

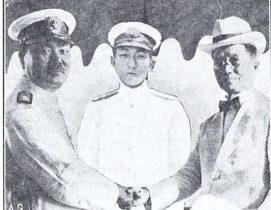
acquaintance and arrange an evening's entertainment in a villa in the hills, where, through folk music and dances, inklings of the life and customs of the region are gained. One chap has built a little trading boat, not very scientifically, with scanty rigging, and he is helped with things from the *Intrepid*. Visitors come aboard to listen to the phonograph, the first they have ever seen. English is sparse at Puerto Galera, but hospitality abundant. There are primitives, in the hills, who of old made foreigners "very big in the stomach, and become very cold and shaky and then die, casting this spell because they believed all foreigners to be cruel and unkind," but travelers now take greater precautions against malaria, and somehow the spell doesn't work, and the people have revised their notions about foreigners.

Through a moonlit night they made the sail to Marinduque, and found everybody talking English there, while Anselmo advised the log-keeper to doff knickers and wear a dress ashore—"here it is not like Puerto Galera." It was at Casan. "Passing along the street, a Filipina gathering flowers in her garden spoke to me, gave me roses and invited me into her house," and this was the prelude to an informal tea that afternoon, and motoring into the hills. Mrs. Rosales and Mrs. Alvarez, so they introduced themselves, were delightful hostesses, for in Marinduque, English of the American brand is spoken by men, women and children. An interlude:

"Mrs. Rosales accompanied me down to the shore when I was ready to go out to the *Intrepid*, and by the time we reached the dinghy I am sure half the children of the village were in our train. As we started to row out, bancas suddenly darted out from shore here and there, and by the time we got aboard we were surrounded by bancas-loads of Filipinos, all speaking English among themselves, anxious to see our boat, the like of which had never been there before."

Romblon next, . . . called on deck to see the beautiful islands, and, about 3:30 p. m., we dropped anchor off the quay." There is no less progress here than in Marinduque. First to

ON THE MIKADO'S SERVICE



Vice Admiral Kobayashi (left) shaking hands with Aguinado aboard H. I. J. M. S. *Yakumo*, Admiral Kobayashi's flagship. Prince Nobuhito Takamatsu (center), third brother of the Mikado, who was aboard the *Yakumo* as a sub-lieutenant and enjoyed sightseeing in Manila, Cavite and environs.

A Japanese training squadron comprising the *Yakumo* and *Izumo*, cruisers, called at Manila May 19 and departed for Singapore May 21, under Admiral Kobayashi's command. Only pleasant experiences greeted the Japanese, who exchanged formal calls with Philippine officials, went sightseeing everywhere, and were dined by His Excellency, Governor General Henry Lewis Stimson, Saturday evening, May 19, after which Governor Stimson left Manila on the *Ipso* for a southern-islands inspection from which he returned to Manila last week, June 1.

Among newspaper men, James Van Slyke of NEA service displayed the most audacious enterprise: he got aboard both cruisers with a photographer, took pictures and obtained brief interviews with both Prince Nobuhito and Admiral Kobayashi, the latter evincing great cordiality toward the United States and ignorance as to what may happen in North China.

greet the visitors was a procession headed by a very noisy and merry brass band; and it seemed

like an impromptu welcome, but was in reality a child's funeral; since children die in years of innocence and are translated straightway to realms of eternal bliss, there is nothing incongruous about joyful music at their funerals.

It may not comport with American custom, but it conforms to theology with the doctrine of infant damnation expunged. Two teachers in Romblon, the principal and another, are graduates of American universities. Here the turnaround was made, and new waters were crossed on the return trip to Puerto Galera and then to Manila. The *Intrepid* anchored one night in Agbelang bay and "we watched a magnificent sunset over the point." Isla del Maestre de Campo, such a name for such an island!

History, tradition, legend and folklore, the seas and the islands of the Philippines are alike replete with them; and one may put ashore anywhere, seek the elders of the villages and find interpreters, and have tales as fine as he would ever wish to hear. Music, at the party in Puerto Galera, is belloyed out of an old accordion by an old man "who must have inherited both instrument and technic from Robinson Crusoe." Next morning they climb the hills, getting a view of the shimmering landlocked harbor "with all its bays and three channels." And the next morning they are off for Manila:

"We used the engine to go through the channel. The wind was light and right astern, so we put the spinnaker up and made good time across Verde channel. (As a matter of fact, a steamer was nearly the whole day passing them.) Before reaching Point Santiago, the wind got so strong that we had to put two reefs in the mainmast. This continued all the way up the coast. The strong puffs off shore hit us almost abeam, and sent us just spinning along. The water was rather smooth, allowing Anselmo to prepare a light lunch." Reefing and furling throughout the afternoon, playing tag with the winds and the sea—a rudder lost, but harbor luckily made and a new one contrived during the night—and Manila the next evening early, rounding out a voyage of sixteen vigorous health-giving days.



When you are Hot and Tired and your Throat is as parched as the sunbaked Sahara, there's *nothing* that can match the long, cool, draught of

pale Pilsen

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