

northern Nueva Ecija, and then farther north, with his sketches of the missions.

Pantabangan. "The only information found in the records of the Franciscans is that this mission was founded in 1701 by the Augustinians, who administered it until September 1, 1759, at which time it passed to our charge, Fray Andrés de San Miguel becoming our first minister there. . . . The church, dedicated to San Andrés Apostol, is of stone and brick, constructed during the period 1837 to 1841 under the indefatigable Fray Benito de la Pila," who, the chronicler goes on to say, was hard put to it for funds, as anyone would find himself today who should try to duplicate the work. The bells and the image of Our Lady are from the abandoned mission of Binatangan and were taken to Pantabangan in 1800.

Caranglan. Founded by the Augustinians in 1701 and taken over by the Franciscans in 1759, under the ministry of Fray Antonio Anguita de la Cruz. Fray Miguel Soriano laid the foundations of the beautiful church in 1765. The patron saint is San Nicolas de Tolentino. There is a huge natural bathing pool at Caranglan, and all this region is unsurpassed for outings, being in the mountains and not far from the San José road over Balete Pass. (Readers are referred to "Puncan: Trail-Ends in Sociology," which appeared in the *Journal* some years ago and makes a chapter in the book, *The Khaki Cabinet and Old Manila*.)

Puncan. Also **Pungcan.** Another of the Augustinian missions to the pagans of Nueva Ecija established in 1701 and turned over to

the Franciscans in 1759. The first Franciscan priest was Fray Mateo Castuera, and Fray Jose Cordero built the church, of brick, in 1801. The missionaries saw the natural advantages of the soil, altitude and climate, and accordingly stimulated the growing of coffee, cacao, tobacco and other products; but ruin has come upon all their efforts, the churches are in decay, the plantations abandoned, the roads in disrepair, and the cloying hand of the usurer is seen to have dampened the ardor of the peasantry.

If you would observe how fatally circumstances during the past forty years have affected once prosperous communities, by all means visit Puncan, Caranglan, and Pantabangan. (Readers with a gift for writing are advised that in this neighborhood are the abundant materials for a book.)

Umingan. Formerly Langolango, a *visita* of Tayug, until attached to Lupao in 1832 by Archbishop Fray José Seguí, and later, in 1843, made into an independent pueblo with Fray José Miralles as its first parish priest. The village of Langolango was thereupon transferred to the new site of Umingan. Miralles built a bamboo church, but his successor, Fray Castor Perez, built the present edifice in 1851, dedicating it to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

Rosales. "In 1827 a *principal*, D. Nicolas Ibañez, of San Nicolas, then pertaining to Pangasinan, established himself with his servants and herds at this site, giving it the name of Balungao from a nearby mountain. Other emigrants followed him, and as his dependents founded the

village, which in 1840 was attached to the pueblo of Lupao. In 1843, Balungao was separated from Lupao and attached to the new pueblo of Umingan then being organized, and in 1853 it was detached from Umingan and made into a new pueblo called Rosales, in honor of the senior assessor general of the government, D. Antonio Rosales Liberal, Fray Juan Bautista Martínez being assigned as curate. . . . The church, under the advocacy of San Antonio de Padua, is a miserable temporary *camarin* (storehouse, or granary), of bamboo and nipa, since as a new town the place wants even the most necessary buildings."

San Quintin. Formed of the districts of Langolango, Lagasit and Baligayan into a pueblo in 1863. At the time Huerta wrote, 1865, time had not elapsed in which to build a church, the usual *convento*, and *casa tribunal*. These structures now to be seen in San Quintin are therefore recent.

Next month the *Journal* will follow the Franciscans into Laguna, and tell the story of the hanging bridge of Mahayhay, which throws a flood of light upon the public works the friars built throughout the islands. It is hoped that interest increases as the old mission routes are traveled again in our humble pages. It has been a pleasure to learn from several travelers that the chronicles already published have been a helpful guide during motor excursions into the northern provinces. Then, too, by learning what the friars actually did, a better estimate of it—of their successes, of their failures—can be made, and history better understood.

Do Our Negritos Date Back to World's 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, like the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Punans of Borneo; and 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 Indonesians drove the Negrito into the highlands—following him there when the Malay invasions occurred.

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 the like 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 through them the traditions are passed on and they are wise in the lore of nature. Negritos are monogamous, the wife quite on a level with the husband, and the best authorities remark a genuine affection among the members of Negrito families.

Maternal constancy prevails, and marriages are of course natural romantic affairs with the usual laws of consanguinity observed. If the sacred law of a Negrito's home has been violated, the outraged husband takes one bow shot at the offender. True, it is usually curtains for the offense, 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 peoples 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



These Negritos are in borrowed finery. (See text)

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, 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 low lands, 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 one 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 made for the Negrito dead without a question as to what it is all about and without the slightest mis-giving. 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? The 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.

How Sweden Gets Along Without Foreign Wars
From John Gunther: Chicago Daily News

The first of John Gunther's articles on Sweden was published in the *October Journal*. This is the second, which deals with Sweden's foreign policy and throws light on the fact that Sweden has not had a war since 1814.—Ed.

There is a fine and honorable thing to be said about Sweden, and that is that it has had no war since 1814. This is a unique record. No other country in the world can match it.

Another thing is to be said, and depending on the reader's political philosophy, it may or it may not link up with the foregoing. It is that Sweden (again uniquely) has no alliance of any kind with any other country.

"We collaborate with other countries in all ways—socially and economically and commercially—but not politically," a high official of the foreign office said to me.

This is not to say that Sweden has no treaties. It has plenty of them. It has an interesting arrangement for conciliation with the other Scandinavian and Baltic countries, it has several treaties with the United States, it has a trade agreement with Russia—but alliances, no. The Swedes stand alone.

The Russian question just now is the chief interest in Swedish foreign policy, as it is in all of Scandinavia. Communism in Sweden itself

is very much on the decline; there are only two communist deputies in the riksdag, and probably not more than 10,000 communists in all the country. Sweden is not good soil for bolshevism. Wages are high, and paternalistic legislation, which appeased the radicals without going far enough to spur them further, and satisfied every one else, has kept Sweden comparatively free of the red bogey which settles so darkly over her neighbors, Norway and Finland. But as far as external affairs go, there Sweden is interested in Russia—highly.

She has a difficult part to play. Her investments in Russia are considerable. Her fear of Russian aggression is also considerable. After all, Stockholm and Leningrad are adjacent Baltic ports. Somehow Sweden must tread a delicate course, must keep good economic relations with Russia and yet refrain from too overt political friendship.

Not that Sweden fears any direct attack by Russia. That is considered hardly conceivable here. In the case of a general Russian war I am officially assured Sweden would be strictly neutral, as she was in 1914. But she does fear peril to her market in any Russian or Baltic disturbance, and perhaps political peril also.

The terms of the trade agreement (signed in March, 1924) give Sweden and Russia reciprocal commercial rights in the Baltic, outlining also conditions whereon Swedish business has entered the soviet. Swedish exports to Russia amounted to 43,803,000 kroner (about \$10,180,000) in 1924. Imports from Russia were less than one-tenth of this sum, 4,150,000 kroner. Swedish industry has large interests in Russia also, notably a big cream separator firm and the Swedish General Electric company.

In all commercial arrangements arising from the agreement, and in the general bulk of business, the Russians have never varied seriously

from the original terms. There is no clause in the agreement regarding propaganda. Indeed, Russian propaganda in Sweden is slight. The communist party linked up with the third international in 1919 and there is a communist paper published in Stockholm, but any actual disturbances are rare.

As to the rest of Swedish foreign policy, there is not much of it. I searched around the foreign office for days, trying to find an issue. There are none. The budget allowance for the foreign office last year was only 5,843,000 kroner (about \$1,460,000), far and away the lowest of all the government departments. Education, for instance, cost 129,588,000 kroner in 1925, and defense 147,795,000 kroner.

The last issue was the dispute over the Asland islands, sovereignty over which the League of Nations assigned to Finland. Sweden has stood loyally by that decision.

Sweden had socialist ministries, mostly under the premiership of the late Dr. Branting, from March till October, 1920, from October, 1921, to April, 1923, and from October, 1924, until very recently, and none of them paid much attention to foreign policy. The then foreign minister, Osten Unden, did, however, initiate a series of conciliation treaties.

Now Sweden has a treaty—but not an alliance—with every Scandinavian and Baltic power. On March 5, 1924, Sweden invited delegates from Norway, Finland, and Denmark to negotiate a draft for setting up a permanent arbitration council for compulsory arbitration of all differences not previously settled by diplomatic action or through the Hague court. On June 27, six bilateral conventions based on this draft were signed. In addition, in January, 1925, Sweden signed a further direct agreement with Norway making all differences of any kind subject to arbitration. Meanwhile conciliation agreements were signed with Estonia (May, 1925), Latvia, (March, 1925), and Lithuania (June, 1925). Thus, with Sweden as leader, all the Scandinavian states have among themselves taken the first real step in the world to outlaw war, and the Baltic states, with certain qualifications, have joined them.

Sweden has two treaties with the United States, one of conciliation signed in 1914, one of arbitration signed in 1924.

Co-operation between the Scandinavian states for a united foreign policy was begun by King Gustav V of Sweden at a meeting of the three Scandinavian kings in Malmo in 1914. Meetings of foreign ministers followed from time to time, but there have been no joint formal ones since August, 1920, in Copenhagen. At that time there was much talk of a definite "Scandinavian alliance," but the idea is now regarded here as dead.

Sweden didn't want it. No alliances—in the Swedish equation—equals no wars.

Stockholm's many unique features will be the subject of the next article in this series, appearing in an early number.

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