VOLGANO

Tala-Velet

For the third time in four years, the veleane Hebe Hebe in the Philippines erupts, spreading destruction and killing hundreds. The death tell may reach two theusand. Belehing clouds of aerid smoke and fixings flory lave, the sountain crupts as often as six times a day. Fifteen equape miles on the island of Gom-Negam have been uttorly devastated. Trucks carry refugees to safety. There's long uniting, for twenty-two thousand persons are bencloss.

From the island's harbor, the disaster's victims, the old and the young, go by boat to the larger island of Mindanao.

Nakeshift hospitals are set up for these hurt in the estastrophe. Many are injured by smoke or by the searing lave.

Nore's a field of lave--moulton stone, still smoking and snouldering, days after it poured down the mountain. The lave goes everywhere, burning and destroying. Even a week after, it's vise to be eautious about touching it.

The countryside is ravaged. Houses were wiped out like a blade of grass in a furnace. And above the wreekage, old Hobe Hobe goes right on sucking.