

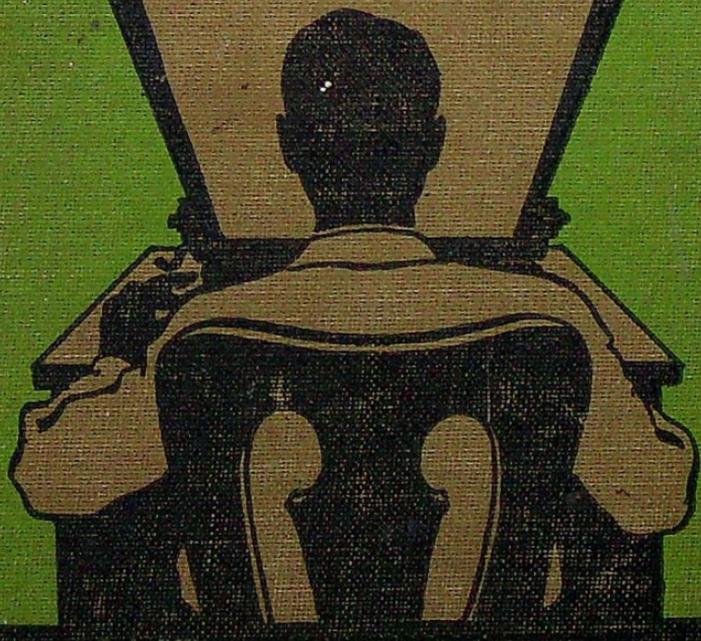
FILIPINOS

BY

Walter Robb

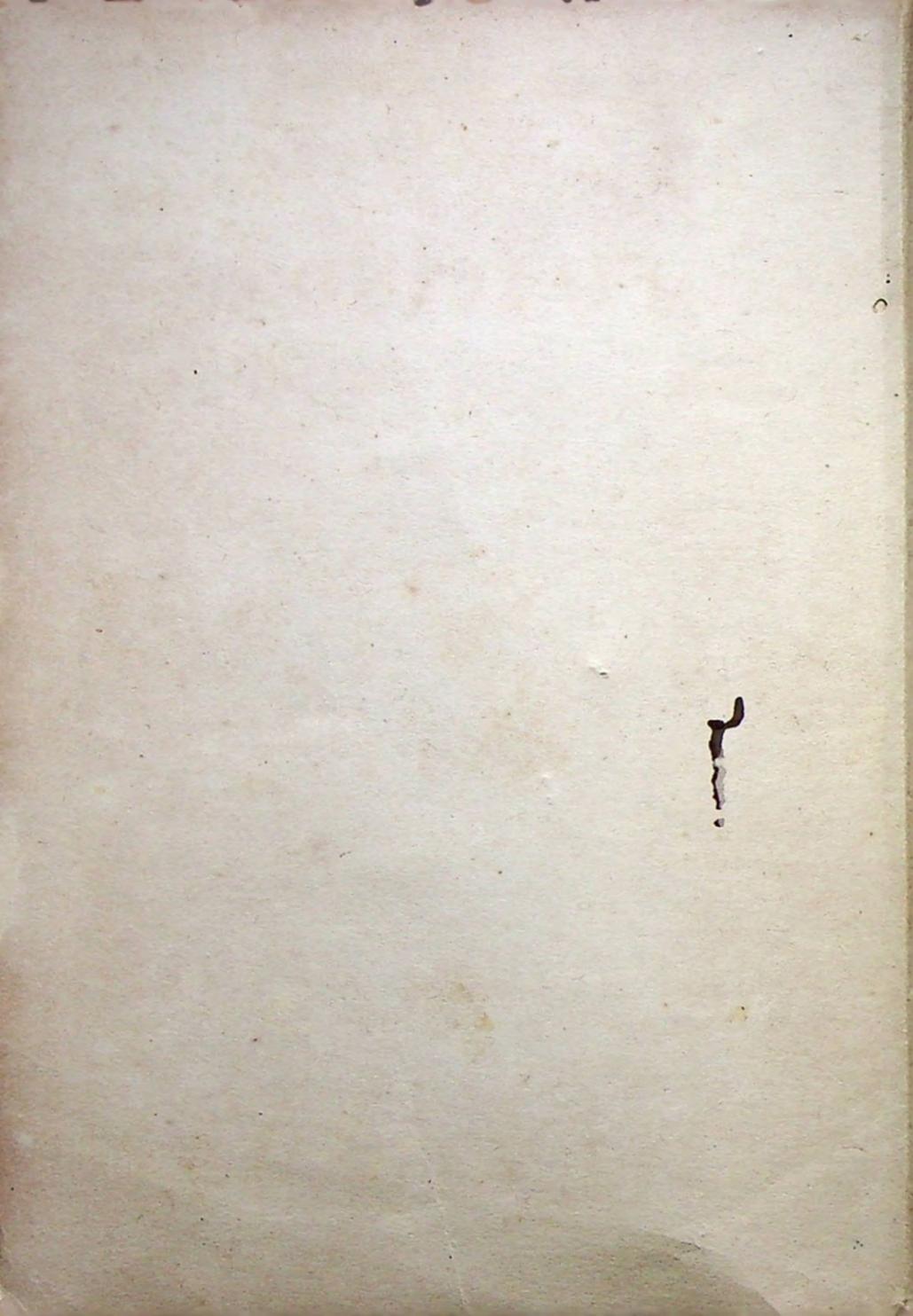
PHILIPPINES CORRESPONDENT
OF THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

His soul, of course, was in the utmost anguish; he knew he must make amends, and at night he would get into his calesa and go on phantom rides from house to house, where the peasants lived that he had cheated in the weights. He was always trying to return his ill-gotten gains.



Lorenzo F. Reyes





FILIPINOS

By

Walter Robb

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of the Philippines
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DEDICATED

To the *Chicago Daily News*, the meticulous standards of whose foreign-news service have been a constant inspiration to high endeavor through twenty delightful years.—W. R.

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BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN MANILA*

There are beautiful things in Manila—

Over weathered archways,
Windows, doorways, ledges,
Trellises and copings,
Even heaps of rubbish,
Blossoming cadena,
Cadena de amor.

There are beautiful things in Manila—

A little ragamuffin
Who all day long hawks papers
At Plaza de Goiti:
Alert as a suckling doe,
Beauty in her brilliant eyes,
In her lissom body,
In her deer-fleet limbs,
In her smile, her laughter,
Witnessing her happy soul—
Making you think always
How the forest foliage

*To Mrs. Robb, who perhaps turns up in some of my chapters as *Dollie*. Her long patience as a spouse is beyond understanding and her help and encouragement in the preparation of my somewhat tatterdemalion Volume were indispensable.—W. R.

Richer grows and verdant
Where you're sure of finding
Welling springs and constant
Freshness of cool waters.

There are beautiful things in Manila—

All the moods of nature,
All the changing seasons,
Even transient periods
Of every trooping day;
Every dawn and evening,
Every drowsing noontime.

There are beautiful things in Manila—

One, the rustled curtains
Of rain; of rains a-sweeping
As the monsoon moves them;
Folds of rain descending
As gusts of storm impel them,
With street lamps gleaming through
Where the curtains are the sheerest,
Where silvery humid hangings
Hold the darker drapes together.

There are beautiful things in Manila—

Fragrant orchids blooming
In arbors and rude gardens
Round huts of peasant families;
And cannas making radiant
Vacant lots and swampy places.

There are beautiful things in Manila—

Back of ugly portals,
Mellow light: a tranquil
Atmosphere of quiet,
Repose and real comfort,
In houses big and little,
Pretentious homes and humble.

Of the beautiful things in Manila

I've named a few;

There are beautiful things in Manila—

Among them, you.

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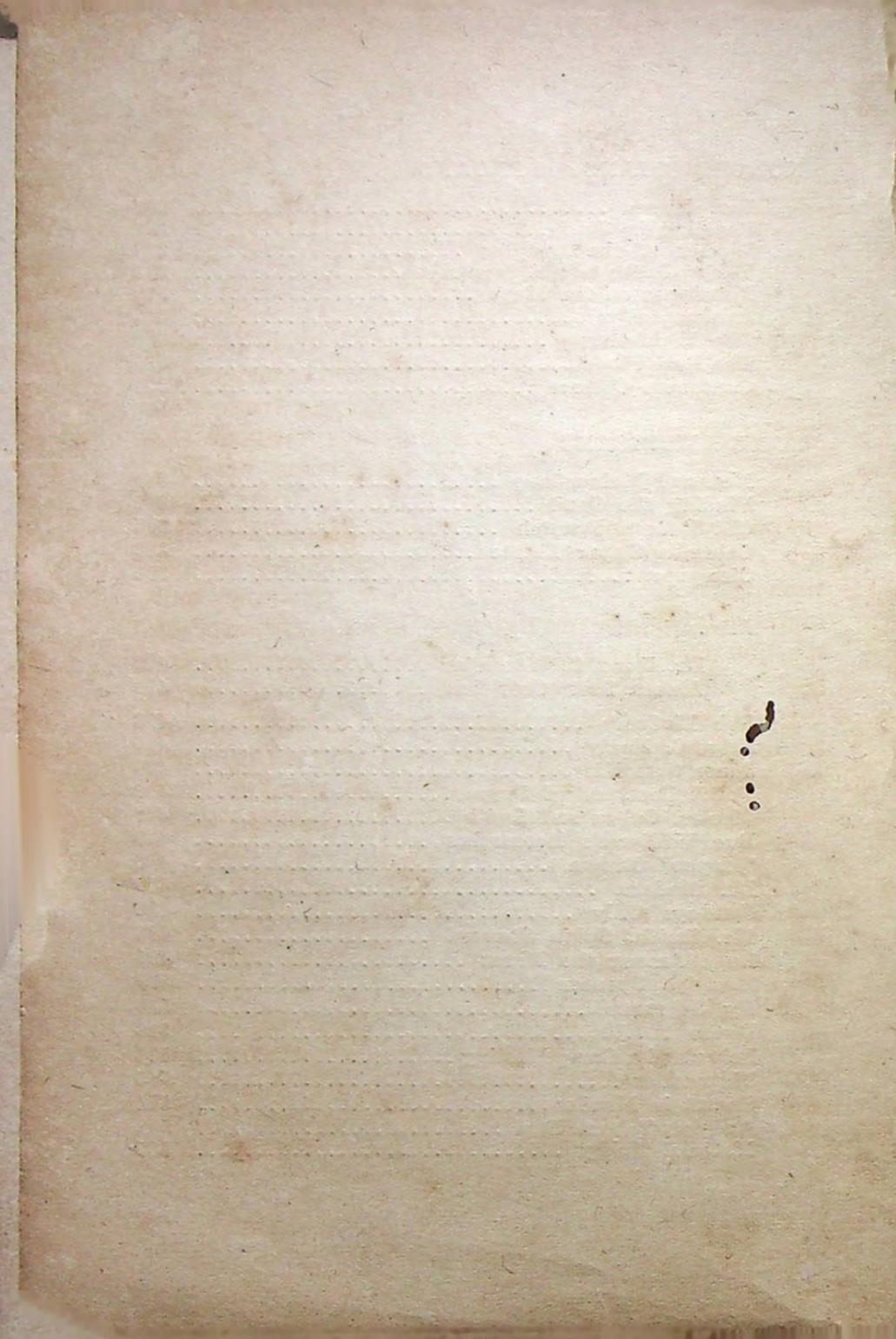
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SUNRISE IN MANILA

MORNING is heralded in Manila by little busy puffing trains roaring thither and yonder into the provinces as if they were really big trains and had some real purpose in being thus early on the road. The reverberations, on the still air, are confusing. Anon the roars intensify, the little trains sound for all the world like mighty ones thundering over still mightier river bridges; yet all the time they are only making believe, clowning, and merely laboring prodigiously along very modest trestles over the shallow creeks and estuaries meandering through the green valleys in a casual search for the bay. (These streams seem always sure of finding the bay, somewhere, as of course they are; meanwhile it is pleasant just to be roaming, and their murmurs are but whispered delight in their vagrancy.)

The trains whistle enough, but when they reach the first station they stop and stretch and rub their eyes, and are not at infinite pains to be hurrying on.

But soon they are far out. Their receding eloquence blends into the rumble of other wheels, converging into the city and really having something to do: yellow market-carts with red-striped bodies so crowded with baskets that some of these are

made fast to the uprights with tough rattan thongs. Somewhere among the baskets a stout market woman is perched, finding what modicum of comfort she has left herself and enjoying a matutinal *cigarro*. She is vociferous, like all her kind, and nothing loath either to jest daringly with the driver or to curse him, as her mood and the luck of the road may dictate. And vehicles faster than the carts drawn by bays and pintos and sorrels take the road—market lorries loaded to the gunwales with double rows of passengers, bales, bundles and baskets, all lunging along in their mechanical-porter fashion and claiming, at this hour, the handsome midway of main thoroughfares.

They are indeed like burdened porters, their shoulders bent, their gaze upon the ground. They have all lumbered into accidents long ago, shattering their proper lights, and in lieu of these some flickering tin lanterns have been made to serve. They roll their careless journey on, coming through pleasant ways:— adown the merry vales where lingering mists conceal what must be hosts of elfs and oafish sprites still pursuing tardy nocturnal mischief-making, and at last along the flat valley and over the placid streams with lotuses and hyacinths nestled on their purple-black surfaces. The sun, in its good time, will come knocking at the portals of these myriad flowers and touch them into effulgent blossom. But now they sleep, yielding listlessly to the small current, wholly imperceptible, provoked by occasional dugouts paddling

by. Like the carts, these boats are market bound, and like the lorries too. Manila must be fed, must have its breakfast, and will pay for the feeding, even of its animals. This dugout has *cargas* of fresh green hay from the mountain swales or the irrigated meadows, and that one, crate-baskets of chickens, with a woman, midships, smoking and somewhat concerned for her newly starched and thoroughly ironed bright calico skirt and *sinamay camisa*. The brown boatmen are at the stern—or, if two to one dugout, bow and stern—maneuvering the tippy craft with conscious dexterity. Above the waist an undershirt suffices, yellow, red, or blue, maybe brown, whilst flappy turkey-red trousers are rolled above the knees.

If the men don't like the market woman, they banté her, no matter that she has agreed to pay, or that she is their passenger. If they do like her, they speak respectfully, calling her *Aleng*, whether she pays or not!

Intermittently the earliest street cars jangle, creaking their brakes and wheezing and hiccoughing and making much ado about hauling denim-clad stevedores down to the waterfront; and under the paling lights of the city, lost in its beauty sleep, lone women pass, barefoot, bundled in flimsy pink shawls and flannel night garments, and shambling along in *chinelas*—hair loose and uncombed, merely knotted at the neck. Perhaps they are *amahs*, coming to tend the children; but they are mostly youngish women, and perhaps... well, they and the

pale lights for it. Other women, and troupes of girls, dressed demurely and demurely veiled, are going to matin services.

God's lustrous new day will soon be upon all. Behold its breaking! A golden flare over all the eastern heavens; clouds, when there are clouds, and this is nearly always, a phantasmagoria of color; and then... the Lord of Day full upon the Land. His coming is presaged by scarce amomentary twilight. In his full majesty he rises over the mountain tops, and in a twinkling the night is gone and the light is the light of broad day.

The reader must not assume that I have been up for many sunrises in the Philippines. I managed to make this one, to see just what went on. I have a grudge against the Sun, have had all my life; he gets up early, just to elude me; he comes shining at my window, to shame me out of sleep; he is a scab and will not abide union hours, and his thrifty timeliness is obnoxious. Men in Manila who do get up for sunrise, and long before, are the Veterans of the Occupation and the Campaigns of Pacification. These men are the articulated vertebrae of the town's backbone. Acolytes beat them to Rizal Avenue, but they are rebuilding the oldtime main street, the Escolta, and marking the long bayshore south of town with their homes.

All this signifies energy, and energy derives from the Sun. These men learned in barracks to respect reveille; they still do, and while the beauty is transpiring that these observations describe, be-

fore the Sun is really up they have all scanned the Manila Daily Bulletin page by page, had an extra cup of coffee over its editorial, which they have usually approved, noted the New York market, ships movements and schedules, and the rates of exchange. Thus they keep on, dying when they are about 60 years old, or perhaps no more than 55 years old; and that's what it takes, from man, to keep a city running. If any one of them so overslept as to breakfast later than sunrise, by 11 o'clock at most he would go round to his doctor's for what they all term *a general going-over*. They never think they might need more. I have observed how calamitous it is for them to rise by the Sun, enhancing their responsibilities while depleting their powers, and have, without much difficulty, avoided their example.



THE TYPHOON

FROM midnight on it lashed the house. Of course it lashed the whole town, and no doubt, the countryside in all the provinces nearby. But your thoughts were homebound, it raged against your home; and when morning came, there was all the havoc, and the storm still blustering about. But the sun made brave effort too; rain would keep up all day, and the storm renew at gusty intervals, but the worst was over: there would be no more 60-mile winds weighted with sheets of rain. You could take stock.

A bus got along the street at 6 o'clock, not good daylight that tardy morning. But folk were already abroad, young men and young women especially, all in gala groups, often with an older man or two along, gleaning what the storm had harvested. Poles leaned low, trees uprooted lay everywhere, loose wires dangled at the many breaks, but the power had gone off at 4 o'clock, by someone's good sense, and so there was no danger—beyond the ardent glances shot from every side at the comelier girls among the waders.

There is a Malay exclamation that can't be spelled. But it translates into "Lady, God bless you. Your charms are gracious!" It is just one word, drawn out from a bashful murmur to a bold shriek. Up and down the street it sounded; for as the sight-

seeing groups passed, the young bucks, already hacking the fallen trees into firewood, knew enough to glance up and spell themselves. Their banter pretended to be from one to another, across the littered street—but it was all intended for burning ears. The vicariously complimented girls tossed their heads and laughed.

Then the banter was livelier than ever. The lissom form of Malay young womanhood, clad in dress the rain and wind turn into a colorful integument—in truth a bit of beauty. And at times the sun would shine, and everything, jeweled by the rain, which presently would come hard again, would have a sheen about it. What a magnificent holiday!

The houseboy came early, bolo in hand, to make firewood for himself of all the trees he knew must have blown down in the yard. Soon the gardener joined him. It was true, five or six huge acacias were to be cut up. Two, blown down in the neighbor's yard, had fallen into our yard. They were ours, too—by customary law. All day long, there was no quarrel over the wood anywhere: customary law takes care of such things with utter preciseness. In the street, a fallen tree is the property of the first man who strikes bolo into it; and if he wants help with it, he bargains as an owner. In your yard, the fallen trees are your servants' property; and if they want to bargain off some of the wood, for help in cutting it, this is their business—the trees were made their property by the storm. Of

course, if you too burn wood, they share and share alike with you.

Typhoons are the poor's friends. Their huts of thatch are usually in sheltered places, but if they blow down, they are soon up again; they are light and cheap and everyone helps with them. But think of all that happens to the rich! What lawful plunder there is for the poor! So the peasants are busy and happy, and even the smallest children can carry home bundles of light branches, good tinder when the sun shall have dried them.

It wasn't so easy about the pomelos, a large basketful of ripe ones blown from the tree. The houseboy and the gardener insisted that at least the smaller ones were theirs. Well, what does any small household want of a whole basket of pomelos at one time? Quick compromise and an end of it. Back the boys go to their chopping. You think it nothing, that every male domestic in Manila is instantly a skillful woodsman when a typhoon brings the occasion? It is indeed something, it is earnest that the peasant's love is still with the land. And what are their dreams? Why, of a hut, a field, a wife and a bevy of children. Observe these things, they mean much.

One case for the supreme court, that is, the pronouncement of the gardener, was that one of our trees had blown down over a peasant's rice field. The flood, he said, had probably ruined his rice and all his work would have to be done over, but the tree, fallen over his land, was his. What say you,

Justice Gardener? Yes, that is true—the tree is the peasant's. Now remember, Justice Gardener is very poor and works for a pittance; and besides that, he is lately married and his wife has intervention in all things relative to property, and he must take everything home that is possibly his. Moreover, the peasant who farms the rice field is a stranger to him. But law is law, and windfalls, windfalls—without question the tree is the peasant's.

Near noon the car is got out and way is made downtown, lowgear and slow through the deeper flooded places. At the Rotonda is decision to make, calle Aviles, or calle Legarda? Young men here, chilled to the bone in water knee- and waist-deep, and they in shorts and undershirts, work in gangs and earn tips pushing stalled cars. Nevertheless, they say to take calle Legarda—it's the better chance of getting through. It is accordingly the route, and the car gets through—the good Samaritans earn no tip that time: they could have said to try calle Aviles, and in that way earned their tip—the car would have stalled along with all the rest that tried that way.

Downtown there was nothing to do. Stores were closed, services out of order. The typhoon had paralyzed the city, even banks were closed. Half a dozen steamers were aground, up and down the foreshore. Movies were closed, Nature's decree had made a holiday even for business.

Half after 1 o'clock effort was made to start the car and drive home. Useless, but as soon as definitely proved useless, there were young men about, an elevator operator, a doctor's doorboy, and friends of theirs loafing with them, ready to give any aid called for.

"Push then! *Tulak!*"

They pushed with a will, but nothing came of it; and so a chauffeur came along and said he would push the car along with his car, to a garage where it could be dried out and got going. This he did.

"Thank you, mighty nice of you."

"You are welcome, sir."

Calle Echague was tried, running into calle Solano and then into calle Aviles; for at noon calle Legarda had been barely negotiable, and here, nearer the river, in spite of what the young men at the Rotonda had said, the flood might be lower. No use, however, at Plaza Anti-imperialista, opposite Malacañang—and what ruin there! trees flat all over the lawns, and everything, in the glow of a new moon the evening before, ideal outdoor tropical beauty!—the turn-around for calle Legarda had to be made after all.

All went well, too, on calle Legarda, though the flood was higher. But a push crew mounted for ready duty, and took hold when the mechanism flooded and the car stopped on calle Santa Mesa beyond its juncture with calle Trabajo. Instantly the volunteers dismounted and pushed the car forward, and warned us not to try to start the engine

because, besides water in the carburetor and the distributor, the muffler was under water a foot or so. But clear way was got at the railroad, and fortunately the engine would start; the men with the cold-quivering chins and lithe taut muscles could be paid, thanked and let go.

Change had to be made. The man at the right window, who was the boss, took a 2-peso bill to the *tienda* at the corner and bought a package of Philippine cigarettes, fetching back correct change. They were just the thing, these dhobis, for the domestic tobacco they are made of draws freely in a pipe during typhoon weather, when real pipe tobacco gets too damp and goes over to the side of the match trust. Cigarette? Have a cigarette? None of the young men would have a cigarette—far from salubrious on a chilled wet stomach. As they had pushed the car along, one at the rear had several times argued that they should stick for a tip of 2 pesos. His cupidity wasn't endorsed; all the others, and the boss—no doubt the oldest of this lot of brothers and cousins out making a lark of hard labor—held that nothing should be said at all, about pay: let the man pay what he will, and if he has nothing, nothing.

Among them they got a peso, and gave their polite thanks and stood by while the engine made several false starts and finally a sure one. Then they turned back, then their contract had been fulfilled—a contract over which not a word had been spoken.

It was now 4 o'clock, and the strollers were even more jocund than they had been during the forenoon. All day they had been chattering and thinking mischief up. They had been reminded of make-ups in the movie they had liked so well, the movie of a genre quite their own, Hollywood Review and its theme song, *Singing in the Rain*: under a narrow parasol, dripping away its color, were a midget pair aping Dressler and Moran. Ukelele Ike was their cavalier. Groups of four or five girls might have stepped out of that drippy chorus. Many wore their brothers' trousers. The banter was terrific, but the cavaliers were incessantly watchful. Storms the world over are times to play with fire. They have this in common with war, they touch the instinct of generation; they threaten life, the human heart would bravely respond with new life—for the race would live. Of course it is but fleeting fancy, the reaction to storm, and doesn't go on to realization, as in war; the Philippines have their merry wading in the rain, New England has its bob-sled rides after blizzards.

Nascent, all about you, during storm, are racial anthems swelling in gay young hearts. The threat is there, Nature's overwhelming force, but Nature's mood changes and the threat passes. Deep chords that could sound stern defiance are merely lightly wakened, and the sun sent to hush them. Glorious then are storms.

On Santa Mesa a few houses beyond its juncture with calle V. Mapa, everyone had flocked to see the

dead man. He was a Spaniard, it proved, about 60 years old. They thought he had tried to cross from calle Sociego. Anyway, peasants out in their dugouts trying to do something to save their flooded rice fields, had found him drowned and had brought his body ashore. It was all right to go and see. The dead are not really dead, leastwise in the East they're not, and he was old, and seemingly hard-working—now he was asleep, rid of the burden of his lot.

The peasants had made a bier of their dugout, pulled it out of the water and got it across the road under shelter of a thorn, where its burden wouldn't startle passers-by, if they were driving fast. And they had sent for the police, who were getting things out of the man's pockets and trying to verify who he might have been. The peasants had done all kindly things to remove the marks of death and invite the attitude of seemly rest.

But none knew him, his papers told the police nothing. He was flotsam of the storm. Around him all this youth, able to give life; and around him the passingly merciless storm, taking his enfeebled life.

Not a foot of the street beyond was flooded at all, soon you were snug at home again with a day's ventures to tell of—and a thoughtfully procured extra candle for the reading you would do that night. Only after dinner would you tell about the drowned man, and then as gently as ever you could, but surely, too—woman's curiosity and sympathy

will have things so. Such was Manila's typhoon Tuesday after Monday's midnight, October 16, 1934. The mending was so quick, in three months no one was able to swear it happened.

Sometimes beauty eludes you at first glance, though you are sensitive to her varying forms. There by the walk the old man worked, bar and bolo his tools, digging up the encumbering stump of a tree the typhoon had broken, so that its life had to be taken, and fagots made of all its wood, roots, branches, trunk. It seemed to be unlovely, the old man and his work. You only noted that it was well done: the sprangled roots dug out and neatly piled, the tap root cut deep down. Riving the tough trunk would indeed be hard. Chug, chug! the bar. Swish, swish! the blade. Morning still, the sun packed away in the clouds for service later, the work went on like time. Just common work, and the worker poor, all plain to see. :

You parleyed:

"Hey, brown fellow! Will you remove a stump like that for us, lying athwart our hibiscus hedge? We're but a few doors up the street, we'll go along and show you what's to do."

He said he would, of course, but we should bear with him, for he was old now, though he liked to work, and had to work, too, since he was poor—or rather, as he put it, he was *of the poor*. He would take away the stump, but mind again, if we would pardon for it, he should have time enough to do the thing in an old man's way.

"I'm very young," he said, confusing opposites, boasting some Spanish words he once knew how to use. Then indeed did Beauty clothe the man, and in good truth did grace beseem his strokes. Not all puritanism is in New England: a stoic too, the old woodsman was winning his bread in honest ways, bravely providing till life should stop... asking no favor. On the lawn, as we crossed to the hedge for the old man to see the stump and size up the task, already Ana had the wash spread out to wait the sun's part in the laundering—Ana who is so young, and wants children, and wonders why they do not come to her, and touches the Mother of God, in the Rosario chapel, that they may come; Ana who loves the sunlight in which the old man can not work, he being old, and she but past girlhood and married but a year or two. Here too was beauty we had not seen. Even in the tropics, you have to look it out.



MAIN STREET

THE Escolta is Manila's Main Street, and has been for more than 100 years, or since the city was opened to foreign commerce and foreigners were permitted to reside in it and engage in merchandising. It is one of the most crowded thoroughfares in the orient and quite rapidly assuming a modern appearance. Though there are still types enough of the oldtime building, two stories, the upper overshooting the lower in true Spanish colonial style, modern business structures now prevail, rising from three to five full stories and boasting plate-glass fronts and the convenience of elevators. Mossy tile roofs sagging even the massive hardwood timbering which supports them are yielding the day to galvanized iron sheets which are less dangerous in earthquakes, cheaper, and infinity uglier.

Of course the more ambitious buildings are roofed with tile or smeared over with sheets of concrete, but it makes little difference how they may be roofed, they are too high for their lids to be seen. Yet they are not really high. The skyscraper will probably never find lodgment on the Escolta, destined no doubt to remain a Main Street unique to Manila. It will always be just four rambling blocks long, always with Plaza Santa Cruz on the east and Plaza Moraga

on the west, and always winding with the lazy curve of the Pasig.

Plaza Moraga. Why? It was Father Moraga who prevailed upon Carlos III not to abandon the Philippines, and Moraga was killed 308 years ago in a battle with the Dutch off Mariveles. As to Plaza Santa Cruz, here the British formally returned the Philippines to Spain, 1764, Don Simeon de Anda acting for Spain, as his effigy and the inscription on the wall of the church facing the Escolta attest.

It is a curious street, curiously named. *La Escolta*, the Escort.

For a long time after the walled city was built and the governor's palace was put straight across the street from that of the Archbishop, many of the royal governors preferred to live in the stone *convento* attached to the parish church of Santa Cruz, built by the Jesuits as a mission to the Chinese of the district. The governors enjoyed the cool breezes coming in across the swamps now converted into the beautiful and spacious Mehan Gardens and the late lamented Bagumbayan drive, widened, asphalted and recently rechristened calle Padre Burgos. Thus in commemorating new history, the city fathers have resorted to the simple device of erasing the old memorials and writing new legends over them, to the lesser honor of the men they would remember and to no great public advantage.

Aside from the comfort of the Santa Cruz *convento*, the royal governors sometimes found it an advantage to be living at that distance from the Arch-

bishop, with whose authority over disputed matters they were often in conflict; and perhaps the prelates, right at least part of the time, had, by the arrangement, more real elbow room.

Every royal governor had his personal escort, a company of halberdiers, *alabarderos*, never exceeding eighty men, some twenty of whom were mounted. For the most part they were veteran soldiers; and each man carried a halberd as a part of his military equipment, the halberd being a medieval battle-axe mounted on a seven-foot staff. These particular halberds had burnished brass trimmings; they flashed with imposing effect in Manila's sunlight.

A strong bamboo bridge crossed the Pasig at about the place the old Bridge of Spain used to stand. The Chinese who built the bamboo bridge were absolved for a stipulated period from taxes, so they had reason to build it well. The religious and military center of the city was the walled city, as it is today. Business was divided between Binondo on the north side of the Pasig, still the wholesale center, and the Parian, or Chinese quarter north of the river on a site now partly absorbed by the postoffice property and Plaza Lawton, partly by the ice-plant, and partly by Mehan Gardens and the network of streets traversing this section of town, and by the Metropolitan theatre.

The gates of the walled city were closed at sunset, when curfew rang from the towers of all its churches; they were not opened again until dawn. Low, massive, stone-arched, typically medieval as

you see them today, these gates were all furnished out with ponderous drawbridges lowered and raised by rude capstans, with strong porcellises of square iron bars which settled into place as the drawbridges rose upright. On either side of the gates were casemates and alcoves, the latter serving as shelters for the guards and the former for prisoners arrested for petty misdemeanors.

The villages of Tondo and Binondo were separated from each other and from the Pasig by clumps of bamboo and a series of grassy swamps or shallow lagoons, while along the river a sandy path connected the northern bridgehead with the Santa Cruz *convento*. In the clumps of native dwellings round about, all on stilts of bamboo as if prepared to wade for it in event of an unusual tide, there lingered for a long time the vestiges of the cult of Islam. They lingered under the bells of the new churches, they lingered despite the persistent teachings of the friars; and many irreconcilables lurked in the hills of Montalban, carrying on the age-old trade of *tulisanes* and *mandu-dukots*, thieves and kidnapers.

Toward evening, therefore, the narrow path from the *convento* to the bridgehead was crowded with fearful pedestrians hurrying to get inside the walled citadel before the closing of the gates at vespers.

In those old times there existed, where the De la Rama* building now stands, a *posada*, or inn,

* Regina Building now.

frequented by soldiers of fortune, new arrivals, hangerson, and a general nondescript clientele given to inordinate boasting and the imbibing of the wines of sunny Spain. With more freedom than was permitted in the walled city, the rattle of the dice box was heard; very naturally, all types of Spaniards foregathered at the inn, but especially the pioneer and the swashbuckler. The Spaniard has a varied and handsome character; he has inherited the adventurous blood of the Carthaginian, the courage of the Moor, and the berserk valor of the Goth, to say nothing of his Iberian ancestry.

One of the habitués of the *posada*, at a certain period of which we write, was a boisterous soldier with a peculiar squint which marred him permanently. A native of Aragon, he had seen military service with the Flemings and Hollanders and had become tainted with the heretical teachings of those low countries. A plausible and smooth-tongued talker, he would often, when in his cups, voice his opinions in a manner to horrify the bystanders; for while military men generally pay little enough attention to the religious beliefs of their comrades, the devout Spaniard is an exception to this rule.

Besides, the fellow was cross-eyed, which, taken with his sardonic squint and his cynical dissertations, soon caused him to be shunned as a companion. The superstition of the evil eye was upon him. Men began repeating the old Tagalog aphorism, *sa sampong duling, ni isang magaling*, in ten cross-eyed men, not one is any good.

The heresy was soon reported to the Familiar of the Holy Inquisition, but the garrulous one paid no attention to repeated warnings. One evening he left the *posada* almost at the curfew hour, intending to visit some acquaintances in the walled city, and set out along the sandy path to the bridge. He was never heard of again; he had utterly disappeared. A few *Indios* had disappeared along this path from time to time, but no Spaniard had ever been molested, and the colony was soon quite worked up over the mysterious incident. Fear of similar occurrences in future at last drove a citizens' delegation to wait upon the royal governor, with a request that he station a detachment of the *alabarderos* along the path as a guard until after the city gates were closed. The governor assented, detailing a grizzled officer to arrange the escort, the *escolta*, in such a manner as to protect the path for a period of six months; and from this the winding path by the riverside got its name, *la escolta*, the escort, long before it was widened to the dignity of a street.

What became of the heretic? Surviving Flanders, did he perish ignominiously when put to the question in Manila? The friars said they suspected Satan, that the Evil One had bodily carried the man off; and it seems only natural that they would maintain this. The *Indios* blamed it on the *mandu-dukots*. If the higher secular authorities knew anything about it, they at least kept their own counsel, and no account ever appeared in the *Gazeta Oficial*. Royal governors came and went, and still there were halber-

diers on the Escolta. They had their stables and barracks on calle Soda, abutting the river, where they kept His Excellency's carriage. When summoned, they were off posthaste, coach-and-four and footmen and outriders, down the Escolta and out through the country to Malacañang, and back along the Escolta and over the bridge—not the old swaying bamboo one the Chinese built, but a better one, and at last the handsome *Puente de España* itself—and hurriedly and officiously rumbling into the walled city and pulling up at the Ayuntamiento in the grandest manner of the road, for there His Excellency would do his day's work and preside over the Audiencia, royal council and supreme court rolled into one grandiloquent Spanish colonial institution.

The American Governors, too, gave way in November 1935 to the Hon. Manuel Luis Quezon as President, who drives of course with motorcycle outriders, but saves the Escolta the experience.

On these excursions on His Majesty's service there was a great clanging of stirrup and harness, a flashing of burnished halberds and a shouting of menials exalted to momentary importance: *Make way! Make way!* But now times have changed. Governors seldom visit the Escolta, halberdiers only appear there in the movies. But the people throng there daily, buying finery for their ordinary use that would have been the envy of royalty itself in the days when the heretic held forth unwisely and the Escolta was a footpath instead of a street of merchant's windows and glittering lights, streams of motors and traffic policemen.

MIDSUMMER RAINS

THE rains of May intensify in June after the monsoon changes to the southwest. The peasants immediately prepare their seedbeds for the rice, which will be told about forthwith. But first of all a word is in order about the monsoon that brings the season of six months' rain to all the western Philippines and to all the remainder of the islands not cut off by cordilleras too high for the clouds to scale; for they are heavy clouds, floating low and as ready to sprinkle their benison on the land as old crones on beggars' day are to receive alms. It is the same monsoon that before Raffles' time would not let the British squadrons return to Calcutta, once they had sallied forth to the Straits Settlements, so that the British, of course, had to take Penang and make a naval rendezvous of it and a new trading post. But, as they could not suppress the piracy in the Malaccan straits by only stopping up one end of them, they had to acquire Singapore and erect it too into a naval station and trading post.

The British, one remembers, are the people who say it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

However, let us have nothing to do with the monsoon until it reaches the Philippines and its rainy curtains shut us off from the rest of the

world. Rain, rain every day, and a steady patter on the roofs at night. No one likes to visit us now, for the windows of heaven open and the floods descend and cover the land. If the sun shines, it shines for all it is worth—sucking up the vapors of the sea and making ready more downpours. Passenger lists on incoming steamers are light. But many people go away, determined to get away from the rain.

Oldtimers don't; they welcome the midsummer rains—a freshening breeze at the window and not a fleck of dust anywhere. Let it rain. It is not like the darky said in the cotton field, *mo' rain, mo' rest*; it is more rain, more rice; and as for that, more rain, more work. Most of the work the Filipino peasants do in a year is done in the rain, the persistent summer rain. With the first monitory showers of the season, the peasants are early afield mending their dikes. Hauling off the last crop, the carts cut ruts through the fields and broke down the dikes everywhere; before that, for the threshing, the dikes had to be cut down for the tractor and separator to be brought to the stackyards, and during the threshing, of course, the dikes round the stackyards were broken. It is a part of the peasants' agreement as tenants to keep the dikes repaired, and these are the main repairs to be made. But there are many minor ones; between harvest and planting the fields are used as pastures and the dikes are rudely trampled by the loose livestock, especially the idle cara-

baos, lobbing moist spots near the dikes into mud wallows.

After the crop is hauled off and until the monsoon changes is the slack time of the peasants' year, but the foraging carabaos blundering about the fields pile up work for their masters. The landlords, in their turn, have odd jobs laid out to be done: it is the lot of the poor to do this free. Peasants born and bred, they do not mind it at all if the landlord is a considerate man; though really their dealings are more with Mistress, she who holds the purse strings and counts the pennies, than with Master. Master is of the gentry, and may be preoccupied with politics or the pursuit of one of the polite professions, law, or medicine, or the holding of petty office, elective or appointive. The roads, where the bare feet of the peasants and the unshod hoofs of their carabaos make paths along the edges, are made for Master: he puts on starched garments, all white, and whizzes over the roads in his automobile. Officials drive over the roads too, *inspecting*, sometimes collecting taxes, and *Castilas*, *Americanos* and *estranjeros* generally, use the roads. The peasant merely observes these things, they are not for him.

But when he is through with his work, the peasant uses the roads too. Trucks take his rice to mill over them, and other trucks equipped for *pasajeros* give him cheap rides into the villages.

They carry him 20 kilometers for one peseta, ten cents. These rides are merry outings.

Well, he is not through work now; he is just beginning, since the rains have come. The dikes repaired, the fields have filled with water. This must be watched, that it doesn't break through the dikes; the sluices must be regulated to the quantity of rainfall and the ditches kept open, and between times the seedbed must be made.

The highest paddy is selected for this. Mucked into a weedless loblolly, it is sown thick with rice seed, enough for seedlings for all the fields. Then it is fenced with bamboo posts and slats, and thorny bamboo brush is piled round the fence to keep the larger animals from pushing it down and the smaller ones from crawling through. A few sunny mornings, and the seedbed is yellow-green; a few more, and the seedlings are tall and vigorous, yellow only just above the ground. The plowing must be hurried along. The rains keep falling, time presses.

The peasant's broad bolo, with which he made the fence, is busy again—a new runner for the sledge (to haul the seedlings to the paddies), a new handle for his plow, a new grip for his harrow. For all these needs the bolo, the nearby forest and his ingenuity suffice. All his tools are light, since he must carry them to and from work. His plow is little more than a mattock, his harrow just a heavy rake, and his bolo is often fashioned

from a rusty file. These and his sledge are all he has.

He plows away now, for dear life; and every boy big enough to follow the plowtail follows it. As soon as the fields are plowed they must be mucked with the harrow. The carabao pulls this big rake, the peasant holds it at the proper slant, and as it gathers up the fallow growth he stops and lugs this off the field. It is best to go over the fields twice with plow and harrow, for clean fields are best even for rice, rank grass that it is. Lately, too, there is some vague talk going around about fertilizer, a heavy dirty powdery stuff sold in Manila. But who ever heard of this before? Did their fathers fertilize these fields? However, the talk seems to come from the *extranjeros*, the comerciantes. At least it is not from the all-compelling *gobierno*, that distant, awful tax-making and law-making power that knows not the peasant's ways. Given a good season the fields will yield enough—they always have. Mystic, peasant philosophy.

Now the planting! Everyone to the fields—father, mother, children, neighbors from the village! The feeblest pull the seedlings up and tie them into bundles: not counting, but getting nearly the same number into every bundle, like the cigarette girls in Manila, who never fail of it. The strongest wade knee deep side by side in the slushy fields, planting in such unison and with such precision that the seedlings stand in regimental

rows from whatever angle they are viewed. It is perfect dexterity, sometimes helped by a plaintive song which all sing in minor key, sometimes by the tunes of wandering minstrels who come and sit on the dikes and twang a *banduria* or scrape a wheezy fiddle; and sometimes these strolling peasant minstrels are blind men, led by furtive little children. The peasants give them pennies for their wallets, rice for their muslin pokes.

So the planting proceeds, so fall the heavy monsoon rains. A very favorite planting song runs to the effect that the work is no jest, it keeps you bent like an ox-yoke all day, not a moment for rest, not even for straightening up. But this being interpreted, is not a plaint about the planting, in which the peasants truly rejoice, but merely a lilt-ing pastoral of which the rhythm aids in keeping all hands in time and the lengthening rows of green seedlings trim and straight. As to the work, sun and rain upon the backs of men, women and children barefoot in the ooze and slush, it is preferred of all work and is all but a religious festival—if not quite that. The cross often guards the planted fields: San Isidro Labrador, the peasants' patron, always watches over them.

WHITE ANTS

APRIL showers bring May flowers. You cannot say that in the Philippines: April is a dry as rusk, May would singe the wings of Lucifer. But however torrid May was this year* up to Monday night, May 21, anniversary of the Lindbergh flight to Paris, certain signs and portents indicated unstable weather, and these increased as the month wore on. At the beginning the sun always rose in a clear sky and was soon at blazing heat, but clouds hung on its flanks later; and some days, when the sun had passed the zenith, the sweltering afternoons were relieved by cool winds blowing off of storms gathered in the eastern mountains. Fugitive clouds would break ranks now and then, and scamper toward the west, trailing pretentious little showers along the river. There would be rain and sunshine together, and scurrying downpours downtown, near the river, while half a mile away, on either side, not a relieving drop fell. The streets were parched, the houses suffocating; hardly the slightest breeze stirred the air, dank and humid, and lawns and gardens drank from the hose nozzle.

But on Lindbergh day, rather Lindbergh evening, came the welcome change. You walked out as

* 1928

usual, after dinner, to take the air along the boulevard, where the landward evening breeze is always refreshing; and at nine o'clock the Southern Cross was visible in a cloudless sky and tipping toward the west. But in half an hour it could not be seen. The breeze had perceptibly increased, and dark banks of clouds, real storm clouds, rose steadily higher in the south-southwest. Here was a rain at last that would not play fast and loose with Manila, would not be frightened back into the hills. It was not coming from the hills, but across the China sea. On it came, spreading all over the baking heavens and pattering down through the night and all day Tuesday. The heat of the summer was broken, a typhoon, of which the southwest rain was monitory, was passing north of Manila. Somewhere its bellicose winds were blowing, here there was only the bountiful rain.

With the arrant showers that came out of the east, the white ants, termites, began to fly—falsely drawn to the evening lights, losing their wings, falling on the dinner table, hovering and crawling over things, and making themselves a general nuisance. Kill them! Brush them off! Ugh, the horrible creatures! Such is the human reaction to termites on the one flight of their dismal lives, the nuptial flight. Some wholesome philosopher has recently remarked that it doesn't do to think, that the moment man begins to think he is lost—that optimists don't think, they feel, and that pessimists

don't feel, they think. It certainly wouldn't do to think about termites, you should soon be letting them nest in the laundry basket.

As it is, they nest in wood, even the most impervious, or the ground; in the Philippines there may be a hundred species of them, and some are mound builders, raising oval mud huts to the height of a meter or more over their precious queen. Ensnconced in a waterproof cell down in the center of the base of the mound, or at the depths of the nest in the wood, dwells this royal individual, with nothing to do but generate eggs, thousands upon thousands of eggs, in an ugly gray viscous sack stretching out behind her tiny body, making her quite immovable. Prone and helpless, the queen thus serves the tribe; thus she responds to the will of nature; thus, it has been found, termites may live, and pass on the spark of life to succeeding generations. It is an ideology. All activities of a termite community center about the fat and torpid queen. But no, she is not fat; she is reduced to a termite skeleton, the demands of the egg sack sap her vitality. Around her are her court, the entire colony of ambitious termites. There are the workers, feeding the queen and carrying the eggs away to the hatcheries; and there are the soldiers, on guard. Sometimes, when man is lucky in invading a termite cell, he may look quickly and carefully and behold another individual—much inclined to slip away at the first hint of danger, ready to abandon the queen and take French leave. He, of course, is the queen's husband, and married life sets

ill with him, he would be free. He is a little chap, smaller than the workers or soldiers; he seems to be the least fit to survive in the harsh environment in which all termites struggle; yet, scrawny and emaciated as he is, there he is, ready to make a dash for it.

Matriarchies don't appeal to him, but he is a hopeless minority. The workers don't think, they work; and the soldiers don't think, they guard. And probably they too have a comforting philosophy—sufficient unto the day is the fuehrer thereof.

Termites are all similar when first hatched, then differentiations begin. A portion are sexually functional, the potential queens and kings. These, when adult, have developed wings, and these it is who take the nuptial flight and land in the soup or the butter. Out in the jungle, all the termites' enemies are on the alert at this time, which they have learned to predict to a nicety: the centipedes, lizards, spiders, swifts—all are there with ravenous appetites, gobbling their banquet of termites, termites swarming out by scores and by hundreds, who will never make the nuptial flight, but only a meal for their neighbors.

But from the prolific queen come more termite eggs, and surviving termites say it's all in the day's work. Out of all the termites that do get away from the nest, occasional couples live to mate: the appalling mortality in this classical effort is a biologist's illustration of the law of the prodigality of nature. When they have mated, they make haste. With a flip of the wings, these Icarian appendages are gone, and

man now sees them squirming over the table like blind worms. They are even less than that, now, yet they make—heaven knows why!—the final effort to find a place to bore in and nest and found a new colony. If fortune favors them with a place where enemies may be walled off and plenty of provender kept by, then the colony will grow rapidly; but some find such sterile ill-protected places that it may be years before the colony numbers more than fifty. Termites! Ugly, nasty things! Kill them!



PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

THEY say no fewer than 50,000 students and other youngsters of Manila stood in the evening downpour at Rizal Stadium August 19* and heard President Quezon's remarkable 60th birthday speech in which he drew an indictment of the national character (after mentioning its general merit) with the view to convicting the country's youth of its shortcomings. This was an audacious taking of the bull by the horns, and *Time* remarked in reporting it that few are the national idols of history who would have dared it. But though President Quezon spoke in such vein, others have not that liberty—he himself would protest. Besides, it all led up to the announcement that a national body would be named to evolve a code of national ethics as a new foundation for national character.

Since the people heard from their own chief magistrate all about their bad points, we incline to cite some of their better ones too often passed unseen. Filipinos, like other peoples, have many reasons to hold their heads high; and the first of these reasons is, pertinacity in their indigenous culture. Conquered at least twice, they remain unconquered. There is something sound in a character like that, and it is

* 1938.

admirable. The virtue that recommends the people for some type of permanent union with the United States is that they have deserved their liberty. That alone is the ground of equality on which they may sue. This personal dignity is very strong in Filipinos, a notable virtue.

In short, the Philippines reveal a number of sociological wonders—commencing with the villages themselves. It must be kept in mind that the real laws by which most Filipinos live are customary laws dating very early in their racial identity, their very own laws. These are the substantial fabric of their economy. Oddly enough, and however made light of by others, they have never failed the people; and it can hardly be said that they are not indeed very good laws, since the similar laws of many other peoples have not served those peoples nearly so well. These laws that come down to our times with the Filipinos themselves impose a basic simplicity of life; because this basic simplicity has never been abandoned, the country has no breadliness nor tiers on tiers of mortgages. Anciently too, Filipinos lived on terms of cordiality with neighboring countries far and wide: not predatory, their manner never provoked nor invited invasion, and when the West came to conquer them it did so without provocation.

The Philippines have dodged free of foreign wars in all known ages, not because they feared, since many records attest the contrary, but because they sought no quarrels with anyone. Such facts derive from national character, nothing less; only here and

there, even in Europe, has it been approached—and that only in recent generations. Filipinos have long proved, with America, their native adroitness in affairs with other peoples even when in a position temporarily subordinate, brought on by the violence of war. An old record speaking critically for posterity says:

“They are kind and even generous in their social intercourse. They are grateful for benefits received, and are faithful, calm, and considerate.”

A. Featherman, who seems to have been a business man in Manila about 60 years ago, writes that, after reference to many other observers. Captain Anson got a like impression a century earlier. Not something the Filipino has acquired, it is something that through thick and thin he has managed to retain from his forebears.

Visit a village, you will find it ruled by simple villagers according to the most commendable laws affecting marriage and the family, the dower of maidens, crime and the rights of property and wealth. Unless it be unluckily located on one of the great modern estates, you will find its economy self-sufficient and its taxes to the general government well paid up. It is a village of cottagers, in whom an instinct for cleanliness is hereditary; their cottages are well built, of poles, bamboo, and thatch; each cottager prepares these materials himself and builds his home with very little cost beyond his own labor. There is a common room, a kitchen lean-to and perhaps a porch, and usually a small bedroom

separate; this cottage sets well up from the damp soil, and below may be bins for grain, coops for fowls, often shelter for a boat used at sea for fishing, the whole homestead being a neat compact arrangement, and the cottage boasting only the simplest furniture.

Mats made by the women make cool beds, spread on the bamboo floor at night, and they are washed and sunned during the day as often as need be.

The people are peasants, with peasants' ways, and it is good that they are. From this derives their hospitality, trite to make mention of because all peasants are hospitable: as it was even in Nazareth, so here.

Now what sustains this village of cottages? No cottage has a door that bars the thief or the intruder, the torch of the incendiary would sweep a whole village away in an hour, and between the bamboos of the floor where your neighbor sleeps, the vengeful bolo could be thrust with impunity. Why does not lust, rapine, and kindred weakness destroy such a community? Because, in the villages unspoiled by proximity to the cities, villages where the people's laws prevail, *men do not covet what is their neighbor's*. The very good reason is, all men in such fixed communities are well known to one another and transgressions of customs are condignly punished. When the men have left a cottage and pulled the ladder away from the door, the women are as secure as if they abode behind the virtuous walls of a yamen—it is death to violate their privacy.

There are village councils, not wholly made up of the councilmen elected to the responsibility, that deal

with such matters. Sometimes they are party councils, as in the case of two young men in central Luzon whom we remember. They had merely gone into a cottage when the men of the family were away, and said they had done so in order to bargain for some rice the family had for sale. Nevertheless, they were condemned and deprived of their rights as citizens for years—they had committed a heinous offense merely in crossing that threshold, their elders ruled, and indeed it was something that if let pass would encroach on the village's ancient security.

Do such homely virtues help Filipinos through this modern age? They do, unquestionably. Should they be abandoned the country would soon be plunged into heavy national debt with a vast balance of trade against it—the people would then have lost their village self-sufficiency and gone seeking strange gods, passing their children through the fire to Moloch. The lamentable situation in the Islands has always been the limited access the people have to universal learning, and the reason this is lamentable is, the more they learn of other countries the more they will admire their own and what they themselves make of it. You say the Chinese often makes their merchant? That is true, yet the people domicile his security—in his character as merchant he is a creature of their laws.

But let us not get afield.

A people may hold up their heads in pride over an indigenous economy, if they have one well worked out, and such, to cite but one example, is the situation

of the people of Cebu. Everything these people do in order to live ought to be closely studied, by scholars here as well as abroad, since it is nothing short of remarkable. Cebu comprises some 1,700 square miles, half of which cannot be cultivated at all, while much of the remaining half is declivitous and sterile. Yet a population of some 1,100,000 is supported, about 700 to the square mile. Farms average about 4 acres, and since there are numerous estates, actual holdings of villagers are much smaller. This civilization goes on and on from age to age, to say nothing of generation to generation, without the least social disturbance save the occasional conflicts of popular elections. Some rice is imported, but for bread the people use much corn that they grow themselves, in little patches that yield very lightly. The sea is bravely appealed to for meat, of course, and some labor has opportunity at certain seasons of the year to go to neighboring provinces and earn an extra peso or two. But that is about all, save of course that the capital, Cebu, is an important interisland and ocean port handling a volume of commodities from the Bisayas and Mindanao.

The diet and all the ways and customs of the Cebu people should be studied scientifically, for though they seem to have so very little, as a rule they are physically robust and noticeably taller and stronger than many of their neighbors. In fact it may be concluded that the diet of the Filipino villager is not so wanting in essentials as casual observation makes out. We have described how Cebu people lived an-

ciently, which is the way they live now: two conquests, and cloying contacts of all sorts, yet essentially no change—and also most wisely.

The Filipino's habitual mildness of manner is the source of much misunderstanding and under-estimation of his real pertinacity—which needs reflections such as we have just set down to bring it out. Speak and he seems to yield, avoiding direct encounter, but oftener than not, he holds on somehow and gains his end. The bamboo symbolizes his innate virtues admirably; yielding to the storm, when the storm has passed it is still there undamaged—and especially not uprooted. (Our messenger wishes a month's pay in advance. Why should he have it? There is no reason, yet he will infallibly get it. We can't argue him down, he won't defend his case, but neither will he abandon it! So he is bound to win.) Let Filipinos take to heart the faults their president picked out in them, since many of these faults may be theirs, but let them feel it mitigating to a degree that they have other qualities worthy of pride and not dismay. Their fumbling with economies on grander scale than that of their villages comes of want of experience (a venture formerly forbidden them) and then from want of credit and what it means to maintain this reputation at banks and commercial houses.

Such faults are not innate, they can be uprooted and discarded. And the people's better nature is worth a passing glance.

Make yourself a friend of my friend, says a Filipino village proverb. Don't wish for what you can't have. Don't fling up stones, they may fall on your head. Blades don't cut through crocodiles' backs. Drummers should beat the drum. The poor have no nurse. Wake not him who sleeps. A long tongue ought to be clipped. Insults are thorns that pierce the honorable man's heart. Life is labor, sow not among stones. He who is poor must obey. Knocking off the fruit, don't beat down the tree. Character shows in a people's proverbs:

Only rust destroys iron.

Thorns wound the swift step deep.

Though you be far behind, wit will put you ahead.

Twit a drunken man with impunity, but not him just awakened from sleep.

Noisy waters are always shallow.

Never seek fortune; if really yours it will come of itself.

Even watersoaked wood will burn if left long enough in the fire.

Repentance never precedes folly.

Savings of today are the comforts of tomorrow.

Even a rag, put away in the closet, will turn up for good use.

Real wisdom will always shame that which is mere pretense.

A small stool made of sound wood is better than a bishop's chair honeycombed with borers.

When a pullet begins laying eggs, expect chickens.

Criticise yourself before doing so to others.

However high the aim, the shot is measured by the strength of the archer.

He who spits at the sky gets the spray in his face.

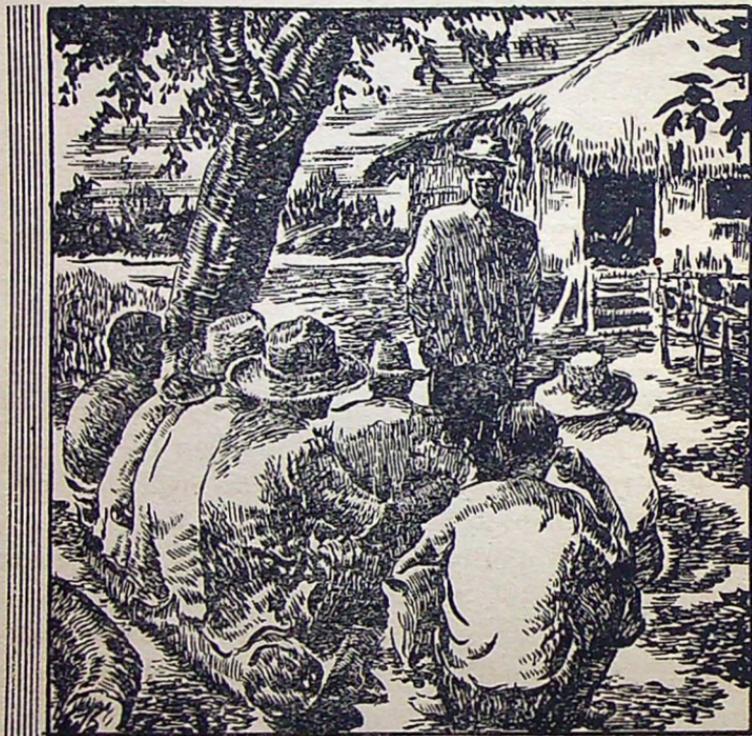
Pounding wet rice in the mortar only besmears the clothing.

Thieves are always jealous of other thieves' skill.

Loss is sure; gain, a chance.

To the hungry man, the rice is never scorched.

When the carabao is beaten, the horse feels the pain.



WALKERS ON FIRE

GO out into the country of an evening? Of course! For where in all the world could the joy of it be more exquisite? If anyone would resist the spell of the tropics, let him avoid the witchery of the night. But we would not resist it, having long been in its thrall: so, invited, we drove along Rizal avenue far out, until it became a moonlit country road and the rows of lights along its urban section were far behind. Invited into the country, go. The brooding tranquility, the undulating sward, the bamboo-bordered river, the faintest murmurs of the purling stream are only certain attributes of a bucolic munificence that wraps you round: there are the placid skies, in their tropic seeming-proximity, a moon that through the huge umbraceousness of mango, santol and acacia casts great pools of shadow on the lanes where little groups of people stroll along with the purpose, evidently, of going somewhere but with no particular anxiety urging them to forego the pleasure of atuning their mood to the mysterious night and its pagan enchantments.

We went, then, to San Francisco del Monte, where the ancestor worshipers were to exorcise the ancient demons, work the weird sorcery of their incantations and defy the laws of physics; this when their ecstasy and divination of the counsel of the blessed,

and their revered ancestors, should move them to do so. They were to prove, just as Sir Oliver Lodge might endeavor to prove, the soul's transcendency over the flesh. Yet they were the poorest and commonest of *taos*; they were just three bowlegged, sprawl-toed old men from an obscure village of Cavite, whom you glance at once and swear were witless.

We were early, but they were already at their altar. One by one the groups of strollers came down into the yard where the altar, candle-lighted, was in place under a mango tree. A canopy had been erected for it. The canopy, of canvas and fiber matting, was like a camp tent with the flaps open; and we all gathered round in front as if it were a stage on which we were watching a mystery play.

There was a fitting air of quietude. Voices were not in the least pent with awe, for the men at the altar made no effort to induce such mental receptiveness; but we spoke in low voices to each other, though gayly enough, because we craned our necks, looked over one another's shoulders and harkened intently in order to catch the words of the worshippers. Two plaintive guitars tinkled softly now and then, and a fiddlebow scraped in subdued harmony with them. Back of us, in the midst of the yard, was a brisk bonfire. It had been started with brush and branches, but then it was enlarged with cordwood and whole tree stumps. Dry bamboo was put on to provoke more heat and make a brilliant blaze for better light.

All the while the men kept kneeling at the altar. They were chanting constantly, sometimes in unison, sometimes one man alone, the others joining in with the equivalent of *amens* and *so's-let-it-be*; but their persistent supplications were very low, half-audible murmurs. What they said was made up of the several religions which are known to have influenced Filipino character; first of all, his own nature worship, then Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and a great deal of orthodox and heterodox Christianity and old-testament legend.

Appeals were made to the court of the saints, to the heavenly hosts that vanquished Lucifer (who was taunted and defied), to the twelve apostles, to Him who sits on the right hand of God, to Our Lady, and many more; and a spiritual journey was taken through the seventh heaven of the disciples of Mohammed. The altar was heaped with food and wine, for the indigenous gods and for the ancestors who were invoked.

*We have brought you wine and suman,
We have made you good maruya,
We have roasted whole the pullet
And have baked you fresh bibinka;
Come you to the feast we offer,
Share our rice and quaff our bino,
Ye who made the fields we labor,
Ye who know our earthly sorrows,
Who have gone along before us
Up the tortuous path of patience
To a world beyond the starlight*

*Whence you now look down upon us.
Take us there, if but in spirit,
Just a moment, and in spirit,
That we may discern what truth is
And may understand the yearning
In our hearts to wander thither
Any time the Master hails us
With the gesture men call death, which
Shall bring us, we your children,
To the place where you are dwelling,
To the land of the undying.*

A great deal along this line, the chants were; and when, one by one, the worshipers could not make a dagger, their talisman, stand upright on its hilt on a porcelain saucer, they would fervently chant some more—until it not only stood unsupported on its two-pronged hilt, but in falling fell toward the medicine-maker, which was a symbol that he had finally communed with omnipotence and the answer was favorable. Resinous incense was passed over the altar in the process of the medicine-making, and the dagger was quite liberally smoked in it; so that it is probable that a tendency to stick to the saucer was momentarily imparted to the horn hilt.

Nevertheless, it seemed a hard trick to master; and probably the worshipers who make this medicine are unaware that the incense gives a physical aid to the spirit. All devils were of course cursed away, he who would malevolently blight a field, he who would send swarms of locusts to devour green

crops. There was even a journey over the water. The boat was symbolized by a sarong held at the gathered-up ends by two girls and the food stowed in its silken belly. Around this the three worshippers danced, gracefully, without a hint of suggestiveness or failing of decorous restraint. Yet they were symbolizing the heights of ecstasy; they were indicating to us the transports of joy they felt from their intimate communion with heaven.

Yea, they were walking on Galilee!

The ceremony, progressing, as it did, in the leisurely manner so typical of Philippine villages and villagers, had consumed hours. The bonfire had now died away to a heap of glowing coals as *hot as blue blazes*, which they were emitting copiously. So the fire was ready and the worshippers were ready to walk on it. They did so at once, coming from the altar with their low chants on their lips and guttering candles in their hands. They quickened their step when they reached the fire, and they danced when the guitars and the fiddle played them a lively tune. First around the scorching edge, then right through the fire they danced, making an impromptu competition of it. Someone whispered that the oldest was the best dancer (could stand, that is, the hottest blaze). He must have been seventy. A younger man overheard, so he turned and danced right through the blue blazes and trampled them out. The third man chanted a little louder and followed

him, and then the old man did the same. Together they trampled the whole fire out, taking ten or fifteen minutes to do so, and they broke up the larger coals with their bare heels. When he had been at this a few minutes, the old man put a red coal in his mouth, holding it firmly between his lips and making as if to puff it like he would a cheroot. This was to make the children laugh and the girls scream; for you certainly will rarely find your Malay so preoccupied with anything that he can't turn aside momentarily to please the children, if children are there to be pleased; and he is also a little masculinely vain, even though old.

So the medicine-making and the fire-walking was over. The music ended in a flourish, the old man spat out his coal, and the three worshipers went back to the altar, to kneel and give thanks. Their feet were examined by flashlight, closely, and they were not very calloused and not burned at all.

There were plenty of villagers about, to help dispose of the food on the altar: the several baked pullets, the suman, the bibinka, the maruya and the nipa wine. There would be no need, and very little sense, in going home while the moon still shone. The work-a-day strangers could do that—the Manilans who had come to see and had been given candles and the benches and the log-seat by the fire. Strangers understand little of nature, perhaps. They don't make medicine.

But it can be made for them. If you are ill of an abiding and deadly illness, the Cavite

ancestor-worshippers will strive with the demons within you and try to drive them away. Then you will be well, perhaps for no more than the sacrifice of a good beef animal. Primitive, but not unimpressive, mysticism. *Light and darkness, mind and dust*, comingled inextricably. But the psychic question: May one speak with the dead, contend with disembodied demons, hold concourse with ghosts and courtsful of undoubted saints? Let us leave it unanswered, perhaps man should not dare to know too much. All we really beheld were a rustic Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego unscathed in a fiery furnace.



BAD GIRLS

A long time ago we looked Santa Ana's taxiottes over, having heard them damned as well as praised. We suppose Santa Ana's girls who dance with the boys are typical of the profession, in Manila—not so bad as they are painted. Sailors are their meat, other trade is their salad. They have a code. They never speak on the streets or elsewhere, outside Santa Ana, to men they know. They like to find men who will maintain little homes for them, and many do; when they've done that, the code is for them to treat their benefactor on the up and up. One had got a gob in this way, who leased a house for her, hired servants, gave her \$50 a month, and, with her promise to marry him, was called off to China with his ship. This girl jettisoned the code when a rich civilian capped the sailor's ante, and all the other girls were cutting her for it. But her new man had everything, it seems.

Like men, the girls pay their way into Santa Ana. They are not very hardboiled, though merely to break even for the evening they have to get at least a peso. They cluster round tables, dance willingly when asked, but confine their invitations to very modest limits. And the prettier ones help the older and uglier ones, that attribute of charity instant in Filipino nature keeps asserting itself.

The girls drink, but many limit themselves to soft drinks. They don't besiege the men to buy drinks or suppers for them, the men lead and they follow. When they have given you a dance, you pay them what you yourself decide is enough. You make the rules, they play the game.

But Saturday night is different. It's for the special boy friend, and proudly the girls prove they have them. The best costumes come out of their cheap little closets, for this night of nights, and the newest ways to arrange the hair are recklessly paid for. Some of the girls who can not corral steadies, run hair-dressing shops for those who can. And all the evening, Saturdays, is given to the boy friends, whom all the girls still style sugar daddies. If strangers come along, demanding dances, it is the breaking of a tryst. Happiness flees until the stranger moves on and the evening is back on the twosome basis. Bawdy as some of the girls are, though by no means all, they fairly live for these Saturday nights. No mere part of the equipment that night, they escape their demi-monde existence for a few hours and rise above their poverty. Next day at church, or Monday on the Escolta, they must not know even by the faintest smile the men who this night are their very own.

To say who some of these men are would be giving away secrets. Dollie has never blamed many of them, whose wives go away from Manila with the children to the United States, or some place in Eu-

rope such as Switzerland or England, and stay absent from the conjugal couch years on end. We have known such brutal cruelties to outlast ten years, the victims of them in the prime of their lives—men who saw their children, hardly ever more than one or two, leave them almost in babyhood, and did not see them again until they were girls and boys in highschool. Out of sheer loneliness, the men fall back upon these Santa Ana girls, or others like them, so solicitous of their needs and their honor. Philippine women believe with God that it is not good for man to live alone. The first character they recognize in man is his manly propensities, and what they ask most of him is that he will be a gentleman about it. On their part they will unfailingly observe the very best of manners, exhibitionism is in the very worst of taste with them.

All over Manila a great deal of love is made, all the time, but rarely to the offense of third parties or in any scandalous manner whatever. It is astonishing how furtive a whole nation can be about a passion that inclines to be ungoverned. But it is certainly a pleasant astonishment, and you encounter it at Santa Ana very noticeably. The Bikol and Bisayan girls will accept more fondling than the Tagalog girls do; the Bikolanas and Bisayanans are far from home, playing a hard game among strangers, while the Tagalas are right at home and surely, occasionally, under the eyes of their sweethearts.

A Tagalog girl may be danced with, gayly flirted with, and ravishingly complimented, but she is not supposed to be touched intimately, even by her accepted lover, before marriage. She may, if her man is poor like herself, accept common-law marriage and cheat the altar of a fee, but it is a sacred covenant in her eyes just the same: she will quickly kill a man for breaking it.

So the most demure girls you see at Santa Ana are Tagalas, their mothers often in the background waiting to see them home. The other girls too have been similarly brought up, but poverty has driven them to town and they are more on the make. All the girls hope to marry well, all know they will be excellent mothers; there is hardly one who would not with the utmost fidelity and self-sacrifice endure uncomplainingly the woes described in the twentythird psalm with any helpmeet halfway decent to her, and not one who would not gladly leave the life at Santa Ana behind her and start off on such a venture in hardship tomorrow.

One evening we went to Santa Ana, among other places, with Jacob "Jake" Rosenthal when Jake had a hundred dollars to spend. He had been one of the group of Manila backers of Frank Buck when Buck went into Indochina to "bring 'em back alive" and write a book about his wild-animal ventures that flowered into a movie. At last the backers had got their money back, and Jake had set aside this hundred dollars on which he was showing our-

self and M. H. "Mike" O'Malley an evening's good time. (I hope this mention does not let me in for a chapter on Rosenthal, one of our closest and most admired friends—time is wanting now to do such a chapter justice).

We two guests didn't dance that night at Santa Ana, but Jake did, after a fashion. He danced with all the uglier girls in the house, picking them out as those who ordinarily would surely have the hardest run of luck. It was fine and generous of him, and very typical. All the prettier girls sanctioned it, not one made the smallest effort to decoy Jake away from his ugly ducklings, and when his money was spent and we got up to leave the place, he was followed by rounds of applause from scores of empty palms whose approving owners would have to have them crossed by the coins of meaner men.

Once a long time ago, there came a handsome young college man to Manila to work as a reporter on the renowned *Bulletin*, then as now the best newspaper in the Far East. This young man was too soft for Manila, a city that lets men go to the devil as soon as they please, if they please; the man was soon deep in debt and, generally drunk, committing *estafa*, thus getting the law after him. He of course took in all his friends, and accordingly lost them. Only the police sought his company, but he left them seeking by repairing at night to the Santa Ana district. Here a bailarina, or taxiette, who had

come to know him, befriended him. She hid him at her home; she mended and washed his clothes; she cooked good meals for him that brought him back to health; she gave him love, along with curtain lectures, and her little excursions in philosophy restored his self-respect while rousing a final determination in him to get back to New York; and at this happy juncture, the girl, already past her better-earning years, used her wiles and bribed a sea-captain to give the young derelict passage home.

For the get-away, the girl had the fellow's clothes all in readiness, including some new suits she had bought him. And soon he was on a New York newspaper doing feature stories. In a year or two a piece of Sunday supplement came to the *Bulletin* office, his picture with a dashing aviatrix of the period. This was bad-manneredly taken to Santa Ana by some of the *Bulletin* boys, ourself among them, for the girl to see. But her reactions were wholly disappointing, except that she did keep the picture. She was not jealous, but she actually wept with joy that such a weak and handsome young rogue was actually back among his own people, where he might not go entirely to the dogs. Her final verdict was, "He was always good to me, I'll always remember him—we had lots of fun together."

She is probably still living, and in Manila. If the man is also living, and prosperous enough to bring his American wife visiting here, he need fear

nothing. Even should he and his wife meet his benefactress face to face, at Santa Ana itself, not the slightest gesture would reveal that she had ever known him. But alone, when no dishonor could come to him for it, he would surely be smothered with affection; for what was done for him was not done lightly, but for the hearts's sake. Santa Ana Cabaret's dance floor is said to be the largest in the world, at least among cabarets. Visitors there are curiously entertained by the fact that the girls there carry on their patter in English. They will speak Spanish too, if you prefer, or any one of half a dozen beautiful and subtle Philippine languages that only Malays know.



KATY DE LA CRUZ

CATALINA de la Cruz is the name, five feet the height, one hundred and five buxom pounds the weight, dark olive the skin, hell's embers the eyes, Macabebe the blood—and that will be enough, thank you, served hot. Katy, the *Americanos* call her. Katy is queen of vaudeville in Manila. Katy has *it*. This fetching attribute ought to be defined. It is a manly attribute, but mannish women don't have it; or if they do have it, that makes no difference. It is only potent in womanly women. It is the quality of being on the level: with yourself, to give you self-respect; with everyone else, to grant them self-respect of their own, whether they be able to keep it or not; and with life, whereof you take what turns up.

You would think that when Katy was seven years old and had to take to the boards with songs she had learned from phonograph records, and steps she had somehow taught herself, that was rather a bad turn. But Katy didn't think so. She thought it a bully good turn, and she went to church and gave thanks for it. It was two-a-day, morning practice from nine to noon, three shows on Sundays and holidays; but it gave Katy's father twenty pesos a week, and that would keep the family. That was over thirty years ago, and Katy's comely calves, and Katy's nimble wits and

feet, and Katy's little sentimental songs are still keeping the family.

Katy is the only child. That's why everything has always been up to her.

The way Katy figures, she has to be square with her parents because she must deserve their love. You see, she has it all—all they might have given many children. She has to be square with the management, because she has to keep her job. She has to be square with the rabble in the pit, because that's where the big money is: she must make every man want to come back again. She has to be square with the Americans upstairs, and the Spaniards, because they're members of clubs and there's no telling when they'll be having a smoker and give you a chance for a turn in the entertainment. Katy thinks this the kindest of worlds; beginning with her old parents, who let her keep them, everyone is so very kind to her.

"I've had all the breaks," she says. "I just try to do the best I can and I get by."

Her main line in getting by is a lot of kidding. No one can beat Katy kidding. Her kidding is all alike, too—a frank appeal to sportsmanship.

Suppose the pit is noisy; somebody down there has an edge on, or maybe a girl wouldn't go out with him, and he's breaking up the show—maybe he has started a fight, or it looks as if he and his gang were about to get into it with a seatful of soldiers. This calls for Katy. She puts on her stuff. She mimics the tough making the trouble; then his victim, guard up in surprise; then him again, no mercy; then his victim once

more, face twisted in fear; out of all of which she turns to being just Katy, limp against the wings, and grinning.

But her eyes are blazing as she nurses such a situation along and tries to get the good humor of the audience to guffawing with her, at her—the common sense of this being that the exhibitionism she is trying to quell can't prosper without an audience.

She wins, inevitably.

There never was an audience in a vaudeville house rowdy enough to brew a successful fight when Katy was there. Her mimicry makes a belligerent simply foolish. He beetles, she beetles; he strikes, she strikes; he lays on, she lays on; he curses, she curses (in a never quite-uttered way, and with a trail-off of dialect and a big disarming grin). He looks about, as if to say to the crowd, "Won't you see what I'm doing? I'm about to be a tough guy, I am." But she looks about, too, taking him off only too well, and as if to say, "Won't you see what *I'm* doing? I'm about to make a bounder a gentleman, temporarily!"

Men can't fight while a woman does that to them. So their neighbors haul them back into their seats and the show goes on, with another big hand for Katy.

Katy knows the gallant side of man. She banks heavily on that. Sometimes at the club dinners or with the Elks or the Shriners, men take the girls out for a date after the show; only they never take Katy, though they would rather take her than any of the

rest. But she kids them out of it; and now that she has been married more than ten years, and has four children, naturally they know she won't date with them. . . . she'll just sit between turns and hold hands with them and talk old-times and have a bit to drink, whisky and soda. She tells you—is she kidding?—oldtimers are best, she thinks, because they know the difference between some girls and some other girls, and they respect what a girl tells them; but the younger men think all show girls in Manila must be the scum of the earth, Katy with them.

That's the way the rabble thinks, that buys the pit seats. There are showhouse managers, too, who, besides a girl's work, expect love and affection. Katy names some of these fungi. She says they are too dirty to spit on. Often she silently curses them. It is believed Heaven registers these complaints, and the guilty will roast in hell eternally.

Katy admits most of the girls are silly. She says they are not "wise", her word literally, as she is. But she doesn't blame them, because they're orphans or half-orphans—if their fathers were Americans, they've died, or they've gone away—and beginning young as they do the girls have no chance.

A bo keeps hanging around, showing his money and making a girl's mother think he's all right; and then, when the mother lets the girl take up with him, he won't marry the girl after all. She has a kid, as Katy says "a keed", and it's his kid, but he won't give it his name; he just goes away and the girl has to look after the kid herself. Most of the girls have kids like

this. They have to work like Jesus, Katy says, to keep the kids. . . . to work like Jesus. . . . trying to keep them in boarding schools where they may be respected because they pass as orphans and they don't carry their mothers' names.

Katy says she doesn't give a damn what these girls do, short of stealing or something like that, as long as they look after their mothers and take care of their kids. She says they haven't had a chance to go to school and make anything of themselves; she thinks that whatever they get out of this world, they earn. Sure, Katy says, if you look at it one way, they're bad; they go out on dates and take what they can get. But Katy says the way to look at it is what they do with the money when they get it. Go to it, girlies, is what Katy says, if they're keeping their mothers, and perhaps some brothers and sisters, and have them in school, and their kids.

She says that most of them can't work in the shows long. They can't sing much, and they can't do an act worth a damn, she says, and so, when they aren't pretty any more, they're gone.

Against the meanest of these, Katy would never lift a hand; and she would never talk about them, except to talk someone into giving them a turn on the program. The one thing Katy can be free with is time. This she gives generously, and is as religiously prompt for nine o'clock rehearsal, where she helps break the girls into their parts, as if it were mass. The usual program lasts an hour. There is a chorus opening, then a grist of turns, then a short play, and

an ensemble finale. There must be something in Spanish, something in English, more in Tagalog, the language of Manila and its environs. All is crude, and generally cheap; but a deal of work goes into it even so. Katy will work anywhere, do anything.

There is quite a lot of fun that Katy enters into when within a few weeks of the time another of her children is to be born, she is billed in a song-and-dance turn. What a night for the pit! And what a chance for Katy's mimicry! Before she is through the house rocks with salty jollity, Katy exaggerating nature's temporary ban on her kicking ability. In a land where false modesty about children prevails, this would be vulgar. In the Philippines it is not, because there, as Napoleon did, everyone *respects the burden*.

Katy married when she was about twenty. She married the first man she fell in love with, who asked her. She never loved a stagedoor johnnie, she always had their number. The man she married came into the show to play the piano in the orchestra. It was during rehearsals that they got to know and like each other, but how to marry was another question. Like many Tagalog fathers, Katy's father bitterly opposed the prospect of his daughter's getting married. Though it invariably happens that the daughters do marry, still the feeling persists. Katy couldn't tell her father, who threatened to kill her if she ever thought of such a thing, that she was going to marry; she had to elope, then hide away from home for six weeks, and at the show, all this time, to be on the

alert against some dramatic appearance of her father, bolo in hand.

But of course she sent money home every week, and she got friends to assure her father that he and her mother were as dear to her as ever: they should always make their home with her and always have whatever they wanted if she could provide it. Her father sent back no word. But he would not eat, and in the chair at table where Katy had sat, at his right, he set a picture of her. Upon these hints, watchful friends told Katy she might go home; she would not find her father angry, but heart-broken. So she went home, with her husband, and all was forgiven—her father crying on her shoulder.

Believe her, Katy says, all she wants is to be good to these old people, her father and mother—and she mentions her father first—as long as they live. They gave her life, she says, and she never wanted to hurt them, and she wouldn't have hurt them even about her marriage, only it couldn't have happened in any other way. Anyway, they are all very happy together now.

The father's and daughter's feeling in this business of Katy's marriage is reminiscent of a tradition of marriage-by-capture. Elopement among Tagalogs is quite common, because of this feeling, the father unconsciously playing a part. If an elopement is frustrated, the girl, moved by filial pity, may deny her guilty part in the innocent plot; and when she persists in this, even to the point of testifying in court—which she does only for her father's sake—

the unlucky young suitor receives a sentence that may keep him in prison the remainder of his life. The records would probably show hundreds of such cases at Bilibid (the state prison) today; and so it was no little relief to Katy and her husband for her father to welcome them home.

At table she took her place at her father's right, as of old, and that's the way they manage still; and the doddard finds that instead of being prince of a small family he is prince of a large and growing one. Katy and her husband have four children, three girls of whom the oldest is ten and ahead of her class in school, and at last the boy baby that they would have liked to have had first. The girls are vivacious like Katy, and already creating a problem in the household.

Jesus Christ, Katy thinks—and says, when she talks about it—Jesus Christ, something by nature of a prayer, (for she does pray, and is regular at mass) she wouldn't like her kids growing up to be show girls. She hopes for anything but that, because, although she herself has beaten the game, Jesus Christ! it's a hard one to buck.

She has her girls in the public schools, except the little one four years old who is in kindergarten so she will have a good start, as Katy says, by the time she is six and can go to regular school; and Katy wants them all to go right on and finish college and learn to be ladies. If they want to be show girls, she won't say they can't be; only Jesus Christ! she hopes they won't want to be. The boy, of course, will be

something grand; he may be a lawyer, or a doctor, or even a cadet and get to be an officer in the army. So Katy works for her parents, whom she never wants to have a care in the world, and then for her children; and her husband, too, tinpans his piano and makes what he can.

His father was a merchant on the Escolta, Manila's Main Street, and wanted him to have a profession—to be a lawyer, or a doctor—but he stowed away and went to sea. When they found him and brought him back, his father said he might be a musician. So he practiced and practiced and got so he played well enough to land the theater job where he fell in love over the footlights with Katy. And now Katy remembers there's show blood in her children from both sides, and she wishes the stage were more respected in Manila—only she knows it can't be. This all makes her work right on, and hope right on, and of course it gives her something to worry about, a thing every normal woman needs.

Katy works for eighty pesos a week at the Palace. Hanasan, who sings, gets the same. These are top wages. When Katy gets a turn outside, at a club or with the Shriners, and once a year at Liberty Hall where, at Tommy Wolff's place in Pasay, a group of oldtimer big shots put on a gigantic stag affair for the big shots of Manila en bloc, she gets twenty pesos. The last turn is over by 2 o'clock in the morning; and then, the next day always being a holiday, she gets a lot of sleep in, until 9 o'clock when she has to

be on hand for rehearsal, against the three shows for that day.

She says that in the old days she used to get fifty bucks for a special engagement. But now Manila is full of show girls and the price is lower. They offer you twenty pesos, and . . . well, Jesus Christ! twenty bucks is twenty bucks—you take what you can get. When Katy was one of three partners in the old Savoy* show when the pit was fifty centavos a seat and the upstairs price was a peso, her split in the take never ran below a thousand pesos a month. Often it was fifteen hundred pesos. She bought a Ford and had a good time.

Then, when the family had bought everything anyone wanted, there were heaps of money left. An uncle came and visited a while, learned about the rolls of money, and said he could loan it to peasants up in Bulakan and make it earn a lot of interest. So he got ten thousand pesos, Katy says he had bad luck with the loans. There were no books. The system was just to trust a farmer with the money he wanted, or perhaps a fisherman, and he was to come back, when he promised he would, and pay back the money and hand over the interest. It should have worked, being good custom, but Katy's uncle said it didn't; and you can't go back of what an uncle tells you.

Forget it. Katy said that, when her uncle tried to explain how it was about the ten thousand pesos.

By that time the partnership at the Savoy had broken up and Katy was back where she is now, on her own at whatever she can make. She doesn't have

*Where she is once more working as this goes to press.

the car anymore, she says she doesn't like driving. All of which makes no difference with her work. It grows better all the time, and now that she is thirty years old, as wise as Juno and as gay as Mehitabel the cat, *toujour gai*, Katy is prettier than ever. You might think that Katy curses, and that would be wicked of you—if it were not innocently suggested by the "Damns!" and "Jesus Christs!" you have heard her blurt out. Remember, since she has been a show girl from the time she was seven, she got her English from the street and from the boards. With no time or opportunity to analyze, the swear-words are not swear-words to her; they just fit in where she wants to say something emphatically.

In Katy there is no vulgarity of any sort. Jesus Christ, no! If you ask her about a girl who is on the loose, she can't tell you about her. She can't utter the necessary words, and the nicer words she might use to signify the needed meanings, her abrupt vocabulary doesn't contain. She winds up with hints, the drollest in the world. These hints are quaint hide-and-seek expressions, ending in . . . well, you know!

Such is Manila's best geisha.

There is another, with whom Katy has worked a lot and whom she likes a great deal. She envies her a little, because this girl got to go to school almost through the intermediate grades—until a crisis in her family took her out. Her father went away, abandoning the family and going back to Chicago, taking a younger daughter with him. It was when word came back that he was trying to slave this girl, that

her sister quit school and took to the Manila shows for all that was in her. She couldn't sing well, but she tried; and her dancing, better than her singing, wasn't the best, but she gave it all she had. Katy helped her, a tigress bringing new-killed meat to a wounded kitten.

So working, and possibly boondoggling such wares as she had to offer Manila's carnality, she got her sister back from Chicago; she got the family together, except the father, and kept them together. She got an older sister, not bright enough for school, a small part in the show; younger sisters she sent to school, and she mothered her brothers and made the best of them she could. She maintained a good home for the family, in a good neighborhood; and there were some old hags of aunts, and they came and lived with her, welcome all.

Katy gives this girl, who is now in better fortune, a great hand. If the girl ever did anything wrong, Katy says, it wasn't really wrong: she didn't do it for a new rag for her back or new stockings for her feet; if she did it, and Katy won't say she didn't, she did it for her family. They were upon her like vampires, only they were helpless and could do nothing else, and she fed them with...oh, damn it!, Katy says, she fed them.

There's another girl whom Katy knows, with whom she often works, who is sin itself. She is the girl they pair with the ranking Senator or the big shot of any other sort, at parties at Santa Ana lip-smacking over Manila's night life. That is to say, get-

ting drunk, and getting the girls drunk, and kissing them and whatnot; and getting a kick out of their pidgin English and their exotic bravado.

There's a thrill to that sort of thing.

This sloe-eyed girl, who drawls college English, could be portrayed by a candid camera, and any pose the camera caught could be captioned "Sin!" I'm not a man who believes sin exists, but you must have labels with popular connotations, so in this case, for this amoral girl, "Sin!" needs must serve. She is wickedness incarnate; not mean wickedness, that would steal, or kill, or anger even, or chisel—just the wickedness of bonny young flesh. The devil made her very skin an integument of mauve velvet; to glance at it, and you may glance all you please, would fascinate a saint. After that, when she in turn glanced at him, her eyes would well with the amatory sagacity of lexicons on eroticism, and he would be as helpless as Solomon in the thrall of Sheba's passion. He would be a gonner.

For this girl, an embodiment of sensuality, has no inhibitions at all. She is the goddess who gave Shiva his four faces, that defeated god at Angkor Wat? He had given up the world and its pleasures and set himself to look in one direction eternally, as ascetic as the biblical pillar of fire; but when winter's snow mantled the earth, she came and danced before him; out of the mists of the snow she appeared, and danced at the edge of his vision, and drove him out of his wits, so that suddenly he turned his head—against his holy oath!—to see her the better, and a face was

fixed in that direction. Then she tripped away to another quadrant, and came dancing up through the snow again, until he turned, to rape her with his kindled eyes, and so a face was fixed in that direction too. Round further she went, and captivated him again, and the third face was fixed; and so it was in the fourth direction, and Shiva, spirit willing but flesh weak, got his fourth face—the four granite evidences of his manly shame.

This girl could laugh joyously at that, if she knew the story. Because she dances only, she doesn't get top pay; her hulas fill out the program and the thirty pesos a week she gets covers the help she gives during rehearsals in teaching the younger girls.

She has two kids of her own, a girl nine and a boy about seven. Some lousy sailor, she says, and that's the plain way she says it, is their daddy. That's the way she says that, too; not father, *daddy*.

She keeps the kids in boarding schools. "You can get her? No doubt. High-priced? Perhaps not. I have just said, besides the fact that she's a Manila show girl, she has two kids and she keeps them in boarding schools. They have names there, not her name, and in the good clothes she gives them, they hold their heads up in the world. Christ! she says, she wouldn't have anything happen to those kids. By God! she'd do anything first—anything at all!

"What of Senator?"

"Oh, he's all right. A good fellow, like the rest. Is he still in Washington?"

"Yes."

"When I get back to the States, maybe I'll go to Washington. I'll give some of those old boys another whirl! Maybe they'll change my luck."

If the Philippines boasted even one painter, he'd catch some of the drama of the show girls: two-a-day and three shows Sundays and holidays. He would surely paint this girl, so often billed with Katy, just as she is, and name the canvas nothing, and let the admiring world wonder about it forever. Then, in an age when the church grew decadent and sensible, someone would tag a holy legend to the picture and send it to a hallowed gallery; and the artist would have fame and his subject would have sainthood. It has happened before.

The drollest song Katy sings, she made up herself. Its words mingle English and dialect, seasoned with port Spanish. It is a dialogue between two Cavite girls watching a navy ship leave dock, their marines aboard. The girls brag to each other, verse after verse, to keep up a good front: their sweethearts are waving them goodbye. The girls have little presents under their arms, a cheap handbag, a pair of cheap shoes in a box; and they have gay new ribbons in their hair, and their smocked dresses are new. They have dressed the very best they could.

At what price, Katy makes you feel—though she keeps grinning and darting a wink here and there—this jocund finery was bought.

"There are two girls," Katy begins, leaning languidly against the wings, as if the dismal morning were worse than the bad night before. "There are two girls—*may dalawang babae*." She sings of how

they were dressed, and where they were, and why. She gets the whole house into a roar over her foolish girls. Then one of the girls tells how her sweetheart, whom she says is the handsomest marine of the lot, and the readiest and best fighter ("Edmund Lowe, ba?" Katy interpolates roguishly, then perhaps pretends to spit), is sure to come back to Cavite. He has promised he would come back, and with a sergeant's stripes on his sleeve.

Katy makes the belly-laugh general, at this country girl's credulity. She makes it so innocently naive.

Then, in the song, the other girl brags, her turn the better because the second. Humph! Her marine is not merely coming back to Cavite. He is to be an officer. He will wear high boots and have the soldiers shine them every day. He will have tailor-made uniforms, shoulder straps and bright buttons. Katy gives her imagination free rein. Not only will the man be an officer ("Have you seen American marine officers with Filipino wives?" Katy asks the convulsed crowd) but she will be a lady, with an automobile and a footman, and a fine house with servants. But by this time, Katy intimates, the ship is out of sight; the weary little braggarts have but to return home and take up a new lot as best they can.

During their dialogue they have kept repeating *Poco tiempo*, Spanish for *soon*. This good fortune, that good fortune, *poco tiempo*. Winding up her song, Katy grows serious, cruel, and hard: as serious as hunger, as cruel as ingratitude, as hard as life. Katy suddenly embodies scorn. She repeats *poco*

tiempo contemptuously; and with just the right aid from her husband at the piano, she bawls after the desolate girls, whom she fairly makes you see leaving the lonesome dock: "Naku! 'Poco tiempo!' Ugh! Poco tiempo... *bagsak*. Lady, I'm a poor woman in need of work, may I do your washing?" (This, *poco tiempo*, at the back door of rich quarters, from the girl who was to be the officer's lady). *Bagsak* in Katy's lingo is the nadir of despair: when your last card has lost, when horizons are completely black and there is no hope anywhere, then, completely at the will of malignant fate, you are *bagsak*.

"Lavandera ca ba?" Katy asks her poor imagined friend. "So, you're a washer-woman, huh?" She stamps about the stage a little, arms akimbo, head back appraisingly, eyes bolts of anathema; she makes the thing suddenly distasteful, then comes out of character suddenly, grins and skips away, the rafters ringing at her pantomime.

When they call her back, she is laughing. All she does is stand there and laugh, and try to begin, over and over again, "*Mey dalawang babae... hay dos señoritas... there are two girls!*" To this bit of clever business only, she often takes as many as half-a-dozen curtain calls. But sometimes she ekes out with parts from the verses, the crowd remembering well.

The tune carries that minor lamentation characteristic of Philippine love songs. Katy made it up about the time she was fifteen, when every other man

she met was ready to love her, but not one suggested holy aisles, witnessed marriage contracts, solemn vows and a legal marriage certificate. And so they gave Katy her song, and she gave them the gate.



ATIMONAN *

YOU may leave Manila after breakfast any morning and within an hour be in the cooler heights of the foothills of Mount Banahaw. Passing San Pablo, you may keep on skirting the volcano's slopes until well beyond Lukban and quite near Sampaloc and Mauban, where you may lunch at the edge of a wood where monkeys are chattering in the trees and kalaw birds are squawking off the hours. Then you may turn back to Lucena, and off to the Pacific coast over the Atimonan road, a mountain hazard more thrilling than the zigzag at Baguio. On this trip you will enjoy on all sides, at every moment, landscapes of supernal beauty. On the slopes of the mountains, the primal forests; huddled among them, miniature valleys—some twenty acres, some a hundred or two—level, green and cultivated, the fecund rivulets gurgling through ditches and sluice gates and the peasants smiling over pleasant field tasks. In one valley they are harvesting, in another planting, in still another stacking the grain or perhaps making ready the threshing ground; so that within half an hour's riding the cycle of an entire season has been run.

*Eldest sisters in Tagalog families have the endearing and respectful title *Ati*. Elder Sister *Mona*, *Atimonan*.

Brakes must hold fast as the road descends swiftly into Atimonan; hardly are the mountains behind when the shore is in front, and then the road is a seashore boulevard into Siain and Gumaca. The night may be passed in a peasant's cottage at Siain, where there is a pier and good surf bathing. This trip may be made by rail as well as motor; he who hasn't taken it has not seen one of the most seductive regions of Luzon. The road to Lucena and Lukban follows quite closely the old *Camino Real* or King's Highway that was maintained through several centuries for the bringing of the galleon cargo, the silver subsidy from Mexico, from the Pacific to Manila. The galleon port was Mauban or some adjacent point, and the treasure was brought under heavy guard to the head of the lake, Laguna de Bay, thence by barge across the lake and down the river.

A particularly clear idea of what this old King's Highway was may be gained by driving to Lukban without passing through Lucena, which may be visited on the return trip. If rains have not been heavy, this detour may be risked with great advantage to the traveler—who otherwise will not see the old bridge back of the church at Tayabas, where, without the slightest doubt, witches and warlocks of the most mischievous nature gather nightly in diabolical revels. They haunt the old water mill, too, at the right of the bridge. You may visit this mill or the one on the left of the road as you return to Lucena, which you will find in operation

just as if the gray old priest had just shown his people how to build and use it.

However, the old mills are going out; they have served their day and the oil engine with its more efficient steel grist mill is taking its place. The new is to be observed as well as the old. Gumaca, you find, is an important wholesale point with the usual well stocked Chinese general store. From up and down the coast people go to Gumaca by boat to trade, and when one stops there he is asked the Manila price of copra. The whole trip is made through coconut groves from Calauan on. The clustered fronds of these stately palms cover the lower mountain crests completely; in mighty phalanxes of green the trees assault the slopes of Banahaw, reaching surprising heights. It is coconuts, not rice, that explain the prosperity of the region. Yet no farmer's son is studying the coconut industry. The peasants will carry that on, they always have; and the Chinese will buy, or nowadays, the Americans representing vegetal oil mills; so that the planters' sons may come to Manila, live gaily and learn law and politics. As such they will make indifferent planters like their fathers, but as long as the peasants carry on it is of course all right—unless a pest should attack the groves, which would be an act of providence and quite unpreventable.

Contentment impresses itself upon the traveler. The country basks in contentment, breathing the beauty and plenty of the tropics.

BALUT

IT is in the town of Pateros, Rizal, that the famous hors d'oeuvre called *balut* is made, the same being a half-incubated duck egg boiled twenty minutes and served in the shell—cold, with salt and pepper. The oyster of America, the *paté de foie gras* of Strassburg, the caviar of Astrakan, have all attained a popularity perhaps never to be shared by the balut of Pateros. The palate which gulps down a live oyster with gusto revolts at the thought of masticating an unhatched duckling, however thoroughly boiled. But though discerning French chefs may reject balut, it is in quite enough demand among the Tagalogs and Ilokanos of Manila, and the Chinese living everywhere in the Philippines, to keep the industry thriving.

The town of Pateros skirts the banks of a shallow tributary of the Pasig river, at a point a half-hour's motor ride from Manila, toward Laguna de Bay, the picturesque lake from which the Pasig flows through Manila to Manila bay.

Along the tributary are corrals, built of bamboo strips and stakes, running out into the stream from bamboo sheds where the ducks lay their eggs and where, in August, September and October, eggs wanted for fresh flocks of laying ducks are put to hatch.

The industry existed at Pateros when the Spanish came to Luzon in 1570, and they thought it might have been introduced by the Chinese, the antiquity of whose contact with the Philippines is past finding out.

The remarkable feature of the business of hatching and incubating eggs in Pateros is that hardly any artificial heat is used; probably a great economy would be effected in the poultry industry of other countries, such as the United States, if the methods of Pateros duck breeders, here described, were adopted.

A low bamboo shed is built having no light except that of a single low door. The roof is thatch. The materials, of course, make no difference; thatch grass and bamboo are merely those materials readily available in the Philippines for all light and temporary construction. Inside this shed, along the whole length of it, a bin is built which is filled with rice husks, affording almost perfect insulation; and in this bin of rice husks, at intervals separating them by ten or twelve inches, are placed deep, capacious, cylindrical bamboo baskets about twenty inches in diameter.

Other rice husks are warmed to something above incubation temperature in an iron kettle in the lean-to of the shed, and these warmed husks are put into squares of coarse native cloth closely resembling cheese cloth, the corners of which are gathered together and tied. Here, then, are bags of warm rice husks; eight are used for each basket. Into

similar bags, eight also to the basket, go the eggs, 125 to the bag, or 1,000 to the basket. The rice husks in the bin come up flush with the rims of the baskets; absence of windows keeps out the light, the sheds are cool and shadowy.

Now the baskets are ready to be packed. A bag of warm rice husks goes in the bottom, another of eggs, and so on the top. All the baskets thus filled with 1,000 eggs each, they are covered with burlap bags; the eggs begin to incubate. Next morning, and every morning thereafter for twenty-one days, the eggs and bags are taken out. The bags of rice husks are re-heated, the bags of eggs are put back in the baskets—in reverse order. The top bag of eggs becomes the bottom one, the bottom one is placed on top; and so the process goes on, day after day.

About the fifth day the eggs are candled. For this purpose there is a hole far down in the wall of the shed opposite the rice-husk bin, which lets in the light. The eggs which, exposed to this light, are seen to be unfertile, are now taken out and sold as *penoys* at four centavos (two cents) each. This is the lowest quality of balut.

The fertile eggs go on incubating. After eight days they are white balut, *balut sa puti*, when they may be marketed at about seven pesos (\$3.50) per hundred. In twenty days they are plain balut, fetching eight pesos (\$4) the hundred. At this optimum period they are just eight days from being ducklings. The breeders of Pateros sell them direct

from the basket-incubators to Chinese and native market-stall folk, who attend to the boiling themselves and sell the boiled baluts for from five to ten centavos, 2-1/2 to five cents, each.

If, during the months of the summer already mentioned, the breeders desire to replenish their flocks, of course they forget all about balut and concentrate on ducklings. In twenty-one days they take the eggs out of the baskets and place them all in table-beds of rice husks in the laying sheds, laying the eggs so that they touch each other and covering them with a blue cloth permitting the circulation of air but excluding the light. From this point on the natural heat of the process of birth going on within the eggs is sufficient, since the bed of rice husks keeps all of it from escaping. The table-beds, about a yard from the laying-shed floors, hold 1,000 eggs each. When hatching time comes nearly every egg hatches; there is probably no more efficient incubation method in use by man not excluding the natural one of the duck's feathered bosom on a nest of down.

Eagerly the ducklings break free from their shell prisons. Lift the blue covering and one sees them squirming out by hundreds, and instantly trying their wings. The *banitay*, he who at this period sleeps in the laying shed, gathers them all up carefully and places them in a light reed basket to perspire for a day and a night; after this they are given the run of the corral and allowed to swim in the shallowest water. The corrals are properly

partitioned for this purpose. The ducklings are nourished to maturity on boiled rice and small crabs. When the ducklings are five or six days old, males are sorted out and sold off at about four centavos (two cents) apiece. The females are also sometimes sold at this time, but bring thirty centavos (fifteen cents) apiece.

In each corral are kept a hundred ducks, with which some four drakes are associated. They are fed generously on raw unhusked rice and small snails gathered from the shores of the lake.

The earthen floors of the laying sheds are kept dry with layers of rice husks about three inches deep. The ducks repair to the sheds at dusk, and a light in each shed is kept burning during the night. At dawn, when the ducks are turned into the corrals and given their breakfast of snails and rice in the husk, the floors of the laying sheds are left covered with fresh eggs. From each drove of a hundred, a maximum of eighty eggs is obtained daily. The breeder says that ducks especially well fed begin laying when not much more than four months old; at six months whole droves are laying regularly.

The breeders go up the river to the lake in small bancas (native dugouts) to gather the snails, and place them in bins in the corrals where the ducks can help themselves throughout the day. *Susó* is the native name for the snail. The corrals border each other. There is egress into the flowing river. Yet all the ducks, swimming freely about, recognize

their particular corral and laying shed and invariably repair to their proper place at twilight, to be locked up for the night.

It is strange that this industry could flourish from century to century during Spanish times (and the Chinese period before them), yet almost immediately begin to decline under the sovereignty of the United States.

Nevertheless, the decreasing abundance of snails on Laguna de Bay has so seriously affected the industry that many families have removed from Pateros to Santa Cruz, Laguna, and to villages nearer the lake. Very probably the cupidity of the breeders was, during Spanish times, restrained by the benevolent intervention of the friars who were the parish priests and a very large part of the town governments. And now, this influence being removed everyone helps himself to the snails as he will—with the consequence that snails are disappearing and the industry is upset.

It remains, however, the principal industry in Pateros, a town of about 1,000 families and a revenue of \$2,500 a year from all taxable sources. Some families, about fifty, having no duck corrals, make native slippers, *chinelas*, and others make baby shoes. More than fifty others have ponies and market carts, *carretelas*, and a livelihood from carrying eggs, slippers and baby shoes to market in Manila. The people are all peasants, and only one is rich, He is a landlord who has some rice fields farmed by tenants and some lots in the town

where he allows his neighbors to build their huts, paying him a monthly ground rent. In 1927 he paid in income tax \$98.16, and in 1928 he paid \$207.70; so in these years he had respective net incomes of \$3,272 and \$6,923.33, the income-tax rate being 3% in the islands.

But though Pateros folk are poor, they are happy. They do not want, nor do they covet that which is their neighbor's. They rely upon their ingenuity in hatching duck eggs and in the simple crafts mentioned, and upon a Providence which has never entirely failed them. If ever the supply of snails fails altogether, they will take it stoically and turn to other work.

The town is of course on dole, from the insular treasury. This is on account of the schools. Twelve teachers are employed in the public schools: one at \$50 a month, the principal; three normal-school graduates, each at \$40 a month; one long-service man at \$35 a month; five high-school graduates, each at \$25 a month; and two others who passed the first year of high school, each at \$22.50 a month. The primary and intermediate courses are taught, leading pupils far away from duck breeding, to high school, college, university and, many of them, law and politics. As such ambitions cannot be supported on a town revenue of \$2,500 a year, aid of \$4,500 a year is had from the insular government. None of the schooling promotes the welfare of the town's industries. But the children like it; they are proud of their book learning.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF CUENCA IN BATANGAS

FROM those snatches of conversation you have with your chauffeur to relieve the tedium of long drives we had learned from Vicente something about the little town of Cuenca, in Batangas. Vicente is a widower, 35 years old; he has reached the age of discretion, picked up sufficient English to make himself understood after considerable probing and repetition, and possesses, besides a natural faculty for observation, an abiding love of his town, Cuenca. He is also respected there, where his neighbors call him *Mang Vicente*. This Tagalog term of respect is pronounced with the *a* broad; it is not our *man*. Vicente is a religious man. When we pass funeral processions, which you do perforce in these hurrying days, both our hats come off; but besides this deference, merely to human woe, his hat is doffed to every church and chapel, while his lips move in silent prayer.

He isn't a bit morose about his religion, he is just punctual about it, conscious of it. How he endures us is still a mystery, he being always in complete command of his temper, and our own ever on the trigger; but we think the explanation is that we are foreign, possibly noncatholic—though

he has never inquired—and we may be able to get by with a more vigorous vocabulary than a peasant will permit himself. We sent him back to Cuenca once, sick; a little undue exposure had provoked hemorrhages of the lungs. An herb-doctor uncle treated him, gave him rest and diet, and he returned to Manila—to another *amo*. But after awhile he came back to us wanting to work again.

“But you’re driving for Dr. R..... You have a new, closed car, not an old open one like ours.”

“Yes, sir. But you see,... that is, I rather...”

Then we burst out at him. And he said:

“That’s it, sir! I like your custom!”

So he drives for us again. He knows every street and alley in town, apparently; we have never given him an address he couldn’t find; he threads the traffic skillfully, and in four years has never so much as scraped a fender. Out on the provincial roads, however, he is a little disappointing at times: he is never satisfied until every car going our direction has been left behind. Cars on provincial roads, where he can really put his skill to the test, are to him what rabbits are to Kansas greyhounds—objects to swoop down upon, instinctively. He is about 4-½ feet tall, a Visayan from Cebu—a *Cebuano*. But Cuenca is his town by marriage, and the Tagalog people his people by adoption. In his scriptural studies he must have read “Whither thou goest, I shall go,” and applied it tail end about. His Tagalog wife is buried in

Cuenca. He requested, very respectfully, a vacation of several days then; the funeral cost him thirteen pesos, and was so cheap because they did not have the priest go the grave.

The charge also included use of the grave for five years. Then there will be nothing but bones, and these might be tossed away. But Vicente isn't going to have it that way; he is poor, but not of the very poorest, and he is going to give another five pesos next year and keep the grave unmolested. It is a very leading thing in his life, this hallowed reverence for his dead.

"Let us go to Cuenca!" we proposed to him one Sunday morning, the day being one of those glorious Philippine winter days when the call of the road is too strong to resist.

"Cuenca?"

"Yes; let us visit your town."

He was as pleased as a chap can be. And somehow, though we were off quite early, he got word there ahead of us, and lunch was ready in his modest wee cottage at the end of the road! There were table, knives, forks and spoons, a clean white cloth, napkins. Lunch began with soup, continued with chicken, potatoes and greens, and wound up with dulce and bananas; and then a cup of Cuenca coffee, grown right there on Cuenca's hills. And for all this liberal and instant hospitality, our hosts were apologetic, though they had even provided bread and butter. We looked about their acreage, small and poor; and but one work animal, a dun

bullock, typical of the Batangas breed. It was old: soon the butcher would be called, a bargain struck, and then a new one would be tethered in the bamboo stall under the camachili tree where this old one was standing now, munching his meager fodder.

Then we looked upon the faces of our hosts once more. Bred of the soil ourselves, the penury here was apparent to us. But those faces were brave; in fact that day they were genuinely happy, and the daily anxieties were kept deep down and well hidden.

“Why, Vicente, your ox is old.”

The children who had brought the fodder got it. It echoed in their merry throats: “Ano, ano?” queried the grandmother at the window. “What, what does he say?” “Ang vaca ay matanda dao! He says the ox is old!” So the little girls in calico camisolas interpreted our appraisal of the livestock.

The crone laughed too, and Vicente made great stories of our sagacity in farm matters. But if the ox was old, there was a pig in the fattening pen—a pen all bamboo, floor, shade, and all—and the pig was growing lustily and would soon weigh 200 pounds. Then it could be sold for half the price of a young ox. Cuenca folk are poor but not needy; they neither want nor thrive; they are sufficient unto themselves; there is not a Chinese in all Cuenca, and few in any of the towns of Batangas. Cuenca folk are proud, clannish and puri-

tanical. Cuenca, because it has attracted no foreigners and yet is a very old settlement, is a first rate place for the study of Tagalog culture. This culture is essentially oriental puritanism. But its rigid forms are not in statutes of the islands, first borrowed from Spain and later added to from America; hence it has no blue laws, but only the customs of the people.

Cuenca! Off the main road; nestled in the mountains, a tedious trail leading to the roaring sea: Cuenca—hardly known! It is tucked away in its jealous isolation on the slopes of Mount Makulot, which means Curly Mountain, very similarly to a highland village of a clan of Scots. Alejandro Laki is its mayor*, an independent; he will be succeeded this month by Manuel Cuevas, an independent. The town treasurer, though appointed, is a Cuenca man. The justice of the peace is a Cuenca man; and there are two lawyers, both native Cuenca men; and there is one doctor, Anisto Chaves, a Cuenca man born and bred. There is a drugstore. Dr. Chaves is the *sanitario*, the town health officer; he is rich, as wealth goes in Cuenca, and Vicente gives him a good character —*he is a very nice man, born in Cuenca!*

The election this year took almost as long a vacation as the funeral had taken. It was necessary to give a few days to preelection work, and insure the triumph of the independent ticket.

* Was, when this was written, a study originally used in the American Chamber of Commerce Journal, the Manila magazine the author edits.

Who might be governor, who might go to the legislature—this was comparatively of little importance. The real question was, who was to have the honor of governing Cuenca; in whom would the people put their trust? “How about the old *presidente* (mayor)?” “Oh, he is a very good man.” “And how about the new one?” “Oh, he’s a very good man, too: they are both good Cuenca men.”

No doubt they are, the people are attentive to their own interests, ready to speak out boldly, ready to make their wishes known.

Let us go to Cuenca, there is more to see than just the old ox and the fat shoat in the pen, important as they are to Cuenca’s domestic economy. And first of all the road: down the bay to Las Piñas, off through the narrow plain and over the hills of Alabang: Muntinglupa, San Pedro Tunasan, Sta. Rosa, Cabuyao, Biñan, Calamba—all nesting placidly in the irrigated rice fields; and then the swerve to the right and into the rolling country of Batangas: Tanauan, Sto. Tomás, Malvar, Lipa, Rosario, Tumbol, Ibaan, Batangas, Bauan, Paho (and a turn to the right), Alitagtag, and Cuenca. Keeping on along the main road at Paho would take you into Taal.

Taal is visible from the summit of Makulot, not a hard climb, and one affording an inspiring view. Cuenca men go to Taal lake to fish. They also fish in the sea, a half-hour’s walk through the fields. From lake and sea and their rugged acres, they wrest their abstemious livelihood. Those who

are richest have cattle, for there is good pasturage. Nevertheless, there is but one butchering day, Sunday, which is general market day, when housewives buy fresh beef and pork. Lumber being available, most Cuenca houses are built of it, and roofed with cogon; bamboo is little utilized in building. One of the long line of *very good men* Cuenca seems to have had as mayors went up on Mount Makulot and impounded the waters, and piped them down the slopes and around the town. During the rainy season, there is enough for all day; but during the dry season the hours when patrons may use the water are to 7 to 9 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m. There is a frugal rule in force, and no one thinks of violating it. In Cuenca there is public opinion, about matters pertaining to Cuenca.

The water is cool and sweet. Two things Cuenca folk value very highly, the waterworks and the road. The first insures their health, the second affords egress to the outland—even to Manila. And this is good, because Cuenca, little as her products are, still has something to market. Besides, the road makes it easy to leave Cuenca and find work, and then to get back to Cuenca again.

The young men of Cuenca must do this very thing this year. The rice crop failed in Cuenca, there is famine there; but not really, either, because the men are going off to work, and they are buying rice with their wages and sending it home on the trucks that ply regularly on the road. Cuenca is very poor, but will get along without outside help.

As soon as the harvest comes in Sta. Rosa, Biñan, and all the towns in the lowlands where there is irrigation, Cuenca men will go there to help in gathering the grain and threshing it. This going away to help in the harvest is called *lalawig*; and the men will have their pay in rice, and this pay is called the *kabahagi*. The harvesters are *magaani*.

Cuenca rice is upland rice. By ancient Tagalog custom, it is grown *on the shares*. If the tenant has his own ox, his share is half the crop after the *kabahagi* is deducted; if the landlord must furnish the ox, then the tenant's share is only 1/3 of the crop after the *kabahagi* is deducted. It is so with all Cuenca crops, and custom is the law that governs.

The rice is sown on the plowed fields, not germinated in a seedbed and transplanted as lowland rice is. When a field is ripe, the neighbors, men and women, are called upon to gather it. They go into the field and pluck the heads (using a little knife to cut the stems) and put them into *takuyans*, baskets slung at the waist. These basketful of heads are dumped into *tayuds*, coarse abaca mats, and taken to the threshing yard at the house of the landlord or the tenant. There the *manga magaani*, in the evening, spread out the mats and trample out the grain, singing the sagas of Cuenca and religious hymns as they work; but sometimes they don't sing, but listen to the old men's stories. The grain all free from the heads, it is pushed into a pile in the middle of the mat and divided into

three equal parts. Then the *manga magaani*, with many a *salamat po*—that is, many a *thank-you, kind sir!*—put two parts of the new grain into the bamboo bins under the house, and roll the other part, which is their *kabahagi*, up in the *tayud* and are off to their homes.

When the grain is all gathered and threshed in this way, and the *kabahagi*, taken out, the tenant who grew the crop takes half of what is left, the landlord the other half, and the business of making a rice crop is over. But God must be thanked for his bounty, All Souls and All Saints days remembered. Be sure that all this will be punctiliously done, for the hearts of the people are stirred with gratitude. What a fine and wonderful thing it is, they feel, that man may plow a hillside, sow some little yellow seeds, and reap a crop of rice: because God changes the direction of the wind, and brings the rains, and then shifts them away again for the sun to shine and ripen the mature grain.

Cuenca folk cannot in fairness to them be lumped into a general *they* with the Filipinos as a whole. They are veritable Puritans (in culture, only Roman Catholic in religion), and distinct, of course, in this respect, from many other native communities. Then, too, they are all peasants; their wealthy families are wealthy peasant families; these families hold firmly to the town's customs and traditions. These families would no more dare *put on airs* than would a rich Connecticut plantation family have so dared at the time of the Revolution. Their wealth is

in the land, ostracism by their neighbors would undo them. In Cuenca, and in other communities which are similar, it is a reproach to be called proud. More than that, it is decidedly inconvenient.

Yet Cuenca folk are all unconsciously proud; they take intuitive pride in being frugally independent. Their crops are upland rice, hemp, coconuts and coffee; to these they add garden products, tobacco, for their own use, and fruits. They weave much of the cloth they need, from hemp fiber; they have products to exchange for the imported cloth they use. Pedlars from Bauan, a neighboring town, bring packs of cloth to Cuenca on Sundays, since Sunday is market day; in these packs are blankets, mats, camisas, and goods suitable for skirts, chemises and men's coats. With something sold in the market, households have the wherewithal to buy.

To know what the world was like before the advent of the industrial revolution, know Cuenca. Even these pedlars from Bauan are not pedlars all the time; they too work the land in season; the land claims everyone, high or low, at least during a part of the year.

Cuenca has craftsmen, such as carpenters; but they combine their trade with farming. All Cuenca men are fishermen, but they are all farmers too. There is little division of labor; he who can weave a fish net can likewise shape a plow beam; he goes from lake or sea to field, from field to stream; he

can snare the deer and the wild boar, and set a trap for birds. Cuenca women are equally dexterous at the loom and in the rice field; they can thresh rice, with their bare feet; they can macerate fiber in a mortar, then select and knot it for weaving; and she who weaves can thread her loom and spindle.

Just over 130 years ago, when General Alava (he for whom the commandant's yacht is named) was at Cavite with his squadron in anticipation of an attack by the French, while waiting for the war which never came he made a tour of the provinces round Manila, with his friend Father Zuñiga of the Augustinian order as his cicerone. After this tour, Father Zuñiga compiled a report, two volumes, *Estadismo de las Islas Filipinas*. This report anticipated the Angat irrigation project, the project to divert the flood waters of Pasig through a canal traversing Pasay, the project to control floods in central Luzon, and many another of the projects which are now being executed by the government.

Father Zuñiga not only said all these things could be done, but, with his knowledge as a skillful engineer, he told precisely how they could be done and forecast very accurately the economic results. He made many helpful observations regarding Batangas; indeed, at least the first volume of his report might well be translated and made a reference in the public works bureau. "But", he never failed to wind up, "while all this could be done, with results as I have stated them, making the people more

prosperous, I am not sure that they would be more happy!"

In England, Chesterton and Shaw have been the active protagonists on the opposing sides of this moot question for twenty years; those holding with Chesterton mourn the age of merry Charles; those who hold with Shaw recall its horrors for the poor. But in Cuenca we behold even an earlier and a happier age, or, about the age which prevailed in England prior to the Norman conquest. In America it was much later; Pennsylvania at the period of the Revolution was, in its peaceful, remote settlements, much like Cuenca today.

Of course these are approximations, not profound exactitudes.

Too poor to own boats, and too far from the sea and from Taal lake, Cuenca men lash six bamboo poles into a raft, and use such rafts to do their fishing from. They catch sardines, mullet, milk fish, red snapper, gobies and pompanos. They catch cardinals. They seine both lake and sea, taking fisherman's luck as their fortune. Sometimes the catch is small, there are no fish to sell, possibly not even enough to eat. But sometimes the catch is large, there are plenty of sardines to salt and dry and take to Batangas and Lipa—where there are folk with more money and less skill as fishermen living.

For the game fish, Cuenca men set up a pole in the shallow shore waters and tie a line to it which, with hook baited sagaciously, is carried out

a quarter-mile or so, to the deep waters where the game fish are found. When a fish strikes, the pole wiggles; the men mount their rafts and make a fight for it! It is fine sport, and, in rough weather, dangerous enough for the hardiest. Cuenca boys swim like eels.

Aside from what they make for themselves, of hemp, fishermen outfit themselves on calle Gandara, Binondo, Manila.

There is so little for blacksmiths to do in Cuenca that they do not live there. Good ones live in Bauan. Cuenca horses are shod in Bauan, and Bauan bolos, highly prized, are sold on Sundays in the Cuenca market. In no other province of the civilized Philippines is the bolo more indispensable to men than in Batangas where it is strictly connected with the enforcement of customs. It is at once a tool and a weapon; its razor edge is a part of social etiquette. Because the people of Cuenca are a simple, frugal, abstemious folk, no one should conclude that they are craven. There are conditions under which they must kill, or be ready to kill; and they are always ready.

"Custom," said oldtime copybooks, "makes many laws;" you could filigree the "C". Some ten years ago a learned thesis was sustained in the *Atlantic Monthly* that only custom does make law; the erudite writer mottled the United States with *dry* territory where the prohibition enforcement act was law, and *wet* territory where it was a nullity. He also cited many examples throughout the story of man-

kind, as might readily be done here. But it is unnecessary. The elemental fact is that back in the mists of time the law of the bolo was, by custom, the law of Batangas, specifically the law of Cuenca, and in this modern day it is not more than obsolescent.

In Cuenca society, when crises arise, the dependable Batangas bolo is the first and last resort. Cuenca holds to its own civilization.

At general election time one year in one of the barrios of Cuenca lying along the main road, there was an encounter which, though rare in the social annals of the town, illustrates its laws. In this barrio a young husband had gone off to town to take a crate of chickens to market and his wife, a prepossessing matron still only in her 'teens, was, excepting the children, alone in the house. Knowing this would perhaps be the case, a neighbor had been drinking *alak* all day long and getting up Dutch courage. At midnight he entered the house and pled for kindness and discretion. Not long after, the matron went to the neighbor's house and awoke his father, saying:

"Your son came to my house a few minutes ago, and I did not quite kill him. I tried, but I had only a dagger under my pillow. Wounded seven times, he is lying out there in the rice field; if you don't find him, he may die."

They found him. He lived, and is serving a prison sentence of about two years. It simply must be safe in Cuenca to take the produce to market.

If the matron had been complacent, they say it would have worked out this way: One pleasant rendezvous would have followed another until at last the offended spouse heard of it through the neighbors or light dawned upon him without the aid of gossip. Still his manner toward the man who had despoiled his home would have remained unchanged, until he had actual ocular evidence. Then it would have been bolo against bolo—and may the best man win. The husband would have had the right to send both his wife and her paramour to glory.

It is strict law, and adultery is not at all common in Cuenca. The reader must keep in mind that Cuenca folk are Malayan Tagalogs hardly mixed at all with other blood. In their rural isolation, they are proud of their puritanism; it keeps them a self-sufficient, frugal, self-sustaining community. Authority in the family is by seniority, the grandfather above the father, the father above the mother, father and mother above the children (and uncles and aunts, too), the eldest child above its younger brothers and sisters. *Kaká*, the eldest of us, Cuenca children say, in obedient acquiescence. Cuenca children therefore grow up under ample authority, hence they imbibe discipline without realizing that their lives might be ordered in any other way.

Besides blood relatives, there are godfather and godmother. They are to be implicitly obeyed. A wayward child in Cuenca would be an anomaly;

such a child has never been known there. To be wayward is decidedly not the thing.

On the other hand, youth goes through no psychological storm in Cuenca. Marriage takes place at the age for it; at fourteen, sixteen, eighteen—then it is that boys and girls get married. But in no shabby manner.

A Cuenca boy lets his parents know that he would like to wed a certain Cuenca girl. His parents looking favorably on such a union, they visit the girl's parents, some evening, taking with them fresh fruits, bottles of *alak* and other attributes of a congenial occasion. If they are cordially received, this is at once a good omen; their son may be with them, and they presently broach the purpose of their call. Well, it will be all right, but—

Here the bargaining begins; not, however, in the plain language of the market, but in allegory and pastoral speech.

"Once upon a time," begins the girl's mother, sampling the *alak* liberally, "a farmer and his spouse had carefully reared a rare variety of orange. Its blossoms promised to be fragrant and abundant, its fruits most delicious. But having carefully cared for it in the nursery, at last they planted it in sterile ground; and they neither dug a proper hole for its roots nor watered it well, so that it struggled only a short time with their neglect, then died."

To the boy's anxious parents, the symbolism is logic itself. They assure the girl's mother that the

hole shall be ample; that is, there will be a liberal grant of land. They also promise that the precious young tree shall not wither for want of water; that is, that the girl will not be neglected.

By agreement, then, a specified tract of land is turned over by the boy's parents to the girl's parents. They in turn, when the wedding has been celebrated, turn the land over to their daughter; and this land is for her and her children. It is a part of the usual bargain that a house be built on the land, since this is to be the home of the new couple; the husband indeed is to work and manage the land as his own—only it isn't his anymore.

Everything arranged at last, other relatives may be invited in (or come unannounced) to share in the simple feast. Of course the boy will buy the girl's trousseau, giving her parents ₱80 to ₱100 for this purpose. He will likewise pay the priest, and it depends on the time of year in which the wedding takes place how much this charge will be. If at a regular time for weddings, after the Feast of the Three Kings in January, and after *Mahal na Arao*, or Easter, the priest will charge only ₱8 to ₱12, to the poor. But at other times in the year the charge may reach ₱30 or even ₱40.

Thus it is that some unions are informal, and weddings sometimes solemnized after one or more children are born to a poor young couple. But Cuenca swains are more or less expected to be thrifty and enterprising enough to pay the priest at once and have a regular wedding and postnuptial

fiesta. Only extreme pity mitigates the conditions commonly laid down.

But marriage in the church doesn't bring the couple together save momentarily at the altar. Ancient customs are yet to be satisfied. Leaving the church, the bridegroom goes to the bride's home and she to his. Thus pass the first day and night. On the following day, the bridegroom, accompanied by the bride's parents, goes to his parent's home, where he sees his bride and talks with her—but nothing more. His fortitude in this serious business of marriage is being tried out; he is still under observation. That evening, or the next, other relatives are invited in for a general rejoicing round a groaning board; and the next day the couple are accompanied to the new house where at last they will be alone.

Both the boy's parents and the girl's go with them, taking along useful furnishings for the new home—jars, skillets, bedding, sleeping mats, curtains, firewood. That night a new couple sleep under a new roof-tree, blessed with the solicitous interest of both families. From each party to the union equal faith is expected. For the husband to go philandering will cost him his fields, his house and his wife and children; for, if he persists, his wife will drive him out and assert her marriage rights; and even if she temporarily returns to her parents, still these rights of hers and her children do not lapse.

As for delinquency on her part; what happens then has already been shown; it is a case for bolos. But only reluctantly will her relatives intervene on her behalf when she is piqued at an erring husband; the children, the property, woman's propensity to sudden jealousy and eventual inclination to forgive—all this is considered in the hope of the reconciliation which a short time usually brings about. Moreover, it is the man, not the woman and her relatives, who should worry most in a situation of this kind: it is he who stands to lose all.

Philandering is very uncommon in Cuenca.

Now it happens in Cuenca sometimes, as it sometimes happens elsewhere, that youth deceives maidenhood. It is not common, but it does occur.

A Cuenca sinner has, in such circumstances, three several choices: to flee, to face the bolos of the girl's irate relatives, or the consent to marriage. If he doesn't flee, the last choice is given him first. The people are not blood-thirsty, they merely subscribe to a puritan moral code which is quite inflexible and, for the preservation of such a community, quite indispensable. If the man flees, the law of the islands is set upon him; if it catches him, he is brought back to Cuenca and a settlement demanded in behalf of the child—either already born or expected. Here again he may have recourse to marriage; and little disgrace seems to attach to the bolo-marriage, certainly nothing like that attaching to the shotgun marriage in rural America; for everyone in Cuenca seems to appreciate the unfor-

tunateness of the situation, and that only pardonable impetuosity caused it.

Anyway, marriage is for children's sake in Cuenca; for children every sacrifice is expected to be made.

The most unhappy dweller in Cuenca is, quite naturally, the unmarried mother. Toward her, custom is harshest. True, she is not branded with the scarlet letter. But she can never marry, no one ever courts her. She may remain at home, a kind of slavey; she can have a stall in the market or go out with the others to pluck the ripe rice at harvest time; she lives a living death—for not having lovers, no hope of an honest proposal of marriage. This stigma stops short of her child. Her child, even a daughter, may grow up and marry like any other girl in the town. Cuenca puritanism seems not to extend to the obscene obloquies too often, elsewhere, heaped upon the heart of the fatherless child. Nevertheless, it is such that bolos are quickly drawn and mercilessly used to prevent its curse falling upon a daughter or a sister wronged.

"He ain't done right by our Nell," says the Blue Ridge mountaineer, calmly loading his squirrel rifle. In similar circumstances, Cuenca fathers gird on their bolos.

The severest test to which pretenders for the hands of Cuenca girls are subjected is that of requiring them to live in the girl's households, to prove their industry, resourcefulness in earning a livelihood, and character. Such boys are *mañga*

nanunuyo; their term of service may extend to four or five years, and it is often an economic advantage to the parents to keep postponing the wedding from season to season. In such circumstances, the mother may be appealed to, either by her daughter or the sweating suitor, to relent.

Again there is resort to allegory.

"A handsome colt was driven at the singletree so long that he was ruined for the shafts," hints the longing girl.

The particular anxiety of the *nanunuyo* is, that after donating so much labor to his love, the girl may wed another. Jilting causes loss of face, and loss of face causes the drawing of bolos. Such is the alternative tempering the rapacity of Cuenca parents. If a youth is not a *nanunuyo*, but merely engaged to his sweetheart, then if another begins poaching on his preserves the bolo must settle the argument. In other words, jilting isn't tolerated by manhood in Cuenca. He who would steal another's girl is brother to him who would steal property; caught in the act, both are killed. But the interloping gallant may come off best in an encounter, whereupon the law will absolve him, since he has but defended his life.

*When these studies were made, Dr. Rafael R. Palma was president of the University of the Philippines. He wrote enthusiastically, saying they were the best studies of Filipinos and their villages that he had seen. He died in June 1939, having long been the leading scholar of his race and leaving to belles lettres his History of the Philippines and his Life of Rizal.

DROUGHT? THE SAINTS FOREFEND!

EVERYONE in the Philippines has been witness during August * to a remarkable social phenomenon, a philosophical peasantry turning to God and appealing to the saints in the face of threatened calamity. Hungry, few of the peasants turned bandits; their crop, rice, dying in the parching fields, they turned rather to heaven than to crime or the government for relief. They felt convicted of sin, that such a calamity should be visited upon them; they were contrite and repentant, and they searched their inward lives and inmost thoughts and prayed to be purged of evil. Their *amos*, the landlords, prepared to succor them—as is the obligation when the rice fails. The landlords must advance to their peasants enough rice to sustain each family until a crop is made, when they shall have it back. Some landlords are kindly and require no interest, and some are hard and grasping and require two for one, if not more.

To have a kind landlord or a mean one is a man's luck. About the only thing to do about it is to appeal to San Antonio and make a covenant with him—San Antonio Abad, he who is of the very court of the saints and always willing, for such

*For sociological change in the Philippines, compare this chapter of 15 years ago with "Cabanatuan."

gifts as so largely support San Juan de Dios hospital, to satisfy such human hopes as a fortunate change of masters, a job, a raise in pay, or even, as some say who are perhaps still too benighted to understand, luck at the cockpit.

It is all culture of the deepest sort, and prespanish, blended with Christianity of the scholastic period: when men in monasteries began with presumptions and made all things else prove the presumptions true, and St. Thomas Aquinas was the light that illumined the world. The peasants of today are of those slaves of old who were semi-independent of their masters because they labored the fields and had cottages of their own. So the friars found them, much on the plane of the yokels of old England, and the friars exalted them to manhood and eventually to freedom, and gave them a galaxy of saints instead of a world of good and evil spirits.

Possibly it was only a step, but it was more than a distinction without a difference. The saints exact a norm of conduct, and the old spirits could be propitiated by anyone—they never bothered about *pecados* or *pecadillos*. The faith the friars brought took hold upon the hearts of the people and fired their imagination, while glorifying their humble lives; they embraced it gladly, and still invoke its miracles. Witness.

During August, when the first fields planted should have flourished and the last fields should have been planted, there were whole weeks when

it hardly rained at all. The sun withered the growing rice and parched the unplanted fields; and the wind followed the sun, sweeping over the valleys and lapping up the precious water. Plowing and planting were hurried—how diligently and in what constrained faith the peasants worked!—but there was no use of it all, since the rains fell not and the new seedlings found neither showers for their paling leaves nor mud for their eager roots. Famine faced the peasants, and the peasants prayed.

They prayed, of course, to San Isidro, San Isidro Labrador.

If you were driving through the provinces round about Manila or of central Luzon in August, when the rainfall was but 201.5 millimeters and it should have been no less than 415.1 millimeters, you may have had to stop in some village while a procession passed. Along the little streets of many villages such processions wended their way. At the head was either the village band or orchestra, and then the good saint of the peasants; then the priest and the sacristans in their robes, and then the parishioners and the trooping girls and boys—the girls demurely veiled and carrying candles, while chanting the supplication, and the boys carrying candles too, but tending to get out of line and preempt a place near their sweethearts.

Evening after evening for nine evenings successively, a novena, accompanied by special masses and winding up with a fiesta: winding up with

dancing and feasting, since all was done that could be done, and surely San Isidro Labrador would answer the prayers. Or, if not, the reason would lie with the peasants themselves, who, if such be their fate, must ever bear with fortitude and humble contrition the displeasure of Divinity. Stricter conduct must be observed, that the curse may be withdrawn. There are towns in central Luzon with half a dozen chapels in their barrios dedicated to San Roque, to whom appeal is made in times of pestilence, but who also will protect the crops.

Sagacious were the ascetics in the medieval monasteries; they kept supplementing the Scriptural legends with holy tales of their own times and gave the people saints who had lived within traditional and written memory. Thus they provided San Isidro Labrador, the peasant's saint, the patron of Madrid and of the Spanish royal family.

"We beseech thee, O merciful Lord, that by the intercession of your good-fortune confessor Isidro * * * "

Thus begins the prayer for rain.

San Isidro Labrador was himself a peasant, an *inquilino* on the estate of Juan de Vargas in the neighborhood of Madrid, in the latter part of the 14th century. His wife is also a saint, Santa María de la Cabeza, and she too was a peasant. Isidro was wont to rise very early every morning in order to attend mass in one of the churches of Madrid before going to the fields. Other peasants reported this to Vargas and hinted that Isidro

neglected his work; so Vargas thought he would see for himself, and went to the fields one morning early to do so. Isidro arrived late, but, approaching to reprimand him, Vargas beheld not only his plow in the furrow, but two others, one on either side of the devout plowman, pulled by teams of snow-white oxen whose drivers, if such there were, were invisible. He knew by this that the angels were helping Isidro.

Another time the two teams of white oxen kept plowing while Isidro was not even in the field, and they turned over a great deal of land.

Better yet. When Isidro was going to the field to sow, he felt compassion and divided the wheat among the poor, even scattering the last handfuls to some hungering doves. "Take," he said, "you doves of the Lord. When God shines in the heart, He shines for all." Nevertheless, though his bags of seed wheat were well nigh empty from all this Christian liberality, when he reached the field they were full; there was enough to sow and to spare. The same when he went to the mill with his harvest; he gave generously to the poor and fed the doves flying about, until it hardly seemed worth while to hope for any grist; but grist there was in abundance. Charity led him to prepare a pot of lentils and pork for the poor each Saturday, in the name of the Virgin. Being in the field one day with his master, who thirsted, Isidro struck a rock with his ox goad, and lo a spring burst forth which persists to this very day and may be drunk from by

the faithful, in the chapel near Madrid which has been built around it.

If these miracles had not all been juridically verified and approved of Rome, perhaps they would be doubted; but of course they have been. And the marvel of Isidro's raising a daughter of his master from her very deathbed; and that other marvel, when Isidro's own son fell into a well, and Isidro and his saintly wife fell on their knees and prayed, until the rising waters in the well bore the son aloft to the very brim, and he was saved. At last Isidro died, venerable in years and virtues; and forty years after his death his body, still uncorrupted, was exhumed from the little rural grave and taken in great pomp to the Church of San Andrés in Madrid, where it was reinterred with the utmost solemnity, "all the bells of that temple ringing *themselves* and many infirm people being cured. Many times God has remedied the scarcity of water by the intercession of this saint."

Does drought come, and famine threaten?, Then the obligations of an old oriental culture and the simple faith of an oriental religion, spread worldwide by its western proselytes, are enough to save the day. Halted by a chanting procession with bobbing candles wending down the lane, let San Isidro pass.

LEGENDS OF KANLAON

THE terrible mad dragon of pagan days in the Philippines has returned to Great King mountain, where his tortures and moaning demand of the people once more the human sacrifice. He breathes sulphurous smoke by day; he belches gigantic flames by night; the fields are withering where clouds of voracious locusts swarm over them thick enough to obscure the sun. In short, Mount Kanlaon, giant cradle of the universe in the native legends, is in eruption, and the ancient tributes to Great King Laon are being paid. (In June, 1927).

Will the human sacrifice be made? It may be by the mystic peasants, though perhaps revived superstition can not go that far. Beautiful are the stories of this old volcano that dominates the valleys of Negros province, beautiful and imaginative as anything in the old Greek classics. But because they are pagan and not Christian, they are all despised—more's the pity, in so far as an understanding of the native psychology is concerned.

Two of the Kanlaon legends pertain to different periods of these enchanting islands, one to the Pre-Brahman period, the other to the Brahman.

The one is very kindly in conception:

In remote times all the people of Negros lived prosperously under the benign rule of King Laon.

They worked in his fields and shared with him the harvest. When he was visiting them in the fields one day gentle showers began to fall. The showers turned to heavy rain, and when King Laon again visited his fields, the water was knee-deep. Then it was waist-deep, then it was up to his shoulders and all thought of a harvest vanished.

But at least he would have his people. So he called them together and set them to building a mound.

“But we have no tools, O Kanlaon!”

Kanlaon waved his magic kerchief, soon there were shovels and picks.

“But we have no granite! The mound must be ribbed with granite.” With another wave of the kerchief all materials were supplied. The people worked with great good will, shoveled and carried patiently until Mount Kanlaon was built in the midst of the valley with its crest 6,000 feet high. There they dwelt until the flood subsided. Again they worked lustily for the great King Laon and dug a ditch to the sea to drain off the waters from their drowning fields.

Such was the origin of Mount Kanlaon and the New river—Bago (new) river it is called to this day.

The Brahman legend is gruesome. It goes like this:

Long, long ago there lived on the summit of Mount Kanlaon a dragon with a body a mile long and a block thick from which extended seven fright-

ful heads gleaming with green eyes. The people of Negros were in mortal terror of this dragon, that breathed smoke by day and belched fire by night. The only way they found of appeasing him was to sacrifice a virgin to him every New Year, a sacrifice that became a rite of their religion. It was always a peasant girl, for the poor should suffer for their betters, a precept still instinctive among Filipinos.

The ruler of the unhappy people would choose the virgin to be sacrificed. The little girl, scarce 12 years old, dressed all in black, would be taken up and left on the slopes of the mountain. If she did not return to the valley then the people knew the dragon had devoured her and would not trouble them more for a whole year; and if she returned it was a sign that the dragon did not wish to eat a virgin that year but would await the next New Year. This seldom happened. Sometimes the dragon wanted two virgins.

At last the peasants were all gone. When the next New Year came a noble virgin should be sacrificed. This was a difficult situation, since no noble family wished to give a daughter to the dragon. Yet the King dared not select a girl of noble blood; rebellion would be upon the kingdom forthwith at such presumption.

In this predicament there came along a youth who seemed to be from neighboring India, though truly he was a demigod. Learning at court what

was troubling the land he said he would slay the dragon, of which he had no fear.

"Slay the dragon, man or god, whoever and whatever you are, and you shall have gold dust for wealth and my daughter for spouse," said the king.

So the youth went up the slopes to slay the dragon. He had power over all animals, with whom he spoke in their own tongues. The ants and the bees, when he told them his errand, volunteered to help. They would attack the dragon and sting and blind him. The eagle who had carried the youth to the crest of the mountain said he too would dash in upon the prey with his talons.

So all the ants charged the dragon, with all the bees and a whole troop of fearless eagles. They were successful, they stung out the dragon's green eyes and bruised his sprawling lips and tore his knotty skin until he was quite helpless, and then he who seemed to be a youth from India stepped up with his sword and cut off the dragon's seven heads and took the biggest of them back to the king down in the valley.

From that day to this the people of Negros have never feared the dragon, and they have become the children of the gods; for the youth, who was a demigod, not merely a son of Mother India, married the princess, who became the mother of a new generation.

All quite wonderful, and now nature is spoiling it all by making Kanlaon occasionally active again. Laon was the demigod's name. They named the

mountain Kan Laon, Great King Laon, in gratitude for his slaying the dragon that lived on its summit.

The first Laon, who knew the animals' languages, is responsible for the romantic caterwauling of cats, that, at least as good Negros folk say, is a rhapsody of Puss's passion, not Tom's. It seems that on an occasion when Tom and Puss were woodsing together, a field mouse happened by and Tom abandoned Puss to chase after it. Puss complained to Laon about Tom's inconstancy, naturally, and seeing the cause of it, Laon advised her to caterwaul at such moments and thereby intimidate intruders from approaching. That's the cat's meow.



LUKBAN

WHEN Satan and Jehovah fought for supremacy in heaven there were many casualties among the angels. Some of the wounded who fell to earth afterward recovered but could not find their way back to the portals of heaven; they perforce are still living on the earth, and they dwell in the forests, the mountain fastnesses and unfrequented regions of the Philippines, strange as it may seem to learned theologians. Some were on Satan's side, they are evil immortals; and some were on Jehovah's side, who are benevolent. Those who are evil are a great menace to the fortunes of the peasants; those who are benevolent are a constant blessing. If you have faith, heaven gives a sign, there are presages and auspices by which you may foretell whether good or evil will attend your ventures. In general, he will be blessed who remains in his mother's village, obeys the customary laws and marries a village girl—after due and prolonged service, of course, in her family and under the command of her parents, to demonstrate full worthiness.

It is very natural that the people of the Philippines should be gregarious in extreme. So they are. When they came up from the south in their *praos* and *barangays* centuries ago and made camp on the shore or

along the lower course of a river emptying into the sea, they had fierce antagonists to vanquish, the indigenous population. One settlement would sometimes war with another; by all means each had to be held together, and religion was this means—just as it was with Moses leading the Israelites out of Egypt. Religion was interwoven into the fabric of village government, it sustained the authority of the chieftains. By the virgins marrying the braves of other villages than their own, their own might be weakened and finally conquered. Such unions would not be solemnized; it was made law that the husband should go to the wife's village to dwell; by various ordeals his honest intentions were proved before marriage; only by such rigorous codes could the settlements be maintained, the chieftains gather power and numbers to themselves and promote themselves to rajahships.

Back of the little clearings on the coast or shore, all was jungle. Strange beasts and creeping and crawling things inhabited this jungle, whence unearthly mysterious sounds issued, particularly at night. Screams and audible gurgitations of living creatures in the throes of violent death were often heard. Though it was nothing more supernatural than the boa or the python strangling a deer or wild boar, it seemed so to the villager; and it was indeed often the crocodile, the host of disconsolate ancestors malignant and revengeful on the world because due respect was not paid their memory by their relatives and tribesmen. Thus superstition abetted the plans

of the priests and chieftains for holding the villagers together.

An advance was made in the Philippines, for a people superior to the aborigines drove the latter into the hills and occupied their cleared lands, which they sowed with new seed, introducing new crops.

The tools of progress are not always refined tools. It may be that primitive man does not fear death. He can be made to fear what comes after, and to fear disobedience of the law because by disobedience he will incur the risk of future punishment. He soon ceases to be individualistic; he learns to do things with others and for the sake of others. If one or two Malayan braves went in search of game in the vast jungle that surrounded their villages in those early times, perhaps neither would return; or one, wounded sorely, would tardily return, bringing grim news that his companion had perished. Amid the grief of family and friends, the admonition could be interposed that only in numbers should the braves go to hunt, first having permission from the chief; and this would naturally be obtained with a promise of the best venison or the best boar meat being saved for the chief's table. By such gifts, the distance between chiefs and common men would widen: regular tribute, decent respect and homage, together with piety and humility toward the priests, would in time follow the simple gift of a saddle of venison or the fat shank of a boar's carcass.

Very naturally an extreme gregariousness took hold upon the people. To work the fields was toil-

some, to be a warrior was glorious. Slaves might work the fields, the *manga sa guiguilid*; and other slaves perform the drudgery of the household, the *manga namamahay*; so society sternly divided into classes, chieftains and their families and retainers, warriors and slaves. Some slaves were taken in battle, they might be ransomed. It was honorable to engage in a great foray upon neighboring or distant villages and take many prisoners as slaves. This strengthened the home village, adding many wageless hands to till its fields and win harvests from the soil, assuring against want. In these forays virgins might be taken; they could become the wives of their captors, or might remain their slaves and bear them children.

One might say that this was a benighted custom. It is now, but it was not then. It was only man in a harsh environment, obeying with all the intelligence he could command the first law of nature, self preservation. It is an interesting tale to follow. For instance, treatment of slaves. Settlements were sparse at best, the houses flimsy thatch. Stone-working was not known and village defenses were nothing more than rude cane stockades. Fire was a terrible enemy; in an hour it could lay a thriving village in ashes and destroy all its crops. The treachery of offended slaves might be the source of fire, or hunger might drive them to revolt or connive with their own people to betray the village at an unsuspected hour. Customary laws therefore ameliorated the lot of the slave. There were means by which he might obtain

honorable freedom, to provide him rice when crops failed was the obligation of his master, though it might prolong his servitude and make it the inheritance of his children.

If a slave girl bore her master a child, then her lot was pleasanter than before and her child occupied a higher station than its mother, below that of its father and his children from free women. For free women to bear many children was the highest virtue; to bear children out of wedlock was not accounted a great sin, since it was simple obedience to the law of nature and helpful to the tribe. The light of science did not lustrate the archipelago; life was in the raw. Care of the sick fell to the priestcraft, as in Egypt, but the learning of the near-east traveled westward along the routes of commerce; eastward it did not reach the Philippines. The art of the priestcraft in curing disease never advanced, therefore, beyond sorcery and the use of a few simple herbs of doubtful potency. Mortality was high, not only from war and combat but from disease and pestilence. It could not be controlled, there was a fatality about it; but it could be offset or balanced by great fecundity, and so it was.

The woman was the only salvation of the tribe, she who bore a big brood of braves and virgins and prevented their lapsing into abject poverty, or descending into slavery, by careful government of her family and judicious selection of suitors for her daughters and wives for her sons. Duties which in other societies come to devolve upon classes specially

skilled and trained, the doctor and the teacher, in the early Philippines devolved wholly upon the mothers of families. Their devotion could protect their young, since absent science failed. Society being so much dependent upon them, must in some way requite them; compared to the lot of woman in other oriental countries, they came to occupy an exalted station—which they still retain in spite of the teaching and tendency of later institutions.

In fact we must not fall into the error of believing that environment, much changed and improved, has obliterated inheritance among the peasantry of the Philippines. It is not true. The schools have very lightly touched them as yet, while many of their communities are still isolated. Old superstitions cling, old customs influence. Gregariousness still prevails. Outworn tools have not yet been laid aside, for science and all modern things, though eagerly invited, but slowly and seemingly reluctantly approach. Many confinements are attended only by the sorceress, or witchlike women hardly her superior; and the old incantations frequently lay away the dead, while signs and presages compose the soul to endure the last rigors of mortal life.

In his *Martyrdom of Man* Winwood Reade reminds us that "in those countries where two distinct classes of men exist, the one intellectual and learned, the other illiterate and degraded, there will be in reality two religions though nominally there may be but one." It should not therefore be surprising that in the Philippines you may observe among the common

people whose villages are isolated, where the natural vacant attitude of the mind is unimpressed with the lessons of learning or literature, a peculiar esteem is placed upon the visible aspects and accoutrements of faith, as if they were potent in themselves.

Here a great deal has been said that while applicable to the region between Manila and Lukban, is less applicable to it than to most parts of the islands for the reason that the people have been less isolated than those of other parts and have enjoyed long contact with stranger-colonies, together with no little assimilation—the melting-pot principle. The reason we have perhaps aspersed the character of one region to illustrate the condition of others, is to bring clearly into the foreground of the reader's thought just what influences are the most effective in advancing the true welfare of a numerous and unlettered peasantry. Though reading is coveted, the primary influence is not schools. It is commerce and industry, which provide the means for having schools and excite ambitions to make something—something of a career—out of what may be learned in schools.

Lacking commerce, Alexandria would never have had her library; except to convenience commerce, the Phoenicians would never have troubled to learn and teach the alphabet; Venice helped to convey the learning of the east to western states while trafficking briskly in silks, sugar and spices.

In the Philippines, when we speak in relative terms, we find Lukban, Lucena, Pagsanjan (not far off the road), Paete and San Pablo as well as many

smaller places, all quite advanced communities. The reason for the generally advanced condition of the communities as a whole is their lively industry and commerce with Manila, which is traditional. They are chiefly but not merely agricultural communities; they have been partly industrial communities for some centuries.

The period antedates the coming of the Spaniards. Japanese ships, bent upon trade, were wont to cruise down the Pacific coast of the Philippines. They frequently had to be repaired, sometimes built new from wreckage, and timbers felled in Philippine forests. For this purpose they carried artisans, and their wares were brought inland for exchange. It would seem that permanent communities were established, while we know that a permanent Japanese community of many thousand inhabitants existed in Manila (or *Dilao*, what is now Paco, a district of Manila) when the Spaniards came. At Paete, the Japanese made furniture. The people learned the art from them, the industry is still carried on. In the same manner the people of Pagsanjan learned to utilize cabonegro fiber, and cordage making is an old art with them. Iron making and the cutlery craft became known in Lukban, and Lukban bolos, daggers and cutting weapons of all sorts were in great fame throughout Luzon, as are the plow shares and moldboards of some Pampanga towns even today, coming down to the people from the Chinese.

Hat making is a much more recent industry in Lukban, but someone finding the people accustomed to

selling what they could make had no trouble in introducing it. There is trouble in changing it. Habituated to the use of round fiber, the weavers will not change to the flat fiber, such as is used by the weavers in Baliuag and is better. This is the influence of custom, and as the round-fiber hats are much in demand, though they are rated below the flat-fiber hats and fetch a lower price, the weavers turn them out rapidly and are satisfied with their earnings. Besides wages, every day must yield its reward; new methods would be tedious. For like reasons the fiber is given a twist at the base of the brim, which makes the shape rigid. Buyers would prefer to eliminate this twist, which is extra work for the weavers, but have not succeeded in doing so—the art not having been learned that way. Similarly, outside the Lukban district few women take up hat making. Increasing demands of the trade cannot be met in the Philippines, so the fiber is prepared and shipped to Shanghai and Tientsin, where life is hard and hands eager to earn a pittance are already turning out quantities of hats which might all be made in the Philippines.

There are few here who have entirely emerged from the agricultural class: they are true peasants and during rice planting and harvesting, the production of hats regularly slumps. Where agriculture prevails, society falls into two main groups, peasants and proprietors. But a middle class is nevertheless developing in the Philippines. It is busy in the fields only a part of the year, at other times it pursues profitable handicrafts—in Lukban, hat making. Its chil-

dren go to school, high school too, and often to university. Where they go afterward it is hard to say; certainly not to hat making and rice growing. In Lukban many idle young students may be seen, boys not very well qualified to wrest a living from life. They will not advance the position of the middle class much; having memorized textbooks and gained a certificate, they hope good fortune will catapult them into a position above the middle class. It will therefore be recruited from the bottom, from which degradation the peculiar organization of the Filipino family will save the idle youths of this generation. In the next, society will take another step forward, impelled by the pressure of numbers, a force at present of little consequence because immigration is nil and sanitation is new.



IWAHIG

IN 1928, Dr. John Lewis Gillin made a trip to Iwahig Penal Colony on Palawan island with Director Ramón Victorio of the prisons bureau. They were not quite alone. Dr. Gillin's son, John Lewis, Jr., was with him, and two inspectors, not guards, and 111 prisoners were with Victorio. This at the start, on the cables ship *Bustamante*, turned for the occasion into a convict ship below and a pleasure yacht above. But presently, beyond the lights of Corregidor and on the *outside* passage, seasickness joined Victorio and the two inspectors, who lay helpless in their berths.

Dr. Gillin, however, was not much perturbed. He hadn't seen any arms in evidence, and he knew there were 111 prisoners aboard, but to be among prisoners, without any means of defense, was an old story with him. He is a somewhat celebrated criminologist. A professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, he holds the chair of criminal pathology there; and he was then the chairman of the committee on crime of the Social Science Research Council, for which organization he made the trip to the Philippines to visit Iwahig. (He studied Bilibid too, the insular penitentiary in Manila, but that doesn't count so much: Iwahig was quite rightly his real objective.)

"It stands without a rival in the world," was Dr. Gillin's verdict on the colony.

He wasn't uneasy when Victorio and the inspectors got seasick, since he supposed, as he told his son, that the prisoners on board, who might easily have mutinied and taken possession of the ship, were men sentenced for crimes against property. He afterwards confessed that he should have been uneasy, when he learned that among the 111 men no less than 11 were parricides, 40 were homicides, and 15, murderers; and the rest were bandits, highwaymen and cutthroats generally.

"Why wouldn't they mutiny?" he asked Victorio.

"Because they wished to go to Iwahig, a privilege they had earned by good conduct in Bilibid, and because they would eventually be caught."

The men, in fact, though they had committed the most heinous and desperate of crimes, were, as prisoners of the state, the highest class of prisoners: in Bilibid they had become trusties, and at Iwahig they were to be colonists, for such is the milder designation applied to the men making up the colony.

In due course the voyage ended, at Puerto Princesa, where officials and colonists alike had gathered to welcome Victorio and his guests. An old Moro datu, with many notches on his kris, had been at the most distant station, in charge of some 40 colonists there. It was about 25 miles off, the farm comprises about 100,000 acres, and he had

walked all day and part of the night in order to be at Puerto Princesa on time.

Dr. Gillin was now to be still further astonished, learning that Captain R. P. Mitra, the colony superintendent, and only 25 others, half of whom are ex-colonists, comprise the entire official staff, and that they are all habitually without arms, save the conventional cane, their badge of authority. Iwahig is really a place regainful of men's souls. It is under discipline, but wholly free from the vengeance society still commonly seeks in the condemnation of men who have infringed its laws. Colonists there number more than 1800; there are 26 officers and employes, 82 members of their families, and about 250 members of colonists' families, there being 85 such families domiciled on the farm and governed by its mild discipline.

There is, of course, a hospital; and there is also a public school, attended by the children of officers, employes and colonists, without discrimination. Justice seems to be the motto of administration, daily justice, and men's pasts are put behind them. There is a band, a recreation hall; and all the wholesome activities of a free community are carried on, by and for the colonists.

"During my whole visit I saw but two firearms, pistols, which probably couldn't be fired," said Dr. Gillin. "And as we rode over the farm I quizzed Director Victorio about this, he admitting that all depended upon the men's good behavior. And he said this good behavior resulted from several

causes, chief among them being the proof, from early instances, that the escaped man is always caught, the second being the certain loss of rating, return to stripes and Bilibid, solitary confinement and leg irons, and further sentence and punishment for new crimes committed."

Victorio also told Dr. Gillin, "No excuses are ever accepted, and the men know it."

Bilibid is a dreary place for the lifer and long-term. There is work, well enough organized, but no gain from it; the dormitories are overcrowded, the whole atmosphere rigid, cramped, depressing. When they have earned the privilege of leaving Bilibid, men have put themselves through a voluntary course of discipline that has furnished them with a new character; and when they doff its stripes for the clothes of the colonist, they have put their old lives behind them.

Iwahig has 22 separate activities, given a general classification. Many branches of farming and horticulture are carried on, at many stations, where groups of 40 men or so work under the surveillance of one of their number. The colonists in charge of these stations call up headquarters daily at stipulated hours, reporting what was done the day before and what will be done that day. The inspectors can come along at any time, and see that all has been done as reported.

Coconuts, rice and sugar cane are all important crops, grown *on the shares*, and upon completing

their sentences colonists have already had as much as P6,000 to their credit, something upon which to begin life anew. Merchants, Filipinos, of Puerto Princesa, assured Dr. Gillin that the best settlers in Palawan are, as a class, the ex-colonists, who have all acquired habits of thrift, industry and sobriety. There is a herd of Indian cattle, Dr. Gillin noted many ox-teams at work. The colony is not as yet self-supporting, though it will soon be more than that. Let us mention 2,342 coffee trees planted last year, 53 cacao, 44 orange, 1,247 jackfruit, and 37 mango trees. "The para rubber trees in Abukayan rubber station are growing luxuriantly."

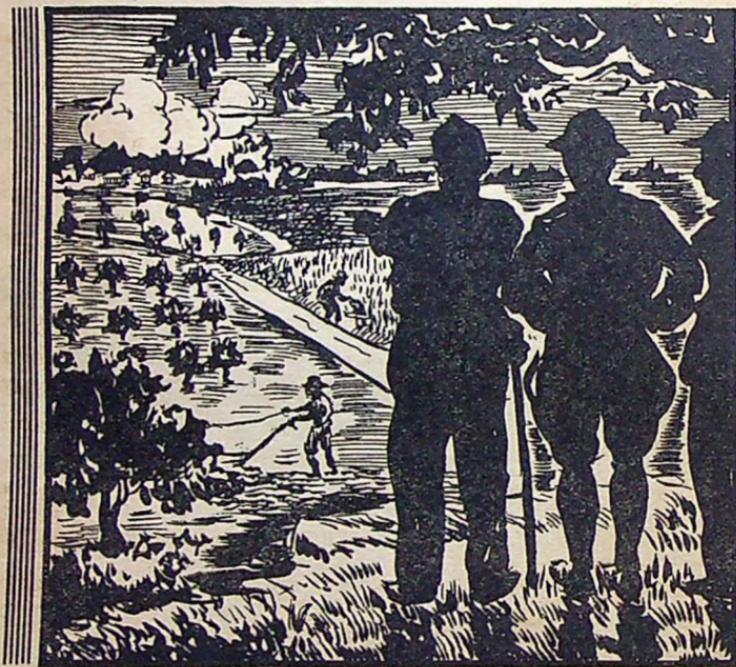
Fishing is important.

Many thousands of coconuts are in bearing.

To subsist the colonists costs the public P0.144 per day per colonist, and out of this must be taken the value of the products accruing to the government's account, before there is a charge against taxes. Captain Mitra wants a revolving fund for the colony, and with frequent auditing, for his own protection, it might well be given him. His report shows work interrupted, abandoned sometimes, or indefinitely postponed, because his requisitions, such as for spare machinery parts, have been cancelled. Iwahig was established February 16, 1904, by R. J. Shields, when Forbes was the commissioner of commerce and police, and so it is a monument of Forbes' administration. The expenditures last

year were P282,160 and the income P215,270, the net expenditure being the immaterial sum of P66,890.

Iwahig on Palawan and San Ramon near Zamboanga rely on staple crops, try new ones, supplement with livestock and poultry, and run their regenerating course year after year, practically if not quite self-supporting. President Quezon, a wise humanitarian, is extending the Commonwealth's system of prison colonies. While this chapter could be revised up to date since 1928, it draws a picture accurate enough as it is.



DEMIGODS OF BIKOLANDIA

FIRST among the demigods of Bikol* folklore is Tulisan, who was a great chieftain at the period when the Spanish conquest of Luzon occurred, late in the 16th century. He refused to submit to the Spaniards, although most of his people did so, and with the rebellious remnant he retired to the fastnesses of Mount Isarog, warning the lowland population to the last not to welcome the Spaniards and declaring their doctrines false. When Tulisan governed peacefully in the lowlands, the region experienced an idyllic epoch. There were no taxes, every request was granted; so runs the tradition, by no means wholly antiquated by time and experience.

With the establishment of the Spanish rule, came titles, taxes and public labor, while requests were entertained as the governors saw fit. Lamenting the change, a contemporary narrator asks, "Those happy days of the Tulisan reign, will they ever come again?" Hardly, for the modern world presses ever heavier upon all its remoter regions, and gradually stocks them with excise men and constables. But Tulisan lived on through the Spanish days, at least in the people's fancy, and when he walked abroad on the mountain's slopes the earth trembled under his heavy tread. Against the intruders he waged continuous

*The Bikol region of the Philippines is the southeastern part of Luzon, rugged, with volcanoes.

war, and his guerrillas made frequent forays on the peaceful settlements.

His name went into the vernacular, *tulisanes* signifying guerrilla bands of irreconcilables everywhere in the islands even now. Mount Isarog itself and the Rangas river were Tulisan's arms. He caused the first to erupt upon the valleys at will, and the second to lay them waste with floods. Every Spanish expedition sent against him ignominiously perished, the people say, but since the Americans bombarded Legaspi nothing has been heard of Tulisan. Three detachments of constables cleared out the place in 1906, ending forever the strange enchantment, and relieving the population from terrors that had always seriously restricted communication between communities and even discouraged parents from sending their children to the colleges in Naga—since in making trips to school, and home again for vacation, they would be exposed to tulisan attacks on the lonely roads.

But Tulisan was hardly supernatural, only a man befriended of the gods because of his patriotism. The real demigods of the Bikolandian galaxy dwell upon Mount Mayon. They are the incantos, hairy men walking upside down and as tall as the lawaan tree; the *tamboloslos*, the *aswang*, the *calag*, the *patianak*, and the *dwende*. They are all very terrible creatures, but of course the peasants have means of circumventing their malevolence. For instance, the incantos live in talisay trees, growing at a high elevation on Mayon; and to become their friend one may

have a talisay growing in his own garden. Possession of "the white stone from the newly opened banana flower," that of the *saba* banana, is another open sesame to their good opinion. This stone is the *mutya*. It must be taken during holy week, because you must have the aid of heaven in all such matters. Let it fall softly into a silken handkerchief, close the kerchief around it and run around the plant seven times, calling out all the while to the *incanto* that you really have the *mutya*. At last he says he will come and get it, and so he does. He has crosseyes and a revolting countenance altogether, so that you are afraid of him with good reason. But he laughs jovially when he sees the *mutya*, and then he invites you to his house on Mayon.

You must go; whatever duties may be pressing upon you, nothing is so imperative as this visit to the *incanto*. You go along with him, at last entering the enchanted house with the big golden room and the colored glass windows. You dine with him there. When the feast is over you yield to his request, give him the *mutya*, and are sent away home with a gift of both money and food. Ever afterward you are the *incanto*'s friend, he your protector. But in dining with him you must be very careful to drink the white wine instead of the red, and eat the white rice instead of the red too; for the red rice and the red wine will magically turn you into an *incanto* and you will never get to ride home in the golden chariot with the prancing gray team and the harness with the silver bells on the bridles.

It is dreadful to offend the incantos. There was once a family of them living in a talisay tree that stood in the yard of the little *ermita* in the barrio of Bigaa, of the town of Legaspi. It was long ago, of course, when Iroy was the barrio alderman, the *cabezang de barangay*. These old-time officials were very dignified fellows; often they could speak Spanish, perhaps even read a little, and they always felt their importance. Only the government at the capital was above them, in the villages they were responsible to none. They turned in the hated taxes, and aside from that they generally did as they pleased. Iroy pleased one day to have the talisay tree cut down. Protests from the villagers availed nothing, down the tree must come and down it did come—though bystanders heard voices speaking from the branches, asking "Gently, please, you axe-men, for we are wounded!"

"Down with the tree!" cried Iroy, as the axes paused momentarily.

At last the tree was down, the incantos no longer had a house in which to sup at ease and smoke their long-stemmed pipes in the moonlit evenings. Their dishes all crashed when the tree fell. But Iroy soon repented of his obstinacy, though it was too late. The incantos' vengeance was swift. Iroy sickened next day and the *mediquillo* couldn't cure him with all the herbs he knew. Iroy was soon laid with his fathers, for cutting down the talisay tree.

The *tambaloslos* is as big as a man and double his weight. He has a carnal mouth, is bald and has ugly protruding eyes. His nose is big and fat, his tongue

short and round; otherwise he is as amorphous as some of the notorious Olympian sprites that even famous poets sing about without ever drawing too finely. But he has queer feet, one leg much shorter than the other, and a deformed barrel belly. He doesn't live so high up on the slopes, either; he haunts the caragomoy swamps, where the people gather the leaves to make baskets. You can get the leaves, all right, but you have to go about it in a certain way, so as to do so with the tambaloslos' strict permission. You have to tell the nodes, bottom to top, saying all the while, "Let me have some leaves of the caragomoy. Do not let me have leaves." If at the very last node it is the turn to say "Let me have some leaves of the caragomoy," then you may take them away. Not otherwise.

Long ago, Tian Mandarusay, a widow with many children at home, went hurriedly to gather caragomoy leaves in the swamps of Mayon, because she wanted to make the baskets that very day and be off with them early next morning to market. She forgot to ask permission of the tambaloslos, who confronted her with the dereliction right there in the big sprawling swamp. She was a modest woman, too, but all she could do was to disrobe completely—before the very gaze of the tambaloslos. This distracted the wretch; his wife, too, came waddling out on her short-and-long legs to see what was keeping him so long, and Tian Mandarusay, seizing the moment, gathered up her clothes and caragomoy leaves and made her escape while the two stood there in the

swamp facing each other as if they would quarrel.

Even nowadays the tambaloslos will often cause you to lose your way in the woods or swamps, especially if you are a lone peasant girl whom he catches out on some belated errand. Then there is nothing for it, you must disrobe before he will show you back to the path again. The tambaloslos has most erotic propensities.

The *aswang* is a familiar spirit everywhere in the Philippines, so of course it is among those of Mayon. It is like any person by day, but at night it brings out its wings by rubbing the body with unguents, first the right hand high in the air, then the left, and all the while telling off the toes, joints and fingers with a ritual about "I must stick to the dawog tree. No, I must not stick." If it comes out right, all right; then they won't stick to the dawog tree, which is covered with spines and a natural enemy of anyone flying about at night and alighting in thickets—such as those that commonly screen the peasants' cottages.

The *aswang* destroys children, and will devour them eagerly at birth or even before. To ward them off during an *accouchement*, the husband may keep whipping about in the shadows with his bolo until morning comes. The *aswangs* leave off haunting at daylight, of course, but they are very cruel at night, as the infant mortality figures of the Philippines will show to any skeptic. *Aswangs* are indeed, witches that haunt the sick and the helpless, which is why they are so bad on babies; and they assume

queer shapes to escape detection, turning themselves into black animals hardly to be seen in the dark at all, pigs, chickens and cats.

By day the aswangs are often very handsome men, or very beautiful women. They are just like other folk. There was once a whole bevy of aswang girls living with their parents in the forests of Mayon. Eligible young men wished to marry them, they had such fair skins and were so lovely—as if they were very aristocratic mestizas. But then the young men found out they were aswangs after all, and perhaps some jealous village damsels were the ready informants. One young chap went ahead anyway, he married an aswang girl who got him up behind her one night when she flew to Bataan island to go to the market at San Ramon. Next morning, while she was buying things in the market, he went into a grove and plucked some fine lemons, thinking to take them home. But aswangs can't fly or exercise any of their witchcraft where there are lemons. When the young couple were flying home that evening, the bride felt her strength leaving her wings and suspected her husband had ignorantly filled his pockets with lemons. He told her this was so, and threw the lemons all away just in time to prevent their falling into the bay. Then her wings lifted buoyantly and they flew safely home. When her husband was helping her take the things out of the basket, as young husbands sometimes will help, horrible relics of her devilry among the children of San Ramon were revealed. She had snuffed out their lives and taken trophies of

her witchery. Her sisters all died spinsters, no one would marry them, beautiful as they were. (Of course there are frequent cases of individuals and even entire families being suspected of witchcraft in the islands, though this tale is taken from the Mayon legends.) Aswangs can't bear the light, fearing discovery and swift revenge; so when they are suspected of being about, all that is really necessary is to keep a light burning under the house.

Are the *patianaks* pretty young babies like wee painted dolls living in the flowers of the lotus, so abundant in the brooks around the base of Mount Mayon? It is said, but if so they can certainly assume other forms, and very horrible ones too, for they have been seen in the shape of creatures half bird and half man, uttering a doleful whine like that of a sick and petulant child. They prey upon infants, they are worse than aswangs for that sort of wrongdoing, and they are the authors of abortions.

The way to ward them off is to burn sulphur out of the windows and under the house. They abhor burning sulphur. When babies are born, it is best to take them to the priest for baptism as soon as possible, for if they should happen to die before they are baptized they might turn into *patianaks*. Some have had that awful fate.

Perhaps priests take advantage of such credulities—their charges to the poor of the Philippines for marriage, baptism and burial ceremonies are often resented.

The *dwende* is not so bad, but goodness knows it is bad enough. Dwendes live in fallen batang trees in the lower forests of Mayon. They visit pestilences upon the settlements, and often fetch to Legaspi and Tabaco epidemics of influenza. The howling of dogs at midnight and the crowing of roosters warn of the dwendes' approach, when bamboo cannons may be fired at regular intervals to keep them away. An aurora procession will also do this. It is held at midnight. "In the aurora can be heard the songs of the maidens, and a multitude of people singing pass from house to house." The girls carry the cross, and the dwendes fear it. Their purpose to bring the town low with pestilence is thwarted. Another good way to do with the dwendes, especially before an aurora procession can be organized, is to take an empty oil can, one of these five-gallon tins, cut crosses in all four sides, and turn it over a *quinque*, or taper, or a burning candle, so that the light will shine through the crosses. This will protect a devout household from the prowling dwendes, who fear the cross.

Ghosts prowl about in Bikolandia the same as they do in all countries. They are unwonted visitors, you have to be very careful about them. They may be the restive souls of unbaptized persons, or of criminals buried in the unhallowed ground, or again, of relatives to whose memories no proper respect has been shown. They come on the wings of the wind, these disturbing apparitions of the night. Their presence may be detected by the taper kept burning for days and nights after their earthly bodies have been

buried. When they come back, the light of the taper turns suddenly low and the flame shows green, flickering to one side and the other. Prayers must be hastily said, then the ghosts will go away and the light will burn bright and red once more. The prayers ask that the soul of the dead may be given rest and absolved from torment in hades or purgatory.

Ghosts may also be kept away from a dwelling they wish to intrude upon by swishing a coconut broom, made of the midribs of the fronds, at the foot of the stairway. Each broom has 100 midribs in it, and if the broom brushes the ghost it will have to descend to purgatory and stay there a year for every midrib—a round century of punishment. But however perilous it may be to come back to haunt the living, the ghost of any peasant dying with a debt over his head will certainly roam back to earth to importune surviving relatives until the debt be paid. It was so with Panching, the little weaver of Doña Teresa, in Legaspi, who made the fine piña cloth for her Spanish mistress. Poor Panching's frail health gave way over her tasks at the loom, she died owing Doña Teresa ₱1.50, which her parents did not pay—even refused to pay. Then Panching's ghost had to come back through the lonely night and appear in the dreams of her parents, asking them to please pay that ₱1.50 so she could get into her grave and get some rest, of which she was sore in need. When her mother awoke next morning, there on the mat beside her was the burned imprint of Panching's hand. Forthwith, of course, she went and paid Doña Teresa,

and thereafter Panching was evidently very contented, in paradise, for her little troubled soul never came back to make any further requests.

“When anyone dies in debt, the soul returns to earth and requests the living to pay up the account.” Therefore, as debts are certain to be paid eventually, why all this fuss and impatience about paying on stipulated due dates, an idiosyncrasy of modern times? The peasants little understand it; but the Chinese surely understand the peasants, bearing with them and cinching their trade. In Main Street of every Bikol town there are parallel rows of thriving shops, all Chinese. Establishments of other nationalities, and conspicuously those of Filipinos, are the rare exceptions.

At Tiwi-Tiwi, the boiling hot mineral springs on the shore near Mount Malinao out 15 kilometers from the town of Tabaco, are both hell and purgatory. Streams of cool sweet water meander along the flat lava flows among the hot springs, and fall into pools here and there. On many nights the villagers at Tiwi-Tiwi hear the moans of tormented souls, some asking to be removed from the scalding springs, some to be taken to them, away from the chilling pools. The night wind carries their plaintive petitions, about which nothing can be done.

Now the wise and the educated know nothing of the origin of Mount Mayon, which is most miraculous in peasant lore. Where the gigantic volcano lifts aloft its perfect cone, was, in olden times, a wide alluvial plain, the tobacco plantation of Don Baltazar. When

this feudal proprietor grew old and journeyed the way all mortals must, he was buried in the midst of his tobacco fields. But he was so powerful that he actually overcame death itself, in a way, for his body kept growing and pushing up the grave higher and higher, until at last this bulging grave became Mount Mayon. It is a metaphysical explanation of a natural phenomenon, perhaps, but simple faith is all that is required to credit it, all depends on capacity to believe.

Nor is this all of the story.

Don Baltazar had a beautiful daughter, Magosgos na Doncella, who never married, but still dwells in the crater of Mayon and is 7,700 years old. She is still pretty, though. This was seen as recently as 1814, when Mayon erupted. Magosgos na Doncella has a splendid palfry, a golden-skinned bull, on which she journeys abroad when Mayon grows turbulent; and in 1814 she mounted this palfry and repaired to San Miguel island on him, he bravely swimming the bay without the least mishap. It was then that the people all saw that Magosgos na Doncella was still a lovely creature, as if the years had never touched her at all. It was her father's stubborn will that prevented her marriage. She loved a neighboring young planter, Colacog, whom her father disliked because he was forever neglecting his fields to hunt the wild boar and track the deer. Forbidding this union, her father said she should marry Colacog's plodding rival, Paluntog. The spirited girl refused to do this, Colacog and Paluntog fought, and Colacog was killed.

More than ever, now, Magosgos na Doncella determined she would not be mated with this brute of a Paluntog; and so, in time, Paluntog wooed Arca, another virgin of the valley, celebrated for her beauty, purity and simplicity. His suit at last successful in this quarter, the wedding was solemnized and the sturdy couple went over to Cagraray and opened a new plantation, first lumbering off the primeval forest to make room for the fields. Three sons were born to their union, Miguel, Bayani and Juan. Paluntog became a great cacique on Cagraray, and his sons grew up to be of great help to him. Then disaster befell the family. Father and sons and hundreds of their men were one day ferrying logs over to the mainland, and fishing as they floated along. A mermaid rose out of the bosom of the waters and protested against such a heavy taking of the fish.

"Why do you catch all my fish?" she asked.

But the proud and murderous Paluntog, for reply, merely struck at her with a heavy paddle. This angered the mermaid, who turned into a ravenous shark and utterly destroyed the expedition. Paluntog and his three sons were drowned when they jumped into the bay to escape the maddened shark. Afterward, the people saw three islands rising in the midst of the waters, the bodies of the three sons of Paluntog; so they named the islands San Miguel, Batang and Tinatian. Mount Katumpukan has the shape of a human form, it is the body of old Paluntog washed ashore. When Paluntog's people learned his fate, they gathered in the church at Ca-

graray and immolated themselves in faithful honor to his memory. Their skeletons are still to be found in the buried ruins, and the place is called Minaroso. Miraculous illuminations are visible there during holy week. Ghosts move in silent procession around the awful pile, the lines of flickering candles bobbing up and down to their invisible steps.

If a living person enters Minaroso, a storm of which there may have been not the slightest premonition drives him to perdition. When there is thunder over Minaroso, the peasants in all that region hurriedly brace their houses with bamboos against the terrors of the storm that is sure to descend upon their villages. It is all very well to scout such notions if you are rich and live in stone houses, but the peasants in their thatch huts can't afford such learned skepticism: disaster follows their disbelief.

One of the wonders of old times at Legaspi was the horseless calesa of the miser Hugo, who grew rich by cheating the people in buying their hemp and copra. God afflicted him with a gross corpulence, finally he could no longer walk at all, and could only get about in his calesa. At last his high-blown pride broke under him, like Wolsey's, his fat old belly burst after a prodigious banquet. There was an ostentatious funeral, but crows hovered over the bier, and never a flower would grow on Hugo's grave. His soul, of course, was in the utmost anguish; he knew he must make amends, and at night he would get into his calesa and go on phantom

rides from house to house, where the peasants lived that he had cheated in the weights. He was always trying to return his ill-gotten gains; one night a Spanish guard heard the money bags jingle as the calesa jolted over the rough streets, and he plainly saw the rig, too. Like Chief Tulisan of Mount Isarog, old Hugo's ghost yielded to the American bombardment; the nocturnal errands in the phantom calesa have never been renewed since those Yankee cannon roared out the old régime and in the new.

Nowhere else in the islands are Americans and Filipinos living in greater harmony and mutual prosperity than in Bikolandia; and the peasant folklore and traditions are nowhere more intriguing.



CABANATUAN: ROCKY FORD

NUEVA ECIJA is the bulk of the rice granary of the Islands and her capital and metropolis, Cabanatuan, is a thriving business center covered with *tiki-tiki* dust from the Chinese' gargantuan rice mills. Rice is the mother of the town's capitol, giving the place concrete dignity. Rice explains the parks, not well located for the poor; the water system, giving the convenience of running water to the planters and better-to-do townsfolk; the schools, including secondary schools, and all other municipal and provincial services of which the town may decently boast.

The railway branch from Bigaa reaches Cabanatuan to accommodate the rice mills. It is the wealth of rice that makes the province, and the town especially, a good transportation point. All this growth was seen at its beginning, because Cabanatuan was, in 1907, our first station; we went there in June 1907, to supervise the schools of Cabanatuan, Talavera, Sta. Rosa and San Antonio, then just filling up with Ilokano settlers from the north.

To digress a moment. No one, we observed, could compete with the Chinese in the rice-milling and warehousing business. There were 2 considerable mills in Cabanatuan in 1907. The Lizarraga Her-

manos owned one, but after a few years, sold it. They introduced the first modern thresher, and got 10% of the crop for the use of it. An American who tried the game was W. W. Weaver, an able old-timer formerly well known in the Islands. As we recall, Weaver tried to buy palay for cash, mill it and ship it to Manila and have a straight miller's profit. Perhaps this system was too simplified, and failed to give Weaver control of the palay early enough in the year. However it was, the Weaver mill lasted only a few years.

Neither the Spaniards' mill nor the American's is among the great mills whose offal pollutes Cabanatuan's atmosphere today, and gives the townfolk so much day labor. This labor does the portering: from mill to railway car, each man trotting along with a sack of rice, 57 kilos, more than 125 lbs., and a painted stick to tally it. The Chinese always seemed luckiest, during the rush of the season, or at any time prices were favorable to selling, in getting empty cars brought up and spotted on the siding for loading. They handled this as well as they did the labor. No doubt they do still.

There is a Chinese Chamber of Commerce at Cabanatuan, and sometimes a vice-consul, and long has been, because of the importance of the Chinese interests and community there; and also their importance throughout the province. Rice is the medium of exchange, the basis of credit. The Chinese proceed on this basis. Rice is the main crop of the

Philippines, sugar not excepted. Rice employs 6 million inhabitants of the Islands.

The total investment in the sugar industry is \$265,370,000 including the land; the investment in rice is 4 times that, or \$1,129,680,000.

The rice crop of the Philippines is small when it is 45 million cavans of paddy (palay, rice unhulled), 1 cavan being 44 kilos, while 50 million cavans is a large crop. Since the Islands have 16 million inhabitants, paddy consumption is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cavans a year per capita. Converting this to hulled rice ready for cooking, its weight is about that of $2\frac{1}{2}$ sacks of wheat flour, 48 lbs. to the sack. The average size of a Filipino family is roughly $5\frac{1}{2}$ persons; let us say, 6 persons. Such a family uses during the year, rice the equivalent in weight of 20 sacks of wheat flour.

To mill much of this rice, and finance the growing of much more, makes Cabanatuan one of the most important inland towns of the whole Philippines.

The reader will tolerate a recapitulation.

When America got the Philippines from Spain, the rice crop was much smaller, Cabanatuan just a good-sized village. Yet then there was always rice enough, while now there frequently is not. (For all the Islands, some little rice came in from Indochina, at the world price, so the people had rice on the best terms, if not always from Philippine fields; and from growers of Philippine rice there arose no complaint. Merchandising, left to Chinese, was done by them as they saw fit; traditionally,

among the people themselves, it had been practically discouraged and measurably proscribed). But now, it puzzles President Quezon how to make shift when the rice is not enough, and how to get the farmers pay enough for it when, occasionally, it seems to be too much.

To solve this problem, as he sees it to be, President Quezon has founded a public corporation with capital of ₱4,000,000 and placed Senator Vicente Singson Encarnacion at the head of it. It acts on the rice market like the thermostat of an incubator, regulating its fluctuation. If rice is lower than the price the corporation tolerates, the corporation will bid it up, buy and store it as paddy. At prices higher than the corporation tolerates, the corporation will sell from its stores and bring the market down.

When neither buying nor selling does the particular trick in hand, then the corporation will either import rice to bring the price down or export it to make the price go up. If all means fail together, then further legislation is expected; not of course because the rice grower starves, but because he votes. Rice-growing voters are many, the qualified men among fully 1/3 of the Islands' population. Rice acres are many, 4,700,000, or 1/3 of the cultivated lands of the Islands. Rice production has so increased in the Islands during the past 25 years (as cited data show) because of vast irrigation systems established in the central Luzon plain, of which Nueva Ecija is typical, and elsewhere—all

with bond proceeds and at the general expense of taxpayers.

These costly irrigation systems, so beneficial to planters reluctant to pay the yearly charges to obliterate the cost, were anticipated by an observant Augustinian told off 140 years ago to tour the provinces with General Alava, sent from Spain to prepare the Islands against an attack by the French. The friar was a practical engineer, and so was Alava. As they proceeded from town to town, the friar analyzed the topography and outlined what could be done; and finally he made a long report, in 2 volumes available today.

In this he defined, we are convinced, President Quezon's real problem concerning rice, that will not yield to the interventions of his rice corporation however skillful and honorable these may be. In the friar's time the people were peasants, with limited rights and privileges and no hope of additional ones. They are now citizens, with votes, and therefore rank opportunists counting that day lost that gives them no special advantage from the state. President Quezon, utilizing more and more intensively the irrigation systems established in Governor Harrison's administration, may double both the rice crop and the price; still his citizen ricegrowers will not be content, and there will ever be a crisis in their industry and in their welfare.

The question really confronting President Quezon is a social-political one. He has said he would let no one exploit the poor, and every tenant on

every estate in the Islands, fertile Nueva Ecija certainly not excepted, has recorded his words in memory. The day has gone when there will ever be rice enough in the Philippines, for the reason that the greatest abundance and best of prices will fail of satisfying the restive ambition of the masses for more; . . . and more . . . and more . . . *ad infinitum*.

A single family grows very little irrigated rice; the average is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hectares yielding 100 cavans of paddy. Taking out 20 cavans for general expenses and threshing, leaves 40 cavans for the tenant and his family, with their work animals, and 40 cavans for the landlord. The rule is, the landlord will have half, the tenant half.

Usually hard pressed, the tenant sells his rice when it has been threshed. That is when the price is lowest. He may sell for P1.75 per cavan, and have for the year's work of himself, wife and children, P70; that the cited report figures to be 33 centavos a day for the family. He may sell to the landlord, as he often does. But the landlord will not sell in turn until later, in September or October, when rice, just before a new crop comes on, is scarce and may bring P3 a cavan. The landlord may thus get P120 for his 40 cavans, and net P50 more from the tenant's 40 cavans bought at P1.75 and forced sale.

Others than landlords engage in this speculation in tenant rice. Millers do, merchants do, and even teachers put their savings into the unlosing game. Anyone at Cabanatuan (or any other town in the

great central rice plains of Luzon, and many in Manila herself) who can get together as much as P25 to P30 at the right time, finds croppers to borrow it at high rates and return it at harvest time in form of rice—along with the interest. In this way, money sometimes doubles in a single season. The business is unfailingly profitable, if what are termed *honest* tenants are found.

Really honest tenants, in good customary law, are such families as those in which the children assume the unpaid obligations of their parents when the parents die. Less honest tenants are those that merely carry a debt, however burdensome, to their grave. But the new political consciousness is the source of tenant anxiety for better terms. The citizen tenant is not the oldtime one, who believed the soul of his dead father would only rest peacefully when the sons and daughters had discharged the father's debts in full. Many tenants are not therefore so *honest* as all the oldtime ones were, and the game of staking them, to get their rice at bargain rates, is not as safe as it once was.

Agriculture in Nueva Ecija 30 years ago was wholly in the hands of heaven, and not swayed by politics or great political expectations. The people, planters and tenants alike, were simple partners of providence. No one's desires exceeded what providence offered. If the crop was short, it still sufficed: it was the will of providence. If the crop was bountiful, it was a providential blessing. The great irrigation systems did not function, did not

exist; the people had such irrigation as their individual and collective efforts could provide, and going to *Manila* for irrigation funds was not dreamed of.

There were few doctors, and the people shunned their high fees and the prescriptions always to be filled at their own drugstores. There were no dentists, apparently teeth never decayed; or if they did, the curse was borne. Lawyers were happily scarce, but now Cabanatuan is filled with them, and they boast handsomely appointed *bufetes* with rows and rows of fat books. There was no hospital in the whole province, and the people greatly suspected such places because (really) only the hopeless cases reached them and mortality rates were mysteriously high. The town hall, or *presidencia*, was a bare loft; the mayor's office was in one corner, that of the justice-of-the-peace in another, while still another, less desirable, was flimsily partitioned off for the treasurer and the postmaster.

A set of stocks served for a jail. Prisoners lounged freely about the place during daytime and slept with one foot in the stocks at night. They expected no justice, and were seldom disappointed; their aim was, upon any terms, to get back to their fields and families. The police, who were overabundant, were the higher servants of the mayor and the justice-of-the-peace. No one expected forthright service from these men, and never got it. To be the health officer was a practical means of charging the poor for routine medical services.

It was well understood, everywhere acknowledged, that one class ruled, the other submitted to rule. Only providence, inscrutable, was above both classes; and even providence often acted through the ruling class.

The river was everyone's laundry, likewise their cistern.

Cholera and smallpox were providential visitations; but so were fevers, and the babies of the peasants, at weaning time, were almost expected to die. Sanitation was entirely lacking; every house had a foul place behind it, reached by a bamboo walk, haunted beneath by swine roving the streets freely. Nursing mothers planted rice in the rain, the muck to their knees. The exposure often gave them a congestion, from which their babies died; there was a common name for the mother's ailment, and the child's fatal one—and *no one thought anything about it*. This was the tenant's lot, accepted as such. These were typical conditions in Nueva Ecija when the rice was always enough, however little it might be. Providence governed all; not remotely, not finally, not theoretically or indirectly; but immediately and most directly.

But this cloddish humpty dumpty of only yesterday has been knocked from his wall. Under the steady influence of democracy, he is now to be found only in fragmentary pieces. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not reassemble him. Even if he

might be called into being again, no one would wish it done.

The people's material condition was, in cloddish Humptydumpty's day, utterly wretched, and is now infinitely improved. But their simple faith rose above every calamity. The terms they lived upon in the constant company of the saints were most familiar. Their lives were engrossed in a medieval mosaic of superstition. Fortune ebbed and flowed under a mystic law of propitiations. The peasant saints, San Isidro especially, helped with the crops. San Antonio and San Roque helped with sickness. The best possible action against pestilence was an appeal to San Roque. If a cholera visitation did not yield to evening processions in the name of San Roque, these through the infected areas, the good saint's image being trundled along ahead on a cart blazing with blessed candles, then nothing at all could be done about it and the folk marked to die of the plague merely had to die.

It was almost their duty to die; and if they were but children, it was their fixed fate to die. This simple faith has been markedly encroached upon during a generation. Cholera, typhoid fever and dysentery yield to prophylactics, and smallpox too is prevented by simple vaccination; through the medium of a doctor's services, and even of hospitals, the peasants will now make a persistent fight for life and feel that they do not sin in doing so. Such is the revolutionary change of attitude among the slightly lettered masses.

It may be of passing interest to learn the common ways, by *talendua* and by *takipan*, that a rice crop is shared between landlord and tenant. Planting ensues when the rains are well advanced and have flooded the fields, in July and August, and may run into September. Harvest comes in November and December. Under the *talendua* practice, that is milder than *takipan*, during the first half of a year a tenant family is advanced rice, cash and other necessities that sum a value of perhaps P100. At harvest time at the close of the year or in January, the time of the annual settlement of accounts, the tenant sells his half of the crop at the market price, and the landlord is the usual buyer. The proceeds from sale of 15 cavans of paddy, a cavan weighing 44 kilos, go to the landlord by way of interest in addition to the number of cavans that satisfy the principal of the debt. The interest is therefore P30 to P45, on a total debt of P100, no part of which has run as much as a year.

Constrained to forced sale at harvest time, the tenant gets the worst price of the year for his crop, and the landlord gets the best possible bargain in buying it.

Takipan is somewhat more usurious. Under it, when a tenant owes P100 he pays back P50 in cash, by selling his paddy, and 10 cavans more by way of interest on this half of his debt. To pay back the remaining P50, he gives the landlord 50 cavans of paddy. Here, for use of P100 during a few months, and solely for the purpose of making a

crop, the tenant pays P70 at least by way of interest alone, since a value of P2 a cavan can be given the paddy even at harvest time.

Often this does not satisfy a landlord, whose wife will have a stock of staples for the tenants, such as salmon, calico prints, children's dresses, etc., on hand while the threshing proceeds, and will sell these to the tenants at rather sharp prices. But here and there a more generous landlord is found, and the favored tenants on his farms are lucky. The system is not described as a reflection on Filipinos, it exemplifies the feudal culture against which their better nature as a people rebels, from which for generations they have been trying to extricate themselves, and more so now, since it is daily more evident that God has little to do with it and even the state may not long defend it.

Numbers of hardy Americans had to do with the building of this town.

The engineer in charge of public works in those early years was A. W. Austin. Through the rice paddies his main job was a surfaced public highway north-and-south from one boundary of the province to the other. His main equipment was a relay of native ponies; his hard riding killed them and the hard work killed him. But the road stands, a fine one, and somewhere along it is a little stone, not very prominent, saying a few words about Austin.

Of Kentucky mountaineer stock, Austin had a yen for fresh meat. The tinned meat, the only sort he could get at Cabanatuan, sickened him. Often there-

fore, home from a long day on the road, he mounted again after supper and went to the woods for deer. Violating the law in the name of the first law of nature, sheer human survival, he carried a miner's lamp on his cap and shot the deer by the glare of their eyes.

His men hunted with him, and packed the kill home for a share in it.

For appropriations, right-of-way, etc., Austin was not above letting little town officials know he knew how to use a pistol and might be inclined to use it on them .

One of Austin's foremen was a chap named Gay, scion of a great New England family. Gay's diversion was the classics. He liked Thoreau so well that he began building himself a house, and spent years toward its eventual completion; and he did all the work himself, at odd times, as Thoreau enjoined. Gay's rough exterior was but an armor he assumed to be like his fellows, and for the work. Building roads through miasmatic swamps during long tropical rainy seasons gave him various maladies, weakened lungs worst of all; and in a veterans' hospital in California, a few years later, he died. His cheerful last letter said he had every attention, and eulogized American civilization because of the radio at his bedside.

Because of the alliteration, and because his lank frame was generally seen wet, bedraggled and woe-begone, and if astride a pony, his long feet all but

touching the ground—he was called “Toujours” Gay.

This was by the Hell Fire Club, of the Americans doing Uncle Sam’s job at Cabanatuan at the time. Their Hell Fire Hymn Book was manifolded on Austin’s office typewriters because none dared submit the copy to a printer at Manila. Their manner of life comported with their songs.

A delegation once waited upon Governor Henry C. Ide, a Vermonter, later minister to Madrid, to remonstrate against the bad example Americans in the government service in the provinces set the Filipinos. Governor Ide dismissed the subject by asking the delegates if they expected him to run the government with a bunch of eunuchs.

They were out of his office in five minutes.

Far from immaculate was another of Austin’s foremen, Weaver, a Texan. When he saw a Chinese kick a dog viciously and circled the Chinese’ waist with his knife, swearing he would cut the Chinese in two, the poor Chinese saw blood gushing from the whole wake of the blade and thought he really had been cut in two. But the blade, though sharp, was less than 1 inch long; it was Weaver’s finger-nail knife, that he had been using.

That night, the Hell Fire Club roared with song. Little Weaver was the hero.

Weaver died of a dysentery. His funeral was very droll. The missionary, Rev. Cottingham,* much liked

* J. F. Cottingham, a Methodist, who died early in 1939 at his home in Indiana after a successful self-sacrificing mission of many years in the Philippines.

by Hell Fire members, marshalled them at the grave for real hymn singing. They had not sung real hymns in 20 years. Cottingham led well enough, but some of the "congregation" went too fast, some too slow. Until Austin blurted out, "Keep time, d— it, keep time! Follow the d— preacher!" Further songs went much better.

Those who had sung worst had to remain behind and cover the grave and put up the headboard. No doubt this board vanished long ago, and the grave of this genuine empire-builder is unknown.

Wisest of all Americans during the early years at Cabanatuan was "Nigger" Brown. Though an Af-merican, he is the wisest of all who have come to the Islands. Others founded business houses and grew rich by hard work. Brown started a religion and remained comfortable. Since he was discharged from the army, no one has ever known of his having worked an hour. But he has a large family and good home in Cabanatuan, and women to do everything he wants done.

Just what Brown's religion is no one has found out. However, hymn-leading and psalm-reading in his rich bass voice is enough to captivate the simple poor who are his neophytes. There is much mummery, and careful attention to pompous funerals. Brown is a man of sense. His white compeers worried and worked themselves to death, for the most part. They succumbed to Kipling, and beneath their rough manner nursed a religious sense of duty. Brown, who probably couldn't even spell scruples,

much less understand its meaning, goes prosperously on with his new church. A generous living is brought him on a platter, the modest collection plate.

Thirty years ago, Brown was licensed as a "practicante," a man with knowledge enough of the law to accept fees of \$2.50 to represent clients in courts of justices-of-the-peace.

It came to the government in Manila that Brown was abusing his license, overcharging, etc., and the right bureau, that of lands, sent an agent to investigate him. Brown was then living in a new homestead region, his practice being among, if not upon, the ignorant homesteaders who did not know how to make out their papers or that any lands agent would do this for them for nothing.

When the agent reached Brown's house, after days of hiking in the wilderness, Brown had a warm, generous meal ready for him. The agent was a southerner, and Brown had provided hot biscuits for him. After the meal, the agent came to grips with Brown, telling Brown the bureau had the goods on him, and upbraiding him for his palpable misdeeds.

Brown listened, seemed contrite.

"Why do you do it?" demanded the agent.

Brown explained, briefly.

"You know, suh, Mr. Grange," he said with unctious frankness, "we's not all Jesus Christus ovah heah!"

COAL

IN his glimpse of Cebu as a geologist, Dr. Bailey Willis inquired a little about coal. They told him he would find some out along the Toledo road, and the road having many other interesting things for him to observe, he went out along it. His principal study during his three months in the Islands was of course the broader, general geology of the archipelago; he had practically no interest in minerals as such, their extent, location, quality, value, etc., but since coal had been bread and butter to him as a young mining engineer fifty years ago, what coal Cebu might have he really wished to see.

The Cebu road to Toledo crosses the cordillera of that island, rising through winding ways to the summit and descending to Toledo on the opposite coast. At a certain turn in the heights of the highway, there indeed was the coal. It was in a roadside dump, and trucks going to Cebu were being loaded with it.

This was at the head of a deep gully weathered through the prevailing limestone: there was the gully, running off toward the lower lands sloping off to the sea, and here, walling the gully, these limestone cliffs, gaping like gigantic swine's jowls. The way leading down the gully was quite steep, only a path trod out by hundreds of bare feet; but where

it was very steep, bolos had been used and crude steps made so there would be less slipping and falling.

Coal had been found in the limestone at the base of the slope, and when the superficial part had been taken away there had appeared, back of the overhanging limestone, considerable veins of coal, bituminous of course, of fair quality. Dr. Willis gathered that there was a vein lying flat, more than a meter wide, running no one knew how far back into the mountain. This was the source of the coal being trucked to Cebu, where interislanders dock in scores and offer a good coal market. While most coal dealt in at Cebu is imported from Japan, still, at a price somewhat lower, native Cebu coal can be sold. The question of price as well as quantity is important, so that what Dr. Willis now beheld intrigued him more than ever.

The coal was being carried up to the roadside dump by lone queues of women and girls, and Dr. Willis was shocked to observe that many of the girls could hardly be more than twelve or thirteen years old: an age when the carrying of heavy burdens was certainly doing them no good. Each woman or girl carried a basket of coal weighing, if Dr. Willis heard aright, thirty kilos. But Dr. Willis senses at the moment were burning with indignation, he might not have heard aright; let us say, then, each girl's or woman's burden of coal was twenty-five kilos, which will be but fifty-five pounds and not beyond the weight of the little bur-

den-carrier herself. She will weigh seventy or eighty pounds, or even eighty-five.

For trudging up that cliff, whose straight depth might be one thousand feet, with such a basketful of coal, each girl or woman received three centavos a basket. It would require about 100 basketfuls to make up a ton, counting spillage and everything, so it was costing the mine owner P3 a ton to get the coal from the seam at the base of the cliff to the dump at the roadside. It was very hard for the women and girls to work in the rain, and after showers, until the sun dried things off again, the path was treacherously slippery—the steps in the limestone particularly.

But the queues struggled on just the same; each girl or woman wanted to have fifteen or twenty centavos for wages for a day, enough to subsist upon. It is strange, but the women and their daughters who do this drudgery are very unreliable, according to report: immediately after one of them has carried as much as a peseta's wages of coal up the cliff, she is off for the day; and she may do some drinking at the village gin shop, since her character is sloven and she has no sense of thrift. Employers complain about this, since because of it you never know really just how many carriers will queue up for the day; and another annoying thing is, every girl or woman wants her three centavos the moment her basketful of coal is checked and dumped—she wants it to jingle in her chemise as she shambles down the cliff for another load.

This is sometimes a banking problem at Cebu, procuring *clackers* enough for the coal-mine queues.

As Dr. Willis, more than eighty years old, gazed horror-stricken on this most primitive and brutal coal mining he had ever seen, beside him stood the owner of the enterprise—a robust Cebuano dressed neatly in clean whites. When Dr. Willis saw that this man was armed with a pistol, and wheeled upon him and demanded why. The man explained that it was for deer that were plentiful in the woods on the mountain crests.

“Humph!” snorted Dr. Willis, “Humph! Deer indeed!” But it was but softly, as to himself, because, while his indignation was raging, he retained passable mastery of the suave manner comporting with the dignity of his long career in science and his rank of Dean Emeritus of the Department of Geology of Stanford University. After all, this white-suited Endymion was his host of the moment.

As a scientist and practical miner, Dr. Willis let his choler surge righteously at sight of these things in Cebu, but ours, that of a lay observer, does not surge so much. It is true enough that something could be done to ease the work of these women and girls, but it would only throw some of them out of employment; and if a mechanism were installed to trundle the coal up the cliff, as might be done very readily, no work for women and girls would be left at all. And in Cebu, women and girls must have work or the population undergoes mild famine. Observing strangers may shudder, but when the

women and girls of Cebu have work, even this dirty drudgery of coal carrying, they smile: their sweat, their tired young muscles have won the family food to tide them over the night . . . merely over the night!

For a night, possibly a moonlit night, with little folk such as visit labor-burdened Ireland frolicking about the hut and racing through the hamlet with the night wind, there is no hunger in the home of the girl who has stood her place in the coal queue all day long; nor in the home of the young mother who has done the same thing, though of course her loins suffer terribly and it is not something she should do.

That is to say, it is not something she should do from the viewpoint of hygiene—but morals come first, the plain moral duty of providing food. For that is the way matters are in Cebu, the Philippines' China in miniature. The area of the island is but 1,762 square miles, and much of the soil is sterile; much of the forest is gone, cut away long ago, and erosion is maliciously active. There is no great industrial city, to absorb surplus labor from the rural communities; and hygiene has been widely introduced, and multiplication of the peasantry is tremendous, the population having come to be some 700 to the square mile, and soon to surpass that, all schemes to drain off the population into Mindanao coming to very little. Coal queues are bad enough, but they mean existence.

CHRISTIAN HOLIDAYS

CHRISTIAN holidays in the Philippines persist past Christmas and New Year's to Epiphany or the Feast of the Three Kings that commemorates the hallowed arrival in Jerusalem of the trio of sages from the East guided there by the star of Bethlehem. This homage to the Child by great wisdom and venerability makes one of the most appealing Bible stories for Filipinos as it conforms so strikingly to their own cultural respect for age and men of wisdom.

Many villages in the Philippines repeat the circumstances of the story of the wise men in homely outdoor dramas on their plazas every year.

Old friends who may have journeyed from distant provinces to go visiting, return to their homes. There may have been weddings and christenings. These visiting friends may have taken on the responsibilities of godfathers and godmothers, and so united in religious bonds several families. Children kneel at the feet of all their elders, recite blessings and kiss the hands extended to their reach, and are off to school again. It is very oriental, none the less Christian for that.

He who has labored for his wife may now have her; probably the young sweethearts will not longer be put off without impatience.

Has not the young suitor been faithful and industrious, working since the very planting of the rice, even helping with the seedbed and the repairing of the dikes, and have not both he and the girl been modest and resigned during the long months of his voluntary toil to win her parents' indulgence? It is a contract, word has been pledged.

If at this juncture the girl's parents fail to abide by their word, it will nearly always be the mother's fault. Elopement may follow, the girl always pretending to the last that she is seized against her will. Dwell, therefore, on the marriages neither interrupted nor postponed, and the elopements that succeed and end in happy forgiveness and reunion all round.

In some way, in all classes, the groom bestows a gift for the bride. Among the peasants it is a gift of labor. And the couple join the bride's family, the groom's having only secondary claims. In the Malayan conquest of the Philippines, of which so little is known, how could it have been otherwise? Families, that were clans, strove against one another and united only against a common foe. There had to be a gift, preferably of service, in proof of fidelity in the young suitor-warrior. Nor could families be depleted by permitting girls soon to become mothers to traipse away to strange families and found new households there.

The clans could not be weakened, so it was better that cousins marry. Afterward, when Christianity resettled the primitive communities under the bells

of the missions, every farmstead in hearing of early curfew, the parishes themselves could not be weakened by romantic migrations. Thus Filipinos became a most gregarious people. Tenure of land became, as it remains, an acute problem with them, though vast areas of the wilderness of their islands remain fallow to this day.



MAN TRACKS ON LUZON

GEOLOGISTS reckon the world to be hundreds of millions of years old. Man is not so old, only, possibly, making his initial bow some half million years ago. Genesis gives a more recent date for both, and is much simpler than science and more easily memorized. Maybe it would be better, at least more comfortable, to embrace fundamentalism and cease speculating. Yet the poet says there are "sermons in stones and good in everything," and those who have the wit to do it find not only sermons in stones but a deal of ordinary information besides. So perhaps the universe is after all a proper study for mankind, just a branch of his study of himself, which Pope values as his most worthwhile activity.

For fifteen years an eminent Manilan, Dr. H. Otley Beyer, has been learning, chiefly from stones, and pottery molded from stones disintegrated into clay, an easy and plastic material for the hand to fashion into tools and utensils, something of the antiquity of man in the Philippines; or more specifically, his antiquity on Luzon. As the head of the department of anthropology and ethnology in the University of the Philippines, his work led him into the bypaths of geology and archeology, where our story discovers him still engaged in intensive

research. It seems that when a Chinese craftsman, say in the Sung dynasty, impressed an image in the waxy texture of a celadon he had shaped but had not baked, that when he did bake it he fixed more than the mere image in its surface; for he made an historical record there almost as accurate as if he had written it in alphabetical characters.

When the fragments of his craftsmanship are found, they can be read: to the extent of ascertaining from what period they date. It is the same with stone, iron, and clay implements. The excavations for public works in and around Manila afforded Dr. Beyer his first opportunity to probe with accuracy into the prehistoric and protohistoric periods in the Philippines, and from this he has advanced until now he is gathering the precious artifacts from a dozen or twenty sites. There is much to tell, volumes indeed, of the facts his bags and kegs and boxes and strings of specimens have already revealed, but this paper must be limited to the period of time the specimens cover.

First of all, be it said, there is no pretense to scientific ability in it; on the other hand, it is just a reporter's story. Catch-as-catch-can reporters are only expected to have a smattering of many things, without particular knowledge of anything. Reporters are dangerous customers for the victims of their black-and-white art, merely because a little knowlegde is a dangerous thing. It is when Dr. Beyer himself at last sits down to write on his

subject that the world of science will prick up its ears.

The Beyer artifacts, assorted and classified, embrace six periods of man-life on Luzon, the most antiquated of them possibly dating prior to 8000 or 10,000 years B. C., with a second group running down to 2000 B. C. Only mesolithic and neolithic artifacts appear in the horizons of this period, with probably no pottery at all. It is determined then, that pre-Malayans, or possibly proto-Malayans, were living at so early a period in the vicinity of Manila.

The last stone period, 2000 B. C. to 500 A. D., blends with the first iron period, 500 B. C. to 500 A. D. This period is identified by highly polished or finished stone artifacts of a late neolithic type. There are a few small ill-made iron artifacts, with probably some rough common pottery; also beads and other ornaments made of various stones. By this time, Malayan man had begun to get a hump on himself—speaking in the American vulgate of the late Victorian era. He had no plumes or feathers, but, hard put to it, he did resort to ingenious artificial ornamentation, capturing the wayward fancy of his primitive lady. Fancy the bold and patient swain, crouched at the edge of a river, with the current to help him—one of his first machines!—fashioning, on large hard stones, smaller and softer ones into beads to string on some wild hemp fiber!

But no doubt he enslaved women for this tedious task, or set his older wives at it whilst he went skylarking with the younger. No doubt he was a rogue, little ennobled as yet by religion and philosophy. He fought other men with bows and arrows, also spears, sometimes tipped with stone and sometimes with iron, and kept his neighbors and himself dwelling in a world of fear whose phenomena they all read as auspices and could in no wise comprehend. With the same weapons he slew his game: his deadly missiles and his naked footsteps were alike noiseless in the trackless jungle. He could make fire, since he melted and molded iron; in working with flint, some of the flying sparks had fortuitously fallen upon tinder. If not that, then some other accidental discovery: let the scientists say.

That will have been something for his sorceresses to have a hand in. They may have forbidden the purposeful repetition of firemaking, only to send the bolder and younger tribesmen into the mountains, to make fire at will and become bootleggers of iron. The younger generation must already have become the world's despair, setting grayheads to nodding portentously.

But iron continued to find its way into the villages, more and better iron.

The second iron period, 500 A. D. to 1000 A. D., is characterized by large and well made artifacts of iron; by finely polished and decorated common pottery, glass and terracotta beads and bangles,

together with gold, silver and bronze ornaments. Now this is terrible. What is the source of all these fol-de-rols and fandangles, undermining native virtues and culture? There has been an invasion, that's what. Sure enough there has been, at least a cultural invasion—from Mother India.

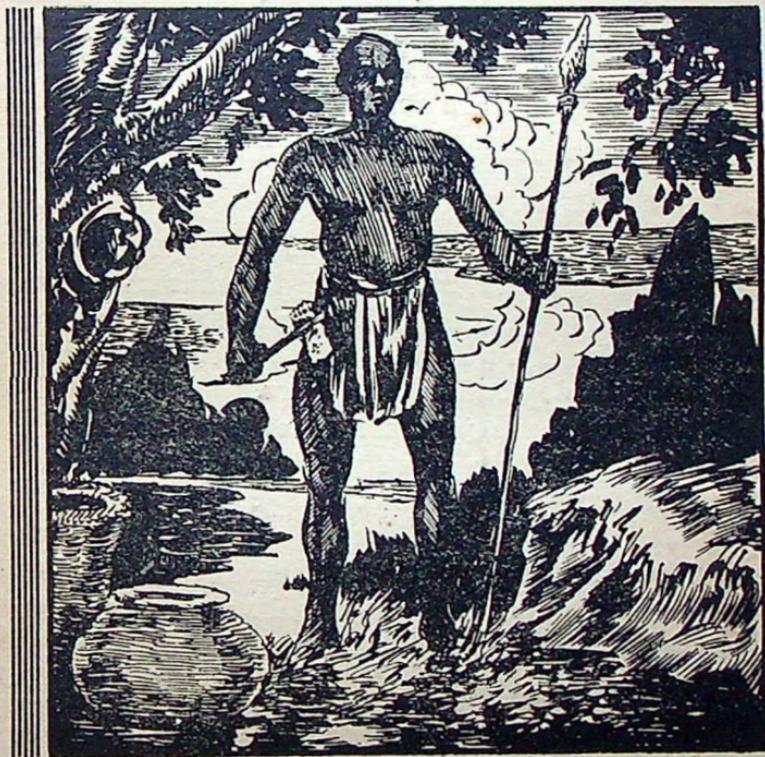
Trade and intercourse with China begin later.

Mother India is old, effete. Besides, she falls to trading with the barbarian West, via Arab fleets and caravans. As India's glory sets, China's shines the brighter over the Philippines. But the Hindu period leaves its mark, in the blood and culture of the people. It is only that the barbarian West, stimulated to refinement by its great new religion and some Greek books rediscovered and painstakingly translated, is such a customer for Indian wares that the Philippine trade becomes unimportant and the apostles of Brahma go home.

The first glazed-ware period blends into the second iron age and dates 900 A. D. to 1500 A. D. For a long time now the natives have been making pottery, but the Chinese ceramic art is more refined, replete with the symbolism of a learned culture, hence it is a luxury for which the Philippines willingly trade junkloads of Manila hemp, rattan, cotton, and the like. There is a thriving China-sea commerce. To this period pertain porcelain artifacts, stoneware or glazed hard-pottery fragments of the Sung, Yuan, and early Ming dynasties. There are types of thick common pottery jars, stoves, etc., not previously known.

Last of the periods is the second glazed-ware, 1500 to the present date. The earlier porcelains of this period are those of the late Ming and early Ch'ing dynasties. Wheel-made common pottery persists throughout.

The reader will bear in mind that the artifacts mentioned are those made from materials which endure longest. Many others from other materials, more and more as time transpired, served their useful purpose and decayed.



LOST HORIZON

WHEN plundering Europeans, some plundering property, some plundering faith, set to pillaging the Malayans of the sixteenth century, mankind lost a fine horizon whose occultation through the subsequent centuries detracts little from its elusiveness and perennial allurements, for men whom the human scene amuses and sometimes instructs. That horizon receded farther and farther, generation after generation, century upon century: beyond tomes of trash recorded as history, and beneath volumes of captious opinions and disdainful comparisons.

No one knew the Malay anymore. Only that man was known who wandered without purpose or moderate enlightenment through the mazes of these innumerable pages; and of course, that man was not liked, therefore he was shunned or browbeaten and made to do service for others.

But a fortuitous juncture of circumstances now invites the world to cease pondering literary rubbish and reappraise its crude acquaintanceship with the Malay; to rediscover a cultural horizon long lost. Not indeed that everyone wishes suddenly to know the serfs of Java, but everyone does wish to know the Philippine people, Malays true, of a luckier destiny than that of their more south-

ern cousins. Here the false books are being closed, and the perceptive faculties brought into play in their stead. Here the West comes in a mood entirely at contrast with that of the conquerors of yesterday; to see, to feel, to evaluate Philippine culture, and Philippine manhood and womanhood, for all they are in fact rather than what they have been said to be in prejudiced or uninformable fancy.

The heartiest welcome should be given this healthful curiosity on the part of the West, every opportunity for its encouragement should be sought. For it would do the Philippine people so much good themselves, to know themselves better than they now do, and to be known better than they are. Research in legend and tradition, community by community, since much can not have been written and preserved; in this way the lost horizon of Malayan ways and good Malayan customs, indigenous philosophy, can be revisioned, reposed.

For specific example: great indeed was Magellan's voyage, Legaspi's too, that settled Spaniards here, but because they mean nothing to Malays save their own social submergence, they are by no means milestones in Philippine history and it is easy to stress them too much in textbooks for the adolescent Philippine mind. What of those voyages in craft far frailer, in a remoter age, that peopled this part of the Pacific with the gallant forbears of the Philippine people of today? It were far better, for all, the East and the West alike, that such facts be

traced and imperishably recorded, the ancient Malayan horizon brought back into modern view, than that Magellan, Legaspi and the rest be made too heroic.

I can follow the blessed ships of the *conquistadores* with loyal admiration, but my soul pursues with more spontaneous approval the exploring little fleets of dugouts that must have brought the Malaysians over the Pacific; and I do not hear the clash of sword and armor, without seeing the flash of graceful and authoritative *kampilans*. How are the people to know their culture, what it really is, except they retrace its origins; and how is their character to be racially fixed, by those precious first impressions that are the only enduring and truly basic ones life ever experiences, except these impressions be of their own past, ennobled and associated with the more general story of the whole universe of man?

As I pick away at this thought, I keep thinking all the time of schools; and out of schools, that selected product that in other lands provide Olympic teams for the worldwide competitions. How great the shortcomings of our schools! With as supple and graceful a race, physically, as was ever born, they do so very little!

Youth, through progressive parents who will heed, should rebel against the little offered in the schools to give it half a chance to win the race the bounden credit it deserves. Other countries, many of them with half the population of the Phil-

ippines, give their young men and young women the modern education to which they have the right; and when the Olympics are celebrated and the undying fire from pagan Greece is relayed to the capital of the competitions, all these countries have teams for all the competitions, while the best the Philippines can do is to try in some of the competitions only.

This, I charge, is the direct result of too much Magellan and too little Lakandola. It is the direct result of a certain disparagement of the race, felt somehow by the race itself; and the reason it is felt is due entirely to false, or factitious, or unmanning first impressions of children and adolescents at their desks in school.

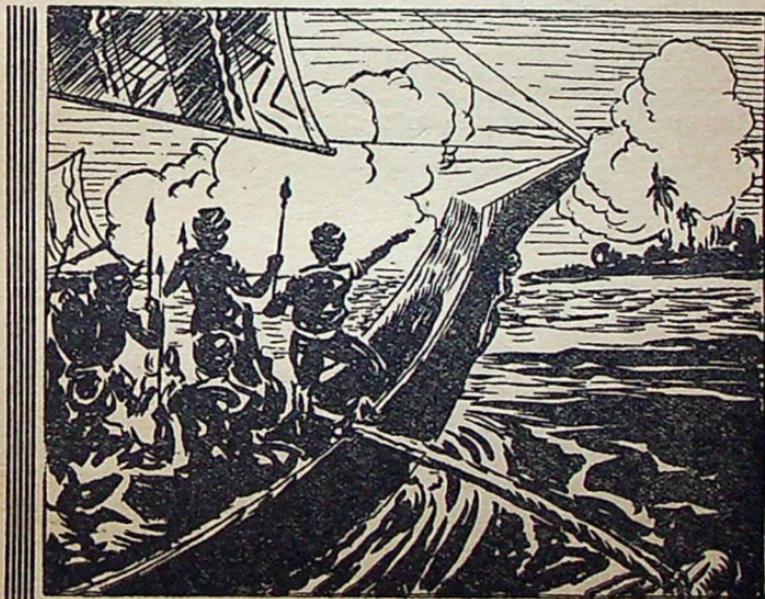
It is time to found better schools, and the money is in the Islands with which to do it. I vision great schools, some for boys, others for girls, in the mountainous environs of Manila near the sea; and in these schools, good wholesome classroom work and library and laboratory research; and at these schools, what is now almost entirely lacking, facilities for every sport possible to the tropics. Rowing, sailing, swimming, angling, riding, gliding, hiking and all manner of track-and-field sports; and of course, roller-skating—one of many arts in which Philippine youth could equal or outstrip the best competitors. Out of such schools would come Olympic teams really to be reckoned with at the world meets. As for the Far Eastern Olympics, they are not enough; except as stepping stones,

they are not justified; unless they are intermediate, they merely continue and intensify an undesirable psychological viewpoint belying the people's traditions as well as their potential prowess; but as an intermediate step, they are desirable and indeed invaluable.

The people's traditions, what are they? Seek them beyond that lost horizon, find them with its rediscovery. Today, wise scholars do not even know them. I may be shockingly mistaken, but I think the origins of the Malay have not been incontestably determined; archeologists, I take it, still search for them. Well, it has been true of other peoples, but pride and good schools have corrected it. This can be done here. Scott put Scotland's traditions into form; are they less real, and valuable, because he wrought them out of fancy very largely? What is known of early Greece, save Homer? Arthur and his knights in England, sheer poet's dreams!— yet very real gallants, and worthwhile. Turn any place, it is the same: someone, who loves his country, imagines out its past and gives it present value; thus the Japanese, for nearby instance, trace their regal line back to a sun goddess, and even the gravest statesmen say it is very true.

The Philippines, when they have schools for it, can do as much as this. And as much as they do, the more favorably; they must know themselves, and be known by others. Rich indeed are their legends and folklore, needing only the wand of

poesy to touch them into vivid reality: for as much as we do know that Jason voyaged and Hercules wrestled, we may know that some Gatmaytan or Katigbak or Kanlaon strove as valiantly against adversities and was triumphant—for we can know it when the poet tells us so. If you doubt, reflect upon the spiritual sustenance of the mightiest and most persistent of peoples, the Jews: take away what the idling poet gave them, of legend and folklore, and you should deprive them of the very arch of the temple and ark of the covenant. If Jacob did not really have that wrestling match on the mountain, if you do not give the Jews that, then you take away all they have; just as the Greeks have nothing, if you take away their conquest of Troy.



KNOT-LEGGED MAN

*Nature knotted his legs
So he lives on a platform
Moved by roller skates
And wears his slippers on his hands
To drive his seat,
Himself strapped to it,
Along like a toy wagon;
And so in the world of man,
He must forever be a child—
Though past forty, and with white temples.*

*This is the curse the gods laid on him,
And on his mother,
And on his father,
The one to feel she bore a monster,
The other that he sired one.*

*His shoulders have grown strong,
Pushing him along,
Up and down the Escol'a,
Where he never begs,
But takes what may be offered;
And he always smiles,
And rolls along in the rain as if it were sunshine.*

*It is a recreation for him
To take off from the canal bridge
And coast through traffic,
Automobiles, carts, pedestrians,
Past the Heacock building,
And with a thrust or two,
Often to the Masonic Temple—
In and out, among treacherous wheels,
And the slipping hoofs of overburdened ponies,
But never afraid, never less than gay.*

*It is only that his legs are knotted together:
On the day some surgeon calls him in
And breaks those legs and unknots them,
And sets them new, and keeps him abed
Under skillful treatment and massage
Until life flows in his freed limbs
And at long last he learns to walk
Straight up and throw away his cart,
The spirit of civic understanding
Will have been born in this feudal land—
Men will no longer perish at the portals
Of public hospitals for want of
A little emergency care:
And liberty will have meaning
In this youngest of democracies.*

WILDERNESS PRIMEVAL

SURIGAO! Gold in Surigao! One of the better qualified mining engineers in the Philippines says, without reservation, that Mindanao will turn up more gold than all other fields of the Islands together; and it goes without saying that most of this gold will come from Surigao. The etymology of the word is elusive, as are most facts about the province beyond the fact that already it is an established goldfield. The *suri* means to check, in Tagalo, as to check bags of rice in a warehouse, and the *gao* means to shout. But pshaw! what's in a name? Let's see Surigao through the experiences of a Manilan but recently returned from the place.

You board the *Corregidor* at its anchorage in the Pasig, Tuesday afternoon, and reach Surigao about sundown on Thursday, with intermediate stops at Iloilo and Cebu. From Cebu you travel the most historical water route in the Islands, Magellan's route in voyaging from Mindanao to Cebu in 1521. Three hours out of Cebu the sea bottom is beautifully coral, your steamer maneuvers slowly through narrow channels until more open water tells you the dangers of the straits have been passed. The afternoon wears late. Sunset and Surigao approach together. You think—the lush tropical beauty of the sunset reminds you—that you are within seven

degrees of the equator. The sea is placid, and land-fall occult. The boat backs into a narrow channel, and lines are made fast in order that the boat may be winched into her berthing space—a landing barely spacious enough for one ship.

Time in Surigao is told by the arrival and departure of the *Corregidor*; she pulls in about six of the afternoon, Thursdays, and departs about midnight, returning to Cebu, Iloilo and Manila, reaching the Pasig Sunday morning. There is bustle at Surigao to get the ship unloaded, and mine supplies turn up in the cargo more and more; and then more bustle to load her, with the little farm surplus Surigao has, Manila hemp almost the whole of it.

You walk down the gangplank, to Main Street—give it any name you will—and pursue your way past Chinese general stores, about a thousand steps, to the Del Monte Hotel, the better of the two the town affords. Speak charitably here: when you return to town from the interior of Surigao this hotel will seem a haven of perfect comfort, with its mattressless beds and insect levies celebrated nightly in all departments. Surigao boasts electric lights. There is one over the hotel table. The boy turns it on, then, alongside it, lights up a *Petromax* oil lamp to afford light enough to dine by.

Read? Why read? There is nothing to read. Besides, Surigao is above reading—everyone knows a great deal about everything and talks a great deal about what he knows. News travels by gossip, swifter than ether. You have hardly

landed in town, but all the town knows you are here, and at the hotel, an American; and everyone knows why you came, where you are going.

Talk is all of mining. Two jerried pieces in the bar apologize for round tables. You order your whisky-soda or canned beer, and converse with newfound friends among the curious citoyens come politely to inquire into your business. During the ten minutes the boy takes to bring the drinks from the bar two steps away, new mines are organized, old mines recapitalized or abandoned, and the gold-field both enriched miraculously and extended into the vast mountain reaches of Davao, to the south.

Every mining engineer, homesick with good reason, speaks fondly of Grass Valley, Mexico, Colorado, even the Dakotas and Utah; and every man intends to make his stake in Surigao and then go home and open up some abandoned mine where he is certain former owners left fortunes behind. Such romancing wears out the hours past midnight: the imagination is overwrought before anyone thinks of bed, and when you essay to use your own bed you realize how much pleasanter it is to sit up and talk.

Morning comes. And breakfast, ugh! You are now overlooking an abyss of wild adventure. You would go to the mines: Surigao Oriental, Mapaso Goldfields, East Mindanao, Surigao Consolidated. The Surigao Express has cars for your use, five PU cars the charge for one being ₱1.50 an hour with 75 centavos an hour stopping charge. The cars

are wrecks and the drivers, you learn soon, are the obvious reason for it. Roads are good, not asphalted or even macadamized, but better than average country highways. There are few cars, the roads serve the mines; the trouble is, the drivers can't keep the cars on the roads, being merely sublimated carters.

It is twenty kilometers to the village of Sison. If you would visit Mindanao Hamámali, you leave the car at Sison and hike up a rough trail through dense jungle and across dozens of streams, fifteen kilometers to the workings at an elevation of about 2,000 feet. If suddenly confronted on this trail by troops of armed Negritos, don't show fright; offer cigarettes, and be sure to light one yourself—revealing to these woods warriors the crime of Prometheus as practiced in civilization. The Negritos will never have seen matches, to strike fire from a stick instead of rubbing it out of tinder establishes your superiority as well as mutual friendship.

The Negritos carry bows and arrows, also short bolos. This wilderness has been their home for centuries, but they have built no houses; they readily construct any temporary refuge they require, and live for the most part entirely in the open. They turn and dog your footsteps into camp, stopping at a certain jungle vantage point before reaching camp, and join you there and help you down the trail when you return. One arrow shot from the chief's seven-foot bow brings down a coconut,

and one blow of his knife cuts away the husk at the tip, leaving only a skin-thick layer of meat sealing in the milk.

For a refreshing drink, you have it here.

Farther along in the jungle, as you descend, the chief takes another shot. His target is unseen, until hit, when you see it threshing about in its death throes. It is a python, a rock python about fifteen feet long. Two Negritos stay behind, guarding the kill. It will be a nocturnal feast? Well, clean at any rate.

Each with matches and cigarettes, priceless gifts to them, the Negritos leave you again before the suburbs of Sison are reached; in all the journey, up trail and down, a friendly journey, too, not a word spoken. These Negritos are larger than their kin in Luzon, they are about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall and must weigh about 120 pounds, but the women are much smaller than the men. Men, women and children tramp the trails together, their bare feet making mock of miner's boots. During the whole trip there was a constant fall of rain, and the supernal heat prohibited any protection against it.

A boon of the higher reaches of the trail is that it is safe to drink the water from the streams. The jungle is so dense, the banks of the streams so precipitous, that the water is not polluted by animal life. The last stream, knee deep, is forded half a kilometer outside Sison; you cross, reach your car once more and return to headquarters at the Del Monte in Surigao.

Enduring the night, you are more than ready next morning to rent another *PU* car and drive away through the rough country past Sison to Mainit, on the shore of the lake so named. There the *M. V. Laguna* is boarded for a trip down the lake. Noon has come before the ship sails, and with noon, hunger. Search of the town discovers a single can of pork-and-beans in one shop, and warm beer in tins in another. There is no can opener, no bread or crackers. You make the best of such circumstances.

The *M. V. Laguna* is a ferry about 28 feet long, older than her length. She boasts a diesel engine, to be started only after a half-hour's pampering. Achieving this triumph, the crew is so excited with the readiness of the machine that everyone neglects to check up the oil supply; and a hundred feet away from the bamboo pier the engine goes dead for want of fuel. The boat stands and rocks sickeningly until oil is got from shore, crews of a dozen naked men swimming out with it. It is in open five-gallon cans, and so skillfully do the men manage, shouting to one another incessantly, that not a drop of water reaches the oil. So at last you are really off, vibrating across the lake, the weather fortunately fair.

It is a long afternoon's voyage in this craft making some five miles an hour to the town of Santiago. The helmsman spends most of this time sleeping, until he reaches the river and its fish-traps; and to sleep more contentedly, he holds the

wheel with his toes—steering his course in dreams. The boat is fearfully overloaded with passengers and freight, and riding very low. You finally interrupt the helmsman's siesta when you suddenly become conscious of the potentialities of the situation and are unable to see any lifeboats or life preservers. He is polite about being waked up, and answers your questions in a reassuring manner.

"We are dangerously loaded?"

"Yes, sir; we always are."

"There is a possibility of capsizing, tipping over, I mean?"

"Yes, sir; there always is."

"But there is no lifeboat?"

"Yes, sir; we have none, of course."

"And no life preservers, life belts?"

"Yes, sir; we have none, of course."

"Why *of course?* Why *not* have them? If we tip over, how am I to get to shore without a life preserver?"

"Oh, sir, it would do you no good! The crocodiles would make you die very quick!"

Thus informed, you resign yourself to fate and apologize to the somnolent helmsman for disturbing him with nonsensical questions. After all, the boat does not sink; you at last reach the river, and here the helmsman galvanizes himself into action. With firm mastery of the wheel, he maneuvers the *M. V. Laguna* among the bamboo fishtraps with the dexterity of an old lake hand—it reminds you of a Bachrach jitney making its way down Taft avenue

in five o'clock traffic. Jungle, beautiful in its primitive wildness, crowds over the river banks. The river is winding, with many horseshoe turns, and the channel is treacherous; but the helmsman, whom you had the temerity to doubt during the afternoon on the open lake, is master of the situation.

Wherever passengers wish either to get off or on, this is made easy when the helmsman simply noses the boat directly into the bank. There is the shock of compact of two unyielding bodies, the signal for the passengers to leap—either into the boat or out of it, and for their luggage to be thrown after them. The timing of these operations must be perfect, and is. If one person is leaping off, another must not leap on at the same time. Leaps on must be accurate to a degree, there being less than two square feet of open deck on which to land.

The boat stands nosed into the bank, and can not be maneuvered in reverse. Passengers and crew together kick her free, when she makes a complete circle in resuming her course, hoving to at Santiago an hour later. Everyone wades shore, this is the end of the voyage. Two antediluvian Fords are waiting to take you to Santiago, which has no interest for you, and on to Cadababaran where you change busses to proceed to Butuan. Of the two Fords, which? You finally choose the one where the driver is furiously battering the radiator with a ball-pein hammer. He says he is stopping the leaks in the radiator because Americans don't like

to ride behind leaky ones. When he has effected the repairs, what was originally a mere dribbling from the radiator gushes forth as a veritable stream, but he pronounces the machine ready to move. You have prevailed on him to cease hammering.

Now the cranking. You have chosen the seat by the driver, and as he cranks faithfully you are first astonished by the number of swanky switches on the instrument board—the use of none of which you can make out, but it eventually turns out that none works because the car has no batteries and runs for the nonce on dry cells. You are next astonished that one and a half revolutions of the steering wheel are required to move the wheels; and while still wondering at this phenomenon, with a sudden crash and tremor in all her parts the car attests the successful starting of her engine. The wheezes and rattles, the complaining prattle of loose connecting rods and worn-out bearings, is an accompaniment to the slap of pistons in scored cylinders and a gait of about five miles an hour.

You now discover that by land as well as by sea, steering a traveling conveyance in Surigao is unique to that region; only you are now quite out of Surigao and have reached the imperial province of Agusan, where still greater wonders unfold before you. The driver of your car disdains to look at the road, his technique is to keep a bead sight on the radiator cap—which isn't there, of course—to see which course the wheels of the car will take of

their own accord. He then turns the steering wheel so as to accommodate the car's idiosyncrasies; which does no good, since the car follows willy-nilly the gutters in the road and can't do otherwise, but it is a gesture of willingness on the driver's part to do the best he can.

Somehow, after long torture, you reach the river skirting the town of Santiago. There is no bridge; the river, 150 feet wide, must be forded. The driver applies the brakes, as you approach the bank—another vain gesture, since there are no brakes: the car is stopped by shoving it into low when the front wheels are in the stream as deep as the hub-caps, and the engine is stopped. You protest strongly this turning the engine off, until another driver takes command and the first one a rear seat. It seems that this first fellow is the only man on earth capable of driving the car on a roadway, and the second is the only one able to take it across rivers.

The crossing is not perilous, since the stream is shallow. There is a clean low bank 150 feet long, an approach to the ford, striking any point of which you can make the highway on the other side. However, you don't strike any point along this landing, you contact further downstream by about 75 feet. There you are stuck until carabaos are brought. When they have bathed themselves leisurely, and their caretakers have done likewise, they are finally harnessed to the car and readily pull it upstream

to where you can make the landing and reach the road again.

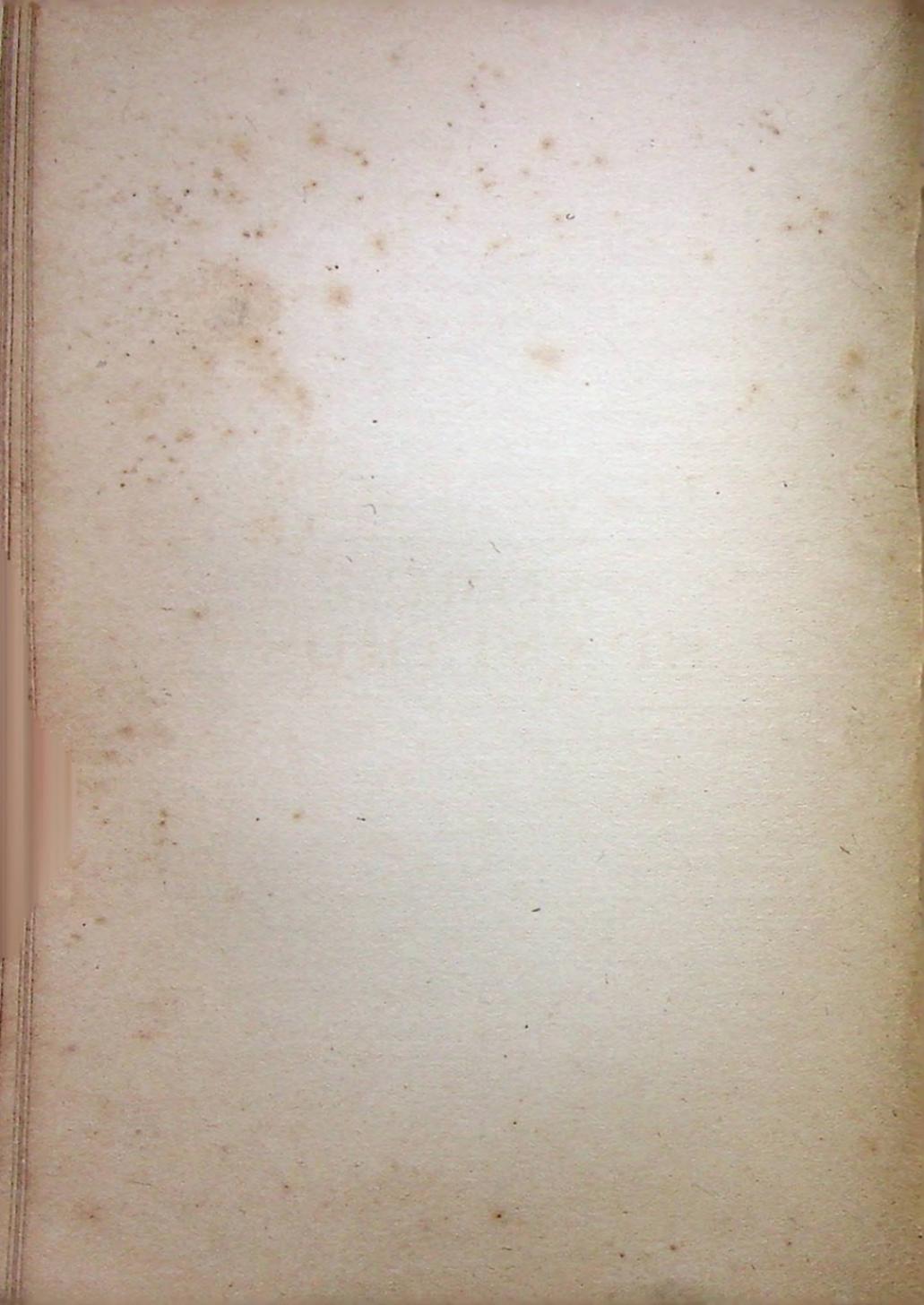
If a marine chauffeur had not been at the wheel in this emergency, you wonder where you might have wound up downstream. But you are off again on high adventure. Here at last is Santiago. There is a wait while some of the passengers chin with friends found here, and then the start forward to Cadababaran seventeen kilometers away. This distance is all made in an hour and ten minutes. The driving is intriguing: when the momentum of ten miles an hour is reached, the engine is turned off and coasting is done to economize gasoline. It is false economics but can't be corrected. The greatest delay derives from the radiator; at every kilometer, at least, it must be refilled, since it spouts like a showerbath.

You at last reach Cadababaran, where much to your surprise a 1936 Ford V-8 is available. There is a drive through the streets to drum up other passengers, and then you strike out in comparative comfort for Butuan—a drive of some forty kilometers. You reach the bank of the river across from Butuan after dark. You and your luggage are ferried across by two lads in a small dugout, the current lapping over the sides. The lads leave the boat and carry your luggage into town for you, glad of the peseta each will have for the job.

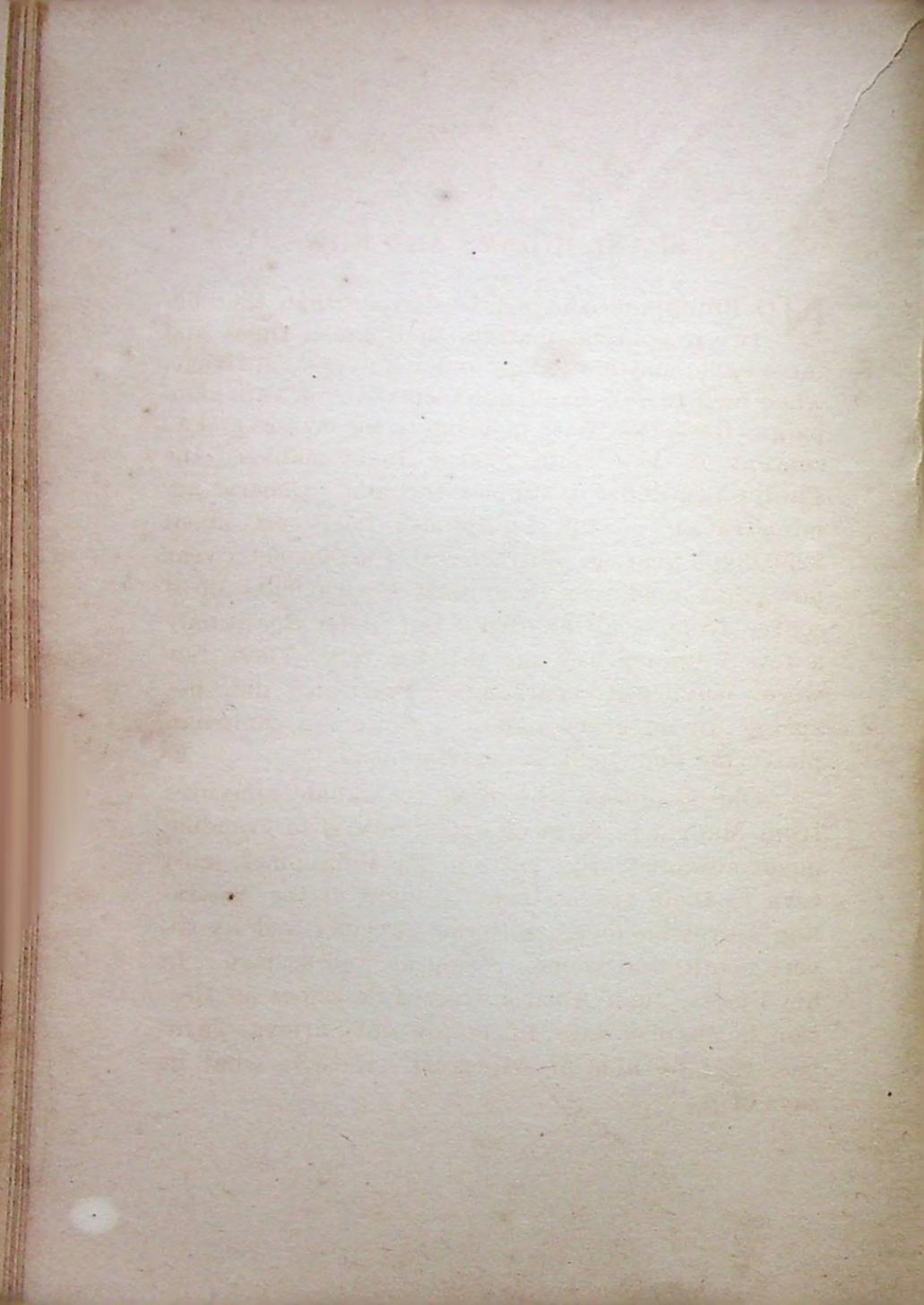
You are much enlightened in Butuan by a new acquaintance made there, a man who is to be a

member of the next Philippine assembly. You learn from him that as soon the Islands become independent the League of Nations will recognize them as one of the great world powers, they will be a member of the league and as such need fear no aggressions. The problem of what to do when Philippine sugar can no longer be sold in the United States can await solution until it arises; and anyway, if America does not buy the sugar, it can be sold to other countries. The man has studied such matters, and knows. You compliment his people on their great fortune in having such a savant to represent them in the assembly.

Vicissitudes of your journey out compare with those encountered on the way in. A final experience is at night, desperately paddling to sea with a lone boatman, heavily bribed to undertake the risk, to board an interislander reported to be passing. At last, in the distance, you pick up one of her lights, then the other; you hail, you are answered! The inter-islander hoves to, gets out a ladder, and you are soon aboard. Jogging about from port to port from Jolo to Tagbilaran, Bohol, at last this ship gets you back to Cebu, whence the tag-end of your Surigao trip can be made to Manila in the palatial comfort of the *Mayon*. There is truly gold in Surigao, and the job of living at the projects, developing them and getting out the gold, is one for heroes. *Vide supra*.



**SOME
SPANIARDS**



SPANISH DAYS AND NOW

NO Philippine contrast is sharper than that between political matters in Spanish times and these same matters today, under universal suffrage, when men readily bankrupt themselves in vain campaigns for office. With no belief in the masses and no concept of their rights, royal Spain managed the Philippines under a simpler formula. General administration of the Philippines then cost about \$250,000 a year, in contrast with \$35,000,000 a year now, that must soon be at least \$50,000,000—all of course from local taxation. But under Spain only a few Filipinos had any political fun. These few were privileged characters. Partisans did not spring up on every hand, to flower in campaign platforms and yield endless forensics.

Old grandees who used to wangle sinecures from Madrid in form of appointments to grandiloquent administrative posts in the Philippines, must turn in their graves today at sight of the Australian secret ballot, the election precinct and its covert booth, and women voting as well as men. In his *Viajes*, Juan Alvarez Guerra describes an election in Spanish days, in the town of Sariaya, Tayabas, that he himself witnessed. Here is what he says of it:

“Exact as an English chronometer, at seven of the morning we found ourselves in the great hall of the school, the roof of which was picturesquely adorned with green foliage from which hung a great variety of fruits. The windows were draped with tapestries, flags and banners. A wide table with gilt ornament, together with another placed across one end hammer-shape, provided with thirteen inkstands and pads of white paper, occupied the space at the hall. Facing the presidential table at the left, was another table covered with a snow-white cloth adorned with laces and colored embroideries, with a great profusion of sliced meats, pastries and sweets, and no scarcity of wines and beer.

“A magnificent silver writing set was encamped upon the presidential table, and to right and left of it two urns sealed with paper attached with rice glue. The voting table with its writing pads, its thirteen inkstands, conveniently separated, and the chairs around it, reminded one, more than anything else, of a newspaper editorial room, although what was about to take place was as transcendental to the pueblo as the very naming of the town. Now the drum sounded, the band struck up. Preceded by the pupils of the school, the *principales* and a company of troops, the Alcalde came, accompanied by the parish priest and some other Spaniards.

“When they had all entered the hall, the music ceased. The Alcalde spoke, the interpreter repeating in Tagalog what he said in Spanish. The speech was limited to cautioning them that when they cast their

ballots, they should vote without any compulsion whatever, only obeying their consciences and having in mind the welfare of the pueblo. The Alcalde now broke the seals covering the urns, which were nothing more than earthen jars, called upon that day to contain in their fragile depths the fortune of the town, however soon they might be relegated to the kitchen to hold the boiled rice or the *atole*. That day they were to lodge the names of this or that number of *cabezas de barangay*.

"The seal being broken on the urn at the right, the Alcalde emptied it of its contents, and there scattered over the table some *canutos*, small sections of bamboo containing tiny rolls of paper. On these scrolls had been written the names of those persons with the other necessary qualifications, who had resided in the town ten years or more.

"The urn on the left contained the names of all the *cabezas* making up at that time the town's *principalia*.

"While the Alcalde scrutinizes the *canutos* preparatory to the balloting, let us make a brief digression and note the customs surrounding an election. There are about us in this hall *camisas por fuera* more grotesquely striped than the ledger of a Chinese merchant. Emulation entering into every Tayabas election the partisans of the different candidates bestir themselves, and the candidates on their part tempt the voters with repeated gluttonies. Offers are made, influence sought, friendships renewed,

hatreds buried and all march toward the object of their great desire.

"The more desirable offices are those of *gobernadorcillo*, mayor or *presidente*, first lieutenant, and justice of the peace. Without personal observation, the anxious concern of all the candidates, commencing with the *gobernadorcillo* and ending with the bitter servility of the *tanor* of the *tribunal*, is inconceivable. A *tribunal* in the Philippines boasts more ostentations and supernumeraries than the best provided theater. The *gobernadorcillos* will not have it otherwise.

"The Alcalde has returned all the *canutos* to their respective urns, saying in solemn voice:

" 'Gentlemen, proceed to the election.'

"Two children of five or six years now come forward, one taking six *canutos* from the urn on the right and the other an equal number from the urn on the left, the Alcalde proceeding to unroll them and reading out the names of the twelve voters. In the midst of a religious silence these twelve come forward and seat themselves around the *gobernadorcillo*, who exercises a vote *ex officio*, around the table with the thirteen inkstands. Armed each man with plume and pad, on which with due anticipation the headings have been made, they fill the blanks, stamping three names, two by free election and one by obligation. This one is that of the *gobernadorcillo* then in office, always placed last on the list. The lists being completed, they are presented to the Alcalde, who reads them in a loud voice, proceeding to scrutinize them and

making on his part the list comprising the names of the two candidates who have received the most votes and that of the *gobernadorcillo*, which, with the report properly documented, with the ballots attached, is forwarded to the governor general, who has the right of election.

"The voting for *gobernadorcillo* concluded, one by one the thirteen voters approach the presidential table, presenting verbally the candidatures for the places of *teniente mayor*, the one called upon to substitute the *gobernadorcillo* during his absence, vacation, or illness; *juez mayor*, charged with the duty of fomenting and improving agriculture; *juez de ganados*, exercising vigilance over pasture lands and the sale, transfer and branding of cattle; *juez de caminos*, charged with the maintenance of roads and bridges and other public works outside the principal borough; *juez de palmas*, responsible for the conservation and extension of coconut plantings; *juez de policia*, responsible for public peace and order; and *juez de aguas*, finally, obligated to look after the dams, conduits, ditches, sluice gates and all things pertaining to the irrigation systems.

"The election concluded, the band strikes up again. Inkstands and pads disappear and fine piña tablecloths take their place, quickly covered with victuals. They lunch, and then the Alcalde retires to enjoy his siesta, having first arranged that the *quintas* be held at five of the afternoon. Children at school during the absence of their teacher are no more disorderly and boisterous than these election

meetings after the chief executive of the province leaves them. The election is commented upon; there are murmurs; there is eating, drinking, and last of all dancing. It should be noted that in Tayabas the *principalas*, ladies of the *principales*, attend most of the official gatherings, not failing of course to attend the elections.

"More than one Filipino is vanquished by the grape, but without consequence. Drunkenness in the Filipino is *sui generis*, proper and peculiar to himself. Generally he does not forfeit command of his reason, and very rarely does he become either boastful or violent.

"At five o'clock the drum sounded, and men and women, in two lines, went to take the Alcalde. In a few minutes everything was ready for the drawing. At the right and left of the provincial executive are two urns; a paper on the first says, *Names of Single Young Men Qualified for Military Service*. Around the lip of the second is read, *Numbers*. Names and numbers alike are written on bits of paper stuffed into small sections of bamboo, the *canutos* of the morning's election. Beside each urn stands a child. Various clerks, properly separated from the crowd, hold lists of the names of those eligible for service, and are ready to write opposite the names the numbers drawn from the urn.

"Two men are now chosen to take the slips of paper from the bamboo, and two *principales*, each with threaded needle, stand a pace behind the presidential chair. All is ready. At the stroke of the

church bell and a *proceed with the drawing*, the child at the urn on the right draws out a *canuto*, the man beside him unfolds the slip and hands it to the Alcalde, who reads:

“‘Heading No. Blank. Fulanito de Tal.’

“The clerks find the heading and check off the name of Fulanito de Tal at the margin. Next, the child at the urn on the left draws a number, the same proceeding occurs as with the name drawn from the urn on the right, and when the number is announced the slips of paper go to the needles and are threaded in their proper order, on the one thread the names and on the other the numbers; so that in case of the most minute inexactitude in the comparisons of the names and numbers, the threads are invoked to resolve it. The system, as may be seen, could neither be more exact nor simple.

“While the names and numbers are being read, let us make a few observations on the *quintas* in the Philippines.

“Around the *tribunal* one does not see an impatient and anxious multitude which with great concern awaits the calling of the names. In the home, neither the mother weeps, nor the grandmother grieves, nor the sweetheart sighs, nor the father calculates. In the Philippines nothing of this occurs, neither tears nor impatience, neither fears nor anxiety.

“The environs of a *tribunal* on a *quintas* day present their usual appearance, and in the hall where the drawing is held are all, saving those who are

interested in the outcome. To what may this indifference be ascribed? Does it have a reason for being, or is it one of those many psychological phenomena which, it is said, adhere to the country? Study this question a little, and we shall see that in this, as in many other things, there prevails a perfect logic and its conclusive *raison d'être*. The fear of the conscript and of his family, increases in direct proportion to the number of soldiers who are to be chosen, to the rigors and penalties of the service, and the more or less probable risks he will undergo.

“In the Philippines, the contribution of blood is very slight, the fatigues of the service nil, and the risks of the service so remote that generally they complete their time, supposing them to have valor. In 1875, there entered into the drawing for military service in Tayabas 5013 *quintos*, of whom only 85 were taken into the service. With these figures, is not the absence of anxiety logical, and if not that, then indifference? It is, a maxim which gains emphasis from the fact that the conscript who serves his time and returns to his town, tells of the idle life of the cuartel and allays the fears of the *quintos*, who learn that the soldier dresses well, eats better, has money, and lives lazily with but little work. Peace, which these islands providentially enjoy, allays anxieties about bloody scenes and horrors. After all the foregoing, is it logical or not, that which is styled indifference? Is there anything mysterious about it? We believe not, and to

conclude and reinforce our contention, and as proof that the Filipino has no particular dislike of the service, we know of substitutes who have been bought for P40. This is the best evidence which may be had of the truly paternal treatment given the soldier in these colonies.

“When the last slip of paper had been threaded, supper was prepared, and after that the dance, which lasted until two of the morning.”



WALLS OF MANILA*

IN May, 1570, Captain Juan Salcedo, the grandson of Legaspi the conqueror, was despatched from Cebú to the island of Luzon to reconnoitre the territory and bring it under Spanish dominion.

It appears that a few soldiers under Martin de Goiti, who afterward overran the Pampanga country, accompanied Salcedo to the north. Goiti was killed as Maestre de Campo during the attack of the Chinese in 1574.

They were well received by the native chiefs Lacandola, Rajah of Tondo, and his nephew, the young Rajah Soliman of Manila.

The sight of a body of European troops armed as was the custom in the 16th century, must have profoundly impressed these chieftains; otherwise it seems hardly credible that they should have consented, without attempt at resistance or protest, to give over their land, yield their independence, and become the subjects of an invading foreigner.

A treaty of peace was signed, and ratified by an exchange of drops of bloods; promises of rewards made to the Lacandola family, under oath; together with a remission of tribute in perpetuity.

*By Major J. C. Bates and Captain A. C. McComb, in the annual report of Major General George W. Davis, Philippine Department Commander, 1903.

Legaspi being advised of what had occurred in Luzon, proceeded to Manila, took formal possession of the surrounding territory, declared Manila to be the capital of the archipelago, and proclaimed the sovereignty of the King of Spain over the whole group of islands.

Gaspar de San Agustin, writing of this period, says: "Legaspi ordered the natives to finish the building of the fort in construction at the mouth of the Pasig so that His Majesty's artillery might be mounted therein for the defense of the port and town. Also he ordered them to build a large house inside the battlement walls for Legaspi's own residence, and another large house and church for the priests, etc. Besides these two large houses he told them to erect 150 dwellings of moderate size for the remainder of the Spaniards to live in. All this they promptly promised to do, but they did not obey, for the Spaniards were themselves obliged to complete the work of the fortification."

There exists a tradition, the main elements of which seem sufficiently well authenticated, that a palisaded fort, or cota, had been built on the river side some time before the Spaniards came, and that this fort was armed with bronze guns, the art of casting having been derived from the Japanese or Chinese with whom the Tagalos had considerable intercourse.

Padre Juan de la Concepción writing in 1788 says (page 398, chap. IV, part II, vol. 1, History of the Philippines) "The Maestre de Campo, Goiti,

made a landing with 80 men, after turning over to Captain Salcedo the command of the fleet and the rest of the forces. He then attacked a palisaded fort situated on the river bank and armed with twelve good pieces, which were being excellently handled by the Moros of the fort. He directed his men to take careful aim at the men working the guns, and so well was this done that the chief gunner, who seemed to be a European, together with others, fell dead. The Moros abandoned their artillery and Goiti was able to engage in a hand to hand fight with the enemy. Both sides fought with desperate valor but the heavy mortality finally caused the enemy to show their backs, and flee, closely pursued by our men who were at their heels. In the meantime the Indians who were friendly to the fleet had set fire to the town of Manila; though it is also said that this was done by the inhabitants for the purpose of destroying the spoil, believed to have been considerable, which would have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards but for this circumstance. During the entire fight the house of the old Rajah bore a little white flag in proof of his pacific intentions and that he not only kept out of the fight himself, but that he had not consented to any of his partisans engaging therein."

(This fight occurred May, 1570. Montero y Vidal, page 36, vol. 1, says the chief gunner was a Portuguese and that the old Rajah was Lacandola.)

The use of word "Moro" and the designations Rajah and Soliman indicated a condition, also suf-

ficiently established; namely, that certain of the Malays, professing the Mohammedan religion, had formed a settlement at or near Manila; and that this religion had obtained a hold upon the people.

Most of the natives of these islands are of Malay origin and certain of them, as in Mindanao today, are of this religion.—*J. C. B.*

The City Council of Manila was constituted on the 24th day of June, 1571. 1570 would, therefore, appear to be the date of the inception of Fort Santiago and the walls of Manila. These primitive works were built of timber. The first stone walls raised on the enciente owed their origin, it is believed, to the efforts of the Governor, Santiago de Vera. Pérez Dasmariñas, who arrived in 1590, continued and improved these walls and also completed the erection of the stone Fort Santiago.

Montero y Vidal states, Vol. 1, p. 100, that these works were constructed under the supervision of the engineer Leonardo Iturriano between the years 1590-1593.

These erections were probably hastened by the events of 1574, the period when the possession of the islands was unsuccessfully disputed by a rival expedition under command of a Chinese, Li-ma-hong. His fleet consisted of 62 war junks, having on board 2,000 sailors, 2,000 soldiers, a number of artisans, and all that could be carried with which to gain and organize a kingdom.

On the 29th of November, 1574, the squadron arrived in the Bay of Manila, and Li-ma-hong sent

forward his Lieutenant—Sioco, a Japanese—at the head of 600 men to demand the surrender of the Spaniards; who, refusing to give credence to reports and alarms, found the Chinese within their gates before resistance could be offered.

By daybreak, December 3rd, Li-ma-hong disembarked 1,500 men who advanced in three divisions under the leadership of Sioco. The city was set on fire, and the enemy moved upon the fort while the fleet supported the attack.

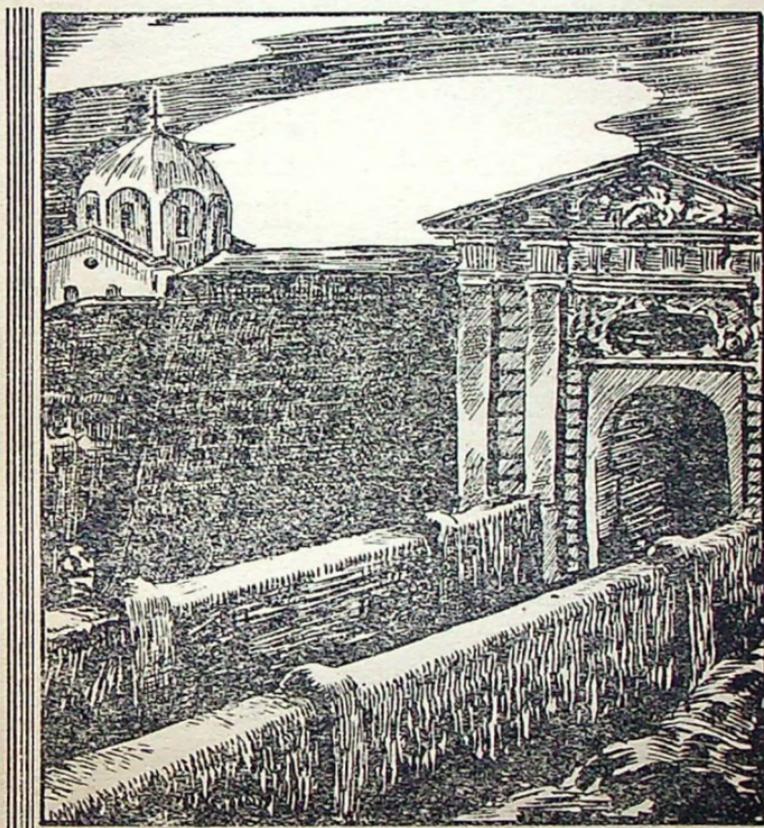
Sioco at length entered Santiago, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, but Salcedo finally gained the victory and pursued the Chinese, who, harassed on all sides, fled in disorder to their ships.

By royal decree, King Philip later directed that the City of Manila be fortified in a manner to ensure it against all further attack and uprisings.

Gomez Perez Dasmariñas, the next Governor, brought with him from Spain the royal instructions to carry into effect the above decree. Hence the work began in 1590, and continued under many governors till 1872. As this construction was carried on during different periods, often far apart, the building was not executed, therefore, according to any uniform plan. Evidence of this is clearly apparent not only in the character of material employed, but in the varied and various systems of fortification represented, thus rendering the en-

ciente a most interesting study. Earth, brick, and volcanic tufa appear to be the materials used; brick for facing embrasures and parapets, earth and tufa for walls.

By this same decree the number of European troops in the colony was fixed at 400 men-at-arms divided into six companies, each under a captain, a sub-lieutenant, a sergeant, and two corporals.



A VIRGIN

MAY is the month of festivals in the Philippines. Most famous of all, of course, is that of the Miraculous Virgin of Antipolo, Our Lady of Peace and Good Voyage, but the first in the month is that of the parish of Obando in the town of that name in southern Bulakan. It is over, however, with the middle of the month, May 17 and 18, while the pilgrimage to Antipolo has a fame throughout all the islands and lasts throughout the month. At this season of the year, many of the best known families of Manila have decamped from the hot city to their cool cottages in the Antipolo mountains. There they entertain, they resort to the baths and participate in the worship. There is gaming, alas, the rumor runs; there is certainly dancing and much innocent gayety.

The custom is more than 300 years old. No doubt it had some forerunner in the original rites of the Tagalos in the period preceding the first evangelists.

Franciscan friars were the first evangelists in the Antipolo district, where they made many converts, according to the old records, and the neophytes manifested a peculiar fealty to the mother of Christ at a period before the close of the 16th century. Their field being large and their number small, upon the arrival of the Jesuits in the islands the territory formerly assigned to the Franciscans was divided. Anti-

polo and Taytay as well as other parishes in the same region were placed under the Jesuits.

Father Juan de Salazar, S. J., the first Jesuit pastor, encouraged the cult of Mary which had been fostered by his Franciscan predecessors. The miraculous image had not then arrived in the islands. It was brought by Governor Juan Niño de Tabora in 1626, when he came out on the annual galleon from Acapulco, Mexico, as royal governor. Worshipping in the Acapulco parish church while preparing for the voyage, Tabora was greatly affected by the image and begged that it might be taken aboard the galleon to bestow its blessing on the voyage. His influence effected the arrangement, and the voyage, begun at Acapulco March 25, 1626, proved a most happy one. There were no attacks from either British or Dutch corsairs, though Spanish ships were their plunder on the seas. A fire starting in a bale of goods stowed adjacent to the galleon's magazine, was put out before it reached the powder. The galleon even weathered a prolonged calm, yet there was no outbreak of pestilence nor undue suffering from hunger.

So many fortunate circumstances combining to bring the galleon through safely were attributed to the favor of Mary. A most gallant reception was accorded the holy image upon arrival of the galleon in Manila July 18, 1626, and in the public ceremonies which included a procession from St. Ignatius church (which then stood on what is now the drill grounds of the Cuartel de España opposite the Delmonico hotel), to the Cathedral on the Plaza de Armas, now

Plaza McKinley, the enviable title of Our Lady of Good Voyage was bestowed. Governor Tabora then placed the image in the custody of the Jesuit mission at Antipolo and in the care of Father Salazar, who was completing the church which is now and has been for 300 years the sanctuary of the venerated image.

The title of Our Lady of Peace was to come later. Joining with their countrymen who were laborers on the Calamba estate, the Chinese of Manila rebelled in 1639-40 and pursued a bloody campaign up the Pasig river. The government's revenge was the practical extermination of the Chinese colony. At Antipolo, the pastor took the image, her crucifix, jewels and a cross and hid them in the nearby forest. The Chinese discovered them, seized the jewels and tried to destroy the image and the crucifix with fire. The flames would not burn them, nor could pagan spears wound the image, though a stain on the right cheek, which may be seen to this day, attests where a rebellious spear was thrust by an unbeliever.

Blood issued from the wound.

Triumphant over the Chinese, the Spaniards and loyal natives prevailed upon Governor Sebastian Hurtado de Corcuera to have the image brought down to the coast. The crucifix was placed in the royal chapel on the Plaza de Armas which is no longer standing, while the image itself was taken to Cavite to protect the shipping. For 14 years in the mid-17th century it remained in San Felipe castle, guarding Guadalupe battery on the east wall of the Cavite fortress. Under the inspiration of faith, the Dutch at-

tack was repulsed. So many galleons had been lost, but now the voyages, blessed by the presence of the image, all prospered; the title of patroness and *capitana* of the royal navies was bestowed.

In 1641 the galleon *San Luis* voyaged to Acapulco and back under the command of Alonso Garcia Romero; in 1643 the feat was repeated under command of Lorenzo de Ugalde Orella; in 1645 the same vessel was sent to Acapulco, returning in 1646, under command of Hernando Lopez Perona. The next year, the attack of the twelve Dutch ships of war was repulsed and the Dutch driven away. The galleon in 1650 was the *San Diego*, commanded by Agustin de Cepeda. The venerated image is said to have desired to return to her sanctuary, the voyage was abandoned and her wish respected. But in 1651 the *San Francisco Javier (Xavier)* was despatched to Acapulco, where it remained during the winter. It returned to Manila in 1653, escaping three successive typhoons between San Bernardino Strait and the harbor at Cavite. Our Lady of Good Voyage was taken upon all these several voyages, upon whose success practically depended the life of the colony at Manila.

Then the Antipolo sanctuary claimed her once more, and a period of six years of ill-fortune at sea ensued. In 1659, the image was taken on the galleon *San José*, which happily made the voyage to Acapulco and return. The last of the eight Pacific journeys of the image was made on the galleon *Nuestra Señora del Pilar* in 1746 at the behest of Archbishop-Governor Juan de Archedera. It was thought, of course,

that the gracious image had forebodings in 1646 of the attack to be made by the heretical Dutch, who came the very next time the monsoon changed, and that this was the reason she would not embark for a fourth trans-Pacific voyage on the *San Luis*.

The motor trip to Antipolo is well worth the making, in order to observe the festivals in honor of the virgin. Father Juan de Salazar built his churches strongly at Antipolo and Taytay, though the latter was burned down during the military campaign of 1899 and has since been restored. He selected splendid eminences for his edifices, of which he really built three, the third being the parish church at Silang, Cavite. The Taytay church is the smallest. A quaint legend tells the reason.

While it was being built, Father Salazar went into the half-completed structure with money he had been collecting to pay the workmen. Passing the crucifix, already in its place, when he was making his obsequies the Saviour spoke from the crucifix, saying, "See to it, Juan, how you expend this money, which comes from the poor." So that Father Salazar straightway amended his plans and made a smaller church.

The early missionaries inculcated a faith the people could comprehend, one which was readily accepted. All these notes are from the booklet on the Virgin of Antipolo compiled by the Jesuit scholars, Fathers Miguel Saderra Mata and Miguel Saderra Masó. They quote liberally from Father Murillo y Velarde, S. J., whose history of the Philippines was

written at Antipolo whilst the parish was under his charge.

Antipolo abounds not alone in real history, but in legend. It is only 20 kilometers from Manila, too, out through Fort McKinley by the river road, over the Pasig bridge, through the town of Pasig, capital of Rizal, and then across the lowland rice fields and into the cool hills. Constabulary guards regulate the traffic at this festival season, but the trip is easily made in an hour.

A river wimples by the hamlet and its famous sanctuary. There are many springs and some quite adequate bathhouses. The springs are called the Springs of the Virgin, because legend says the virgin touched the hillsides and caused the waters to flow perennially, that the faithful might never thirst who dwell in the shadow of the sanctuary or come as pilgrims to worship there. Then there is the spring where the wise Father Murillo liked to bathe, and when he had refreshed his body from its labors, to rest on the shady bank and devote his mind to his historical labors.

Learning is bestowed by the waters of this Spring of Wisdom, and in the crystal stream of the others the image of the virgin is sometimes seen. So legend says, and will not be denied; and therefore people from all regions of the islands, Mindanao and the Visayas as well as distant provinces of Luzon, come up to Manila in May and make the pilgrimage to the holy sanctuary at Antipolo. The processions are late in the afternoon. The image is adorned with a verit-

able fortune in gems, most precious of all being, of course, the crown bestowed at the ceremonies on the Luneta in Manila December, 1927, with the authority of Rome.

But then there are the jeweled robes, and the Toledo sword, with its Arabic engraving and golden scabbard—from a famous goldsmith of Madrid—that was paid for by contributions from government employes and presented by Archbishop Nozaleda to General Blanco in 1895, for his victory over the Moros of Lanao.

The ceremony of the presentation was gorgeous, on a special public holiday. General Blanco promptly returned the sword, which is of great intrinsic value, the scabbard set with rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. He asked that it be given to the Virgin of Antipolo. In a critical moment of the battle he is said to have vowed that if the victory were given him he would do reverence to the Islands' patroness. And so it fell out. There was a great Christian victory.

An apocryphal account of able General Blanco's motive for giving the Virgin this trophy is that he was a Free Mason and cherished no honors from the Mitre.

SANTA CLARA CONVENT

SANTA CLARA convent, at the northern terminus of Calle Cabildo and opposite the ordinance depot, within Manila's walls, figures prominently in Jose Rizal's novel "The Social Cancer" as the earthly refuge of the heroine, Maria Clara. Pursued by a love made forlorn, as Rizal makes it appear, by untoward religious scruples, Maria took the vows of a nun and immersed her life in the silence of the convent, where sorrow maddened her. To many Filipinos, Santa Clara convent is known as "the house of the living death." To prostrate the body in a coffin is a part of the ceremony of taking the veil and final vows. It is unquestionably true of Santa Clara convent, as of all others, that within its massive walls many a romance lies buried such as Rizal describes, and the fragile spirits who were once grand actors in these affairs devote their days throughout the cloistered years to turning over the ashes of the dead and buried past. It is the lot they have chosen; an abnegation they have themselves laid upon soul and body; a penance taught them by devotion.

The convent of Santa Clara was founded by nuns of the order from Toledo, Spain, in 1621. It covers 200,000 square feet of surface and extends from

Calle Cabildo eastward to the border of the block. South of it, long ago, was the military hospital, which was no doubt destroyed by earthquake and fire. The convent building is an austere, forbidding rectangular stone structure with typical tile roof. There is a chapel in connection with it, and a vicer's cottage on the south, religious administration of the Santa Clara nuns being under the monks of the Franciscan order. With the founders from Toledo, came four sisters of their order from Seville and one from Mexico. A tablet in the parish church of Sampaloc, Manila, attests the fact that they were cared for there during the time the convent was being constructed, but the work was completed within the year of their arrival in Manila, thus giving the present structure an unbroken history of more than three centuries.

In 1851 the number of nuns was forty, about what it is now. Formerly the income was \$1,000 annually from the royal treasury in the islands and \$250 rental from an *encomienda*, or estate. Now however, various of the inmates have willed inheritances of considerable fortunes to the corporation, which must be self sustaining. One such fortune was \$50,000 gold. It was necessary, of course, for the young nun to sign the will in the presence of legal witnesses. By absolution of the father confessor, she was permitted to raise her veil in the presence of her attorney, so that he might swear to her identity. Upon her lifting the veil, she was discovered to be very young, and of

an aristocratic beauty ravishingly perfect. The gaze of magnetic erubian orbs was kept demurely lowered, but the full lips of youth at the bloom could scarcely repress a smile. Now the attorney, the long-retired old Manilan, Judge Wm. J. Rohde, respected for the contempt he hurled at the stuffy old-time Philippine supreme court when he left off practicing, remembers the moment vividly, but with the signing of the papers, a dainty hand lowered the veil immediately and a chastened heart turned away to penitent worship and a prayer for a recleansed soul.

By the north wall of Santa Clara convent, runs Calle Almacenes, separating the convent from the ordnance section of Fort Santiago. Almacenes street was the site of the royal market during the long period when the overseas commerce of the Philippines was a government monopoly. Here the wares from all the orient were parcelled and classified and baled and bought and bartered for shipment on the galleons plying between Manila and Acapulco. Such scenes! Such a clamor of merchandising at the very base of the silent wall—with fleets anchored in the river nearby from Japan, China, India and the Moluccas, and queues of busy and ployglot porters, waistbare and burdened, these Malays with bundles of spices, those Japanese with satsuma and silks, Chinese with gross packages of tea, Indians and Arabs with rugs and tapestries, now trailing from shipside to market, now trotting

hurriedly back for another lot, and always scourged by the curses of the supercargo and the lash of the coolie boss!

At the market, the usurer closed his deals with his merchant patrons. He often handled the confraternity funds, and neither doctrine nor frequent royal reprimands was sufficient to overcome the rigid law of supply and demand—assisted, as it was, on the supply side by the constant monopoly. But all the tumult could not vault the convent walls, nor disturb the quiet isolation within them. On Calle Maestranza leading into Almacenes, the world was no less present: here were metal dumps, and men molding balls and casting cannister for the arsenal stores west of the convent and for the caches at the guns of the fort.

The serene heights of the cloister overlooked all this. Now, in an age entirely changed by science and invention, the scenes are different. Soldiers divert themselves along Maestranza, just out of eye shot of the fort. The cloister and every little veiled occupant of every cell must know the airs at least of the latest swing tunes, the echoes of raucous harmony from groups of bibulous soldiers vocal with the inspiration of bad but potent *vino*. Is this, on moonlit nights, disconcerting to a saintly ear? There are still sails in the river, myriad of them, but only those of "little boats that keep near shore." They traffic in gross products, not fine wares, which are better left to the custody of steel and steam.

Sor Geronima was the foundress of this community. She kept the rule of poverty at cost of a prolonged litigation, a curious tale in Philippine annals. Old and virtuous, she died, and long afterward, of course, the body was found to be incorrupted: a divinity doth hedge a saint as well as a king. We have taken hundreds of people to visit these nuns, and as often as possible, to visit the vicar—usually a bent Franciscan in his dotage with some more vigorous brother to companion him. In half an hour, at such a place, you perceive clearly what the Age of Faith really was—for here is pristine faith. Most Americans have never seen such a vicarage, nor a friar-vicar, nor nuns and nunneries of the cloistered medieval type. Here they see exactly what they were. In the first place, a vicar's housekeeping is much of a piece with that of any other bachelor. This is immediately evident at this vicarage, and wherever you go you see holes cut at the bottoms of walls and doors; they are for the cats, who do the mousing.

Floors are hard old wood, bare and unstrewn with reeds or straw, and now, somewhere, there must be modern plumbing, but the ruder equipment of an earlier age is still intact. The vicar, his doors always wide open, may be surprised at the rite of breaking his fast, or perhaps at lunch. His meals are frugal in extreme, with a coarse wine, and served on a bare table in very indifferent utensils. But marvel not, he is a bachelor; you see much the same thing in any bachelor's home in the provinces. A

visit to such a rendezvous is a psychic nexus bringing it into juncture with existing times.

And what pray does a vicar do? First, eat regularly and sleep innocently, hence well. Second, peruse some befuddled "news" papers from the homeland that fill his credulous mind with as much guff about one General Franco and the innate deviltry of the Spanish government as the most callous chauvinist could wish to impart. Third, walk about, walk about, walk about, and mumble, mumble, mumble. Fourth, attend his routine duties in the chapel, served from the nunnery by an invisible choir of sweet voices concealed beyond a lattice draped with funeral black curtains. Fifth, keep about him, downstairs and upstairs as suits their restive fancy, bebies of boys, kin to some of the nuns, or perhaps orphans, who serve him indifferently, yet with a certain crude respect, live on his bounty and go out to parochial schools. Sixth, toward sundown, when weather permits, a moderate constitutional to a park and back. Seventh, there is matins, of course—this chapel business absorbs several hours a day—and then there is supper and sleep; and after one day, any number of years.

The first surprise to Protestants is that these places are so open. It is doubtful that the vicar's doors are ever closed, certainly they are never bolted, but the street gate is secured at curfew hour and kept bolted till dawn. Thieves might indeed break in and steal, but there is no treasure here. To break in would be superfluous effort. At the asking merely,

the honest vicar, benighted man that he is, and centuries out of his time, would part with anything he has except it be of sacred value. He would not like to let the brass pieces go that he keeps in the chapel, that he loads and fires on occasion to shock evil spirits into flight; and, along with these useful impedimenta of faith, he would like to keep his wheel of devil bells, that during some of the weirder services, between clangs of the proper chapel bells and booms of the brass pieces, altar boys make an ardent clatter with, the vicar meantime intoning mass. But you can have most anything else: food, money, counsel and companionship. *Jean Valjean* is better understood, after you have visited our vicar.

Always you will find our vicar jovial.

He was a much more important fellow in old Spanish times in Manila than he now is—now in these decadent times when, under heretical America, the Philippines, in his nostalgic view, are rapidly falling into moral decay. (This is not a bit true, but let the old friar think it—what he thinks does no harm, and it comforts him). In Spanish times his chapel was important as a place of worship for the king's officers. Other churches were associated with monasteries of the militant orders, and the Jesuits; for a royal governor to choose one of them over another might rouse jealousy, and enough at times to ruin his administration, while if he worshiped at this plain little chapel of the Clares, it was always neutral ground and no fault was chargeable to him.

This was of course after the Royal Chapel built for use of the king's officers had succumbed to fire.

But nowadays, with hours of beautiful and simple worship at the chapel every day, hardly anyone attends. The mass is chanted and the responses sung to an empty church. The old vicar's business is almost wholly with the little nuns; when they must take communion, and when they wish to confess—and confess what, God only knows!—they descend from the nunnery within, and the vicar attends them from the chapel side. He never sees them, but merely hears and serves and blesses and admonishes.

Their prayers for General Franco, based on no more solid facts than the vicar is provided, ascend to heaven in incessant chains: on the one hand, here are these gentle pleas, and on the other, Madrid and Barcelona bombed and murdered, and Guernica raped by barbarians—Heaven must sometimes be at loss to know precisely what to do. But you are seeing the medieval Church in action, just the same. Believe or perish, for you are not elbow-length distant from *Autos da Fe*. Yet this old vicar is so kind, these nuns so gentle, truly.

You do not then wish the old world back? All right. The nuns also pray for you. You are lost in knowledge, they would have you redeemed in faith.

They do not shun you, far from it. On days when they know beforehand that visitors are coming, if they can at all arrange it, they all come down to the grille in the wall of the Talking Room and chatter

as long as the visitors will stay. Veiled and in sackcloth robes, only their voices identify them. Besides prayers, choir work and whatnot of a religious character, they do hours of menial work every day, to retain humility. They have their common fund, no wants; they set their mind on where they are going and attain to another world. Their remarks and questions show that mercy reigns in their hearts, you can not help but love them all, for they love you in return. Ask if they are unhappy, as many of our visitors have. Foolish question! They are superlatively happy. Brides of Christ, they have reason to be as buoyant as larks—and they are. Ten years ago we witnessed one, young and pretty, with a good deal of schooling, take her final vows and receive her bishop's blessing. Then we saw her stripped of her bridal robe and encased in sackcloth, and her long girl's hair cut away from her tender shoulders. Then we went round to the Talking Room, where, beyond the grille now, and forever, she met her wailing family. They indeed were unhappy, but she was happy. Since then we have come to know her well, by her voice, still rippling with youth; and we have talked with her many times, and she is happy, and she weeps that we for whom she prays so much remain wicked, worldly, unrepentant, anti-Franco, and utterly lost.

A few of the sisters are lay sisters, but they all take perpetual vows. Each brings with her \$750, a third of which is for her wedding raiment, the remainder for the common fund. On days when they

may not come down to the Talking Room, the alternative is to speak to the lone sister who sits at the turnstile in a sort of vestibule downstairs. This is their contact with the world. Here their mail and gifts come, here pass in the daily market purchases, and here too a man who is some kind of agent for the community powwows on occasion, often about repairs that should be made, or property that requires attention. The sister at this turnstile is an aid to the superior. You may beguile her time, and she will respond pleasantly; you may drop some coins on the turnstile, and she will turn them in and take them for the community, sending back through a silence otherwise cavernous, thanks and God's blessing.

When the vicar is called into the nunnery, it is on some necessary duty of his office; he goes with a companion, to be alone would seem to violate an ordinance. If a doctor must go in, he too has a companion. Health and sanitary officers of the government manage similarly, but after such visitations the place must be shrived—there is the possibility that a civil functionary is not of the true faith. Anyway, all out for a shriving . . . as for a holiday!

When Marion was eight years old and we took her with other children and their mothers to see the nunnery and visit the vicar, whose baths are far apart if not altogether neglected, he gave all the children something, and to Marion a little tinsel-framed image of Our Lord. With this little symbol went a remark or two mumbled in Spanish, of which Marion

caught very little. Nevertheless, that was the beginning of religion with her and practically first communion, as a spiritual experience. The little image had its place of honor at her bed, as the agency of her devotions, whatever these could have been, and when she married ten years later, she had it still, and took it with her. Such is a vicar, and such a community of cloistered nuns, in Manila.

And Franco's sacred bombs keep falling. Torquemada walks again—*Franco*.*

Some two hundred years ago the daughter of a proud Spanish family in Mexico was betrothed by her parents to the eldest son of another family of hidalgos, when in fact she was madly in love with this suitor's younger brother who would not inherit the title and estates. She dragged matters out, and her suitor came ahead of her to Manila in pursuit of the duties and emoluments of some appointment in the king's service. In time she came too, reluctantly, for the marriage, but even then she would not consent to it and her recourse was to make herself a Clare nun. Meantime the sweetheart of her girlhood years in Mexico, taking it that she had married his brother, made shift to join the Franciscans and repair to Manila for work at the missions. But in Manila he was adjudged too callow for lonely duty in the provinces, so for a while he was to be on lighter service as the vicar at Sta. Clara.

*Written before Loyal Spain had to give up to this religio-military rebel, who would not let Spain live except as a province of the mitre and sword.

At his first mass, the girl discovered his identity, by his voice that she knew only too well. He was soon apprised that one of his charges desired confession, and he obediently went down to the chapel to administer this service. Lo, the penitent was she! And there they were, trapped in their vows. Nothing could come of it but mortal sin, since they could not bear eternal separation, now that they dwelt so near one another, and the girl's occasions for confession grew more and more frequent. At last they cast the die and plotted to escape. They would disguise her as a Franciscan, leave the chapel together after dark, yet before curfew, as if for a stroll along the quay, which would excite no suspicion, and once at the river they would have a sampan waiting for them that would hastily row them to the headland at the turn of the coast into the bay where the galleon bound for Mexico would hove to and take on a cargo of fresh water.

To get a key to open the door of the courtyard leading into the chapel, the vicar had it made by a locksmith under pretext that he feared his dog had been bitten and might go mad. It is well known that if the key of such a holy place as a nunnery is tied round a dog's neck, and let dangle there, he will not go mad; if modern medical science says nothing about it, modern medical science errs—it is an error of omission. So the key was got and the door yielded to it. The excited girl tripped into the shadowed chapel, slipped on her friar's robe, adjusted the cord of St. Francis, had a kiss or two with her lover, and

they were jauntily off to the river. Already, in their audacious fancy, their humble sampan was as grand as the golden barge that carried Sheba to Solomon, and the guileful Chinese rowers were a retinue of Ethiopians.

And in the moonlight, with many a song as they crossed the silver bay, they made the headland safely and camped on the shore at dawn. Lochinvar was riding back into the West, and on his young thigh was a wallet, and in the wallet was mission gold. It was a happy day, we may believe. But night was not so. Night brought pagans, they may have been Negritos, but probably they were montescos, spying on the bridal camp. The campers were but two, of whom one appeared to be a feeble woman though her garment was a man's. They had gold enough to ensure that they would now be attacked, and so they were. The girl was killed, her gallant defender all but mortally wounded and left indeed for dead. The little fortune that was to be their happiness was stolen, and the thieves who thus cruelly ended their romance had of course slunk back into the wilderness for safety long before searching parties came on from Manila. But these parties soon came, commanded by the corregidor himself, and when they were able to take the wounded young friar back alive to Manila, long and perhaps vile was his penance.

They say the door was taken off his cell, that he was condemned never to leave. Food was brought him, but no brother ever spoke to him, and so he paced out his life. The story distributes a number

of beautiful Spanish place names. Mariveles (for the girl, Maria Veles) is the handsome headland over which Manila's sunsets glow supernally. Corregidor is the heavily fortified island that defends Manila Bay. Snuggling near it are two other isles, La Monja for the madcap nun, El Fraile for her gallant priest.

Nothing of the sort happens now. The times are decadent. Besides, the geographical points of the Philippines are all named up, and the names both in sound and meaning, whether Spanish or native, are usually beautiful.



GUADALUPE

IT was unusual pleasure one morning early in 1933 when Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. was the Governor General of the Philippines, to motor to the ruins of Guadalupe with his mother. It needs but a glance at this handsome relict of the "empire days" that closed the old century and ballyhooed in the new, to tell you how truly lovable she is. There is aristocracy, and at the same time, democracy in every lineament. She is a thoroughbred in all she does, as well as in all she permits others to do for her. We were really three that morning: Eleanor, as Governor Roosevelt always calls his wife, had made the arrangements and of course had come along—a woman of equal charm and chin, and vivid character.

But we were soon two parties when we had reached the ruins. The Governor's mother, enraptured of the place, told us other two just to go our ways and leave her to herself—she would join us when she was ready. Her daughter's pleasure and mine, from that moment on for hours, was the fetching picture she made as she studied one detail of the massive pile after another. Her visit at Malacañan soon over, she wrote back from Hongkong a little note of thanks. This gentle woman not only demands nothing as the widow of a President, she permits nothing to be thrust upon her. This is true

of others, and whatever may be the doubts as to the American man, the American woman has grown up to the world.

The Augustinian sanctuary of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, built in 1601, was demolished by Wheaton's Flying Brigade, March 13, 1899, supported by fire from the *mosquito fleet* in the river. This fleet was made of light-draft boats acquired in the victory over Spain and designed for coast and river patrol purposes. Wheaton's brigade was organized "to clear the enemy from the country to the Pasig and to strike him wherever found," and the sanctuary had been utilized as an enemy stronghold and rendezvous. The Augustinians were, of course, later reimbursed for the damage to their property, undertaken solely as a necessary act of war.

The ruins dominate the heights near Fort Wm. McKinley. The road leads off to the right of the river road to the fort, a little distance beyond San Pedro Macati; and if you go out by street car, they will let you off at the Guadalupe station and you will have an interesting stroll through the village, which straggles up the hill. Workmen employed in Manila live here, building their own houses and paying ground rent to the *administración*. Such, in times gone by, was one of the sources of regular revenue to the friar missions, but it is said that the income from the Guadalupe estate never exceeded \$500 the year, for which reason the original

purpose to use it as a theological seminary could not be carried out.

Guadalupe dates at the close of the sixteenth century, when Augustinians had been in the Philippines thirty years, gained considerable wealth, and among thousands of Filipinos had adapted animism to Christianity. It is typical of such establishments in a somewhat earlier period in Europe. All things of material interest are recognizable in the ruins, over which jutting out all round it is only necessary to imagine the second story, rectangular, with its cells, in reality very spacious cool rooms, its library, and refectory; and of course, a passage to the choir and the pulpit in the chapel, access to the vestry and the confessionals being from the chapel itself as well as by stairway from the cloister.

It crowns an eminence, as well to exalt the neophytes coming up for worship as to survey the work in progress in the fields. These fields were tithed, a lower rent than any patriot gives his peasants nowadays—since truth must out. The ramp where the carts, wheels wedged to the axles, creaking in tallow, pulled the grain into the storehouse, the storehouse itself, a part of the lower enclosure—these are still there. Well sheltered and defended behind the outer wall as well as the lighter inner wall defining the wide patio, stands the treasure room, which must often have been well filled with the king's doubloons sent the Augustinians as a royal subsidy for the missions. Silver, such as the *Mex.* that comprised the bulk of Philippine money

as long as Spain had the Islands, is very heavy and bulky: in the "days of the empire" many a planter wended his way, after mass Sunday morning, to the cockpit, sometimes the priest with him, with a buffalo cart hauling his bags of silver coins, mainly *Mex.* dollars worth fifty cents—and in all it was not a great total of money.

You soon come upon Guadalupe's crypt, plainly enough, and a structure that must have been a detention room. The garden that once bloomed in the patio is dead, the well from which it was watered has filled up. Heaven knows when the cemetery, where many a disciple of Augustine and St. Ambrose sleeps, was abandoned to time; the coping of concave arches round it is dilapidated, the legends on the stones all indecipherable—it is a good place, high and well drained, for chickens to run, and that is what it is used for. But Guadalupe itself was so well designed and strongly built that its ruins must stand practically as they are for centuries. It was one of the Philippines' first temples. They were all largely built with tax labor—fifteen to fortyfive days a year on public works, among which churches came first. The people therefore disliked copying the art of them in their own houses, and seldom ever did.

Around Guadalupe even now, much thatch persists. A natural indolence in the people does not explain it, since they are often diligence itself in doing what they wish to do.

Old monks used to come up from the provinces to sojourn at Guadalupe, some torn with dysentery, some touched in the mind. One who was most fit was always in charge of the holy retreat, where a school of orphan boys was conducted and the boys learned trades, particularly the craft of printing. Younger monks patronized the place for physical and spiritual recreation. It was refuge for all, serving the place of changes of climate in our times. All lived then on what the country provided. There was no sending away for this and that, no frequent ship from home, no twenty-knot steamers, no mails more than once a year, often not then because of fatalities at sea with the galleons, and above all, no Pan American Airways clippers riving the Pacific skies from coast to coast in fewer days than the fingers of a hand.

But you always dreamed of home, though you were a monk, and took means of getting there again, though you seldom did. Though the canons forbade it, you risked funds in the galleon commerce; often not directly, though your community had its portion in the trade, but through trusted Chinese merchants familiar with every angle of the curious game. The king soon limited the cargoes to please homeside merchants, but His Majesty was wrong in so doing; and he armed the galleons with good cannon, against overhauling by the Dutch and the English heretics, but these cannons of the king's could be stowed below for ballast, giving room for

extra tons of teas, spices, and silks and fine stuffs of all sorts.

It was very accidental commerce, not wholly respectable. But it was life to the Philippines, missions and all. Just over two centuries ago, an officer by name of Carriedo left a legacy to accumulate in this commerce until it should suffice Manila for a water system with water free to the poor in perpetuity, and to the Franciscans and their hospitals, and the Clare nuns they care for. This fund had a most curious history, but Father Huerta, who had the mind of a banker and the skill of an auditor, found the fund and its fatness about sixty years ago, and forced the authorities of Manila to carry out the noble donor's will.

He was also a prime mover in getting other funds, in the custody of the Church, under common and businesslike administration in the Bank of the Philippine Islands (1851) and in founding a pawnshop, Monte de Piedad, where the poor could procure loans on chattels. Thus rose the two Church banks. The Monte displays Huerta in oils.

Guadalupe was a work of a young blade from Madrid, Don Antonio Herrera, in Manila against his will, who seems to have been a nephew of the Herrera who designed the famous Escorial. He had killed his man in a duel, and under law of Philip II, who needed his gentlemen for the Dutch in Flanders and disliked having them take each other off, deserved hanging. But because of influence at

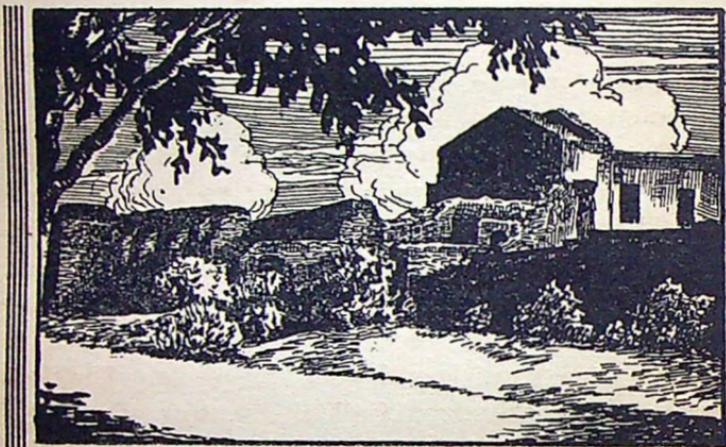
court this menial disgrace was mitigated to banishment to Manila, where he associated himself with the Augustinians as a lay brother and built for them the finest Christian fane in the Islands, if not in all the Far East: the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at their monastery in Manila.

But he tried his ideas first at Guadalupe, and was building the parish church nearby, at San Pedro Macati, having done so splendidly in Manila, when a fall from a scaffolding is said to have caught the cord of his robe in such a way as to hang him . . . after all, and no doubt by divine purpose.

Chinese were always much devoted to the image of St. Nicholas, their patron, at Guadalupe. On his days, they swarmed up the Pasig with brass bands and gala flotillas, all officialdom with them, of course, and inaugurated three days of alternate worship and merriment, including gaming, that made some chroniclers doubt their piety. The festival was lucrative, and both the sanctuary and the parish claimed the revenue, sometimes compromising by halving it between them. But the sanctuary at last won the Archbishop's word that it should all remain at Guadalupe, the image too, and had the village moved farther away.

There was also much devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe, a faithful replica of the original in Mexico. Both images may have been spirited away by

peasants when Wheaton invested the place. If so, they may now be objects of unorthodox veneration. But they will have infallibly kept their powers of the miraculous. A Manila merchant, a thorough-going German, weekends at Guadalupe, having repaired some of the superstructure sufficient for a lodge, and makes it his pleasure to collect from the four corners of the earth, and carefully peruse, the garrulous chronicles of the old missions.



A GRACIOUS SAINT

MANILA is well connected with the world in these days, both radio and cable would flash the news of any peril she might be in, and ships sailing 30 knots an hour would come to her relief, if necessary, from their business on the China coast; so that, as she is not sick, she is not the saintly metropolis she was of old, when there was no telegraph, no steamboat, and nothing but a single galleon a year from Mexico, which, waited for so frequently by the ships of those heretic nations, England and Holland, might never arrive in port. The Spanish colony indeed comprised but a handful of men, the friars, the civil officials and the troops, and besides the perils of attack by sea there was the constant danger of uprising of the Indios or Chinese within the city itself. The citadel, or walled city, was the material refuge; no Chinese, save he were baptized a Christian, was allowed to live there, and the native population as well was outside the walls. But the principal reliance was the God whose crucified son's doctrine of salvation was being established in the Far East for the redemption of barbarian mankind.

The saints never deserted the evangelists, though of course these holy men advised the secular au-

thorities to keep their powder dry. It was an age of simple faith and primitive impulses.

No one flourished in these circumstances more than the Franciscans, who, in Manila, are the simplest of all the friars, and of course somewhat the less tidy and the more fanatical. Their "histories" of the Philippines are darbs, revealing such faith as should remove mountains. One thing to their credit is that they did not acquire land; though when America came to the Philippines in 1898 a tenth of the land in cultivation was religious property, the friars' and the Jesuits', none of it pertained to the Franciscans, who however suffered in common with their colleagues in the revolts and disturbances the situation provoked. Rizal limns some Franciscans superbly, and blames them with the incarceration of his heroine, Maria Clara, with the Clare nuns.

How ungracious in a scholar whose very city of Manila is under the seraphic protection of San Francisco de Assisi. Such is man's ingratitude, bemused though it may be.

Franciscans in Manila got their first church completed for them in 1577, the gift of a marshal of Spain and a captain from Flanders. In it they at once installed a beloved image of Francis. Father Felix Huerta, a diligent chronicler and good priest, says that the devotion Filipinos developed for St. Francis "is not to be explained by their easy credulity nor the impassioned orations of holy men," though perhaps it is.

The saint protected Manila faithfully. When the merchant and artisan population of the city, Chinese all, revolted against abuses in 1603 and might have annihilated the little Spanish community, it was subsequently established by judicial investigation, Huerta reports, and testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, that St. Francis mounted the walls with a flaming sword in his hand to defend the city. The numerous witnesses included four hundred of the enemy, "who, sentenced to death, were baptized, and each was given the name of Francisco in honor of such a singular portent."

Having thus been saved, they were shot.

Francis was officially made the seraphic custodian of Manila, and on no account could crown dignitaries abstain from the yearly celebration of his redoubtable exploit. It is true that the supreme court tried to do so, eightynine years later, but the crown brought them to book immediately with a royal decree. The militant image of St. Francis here alluded to was, when Huerta wrote in 1865, an adornment of the Clare chapel, and may be the one that is still there. Potent, it is naturally far less potent than the image first adored in the original church. This is the one that has put the bee on Vulcan and protects Manila from all sorts of calamities, particularly earthquakes.

You may doubt, but we don't; we have seen the records.

Fray Pedro de San Pablo, receiving a newer and handsomer image, gave this one to the Franciscan

chapel in Paco (a district named for St. Francis). The image did not relish this cavalier treatment, but revenge was not in its nature. It suffered a second degradation when, the Paco congregation getting a new image for the processions, it was handed over to a mere parishioner who arranged an altar for it in his house.

Then the real trouble came, in 1645 a terrible earthquake at Manila endured five days and laid the whole city in ruins with exception of a few buildings only. This visitation the little Francis image could not stand. It left its altar, and stood weeping at a window looking toward the walled city. When put back in its place, it did this repeatedly, stretching forth its arms in supplication to be carried forth as a deliverer. You who may not be strong in the faith seem skeptical even now, you can but remind yourself that Huerta quotes the authority of the judicial records. At last it being evident what the image wanted done, a huge procession was formed with thousands of terrified citizens carrying candles, and the image at the head of it was escorted back into Manila to the Franciscan monastery church where it rightfully belonged.

The moment the procession moved, the earthquake ceased.

This is history, refrain from thinking you are being spoofed.

The sky cleared, the wind softened, and not one candle was blown out even amid the commotion of thousands of worshipers in frantic ecstasy over the

evident miracle. The occasion, December 4, is still similarly celebrated, as is October 3, anniversary of the triumph over the Chinese uprising. Manila, rebuilt, has not had such a shaking since, but it was nothing more than prudence for the authorities to allow new buildings to be but two stories high.

Miracles are associated with so many Franciscan accountments of faith. It is so of the image of Christ in the Sepulchre that has graced the monastery church since 1735. It too was a gift from an officer, as so many favors to the Franciscans were: they were army chaplains, in charge of hospitals. This time Captain Don Francisco Cosio y Mier is the honored donor. He got the wood from a tree in the forest that had the form of a cross, and when he had cut and knelt to implore divine aid in fashioning it, when he rose, there at his very elbow was a man from Granada who confessed he was a carpenter and sculptor and that it was he who should undertake the delicate carving.

Provided tools, the stranger from Granada locked himself up to the work in a room of Captain Cosio's home, and did the excellent job that is observable in the image today. Apprising his benefactor that the work was done, he asked that a confessor be sent him, saying that in five days he was to die. In all haste a confessor attended him, and lo! in five days he was gathered to the saints. Such was the ancient faith of the Philippines.

The Franciscan church in Intramuros was originally built of bamboo and nipa at the expense of

Marshal Gabriel de Rivera and Captain Martin de la Rea. The monks took solemn possession of it in the same year, 1577, August 2, and dedicated it to Our Lady of the Angels, "having at the same time the extreme good fortune to be the first to maintain intact (*que conservaron reservado*) the august and most divine sacrament of the eucharist in these islands." In 1583 the original church and convent burned down and the same benefactors of the mission built another of wood and tile. "In 1602 it was built for the third time, at the expense of the indefatigable and singular piety of Marshal Rivera, who soon afterward assumed the habit and confessed the Franciscan faith in this province. The church and the greater part of the convent was destroyed in 1739, and the edifice of masonry and timber pillars still existing was then built. On November 5 of that year the corner stone was laid by Sr. Brigadier D. Gaspar de la Torre y Ayala, of his Majesty's council, gentleman of the royal cámara, governor and captain general of these islands.

But what of the day, it must have been in 1623, when the Taycosama of Japan crucified the twenty-three martyrs at Nagasaki and put the city to fire and sword because it had accepted Christ? San Pedro Bautista was among them, the Franciscan who had prepared himself for the sacrifice by mortifications and penance at the sanctuary of San Francisco del Monte; but there were Jesuits and

Dominicans and Recollects too, and some were women. The oil painting of their martyrdom hangs in a little chapel at the Franciscan monastery. Pope Pio IX canonized them all on June 8, 1862. All Spaniards in the islands are expected to revere their memory. Preparations for the hanging of the memorial in the chapel consumed six months and two million *reales*, and no such gorgeous ceremonies ever occurred in the islands before or since. They were the entire order of the day for nine consecutive days, a novenario, and honored by the highest officials. Delegations poured into Manila from all surrounding villages, each with their particular cross and standard. Three military companies led the march, and cannon volleyed and bells rang loud as the procession filed along the streets. At the cost of the city, the Very Noble and Ever Loyal City of Manila, a castle of powder was set up on the Plaza de Armas, at Fort Santiago, and burned that first evening as a part of the brilliant illuminations. And so on, day after day, the emotions of the people rising to greater and greater heights of enthusiasm. This was the Christian answer in the 17th century to the pagan crime. "The Ayuntamiento, upon the ecclesiastical authorization, nominated the martyrs patrons of the city May 20, 1631, promising to celebrate their fiesta every year and to contribute annually eight *cirios* and 24 candles, as is done to this day."

PUNCAN

IF one of the purposes of travel be the acquisition of an intelligent sophistication, so that with the pages of classical philosophy you may compare your own observations and notebook, then (and for rustic beauty too, and the esthetic influence of the grand, the noble, the terrible in nature) in traveling to Balete Pass and into the upper reaches of the Cagayan valley over the Santa Fe road you will greatly profit by a stop at Puncan, situated somewhat off the main road, to the right, a few kilometers beyond the headworks of the Talavera irrigation system—this point itself being a few kilometers beyond San José, where the road has definitely left the central Luzon valley and begins taking the easy ascents of the piedmont region introductory to the mountain pass.

History is tangled in every neglected coffee bush; it is stripped down with the dead foliage on every plantain stalk choked into unproductiveness by the wild growth; and not far from any barrio are to be found herds of deer, wild carabaó, wild boar and covies of wild chickens, just as it was in the days of old. Skillful crews of men are readily recruited for the chase: you can imagine with what pleasure a Roosevelt, a White or a Thompson would seize upon opportunities so unique and abundant.

Camp could be pitched at Caranglán, a short ten kilometers beyond Puncan toward Pantabangán; and the whole region from Puncan through Caranglán and Pantabangán to Bongabon on the east would be the field of sport and exploration.

But we ourselves did not camp nor kill, being neither scholar nor hunter. At Puncan we merely observed. Our observations were, aside from absorption in the irrepressible beauty of the place, that the last state of man is worse than the first, the achievements of missionaries today are their disappointments of tomorrow (which we had also noted years ago, when a convention of teachers in China, educated at the mission academies and colleges, resolved that mission education in that country should be suppressed) and that from the point of view of what may be really best for the inhabitants of Mountain Province, the governor who does least, who most neglects all reforms deemed wise by Manila, is of course the one really rendering those inhabitants the most valuable service.

It will not be done. That is, it will not be tolerated for long; nor, long ago, was it long done or tolerated in Puncan—ruin being the net result of prolonged pursuit of exacting duties for conscience' sake. What was jungle, returned to jungle; but what was civilization—of a sort, and that no mean one—quite disappeared. Matter is not destructible; the immaterial often is, and so it was in Puncan.

Now, however, there is to be redemption; but redemption by no ukase of government, only by the construction of a road, actually connecting Puncan with London, Liverpool, Marseilles, Hamburg, New York, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Here the scholar trips me up. We stand disputing the point for a moment on the Roman-arched bridge in the outskirts of Puncan, southward toward San José, and the scholar says:

"Ah, but there *was* once a road! Father Villaverde built it and it bore his name. Out yonder in the scrub we might find his tomb, a granite slab, with this all set down in Latin. The Villaverde road went clear into Cagayan Valley, clear to Aparri from Manila, and Manila was on the sea, and across the sea sailed ships, back and forth from Acapulco, exchanging the cargoes of West and East. Indeed there was a road!"

"But were roads alone enough to free feudal England? A church itself had to be overthrown."

With our scholarly friend thus silenced, we stroll back—after finding no cloddish peasant in the neighborhood who knew, as such, the old friar's tomb. No doubt all and sundry know it as something else; no doubt it is a sacred object, a fetish in some weird totemical ceremony; but as the tomb of one who had sacrificed his life to redeem Puncan it was not known. A certain disgust suffused the thoughts of our scholarly friend: it was not necessary to go on and remind him of the galleon mono-

poly of Philippine ocean commerce. The point was ours.

"Let us go back to the car," he said.

It was in 1702 that the Augustinian mission to the pagans of the Puncan region was established, and within two years churches and convents of brick had been built at all the towns; within an incredibly short time the people were brought under the bells. The ardor of the missionaries was unquenchable. But by conversion, paganism was not eradicated. Cross and image were looked upon as something potent in themselves. It was in this very region, only a few years ago, we explain to the scholar, that 2,500 fanatics were recruited by ignorant rascals who had no difficulty in making their followers believe that a mercury burn on the arm, for a fee, made them immune to constabulary bullets.

We note that the scholar hurries his steps.

Father Alejandro Cacho was the most indomitable of the 18th century missionaries. "He formed villages, opened roads, established schools, built churches and felled groves; and what was but a little while before a gloomy and impenetrable forest, afterward burst upon the sight of the astonished traveler as a broad plain, which the directing hand of the indefatigable Augustinian converted into a fertile field and beautiful province, the pride and hope of the new converts. And he accomplished even more. Assigned to the missions of Caranglán and Pantabangán (1707) he eagerly devoted him-

self to the study of the flora in those unknown regions, examining the medical virtues of each plant; and as a fruit of his laborious task, besides practicing successfully the art of the physician among his beloved parishioners he left us the works which we mention below.... He died in Caranglán in 1748."

Could the spot be found and the redoubtable spirit of Father Cacho be wooed from the grave, save alone for the ruins of his churches the good friar would surely convince himself that what he had thought were the works of his carnal existence were in fact the gossamer of dreams. Up the roads that were built came the people of the valley, and further into the natural protection of the mountains migrated Father Cacho's converts, to reestablish the civilization of the tribe, perhaps; and if not, then to perish at the hands of them who had never abandoned it. With the folk from the valley came caciquism. It booted not the little neighborhood overlord that the peasants have gardens, orchards and strong houses. Huts were surely sufficient, rice the important thing. So that today a wild bush here and there, a fugitive scent on the wind over the jungle, alone attest the contented husbandry of Father Cacho's flock.

The new road of the current regime finds Puncan lands faring ill, certainly quite as bad as if there had been, a century ago, a real physical eviction such as Goldsmith deplored in Auburn, that lovely village of his rhymed soliloquy; and yet

Auburn cannot have been more lovely than Puncan on the day of Father Cacho's funeral.

Much might be said, were space at hand, of the civilization Christianity supplanted at Puncan, just as much can be said in behalf of the civilization Christianity is now supplanting in the Mountains. But why say it? The traveler does not inveigh, he ruminates; after all, he seeks his enjoyment. Philosophy, too, he cannot escape; with an half suppressed, for manner's sake, ejaculation of *kismet*, he is silent and standing by the roadside as the train of men of more fervor and assured conviction moves quickly past him to accomplish something. So let it be.

But the road will do more than all. The difference between the new road and the old is that the old one reached one market, the new one reaches many and serves a different time. It may be stated as though it were already consummated, that embroidery contractors will penetrate to Puncan and offer good wages to the peasant's women-folk for piece work. Soon the family incomes will be doubled. Gossip and comment will certainly be trebled, and as a truck jangles by to market in San José or Cabanatuan, curious thoughts will suggest that Puncan might join in the trade. Differences in the price of rice at Puncan and at San José and Cabanatuan will also give rise to covetous speculation: soon some peasant committee will wait upon the cacique with a petition for better rental terms. New money will come in, and however slowly, in-

terest rates will fall. Not long hence, certainly not a decade, Puncan will be a good market for shoes and silk stockings. Then it will have a movie, and then a water and light system.

The road will bring these things, the road and the consequent commerce; and everyone bestowing a blessing will have one object only, money gain. Good and bad mingle inextricably even in commerce. At least, great faith alone will not conquer the Philippine jungle, while commerce readily subdues it and is not wanting in genuine esthetic and cultural force—of which it has enough, for example, to restore the parish church at Puncan.

With this prophecy we take to the road again.

But pause just a moment longer, for a glimpse into the ruined church—without roof, a bamboo altar temporarily erected and wanting an image. A balet tree is rending the north wall; out of the grave, bricked over, of a young friar who wanted to be buried there in front of the altar, a sprig of sampaguita thrusts toward the light. Readily the imagination weaves a romance. It is all so clear, and so tragic. He was young, too young, too vigorous for station alone at such a distant point. Soledad told him as much. She was a very saucy creature, daughter of his richest parishioner, at whose house he was often invited to dine. Many gay gatherings were held there, after christenings and weddings and at the time of the parish fiestas. Soledad was ever in a mocking mood. She was Christian, but with a most arrant spirit. She

laughed at him for not dancing, for abstemiousness with wine; and her favorite comparison was to come limping up to him when the crowd was all seated, hand him a cane and, mimicking a decrepit age, swear not a year would pass before he should be grayer than Father Cacho.

To join the men in the hunt would not satisfy her: she would profess to believe he had not kept up though he carried the deer into town on his own shoulder.

It was tantalizing, the more so because she would not accept admonition or reproof from him seriously. She would toss her head and tease more wisdom from him, only to say in the end that he was very wise, to be so young.

She would even attend confession with sampaguita blossoms in her hair. She was a most natural creature, she wanted him and would not brook canonical bars. Nor was she dark, as most; her skin was olive, soft and rounded over a form only to be matched in marble. It was even said a peninsular, a sergeant, was her true father; but so it was not in the book, and anyway she was entitled to the rites of the service. So far was the world away, so near was this young Soledad, and no guidance was to be had from the stars, even upon many a weary night of pacing back and forth in the courtyard of the *convento*—of which Soledad had of course full accounts next day from the unfaithful cook.

One such night when the young priest walked to and fro with his temples throbbing and his thoughts unchaste, there came on a fearful storm without premonition, as tropic storms sometimes do. Torrents of rain fell, driving before the hurricane in massive silver sheets. The harassed priest would not seek the convent's shelter; his madness told him to leave the yard and walk into the flood of rain in hopes to be cleansed. So he would, God help him. He banged open the courtyard gate and plunged onward, calling for heaven's mercy, with his arms raised high apart. In this wild posture, at this moment when the fight with the Evil One was hardest, he stumbled into Soledad's arms. She had covenanted with the forces of darkness for his soul to be delivered to her. She had learned of his struggle and she had come to prevent his escape. On the breath of the storm was the scent of sampaguita blossoms.

It was most clandestine, most shameful and apparently inexcusable. But if people learned of it then, they shrugged indulgently and, in spite of the recently learned catechism, could not but believe that man and woman are of the earth earthy; while nowadays we read the verdict of Wm. Taft as the first American governor general of the Philippines, not wholly condemnatory of lapses of this sort by young men in monks' robes immured in an environment such as that of Puncan.

In the uprooted civilization of Puncan, of course such things were not known. There was trial mar-

riage, as there is now in the Mountains, at very early ages; and for sterility there was divorce. But such morality was intertwined with the law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as it is now in the Mountains, and necessarily such depravity must give way to a more enlightened code.

We apologized to our friend the scholar for treating thus subjectively and with somewhat heightened feeling a particular phase of 18th century Philippine history, but he said the rendition had been fair enough. He could readily see how hard it might have been with that young fellow. He thought Taft's judgment quite right. He gave himself to reverie and stood contemplating the tender and seemingly frail stems of the sampaguita obtruding through the mortared crevices of the tomb. He stood for some time, indeed while we prowled further through the ruin and discovered a strong-room back of the altar which may have been improvised into a village defense against nocturnal attacks of infidels from their tribal lairs in the hills, or might have been a first rate place for storing coffee—until it could be carted down to seaboard and shipped off to Madrid for the royal kitchens, so excellent it was and such being the kingly decree. And when we had gone on to ascertain that the broad masonry foundations of the old *convento* and courtyard were now barely traceable through gross tangles of nondescript herbage, and when we could hear the impatient horn of the motor parked under an acacia half a

kilometer away (to which the others had long since returned), we came back to the contemplative scholar and made our presence known with a sudden fit of coughing.

His reverie over a mere grave had been quite long enough.

But strolling toward the motor he was still lost in thought. An unwonted mood had seized him; his palmabrava cane slashed wickedly at the bastard growth bordering the trail; green sap trickled from the bruised integument of nameless weeds thriving where Father Cacho's well-kept hedgerows had once flourished, for in Puncan the jungle dares to challenge the very premises of every peasant hut—though what matter, since a bamboo rotted away can be replaced with another.

There are herds of cattle on the hills of the Puncan region, but they are inbred stock from the original selected breeds brought by the missionaries from Mexico. Full grown they weigh but a few hundred pounds; a hereditary leanness unfits them for market.

The art of brick-making is quite forgotten, also that of burning lime.

Preoccupied with our own ruminations, we were for the moment off guard as to our friend the scholar, and now he spoke:

"You know," he said in that peculiarly abashed and confidential manner which told us at once that we were in for it, "You know, I once knew a girl, met her at college....."

It was quite a story, and has no bearing on Puncan, so will not be repeated only to tire the reader. It merely suggested to us an epigram, which, to save the scholar's feelings we did not perpetrate. The truth is—or is it? let the reader determine—that Venus is a preference, and the worship of Minerva only an alternative. It is certainly an alternative not now possible in Puncan, wanting all books and hardly seeing a newspaper except old ones bought in bales from New York by the Chinese *tenderos* to wrap around grimy packages of household necessities sold to the peasants: coarse salt, ground chicory in the guise of coffee, sticks of pressed crude sugar. The Chinese of course extend credit, taking payment in rice at harvest time, for an ample consideration. The furies may be aroused against them at any time, and their persons and properties assaulted.

The best place to make camp, as has already been said, in the Puncan region is Caranglán, where the atmosphere is possibly a little cooler, from the still higher elevation, and where there is a hot spring pouring into a natural swimming pool as big as the overgrown and neglected churchyard.

THE PRICE OF A HAT*

MANILA in the year 1726 was not a prosperous place, in fact it was the reverse. Of course the regular revenues were collected and disbursed by a favored few who were quite willing to divide if pressure was skillfully used, for stealing the King's pesos was both a delightful and profitable occupation. Only a few years before a gang of thieves in high places had succeeded in removing a governor by assassination who had indicated that they should put back in the Treasury at least nine-tenths of what they had thoughtlessly taken. Furthermore, they were never punished for either one or the other dereliction, for the old gray city and its society was—in one word—corrupt.

As Manila was the center of the Isles of Philip so the Plaza Mayor was the center of Manila. In the cathedral the Church was represented, in the Governor's palace the civil, and in the citadel the military. The commercial was relegated to the Consulado and the Plaza de Almacenes and jealously guarded by a close corporation of the three fac-

* From notes from old chronicles in the monasteries, gathered by the late Percy A. Hill, from whom they were purchased; but though rearranged, the authenticity of the friars' accounts of the events remains.

tors named above. Those in office enjoyed a salary and those in favor a fortune, but the major portion of the citizens had sunk into an apathy that meant mere existence. As a result there was a plethora of restless spirits and parasites whose exploits kept the city from utter stagnation. These lived by their wits and did fairly well at their trade, for people who have neither wits nor means do not prosper in this world no matter where they dwell.

The social elements of Manila at that time were complex, that is, the ones who are concerned in this story. If the upper-world were haughty and officious, the middle-world dull and stodgy, the under-world combined all the traits of the century just passed and the one to come. They were crusaders of a moribund society. They had to live if others had to die for it, for the sleepy provost guards were not in the habit of challenging them unnecessarily—their pay of two pesos a month and a uniform being insufficient to take any pride of place. Iron chains linked up at the end of certain streets at sunset were a custom which was not discontinued till a much later date, in spite of the gates being all respectable citizens and their families were safe behind their grilled windows and bolted doors, for the provost guard, as we have explained, rarely troubled to investigate an uproar, wisely waiting till it had died down.

Officials, citizens and ne'er-do-wells were all clad in all the sumptuousness of the period that not even

the gloomy monarchs of semi-monastic Spain could banish by decree. The long embroidered coats, with huge pockets and collars, the smallclothes, great funnel-boots, the rapier and sword and the hat of *tres-picos*, or three cornered head-piece, were then the fashion, aped by those who could steal them. Manila was nothing if not religious, but this did not prevent young sparks and even older ones from playing the gallant, for life was not all composed of prayer and penance under the priests. They might even pursue the female in her disguising mantilla with protestations and promises, that is, if she was not accompanied by a servant or *duenna*. Even they were not safe after dark, an hour when closed at the sound of the evening gun. This was done to prevent armed disturbances and the escape of thieves. The population of the walled city has always been constant for some three hundred years. Its complexion has changed, it is true, but not its building area.

Like all cities, Manila had its beggars, but not of the pernicious variety, report to the contrary notwithstanding. During those times they were looked after by the Church and even to this day a vast number of the genteel poor, sick and afflicted live on the alms of the convents and *curas* of Manila. Many were kept by a dole from the Archbishop himself, and on more than one occasion it is recorded that the prelates died with just enough for a decent burial, the balance having been given to the poor. It must not be thought that just be-

cause charity is now an organized social entity with periodical drives that it did not exist through the centuries, nor does it mean that the subjects were less deserving than now.

The inns were ostensibly under the saintly protection of San Mateo, St. Mathew, the publican and sinner, and liquid refreshment was available at all hours. They were the haunt of the libertine, the battered wreck and the youth just embarking on life's voyage; the underpaid soldier, the visiting mariner and those of the black robe of the Law whose ways were crooked. In these halting places gathered the sons of loot and *compradores de mala-fé* who disposed of their goods—at a price. Then there were the goldsmiths' shops, not that the walled city possessed any of these cunning workers in gold and silver, but it was a good name for a shop where loans could be gotten on heirlooms or jewels at a proportionate gain to the owner.

In that part of the walled city lying near the Royal Foundry and near the walls lived most of the native and mixed population, much more thickly populated than it is today, and domiciled in warrens of houses that have long since gone the way of earthquakes. Here dwelt the furtive ones who lived by their cunning; the captain without either finances or soldiers, with no hope except war and no revenue except rapine.

The cut-purse who cleverly snipped off the pocketbooks of the day, separating the stolid citizen or the marketing housewife from their wealth by

a swift cut of the *cuchillo*; the underpaid *escribientes* and runners for the courts. And here dwelt their women-folk, those who had run away from a husband, or with one. The married ladies, unshod, ungirt and ample, their daughters slim and supple, with mysterious eyes, who shrank from the gaze of a stranger, but who, like fascinated birds, were nevertheless drawn more quickly to them than to those of their own race, which is the way of the world and the law of contraries.

Here also stalked death and mutilation following the swift urge of jealousy or revenge. And the native women do sometimes fight for love or its twin sister jealousy. They can be swift as the snake and as merciless as the hawk. Sighting the object of their ire, hands are raised instinctively to their ears to pluck out their earrings deliberately before sternly engaging with the rival who has stolen the affections of lover or husband. Just as there is no treasure without seekers, no creed without its followers, so there is no beauty without admirers. In the district alluded to there was a tavern or *posada*, the rendezvous of the restless and needy characters produced by the period. At all hours of the night and sometimes in the day they could be seen entering its low portals, swaggering if the affair had been fortunate, and listless if it had been otherwise. Several gangs, or as they were called *tropas*, used it as their special headquarters, and access was to be had at all hours after dark by four knocks in sequence known only

to the initiated. It bore no name except that of its owner, but it was a well-known and popular resort in spite of its lack of a title.

The *posada* was kept by the widow Medana, a stout lady with a roguish eye—a purveyor of rest, refreshment and wines, and a personage of the vicinity. Indeed it was hinted that she was nobody's widow and as for that she had never been anybody's wife. But her stew, her roast capon, her wines and *aguardiente* were above reproach and too much virtue cannot be expected under one roof. The inside of the *posada* was given over to rough benches, a long table and stools. A few hogsheads that had made the Pacific traverse destined for other hands stood in a row near the wall and made convenient eating tables, over which hung a heavy vinous odor. Behind these was a shelf upon which were ranged pewter pots, coarse glasses and drinking utensils, while from above a highly glazed image of San Roque, the saint whose powers cure sickness, gazed benignly on the scene below.

Below the holy image was a scroll upon which was laboriously inscribed in Latin the following appeal: "Holy San Roque, give us thy aid against the shaking fever."

First day, tremble, shiver and burn,
Second day, shiver and quake in turn,
Third day, go, and never return.

Ora pro nobis.

San Roque is a popular saint to this day all over the archipelago. Doubtless cures were effected owing to the sincere faith of the believers just as the science called Christian cures those of will-power and determination. The back part of the hostelry was given over to a smoky *cocina* over whose fire swung an immense pot, which was always slowly simmering with a stew amongst whose mixture could be recognized fish, pork, vegetables, garlic and rice, for the cauldrons of that day were made as large as possible so as to cook enough at one heat. This *cocina* was presided over by a pig-tailed Chinaman from Macao who was skilled in the culinary art desired by its varied patrons. The stew itself was portioned into rough plates called *cagayanes*, the ladle itself being so heavy that it could easily stun a bull or a bully if properly wielded. It was served to the guests who had the required number of *tomines* and *granos*, with three pieces of coarse bread, one for a sop, one to eat and the other to wipe the spoon with.

Needless to say there were few scraps. The service of the tavern was performed by a stocky, perspiring Tagalog, who gave the plates the required polish with a napkin and very often mopped his beaded brow with the same useful cloth. However, the patrons of the *posada*' not very exact-ang, were thoroughly familiar with the cusioms of the country. Most of them being hollow to the knees, as the saying is, had come to eat and not to criticise and we must admit that of the three functions

necessary to life that of eating is the most important. At the moment of which we write the *posada* was full of patrons and chief amongst the wine samplers was Captain Pelagio de Oviedo.

Captain Pelagio had left Spain, a land of high plateaux and arid wind-swept vineyards, while still young. In the course of a few years he had acquired a hardy frame, a command of the sword, a varied experience, a suit of finery and its concomitant—an empty pocket. Captain Pelagio (shortened in Castillian to Pelayo, the national hero) wore a military coat ornamented with a shoulder-knot that had once been crimson, but wind and weather had faded this to a dull orange. A long sword hung to a cross-belt banged ceaselessly about the calves of his legs and a pair of spurs adorned his funnel boots although it had been many a day since he owned a horse. His swagger and curling mustaches bespoke the soldier of fortune who sold his skill and blood, to whom glory was nothing and whose pay was small but provided him with a precarious living. We have his type with us today who do not carry sword or dagger but manage to wrest a living from their fellows. Thus, we see, human nature does not change much.

His hat was a barometer of his finances. If it was set well back and was well brushed and the plume curling, they were opulent; if he wore it with a straight brim, funds were about to end, but if he drew it down over the eyes and the plume looked ruffled or bedraggled it might be confident-

ly known that the knight of chance had not a *tomine* in his pocket. He had his customs and foibles, and was worthy of trust only when he swore by the finger-bones of Saint Peter. "By all other swearing he did deceive freely." His chief lieutenant was Cristomo, a well-known character, three-quarters Spanish and noted for his Caruso qualities.

This rogue had a good voice and an ear for church music, for he had been a *monaguilla* in his youth. This music he practiced with great vociferation. He would begin by chanting the prayers, the canons sung at matins, then the Credo as in High Mass, and passing on to vespers sang them through, not forgetting the Magnificat. While others indulged in ribald songs or crooned the interminable Moorish romances to which listeners might beat time with a convenient wine-pot, Cristomo, under the influence of Bacchus, would burst into an anthem, effectively putting a damper on all competing noise. From him, Captain Pelayo drew his knowledge of church ritual and custom, although he in the parlance of the day "hated the Mass like the Devil hates holy water," which after all did not prevent him from fearing the spiritual powers, as he himself carried a charm of *dapdap* seeds concealed in a scapulary and warranted to protect the wearer from both provosts and poisons.

Another of the brotherhood whose greatest concern was the worship of Ceres and Bacchus, or as we should say, Bread and Wine, always threw his

empty wine-bottles at the servants, aptly remarking that a body without a soul was only fit for perdition, thus showing he also had served in a convent in his youth. This member was called La Trinidad. He had not received this name at the baptismal font but had acquired it vicariously. He had been a sergeant in the Regiment of the King, but finding the pay insufficient to quench a thirst, absented himself so long that his true name had been erased from the roster long before. Furthermore he had had a quarrel with the paymaster. Out of the five pesos a month allowed him, some three had been withheld by the custodian of the funds, telling the *sarjento* of the honor he must feel in loaning money to his Majesty the King of Spain. La Trinidad disagreed with him and left the service. He attached himself to Pelayo, who was a much better if not as steady a paymaster.

La Trinidad was given to an inordinate worship of wine and was prone to religious argument as well, which at times bordered on the skeptical. His confessor, the blue-jowled Fray Bruno, had striven in vain to check this tendency. One day when La Trinidad was in funds he met the worthy friar who himself was not averse to a glass of wine but who was more bent on saving this lamb who promised to become a lost sheep. Invited into the unsavory *posada*, they continued an argument as to how one person could be three. The patrons were silent but interested and listened in, in the

hopes of acquiring holiness from the proximity of Fray Bruno. The honest monk struggled to elucidate the idea of the Trinity to the irreligious toper but the latter shook his head at each futile attempt to instruct him. On the table was a jar of water, some sour claret, and a half emptied bottle of Jerez. Fray Bruno took a decanter and poured in all three of the beverages. Throwing out his arm in a gesture of triumph he said: "Here is the proof before your eyes, *tres en uno*, three in one." The argument was irresistible. From that day on the worshiper of wine became an even more fervent worshiper of the Trinity, proved with such mathematical exactness. Hence his name La Trinidad bestowed upon him by his companions.

Another and a recent addition to the *tropa* of Captain Pelayo was Don Gabriel, not that he was entitled to the don, which had been bestowed upon him by the frequenters of the *posada*. His history was short and to the point. He had been a member of the city guard, the officer of which had sent him to play the spy, owing to his knowledge of Castillian and various dialects. This detail was not to his relish, and in addition as a suspicious character, a spy, he did not look the part. He was both slender and sober and even Caesar a thousand years before distrusted thin people who did not drink. Most certainly to play the part amongst rustlers, soldiers and adventurers he was handicapped from the start, and he was, quite naturally, unable to discover anything of value to the police. In ad-

dition he was extremely touchy and a slight quarrel with his superior who held his cane point upward instead of point downward in giving him an order, resulted in a duel in which his superior was killed, a military crime.

The consequences being serious, Gabriel had deserted, another serious military crime. Confessing all to Captain Pelayo, who was already aware of it, he was allowed to join the *tropa* of the *caballeros* of fortune.

Such were a few of the characters of the hostelry of the widow Medana. Nor was the conversation less edifying round the battered tables. Some discussed the stratagems of depriving others of their wealth, others the games of hazard then in vogue, and still others devoted their talk to the interesting subject of women.

In the far corner of the *posada*, however, on a certain day, were two worthies whom we may introduce as a *tropa* in themselves, a close corporation cemented for the moment by poverty. One was a tall lanky man of forbidding aspect, one of those who coveted yet shrank from gratification if it were to cost him a pang.

He was named Gaspar and known as an expert cloak-snatcher. This peculiar class of thieves flourished in Manila during the eighteenth century and were men who pilfered or stole outright the costly habiliments of the period.

And some of these were not to be despised. They might well represent the value of the wearer's

estate. The snatchers were in collusion with the tailors who turned, dyed and re-made the garments and were not unbenefited thereby, and who were not uncommon in the walled city, then the mirror of fashion for the islands. Anyway, Gaspar made money at his trade.

The other member, who gazed hungrily at a patron devouring a *cagayan* of stew with violent smackings, was of a different type; his name was Juan, corrupted into Juancho, and in common with many he had come from the provinces to seek his fortune in the metropolis. In these days perhaps he would have been a politician, but at that period there were no vacancies in that profession. There is an old saying that "the chicken bred in the provinces comes to Manila to be eaten." He was new to the game of living by his wits, and had no flair for the cloak-snatching activities of Gaspar, but had a most decided one for wearing the finery that his companion lived upon. Another passion possessed in common was that of gaming, inherited from a long line of ancestors who believed a man was justified in borrowing a peso in hopes of recovering the one lost over the dice. Juancho had borrowed this sum of Gaspar, won a handful of money, paid his debt back, and lost all he had to the cloak-snatcher. He was cleaned out completely and felt for the moment both hungry and desolate.

However, there was another feeling that quite occupied him. He was in debt to Gaspar for a hat, and he had been nagged for an hour to pay up.

This hat was the crown of his finery, and was of *tres-picos* with a red rosette, the edges trimmed with silver braid long tarnished. Gaspar had come by it very expeditiously. Walking over the Bridge of Spain, he had accidentally knocked it from the wearer's head into the waters of the muddy Pasig, and later recovered it as his legitimate property and sold it to Juancho for three *tomines*. The last was a perfectly honest deal, but no money had passed into the hand of the greedy Gaspar, who proceeded to collect it by the native expedient of constant nagging, or have Juancho return his head-gear. There was then a deadlock, for Juancho became sullen and stubborn as the other increased his importunity. It was a case, as the Spaniard says, of "Pedro dances as well as Juan, and Juan dances as well as Pedro" (being six of one and half-a-dozen of the other).

The coins of the colony had varied from the *toston* of 1580 to the *doble* of a century later. The *reals* and *ducats* of Spain had been current for a while but currency at that time was divided into *pesos*, *tomines* and *granos*. The *tomine* was worth about twelve cents, a sum not to be despised when a *peso* was a more important coin than today. Anyway, Gaspar was of the disposition that refused to be cheated and intended to get back either his hat or the three *tomines*; Juancho on the other hand resented the doubting of his honour or ability to pay. As a consequence there was bad blood between the two citizens, about the price of a hat.

The next day Juancho had to tighten his *faja* in lieu of a meal, but he set out to find one. Cocking his three-cornered hat over one eye, brushing off his tattered finery he swaggered past the lanky Gaspar regaling himself with a pair of eggs, and took the road out of the city towards the suburbs of Malate, literally seeking what he might devour. At a discreet distance followed Gaspar, one eye on his hat and his thoughts on the recovery of his *tomines*. Juancho, finding the inner man loudly calling for *almuerzo*, was fortunate in getting a meal on credit from a buxom *tiendera*, but this incident only proved to the cloak-snatcher that he had plenty of money but refused to pay. His evening meal was simple, for with the ready hospitality of the Malay, a householder invited him and he lost no time accepting. He had just finished and was about to light the postprandial cigarette when Gaspar appeared and demanded his hat or his pay. A few bitter words and a struggle ensued for the three-cornered hat, to the great consternation of the host and his family.

Juancho, who did not desire to lose his headpiece on account of the protection it afforded and the pomp it conferred, took to his heels, followed by the pounding Gaspar. At that time there was, at a short distance from Malate and attached to the parish, a *visita*, or stone chapel; the people of the *barrio* heard an occasional mass in it and used it as a temporary place of worship. It lay in a clump of bamboo and camachile trees, the door of

course always open, and it contained an elaborate but flimsy altar, upon which stood the image of San Isidro Labrador, the patron of all good agriculturists, who by the way, we all know, is the patron saint of Madrid. At all events he is represented in the Philippines with his plow and oxen, and other farmers' implements, and after a good crop numerous candles are burned in his honour. Approaching the *visita*, Juancho, who was not as good a runner as his lanky creditor, left the dusty road and sought sanctuary in the hope that Gaspar would continue his flight and miss him. However, although the night was dark, his ears were good, and Gaspar also turned into the chapel.

Juancho passed rapidly up the flagged aisle and hid himself in the draperies behind the good saint, from which place of vantage he piously hoped he was safe till a later hour. Gaspar tiptoed into the *visita*, and assured that his hat was there, crept cautiously into the carved confessional to await the emergence of his debtor, inwardly fuming at this escaping of what was to him a perfectly legal and collectible debt; and here we will leave them watchfully waiting to see what has become of Captain Pelayo and his *tropa*.

Pelayo, La Trinidad, Cristomo and four other companions were in foul possession of the information that about dark a coach was expected from Cavite province with a heavy consignment of tax-money en route to the King's Treasury. La Trinidad solemnly assured them that as the King was

his debtor for all the money he had loaned during his period of service, he intended to collect his debt with the regular interest prevalent in the Philippines. Armed with a couple of *trabucos*, a pair of horse pistols and their regular meat-spitters, the *tropa* awaited the event. In time the creaking coach appeared coming up the road, its lights dimmed by the dust, and the two armed guards tired by their long ride and thinking of the flesh-pots of the city and little of any such rude interruption as awaited them.

The troop dashed into action, the riders were pulled from their horses, without a chance to use their ponderous firearms, the *cochero* turned loose with a swift kick, the fat tax-official roped securely and laid with the guards in a dry ditch. The horses of both the escort and coach were started towards Manila with a series of whacks, and the *tropa* of Captain Pelayo were in high glee.

The loot was considerable, being in four leathern sacks, the joyous jingle of which told of the King's tribute. Crossing the fields a short distance to a tavern they knew of, they proceeded first to enjoy a meal which had been put off by their long wait, eating as if they possessed double stomachs and no consciences whatsoever. The only liquid refreshment obtainable was the fiery liquor known as *anisado*, with which they proceeded to top off their meal, all except Gabriel the neophyte seems to be something left out. Fortified success led them from

one drink to another until the rascals carrying the loads of silver stopped and demanded a division be made so that each might bear his own loot. The argument became noisy and vinous, and being close to the *visita* in which Juancho had sought sanctuary Captain Pelayo acceded to their desire. La Trinidad and four of the *tropa*, although they wished to share the pesos, wanted it done in another place than the chapel as they were superstitious in spite of the cargo of *anisado* they carried.

After considerable commotion they entered and lighting a piece of candle sat down in a circle amid husky breathings and greedy eyes. They found that the haul exceeded their expectations. Then began the division, scrupulously counting into eight piles, two for the captain and one each for the *tropa*. It amounted to two thousand four hundred and thirty-two pesos and three *tomines*. When they had finished of course there were three *tomines* left over, a sum difficult to divide into eight equal parts. Cristomo suggested drawing lots, Gabriel the cruz and cara method, and the difference of opinion threatened to develop into a tipsy quarrel.

The Captain, in order to settle the dispute, advised that it should be a matter of skill as they were all equally brave. The one who could throw the knife nearest to the ox of San Isidro should have applause. La Trinidad and the others objected to using the holy saint as a mark, but were argued down.

Although San Isidro might be speechless at the indignity, Juancho, who had heard all that had passed, violently objected to being made a target or to dying a martyr's death. The voluble *tropa* lined up unsteadily due to the amount of *anisado* they had imbibed, and Cristomo made ready for the first cast. At this moment Juancho, reverting to his native dialect, yelled "*Panginoon Dios. Ma-awa-saquin*" (Almighty Lord, have pity on me). In trying to extricate himself from the draperies, having vainly implored Divine aid, the entire altar with the saint itself gave way and fell with a magnificent clattering towards the circle of knife-throwers. This was too much even for the captain and he and La Trinidad were first at the door which proved itself too narrow for the hasty egress desired by the *tropa*, who precipitately fled, leaving San Isidro to the undisputed possession of the King's pesos.

Juancho extricated himself from the hangings and coming out, gloated over the opulence of the piles of silver. He had never seen so much wealth at one time, but he lost no time in availing himself of this opportunity. Yanking loose a piece of the drapery, he had hastily put the money inside and was stooping to tie the improvised sack into a knot, when he was aware of a pair of ragged hose and dusty shoes at his side, and looked up into the leering face of Gaspar, who had emerged in turn from the confessional.

Without losing his presence of mind he held out the three *tomines* to his pursuer as the price of his hat. Scornfully drawing himself up, Gaspar refused the sum he would have gladly accepted a few minutes before. "Halves or the police," he said, at the same time laying hold of the drapery with a cloak-snatcher clutch. Seeing he was in a tight place Juancho consented and they sat down and made the division this time into two equal parts. Again the accursed *tomines* were left over.

Juancho calmly proceeded to pocket these as an offset to the gift of some one thousand odd pesos he had made Gaspar, but the latter did not see the transaction in the same light at all. He desired the *tomines* for his hat in spite of all his sudden wealth. They were of course animated not by *anisado* but the one by avaricious greed, the other by righteous stubbornness. Words flew fast. Fearful of losing his dues the cloak-snatcher grasped Juancho by the arm, and he took hold of Gaspar by the hair. A vicious yank and the fight was on. In a twinkling they were a gyrating, cursing, fighting pair, yelling above the *melée* that each would take the *tomines* in spite of the other, followed by the most bloodcurdling oaths. Punches, jabs and kicks, wrestlings and the crash of church ornaments and the scattering of pesos under their feet filled the echoing chapel as if there were twenty people engaged instead of two.

Meanwhile Captain Pelayo and his *tropa*, tired of running, stopped to take breath. A discussion

of the mysterious affair, the speedy exit and the loss of the loot turned to dull rage at being cheated by a saint. They returned towards the chapel. As they approached their steps became slower and their courage less. At a safe distance they stopped and vainly tried to calm their wildly beating hearts. Nobody spoke, as they all appeared to be filled with a sudden respect for the miraculous, the superstitious complex in an age of miracles. La Trinidad, whose vinous breath and familiarity with holy places gave him a false courage, offered to reconnoitre the *visita*. Nobody disputed him or desired to take his place and with a bold resolution he disappeared in the direction of the chapel while the rest crouched in anxious silence.

In a few minutes he came galloping wildly towards them. Some prepared for flight, but seeing none pursued him they awaited his report. Pale and breathless, he was interrogated by the *tropa*. His story was to the point.

The *visita* was full of men or spirits engaged in a terrible struggle to divide the spoils. He was unable to get close but heard them yelling and fighting, and the clink of the money was plainly distinguished. Each was demanding his three *tomines* with oaths and groanings. It was enough for La Trinidad.

He did not care to interfere. Pelayo desired to know how many there were inside, but La Trinidad answered breathlessly, "How many? You can guess

how many when out of two thousand, four hundred and thirty-two pesos they are only getting three *tomines* apiece." The appalling news was too much for the superstitious troop, and the loud hoot of a *lechusa* in the bamboo was sign enough. They did not stand on the order of their going, but the clanking sword and flying spurs of the captain were in the lead. There is no use struggling with the saints.

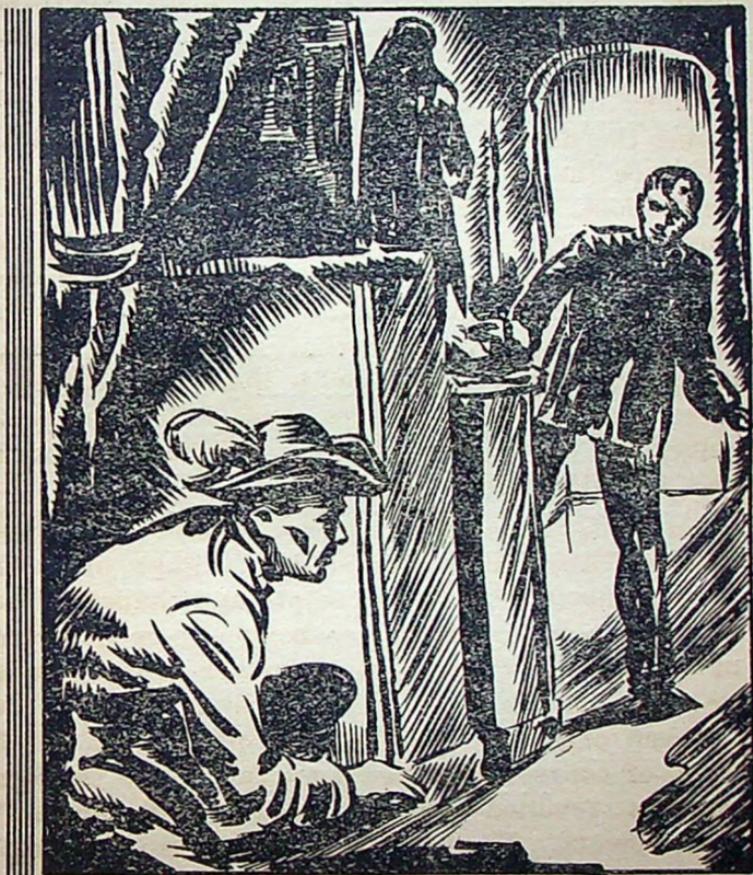
While the two worthies were shouting and pummeling each other, they were too busy to see that the chapel was full and they were completely surrounded by some forty *cuadrilleros* led by the two guards the troop of Pelayo had laid by the heels. Stung by the robbery, the latter, after loosening their bonds had retraced their steps with reinforcements, and were just about to give up when the noise and yelling from the chapel announced that something unusual was going on. The grizzled officer had the two belligerents separated and secured with ropes, gathered up all the money, including the despised *tomines*, and set out to deliver the sum safe into the hands of the Treasurer.

Behind in the dust plodded the two culprits, unaware of the enormity of their crime. Every time they stopped to curse each other a prod behind from a rusty bayonet informed them they were no longer free of action. In this wise they arrived at the gates of the prison and were afforded the luxury of separate cells, and minus both the hat and its value.

It was a most important capture and Manila was soon advised of it. Now the government of the Philippines even more than the governments of other places has a strong objection to seeing the taxpayers' money diverted from its proper destination, which meant and still means that the proper persons shall spend it on properly approved vouchers. The consequence was that Juancho and Gaspar, caught *in flagrante delicto*, were left to moulder in custody of the *corregidor* for some time. Came the day of the trial. In vain they tried to convince the judge that they had merely stumbled on the loot. The fight for the three *tomines* settled that. The ruffled tax official solemnly recognized them, or said he did, as the very highwaymen who had attacked the coach, and another witness swore on the Holy Evangelists that they were cloak-snatchers. They argued with their spiritual confessor that Providence helps those who help themselves but the friar was not at all impressed with this quotation from Holy Writ.

Captain Pelagio and the *tropa* kept a discreet silence. Any raids they might engage in later were going to be far from saints and chapels. The sentence given was that each should be deprived of the means of committing further crime and to lose the thumbs of their right hands, these to be stricken off by a blow from a mallet and chisel. This, of course, happened long before the thirteen colonies revolted against "cruel and unusual" punishments. The unlucky sequesterers were final-

ly released, each minus a thumb, and with a great bitterness in their hearts. Not only were they handicapped in appropriating the property of others, but each blamed the other for the loss of over a thousand pesos. Besides, Juancho still owed Gaspar the price of a hat.



A GALLANT COMEDY

THE reading of a thin, old book serves to contrast war of 40 years ago in the Far East and war in the same region today. You who shudder at the manner in which Japan possessed herself of Nanking or Suchow would smile at the manner in which America possessed herself of the Philippines in 1898—Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt's command of a few thousand volunteers and some regulars marched into Manila in parade formation.

Before Merritt marched he had a written pledge with the enemy that there would be no firing. Everyone kept the pledge who understood it. For the rest, there were some desultory shots here and there and one point was stormed—Fort St. Anthony of Abad, where powder was stored. Dewey's fleet in the bay merely stood ready; there were some Krupp batteries ashore; if they fired, Dewey would answer, but he begged the Spaniards not to fire, in order that civilians and their property might not suffer.

Equally concerned for the innocent, the Spaniards readily agreed not to emblazon the occasion with the heroics of big guns.

It seems that, practically, the leaders of both sides got together in the vestry of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul (and sometimes on Dewey's Olympia) and tallied up their respective forces. The side that perceived itself outbalanced conceded the field. Nor could this outcome have been changed by desperate fighting and the loss on either side of thousands of lives.

More quixotic and more gallant is the tale the little book relating to President Quezon tells. It is all about a siege in Quezon's native village of Baler maintained by Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo's adherents and sympathizers in the town against a Spanish garrison of 50 men with their complement of officers, who had barricaded themselves in the parish church.

Here you see war at its best. It is all 16th century stuff—casual yet persistent, reminiscent of the memoirs of French courtiers who played the war game with Charles I and Philip II "...the war this spring commenced late, owing to the bad weather, and it was necessary, too, to interrupt campaigns for the nuptials of the princess."

The kindly siege of the Spanish garrison at Baler began just two months after the Battle of Manila Bay. Filipinos of Baler tried to tell the Spanish soldiers in the garrison of the outcome of Dewey's engagement with their fleet, but the Spaniards would not listen; it was beyond belief that America had a fleet that could destroy their own. So,

since the Spaniards antagonized the Filipinos, even those who tried to counsel them, shots were exchanged, and the Spaniards had to bottle themselves up in the parish church along with the parish priest, a monk who brought along 70 "cavans" of unhulled rice—a good-keeping ration that was to last out a siege of nearly a year.

Since the Spaniards made a citadel of the church, the villagers threw up trenches around it for their part of the game.

These trenches were dug within 20 steps of the church, so that when the mutual firing grew tiresome the opposing forces could talk with one another. It was impolite, however, as the siege dragged on, for the Filipinos to make their wives stop washing the Spaniards' clothing; and after that, until they brought themselves to do their own washing, the besieged wore soiled uniforms and underwear and noted it as a hardship suffered from an uncivilized enemy.

As often as possible, under flag of truce the Filipinos would inform the Spaniards of the news of the day; how Manila had fallen, how Aguinaldo had set up a republic in which Spaniards, even some of these men's old-time superior officers, had joined him, and how it was useless to hold out. This, as chivalry seems to have required, would all be spurned; and even when Gen. De los Rios sent an order for the Spaniards to surrender, and even when the priest thought the document genuine enough to loan

money on—at canonical rates, no more—the garrison commander remained unyielding.

Rations spoiled during the rains, and until gardens ripened the garrison suffered considerably—a number of men died of beriberi. But when greens matured, though the villagers in the trenches were supposed to be unsleeping, a few sallies procured everything that the ration had lacked and ended the beriberi very soon.

Every day, the little book records, firing was unceasing: But mainly it was just firing, routine duty—hardly anybody on either side was wounded, and a serious wound was astounding. The villagers knew the use of dynamite well enough, but conscience forbade using it here.

One thing the Spaniards had plenty of was Mauser rifles and ammunition, and they had cannon, and, therefore, had plenty of powder with which they might have mined the villagers' trenches and made havoc of the soldiers in them—only it was another age than the present, and these things were not thought of. When the Spaniards worked their cannon, the villagers worked theirs; otherwise both sides were content with rifles. While the besiegers were working their cannon one day, in remonstrance against shots from the church, damp powder delayed the discharge of a shot, when it had been touched off, and the chief gunner, chagrined and curious, looked into the muzzle to see what could be the matter. He was just in time to

get his head blown off, a very discouraging incident. On the whole, the Filipinos were glad that the Spaniards used their cannon but little, and that they could abandon use of theirs. The reason the Spaniards were so considerate was that when they hoisted their piece to the window, for firing, it tended to kick back and endanger loyal lives, besides knocking down the opposite wall. In slings of Manila rope, it was more of a ram than a gun. But trying it seems to have satisfied some urge of martyrdom.

It appears from the little book that all religious holidays were observed by both belligerents.

So the amenities of this remarkable siege continued, until, to escape utter boredom, the garrison resolved to pick a good night for it and break for the forest. The northeast monsoon was blowing, a glorious season in Baler's Mountains, where hunting is excellent. But the villagers roused themselves, too, and got 18 of themselves killed in a frustrated attempt to storm the church. This, and the garrison's execution of two would-be deserters, all but spoiled an idyll of the camp. For it was not long until the garrison commander, receiving a bundle of Madrid newspapers, discovered that the patient villagers had been telling him the truth right along.

At first he swore the newspapers were imitations, cunningly made up by Aguinaldo in Manila, but then a few lines announcing the transfer of a brother lieutenant to Mallorca struck his eye—to

Mallorca! where the young officer's mother and sweetheart lived, where the garrison commander knew he had wanted to be transferred to duty, having been told so by the man himself. This Aguinaldo could not have known, so in truth the newspapers were from Madrid. (It had only cost the lives of 14 men for the commander to accept the fact that Spain had lost the Philippines.)

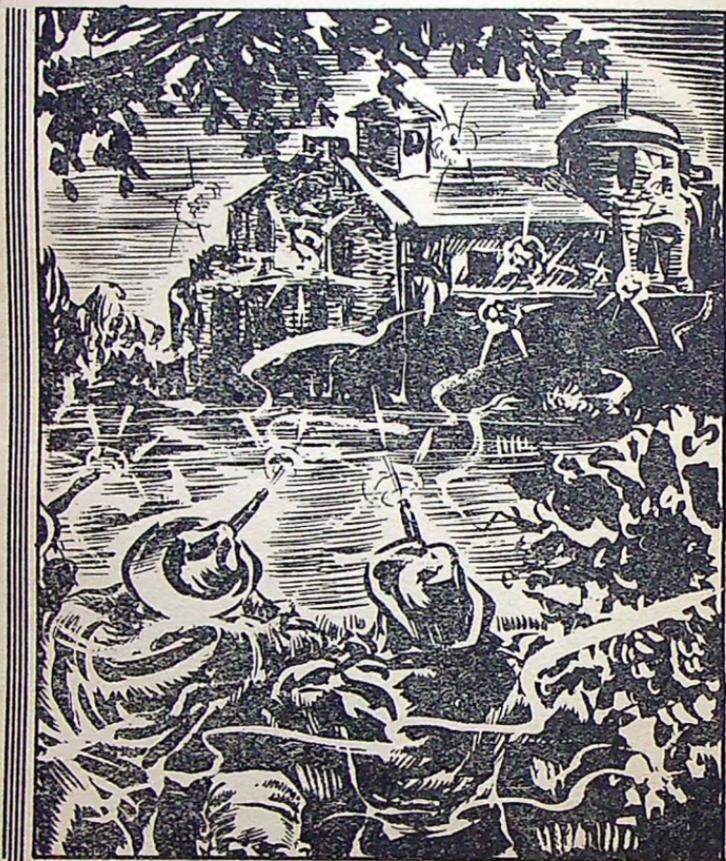
The garrison now said it would surrender, if certain terms were granted. Sure, said the villagers, and make your own terms—only no calumnies against us!

This being agreed, Aguinaldo sent special word to take the best of care of the men and to send them to Manila, with a guard to protect them, so they might go back to Spain. This was done.

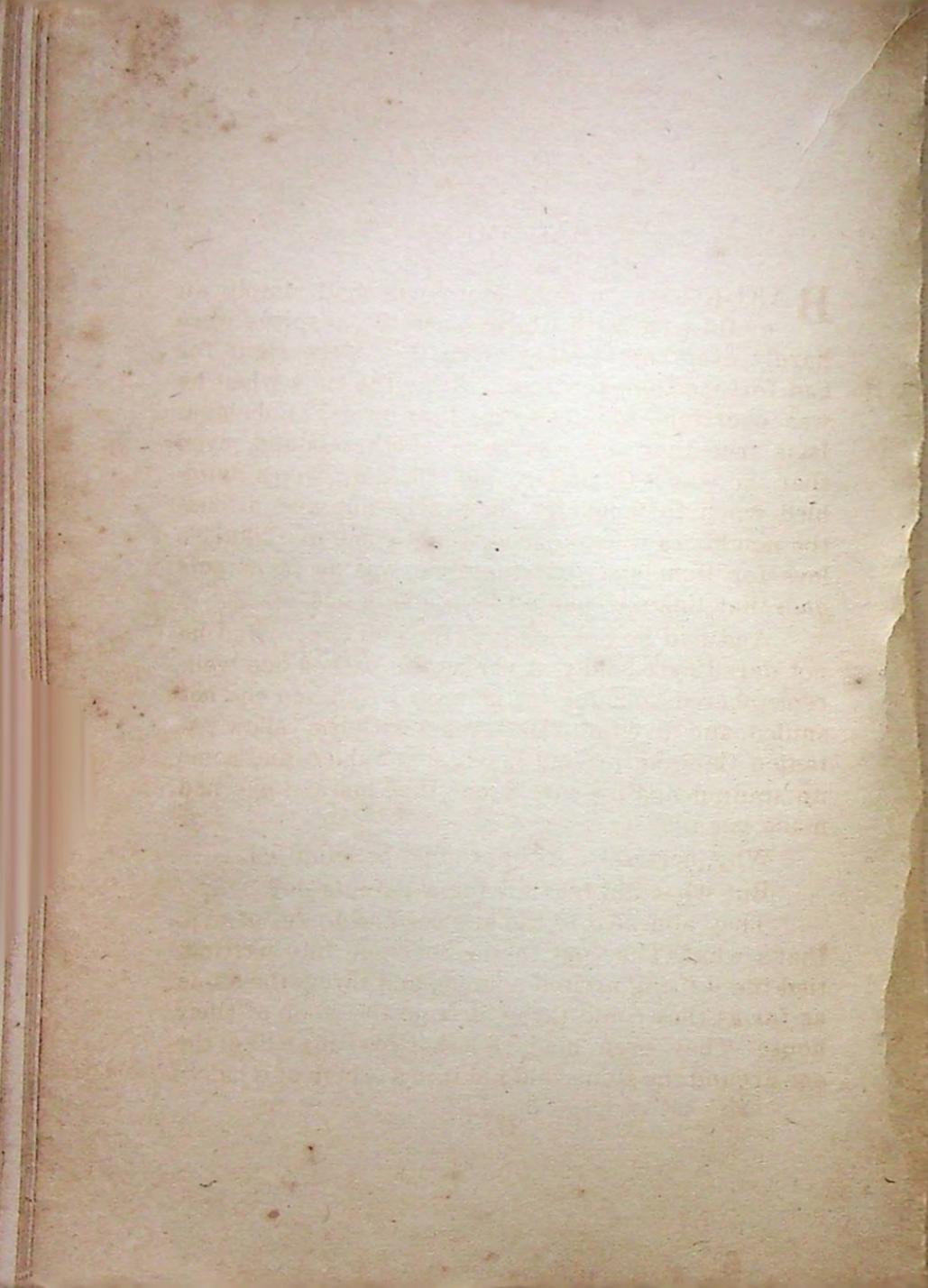
At Tarlak Aguinaldo gave them a reception, at Angeles Gen. Mascardo gave them another, the town's prettiest "dalagas" to dance with them. Aguinaldo crowned all this with a proclamation... "for the valor, constancy and heroism with which that handful of men... defended their flag for the space of a year... an epic... worthy the legendary valor of the Cid."

It had been a long and lonely vigil (always superfluous, lugubriously so after the first two months) and one of its hardships had been that the men wore out their pants and had to make new ones out of hospital linen.

Grateful Spain honored and pensioned all survivors,—for whom Manila raised a purse for spending money on the voyage homeward and whom the Americans had passed as admiringly and quickly through their lines as had Aguinaldo.



NONCHRISTIANS
AND
PAGANS



BAD OMENS

BAKUKO was a Sulu Moro who had simply an awful time with life because the auspices were hardly ever right: more often they were right for bad fortune than for good. Take the time when he was courting, for instance, that pretty Boholana. It is true that she was from another island, even that she was a Christian, and old Moro wives mumbled when they met to chew betel-nut and discuss the neighbors that no good would come of Bakuko's love for Boholana; but then she was so *je ne sais quoi* that Bakuko couldn't help loving her.

And had he not, for her, the evil eye? Had he not dared look boldly at her as she bathed one well-remembered morning in the river? And had she not smiled, and dived into the stream with the yellow patadion flapping around her lissom ankles, and come up smiling again—sure proof that his evil eye had made her his?

Why, certainly. All that must be admitted.

But what did her unwilling parents do?

They appealed to the aupices and forces of evil, that's what. They put their opposition into writing, tied the writing around a stone, and threw the stone as far as they could throw it from the stoop of their house. They even made another writing, like the one around the stone, and hid it in a crotch of a balete

tree. The natural result was that these writings freed Boholana from the spell of Bakuko's evil eye, she didn't love him any more.

But he was equal to this. He performed *palkasy* to win Boholana back again. He wrote favorite verses from the Koran, burned them and sprinkled the ashes in Boholana's rice pot, so they mingled with the rice she boiled and ate. And he got a lock of her hair, and recited verses over it, morning, noon, and night, always ending the holy incantation with the exclamation *palkasy, palkasy!* That should have been enough to bring her to him in spite of parental opposition. And it would have been, only the old woman sent to clip a lock of Boholana's hair had been afraid to go up into the house and snip it off, so she had brought back some carabao's hair instead—grossly and wickedly deceiving Bakuko. Therefore, when the *palkasy* worked, Boholana did not come stealthily tripping to Bakuko's house under the forest shade, but a carabao lumbered up and poked its ugly face through Bakuko's bedroom window!

Bakuko would have taken revenge for this, but the faithless auspices were not right. The old woman who brought him the hair lived a little way down the coast, and when Bakuko put out in his vinta to go there and thresh her within an inch of her miserable life, lo a half-rainbow, *bangao pokol*, shown athwart the prow, and the punitive expedition had forthwith to be abandoned. If it had been a whole rainbow, or if even the half-rainbow had been at the stern of the

vinta, this would have meant that Allah approved of a good whipping for deceitful crones, and Bakuko could have gone ahead. Now he had to turn back, because behind the menacing *bangao pokol* was storm enough to sink a dozen vintas.

They had even turned Allah against him, these evil auspices.

Anyway, from Boholana's parents he would have the dowry back. Since there would be no wedding, was he not justly entitled to the return of the dowry? They might keep the pair of goats and the sack of Saigon rice if they wanted them; he would be generous still on account of Boholana. But he should have back the fifteen silver pesos and the bolts of silk for bright new dresses. He certainly should, and he finally did even better, but he had a hard time doing it.

The way to Boholana's house led through the forest, but Bakuko was unafraid; he had his warrior's weapons with him, kris and kampilan; and he had *hadjumuts*, appropriate verses from the Koran, embroidered on his garments to secure him from ambush and other lurking dangers of the trail. He had *hadjimut hyrannabowat*, more precious verses, sown to a piece of cloth hung round his neck, so that if he had the luck to see Boholana, she would love him again and there might be a wedding after all. Finally, he had *hadjimut sulaeman*, a monitory verse from the Koran, under his tongue, so that in talking with Boholana's parents he would speak only the Koranic truth and his enthusiasm would not lead him into temptation.

He was, in short, all prepared to be delivered from evil; and so he began his journey.

But he had hardly got well into the forest when a gruesome old crow croaked ahead of him. It was the auspices again, Bakuko simply had to turn back for that day, which he spent reading the Koran. But next day he essayed the journey again, and had hardly got to where the crow had turned him back the first day, when a snake rustled out of the undergrowth and wriggled across his path. But, though a worse omen than the croaking crow, Bakuko would have gone on in defiance of the snake if a deer had not now scampered across the path in the opposite direction. The path being thus crisscrossed with evil auspices, again Bakuko turned back. He could confront man, but this obviously supernatural power was too much for him.

He waited a few days, started again, and had better luck at last. Along his path the gay kingfisher called, and presently a wild sow and her litter squealed and grunted by. These were the best of auspices. Arrived at Boholana's house, Bakuko had but to mention the sow and pigs to make the old folks understand that this time he meant business; and so, as they wished to keep the silver pesos and didn't really mind seeing their daughter decked out in bright Moro silks, they readily consented to the ceremony, and even agreed that it might be a Mohammedan one.

Bakuko was much pleased, even the *hadji hyran-nabowat* had worked and Boholana again loved him

dearly. The chattering old women of the tribe were confounded, their predictions of no good coming of his affair with the pretty Christian were all wrong, all *buisit!*

Of course the old women wouldn't give in, but what cared Bakuko? Nothing until.

As he was sleeping contentedly by Boholana on their *matrimonio* sleeping mat one night, something awoke Bakuko at a most unfortunate moment. Boholana's pretty head had left her body, and was floating around the room. Bakuko, transfixed with horror, watched the spectral head until, after an excursion into the moonlight beyond the window, though the window was tight shut, it came back and settled on Boholana's shoulders again. It all seemed very unreal and impossible, but presently Boholana was faintly snoring: Bakuko had certainly seen the head *away* from the body, and now it was certainly on the body again.

There could be no doubt, or hope—not any more. Boholana, sweet and pretty as she was, and apparently gentle docility itself, was nevertheless a *bababula*, the most malevolent kind of witches in all Sulu, witches who feast only upon human vitals and count babies their daintiest morsels. Well, much as he loved her, there would now be one less witch. Bakuko steeled himself to Spartan action. When Boholana's head went marauding in the little neighborhood again, he filled her neck up with sea shells so that the head couldn't reattach itself to the body. That did for poor Boholana, and Bakuko buried

her with brief lamentation. But he, too, was through with life. He girded himself with rattan thongs, twisted them tighter and tighter, getting a maddening high blood pressure by this means, while he appealed to Allah and swore himself by Islamic oaths to sell his life in the annihilation of Christians. To make the auspices right, now that he was a *juramentado*, he acquired a *manik soliman*, making him invulnerable to bullets and bayonets. He was by way of becoming the leader of a notorious band of Sulu *juramentados* against the Americanos; except that in the first encounter the *manik soliman* and his faith in it made him take an exposed position and dare the soldiers in khaki to do their worst, whereupon a sharpshooter simply took one shot and finished Bakuko off forever, relieving him from any further anxiety about the auspices, which had always given him a bad break.

But Allah no doubt gave Bakuko his reward. So it is written in the Koran.

The above story embraces the principal Sulu superstitions.

PEARLING IN SULU

SULU is peculiar. Its pearls are no exception. They are, the rarest of them, prized above all other gems by the connoisseurs in Paris, London and New York. Yet the business of taking them is incidental to the very ordinary business of garnering plain sea shells; and the taking of a pearl is simply a lucky strike only occasionally expected or realized, save of course that small and irregularly shaped ones, the common run, are taken frequently.

This pearling industry of Sulu is very old. There can be no doubt that many of the gems that made India famous really were bred in Sulu waters and merely went from India to medieval Europe as merchandise of the caravans. India then had the name of turning even grass into gold: that is, she enjoyed a monopoly of the sugar industry. She was paramount in the trade of the orient.

But about these pearls. The pearling banks are everywhere in the Sulu seas, near coral reefs and where currents are strong. The pearl bearing oysters cling to the coral; they are not found on sandy bottom. The divers are Moros, but their chief employers now are Japanese, who within a few years have made themselves masters of the pearl fishing industry. The pearling crafts are Moro boats of the Vinta type, but quite large, of

30 to 50 tons capacity; and sometimes they are larger. They coast along the banks, in waters not more than 20 fathoms in depth. They plumb the bottom by covering the plumb with a heavy coating of soap. If sand is brought up, no fishing is done. If the impressions show coral banks, then the diving begins. These Moro divers are the most expert in the world and can remain under water, without any equipment whatever, an incredibly long time. They fetch up the shell, various sorts for the making of "pearl" buttons. Here and there they find a cache of oysters, and fetch them up quickly.

There may be pearls, some of great price. The oysters are opened on deck under the eye of the master of the craft.

Naturally the gems are built up in layers. In the rough they are not the lustrous jewels that women sell their souls for. Only the expert knows their value. Back in old Jolo or in Zamboanga the rough pearls fall first into the hands of Chinese dealers unless a great pearl buyer happens to be making one of his occasional visits to the primary markets, in which case he may deal with the fishermen on the beach before the dealer has had his chance to cop the business.

When the pearls reach the experts they are peeled layer by layer down to the real gem. The experts are ever on search for new pearls to match old ones. They may be making up a rope of gems for a great Paris jeweler; they may be seeking a pair of ear-

rings, or just one lovely pearl of extraordinary size, symmetry and lustre—the three qualities that determine the true value of pearls. Anyway, they are always seeking what is hardest to find, the choicest gems of the ocean beds. The point is, they are in such close contact with the big pearl merchants of the money capitals of the world. There the jewelers have orders partly made up, of pearls the description of which all the experts know by memory. It is the rare pearls that will complete these orders, and the ones so large and precious as to be priceless in themselves, that fetch the big money in Jolo and Zamboanga.

A few years ago some Moro pearl divers brought a fine pearl to Zamboanga. It was in the shape of a droplet, would complete a rare pendant. It brought them 12,000 pesos, and within 36 hours, the description having been cabled to Paris, the expert had 37,000 pesos for it! After that, of course, the price went up and up. In time this pearl will be a crown jewel, perhaps; or, if there are to be few more crowns, then the lady of a merchant prince of the people will wear it to the opera.

The Kornitzer brothers were for many years the leading experts at the primary markets, buying the rarest of Sulu pearls. They formerly had an office in Manila. Several times a year one of them went to Jolo and Zamboanga to buy the choicest of all the dealers had gathered from the divers and pearling-boat owners. The jewelers in Paris, London and New York did not hesitate to buy pearls

"sight unseen" from primary buyers enjoying a reputation in the trade. The descriptions are cabled, perhaps with an assurance that the pearl in question will complete perfectly this or that order, and then the offers pour back over the wires. Thus Tiffany deals, thus deal the merchants of the Strand. They pay fortunes for single pearls that they have never seen, knowing the owner in the Philippines has sent them a faithful description.*

Greater depths can be reached by divers equipped with modern diving suits, and these are to be found in the Sulu waters on some of the more pretentious pearling ships; but the prevailing method is that of the naked Moro diver.

So it was back in the centuries when the Indian Ocean was a Chinese lake, and sails of Chinese junks dotted the sealanes from Manila to Suez. Then the junks came regularly to trade at Jolo and Zamboanga and garner the cream of the pearl fishing industry. The masters paid 700 to 800 *ting* for choice pearls, some a full inch in diameter. They did not pay cash, but gave beads, cotton cloth (from India, of course), "trade" silver, iron and the like; also pottery including burial jars. They sent the pearls to Europe by way of the Red Sea and caravans, and, Sulu traditions think, their profits were enormous.

*That is to say, so they did with the brothers Kornitzer, in whose curious little office in Manila's Lacke & Davis building, 15 years back, the notes for this chapter were set down.

WOMEN OF THE APAYAOS

SOCIAL and family laws of the savage Apayao tribe of the Philippine mountains have completely solved the woman problem by considering woman two distinct beings, a beast and a spirit. As a mere animal she is sold like any other inferior creature or chattel may be, but her spiritual independence she retains even after marriage. The sale of her body is taken charge of by her male relatives. Lacking these intermediaries, however, as when she is an orphan without male kin, she frequently sells herself and keeps the price she brings as a part of the inheritance of her future children.

There are some 25,000 of the Apayaos, living in the subprovince of Apayao and in neighboring mountain regions. They know no pottery or weaving; they practice dry agriculture and are a war-like people whose weapons are the headaxe, the shield, the bow and arrow and carved war clubs. They tattoo the body and are highly esthetic in temperament, according to an account by Dr. H. Otley Beyer, head of the department of anthropology of the University of the Philippines, who has made a close study of Apayao customs.

When Apayao girls reach the marriage age, at 14 or 15 years, they are for sale to the highest bidder and may fetch as much as P2,000. The purchase having been arranged with some ambitious young buck of the tribe, the girl becomes his sole wife and one of his slaves. He values her for the promise she gives of developing into a good creature for work in both house and field. She goes to his home, to preside over its domestic affairs, taking with her the whole of her share of her parents' estate. This becomes the nucleus of the estate of her children. What she brought in the marriage market is divided equally among her immediate male relatives. It is not the price they had for her; it is the price of her body only—of herself as a physical being, in other words, a beast.

Her honeymoon is short and passionate. It is truly a honey-moon, lasting precisely one lunar month. At the end of it her husband cuts off her hair and makes of it a wig for himself—one of three handsome ones with which he makes his own coiffure daily: spending several hours in the process, oiling and combing the wigs before his mirror and weaving them securely about a brightly fringed turban. He goes in for curls and puffs, he is effeminate and a very cruel and merciless warrior.

That wife is accounted excellent whose hair grows profusely and shortly provides her husband his necessary three thick switches to add to his own long tresses.

When he has made himself as handsome as artifice and nature permit, he sets out on a journey, taking with him as traveling companion the prettiest Apayao virgin he can induce to go along. At noon and at night the vagrant couple eat and rest in the homes of other Apayao bucks who are away on journeys of the same sort. The slave wives provide all necessary hospitality, which must be furnished without cost and which may never be denied to visitors. Thus the Apayao men have a gay time. The number of their comely young companions is limited only by their appetite and their fortune, and these arrant creatures are as welcome in their own homes as in those of other tribesmen. Jealousy is not aroused, there being no spiritual union between husband and wife, and the wife slaves as hard to provide meals for the husband's companions of his frequent travels as to provide for the husband himself.

But the advantage is not all with the pretty travelers. Here is where the spiritual part comes into the law. If children are born of their peccadillos, they inherit nothing and the father has no responsibility toward them. They have only the hospitality accorded any stranger. When these women become mothers they naturally lose favor as the men's companions. Platonic regard does not go that far, and it looks too queer for a man to be traveling about with a sweet friend of the other sex who must divide her attention between

him and one or more children—not easily carried over the mountain trails.

Apayao law makes the woman pay for her follies, by which she forfeits her chance to be sold into physical wifehood that keeps her soul inviolate and secures the heritage of her children. True, she may go laughing away on a romantic journey with a gay young blade married hardly a year, while the wife goes drudging to the fields where women and children do all but the very heaviest work. But there is a day of retribution, which is the day of the soul's triumph over the things of the flesh.

Not one jot of the Apayao wife's property is shared with her husband, whose union with her, while it may give him personal ease and satisfaction, is for her only something done and endured for the sake of the tribe; more closely, for the sake of the village; and still more closely, for the sake of her children, to whom all that she has finally goes. Tribal and even family ties are not highly regarded among Apayaos as a people, but mothers there are identical with mothers the world over.

The husband may not touch the least of the Apayao wife's property to call it his. An American traveler once purchased a hunting knife from an Apayao for ten centavos, wanting it for a collection. Almost immediately he heard quarreling in the rear of the house, and soon the man, much crestfallen, came back and offered him constantly mounting sums, even up to five pesos, for the re-

turn of the knife. Finally it was learned that the knife was his wife's, not his, and the chief had fined him five pesos for selling it. The American gave him back the knife; he gave it back to his wife with humble apologies and promises of no further infringement of her prerogatives; and then she herself sold the knife back to the visitor for ten centavos.

She had taught her husband his lesson, that was the satisfaction she sought in sticking for the law.

Apayao bucks affect in the presence of visitors a great disdain of their wives. All their houses have stoops, where it is pleasant to rest. Here the visitor is taken, and here he talks with his host while the women fetch and carry at the latter's gruff command. When they approach the visitor they must avert their eyes. They can never utter a word or make the least sign even in reply to questions addressed to them in their own language. But all this is a cloak of formalism for manners' sake. As a matter of fact, when visitors are not around, the Apayao husband takes rather a back seat; he shares the cool and shaded stoop with his wife and as many of her gossiping neighbors as may wish to drop in to chat with her. The woman of the Apayao tribe dwells in two realms, the menial physical one which custom creates for her and the aloof and spiritual one she creates for herself. She accepts the drudgery of the one for the sake of her children, that none of her daughters may be tempted by hardships to go on jocund road

trips, catering in a mad way to the impulse of their bodies but quite ruining their souls. Even Apayao women therefore recognize their dual nature as very high and very low creatures—taken by and large. When their honeymoon is over they stoically strip themselves of every ornament and give all these to their husbands along with the abundant black tresses he shears from their bowed head to make his wigs. The sheared spouse arises, chastened of all vanity, to go her different way spiritually until time ends; and during this long period she values only that which is the soul's; only once or twice, on festal occasions of the tribe, does she ever again resort to ornament or artifice making her physically attractive, and these occasions are the compunctions of custom, not of her own desire.

One of the most diverting trips to be taken in the Philippines is that which takes the traveler through the mountain tribe region of northern Luzon, and starting at Baguio. Winter is the season of the year in which to undertake it. Trails, bridle paths and frequent resthouses minimize discomforts; the roughing is never too much and the noble scenes and curious studies of the people and their customs are true rewards of the journey.

THROWBACK TO A GOLDEN AGE

FROM the viewpoint of the anthropologist, the little Negritos of our Philippine mountains are one of the world's most important peoples. Some of the rationalists of England are saying that they probably date from the fabled *golden age* in the history of mankind. A few are prepared to take this age out of the realm of fable and proclaim that it really did exist, prior to the advent of agriculture, the evolution of laws respecting property in land, and the ensuing struggle for the possession of land.

When the agricultural period came, society fell apart into classes which in time hardened into castes or estates. When some chap had successfully led his companion yokels in the defense of their boundaries, the attacks of the neighboring tribe had been so persistent that the campaign was prolonged and a degree of professional skill developed among some of the defenders, while a just pride of leadership shaped the ambition of the leader; and thereafter he continued to lead, which was easier than returning to the mattock, and he kept around him a retinue of his armed men and established the first standing army. That's two estates already, and a third, the disbanded yokels returned to the land. The priestcraft would then

be needed to teach social order and contentment, read the auspices and evolve moral regulations, and out of the necessity for them they would come. In their most primitive character we still observe them in many tribes of the Philippines; they are the elders who exorcise evil spirits and placate the wrath of heaven or command its mercy through their savage incantations and ritual sacrifices.

But to their belligerent world the Negrito has not moved on; instead, he has moved to the mountains. When he came to the Philippines he was a lowlander. He knew nothing about navigation, however; he came here long ago by way of the land bridges then existing: After him came the Indonesians, who were warlike and had gods and priests and notions of property; so the newcomers drove the Negrito into the highlands.

Just as he left the lowlands, the Negrito is found in the highlands today. If he has a spear, it is a borrowed one, for his native weapons are the bow and arrow. He respects property in chattels, he does not steal his brother's bow; but he has no fixed abode and resorts but little to the sown field. He has never made a boat, never learned even to swim, and will go around the headwaters of a shallow stream rather than wade across it. He barter for rice, salt and flamboyant muslins, exchanging for them wax, honey and resins, rattans and similar products of the mountain forests. His alleged depredations upon lowland settlements are of an extremely dubious character, more probably

they are reprisals undertaken to return to his family members who have been stolen or enticed away.

He is not aggressive, has no thought of wars of conquest, and only desires to be let alone in his habitat, where he has learned to keep his wants simple and to supply them from the marts of nature. The social unit among Negritos is the family, there is no tribal organization strictly speaking; but elders enjoy the respect and obedience of the young because they are wise in the lore of nature. Negritos are monogamous, the wife quite on a level with the husband.

Marital constancy prevails, and marriages are of course natural romantic affairs with the broader laws of consanguinity observed. If the sanctity of a Negrito's home has been violated, the wronged husband takes one bow shot at the offender. True, it is usually curtains for the offender, but if it does not prove fatal no further revenge is sought and the man with the unfortunate aim moves away to leave the adulterers in peace. There is no feud, no further aftermath. The avenging arrow is never poisoned; but the Negrito knows how to poison his arrow points, and resorts to such arrows to bring down the fleeing deer which would otherwise escape him. The dog is his only domestic animal, which he uses in the chase. He is fond of fish, which he shoots from the stream bank, accurately calculating the deflection of light in the water. His bow is made of *palma brava*. Very strong men have been astonished at their inability

to flex a bow which the Negrito flexes with apparent ease.

According to researches recently made by Belgian priests endeavoring to establish missions among the Negritos, these people are free from the benighted superstitions afflicting other primitives of the Philippines. To the Negrito the thunder's roll and the lightning's flash are but natural phenomena, as are the coming and going of life among mankind and animals, as well as plants. In other words, the Negrito has no conception of ghosts and resorts to no gods, good or evil. He propitiates no spirits of any kind; he does not say that his god is a jealous god who will have no other gods before him, for that kind of faith would at once take him out of character, convert him into an aggressor and make him a conqueror; and the resulting conflicts would summarily destroy him. But he has no chronicles, even his spoken vocabulary is extremely stunted, and therefore it isn't known definitely whether he brought a god to the mountains with him or no. It is probable that he didn't; if he did, he abandoned him as excess baggage.

"What becomes of the good man when he dies?"
was asked of an old Negrito.

"He is buried."

"What becomes of the bad man?"

"He too is buried."

But it was hard for the Negrito to comprehend what was meant by *good* and *bad*; he had no criterion by which to judge, having no *estates*, all men

were alike, with the same duties, and it was unheard-of that they should filch each other's bows and arrows or plunder one another's game. In other words, the Negrito still remains on the thither side of agriculture, to say nothing of the industrial age. Negritos wander, seeking game and forest products. Making camp, they build a fire and bed down in the ashes; they also build simple shelters of sticks and grasses. Children are nude, elders wear breechclouts. It is a proof of the Negrito's freedom from superstition to say that his clouts, when he has not traded for them in the lowlands, are contrived from the bark of the *balete* tree, which he knows how to cure and make soft and pliable. The *balete* is well known to be an object of terror to other peoples, it begins as a vine and ends by choking out the parent tree and forming a repelling and grotesque object in nature. In the minds of the Negrito's neighbors it is the abode of malevolent spooks who must be propitiated before you dare pass it on the lonesome trail, but to the Negrito it is only the source of his apparel, and he hacks off large segments of its bark without once saying *by your leave*. So far, then, is he back in the long and turbid history of mankind that he is born to live his cycle and pass into the shallow graves he makes for his dead without a question as to what it is all about and without the slightest misgiving. He feasts when game is plenty, and famishes when it is scarce; but he asks no

god to supply it, and feels his native ingenuity sufficient to cope with the exigencies of nature.

Is he a survival from the *golden age*? Did such an age exist? Scientists must wrestle it out, at present the question divides them. Whatever the outcome, the fact remains that the Philippines today are an immense laboratory for the anthropologist, equipped with living specimens in plentiful numbers, and every age of the world may be studied in the most accurate detail. But as roads invade the natural isolation of the many tribes and peoples, the circumstances surrounding their lives will tend to be modified by intercommunication, and the time therefore to make the study is the present.



MANDAYAS ON THE MAYO

SO many peoples in primitive, fertile Mindanao, so many folk stories! Rivers and mountain ranges form natural barriers between the peoples, numbering about twenty tribes. The aggressive Moros command the coasts, the farther into the hills man goes the more timid the people are; in the deepest recesses of the primeval forest, sometimes building their little dwellings high in the trees so as to be more secure from marauding enemies, they are making their last stand. Wandering, they do the forest no good. Here they burn a clearing one year, and there the next; and having sown and reaped they travel on, leaving the charred clearings to be claimed by the jungle instead of the sheltering forests that protect the watersheds in nature.

But poor people have poor ways, and the lore of even the naked nomads of Mindanao indicates a nobler past—a past far back, almost lost, only traditional.

One of the primitive peoples of Mindanao is the Mandayas, on the banks of Mayo river. Like the others, their lives are governed by omens; to the most casual incidents they ascribe supernatural importance. The dove is a bird of omen to the

Mandaya, just as it was to the Hebrew in Noah's day. Its coo is ominous, sometimes foretelling good fortune, sometimes evil. The dove is likewise associated in Mandayan lore with man's beginning on earth.

The dove called *limokon* laid two eggs, one at the mouth of the Mayo and one upstream; and these eggs, conjured by the Great Spirit, hatched man and woman, the one at the coast brought forth man and the one upstream brought forth woman, and man and woman were very lonely forlorn creatures.

The woman bathed in the Mayo. Its crystal surface was a mirror to her, and there she combed and braided her hair. Loose strands of hair floated downstream, and man discovered them. Surmising that someone must be living upstream, he got into his dugout and paddled up the Mayo on a voyage of adventure. It was a most successful adventure, for he kept on rowing until he found woman; and he courted her, and she was willing, and they married. From their union came many children, the forbears of the Mandayas.

With similar imagination the Mandayas explain the starry heavens. Sun and moon being married, were not happy because the sun is hot-tempered and quarrelsome. They are divine, their quarrel is eternal; the sun is always chasing the lovely moon,

sometimes almost catching her. At other times he tempts celestial demons to seize her; they approach so near sometimes that their baleful shadow darkens her golden face, and then the Mandayas sally forth and beat their tomtoms and shout and cast their weapons at the sky until the demon is driven away from the moon—or until, in other words, the eclipse passes.

The first child of this unhappy union of the sun and moon was a gigantic male star. In a fit of rage one day his father, the sun, chastised him; indeed the fiery sun seized the star and cut it into many golden pieces which he scattered about the vacant heavens, where they became the firmament.



JURAMENTADOS

DOWN in the Tawi-Tawi islands where the tea and spice ships pass, on the island of Mantabuan live some thousand sea-loving Mohammedans among whom law is primitive, passion elemental, and the rule of a life for a life is as strong as it was in old Bible times. Weapons, too, have not changed; they are the sword, called a barong, and the spear or javelin. Nine lives were recently taken in Mantabuan. It was open battle, spear and barong against army rifle and riot gun. Honors were equal. The motive, of course, was the love of woman.

The Mohammedans dead are Amil Hasan, his father Milaham, their friend Jaharat, and two bystanders wounded accidentally. Christians dead are three constabulary soldiers and a school teacher, neighbor and friend of Amil Hasan. Hasan killed him. But Hasan hadn't intended to kill him, at least he had not long intended. Hasan was distraught. If there was fault, it was his Father's.

Though he would never blame his father, in the East every father is blameless however black his sins; and Hasan's father's sins were black as night.

Like all Mantabuan, Hasan fished for his living—fished with a spear. On shore, he could grow some cassava and a little corn; in the woods he could spear wild deer, and he could spear wild boar too, to sell to

the unbelieving Chinese and Christian Filipinos base enough to eat pork. So Hasan managed well enough and it came on time for him to marry. He had even chosen his bride, and had got the bride price together: money, 10 dollars; cloth, calico prints, 2 bolts—and that was the bride price and a very good one, for Hasan's fiancée was pretty.

Hasan had worked for years for such a bride price. Expert with spear he was, but many times game eluded him. His prowess as hunter and fisherman was unsurpassed, but there is always bad luck. And sometimes when he came back from the sea with his vinta loaded down with fish, not a dog of a Chinese at the market would buy; and instead of having perhaps a half-dollar more for the bride price, Hasan would have to throw the fish away. Then he would try again. When luck favored him he and his sweetheart were happy. She was 13 years old and in the Christian school, but when they should marry she would black her teeth and leave her hair undressed—she would be a dutiful wife and never study again.

That would be soon, no more than 3 moons.

Hasan entrusted the bride price to his father, Milaham. This was error. Father Milaham gambled the bride price away. He was thus guilty of killing his son spiritually; and that is what the neighbors said, that Hasan, who could not marry now, was dead—look out for him! Young love was still his, but pride stood in the way: the girl, for pride's sake, would not marry except she was bought at the high price of 10 dollars gold and 2 bolts of calico print.

It was beyond Hasan to raise such a sum again, youth would have passed ere he got it. So he resolved upon death—so the neighbors spoke of him as the young dead man—and the headman warned all the Christians to beware.

Hasan's friend the Christian school teacher was warned among the rest. Hasan went to his school house, and the teacher didn't know it was death that Hasan brought, because the headman had only said it was a young man who had died spiritually—he hadn't given Hasan's name.

Hasan greeted the teacher.

"What are you doing, friend?"

"Oh, it's you, Hasan. Come in. I was just fixing the door so I might lock it from the inside. The headman says . . ."

A swift stroke of the barong, and the teacher's head was all but cut clean of the body; but as he fell, Hasan struck again, to the abdomen. Hasan was now an outlaw, spiritually dead and nearer physical death. He left the schoolhouse and lurked along the shore outside the village. His father joined him here, shame of his theft of the bride price had killed his spirit, too.

Then the third man came, Jaharat. He too would die. He had earned the bride price, had given it, and had married. But he had married against his parents' will; his marriage had, of course, been accursed, and his bride had died in childbirth. Kismet. Death let it be.

All three men had their spears and barongs.

They would all have taken the death oath, on the koran, to die in the killing of unbelievers, but no imam would administer the oath to them because doing so is forbidden by the Christian law of the Philippines under which the Mohammedans have to live. But they made a ceremony of their own, they swore each other by the koran, and they dressed all in white, as the regularly sworn-man does: breeches, jacket, girdle. And they girded themselves, thighs, arms, groins. Most cruelly they girded their groins, to minimize the pain of a sudden wound, so that should a bullet strike them they would feel no shock but would run on forward without dropping their weapons or losing aim.

That is what the girding is for. To the same purpose, the supplementary girding of arms and thighs was helpful.

Then, according to code, they sent the challenge to the constabulary in the village.

"Make ready!" they warned. "Ready, Christians! We three Mohammedans are coming. It will be life for life!"

True to their word, they attacked at noon. The constabulary eight men, with the firearms already described, drew up in readiness on the beach, and the *juramentados*, the sworn-men, attacked from the brush forty paces away.

"Allah! Allah!"

Yes, that cry today, yonder in the southern Philippines—yonder on the beach of Mantabuan.

In perfect form for the javelin thrower, Amil Ha-

san came first; spear at balance, aloft, aimed well, his body sidewise, his pace full speed. He launched the spear, a soldier fell.

"Allah! Allah!"

At the heels of Hasan came Milaham and Jaharat.

Meantime the guns were plying them with lead; the six rifles—no, now but five, one soldier is dead from Hasan's spear—and the two riot guns. All happens in the space of seconds, much less time than it takes to tell of it. Having thrown their spears, the sworn-men now wield their barongs. They still have to take two Christian lives. But can they, against the close-range firing? They do, and die on the bodies of their victims. Jaharat is shot through the mouth, the bullet comes out at the back of his head. But he is girded, and well; with that mortal wound he runs on, charges that breaking line of constabulary men, cuts down his man with his barong, and fights on—until a gun shot in the abdomen knocks him dead.

Old Milaham, who knows himself too mean to live—he, a father, who gambled away the bride price his son gave him in trust—gunshots mangle his legs so that they twist under him, he can't even shamble forward. But he crawls, and he reaches the line—he strikes! This dying stroke alone fails of its mark. But if Milaham takes no Christian life, has not his son taken two? It is life for life. When it was over, the village was glad. It was just something that had to be, events falling out as they did, and the preparations were above-board and the challenge ethical.

But while everyone knew it must happen, naturally there had been anxiety over just how it would come about. It was the law of Mantabuan, accented first syllable, "a" as in "ah". Two onlooking Mohammedans wounded, died later at the hospital. Not a part of the count, they offset the Christian teacher.

*In the Sulu jungle, agongs beating; bronze repeating bass reverberations, wild concatenations hurrying the heart along in throbs of song brutal as blood: or tides at flood, agongs... agongs... agongs. Lower beats, and higher; farther echoes, nigher — there were no Grecian lyre to move the soul like this. For one sole kiss, one instant's breath near a loved form, thunder and storm—bolting, instant death. There were no poet's lute or fond-reputed harps as eloquent as agongs beating wordless songs where Jolo's mountains hear and Sulu's seas are near, and every hour in the arc of heaven marks the dread price for love that's given.

The silken sarong, the vengeful barong; the stolen kiss, the lunging kris.

*What follows was prompted by Miss Theresa Arzaga's interpretation of the Sulu Love Dance on the moonlit roof of our home in Manila one evening, for Jim Marshall of *Collier's*, and Mrs. Marshall. Miss Arzaga had one of the young men from the University of the Philippines, where she had developed her folk dancing, beat our dinner gong in lieu of an agong, and he did it so well it left nothing pagan to be desired. I have seen two dancers in the flesh, Pavlova on two occasions when she visited Manila, and Arzaga, who found no stage for her art and abandoned it for marriage years ago.

While still at the step where the world that pays for art might have seized her, Arzaga wrote me: "Your lines are beautiful...they have an undercurrent of simmering intensity. I am glad of this because I believe that my dance, although the expression of what we 'civilized' people would call savage love, is quite guarded and restrained—the movements suggest the passion of the primitive." So passed an evening episode, and youthful genius into the anonymity of housewifery. The Philippines are middleclass *cap à pie*. But they may get over it pretty soon.

To the beating agongs, young feet dancing, dark eyes glancing, challenging gestures, and lissom postures, to the agong's beat, of winsome feet among the bamboo shadows in pagan meadows — a wild breeze among tall lonely trees scattered where time has battered the mountains' breasts and loamed their crests.... Torn leaves falling round young men sprawling in the bare space where nude feet race—to the agong's beat, no more!—chanting love's lore without a spoken word, in cadences more precious than if heard. Thrum, thrum! Bass agongs in lustful songs, and up the throbbing scale, heart-breaking wail. In richer toned abyss, a virgin's kiss. Surrender! There in the wild air, surrender swift, complete. The agongs silent, the dancer prone, the pale moon silver, brooding, lone.



THE MAMBUNUNG

LITTLE known, and that with small respect, since they are a pagan folk, the best agriculturists in the Philippines are the Igorots of Mountain province; and experts in the art and science of farming often have not been content to pronounce these hardy mountaineers the best farmers in the Philippines but have declared them to be the best in the world. For they have converted sterile mountains into the most fertile fields, first terracing the slopes with walls and then building up the fields with loam from the valleys. They have perfected the art of making compost out of every superfluous straw, so that all but the very grain itself goes back into the soil. Finally, aside from seed selection, which they know well, they have devised for their terraced fields a most ingenious and fully adequate system of artificial irrigation and drainage.

All their farming is done by hand, women working with the men and a natural division of labor being practiced. The men build and repair the walls and tend the ditches, the women plant and tend the fields, and all, men, women and children, busy themselves with the harvesting.

These stocky Igorots have a religion strikingly like that of the North American Indian. Evil spirits are propitiated, good ones supplicated. There

is special reliance upon Kabunian, the Great Spirit. Before the yellow grain is cut, an old medicine man blesses the fields.

"You, O Kabigat and Bugan!
 You, O Kabigat!" so prayed he,
 "Living in the sky, your dwelling—
 You who feed us all, and give us
 Rice and *abba* in abundance,
 All we need for our existence.
 "You, O Kabigat and Bugan!
 Bless the cutting, bless the harvest!

"You are He who in your goodness
 Long ago has made these paddies;
 You have plowed them, you have worked them!
 Bless them then, O bless the rice fields,
 Planted here in endless paddies,
Sai gwara kai-ñgad-ñgadanyo—
 So that we your name may honor!

"You, O Thunder, mighty Speaker!
 From your heights above, don't harm us:
 Don't lay waste our burthened rice fields!
 —Iango! Here is good tapoei!
 —Iango! Here's rice wine to please you!
 Come, and let us drink together!
 Come, protect us! Come and give us
 Long and happy lives, and riches!"

So it is that Father Claerhoudt, a Belgian missionary priest, says the *mambunung* of the village of Bokod on the headwaters of the Agno river, bless-

es the fields before the ripened grain is cut. He describes the *mambunung*, whose office precisely corresponds to that of an Indian medicine man, as a man of great age, "a tall fellow, surpassing all the other tribesmen by at least a head," who was born in Bokod and learned in all its traditions. Also, the *mambunung* "knew about sickness and other evils; he knew not only the causes of such ills, but also their remedies. He possessed a valuable storehouse of exorcisms, mysterious and all-powerful; he conversed with Kabunian, the Divinity; with the ghosts on Mount Polak, and with the spirits that dwelt in the sky, the water, and the fire."

It is to the ancestral manes, the ghosts on Mount Polak, that the *mambunung* addresses his supplication—asking them not to speak angrily in the thunder and deluge the ripened fields with untimely rains, but to drink the *tapoei*, rice wine, and mingle with the people friendly. "All the women about to help (in the cutting of the rice), were sitting in a circle round the flag, and one step farther on toward the field sat the thin *mambunung*, his tall body doubled over a jar of rice wine." Ending his prayer, he dipped up the wine in a coconut shell and held it high aloft, proffering it to the demigods, the people's ancestors, the ghosts on Mount Polak.

"The field first to be harvested must be blessed," the *mambunung* had told his flock. "The field first to be harvested must be exorcised!"

So, on the highest point on the wall round the field, the *mambunung* planted a warrior's spear

the steaming rice and boiling meat and said a prayer:

“Kaladjo! Come ye all much nearer,
 All who at bakák have feasted
 Long ago and long before us!
 Teach us, pray, your supplication
 For the bakák of the harvest:
 Sikajo Bimaka-makak—
 The bakák of former ages!
 You who prayed and celebrated,
 Mandasakjoi inaakan—
 Please increase and make abundant
 All the feast to you we offer!

“Tep iaño y aduto—
 Here is food, and food delightful,
 You with us will eat this evening!
 Give us fortune, vouchsafe riches,
 That we mortals may more often
 To the harvest home invite you!”

A somewhat astounding detail of the ceremony Father Claerhoudt so poetically and vividly describes is the blessing of the very utensils in which the food was prepared:

“The *mambunung* smeared cooked rice over the three stones on which the rice kettle had stood a-boiling, and proceeded:

“‘Chakadan, because you carry
 On your head the heavy kettle
 Eat you first, for you deserve it—

from the head of which floated a taboo cloth; and none then could enter the field without incurring the wrath of the gods, save those who were of right to help with the cutting. These waited for the blessing of the field, the exorcism of evil spirits, and then got out their sickles. But the *mambunung's* sorcery is not quite ended; do not enter yet!

"The *mambunung* kept silence for a moment, threw a few pebbles into the field, and proceeded:

"Sikajo ay makadaga—

You who founded all these fields here,

Bless our harvest, bless the cutting!

—Iango! Here is tapoei!

—Iango! Here is rice wine!"

"After which Pokchas (the owner of the field) took a swallow of the rice wine. Then the cup passed round from lip to lip, and the people began to cut the rice.

"At sunset Pokchas and the *mambunung* descended from the field and went to the village, followed by a long row of women bending under the enormous loads of their *kaibangs*, their heavy baskets full of golden rice."

The harvest festival resembles the primitive Grecian festival to Dionysius. In Pokchas's hut the village maidens had boiled big pots of last year's rice, "which they had pounded, sifted and cleaned." Dried pork was served for meat. With the harvesters gathered round, the *mambunung* squatted near

For you keep the embers glowing
And the boiling rice from burning!

"Then the *mambunung* took another handful of rice and smeared it on the shelf that hangs above the fire, on which the villagers lay their rice bundles to dry", and once more he cried out:

"Sikam sóo oodán pañg-ánka—
You too, shelf, where dry the bundles,
Eat this food first! And your watching
Over fire and food neglect not."

In the same way he blessed the mortar in which the rice is pounded free from the hulls, and then the feast began; and wine, rice wine, as straight from Mother Earth as wine may come, passed freely round the circle. Next day the village was deserted: "Each and all were in the fields, excepting the emaciated old *mambunung*. All day long he lay with his bony body stretched out in the refreshing shade of a mango tree near his hut. He alone was watching over the village, and his dim eyes longingly followed the brown figures stooping in the paddies, that from the summit of the mountain descended to the river."

The moral laws of the Igorots are, of course, very rigorous. To despoil a village while the inhabitants were in the fields harvesting would be a capital crime. It would mean a job for the headhunters.

THE REAL FLOOD

MUGAO is a mountain on the road between Bontoc and Cervantes, and one with which the ignorant world is all too unfamiliar. Practically speaking, few college professors and no college students would know anything whatever about Mugao, if mentioned; but they could tell something about the Mount Ararat, Sinai, Olympus and other exotic peaks where ancient prophets retired to suffer and ancient believers in the gods of things as they are retired to enjoy celestial company and imbibe seidels of nectar and ambrosia. Speak to any westerner of Mugao, and with Homeric laughter he will inquire if it isn't a village in Ireland or at most a borough of Dublin. He just doesn't know Mugao, and yet

Without Mugao there would be neither East nor West, no twilight of the white races, no rising tide of color. Not even Olympus may boast such claims, which Mugao has without boasting at all. Of course the reader may say, How 'd 't get that way?—but he must remember that Mugao is spoken of from the detached and elevated viewpoint of the Mugaoese, and that this is strange and incredulous to him, while the Greek and Hebraic viewpoints are not, merely because it hasn't been impressed, as the Greek and Hebraic have, upon his western culture. Quite logically the Mugaoese, or Bontok mountaineers, say,

How 'd y' get that way? Surely one legend is as good as another, they think, and theirs the best of all.

Or, more accurately, theirs is truth and the rest are legend.

The West should know that a very, very long time ago the world was flooded, so that all the land was covered as if it were the bottom of the ocean, and all the people, of course, were drowned. Only Kabunian, the Great Spirit of Heaven, was left alive among all living things; and he was lonesome, naturally. Now the West will immediately think of the houris and angels who could keep Kabunian company, but that is going back to the sensual tales learned from the Near East, instead of keeping well orientated with the Far East, where there are no angels, houris and such; where the field of metaphysics, like that of philosophy, is preempted by esthetic man.

Being lonesome, then, Kabunian was happily astonished one day to look down upon the forlorn earth and behold a bright fire burning. Curiosity led him closer, when he saw that the top of Mugao had not been flooded, and a man and a woman, who had taken refuge there, had built the fire to warm themselves.

Kabunian stepped out of the sky on to the mountain, bowed and introduced himself, begging pardon for intruding.

"Not at all!" said the man. "Come up closer to the fire. Here, sweetie, lug up another piece of driftwood and proffer the visitor a seat. He may have had a long hike."

Thus the man addressed the woman, though he

had no right to; and thus they made equals of the Great Spirit, because they didn't credit his words when he introduced himself, but believed him just another man, whom sorrow and long suffering in the storm had bereft of reason. However, at last they believed, so everything was all right.

"Fine!" said Kabunian. "A man and a woman, both young. Now you can marry and have children and cause the earth to be peopled again. You know, I've been awfully lonesome since the flood, and I've lacked the eternal human comedy to keep me amused."

"But we don't want to marry!" said the woman. "That is, Man hasn't asked me, and . . . well, we just don't want to marry!"

"Right-o! We don't," said Man. "What we want is a smoke. Our tobacco fields are all wet."

"Yes!" said Woman. "We're quite out of tobacco. I had some with me when we landed here, but Man smoked the last pipeful this morning!"

"Marry!" commanded Kabunian. "Marry and replenish the earth!"

"Ho!" said Man and Woman, in the order stated, Man adding, "Not if I know my onions!"

Kabunian alternately denounced and cajoled, but he could not get them to marry. At last he showed them a tobacco plant he had had concealed in his celestial robes all the time. It had seeds on it, and some leaves that could be rolled into cheroots without further ado.

"If I give you this"

"We will marry!" exclaimed Man.

"We will, we will!" echoed Woman.

So Kabunian gave them the tobacco, they married, and all was well with the world again.

What of these tales of other floods and other salvations? Balderdash! Here is the truth: the man and woman were honest Bontoks, they replenished the earth, and the tribes of the earth are all descended from them. Is it not their children, still dwelling in the mountains around Mugao, who keep the sacred eels in a spring-fed pool in one of Mugao's mysterious recesses? It is, and none of the eels must ever be killed or even injured, for if it were, then the earth would be destroyed by fire and brimstone, instead of just a gently rising flood; and the mountains, in their majesty, would be cast down, and all the inhabitants of the earth would perish in a day.

Instead of destroying the sacred eels, go to them with tidbits that make them fat, surely the plumpest eels in the world, as the little children do, and chant to them, singing—

"Lo la-i, appo dal-li;

Na-a-i, di kanem."

"Come, you queens of the eels,

Here we are bringing you food!"

That's what to do, always remembering, if you are a Bontok, that no matter what the rest of the world may say, you are of God's chosen people. For so it is written. Besides, the tobacco fields prove it.

CANTONESE CULTURE

EIGHTY thousand Chinese do more than 80 per cent of the business of the Philippines. Some 60,000 of these who come from Fukien have the bulk of the trade, but the remaining 20,000 who come from Canton provoke the most astonishment. These 20,000 Cantonese arrest western attention most abruptly. It is through them, more than through the Fukienese, that you begin admiring China.

Cantonese have a remarkable faculty for keeping faith. To do this, a Cantonese need not be rich—he need only be infallibly a Cantonese. This you learn in Manila.

It may be that other cultures surpass the Cantonese, but none is known of here. Far from subscribing to the doctrine of Ellis Parker Butler that it is possible to gather too many goat feathers—that is to say, to be too willing in civic obligations—your Cantonese gathers goat feathers avidly; and he is not happy unless he is burdened with a goodly bagful.

Example: At the office (at the American Chamber of Commerce) there is a cook. At your home you must give a breakfast for fifty Kansans, your honor guests Mr. and Mrs. William Allen White. You have invited these guests, then told your wife

what you have done. She doesn't faint, but merely asks if you spoke to Ma Tek, the cook at the office.

Of course you did; and on his willing shoulders the inordinate and sudden responsibility is carried through to flawless triumph. Your wife's simple part is limited to dressing the table and gathering the sunflowers; and Ma Tek even brings along the tables, and sawhorse supports, to be just one long table on the long porch.

Friends marvel that you "get away with" such domestic daring, but they marvel really because they have not plumbed the ready resourcefulness of Cantonese culture. It helped you all the way. Ning Tip hastened with the groceries, just as Ma Tek got out his yeast and set his rolls at once, and baked them at dawn and had them hot and ready. When it was all over, you asked Ma Tek what he wanted by way of pay. He replied you should pay him what you liked.

You might also pay him when you liked, just as you might the grocer. Their word is good, if yours isn't. They keep their part of the bargain, if you don't. They won't be barbarous, though you may be.

This gives endless fun. You have some scientists for luncheon at the office, your preparation being just to push back the kitchen door about 11 o'clock and hold up seven fingers and say, "12:30, Ma Tek." By this he knows there will be seven persons for luncheon in the private dining room at

12:30. He grins amiably, this being his word that all will be well; and so it turns out.

Jim Tow, an American, of the 1st California U. S. Volunteers, was one of the early Cantonese to rise in the retail grocery business in Manila. He had the California Grocery on calle Echague, where all the grocers are Cantonese from the Divisoria market to the Washington Grocery. Tow's father may have been *shanghaied* to California, a victim of the coolie trade through Macao suppressed in 1874. Tow himself was a most loyal American. For the service his grocery rendered the provincial employees of the early civil service of the Philippines, the government ought to be grateful. With Tow, every newcomer in the service had instant credit; the teacher, paid P150 a month, the 3rd lieutenant of constabulary, paid P150 a month and quarters, and the young engineer working as a surveyor for the lands bureau or apprenticed to the office of the district engineer and the task of building roads.

Tow never said *When will you pay?* He always asked *What do you want, where shall we send it?* His goods would reach you somehow, however remote your station, and all charges would be prepaid. Also, when you visited Manila, when you needed P50 till payday he let you have it. At the end of the month, you found it on your bill. Tow grew old and ill, finally died, and large was his funeral procession. Americans marched in the long sweltering line past the headquarters down-

town of 7 tongs to which Tow had belonged, before Rizal avenue was reached and cars could be used. This marching in honor of Jim Tow was one of the last kindly acts of Major Thomas L. Hartigan, a well-remembered lawyer and club man of Manila. He kept his place in the line with other veterans, from the Army Mortuary on calle Bonifacio across the Bridge of Spain and far into Binondo, until heat overcame him and he had to drop out.

The waiters are Cantonese. Your guests arrive, perspiring in light woolen clothes too heavy for comfort in Manila. You invite them to take off their coats, in the pockets of which are wallets, travelers' checks, other valuables. Shall they change these to their pants pockets? You proudly tell them no, they are environed here by Cantonese culture: they could park the mint here and it would be perfectly safe. Being scientists, they smile and understand.

After luncheon, nothing is missing—of course. For anything such as that to happen would be cause for suicide—it would be loss of face for the whole crew.

Cantonese in Manila are your grocer, your tailor, your laundryman, your restaurant-keeper, your cook perhaps, your children's amah.

Your first contact is with your grocer. You are short of funds, until you get your first pay. No difference. You want groceries, he has them to sell. You buy, he delivers. When your pay comes, it fails to go round; you must put off some of your

bills. Without question you can put off your grocery bill until you are able to pay. You may be living far in the provinces, but there the groceries have been sent, and the grocer has paid the shipping costs. There they will continue to be sent, at your order; your grocer understands that it may take you several months to get your income adjusted to your expenses, but he will continue to assume you are as straight-dealing as he is until hard facts prove he has misplaced his naive confidence.

Such an outcome will hurt him more than anger him; and without suing, sadly he will write off the account. Never will he hail you to court. Besides that, he sells his groceries at a very reasonable margin of profit; and how he avoids bankruptcy is his personal secret as a most skilled merchant.

You may lose your job, and run behind at your restaurant; but no matter, you eat just the same—with not the slightest change of attitude toward you by your waiter or the restaurant proprietor.

The system works out seemingly because most men prove to be honest. It happens then that Cantonese culture stems from a theory opposite that of Christianity; namely, that men incline to be good, or decent, and they don't tend to be bounders or mean.

By how many gods the Cantonese are helped would be hard to say. But they are many. It would seem that such pantheons are helpful, in that they mellow a culture greatly. Apparently, there is wide choice, among so many gods of so very

many virtues, and no straight and narrow dogma need be followed. But however numerous the Cantonese gods, in the mass they enjoin the votary to a high respect of the things of the spirit.

But Canton changes, perhaps, if not the Cantonese and Cantonese culture. In a fish shop you pick up a movie handbill. A youth, others peering over his shoulder, explains that the characters announce a picture of modern romance in China; the new way of life, he says. Well, what does he think of it? He thinks it all right. Indeed, he thinks it very fine: a good way of life, a proper way.

If it won't rob the Cantonese of something as fine and rich as any people have ever found in the world, and made their own, part and parcel of their souls, possibly it is all right. But this fine Cantonese character is too securely mordant; it will never change.

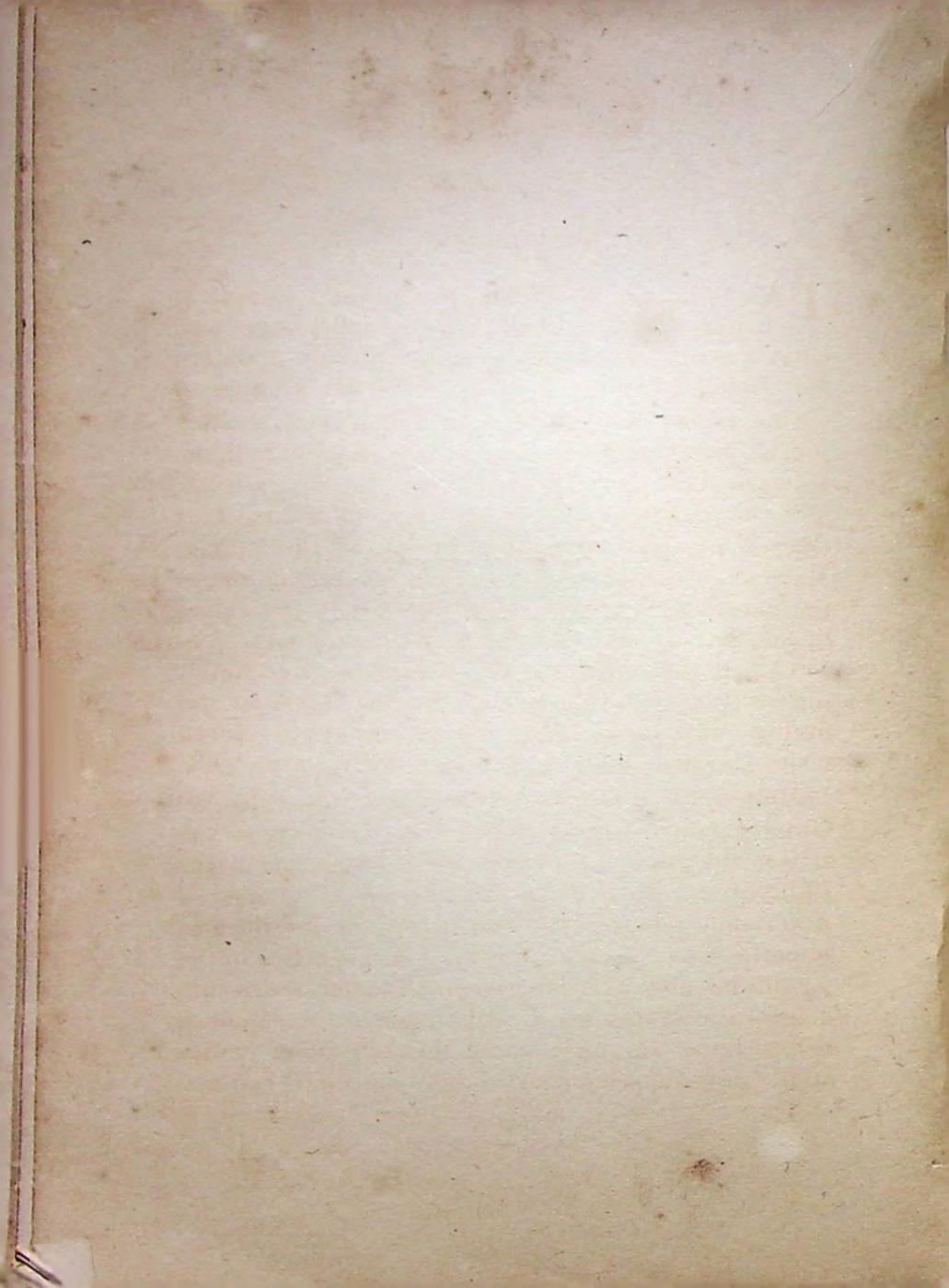
The *Chino* restaurant in Manila: Flush it stands with the grimy street, its wide doors open on all sides—all but the back, where a twisted stairway winds dustily aloft—and these doors open early and are closed and barred quite late. All men know that here is food and drink through the long hours of a tropic day, and through the short dawn and even briefer twilight.

Little is too spoiled to use, high beef and molding bread, and stuff from rusty tins with ptomaines in their lifted lids, and rancid hams, and pork too long unsold; but all bought cheap in the market, and hence sold cheap to craftsmen, porters, chauff-

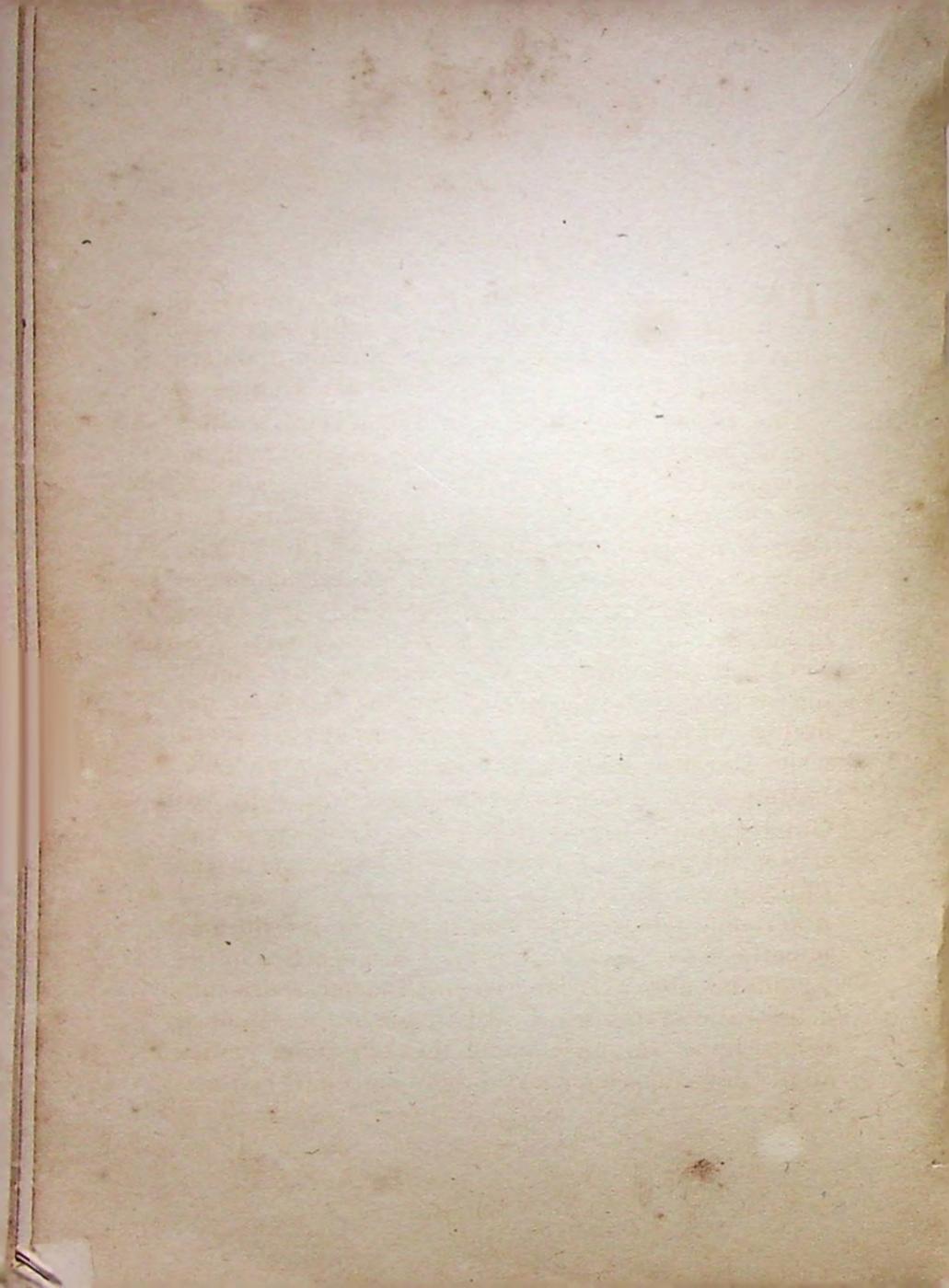
feurs, clerks, newsboys, idlers: all Manila's penny-buying folk. Sold to such trade it is, for cash: quick lunch and curse-taking in exchange for cash. Jola, Macao! Make haste, that sandwich! Macao! Damn it, man! My change, *mi cambio!* Tubig—water! Cha—tea! Babuy ka—you swine! Madali ka sana! *Get a move on there, you!*

So it goes, all day long. The Cantonese boys, helping their father, serve, make change, cook, wash dishes, sweep up and set out garbage in time for the city's dumptrucks to pick it up, or what dogs have left of it, and are as stoical toward all the insults as their father's example teaches them to be. But sometimes, in the midst of the vulgar commotion, from the women's quarters above the crazy, creaking stairway, come the high notes of a Chinese flute; sometimes but for a moment, sometimes for long minutes together—those exquisite tones! They speak of age, at ease behind stout garden walls, the exile and the struggle over, and pleasure in the yamen; with grown-up children from an aged wife, and others younger, from tender concubines—the world walled out, and only comfort, peace and quiet walled within.

Tubig! Babuy! You naked beast!—all this, and then those treble notes! Your Cantonese—and as for that, your Chinese anywhere—can take it. How's business, John? How goes the world with you? Oh, velly good, thank you! Manila velly good place! John likee here!



**SOME
AMERICANS**



MEN AND MALACAÑAN

TWO buildings in Manila are all that a student of history need to know, and he will comprehend what a goodly mansion the American and Spaniard and Malay have been rearing in the Philippines.

One is old, the other new. One is Malacañan Palace, home of Philippine governors from William Howard Taft in 1900 to Frank Murphy in 1935, now the official residence of President Manuel Luis Quezon of the Commonwealth of the Philippines. Malacañan is a century old. The other building, in the palace grounds and now adjoined to the palace by a sort of bridge-of-sighs from President Quezon's bedroom to his office, is the Executive Building built by Governor Francis Burton Harrison and dating only from 1918: hardly completed indeed when Harrison gave way to Leonard Wood in 1921.

Malacañan interests Americans because its colonial Spanish architecture is good; more so because, the seat of Spanish royal authority in the Philippines, Taft made it at once the home of American democracy. Sometimes in its library, sometimes over in the walled city at his office in the Ayuntamiento, Taft labored the Spanish codes into democratic statutes. Distinguished Filipinos helped him. He made one of them the chief justice of the new supreme court, others associate justices.

He set still others to work with Americans in effecting a thorough census of the Islands, against the popular elections to take place in 1907. With these men and others, he probed the religious-estates question. At last, having visited Rome to do so, he had the Philippine government buy these estates, comprising one acre in ten of all cultivated lands in the Islands.

To make this purchase and enable the government to sell the estates to Filipinos as farms and plantations, Taft mobilized the Islands' public credit. He issued the so-called friar-lands bonds in the sum of \$7,500,000, four per cent nontaxable, and sold them readily in the United States. Proceeds of sales of the lands meeting interest charges and accumulating in a sinking fund to retire the bonds at maturity, by this act alone Taft demonstrated the solidity of the Philippine government, the Islands' resourcefulness. Here, and in the most creditable manner, there was a founding of government for Filipinos soon to take over and manage for themselves.

Toward sunset of a hard day, Taft would call for his carriage. He and Mrs. Taft would drive across the Pasig to the Luneta de Isabel II and enjoy an airing during the evening concert of the Constabulary Band that Major Loving was rehearsing for competitive honors-to-be at the Louisiana Exposition at St. Louis. Round the Luneta promenade, Taft might have driven to the right: a royal governor could do this, an archbishop too, and

each might have a coach-and-four while others could have but carriage-and-pair. Taft of course drove to the left, with the crowd and as the rule of traffic ran, and felt quite dignified enough with carriage-and-pair; and so His Grace could sell a team, learn a new turn, and be nearer his people.

Most sagaciously, the American administration of the Philippines has preoccupied itself with a building-up of the Filipino's rightful place in his world. While Manila still had military police, her public schools were founded. A schoolmate of Taft's son is now Dean of Education at the University of the Philippines; the first high school founded, Taft had patronized. Once on getting back to the palace from the Luneta, one of his new friends was awaiting him, greatly distressed. A lawyer, a client of his had been arrested and jailed. His trouble was, how to get out a writ of *habeas corpus*. The lawyer, a Filipino, knew Filipinos had that right. They had fought Spain vainly for it. America had provided it as a matter of course. He was *warm* enough on theory, but perfectly *cold* as to practice, and Taft had to draft the writ for him.

This shows how limited Filipino rights had been. Yet from the beginning it was as logical for the present time to come, with the Filipino's enjoyment of commonwealth citizenship and his prospect of complete independence from the United States in 1946, as for water to seek its level.

America has put her best statesmen at this problem all along. When Taft and his immediate suc-

cessors were at Manila, Elihu Root as President McKinley's secretary of war was Taft's colleague at Washington. Under Theodore Roosevelt, Taft was in charge of Philippine affairs as Secretary of War, and Root was Secretary of State. Taft journeyed back to Manila to open the Philippine Assembly in 1907, the people's first law-making body popularly elected. Doing so, he stipulated the precedence of the Assembly over the upper house that was the Philippine Commission appointed by the President of the United States. He infused dignity into the Assembly, declaring its presiding officer second only to the governor-general, ranking the commanding general, the admiral of the fleet, and the Commissioners.

This placed civil authority ahead of military power. James F. Smith, chairman of the Commission, was then in Taft's place as governor. Importuned to give suggestions to the green Assembly, he would not do so. He would not have America encroaching upon the constitutional prerogatives of the people's assembly, however crudely such assembly might proceed. He would therefore not draft a budget, but awaited one from the lower house. Thus again, at a crucial period, the Filipino had a great American friend; and more than that, America demonstrated herself his friend. This put the people forward. Malacañan holds few unworthy memories for Americans.

There is wide criticism, some honest, some partisan, of Harrison's period of nearly eight years

at Malacañan. His work includes the Islands' great prison system based mainly on penal farms rehabilitating the very souls of men. Harrison's vice governor was Henderson S. Martin of Kansas. He drafted the law creating the Philippine National Bank, a bank for Filipinos where private deposits alone rose \$7,000,000 one year, the bank on whose strength President Roosevelt relied in March 1933 when, upon recommendation of his cousin who doesn't like him (then Philippine Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Junior) he permitted Philippine banks to remain open while closing all banks in the United States.

This bank's assistance to other banks keeps every bank from failing in the Philippines. It is a basic part of America's work here. The collapse of 1920-1921 got it into shallows, and Leonard Wood took hold and brought it out, again using the country's credit for bonds. By the time the crisis came, Martin's place had been taken by Charles E. Yeater of Missouri. Able, sympathetic toward the people, he was a man who could act dynamically when the situation demanded. His strict preliminary work helped Wood greatly in putting the bank to rights. Wood asked Harding to make Yeater the governor of the Islands, though Yeater was a Democrat. His John-Aldening failed, Harding promptly appointed Wood himself—the last six years of his remarkable public service were at Malacañan.

Paternal, his New England make-up stubbornly faithful toward duty, Wood's work at Manila

hastened his death. When he honestly ascribed the conditions he steadily corrected to Filipino shortcomings in matters of government, he experienced a *Hitler* movement that proves the whole world kin. By this time, indeed in 1916, the Philippine Commission that had been the legislature's upper house had given place to a Filipino senate of twenty-four members. Both houses were controlled by Quezon's party-of-independence. Both smarted under Wood's paternal goad, as Hitler smarts when Germany is charged with specific responsibility for the World War. Harding had Wood submit a report on Harrison's administration: to Filipinos, this was like Pharisees judging Christ. Harrison was a saviour of their cause. Wood's colleague in the business of the scathing report was the hard-minded W. Cameron Forbes, who had been governor of the Islands during four years, after being a Commissioner, and had founded their highway system.

The Wood-Forbes report resembled Versailles' indictment of Germany. Harding said there would be no backward step. There was, of course, a marked pause during Coolidge's administration but the general movement forward was inexorable. America had planted such seeds here as would grow, and tended them well; already there were a million children in the public schools, and the University had been founded in 1909. Even while taking issue with Wood during campaigns, Quezon actually cooperated with him in the government as the party leader and president of the senate. There was more

recognition that Wood was usually right than there was open admission of it; and at once, in memory, when he died, Filipinos placed Wood among their benefactors. He merits this; at the head of the able men always carefully chosen by America for the Philippine service, Wood stands with Taft. Had events turned differently, during his administration, it might have happened, as was widely predicted when his administration began, that he would have sponsored Philippine independence, he would have been the last American governor.

In its background at Malacañan, therefore, the Tydings-McDuffie commonwealth-independence act that placed Quezon at Malacañan cannot be attributed entirely to selfish aims of Washington or craven congressional surrender to the strong farm lobbies there. Such an act was due. The Philippines had grown up to it. A congressman whose constituents produce beet sugar, who might want Philippine duty-free sugar limited in the American market, might vote for the bill with mixed motives. But a Norris, who had followed the metamorphosis through all its changes, would vote for it too, with single purpose; and a Borah, with like familiarity with the facts, and a Gibson, from Vermont.

Filipinos were glad of all votes, whatever lay behind them. America, fighting England for her own independence, was glad of France's not unselfish help.

Quezon was ever a bit fearful that Filipinos would find this triumph of the fundamental Amer-

ican policy unbelievable, that they would think it too good to be true, this evidence that their long passive resistance to every alteration of the policy had actually succeeded. Quezon therefore wished to give them a sign. In the bill originally passed he found the flaw that the American High Commissioner (during the ten-year Commonwealth, Frank Murphy's transmutation from the governorship) would continue living at Malacañan. Quezon stuck for this to be changed, that Malacañan be the Philippine President's residence; that is to say, his residence. So old is Malacañan as the seat of government, unless he lived there the President would have no prestige whatever, the people would not believe he had any actual authority, they would rate him no more than Washington's puppet.

There are various theories as to the derivation of the word Malacañan, but this one seems to be the correct one, that it shortens a Tagalog phrase meaning *The Great Live There*. The Great are those who rule. Quezon is wise, even in matters of detail. At last he is at Malacañan, where he finds the task that of a Trojan.

We may now leave Malacañan, after noting one or two more things, and go to the Executive Building. Malacañan has agreeable and spacious public rooms, their best finery some precious crystal chandeliers. Otherwise its accommodations are hardly adequate for Quezon's family, wife and three children. There was wonder about what Quezon would do with the place, whether his taste would respect

its past. One room he inherited was a bedroom, quite poorly lighted. He pounced upon it impatiently, and converted it into a well-lighted library, with mission furniture, for his own books. And up the four high walls his books are ranked.

This is hardly inauspicious.

Another room overlooking lawn and river has been arranged for state dinners and for council purposes, and invitations to Malacañan have been made commands.

On crossing to the Executive Building you note that it suffered the intervention of architect and engineer. It was formally planned, meticulously built, quite in contrast to the rambling palace. Great rain trees, deft hedges and flower banks soften the contrast. The building, apart from its formality, is most presentable. Here the music goes round and around. The records of the central government of a country of sixteen million inhabitants are reviewed, indexed, and filed. Here the insular governors worked, their posts the highest the United States offered, below the presidency, and among the least considered, of the most tedious responsibility.

Not once did America ever do anything here not consciously for the welfare of the Filipino. Always was McKinley's dictum, written by Root, carried out to the letter: to respect the interests of the Filipinos, their customs, even their prejudices, because America was not in their country for her own advantage, but for theirs. Kipling's imperial songs

intrigued America momentarily, and it may have been *bully* for a time, at the turn of the century, to have a President on Horseback. But America did not take up the White Man's Burden with the purpose of carrying it long; rather to *process* it, make it a self-sustaining proposition.

Frank Murphy, honorably closing the line of America's Philippine governors, illustrated his country's rectitude toward the Islands in his official attitude toward the commonwealth-independence act. He sat shirt-sleeved in his office on the ground floor of this Executive Building, his back toward a wide-open window. There were never any guards about, even when he worked at night and typhoon rains beat a tattoo to drown all sounds, their sweeping curtains obscuring all figures. There came proposals for Murphy to trifle with the act, to delay its becoming the law of the land, and there were many ways by which he might have done so with impunity. But he did just the contrary, conscience bound as he was by America's pledges.

Thus America's experiment in the Philippines reached the commonwealth stage, and President Quezon in Murphy's old chair manages the first popular government to function in the Far East. He began with a neat treasury balance, while \$37,000,000 compasses the Philippine public debt. From the outset, America utilized the budget system here. Year after year, good times and bad, outlay was kept within current tax income. Not only were the Islands pledged self-government, they were pre-

pared for it. In the civil service itself, that Taft founded, when a Filipino might succeed to an American's post, he was put there.

The Executive Building gives clues to the solidity of the Philippines. It would be rash error to assume that this country may not succeed. *A priori* predictions of failure will not do. This granite, it is a Philippine product, and this cement too. The building skill is Filipino. The craftsmen, they were Filipinos. The hardwood finishing, the burnished hardwood floors, remind you of the immense resources of the Philippine forests. The patines of the ceiling of the governor's old office are of *narra*, heavy, silken-grained, a virile red texture. You go to any lumber-yard in Manila and buy this at will. The patines of the governor's secretary's office—now President Quezon's own, because it may be better guarded—are of *acle*, dark as walnut. Those in other rooms are of *molave*, of lighter color, but heavier weight, enduring as steel.

Some of the floors are *molave*, some *acle*, some *narra*. Logs of these woods are so heavy that they must be floated to sawmills with bamboo to prevent their sinking. As a good forestry law protects Philippine forests, none of which is ever sold, here is great permanent natural wealth. Forestry revenue, though logging charges are reasonable, is already considerable. Forest protection dates into Filipino customary laws: Spain continued it, America modernized it, and Filipinos graduated by the School of Forestry of the University of the Philippines,

staff the service and will unquestionably be able to carry on. But forests are but one of innumerable Philippine resources.

Because the people live very simply, as a community they have a good ledger balance. America prohibited corporate exploitation of their land, of which sixty-three per cent was her acquisition from Spain. She forbade anyone, or any corporation, to acquire in the public domain more than 2,500 acres. Sale of a larger estate, from the friar lands, though technically it was not public domain, provoked a harsh congressional investigation—and fortunately the venture failed. Many large landholdings continue to be a disturbing factor.

Ask any clerk at the Executive Building, or even the table *boy* at any Manila hotel (he may be working his way through college)—almost surely you will find him a land-owner with a little acreage somewhere in the provinces on which there is no price because he will not sell. Filipinos live by their own underlying culture, their Malayan inheritance. And now that the world has had a most chastening depression, and they had none, many phases of this culture are found enviable. They also benefit from a benign, winterless climate.

It is not their domestic situation that will disturb them, since this is almost unrivaled in the world. Japan is their great question-mark.

They cannot deal with Japan directly, with success. President Quezon knows, as do all his people, that Japan might assume mastery of the

Philippines at any time she chose. She is physically able to do this and nearby enough to do it easily. Quezon's statesmanship will be an endeavor to persuade the world to shield the Philippines from this aggression, should it be manifested. That he will be able to do this is an empirical guess. But that you meet him ably carrying on at Malacañan, and in the Executive Building, the head of a resourceful and almost debtless commonwealth — this is no guess, it is a notable fact. Unceasingly he is cultivating the good opinion of the world, tantamount to foundations of moral defense. It is only possible that imperialism at Tokyo can bring the American experiment in the Philippines to naught: Filipino capacity on which the experiment was founded and has been built with astonishing solidity, may be able to circumvent such an ambition.

Malacañan is a good vantage point from which to see American democracy idealized. At home, at close range, no doubt it has many tawdry aspects. Here it is the wine, bread and meat of a new nation. President Quezon has improved the place infinitely with unfailing good taste and has elaborated native retreats from it on the Pasig's bank opposite, more than disappointing all surmise that something less would be done. Men and women who really know him and Mrs. Quezon had no misgivings at the change-over.

FINDING THE GRAIL

WHEN civil government was established in the Philippines, July 4, 1901, it manned its service very largely with men who came to the islands as soldiers, many of them with the volunteer regiments. Thus the body of what was to become the permanent American community was formed. The men were from the western and southwestern states almost to a man. Their parents as homesteaders had occupied the public domain of the west, acquired in treaty after treaty with the Indians, and the line of settlement steadily reached out toward the sunset. The mandate of Horace Greeley was eagerly obeyed, "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country."

It meant in actual operation, going west and taking possession of the country with Anglo-Saxon institutions for an Anglo-Saxon pioneer stock that, presently selling cleared farms to bands of European immigrant farmers, still moved westward. It meant the country school, the rugged individualism of rural communities in which neighbors lived miles apart and school districts were three miles square. It meant easy graduation from the farm to the professions and business, since it meant the founding of state and small colleges, the latter usually religious foundations maintained by the sectarian

churches—in themselves manifestations of the individualism that marked the period.

Once for amusement I summarized the actual muster roll of one of the volunteer regiments that made a part of the command of Major General Wesley Merrit in the occupation of Manila, August 13, 1898. Every man in that regiment could sign the roll, every man was literate. Yet hardly one had been born in the state where he enlisted, but had come there with his parents from farther east—where improved land had been sold for the capital for a new adventure. Mark Sullivan's second volume of *Our Times* reviews the character of the books these men studied in school, McGuffey's Eclectic Readers, Barnes's United States History, Ray's Arithmetic. The readers and history idealized America and the destiny of Americans; it was an idealistic age.

"That country (America) has come about like a dream," the Duc de Croy exclaimed to Franklin in Paris in 1783. Pennsylvanian settlers were then engaged against the Indians in the western part of the state. Like a dream the country grew from ocean to ocean, until it was the German observer Jagor's natural prophecy, 60 years ago, that America would come to the Philippines. When she did, with her 100,000 young pioneers out of the border states, an era ended in America and a new era began here. In the Philippines, for the first time, the Anglo-Saxon settler encountered an indigenous population that was not to be supplanted. Always,

during centuries of the steady march westward, it had been only a matter of pushing opposing forces and civilizations out of the way and giving individualism full swing at virgin natural resources. In the Philippines the indigenous population was to remain, with it the American was to make his way.

Filipinos were accustomed enough to dealing with strangers, but these rugged and untiring pioneers were a new experience for them. On their part the Americans displayed a remarkable adaptability; without destroying what existed, they set to building upon it and to patterning for the Philippines a government of the American type that was effective against a Latin background. Practically everything was to be done, but McGuffey's compiled heroics were a sufficient inspiration—together with the hope of personal reward that is the soul of the pioneer and border settler.

Now it is a truism that on the border the arts decline. Pioneers are craftsmen of the arts without being masters of them. With pioneers, utility is the first consideration and commonly the last. This has markedly affected the American period in the Philippines. There was nothing the pioneers could not do, nothing they would not undertake to do; but they had not in their experience the best standards before them as to how to do things well, how to do them best. In improving cities, Baguio and Manila, no chances were taken on the government's part; resort was had to the man who had replanned Washington, Daniel Burnham of Chica-

go, and the ends of good appearance as well as utility were both secured. This is the unique exception.

In general, the architecture of the islands, even of Manila, remains plainly utilitarian and little else. Infinitely better than what it supplanted, the modern building is still so short of what it might have been that future generations must surely rate it unsatisfactory. Americans have influenced the islands to build usefully, with good materials; they have been in too much haste—as if they should build, sell and move on west—to devise ways of building beautifully with the natural materials abounding in the country; and much of modern Manila is built of perishable timber even where native stone must be quarried and moved aside to make place for the timbers.

In business blocks downtown in Manila, substantially built, it is usual that heavy sustaining pillars, little relieved even with ornament, encumber the space; and the best effects in the arrangement of stores can't be obtained. These buildings are incomparably better than the dark careening structures they have replaced; they are even better than the buildings most boasted of in country towns in America, but they don't exhibit application of the arts of fine construction and they bear no particular aspect identifying them with the country—as if they were really of the country.

In its residence districts, Manila (like all Philippine towns) is a city of low, ugly roofs. Most houses are two stories high. Their roofs are an in-

escapable feature of them that, beyond concern for their utility, have been given such small attention that they spoil the outward appearance of many otherwise good houses. At a later day Manila will build better than this, which is simply utilitarian betterment of what is older: the house of today, with its porches, surpasses in usefulness and healthfulness the Spanish colonial house of yesterday.

This pioneering pursuit of the arts without mastery over them largely built America and is surely building the Philippines. It has given the Philippines many public works of great usefulness at very moderate cost. Thus the American pioneers found the Spaniards had planned a harbor for Manila that they had not built. These plans were carried out in conjunction with projects of sanitation that filled the moats around the city walls with silt sucked from the bottom of the harbor, and built an area of 140 acres west of the walls that is being occupied with useful and unornamental buildings.

Roads in the provinces were built, and streets in Manila either built new or improved, for use; and bridges and culverts were made, to plain designs. In the interest of health, thousands of artesian wells were drilled; where the flow was not free, pumps of the plainest design were put on them to make them useful. Schools were so badly needed that the education bureau early adopted a standard plan for concrete school buildings with iron roofs; and in any setting, in the midst of trees, or on the open

prairie, or on the wooded bank of a stream, without respect to their environment, these ready-to-wear school houses are seen today everywhere in the islands—built at low cost and answering their utilitarian purpose. There was hurried need of them, so the need was quickly supplied.

No pioneers from any other country of the world could have built so well in the Philippines as have the Americans, it is safe to say, and so much in so short a time. Audacious in application of the arts, as apprentices where they could not be masters, their haste to accomplish was in their souls; so a transformation has taken place in the islands that astonished the world—a transformation almost solely the work of the pioneers who put war aside for peace when the country was ready to accept peace.

The same spirit of derring-do, the same bold individualism, made many of the pioneers audacious in business. It was seen at once that a remarkable trade was to develop between America and the Philippines. Business executives were needed, and were found among the pioneers who have since become the islands' outstanding businessmen. Those branches of the civil service that had to do with accounting, the treasury, the auditor's office, the tax offices were training schools for men who could take command of business. The progress of invention, turning up the typewriter, the automobile, office conveniences and equipment, the phonograph, and at last the radio, gave these men valuable agen-

cies to exploit in a territory of 8 million, now 16 million or more, inhabitants.

Here was that opportunity the individualist seizes upon most heartily: new demands of a growing population enjoying increased yearly production of wealth and constantly expanding markets under a system of free trade established by Congress between the islands and the United States in 1909. These conditions, with pioneer initiative intensely applied, made the American fortunes in the islands; incidentally, the fortunes of many people native to the islands; while they likewise spread prosperity in all the foreign communities domiciled in the islands and engaged in trade.

The American businessman in the Philippines both stimulated his environment and was stimulated by it. From the outset he grew in stature of business capacity. His associates demanded leadership of him, he responded with pioneer courage. He mastered intricacies of exchange, for dealing with bankers. He gathered information from high sources; his frequent world trips and the large orders he placed gave him intimate contact with men of the grandest affairs, the heads of great distributing and manufacturing houses as well as of great banks. Mature sagacity and long experience have made this oldtimer of the campaign days, who was oftener of the ranks than of the files, a businessman the peer of the best practitioners of that gainful craft; his success, derived from his adaptability to circumstances he could not set aside,

repeats the old idealization of the border and its material blessings waiting only the alchemy of the bold hand of the pioneer.

The American pioneer, when he came to the Philippines, had one more trick in his bag. Though it was a trick his forebears never had had to resort to, adaptation, it worked just the same. Mahomet went to the mountain.

The American community in the Philippines has profoundly influenced society in the islands, always in the direction of democracy: schools, courts, highways, marts, standard currency, trademarks, joint stock companies exploiting both agriculture and commerce, exploiting mining too. Materially the oldtime pioneers have rebuilt the islands from farm to factory, all the islands do bears the chop of American practice and follows American forms—but with that certain adaptation, of course, of the new to the old and the familiar.

Americans brought to the islands their facility for organization, their government soon provided a corporation law. Those who were Masons negotiated for a charter, got the islands a Grand Lodge and regimented local Masonry under its administration. Those who were militantly religious carried on militantly, either in the Roman or the Protestant churches. With the sectarian churches came seminaries, hospitals, schools; into the service of the Roman church went self-sacrificing young priests and teachers, notably Jesuits and the Maryknoll fathers. The American government at once separated govern-

ment from religion, provided a law of civil marriage even early in the military administration of the islands.

An adaptation was the respect given by the courts to precedents of canon law.

All that Americans took hold of, which in fact was everything, they bettered. If they fell short of the finest application of the arts, often even of satisfactory application, they abundantly achieved betterments. They modernized mining and now are about to reveal the Philippines as one of the leading gold countries of the world; they are tapping the cordillera of Luzon from Abra north to Ipo south; two mines, Benguet Consolidated and Balatoc, at Baguio, have put into America's monetary circulation \$26,000,000, thereby repaying her the \$20,000,000 she paid Spain in the Philippine settlement, with \$6,000,000 by way of interest. The capacity of both mines is still being increased. On ranches Americans improved Philippine livestock, horses, cattle, carabao, poultry, swine; in the science and agriculture bureaus they found remedies for animal diseases, practically eradicated rinderpest. They modernized the lumber industry, cheapened and bettered the product of hardwood lumber mills and found export markets for the surplus the domestic market doesn't consume.

Americans in Davao and Cotabato pioneered in Manila hemp, planting and cultivating it instead of depending upon wild growth; they were followed by Japanese planters, and Davao with its use of

machinery is now the principal hemp district of the islands that has hope of its hemp industry surviving Borneo's intensive competition. Americans bettered the copra industry both by cultivated plantations and by mills for extracting the oil in the islands and exporting only this essential part instead of the crude copra; the surplus exported is now divided between oil and copra. Americans took the lead in founding sugar centrals in the islands that have led, since free trade with America was decreed for the islands by congress in 1909, to upping the yearly yield of sugar in the islands from 300,000 tons or so to 4 times as much (more lately placed under an annual U. S. quota of 1 million short tons) and to the enrichment of skillful Philippine planters, and their cousins who followed the Americans' example and organized sugar centrals of their own. The sugar industry has come to bring the islands P100,000,000 a year, from the surplus sold in the United States. The industry estimates that 2,000,000 people in the Philippines are dependent upon it, that its taxes are P20,000,000 a year.

As early as 1909, the American attended to the future of the professions in the islands by founding a state university, the University of the Philippines, whose undergraduate body now numbers 7,000 students. Twenty-three years ago an American vice-governor, Henderson S. Martin, of Kansas, induced the founding of a national bank by submitting to the legislature a suitable charter for such an institution; the Philippine National Bank was thus

founded that was soon to capitalize six large native corporations whose sugar centrals have made a pre-eminent place for themselves in that industry. Similarly, Martin wrote a rural credit law for the islands, the best work of which is still to be realized—because every adaptaton will not work at once.

All this, the whole American influence, was distinctly in the direction of democracy. With the franchise, for illustration, the Americans began where Spain left off, adapting their desire to compelling facts. The franchise was at first limited to town mayors and the boards of councilmen, in choice of provincial officers, but congress decreed male suffrage with liberal qualifications when the census of 1903 should have been taken. There are now more than 2,400,000 voters in the islands, including women. Literacy, rather than property, tests the voter. Democracy in the Philippines marches on; the Americans were bound to establish it, without a philosophic reflection on what its effects might be or where it would lead—but with profound faith that it was better than royalism, would be better for any race.

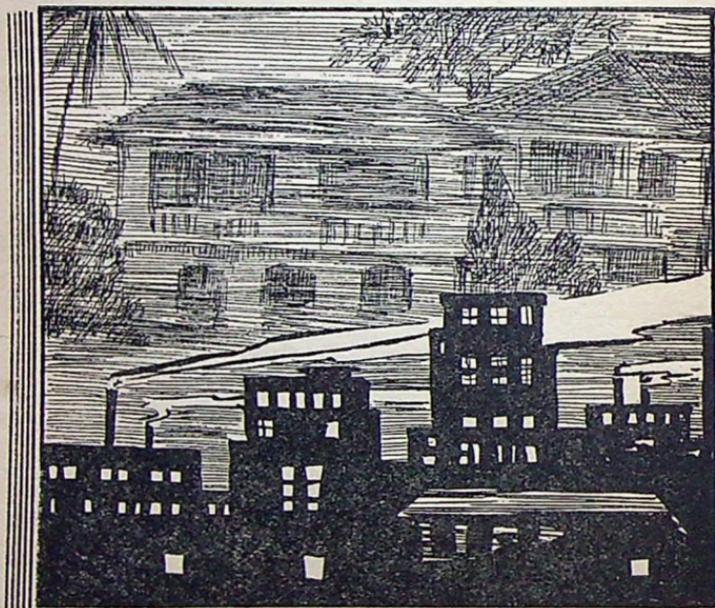
The American community in the Philippines has, as a community, never thought of the political separation of the islands from the United States as practical or desirable, but has felt that the two countries should somehow be kept permanently united. This is still another manifestation of its kinetic democracy, for it has always felt its own roots to be light-

ly planted here, and individuals have counted upon a pulling up of stakes and a return to the homeland.

This community, which has scarcely written a book, has produced almost no poetry, no music, no paintings, no novels, hardly a bit of fiction of any kind, though there are elements of stirring romance in almost every man's career. The rule of life has been the rule of the Anglo-Saxon border, essentials first; dalliance at unessentials frowned down as almost an open confession of weakness in the face of grave and immediate undertakings. From the outset the community has had useful tasks at hand that had to be done at once and as well as possible, yet done at once: of personal benefit, of benefit to the town, to the islands, to the homeland—of material benefit. To this the American community in the islands has addressed untiring energy and wrought the respectable edifice of a remolded civilization that challenges the world's admiration. Though this subjective study of the achievement runs to some length, its limit to matters of general fact falls short of the epic in which the tale of the pioneers of the last American border should be told.

Every life, almost, has its glories that should be imperishable, but the liver of it is too busy making it useful to the present generation to allow himself to feel for a moment that it might have some worthwhile interest to posterity. Nothing more marks a community as pioneer than its indifference to historical record. The border calls, men respond, do their work idealistically and . . . generations of small

memory for what they did live after them. The important thing is this, the pioneer character of the campaigners and teachers whom America sent here with uniforms and flags, rifles and school books 30 and 40 years ago, conditioned all but absolutely the character of the Philippines today, succeeded where men of less stern stuff would have failed; and these settlers, of no more than prosaic talent, making places for themselves in a culture that could be modified but not uprooted, amid a people that could be readily influenced but not supplanted, have a glowing chapter in their country's annals. They have triumphed on the last frontier.



OLD DEACON PRAUTCH

OLD Prautch is dead, Old Deacon Prautch. The Union church, decked in May flowers for his memorial services, is neutral ground where for a solemn hour he and old friends meet: he there sleeping, one with yesterday's seven thousand years, and they immured in sentient, prudent domesticity. When Prautch lived, Old Deacon Prautch that he was, there were invisible barriers to such cordial propinquity; and so the Union church, Prautch dead, is somewhat filled with downtown friends of Prautch's who in thirty-nine years had never once known precisely where he lived nor crossed his threshold.

Union Church of Manila, a little cottage church in between Ermita and Malate, is never more solemnly beautiful than at hours when, usually of an afternoon for the better accommodation of the business of the living, its altar and nave are banked with flowers for a tribute to one who will not be coming there again; white lilies, the lotus, and from backyard screens, *cadena de amor* or chains of white or pink love blossoms. So was the little church brightened that hour, and in the afternoon, for the Reverend S. W. Stagg to take the pulpit and utter the eulogy for Old Deacon Prautch.

To what spiritual exigencies brutal circumstances constrain us all. There is this matter of Prautch's downtown friends. So many, and I included, had I such a book to keep, could regularly have made entries of profit in their ledgers under the heading, *Aloofness from Old Prautch*. It is true, and the explanation is that Prautch was Jeremiah reincarnate whom you could never join closely without joining a crusade and letting what was practicable and attainable go hang.

Yet Prautch, himself, apart for the vain causes he espoused, whose dauntless banners he held bravely aloft as he walked the streets of Manila, stood lovably the closest personal association. He married in Manila the relict of a Spanish judge, and had reared tenderly, educated well, and launched in life successfully, six step daughters and step sons. All these men and women, now of mature age, were at Prautch's bedside as he died, weeping without shame, like children not to be consoled; and so was their mother, broken-hearted as they.

A sister survives in the United States, at the old family home in Oskosh, Wisconsin. Not long ago this sister paid her brother in Manila a long visit, making up a filial separation of more than forty years. The two were as children together, two grayheads, though by no means tottering, going about Manila hand in hand—finding sermons in stones and good in everything. The sister walked with Jeremiah: it was the spirit of that indomitable prophet that animated her brother's character. Al-

ways when you saw Prautch, you thought, why doesn't the man's heart break. As you talked with him and tapped the wells of courage in his soul, you knew that heart never would break. And it never did; only one Sunday afternoon, pumping away while Prautch, seventy-one years old, fought pneumonia, it just gave out.

There is another who survives who will dampen a bit of cambric over this inevitability. She is Katherine Mayo, at Bedford Hills, New York, author of books of such dynamic foreground that many a reader feels no want of background or perspective: *Mother India . . . Isles of Fear*.

It was when Miss Mayo was in the Islands gathering material for *Isles of Fear* that Prautch had his happiest innings. Miss Mayo wanted to know what, in insular sociology, was evil and wrong. Prautch knew these weaknesses intimately, had then devoted nearly thirty years to their correction or modification; never finding them pervious to attack, but seeking, seeking their vulnerability. Leonard Wood, then the Islands' governor general, knew the same facts, but lacking time to detail them, referred Miss Mayo to others, notably to Old Prautch. *Isles of Fear* is true, and dominantly, a narrative by Prautch, who knew the *cacique* better than the man knows himself, and knew the *tao*, and articulated eloquently the man's hopeless plight.

It never would do to be bosom-close to Prautch, because he was an impractical man unable to com-

promise his conscience. He was of German heritage, and educated as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. During fifteen years of early manhood before coming to the Philippines, he was a Methodist missionary in India. Hindustani was one of his languages; this gave him reference to valuable East Indian parallels during the long years he devoted to rural reforms in the Philippines. He came to Manila in December 1898, before the arrival in Manila of a bishop of his church, and immediately began a spiritual siege of the established order; for what Prautch disapproved of, he fought—and he invariably fought in the open.

Before Methodism debarked a bishop in Manila, therefore, Prautch's humble chapels active in various parts of Manila were making a mighty, exotic appeal to the poor. Congregations overflowed these little places, centers of a militant gospel, but the movement was shortlived. William H. Taft found it annoying, when he became the Islands' civil governor; between the state and the bishop, the tone of Protestantism was soon so subdued that the people no longer heard it exaltingly; there has been no Wagnerian courage in it since; it exhibits a pattern of good work, perhaps, but has never caught the popular imagination comprehensively. Prautch, of course, unable to tolerate the compromises involved in such a course, moved on to other effort and let his confreres lag at more ease behind him.

In Gregorio Aglipay, a peasant educated enough, and boldly imaginative enough, to have already proclaimed a Filipino National Church, Prautch discovered a colleague to his liking. These two merry gentlemen, whom nothing could dismay, had mutual fun in getting Aglipay's infant church on its feet and teaching it to stand erect against opposition. This was really a miniature Reformation, which keeps growing.

Prautch often told friends, his eyes twinkling with honest cunning, of Aglipay's perturbation over his excommunication. He was reheartened only when Prautch, deriving authority from the clouds, ordained and anointed him bishop of his own church. It was in Prautch's house; there were three persons present, Aglipay, Prautch, and Mrs. Prautch. It seemed indeed a small gathering for such portentous action, but Prautch recalled holy references that made the number blessedly sufficient. There was the one to baptize and exhort, there was the one to be the recipient of these services, there was the one to witness all. Because Prautch was known to be a reliable news tipster, though his news was often too hot for publication, the old Manila *Times* that day held front-page space open for this story.

Either then or not much later, Bishop Aglipay himself violently "excommunicated" Archbishop Harty. Wagnerian thunders rolled in chapel hymns.

In those early years, Prautch traveled a great deal in the provinces, aiding botanists at the Bu-

reau of Science by turning up odd plant specimens now and then—some of them of commercial value. In these travels he came to know the people better than other men did; because he lived in the people's homes, paying his humble hosts for his keep, and listened with rising indignation to the annals of their benighted misery.

When it was desired by the government to launch an attack against the caciques' power that was planned to be a consistent one, it was logical that Old Deacon Prautch—*Deacon* because of his whilom missionary status in India—should be named commander of the forces of assault. He was made, then, head of the rural-credit administration in the Bureau of Agriculture, charged with the joyous responsibility of organizing and founding rural credit associations. He tried and tried . . . tried to find little groups of five reliable men each, in the villages and hamlets, to be the directors of the associations. He visited all these communities, and tried with all the force of a man invincible, to indoctrinate them with the simple conception of associations of peons and small holders for the common purpose of self-help. Another man would have been discouraged, he would have quit.

Failure and disappointment only made Prautch work the harder.

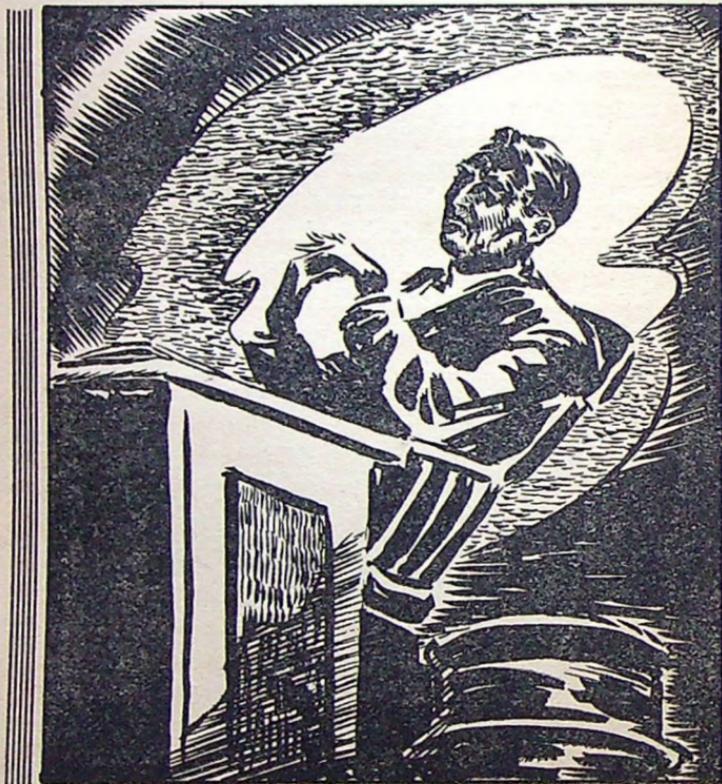
But it all came to so little. Philippine society was not far enough along for it, and like other societies, could not lift itself by its bootstraps. The associations themselves sprouted like mushrooms, that

was easy. But instead of small short-time crop loans to members, the directors generally transferred all the capital into long-term loans to themselves; in this way procuring additional funds with which to practice the usury they had organized themselves to abate. Most of these loans are still uncollected, and probably much of the \$2,000,000 involved is forever lost—the situation having introduced itself into politics.

If Prautch would make no compromises, wiser men would. We all did, *as we one and all know we did*, and we dipped pens in the old patriarch's blood to write up the entries of the tangible profits. But most of all, of course, the men directly responsible did: Filipinos who for personal gain continued betrayal of their inarticulate brother, because they had excuse to do so in this man's own shortcomings. Well, be all as it may, such were some of the experiences of the most incorrigible idealist among all the Americans who came to the Philippines to associate themselves with the vain founding of democracy here.

Though usury never ceased expanding, the Islands grew more prosperous; and when everything is going finely, what is more raucously wearisome than the lamentations of an utterly quixotic moralist: in Troy until the Greeks *did* come, Apollo, disappointed of Cassandra's love, vengefully held the Trojans under the willful spell of never heeding her direful prophecies. So we all tired of Old Deacon Prautch at last. About four years before he died,

we let it be that the government retire him on a pension, to spread over five years and then to stop. His pay had always been small, and of course the pension was even smaller. But it sufficed, and it is seen that he died in time—there was something left for the expense a fellow leaves upon the surviving who remember long enough to put him decently underground.



CALAMBA SUGAR ESTATE

CALAMBA is dear to Filipinos as the boyhood home of Dr. José Rizal Mercado y Alonso, whose books are the fountain of their nationalism. His father was a tenant there when it was a Dominican sugar plantation, and there he spent his vacations during his schooling at Ateneo de Manila and San Juan de Letran college. Many impressions later recorded in his books must have been gathered there. Idle and abandoned for 20 years, the land comprising the present Calamba Sugar Estate had reverted to wilderness when the estate acquired it and began, in 1913, its practical redemption. The estate comprises more than 18,000 acres, partially acquired from a few private owners but mainly made up of portions of the old friar estates of Calamba, Sta. Rosa, and Biñan.

The estate is a trust under the trust law of Massachusetts. Its capital is \$7,000,000 including half ownership of Pampanga Sugar Mills at the village of Ntra. Sra. del Carmen, Pampanga, one of the larger sugar centrals of the islands. Another central, which has milled 78,000 metric tons of sugar during a single season, 1933-1934, is at Canlubang, headquarters of the Calamba Sugar Estate and popular week-end resort of many Manilans because of the open hospitality of the estate, the beauty of

the grounds, the club, clubhouse and facilities for outdoor sports including tennis, swimming and golf over an 18-hole course invariably in prime condition.

Many experiments were tried at Calamba before the present excellence of administration was reached. At the beginning, everything had to be done as if the land had never been cultivated. It had been fallow during 20 years, the fields had grown up in scrub and cogon. Practically it was a day's horseback ride to reach estate headquarters from the nearest railway station. The fine asphalted public highway over which you now motor to Canlubang in little more than an hour from Manila, was then not in existence. The system of surfaced roads on the estate began as trails, over which members of the staff wore out 3 ponies during the course of a day beginning at 4 o'clock in the morning and often ending after 10 o'clock in the evening or even at midnight. In short, since fever too prevailed, every hardship of pioneer tropical agricultural projects was to be met; and they were all met, repeatedly, and finally overcome.

This long, persistent, grueling effort of men and capital made Calamba the model estate it is today. The capital in its common shares, now ₱5,000,000, waited for dividends until 1926. (Dividends on the ₱2,000,000 preferred shares were first paid in 1916, accumulated dividends for 2 years being paid at the same time.) During 13 years, more and more money went toward estate development, in-

cluding the building and periodical improvement and enlargement of the sugar central, or mill, and nothing was taken out by way of profit. In the 14th year, 1926, tenacity and ability turned the tables and dividends began. During 2 years 6% was paid. Since then 8% has been paid. Bonds against the estate have all been paid, and the capital now remaining, \$7,000,000, is in preferred and common shares quoted on the New York exchange.

Inquiry shows that Calamba common is sought as a savings investment by members of the staff. When this is done, under no topside-suggestion or pressure, it is primary proof of the worth of a project's securities.

One thing Calamba was free of from the outset, labor difficulty. Old reports attest that labor was always at hand, always reliable. But the basis of employment has undergone gradual refinement until it is doubtful the equal of it exists anywhere. Regardful of custom, it is essentially the oldtime share system of the Philippines ruthlessly deprived of abusive practices. It falls out that earnings of families domiciled on the estate are far and away above earnings of their class generally, running about P750 to the family during a year, and that these families accumulate savings, being encouraged to do so, and, living in good houses in the most healthful surroundings, have their children with them, to help them at odd hours and at pressing seasons in the field, while getting their schooling in primary and intermediate schools of which

there are no less than seven on the estate—all admirably located and accessible to the communities for which they are provided.

Teachers in these schools are normal graduates. The estate provides the buildings, maintains the grounds. Patrons however, pay half the salaries of the teachers, an application of the principle that things got for nothing are seldom appreciated. All the schools enjoy government recognition and formal supervision, their grade cards are matriculation credentials to other schools including private schools. Terms for classes are arranged to the best advantage of the patrons.

The rule applies that the more a tenant earns the more the estate benefits: it not only earns more net profit, but it gains a satisfied farmer. This is the foundation of many arrangements. Thus the estate itself is interested in but 2 crops, sugar cane from the lower lands, coconuts from the higher. Minor crops, of which there may be all sorts, are encouraged because this tilling of the land benefits the soil; but the proceeds of such crops, save rice, where irrigation is involved, are pocketed by the tenants who grow them. Half the cane land is fallow each season, available for suitable crops; and crops are grown among the young coconuts until the rows shade over. Both in the coconut and cane lands there are frequent patches left unplanted either to palms or cane, but fertile and well drained and adapted to truck gardening or minor field crops. It is well to have these

planted, and the tenants are told to plant them and have the whole income they may bring.

The practical result of this enlightened administration, at least one practical result—since another, obviously, is added contentment among the tenants—is that the whole estate is cleanly cultivated and there is an astonishing absence of noxious growth. It must be remembered that the ₱750 average earning per year by the tenant families relates to the estate crops alone, cane and coconuts; the more thrifty families, certainly, practically have the cost of their living from what they can produce independently.

Poultry and hogs are lavishly produced among the tenants. Canlubang has a central market and exchange, the building provided by the estate, where sanitation is maintained and prices controlled. The casual and seasonal labor employed on the estate, largely at Canlubang during the milling season, affords demand for what the tenants bring to market. Outside customers also patronize the market. Fresh meat is offered, as well as fowls and garden products.

Health might have been mentioned prior to the schools. It is primarily established by the thorough drainage existing throughout the whole area of the estate and the careful location of all buildings, dwellings particularly, which have artesian water, there being nearly a hundred such wells on the estate. It is a rule, not yet universal, that the houses have running water and septic sewage dis-

posal. No nuisance to health exists. The hospital at Canlubang is generously staffed and equipped; there are both wards and private rooms; the cost of major operations is borne by the estate, but in order that their families share the privilege, workmen give 1% of their pay to a hospital fund. Visiting nurses make the rounds of the homes on the estate every fortnight, ascertaining that all is well. Malarial control functions in cooperation with the Rockefeller Foundation* in Manila. Epidemics are subject to immediate effective quarantine, and influenza, permitted riotous havoc even in Manila, comes under this rule.

Fourteen dentists domiciled on the estate are not allowed to overcharge their patients. No exploitation of any sort is tolerated. (The dignity of man and of labor is vigilantly upheld. Getting data from old records, hours were spent in the office of the resident manager. Other hours were enjoyed motoring over the estate with the field superintendent. Dealings with tenants and workmen by scores were overheard. In every case the tone of conversation was as modulated as you would expect in a drawingroom, the language that chosen by the workmen or tenant. Tagalog, English, Spanish—and in the end there was no doubt but that mutual understanding was clear. The upstanding attitude, never forward, but dignified, of everyone met on the estate evidences the practical merit of this habit of good manners.)

*Now withdrawn, in favor of the Commonwealth government.

With health goes recreation. All schools have playgrounds, all homes have ample yards, and the estate roads running past them are prime conveniences for running matches. Each school has its teams of boys and girls and runs off schedules of baseball, basketball, volleyball and track and field events with the others. Improved athletic grounds including a baseball field and a golf course are provided and maintained by the estate at Canlubang, where the life of the estate naturally centers. So much is baseball favored that 7 of the players who faced the Big Leaguers in Manila last December, Connie Mack's and Babe Ruth's string, were out of Calamba's winning team in the Manila Bay League.

This enthusiasm is not induced. Spontaneous in the people when not frowned on or suppressed, it is merely given encouragement and leeway.

Now the serious matter of earning a living, how does a family on the Calamba estate do it? How does it earn that P750 a year? (There are about 227,000 coconuts on the estate, all rightly planted in well set groves, and at the highland borders. Sugar cane occupies the bulk of the estate. The crop is about 1/3 of the mill's rated capacity, and 2/3 of the cane milled at the central derives from farms and plantations round about the estate, the arrangements regarding which would be a story in themselves. It may suffice here that they satisfy the central's patrons, are not basically much different from similar arrangements at other centrals,

but that the administration of them does take the rule into account that the more the planter profits the more the central profits. The planters have an association, as planters at many centrals have, and operate a bank, for which the estate provides the building, through which they help one another with loans within the worth of each one's credit.)

The estate is honeycombed with systems of roads and railways, about 90 kilometers of roadway, well surfaced and providing safe and rapid motoring throughout the year, and somewhat more of railway with equipment of cars and engines, besides movable track laid out at harvest time among the fields as they come on for cutting, where the cars are hauled by tractors. Trucks are used even more than movable track. The fields are drained, many of them may also be irrigated; there is thorough control of surface water. The soil is classified according to fertility, plots are therefore classified, No. 1 land to No. 4, according to the demonstrated yield from the best obtainable seed and honest cultivation. A tenant engages, during 3 years, to farm one plot, 6 to 10 hectares, half of which grows a cane crop while the other half lies fallow.

According to the class of the plot, a minimum expected yield is set. This is the basis of the contract. For every ton of cane produced above the minimum set for his land, the tenant receives a bonus in cash from the estate. The minimum graduates from the poorest land upward. Between this device and the bonus, all tenants have about

an equal chance; thus arranged, on a rule of fairness, the whole estate is well tenanted. Besides his bonus for extra tons of cane grown, the tenant receives a base payment per hectare of cane harvested. His account is kept at the estate office as carefully as that of any outside planter. Cutting and loading cane is let to contractors, with whom the tenants may work and share the gains. Transportation is furnished by the estate. Preparation of the soil, planting and cultivating are the tenant's tasks. Early in the trial of this system, locusts destroyed the crops of certain tenants despite everything they and the estate could do. The estate gave the tenants the base rate just the same: they had made the crop, and were entitled to the money on the basis of honest discharge of their agreement. But it was hard to get them to accept the money; since locusts had devoured the cane, they felt the money wasn't coming to them. At last, however, they understood. They took the money, P125 per hectare, but were so uneasy that they all went into a meeting about it; and sent a delegation to assure the management that while they were taking the money now, they would pay it back in surplus production the next season. *This they did.* They worked to such purpose that the increased yield brought all the money back to the estate within 2 years.

Complete units of machine equipment are kept in every section of the estate; if work animals get diseased or weather throws the work back, these units are put to work on quick notice. Fields are

subsoiled with tractor power at intervals, to promote fertility. This is charged to a tenant at actual cost, and as he learns it is highly beneficial to him, he is willing to pay for it. Falling behind with plowing or planting, he is given help by the estate in order that the crop may be timely; and according to the circumstances involved, he may be charged for this.

Fertilizer is imported in wholesale shipments by the estate and applied to all planted fields every year, the estate and the tenant sharing the cost. Having a stake in the fertilizer, the tenant sees carefully to its proper application; this interest on his part minimizes the outlay of supervision. Fertilizer beneficial to knolls and light soil comes from the mill's filter presses and the ash of the bagasse, or dry milled cane, the fuel for the boilers. This is hauled free to the fields in cars sent to bring more cane to the mill; the tenant applies it, but is not charged for it. Tenants own and maintain the animals with which they cultivate the cane. If they lack these animals when they begin, the estate buys them and charges the cost to their account, the tenants liquidating the account as they are able to do so.

No interest is charged tenants on this indebtedness, or on any. Very few tenants are indebted to the estate, in fact, many have credit balances.

Owning their own livestock, the tenants keep the animals well. Pasturage and forage at each plot is more than sufficient for the animals required to plow and cultivate it; when the estate provided the animals and kept them in herds, pasturage was defi-

cient, feed had to be bought and, while the animals were at no time so fit to be worked as they now are always, losses were a material charge into production costs. The tenants were poorer and less resourceful, wanting work stock, the estate was poorer for having it. Turning ownership of the livestock over to the tenants solved this problem to the mutual advantage of both parties.

A qualified veterinarian and a staff employed by the estate maintain constant watch over the livestock and constantly guard against epidemics.

To sum up: Calamba demonstrates that the welfare of the tenant is the assured prosperity of the estate. Though the beginning was in 1913 and the first system tried was that of hired labor and administration, there are tenants at Calamba now in their 6th 3-year contract with the estate. Others have moved away. owning good livestock and with ample cash in their pockets, to farms of their own. *It is a practice of the estate to prefer tenants who free themselves from debt and have balances to their credit.* It is a practice of the estate to help the tenants succeed; yes, become economically independent—quite reversing the oldtime share system and flaunting the usual opinion that a tenantry out of debt is thriftless. Calamba proves such tenants are thrifty, at least at Calamba.

Naturally, selection of prospective tenants is made. Applicants are never wanting. But in the old days of administration and hired labor, labor had to be

recruited every year—a task involving no little time of the management as well as material expense.

Under the Tydings-McDuffie Act, for 5 years, the Philippines quota will be 850,000 metric tons of sugar duty-free into the United States and Calamba will manage well enough, as it has in the past. The 5 years thereafter promise dubiously now, but this country is micawberesque for luck: something favorable generally turns up whether you look for it or not. The usual Calamba milling season runs 5 months. The tenants are busy enough then, but what of the remaining 7 months of the year? Pursuing the rule of the welfare of its tenants, during the off-season Calamba provides all the day work possible. Drainage is looked to, more roads built, and volcanic ash, for surfacing, hauled in by rail and applied. Upkeep of grounds provides some work, repair of buildings and alterations of plant provide more. All that means economy, extending to health and good living, is done.

More substantially, there are the coconuts. Trees bearing number nearly 150,000. Ripe nuts must be gathered regularly. Gathering, husking and loading for shipment to Canlubang is a contract at a certain wage per 1,000 nuts. But partly to provide more work on the estate, partly for the better profit, instead of marketing the nuts as copra the estate has installed a factory and is converting the nuts into dessiccated coconut marketed in the United States through an agency in Manila. Thus between sugar and coconuts the estate maintains its dividends and

its remarkable population of more than 8,000 persons. Thus it keeps presentable, outwardly and inwardly. You feel in riding about the estate that the master key to all its achievements is surely communications. Aside from the roads and railways, the network of telephones. There are nearly 90 telephone stations on the estate, joined with the central at Canlubang and connecting with *long distance* there, also with the telegraph office. By road, railway, and telephone and telegraph the isolation usual to farming is obliterated. With these facilities, administration takes on the convenience of the administration of an office: all is under the eye at all times. The portion devoted to cane is 10,000 acres; to coconuts, 6,000 acres. Mill and hamlet sites, railroads, roads and streams cover an area of about 2,000 acres. Areas outside farmed to cane milled at the central comprise some 20,000 acres belonging to Filipino farmers numbering 1,004—an average holding of about 20 acres per farmer. The estate has 75 miles of railway connecting many of these farms with the central; cane from others, about 40% of the total, reaches the central's depots over lines of the Manila railroad.

Steam power for the mill is produced from bagasse, the pulp of the cane stalks left from milling. For its other power the central manufactures alcohol from the molasses by-product of the sugar. This is for tractors, automobiles, stationary engines, trucks, tractors.

OLONGAPO

TO motor from Manila to Olongapo naval station takes 3 hours to 3½ hours, a trip worth while whose zigzag ride over the low mountains beyond Dinalupihan is a compensation in itself. The valley road is old, the mountain barrier was only cleft by motor highway some 6 years ago; and while it is graded and surfaced and thoroughly built, it is still not as familiar to Manilans as it is bound to become when curiosity arouses them to week-end at Olongapo, view Subic bay and see why, though the navy and the marines chant lustily, *We won't go back to Subic anymore*, officers are never averse to a second tour of duty there.

Olongapo is one of the navy's best jobs. The navy (the term including the marines) may be proud of it as the cleanest and best-governed town in the Philippines: a town of 400 inhabitants when taken over from Spain in 1898, but now of 9,000 inhabitants. Though the authority of the captain of the yard is plenary, as that of the ranking officer, he counsels with a number of boards; one corresponds to a council, another to a school board, and the orders by which the town is ruled follow deliberations in meeting.

Thus the sociology of the place is interesting.

There are 60 marines stationed there.* Their commander, at this time Lieutenant O. B. Osmondson, patrol officer of the Subic Bay naval reservation, is the justice of the peace by appointment from President Quezon. He discharges *ex officio* duties also, acting as a treasurer of funds, sitting on some of the boards. Revenue derives from a system of licenses, the fees being very moderate in all cases. There is a hospital, the Camilla Simpson, outside the yard, where for the most excellent care and treatment low fees are charged and free service is maintained.

Every month, the status of all funds is posted on bulletin boards throughout the town. So often may every resident learn what the town's financial condition is: what there is for schools, for the hospital, for reservation maintenance. There are of course light, water and sewerage services and a system of fire protection consisting of mains, plugs and a pumping station drawing water from the bay; and the charges for all these services, including that for ice and refrigeration power, are all low. The monthly bulletins not only publish the facts about the funds, but detail them. In the schools maintained, every child of school age is enrolled. These are grade schools; a high school keeps up on tuition fees and is a private school. St. Joseph's is a private Catholic school.

Sanitation, health and schools are the community's primary objectives. They are all attained.

*Were, in 1928, when these notes were made. Succeeding officers do as Osmondson did.

Olongapo seems always to be building new school houses; for schools are not only maintained in the town itself but in all the barrios. But there being no waste of funds, when a building is needed there is money for it. Among the 60 marines stationed at Olongapo, 11 are detailed to police duty; they are the town's police force, a boon costing the community nothing.

Subic, down the bay 7 kilometers, is dead. You motor down the bay for the sunset view and a swim at the whitesand beaches along the way—wraiths of flourishing yesterday's chant requiems in Subic's vacant dilapidated buildings. *We won't go back to Subic anymore!* And why? Beer of modest percentage is back on the reservation—the only excuse for ever going to Subic in the first place is no more. But when the song was young, quite a fleet of dugouts did a thriving ferrying trade between Subic and Olongapo. They say too that Gordon's Chicken Farm declines, the new road situates a new place more advantageously. Yet in its day, what gayety at Gordon's: dinners and suppers of cutlets, and dancing through the night, because Gordon was lucky enough to have a homestead in the midst of the reservation.

At the homestead there was liberty. There was another homestead, but less famed. Seven years ago we met at Gordon's an oldtimer who seemed to have attained nirvana there. His past had been noteworthy in Manila, but he had put it out of memory and settled at Gordon's for the end. In time it came.

While he still lived and when his daughter married, he came to Manila and went to the church and stood among the rabble watching the couple drive away on their honeymoon. He could sip raw vino by quarts.

Olongapo's environment is better now than it was of old, the spruceness of the place strikes you at once—a part of the higher self-respect of the people when disreputability no longer dogs their flanks: when erstwhile lurid Subic is prone and quiet.

There are hotels in Olongapo with clean beds and reasonable fare and fees: no liquors or wines, but cool beer. The main one is Emma Hummer's, by the old pier where boats no longer call because of the new road. Mother Hummer is a character whom Rembrandt should have lived to paint, whom Picasso should paint now. She bulges atmosphere and stoutness, waddles to your table and sees that all is well. Her keys are ever with her, in her bodice. Credit depends on her caprice.

“Let 'im have it.”

Then a thirsty sailor or marine gets another spot of brew. Madame Hummer has been part and parcel of Olongapo since the Stars and Stripes were first raised there. She exudes age, yet a cumbersome vitality. She says her first husband was killed in the war, not mentioning what war or when such sorrow fell briefly upon her. Many a moonlit night she has talked away, no doubt; and after 9 o'clock curfew, only voices and low-clinking glass steins and the lazy lap of the waves at the timbers of the pier, and from time

to time, the crunch of the wheels of a tardy carromata careening in from Gordon's or from Subic. Madame Hummer's audience changes, yet remains the same: one goes, another toddles in.

"And when they brought the *Dewey* over," Madame drones on, "they towed her with 3 ships, the *Caesar*, the *Brutus* and the *Pompey* and she broke away 3 times on the high seas and every time. . . ."

The chromo shows the *Dewey*, the floating drydock 500 feet long and 100 feet in the clear that might dock a liner at sea or will dock 3 destroyers at a time. The drydock is the reason for Olongapo. It can speak for itself. It docks the Asiatic fleet every year: Olongapo is landlocked and there is great depth of water, so no trouble on this score—or on any. After the Commonwealth ends and independence comes, there will be 2 years during which to do something about naval stations in the Philippines, including Olongapo. During the Commonwealth things will be as they now are.

Spain founded Olongapo in 1885 and was intending to make the place her naval base in the Far East when interrupted by war with the United States. Alfonso XII was still king of Spain in 1885, his officer who founded Olongapo was Don Juan Bautista y Antequiera, a plaque on an old gate to the yard says. Two gates remain, but the rambling old wall is all gone. The gates are flanked by keeps, designed perhaps to house the guard, but some have served at times as prisons; from one, 30 years ago, 3 men who had murdered some marines were marched out to

be hanged. Ed. Gallaher, sage contributor to the letter box of the Manila *Daily Bulletin*, was then in the marines and on duty at Olongapo—he recalls the detail to this duty.

Ed. Gallaher is to be seen when you visit Olongapo. He runs the yard canteen, owns the Standard Drug Store downtown outside the yard. Celtic and observant, he is among the best of the islands' raconteurs. He is a fine host to fasten upon to take you about in the yard, which he has known since 1904. He points out the administration building, which Spain intended as a hospital. It is of structural steel fabricated in Barcelona, the walls filled in with massive brick kilned at the barrio of Sta. Maria. To such building, resistant to earthquake, Gallaher believes Spain was turning, away from mere stone and timber, when her time in the Philippines expired.

The Olongapo reservation is mineralized, probably with millions of tons of chromite, that mingled in alloy, burnishes metal against rust. If our own Navy sings "We won't go back to Subic," not so Japan's—it is agog for the chance to go there just once, when it will know how to keep its advantage.

DEAN C. WORCESTER

HOWEVER often the good men do may be buried with them, such is never the fate of men who, more than being merely good, are really great. It will not be true of Dr. Dean C. Worcester, whose true greatness and worthiness will be the more appreciated as the years broaden between his life and the memory of it, destined to become an American tradition in the Philippines of the scope and influence of a veritable heritage among future generations. He went to the Islands long before the American colors proclaimed the establishment of his country's sovereignty at this strategic point in the Far East. The declaration was wholly to his liking; he could gaze without fear and with perspicuous vision into the cycle of coming years; he could, as he so brilliantly did, devote his every endowment of mind and body and character to the founding there of a new America.

There was never a doubt in the intrepid heart of this rugged and gifted pioneer of the need for America there, or the good that she might do and the reward, even the material reward, that would be hers. He was intelligently guided to such conclusions, where a will like inflexible steel made him remain.

This was his heritage from Pilgrim ancestry. With it was bound up a subtlety of humor and incisive wit intolerable to those whose purpose was to deceive or whose inclination was to deceive themselves and pursue the path of least resistance. The path invariably chosen by the Worcester energies was that path, however difficult, leading directly to the purpose sought: for him all obstacles existed to be thrust aside: in his youth the rocks in the fields of the little Vermont farm which was the Worcester homestead had not prevailed over the planting and growing of crops. The asperities of a New England climate, while they did not harden him, did not soften him. He was ever occupied—if traveling, then with some needful writing, or a worthwhile book, or pursuit of a naturalist's observations—and for the casual affairs of life, opposed to the abstemious use of time, he had no inclination.

Men who did were often quickly offended by him, and said he was austere. He was impatient, sometimes to the deliberate point of giving offense, with sheer vacuity. His mind at all times scintillated with thought; his hours at all times were busy with occupation.

Dr. Worcester as a member of the Philippine Commission holding the portfolio of the Interior found in the Philippines the raw elements of a stubborn problem. Cholera and smallpox decimated the population; the civilization of the pagan tribes had not rid itself of savagery; agriculture everywhere, though the staff by which the entire Is-

lands are supported, had not advanced beyond what Jacob found in Egypt, and was innocent of the aid of science; forests were sickly with old trees that long ago should have been given to the saw; by lack of roads the valleys were cut off from the pleasant freshness and healthful heights of the mountains, where within the narrow horizon of sanguinary and feudal customs the hardy young tribesmen worse than wasted their strength in head-hunting and totemic orgies.

To such tasks, the abolition of such evils, as he saw them, Dr. Worcester brought his New England heritage. As a New Englander he could swear, his swearing being half the stern oath of purpose, half a covenant with Him whose power it invokes. By God, the lepers should be segregated and treated. By God, a bureau of agriculture and another of forestry should be established and should properly function. By God, there should be a hospital system supplementary to a health service, with a great general hospital in Manila as modern as money could make it.

And by no less a being there should be trails through the wild provinces, schools and enlightened and just administration. The affairs and welfare of the masses everywhere should receive attention, and those who would delay or prevent such attention, be dealt with like rocks encumbering hills where corn might grow if the soil were uncovered to the sun. Sanitation should rid the islands of cholera, and vaccination conquer smallpox.

These things must be wrought, they were accordingly wrought. Such was the invincibility of the man; such his unyielding, unconquerable will, thrice-armed by being so obviously right, so wittingly just. Each and every purpose of the man, therefore, was accomplished. If there has been some deterioration since he left the public service, never will it disturb his rest. He died in his fifty-eighth year, 1924. And why not? God and the Republican party were plainly one, yet for eight years, already, Dr. Worcester's world (the Philippines, of which he wrote a spite book: *The Philippines Past and Present*) had been in the devilish power of Democrats and it appeared there was no redeeming it.

It was an infection, seemingly a petty one, that took him off, an inscrutable design of Providence when contrasted with the hardships and fatigues he had survived throughout his career with no more perceptible repercussion than an occasional rebellion of the bowels. He must have growled on learning he was not to live to blast the Democrats with further broadsides about their Philippine policy. He was a Tory of Tories, in the sense that his path of conduct was always far, and uncompromisingly, to the right. His determination to do people good (or do them what he thought was good) whether they liked and welcomed it or not, was evangelical in its intensity.

It was soon an unwritten law of the insular administration not to bring on many New Englanders

for the Philippine civil service; for there had to be considerable bending, and these granite characters would seldom bend.

We knew Dr. Worcester from the time we first arrived in the Philippines, in 1907. He was, in fact, several times a guest overnight in our home at Cabanatuan. Yet he had nothing but contempt for us, and on every new occasion when we met him, he confronted us as a stranger; and at the same time, though it had fallen to us to render him a few favors, we asked him for none. We had (as teachers, and so not in his department of the Philippine government) met trains and taken off freight, some of it highly perishable, and livestock for him, having been apprised by one of his gruff telegrams that the stuff would be coming up, and not once did he thank us.

He would sit in our house at mealtime, when we had done our best to have an appetizing provincial lunch or dinner for him, and munch out of his bag, refusing our invitation for him to join us at table without explanations at all adequate. He it was, too, among the Commissioners who took Renacimiento's editorial, *Birds of Prey*, to heart. This Manila newspaper had, in its enthusiasm for Filipino independence, overstepped the law in this commentary. Dr. Worcester sued, got a big judgment, and took the paper's property in satisfaction of it. There simply was no compromise in the man, and no quarter for an enemy—or one whom his irascibility dubbed an enemy.

And why? It was probably because every day of his service as Secretary of the Interior in the Commission was one of battle. The impression may be gained from Dr. Victor G. Heiser's book, *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, that he himself was Number One in the Philippine Health Service. He was not, he was Number Two, and Dr. Worcester, at the head of the department, was Number One and had made Dr. Heiser his Director of Health. Dr. Heiser's work was comprehensive and exacting enough, and God knows, well done and effective enough, but it was but a branch of Dr. Worcester's work.

The whole bulk of scientific work, the health service a mere detail of it, fell wholly on Dr. Worcester's shoulders until the founding of the University of the Philippines in 1909; and afterward, most of it still remained there.

It was in 1917 that inner feeling got the better of us, and we remarked in the Bacolod Club, one evening, how little we cared for Dr. Worcester. It was a Filipino who picked us up about this, a lawyer who must have liked Dr. Worcester personally even less than we did. When we two were left together at the club, others having trailed home to early dinner, he told us always to distinguish between the man and his work; if we did this, he said, we would find Dr. Worcester towering head and shoulders above all his colleagues in the Commission and in the entire Philippine government, and we would find the permanent work of the Interior

department under Dr. Worcester greater than all the rest combined.

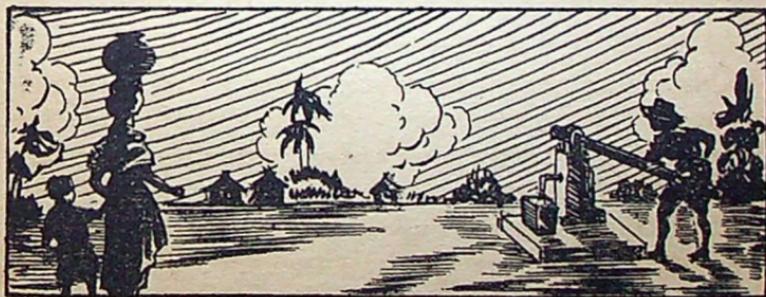
This was bitter medicine, but we went to work to get it into our system. For it was true. Evidence a brief capitulation we were able to make when Dr. Worcester died:

The Philippines hospital system capped by the great Philippine General Hospital in Manila. The City of Baguio 5,000 feet up in the piny mountains of central Luzon 175 miles north of Manila, the project for which Dr. Worcester put through with the Commission. The Bureau of Science, with its journal and excellent library, and facilities for research free for the use of visiting scientists. The Sanitation of Manila and the Provinces, Dr. Heiser's great Bureau of Health, now the Philippines Health Service. Modern administration of the remarkable pagan peoples of Mountain Province, and constant effort for the Mohammedan minorities in Mindanao. The Philippines system of artesian wells, now so extended as to provide nearly every community with safe potable water, of course quite free. Besides this and much more, Dr. Worcester was a moving spirit in the Census of 1903, the first official one ever effected.

Our Filipino friend's eclecticism was not only right, it was ten times right. Practically, Dr. Worcester barged ahead, accomplishing things crying to be accomplished, while his gentler fellows on the Commission followed behind, assuaging hurt feelings and picking up the wreckage. But let him

who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. He let the Democrats occupy the White House in 1913, and soon the Philippine Commission that liked to function under the War Department like the British Colonial Office under an aloof Prime Minister at Downing Street, was no more. Dr. Worcester decamped right away, together with most of his lieutenants, whose attitude toward him was that of worship. In 1916, pausing on the verge of War, Congress enacted the Jones Law giving the Philippines a bicameral legislative body and separating legislation from administration, and the Commission folded for all time.

Dr. Worcester was fifty. In eight years, still a fairly young man, quick as a panther and topping fifteen stone, he had gone to face it out with his Maker about Republican renegades masquerading as Bull Mooses. Mugwumps had been the bane of his life. But, soul of acerbity that he was, death spared him the torments of the New Deal. These, we are convinced, would have sent him stark mad. They are for the likes of us, not for the likes of him.



AMASA SCOTT CROSSFIELD

WHILE he lived in Manila, and when he died there some ten years ago from a fall down-stairs at the University Club, everybody knew Judge Crossfield: venerable, genial, and of the stalwart type in politics. But while the old-timers are our well known and well liked neighbors, precisely what their earlier careers in the Philippines have been remains an amorphous memory unless collected and set down in type.

A Vermonter: a country-reared boy from Glover, Vermont, graduated from St. Johnsbury Academy seven years prior to Calvin Coolidge. Crossfield: English ancestry, then, and Episcopalian, the Crossfields having migrated to America from Northumberland early in colonial history, 1642, and settled in New England. Amasa, and Scott, for baptismal names: Here intrudes the Reformation and the rounding out of the New England type with Scotch and Irish blood. Judge Crossfield's mother was Phoebe Ufford Bayne. *Amasa* was an acquisition from the free reading of God's word—by those who had been freely taught to read—for Amasa was "made captain of the host (of Solomon's army) instead of Joab." The Scotts went from Scotland to America in 1710; the Baynes went to America in 1735.

Such immigrants could struggle successfully with the stubborn soil and belligerent climate of New England; they knew all about belligerency. Judge Crossfield was graduated from St. Johnsbury in 1876. It is in St. Johnsbury, Caledonia County. Coolidge was graduated there in 1883. Having been graduated from academy, young Crossfield went clerking, to accumulate funds for college; and after hours he read law in the offices of Henry Clay Bates, remembered in the Philippines as the judge of the court of first instance at Iloilo for several years. At St. Johnsbury, of course, the humanities were stressed. There was an abundance of Latin and Greek, mathematics and history. Crossfield was a boarder in the home of A. W. Hastings, still another Vermonter remembered in the Philippines, for Hastings was once cashier of the customhouse in Manila, and later a member of the municipal board and financial officer of the city.

Crossfield didn't like clerking in a store. It was a clothing store, and from the clerkship he went as a drummer on the road for Allen and Company, clothiers. After two years, or in 1881, though Dartmouth was still vaguely in view, savings from a drummer's commissions were hardly up to these great expectations; so Crossfield took a post in the Indian Office at Washington and was soon assigned to the Sisseton and Wahpeton agency (these peoples being tribes in the Sioux nation), in what was then

the Territory of Dakota. At Sisseton Crossfield was acting Indian agent part of the time.

Another assignment at the Indian Office in Washington enabled him to attend Georgetown University, where he got his bachelor's degree in '83 and his master's in '84. He was then admitted to the practice of law by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. In 1885 he returned to Sisseton to have charge of the Indian school. With his authorization from the bishop, he often officiated at weddings and baptisms, and read the funeral service. This was perilously near to being a minister; but it was, after all, only in a sort of *ex officio* capacity.

From Sisseton, our young lawyer soon removed to Brown's Valley, Minnesota, and formed a partnership with Ed. Crawford. Politics, of course, attracted him. By 1898 he had been in the legislature, and already enjoyed excellent prospects for Congress. But here it was, 1898, and the war on with Spain. Law practice and politics went into the discard, Crossfield received a captain's commission in the 15th Minnesota U. S. Volunteer Infantry, which, going into camp at Fort Snelling, and later Camp Meade, Pa., was finally mustered out at Camp MacKenzie, Ga., without having had the luck to get into real action. The young Ohio congressman, for whom, in the Minnesota convention of 1892 Crossfield as a delegate had cast one of the first votes for his nomination for President

was now in the White House, with the Philippines as one of his big problems.

Going back to Minnesota by way of Washington, Crossfield was asked by McKinley to take a commission in a regiment to go to the Philippines. Beset with well justified misgivings, Crossfield courteously declined McKinley's offer; he explained that his army experience had been disappointing and that he planned going back to Minnesota and resuming life out there. He did so, and was elected county attorney, with the boys behind him for Congress next term. This news reached Washington, and disturbed the congressman then representing the district—who was, in fact, a personal friend of Crossfield's. He went to McKinley and told the President that Crossfield had reconsidered that offer of Philippine service and would now accept a commission. The first news Crossfield had, therefore, was the commission, the captaincy of Company "L," 44th U. S. Volunteers. The regiment arrived in the islands, landing at Manila, in November, 1900, and had active campaigning in Iloilo and Cebu.

In May, 1900, by order of General Arthur MacArthur, Captain Crossfield relieved Major W. D. Evans as collector of customs and captain of the port of Cebu, where he remained until June, 1901, thus giving the lieutenant who had taken over command of the company his opportunity to return with the regiment and be mustered out in the United States.

Under Taft, civil government was being organized to take over from the military. Though the return to Minnesota was still in mind, Crossfield found no way of declining honorably the proffer of the post as City Assessor and Collector and Insular Collector of Internal Revenue, for which he was ordered to report to Manila. His deputies were Capt. Henry Steise and Ellis Cromwell; assistants, to whom he ascribes the chief credit, included A. J. Brazee, John R. Wilson and J. Y. Hamilton, later to reach a high post in the postoffice department at Washington. The first assessment of real property ever made in the Philippines was undertaken, with success, and the system devised for the evaluation of real property still continues. Between 18,000 and 19,000 parcels of real estate in Manila were evaluated, and when the first land tax had been paid Crossfield went over to the Ayuntamiento to tender his resignation to Vice Governor Luke E. Wright, then acting governor, Taft having gone to the United States.

But Wright had another job in view, not resignation. He explained that customs affairs were in a tangle, and that Crossfield was needed as judge of the court of customs appeals, which was being created, and *ex officio* clerk. He said that in two or three years everything could be straightened out, which proved in the sequel to be the case, and that Secretary Henry C. Ide (afterward governor general, April-September, 1906, and subsequently American minister to Madrid), then holding the

insular portfolio of justice and finance, would be on the court, together with Chief Justice Cayetano Arellano of the Philippine supreme court.

The post was reluctantly accepted. Captain Crossfield became Judge Crossfield in 1902, on the Court of Customs Appeals. During two years, thousands of cases were reviewed and decided, every decision without exception being written by Crossfield, with Ide and Arellano signing as members of the court. Meantime, back at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, for the congressional nomination, Judge Crossfield, absent and busy in Manila, has received 48 out of a total of 101 convention votes, with nomination meaning election, and in the judicial convention, there has been a deadlock during three days in which the nomination for district judge has wavered between Crossfield and rival candidates.

Judge Crossfield never got back to Minnesota, as a matter of fact, to take up there the promising career opening to him when the events ensuing on '98 claimed his services.

In 1904, when the customs court assignment was closed with the abolition of the court, no longer required, he was appointed to the court of first instance of Manila, where he remained until 1914. Upon resignation then, he formed the law partnership, Crossfield and O'Brien, where he remained the senior member till his death.

Has the reader noted the *H. C.'s* in Vermonter's names? Henry Clay Bates, Henry Clay Ide, and both, for Ide was one, St. Johnsbury Academy men?

Vermont had a great admiration for Henry Clay of Kentucky, who "rather be right than President." It was Clay's regard for the Constitution that gave him so many namesakes in Vermont.* Yet it was Henry Clay Ide, on the Philippines customs court, that re-wrote one decision, just one, made by Judge Crossfield. It was in a matter of duties against goods from the United States into this territory. Judge Crossfield, following the Constitution, decided of course, that duties couldn't prevail between States, *nor between a territory and the States*. Ide reversed this, following "the diamond ring" cases, to which he invited Judge Crossfield's attention.

"Oh, I know about those cases, all right; but I think the decisions are wrong!" was Crossfield's reply. It was never in the cards that Congress or the White House would pursue a forthright territorial policy in the Philippines—a Tory policy. But it would have made things hum.

Judge Crossfield, with such a long period of life in the Philippines behind him, had a well formed opinion on the problem here. This opinion was that all America's troubles are of her own making, and that she began making them with the announcement 38 years ago of the policy: *The Philippines for the Filipinos*. Until then, no one thought of anything but permanent American sovereignty over the islands, he said, and the only political party existing

* But in my view, he was wrong on the point, i. e., congressional reception of antislavery petitions, and his classic opponent, at last to win, John Quincy Adams, was right.—W. R.

in the islands was for the status of an organized and incorporated territory. America herself caused the about-face, thereby entailing all her subsequent difficulties. If the islands had from the first been treated as all other American territories, as a place where Americans could freely go and settle, and rear their families under the assurance of the flag remaining over them, not a few, but a thousand and more stories similar to this one, could now be written of the first American pioneers, after the occupation and the cession.

Something else, whatever Filipinos decide upon themselves, with Congress, will now have to be worked out, and nothing, so far, quite succeeds. But the country is historically lucky, some halfway satisfactory solution may be looked for as time passes.



BOB McCRORY

R. M. "Bob" McCrory, a hearty Manila oldtimer, kept his rendezvous with death eleven years ago. The cable brought the word from San Francisco, where he had gone in hopes to get well. The body was cremated, the ashes rest in the homeland. Bob had spent many years in Manila, where his most cherished associations were.

Bob was a Manila Elk, a Mason and member of a number of other Manila clubs and Veteran organizations. His acquaintance in every element of the business community was wide, practically his friends were numbered by those who knew him.

Bob was forty-nine years old. Sprue and pernicious anemia had attacked him in 1920 at the height of his success; he had gone to California helpless from disease and returned to Manila with his health restored but his business impaired, owing to the market break that occurred in 1921, when all he was able to do was to lie on a hospital bed and fight for every breath. His health apparently restored at last, he came back and began over again.

There was no quit in Bob.

Men in Manila who knew Bob longest are the men who were in the old 16th U. S. Infantry (regulars)

during the Spanish-American War. Wm. J. Ellis is one, and Patrick Shea, chief guard at the treasury bureau, is another. Shea was a corporal and used to drill Ellis and Bob with their company, which was Company H. But Bob rose in rank, he was made company sergeant. The outfit, like the others in Uncle Sam's forces of the period, had some nasty engagements in the islands; and Bob was in the worst of them.

One who remembered him in his last illness, as he never failed to remember the veterans, was Major General Leonard Wood, who was so soon to follow Bob to the inscrutable Commander. Bob was grateful for General Wood's interest in getting him into Sternberg General Hospital, where for a time they were patients in adjacent rooms. But Bob didn't want for friends, both high and low. Bob deserved them, and anyhow it is Manila's way.

Bob enlisted in the 16th infantry in January, 1898. The regiment landed in Cuba June 24, 1898, and participated in the Santiago campaign. In this action Bob was stricken with yellow fever while on the field. He had a long convalescence, from this malady of the western tropics that kills most men, and it was January, 1899, before he rejoined his regiment, then at Huntsville, Alabama. From Huntsville the regiment went to Fort Crook, at Omaha, and later in the spring of the same year it came out to the Philippines. It campaigned in the north and Bob's com-

pany was stationed for some time at Aparri, the islands' northern seaport. He left the regiment at the end of his enlistment, January 1901.

After that he served in the ordnance department, then for a time he was a yeoman in the navy; and then, after leaving the navy, his Manila business career began.

He became manager of the Hike Shoe Company when its factory, the first little one, was in the old block opposite the Kneedler building. The business grew enormously under R. A. McGrath's ownership and Bob's faithful management, a pioneer manufactory.

Afterward, Bob entered the partnership of Roberts and McCrory and managed their RoMac store on the Escolta. After becoming the principal owner, he disposed of his interests to enter a larger field of trade. When the German properties were sold in Manila, he bought two, one mainly textiles, one mainly drugs. The volume of business was large, he became a wealthy merchant. Then * * * his first attack of anemia came on. He had to leave the islands, on a stretcher and in a hospital berth, at a very critical business period.

After his health seemed restored he once more took up the management of the Hike Shoe Company. This was in January 1923. His old trouble came on after the hunting season of 1925; it took him to the hospital, after the middle of 1926, and in October he

went to San Francisco to make his last stand. He was never discouraged; when friends called at the hospital in Manila, he told of the paroxysms through which he had passed as if they were some pleasant incidents of the day; and he smiled through it all. Death never took quarry more game, and game to the very last.

Bob had talents other than those of business, though he excelled in business capacity. A son of Indiana soil, he was a writer with a magic point to his pen. From a very early age he had made his own way, his self-reliance was astonishing.

One of Bob's several forgivable hobbies was the collecting of carved elephants. A giant of a man himself, with kindly indulgent strength, the effigies of the big pachyderms seemed to intrigue him. He came to have more than eight hundred in his collection, including many rare and valuable examples of the carver's art—some of gold, some of silver, some of bronze or brass, and others of oriental hardwoods, ebony, ironwood and the like, but perhaps the finest of them of ivory. They were of all sizes, grand and diminutive.

He was also a capital raconteur. Here is a delightful boyhood incident:

Back in Indianapolis they were having one of their typical white Christmases and at the Benjamin Harrison home a big children's party was romping around a Christmas tree in the basement. Bob came by, a newsboy plowing his jaunty way through the

drifts, and was singularly attracted by the merriment in the basement. He watched the children, enjoying their fun, and finally clambered over the chain-loop fence and squatted outside a window, the better to see. He laughed with the children inside, until presently a flunky of some kind came out, bearing a dish of something hot out to the summer house; and this fellow cuffed Bob away.

Bob's papers were scattered, and the party had to go on without him. Boy-like, he would have revenge on the flunky. As he gathered his scattered papers he spied out the place and concluded that the Harrison's Newfoundland bitch must have a litter of pups in the summer house, which was probably serving as her kennel. That night the best *boy* pup of the litter transferred its affections from its mother to Bob, and grew up in another part of town. No one, after that, cuffed its young master or scattered his papers. If Bob took an errand job, the dog's paw was on his papers until he got back; but men coming along and dropping any silver money could have a paper, though coppers didn't go.

James Whitcomb Riley was great friends with both Bob and his dog. He would tease Bob by asking him how much he would take for the dog, offering \$100.

"No," Bob would say, "No, Mr. Riley, I don't know how much \$100 is. I never saw so much and it seems

a lot, but all the money in the world can't buy that dog!"

Then Riley would laugh, his poetic spirit highly exuberant that faithful dogs and faithful boy masters were still to be found. Once the dog, often petted and made over by the Hoosier poet, was missing. Bob thought if he could find Riley he could find the dog. It turned out to be true. Riley wasn't at the moment quite in condition to take care of himself, and Bob's dog had risen to the emergency.

Most retail merchants in the Philippines are Chinese, and many of them conduct important wholesale business along with their retailing. In Manila, calle Rosario is lined with such shops, and the owners of some of these shops are wealthy. They are old-fashioned businessmen, too, living frugally, over their shops, and seeing to every detail. To one of these friends of his, whom he knew to be very wealthy and to carry too much cash at the shop for safety, Bob suggested use of a bank, specifically one of the British exchange banks. The old Chinese was slow about accepting the suggestion: he was the owner, he said, he was also the chief seller, the sole buyer, and the cashier, how could anyone rob him? However, he did yield, if Bob could find a bank that would accept his account. So Bob went out to try, and was amused when the Scotch manager of the bank he approached, demurred that the bank would not like

to open a new account with a lesser initial deposit than \$250,000. Bob solemnly complimented this caution, and relayed it to his Chinese friend, who, the way being thus cleared, called porters and began carrying his cash to the bank by manloads. Most of a day was spent at the bank in counting the bundles of bills and canfuls of coins, many of them gold pieces that had come from San Francisco with the American troops of 1898-1900, and when it was all summed up it was some \$750,000 and not the mere third of that sum that the bank had doubted the old Chinese possessed.

It took a first rate salesman to know *the trade* like that. And the young fellow of today who will get on that sort of terms with the Chinese will still do a lot of business.



JOHN C. EARLY

OUT of the midwest he came, youth in his limbs, ideals in his soul, courage in his heart. He swore to serve his government. They made him a school teacher and sent him to teach the pagan mountaineers of the Cordillera country (call it Mountain Province, if you wish), where isolation fostered ignorance; which bred fear, which bred hate, which bred interminable feuds and kept the highland villages at each other's throats. He went unarmed among these folk, learned their speech, sat in their councils—raised the question of the future. Well enough the spear and headaxe for the past. Let it go, and no heresy about the traditional heroisms. Let the maidens chant, the braves whoop up the war dance. But what of the future? Did the village have a youth who might keep its books, be its treasurer? Did it have a man knowing both the law of the land and the law of tribe, to be its judge? Did it have a medicine man who had turned the pages of science and might be really its doctor? Really now, were weird incantations enough to thwart the smallpox? Look at that girl's face, that boy's. Thus he brought the wisdom of inquiry into the councils, thus the mountaineers first trusted, then heeded him.

"Let us have stanch buildings in our village, even as the villagers in the valleys have," he suggested, shaping pine boxes to mold clay, and burning this molded clay into bricks. And he had limestone rived from the mountain and burned into lime, and other stone cut with chisels, to make strong walls. So the mountain villages got strong buildings, for schools, where boys learned crafts aside from books, and girls learned to make household wares valuable at the markets, and for offices of civil officials.

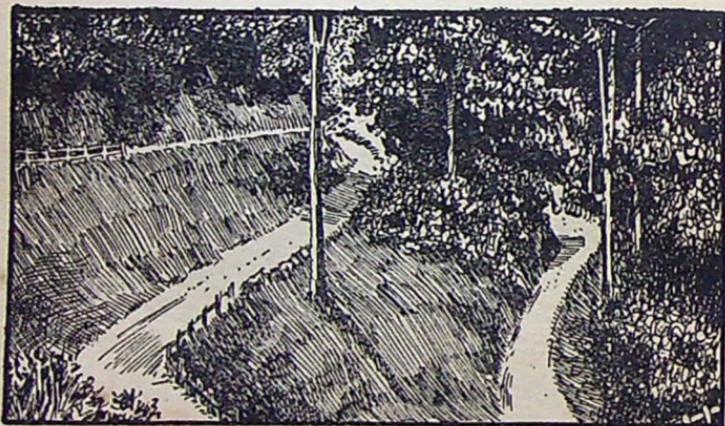
This was the beginning, and many hands helped. His was not the only one, just a typical one. The warpath at the crest of the mountain ridge was made a market trail, then widened into a pony trail so more goods could be carried, easier trips could be made, and at last hundreds of miles of these trails were joined in a breath-taking, thrill-giving motor highway: for the swifter winging of justice, the faster flow of commerce. He had ridden the trails on a mule, the mountaineers knew from the hoofprints where they would find him in council, and they speeded their steps to join the deliberations around the council fire—never once aught but for their welfare. Even after the roads were built and all the peoples were governed in one province, and he the governor, he rode circuit on his mule and hoofprints were his oriflamme.

He was John C. Early, born in Knox County, Missouri, in 1876. He was the Hon. John C. Early, governor of Mountain Province, one of the primary builders of civilization there. A few years ago he

died, of cancer, and left a widow whose legacy includes not an ounce of mountain gold, though the Cordillera country is fairly ribbed with it and opportunities were enough, nor hardly a trinket to embellish a memory. None is needed; his work, his clean official life is imperishable in the annals of his country in the Philippines. So we wanted to say a word about this midwestern stripling *maestro* who reached the governorship of the Cordillera country, who too, given health, might have gone from the place made for him to die in, that of adviser to the governor general on non-christian matters, to the vice-governorship of the Philippines (as Stimson would have had it) or even to the governorship itself. Stimson cultivated a coldness toward men, but to this man he utterly melted; despairing that the surgeons here, and those to whom he sent him in the United States, could do only the paliative thing and hold out no real hope.

But the man himself would not despair, would not recognize death's shadow at his heels, nor let others see it. At the very last he wanted a trip through the walled city, and planned for it with us as eagerly as a stranger in the islands could have. Then, hemorrhages draining his vitality with fatal sureness, the holidays called him to Baguio—on duty with Governor Butte. Questions required reports from him, the last was dated December 31. The next evening brought him out to an official dinner, but at last, with a smile, he had to give up and lay down to die, and before sunrise next morn-

ing the task was over with. Few men could have undergone such an ordeal—it was cancer of the intestines—and possibly have required or tolerated so little help. John C. Early at death in Baguio was what he had been in 1906 as a young civil-service recruit from the midwest, honest, purposeful, guided by ideals of civic probity and God-fearing charity. So they buried him on the mountainside, in the little cemetery which ought to become the Philippines' *Arlington*. The Igorots, over whom he did not make himself a superior, but who loved him for his tribal righteousness, say the voices of good spirits only are in the winds that sweep the mountainside. They say he will be happy there, and talk to them. They say there are eternal council fires. We can not see them, but they never die. Men put on immortality and sit by them, and their souls are heard speaking in the mountain winds.



JONES GETS HIS

JONES (it is not his real name) will go to jail. Forty years have passed, but now laggard justice has caught up with swifter feet. Jones will go to jail. It is Jones the miser, Jones the millionaire, Jones who made millions on money at usury. And it is Jones the Texan, Jones the Baptist therefore, who knew his Bible and knew the biblical law against usury. And he knew the Philippine law against usury too, but relished the skill of evasion, and he thought to himself they'll never catch me—I'm too slick.

But now at last they've caught Jones, the courts have said they've caught him fairly, so Jones is going to jail for a long lonely year; and maybe after that they'll catch him fairly again and send him back to jail again. The worst of it is, nobody cares; you search among Jones's old neighbors and find nobody who cares; everyone says it's all right, Old Jones deserves all he got. They say it because they despise Jones, and maybe they say it because they owe Jones money. For he has little books of accounts, little miserly books of accounts. These have been like prisons to his neighbors.

Even of big neighbors, big and perhaps prominent in politics and public life, Old Jones could often say to himself, He's mine, I've got him in my

books—he'll never get away from me. But now that they've caught Jones and are sending him to jail, many may believe they really can get away—they really may, they hope, escape the bonds of those terrible little books of account.

Jones has a clutching hand, a nervous clutching hand. It is a white hand, an American hand, even the hand of a veteran. To other American veterans of the "empire days" who remained over in the Philippines, the Islands have meant other things—other good things enough to make the record fairly remarkable and fairly good, but to Jones and Jones's nervous white hand they have meant only usury. Over Jones's whole city, over Jones's whole province, even over neighboring provinces, if the picture were made truly and the terrible little books of account studied intelligently, would be drawn on the maps the clutching nervous white hand of Jones, Old Jones.

Now there is hope, much of it selfish hope, that the spectre will vanish. For Jones is going to jail, he is going to jail a convicted usurer. The law has put a brand on him, the law has burned "USURER" in deep, and the scar will never come off; but when Jones dies, there it will be on his cold flesh, a terrible testimony for the saints to take note of; and the saints forbid usury, remember that—the saints forbid it as a cardinal sin, a sin of the heart, a sin of the soul.

When they have Jones in jail (maybe they've taken him there already: state prison), only a

crabid philosophy can comfort him. His only comforting knowledge will be that in early days others were usurers too. There were men high in the civil service, that was always bragged up officially as patterned after the Indian Civil Service of Great Britain and as clean as its prototype, that loaned their savings at 10% a month and were privately known as tenpercenters. But they weren't caught. Jones has been caught. Rumor and gossip and hearsay are one thing, legal conviction another—for legal conviction burns a brand on your hide.

Old Jones is a gonner, this time. Croners cackle about it, debtors rub their hands together gleefully about it, and it is as if Jones were paraded around the plaza and to all main corners of his city, and from town to town in his province, as in the middle ages would have been done with his ilk, that the rabble could see and spit on him. It would be fine to think that he was a millionaire, yet you could dash up to him in his fetters and spit on him. It isn't really done, but Old Jones has all the feeling that it is done. It had as well be done, for his feelings are lacerated to shreds, be sure of that.

He whines that he is persecuted. When you investigate this, there is not one sustaining witness—all Jones's neighbors say it is not persecution. Forty years of successful usury, then this!

It was clear sailing when Jones began, forty years ago. Never taking a drink himself, he got fancy profit from the bad liquor he bootlegged at the army camps. The cash was good, the credit

better. When a soldier got \$5 credit, he paid back \$10 on pay day. More than one five dollar piece could be used this way every month. You could double and double and double your money, all the time.

Stop and figure how it piles up. \$5, \$10, \$20, and in a year of fifty-two weeks, a fortune; why even in ten weeks, from a beginning of \$5, \$2,560. It was fine then. Fortune came so easily, your comrades were so gullible. But it smalled the soul.

After the World War there came into the employ of a commercial house in Jones's city a chap badly shell shocked who couldn't stand up to it and went short in his accounts. He made a clean breast of everything to his lawyer, who told him to plead guilty; and on this he was sentenced to a year in prison (Jones too is sentenced to a year in prison, remember) and then all his neighbors got together, when three months had passed, for General Leonard Wood to pardon him on grounds of his mental condition. But Jones, whose soul had been pin-headed by usury, when he heard of this, wrote privately to one "Gov Gen" (Jones's illiteracy for "Governor General") and protested against a man being pardoned who wouldn't pay his honest debts.

The man owed Old Jones \$3.75. Old Jones's neighbors remember that, just \$3.75.

One way to practice usury is to buy a farm or plantation, when the owners are desperate enough to come to you, for the loan of a third or a fourth what the place is worth—on condition that if the

owners buy it back at a fixed date their deed of it to you is cancelled.

This has made Old Jones a big landowner, a millionaire landowner. But they've caught him now, stealing folk's land, and they'll jail him for it. They've branded him, all right. They say in Old Jones's city that often when debtors came back to him early, to redeem their farms, he would put them off until after the due date. He would say, I don't need the money—keep it a while, you've got a month to go yet. But when the right date came and the money had to be paid or the farm would be lost, Old Jones would be away in Manila, or far in the province, sick, or playing sick. His poor anxious debtors would wait around until he came back, but the fatal date would have passed and taken their land with it.

You see, by that scheme Old Jones had no need to foreclose. The deed, with the one condition, was already his; and now he could claim that the condition had not been met and his deed was entirely clear. That made fortune grow fast indeed, only now Old Jones will go to jail for it. (Maybe he thought that because he was an American, and a veteran besides, they'd never send him to jail. He certainly must have thought that because others did this sort of thing, he, though an American, could do it too. Maybe he said, he wasn't in the Philippines for his health).

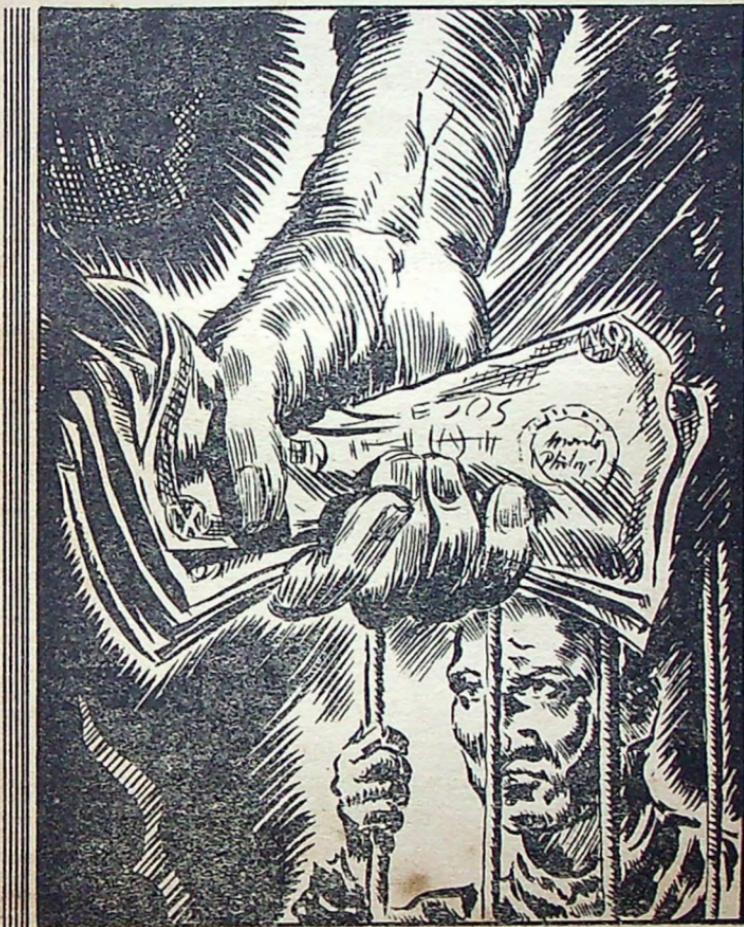
Once Old Jones was nearly killed, by a young man who was his blood kin.

Three years this young man had worked for Old Jones, and says he was never paid. But somehow he got \$100 out of Old Jones and managed to get away and go into a deal with some other young fellows getting out timbers and firewood under a government contract. The camp in the mountains was malarious, the young man got to reeking with malaria, but doggedly he kept on trying to make a living.

Eleven years so passed, until Old Jones at last made a dangerous pilgrimage to the camp in demand of his \$100. He wanted it then and there, and of course he wanted it with interest. No part payment would do, and nothing by way of interest would be waived. Well, it was a Sunday, and all day long Old Jones kept hounding the young fellow to pay . . . pay . . . pay. Until finally, the young man told him that he was going up on the hill to get his gun, and if Old Jones was still at the camp when he came down he would blow him full of buckshot, kin or no kin.

Old Jones had to pull out then. The young fellow was gone only ten minutes, but when he got back to camp with his gun cocked, Old Jones, in a skiff, was already rowing rapidly away. He was only 100 yards away, though, but the young fellow let him go. His partners all hoped he would shoot, with both barrels. But he didn't, he let Old Jones

live on, till now, to be overtaken by the law and put in jail. And after a while to die, with a brand on his back that the angels will see, the brand of the usurer.



THE PETTIT BROTHERS OF SUYOK

TWO of the most interesting Americans in the Philippines are the Pettit brothers, Alvin Pettit, 78, and Charles Pettit, 76. They live on Charles Pettit's homestead, near the village of Suyok, and their postoffice is Mancayan, Mountain Province, a few miles farther down the mountains. To reach them, one motors out to kilometers 90 from Baguio on the road to Bontok. Here he encounters two signs, one at the right saying *To Loo*, the other at the left saying *To Cervantes*. He follows the latter, and trudges down a wild, cantankerous slope to the distance of five or six kilometers, at last coming upon a farmstead occupying all the valley, a very narrow and fetching one, between two serried lines of peaks that court the clouds.

There are some grass huts off to the right, as one reaches the clearing, and another on a knoll at the left; but these, one senses, are none of them the Pettit home. The Pettit house will be that neat board cottage across the fields, set at the foot of a towering peak that is already, at four o'clock, hiding the sun away. Those outbuildings will be stables, woodsheds, storehouses, and of course a chicken run explains the fencing. So one essays the path, along the dikes and over a busy mountain brook, confident that he has chosen aright.

He meets an Ifugao woman, who articulates pidgin English and confirms his conjecture; and soon he is greeted and made welcome by Charles Pettit on the cool, shaded cottage porch.

"Yes, I'm Charlie Pettit—what's left of him. Sit down and make yourself at home."

One is now the guest, self-invited but otherwise on the level, of an old town marshal, Indian fighter and pioneer of the American west—a man full of memories of stirring times on the American border—who has chosen, with the help of fate, this quiet off-the-way glen in the Luzon highlands in which to grow old and await... await what at last inevitably approaches man wherever he chooses to abide.

"We have some gold claims up further in the hills," he says motioning in the direction the field gives out. "Perhaps they've kept us here. They seemed too good to let go, and we hadn't the capital to work them. We've just held onto them, keeping up the assessment work and getting out what we could. Now we have them leased to a company in Manila. Maybe this company will buy them. We had to do something like that—I got crippled so I couldn't get up there anymore—haven't been there for three years.

"We don't know how much gold there is. There's some, we know that—probably quite a lot."

Charles Pettit's faculties have not failed him at all. Witness the young hand with which he still writes. He is only badly crippled from being gored

by a maddened carabao, and a bad fall from a horse. Before these accidents the old pioneer could hike the hundred kilometers from his place into Baguio in a day and a half, and often did; that was his regular time.

Alvin Pettit, two years older, was never so robust.

The two brothers have arranged a most pleasant cottage home. They have built parallel to the mountain contour, at a spot where a spring pours down a ledge and falls into their watering trough, finally gurgling off to irrigate the fields. The cottage has two compact apartments, a bedroom, a little workroom, and a storeroom for each brother; and between these two compartments there is what is known in the Blue Ridge country at home as a dog-trot, but it is floored and walled at the ends and made into the common sitting room. The porch runs the full length of the cottage, faces east, and overlooks the fields.

The Pettit homestead comprises something more than eight hectares, every inch of which has been put under perfect tillage, irrigation and drainage by Ifugaos employed by the Pettits. Downstream walls, of stone, divide the fields at proper levels; not a weed is seen in all the acreage, while all the rice—the fields are all in rice—is of equal height and verdure and will no doubt ripen at the same time. The yield will be heavy, the fields having been kept richly fertilized. Harvest is sure. Other sources of income are Charles Pettit's pen-

sion and the lease money from the gold claims. The farmstead is modest plenitude.

Faithful people are about the place all the time. The Pettit brothers abide in gracious surroundings, however formidable the mountains are that wall them in their enchanting glen. And the development of the roads is overcoming their isolation, advantageously—the road to Baguio being nearby, accessible with only the walk up the mountains to it, yet far enough away to leave the quietude of the glen farm unmolested. On the day the trip giving excuse for this paper was made, Alvin Pettit was met at Haight's Place; he was motoring to Baguio on a marketing errand.

Alvin now attends to outside matters, being the more able to get about. "My brother Charlie will be glad to see you boys," he assured us.

The welcome at the cottage confirmed his words. Mellow mountain wines were served, *basi* and *tapuy*. Whoever is the vat master at Suyok is a connoisseur of good vintages; save that these wines, of course, are not of the grape. The *basi* is sugarcane wine, quite heady. The *tapuy* is from rice. The Pettit *tapuy* is a golden red, a quality said to come from burying the wine, once it is properly drawn off and put into jars, in the ground for several years. It reminds one of sauterne, but has a tang all its own—a most grateful beverage in the hands of honest men.

One quaffs pure *tapuy* by the tumblerful without acquiring the willies or breeding a headache.

Let no one have any doubts about the native Luzon highlanders: as the makers of tapuy they can only be unexceptionable, to be trusted upon sight with your life and chattels: there can be no question but that they worship the generous gods, and defy the others: and that above all, they make reliable and affable neighbors. Their tapuy renders them a special service at harvest, when the anthropobic gods would call devastating storms down upon the fields. They tempt these malevolent spirits with bowls of tapuy, and thus mellow their wills and placate their purpose of vengeance, sending them reeling back to the skies.

As hinted, tapuy, no more than any other thing of value, can not be trusted to men of mean character. Such men eke the tapuy with water, diluting its purity and deceiving the guest to whom the cup is passed. The results are havoc. The Luzon highlanders have contemptuous epithets for such thrifty hosts, saying of a man here and there among them, *He is so mean he waters his wine*. Such men grow old in their cupidity, have covetous children, and die unmourned by their communities. A fate which will never be the Pettits', for their tapuy is blue-ribbon quality. Now tapuy is not *saki*; it is something subtly different, milder and better. If it could be obtained in quantity of uniform excellence, skillful commercialization of it might quickly make it famous throughout the world.

The kind of tapuy the Pettits have is worth an arduous mountain journey to obtain.

Among the reminiscences over the tapuy glasses were chapters from Charles Pettit's life. He and his brother Alvin are of a large family born and raised in Indiana on a farm near Indianapolis. When they were stripling lads the family removed to Charles City, Iowa; and from there, when they were young men, in 1876, they went together by covered wagon and ox team over the Oregon Trail to Egan, South Dakota. Always, then, they have sought the border, the distant limits of civilization—by an urge that is in highland blood.

In the west they *followed cattle*. Among other arts, which Alvin Pettit especially has acquired, is that of prime camp cooking. He can mix and bake a flapjack, and flip it in the air in the orthodox cowboy manner. Charles Pettit had a political career in Egan, where he was chosen town marshal. He had a finger of his left hand shot off one night by a saloon keeper in whose place he was quelling a brawl among men of the steel gang laying the rails of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway into Egan. The saloon keeper had gone *juramentado* and knew not what he was doing.

Charles Pettit preceded Alvin Pettit to the Philippines, coming here with the Wyoming volunteers in 1898. Campaigning opened his eyes to the Luzon mountain country, and at last he staked his gold claims at Suyok. Then, in 1904, a man by name of Hunt was taking an exhibit of the tribal

peoples of that region to the Louisiana Purchase Centennial at St. Louis. Charles Pettit went along to help him, and get a chance to see his old parents and his brothers and sisters. Coming back with the tribesmen the next year, 1905, Alvin Pettit came along with him. Had they not always been on the border together?

Suspicious of smallpox in the steerage, where the tribesmen were, made the quarantine authorities land these steerage passengers at Mariveles. The Pettits landed with them, of course, took them up the coast to Candon and inland to their homes. Thus it was that Alvin Pettit missed his first chance of seeing Manila. This boon, if so he views it so, still awaits him, for he has never visited Manila during the quarter-century he has lived at Suyok.

Charles Pettit saw Manila in his soldiering days.

(Breaking camp at St. Louis, some of the units of the Hunt exhibition appropriated the brass chains of the lavatory equipment, to bring back to their women as ornaments; they likewise possessed themselves of electric bulbs, to use as torches on the trails, but these lost their lighting properties during the voyage.)

In lieu of coming down the mountains to associate with lowlanders, the Pettits keep conversant with the world through reading worthwhile books and the best of the magazines. They are both men of sound public-school education, and that their years rest lightly on them is attested by their spelling; when a person to whom English is the

mother tongue begins hesitating over the orthography of the language, that person is growing old. The Pettit brothers have watched the progress of aviation with unusual interest, being of old Scotch Presbyterian stock that saw in machinery man's emancipation from serfdom, and had as well, a natural gift with tools. Alvin Pettit says he hopes to ride in an airplane — "I'll do it, too, the first chance I get."

The visit of three strangers to his cottage, and their enjoyment of his tapuy, reminded Charles Pettit of a favorite refrain of his, which he sang in order that it might be learned and joined in.

Someone thinks of someone
All the live-long day,
Someone thinks of someone,
Though they're far away;
Someone thinks of someone,
Lonely years all through,
Someone thinks of someone—
Someone thinks of you.

One of the visitors thought he knew what would fetch Charles Pettit, melodies from Burns—*Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon*, and *Afton Waters*.

They did. They reminded him of the days of his childhood, when his father would croon the highland songs. And they especially reminded him that more tapuy should be served!

Nibs brought it out—she is the factotum about the place. Charles Pettit is appreciative of her faithful house-keeping and will leave the place to

her, should she survive him. There were Nibs and Loolie, Nibs's daughter, aged four.

Loolie is a tardy acquisition of the Pettit ménage. Her mother, Nibs, is an Ifugao peasant. But her father came from the lowlands. Loolie is chubby and well formed, with big black eyes evincing a flashing, curious interest in everything. She is the farmstead favorite, the light of the evening hearth, and at four she is already familiar with her letters and beginning to read. Everyone feels a responsibility for Loolie, and her age and weight are matters of record on the homestead-notice card on the porch, along with data regarding the setting hens and when they are to hatch.

Loolie's father used to work for the Pettits. He doesn't any more. When he worked for them he let his wages accumulate with Charles Pettit; he was industrious and seemingly contented. But one day he went to his employer and asked for his wages and savings; he was very anxious for his money and wanted to go away immediately, saying Nibs had *spoken to him many bad words*. Why she had done so he would not divulge, but he was entitled to his wages and they were paid him. Not long afterward, it became apparent that Nibs was soon to obey an admonition of nature; she admitted, then, her anger with the hired man who had so hastily left the premises. Loolie was born without mishap, the event belieing considerably her mother's protestations of displeasure.

Loolie is a doorstep child.

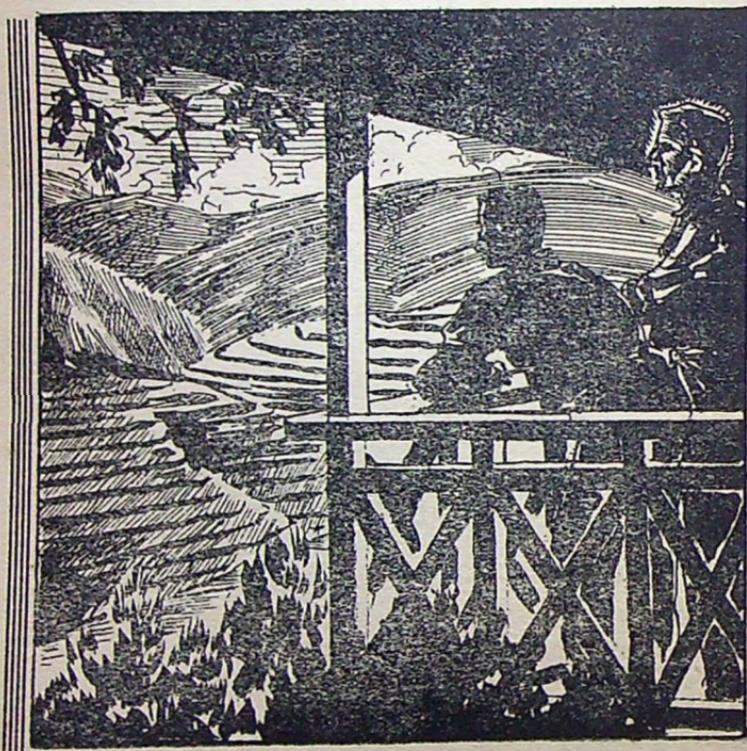
The Pettit brothers are of course known and respected throughout Mountain Province. Years ago Charles Pettit was the justice of the peace in their district, and Americans honored him with the brevet title of *Judge*. The Ifugaos can't get it right, they say *Jud*; ask them where *Jud* lives and they will tell you. Much wise counsel is promulgated from the Pettit porch, where the people come to seek it.

Alvin Pettit may go away from Suyok sometime; he desires to do so, if the mining claims pan out. He believes he should like to be buried in the Pettit family plot in the graveyard at Topeka, Kansas, where Pettit père quit following the border westward. The father and mother are buried there, two brothers, two sisters, and a brother-in-law. It is North Topeka. But of course, Alvin will not leave Charles—fate has charge of the whole matter—and Charles Pettit plans to sleep in the mountains where he has spent thirty years of his life. He has selected a little plot on his homestead and he keeps it in readiness.

The shadows of the mountains were long across the green rice fields when the visitors said goodbye to Charles Pettit on his porch, and retraced their steps up the trail to the high road and their waiting car. Back of them they heard an old man's voice, singing—"*Someone thinks of someone...*" They looked, and there was the stalwart old pioneer, tall and lean and loose-clothed, leaning against a porch post—a gray figure silhouetted in

the mountain's shade: a dog at his right hand, Nibs and Loolie in the background. He waved farewell, turned and went into his cottage. Someone thinks of someone? Why, it is as true as can be! And anyone who has ever been a guest of the Pettit brothers of Suyok, will surely very often think of them.

A mine, Suyoc Consolidated, now thrives at these brothers' old gold claims. Charlie, the meistersinger, has died. Alvin buried him at the homestead. But Alvin's subsequent visit to America was disappointing—he hurried back to the mountains again, and lives at Baguio on his Suyoc winnings.



MESSRS. CULLEN AND SMITH

TWO hours by a handsome Sikorsky passenger plane with pontoons for the sea and wheels for the landing field bring you to Iloilo from Manila for the great purpose of meeting U. S. Public Health Officer George I. Cullen, the man who rates three full pages in Dr. Victor G. Heiser's book, "An American Doctor's Odyssey." When you meet Dr. Cullen and get to know him, you surmise that the three-page notice in the "Odyssey" is the irreducible remnant of what must have been ten times that much in the original manuscript.

If any skillful writer yearns for a book even more popular than Dr. Heiser's, he might go farther and fare far worse than to wend his way quietly here and write the whole volume around Dr. Cullen. Even the precious plate, hand wrought gold and silver, a set for sixty-five guests adorning his remarkably hospitable board, shows a startling and interesting angle of his many-sided character; and no less startling, after forty years in the tropics that through personal risk he has helped make healthful, is the freshness of his physique and the alertness of his mind. In an environment made picturesque by beachcombers, he keeps fit enough to adorn an embassy; and not by even an hour's aloofness during his long day, neither, as

Pepys might say, for he remains in touch with the whole city (a population of 70,000), the proudest and the poorest.

As you talk with him, he takes time out momentarily to comfort a woman quite penniless and unhappy, and poorly endowed. Life is cracking up for her, and her futile gesture as fate crushes her down is to cry into her brandy—stowed away on top of some rather liberal gin fizzes. Instead of resenting this intrusion into precious time, you like it for what it brings out in Dr. Cullen. His manner toward this creature slipping into a dubious future is precisely his manner toward you, a manner of natural politeness to be disturbed by nothing whatever. He is a Kentuckian, his father was Scotch, his mother French, a direct descendent of La Fayette.

In the Cullen home, religion was never discussed and gossip was never tolerated. If a neighbor was making himself a dipsomaniac, not a word about it was permitted—sympathy with a soul probably facing unmanning circumstances was encouraged instead. Of course, no reflection on any woman, however notorious, could be voiced in such a family: womanhood was womanhood in all circumstances, and if not always to be gallantly defended, at least always gallantly to be understood. A gift of tongues, too, comes from Dr. Cullen's mother; in a home far ahead of its age he learned French and Spanish and German along with English.

Dr. Heiser speaks of Dr. Cullen's mathematical powers. There is no need with so much new to go over old ground.

It was the gift for languages that gave Dr. Cullen his first hold on the Philippine people. (In Iloilo, after badgering other health officers until they were called away, they petitioned for his assignment there though they had never known him save by hearsay; and they voted him privileges and special advantages, and, this being in 1912, have never since allowed him to think of leaving them). He came to the Islands with volunteers as a surgeon under General Jacob H. "Jakey" Smith, and soon served as a member of Smith's staff, living with him and acting as his private physician, because he quickly learned the languages of the people where the campaigns were being relentlessly prosecuted.

Dr. Cullen has officially qualified as a court interpreter in some fifteen Philippine languages. He always speaks to a man in his own language, finding it puts them on terms with one another at once and makes for understanding. When Smith was court-martialed and retired a brigadier, for his effective Samar campaigns after seven commanders before him had failed with great losses of men and officers and great chagrin and cost to the United States, the proceedings were diplomatic but unjust. It was long ago and could be forgotten, but Dr. Cullen might have proved for General Smith facts that would have certainly brought about his ac-

quittal. But because the man who should have spoken out would not do so, General Smith would not broach the facts. He forbade Dr. Cullen to testify.

General Smith dated back to the Civil War and was punctilious about discipline whether it hurt him or not. Once at Dagupan he gave Cullen an order to be carried out that was flatly in opposition to an article of war. Dr. Cullen invited attention to the fact, Smith but repeated the order, and then Dr. Cullen carried it out. Without undue delay there came a letter to headquarters from General Wheaton in command of northern Luzon, denouncing what had been done and ordering a court martial for the officer who did it. Smith rightly took all blame on himself, in writing.

When Smith needed similar loyalty, he would not let Dr. Cullen respond.

But the old campaigns were a lot of fun. It was quiet fun as quarantine officer at Catbalogan, Samar, in 1902, to tell Captain George Langhorne* as aide to General Hughes from Iloilo, that the general could not land at Catbalogan because Iloilo had cholera and was under quarantine. Langhorne asserted rank, but Cullen argued back correctly that a local commander did not rank the U. S. public health service. Hughes at once sustained Dr. Cullen, who brought Major Carrington off to Hughes' ship for the necessary conference, under

*A Virginia Langhorne, the family branching to London in Lady Astor.

pledge to drink and eat nothing; and Hughes had Cullen stand by for witness.

It was when they didn't want Cullen near General Smith that they detailed him to command the transport "Seward" when she was assigned to a Mr. Bush of New York who had come to Manila in his own yacht to look into the Islands from the investment viewpoint for some nabobs of banking in his home town.

As guests of the United States Mr. Bush and his entourage, fourteen women captained by Mrs. Hughes, were not particular just where they went just so they kept going somewhere. So when the Philippines ran out, right in sight was Borneo—they were down at Bungao, far south in Sulu. All right, Borneo then, please take them to Borneo. They had actually started across to Borneo before Cullen remembered that his orderly was an armed force, that the "Seward's" one gun made her an armed transport, and that they were proceeding to a foreign port in peace time without permission from the foreign country.

In these circumstances the "Seward" was put about hastily and a cable of inquiry put through to the royal governor at Sourabaya. His reply cable was a foot long, all saying come ahead. Whereupon the "Seward" steamed over, her gun's breechlock thrown somewhere that Cullen knew nothing about, and the orderly's arms chucked away in an equally unknown place. The welcome and entertainment at Sourabaya were tremendous,

and General Hughes had a ready explanation for Washington.

Hanging was also interesting, while the first bitter campaigns lasted. It was done for mercy's sake.

At Dagupan, a few days before he had to hang the Prados, an old outlaw and his nephew, General Smith had had to hang two other offenders at one of his outposts where the sergeant had bungled a good deal. (The ropes had stretched, and soldiers had to weight down the culprits by hanging to their shoulders until life expired).

At dinner Dr. Cullen took this up with General Smith, saying that the ropes should have been pre-stretched, that the nooses should have been made with the regulation hangman's knot. Ah, then the doctor knew how to prepare hangmen's ropes, stretch them and soap them? He did, yes, sir. Very interesting. And he knew too, perhaps, how to tie the hangman's knot? He did, sir. Very interesting. General Smith was laconic, "Very interesting" was a long speech for him. Of course it turned out that Cullen was placed officially in charge of the hanging of the Prados, while as surgeon of the command he looked after their health as military prisoners.

Word came that the Prados would not be hanged, that the Dagupan plaza would be filled with 10,000 of their sympathizers who would rush and overwhelm the guard, and mingle with them so that they could not fire without shooting their own

men, and during this confusion the Prados would be spirited away. To all which General Smith said nothing. But on hanging day, when things were ready, Smith's interpreter mounted the scaffold and a bugler called the crowd, more than 10,000, to attention. Then the interpreter said everyone was to seat himself, and if any man rose to his feet until after the hanging was over, firing would begin and continue until the plaza was cleared.

"You know," said the interpreter, "General Smith always does what he says he will do."

The hanging went off admirably, under these circumstances, and because five ropes were pulled for each trap, by soldiers inside the monastery serving as barracks, no one knew which soldiers really sprung the traps—so there were no reprisals. Thirty-three more hangings, to do the thing right, since it had to be done, completed the list of the troublous campaigns.

An errand of mercy more to Dr. Cullen's liking was going into the high wilderness of Samar and inducing the bloodthirsty Pulajans to surrender. This was a single-handed job, carried out in the Pulajans' own language, and Heiser mentions it. A few years later, Cullen was Governor George Curry's righthand man in the civil administration of Samar, and together these men brought permanent peace to the bloodiest ground in the Philippines. When Cullen served in Samar as health officer, the Filipino officials, like the officials of

Iloilo today, provided him unheard-of perquisites; they would go to any length to cooperate with him, though his quarantines were severe and totally impervious to modifications.

It is the same at Iloilo, though popular education ended it long ago as a singlehanded proposition.

It was also fun, nearly forty years ago, interpreting Pulajan dialects in the courts—the old military courts. The interpreter was sworn to translate correctly. Amusing incidents grew out of this, from the fact that one word had as many as six or seven different meanings among the tribesmen, according to the delicate inflection given it. Such a word is “ambut”, and one very frequently used. A question would be asked a witness, Cullen would interpret it to him, and he would say in reply, “Ambut.” Then Cullen might translate, “He says he doesn’t know anything about it.” Or he might, following correctly the inflection, translate, “Witness says he knows all about it but doesn’t see why he should peach on his pals.” Or again, with still another inflection of the handy “ambut”, “Witness says he knows nothing about this now, but would be willing to try to find out!”

Even at this stage, the actual versatility of “ambut” is but half explored. Such incidents often made young military prosecutors explode in open court, how could so much be got from a mere grunt. But judges upheld Dr. Cullen, as skilled a linguist as the Islands’ boast, and one judge, to quiet further remonstrance from the prosecution, told the

young lieutenant to rise, raise his right hand, and take the oath of the interpreter. But he said he could not do that, he didn't know the language. "Well then, hush up and get on with your case," said the judge, "for Dr. Cullen does know, to the roots, what you assume to criticise without knowing a word."

It is late dinner time when you thank Dr. Cullen, and the Lady of the Brandy has fallen asleep in a capacious "padre" chair—her troubles, very real ones indeed, for the moment put aside. Dr. Cullen will help her wrestle with the Angel tomorrow, and again on the morrow after that; and at last—who knows?—she may triumph. But now Cullen must be off, a round of the hospitals, first rate ones in these days, a job of surgery, the burial of a young Norwegian sailor, dead by accident—a fearful fall down the deep tank of his ship as she warped to at Pulupandan to load sugar for New York—after dinner, some hours of laboratory and reading, until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then at half past 5 o'clock, a round of the docks where a ship may have come in during the night and be waiting practise before tying up.

But a last question, why stay on—why does Dr. Cullen stick here in Iloilo? He has no family, nothing ties him here. His answer is quick, he likes to live among the best people in the world, the Filipinos. You tolerate the exaggeration. It is as sincere as philosophy itself. Learning enough would argue it as in good part true. Dr. Cullen

says he never meets man or woman who tries to do him harm or take the least advantage. This is certainly true, your own experience, almost, during thirty-one years, and could be the hallmark of superiority. But then, of course, Dr. Cullen returns the compliment.

Dr. H. F. Smith of the United States Public Health Service at Manila (in general charge for the Philippines) is the man who originally detailed Dr. Cullen to Iloilo; and Dr. Smith, equally with Dr. Cullen, illustrates not merely the ability but the remarkable esprit de corps pertaining to the service. Dr. Smith is the autocrat of the port of Manila, make no mistake about that. Take the current docking of Canadian Pacific's queen of the Pacific, the ss "Empress of Japan." (This is written in July 1938). It shows how Dr. Smith does things, little stubborn workaday things that banish plagues from his territory.

From the "Empress of Japan" at Hongkong Coming down to Manila, there had been disembarked from Shanghai a Chinese woman who immediately came down with a violent and suspicious malady. She had been in the third class, other ships designate it steerage. Dr. Smith has eyes and ears in Hongkong, soon the British health administration there had to cable Dr. Smith the warning that the woman might have cholera, and six hours later a confirmatory cable came, the microscope was positive for cholera. The "Empress of Japan" sailed on to Manila, her distinguished cabin list headed

by President Quezon returning to the Commonwealth from three weeks in Japan. She had three hundred sixtyeight passengers altogether, some third of them cabin, another third tourist, another third in her third class or steerage accommodations where the woman sick had been.

She reached Manila at daylight on a Sunday, and finally docked after noon the day following. Meantime, she had been held outside the breakwater under careful examination. Quezon and his party, of course, were all accustomed to vaccination and had all been immunized against cholera, typhoid, and dysentery before leaving Manila for Japan. That is routine in the Philippine health service, or you can have Dr. Smith's office do it, or your private physician. In any case, you always have it done. So Quezon and his party landed at once, with port honors, and he went ahead with his part in the homecoming celebration on the Luneta de Isabel II. Then it was at once ascertained that all the cabin folk had been immunized, and they, since they had no contact with the infected part of the ship, were soon ferried ashore. Followed all second cabiners who enjoyed the same immunity, and with them, all steerage passengers who had been prudent enough to have been vaccinated against Asia's triumvirate of deadly epidemics.

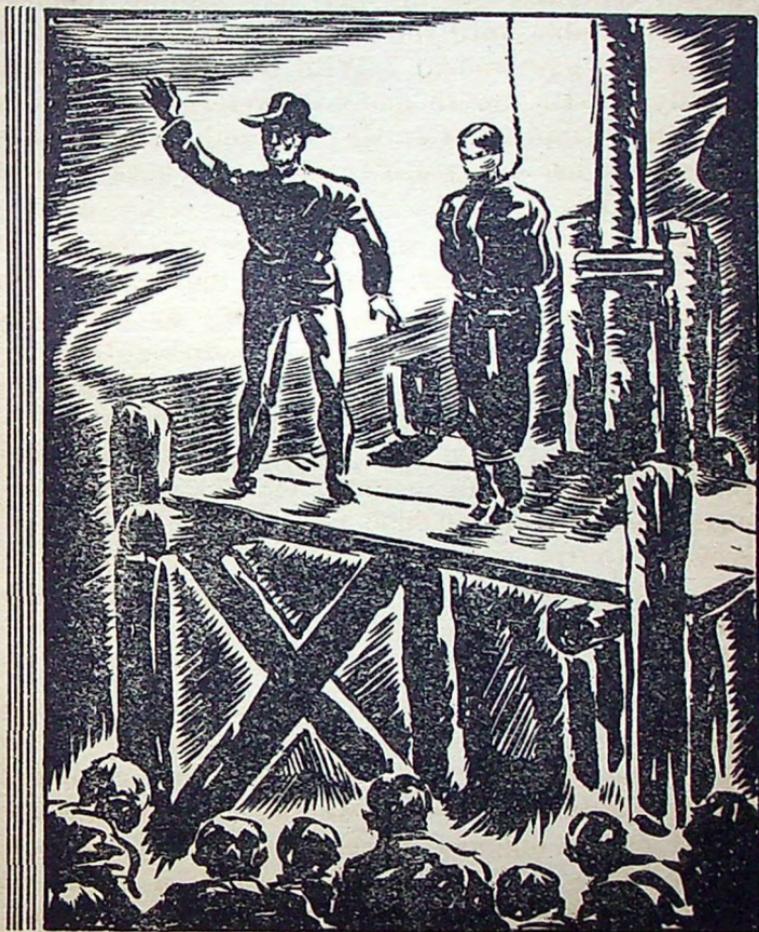
All others remained aboardship until specimens were run under the microscope, a total of a hundred sixtyeight. Two positive cholera cases turned up in this tedious yet unavoidable examination, and

four cases strongly suspected to be cholera; and all were at once hospitalized and treated at San Lazaro, Manila's public hospital for contagious diseases—a Franciscan foundation dating in the sixteenth century, by the way, but nothing remarkably creditable until the American period placed it under the government. With all this, so expeditiously did Dr. Smith and his bacteriologists work that the "Empress of Japan" was only twelve hours delayed in her departure from Manila back toward Vancouver.

Dr. Smith's augean task dates in 1937 from August 8 to December 22, embracing the deluge from China provoked by Japan's attacks at Shanghai and the demolition of that city. During that period, he handled two hundred twentyone ships and a total of 64,817 persons through quarantine, impregnable, as it proved, at Mariveles. It's a tiptop record for any man. Some 34,817 persons were passengers, nearly 30,000 were members of ships' crews. In the total, two hundred ninety-six positive cases of cholera turned up! What a nice little infection squad this would have been, to land in Manila.

Such feats are catalogued and appraised at some League bureau in Geneva. But they are worth noting in the library. Travelers sometimes complain that it is tedious to land in Manila. If epidemics are a part of the luggage, it certainly is. In short, it can't be done. To prevent it is a practiced American ingenuity. But once ashore, all is different: safe

city water, even the Army drinks it, and safe food. Because out there beyond the breakwater, and when need be at Mariveles, Dr. Smith keeps persistent scientific vigil.



DOC WILLIAMS'S RESEARCHES

LIFE would be fine and comfortable in a nipa-thatch house in the Philippines, were it not for the inmates: the scorpions, spiders, centipedes and millipedes, cockroaches, termites (white ants), flies, ant lions, book lice, doing havoc to your library, butterflies, shedding noisome pollen into the butter-tin, moths, supplementing the not altogether puerile efforts of the butterfly, to make the evening meal uncomfortable, fleas, bees, wasps, ants (true ants of a dozen species and countless varieties—all with the typical antish proclivities), beetles, frogs, lizards (including the vulgar and notorious talking lizard), and bats, carnivorous and vegetarian, only to be told apart by an examination of their teeth.

You catch a bat, when you have acquired the necessary technique, of course, hold him down in such a manner as will prevent his thumbnails from slitting the arteries in your wrists, and, prying open his jaws with a convenient pair of pincers, examine his mouth under the light of an oil lamp burning fitfully between times when flying ants, moths and butterflies are using it for a cremation plant. If the grooves in your fellow-householder's teeth run cross-wise, put a steel-mesh glove on your hand and wring his neck—whereupon the ants will take care of him.

If, however, the grooves run lengthwise in his teeth, turn him loose with due apologies, since the worst he will do is to devour your garden. And in the tropics you may always make a new garden. The only drawback is, the ravenous hordes of bats and their aids and accomplices among the insects are well aware of this, and, when your repeated efforts have borne fruit, return to devour it.

Francis X. Williams, an entomologist in the employ of the Hawaiian Sugar Association, spent two years at research in the Philippines, lived in nipa houses, and found his companions in these huts that house the Filipino millions so diverting that he produced a paper about them which appears in a learned issue of *The Philippine Journal of Science*. He found a good name for the paper too: *The Natural History of a Philippine Nipa House*.

What could be more apropos than that?

The materials of such a house are rattan thongs in lieu of nails, bamboo in lieu of posts, beams, rafters, sheeting and siding, and the fronds of nipa palms made into a huge but light and feathery type of shingle. These shingles are fastened to bamboo strips laid over the rafters, with thin rattan thongs, and stouter thongs hold the strips fast to the rafters. Still stouter thongs lash the rafters together in pairs and as the framework of an entire roof. So you go on, with bigger and stronger rattans, tying the house together and lacing the floor, of bamboo strips, down to the joists of round bamboo beneath it.

In pastoral countries God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, until the lamb is fat enough to go to the butcher's. In the Philippines, He doesn't need to mind about the wind. There are few lambs, shorn or otherwise, and the buildings man makes for his own shelter mostly defy the wind by swaying and creaking before its mightiest blasts. When it has blasted itself out, you simply push your house back into plumb. It squeaks, but push away; it won't fall.

Nothing could be easier.

The inconvenience of such houses consists in their being such ideal protection for a large part of the animal kingdom besides man. That is why Dr. Williams found their natural history so intriguing.

And Dr. Williams was thoroughly reassured by his study; he discovered hosts of animals and insects, and, with the aid of other scientists from Washington to Sydney, identified and classified them, but he also learned that they were, like prevolsteadian survivals in America, their own worst enemies. For the most part they eat each other up. Some of the ants, indeed, carry this reciprocity to extremes; they scamper hungrily about the house, eating the surfaces of things, but they have to harbor parasites in their tummies to digest what they eat and dole it out to them piecemeal! What a curse this is! Good providers they are, of toothsome wood and bamboo cellulose, acids and the like—and mayhap they could extract a decent alcohol from their varied provender—but with all this industry they must subsist them-

selves upon dole. If they eject the dolee (or would it be the doler?), they die; they succumb, one might say, to 100-percentitis.

Worst among the beetles is the bukbuk. As their name implies, they are far worse than the frogs, which only occasionally flop into the cream pitcher—whence they are easily fished out and sent hopping on their way. But take the bukbuk, especially when bukbukking at his level best. When you desert your desk for the day it is a good solid desk, reliable for the laying on of elbows and the ensconcing of meditative feet. But overnight it has developed the rickets and is perforated like a sieve; most of it is in the form of fine sawdust strewn over your papers.

There is nothing strange about this, however; the bukbuk have merely taken your desk for the holding of their annual field meet; the dust is the persistent and victorious gnawings of champion bukbukkers, and no doubt medals have been awarded by the mayor's committee. When bukbuk beetles have nothing else to gnaw, they gnaw iron, bronze and steel. They are the world's best gnawers. In gnawing they catch as catch can. Never leave a favorite book on your desk or the arm of your reading chair. Books, especially charming or valuable books, are the bukbuks' meat; they gnaw them to tatters during an afternoon siesta.

After you have sedulously cultivated the intimate acquaintance of all creatures dwelling with you in your nipa house, as Dr. Williams did to such good scientific purpose, you have left the ubiquitous

ghekko, the banal lord of your rooftree or the bamboo sheltering the east window. It is midnight, your supper of prawns might have digested better than they really have. For hours you have tossed on your pillow, and at last fallen into fitful, nightmarish slumber. It is not the hallowed children's hour, nor merely that lurking hour of Shakespeare's "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead." It is the ghekko's hour, and he makes the most of it. A scarce two feet from your fevered head near the open window, he perches and shrieks out:

"Ghekko! Ghekko! Ghekko! Ghekko! Ghekko! Ghekko!"

Six times he sounds the stentorian call, ghekko! always ending in a gurgling stutter. Your sleep is gone for the night, but not, unhappily, the ghekko. Hurl a shoe at him, and he will retreat but a little way and call the louder. He is diabolical; the American soldiers gave him a slightly different name, suggested by his call, to describe the treatment they were giving the native enemy, or the treatment the native enemy was giving them. But of course, like much soldier talk, the less said about it the better. Still the ghekko isn't as bad as he might be. He might, for instance, instead of being eight or ten inches long, be as big as some of his brother lizards, a meter and a half long!

Then what a sound he'd make!

Other creatures in the opening category must be omitted. But the friendly python, not mentioned by Dr. Williams, should by all means be included.

He lives in the attic, where he gets to be 20 feet long, and subsists on bats, mice, rats, or what have you. He really is your salvation, you ought never take umbrage at his wild thrashing about for a meal.

Philippine cockroaches merit more than passing mention: very stalwart creatures in buckram, and as voracious as half-famished men-at-arms. They are as fond of the light as front-row ballet favorites. On the stages of Manila theaters, where they regularly appear, scampering from feast to feast in the various cubbyholes called dressingrooms, strangers have often mistaken these cockroaches for a curious variety of trained seal. Yet cockroaches they are, as a night's depredations will attest. One patient scholar, not Dr. Williams, persuaded the cockroaches in his nipa castle not to destroy all his books by teaching them to read some of them. He found them nearsighted, but when he had contrived spectacles for them they all learned rapidly. Tamed, they became his servants and were particularly apt at waiting on table, watching their erudite master and passing the bread, butter, and applesauce... Dash it, *applesauce!*... 't will serve to discredit nearly the whole piece, honestly commenced, however it may have ended, as a scientific review!



"MAYOR" BROWN

"MAYOR" W. W. Brown of Manila—who was the man who under this title which he never held officially and under this name which was not that of his childhood and his early manhood in New York, reputed city of his birth, was for thirty years the most widely known of Americans in Manila—a charter-member of the Manila lodge of Elks, a member of the Army and Navy club of Manila and other prominent organizations—an active member, for example, of the American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippine Islands—a man whose life was lived as open as a Bible on a rostrum, yet remained a mystery to the very end, even to intimate friends?

Brown died in St. Paul's, walled city, Manila, October 16, 1928 after undergoing a major operation. Maybe he was fifty years old, maybe fifty-five, maybe less, or more. No one knows. After services at the Synagogue, his body was interred in Cementerio del Norte. Memorial services were held, a eulogy delivered, and in due time auctions of Brown's effects were announced to take place at his home on calles San Luis and Mabini, one auction for men only, one for women only!

The mystery of the man's open-book life thus persisted after death; there was no tangible reason why women should not have been at the first auction, or men at the second. Brown had left no will; he had stipulated nothing, about auctions, burial, or anything else. Yet there were the announcements—"For men only," and "For women only."

His spirit would have applauded this! Something different, garbed in the theatrical. Maybe he attended, in spirit, both auctions. In the east they say the spirit is all there is to men, it's the only thing that counts, and that death only liberates it. (In the west they say likewise, but are western and—they don't believe!) If Brown's spirit really was at the one auction, then it was at the other too; he wouldn't have slighted the ladies, nor have avoided the men.

In this same house, Brown, the one civilian who arrived in the Philippines with Commodore Dewey's squadron May 1, 1898,—hurrying from Japan, boarding a German gunboat at Hongkong and transferring to an American vessel as the squadron crossed the China Sea,—had taken up his abode on the day the American forces invested Manila, August 13, 1898—Occupation Day. The house had been abandoned by the owners, the Perez family; it was months before Brown could find a landlord and pay his rent. He had come to Manila from Cavite with the detachment of the 2nd Oregon U. S. Volunteer infantry transported on the old *Hoiching*

and landed opposite Fort Santiago, where they took possession, hauled down the royal ensign of Spain, and raised the flag which Lieutenant Brumley, Dewey's flag lieutenant, brought from the *Olympia*, Dewey's flagship.

So began thirty years of history-making by a man who always physically stood in the spotlight, his aura ever behind the wings. He came to Manila as the fiscal agent of R. Isaacs and Sons, a New York house having business with the navy. That is what the hurrying down from Nagasaki was for.

But soon he was the proprietor of *The Alhambra*, a soldiers-sailors resort on the Escolta where the Schlitz beer for which Brown was agent could be guzzled to the music and the hoofing of a cheap but gaudy vaudeville stage.

Tradition is that Brown followed the advent of the American fleet in the islands with two full tramp-steamer cargoes of "the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

Those were the unregenerate days when the slogan was coined. Such notorious tales reached the homeland of the cutting-up the boys enlisted by Uncle Sam for a colonial conquest were doing in Manila, that busy-body minorities became active enough to get the army and navy canteens abolished. In this way came about the popularity of places like *The Alhambra*. But Brown was soon out of the business; he organized himself as the

American Commercial Company and did a general import trade.

Later Brown became associated with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, Ltd., as their outside man in the considerable coal business they have with the army and navy and other big consumers of coal in the islands. This connection, similar to that he had with other commercial houses, he kept to the end.

It is said that he left a considerable credit balance with the Japanese company, but this is hearsay—more of the conjectured but unknown so persistent in all Brown's affairs.

He may have died rich, well-to-do, or stony broke. He did die, and what he may have left behind in worldly goods and values makes not the slightest difference.

It was while he was living that Brown preferred to use his money; and always, aside from the decent living he consistently enjoyed, he used his money in behalf of others. His aid was liberal, not stinted; in a list of thirteen friends whom another friend recalled as having been destined for harsh discipline, wanting Brown's generous help, one alone had been given \$7,500. Such gifts were in cash. Brown never mentioned them; if his deeds of this kind became known, it was the grateful beneficiaries who told.

Whatever his fortune was when he died, he certainly had given a handsome one away. Sometimes chits were signed, sometimes not. And what the difference? The debts couldn't be paid, they never

were paid. Now, names quite renowned are on some of those chits. The bearers, however, need not worry; the chits were to Brown mementos of friendships, as evidences of financial obligations they will never come to light. This is of a piece with the fact that during thirty years, all the time he was in Manila, he kept open house night and day for his friends. While these friends, particularly during the past twenty years, were chiefly army and navy officers and their families, genial civilians were by no means barred.

The latch-string was out for all.

"He is a noted host," declares the *Manila Sunday Sun* of July 4, 1903. "His home in Ermita is the rendezvous for numberless congenial spirits who make his house their own. His cuisine is noted afar, and the Sunday tiffins of the Never Sleep club are Bohemian affairs which cannot be excelled. . . . When the time comes that his tour of duty in these islands is completed, it will be with heavy hearts that his host of friends will see him off."

Edward F. O'Brien, then editor of the *Manila Sunday Sun*, now of *The Times of Cuba*, is rhetorical; he spoke of Brown's ending "his tour of duty in the islands" and of hosts of "friends with heavy hearts". As to the first of these elocutions, Brown had no tour of duty in the islands; he never had any military or civil-government job here. As to the second, "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," and the plain fact is that

Brown, king though he was of a gay coterie in Manila, is dead and will already have been half-forgotten before the sward is bedded on his grave. When kings are dead in Bohemia, as when Bourbon kings are dead in Versailles, men hail another king. Moreover, Brown would not wish it otherwise; perhaps he himself never mourned a friend's demise, but brushed aside the thought of death and remembered one and all as they had lived and he had known them.

His sentiment lay hidden under ribaldry. He probably believed in nothing—nothing but mankind!—not even in Jehovah, the God of his own race. The head of his fourposter was presided over by a death's-head, most gruesome of a whole committee of them circling his sala-bedroom. In all these dismantled habitations of men's souls, electric bulbs lit up the vacant sockets. Of an evening, with the cocktails going round, Brown would switch off all other lights, leaving the room in the weird half-light from the skulls.

All the women were supposed to be good fellows.

This was the showman in the host. In sepulchral bass he would accentuate the dreary shadows with tales, all imaginative, of how the skulls became deserted. The chairman-skull, that over the bed, was that of a second-story artist shot down as he leaped from the window; another was that of a famous insurrecto. And so on, round the grinning circle of them all! And all just show-off,

desperado display in Bohemia. Harmless, but quickening to the pulse—Brownesque!

Naturally, there was not such another salon as this sala-bedroom, with its nightly seances, in Manila; it was probably unique in the world. Brown had his show, and it was a good one—much to his satisfaction for being good.

It opened every afternoon at second cocktail hour. It closed when guests cared to leave; and if the levitation and the levity put any of them off their pins, they were accommodated for the night. Sometimes forty gullets were cocktail customers during an evening, and very often as many as thirty were. Brown, since the earlier period in Manila, was bone-dry himself, but for others the flowing bowl, a silver pitcher, kept flowing. If anyone cared to prove himself a bounder he had the chance to do it; so he would show himself up. Taking pity, Brown would have him put to bed: after all, not every chap can be born a true Bohemian.

Gossip swears some of the affairs were orgies, and—gossip doesn't know. Gossip only enviously surmises.

The main things, in fact, really known about Brown are that he always wore blue-serge suits and drove a big car. If another person occupied the seat with him, the car was overcrowded; and it took extra yardage for the suits. His bulk was huge, and—the last fact known about him—"his heart was as big as his body." Someone paid this tribute, and it is the best eulogy that could be

uttered, as it is the briefest. With the highest or with . . . those not so high! Brown never cared who saw him. He went where he pleased, saw and did what he pleased, and let the world think as it pleased.

He affected showy neckties and big diamonds. Latterly he had taken to white washable ties—painstakingly arranged. He was immaculate in dress. The diamond was discarded for a fine Sulu pearl; always there was a fresh orchid in the coat lapel.

Omar opined that if he had the making of "this sorry scheme of things entire" he'd surely make it over more to the heart's desire. Brown, without rhapsodizing, did better; he did, for himself and his friends, make the world to suit him. He did this very largely by not caring a rap for the world's good opinion. Neither did he care for its evaluations; he set his own values, and valued fellowship more than gold; grains of chivalry more than lumps of wickedness; sparks of gallantry more than flames of error.

Nepenthe he valued most of all; just nepenthe—by which things are forgotten.

To know this, attend the auctions of his effects, "for men only," "for women only".

Trophies line the walls; they are gifts, flags, tapestries, coats-of-arms of warships, spears, shields, bolos—all perishable stuff. Not a care was taken to preserve them; they would, despite moths, cockroaches and rust, last as long as their owner; and

that, closing the brief chapter of the friendships that gave them, would be long enough. At the auction, therefore, all is advanced decay: brocades gnawed bare, flags in dusty tatters, tapestries denuded of their gold and silver sheen, blades coated thick with rust.

Yes—the very trophies are death's-heads in crumbling, disintegrating metaphor. There are forty spears, trophies of the Boxer campaigns, and for all the rest, well—they are not worth a penny even to the rag man.

There are autographed pictures, many of distinguished personages—others of actors, actresses and humbler folk. Without distinction they repose amid the dust and grime and cobwebs of a leather trunk with broken hinges and a lethal jacket of verdigris; and there they will smother out their existence. Almost without distinction, for a few are framed and hung on the walls. Among these are Major General John C. Bates and staff—the Bates of the treaty with the Sultan of Sulu! But the picture is dim. What matter? Most of the men in it are dead.

In the same manner the appetite of time is surfeiting upon more delicate morsels, more intimate mementos of merry occasions—stockings actresses have stripped off in making up for an impromptu role during the whiling of an evening away—dancing pumps strayed from their mates—autographed cravats—other nothings of days (and nights!) that are no more. All are just a heap of rubbish at the

auction; their one value was sentimental, and the dead heart feels no sentiment. They shall help raise the level of a new-made city lot above the malarial line; recurring generations of mosquitoes will then cease breeding in the silken slipper heels.

The fourposter is worth something, though. Somebody buys it—and leaves the grinning skull behind. Somebody else buys the enameled pieces in the other bedroom. One after another, things worth buying go under the hammer and are taken away by new owners. Soon the place is cleaned out, only the dust and debris are left—littering the once-glistening hardwood floors. On a set of antlers at the stair-head hangs an accumulated assortment of chapeaux—helmets, uniform caps, campaign hats, civilian Stetsons, and those plain straw sailors that Manilans so commonly prefer. They are too dingy to touch. Brown never touched them, just kept them—kept them waiting, either for returning claimants or for...nepenthe!

The hour is late. Indeed, the false dawn already faintly paints the east. Guests are departing, guests who all night long have been living in a world made to their own liking—a world of feast and revel, a world such as the inhibited prophets described heaven to be!

“Hey, wait a minute, Captain! You’re forgetting your cap!”

“What? Oh, let ’t go—I’ll get it when I come back!”

Where is this captain? Where are all these wastrel wanderers? They haven't come back. And now it is too late. For Brown, "Mayor" William Walton Brown of Manila, is dead. They have taken his body out and buried it, and closed forever the most hospitable door in Manila—and she's a most hospitable city in a famously hospitable land.

Of course Brown, being Brown, would be eccentric and showmanish even in choosing his pets. So he was.

In pets his taste ran to the big apes, the fiercest of which was an orangutang. But he died, of old age, ahead of his master. He had been growling and nursing a constant distemper for months. At last he succumbed at his post, the little stoop near the kitchen, where there was a back entrance off which the room with the enamel furnishings was accessible. That was the real beginning of the breaking up of the household, the death of the big pet ape. No more his nettled grimace, his reaching for a club, his snarl, and the rasping of his chain on the newel post. All these had been alarms, warning that within that house were the precincts of life apart from life; the bourns of a life precious alone to the liver of it, and to him only so long as he might continue living it.

After that nepenthe. After that a receding into the mystery that refuses to disclose who this man was whose sala-bedroom was daily a reception room and a gay salon for thirty well-lived years—its wall-wide windows open to two of the

main thoroughfares of the crowded capital which gave him the fictitious title of "Mayor," appreciated his many civic services, and accepted as his credentials his many fine attributes, of which his literally boundless charity was the finest of all. From the smallest of the prongs of the antlers, below the chapeaux which captains, generals, admirals, and mayhap governors are going to get when they come back, hangs a motto dating from the days of *The Alhambra's* glory. It speaks, in better reason than good rhyme, of the virtues of "Roca" water in highballs and the nobler virtue in men's hearts of seeking and praising what is good in one's fellowmen and forgetting what isn't.

Nepenthe. Freudians call it escape.

The operation at St. Paul's was for appendicitis. Only local anesthetics could be dared, because of a heart condition. They set up a screen, and cut through the deep fat and flesh and worked at the job with scalpel and forceps and swabs and bandages more than an hour; and all the time Brown, smoking cigarettes and chatting with a friend, seemed never to notice. When they were about through, however, he told the friend to bend near so that he could speak privately. "Bob," he said, real exultation in his voice, "look in Doc Smith's glasses. They thought they'd fixed it, with that screen. But I've seen the whole damn thing through Doc's glasses!"

The friend got his vision into the angle of Brown's. It was true! Showman to the last,

Brown had made one more *unreality* into a *reality* to help him through an unpleasant crisis: the lenses of the surgeon's glasses had been his orchestra-circle seat during the climax of the drama of his own life. Then he said he was all right, just wanted to take a long sleep. At ten after three of the clock the next afternoon he was . . . asleep. Who was he—who seemingly lived his life so futilely, yet so charitably, hence so well? It matters not. Like a great actor, he is best remembered in his master role, "Mayor" Brown of Manila.



DR. MADARA

ADMINISTERING the early Philippine government made Americans sweat; especially Civil Governor Wm. H. Taft, who was corpulent. They thought of Baguio, 36 kilometers from Pozorrubio up the gorge of the Bued river, and Captain Charles W. Meade, 36 Infantry, U.S.V., said a wagon road to Baguio could be built for \$75,000. He was detailed to build it December 21, 1900. Other men followed, other money too—much other money—and the road was finally put through by Major L. W. V. Kennon in whose memory General Leonard Wood had the road named when Wood was governor general of the Islands. The surgeon who worked with Kennon on the road died at his home on calle Herran in Manila two year's ago.

This man was Dr. J. W. Madara, the most interesting side of whose character was his classical misanthropy, richly spiced with agnosticism. Born a Kentuckian, near Lexington, Dr. Madara's malevolence was lustily visited upon the Democrats. When Woodrow Wilson was elected President in 1912, Dr. Madara accounted it a national calamity. He swooned with wrath when Wilson led the United States into the World War, and spent the last twenty years of his life loafing downtown at or near the

Plaza Lunch snarling I-told-you-so's; he would arm himself with the day's news, then lay for victims.

Dr. Madara looked the part he played so well. He was tall, thin, lanky. His gangling legs crossed knot-fashion. His features unshaven, dour and cavernous, brooded under heavy shaggy brows. His nose was knobby, large yet not strongly arched. His throat was dewlapped, and a pendulous lower lip, thin and quivering, gave his asocialism weird and terrifying sincerity. Customarily he sat slouched in his chair, hairy eyes half-closed and distant in thought, only rousing, his eyes now gleaming derringers, for his diathetic attacks. In a word, his appearance and posture were those of a practitioner of the black art. Since he lived alone and knew the arts of chemistry and physics, you quite imagined him gloating at witching midnight hours over noxious brews and deadly concoctions with which to poison Democrats.

He never met us, and he met us often, without dubbing us *Democrat* and drubbing us for such pusillanimity.

A most picturesque patriarch of the empire days leaves Manila with the passing of Dr. Madara—only he was anything but patriarchal.

Dr. Madara believed he knew his Europe. That the war debts would never be paid was an early surmise of his. They would, he said, never be paid except with taxes wrung from thrifty Republicans by Democrats; he never believed any Democrat had income enough to be taxable, or if he did, would

so report. His opinion of the Philippines was low, of course: he took pride in holding low opinions of everything and everybody. Misanthropy was ingrained in him, not a pose. He could afford complete independence, since the home he had acquired and the competence he had saved were sufficient for his meager needs.

The *Plaza Lunch* took charge of the funeral arrangements, something characteristic of this friendly little restaurant, where Dr. Madara kept a small deposit. No one knows just how Dr. Madara died, a servant just came to work at the usual hour in the morning and found him dead in bed. Age had taken him.

Dr. Madara had migrated to Philadelphia from Kentucky, for his medical education, and had been graduated in medicine (and Republicanism!) by Rush, or possibly Jefferson in '77, after which for a time he had lived at Harper, Kansas, and married a girl from Tribune, Kansas. There are believed to have been three children from the marriage. A daughter, Mrs. Helen Dyer, lives at No. 11 Russell St., Buffalo, New York. A son, John E., is a sculptor whose recent address was Roaring Springs, Pennsylvania. An elder brother, now 93 years old, lives on North Main, Wichita, Kansas. Dr. Madara came to the Islands in 1899 as a contract surgeon with the Army, and we believe, had never returned to the United States.

Thus Kansas was concerned in the casting of this modern Vulcan of truly classical mold; and we

write as a casual friend of Dr. Madara's who admired sincerely his adamancy toward fate and all its compositions—the *adamancy* of it, not necessarily the attitude itself. As a surgeon with troops Dr. Madara served in Samar, also at Jolo when a bevy of Nipponese charmers went there, by arrangement, to cheer the garrison, and when quite a hubbub ensued. Later he was with Kennon, as already noted. Still later, in the health service, he did autopsies at the morgue, where his craftsmanship was dependable but unorthodox: as good a place as any, for a scalpel not in use at the moment, was in the subject next at hand; or sometimes, grasped between the teeth like a pirate's dagger—with a rinse with alcohol at any time later on. Such was this sinister man, beetling to all, harmless to all, a very human story, perhaps, such as a Democrat for father-in-law, behind his consistent acerbity.



SUNDAYS ONLY

WILLIAM ("Bill") Howard of Chicago lives in the suburb of San Juan del Monte (St. John of the Mountain) in Manila, in one of man's strangest abodes—a home Bill dreamed out for himself during thirty years in the United States navy. He built it when navy doctors said he was going to die; he built it in order to checkmate the doctors, and keep on living.

That was ten years ago, when Bill was 52 years old. Now that he is past 62, his health is that of a lusty cucumber and he holds down a full-time job at old Fort San Felipe, Cavite navy yard, as foreman of the supply department.

Davy Jones' Locker is the name of Bill's home. Sunday afternoons he keeps open house. You ring at the gate, resembling a shipyard gate with an arch over it. "Mary Pickford" and "Clara Bow" and three or four "swabs" or deckhands swarm out to greet you and look you over. Mary and Clara are Filipino girls whose white dresses are in the navy style. The deckhands are Filipino boys in navy uniforms. Letters on their blouses spell, as they rank themselves, together, Davy Jones' Locker. Skull and crossbones adorn the blouses across the chest, and the collars.

Inside the gate you follow a path bordered with sea shells, through an orchard of mangoes and chicos past a ship's wheel and capstan and down a ladder over which the sign reads "Last Waterway to Hell."

Tophet turns out to be a pleasant pavilion where drinks of all kinds will be served by the deckhands; soft drinks if you like, or beer, whiskies, wines. There is, of course, no charge. It is not written that Satan charges for his services. Satan's patrons are really supposed to have paid beforehand.

Off across the yard leads a companionway to Bill's stateroom, really a two-story little house conveniently appointed. The yard, you discover, is inhabited by a menagerie. Tame monkeys come chattering up, kiss all women in the party and start cleaning all the men's hair, never making a mistake and bestowing a kiss amiss.

There is a python, safely caged; and partitioned away from him, in the same cage, a crafty mon-goose. Back farther in the yard are all manner of domestic fowl. Their meat and eggs are too abundant for Bill's needs and his retinue, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow and the deckhands, benefit from this. According to Bill's philosophy, Davy Jones' Locker is a happy place; at his imitation of it on earth, everyone is kept happy.

"Aboard sailing vessels as a boy," he tells you, "I often lay on deck when off watch dreaming that when I grew older I would be in a position to eat

all I wished and to have enough money to live ashore somewhere in the tropics where snow and ice were foreigners, and to have servants at my beck and call. This, I believe, I have realized.

Between "Hell" and Bill's quarters, alongside the companionway walk are two headstones, one on either side. The imaginary graves they mark are kept as flowerbeds, and each Memorial day they are profusely decorated both with blossoms and flags. The graves will never be inhabited, but the ashes of Bill will be strewn over one, when he dies, and the ashes of Bill's friend Luerssen, undertaker at the army mortuary in Manila, will be strewn over the other.

At his own quarters, The Cabin, Bill dilates upon the principle of equality. A sign at the foot of the ladder announces that there is no rank in Davy Jones' Locker. In "Hell" you sign the visitors' register. You see rank enough and to spare in running down the lists of names in the register, but Bill's manner never admits these artificial distinctions.

At Davy Jones' Locker cats would be about, naturally. Bill's cats are captained by Bill the Cat, born at Stockholm, Sweden, Jan. 3, 1927. Not Lindbergh's cat, it did, however, go to America with him, and was helped in landing by his intercession. It is a fine red cat, large and dignified. Its service record, U. S. N. No. 123:

"Name: Bill the Cat.

"Citizenship: U. S.

"Place of birth: Stockholm, Sweden, Jan. 3, 1927.
U. S. S. Fulton.

"Education: School of Hard Knocks.

"Reason for Enlistment: Something to eat.

"Branch of Service for Which Best Suited:
Charge of sand locker.

"Special Duties for Which Qualified: Sleeping
and eating.

"Language Qualifications: The Cat's Meow.

"Pay: Three-fourths pound meat per day.

"Not married.

"Children: Number and names unknown:"

This card is duly certified by the commander of the Fulton at the time it was made of record. Bill the Cat has various other similar credentials. For instance: "Entered the United States for the first time aboard the U. S. S. Memphis by the consent of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh after his epochal trip to Paris."

During your visit to Davy Jones' Locker, Mary and Clara and the deckhands do a show for you. They make up an orchestra, and sing and dance.

When Bill Howard ran away from home in Chicago in 1892 to join the navy when he was 14 years old, the old Michigan, a sidewheeler on which he enlisted, was on berth there. Many naval vessels at that time were still sailers: Portsmouth, Monongahela, Jamestown, Constellation and Richmond.

Others had auxiliary steam power, helpful in the doldrums and in getting in and out of ports. Three years later Bill was on the Castine at Delago bay, East South Africa, where he took French leave and spent eighteen months at various jobs ashore.

Afterward he spent a good deal of time in the mercantile marine service, and when he got back into the navy in 1898 President McKinley granted him full pardon for his desertion of the Castine three years before: McKinley was recruiting the navy for war, and needed fellows of Bill's experience.

Bill retired from the navy in 1921 as a warrant officer. It is his retired pay and his foreman's job at the Cavite navy yard that makes it possible for him to hold open house Sunday afternoons at Davy Jones' Locker; and also made possible the building of the remarkable place.

Skulls are the motif of the companionway decoration. Bill uses colored lights in them. He is completing the lower floor of The Cabin in some odd manner, having to do with the merriness of death, French leave to these bodies of ours, but he dosen't want folk to see it until it is quite done.

Bill's philosophy is unorthodox. Figuring it out for himself since he was 14 years old, it could not be expected to be. But it goes well with the ideology of Davy Jones' Locker. It really goes very well.

MR. SMITH, CABIN STEWARD

ON my December trip to China one of the most interesting men interviewed was Mr. Smith. My introduction to him was by way of a neatly printed notice in my cabin informing me as follows: STEWARD, MR. SMITH. The excellent Mr. Smith suffices in himself to convert the traveler to the belief of Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission,* that men for the different departments of ships should be schooled to their respective jobs. This would be to the common interest of operators, the men themselves, and the country.

Mr. Smith was thoroughly schooled to his job as room steward on the Blue Funnel liner *Patroclus*, which carried us from Hongkong to Shanghai. It may be a humble job, but it is Mr. Smith's—the only one he has. He therefore thinks the world of it, does everything he can to keep it and be worthy of it. This dignifies the job, also Mr. Smith. There is, of course, a craft of stewardship. There's a knack to taking care of a ship's cabin in a way that satisfies and pleases its occupants. That makes the job a craft. Mr. Smith—so it was written by the call bell, *Mr. Smith*—is a journeyman in that craft. His skill commences with unvarying and prompt politeness. There in itself is a lesson hard to learn,

*More recently our ambassador to London.

passengers being of so many psychic sorts. It must at times be very hard for Mr. Smith, but he never fails in it.

It must have been hard for Mr. Smith in our case, for we are fat and cranky, flat-chested like other writers, and given to bad colds. We are a nuisance in a ship's cabin; we know it, but we couldn't tell it from the attitude of Mr. Smith.

Do you know what this did for Mr. Smith's employer, a chap in London by name of Holt? It assured Mr. Holt some future business, at least contingently. If we ever go to Shanghai again, being an American with convictions on the subject, we will travel by an American ship if possible; otherwise we will look up a Blue Funnel ship and hope to find Mr. Smith on her. Since ships on the high-seas are earning what is essentially national revenue, there is the reason for Mr. Kennedy's schools. For we deny that Americans can't be good room stewards; they can be good at anything, but the knack that is Mr. Smith's personal pride is not to be got hold of in a day—men must be trained into it by the motions of actual experience.

Our experience up to Hongkong was woeful, but it was not the fault of the men. Paradoxically, they were at fault enough, but it was not their fault! The stewards we came in contact with did not know the place of a steward. Lacking that knowledge, they did not dignify their posts—their posts did not dignify them. On the evening before reaching Hongkong an informal little party developed. This

will serve as illustration. When a steward was called he half-joined the party. Making himself comfortable against some upright or other, he cocked his ears for every *bon mot* and became a critic of our wit. A bottle of wine was wanted, he condescended to get this wine, but when he brought it he did not withdraw but promoted himself from an aspirant for membership in the party to actual membership. This was not because he was rude, but only because he did not know his job as a steward.

Despite the cold water of his presence, some degree of conviviality was managed for a while—until he grew tired of us. Thereupon he broke into someone's remark to say, "Well, I'd just as well give you the bad news now as any time—the sherry sets you back five bucks!" His manner implied that this was the wittiest remark of the evening. If it was, we could well have done without it. He yielded to our plea that he bring the chit, and when this was signed he finally deserted us. Instead of adding to its piquancy, as a competent steward proud of his skill would have done, he had thoroughly spoiled our evening. The party soon broke up, and the company lost the sale of more beverages.

Before taking up the contrast with this, that was our experience on the *Patroclus*, let us go back to Mr. Smith the room steward. (This entire paper is in support of Chairman Kennedy's contention that men for the departments on American ships

should be schooled, that it is up to the operators and the men to work this out together).

One morning when Mr. Smith was doing our room we put him to the question. It is unbelievable, yet true, that Mr. Smith could do our room, us in it, without the least inconvenience to us and seemingly no inconvenience to him. When we cross-examined him about his job, we gained considerable information. Mr. Smith lives in a suburb of Liverpool, where the Smiths rent their house; they have two sons, in the common schools.

Out of his steward's pay Mr. Smith pays into three several funds: two hospital funds, one that covers members of his family as well as himself, and an unemployment fund that returns him sixteen shillings a week when he is out of employment. It seems that the old-age fund is looked to by the British government, Mr. Smith does not contribute to that from his wages. The other three funds give him a sense of security until old age is reached, in fact, they give him actual security, though of course on a modest scale. The Smiths do not look forward to college for their sons, who will, like Mr. and Mrs. Smith, have to work for their living.

"We can't all live in clover, sir," Mr. Smith avers. "Some have it better, some have it worse."

No richer wisdom could be heard anywhere. When Mr. Smith has paid into his three benefit funds, through the agency of the Holt head-office that does it for him, he has left thirty-eight shillings a week. The company gives thirty of these

shillings to Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith draws the remaining eight shillings when the voyage is over and he signs off.

"But Mr. Smith, can Mrs. Smith manage on thirty bob a week?"

"She jolly well has to, sir."

"And you, during the voyage?"

"It's whatever I can pick up, sir. It's usually not much at this time o' the year, sir. But this time, sir, we have it lucky from Hongkong—so many folk going back to Shanghai."

We allotted Mr. Smith fifty cents a day, as we had the awkward lad on the ship up to Hongkong. The lad took it as something more than due him, Mr. Smith managed to convey sincere appreciation of it without an ounce of groveling. Mr. Smith had been apprenticed to room-stewarding, the lad had been apprenticed to nothing. America has not gone as far in securing the lad's future as Britain has in securing Mr. Smith's.

It was hard on the ship up to Hongkong to learn the hours when the bar in the smokingroom would be open. But it was easy on the other ship, to Shanghai: the bar was always open, or if not it was opened on a moment's request.

Two men on the ship to Shanghai ran the bar between them, but only because both were thoroughly trained; and it had been a part of their training to grasp the importance of selling British beverages—it was their small yet vital part in the national foreign trade. One, the man in the bar, was

what Mr. Smith defined as a staff man; he was one of the stewards and on regular pay. His colleague, the smokingroom waiter, was not a staff man and relied entirely on tips from the passengers. Once more this is information from Mr. Smith. Often we saw the smokingroom with twenty or more patrons in it, all served quietly and with dispatch by the one waiter. His technique was artistry exemplified; in a thousand motions, not one ostentatious one, not one superfluous or wanting in actual grace.

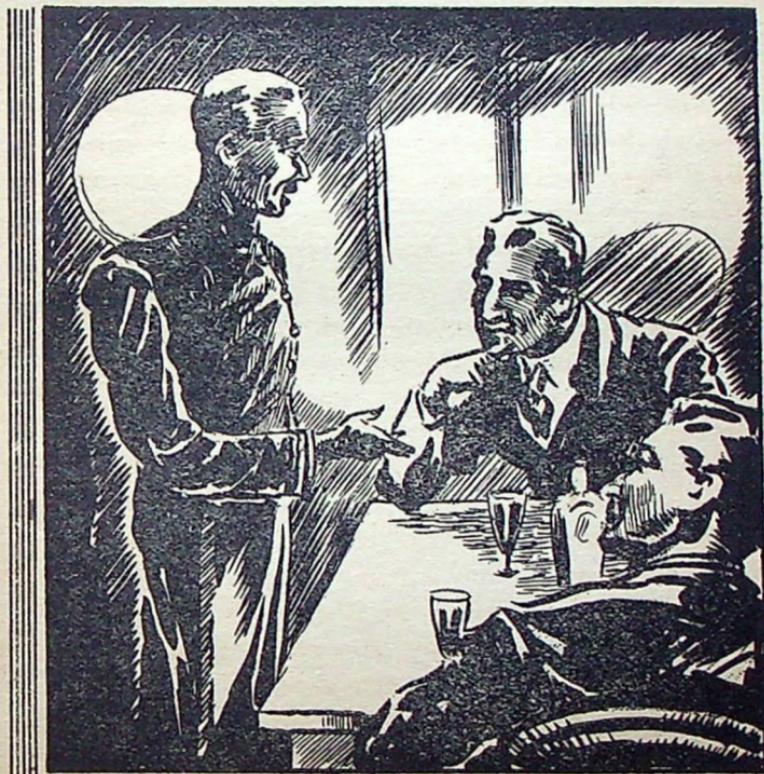
There was dignity in this waiter's job. He made it so. His evident training for it made it so. Consequently he did nine hours of brisk business every day, three before lunch, three before dinner, three after dinner. Unflaggingly he kept converting British beverages into British cash, the reward he could look forward to being tips only. He was neatly uniformed, too, in serge; if somewhat worn, it was clean, well tailored and newly pressed. We saw no such uniforms on the other ship, nor the manner, imbued with dignity, with which this one was worn. But these comparisons are not made in order to evoke odium, only to cite laxities and grave deficiencies that the American service should join Chairman Kennedy in correcting. Mr. Smith and this waiter were not on a new ship, far from it; the ship is an Asia-coaster about twenty years old, yet it had these first rate men in its service.

Each makes the most of his talents and his lot in life. When you looked at the young waiter, you

thought, because he was so callow in years and so handsome in figure, how far he would go if opportunity came his way. When you looked again, and more closely, you revised this estimate of his latent capacity. He had not the brow for great things, nor the keen sparkle in the eye; he is fit to be a waiter, a very good one indeed, and that, accordingly, guided by some sound common sense in sizing himself up that ought to be a part of every young fellow's education, he has made himself. When he marries, no doubt he will follow the good example of Mr. Smith. He will marry a Liverpool lass who admires his job, and they, keeping to modest ambitions not beyond their means, will in all likelihood make a go of life's most risky venture.

The beginning of Chairman Kennedy's schools for the personnel of ships' departments should be natural selection. Physique, simple religious conceptions, integrity, no startling I. Q.'s. In persons willing to serve well, enough is enough. The men's own organizations should endorse Chairman Kennedy's suggestion heartily, and for their own sakes, help get it into effect. It is to be hoped that the commission fully subscribes his findings as to the deficiencies of the American mercantile marine and will put them into force as diligently as circumstances permit. As things are, much blame, quite groundless, falls upon operators, but much more upon the men, where it is lamentable, because it is obvious that the men are not well selected nor well

trained. The many exceptions to this, that any fair minded traveler will note, enforce its general probity. The impeccable service patrons enjoy in American hotels and restaurants is needed to be extended to the seas. The belligerence that has long affected the situation at sea will not bring this about. It is therefore not an attitude that operators or men can wisely maintain. Their interests will crack up unless they see them in common.



LUKE AMONG THE MOROS

BOMBARDING men's souls rather than their bodies is the lot Capt. Ellis Skolfield chose for himself in the Philippines after twelve years in the United States navy, including war service as a lieutenant. A Christian of the Baptist creed, Capt. Skolfield is a hearty believer in war.

During four years Capt. Skolfield's work has been so much among the southern Mohammedans of the Philippines, whom he finds to be good and ready fighters, that he suggests the new Philippine army that Gen. Douglas MacArthur (loaned to President Quezon) is recruiting be made up wholly of these blood-thirsty Mohammedans. Capt. Skolfield reaches the Mohammedan in a peculiar way.

Capt. Skolfield has a ship he calls *The Gospel*, bought from Japan. Its tonnage is 150, its lines those of a trim yacht, its engines semi-diesels, its over-all length 120 feet, beam twenty-four feet, speed cruising economically, nine knots an hour. *The Gospel* is one of the most rakishly presentable ships in the Philippines, and a very busy one.

Quite in contrast with Spain's evangelizing efforts among the Philippine Mohammedans is this effort of Capt. Skolfield. But on second glance this contrast is superficial. Spain used obvious force, Capt. Skolfield uses force not quite so ob-

vious. Spain built forts, placed garrisons in them and sent priests to the hamlets, that patrols of soldiers from the garrisons tried to protect. If a Mohammedan was "converted" and then lapsed in any way from the standards of conduct the priests imposed, this was a crime against the secular power of Spain.

Capt. Skolfield cannot fall back so easily upon the power of the government. He enjoys merely the general protection of Philippine laws, his rights as an American citizen in the islands. What the harvest of souls will be is problematical. Spain's long effort during more than 300 years came to very little among the strong southern Mohammedans.

Capt. Skolfield's force is moral.

When the Gospel anchors off a hamlet the inhabitants are invited aboard for treatment by the dentist and the doctor and to receive such medicines free as the doctor feels should be given out. Not some only, but all the inhabitants must come aboard, their officials with them. They are then harangued for three hours by three preachers, with interpreters, because three languages must be used to make all the people understand. This is Capt. Skolfield's moral force; no preliminary religious lesson, no dental work, no medical treatment.

Even so, the villagers are not so simple but that they find this an inexpensive way of curing their ills of the flesh and they have good manners, as all

Filipinos have, and heed the preachers with considerable apparent interest.

They are treated to a good deal of Luke. If you were to open your Bible to this gospel and turn casually to chapter 3, you would find numerous verses well calculated to convict a primitive illiterate peasant of a good deal of sin in his normal life.

There is also a good deal there that might bring fear to the heart without understanding of the natural causes of pests that afflict his crops, storms that blow up without warning, and earthquakes that none understands or can battle in any way. Then, too, frequent eclipses— what of these? Villagers in Palawan, Sulu, Tawi-Tawi and such isles as Capt. Schofield visits have always believed eclipses to be demons triumphing over benevolent gods. Nominal Christians or nominal Moham-medans, or frank pagans, they have believed this.

So they have always gone out with their weapons and sought high, advantageous places whence to fling these at the darkened heavens and help the benevolent gods drive the malicious demons away. To the flinging of the weapons they have added savage execrations of the demons, and exhortations by their imams and medicine men; and in due time, by this help of man, always the benevolent gods have triumphed and the demons have been discomfited—the eclipses have passed.

But what now, after homeopathic cordials of Luke from Capt. Skolfield in an eloquent sermon? For Capt. Skolfield quotes his gospel at will.

This imagery the villagers understand and they may be forever fearful because of having heard it thundered forth on the shadowy deck of the Gospel. For they live among the mountains and hills, their environment is the valley, the rocky peak, the treacherous sea. Capt. Skolfield shouts into their hearts: "Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance." They learn for the first time that their conduct may be subject to divine examination, that actually they may have deeds to repent. "Every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

For more help with Luke, Capt. Skolfield has had the gospel translated into the dialects of Palawan, and has already given away, among the villagers, 50,000 copies. It will be something for them to read, when someone teaches them to read.



"ANANIAS" SPENCER

THIRTY years ago, when Joseph A. Spencer lent his genial companionship to society in Nueva Ecija, there were more Americans in the Philippines than there are now: Americans mining, Americans road-building, Americans school-teaching and school-supervising, Americans farming, Americans trailing the bell mare as *packers*, cargoes snug astride their patient mules and secured with the diamond-hitch, Americans at every sort of pioneer task essential (and even many quite nonessential) to a conquest of the wilderness: American officers of detachments of Filipino *scout* troops, and American constabulary officers—from third lieutenants commanding forlorn outposts to captains, majors and colonels comfortably billeted as senior inspectors of provinces.

In Nueva Ecija, at Cabanatuan, there was a quasi-club that accommodated all of us; we met there to discuss the Philippine situation, to hear news and to meet old friends and make new ones. Foregathering at Cabanatuan and imbibing freely, we felt expansive toward one another and the world in general; our vocabularies were also temporarily enlarged. When going really good, we would not stop with the Philippines but go on and arrange the tangled affairs of Asia. Situations we faced personally were discussed far less, and less frankly, than

those we faced impersonally: we told of ludicrous and lurid experiences, however, and hoped someone would believe us.

Our *club* was Garcia's Place, dank, gloomily lighted with sputtering oil lamps, and flush with the grimy curb where dogs assorted the refuse and pigs repaired from mudholes in the street to scratch against the awning-posts. The forerunner of today's cabarets was a little farther down the street; there was an orchestra of highstrung guitars and an instrument somewhat resembling the piano. Dust hung like a fog over all, and during rains turned the town into a morass. Carromatas and carretones churned up the floury sediment, and the winds blew it to leeward in suffocating clouds; all of which created a thirst to be assuaged at Garcia's.

Garcia's was the hub of our universe. It was hail and farewell there all the time. Stetsons, khaki shirts and riding breeches were our undress uniform. Commonplace people make commonplace towns, but Cabanatuan in those days was even commoner than that. Repugnant as it was, Garcia's was a haven from what surrounded it. If you wanted to hear the latest libels and scandals, unexpurgated news, hunting stories—any other kind, for that matter—by listening-in at Garcia's for an hour or so you would unfailingly be rewarded. You would also be convinced that credulity is not the heritage of the savage only: some of the yarns told at Garcia's would not only cause sane men to

wonder, but would make a carabao raise its brows in honest doubt.

Of course, Garcia's was a place for men only—men from the *bundoks*, men set apart by vocation and preference from the trained-seal culture of polite society. Long shelves in Garcia's bent under their burden of bottled joy. A keg was always on tap. If you wanted them, groceries and nicknacks for the table could be bought. There came times, too, when you were hungry and did buy these things; they were indeed your three meals a day, and a good cook was a chap who had mastered the can-opener. Finally, there was ice at Garcia's; and it was no unusual thing for a man to hike forty miles to get it. At Garcia's you could rest your saddle-tired body, your trail-sore, leech-bled feet, stretch your legs under a table, call for drinks, turn on the phonograph, and relax.

Cabanatuan's police recognized Garcia's as the oldtimers' meeting-place; they trimmed sail accordingly and all was well with the world.

Limerick-making was an intermittent diversion with us. One masterpiece suggested another—an idealized *cochero* made material for an epic of countless stanzas, the whole family getting into it, and his sister coming off in this fashion:

His sister, a *buen' lavandera*,
Washes clothes in a *fuerte manera*
On the banks of a stream
Where the carabaos dream—
Which gives them a perfume *lijera!*

The chronicles of Garcia's were unwritten stories, drama, tragedy, comedy; chronicles of men who succumbed to the social indifference of the orient; of others who, unregenerate and ribald, became converted and hit the sawdust trail to glory; of others who led their lives by untrammelled ways, and of others who fell into the rut of government employment and metamorphosed into bureaucrats. Financial stringencies sometimes had something of the sinister about them; it was stick or be stuck, quickly—prison or pesos. The life tried men out, as all life does; some became as human as an adding-machine, others forever remained incompetent, but the salt of the earth in comradeship.

Cabanatuan, a big river-port at railhead on the Bulakan-Nueva Ecija branch of the Manila railroad, a condition still prevailing, which explains the town's subsequent growth, had a ubiquitous reputation through no fault of its own—merely from the characters among us who made it a way-station on the road of uproarious existence. Visitors to Cabanatuan were usually warned in advance; they swallowed their Adam's apple and took a chance. They were first initiated into our froth-blowers' local, a nonsectarian, nonpartisan and blatantly nonessential organization whose officers ranked as Blowers, Monsoons, Typhoons and what else could be thought of.

As intimated, our belt-holding imaginist was Joseph A. Spencer. He said nothing when someone suggested that the A must stand for Ananias;

he was a dry, unassuming fellow with a rubber-tire movement and a phenomenal gift of speech. That he had ability when he wanted to use it was attested by the fact that he was well up in his bureau, but he admitted frankly having quit college twice and the Muskogee jail once, always without leave. He was the boss of our yarners. To be a first-class exaggerator, one must have both memory and imagination; Spencer had them.

The only other man approaching Spencer in mendacity was a funeral-faced Teuton who had adopted the name McDonald for business reasons. He sold everything, mops, machinery, gum-drops, gasoline; his *line* would have greased a cart-axle, he could have sold ice to Laplanders and beer to a brewery. However, he acknowledged that Spencer beat him in the field of pure fancy; he threw in the sponge, after a bout or two, accepting a technical defeat to avoid annihilation. Other men, once garrulous enough, became tongue-tied as bashful children after a second or third effusion from Spencer; who told of killing squirrels in Arkansas by shooting close enough to take their breath away, so their hides were left whole for tanning. Or again, he would detail a narrative of a miraculous cat that, he said, had attached itself to a fishing excursion in the Gulf of Mexico; tied fast to a 300-pound chain-anchor, it had been thrown overboard, "but that durn cat swum aboard that night, and made away with a quarter of beef."

Spencer's alleged adventures traversed all known latitudes and longitudes. After an evening's narration of them, strangers at Garcia's stole away on tiptoe—looking for snakes in their shoes or centipedes in their sombreros. Even as a linguist, Spencer was an asset to our society. He had an excellent knowledge of Spanish, while most of us might have taken more lessons in that noble medium. We went along on the light assumption that adding *o's* and *a's* to English words would usually do the trick: there were chaps among us who unblushingly asked for *salto* and *pepperino*. At such crises Spencer stepped in and deluged us with a flow of Mexican Spanish that so angered us (at ourselves) that we felt like going out and biting a policeman in the arm.

One evening, on the last ramshackle train from Manila, a man blew in from Mindoro. He was bound for the gold diggings in the Umiray sector. After limbering up at Garcia's, his talk drifted to his experiences in hunting tamarao in Mindoro. The tamarao, a small cousin of the carabao, being viciously wild, is dangerous to trail. The stranger's stories were very interesting, and we waited for Spencer to top them. In due course, lighting a Cuspidore Garciano, he remarked "That reminds me," and we knew a tale was coming.

"When I was last in San José, a Filipino woodsman told us of a huge wild carabao that haunted the slopes of Mount Maluyong. He said no hunter, white or native, dared tackle this beast; it charged

on sight, had a 5-foot spread of horn, was said to have spitted two men, killing them instantly, and to be too cunning to expose itself to a fair shot.

"I went out with Griffiths, and we found this gigantic creature. A terrifying *hayop* he was, too. We came upon him asleep in a talahib swamp. Instantly on his feet as he caught our scent, he squealed, in that ridiculous way the carabao does, and charged us. Now, I am a bit powerful in the arms, so I also charged him, grabbing him by the horn-tips. While he lunged I kept my hold, kicking him in the eyes until I got him completely bewildered. Then Griffiths shot him behind the shoulder, and old Ramos, our guide, rushed in and hamstringed him besides."

At the close of this modest recital we stood up and cheered, and the stranger from Mindoro put his hands over his eyes and audibly sobbed. Once more J. Ananias Spencer had carried our colors to victory. But he disparaged our enthusiasm and insisted that, while it is true that strangers must be put in their place, his story was the unadorned truth—which only served to send us into wilder transports.

Not long after that, *Runt De Weese*, of buff boots and natty uniform, was going to San José for permanent station, and Spencer remembered to say to him: "Runt, when you get to San José you get old Ramos to tell you that yarn about the wild carabao. Just ask him about it." And we felt a little sorry for Spencer, being sure he was missing his step.

Runt ambled off to his new station and didn't get back to Cabanatuan for moons.

When he did come back, however, he made straight for Garcia's at first-drink time.

"Where's Spencer?" he said. We told him Spencer was out in the province somewhere, wouldn't be back that night. But Runt's information couldn't be held till morning, it had to come out.

"Fellows," he began excitedly, "Spencer's yarn about nearly kicking that wild carabao to death is the whole truth—every single word of it. I was never more surprised in my life. The whole barrio corroborated him. Old Ramos took me into the jungle and showed me the identical spot where they found the carabao, and Spencer grabbed it by the horns and hung on, kicking it, until his partner shot it. They still have the horns in San José. Now would a whole barrio lie about a thing like that, I ask you? When it would do them no good?"

We had crowded around Runt, and were listening to him without the customary slurring interjections. At the backing up of Spencer's tallest story, you could have heard a cigarette-ash fall.

"What can we do with a chap like that, now?" Miller broke the silence to inquire. "We all accepted it as a genuine lie," he added, in deep disgust.

"It isn't a lie, I tell you!" shrilled Runt. "It's a bald and unadulterated fact. What are you trying to do, Miller—start a fight? Because I'm telling you again that story of Spencer's is true!"

We calmed him over a drink of *Starboard Light*, his favorite tipple; and we sat in the gloom and drank with him, Northrup meditating over his bubbling pipe. Windy Bill from Montana twirled his gray mustache and looked as wise as a treeful of owls. Crockett, himself always a runner-up in tale-telling, wiped the sweat off his brow with a skillful flirt of thumb and index-finger that will never be forgotten by anyone who knew this gallant, perspiring Virginian of the early-days constabulary. Long Gay hitched up his pants and reached over for the bottle. We were thinking deeply, under depressing circumstances. When Spencer came back to town, with old man France, from Aliaga, we cautiously broached our predicament but we got no encouragement. Spencer would do nothing but repeat what he had brought out in the original story, that he was a bit powerful in the arms. We finally had to give it up; and afterward, when he spun majestic yarns to the amazement of visiting strangers, we could only feign an interest we did not feel—we just sat there and believed him. Truth was mightier than fiction. Runt followed Spencer around, just listening. To all the rest of us, his feet of clay were shockingly evident. He was not an imagist, he was just commonplace—a teller of the truth; the spurious, insubstantial truth—his tales could be no part of that edifice of incorruptible illusion in which all of us like to live and have our being, and in the midst of which alone life ceases to be a burden and is made light and tolerable. We

struck our colors and never boasted after that of having at Cabanatuan the champion liar of central Luzon.

For this yarn acknowledgment is made to the late Percy A. Hill, murdered on his plantation two years ago by a band of assassin robbers. The best of Hill's work, rewritten by us from his rough notes, are in the book *Old Manila* published by Philippine Education Co., Manila.



HY SCHRAMM

HY "Calvo" Schramm* is dead, but it took Asiatic cholera to get him—the most picturesque 70-year-old in all the Far East. If a lawyer, doctor, merchant, or chief in Manila is as low as second in his profession, then he is less successful than was Hy "Calvo" Schramm—who in his profession was first; and so with all: the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers. For Schramm was a fight referee, in his heyday 20 years ago so close to the top that it was more than hinted that the New York State Boxing Commission would gladly give him a license.

But pshaw! Schramm was much more than that, he was all that the term "remarkable character" implies; that is to say, all that a proprietor means when he tags a man "a great guy, no foolin', bo." Hy, for Hiram of course; and the word means noble. There was Hiram of Tyre, Solomon's friend who sent cedar timbers from Lebanon for the temple at Jerusalem; and Solomon accounted it a noble generosity.

Hiram Schramm, during his 71 years, sent many precious cedars to the temple-builders. If this is to speak in parables, it means that he often

*In 1935. In 1939, *Reader's Digest* picked Eddie Tait, for whom Schramm ran gilley shows, for a write-up. But honors are due Tait's associates.

gave just the right word, just the right help to the discouraged; and he gave the cedars of Lebanon, because he gave from the bottom of his purse as well as from the bottom of his heart. In such manner he helped men build statelier mansions of their lives than they otherwise would.

"Buck up, buddy!" he often said, "Buck up, the bell may save you!"

His speech was of the ring and the gilley show (defined a moment forward), superimposed on a native Yiddish brogue and an early cockney. But where is the man or woman east of Suez who didn't find it charming? It glowed like friendly coals, because it was never harsh but always infused with kindness. Schramm kept his watching friends amused even while he died. It was in the pest hospital, of course—San Lazaro. Rallying from a paroxysm, he grinned and admitted sheepishly: "By gad! I almost slipped the cable that time, boys!"

He danced late as usual at Manila Hotel on Saturday night, and spent Sunday night as usual at Tom's Oriental Grill. Monday morning the malady came on him, slowly; he called up his office to say he guessed he'd have to take the day off. By the time Eddie Tait and other friends reached him, his condition was desperate. They took him to St. Luke's, and upon diagnosis, to San Lazaro. There he closed the show, sundown, Tuesday, September 3. There was a great clock in the hallway outside his room, and it struck the hour, seven, like

the gong at a ringside; and at the seventh stroke exactly, Schramm was out.

He was born in San Francisco, August 22, 1864. When he died he had no living kin. He left home, sailing to South Africa, when 11 years old, beginning a career of 60 years of following wide horizons. He was with the British in the Boer war, and he went from Africa to Australia and New Zealand; but he had drifted back to the Pacific coast when the Spanish-American war broke out, when, not physically fit to be recruited, lacking the right index finger, he went into the army-transport service and came to Manila. The turn being soon over, he came ashore to manage Clarke's, the famous oldtime Escolta restaurant patronized by everyone who was anyone.

Tom Pritchard, in time to succeed Clarke's with his Oriental Grill, was Clarke's chef when Schramm was Clarke's manager. Such a friendship is more than curious, between the kitchens and the diningroom, yet this one happened.

At last Schramm left Clarke's to have a place of his own, the Red Star Café and Hotel in Sampaloc, soon the headquarters of Schramm's string of fighters; for with the advent of American sailors and soldiers, and marines, Manila was introduced to the fight game.

Louis Albert, one of Schramm's string, became lightweight champion of the Orient. Bud Walters was another good fighter Schramm trained. About 1920 Schramm joined Churchill & Tait in the Olym-

pic club, as match-maker and referee; and as referee soon won his fame for fairness and for discipline in the ring. He also won his nick-name, "Calvo", the Spanish for bald. Everyone liked to rag the referee, especially the "gente" on the 2-bit seats back of the barbed-wire, and "Calvo" was a full-sounding epithet.

"Hey Calvo! What round is it?"

It might be the fifth. It would look like the sixth. Schramm would hold up his right hand, fingers wide-spread, and 1 finger of the left. The anxious one would of course give the right hand 5 fingers, but that was his fault! He should have known about the Boers.

About 1924 Churchill & Tait started their gilley shows, and Schramm always managed one of them. Edwin Tait, Eddies brother is on circuit with one now. A gilley show is a tent-show not provided with its own transportation, but getting about on circuit by whatever means it can find. Schramm and Edwin made their shows up at Manila, after the spring carnival, every second year, and traveled with them through the Dutch East Indies, India, Burma, Siam, French Indochina, Ceylon, the Federated Malay States and a few more places—the circuit taking 2 years and being the longest and oddest in the world.

Java had never seen a carnival tent-show till Schramm took his there, to find he liked the Dutch and the Javanese and to go back time and time again—never failing either to make Sumatra. He

would build up the show as he went along, when good acts were to be had. The countries making up the circuit are peopled with local dignitaries; but sultans, even with British aides standing by, unbent quickly under Schramm's geniality. The Sultan of Jehor will miss his showman-friend, who slapped his knee and told him rare anecdotes garnered along the road; often true ones, of the antics of animals. So will the Sultan of Selangor, and many another in whose capital Schramm's show and its romantic tents has been looked forward to.

With no authority, however strange to him, did Schramm ever quarrel. He might not know a word of the local law, or of the language, or the value of the money, or what labor should be paid; but he knew something better than all this, he knew how not to be intrigued of woman. There would often be a woman with him, but not twice the same woman; and he and the woman would be openly at table, openly dining and chatting, perhaps dancing; and he would take her openly to her abode, on leaving, and openly repair to his own. Therefore strange men, rulers jealous that no foreigner intrude scandal into their estates, knew him as a man's man and put faith in him as such.

He left the road 2 years ago, when he was 69 years old, to be with the biggest moving-picture enterprise in the Far East, Philippine Films, Inc., where he soon had charge of the laboratories. The only apprenticeship he had for this was his amateur appreciation of photography, but he soon mastered

the job—the rising quality of the studio's output showing it. It was from this work that he guessed, as he put it, he would lay off for a day. The funeral services, unpretentious, were at the Army mortuary. There was practically no estate. Hy "Calvo" Schramm, knowledge of whose passing will give ex-governors of the Philippines a quick breath, as it will cocheros in Manila's streets and rickshaw pullers in Singapore's, left of goods to rust and corrupt practically nothing.

The body was cremated.

Alejandro Roces, Manila's wealthy publisher and globe-trotter, must find another angler to share his week-end fishing trips on his yacht, the *Vanguardia*. It may be suspected that Sr. Roces got this boat mainly for the pleasure of Schramm's company on it. His type liked Schramm best, men who esteem their fellows for their genuine worth: for their diligence in hewing cedars and offering them for ennobling aspirations; for the way in which, as Schramm's lingo had it, they buck the game.

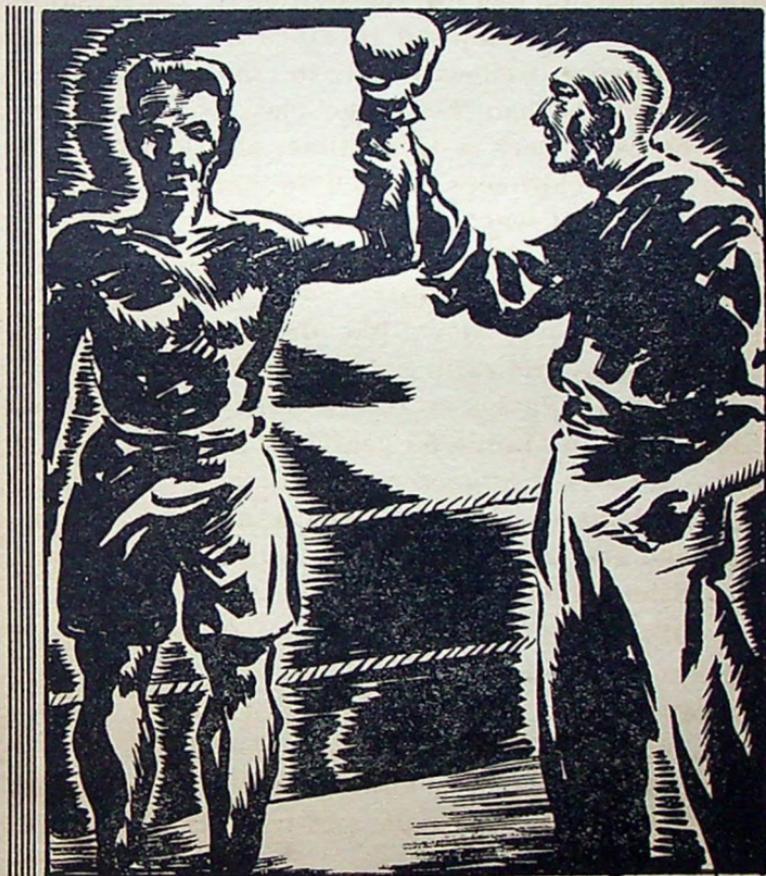
A man like Schramm should have had some fights. He had them, of course—though not many. As he was past 70 and looked hardly 50, he was heartily strong. As boxing had been his exercise, and gilleying a tent-show over a 2-year circuit had been his work, he was hard as nails. So when a coward tackled him, as happened sometimes, the coward was invariably worsted.

Once it happened at Santa Ana; the young

aggressor was the athletic husband of a Hollywood star. He crashed the table where Schramm and other oldtimers were sitting, over drinks and talk. Schramm steered him back to his own table, twice, explaining kindly that he was annoying oldtimers; that he might be anything he claimed, in Hollywood, but he was just a man off a boat in Manila; that he wouldn't enjoy the oldtimers' conversation anyway, nor understand it, since it was a dialect of gentlemen well-seasoned to the East; and in short, that he had better go play with the girls. But he came back a third time, and another man among the oldtimers wanted to handle him, only he said he just wanted to have it out with "that old cuss," meaning Schramm. So Schramm rose, the young cavalier squared off . . . and then they picked him up, half-way down the dance floor. (Sober the next day, and sailing, his right eye treated, and with colored glasses on, he thought it a great joke that a man in Manila 65 years old had knocked him out. He took it in good part, and went to Schramm and apologized. Had he liked a mannish civilization and stayed in the East, he might have become an oldtimer himself).

Other men Schramm had to fight were usually men butting into his show, but they were few—Schramm could talk them out of it if they weren't very, very stubborn. He never liked to harm anything, his nature was kind. That is why he had such fondness for animals, and why they liked him.

He could never understand, when he lived at the Manila Hotel, why people in the lobby grew nervous when he came in with a pet lion or leopard on a leash. Showmanesque? Certainly. Schramm *was* a showman, the like of whom the East will never see again.



DAVAO

THERE is a luncheon at the Davao Club as a farewell to Wm. "Billy" Gohn whose wife and children have preceded him to the United States. Since Gohn has not visited his old home in Pittsburg, Pa., since 1903, nor has been out of the Islands since that time, he feels the folks at home are due a visit and prepares to pay them one. You have a friend who begins introducing you around, whereupon you find, because much of your past in the Islands was criminally devoted to school teaching, here among Davao officials are a number of your quondam students.

Major De Jesus commands Davao's constabulary, but you knew him in highschool at San Isidro, Nueva Ecija, as a crack second-baseman or shortstop. Belles, customs collector, you knew 20 years ago at the customhouse in Manila when you were a green reporter. Other former students turn up; not merely among the Americans, among Filipinos too, Davao is generously settled with old friends. You have a remarkable 8 days with them all. Among the 74 Americans, men and women, most seem to be genuine oldtimers like Gohn. Genuine oldtimers came to the Islands with the earlier troops, 2 to 3 years prior to the first teachers who, coming here in 1901, hardly qualify as oldtimers.

Gohn's farewell address is spoken in less than 3 minutes, a sweet discretion in a man in his sixties—looking about 45—with a boyish attitude toward his prospects in the booming community. He and P. J. Frank have the light and power franchise, furnishing 24-hour service with 4 big American diesels; and they also represent the Ford agency (Manila Trading and Supply Company) in Davao, where the new roads and the new highways-for-Mindanao policy open a first rate market. The Gohn plantation is down in the Padada valley, where the prize one of all seems to be that of East Mindanao Estates: Ernest H. Oesch, manager; Paul Gulick, principal owner.

There are 15 American plantations around the gulf, some of them surpassing the best Japanese plantations. The Americans operate a copra cooperative, much to their mutual advantage. The American community in Davao is the most winnowed in the Islands, it would seem. There is not a blacksheep in the lot; all are well educated, and the larger number seem to be college folk.

But running a plantation is not a rolled-sleeve job, at least not exclusively. There is work enough, but the planter doesn't do it; he lays it out for the help, and contents himself with supervising. It was in the early years, when he had little or no capital, that he made a regular hand himself. Then he might get down to bare feet and rags, boiled rice, and such wild meat as his service rifle might bring down. But he stuck it out just the same, partly because he had

no decent alternative, partly because he was about the last of America's border pioneers, second to none.

Now that the planters are gray and have settled back into comfort, some of their recollections approach the remarkable.

There's Byrns. You don't see him today, he's prospecting for gold down on San Agustin peninsula. Byrns and Reid, 35 years ago, were making planks from a hardwood log with a crosscut saw. Reid, reeking with sweat, said he hoped they wouldn't have to do this all their life; and Byrns, fatter and dripping even more freely than Reid, replied that faith, they would never live to complete such a life.

Locusts are Davao's worst crop enemies. They are swarming now; those too young for wings crawl in dense masses, and heaps of these wriggling masses make cars skid in driving over them.

They say in Davao that the best way to catch locusts is this: Take a pair of shoes, say a planter's last pair, and sew gunny bags to the tops for use as hoppers. Use the toes for handles, one firmly grasped in either hand. Approach your locust covertly, and at the right moment knock him between the shoe heels until he is driven bodily through one heel or the other into one of the bags. Repeat with the next locusts; and when the bags are full of locusts, bury the creatures and knock off for lunch.

The one drawback to this technique is its lopsidedness; if one shoe heel is weaker than the other, one bag fills quicker and the load won't push along square-

ly. Skill born of persistence gets both bags filled evenly.

Planters who have no old shoes, or who are awkward at handcrafts, or lazy, wait for heavy rains to drive the locusts back into the mountains. One plan works as well as another.

Pythons, crocodiles and cobras are other interesting fauna of Davao. There is also the viper, though science knows it not. At Padada they point out to you a boy 7 years old who catches cobras with his butterfly net; and once he caught 17 crocodiles, but they were babies and this was hardly remarkable. He and his sister, 9 years old, collect crustaceans at the Padada beach for the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Brother and sister have eyes like lynxes for these creatures; they have mason jarsful in alcohol, few specimens alike.

The museum will pay them something, and the cost of shipping by mail. It is said to be short of Philippine crustaceans, but it will have enough when it receives the lot from these 2 lively children — as schooled to nature as a forest fern.

Whether the children partake of the munchausenism of their elders would be hard to say. They tell you that crocodiles, when carabaos are wallowing in the lazy streams at noon, swarm up on the carabaos' backs and sun themselves. Their elders do much better; they say the largest man-eating crocodile known to have been killed was 30 feet long. But they grant he was well stretched out.

They are best about the pythons, who are first rate mousers and like, for this purpose, to rendezvous above the ceiling. An old python so ensconced at Padada, in the earlier years, grew fond of vegetable soup which the 2 cronies developing the plantation nearly always had prepared for supper. If the cook failed to watch carefully, the python would reach down when the soup was done and he could smell it, and dip his nose into the kettle and drain off the last drop. To do this he had to learn to bank the fire by piling ashes over it, and to make the soup cool he fanned it vigorously with a big palm leaf he managed in a coil of his neck.

His name was Tim. The whole household knew him and grew fond of him. But once, when the cook saw him uncoiling and making for the soup, and slapped him away, he took mortal offense. He coiled back into his lair above the ceiling, lashed about a bit, and presently, by way of the rainspout, left the house altogether and went out across the river. They would often call him, and coax him with soup, but he refused to go back into the house. This was taken to be equal to a curse upon the house, so it was torn down and another built in its place.

There is a huge python in the coconut groves across the river from the Padada homestead now. Whether it is Tim or not, no one knows; for old Tim, after the cook slapped him, never responded to his name again. If alive, Tim now answers only to the call of the wild. Everyone thinks it quaint of him, and somewhat strange.

They say in Davao that the lustier pythons have been tricked into clearing some of the fields for coconuts. These fields, such magnificent groves now, were originally clothed with scrub timber. The problem was to fall the trees so they could be burned. One way to get the trees down was to lasso a wild hog, preferably a tusker, of which there were many, tie him securely to a stout tree, and leave him to be attacked that night by a python.

The python would wrap himself around one tree after another, and pull them down in his effort to get the hog loose from its moorings; and his wild threshing about in this gormandizing effort would clear, they say, a considerable patch of field during a single night. After that it was only a matter of getting another hog and tethering it to a tree farther along in the field.

They say Davao boasts a crayfish 3 inches long with a chubby short left claw, and a prolonged right claw 8 inches long. He lurks in his burrow, and does havoc to passing prey with that terrific right claw, which operates a set of pincers. While his reputed architecture resembles that of the common crayfish, it is the length of the right claw that astounds you; yet it quite fits with other natural wonders of Davao, as planters tell of them. Do they really draw the long bow?

These Davao Americans are earnest folk, really; and they certainly acquire the latest good books and subscribe to the better magazines. One thing in their favor is, they will not use their telephones because

they are all on party lines.* The government owns the system, and will put in nothing new. As many as 8 phones are on 1 line, business phones at that. The most anyone risks over such a service is, "This is John, Joe." And the most ventured in reply, "All right, John—I'll be right over!"

Instead of the telephone under such circumstances, messengers are sent with notes; and for convenience in replying, a pencil. Yet Davao is a thriving business town.

But to the quiet veracious planters again.

One planter was found busy on his estate. He was sitting on a fallen tree, and leaning comfortably in the crotch of a branch to rest his back. He had been strolling. Asked what he was doing, he said he was calculating. He was calculating, he said, what Old 347 in Plot 19, across the hanging bridge over the river, was going to do now that the drought was broken. His handy notebook showed that this coconut tree 19 years old yielded 347 nuts last year, hence of course its name, Old 347. He thought this lucky, because that is the tree's actual number in the plot. All plots on a plantation are numbered serially, and all the trees in each plot.

You don't count the copra per acre, but the copra per tree.

The planter said that when Old 347 is bearing its best, he just backs a cart up to it and hauls off cartloads of nuts as they fall ripe from the tree. There

*They have a better installation in since this was written. It is privately owned, the government finally abandoned the field to it.

is some feeling that such constant exertion will undermine the man's health. Some friends are unworried, however, but others are. There is always someone more thoughtful than someone else. This holds even in Davao. It was this planter who told about the crayfish, but he admitted the creature's stream-slip was faulty.

He said there was another creature down his way, the kuago, or old-man-o'-the-woods. He says it isn't good to eat, but it stands about 8 inches high in a brown coat with feet like a rodent and a dismal face drawn down about the mouth like that of an oriental philosopher—ashamed of his ancestors but with great faith in them. Filipinos say the creature eats charcoal, but our lively planter finds this is because they see him foraging for insects, his real diet, on burned-over clearings. No one will kill him, he is supposed to be some eminent soul undergoing transmigration.

The aborigines half expect the kuago to speak at any time, and announce a national policy. But our planter doesn't go that far. He won't tell more than he actually sees, and it was he who told about the python Tim.

He also told about the flocks of aigrettes that visit his neighborhood at certain periods of the year, and feed in the banana brakes. He says they make the brakes as white as if covered with snow; but his airgrettes, though they have superb crests, have no plumes such as the airgrettes of the West Indies have.

When this planter has at times been extraordinarily busy, he has watched the romantic pretensions of the ubiquitous Philippine iguana hours on end. (The iguana is a large and stately lizard.) At these times the planter can't loll on his log, because it is the iguanas' promenade: it is their bench in the park. Frankie Iguana meets Johnnie Iguana there, and up and down they go, the planter says, with much hauteur. They don't croon, but each moves its long graceful tail in croonish manner. Each tries to outstrut the other, and they take turns; one is audience while the other is Fred Astaire or Ginger Rogers, dependent on whether it is Frankie or Johnnie.

At last, quite suddenly, faster than the eye follows, Johnnie improvises a new routine and closes the show with it. Frankie's nestful of eggs is cuddled under the edge of the log in the warm sand, and when her children come they are fatherless and must shift for themselves; for they are also motherless.

As the evening wears on and the Scotch in the bottle falls low, the planter leaves Frankie and Johnnie winded and happy and turns to the tabon. He says this stocky woodshen digs a nest 4 feet deep in the ground and fills it with 19 to 31 eggs; and he says her mate takes turns at helping dig this nest, and then at standing guard over it. He says they work together for days, at 5-minute spells, perfecting the nest. When the eggs are in it, and humus has been put into it to keep them warm, the hen and her mate fill it up and mound it over, 2 feet high.

Out of this nest, he says, the chicks, once hatched, worm their way one at a time. The incubation, you see, has begun at once; and so, from the first egg the first chick emerges and begins digging his way out. He is the pioneer, the others following in due course and having a much easier time of it. Once out, no chick seeks its mother. It just shrugs its shoulders and goes out into the woods on its own. Have the hardy and able Davao planters imitated the tabon unconsciously? This at least is true: out in the woods, entirely on their own, every home tie broken irreparably, the planters have done, and are now doing, excellently for themselves.

You would say, on summing up, even their careful truthfulness is more than exceptional.

It is from the seventy-four Americans in this community that you learn why John ("Jack") Carrigan came to the Philippines and how he got away again, with his cello, of course. Jack will abandon his laundry to follow him on any boat later than his, but never his cello. It was with this cello that he tried to open and develop a Davao plantation.

He even succeeded, in a modest way. Pagans came down from the mountains and grubstaked themselves to clear and plant his fields of manila hemp and coconuts—to sit in the yard of evenings and enjoy concerts of Chopin, Beethoven and Bach. If he wanted extraordinary effort from them, he would storm into Wagner. Finally the place was

worth, Jack thought, \$5,000. Some Japanese looked it over with a view to buying, but they hesitated. Jack got them to stay all night, fed them well and gave them his best concert—throwing in the plaintive airs from "Mme. Butterfly."

Even after this they wavered, decided to buy a neighboring place for a much higher price—but, of course, a larger and more productive place. Jack circumvented this by getting his neighbor to sell only through him. To get the larger place the Japanese had to buy the smaller Carrigan place, the result being that Jack got \$5,000, and \$5,000 commission out of selling the neighboring one.

That, you learn in Davao, is how this drollest, most companionable and delightful American who ever came to the Philippines was able to leave the islands. The fly in the ointment was that since he had really sold out, his family would not excuse him from returning to California.

Then you learn how he happened to come here in the first place. It is very simple. All things pertaining to Jack Carrigan reduce to their simplest elements. Thirty-eight years ago he and a young friend out of college were commencing careers with the famous Crocker National Bank of San Francisco—commencing naturally at the bottom of the ladder, yet even so, with vistas of opportunities ahead. But the friend, for no reason at all, took the examination for the Philippine civil service and passed it—soon he was off to Manila.

From Manila he mailed Jack a postcard, beer drinking at a "tienda" shaded by coconuts. Jack immediately interviewed the bank management and submitted his resignation. He said there was something in the Philippines that needed his attention at once and he caught the next ship out of Golden Gate.

That sylvan scene on the postcard had got him. In Manila he found it had been no exaggeration, the beer was cool and the coconuts shady.

Without effort he landed a job. He could work either for a government bureau or the railroad, so he put up his services at auction between the two. Whether the bureau or the railroad got him matters little, for he soon gravitated to the education bureau as a voucher clerk; he felt more at home, he said, working for a fellow Californian, Dr. David P. Barrows, then director of education in the Philippines. But another casual opportunity knocked on account of the cello.

With only a few weeks in under Barrows and no right to leave established, Jack was invited to join a party to Borneo on a lumber boat to be gone two weeks. It was to be free, if he would play his cello. Jack took his courage in his hands, routed Dr. Barrows out of bed at 11 o'clock at night, and got permission to go. But the fortnight became a month because the logs to be loaded at Sandakan had still to be cut after the ship got there. Jack had no way

of cabling back, he just had to stick it out in fear and trembling over his abandoned job in Manila.

After four or five years of such "arduous" effort Jack had stake enough to strike out for the Davao wilderness—net results already recorded.

But he tells of those early years in Manila with gusto. He liked particularly the troupes that used to come out from Milan playing grand opera; in fact, grand, light and lyric. He swears he has heard "La Boheme" rendered in Manila, as an ensemble, better than he ever heard it in New York or San Francisco. With no dominating voice, you listened to them all with equal pleasure.

Now, with his \$10,000, you have Jack on his way home to California—he and his cello. Of course, he doesn't go directly, but by way of Hawaii and Tahiti. In Tahiti he stays with Charles Nordhoff. The French gave a concert in benefit, as Jack recalls, of the leper fund. They put up posters and among the names, "Carrigan... Cellist." Whereupon Nordoff exclaimed, "My God! You're famous, Jack! It's like 'Paderewski... Pianist!'"

Of course, Jack thought he should have a ranch in California, since he had become an experienced planter, so he bought fifty acres of orchard at Paradise. If he wasn't taken so much with the soil, he was by the name; and the idea of owning acres and acres of pears and apples and grapes charmed him. But he found California farming contrasted with that of Davao; only droughts and pests insured

good prices, and then he had little to sell. He therefore decided to sell the place down to about five acres at the homestead. He sold thirty-five acres at a loss and had ten acres left—ten acres of apples.

This ten acres he couldn't sell until a Portuguese neighbor came along and bought it, not for money, but for port wine. Payment covered five years, so many barrels of wine on principal each year, and so many more by way of interest. Jack kept the wine in his cellar; when friends came up from San Francisco summering he drew it off in pailfuls and set it out to be drunk in longhandled dippers. By the time the ten acres of apples were paid for in full, Jack's back was a wreck.

This condition yielded quickly to his latest visit to the Philippines, made in 1936. He had lent a friend some money and the friend paid it back. The surprise of this struck him dumb. For thirty years he had given business no attention whatever. As he remembered, if you got a loan from a bank you, of course, paid it back. If you got a loan from a friend, that was not business, as with a bank—that was a matter of friendship.

But he was glad, in the end, that his friend was businesslike and had repaid him—it was enough to bring him to Manila again. So he came on a very important errand. His house at Paradise is a log cabin. He wanted some antique ship's lanterns for it, at the doorway, and he found them, cheap, on

old Calle Madrid, in Manila! Into the cost he didn't figure steamship fare and incidental expenses, of course. Why should he? All that was sheer pleasure.

His is a fine old cello. He plays it remarkably well; and after mass daily, runs his scales. In Manila he makes his home with you and likes the corner room, far off upstairs. There you hear him playing, among the stuff from the junk shops that makes up the curious things he will lug home to Paradise.

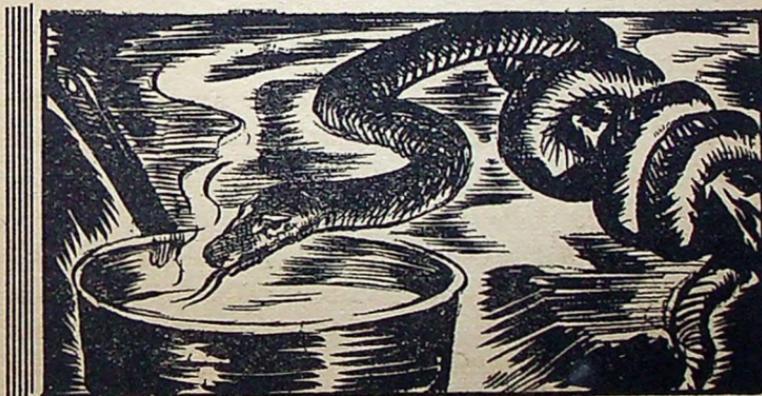
The music charms, but you wait for him to cease playing and join you downstairs. Presently he does come down, the mind of a man and the heart and soul of a boy. He talks, it matters not about what, with the wit of Falstaff, the vocabulary of Falstaff's creator. He talks, and you smile, you laugh, you chortle till tears roll down your cheeks and twenty years roll off your age; and hours pass in the sheer innocent merriment of witty speech.

Your acquaintance is large. You know hundreds of men well enough to call them by their first names, but never have you known another in the mold of Jack Carrigan: Omar's philosophy in the flesh itself—women left out; and in place of women, a bit more wine if you please.

Carrigan died toward the close of February 1939, of pneumonia, at his lodge at Paradise, California, sixty-two years old, two or three years after this chapter was originally written. Meantime the

reader, too, had made acquaintance of him, on one of *Life's* covers. *Life* had gone to a party with him, a frog-hunting party. He had told us in Manila how he had imported to Paradise these huge Louisiana frogs, despairing of making his fruits pay. The frogs, it seems, were a successful venture; no doubt he graced his own table with the choicest, but San Francisco was an eager market for all that were left. To make them grow, he would leave beef exposed in chunks, until flies blew it and it got to be about as lively as Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Stilton cheese, when his uncle found it on the hop, and then he would lower this aspen mass, in wire crates, into the frog pools. It may be a good trick, he said it was.

But pshaw! *Life* knew Jack Carrigan but a few hours, and that of an evening, and out of doors, without his cello, while we had him as our very own, a member of our family, in Manila, weeks on end. This old town has always had its compensations.



POKER AND A CAMP MEETING

AWAY back in the old days shortly removed from those called the "days of the Empire" the province of Nueva Ecija was still new. All it had was a fringe of towns in the south and for the rest it was a succession of wooded creeks and vast cogon plains awaiting the pioneer. At the time of which we write there were also a number of American pioneers who were laying the foundation of the fabric we call government here, not a few of whom were engaged in turning the wild lands to tame. Many of these long ago found the pioneers' reward, a grassy mound in some forgotten cemetery, but in their days they were the mastermasons of a new province. They were alcoholic and profane, perhaps, but what would you require of the vanguard—those who go before. They refused emphatically to be set up as models for the native except in one line of human endeavour, work. Their leisure was their own and they used it to suit themselves.

In those early days only the fit survived. Whether they were fit to survive was another question, one which did not worry them. And there were amusing social contrasts.

Some lived off the country, others out of tin cans. Some patronized the native *lavanderas* who washed

clothes on a rock in the stream by main muscular force, and others sent their laundry to Manila for the required polish on their collars. Everyone knew everybody and one's importance to the community was measured by his actual value. We knew where each one stood on every subject from science to superstition, from mules to missionaries, and fierce argument was our chief literary diversion. Those provided with capital never mentioned it, for few were guilty. There was one, however, the nephew of a high-up official, who, with the Bostonese urge, christened his ranch Plainfield, which was exactly what it was—a plain field. After putting in forty thousand pesos and taking out two, he decided that agriculture was no task for an amateur; in fact, his friends advised him to sue the government for damages, blaming it on the hand-picked Plainfield. He was our aristocrat, or had leanings that way. He once registered at the local club as Blank of Plainfield, and was disagreeably surprised when I took up the pen and inscribed myself Cream of Tartar, and another unregenerate, Mother of Vinegar, and still another, Spirits of Ammonia.

Our society was primitive.

Naturally, American women were conspicuous by their absence north of the Rio Grande, if we except a few school-ma'ams in the capital. So when it became noised about by the grapevine telegraph that some lady missionaries from the land since become famous for its rejection of evolution were due, the oldtimers were all expectancy. Incidentally, the male missionaries had staged the idea that it would

be well to carry the good word into the northern towns by means of a camp-meeting; that is, those who had the Pentecostal spirit—or thought they had it.

The head of the mission was one yclept Rev. Doo-little for want of a better name, a small chap with a voice like a cathedral whisper. With him, as supernumerary was another, a rough paste-diamond with a voice like a bull of Bashan. We remained unterrified.

The average missionary of those days was deeply anxious to divide mankind into two classes, saints and sinners, sheep and goats. Being *called*, he felt privileged and selected for salvation, a kind of self-hypnotism as it were. They were all obsessed with the idea that this little old world was wabbling and only by their efforts could it be regulated aright. Of course, there were good men amongst them at times, but in general the above ideas were in vogue in the days we speak of. We knew they had us card-indexed, as it were, with the goats.

At that time I was located up near the northern end of the province, busily hewing out my fortune in orthodox pioneer fashion. Along about noon, one day, an old dish-wheeled carromata hove in sight guided by a profane cochero and containing a couple of female missionaries. The Jehu indicated their destination by a jerk of the thumb, and they dismounted and came in. Their real destination was some ten kilometers away, but the driver, having no knowledge of the language of Shakespeare, had

brought them to the only American settlement that far north.

It was visitor's day for me, in addition.

My male visitors were, to say the least, a variegated lot. There was old Dad Ellis, the patriarch who had a mysterious pain in the back that kept him from lifting anything heavier than a knife and fork. But he could make good coffee, a coffee so strong that it had to be thinned with condensed milk. When he felt sick, his friends sent Doc Reardon to see him. Doc was the local and peculiarly inefficient veterinary. There was Barton, one of those likeable chaps, optimists who are always seeing millions round the corner if their plans only work out. The lanky provincial engineer whose people had once *owned a lot of nigger-folks*, and the *maestro* Arch Turner, a student of Horace and his Lydia. There was Jack Haggerty, an ex-marine engineer who periodically quit drinking for as much as an hour. Then with a sudden Rubicon gesture of decision he would reach out and pour himself a satisfying tumbler of Mount Vernon. There was a newcomer, a road-foreman whose right name was Roy Bright. He said it was, and that is some evidence, anyway. However, he often wrote himself Mark Hanna and N. Bonypart when he signed chits at tiendas.

Most of these interesting men have passed on, like all things human and ephemeral in the Isles of Philip—all things everywhere.

The day in question had long been set aside for a poker party. In consequence, Pegleg the cook had prepared a number of extra cakes and pies. I disregarded the jibes of my friends and received the female missionaries with open arms—they were both pretty. What remained for us to ascertain was the state of their minds in relation to the non-Christian tribes, amongst whom, no doubt, we were docketed. They came in and sat down, and Pegleg, following custom, immediately served them cake and some bottled joy on a tray. They raised their eyebrows at the latter and I raised mine at Pegleg, telling him to make some tea—a beverage that under his hands was far from innocuous. One of the party turned on the phonograph, *My Coal Black Lady, On the Banks of the Wabash*, or some such classical piece, and we were going finely. To do them justice, they no doubt saw they had fallen like Daniel into a den of lions.

The lanky engineer approached and gave them several pertinent Bible quotations, to show we were not all heathen in the *bundoks*. The tea warmed them up. I don't know to this day if Pegleg followed his usual custom and doctored that tea, but they began to talk quite rationally, indeed quite cheerily. The eldest of the two ladies remarked, "Why, Edna, I cannot understand it. In Manila you never liked tea and here you have taken four cups." In a lucid interval I inquired if they did not notice what a striking resemblance I bore to Teddy Roosevelt. They said yes, very appropriately.

The ice was broken. We were just human beings after all.

Music and more tea warmed them still further. The cochero had taken a hearty swig of his regular hootch which he carried under the seat of his conveyance, some kind of fifteen-bell gin; he was asleep in the kitchen. His horses were turned out to graze. The missionaries surmised that they should be moving on to pastures new, the town in which the revival was to be staged. Meantime, more of the hirsute and thirsty came along, let out a yell, hobbled their horses and advanced to the big house as per custom—for a drink. The sight of the company froze their desire. They at once became polite, or shall we say unnatural, and civilized. One late comer, a regular fellow, immediately fell into conversation with the prettiest missionary. He did not lack for speech, but like all specialists turned to shop, carefully explaining to her the numbers of eggs, legs, etc., of the nimble locust. Not to be behind, the road-foreman approached with a set of blue-prints and specifications. He proposed to entertain the ladies on his own.

Under this battery of male worshipers, the female missionaries appealed to me to get the cochero moving.

At this the more voluble of the gang turned on me for proposing to allow lone females to ride over a road that not only swarmed with ladrones, but lurking parties of head-hunting Ibilao, at the same time pointing out to them the trophies that adorned my

walls. They began, for the first time, growing apprehensive. They had heard of such things in Manila, but the male missionaries had told them everything was peaceful. The rainy season was on at the time, so we came to the conclusion that we would mount and away with them, as an escort against the dangers of the way. The bloodthirsty romances of the gang had to be upheld, so we all carefully armed ourselves.

My greatest trouble, as involuntary host, was to keep the eight men from adding to their usual six-shooters, the spears, bolos and shields on the walls. In spite of our noisy entertaining of the ladies, I noticed that the gang had made repeated visits to the kitchen in search of pain killer—or what they might find there to brace them. They were now gallantry itself. At last we got the sleepy Santiago to bring round the carromata and take the road north. Around and about caromed the escort, an escort worthy of Sancho Panza and the good knight Don Quixote.

The agricultural inspector rode a noble Clydesdale with feet resembling frying pans. Another had a blooded horse, a discarded polo pony of our polo-playing Governor General Forbes. The veterinarian, an aged mule which had come to the Philippines with the Spanish conquistadores; we could not guess its age, but its name was Ann Lou. The Engineer rode an iron-gray mount renowned for biting and kicking; Dad Ellis, a cross between a goat and a greyhound, while I ambled along on a miniature

white *caballo* they called a horse—at least in the presence of ladies—with the other members of the escort.

Santiago whipped up his steeds and along the muddy road we went at the usual planters pace, on the flanks, in front and behind. We felt righteous. Those who led the way would enter a wooded stretch and, after firing off their six-shooters, gambol back to inform us that the ladrones had disappeared. And so in state we rode into the sleepy town where the revival was to be held, and where some four male missionaries had foregathered from different directions. To say they were overjoyed to see their sister missionaries convoyed by the unregenerate, would be saying too much. Anyway, after duly delivering our two lovely charges into their hands, we bowed our adieux and retired to a friend's house a short distance away to take up the threads of our poker party. Here we shucked our mud-spattered clothes, as was the custom.

Now the custom of the bath, in vogue at that particular period, was to take a small drink after removing each garment and before stepping under the shower, and to repeat the motion in dressing. The result was, that whatever benefit the sobering water had was driven off again by the demon rum. After the usual chicken and rice repast, we sat down to the intricacies of the game in which we alternately won and lost our loose pesos. The shades of night fell. Dolorous whines and groans came from the direction of the *camarin* in which the revival was being staged, proceeding from a kind of folding or-

gan carried by the choral members among the missionaries. The droning annoyed the losers, awaking murderous designs on the performers on that contraption, so I opined that we better postpone our poker game and go out and help the cause of Christianity, and incidentally, the Daughters of Light we had convoyed there.

The motion was seconded.

We emerged from the lighted house into the gloom of the night, but our friend the maestro Turner, a kind of extension-ladder chap, in attempting to cross the muddy tree-trunk that served as a bridge over a creek, lost his sense of balance and fell in. Really and truly, that bridge, lacking a handrail, could only be negotiated by the help of the Lord's prayer. We rescued him. One white sock had received a liberal spattering of mud, and we proceeded to make this uniform by dabbing mud on the other sock, so that the polka-dot ensemble was not so noticeable. He appreciated that, or seemed to.

We arrived at the temporary church, to find it almost vacant. The male missionaries had been too busy entertaining their sisters, and the local pastors too excited in providing the eats and sleeps for their visitors, to rally the fallen. I approached the two ladies, who appeared quite tearful over the vacuum in the camarin and I informed them that we would go out in the highways and byways and bring in the lost lambs—or something to that effect. This was not difficult to do. We knew the *presidente* and the police and they knew us and our vagaries. In a

short time that camarin was as full as a voting-booth, with wide-eyed pedestrians who asked no questions but did as they were told. The service began. After a prayer in Tagalog which part of the religiously inclined—inclined towards the Catholic Church—resented and would have escaped but for the guards at the door, the sermon began. I never found out if the distressed audience appreciated it.

Then the singing began.

Well, if there was one thing our crew enjoyed it was to sing. They often sang in those days, to keep from doing the opposite thing, and they were no Carusos, either. They were much more used to telling a startled world how the old oaken bucket used to hang in the well, or to rhapsodizing over the little red shoes that Susy wore, than to chanting solemn hymns; but they were fair hymn-singers, too. After an enthusiastic *There is Rest for the Weary* had risen on the evening air, accompaniment by the wheezing organ, we tried *Beulah Land* and lifted the rafters slightly. Of course a few of the party were a couple of bars behind, but this served to divert attention from our dripping friend Turner, who kept a back seat, in a sort of cataleptic doze. The meeting went on without him, with loud *Amens* from those conversant with their religious duties, and Jack Haggerty passed the hat.

As few of the townfolk so suddenly pressed into the service had anything to put into the battered Stetson, our poker funds went to supply the deficiency. We contributed liberally to the heathen in his blindness. Finally came the doxology, to which we

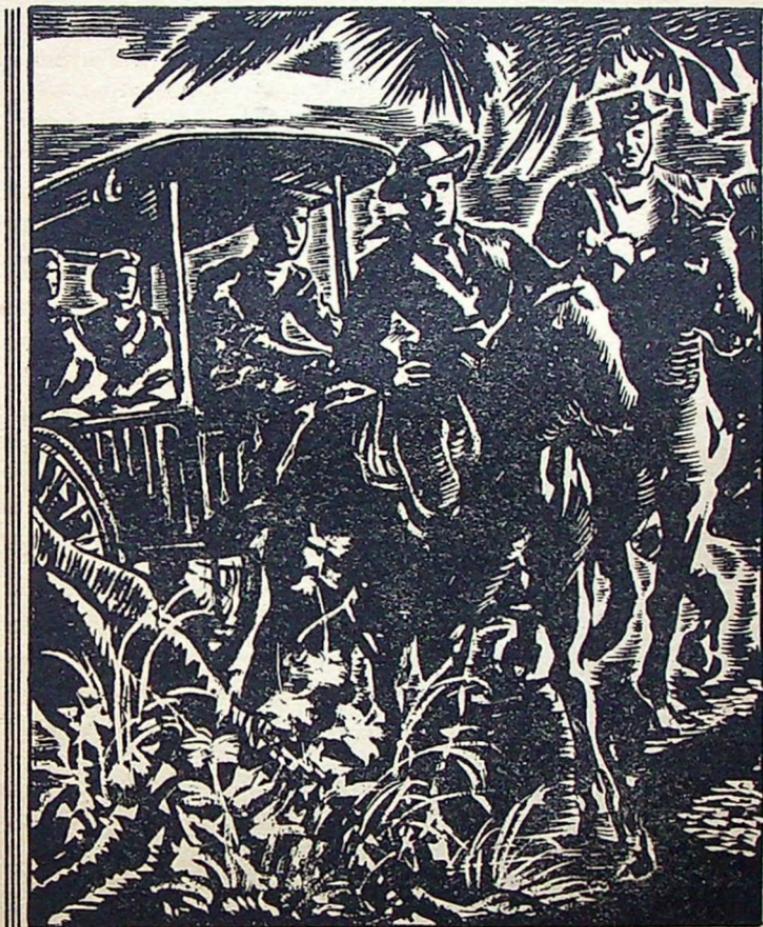
all did justice, the roof of that camarín paying a compliment to the basses and baritones and the Rev. Doolittle's tenor. The crowd departed. The male missionaries shook us by the hand. So did the female missionaries. They congratulated us on our showing a solid American front to the benighted. We also congratulated ourselves, and introduced Turner the maestro, awake at last, whom we said had swum the San José river to be with us.

We separated, and they, as Pepys says—to bed.

Not us, however. We went back to our interrupted poker party; after which, before daybreak we mounted our varied equines and rode the planterspace home. The revival went on for a week, with dwindling attendance, but the grand total made material for a fine report. The missionaries packed up the wheezy organ, praising the Lord for his help. A few months later we were all the surprised recipients of a large illustrated missionary magazine in which our exploits in the cause were dwelt upon at great length, including some of the stories we had imparted. In addition, there were snapshots taken of the cavalcade ambling along on their mounts, and armed with spears and sixshooters. These had been taken surreptitiously by the Daughters of Light, and were used to adorn the tale, if not to point the moral.

The late Percy A. Hill, a rice planter at Muñoz, Nueva Ecija, was the best tale teller of his time in all the Philippines. This chapter and "The Price of a Hat" were written from Hill's notes. He typed his notes, and I would buy them and rewrite. That is the way the book *Old Manila* was built: *Philippine Education Co., Inc., Manila, P. I.*, that for the Spanish period in the Philippines will never be duplicated. Hill was a fierce disciple of *laissez faire* in all things. This yarn, true excepting the names, is a sample

of his native facility. About the middle of 1937, a band of rural robbers surprised and murdered him in his home on his thriving little plantation, while he was reading and waiting for his dinner to be served. The guilty have all been punished, thanks to prompt work by Captain Silverio Cruz and his Constabulary soldiers at Cabanatuan. Hill collected stamps and dealt in them commercially, and from this avocation, as well as the book *Old Manila* and many contributions to periodicals in the Far East, was known throughout the world by a small scattered admiring audience.—W.R.



THOMASITES

I DIG this out of my diary at date of January 1928, when the United States Army Transport *Thomas* famed for taking to Manila the first large group of American school teachers was making her final voyage back from Manila to Mare Island and destined from there for break-up and sale as scrap:

The very thought makes a tightness in the throat of hundreds of Americans in the Philippines, and brings moisture to the eye. It is too much like selling Old Kit, the family nag, at the homestead auction, when Dad decided to move west. For the *Thomas* has a real soul if a ship or any inanimate thing may boast the boon. For 30 years she has been the national old-reliable. She has brought us commanding officers, and taken them home, and governors general too. She has brought troops, some of them for the first campaigns, and returned to San Francisco with trooploads of casuals, men who had done their time in the islands.

Time and circumstance are inexorable. She has taken our dead to the homeland for burial. She carried home the body of General Lawton, and of Liscum, killed in China, and brought back Lawton's remains to rest beneath his monument. She has taken wives home for their accouchements, and

brought them back with cooing babies in their arms. She has brought us food. She has brought thousands of teachers for the schools, and, accommodating them with her rate of a dollar per day, landed them back home with some of their meager savings. She has taken home the broken old-timer, who has often, in the loved and familiar environment of youth, with life returning upon itself as the philosophers say it will, been rehabilitated and found himself a man after all.

Alas, truth makes us say it. She has taken home the prisoner, another unfortunate part of the price paid for going nationally abroad, and on her very last trip but one she had *in the brig* a youth who may shine yet as one of America's great artists. Metropolitan editors know him as a magazine illustrator. She has taken home the fellows who couldn't stand Guam's loneliness, and those who could. Once when she lay at berth on one side of Pier One, the *Chaumont*, navy transport, pulled in on the other, from Guam. In the midst of the gay crowd on the dock a young wife was waiting, joy in her bonny eyes and youth in her slender figure. But her husband didn't come down the gangway, and there wasn't even a letter; she had come on ahead for shopping, and friends just told her, brokenly, what had happened there in Guam * * * the last night * * * the last weary twelve hours. And she turned bitterly away, cursing and weeping together.

"Wait till I get to Washington!" she cried. "I'll tell that navy department something—sending young people out to a damned hole like Guam!"

Did she ever do it? They are still sending them.

She stayed over faithfully, she didn't make the *Thomas* that trip. It's a human-interest ship if there ever was one, and its intimate story would be but an amplification of Byron's description of Manfred's soul.

The *Thomas*, going off the run! My God! We're all getting old!

Through the courtesy of Verne E. Miller of the Philippine Education Company, we have before us the log of the seventh trip of the *Thomas* to Manila, the one on which she brought 560 school teachers, 160 women and 400 men, from 42 states, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, and two foreign countries. The voyage began at San Francisco July 23 and ended at Manila August 21, 1901. Dr. Fred W. Atkinson was then educational superintendent, organizing, with the aid of these teachers, the bureau of education of which the distinguished Dr. David P. Barrows was to become the head.

Of the 560 teachers who made that voyage, ten had been in the islands as soldiers and two had been soldier-teachers in the schools opened by General Arthur Mac Arthur. Here are those remaining in the Philippines:

Mary E. Polley, Charles W. Franks, Mrs. Frances C. Barter, Verne E. Miller, Dr. Charles S. Banks,

C. I. Halsey, J. W. Osborn, Mrs. J. C. Vickers, T. H. Edwards, W. S. Ireby, E. E. Baker, Horatio Smith.

Well, the *Thomas* is done. Who'll bid on her? She could still haul something, surely—say mules for an African war, or cattle from Australia, or bananas from the Mosquito Coast. Let's have the auctioneer describe her. Harland and Wolff built her at Belfast in 1893, and for five years she flew the Union Jack on the Atlantic run for the Hamburg-American line, under the name of the *Persia*. Too slow, though famed for the steadiness that has since made her defy the fiercest typhoons the China sea can brew, the owners rechristened her the *Minnewaska* and put her in the cattle trade between London and New York. Then they sold her to the United States, July 1898, and for a year, as the *Minnewaska* still, she carried troops, horses and commissary stores from the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico.

Overhauled and refitted at Cramp's in Philadelphia, she became the *Thomas*, queen of transports on the Pacific, making her first trip via the Suez as a show-off boat—at the request of European governments whose military departments wanted to see the latest thing in army transports. She wasn't the fastest, even then, for at her best she made but $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and ordinarily 12, but she was "the newest, the largest, and the steadiest of them all, and her machinery the best and most modern."

She's 476 feet, keel 445 feet, beam 52.25 feet, draft 27 feet. We carry the technical description no farther. The *Thomas* should have been made a national memorial, when she went out of service, and here was something for the Philippine societies in America to do—those Americans who have been in the islands and returned to the homeland, where thousands are influential, who surely can't forget a sturdy ship that has rendered them all unmeasured service. If peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, then let her have her monuments as well. The *Thomas*, too, had a double claim, her honors were equally of war and peace.

What will they do with Old George, now that the *Thomas* does not need him? They'll pension him, of course, and he'll stuff himself away somewhere no, not at all, not Old George: he'll find a billet of some sort where he can be autocratically kind and indispensable to women, and the probability is that like Santa Claus he will never die. For Old George, black and portly, partakes of sainthood. He was the steward who on the *Thomas* had been master-of-the-bath for the women, always the greater number among the cabin occupants. There was a general bath for all, and it was Old George's task to announce a schedule and see that it was respected. Ever polite, Old George was equally persistent. Toward rank he had no attitude at all, save that arbitrary rank that a woman filled in his bath list. So Old George is a typical American institution, Old George is the queue.

"Ma'am you-all's bath is ready."

That, when Old George's bass rumbles it at a cabin door, is as final as the trumpet of doom, albeit ever so kindly; and because it is kindly it is never resented, though it has but a single purport—*Lady, get up and get going.*

It results that all the women, however encumbered with children, make the breakfast hour with no particular inconvenience to one another and with no quarreling resentments rankling any gentle bosom. The colonel's lady knows she has had her full deserts, given the circumstances, and what is equally important, so does the sick little teacher. Old George is a leveler, bringing some up a bit, setting others down; he puts down the mighty from their seat, exalts them of low degree, and gains all their blessings for it. "Ma'am, you-all's bath is ready!" The infallible admonition lives, an undying echo assorted with the most excruciating memories—tragedy, abandon, romance, drudgery, freedom—in thousands of worthy women's souls. Old George will have no difficulty getting into Heaven when he dies; at least, his witnesses will be many and unimpeachable, and should he by any possible chance meet rejection, all these pretty witnesses will follow him down to hell.

Among the teachers the *Thomas* brought to the Philippines in that famous first group in 1901 was Genevieve Clauson, whose husband, Robert Clauson, was soon promoted to a provincial superintendency. On her part, Genevieve Clauson was the highschool Principal wherever her husband's station chanced

to be, and she always taught some classes in English. Such stations, for the Clausons, were usually remote from Manila. With more than thirty years of pioneer teaching done, the Clausons, broken in health from long years at Jolo, retired, on their pensions, to a farm they bought in California. There Mrs. Clauson died, in the spring of 1936.

This woman symbolized the invincible spirit of the *Thomasites* and the other pioneers who followed them as public-school teachers in the Philippines. They conquered, but their weapons were textbooks.

Genevieve Clauson's Kraggs were knowledge; her Springfields, grit. Set her a task to do, hers the whole doing of it, God! how that task was done—how thorough-going fine! She matriarched schools in the Islands from Pampanga to Surigao. Each year was like a straight-plowed furrow, and all of them together were a sowed field green with promise. Harvest would indeed come, but she would not see it: unremitting effort, uncompromising determination, took life itself as their toll.

Philippine seas scarce lave a village coast that will not boast some heart that Genevieve Clauson's made strong; some soul invincible as hers, some ration of sound education for a modern country: some drawing out of worth where there seemed dearth.

Thousands of these grateful Filipinos lamented her passing, when the little news of it came back to Manila from California. Because her Kraggs

were knowledge; her Springfields, grit. Let it be a tribute to all Americans who gave America in the Philippines on unheroic fields, as these teachers in the schoolroom, the last measure of devotion.



SUNSET IN MANILA

THE sunset over Manila bay is often of a peculiar and indescribable beauty. Phenomena of the most celestial magnificence, accompanying the setting of the sun, are common here; but occasionally the loveliness of the whole scene is transcendent. First, a gossamer transparency pervades the atmosphere—argent tinted, of a diaphanous lustre, like the silvered silken arras of a majestic theatre, into the perfection of which have gone the munificence of the gods and the glutton sensuality of demigods. The city, with all its suburbs round the shore, is, it seems, brought together in an audience of half a million souls, to view the tableau that shall presently unfold in the western heavens. This illusion, of a great concourse of nature worshipers, is enhanced immeasurably by the glower of clouds over the eastern mountains. Surely a skilled attendant is there, dimming the amphitheater and focusing an Ormuzdian effulgence where the attention and devotion of the worshipers are already drawn, and now await with avid expectancy what can no longer be delayed.

The vesper hour. It is the moment for the overture. Deep, distant thunder, rolling through the green caverns of the eternal hills, reverberates in

the rhythmic and sonorous periods, as of a solemn march or processional.

The theme of the music itself is traced by nearer sounds: a thousand romping children on the Luneta, the splash of the tide on the boulevard wall, from which careen, with shouts and banter, the brown athletic bodies of many youths, diving into the ripples and shadows of the bay. Motors purr along the drive slowly, and finally pull up at the curb anywhere, that even the gay and the courted may pay momentary homage to divine and superior beauty.

A married harlot is there, with her paramour. Young rascals trail the slow-strolling footsteps of convent girls—white blouses, jet braids, red ribbons and jaunty blue skirts—guarded by the convent mothers to whom, it almost seems, the foster-maternity is an ostentation. Clerics with the lads, in black, high-buttoned cassocks, bow ascetic acquaintanceship. The gaze even of old men leaning upon canes, roves anon to the chatter of little groups of *mestiza* maidens, those matchless exquisites of mixed consanguinous heritage, none of whom, naturally enough, lacks gallant cavaliers.

The lush of life, of matehood and the renewal of life, touch the awakened senses like a fragrance from urns sacred to rife paganism. The choral of mellow sound arises from the hearts of thoroughly mundane creatures, whose god is the god of famine and harvest, of storm and haven—on the seagirt

isles and the sea itself—the god of fair hopes, foul despair, regnant passion.

The sunset presently will depict the moods of the people. The pellucid atmosphere, strangely, almost supernaturally, has the effect of bringing things closer by leagues and leagues. Mariveles seems not distant at all. The wireless towers of Cavite, on historic old Sangley Point, are apparently stalking right out across the bay, like huge and grotesquely animated skeletons. Even the low campanilles of Cavite churches appear in distinct gray outline: a few times, through a few centuries, the glow and glamor of an unusual eventide have thus shown over them. Decaying marine rubbish, the wraiths of old ships, can be faintly discerned along the shore of the point; but the gibberish of coolie crews, working at galleon hulks under the lash, is silent in history—along with the babble of mandarine merchants, bartering Asiatic wares for Mexican and Peruvian silver.

Southward, as if in the midst of Pasay village, so near it seems, looms Mount Banahaw. You half expect to make out the legends on its rocky mantle, or to surprise woods creatures indulging evening carousal in its forests.

Imperceptibly the breeze over the waters freshens. The curtains, cumulus portents, draw aside. The sunset comes. The tableau is the state appearance of the god of gods, *Bathala*. The festival colors are all those of divine royalty—with red for fire, the fiercest element, the vengeance upon man

of every god to which he ever raised a temple or bowed his bewildered mind. The clouds are, of course, in sables, bewailing a supremacy they must acknowledge in the passing Prince of Light. Rays like fairy's wands reach out to touch them and bestow a generous monarch's greetings. Their sables are soon silvered over; and then they are adorned in gold, to share vicariously the pomp and glory of their royal master.

If ever the hosts of heaven sang, surely they do so now. The sea, too, joins the hosanna. The god of gods tosses her a purple robe, which she wears in all becomingness. Where the imperial color is lacking, for want of shadow upon green, there hang long, shimmering jade pendants, half concealing modesty, half revealing strumpetry in the wanton creature.

Omnipotence, the servility of all lesser things, is the plain *motif* of the tableau. The largesse of the journeying sun, retiring with whom he will beyond the portals of silken purple and gold, is almost contemptuous. The amenities of a public occasion are, however, complied with, though but disdainfully. Impatiently the royal purse-strings are loosened, that coins of gold may shower upon the worshipers, not innocent of avarice and envy.

"Disperse ye!" Such seems the gesture of the sun setting over Manila bay. "Disperse ye, men of earth, creatures of a day. If I would, I might tell tonight how many will be cuddled in their graves tomorrow. All will be there soon. Whilst the sea,

my sweet mistress, and the mountains, where even demigods dwell forever, and the primal forests, with dignity enough of their own never to bow really low before the hosts of heaven—these are all the true peers and companions of my eternal age, eternal youth. Disperse ye!”

Darkness comes quickly when the sun goes; it is docile and obedient to the fierce mood of light.

Such is the setting of the sun over Manila bay. At the mouth of the bay the Mariveles headland rises to a grand height. Clouds gather round its summit. The phenomena of grandeur and magnificence come from the reflected and refracted light of the noblest orb of the firmament, receding into the purple depths of the China sea. Filipinos swear by *Lañgit*, the sky. They do well. They swear by *Bathala*, god of light, the sire and senior of the universe. They do well. Their souls are one with nature, amid whose most superb and perpetual beauties they dwell in simple acceptance of whatever fate an inscrutable will vouchsafes them. They do well.

“Thy will, O God, Thy will, not mine, be done!”

By such submissiveness to the divine, the flesh resigns itself to what the day or the night has in store. If it be pleasure, it is pursued; if its bouquet is enjoyable, no curse bursts forth against its dregs. If it be sorrows, have not many sorrowed? And who are the humble, to rail against that which, though it mortify the flesh, surely exalteth the soul?

Filipinos never had to learn Christianity, nor have they learned it! Its teachers despised them because they were pagans, and reviled them in many *relations* sent to Rome; but the precepts of its founder they knew from the beginning, and He himself must have had these principles of moral conduct from some shrine of philosophy in the East, not far from the region of *their* own origin. His preachments are a part of them, and no mere cloak to wear in public; and what the West will never learn, though it memorize assiduously and send forth many missionaries, they, of the east, will never forget; since with them it is not something learned, but something breathed and lived. They render unto Caesar, they revel at Cana, they weep in Gethsemane. They have it from their ancient creed, not the new, that the soul may cast down the rock of the sepulchre.

The world does not understand the Filipino; it is not quite aware of just what sort of man he is, or may become. Four centuries ago crusaders defamed him as an infidel, and pronounced him savage and *backward*. He was, too, but just as the crusader's own near ancestors were, not much earlier in history. Extraneous influences elevated them; the same influences did not touch him, so it is not his fault that he remained rather lower in the scale, and he need not be ashamed of it. When the crusaders' ancestors were living in mud huts, the Filipino's ancestors were dwelling under thatch. How the one people, the people of Europe, went

on from mud huts to stone mansions and vaulted cathedrals, while the Filipino continued living in his humble thatch cottage and knew no altars but the natural ones of the forest and the mountain cavern—this is the truth left out of the biased and inept histories. Better said, perhaps, it is written plainly in history, but that quaint book seems to be inscribed in unintelligible hieroglyphics for the many who delight in sheer repetition of its pages and plume themselves on its superior chapters.

The West advanced, but it did not leap forward by lifting itself by its own bootstraps. If this fact were but recognized, the Filipino, who did not advance much, would feel himself less inferior, and the world would have a less disdainful regard for him. It is therefore clearly to the advantage of America, his tutor in modern life, to learn something of him, and of the reasons for his being what he is. (He is, of course, spoken of here as a mass of people; the limited higher social levels, remarkably influenced by universal culture, are not referred to in this study.) Briefly, then, he did not conquer Greece, nor take Greek slaves into his households to inculcate in him Hellenic culture. He did not trade with the Phoenicians, so he kept an alphabet of his own instead of adopting theirs. He did not domicile Saracen hordes in his country, so he did not borrow their arts, including medicine and astronomy. Merchant Jews did not swarm over his Islands, where trade would not have been profitable, so he never had the benefit of their large

fortunes in cash, and their invention of international exchange bills, for the carrying out of great enterprises. He never went crusading against the Turk, to bring back the learning and the comforts and luxuries of the Levant as booty. Vicariously he now suffers the stigma of African slavery, of which he was always in ignorance; the lingering blur of this in men's minds still, to a degree, affects him too. Time will wear out, but only time can do so.

Over in China and India was much learning, but the adjacent Philippines were only sparsely settled islands, with the vacant Pacific beyond—inviting no commerce. Learning flowed westward, through the routes of trade, which were also the routes of war. Now, at last, the routes of trade have reached and tapped the Philippines. The latent wealth of Philippine soil is being touched into gold. The stimulus of that big ocean commerce which finds its principal outlet through Manila port, is awakening the Filipino from the sleep of centuries of quiet and sodden isolation. The government, protecting commerce, takes toll of it and pours this constant stream of taxes into education and divers public benefits and improvements. Social changes occur. The East is fatalistic. The Philippines partake of that fatalism. The impatient, nonmeditative and *practical* West beats upon this fatalism. It is not wholly mordant, gradually it undergoes modification. If it may only be permitted to suffer—this is the native Indian inheritance

—then come what will, and welcome.

The mortifications of this mundane life are despised in the heart of eastern peoples who remain a peasantry of unlettered mystics, tribal and backward, until commerce breaks their spiritual bonds.

In the Philippines the modern forces are at work, quite busily, you would say, certainly impatient of the cloying past. And the reason these forces are at work so industriously is * * * the United States. When America trades with the Far East, she sails her ships westward; time's game, as to the Philippines, was to wait until America spread from ocean to ocean and built a thousand cities full of factories with insatiable appetite for raw tropical supplies.

But time has never changed the sunsets. They remain exquisite etchings of his magic brush; and Manila, enigmatic, hybrid, paradoxical, ancient, medieval, a modern of moderns—this all in one character distinctive only of herself—Manila remains one of the most fascinating seaports of the world, America's metropolis in the East that has the Spanish-mission past that so many *American* regions share. The Spaniards, with their remarkable genius for place names, vulgarly called the Philippines *las islas del poniente*, the sunset isles, or isles of the west, because the galleons and caravels sailed into the sunset to reach them from Mexico; and because of the unrivaled beauty of the sunsets the name ought to last—the Philippines, sunset land.

—AND ON TABACO BAY

A LONG the coast of Lagonoy gulf is a chain of gigantic volcanoes that figure prominently in the poetry and legends of the people. When toward sunset, we put off across Tabaco bay, Mount Bulusan, down in Sorsogon, could not be seen because of the intervening land; but it begins the chain, and Mayon, Masaraga, Malinao, Iriga, and Isarog, were all in view. The sun was sinking behind Malinao, the wind was still, the bay calm, its purple waters like a velvet carpet. Clouds flared out behind Malinao, like the loose laces of a veil tossed lightly over the shoulders of a goddess or some proud personage in history. The one end was tinted flame, the other green as old Nile; and then the red turned slowly darker, merging at last into a black as dead as burned-out embers. The green faded too, into blue, black-blue, dead black. Night shadows claimed the universe, the mighty heights—yes, even Mayon's glorious self—receded into them.

The sunset had been Cleopatra, sending herself as a royal present to young Caesar of Rome; the hurrying night was the captive last blood of the Ptolemies, in the fetters for a Roman holiday. The sunset had been Troy, fortifying against the mighty Greeks, and the night was Troy's anguish.

The sunset had been Ahab's rendezvous with Jezebel, asking Naboth's vineyard to be added to the royal gardens; the night was the quick wrath of Elijah cursing the awful crime: "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood; * * the dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." The sunset was Jerusalem's defiance of Babylon, and the night was the long captivity.

The walls of Jezreel. You felt a monster, being an American. You had had so much in 1898, Filipinos so little. Yet it was to them as Naboth's vineyard was to him, and little that it was, you had taken it.

Amid such phenomena of nature the noble passages of the psalms also recur to the memory; the valley of the Jordan, which was their inspiration, is but a paltry show beside Tabaco bay at sunset. The east is a spiritual land, the Philippines partake of this pervading mysticism, and it is possible even for the Westerner to merge his senses into such scenes and catch the constant mood of the people.

MATERIAL THINGS

THE Philippine market for American manufactures is now nearly \$100,000,000 a year and has lifted the Islands to the position of the 8th best overseas American customer, probably 4th if calculations could be made on a basis of American labor employed in the products exported. The Philippines buy more of 105 leading American manufactures than any other market in the world, and are the second best buyer of 55 others.

Yet when America began here 40 years ago, she scorned establishing a commercial policy and has never in fact established one. She had always been the best buyer by far, from the Philippines, among the countries of both hemispheres, but a huge trade balance stood against her in Spanish times, and she sold the Islands only about \$250,000 worth of goods a year. Why has the Philippine market for American goods developed so rapidly during the American period, having taken in the 40 years, \$1,600,000,000 worth?

Other matters are closely related to the trade and its foundations, matters of the most vital interest as well to the Philippines as to the United States.

Purchasing power in the Philippines is just beginning. This purchasing power comes of farm

products sold in the United States and this interchanging buying between the Islands and the United States must continue, and ought to expand, in order that half a billion dollars' worth of American goods bought in the Philippine trade field (the Philippines, Japan, China) year by year may be advantaged by frequent ships regularly loading at American ports and delivering these goods *to the buyers*, not just to the countries domiciling the buyers, *regularly, seasonably, and at minimum freight costs.*

Ships that sail westward over the Pacific with these goods, must sail back eastward loaded or make their westward charges more, their sailings less regular, less frequent, less seasonable.

It is the homeward cargoes from the Philippines that effect this indispensable service to American exports. Deplete those cargoes, and you deplete your American exports. Markets are covered by salesmen who drum up purchases among merchants. That's the prosaic way in which trade is built. The primary question from every merchant-purchaser is, "*When will I get these goods?*" The Pacific voyage is long, but the outside time can be stated when sailings are frequent, regular, seasonable. Let goods arrive in port late by only one or two days, however, and, especially when price changes have occurred, or may be imminent, and you will have your invoices thrown back at you from one merchant-buyer after another.

That is the way to kill a good American trade, and that precisely is what Congress prepares to do

when it proposes either duties on Philippine products in the American market that would tend to exclude them there, or diminishing quotas of these products that may be sold duty-free. Salesmen abandon the field, try somewhere else. Salesmen are usually footloose, to a degree—they won't operate where they can't close sales without abnormal risks.

But when I say that Philippine trade with America is just well begun, how do I know this to be true? The question is fair, and probably rises in many American minds at home. But the answer is not far to seek.

Here is that answer:

The Philippines buy with what they grow, and with what they dig from mines. They now get their farm commodities from the cultivation of $4\frac{1}{2}$ million hectares of land. They have 19 millions hectares to be cultivated, the part now actually cultivated is short of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total that may be cultivated. The trade, therefore, is not $\frac{1}{4}$ of what it will be when a larger population using better tools cultivates all the Islands' tillable land. However, a growing production of prime tropical commodities, accounting for the present trade, has not merely raised Philippine purchases of American goods in annual volume. It has raised them *per capita*. There is a tendency for wages to rise, and these wages are spent for goods of daily consumption—\$33,000,000 worth of American farm, orchard and garden products in 1938—and for other goods that

come to be staples and necessities in households that raise their standards of living.

Let me set this out:

In 1903 when the Islands' population was 7,721,268, imports summed a value of P67,622,768 of which goods worth P7,674,200 only came from the United States, a *per capita* purchase of little more than 1 peso. In 1918 when another official census showed a population of 10,230,655, Philippine imports of manufactures were valued at P197,198,423. A value of P117,649,222 came from American foundries, factories and shops, P11.50 *per capita*. Last year a third official census revealed a population of at least 16 million. The Philippines bought P265,215,095 worth of imports, P181,556,478 (\$91,000,000 in round numbers) from America alone, P11.38 *per capita* at a period of deep industrial depression in America and prices materially lower than those of the boom year 1918.

It is an important aside that American exports have been low for a decade, or since the world depression began in 1929, but American exports to the Philippines have been an exception to the general rule. The depth of the decline exceeded 50% of the predepression annual level, but buying by the Philippines rose. It rose in total value, one year with another, and rose in value per ton. Thus only in 1937 the average value of 1 ton of American exports to the Philippines was \$87.15, and in 1938 it was \$143.13; the 1937 volume surpassed that of 1938,

but the difference was far more than made up by the higher 1938 values.

Of sundry imports from the United States, the Philippines are buying goods of higher quality than they formerly did. For new undertakings, such as mining, they are buying machinery and equipment running into high unit values per ton. The tendency will persist, even if mining subsides, if standard Philippine products escape violence at the hands of Congress and the interchange remains on the sound economic basis of free entry. Philippine trade is the keystone of America's general Far Eastern trade—the whole will collapse if it is destroyed, or the whole will decline if it is confined to quotas that will not always turn ships homeward with good loads.

I may now go farther into the economic explanations of this rising Philippine demand for American goods. (A recent cause, added to all the others is the marked desire of the Islands to prolong their political association with the United States). One cause often mentioned by the superficial is that America pours money into the Philippines. That is fallacious; that State is indeed the exception in the Union that can show as much done in the past 40 years in behalf of national commerce as the Philippines can readily show they have done.

The first true cause of the rising demand for American goods in the Philippines is the remarkably growing population. This annual growth is reckoned at a minimum of $1\frac{3}{4}\%$. Thus if last year the

population was 16 million, 280,000 must be added for this year. For 1940, add another 280,000 plus $1\frac{3}{4}\%$ of that, 4,900, and you have 284,900 for that year; and so on, according to census forecast, until 60 years have brought the Islands a population of 64 million even if there be no further reduction of the mortality rate.

If the future is somewhat affected by smaller families, as follows the industrialization of some countries, though it has not been so of Japan, and probably will not be so of the Philippines, a lower infant mortality rate throughout the Islands, such as Manila has attained, will keep up the net annual gain.

The second true cause of the Islands' growing demand for American goods is domestic tranquility associated with protection of life and property. This minimizes taxation, and makes the merchant and his wares secure wherever he may offer them. Peace reigns here, prosperity follows. Those occasions of revolt and revolution during which so many countries either find their treasuries looted by the defeated or replenished by extortionate levies by the victorious, never visit the Philippines, where the maximum public debt (never remotely approached) can be no more than 10% of the assessed value of real property.

The third cause of the Islands' growing demand for American goods is the schools that have current annual enrollments summing about 1,500,000 boys and girls, all learning the English language. This

makes the Philippine press dominantly an English-language press. It introduces American periodicals and books, and heralds the Hollywood movie. A newstand in the Philippines, with all the latest American magazines, is not different from one in any part of America. The thousand home conveniences, comforts and luxuries advertised in all these magazines, attract the attention of Filipinos precisely as they do that of American families at home. The national pull of this advertising as certainly embraces the Philippines as it does all of the States, and I dare say their circulation in the Islands is larger than it is in many of the States.

What an obvious fact this is, when pointed out. Advertisers should sit down and ascertain just where the Philippines' place is, in relation to national advertising, compared with all the States. Let them dig into ABC statements.

The combined newstand circulation of American magazines in the Philippines, exclusive of subscriptions, is *600,000 per issue*. The Philippine newstand circulation of nine popular American home magazines, among them three women's magazines, is 17,000 per issue; but of these magazines in the Islands, the greater patronage will be by annual subscription, reported to me as 5 times the newstand sales. All this business, too, grows remarkably year to year. With the state university schooling 7,000 undergraduates a year, and highschools and private colleges and academies in large towns throughout the country, in addition to the old well

patronized Church university in Manila, this avid appetite for American periodical literature is not at all strange.

The effect of such literature in economics is to create wider demands for American goods, and to set many styles, as in dress, best satisfied with American fabrics.

A constant in the trade should be noted here. Though numerous influences tend to raise the quantity of specialty goods bought from the United States, staple imports from the United States remain little changed. In 1928 the five leading imports were: cotton goods, iron & steel, gasoline, wheat flour, autos. Last year the first five imports were: cotton goods, iron & steel, tobacco products (about \$8,000,000 worth), wheat flour (more from America than went to any other market), autos.

These constants would also prove out over longer periods.

See now what the Philippines have done in a material way, to facilitate the trade. Examine America's so-called gifts of revenue to the Philippines. The Islands have built a great plant, co-extensive with their boundaries, in benefit of commerce and during a period when their nominal viewpoint was eventual separation from the United States. When you look at certain parts of that plant, you see that it will all be quite as serviceable to a new policy on all fours with prevailing opinion

today; namely, a policy of continuing on with the United States.

The trade rises in volume with the growing attention to public health in the Philippines; to port-works, to roads and bridges, to public education, to a good civil service, and to public order. But that trade is not as widely supported by staple farm crops comprising major exports as is commonly supposed to be the case.

Public Health. Among the States, public health is largely a Federal expense. This extends to Hawaii and to Puerto Rico, *but not to the Philippines.* In 1903 when the Islands' population was 7,721,268 and their purchases from America were 1 peso per capita, a total of ₱1,620,530 had been spent on public health since the civil government began on July 4, 1902. That was 16 centavos per capita. In 1918 when their purchases from America had risen to nearly 12 pesos per capita a year, the population had reached 10,230,655 and public health had used ₱28,638,603 of their revenue since 1903. The 1918 health bill was ₱4,567,258 or 45 centavos per capita. Hospitals have been built and staffed, the service has become stabilized, and last year the bill for health was even somewhat lower than that for 1918; it was ₱4,535,210 or 28.3 centavos per capita in a population of 16 million.

Up to the close of last year, public health had cost Philippine tax-payers ₱154,988,409 or \$72,494,-250. It had cost the United States nothing.

Public Education. Public education in the States is partly a Federal expense nowadays. There is a Federal bureau for it, with aims toward a department. This extends to Hawaii, and to Puerto Rico, *but not to the Philippines.* I estimate the Islands' outlay for public education last year to have been at least P27,000,000. The auditor has not received complete reports as yet. Added to annual outlays since 1901, this makes a total of P530,903,342 spent in the Islands, from their revenue, for public education in a popular school system that has won worldwide admiration.

Portworks. Ports are a considerable Federal expense among the States, and in Hawaii and Puerto Rico, *but not in the Philippines* because the Islands take care of such improvements themselves. Since 1901, the total cost of Philippine portworks has been P85,000,000 or \$42,500,000—somewhat more than 2 million pesos a year, and one of the heavier outlays of public taxes per capita. It is through these ports that American commerce is facilitated. In addition however, special imports from America such as a bulk of mining machinery may be taken directly to the interisland port nearest the point of destination and there unloaded—minimizing local costs and loss of time. Likewise, ocean ships may call at interisland ports for export cargoes, if the offering is large enough to warrant the courtesy as a reduction of shipping costs and possibly a benefit to growers.

The Philippines have an interisland shipping business in which they are interested for tax revenue, yet extend all these facilities and special courtesies to ocean ships. The interisland services, improved all the time with larger, faster, better ships, have their part in the promotion of markets for American goods.

Highways. No other single improvement in the Philippines benefits American goods in this market more than the modern interprovincial highways. Equipment bought for the building of these roads, and supplies for their culverts and bridges, are in themselves important items of American imports year after year. Such roads are a Federal expense among the States, and may be partly so in Hawaii and in Puerto Rico, *but not in the Philippines.* That State in the Union is perhaps unique that has built at its own cost, surfaced highways equal to the first class roads of the Philippines, a length of some 7,000 miles, in 49 provinces.

This facility extends the American goods market in the Philippines ubiquitously, to town, village, and hamlet. It makes gasoline a large Philippine import, and the Philippines a prime American overseas auto market. Philippine revenue put into these roads and bridges since 1904, to date, has been a total of ₱301,623,360. It began with 11 centavos per capita in 1904, and reached ₱1.25 per capita last year in an outlay of ₱19,957,170—only 7 million pesos below the sum spent on public education in the same year. Transportation companies, their

gasoline and lubricating oil heavily taxed, keep schedules over these good highways carrying passengers at 1 centavo per kilometer—said to be the world's lowest rate. Other trucks carry freight at charges similarly low, and fleets of merchants' trucks distribute orders over these highways from Manila, Cebu, Iloilo and lesser distributing centers such as Davao.

The Philippine Army. The army is a Federal expense among the States, but in the Philippines the Federal expense is that for a limited garrison only, and for Corregidor, a fortress associated with the Far Eastern problem as a whole and not with defense of the Philippines alone. The greater expense, borne by the Philippines, is that of the new Philippine Army authorized by the first act of the Commonwealth government. The expense of this force in which 20,000 reservists are trained every 6 months, was ₱16,000,000 in 1936, the same in 1937, and somewhat more last year, a total of ₱48,350,000 in 3 years. This will probably increase. The purchasing, considerable, is from the United States.

More important is the fact that should the Philippines remain associated with the United States, here is a body of self-sustaining troops with some provision of coast defense; and from the viewpoint of the Philippines, the reasonable prospect that the troops will never see war service.

Recapitulation:

Public Health	₱ 154,988,409
Philippine Army	48,350,000
Public Education	530,903,342

Philippine Portworks	84,955,898
Roads & Bridges	301,623,360
Total 5 Services	<u>₱1,120,821,009*</u>

Coconut oil taxes levied and collected by the Federal government and credited to the Philippine government, sum to date, as reports show, ₱154,420,146 or \$72,210,073. Since 1916, similar taxes levied and collected by the Federal government and credited to the Philippine government, on Philippine tobacco products sold in the United States, have summed ₱28,808,622 or \$14,404,311. The two sums together are ₱183,228,768 or \$91,614,384. Compare with the ₱1,120,821,009 or \$560,410,505, that the Philippines have laid out for public health, their army, public education, portworks, and roads & bridges. If the \$97,614,384 has been Federal aid, the Philippines have had it. But it has been *less than 16-1/2%* of what the Islands have laid out for public services that in the States and the Territories are wholly, mainly, or partially Federal charges.

This disposes of the tax remittances as *gifts*. They have no such character. The Philippines have spent nearly double the sum total on roads and bridges alone.

As a matter of procedure, remittance is not ordinarily made to Manila. The taxes are deposited from time to time in New York, and the deposits are commonly used up in purchases of American manufactures for the Philippines.

* This sum in dollars is \$560,410,505.

Incidental notice may also be taken of the Philippines rising public payroll and total budget as factors raising their purchases of American goods. In 1901, the payroll was ₱3,280,994; last year it was ₱38,579,676, nearly 12 times the 1901 figure. Expenditures in 1901 were ₱12,200,907; more than 25% was salaries and wages. Expenditures in 1938 were ₱138,343,696; more than 36% was salaries and wages. Both the government and its officers and employees are generous buyers of American products. President Quezon is a stickler for *flag-law* obedience by his purchasing agencies.

Bank Money. Hanseatic commerce in the middle ages flourished on account of the *bank money* the Hanseatic League cities provided. This had a standard bullion value, hence everyone knew the exact significance of the prices quoted at the Hanseatic fairs. Bankers exchanged it for all sorts of other money, the clipped coins or dubious paper of the counties and countless principalities that then comprised Europe. Similar monetary conditions existed at Manila when the American regime began, but *bank money* was soon provided. The currency law was passed, first having been expeted by Conant, Kemmerer, Jenks and others. The Philippines got a gold peso, the value of 50 cents, and a gold-exchange reserve. The peso was tied to the American dollar. Ever since, save during a brief period of poor management, exchange has been at nominal rates; whenever banks have lacked exchange bills of their own, they have been able to deposit pesos

in exchange for dollars, or dollars in exchange for pesos, with the public treasury at the nominal rates fixed in the law.

This is of the utmost benefit to overseas commerce as well as to domestic trade. It is standard currency with a uniform relationship to the dollar. Prices are instantly convertible from the one currency to the other. Quoted prices in dollars (or any other currency), the merchant-buyer knows at once what the bill will be in pesos—the money that goes over his counter and that measures his accounts at the banks.

With this, I believe, I have covered the main factors that expand American trade in the Philippines. (Space is wanting, but it will be found that foreign commerce with the Philippines has also benefited during the American period).

The next question is, where the Philippines procure funds to make all these purchases and pay all these mounting taxes. They have five main crops: rice, copra, sugar, Manila hemp, tobacco. The rice is consumed at home. Hemp does not produce the funds, neither does tobacco. The funds come primarily from copra and sugar. *Smash copra and sugar and you smash the Philippines economy to pieces.* Smash either copra or sugar and you do the same thing. America requires sugar from overseas. She allows a purchase from the Philippines of about 1 million short tons a year. There is a pending threat however, that a graduated tax against this sugar will raise its entry-cost in the

American market (its sole market) to where it will not sell profitably.

In view of the havoc that such procedure would entail, that would be extremely shortsighted. Let Congress sum up the situation, and it can not but conclude that the duty-free position of Philippine sugar in the American market is fully justified by the stability it gives the Philippines economy and the business it evokes. Congress knows, too, that the quota, in association with the Islands' growing population, impels cultivation of other crops here. Such crops will come along, in time, and meantime the regular tonnage of copra (and coconut oil) and sugar eastward from the Philippines is vital to freight rates at which American products come westward to the Philippines commercial field: Japan, China, the Philippines.

The Philippines ordinarily grow about 1 million metric tons of hulled rice, the bread they consume. The industry is stabilized under the Rice & Corn Corporation. Of the five main crops, four, copra, sugar, Manila hemp, and tobacco remain for study.

In the past 10 years the average production of sugar has been 896,862 metric tons, exports 829,790 metric tons, 92.5%. Sugar exports were 11.05 kilos per capita in 1903, 26.70 kilos in 1918, and now run, under the quota, some 56 kilos per capita. Thus since the first census in 1903, Filipinos have been able to raise their sugar exports 45 kilos per capita. Two million persons depend on this crop directly.

Now copra. Average production in the past 10 years has been 795,016 metric tons, average exports 481,300 metric tons; 60.5%. (If desiccated coconut were added, this proportion of exports to production would be much higher). The Islands' copra exports in 1903 were 11.93 kilos per capita; in 1918 they were 24.16 kilos per capita, and in 1937, 31.74 kilos per capita. Four million people are directly interested.

Now Manila hemp. In 1903 and along there, the Philippines were wont to get as much as P40,000,000 for their hemp sold overseas, that was then averaging about 2/3 of the total value of all their exports. The story is different now. Average yields of hemp in the past 10 years have been 179,213 metric tons, average exports 161,864 metric tons, 90.3%. Hemp, like copra, sells freely in both hemispheres, but steel competes, also inferior fibers, and no per capita increase of hemp production can be attained. Exports in 1903 were 18.14 kilos per capita; in 1918 they were 16.54 kilos per capita, and in 1937, 10.33 kilos per capita. The fall in hemp exports *per capita* from 1903 to 1937 was almost 50%.

Nothing relating to hemp explains the increasing Philippine demand for American goods. Davao is the best hemp region. A correspondent tells me that at current prices the strippers barely survive, and probably fall into debt; even the Japanese, industrious in eking out their wages in other ways. A stripper is paid 6 to 7 centavos a kilo for dry

fiber, of which he can prepare 5 to 6 kilos a day. With a spindle-stripping machine such as the Japanese use, he can turn out 1 picul a day, perhaps, but with the help of no fewer than 4 other men. This stint may be reckoned at 60 kilos, making P3 to P3.60 a day as the wages of at least 5 men.

Such are the circumstances under which the Philippines market their hemp, still rather a monopoly, though recently successfully transplanted to other fields in the East as well as to the Americas. Two million persons are affected.

This remuneration of hemp strippers at a time of strikingly depressed hemp prices is of course not typical wages in the Philippines but represents an equitable division, between growers and hands, of a narrow margin of gain on the crop, a division that no doubt favors the hands more than the landowners. Americans may think of it as similar to cotton's predicament.

Now tobacco. Average yields of leaf tobacco in the Philippines in the past 10 years have been 39,702 metric tons, exports 18,780 metric tons, 47.3%. Tobacco has of course declined during the American period, with Europe developing colonial supplies. Philippine exports of leaf tobacco averaged 1.13 kilos in 1903, 2.51 kilos in 1918, 1/2 kilo in 1937, and 62/100 kilos last year. In other words, the Islands' *per capita* leaf tobacco exports have been halved since 1903. Tobacco's prosperity in the domestic market has been found among the population that had copra and sugar to sell, not tobacco or Ma-

nila hemp. Europe remains Philippine tobacco's chief market, Spain specifically. America is the primary market for some Philippine cigars.

When you sum up, you discover how utterly dependent the Philippines are on markets overseas, primarily the American demand for copra and sugar. Of 100 measures of crops they grow, including the rice eaten at home, full 51 measures must be sold overseas. Of 100 measures of crops grown excluding rice (leaving sugar, copra, hemp, and tobacco), full 78 *measures must be sold overseas*. Their sugar, whose only market can be the United States, is some 75% of the total tonnage of products they must sell overseas. American offers for their copra, too, are usually the best current.

It must now be obvious to every reader that Philippine prosperity is built around sugar (copra secondarily), and that a collapse of sugar would entail collapse of the whole economy. America has come to sell the Philippines nearly \$100,000,000 worth of manufactures a year because of this sugar; when she no longer buys the sugar, she will not only lose the business that the sugar money gives her, but most of the remainder; that is to say, she will bankrupt the country, the piddling remnants of fortune it may have left from that experience will go for cheaper goods, the cheapest mere staples discoverable.

The ships of the world bring American manufactures frequently, regularly, and seasonably to Far Eastern markets, at the conference charge of

\$25 a ton for general cargo, because homeward cargoes are procured in the Philippines at fair rates. Now that we have gone over the tonnage for eastward shipment, every reader can see what it is: copra (and oil) and sugar, not so much hemp, and practically no tobacco. If we give America 40% of the hemp, or say 65,000 metric tons, 13 ships taking 5,000 tons apiece will haul it. Such tobacco as America buys would all go in less than 1 ship. But you are turning around, in a year, a thousand or more ships that have hauled your goods to the Far East; at 5,000 tons apiece, you have used 150 of them in bringing goods to the Philippines alone!

You will not turn these ships around, economically, without this tonnage of Philippine sugar. If the sugar were not here, every effort should be made to supply it; or to supply another Philippine product, or others, equally bulky and equally needed in the American market. And remember that in order to build the trade in American manufactures and hold it, and always expand it, the manufactures must arrive in the Far East at frequent intervals, at regular intervals, and at seasonable intervals. As a matter of fact, the shipping of Philippine sugar has enabled this to be done; it is the foundation of the shipping structure in the Far East, for American goods, as well as of the Philippines national economy and their own demand for those goods. A graph would clarify this.

In light of all these eloquent facts, what is the paramount Philippine responsibility at this juncture

in their relations with the United States? Surely it is this: to perpetuate those relationships on their existing basis. And the paramount American responsibility is to welcome that arrangement. The conference in 1944, provided in Philippine legislation now coursing through Congress, should be used to that end. *The plant the Philippines have built, nominally with a view to eventual separation from America, will serve even better in benefit of continued association of the Islands with America's generous sovereignty.*

It need not be assumed that the Philippines have the fullest autonomy they desire, or that they deserve, in order to recommend that the Islands settle down to their welfare with America. For the reason that the right of petition runs on, by which point after point may be raised and resolved when it is made evident to Congress that action should be taken. This indeed is one of the fullest aspects of the Islands' liberty in association with the United States, embracing as it does that constitutional flexibility that enables them to go forward with the times. It conserves to them all they now have, in their structure of self-government, and denies to them nothing in addition that ought to be lawfully attained.

The benignities of this instant right of petition, viewed in the light of the Islands' natural growth of population, make it possible for them now, as in the past, to grow into their desired destiny; in 60 years the Filipinos will number more than 60 million per-

sons, even if the mortality rate is not materially lowered, and to such a population all things will be possible. Meantime, not the least sacrifice of well being need be made; on the contrary, by going along amicably with the United States, a scarce troubled prosperity may be assured.

Altogether different would be the prospect, absent this right of petition. What the nations wanted to do in conjunction with the United States, in the League of Nations at Geneva, the Philippines achieve with this right of petition. It arbitrates all questions that can possibly rise, and the greater weight, if any there be in the deliberations of Congress, inclines to the Islands' benefit. This derives from a natural sense of magnanimous responsibility in Congress, and can never be otherwise.

The first thing that a change of status would effect for the Islands, and inflict upon them, would be the extinction of this right of free petition to the body in America that makes her laws and ratifies her covenants.

If we escape for a moment the tyranny of mere names, the insidious diabolism of nomenclature, we perceive that far from achieving liberty, this would be a means of losing it. Even Hitler has said, and recently, that had Germany's *petitions* been heeded at Geneva, his career would never have been cut out for him—naziism would never have been born. The world lacked then, as it does now, the diplomatic mechanisms based in the right of petition that the Philippines have always had in their relations with

the United States. It is unnecessary to add that the largest and richest nations, commencing with England, would feel no sacrifice of their liberty, but rather the contrary, were they able to effect this arrangement with America.

Not one has it, however.

That is why intelligent visitors to the Philippines exclaim with admiration, and with awed astonishment, over their remarkable political relations with the United States. It is something that is probably a century in advance of political arrangements under which the general world must live. Nor can it be that these travelers are disingenuous, they merely see the situation as it really is.

Will the day ever dawn when the Philippines have no questions with Congress? No, it never will. But liberty will persist as long as every question rising may be brought to the forum by this right of free petition. Besides, it may be remarked as good practical business to maintain such political associations with the people who are the largest buyers of your surplus stock, of whose surplus stock you in turn are a large purchaser. Nothing could be more practical than that, even in the maintenance of liberty. He who speaks with a 100 million dollars of bills of exchange in his purse has a peculiar eloquence.

Now if it will be admitted that the American constitution formulated a desirable type of free government, as the world does admit, we find the pa-

ramount reasons for founding that government in the preamble to the constitution: "...common defense,... domestic tranquility,... general welfare," and the first two may be joined under the term security, i. e., security of life and ~~poverty~~ *property*.

These are the blessings of liberty that it was desired to secure to Americans.

They all extend to the Philippines, and that is liberty.

Security. It inheres to American sovereignty. The emblem of that, at the right of the Philippines flag in the Islands, symbolizes more security than the costliest armaments and largest hosts of battle could ever supply. It is there, without cost, and is all-sufficient. This requires no elaboration.

But the keystone of domestic tranquility is justice. Here too the Philippines enjoy a boon from America that is enviable by the mightiest empires, none of which has it. It is the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Litigation about a valuable mining claim recently demonstrated its application. Though the question of the patent for this claim was involved, mining never halted; there was confidence in the Philippines courts, and further confidence that the constitutional question involved would, on certiorari, be heard at Washington. The Filipino, the American or the foreign resident, the domestic or the foreign corporation—all have this access to the world's greatest court, 10,000 miles removed from neighboring influences.

While this privilege persists, confidence in Philippine justice can never flag. When the Court at Washington heeds few petitions for writs of certiorari, as now, that will attest the ability and the probity of Philippine courts. If frequent petitions were granted, that would be an alarm that ability, if not probity, in the courts had declined. The situation would be news and comment in the press. Reform would follow without delay or threats of violence.

The situation, perhaps never to rise, would correct itself.

Further inestimable boons in the existing association of the Philippines with the United States, that attainment of true liberty need never sacrifice, have been thoroughly brought out: the free trade, reciprocally advantageous, with a stabilized gold currency, to which may be added in closing, public credit at the rate of 4%. It is in such circumstances that the Philippines can, and inevitably will, forge rapidly ahead. The benefit to America is the enormous bill of public expenses that the Philippines shoulder alone, that this chapter reviews, the loyalty of a country of growing power in the Far East, and the business turned.

The eager consent and cooperation of the Philippines in the gradual evolution of the McKinley policy of self-government for them, are based in their status of equality in the partnership. This goes far. They have a Resident Commissioner at Congress, and though he has of course no vote, he

does have the stature of a Congressman in other respects; he participates in conferences and debates affecting the Islands and holds a place of peculiar advantage for effective above-board lobbying. While the United States has no such representative at the Philippine Assembly, her High Commissioner at Manila is a close parallel. Nothing in the whole arrangement is arbitrary. That Congress alone manages everything pertaining to the commerce, the Philippines commissioner having his part therein—also whatever special delegations the Philippines choose to put on the job, and all individuals who demand their own nickel's worth—is nothing more than a practical extension of the congressional power over interstate commerce.

THE END

