

# Imogene Goes a-Voyaging

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(Continued from the January number)

## IV. IMOGENE RETURNS TO THE PHILIPPINES

IMOGENE'S visit to the United States was over. She had seen Grand-Daddy and cousins and other relatives, and had even gone to school. But now she was again on a large steamship, returning to the Philippines—she and Mother. Yes, they were really making the return voyage.

The trip home was like the trip to the States except that it was not so cold. "Nice, pleasant weather when one can be out on deck is much better than that cold weather," thought Imogene.

After sailing for quite a while, their boat arrived at Honolulu, where they stopped a day. Imogene liked Honolulu. There were many flowering shrubs and trees, and it was nice and warm. It was very much like the Philippines. And what a lovely tropical city is Honolulu!

Imogene's Mother took her to a pine-

apple cannery. So many pineapples! Piles and piles of them! A man took Imogene and Mother through the cannery, so they could see how pineapples are prepared for shipment to other countries.

First the pineapples were put onto a conveyor belt that carried them along while they were being peeled and sliced

by machinery. Girls wearing rubber gloves took out any imperfect slices to be used in making crushed pineapple, and put the perfect slices into cans.

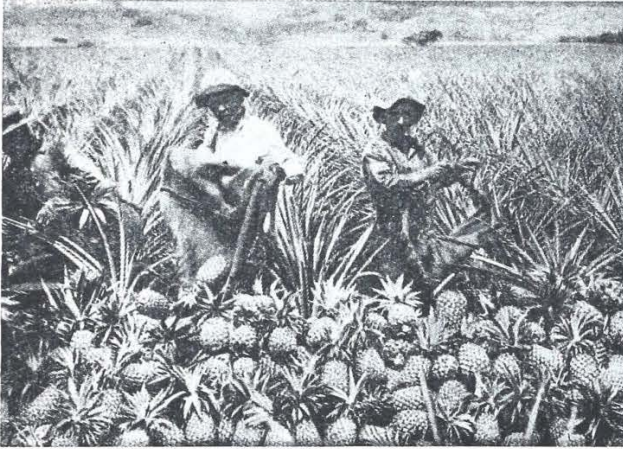
Then the cans, on a conveyor belt, travelled through a big cooking tank. When they came out of that, the tops were put on the cans and they were stacked up to cool.

After going through the cannery, Imogene and her Mother had a lovely ride up a valley and onto the top of a high cliff called the Pali. From there they had a fine view of the other side



*Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands*





*Hawaiian Pineapple Field*

of the island, but the wind was so strong they did not want to stay long.

Many of the visitors from the ship went to see some of the native Hawaiian dances. They were danced under the coconut trees by Hawaiian girls who wore queer looking dresses and had garlands of flowers about their necks.

When they got back to Honolulu they went to the house of a friend who lives at the famous beach at Waikiki. Here Imogene enjoyed going bathing in the sea. And what fun it was to watch the surf riders! People stood on large boards, and let the white-topped waves carry them along. Sometimes a rider could not keep his hold, and down he went into a big wave! It was interesting to watch the surf-riding, but Imogene did not want to try it—it was too risky.

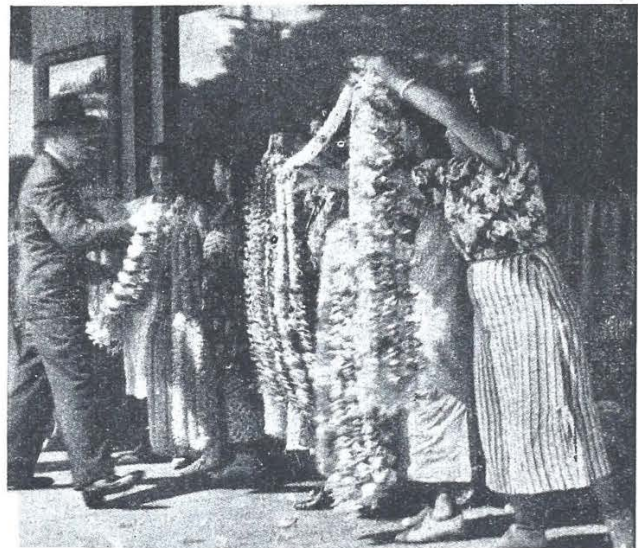
After staying a while at Waikiki, it was time to go back to the

ship. On the way they passed many flower sellers, who had great long strings of flowers called *leis*. Many people at the ship had one or two of these beautiful *leis* around their necks—gifts from friends who had come to see them sail away.

Soon the whistle blew, the gang plank was pulled up, and again Imogene was out on the ocean. After a while they sailed away from the green Hawaiian Islands. They sailed and sailed. Imogene looked in every direction, and could not see any land anywhere.

They sailed on and on, until at last they again arrived at Japan. They stopped at Kobe, Japan. Then they had another voyage, and arrived at Hongkong. Imogene was glad when they sailed from Hongkong, for the next stop would be at Manila—and she

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*Lei Sellers in Honolulu*



would see Daddy.

Finally one morning Imogene woke up to find that the ship was already in Manila Bay. After breakfast they went up on deck. The ship had passed the breakwater, and the big city of Manila lay before them. How close they were getting to that beautiful big pier! Now they were slipping alongside. Imogene and her Mother looked and looked with all their eyes. Yes, there he was, near them on the wharf! Her Daddy! Her Mother shouted, and then her Daddy saw them. How wonderful it was to get back to the Philippines! It was nice to be where there was no more cold weather.

Of course Daddy was surprised when he saw how much Imogene had grown while she was away. And how well she had learned to read in school!

They had a pleasant time in Manila, but Imogene thought it was too noisy to be as nice as her own town in



*Surf-Riding at Waikiki*

the southern islands. Then, too, in Manila one must always be dodging autos or *calesas* when crossing the streets.

In a few days Imogene, Daddy, and Mother were ready to sail on another boat for the southern islands. Soon they arrived at Cebu, but they did not remain there very long—they wanted to get to their own home.

They left Cebu at night, and the next morning they saw the red roofs of Dumaguete in Oriental Negros. "Now I shall soon see my playmates, Daniela and Talina," said Imogene, "and we can go swimming again, and watch the coconuts go floating down the water. And now I can speak Visayan and be understood!"

At last they arrived at their own home. "Mother," said Imogene, "the nicest thing about a trip is getting back home." And Mother agreed with Imogene.

*(The End)*



*Hawaiian Native Dancers*