

FROM HEAD-HUNTING SAVAGE TO POLICEMAN IN 3 YEARS

From Huts on Poles to Bungalows—
From Disease-Infestedhovels to Sanitary Towns—
From Blood Spilling to Road Building—
From Raising Cain to Raising Schoolhouses—
Read the Presto—Change Story of the Wild
Igorrote

EVOLUTION OF A BONTOC IGOROT CONSTABULARY SOLDIER—1902, AFTER HE HAD BEEN FOR A YEAR IN CONTACT WITH AMERICANS



EVOLUTION OF A BONTOC IGOROT CONSTABULARY SOLDIER—1901—WHEN HE WAS A HEAD-HUNTING SAVAGE.



EVOLUTION OF A BONTOC IGOROT CONSTABULARY SOLDIER—1903—WHEN HE WAS A WELL DISCIPLINED AND CONTENT SERGEANT OF A COMPANY OF PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY MADE UP OF HIS FELLOW TRIBESMEN.

By Hamilton Wright

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THE report of the Philippine commission for 1910 is a remarkable document. Through a series of unusual photographs it shows how the government is helping the wild tribes to improve. Some of the pictures show the same savage through successive years of development. Any one can see the amazing psychological advance of the untutored Ifugao (one of the Igorrote tribes) from the time, when as a defiant and undisciplined hunter, he enters the Philippine constabulary until he has become a seasoned soldier, who will follow his American commanding officer into the thickest jungle of knives, bolos, spears, arrows and second hand musketry that ever defended an insurrecto stronghold.

Most of the regions described in the report are familiar to the writer. Some of them I visited in 1906 after a day from Manila by rail and ten days' travel to the mountainous districts of central northern Luzon. Here the region is wild and precipitous. Dense patches of cogon grass 15 feet or more in height sometimes grow close to the trail. Wild bananas, beautiful but unfruitful, and thick shrubbery often formed a natural hiding place into which the frightened Igorrote women who had been laboring in the rich terraces would flee at the approach of the stranger. Sometimes afar one had passed upon these unfrequented paths he could, upon looking back on the trail winding far below, see the Igorrote warriors with spear and shield slip from the cogon thickets into the open—they had been watching the invaders. At that time their distrust of the white man had not wholly vanished, and many of the villages needed constant watching to keep its warriors from slipping away on a head hunting feud to the next village or the one beyond it.

At Banaua, which sits like a gem among the purple Cordilleras, the Igorroes toil like ants in their rice fields. These fields or paddies are set like steps for a thousand feet up and down the mountain side. Each paddy, which is covered with water at this time of the year, has a retaining wall about 18 inches above the high water mark. Such a wall as this makes a splendid breastwork from which a warrior may slip his spear between the ribs of his enemy.

In the history of the Philippines the story is told how almost a century ago a Spanish general sent a detachment of 500 soldiers to subdue the hill tribes that were in revolt. The narrow trails forced the Spanish troopers to march in single file. In the heart of Luzon, where the trail winds steeply with cliffs on the one side and rice paddies on the other, the hillmen caught the invaders where they had them at their mercy. Only 25 members of the Spanish detachment lived to reach Manila.

Whether this particular incident is authoritative or has been enlarged upon, it is a fact that the Spaniards were never able completely to subdue the head hunters. They never won the confidence of the half naked tribesmen, but held them in semi-peace under the shadow of the musket. Uncle Sam has proceeded upon a different theory. Instead of trying to hold the wild tribes in subjection through sheer military force our government is proving to the natives that it pays them to live in peace; to build good roads so that they can travel from one village to another; to establish market places where they can exchange their products for things they need; to send their children to school so that the different tribes will possess

... a common speech; to make clean, attractive homes and, last but not least, to do their own policing.

Of all this work the Philippine constabulary or military police is the pivot. The constabulary is composed of native troops, officered by white men. The duties are like those of the Texas rangers or the Canadian mounted police. But its ideals include every work which a white man can do to teach a less fortunate people to better themselves.

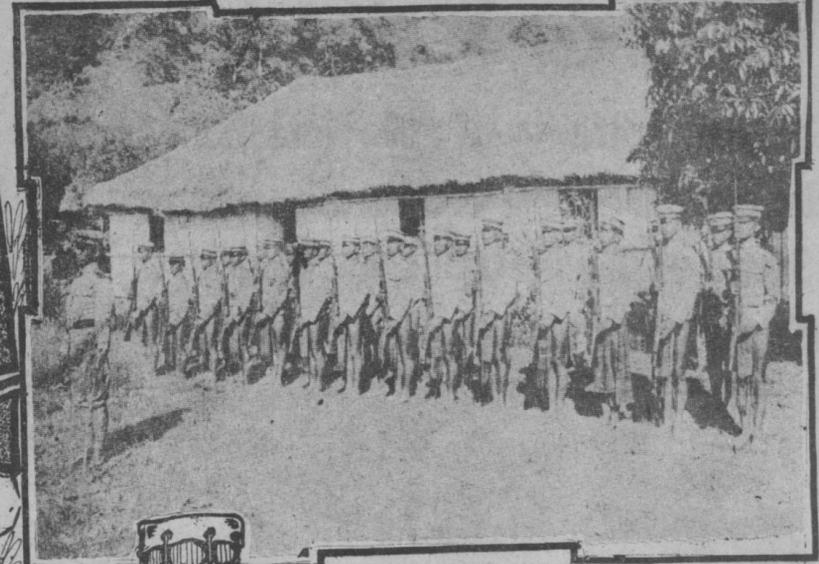
Of course this sort of work among a wild people of undoubted bravery and a real love for battle put the young white soldier on his mettle. Save for the detachment of native police, which he commands, the young American commander is sometimes alone for weeks and even months. Sometimes he may not reach Manila or one of the largest cities for a year or more. The sight of a strange white man at first strikes him as odd and almost unreal. If his men should turn upon him he would be powerless. Once a constabulary company did turn insurrecto, but such instances are now regarded as improbable. The solitary young officer sometimes grows overconfident, a condition which led to the murder of an American officer in Mindanao who slept in the hut of his enemy. But more than often, at the remote outposts, there are several white men in charge of a considerable number of native constabulary. Then there is apt to be the American school teacher and the American civil official, the governor of the province who visits the post semi-occasionally, and perhaps an American treasurer. These all make for companionship.

Through the building of trails the constabulary are opening up the wild, mountain regions; the soldiers themselves do not build these trails, but they call upon the head men of the different settlements to induce the natives to do the work as a general good roads proposition. By the report of the Philippine commission of 1910 there are 730 miles of excellent low grade horse trails in the provinces of Nueva Vizcaya in the heart of Luzon. In the subprovince of Ifugao there were 20,000 road laborers available for 10 days' work each during the year. This means that in a stretch of territory not larger than an average California county there were 200,000 free days of work offered by the plucky little bull terrier Igorrotes.

All this work is done by the people themselves. The Igorrotes have no steam shovels for their trail work; they use spears, bolos and queerly made shovels, and when you meet them on the trail, where they have been hacking down the encroaching bamboo, stop and offer them a Manila stogie, for not one of them would harm a white man. Their head hunting business is on the Kentucky feud plan—all in the family.

The advance of American influence into the wild country has been rapid in the last six years, but not all of the regions have yet been reached by trails. There are places inhabited by head hunters which probably a white man has never penetrated. Such a region is the subprovince of Ipayaao, whose inhabitants are turbulent and unruly. But in two years Mr. Worcester, secretary of the interior of the Philippines, thinks that a man will be able to ride by horseback from Benguet to the extreme northern end of Luzon. Mr. Worcester has a more accurate and diversified knowledge of the wild tribes of the Philippines and of general conditions there than any other man, and it is largely due to his interest that the advance among the head hunters has been so rapid. No other nation in the orient has met with such success in improving the conditions of the hillmen as has the United States. In Borneo and Formosa the field gun has sometimes been used as an advance agent of civilization.

Close to the trail the young white man meets the headman of the village, who has been working with some of his warriors. The party stops and a greeting is given as if this was a



BONTOC IGOROT, CONSTABULARY SOLDIERS.



MANOBO HOUSE—OLD STYLE.



MANOBO HOUSE—NEW STYLE.



chance meeting, and they would pass the time of day. But the wonderful wireless system, which prevails among the wild tribes, has already informed the headman of the white lieutenant's Manila stogie that the lieutenant has given him. Through the interpreter he says that his little boy who broke his leg is getting along nicely; that the old woman who was sick is dead—some people thought she was bewitched, but they were very foolish; that old Ipalog got drunk on "vino" the other night and threw a spear at another man, cutting the man's leg. Where did he get the vino? the lieutenant inquires, and, receiving an answer, resolves to smother the difficulty at the start. The Ipayaos took two heads five villages beyond, the headman says, and they are very foolish. "Yes," replies the lieutenant, "they are very foolish; they won't gain anything by that and they will stop it." And the headman, who knows what the constabulary can do, again agrees that they are foolish.

And finally, the headman, coming close to the purpose of the meeting, observes that the recent rains have assured fine crops, the rice will be big and the grass will grow high in the hills. Yes, indeed, the lieutenant believes that it will be a splendid year; that everybody will have plenty, and, by the way, did the headman notice how the wabouhs had destroyed the large part of the trail a mile below? The headman had noticed it. Now the rains are over, he thinks the trail should be repaired for there is much travel over it. How many men can be put on it? Oh, 40 at least, and they will start next Thursday.

And if you would go to the trail on Thursday morning at 5 o'clock you would find the 40 Ifugao warriors all ready there and working like beavers. And so it goes.

The Igorrotes are the most numerous of the wild tribes. Probably there are no fewer than 250,000 to 300,000 of them. Among the 117,000 Ifugaos who dwell in the high cordilleras of the heart of Luzon, there was no head hunting during the whole year, said Mr. Worcester, in the Philippine commission's report for 1910.

Very few heads were taken among the Igorrotes proper, or among the Kalingags. The Kalingags are not such proficient rice farmers as the Ifugaos or the Bontoc or Igorrotes are, and they are a little readier to start a fight. In fact, Lieutenant Governor Hale was warned that if he visited certain Kalingag settlements his head would be taken. It would be dangerous for a white man to allow a threat like that to pass and at the first opportunity Mr. Hale visited the hostile districts with no other escort than a few policemen of the very tribe that was threatening him. Indeed, not infrequently it has happened that wrong doers have been apprehended by constabulary detachments of their own people under the command of a native sergeant. Put the United States constabulary uniform on a Filipino savage, train him, and no soldier could be more responsible or more anxious to serve to the extent of his capacity.

The roving Igorrote tribes are the most unstable of all. The most conspicuous of these are the Ilngotes of Nueva Vizcaya, numbering about 7,000. About two years ago they murdered Dr. William Jones. Yet after the murder a lieutenant of the Philippine constabulary went and lived among these people; subsequently trails were built

to the hostile settlements; a government exchange or shop, where the wild tribes could get what they needed, and an industrial school were established. The natives were induced to plant coffee, cocoa and coconuts, and everything has been done to give them a stake in the country, and to render them more responsible, so that they can be more easily influenced.

Aside from the Ilngotes, the most dangerous of the tribes, are the wild Tinglianas who live in the province of Ipayaao already mentioned. Some of this precipitous northern region has probably never been visited by a civilized man. Yet a Filipino sub-governor, Blas Villamor, with the help of the Philippine constabulary is teaching the Tinglianas that head hunting is murder. He has captured a number of men guilty of head taking and punished them. As soon as roads are built through the district there will be no more head hunting.

Although the Philippine mountains are beautiful, filled with life and color, with wonderful forests of huge trees and great vines twisted around the trunks like boa constrictors, with grassy pampas and rushing mountain streams, yet a journey through a district where several people may have been killed by marauding tribes gets on the nerves of a common man. People advise you to "leave your gun at home or keep it out of sight. A bad savage might murder you for your gun." Yet few strangers feel like taking this advice. But the young American constabulary officer on his trigger finger, often neglects for months to carry any arms unless he is going to a dangerous district or upon some special mission.

In the southern islands, of which Mindanao is the largest in the Philippines, progress with the wild tribes has been a little slower. The Moros of the southern islands are believers in Mohammed, which makes them unruly, and often difficult for people of opposing beliefs to manage. Much of their Mohammedanism is perverted with a wild dint of savagery and often they are fanatics. The wild tribes, like the Igorrotes, are spirit worshippers, but unlike the Igorrotes, they are unsettled and roving. They engage in agriculture spasmodically; they are timid, and those living in the far interior are distrustful. But in the larger settlements the white man has been working marvels with these people, and in small and remote settlements lonely planters or army officers have induced these roving tribes to cultivate their crops and, in some instances, by winning the confidence of the wild people, they have induced them to form settlements and to assist in plantation work. Some of the larger Manobo towns show wonderful thatched dwellings, which are neat and more attractive than many a little summer bungalow in the United States. City streets have been drained to cure the mosquito pest; sanitation and a pure water supply have been provided. And all these works are bearing good results, for practically all of the inhabitants of the Philippines, including all the tribes that speak the 37 different dialects, are of the Malay race and they possess true Malay cleverness and adaptability.

SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY BENGUET IGOROTS AT KABAYAN.