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**TRAVELER DESCRIBES  
 HAWAIIAN VOLCANO**

Miss Imogene M. Miller has written her mother, Mrs. Rufus H. Miller of Springfield, an interesting letter telling of her trip from Honolulu to Hilo, from which port they visited the Volcano crater in Hawaii. Miss Miller has been in Honolulu about two years, being engaged in newspaper work.

The News is pleased to have the privilege of printing Miss Miller's letter.

Your letter of Sept. 28 arrived a few days ago, and I've not been as prompt in answering as I usually am, for I always write you one in return the same day. My chief, also variously and lovingly known as "the Boss" or the "Old Man," has gone to the mainland, and I've been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives, ever since he left.

I only just got caught up with my own back work before he left. For I was away for a week at the Volcano, having left Honolulu Saturday afternoon. I was stocked with gum, cotton for my ears and a lemon, for although I consider myself a good sailor, I was somewhat leery about those rough channels between the islands. Then when I got aboard I took a reclining deck chair, and had some hopes of defeating mal de mer, but no matter how hard you try to prevent it, if you're going to get seasick you get seasick, and nothing on earth will save you, so after an hour, more or less, out from Honolulu, I found I could no longer stay up to admire the bluest water I had ever seen in my life, and as familiar Koko Head and Makapuu Point faded from view I made a bee line for my room, and found my roommate had been there almost ever since we left the wharf.

Our only port of call on the trip down was Lahaina, Maui. The steamers can't make a landing at any of these ports, so we stop out at sea and lower lighters, a half dozen or more with native oarsmen and very long oars. It was great sport watching them unload the freight, take away their loads, disappear in the darkness with long, measured strokes, and in a surprisingly short time, re-

appear with a load of passengers. When the sea is rough the steamer rolls over almost on her side and the lighters roll, and the passengers are grabbed and hauled in, and in disembarking, you often have to make a leap for life into the small boats.

My roommate got off at Lahaina, so I had the cabin to myself for the remainder of the trip. She had lower berth, so after having the porter put fresh linen on that, I crawled in out again and into the upper one, as it is cooler, better air, and I didn't feel the pounding of the engine so much. The next morning when off the coast of beautiful Hawaii I could not do more than raise my head occasionally to get a view of the scenery, and didn't succeed in getting up until we were almost at the wharf in Hilo about 8:30 a. m. Then I had to dress in double quick time, as there was an auto waiting at the wharf to take us right to the Volcano.

Hawaii is twice the size of all the other islands combined, although the population of the entire island is about equal to that of Honolulu alone. It consists mostly of the two mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, of which Kilauea is a part, each almost 14,000 feet high, so that you are looking up all the time, and the coast line meets the ocean in steep, perpendicular cliffs which are fringed with waterfalls. The entire surface is a beautiful green with many canyons,

(Continued on Page 3)



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