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TRIP TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CRATER

What the Ascent of Haleakala Seemed Like to a Tacoma Man--Wonders of Scenery and Delights of Altitude.

The following is from an account of a visit to the summit of Haleakala appearing in the Tacoma Ledger:

Two thousand feet from the summit we came to a piece of galvanized iron. "Dat's a parta di roofa Messer Baldwin--he house on de top," said the guide. "He maka de fin' house, plenty strong. He maka one gran', solide house; maka de biga stona, de cements. He worka diechi, twenty men, plenty men. He maka de place for water, de biga cistrino. He fixa de fine window, de stronga door. He maka de key, one big key. He clos him 'ight. Plenty mules, one gran' camp; he worka ten, twenty, maybe forty day. He put on de splendid roofa, de gran' iron roofa. But he no fixa plenty. De win' come. He blow lik' anyting. Pouff! one pieca de roofa got a-way! Pouff! one pieca de roofa got noder a-way. Messer Baldwin one dam-a foola!"

In a few minutes we were at the summit. I left camp duties to the guide and ran to the edge and looked down into another and different world. Here, indeed, was the battleground of the gods of war, the scene of elemental, primeval passions, the ruins of a phenomenon that in its display of power, gorgeous coloring, resistless motion, blinding light and universal thundering will never again be equaled until the final, abyssal plunge that shall end our little world's excursion.

The crater of Haleakala has nothing of the regularity of Kilauea. Every inch of it speaks of action. Every foot of the rim is varied and jagged--torn in its upburst, crushed in its falling, seamed and worn by the successive lava flows that must have come from that tremendous cavity in floods of unimaginable volume and power for untold centuries. It is 2,500 feet to the bottom, six or seven miles as you look across to the southeastern gap and more than twenty miles around the rim. Away down to the left in the eastern gap, where the warmth and moisture of the trade winds have reached in for a hundred years and more of peaceful inaction, there is a growth of shrubs, ferns, grass and trees, but from the present point of view there is no sign of vegetable life save an occasional dwarfed fern, a bit of moss or lichen, or a hardy little edelweiss. They all seem dreadfully out of place, like an innocent maiden in a Black Hills mining camp. A few white clouds are floating, motionless, in the space below us, and slightly conceal the further confines of this wonderful amphitheater. Far beneath them we can distinguish some of the "twenty-two" or more red blowholes or cinder cones that cover the crater's bottom in a double line from about northeast to northwest--twenty-two volcanoes, from 400 to nearly 800 feet high, and here they are merely pebbles on the burnt sands of this old sea of lava!

Between the east and southeast gaps the rim rises to the height of a distinct peak, cloud-capped, rugged, picturesque, inviting to the mountaineer, and almost enough so to make a beginner's inaccuracy. But there is plenty to fill one's thoughts and occupy one's bodily and mental vigor without attempting to cross to that cloudland. We walked a mile or so to the south, and every step opened up new vistas, showed us new and undreamed-of effects of color, variety in lava formations and degrees in the superlative of roughness, wildness, desolation and awe. We ventured over the same path and found the panorama ever new. We went north nearly to the upper rim of the east gap--and as before, it was always fascinating, always varied, always telling of a fearful past.

And still in the middle distance floated the soft innocence of summer sigh, and beyond the crater's ragged edges were endless folds of the great white robes. Cloudland was below us. As far as the eye could see, its rolling hills and sleepy valleys, its peace and quiet, filled all space. Not a movement, not a change in perspective or color. And yet turn from the south to the north and turn back again, and lo! the weird ghostland was made over anew. Far to the southeast we looked for Hawaii and its great domes for a long time in vain--and then, of a sudden, under our very eyes, the billowy mass of white seemed to shadow forth the long, graceful sweep of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, very dim--first until the rays of the setting sun touched them with their rich tints and discovered them as with the alchemist's magic wand to our admiring vision.

We circled the horizon with our eager eyes--the mountain slope vanished into the white city; clouds that were miles deep, clouds that filled the universe, with dream faces, specter ships, silvered cascades, palaces and pearl clouds that reflected clouds, duplicating and manifold each other until the eye wearied of its attempt to find either beginning or ending to any of the beautiful creations spread out before us.

For a time the only color was white with silver and pearl gray tints. Then from a distance that seemed almost beyond the power of sight, a long riband of most delicate rose pink was passed through that diaphanous mass. A second and a third followed, and in a moment, in that infinitesimal fraction of time that is measured by fleetest thought, our cloudland was glowing and pulsing with the glory of the sun. Our dream faces were alive and their God-like forms, clothed in lustrous robes,

moved on in stately measure to the music of the spheres then just beginning to show in the turquoise sea above us. Our specter ships were manned, royal banners flying, rich tapestries hanging from mast and rigging. Our palaces of pearl were peopled; opal and jasper, gold and ruby studded the walls; red and blue lotus flowers, hibiscus and oleander hedges and great masses of gorgeous unnamed blossoms waved to gentle breezes and spread broadcast their delicious fragrance. So beautiful it was the very sun did glow with pride and swell with admiration of the worlds he had created, and the whole sky was one mass of harmonious reds and golden tints; and by minute gradations moon and eye could follow, the tints changed to gray of pearl, to the dull beauty of amethyst, to the virginal simplicity of glaciers cold.

The warmth of summer was freshened by the keen air of the north. The bright stars appeared in the deep blue above. Our ghosts and spectres returned, but seemingly in even quieter mood, as if in keeping with the hour. We looked after the horses once more, sampled our provisions and then tried to find a soft spot in the little cave where we had spread our blankets. Baldwin's house was so spacious that, being roofless, the cold night winds searched out every nook and corner in it and we found the cramped quarters under the lee of a ledge of lava much more to our liking.

However, sleep was impossible. In spite of blankets and wraps it was cold, a clear, keen, rarified air that got in under all our covers and played havoc with our circulation. Then, too, lava does not compare with a hair mattress and downy quilts for comfort and ease. It may be pahoehoe when you lie down, but it feels like the roughest of Aa after a few minutes. Besides, we could hear the horses stirring a little distance below. I presume they found the air chilly, and every few minutes we determined that they must be loose, and that fear kept us on the jump all night long. We realized it would be no mere holiday outing if we were left on that summit with horses gone and our blankets and saddles, even trail.

There was something to repay us for loss of sleep, however. And towards morning, when the full moon was high in the heavens and the bright stars studded the firmament and threw out the crater's rough edges and strange lava masses in bold relief, we forgot all discomforts and drank in the weird beauty of the scene. Not a cloud relieved the blackness of volcanic ash and warm lava ledges in the great hole below us. The cold, reflected light of moon and planet, and the brilliancy of stars, too far removed to bring us warmth, served only to sharpen the shadows and mystify our unfamiliar vision.

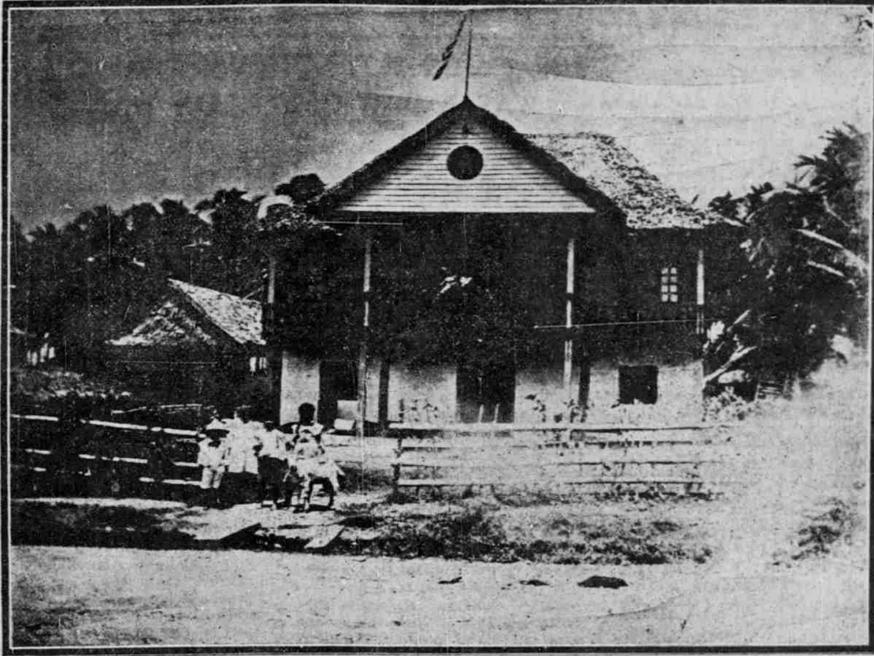
Surely, this was no playground of elemental forces, so quiet, so calm. It was not here that earth's fiercest passions once exhibited themselves in seething floods, in furnaces of fire and lightning play that signaled back to farthest heaven in thunders that tore the universe apart and echoed from the pearly gates down to the very jaws of hell.

Here all was peace, the peace of death, perhaps, but nothing but the mystery of our own imaginings could break that peace. The clouds still banked the horizon and hid the mountain slopes below us. Hawaii and the other islands, the picturesque peaks of Western Maui, the cane fields and other evidences of the presence of man, all land and sea, were lost. Then the miracle happened of which we had read, which we had come to see--the sun rose! Just a suspicion of color at first, like a kiss upon lips cold in death. We could not feel its warmth. We could scarcely credit its promises. But, as the native legend has it, the sun was already trapped, and through the masses of billowy white that had concealed King Maui's workers and must have fooled the lord of day as it did us, appeared their many colored ribands of beaten brass and gold, of lustrous and pearl-bordered silk, fibrous ropes and nets of sapphire, ruby, amethyst and indestructible gems. With gentle, persuasive, irresistible force they drew the sun from out the hot South seas, fresh and glowing from his morning bath, and brought him captive to make a golden crown for good King Maui and warm and vivify this beautiful but death-cold charnel house and make of it a veritable Haleakala, the house of the sun.

There is one phenomenon that usually occurs here at sunset which is as unique as it is beautiful. The change in the air currents causes the cloud banks to unroll and unfold, and following the rising strata of warmer atmosphere, they come billowing, flowing and tumbling through the east gap and spread out through the width and length of the great crater--for all the world like a lot of fat, fleecy merinos piling through a narrow entrance into an ocean wharf pen.

Authentic accounts have also been given by the tourists of the "Specter Brocken," the phenomenon that is seen at certain conjunctions of sun and cloud and mist when the shadows of the observers standing on the crater's edge are projected in enlarged and even gigantic form upon the white masses on the other side of the crater.

(Continued on page 12.)



The Mindanao Home of Henry S. Townsend, Formerly of the Hawaiian Schools.

WAIMEA WILL HAVE NEW WATER

The Plans for a Water Company Endorsed by the Stockholders.

During the next 60 days the committee of stockholders of the Waimea Sugar Mill Company will give its attention to the formation of a water company, for the purpose of turning water upon the lands of the company, which is regarded as the solution of the difficulties in which the company has fallen, and which, according to figures placed before the meeting of the stockholders yesterday, will clear up the estate within three years.

The meeting was a well attended one and the report of the committee as prepared by E. H. Paris, W. E. Rowell and E. E. Conant, was not only long but exhaustive. It was set forth that the committee after long negotiations had come to the conclusion that the salvation of the plantation was the formation of a company to bring water to the fields from the mountains. This water belongs to Gay & Robinson, and those gentlemen have extended the option of leave to the company for time sufficient to permit of the formation of a company for the development of the plans.

There is another point in the readjustment of the lease of the water which will relieve the company from embarrassments, in that now Gay & Robinson will agree to the use of the water upon lands not immediately in the ownership of the sugar mill company, but as well to the lands which are under lease, this having been a point long under discussion between the

company and the water right owners. It was the opinion of the members of the committee that the necessary flume and ditches would cost not more than \$30,000, and the recommendation was that this company be formed at once. It was upon this representation that the stockholders decided to ask the committee to work upon the plan for two months, when another meeting will be held for the purpose of hearing the supplemental report.

Many stockholders of the company, among them some of the largest and most influential, have already agreed to the advancing of the necessary funds for the purpose of arranging the water company proposition, and not only have Castle & Cooke made this agreement but have signified their readiness to hold onto the agency in the event of there being such a satisfactory arrangement for the floating of the company out of debt. Owing to the expert opinion on the water from the wells being delayed there was no report on this feature by the members of the committee.

VON GRAEVEMAYER WANTS \$5,000

The battle on Laysan Island between Max Schlemmer, the "king" of the rocky isle, and Albert von Graevemayer, in which the latter was worsted, and which was exploited in the police court on Wednesday, is again told of in an action for damages brought in the Circuit Court against the "king" by Von Graevemayer, in which the latter demands \$5000 for injury to his character and feelings. He states that on August 12 on Laysan Island Schlemmer did strike, bruise and otherwise ill treat him, all of which he says contributed to injure his character.

ROOTS PENETRATE SEWER PIPING

Discovery at Judiciary Building Reveals Odd State of Affairs.

Hundreds of feet of earthen sewer piping is being removed from the Judiciary grounds and replaced with iron pipe, the joints being closed with solder. For sometime past waste water has not flowed freely from the Judiciary Building through the piping and an investigation showed it had become clogged. E. R. Bath, the plumber, who has had charge of the change of material, ventured the opinion that the roots of trees growing in the Judiciary grounds had caused the trouble.

When the earthen pipes were laid bare, roots were seen to have penetrated the cement joints, and when several lengths were broken out they contained root vegetation inside which almost filled the pipe. In some cases the roots inside had become matted and when the pipe was broken away the growth retained the circular form of the covering.

The roots came from palm, monkey-pod and banyan trees and Mr. Bath estimates that in some instances the roots had travelled at least ninety-five feet to enter the pipe. He explains this peculiarity with the statement that with earthen pipe and cement joints a moisture is prevalent along the route of the pipe and toward this the roots travel to absorb it. Tiny shoots penetrated the cement and when once inside the pipe assumed the usual size of extended roots. A photograph was taken by Williams of several lengths of piping which had been broken open to show the interior growths, and photographs were also taken of the manner in which the roots had made their way inside.

A short time since Mr. Bath removed several hundred feet of the same kind of piping from a residence and grounds at Waikiki, the piping having become clogged and matted with vegetation. A resident who was about to put in earthen sewer pipe on his premises was asked by Mr. Bath if there were trees and plants growing there. When answered in the affirmative, Mr. Bath told him it would be throwing money away to use anything but iron pipes as the roots would surely make their way inside cement jointed pipes.

It is believed that much of the trouble about town with sewer connections is due to the use of earthen pipe and cement joints.

Advertisement for Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the benefits of the device for various ailments.

Advertisement for Milk, Cream, and Butter, featuring the Milk Dairymen's Assn. Ltd. logo and contact information.

Advertisement for Ladies', Children's and Infants' Wear, featuring an illustration of a woman and child and text for I. Magnin & Co.

Advertisement for Y. Yuen Tai, a dressmaker specializing in ladies' underwear, skirts, and chemises.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS. THOMAS FITCH--Offices 601 Stangenwald building, Honolulu, T. H. WM practice in all the courts. THAYER & HEMENWAY--Office 400 and 604 Stangenwald building; Telephone 358 Main.

BROKERS. E. J. WALKER--Coffee and Merchandise Broker, Office room 4, Spreckels block, Honolulu.

CONTRACTORS. WM. T. PATY--Contractor and Builder, store and office fitting; shop Alakea St., between King and Hotel; res., 1641 Anapuni.

DENTISTS. DR. H. BICKNELL--McIntyre bldg., rooms 2 and 14; office hours, 9 to 4. ALBERT B. CLARK, D.D.S.--Beretania and Miller; office hours, 9 to 4.

ENGINEERS. ARTHUR C. ALEXANDER--Surveyor and Engineer, 409 Judd bldg.; R. O. box 722. TATTON, NEILL & CO., LTD.--Engineers, Electricians and Boilermakers, Honolulu.

ENGRAVERS. W. BEAKBANE--Card Engraving and Stamping; room 3, Elite building.

INSURANCE. THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK. S. B. ROSE, Agent, . . . Honolulu.

MUSICIANS. COOK'S MUSIC SCHOOL--Love bldg., Fort St. Its methods are the result of 30 years' experience in teaching.

PHYSICIANS. DR. T. M. TAMURA--Office, 1462 Nuanu St., Tel. White 152; 1 to 4 p. m. and 6 to 7:30. DR. J. UCHIDA--Physician and Surgeon; office, Beretania, between Fort and Nuanu streets; office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m.; Tel. 1511 White.

NOTICE. PERSONS needing or knowing of those who do need, protection from physical or moral injury, which they are not able to obtain for themselves, may consult the Legal Protection Committee of the Anti-Saloon League, 9 McIntyre building, W. H. RICE, Supt.

Advertisement for Pacific Transfer Co., managed by Jas. H. Love, located at Main 58.

Advertisement for Lewers & Cooke Limited, featuring text about turpentine shellac and contact information at Fort Street.

Advertisement for 25 Head of Fine Young MULES, with average weight of 1100 lbs. and contact information.

Advertisement for CLUB STABLES, located at Fort Street, with phone number Main 109.

Advertisement for Honolulu and Kualoa Stage Line, carrying U. S. mail and passengers, with contact information for J. Crowder.