

# AN OPEN LETTER

## to Mrs. Pecson and Dr. Osias

I congratulate you both on your election as members of the upper chamber of our law-making body. The feeling of humility so natural to a valiant fighter and an unselfish winner should enable you to appreciate the few words of an unknown teacher, member of that same group from which you have come in your climb to greater heights of public service.

One of you is the only woman senator in the Philippines; the other the only opposition candidate to poll successfully in the last election. One broke the male tradition in the Senate; the other broke the bluster and brutality of block voting.

More than one half of the public-school teachers are women; they see themselves personified in this woman popularly called "Imay." The teachers as a class are quiet and humble; therefore they turn to an outspoken, fighting senatorial candidate to speak for them, and fight for them if necessary.

The number of ex-teachers or retired teachers who won in the last election for provincial and municipal posts is surprising large. We hear of their successes in reports coming from Batangas, Cebu, Misamis, Surigao, Nueva Ecija, Albay, La Union, and Ilocos Sur. Their scores were not so bad for comparative beginners in this business called politics. They ran under any banner and acquitted themselves creditably. They owed their success, however, to the rank and file of the

teachers, those humble, quiet, seldom-complaining *maestros* and *maestras* found everywhere in the Philippines including the remotest outposts where no other government agency is known to the inhabitants. These teachers are hungry for true spokesmanship. They preferred candidates who have come from their ranks. They are the same teachers who, ignoring tradition in one case and frowning upon the political perfidy of block voting and administrative steam-rolling in the case of the second, wrote Pecson and Osias on their ballots.

The clouds of the past for both of you have been dissipated by the enthusiasm for a clean protest. The label of "Malacañan Kitchen Maid" for the ex-Principal Teacher and the tag of "Collaborator" for the ex-Assistant Director of Education had meant nothing on November 11 last. The super-aggressive teachers' pavilion campaigner and world-traveling teachers' association official of 1934 and the champion tristate orator, scolder, writer (from children's primers to mining-law books), and marathonic lecturer have been more than vindicated. The case of the first was a protest against the male monopoly of the Senate (etymologically, old men), while the case of the second was a protest against the effeminate handling of government malefactors. Both of you are a protest of the teachers against the arrogance and the selfishness of certain money-mad moguls.

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