen knots an hour. The sea was running high this morning and three of our Chautauqua boys were drenched as they stood on the bow of the boat. Our boat carries about 1000 people and has about everything but auto driving on board. We have had a fine journey and the time has passed rapidly since I saw you last.

To begin at the first, we left home suddenly after many delays and spent two very busy days in Portland. It was there that Mr. Reed found that he had been selected to manage our party of 21 enroute and the needs and wants of that number are some task. Walter Jenkins, who led the singing at the Ashland Chautauqua, took us to the train in his car. We found the ride to Vancouver delightful and the sound beautiful in the autumn sunshine. Our people met us at the Hotel Vancouver and we had dinner together before starting out to see the city. The next day was a hurried one, the last things had been purchased, luggage claimed and gotten aboard and when we saw the dock crowded with all kinds of articles we felt that it would be an endless task. Mr. Ellison was up to see us off and before he left gathered us together in the Plaza and told us we were a hand-picked party to carry the American Chautauqua ideals and spirit to far off New Zealand.

Yes, I was seasick, but found it not so bad. In fact, I get a little sick every time the sea grows rough. Mr. Reed escaped, of course. He has never eaten enough to get sick over.

Needless to say we were all up early and ready for our city in Honolulu. As I came on deck I was greeted by a wonderful sight. Our boat was just rounding Diamond Head. To the right great mountains of rock and green shrubs towered above the sea and were lost to view in the white haze of the early morning. As we entered the harbor all were delighted. It far surpassed our wildest dreams of Honolulu.

In the distance the mountains rose a pale green against the blue sky, the foothills were a darker shade and then came the city almost hidden by the dense foliage while all about us was the ever-changing water in innumerable shades of blue and green. It reminded one of a Whistler study. Nothing was distinct, but everything was pleasing, exquisite, rare, delighted, greater than anything we had ever seen. We were so proud to think it belonged to us and thrilled to see Old Glory flying from the launch that brought the inspectors out to the Niagara.

Here came the British club with Hawaiian musicians singing and playing. Then we caught our first glimpse of the native divers, and the scamps wanted American money, and quarters, if you please, but seemed willing to dive for anything, from an Australian half-penny to Canadian five-cent pieces. It was most fun throwing coins far out and watching a half-dozen start for them. All one could see were twelve brown legs disappearing in a seething whirlpool of water. But up they would come, shaking the water out of their hair and putting the coins in their mouth.

At the wharf we bought leis (pronounced lays) of flowers and wore

them during our visit. Six of us took a taxi with a driver who spoke perfect English and were soon off to see Honolulu.

The streets in the business section of the city are narrow and rather crowded and contain many open fruit and flower stores and quaint souvenir shops, giving one the impression of a foreign clime.

It seemed a bit odd to be dashing along past rows of palm and cocoanut trees half hiding stately homes and tiny cottages. Even the latter were gay in their coast of vines and bright colored flowers. It has never been by good fortune to see such a charming city. It differs from Southern California as the made differs from the natural.

Soon we were winding up a beautiful drive which led us to Nuanu Pali (cliff) through a picturesque valley past the country club and unique country homes. The Pali is 1200 feet above sea level and overlooked the ocean and numerous pineapple plantations. Here one sees the word "Libby's" spelt in plant in the same script we are so accustomed to see in our canned pineapples. It is hard to realize that it is six miles away and 1200 feet below us.

As we returned we stopped to eat wild native fruits and to pick rare flowers. The woods were dense with tropical trees and plants, and now and then a clear stream or waterfall broke the silence.

Honolulu is known for its picturesque homes and wonderful parks and splendid drives. Our second trip was around and up a great hill or hills known as Round Top. From various points we secured a vista of Pearl Harbor, and the sea which nestled at our feet was of a very fine

residential section of the city. Our driver stopped us at the famous Moana hotel for luncheon. It was there that Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller lived and wrote. It is there, too, that one literally sees people from the four corners of the earth, and feels that he would like to move right in and remain indefinitely. As we ate by an open window we watched the natives on their surf-boards riding the waves. When one recalls that this, with surf bathing, is a pastime the year round he begins to realize the charm of Honolulu's climate.

Passing from one interesting place to another we walked and drove as long as we could see. It was a tired but very happy Chautauqua party that gathered on the upper deck at the close of that wonderful day in Honolulu and voted that we would return to the United States only by way of the Pearl of the Pacific.

Later.—Sunday morning we reached Suva. As I looked out I could just see the brown legs of the natives as they passed along the wharf. It didn't take us long to get dressed and up on deck. There they were, looking exactly like their pictures or representatives at world's fairs.

After breakfast Judge and Mrs. Alden, Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick Newell, who have been at the Ashland Chautauqua; Mr. Reed and I started out to see at least part of one Fiji island. We had our picture taken with a native policeman or constabulary as they are called. Then we hailed a barouche and were off. Our driver was a native of India. Now the barouche looked as if it might have carried George Washington to his inaugural or possibly John Brown to his hanging.

Mr. Reed was perched on the high seat with the driver. Mrs. Alden, Mrs. Newell and I occupied the seat of honor, while Judge Alden and Penwick Newell hung together on a sort of foot rest, supposed to be the third seat, at our feet. No one minds such small inconveniences. If he does he better not travel. We had the time

of our lives, notwithstanding we had to walk up every hill. Suva is tropical and beautiful at a distance and if fumigated would make fine sight-seeing. However, we felt quite above the dirt as we drove along past the native church and many neat cottages set back from the street in attractive grounds. We were bound for the native village. As we arrived we were met by a group of barefoot, hatless, wrapper-clad women, a few children and many babies. They had beads and mats for sale, but were rather shy except at picture-taking times, then they all wanted to get in. Some of our party shook hands with them, but I took mine out in trying to look friendly.

Returning we stopped at the Grand Pacific hotel where India men in native dress waited on us. Just across from the hotel we saw the governor's home with its spacious grounds and tropical gardens. In spite of all its beauty one was glad he was just passing through. Not long ago I saw a book entitled "A Day in Suva." It was well put. Few would care to stay longer.

Still, I wish to add that I saw many natives clean and not unattractive in their many colored garb, going to church that Sunday morning. They were noticeably different, testifying to the passing traveler that the Gospel of Christ taught and lived in their midst had not been in vain.

HOME MARKETING ADVISED
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