

Kalinga, the Land of Plenty

By KILMER O. MOE

The trail extends on from Bontok along a narrow mountain gorge where the roadbed for the most part is blasted out of solid rock. In reality it is a shelf constructed along the rock wall. The country in the main is very barren, forming a natural barrier between the Bontoks and the Kalingas. The few settled places along the trail are hugging the gorge, with made farms that could not possibly yield anything like a decent livelihood. At Tinglayan we found a people speaking a dialect quite different from the Bontoks. We were told that they were more akin to the Kalingas. They were hemmed in on all sides with mountains so steep and rugged as to shut out the horizon altogether. This little tribe serves as a buffer state between the two stronger nations, the Bontoks and the Kalingas.

The Tinglayans are seemingly better off than the Bontoks as indicated by a greater profusion of beads and trinkets that adorn their persons. Those we saw were sporting beads of shell and amber in much greater quantity than either the Ifugaos or the Bontoks could afford to wear. Their bronze earrings were shaped with a design similar to those of the other mountain tribes but were twice the size of those we saw in other sections. The weight of these massive ornaments stretched the lobes of their ears into an elongated streak pointing downward. Not content with this weight the women of the tribe have added pendants of shell which hang forward and spread out over the chest; the pearl white stands out in strong contrast to the dark brown skin of these mountain belles.

Further on the gorge opens into a broader and more fertile valley. Here the fields of rice are rather extensive but not nearly so much drudgery is connected with farming as is seen in Bontok or in Ifugao. As we passed along the trail we saw more and more evidences of worldly wealth and comparative ease. Carabaos and other work animals were used, and the fields were more extensive, showing that the crop yield per man is higher. This in turn has led to greater prosperity and more advancement. These villages, we were told, are more than self supporting. They dispose of the surplus by selling it to the Bontoks. Formerly these people were the victims of periodic raids, so they owe much of their present advancement to the reign of law and order that has been established, under which their more powerful enemies are restrained from ravaging their fields and dispossessing them of their hard earned wealth.

They also grow sugar cane, coffee and yams. We came to a barrio called Bangad where an old patriarch had gathered his sons around him to help operate a primitive sugar mill. This headman fed the mill while his numerous male offspring furnished the motor power. The wooden rollers crushed the juice out of the stalks, which was caught in a copper pan below to be boiled down in iron kettles. The juice is also converted into basi, an alcoholic beverage much prized for *cañaos* or feasts to regale the thirsty revellers.

A Fruitful Country

Before reaching the Kalinga country it is necessary to cross a mountain range over a circuitous route where the trail is usually muddy as the clouds condense on the other side of the slope. Our horses were tired and we made but slow progress. It was dark before we reached the town of Lubuagan situated in the midst of terraced rice fields and in a most delightful climate.

.... The rains throughout the year serve to make Kalinga a fruitful country. The people are prosperous, and good productive land is everywhere abundant. We were told that there is room in Kalinga for all the terrace builders that live in such straightened circumstances in the sub-provinces of Bontok and Ifugao. Could they be induced to leave their narrow mountain valleys and find homes among the Kalingas it

would be to the lasting advantage of all the mountain peoples. This can only be done as the barriers that have been erected over generations of head hunting raids are broken away allowing for a free intercourse of ideas and of barter. This task may take generations before it is really accomplished, but it is bound to come about and the mountain peoples will eventually look upon themselves as one race with a single destiny.

Such is the magic effect of the open trail and of adequate protection for life and property.

The Kalingas ride in on their ponies to their capital, Lubuagan, from long distances. The resulting scene in the public market is one of great animation rich with trappings of tribal significance. An occasional *cañao* with native dances around the bonfire relieve the monotony. Their dances are characteristic of the tribe, the same as are those of the Bontoks and the Ifugaos.

The cart trail ends at Lubuagan. That fact alone makes it an important market center. The hinterland stretches back over rugged mountain country for a hundred miles and is reached only by horse trail or foot path. Products like coffee or cacao, trinkets and articles of clothing are light in weight and are transported on horseback or carried on the backs of men. The surplus rice grown in the mountain villages is packed in on the backs of carabaos to Lubuagan where cart trains are formed for transporting it to Bontok along the mountain trail.

The Kalingas are a strong race, well formed and active. They are properly considered the aristocrats of the mountains. Their productive land has given them a great advantage over their rivals in Bontok. This has led to better living conditions and a higher culture. They build better houses and keep their premises clean. Perhaps the first thing to impress the traveler who penetrates to the Kalinga country is the personal cleanliness of the people and the well kept homes in which they live. The contrast with the other mountain peoples where economic pressure is so great is quite remarkable.

Men and women crowded around to see the new visitors. When they learned that we were interested in their clothing and their trinkets, they brought us bronze earrings with shell pendants, and skirts for gala occasions woven by their women and trimmed with pieces of shell sewed on in regular rows and left dangling. These rattled pleasantly with every movement of the body and, no doubt, helped to keep the rhythm of the dance when the tomtoms sounded the call to action.

These articles we were able to buy, but nothing would induce them to part with their strings of amber beads. We were informed that these were heirlooms that had been handed down from generation to generation and are prized very highly. They are indicative of wealth and influence of the family, which would lose prestige at once if members were to dispose of any of the family jewels. A single amber bead has the value of a carabao, so one might say that the women, all beaded up, carry the family fortune upon their persons.

Off The Beaten Trail

At Lubuagan we secured fresh ponies and packers to go to Balbalan, twenty kilometers farther into the Kalinga country. This is the point where the trail forks, one branch going to Apayao and the other to Abra via Balbalasan. In accord with local prejudices we had to change carriers twice on the way and the delay caused us to finish the last few kilometers in the dark. This trail was the roughest that we had yet been over, being both steep and muddy. The rocky stretches were so stony that the horses had to plod along for the most part at a slow walk.

We were now getting away from main traveled roads. Practically all visitors stop at Lubuagan and retrace their steps over the cart trail. But we were out for experiences, determined to learn how other people live, so we could not permit the inconveniences of the road or lack of rest houses to stop our progress. Consequently we ate the rice and chicken that the caretaker set before us and spent the night on boards so hard that every joint seemed to stick out and every bone fairly ached with discomfort.

The next morning we changed horses and were given a couple of mouse colored animals that looked like rats. For size they were the most diminutive specimens of horse flesh we had ever ridden. They however proved to be good travelers and we made excellent time except when we were obliged to stop at intervals and negotiate for a change of carriers.

As we were waiting for the change of men on a certain hillside, the sun beat down on us most unmercifully. We let our miniature horses nibble the grass beside the trail. In order that we might get the benefit of a little shade we started to move the packs, for seats, when one of the rats that served as a pony reared back in fright. This disturbed a roll and a pair of shoes tied to the saddle, which caused him to go into a frenzy. He bucked himself off the trail and rolled head first down a very steep incline. After that, he got himself twisted around on one side, and rolled over half a dozen times before he finally stopped at the bottom. Still the saddle stuck on. He resumed his bucking and kicking until finally a strap broke and he shed his encumbrances. He ran on for five hundred metres and stopped. Here he was caught without any trouble, as his frenzy had expended itself. He didn't even have a scratch after this flirting with death, which goes to show something of the mettle of upland ponies. We collected the gear, spliced up the broken straps and continued our journey to Patikian, where a settlement farm school is located.

The place was deserted when we arrived. The doors and windows were nailed and the teachers were gone for a week to attend an institute somewhere. There was nothing to do but break in as our episode with the horse precluded any possibility of reaching Balbalasan that day. We went to a Kalinga barrio and secured some mountain rice and then we caught one of the teacher's chickens and had it dressed. Soon we had a well cooked meal under way. We found some salt in a bamboo tube, enough to season our food. We made tea in the old charred tea pot and put the chicken to boil in one of the jars. In a half hour we added mountain rice and it made a dish fit for the gods.

The next morning we had some of the same thing but to save it from the rats it was necessary to get up several times during the night and scare them off. Finally we decided to take the mixture of cooked rice and chicken to bed with us in order to make sure that it would be there in the morning. Such are the experiences one may expect who leaves the main traveled road where rest houses have not as yet been established.

The King of the Kalingas

Long before we reached his territory we heard of Captain Puyao, otherwise known as the King of the Kalingas. He is the most influential of all the Kalingas and has been vested with considerable authority by the government because he has shown himself to be progressive and tireless in his efforts to elevate his neighbors. We found him at home in the



Kalinga Chief

town of Balbasano, some sixty kilometers away from the provincial capital where he rules like a benign despot. He took great pride in showing us his house and the sanitation of the barrio in which he lived.

It was Christmas, and Captain Puyao insisted that we accept from him some offerings in the way of food supplies. He sent us mountain rice, fruit, eggs and chickens; we fared well



On a Kalinga Trail

under his care. He also scoured the barrio for horses and saddles, so that we might get an early start the next morning on the long trail over the mountains to Abra province where the Tinguianes live.

We said goodbye to Captain Puyao, whom we found to be a Tinguian who in his youth had crossed over the mountains and identified himself with the Kalingas. He gained an ascendancy over his adopted people because of his superior ability and, as the years passed, they soon learned to recognize him as their leader in all matters affecting the general welfare of the tribe. He had learned the ways of civilization, was shrewd in barter and had amassed considerable property. He kept communications open with the more advanced Tinguianes and welcomed the coming of Ilocano merchants to exchange cloth and trinkets for coffee, cacao and other mountain products.

This shows something of the way in which civilization is being extended to include our one time head hunters. Let the simple minded mountaineer get a taste of the better things of life and it awakens ambitions and desires. The gratification of such desires leads to progress and prosperity.

We got an early start the next morning on the forty kilometer ride over the mountains to the land of the Tinguianes. The road led up and up for thirteen kilometers, over the steep boundary between Kalinga and Abra. As we swung around the hill we came face to face with the cold wind of the mountain top. It was laden with fog and mist which scurried around the peaks. We felt the cold to the marrow of our bones and the moist wind stung our faces like so much sleet.

No wonder the tribes have been kept apart down through the ages, with natural barriers like this mountain between them.

It was now noon, but as we were yet in the moss covered forest of mountain oak there was nothing for the horses to eat and no place for man or beast to stay with any degree of comfort, so we pushed forward for another hour until we got down to where the pine trees grow. Here the trees grow more sparsely, and this allows for the growth of coarse grass. We made a dry camp and finished with great relish what was left of the food given us by Capitan Puyao. From this point we soon left the pines and got into tropical forests. Soon we came upon a grassy ridge from which we could see the rice fields of Ba-ay, in the land where the Tinguianes live. There before us lay the route over which progress and enlightenment is destined to travel in order to reach the finest race of mountaineers in all the uplands.

Oddities of Stockholm: Appetites and Baths

By JOHN GUNTHER*

We got into Stockholm—surely one of the most beautiful cities in the world—late in a brilliant afternoon in early June. Several things happened. Entrance into Sweden is exciting.

The first thing was horticultural. The railroad station was big, crowded, noisy, orderly—and full of flowers! Cut flowers, freshly watered, stood on the windowsills, in neat designs in the center of the concourse, on the trains themselves. Flowers—in a busy railroad station!

And we decided that Stockholm was a decorative city.

Keep the Grass Swept.

The second thing also was horticultural. Outside the station is a park. On the grass of the park we saw women with long brooms sweeping. What were they sweeping? The grass.

And we decided that Stockholm was a clean city.

The third thing was more dynamic. We tumbled, bags and porters and all, to the taxis. But we did not get in the taxis. Why? Because an extremely efficient commissionaire was giving each porter a numbered tag and assigning him, and us with him, to whatever taxi, moving slowly up the line, corresponded to our number. At that moment also our bags disappeared. It was a shocking thing to have our bags disappear. We found them later—open in our room at the hotel.

And we decided that Stockholm was an orderly city.

It is these three things and much else besides.

We had been in Stockholm a week. In the hotel the chambermaid had been to considerable unauthorized trouble to make us comfortable. She brought us a new desk. She fixed the bed lights. She kept the room dazzling in cleanliness. After a week of it (though tips are taboo) I thought that perhaps a kronen or two slipped inconspicuously into the palm might not be amiss.

The chambermaid handed the kronen or two—right back.

We blanched.

After all, Stockholm is in Europe, and no one in Europe ever turned down a tip.

"No," said the chambermaid. "It's not allowed."

We argued.

"Besides, you're travelers here," she said sternly, "and you'll be a-needing your money!"

And that ended that!

Later we discovered that, like most other servants, she pays almost 10 per cent of her wages in taxes—though to be sure these taxes come back to her eventually as sick relief, accident insurance and an old-age or disability pension.

Anyway, we decided Stockholm was another thing. Not merely decorative and clean and orderly. Unique. For Europe—unique!

Bathing a Strange Affair.

As far as we could gather the Swedes have two great indoor sports—bathing and eating. They are great bathers and also great eaters.

Now, a Swedish bath is a strange and terrifying affair. I undress and get into the tub.

I turn on the water and loll in the water. I begin to wash. So far, so good; just like any ordinary bath. But then something happens.

There is an ominous knock on the door and, despite my protestations, the knock is followed by an even more ominous slow turn of the key in the door. The manager? The police? Nay, as the Swedes say—nay, nay. It is an elderly lady. And she has a long, stiff forearm and in the long stiff forearm is a long, stiff brush.

The bath thereupon begins. It ends, twenty minutes later. I am in the tub, in the water; but the physical fact of presence is my sole contribution to the occasion. I am helpless. Nothing is more helpless than a man supine in a bathtub—before a long, stiff forearm and a long, stiff brush. Anyway, I get clean. And anyway, if it gets too terrifying, the management conveniently keeps a little telephone within reach in the room.

Eating No Sport for Amateur.

Eating is the other sport. This is a serious sport, and one not to be undertaken lightly.

This sport may be begun at any time during the day, and may be maintained almost indefinitely, according to capacity. Natives in excellent condition have been known to sit down at 4 in the afternoon (the proper dinner hour), and arise at midnight. Such a strenuous afternoon is not recommended, however, for amateurs. Still, the occasion is always there.

At one good Stockholm restaurant "lunch" lasts from 8 a. m. till 2 p. m., "middag" from 11 till 4, "specialdiner" from 3 till 8 (p. m.), "supe" from 7 till 11, and "cafe med konditoriserving" from 5 till midnight. This latter requires special precautions while in training; it is sweet and dangerous. Under amateur rules, the sport may begin at any time, but overlapping is strictly forbidden.

Lunch usually is the simplest manifestation of this sport. Sit down and the waiter says I am going to have "smorgasbord." I agree. As in the bath, I have little to say. The waiter thereupon brings in relays portions of caviare, smoked salmon, raw salmon, Russian salad, beet-root, pickled shrimps, unpickled shrimps, "sill," seven different kinds of herring, sardine in oil, sardine in tomato, filet of anchovy, smoked anchovy, pickled anchovy, radishes, eggs mayonnaise, green beans, slices of tongue, raw ham and smoked ham, reindeer steak, cucumbers, lettuce, meat-balls, tomatoes, occasionally nuggets of lobster, whitefish (raw), tunafish and always inexpressibly delicious brown bread and fresh butter.

An hour later, groggy, I arise.

"No! No!" shouts the waiter, running.

I sink back, before his compelling hand.

"Now," he announces imperatively, "funcheon is about to begin!"

N. B.—The mortality from appendicitis in Stockholm is alleged (by prejudiced observers) to be the highest in the world.

*This is the third of the Gunther articles on Sweden, for which the Journal is indebted to the Chicago Daily News. The fourth will appear in an early number.—ED.

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